

**OUR HISTORY IS MASCULINE**

Hard and Uncolored Is the Chronicle of the Events Connected with America.

Our history is hard and masculine; colored with few purple lights; too little related to our tenderer sentiments and deeper passions. When older peoples have paused, as we did then, they have looked upon far different scenes, says William Garrott Brown, in the Atlantic. Fairer companies have stood about more stately figures of triumph or of tragedy than that America and the world now gazed upon. The common chamber, the gaunt, pale president, the strong, bearded counselors at his bedside—this was unlike the scenes which European peoples have fixed in their memories. Charles I. and Mary Stuart on their scaffolds, the barons and the king at Runnymede, Maria Theresa appealing to the nobles of Hungary to take up their swords for her child, Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, and many another pageant of human love and sacrifice are treasured up by other people as we have treasured up this crude, unlackeyed martyrdom.

Even the great personality of Lincoln, now potent in so many individual lives, intimate and familiar to so many of our hidden moods, was not yet fully revealed to his fellows. It was the emancipator only that had fallen, the leader and shepherd of men. Outwardly at least his experience was limited as theirs was. Dying in the midst of multitudes, master of armies and of navies, he was still of the frontier; as, indeed, all our American life was still, in a sense, only the frontier and western fringe of European life.

True, Lincoln also leads us back to the princes whose peer he was, but we can pass from his death bed with no irreverence, no sense of shock or change, to look out, in the plain light of day, upon the whole wide field of work and strife and progress which was always in his thought, and glimpse the attitude and state of the republic when his summons passed, like an angelus, across the continent.

**LACE-BARK TREES ARE FEW**

But Half a Dozen of This Species Now Exist—Reason for So Naming.

There are in all about half a dozen lace-bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in a ready-made sheet form, which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace-bark clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native tapa cloth, as it is called, is made from the bark of the brunsonetia papiifera, but it is not usually included among the real lace-bark trees.

In its natural state the real lace-bark is of a delicate cream-white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun bleaching give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is airy light. It is used in the West Indies for mantillas, cravats, collars, cuffs, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making up shawls, veils and the like it is customary to piece two sheets of lace-bark together. Delicate and apparently weak as it is in single mesh, a bit of lace-bark, if rolled into a thin string, will all but resist human strength to break it.

Despite its practical use there is no essential demand for lace-bark. It has been used by the natives for hundreds of years and yet is comparatively little known to this day. A few specimens of lace-bark articles exist in different countries of Europe. These were made hundreds of years ago, yet although their age is considerable, they are said to be in a good state of preservation.

**Nothing Left.**

A political reformer is a politician who has managed to get himself disliked by the machine.—Chicago Daily News.

**INDIANS KILLING OFF GAME**

Right to Hunt on Reservations Often Abused by the Red Warriors.

Sportsmen returning from hunting in the vicinity of northern Minnesota Indian reservations tell in the Duluth Herald of the scarcity of game in certain sections which can be accounted for only on the theory that the Indians have been killing the animals during the fall and early summer, both on and off their reserves. The city men are indignant that this should be so. They claim to have positive proof from the settlers to the effect that the redmen have overstepped their bounds in the hunting of deer and moose.

This Indian proposition is one that occasions a great deal of worry where reservations are located. Laws governing the Indians in this respect are little understood by the whites in general, but they are such that the conviction of any of these wards of the government for breaking them is made extremely difficult, if not impossible.

After taking his lands from him, or most of them, it would ill become the government if it did not allow the Indian the privilege of hunting at all seasons when wild game is eatable. This privilege is accorded him, but only on the reservations. He is not supposed to hunt at all in the outside forests unless such hunting is done in the open season for game, and some so read the law that he has not the right to kill game at any time unless hunting in the reservation.

The Indians know the law and are careful to see that they are not caught breaking it, though in many instances they live so far from a game warden that they have become careless and open violations are said to be frequent. But even in cases of this kind it is no easy matter to secure a conviction, for, even though the proper man be arrested, it is difficult to get proof against him. The redmen are careful to protect one of their own number and stolidly refuse to testify against him, especially in affairs of this kind.

As a general thing the warden pays little or no attention to such violations and lets the Indian hunter do as he will. Even when the hunter knows a game warden is in his vicinity he can usually contrive to bring down his game and get it into the reservation before being detected.

**BIRD BABIES' FEEDING TIME**

How Wee Humming Birds Are Given Food by Fond Mother, Who Is Only Protection.

