

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

THE MARRYING AGE.

The dictum of Gov. Warfield that girls should not marry until they are twenty-six has naturally caused considerable discussion among those most interested—the girls themselves, their parents, and the young men who do not want to wait for a bride until she is verging on old-maidhood.

The first question of interest is a matter of fact: Are our girls generally marrying at too early an age? Some light is thrown on this matter by City Registrar McGleason of Boston in the Globe of that city. He shows that in the year 1902 out of 6,172 brides, only 120, or a little more than 2 per cent, were less than eighteen. While more than half the total number were under twenty-five, yet 4,180, more than two-thirds of the whole number of brides, were married between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine.

These figures, the Registrar thinks, "do not indicate that all girls are marrying at an abnormally early age." Other writers on the subject testify that marriage is entered into by both sexes at later age than in former generations in this country. There are many reasons for this. The growing independence of women, the more extensive fields for their employment, the importance given to education, operate to defer marriage, as the increased cost of the wedded state deters many young men until they can "afford it."—New York World.

NO INTERVENTION LIKELY.

A late dispatch from Paris stated that there is a strong and growing official feeling there that France, Great Britain and the United States should endeavor to avert the danger of Japan's victory being so great that she may become the dominating power in the far east. It is quite likely that, French sympathy being with Russia, there is such a feeling as reported, but it will have no influence either in England or the United States, the people of both these countries having no disposition or desire to interpose any obstacle to Japan's success. Neither is there any apprehension in the English-speaking countries as to Japan becoming the dominating power in the far east.—Omaha Bee.

DEATH AND THE FEAR OF IT.

George Meredith is reported to have said in a recent interview that doctors and parsons are doing harm by increasing the fear of death and making the English less manly. "No one," he added, "should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room to another." For his own part, he says, he "hopes he shall die with a good laugh."

There is no objection to joyousness, even on the solemn occasion of passing from this form of existence to one of which we know nothing except by faith. All the same, a frivolous laugh seems to be an affection of courage rather than genuine heroism. Death is no joke for those who go or for those who are left behind. One may say with the trust of Emerson: "The God who has led me so graciously all through this life I can trust wherever he leads me."—Syracuse Telegram.

FAVORS FROM DESPOTISM.

When we think of the power to do good which rests with a despot like the emperor of Russia and reflect that under a government of the people reforms are often slow and tedious and attended by much confusion and strife we may be tempted to extol the advantages of despotism over democracy. We compare the freedom of the serfs of Russia by a stroke of the pen with the long and bloody war that resulted from slavery in this country. The fallacy of such reflections, however, lies in the assumption that despotism will continue to produce philanthropists. The truth is that the despot who succeeds the present despot on the throne of Russia may, by inclination or the force of reactionary sentiment among the ruling classes, overthrow all the benevolence of his predecessor.—Boston Globe.

REGULATE COUNTRY'S CLOCKS.

What time is it? By what system are the clocks here and elsewhere regulated? Chicago and all points in the United States east of the Rocky mountains get their time every day from the government observatory at Washington. The territory west of the Rockies is served the same way by the observatory at Mare Island navy yard, near San Francisco. These signals are sent out when it is noon at Washington and, three hours later, when it is noon at San Francisco. Chicago gets its time at 11 o'clock there, when it is noon at Washington. The signal begins at five minutes before the hour. Then the sounders in the telegraph offices connected with Washington begin to tick off the seconds, with breaks of five seconds at the end of each minute and a break of ten seconds before the end of the fifth and final minute, and then comes the noon signal.

SWIMMING THE BEST EXERCISE.

A series of experiments, conducted by Dr. Philip B. Hawk, demonstrator of physiological chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, has proved that swimming is the most beneficial exercise, reports the World's Work. He visited the dressing-rooms at the athletic field and, immediately before each athlete left for his exercise, drew blood from him by means of the regularly prepared sterile needle. Then, when the athlete returned to the dressing-room, after running, jumping, pole vaulting or engaging in water polo, the needle would again be brought into play and a second sample of blood drawn. Analysis of the blood, to discover how far each exercise increased the number of red corpuscles, showed that water polo and other forms of swimming resulted in the largest increase. The swimming exercises were thus shown to be the most beneficial, for the greater the number of red corpuscles, the richer the blood. Swimming resulted in an average increase of 21 per cent, as against 17 per cent for the next best exercise—short-distance running.

IS THE SUN COOLING OFF?

