

Arbitration should come before, not after, a strike.

Housecleaning is never as bad as the poems written about it.

The racing automobile is the deadliest toy that millionaire has ever amused itself with.

If men were compelled to sit in the hot sun and fish all day they would consider it a hardship.

The Russian bear believes in the open-door policy so long as he sits in the door, it would seem.

Following the Karageorgevitch dynasty may come in a short time the Krag-Jorgensen dynasty.

In due time the Servians will become tired of shouting "Long live King Karageorgevitch!" It is harder to say.

Senator Lodge says that our peril to-day is "irresponsible wealth." A little of this brand of peril would not go so bad!

Some men stick to a thing like a postage stamp—all the better after being licked into a realization of what is expected of them.

As long as your sweetheart finds fault with you, you are safe. But when she finds fault in you, be sure to look for another girl.

Solomon in all his glory was nowhere beside the boy in uniform who comes home on his first vacation from the military academy.

The young men who argue that there are germs in ice cream are the ones who combat the theory that there are microbes in kisses.

The new King of Servia became greatly excited when he was informed of his election. We can't blame him. Being elected King of Servia is no laughing matter.

A New Jersey man has found a \$400 pearl in an oyster. Still, it will not be advisable for any man who has a good, steady job at something else to give it up for the purpose of hunting pearls.

It is all right to tell us it will not always wrong to tell lies, but will the eminent gentlemen who advance this theory and go further and advise us how to compel others to believe the lies?

Fluorine gas has at last been liquefied and solidified. This only leaves one gas, helium, to be experimented upon. Helium only exists in the solar atmosphere, and it will be hot work getting any.

Clerical gentlemen who assume to sit in judgment upon other clergymen, not even of their own denomination, need to be reminded that there is an eleventh commandment, which is of great value even though it was not graven on the Sinai tablets. It reads: "Mind your own business."

The stress of national rivalries is probably too great for any language to have the universality that French once had in Europe. But if any tongue triumphs, it is likely to be English. When the Emperor of China telegraphed to the Mikado of Japan a message of sympathy for the death of a relative, he sent it in English, and the Mikado's reply was also in English. English is no doubt easier to telegraph than Chinese, but the selection of English instead of some other European language is significant.

Uncle Sam moves so quietly and swiftly that very few people would be aware of the work going on at the new fortifications if it were not for the newspapers. For the past two years at Cushing's and at Great Diamond Islands two of the most modern and strongest forts on the Atlantic seaboard have been in process of construction. They are the results of the highest engineering skill in the land. The fortifications embody the latest and most approved points in military construction and both forts mount batteries of the largest guns in the world. When completed Portland, Me., will be the most strongly fortified port in America, and as a strategic point one of the most important in the country.

When the greatly afflicted Mrs. Vrooman received her divorce in a Missouri court she was so much affected that she fainted. While we have not closely studied the manners and customs of divorcees, we suspect that this was rather bad form, quite unwomanly and undignified, in fact. Our very best people, in New York, Newport and Chicago, would scorn to be guilty of an action exhibiting such a surprising lack of self-control; still we must not forget that our very best people usually have a wedding date so near at hand that they realize the responsibility which rests upon them and nerve themselves to extraordinary self-possession. Moreover, the first time a woman is divorced—if she belongs to the ordinary, respectable middle class—her emotional nature overcomes her; in time she becomes accustomed to the ordeal and meets it calmly and unflinchingly. Let us not be too harsh with beginners. Let us remember that it takes a gen-

eration or two of the higher social life to face the divorce court as one of those annoying but necessary incidents which should be encountered with a lofty scorn and a superb indifference.

"More men fall from the want of force than from want of judgment," said Dr. Smith, who preached the baccalaureate sermon at New York University, "and it would appear that education often tends to reduce rather than add to a man's forcefulness." This very deftly hits the nail on the head. Knowledge develops caution and an indisposition to take risks. It also develops sensibilities that are so finely attuned that the possessor of them is apt to go a long way round to avoid a shock to them, and thereby loses the force. Some ignorant man with narrow vision has seen nothing but a short cut across, and has taken it. While knowledge, confused and rendered timid by its breadth of view, is weighing complications and considering chances, ignorance, seeing nothing but the end to be attained and the means, plunges blindly and recklessly onward—and triumphs. The educated man is apt to spare himself at crucial times. He is apt, too, to place a far lower estimate upon material successes than does the ignorant man. He sees far more in life than a warm back and a full stomach, and so his aspirations and efforts are divided. It is perhaps not so much a lack of force as a division of it. Dr. Smith has scored a strong point against higher education, if we are to look upon mere selfish achievements as the standard of success. But, on the other hand, the educated man has subjective delights independent of material achievement that must be counted into the reckoning.

