

# WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

## THE VALUE OF SAYING "NO."

"No" is characterized as "a monosyllable the easiest learned by a child, but the most difficult to practice by the man."

Dr. Johnson displays a world of wisdom in these few simple lines, and the saying is no less true in regard to women than it is to men.

It seems cold and heartless to a man to refuse to lend a friend a little money to tide over some anxious time, and yet it is a great question as to whether he is justified in doing so if he himself is forced to make some of his own creditors wait while his money is fulfilling a friend's need.

In domestic life a woman has also much to call for the little monosyllable "No." She may dislike to disappoint her children in some matters, but knows in her heart of hearts that the granted favor would be bad for their health or future happiness.

Yet how few mothers do say "No" under such circumstances! And they excuse themselves by saying it is bad for children to be thwarted! So it is, but if the said children were brought up to know that their mother had always a good reason for her decision and was not to be cajoled out of that decision, the mother would save a great deal of annoyance both to herself and to others thrown in contact with her offspring.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## THE WEST LENDING MONEY.

It has not been very many years since the great and growing West was largely dependent on the money centers of the far East for the greater part of the money needed in all lines of business. Funds required for about everything from crop moving to county courthouses had to be secured from Wall street or some of its adjacent branches and the charges for this money in the aggregate made quite a drain on our traffic profits. This dependence on the East had a tendency to belittle the importance of the West in the eyes of the Manhattan money kings and the possibility of a release from this commercial bondage to them received but scant consideration. It is now being forced upon them with unmistakable clearness. Not only has the West developed a financial power that renders her almost wholly independent of the East, but western capital is actually invading the domain of Wall street and picking up financial bargains which, by virtue of years of monopoly, that great money power had come to regard as exclusively its own.—Portland Oregonian.

## UNPROFITABLE HOARDING.

Money hoarded means interest lost. The old stocking is as undesirable for the keeping of money as the unsound bank. This is a financial turism.

It is equally true of goods and chattels. The gown of winter before last, stored in a capacious attic, gathers moths, but loses its rightful interest—the comfort and ease which it might bring to some poor woman. The worn overcoat, kept by its owner "in case of need," falls of its proper service in the actual "case of need" of the half-clothed laboring man out of work through illness.

So of the cast-off clothes of the mind—discarded magazines and books. The increasing piles of these waste interest on the top shelves of the well-filled library, while the active minds of men, women and children less well supplied hunger for the food of the printed page, until ungratified desire dies, and they sink to the level of the unreading mass.

## HOW TO STAY YOUNG.

How old are you? The adage says that women are as old as they look and men as old as they feel. That's wrong. A man and woman are as old as they take themselves to be.

Growing old is largely a habit of the mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he begins shortly after middle age to imagine himself growing old he will be old.

To keep one's self from decrepitude is somewhat a matter of will power. The fates are kind to the man who hangs on to life with both hands. He who lets go will go. Death is slow only to tackle the tenacious.

Ponce de Leon searched in the wrong place for the fountain of youth. It is in one's self. One must keep one's self young inside. So that while "the outer man perisheth the inner man is renewed day by day."

When the human mind ceases to exert itself, when there is no longer an active interest in the affairs of this life, when the human stops reading and thinking and doing, the man, like a blasted tree, begins to die at the top. You are as old as you think you are. Keep the harness on. Your job is not done.—Milwaukee Journal.

## THE POWER OF "DIXIE."

No other song has ever touched the hearts of all the people of this land as "Dixie" touches them. During the war "John Brown's Body" swept the heart strings of the north and their brave "boys in blue." The war has passed and the song is passing, is already much of a memory. But "Dixie" is more vibrant with life to-day than it was when it cheered the lean and hungry legions that were battling for the "lost cause." It has not only survived the war, but since then it has conquered the conquerors and echoes in the hearts of those that loved the blue as in the hearts of those that loved the gray. It has the magic of the "Marseillaise" in it. But it is without its clarion call that excites the red blood of strife. It is gay, sweet, serene, indefatigable. It may not be great music, but it has the quality of all that counts in this world—survival—and it is one of those ballads of a nation that the very wise man reckoned as more powerful than laws.—Indianapolis News.