The question is being asked in many quarters, is the sun's heat falling? and the matter is being discussed by the leading scientists of Europe.

That the sun is slowly cooling off has come to be an accepted theory, but how gradually is the difficult question to find out. The earth is slowly cooling off, too, but we have no instruments correctly to measure that fact. And yet we know that a permanent change of only a few points in the thermometer would soon affect all life, animal and vegetable.

The dependence of this globe upon the sun is well understood and the sun is constantly presenting new mysteries to be solved.

And yet there is probably no cause for alarm. The sun has served past generations so well that they have worshiped it and humanity will flourish in its kindly beams for many centuries to come.—Boston Globe.

ON UNCONSCIOUS COURTESY.

In the "Joy of Living" papers appearing in the Delinctor Lillie Hamilton French, in the September number, writes on unconscious expression in childhood, and speaking of the necessity of implanting precepts of courtesy and hospitality while the child is young, gives this apt and amusing illustration: "There is an old story told of a lady of rank who married her footman. She managed to train him into the semblance of a gentleman, and his appearance in the drawing-room was not bad. He behaved well, and with propriety—except when he heard a bell ring! Then he started. To jump when bells were rung had been a second nature with him as a footman. It is always the training in early and impressionable years that makes the second nature of the mature. The full-grown man or woman can, of course, begin a self-training, as this lady of rank began a training of her husband. The task is more difficult. Even the cells of the brain get into ways of responding to certain impressions, and although a thought held to will transform the very nature of man, there ought to be no need of a transformation in our manners. They should be formed in the early, pliant, receptive days of childhood."

INCENTIVES TO WAR.

Every formal treaty or arbitration will aid wonderfully in molding public sentiment against war and smoothing the way to other similar treaties. The example of the great militant countries will have a persuasive influence upon the small nations which are now taxing their slender resources to maintain armies and navies to be annihilated in the first encounter with a stronger power. Land hunger, empire-building, absorption of weak countries by the powerful, the combative savage, fighting instinct surviving civilization, traditional racial hate, military glory, it must be admitted, give a tremendous impetus to war. These incentives to grave international conflicts cannot be removed at once. It must be a gradual process.—Philadelphia Press.

RIGHTS OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say that my own opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all that he (or she) can is a question of expediency, to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. The question, therefore, whenever a conflict arises, is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and, if so, how long and how hard.—London Truth.

LATEST SCIENTIFIC MARVEL

Machines That Weigh Thoughts and Measure Senses.

Amongst the wonders of modern science must surely be included certain instruments and machines lately invented, by means of which senses and thoughts can be measured and weighed, and hitherto mysterious secrets connected with the human brain revealed. In fact, so remarkable have been the results of experiments with these machines that doctors and scientists of both the European and American continents have united in declaring them to be the most important discoveries of the age.

Perhaps the most interesting of these instruments is one by which the



This Machine Will Weigh the Thoughts of the Subject Who Lies Flat on His Back.

speed and duration of thought can be determined. The subject sits with his hand on an electric switch, connected with an electric clock, which measures the smallest fraction of a second. Immediately in front is an upright metal tube, inside of which runs a slender rod of steel, while directly opposite the eyes of the subject is an opening in the tube. As the rod slides down the interior of the tube a white disc appears at the orifice. The exact second this appears the rod touches a spring at the bottom of the tube and the clock is set in motion. The subject is instructed to stop the clock just as soon as the white disc appears. This he does for thirty times. The length of time required for him to do this is noted, and an average struck. This average is called his physiological time.

The subject is then told that the disc appearing may be a colored one. If so, he is to stop the clock. Should it be white, however, he is to pay no attention to it. The time required to stop the clock at the appearance of a colored disc is always longer, and when the physiological time is subtracted from the longer time the remainder is called the mental time—or, in other words, it represents the time of the object fixing itself on the eye, its passage along the optic nerve to the brain, and the action of the brain and impulse of the will directing, through the nerves, the finger to act.



By the Use of This Instrument the Speed and Duration of Thought Can Be Measured.

and duration of thought, however, it is quite possible, with the aid of another wonderful scientific invention, to actually weigh the thoughts. This

General Grant's Wit.

"President Grant was not accredited with many witty remarks," suggested Gen. Barnum one evening at the Arlington hotel to the late Gen. William W. Belknap, twice secretary of war in Grant's cabinet.

"Well," responded Gen. Belknap, "an anecdote occurs to me in which Grant was not far from the point. He was speaking of Adjutant General Townsend, and said: 'I have just come from Townsend's office and I'm convinced he is the neatest and most particular man on earth.'"