It is a problem, says the Baltimore News, that means much to the industrial and physical well-being of a large portion of our population—the problem of mastering and using the rainfall in the Mississippi watershed, instead of permitting it to go on an annual rampage, a menace to the numerous population skirting the banks of the river. There are arid lands along the course of the Missouri which need badly each season the flood water sent down to swell the lower Mississippi torrents in the early spring. In all the territory drained by the upper Mississippi scarcely a season passes when there is not a lack of rainfall at a critical time. Forests throughout that region have been swept away. Swamp land has been drained. Every channel is open and free, and as soon as the winter snows melt the waters hurry over the frozen ground into the rivers, and there is a flood. Scientists of to-day have found that not only are the forests important in the preservation of life-giving moisture, but they also tend to prevent floods. Even the dust of the desert plays its part, for meteorologists tell us that without it rain clouds would probably not form. Men, in their rush for wealth, seem to have denuded the country of forests and developed a drainage system which means alternate flood and drought. It might be well if they would now try to learn something of the conditions under which nature will supply moisture without a deluge. Bringing about these conditions would seem more advantageous to a symmetrical development and much safer for dwellers upon great rivers. Levee building must be supplemented by more extensive attempts to hold flood water where it falls.

A rich, self-made Chicago man has put himself to a great deal of trouble to write a book tending to show by statistics and other facts that for purposes of success in business the college education is a failure. Many of the college people are laughing at him—and beyond question he does go to the extreme of an extreme. At the same time the man is honest, and the sound idea in his book will bear fruit. There is a theory, says the Saturday Evening Post, that the body can be properly developed only by forms of manual labor which are otherwise absolutely useless. Hence a boy scorns to learn farming or gardening or a trade, and spends years in studying football, handball, polo and billiards. There is a theory that the mind can be properly developed only by forms of mental labor which are otherwise absolutely useless. Let the ordinary college graduate honestly answer this question: Except for "making a front," how much use have you Latin and Greek, your analytical geometry and differential calculus, ever been to you? The fact is that at the basis of much "sport" and much "higher education" lies the notion that there is superiority in ability to do, or plausibly to profess ability to do, what the mass of mankind has not had the leisure to learn to do. As the run of humanity is secretly snobbish, the craving for ornaments that are supposed to constitute the "gentleman" for the useless hands and lapping frilleries that are supposed to constitute the "lady," would perish indefinitely but for one unassuming fact. That is—more and more the world is getting to be a place where only the worker, only the lusty, alive "hustler," can maintain a foothold. And the colleges will have to recognize the fact and to drop their beloved, moth-eaten trappings of mediocrity.

No Time for Them. "Brace says it keeps him busy these days keeping track of his social obligations."

Some merchants won't advertise even on a circus elephant.

HARD TO FORECAST.

FEW HINTS AS TO FALL FASHIONS YET ABROAD.

Great Diversity of Opinion Among Supposed Authorities—Wide Variety of Modish Wraps—Elaborate Way in Which Summer Gowns Are Trimmed.

New York correspondence:



FASHIONS for summer reached their prime only a few weeks ago, their best display being long delayed by unfavorable weather, yet now the talk is of fall styles. Women at the resorts, not yet over the fatigues of the season in town, a considerable item of which lay in fittings and the other worries of getting up summer dresses, nevertheless are already anxious to know what is coming, and women in town, dressmakers, particularly, are on the lookout for hints of the coming season. Little that is reliable is forthcoming. The reason is that current fashions are much varied, and it is difficult to foresee which items of them will fall by the way and which



THREE STYLISH WRAPS.

will hold over. This naturally is the time when new features are few in the shops, so little evidence of what is coming can be seen, and when the shopper takes to advising with supposed authorities, she becomes confused because she finds much diversity of opinion among them. Early fall styles will probably be those of summer to most intents and purposes. Then the older fashions will blend into the new, instead of coming to an end with a right-about. This has been the way for several seasons, a development that cool springs and late summers may have assisted. The blending processes are pleasant, anyhow, especially for women of limited means.