## NO PLACE FOR SHIRKER.

Then it bluntly follows that there is no religion at all in shirk and no salvation for the shirker. There must be a new vision of honest labor, as the hopefulest sign of manhood. To cut down our work to a minimum is the new sin of the twentieth century. To hinder a man or a woman from earning daily bread violates not so much civil law, as the Golden Rule. We have got a huge lie imbedded in our modern view of labor. It is something to be avoided, something to be legislated out as far as possible. The new religion will demand more work rather than less, but a fair division of its obligations—and afterward justice in distribution. The sooner we turn our faces away from the dogmas of mediaeval pietism and the crochets of formalism the better for us.—Church Register.

## THE FOLLY OF GILT LACE.

As I have often said, I wonder that monarchs cannot officially meet without each arraying himself in the uniform of the other. If I were to call on a Turk I should not put on a fez and expect him to cover his head with a hat. Why, indeed, monarchs should wear uniforms except when taking part at reviews I do not know. They are the heads of states which are composed of civilians who pay a certain number of persons to be soldiers, or who oblige all to serve as soldiers for a fixed period.

Why, too, an English citizen who is asked to attend the Levee of his Sovereign—supposing that he has no uniform, as is the case with many—should be called upon to array himself in the dress of a bygone age of velvet and frills, with a sword by his side, is also a thing that surpasses my understanding. The poor man manages to look as ridiculous as some stout civilian deputy-lieutenant strapped up in the uniform of a colonel.—London Truth.

## BEAUTY ON THE DOWN GRADE.

A warning note is struck by a lady, who has both medical and literary skill, against the reckless disregard of those laws which make for beauty. We English are growing plainer, she avers, simply because we allow even our children to be affected by the stress and strain of modern life. The smartness, the ability to look after themselves and the athleticism of the women and children of the present time spell physical ruin. Beauty is rarely seen nowadays in its unadorned style. Lovely women are artificial products, and really lovely children are as scarce as auk's eggs. The reason is that our expressions have grown anxious, eager, cold, our limbs and members are strained out of shape by overexercise, our complexions and hair are starved for lack of nerve force. The exquisite complexions, luxuriant locks, delicate features and clear, innocent-looking eyes that one associates with beauty are so seldom seen as to be quite remarkable when they are, and we are threatened with a still further decrease of these elements of good looks unless we bring back our girls to the prunes and prisms style of upbringing, which perhaps after all is the best for them. The "larger life" certainly has its drawbacks.—London World.

## WHY NOT ENDOW MEN?

We venture to assert that if our men of great wealth and philanthropic motives who have lately been giving so generously and largely of their accumulations to the endowment of colleges, hospitals, libraries and other worthy objects and institutions should turn some part of this volume of beneficence into the endowment of men, they might be contributing even more largely in some instances to the progress of the world and the happiness and well-being of their fellows. We mean by this the selection of men of character, experience and proved ability and their assignment to some line of needed educational, charitable or reform work, with a fair and just salary allowance guaranteed for a reasonable number of years, if not for life.—Leslie's Weekly.

## MAKES FIRE KINDLING EASY.

New Combination a Welcome Thing On a Cold Morning.

There is an art in starting a fire that is not known to every one, which is frequently attested by the newspaper reports of unfortunate servant girls who are blown through the kitchen roof while attempting to light the stove with the aid of a can of kerosene. For those who are not possessed of the aforesaid art and who are not particularly anxious to meet the fate of the unfortunates referred to, there has been devised a really commendable assistant in the form of a kindler.

Now, everybody knows that one of the very best aids to fire-making is a nice pine knot or light wood stick, but



Using the Kindler.

the great difficulty that confronts the average household in the consideration of this method is that the means are not readily procurable.