"Why, no matter how much I might need it, positively it would seem a sacrilege to disturb a paper on his desk. Each document is rolled up in white paper, tied with red tape, marked and carefully pigeonholed."

"Gen. Grant sat musing a moment," continued Gen. Belknap, "then, removing his cigar, remarked: 'I'll tell you what will happen to Townsend when he dies. He'll be neatly rolled up in fresh white tissue paper, carefully tied with brand new red tape and labeled: "Approved and respectfully forwarded. To be pigeonholed."'—New York Herald.

The City of Gold.

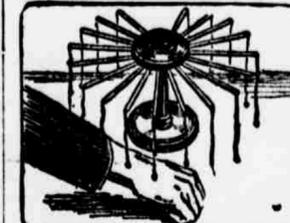
A single unfurnished room in Johannesburg costs, with electric light from £3 to £6 per month, while small houses of about four rooms are eagerly taken up at £15 per month. The cost of building brick houses in a substantial manner at the present time may be estimated at 11d. per cubic foot, or say £200 per room for medium-sized houses, while stands 15 feet by 90 feet, range from £75 each in the best of the town, to £600 and more in the nearer and more fashionable districts in the north.

machine might be best described as a shallow coffin, exactly balanced on knife-blades so as to gently rock like a perfectly poised seesaw. The subject is placed supine within the shallow tray, and after his body has come to rest weights are shifted until an even balance is maintained. Graduated scales, spirit-levels, and indicators betray the slightest disturbance of the subject's equilibrium.

To have your thoughts weighed by this machine, you lie flat upon the shallow coffin with your hands at your sides. The operator will then ask you to think of love, hate, jealousy, or any other of the human passions. As you do so you will find your head falling, your feet rising, and the plane of your equilibrium so altered that were it not for the stop-catch on the scale, you would find yourself turning a somersault. The opposite result follows when the operator asks you to think of running, jumping or kicking. In this case you feel will sink and your head rise in proportion to the intensity of your thoughts.

This effect is brought about by the action of thought on the blood of the body. The machine is, in fact, a key-board to the brain, enabling the operator to follow the course and speed of the nerve telegrams sent by the brain to the heart, and then to follow what have been described as the "hurry up" orders of the heart for a new supply of blood corpuscles in what ever part of the body they may be needed.

It is also quite possible with this unique instrument to compare mental processes. It may be made to show



This Strange-Looking Contrivance Registers the Sense of Touch.

for instance, whether multiplying 78 by 56 brings more blood to the brain than multiplying the same number by 26; whether the brain which is working out a problem in trigonometry weighs more than one which is following the lines of a puzzle in geometry; whether happy thoughts weigh more or less than unhappy ones, and perchance, whether bad thoughts are weightier than those which are pure and virtuous.

Almost as remarkable as either of the afore-mentioned instruments is one which has been invented for measuring the sense of touch. This instrument consists of little discs, each three millimetres in diameter, suspended by fine, delicate thread from wooden handles, which are stuck into holes round a block. The lightest disc is taken out and touched on the skin the subject having his eyes closed. If nothing is felt, the next heavier disc is used, and so on until the pressure is noticeable. The discs weigh from one to twenty milligrams, and with their aid it has been proved that the sense of touch in an average person is conveyed by two milligrams of the forehead, temple and back of forehead; five for nose and chin, and fifteen for the inner surface of the fingers.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Jap Actor Balked.

In "The Second Fiddle," Louis Mann's new comedy, there is a small part cast for a Japanese. A real Jap was secured to play the part. From the moment of his admission at the stage door he showed a keen interest in the rehearsal, he thrust the special edition containing the war news in his pocket and applied himself to the mastering of his lines. On discovering that his name in the play was to be "Huishi," the bland smile forsook his face and approaching Mr. Mann he inquired if he could not be called by his own name.

"Why?" asked Mr. Mann, "what objection can you have to Huishi?"

"Huishi mean what you call cow I no cow. I Japanese gentleman!"

The actor conciliated him, and on the distinct understanding that he was not in any sense regarded as a cow the Jap resumed his task and divided his attention wonderingly between the "business" and a pair of pink property corsets.

Sport Is Too Dangerous.

The death of George Leander of Chicago, who died as a result of injuries received from a fall on the Park des Princes track in Paris, is offered as another argument for the discontinuance of racing behind powerful motor cycles. Harry Elkes, "Johnny" Nelson and Archie McEachern are three other pace followers who met their death while traveling at terrific speed behind the sputtering motors.