These processes are suggested strongly by the new wool fabrics offered for early fall suits. These goods vary very little from the present ones. They include many fancy suitings showing either flecks, dots, stripes or fancy figures, all of which points to less elaboration in make-up, but it won't do to be sure of a widespread change in this direction. Many new fabrics show fancy borders, often on both sides of the goods, so a lot of the border can be used in the gown. This border is submitted as a substitute for lace, passementerie and other elaborate trimmings.



MIDSUMMER'S ELABORATE TRIMMING.

These fabrics are light in weight, many of them noticeably wiry. Canvas, voile and tulle are worn late in the season, and the sensible plan to follow for her who has to practice economy is to make her summer taller gown to till late in the fall, when it will be possible to know definitely what is the proper thing. It is disappointing to have a gown made and think that you are fixed for the coming season, and then to have that particular style slump. This has been the case with

those who had a lot of shirt waist suits made early in the spring for summer. Not in the memory was there ever a wider choice of wraps. Very few tight-fitting jackets are worn, for this garment looks best when it can be worn tightly fastened, but there is an abundance of loose coats and jackets, and it is almost impossible to be out of style if only your coat is light in color, of coarse weave and loose. Many are white or in cream colors, but such are by no means the only proper thing, for women who require a wrap that must give hard service recognized the impracticability of these early in the season, so turned their attention to more serviceable ones. A white wrap may be essential for evening dress wear, but for ordinary service tans, blues, grays and reds are available. Red is pretty, but apt to look warm if the day is sultry and hardly is a wise choice for a woman who isn't to have but one wrap. Many linen ones are seen, but look fresh for such a short time that they must be worn with discretion. Pongee coats are great favorites, even though they need frequent pressing to keep them in condition. Many of them are brightened with a bit of stitching or cording in color, a little of which relieves greatly the trying pongee shade. Unless a woman has a fresh complexion this color is apt to be very trying, and the addition of a bit of color next the face will help much. Four selections from the current display of coats and wraps are pictured herewith. In the initial is a bolero wrap of light tan canvas cloth trimmed with braid of darker shade, with tabs embroidered in shades of brown and with brown silk tassels. In the group are a dark blue taffeta, cut in circular

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I've refused George twice," she said, "but it's no use."

"No use?"

"Not a bit. He believes in predestination."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, he thinks I'm predestined to be his wife, and of course, if that is so, I'll simply have to give in, no matter what papa says. He can't expect me to defy fate."

Pay Day in Sight. Miles—Shortum married an heiress last week and he declares she is all the world to him.

Giles—So he's getting ready to collect the debt, eh?

Miles—What debt?

Giles—Why, the one his wife owes him. I heard him say one time that the world owed him a living.

Passing Amusements.



Growler—Hi! Hi! Can't yer look out wher yer a-comin'?

Omnibus—Garn! Shut up, Jack-in-the-Box!—Punch.

Most of the Stories True.

A story is told of a New England minister who often speaks in behalf of a charity in which he is interested. At the close of one meeting at which he had spoken with great effect and a large gain for the charity had been the direct result a little old woman approached the minister. "Oh," she said earnestly, "I've been so interested in hearing about those poor dear children! And I suppose a great many of those stories you told are really true, aren't they?"

A Paying Investment.

"Was it worth while to send your four daughters to that fashionable school?"

"Sure. One eloped while she was there and the others came home engaged."—New York Times.

Must Take His Turn.

Enraged Reader—I have come in to horsewhip the editor.

Office Boy—You'll have to wait, sir; there are two others ahead of you.—Life.

How She Cured Him.

Mother—You say your husband no longer spends his evenings at the club?

Daughter—I soon broke him of that.

"How did you manage?"

"Before going to bed I put two easy chairs close together by the parlor fire, and then held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke?"—New York Weekly.