The new kindler consists of a combination of inflammable, but not dangerous, substances, which are lighted and thrust into the range or stove or furnace, for it will do its work equally well in one as the other. The patentee describes his invention as consisting of a core or foundation of wood coated with a mixture of rosin and tallow, and finally enveloped with finely cut shavings of wood pulp. One end of the wood is free of the coating, and is thus easily used as a handle.

## Killed 150 Rattlers.

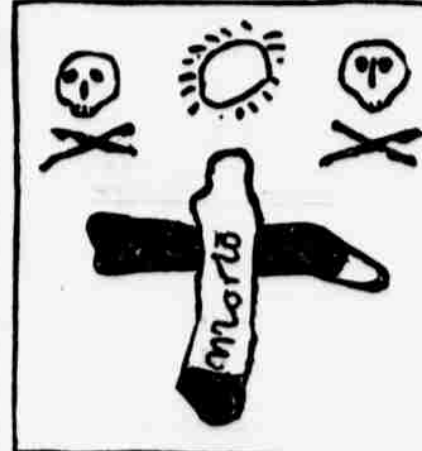
This country rings with the praises of a party of six Pittsburg telephone linemen who yesterday slew a hundred and fifty rattlesnakes in one bunch by modern methods. The slaughter took place near Garrett, where the progress of the telephone employes was impeded by rattlers, which came out in great droves on the mountain side.

On a ledge of rock the linemen saw what they claimed was a bunch of many hundreds, and they laid plans for a killing. Yesterday morning, at daybreak, dynamite was placed on two sides of the ledge of rocks where the snake congress met, and at noon when all the snakes had crawled out to sun themselves the explosions came. When the smoke cleared away 124 snakes were found dead. The linemen report that previous to this, in six days, they had killed fifty rattlers with their guns and clubs.—Somerset (Pa.) correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

## Scarf of William the Conqueror.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Wentworth Fitzwilliam of Milton Hall, Peterborough, England, have a little baby. When the baby was christened a few weeks ago the infant, following a custom which has been observed in the Fitzwilliam family for centuries, wore the famous William the Conqueror scarf. This scarf, it is said, is one of the two authentic possessions of the Conqueror, and was presented to a direct ancestor of the family who was a marshal in the Conqueror's host. Now over 800 years old, it is in a somewhat tattered and precarious condition. So cherished a practice has it become in the family that the present Earl Fitzwilliam, who was born in Canada, was brought to England to be baptized, in order that he might be adorned with the historic garment.

## Mafia's Emblem.



This is the signature most dreaded by the sons of Italy.

## Mouse Nest Under Railroad Frog.

A mouse nest under a frog in the railroad tracks near here has been discovered by V. K. Sharp, the station agent, and the Rev. W. Bennett. The nest is within a few inches of the rails, over which hundreds of cars pass daily.—Berlin (Pa.) correspondent Philadelphia Record.

## Novel Milking Process.

In the new Umschau electric milking process a rubber cap is placed over the cow's udder, and the milk is drawn by the suction of an electrically driven pump. The method is claimed to be both cleaner and quicker than hand-milking.

## HIS DUTY TO TEST ALE.

English Official Fined 32 Cents for Neglecting His Duty.

Among the curious old customs still surviving in England, one of the most interesting is that at Dunstable, where the town council has an official ale taster.

Nor is this office a sinecure, since the alderman who holds it was the other day fined 32 cents for neglect of duty, and before being reappointed to it he gave promise to discharge faithfully his service in future.

Last Saturday night he set out on a round of the public houses. At each of them he called for ale, which was willingly given when the warrant had been read, setting forth his duties as follows: "To know good ale, to taste the assise and goodness of all ale within the precincts of the manor, and to look after the measures used in public houses."

At most of the places which he visited he was able to give a guarantee that the ale was "of good body, free from harmful substances, and of full measure."

This joyful publicans are now exhibiting in the windows of their hosteries to advertise their wares withal.—Sketch.

## CAT LOVES SWEET CORN.

Every Day He Brings an Ear for His Owner to Husk.

