

Anything to Oblige Him.
"Herbert," said the stern father, "I suppose you are going to marry that doll-faced, wasp-waisted, pink-cheeked, simpering, giggling, gum-chewing, poverty-stricken little Miss Wredlip."
"No, father," answered the dutiful son; "if you prefer it I will marry that long, lean, freckle-faced, sharp-chinned, goggle-eyed, solemn, austere, raucous-voiced, vinegary, suspicious, blue-nosed, lantern-jawed, prim, rich old Miss Alkoyne."
"You shan't!" roared the indignant old gentleman. "You're not half good enough for her!"
Thus a soft answer may turn away a hard fate.—Chicago Tribune.



The Affectionate Kinsman.
His Legal Adviser—That distant relative of yours is an old nuisance, you say, and yet you think you ought to do something for him, do you? Well, why not settle an annuity on him?
Millionaire—Great Caesar, no! People who draw annuities never die!

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.
To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these troubles. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 2, Notre Dame, Ind.

We Can Learn from Our Children.
Treat the child more as an equal—not as a hopeless inferior. There isn't so much need of coming down to his level as of giving him an opportunity to come up to yours—which will not require such a frightful effort on his part as you sometimes imagine. If you can get a child to recognize and treat you as his equal, continues Woods Hutchinson, writing for "Success Magazine," you will have gained the highest possible position of influence over him and earned the best and sincerest compliment ever paid you. We dwell greatly upon what parents teach their children, but we forget to record in equal detail on the opposite side of the ledger what our children teach us. It would be difficult to say on which side the balance would be found to fall. The child is not merely the ideal pupil, but also the greatest teacher in the world. The lessons that we learn from him, if we approach him with proper humility, are the most valuable part of our education.

Origin of Confetti-Throwing.
Confetti-throwing, which is now so general, owes its origin, strangely enough, to an accident. A firm was engaged in printing and turning out thousands of almanacs in which eyelet holes were punched. The tiny colored disks were thrown about by the work girls, and as the proprietor saw the decorative possibilities of the fragments he tried his idea. It caught on to such an extent that he soon gave up printing and devoted himself to confetti-making.

SURPRISED HIM.

Doctor's Test of Food.
A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says: "I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food."
"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavor and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it."
"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him."
"An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail."
"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day, 'Why, doctor, I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.'"
"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 22 pounds in two months, which at his age is remarkable."
"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."
"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Main Chance

BY
Meredith Nicholson

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)
Saxton, standing with Fenton in the park hall, referred to his watch again.

"Shall we go in?" he asked.

The lawyer dropped the knob of the door and drew back out of the way.

"It's too bad it's glass," said Saxton, setting his shoulder against the wooden frame over the lock. The lock held, but the door bent away from it. He braced his feet and drove his shoulder harder into the corner, at the same time pressing his hip against the lock. It refused to yield, but the glass cracked, and finally half of it fell with a crash to the floor within.

"Don't hurry yourselves, gentlemen," said Fenton, coolly, speaking through the ragged edges of broken glass. Saxton thrust his hand in to the catch and opened the door.

"Why, it's only Fenton," called Margrave in a pleasant tone to his associates, who had effected their exits safely into a rear room.

"It's only Fenton," continued the lawyer, stepping into, "but I'll have to trouble you to wait a few minutes."

"Oh, the meeting's adjourned, if that's what you want," said Margrave. "That won't go down," said Fenton, placing his package on the table. "You're old enough to know, Margrave, that one man can't hold a stockholders' meeting behind locked doors."

"The meeting was held regular, at the bar and place advertised," said Margrave, with dignity. "A majority of the stockholders were represented."

"By you, I suppose," said Fenton, who had walked into the room followed by Saxton.

"By me," said Margrave.

"How many shares have you?" asked the lawyer.

"I suppose you think I'm working a bluff, but I've really got the stuff this time. To be real decent with you I don't mind telling you that I've got exactly twenty-five hundred and ninety-seven shares of this stock. I guess that's a majority all right. Now one good turn deserves another; how much has Porter got? I don't care, but I'd just like to know." He stood by the table and ostentatiously played with his certificates to make Fenton's humiliation all the keener. Margrave's associates stood at the back of the room and watched him admiringly. Fenton's bundle still lay on the table, and Saxton stood with his hands in his pockets watching events. There had been no chance for him to explain to Fenton his reasons for seeking the offices of the Traction Company and it had pleased Margrave to ignore his presence; Fenton paid no further attention to him. He wondered at Fenton's forbearance, and expected the lawyer to demolish Margrave, but Fenton said:

"You are quite right, Margrave. I hold for Mr. Porter exactly twenty-three hundred and fifty shares."