"When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest, the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless, says William Lovell Finley, in the Country Calendar. She whirled and sat on the nest edge. The hantlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker, and braced herself against the nest side. She craned her neck and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt, and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to punctuate him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of infants. But they were not mangled and bloody; they were getting a square meal after the usual humming-bird method of regurgitation. Then ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their lips. How they liked it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whisperings of mother love."

**Choice of Evils.**

"Ethel, I wish you wouldn't go out and play golf so much with that young Phoozle."

"Why, mamma, if I didn't do that he'd come here and talk it all the time."—Chicago Tribune.

**There's a Distinction.**

The difference between a politician and a statesman is about the same as the difference between a "sport" and a sportsman.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**SOME RICH ARE SLOW PAY**

Notorious Fact Declares Writer That Many in Society Haggle Over Their Bills.

It is notorious that the rich are often scandalously slow in paying their bills. I recall one instance where the wife of a multi-millionaire (she was afterward divorced), took no notice, month after month, of a bill amounting to over \$20,000 for her daughter's wedding trousseau, and this bill was not paid for more than a year after the ceremony, and only then because a resourceful collector "held up" the multimillionaire himself in the street one day, and finally got his check, declares Cleveland Moffett, in Success.

I have been told of several rich women in the smart set, two of them very rich, who are wont to haggle over prices in the shops as if they were in genteel poverty. One of these ladies, whose showy Newport fetes are widely proclaimed, tried on a certain occasion, to "beat down" an estimate for candle shades, favors, etc., that she wanted in a hurry for a dinner dance, and, having failed in her effort, she finally exclaimed: "Why, you oughtn't to charge me a cent for these things! Think of the advertising you can get out of it! If you treat me right I'll see that your place is mentioned by all the reporters!"

And another, whose husband is one of the richest men in the world, actually wept before a Fifth avenue dressmaker in her pleadings for a reduction of \$15 on the price of a certain garment that she simply had to have but could not afford, she declared, out of the small allowance made her by her husband.

When I was in Newport last summer people were laughing at the latest petty economy of this same husband, who is certainly one of the "closest" of our idle millionaires. He had heard of a new aluminum paint, warranted to keep shiny without much rubbing, and he had forthwith given orders that the brasses on his beautiful yacht be smeared over with this paint so that it might reduce his pay roll by the wages of two sailors previously needed to clean these brasses! This gentleman's income must be at least \$4,000,000!

**WASP BECOMES A HUNTER.**

Intelligent Insect Proves a Veritable Octopus in Preying on Its Fellows.

When summer warmth has awakened the maternal instincts of the insect world, the mud-dauber wasp may be seen gathering mortar at the margin of stream, pool or puddle, writes C. H. McCook, in Harper's Magazine. Filling her mandibles, which serve as both spade and hod, she bears the load of mud to some rough surface, rock or wall, or board or beam. She spreads and shapes her mortar, until, after many visits to the mud-bed, she has built a tubular cell about an inch long and three-eighths of an inch wide. Then her huntress instinct awakens and her raids upon the spider realm begin. For within this cylinder the mother mason will put a single egg. In the course of time this will hatch into a ravenous larva, whose natural food is living spiders; and these the mother proceeds to capture and entomb within the mud-dauber nursery. On this errand she may be seen hawking over the near cobwebs of various sorts, venturing within the meshed and beaded snares that prove fatal to most insects, and sometimes even to herself. If the occupant, expectant of prey, sallies forth to seize the intruder, it finds itself a captive, not a captor. The wasp shakes the silken filament from wings and feet, turns upon the spider, seizes and stings it, bears it to her cell, and thrusts it therein.

**It's Not Unlikely.**

"Some marriages may be made in Heaven," observed the Pophick philosopher, as he kicked the grocery cat off the cracker box, "but ez I glance around the ranks of sassiety it occurs to me that the devil manufactures quite a few."—Chicago Sun.

**Her Tender Heart.**

"Why do you suppose a woman usually cries at her wedding?" "Out of sympathy, probably, for the men she could not marry."—Houston Post.

**TIPS BEING RECOGNIZED.**

The Government Allows Certain Amounts for the Purpose in Its Schedule.

The government of the United States has just recognized officially the hopelessness of the struggle against the tip. The secretary of the navy has promulgated recently his order for regulating the expenses of naval officers, for the purpose of curbing extravagance. The order places certain limits on the cost of transportation, Pullman cars and the like, and continues:

"Hotel bills of commissioned officers not to exceed \$5 a day.

"Single meals, \$1 each; tip, 10 cents.

