

If people were as wise as they think they are the unexpected would never happen.

It is suggested that if Andrew Carnegie really fears to die rich he might hold a world's fair.

The physician who discovers the first case of perityphlitis in his patients is sure of free advertising.

There is no limit to the possibilities of a country that can have snowstorms in June and sunstrokes in January.

It may be better to give than to receive, but the girl who is trying on her engagement ring doesn't look at it that way.

Many a man thinks the world has a spite against him, when the world doesn't know that there is "any such a person."

Neah probably was the first captain of industry. At least it is only fair to suppose that he saw to the watering of the stock.

Uncle Russell Sage says he has been working for nearly seventy years. He has also put in about the same amount of time in omitting to be worked by others.

America is supposed to be the place where the Almighty Dollar is worshipped, but Americans do not bet money on the life or death of a sick man who is official head of the nation.

A statute representing a firecracker boy has been raised in one of the Chicago parks. It shows him as he is on the glorious Fourth. Now let the old maids and old bachelors raise a fund for a statue showing the firecracker boy as he appears on the Fifth.

Another woman has shot the man who refused to marry her. Just why shooting a man should make him more willing to marry, provided he survives, is not easy to understand. The man who will not wed with a whole skin is hardly likely to yearn for the woman who perforates it.

Young Alfonso's matrimonial intentions offer possibilities to our ambitious young women whose papas have made a pile in pork or sugar or steel. Considering the state of Alfonso's bank account, he should come as cheap as a French marquis and at a great deal lower figure than an English duke. Sealed bids should be sent in at once.

Buffalo and Boston day nurseries are training young girls to be nurse maids. The course in the Boston institution, occupying six months, qualifies a girl to feed and wash the baby, cook and sew for him, amuse him in various ways, and teach him morals and manners after the method of the kindergarten. The demand for these knowledgeable maidens greatly exceeds the supply, it is said. Yet it can hardly be maintained that the business of baby-tending is "a new profession for women."

The only flag ever allowed to float above the Stars and Stripes on the vessels of our navy is the church flag, a broad white streamer with a blue cross. Its presence marks one of the most impressive sights on shipboard—the sacred service held every Sunday morning, attended by all officers and men. Nearly all the denominations, in their national assemblies, have lately protested against the growing secularization of the Lord's day. In at least one branch of the government service, the navy, Sunday has gained rather than lost with the years in tokens of respect.

Most old saws are nutshells full of ancient and accepted errors and one of the most ancient, the most generally accepted and the most erroneous of all is the saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss. The saying has blocked many a young man's first step to fortune and a career. Unless a man does a moderate amount of rolling he will settle in a rut and go on, forever, never rising and never improving. Opportunity must be sought. It may be that all things come to him who waits, but it comes much more quickly to him who goes out looking for it. Opportunity, like a woman, yields more readily to an ardent wooer.

Perhaps no missionary ever preached in more parts of the world than the late Bishop William Taylor of the Methodist Church, whose death has been noted recently. He went to California as a missionary along with the "forty-niners;" then he preached in Canada. Thence he went to England and the continent, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, holding evangelistic services wherever it was possible. Later he worked in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, India, South Africa, the Congo region, the West Indies, and in various countries in South and Central America, thus covering every continent and the islands of the sea. He literally went into all the world, preaching the gospel.

One reason why there is apprehension in England over the possible death of King Edward is that there is little confidence in the heir apparent. The Duke of York may have king timber in him, but he has not shown it. He is an unusual sort of man and disposed to like books better than sports. He doesn't seem to have any red blood in his veins along with his blue blood. The aver-

age Britisher likes his king to be dignified, all right, but he wants him to be democratic also. That is one reason why Edward is popular. As Prince of Wales he was unconventional, social, hearty, democratic. Edward is not only democratic in his manners and tastes but in his views of things. In politics he is liberal and broadminded. He was an intense admirer of our Blaine in the latter's day and was a sympathetic follower and friend of Gladstone even when that great Englishman was unpopular at his mother's court. His vote in the House of Lords was always on the liberal side and there is no doubt he greatly aided the Boer peace negotiations. The king has been considerable of a sport in his time, but that has not hurt him much in the estimation of the English. Much is forgiven to royalty where royalty is the fashion. England's king has not given to the royal house that veneration and deep respect which Victoria commanded. It was not in him to do that. His career as prince did not fit him for playing such a part. But he has made the most of himself since he came to the throne and few kings have been more popular.