The death of Leander is a hard blow to cycling as he was one of the best-liked men in the game. He was a big, handsome fellow of wonderful strength and vitality, and when he won the six-day race in 1902 he finished fresher than any other man ever completed such a journey.

TICKLE GRASS
BY BYRON WILLIAMS

An Editorial "Send Off."

Jest about now down in Ol' Missouri, th' same bein' atween hayin' and huskin', th' kentry papers be ef' ferveusin' with speckilashun!

The way I hear it, one o' them thar newspaper fellers what has allus been a wumaran teetotal an' a mocker o' pomes o' pashun', up and gets interrelated with that thar love's fitful fever twelve miles from a body or acquer purer, an' his auty-mobee! tire punctured!

Seen' that he's surrounded by th' enemy's arms, he throws hisself inter th' face o' providence (thet not bein' her name), locks the gates behind him an' gits shot whar he'll do him th' most good!

Ref'rence is made ter Brother Hank Somers, him as edits that thar newspaper over at Sassafras Corners, and Miss Henriette Seiders, the school marm, her as whom we bow ter in spite o' our rheumatiz an' tight fittin' overalls!

Frum now on she's his'n an' he's hern, an' if he don't split ther kindlin' as he oughter, all she's got t' do is ter lay down th' law an' ther statootes therin provided!

And tharby hangs er tale, as th' meat cleaver said t' th' choppin' block after ther dorg had passed through th' skissage factory! But jest why them Missouri editors should be specklatin' is more'n I kin see, fer every man, no matter how he's bin blowin' his foghorn, gits sumbody sum day t' put lineed polites on his miraly, provided he don't wait so long th' bait all gits dried up an' on'tein' no more!

Fer years now Brother Hank has bin puttin' his own cat out nights an' goin' round braggin' thet no wumaran ever'd git him cornered inter a mess o' chippendale furniture in his stockin' feet! No, siree!

Ev'ry time er good-lookin' wumaran'd come prosectin' around his bailerwick, he'd sic ther office dorg onto her an' take fer th' bowels o' his sanktum sanctorium, scander than a gopher what hed got his tail decapitated in er steel trap!

But th' good Lord knows best, an' one day Brother Somers he seen a wumaran that set th' whole dummed universe t' singin' "Bedelia," an' sichlike poplar musik! Then he begin ter quotin' poetry, killed his dorg an' got religiose'n all git out!

Well, t' make a long story some less'n a spool er rope, he up an' got married an' they do say down in Missouri he dun't about right considerin' th' gal, exceptin' he oughter seasoned ther wind t' ther shodn lamb soss all th' boys wouldn't a swallowed ther stoar teeth gaspin' fer su'prise when th' weddin' bells got ter doin' th' ding-ding!

When they went on ther tower they cum by the great lakes, somehow er ruther, to Shicago. They cum by water soss they could be seasick in each other's arms for the fust (and last) time! Well, him wantin' t' show her off ter excuse hisself fer not askin' our opinion, he brung th' lady round fer our inspeckshun. We ain't got nuthin' t' say, bein' as how he seen her fust, exceptin' thet she's a bit o' femerinity thet makes a feller think o' th' time when his ol' wumaran said "I will," and he willed. She's th' kind er joolry thet ain't goin' t' let her ol' man git loansum wastin' his affekshuns on no dorg!

Well, agin', ther boys all erlong th' line sot'er got out an' handed 'em bokets with one hand and tied a can t' em with the other hand, jest t' make 'em remember what 'twas they wuz celebratin'. Down t' St. Joseph, Missouri, Bill Williams, bein' no relation o' ourn and probly glad of it, he put er bell on'er 'em and scared 'em over th' state line inter th' hands of Ernest McGaffey, him bein' no respecter of newly married folks hisself. After firtin' th' life most outen 'em showin' 'em what th' tunnel caved in and whar th' Masonic Temple turned 'round, we cast 'em lose ter cavort 'erbout 'till ther money giv out!

Then we got em aboard a editorial infline and sent 'em back t' Missouri. Here's hopin' thet nothin' never will git atween that thar love o' thern an' them Ol' Missouri sunsets, whar th' roses is painted on the varkolored background in glorious splendor! An' may they allus read in each others eyes thet: "Whomsomever lives true life is bound ter love true love!"