"Tips on train, 50 cents a day.

"Tips will not be allowed on parlor cars except on journey of five hours or longer.

"Tips at hotels 50 cents a day, but not to exceed \$2 a week at one hotel."

An elaborate and particularized scale of tips is framed for ocean travel and travel in foreign lands. Recognizing the greater rapacity of the foreign hotel parasite and the perfection to which the system has been reduced, the commissioned naval officer is permitted to expend \$3.50 a week on tips in foreign hotels, \$1.50 a day on an ocean steamer during six days or less, and \$1 a day for a 15-day trip or longer.

We fear that the tip has come to stay. In old and thickly settled countries the tip abounds if there are rich people in the land. Where chickens inhabit the open fields in numbers, look for the chicken hawk; where the deer abound, there do the wolves congregate; where the people have money to spend on luxuries and want to be waited on before other people and to get better service, some money will stick to the waiter's palm.

**DECISIVE VICTORY FOR JAY**

Farmer Beats Lord Who Considered Himself the Best Wrestler in the Community.

There was a certain lord who considered himself the best wrestler in England. He wrestled everyone of any reputation, and in these bouts he always won, for he was, truly, an admirable wrestler.

Well, one day, after he had considered himself supreme for three years, he heard of a farmer at Hacklebrook who could best him. Everyone said that this farmer could best him—that he would stand no chance at all with the huge muscular fellow—that it would be wise for him to leave the farmer alone.

But the young lord, jealous of his wrestling reputation, threw himself on his horse, and in an hour was knocking and hallooing at the farmer's gate.

The farmer was plowing in a field. The lord rode up to him, dismounted and seized him in a good grip.

"I'll show you how to wrestle," he said.

But the farmer, with the greatest ease, took the young man up in his arms and threw him over the high fence. Then this wonderful agriculturist resumed his work. After plowing in silence a little while, he called mildly to the young man, who sat, not yet quite himself, on the grass by the roadside.

"Well, sir, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing," said the young man, "unless you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

**Largest Newspaper Office.**

"Which is the largest newspaper office in the world?" asks the Printer's Engineer. America naturally claims that the New York Times building, with its 31 stories and an area of 116,349 square feet, holds the record. This, however, is no longer the case. The magnificent edifice recently built for the production of the Scotsman (Edinburgh) puts the former building completely in the shade, for although it can only boast 13 stories, yet it possesses an area of 261,787 square feet. This building is more than twice the size of that of the New York Times.

**Counterfeits of Truth.**

Truth is precious; too precious for rash distribution. There are a number of things that look just like it and are much less expensive.—N. Y. Times.

**EMPLOYER, LOOK PLEASANT**

Show Yourself Master of Situation Instead of Slave by Wearing "Smile That Won't Come Off."

If you are an employer do not go about your place of business as though you thought life were a wretched, miserable grind, says O. S. Marden, in Success. Show yourself master of the situation, not its slave. Rise above the petty annoyances which destroy peace and harmony. Make up your mind that you are too large to be overcome by trifles. Resolve that you will be larger than your business, that you will outstep it with your manliness and cheerfulness.

To say nothing of its being your duty to make the lives of those who are helping you to carry on your business as pleasant as possible and as full of sunshine as possible, it is the best policy for you to pursue. You know very well that a horse that is prodded and fretted and urged all the time by means of whip and spur and rein, will not travel nearly so far without becoming exhausted as one that is urged forward by gentleness and kind treatment. In their susceptibility to kindness men and women are in no wise different from the lower animals. You cannot expect your employes to remain buoyant, cheerful, alert and unwearied under the goad of scowls and the lash of a bitter tongue. Energy is only another name for enthusiasm, and how can you expect those who work for you to be enthusiastic or energetic in your service when surrounded by an atmosphere of despondency and gloom, when they expect a volley of curses and criticism every time you pass.

Many a man who could have been a success sleeps in a failure's grave to-day because of his gloomy, mean, contemptible disposition and manner. He poisoned the atmosphere about him by venting his spleen, dyspepsia and bile on everyone in his vicinity. He not only minimized the value of his own efforts, but he also paralyzed the powers, the initiative, the helpful faculties and suggestive ideas of all those who worked for him.

**OLD TOURNAINE IS HISTORIC**

Marvels of Nature and Beauty Draw Many of Noble Family to the District.