Probably the recent train robbery will set some undoubtedly brave men to declaring what they would have done if they had been on the engine or in the express car. They think they would have made a fight of it. History shows that they would not. No matter how brave a man is, he succumbs to "the drop" when it is held on him by a man who has every reason to shoot at the slightest sign of resistance. The records of far Western stage robberies show that hundreds of the coolest, bravest men on this continent—or in the world, for that matter—have ranged themselves at the side of a road while a single highwayman "went through" them. Given an even chance and any one of them would have made a battle of it. Given only a fighting chance, probably half of them would have accepted it. But to invite practically certain death is a height of bravery that is not reached in resisting highwaymen. It is attained only by soldiers in the performance of their duty, by life savers inspired by the grandest of motives and by enthusiasts—religious, political or social—who are willing to die that the cause which they advocate shall prosper. The man who is "held up" by a robber is not a coward by any means. He declines to stake his life against his valuables, for that is really the issue. Shall I risk my life for a few dollars? is the question he has to answer. There is no great principle at stake. He can achieve no great glory if he comes out of the conflict victorious; he loses his life if he suffers defeat. In such a position most men will do what the trainmen did—hold up their hands. A man can recoup his financial fortunes, but he can't rekindle the vital spark once it has been snuffed out.

One of the strangest divorce cases on record deals with Mrs. Margaret Hudson Thomas, of Brooklyn. She sued Frank L. Thomas. The meat in the case is that Frank "got mad" about something and stopped talking. They lived together, ate together, and not a word passed his lips. At table he would pull out a little tab and write: "Pass the butter," or "The meat is rare," or some other bit of information, and solemnly hand it to his wife. She stood two years of it and then left him. A good woman will suffer much to avoid scandal. She will hide shame and tears, and suffer mental and sometimes physical torture, sooner than spread her sorrow before the rude eyes of a public that sometimes smiles when it should be sympathetic. The man who punishes "his woman" by refusing to speak to her is generally a petulant, spoiled child in man's clothes, and no more fit to be at the head of a household than a baby. He plans to train up his wife, to discipline her occasionally, when the chances are that she has forgotten as much as he knows. Sometimes he punishes her by falling to give the good-by kiss at the door. It cuts her like a knife thrust, and he consults his vanity and learns that "a woman should not be allowed her own way too much. Or he refuses to speak to her, for a day, or a week, or for a period calculated to bring her to an adequate understanding of her sins and his dignity. Yes, these things really happen. Don't think because love rules in your home, and happiness is yours, that all of the men are good and all of the women sweet. If a man can't rule without becoming a stubborn ass and acting like a fool, if he can't maintain respect and affection by deserving it, he will never make his point by a system of dumb torture, which is more to be dreaded than blows.

Wearing Hats in Church.
The wearing of hats in church was a sore point with the clergy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Samuel Pepys went to church one Sunday in the reign of Charles II., and duly noted the fact in his diary, adding, with reference to the sermon, that he heard "a simple fellow on the praise of church music and exclaiming against the men wearing their hats in the church." It seems probable that men took off their hats throughout the service, but put them on again during the sermon. Early in the seventeenth century many of the clergy began to attack the custom and pleaded for more refined and becoming behavior in church. Dr. Donne, dean of St. Paul's, spoke out sternly against this practice.

An Efficient Officer.
A man who was "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits and stated: "Sir, I have duly received the portrait of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

Ever remark how people admire a polite, sensible, well-behaved, industrious boy? Why not be that kind, boys? Boys never lack appreciation when they behave themselves. And it is easier to behave than it is to act the fool.

Smile that Saved a Life.
Some time ago a delicate though artistic girl of Naples, Ida Rizzi by name, saw a photograph of Queen Helena in which her majesty was represented in a thoughtful mood. Straightway she conceived the idea of painting a portrait of her sovereign and of beautifying it with a smile, which was wholly lacking in the photograph. This she did, and when her work was finished she sent it to the queen, with these words: "May her majesty smile in this manner all her life."