Why Not, Indeed?

N. Ane—Willie, I forgot to wind my watch this morning. Will you bring it down to me?

Willie—Why don't you let it run down?—New York Sun.

Growing Like a Weed.



"Why, Tommy, how you do grow!"

"Yes, Auntie. I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night and morning."

Facts and Fancies.

"Does it cost much to live in the city?" asked the rural youth.

"About the same as it costs to live in the country," replied the village sage, "but it costs like fury to keep up appearances."

Defined.

"A souvenir," said the thoughtful man, thoughtfully, "is something that we consider to be worth a whole lot more than its value."—Chicago Evening Post.

Cause and Effect.

"Women evidently have no sense of humor," remarked the bald-headed philosopher.

"Why do you think thusly?" asked the youth with the ingrowing mustache.

"If they had," replied the philosophy dispenser, "they would never get past the love, honor and obey part of the marriage ceremony without an audible giggle."

Missionary Notion of Strategem. An officer once asked an Irishman if he knew what a stratagem was. "Yes, of course I do." "Then," said the officer, "please explain one to me." Pat (after five minutes' pause): "Suppose you were firing at the enemy and you run short of ammunition and you don't want the enemy to know, why all you have to do is to keep on firing."

Correcting Misapprehension. "And this," exclaimed the traveler from the old world, emerging from his state room and gazing dreamily at the shore line ahead of him, "is free America!"

"No," said the bored looking passenger in the steamer chair. "That is New York City."

Made a Mistake. "You don't mean to say, doctor, that you can tell people's ages by their teeth, the same as if they were horses, do you?"

"Certainly, madam."

Which explains why this particular patient never went again to that particular dentist.

Neatness. "I say," said the man who has to board out, "I've found the ideal place at last."

"What is the advantage?" asked the man who has married.

"The neatness of the place. The landlady keeps all the left-over crusts separate and labeled, so that each man gets his own bread back in the bread pudding."—London Tit-Bits.

She Was a Treasure. Towne—That was a brave act of Urban's—rushing into the water to save a woman from drowning.

Suburb—Brave fiddsticks! It was merely an act of selfishness on his part.

Towne—Why, how can you say that?

Suburb—The woman he rescued was a cook that had been with him for six months.—Chicago News.

How He Proposed. Miss Chatterbox—How did Fred propose?

Miss Milyun—He said he didn't know what he would do unless he got some money right away.—Baltimore American.

A Slight Difference.

Haggard Looking Room Hunter—Little girl, does your mamma keep boarders?

Honest Little Girl—No, sir; she takes boarders, but she don't keep 'em.—New York Herald.

Opportunity.

She—Yes, papa is suffering terribly from gout—he can hardly move his foot.

He—Bah Jove, Miss Goldie, something seems to tell me to speak to him about our engagement to-day.—Bah Jove.

As to the Squallops.

"It's a shame the way those Squallop children are growing up, without any parental restraint whatever."

"Yes; when their mother joined the woman's literary society and began attending all the meetings Mr. Squallop got sort of reckless and joined a don't worry club."—Chicago Tribune.

A Human Clod.

Tess—Some men are awfully slow, aren't they?

Jess—Yes, and they're so aggravating. There was one sat alongside of me coming down in the car this morning.

Tess—You weren't trying to flirt with him?

Jess—Gracious! no; but he was reading a novel, and he was never ready to turn the page when I was.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Preference.

"Shall I administer gas before extracting your tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Well," answered the fair patient from a back township, "if it doesn't cost any more I'd rather you'd give me electric light."

No Trouble in House-Hunting.

Hicks—I understand that you and Jenkins have both found desirable new tenements.

Wicks—Yes, Jenkins moved into my flat and I moved into his.—Somerville Journal.

Wasn't Superstitious.

Ghes—Robinson Crusoe must have been a queer sort of chap.

Miles—Because why?

Ghes—Because it was Friday every day in the week with him.

Something Wrong.

Meeker—There's crape on the door over the way. Old man Jones must be dead.

Mrs. Meeker—I haven't seen the door there for over a week.

Told the Truth.

Edyth—Aunt Margaret used to say she wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

Mayme—And did she keep her word?

Edyth—Yes; but she got married just the same.