Margrave nodded patronizingly.

"Just a little under the mark."

"You may make that twenty-four hundred even," said Saxton, "if it will do you good."

"I'm still shy," said Fenton. "Our friend clearly has the advantage."

"I suppose if you'd known how near you'd come, you'd have hustled pretty hard for the others," said Margrave, sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't know," said Fenton, with the taunting inflection which gives slang to the phrase. He did not seem greatly disturbed. Saxton expected him to try to make terms; but the lawyer yawned in a preoccupied way, before he said:

"So long as the margin's so small, you'd better be decent and hold your stockholders' meeting according to law and let us be. I'm sure Mr. Saxton and I would be of great assistance—wise counsel and all that."

"You're a pretty good fellow, Fenton, and I'm sorry we can't do business together."

"Oh, well, if you won't, you won't," Fenton took up his bundle and turned to the door.

"I suppose you've got large chunks of Traction bonds, too, Margrave. There's nothing like going in deep in these things."

"I've been hearing for four years that Traction bondholders were going to tear up the earth, but I guess those old frosts down in New England won't foreclose on me. I'll pay 'em their interest as soon as I get to going. And say!" he ejaculated, suddenly, "if Porter's got any of those bonds don't you get gay with 'em. It's a big thing for the town to have a practical railroad man like me running the street car lines; and if I can't make 'em pay nobody can."

"You're not conceited or anything, are you, Margrave?"

"By the way, young man," said Margrave, addressing Saxton for the first time. "We won't charge you anything for breakfast to-day, but don't let it happen again."

Margrave lingered to reassure and instruct his associates as to the adjourned meeting, and Saxton went out with Fenton.

"That was rather tame," said John, as he and Fenton reached the street together. "I hoped there would be some fun. These shares belong to a Boston friend and they're for sale."

"I wonder how Porter came to miss them," said Fenton, grimly. "You'd better keep them as souvenirs of the occasion. The engraving isn't bad. I turn up this way." They paused at the corner. He still carried his bundle and he drew from his pocket now a number of documents in manila jackets.

"I have a little errand at the Federal Court. The fact is, that Mr. Porter owns

all of the bonds of the Traction Company."

Saxton nodded. He understood now why the stockholders' meeting had not disturbed Fenton.

"This is an ugly mess," the lawyer continued. "It would have suited me better to control the company through the stock so long as we had so much, but we didn't quite make it. You're friendly to Mr. Porter, aren't you?"

"Yes, I don't know how he feels toward me—"

"We can't ask him just now, so we'll take it for granted. The court will unquestionably appoint a receiver, independent of this morning's proceedings, and if you don't mind, I'll ask to have you put in temporarily, or until we can learn Mr. Porter's wishes."

"But—there are other and better men—"

"Very likely; but I particularly wish this."

"There's Mr. Wheaton—isn't he the natural man—in the bank and all that?" urged Saxton.

"Mr. Wheaton has a very exacting position and it would be unfair to add to his duties," said the lawyer. "Will you keep where I can find you the rest of the day?"

"Yes," said John; "I'll be at my office. But you can do better," he called after Fenton, who was walking rapidly toward the postoffice building.

Wheaton sat at his desk all the morning hoping that Fenton would drop in to give him the result of the Traction meeting; but the lawyer did not appear at the bank. A dumb terror possessed him as he reflected upon the events of the past day. It might be that the shares which Margrave had forced from him would carry the balance of power. He went to the telephone and called Evelyn to ask her how her father was and to report his delivery of the papers in her father's box to Mr. Fenton, as instructed. Evelyn spoke hopefully of her father's illness; there were no unfavorable symptoms, and everything pointed to his recovery. It was very sweet to hear her voice in this way; and he went to his desk comforted.

CHAPTER XVII.

A week had passed since Saxton's appointment to the receivership and Wheaton went to and from his work with many misgivings. Several of Wheaton's friends had confided to him their belief that he ought to have been appointed receiver instead of Saxton, and there was little that he could say to this, except that he had no time for it. He had become nervous and distraught, and was irritable under the jesting of his associates at the Bachelors'. There was a good deal of joking at their table for several days after Saxton's appointment over Margrave's discomfiture, to which Wheaton contributed little. He felt decidedly ill at ease under it. Thompson, the cashier, had come home, and Wheaton found his presence irksome.

He had seen Margrave several times at the club since their last interview at the bank and Margrave had nodded distantly, as if he hardly remembered Wheaton. Wheaton assumed that sooner or later Margrave would offer to pay him for his shares of Traction stock. But while the loss of his own certificate, under all the circumstances, did not trouble him, Margrave's appropriation of Evelyn Porter's shares was an unpleasant fact that haunted all his waking hours.