Jack, a pet of Miss A. M. Flagg of Exeter, Mass., is a black and white cat of remarkable size and beauty, and possessed of intelligence of a high order.

He has this season developed an inordinate fondness for sweet corn, and for some time has daily brought to his mistress an ear, which she would husk, whereupon he has eagerly devoured every kernel of the corn and at times much of the cob.

How Jack secured his tidbit has been a mystery just solved after long watching. He was seen to enter the garden, leap high upon a corn stalk and bend it to the ground. It was then an easy matter to tear off the coveted ear.

## Manchurian Pagoda.



This illustration, from the London Sphere, shows the ruins of one of the Chinese pagodas in Manchuria. Pagodas are still erected occasionally, but foreign ideas have crept in to the extent that they are sometimes built of iron instead of brick.

## Rats Cause Disastrous Explosion.

A remarkable gas explosion occurred recently in London. The explosion took place underneath the footway, dislodging some paving stones and throwing up among a quantity of debris two dozen large rats, killed by the explosion, and a number of others, more or less injured, scampered away in all directions. An examination disclosed the fact that the network of gas and water pipes at the spot had formed the nesting place of a colony of rats. Moreover, the remains of several matches indicated the probability that they had been carried there by the rodents, and, becoming ignited by friction, had caused the explosion of gas which had escaped from the main and accumulated there.

## Infant in All but Intellect.

There has just died in Stockerau, Bavaria, at the age of 28 years, a dwarf, Maria Schumann, who passed her whole life in the cradle where she slept her first sleep twenty-eight years ago. Up to the day of her death this strange creature preserved the height and general appearance of an infant of a few months, but her intellect was normally developed, and nothing could have been odder than to hear this tiny baby in the cradle talk like an adult, with much vivacity and intelligence!

## Late Census Figures.

The 1900 census shows that white farmers owned 4,970,129 farms in this country, with a total of 798,908,187 acres and valued at \$19,691,431,889, exclusive of products. Negroes owned 746,717 farms, including 38,233,933 acres and valued at \$499,945,734. Indians had 19,916 farms valued at \$38,239,478; Chinese 1,842 farms, Japanese 570 and Hawaiians 489. Of the entire number of farmers 3,149,344 owned their entire farm and 451,515 were part owners.

# THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

## RICH MEN WERE WARY.

Card Sharper Disgusted Over Failure of Efforts to Fleece Them.

At the bankers' convention in New York they told this story about James Stillman, president of the National City bank. He was on his way home from Europe not long ago and in common with some other magnates was pestered by gamblers who wanted him to play cards. One morning as Mr. Stillman was in close conversation with H. McK. Twombly the most daring member of the gang of card sharps pushed his way to them and renewed his importunities. Turning upon him that steel-like glance they know so well at the National City bank, Mr. Stillman said quietly: "Look here, now, I have repeatedly told you that I do not wish to play and do not intend to play. Do you see that taffrail? You get away from me, sir, or I'll throw you overboard." As the gambler drew off sullenly, he was heard to remark: "This is the cheapest bunch of millionaires I ever struck on the Atlantic."

## HONORED BY ODD FELLOWS.



E. S. CONWAY

E. S. Conway, the newly elected deputy grand sire of the Odd Fellows' fraternity, is a resident of Oak Park, Illinois. He was selected on the second ballot at the convention in San Francisco, Cal., by a vote of almost two to one over J. L. Nolan of Tennessee. Mr. Conway will have charge of the greater part of the work of the order, and this made the fight for the position a spirited one.

## THOUGHT PRINCE WAS WAITER.

Embarrassing Mistake Made by Southern Millionaire.

Gov. Warfield of Maryland was tendered a reception in St. Louis, while visiting the fair. Among other guests was a millionaire salt mine owner from Louisiana and a Cingalese prince. The southerner desired to order some ice cream for a Baltimore belle who was of Gov. Warfield's party and looked around for a waiter. His eye fell on the oriental potentate, whom he took for a waiter and directed to bring the desired dainty. The prince, however, was game, saw the humor of the situation, and with the assistance of a waiter secured the delicacies and presented them to the Baltimore belle with all the grace of a cultured man of Ceylon's isle. The salt merchant's embarrassment was almost painful when he realized the situation, but apologies followed and the prince laughed as heartily as any of the guests.