This bein' 'erbout th' wust thet's bin done t' 'em, we bein' all busted up with brain rheumatiz, we're hopin' this'll hold 'em ter awhile.

UNCLE BY.

The most stinging insult ever handed a man is when an insurance agent comes around the next day after he has lost an eye, and tries to sell him some accident insurance.

In the country town especially the women do the shopping. Wise is the advertiser that appeals directly to them.

A newly married shoemaker is now using his wife's first cake for a lapstone. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

After the county fair comes the Harvest Home supper. Folks in the country have a lot of fun.

A man loves to go shopping with his wife because it makes him forget all his other sorrows.

TICKLE GRASS
BY BYRON WILLIAMS

The Cub Reporter's Fate.

Politics were working like a can of Aunt Polly's preserves in D—, when the cub reporter secured a "sit" on the Morning Fog Horn and was sent out to get the great Danville's speech for early copy.

Danville was a friend of the paper and a good fellow. When the cub found him at the Burris Hotel, he said yes, in Barkis-willins' mood, and summoned a stenographer. While the steno made curleyques, the cub sat on the foot of a sofa in Danville's room and wondered when he would be great and influential like Danville. The speech being transcribed, the reporter proceeded to interject into the copy at divers closing paragraphs the words:

"Great applause!"
"Demonstration in the audience!"
"Upronus commendation!"—and the like. Then he handed in the manuscript and went out to the sinker counter to allay the hunger within him.

Now Danville was a much admired speaker, but a lesser light than either the gubernatorial candidate or the local chairman (?) both of whom talked long and dryly at the evening "rally." Despite the fact that many people had driven in from the rural districts to hear Danville, who was last on the program, it was soon evident that he would not be heard except very briefly. Thus there was uneasiness in the nauticated throng and disintegration of the compact body as the farmers "pulled their freight" for pastoral haunts.

To further embarrass, there was to be a politicians' banquet at the leading hotel following the speeches and this must not be delayed too long.

Danville, much chagrined, but tactful, settled the fidgeting by calmly referring to the lateness of the hour and withdrawing to his hotel.

The cub reporter, busier than he had ever been with the Cross Roads Advocate, was throwing off copy in bales, while all this was happening. On his way to the hotel, however, he stopped in the office of the Fox Horn and hastily shouting up the tube to the city editor, to revise "that Danville speech," hurried to the banquet hall.

He was visibly excited over his political affiliations when he returned to the office, but he obeyed instructions when the city editor blurted:

"Sutton, write a caption to that Danville article. Say you met him in the rotunda of the hotel and he spoke on the issues of the day as follows:"

The cub retired at 4 o'clock that morning feeling he had earned at least a part of his stipend that night.

But his sense of security and gratification was visibly jarred next morning! When he read the Fog Horn he discovered:

There was the caption to Danville's speech all "O K," just as he had written it—Danville in the rotunda of the hotel talking to the reporter—and then—

"Horrors! In the body of the article were those interjections standing out as boldly as a blue and red polka-dot wrapper at a Sunday school picnic:

"Great applause!"
"Demonstration in the audience!"
"Cheers!"

And all this, when the great Danville was talking to a "mere reporter" in a hotel lobby!

The cog had slipped!

This incident happened during the year of the big wind and was, curiously, about the time that the cub blew out of the Fog Horn office to test his ability to swim on other bladders in untried seas of prospective glory.

It is not wise to throw bricks even when out of the glass house district. In an Illinois town a bootblack annoyed a man at the depot. The man, protesting, angered the vendor of shins, who threw a brick at him. The target, unfortunately, was the superintendent of the road, and he issued an order to keep all bootblacks, newsboys and other peddlers, off the platforms. If you want the news at this station now you have to ask the voluble (?) ticket agent for it—with the usual results.

Ten years ago the expenditures of the New York department stores were less than one-half of that of to-day. Twenty years ago it was less than one-tenth. Thirty years ago it was a minute fraction. Note how these stores have prospered and broadened. Does advertising pay?

Some wives object to putting their hands in hot water to wash dishes. These are usually the sort of women that keep their husbands in hot water up to the breathing line.

A man can seldom rely on his friends to tell him when to grasp an opportunity, but they never fail to chide him for his lack of foresight afterward.

If the girl doesn't know how to cook she may have the money to hire one. This is worth investigating.

Peace hath its war of conflict. Life is a perpetual sally 'gainst the contending forces of existence.

A great preventive of tramps is an ancient bucksaw on top of a pile of gnarled oak wood.