Smile that Saved a Life.
A few days later the child became seriously ill and the physicians decided to perform an operation on her. Meanwhile the queen had learned who had sent the painting, and the result was that a few hours before the fixed time for the operation Dr. Quirico, the court physician, entered Ida Rizzi's home with instructions from the Queen to take the best possible care of her. Soon after him came the Countess Guicciardini, one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, with a large box full of beautiful presents, among them being boxes of choice paints, brushes, engravings, a jeweled brooch and a fine portrait of little Princess Yolande, below which were written some kindly words by the queen herself.

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Nearly every person you meet is looking for "encouragement." But the most successful men have found it necessary to encourage themselves.



There are 244 establishments, employing 9,880 glove makers, in the United States.

A crew of Italians employed on railroad work north of Marinette, Wis., struck recently on account of the mosquitoes.

Increases have been made by the Illinois Central railroad in the wages of telegraphers at certain stations and overtime granted under certain conditions.

Absolutely the newest thing in organized labor is the Greater New York Shoe Polishers' Union, No. 1, which has just been formed, with the object of regulating prices and hours. It has a membership of 800.

This is a remarkable story which comes from Massachusetts of the man who, in order to take his wife abroad to finish the training of her voice, has closed his factory and thrown 1,200 employes out of work.

A report issued by the Census Bureau on the textile industry of the United States shows that the capital invested in cotton manufacturing in the Southern States increased from \$20,413,414 in 1880 to \$62,623,729 in 1890 and to \$137,172,561 in 1900.

There is trouble brewing between the Allied Metal Mechanics and the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths. The former want to claim jurisdiction over the blacksmiths' helpers, but the brotherhood officials refuse to look at the matter in that light.

Secretary Bramwood of the International Typographical Union, paid per capita tax on 42,144 members to the American Federation of Labor for the month of May this year. This is the largest number of members the organization has had since its foundation 50 years ago.

A feature of the new scale signed by the Republic Iron and Steel company of Pittsburg, which has not as yet gained prominence, is that the company agreed to establish an eight-hour day in its mills wherever practicable. The officials of the Amalgamated association recognize this as a victory.

R. H. Alley of Seattle, Wash., has returned from Australia, where he says he secured \$1,500,000 capital to erect and operate a woolen mill in Seattle. The wool growers of Australia and New Zealand are interested in having a market for their product in the rapidly developing northwest. Plans include a regular line of steamships between Seattle and Australia.

An agitation for a labor temple in Chicago was launched at the last meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Chicago has nearly 500 unions. Excepting the Bricklayers and Stone Masons' Union, all rent halls for their meetings and headquarters for the officials. It is estimated that a quarter of a million dollars is paid out annually in Chicago for hall rents and meeting places.

The recent convention of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders decided to submit to referendum vote of the members a proposition for the payment of a death benefit. It also appointed a committee on a bookbinders' "home," patterned after the printers' home at Colorado Springs. Already \$20,000 has been subscribed for the project. It is likely the institution will be situated at Colorado Springs. E. W. Tatum was re-elected international president.

Up Against It.
Smith—What's the trouble, old man? You look as if a squall had struck you.

Jones—Worse than that, my boy. I've just been struck by two squalls.

Smith—Why, how's that?

Jones—Got twins at our house.

Went One Better.
Jimson—Scared—Why, the poor woman was so badly frightened that she turned her hair white in twenty-four hours.

Jester—Hub! I know several girls who have turned their hair yellow in less time than that.

Misunderstood.
He—Do you think your father will object to my suit?

She—I don't see why he should; he's got one exactly like it.

Pa Had Purchased Some.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what are summary measures?

Pa—Early strawberry boxes, my son.

Ignorance Is Bliss.
Maria—Our Lucy says since she went to college she has learned to be an expert chauffeuse. I wonder what that means, Hiram?

Hiram—Oh, just another name for Fench cook, I reckon.

Big Heads.
"I see some one has invented a hat that will stretch to any size."

"H'm! It must be intended for college graduates."

Painfully Practical.
"I shall take as my motto," said the ambitious youth, "the immortal words, 'Be sure you're right and then go ahead.'"

"That may do later in life," answered Senator Sorgan, "but for the present I should advise you to be sure some other fellow is lucky and then catch on behind."—Washington Star.

Additional Light.
"No," said Mr. Bickers to Mr. Gazzam, who had resumed a subject discussed the day before, "on that point you are decidedly wrong."