One evening, a week after the receivership incident, he resolved to go to Margrave and demand the return of Evelyn's certificate. The idea seized him bold upon him, and he set out at once for Margrave's house. He inquired for Margrave at the door, and the maid asked him to go into the library. They were entertaining at dinner, she told him, and he said he would wait. He walked nervously up and down in the well-appointed library. He heard the hum of voices faintly from the dining-room. Margrave came in presently, fat and ugly in his evening clothes. He welcomed Wheaton noisily and introduced him to his guests, two directors of the Transcontinental and their wives, who were passing through town on their way to California.

Mrs. Margrave and Mabel greeted Wheaton cordially. Mabel was dressed to impress the ladies from New York, and was succeeding. Mrs. Margrave was oppressed by the presence in her home of so many millions and so much social distinction as her guests represented, and she contributed only murmurs of assent to the conversation which Mabel led with ease, discoursing of yacht races, horse shows and like matters of metropolitan interest. Wheaton was glad now that he had come; Margrave's guests were people worth meeting. As soon as Wheaton felt that he could go decently, he rose and shook hands with the visiting gentlemen and bowed to the ladies. Margrave took him by the arm with an air of great intimacy and affection and walked with him to the hall, where he made much of helping Wheaton into his overcoat.

"I wanted to see you on a business matter," Wheaton began, in a low tone.

"Oh, yes," said Margrave loudly, "I forgot to mail you that check. I've been terribly rushed lately; but in time, my boy, in time!"

"Oh, not that! I mean that other certificate." Wheaton was trying to drop the conversation to a whispering basis as he drew on his gloves. Margrave had again taken his arm and was walking with him toward the front door, talking glibly all the while. He swung the door open and followed Wheaton out upon the front step.

"A glorious night! glorious!" he ejaculated, puffing from his walk. His hand wandered up Wheaton's arm until it reached his collar, and after he had allowed his fingers to grasp this lingeringly, he gave Wheaton a sudden push forward, still holding his collar, then raised his fat leg and kicked him from the step.

"Come again, Jim?" he called pleasantly, as he backed within the door and closed it to return to his guests.

Wheaton reached his room, filled with righteous indignation. He might have known that a coarse fellow like Margrave cared only for people whom he could control; and he decided after a night of reflection that he had acted handsomely in saving Porter's package of securities from Margrave the night of the encounter at the bank. The more he thought of it, the more certain he grew that he could, if it became necessary to protect himself in any way, turn the tables on Margrave. He called Margrave a scoundrel in his thoughts, and was half-persuaded to go at once to Fenton and explain why Margrave had been at the bank on the night that

Fenton had found him there.

Wheaton continued to call at the Porters' daily to make inquiry for the head of the house. On some of these occasions he saw Evelyn, but Mrs. Whipple was always there; and he had not seen Evelyn alone since she gave him her father's key. Other young men, friends of Evelyn, called, but found, just as he did, to make inquiry about Mr. Porter. Mrs. Whipple had a way of saying very artlessly, and with a little sigh that carried weight, that Mr. Raridan was so very kind. Wheaton wanted to be very kind himself, but he never happened to be about when the servants were busy and there were important prescriptions to be filled at the apothecary's.

On the whole he was very miserable and when, one morning, while Porter's condition was still precarious, he received a letter from Snyder, postmarked Spokane, declaring that money was immediately required to support him until he could find work, he closed that issue finally in a brief letter which was not couched in diplomatic language. The four days that were necessary for the delivery of this letter had hardly passed before Wheaton received a telegram sharply demanding a remittance by wire. This Wheaton did not answer; he had done all that he intended to do for William Snyder, who was well out of the way, and much more safely so if he had no money. The correspondence was not at an end, however, for a threatening letter in Snyder's eccentric orthography followed, and this, too, Wheaton dropped into his waste basket and dismissed from his mind.

(To be continued.)

DANCING AND FIGHTING.

In Montenegro They Have Their Own Way of Doing Each.

The national dance of Montenegro is the kolo, somewhat similar to the horo of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the prince and his warlike deeds.

The kolo is always danced at any great national festival and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

"I never saw any dances in Northern Albania," says a writer in the Wide World, "though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beautiful maidens swaying gracefully under the style of nautch girls. A casual observer who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegro markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar at Scutari could never picture these stern men dancing or at play."

"They never smile and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. When fighting the Turks the Montenegrins evince a heroism and utter fearlessness that is remarkable. The strongest men carry bombs, or rather hand grenades—things the Turkish soldier particularly abominates."