Touraine, as rich in historic interest as it is in its natural beauties, declares Frederic Lees, in Architectural Record. The house of Valois had a special liking for the banks of the Loire, and the great nobles of their court built near the royal residences their own chateaux—marvels of architectural grace, strength and beauty, but of which there is not a stone that is not cemented with blood. For the Valois lived in an atmosphere of intrigue, fraud and violence. They were always being conspired against, and they met plot with counter plot; if treason could not be met with force, a sudden surprise or stab in the dark, or the malignant skill of some Italian chemist, laid to rest forever suspicions which might have been unfounded. It is but fair to state, however, that this was not often the case, for the nobles were turbulent and ambitious, and when not engaged in waging war openly or covertly with their sovereign, quarreled among themselves, and led forth their retainers to surprise or besiege a neighboring castle. On the battlement of every donjon there was a watchman, day and night, ever on the lookout for the glint of arms in the valley below; and ready to his hand was a huge horn, one blast of which would alarm the garrison and bring them to the walls. A few feet below the watchman there dangled from a jutting beam the corpse of some poor wretch, and in the loathsome dungeons beneath the moat others were chained to the reeking walls, for every castellan had the right of administering "greater and lesser justice," and could dispose of the lives and liberties of his vassals as he deemed fit. He had other privileges also, some of which make us wonder why the revolution did not come earlier.

**And Slant Right.**

One great trouble in life is that the paths for going wrong are planted so prettily with flowers at the beginning.—N. Y. Times.

**QUEER WAYS OF AN ESKIMO**

Northerner Lacks Imagination, But His Powers of Observation Are Exceedingly Acute.

Prof. Mylius Eriksen, writing of the heathen Eskimo in northern Greenland, says: "He lacks imagination, but his powers of observation are very acute. In spite of the fact that his life is an unintermitted struggle for existence, the Greenlanders is always in a good humor, and his boisterous laugh can be heard sounding far over ice and snow fields. His way of telling stories is short and abrupt, but comical features are strongly emphasized. His stories consist generally of his own adventures; old legends about fights with neighbors and wild animals, about severe winters and great famines, about the creation of the world and about supernatural beings. It is considered highly creditable to be able to tell stories so long that the audience is lulled to sleep. An orator who achieves this feat is solemnly welcomed on the next morning, and every one thanks him profusely for the pleasure which he accorded the night before.

"Ideas of beauty are peculiarly developed in the heathen Eskimo. He regards beauty solely from the standpoint of utility. For instance, a rock projecting out of water only appears beautiful to him when it is visited in summer by water birds which breed there. A foaming torrent is only beautiful, if it contains many salmon. Clothes are not put together with any idea of regularity of color, only their practical utility being considered. Huts are made of snow and stones, with domed tops, but without any architectural design.

"Only the spirit conjurers (angakoks) occupy an exalted position, being regarded as priests and doctors. Their task is to establish a connection between the visible world and the hidden spirits, and in this way they obtain a certain influence over their neighbors. The angakok asks his spirit for advice, and then informs the invalid that his illness has been sent by the spirits as punishment for certain deeds."

**HUMAN POWER VITAL.**

Physique Is a Matter of Great Importance in the Russo-Japanese Conflict.

The physical endurance of the Japanese soldier in the present wonderful campaign in Manchuria impresses "American Medicine" as the one great revelation that has come out of the orient. There have been no authentic reports upon which we can base estimates as to his immunity from disease or the protection from infection, so that it is entirely too soon to form any opinion as to the organization and work of the medical department of the army. We do not know definitely, indeed whether it is true that the Japanese have escaped diseases in markedly greater proportion than the Russians or than other soldiers in similar campaigns and if they have so escaped whether it is due to racial immunity or watchful care of their officers. Of this much we are certain—the man carrying the gun on his shoulder has accomplished feats of physical endurance which were not thought possible by physiologists.

The Russians could not estimate where the Japanese would be, and were, therefore, constantly surprised by tremendous forces at places 20 to 50 miles beyond the point where good strategy should have placed them. When Napoleon began to defeat the well tried generals of Europe they complained that he was always far in advance of where he should have been by the rules, but it was all due to his better knowledge of how to get work from his soldiers. In the orient there is a new art of war depending upon a new style of physique of a race which has never before been put to this work. Repeatedly the Russians have reported the Japanese to be so exhausted that they could not pursue, yet the pursuit kept up with no change of vigor.

**Very Clever.**

O'Grady—Ye can't tell me the toime when the O'Grady's was no gentlemen.

O'Flynn—Sure, me bhoy, Oi kin do that; some o' thim was ladies.—Tit-Bits.