## DON CARLOS IN DANGER.



A would-be assassin recently fired two shots at Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne. His aim was bad and Don Carlos was uninjured.

## WON BY DISPLAY OF WEALTH.

Wronged Husband Gives Long List of Seducer's Wives.

Charles H. Fox, a well-known Philadelphia florist much patronized by society, who is suing George L. Sipps, a wealthy builder, for alienation of his wife's affections, has filed a list of ways in which he says Sipps won Mrs. Fox, as follows: "Spending money while out with Mrs. Fox; wearing numerous fine and impressive suits of clothing; sporting many magnificent diamonds; by freely opening choice varieties of wines, including champagne; by supplying Mrs. Fox with many expensive and elegant gowns; by taking Mrs. Fox with him to all the pleasure resorts in the city; by rare bouquets and flowers; by purchasing many laces, furs and furbelongs for Mrs. Fox; by the large tips he gave waiters in cafes while accompanying Mrs. Fox; by hiring vehicles and allowing them to stand by the hour, regardless of expense.

# AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

## MORGAN TO QUIT BUSINESS.

Son of Great Financier to Charge of Firm.

J. Pierpont Morgan Jr. has left a New York house, furnished, for four months, and is going to spend the winter there. Mr. Morgan expects to take up the details of the management of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. at the end of the year, when his father will retire from active business, though remaining nominally at the head of the firm for some time.

The financier has paid less attention to his business and more to art and charity in the last two years, and, it is said, he is now willing to shift almost the entire responsibility upon his son and upon other partners, of



whom he has ten. It is estimated that Mr. Morgan's wealth is from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

## CHIEF JOSEPH A GENERAL.

Head of the Nez Perce Indians Made Record as Fighter.

Old Joseph, chief of the Nez Perce Indians, is dead. Joseph was a general. He was one of the few savages who succeeded in combining the best in the red man's system of fighting with that which he had learned from the white man's methods of warfare. He made the combination tell in the field. The Nez Perce had been treated badly in the matter of a treaty. Joseph with his band fought for the land which the whites would have taken from him. He thrashed the troops. Reinforcements were sent and Joseph led his men in a masterly retreat through the mountains. Col. Nelson A. Miles was sent after Chief Joseph, and he succeeded in rounding up and bringing the band to bay. Overwhelmed by numbers, Joseph surrendered on condition that he be allowed to return to his own country. The government promised and broke its pledge. Joseph, the story goes, once said to Miles: "You should love me; I made a brave of you." There are few of the Nez Perce left, and in the death of Chief Joseph they have lost their last claim to distinction.

## GRAND SIRE OF ODD FELLOWS.



Robert Emmet Wright, who has been elected grand sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, has for years been a distinguished member of the order. Born in Allentown, Pa., Feb. 15, 1847, he has lived there ever since and is interested in many of its industries. He was educated for a civil engineer, but later studied law, and has acted as attorney for railway and other corporations. Financially he is interested in banks, street railways and other large companies.

## LEARNING THE GENTLE ART.

Ambassador Choate Makes a Discovery While Angling.

Joseph Hodges Choate, American ambassador to Great Britain, is trying to master the gentle art of angling under the direction of an English "trout." He writes to a friend: "I am getting on famously, my average weekly catch being about one bite." Not long ago Henry White, secretary of the embassy, went down to the country place where Choate is stopping and found him busy whipping a stream. Not far away a decaying fish in the tall grass was attracting the vermin in the air. The ambassador noticed Mr. White's glance and slight sniff. "White," said he, "did you ever land a trout?" "Just a few, Mr. Ambassador." "I'm wondering if you drew the moral I have drawn. Did you notice"—pointing toward the water and then to the decaying substance—"that it is much harder to catch fish with flies than flies with fish?"