"I was once told how a certain man whom I knew well saved his hand from destruction. They were fairly cornered and the Turks closing in, when the bomb thrower stood up amid the hall of bullets, lit the fuse with his cigarette, and rushed toward the soldiers, who, seeing his intention, promptly made tracks."

"It was, of course, lucky that the Mohammedan soldier, who does not much mind being sent to paradise with a bullet, thinks his chance of eternal bliss very doubtful if he is blown up with dynamite. The nerve required to be a bomb thrower is worthy of a little reflection. He must absolutely expose himself and as the fuse is very short the ignition must be coolly considered."

"If premature it means the destruction of himself and comrades, and when it is fairly alight the bomb must be thrown with mathematical exactitude. In other words, the man must leave his cover and charge an overwhelming force alone and not throw till he is close up to it."

Turning the Tables.

"Here," said Johnson, entering the dealer's shop in a rage, "I thought you guaranteed that parrot I bought two days ago to be quite free of objectionable habits. Why, it has done nothing but swear since I got it."

"Ah! sir! it's wonderful how soon them birds get corrupted in new quarters. I should ha' been more careful who I sold him to. I didn't think you were that sort of a gent," and Johnson found himself outside, feeling like a culprit before he quite understood what happened.—Answers.

Helping Him Along.

"See here," said Blank to the alleged humorist of the village weekly, "what do you mean by using my name so often in connection with your jokes—Blank says this and Blank says that, etc.?"

"My dear boy," replied the party of the funny part, "I do that because it attracts attention. Nearly all our readers know you, and when they read those jokes they invariably say: 'Well, that's certainly a brilliant remark—for Blank.'"

Same Sensation.

"Were you ever surrounded by wolves?"

"No; but I used to open the dining room doors at a summer hotel."—Kansas City Journal.

Same Dope.

She—Do you believe in love in a cottage?

He—Do you believe in Santa Claus?—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Work of Congress

The Senate was in session only sixteen minutes Friday, adjourning at 12:18 p. m. until Tuesday. In addition to the swearing in of Senator Clay, of Georgia, the business consisted of the presentation of petitions and the introduction of bills of minor importance. Feverish excitement over the baseball game scheduled between teams representing the Democratic and Republican sides of the chamber was responsible for a short session of the House. Chairman Tawney's desire was to conclude consideration of the urgent deficiency appropriation bill, but strenuous pressure was brought to bear upon him, and the Speaker caused them to agree to let the bill go over until Monday. The only action of the deficiency bill was the striking out of the appropriation of \$30,000 for participation by the United States in the Brussels exposition. At 2:44 p. m. the House adjourned until Monday.

The Senate was not in session Monday. Having gotten over its baseball "spree" of the previous Friday, the House transacted a general assortment of business. It began by passing an omnibus bridge bill, then listened to an apology by Mr. Hobson, of Alabama, for having last February made some uncomplimentary statements about Ambassador O'Brien at Tokio, and further considered the urgent deficiency bill. There were several lively tilts, one of which culminated in an announcement by Mr. Macon of Arkansas that he would resign his seat if it could be proved that he was a legislative obstructer. The most serious discussion centered about Francis J. Heney, special assistant to the Attorney General. Chairman Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, made the statement that Mr. Heney had received during the last year \$23,000 for services he did not render.

When the Senate met Tuesday Senator Brown of Nebraska sought to have adopted the joint resolution directing the Secretary of State to transmit to the Governors of the various States copies of the resolution providing for a constitutional amendment authorizing the levying of an income tax, but under objection from Senator Kean consideration was postponed a day under the agreement to transact no business while the tariff bill is in conference. Mr. Cummins, after some debate, obtained an order for reprinting a bill in which he was interested. Senator Smoot objected, but finally withdrew his objection. Without transacting other business the Senate adjourned until Friday. The urgent deficiency bill was passed by the House after four days of tempestuous debate. The amount carried by it is \$454,809, or \$20,468 more than the original sum, and includes the \$25,000 traveling expenses for the President. After denying the usual extra month's pay to officers and employes of the capitol, the House threw out of the bill the allowance for extra work to committee stenographers and then refused to carry out a mandate of the United States Supreme Court for the payment of J. M. Ceballos & Co. of New York of \$205,614. Finally the Democrats, led by Mr. Bowers of Mississippi, sought to defeat the proposition for the payment of the President's traveling expenses, but in that they were unsuccessful. Adjournment was taken until Friday noon.

Lesson of the Pittsburg Survey.