"But you thought I was quite right yesterday," protested Gazzam.

"True, but I've talked the subject over with my wife since."—Detroit Free Press.

The New Arrival.
"Have you seen the new baby?" asked enthusiastic Tommy.

"No," replied Freddy.

"Well, he's a bird!"

"A bird? I guess that's why the stork brought him."

Her Way.
"Don't you think she's a 'mode mother'?"

"Why, her children are little terrorists!"

"Yes; but she writes such good papers for our mothers' meetings."

His Suggestion.
"How can I make my boarding house more popular?" asked Mrs. Sawedge.

"You might," replied the star boarder, squaring up to a bit of steak, "you might advertise it as furnishing all the advantages of a gymnasium."

Connected.
"They claim to be connected with some of the best families."

"By telephone?"

"Layed in the Shade."



A Good Listener.
Mr. Jumper—You seem to like to talk to Whilks.

Mr. Jimps—Yes; he never reads the papers, and everything you tell him is news.

When Omission Is Success.
Clara—Shall I write Cousin Eliza that we think we will come out to visit her?

Clarence—No; the last time we wrote you remember, she got away before we arrived there.

Marriage a Failure.
Polly—Men are so deceiving.

Dolly—Why?

Polly—Oh, Phil used to rave over my angel cake; and now he doesn't like it because I can't make gingerbread.

Discharged.
Judge—Your wife has brought suit against you for desertion, sir. What have you to say for yourself.

Accused—It was this way, your Honor; you see, my wife asked me to beat the carpet, and—

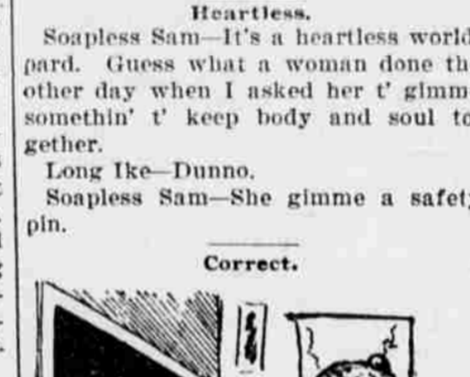
Judge—Enough; you are discharged.

Heartless.
Soapless Sam—It's a heartless world, pard. Guess what a woman done the other day when I asked her 't gimme somethin' t' keep body and soul together.

Long Ike—Dunno.

Soapless Sam—She gimme a safety pin.

Correct.



Teacher—Johnnie Stokes, how many make a million?

Johnnie—Very few on dis earth.

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Banks—Waspley was going to ask old Bullion for his daughter's hand, wasn't he?

Danks—He did ask him.

Banks—How did he come out?

Danks—On the back of his neck, I believe.—Judge.

An Awful Jolt.
"The face is an index to the mind," said the boarder who deals in quotations.

"I don't believe it," snapped the angular female at the end of the table, who is entitled to allowance for age.

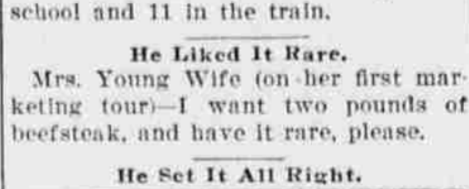
"One exception," replied the quotation dispenser, "is necessary in order to prove the rule. Therefore it stands to reason that when a woman's face is made up her mind is not necessarily in the same condition."—Chicago News.

Varying.
Uncle—How old are you, Jimmy?

Jimmy—I am 13 at home, 14 at school and 11 in the train.

He Liked It Rare.
Mrs. Young Wife (on her first marketing tour)—I want two pounds of beefsteak, and have it rare, please.

He Set It All Right.



Bill Collector—You say you intend to pay this bill some time; can't you get a certain day?

Lawyer First—Yes; judgment day.

—Chicago American.

Carrying It to Excess.
"Friskie is an exceedingly polite man," said Cumso.

"He carries politeness too far," replied Cawker.

"I did not think that was possible."

"Well, I've known him to remove his hat when talking over the telephone to a lady."

Her Preference.
Clara—Don't you like to get out in the woods on your knees where you can examine the beauties of nature?

Maud—I'd rather get on some one else's knees.

Neely Indeed.
"Can't yer help a poor man dat is widout money?" whined the rusty individual on the sidewalk.

"But how do I know that you are without money?" demanded the prosperous citizen.

"How do yer know? Why, can't yer see I don't wear a panama hat?"

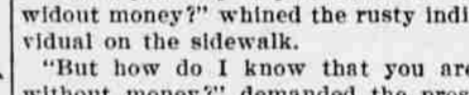
The Trouble.
Roan—What's the matter with the mare?

Sorel—She's mad because she thinks her hat isn't on straight.

A Good Imitation of Success.
Frederick—Poor Felix, he is a sad delving failure!

Eugene—Failure? He has got nearly through life without ever doing a day's work.

If the Trusts Continue.



Jones—Is beef still rising?

Brown—Yes; soon a porterhouse will cost as much as a dwelling house.

A Different Matter.
The Beauty—But you told papa you could keep me in the style I was accustomed to.

The Beast—So I could, dear. It is the frequent changing of the styles that breaks me.

Terrific Racer.
Gunner—They say that fatal automobile in New York was shaped like a cigar.

Guyer—Well, if it had been shaped like a cigarette there would have been some excuse for it killing people.

Just the Looks.
"I wish you wouldn't seal your announcement cards," said young Jones.

"Why not?" asked the tailor.

"Because my landlady thinks they're bills. It hurts my credit."

Deliver Us from Our Friends.
"I didn't know they were engaged."

"They weren't; but their friends decided it would be a splendid match, so there was nothing else for them to do."

Canny Paupers Had Fat Bank Account

Whether the town or State shall take action to recover nearly \$1,200 said to be on deposit in a Ware, Mass., bank to the credit of a family that has been receiving pauper rations from the town for ten years is bothering the authorities in Palmer.

As far as the town is concerned it has lost nothing by the transaction and it is not likely to, unless it may be some expense incidental to an attempt that will be made to recover the money for the commonwealth, which has reimbursed the town for the charity doled out.

It has been learned that there is something over \$1,000 owned in Ware by this family, which has been getting week after week orders on business men, so that annually the bill footed up to amounts between \$50 and \$80.

The case first came to the attention of the Palmer overseers as far back as 1892 and since then aid has been given regularly after it was found that the family was a State charge, and that the town was merely acting as agent for the State in giving assistance.

Rumors that occasionally reached the ears of the officials ended with the investigations and legal advice was taken in the matter.

The legal opinion was solicited in the question as to whether it is for the town or the State to take action; and the answer was that there being no action of contract between the State and the family it seems incumbent on the town to take it up with a clause specifying that the attempt to recover the money is to be made in behalf of the State.

It was suggested, says the New York Herald, that if the family got an idea of the intention the money would be withdrawn, but even if this was done it is believed there will remain just as strong a case of obtaining money under false pretenses.

CRANBERRY GROWING.

Fruit Crop that Requires Capital for Its Culture.

Cranberry growers of the United States had to their credit last year a crop of 1,000,000 bushels. Of the varied industries that have shown unusual results there are none with a more notable record, for the crop of 1900 was 569,000 bushels. These facts mean that the owners of the cranberry bogs have received nearly \$1,700,000. Cranberry raising is an industry which, despite the popularity of the fruit, has commanded small attention from others than those directly interested. Capital is an absolute necessity to engage in it successfully, as a productive bog costs from \$300 to \$500 an acre to bring to a state of profitable bearing.

In September the cranberry harvest begins, although October may more properly be called the harvest month. When the section of the bog where the picking is to start is selected it is divided into rows, the boundary lines being marked by stout twine running the entire length of the section. These rows vary in width from two to three feet. A row is assigned to a picker, who must strip the vines, therein thoroughly before he is allowed to change to another row. The method of removing the berries from the vines is simple and expeditious. The picker places his fingers slightly spread apart beneath the vine, or bush, close to the ground. A quick upward movement, and his hands have stripped the vine of its fruit.

The cranberry bog blossoms in June and it is its appearance at this stage of growth that gives the berry its name. Just before expanding into perfect flower the stem, calyx and petals resemble the neck, head and bill of a crane. Hence the name "cranberry," which usage has shortened to "cranberry."

Overcrowding in London.

A committee of the London County Council has recently studied the question of overcrowding, based on the census of 1901. Ten years previously, in 1891, 831,668 persons were living in 145,