Reviewing the "Pittsburg Survey" in an article for the April American Magazine, Ida Tarbell says: "This survey is the most awful arraignment of an American institution and its resulting class pronounced since the days of slavery. It puts upon the Pittsburg millionaire the stamp of greed, of stupidity and of heartless pride. But what should we expect of him? He is the creature of a special privilege which for years he has not needed. He has fought for it because he has fattened on it. He must have it for labor. But look at him and look at his labor and believe him if you can." In conclusion she says: "Justice takes a terrible revenge upon those who thrive by privilege. The curse of justice on those who will not recognize injustice, is the sodden mind, the dulled vision, the unfeeling heart."

Eddyism Helping Medicine.

Dr. W. H. Dieffenbach, of New York in his presidential address before the Detroit convention of the Society of Psychical Therapeutics, said that the spread of "Eddyism" and the Emmanuel movement had merely emphasized the fact that they had another weapon at their command, namely, the use of suggestion. He said that this should be studied and taught by medical science. To confine the medical profession, he continued, to drugs, surgery or any other system alone was a crime against mankind. He declared that the X-ray had established itself as an indispensable agent in the diagnosis of disease.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Judge Clifford, at Tacoma, Wash., declared the new State anti-cigarette law unconstitutional.

Louisa Chariton, of New York, has been appointed business manager of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Mrs. William C. Grant, of Chicago, aged 75 years, and her sister, Miss Catherine A. Baker, arrived in New York after making a tour of the world.

SOUTHERN BANKER'S SACRIFICE

Dread of Tuberculosis Leads Him to Burn His Home.

The story of a man who canceled his insurance, ordered the fire department to stand by in case of emergency, and in the presence and with the full consent of a hundred or more of his fellow townsmen set fire to his beautiful home and watched it until it was reduced to ashes, is the remarkable one that comes from Dothan, Houston County, Ala. The incident involves the carrying out of the wish of a dying woman and a fight on the great white plague, which had caused her death.

Five years ago E. R. Malone, a young banker of Dothan, married Miss Laura Ellsberry, of Montgomery, and Mr. Malone built, at a cost of \$8,000, one of the handsomest residences in Dothan for his bride. Soon after a son was born tuberculosis seized the young wife. She lingered for several months, fearing more for her little boy than for her own life.

As her strength ebbed away day by day Mrs. Malone grew more insistent in her pleading that her son be saved from a similar fate, and toward the end took care that her little boy would not be contaminated by germs. She feared that the home itself had been infected, and just before she died she pleaded with her husband to promise to destroy the house by fire, removing nothing except her jewels.

A few days after the funeral Malone canceled the insurance and, informing the fire department of his intended act, requested the men to be on hand in case the flames should spread to adjoining property. A rainy afternoon was selected, and Malone set fire to the house, oil having been poured in several rooms. Not a piece of furniture, not a book from the library, not a picture, not a garment belonging to Malone or his wife was removed. Even the piano, purchased not long before, was left to be destroyed.

SUGGESTS DYNAMITE AS CURE.

Preacher Says Explosive Under Divinity School Would Help.

"Five dollars' worth of dynamite placed under the cornerstone of the Chicago University divinity school would be about the best thing that could happen to the young men of this country," declares Rev. John Wesley Hill, pastor of the New York Metropolitan Temple, answering the stinging magazine article by Prof. Herbert L. Willett, in which he said women were extravagant, socially ambitious and unscrupulous; that the moral level of a nation can never rise higher than its womanhood and that women have not changed for 3,500 years.

"So far as I can see," added Dr. Hill, "that institution is filled with sensation-seeking individuals, filled with the one purpose of undermining the country's ideas of good and religion, of manhood and womanhood. If the moral level of America rose as high as that of its womanhood, we would be in the first stage of the millennium. Women are not extravagant by nature; it is their tendency to be thrifty, to save something. Most of our millionaires have risen through the self-sacrifice and encouragement of their wives, and they are the first to say so."

"The work of a college professor should be to build up, not to tear down. It would be far better for Prof. Willett to instruct young men in the principles of integrity and independence and in self-reliance more than to regale them with ancient fables on womanhood."

The curses being heaped on the czar in Great Britain must make him feel terribly homesick.—Atlanta Constitution.

What so readily convinces the British that the firing on the steamer Woodburn by a ship of the Russian squadron was wholly due to a mistake is the fact that the Woodburn was hit.—Louisville Times.

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Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould admits that she requires two maids and a lot of alimony to dress her.—Kansas City Star.

Revelations at the Gould trial indicate that publicity might offer a remedy for abuses other than those of a political nature.—Atlanta Constitution.

Poor Mrs. Gould! She had only \$750,000 for spending money during the last five years. And beefsteak and tripe so high, too!—Washington Herald.

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