

BETTER TO WEAR OUT

Man Who Retires With Ample Fortune and Allows Himself to Rust Out.

ENTERS A LIFE OF MISERY.

Loses His Hold Upon the Social and Business World and Rapidly Goes Down Hill.

The average young man makes up his mind that at 50 or 60 years of age he will retire and take things easy for the rest of his days, says a writer in the Dundee Courier. The average young man makes a great mistake. It is far better to wear out than to rust out. To the young man work is a drudge, a necessity to keep him alive. In middle age work is an accepted thing, and we are used to it, and feel rather the better for having occupation. In old age work is a necessity to keep the mind and body young. There is scarcely a more miserable spectacle than the man of 50 or 60 who has retired with ample fortune. He loafs around the house. Goes from one club to another. Gets lonely. Feels blue. He tries to kill time in the day looking forward to the meeting of his cronies in the evening. The cronies are busy in the daytime and they have engagements and pleasures in the evening, so that our retired friend seems to be in the way. He finds that the anticipation of retirement was a pleasure, and that the realizations is a keen disappointment.

"There is nothing," says Carnegie, "absolutely nothing in money beyond a competence." When one has enough money to buy things for the home, for his family comfort and enjoyment, when he has sufficient income to take care of himself and family, surplus dollars do not mean much.

The business man should prepare for his future so that if ill health overtakes him he may have the wherewith to surround himself with comforts, travel and the best of care. The man who enjoys pleasures of the home and friends, who trains up young blood to take hold of the business, who travels and enjoys himself as he goes along has the right idea. We must learn to enjoy life now instead of waiting for to-morrow, for to-morrow may never come. The man who cashes in, puts his money in bonds and retires from all work goes down hill quickly and feels he is of no use in the world.

The farmer who moves in town to live on his income is a sorry individual unless he has a garden and chickens, or buys and sells farms, or occupies his time with work of some kind. The retired, non-working farmer who has moved to town gets up in the morning, goes to see the train come in, whistles a stick, loafs at the hotel or store, goes to the next train, talks of his rheumatism, goes to bed at 8 o'clock, and the next day goes through the same rigmorale. Occupation is the plan of nature to keep man happy, so when you have all the money you need have some occupation or hobby to occupy your time. The man who retires from any active work is merely counting the days until he dies.

When old age comes, and your body or brain won't let you do or care for as much as you could in your younger days, then get lighter work or lighter cares.

Keep busy, if it is only raising chickens or gardening, or studying astronomy or botany. Keep at it as long as you can. Die in the harness instead of fading slowly away. Cultivate the reading habit in your younger days that it may be a pleasant occupation when your legs and hands grow feeble with age. When you quit work or occupation of some sort then life has no beauty for you.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

There Are Four Reasons for Opposition to Parcels Post.

What is the answer? There isn't any one answer; but the parcels post is one of several answers, Collier's says. Everybody knows now the old story. When John Wanamaker was postmaster-general, some one asked him why he didn't have a parcels post like every other civilized country? He said there are four reasons: The first is the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the second is the American Express Company, the third is the Adams Express Company, the fourth is the United States Express Company. Every once in a while our country in Europe write to our government telling how the parcels post works in Europe. In Senator Platt's day (Senator Platt was once the postmaster-general of the United States) the United States Express Company was used to have such reports from the public. The report from H. S. Culver, then postmaster-general at Cork, Ireland, was printed in the "Irish Times."

"Far from it," says the manufacturer, "the parcels post means of the parcels post. The parcels post is a great success. There are 6 cents for one parcel, 8 cents for one to 10 lbs., and 2 cents a lb. for over 10 lbs. and up to eleven lbs. The limit of parcels The parcels post is three feet six inches in greatest length and girth. The parcels are six feet. For example, a parcel measuring three feet six inches in the longest dimension may measure two feet six inches in

girth. Eggs, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, glass, crockery, liquids, butter, cheese, etc., may be transported by parcels-post."

If we had the parcels-post in this country the farmer could ship one or five or ten pounds of butter, or a few dozen eggs, or a peck of potatoes, or a basket of apples, to his individual customer in the city, and avoid the middleman. Fishermen in the north of Scotland send fresh fish to the London market this way. Also, if we had the parcels-post system in this country, the express companies would quickly reduce their rates and stop paying 800 per cent dividends.

Hugo and the Barber.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in the Palais Royal he used to be shaved by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for soirees and balls." And M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber, sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies, many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.



The third municipal census of Buenos Ayres, now being compiled, is expected to give that city a population of at least 1,285,000.

Brass may be given a color resembling pewter by boiling it in a cream of tartar solution containing a small amount of chloride of tin.

New York is experimenting with street cars driven by electric motors which get their power from gas engines mounted below the floors of the cars.

Though blessed with the most fertile soil and most favorable climate in the world, the United States produces less wheat per acre planted than England, Germany, or Holland.

A model electric engine, built by Thomas Davenport, a poor blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., and operated on a small circular track in 1834, probably was the first electric railway in the world.

A bit of primeval yew forest about half a mile square is carefully preserved in the Bavarian highlands of Germany, the tree, once widely distributed, having become almost extinct in Europe.

The amount of fertilizing matter brought down by the River Nile from its source every year is estimated at 100,000,000 tons—enough to cover a road from the earth to the moon sixteen feet wide by two and one-half inches deep.

The Bell Telephone Company is to adopt in New York the plan developed by independent companies in Buffalo of attaching pay-station telephone-boxes to street poles, after the model of police call-boxes. It is said that little inconvenience is caused by the roar of traffic in the street, because the head of the operator can be introduced into the box so as practically to shut out the extraneous noises.

During 1908 Peru and Panama officially adopted the world system of standard time based on the meridian of Greenwich, and it is expected that in consonance with a resolution of the Pan-American Scientific Congress the Latin-American countries generally will adopt this system. It was the expressed wish of the congress that the new system should become effective from Jan. 1, 1910. Time signals upon this system are now sent out without cost by cable and wireless telegraphy throughout the American continent. The whole globe is divided into hourly belts, starting from the meridian of Greenwich.

The chairman of the chemistry section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Louis Kahlenberg, dwelt, at the recent Boston meeting, on the importance of recognizing that solutions are really chemical in character, and that there is no wide gulf separating the act of solution from other chemical phenomena. Benjamin Silliman, Sr., in 1837, regarded solutions as chemical compounds, and the chemical view predominated until 1887. Professor Kahlenberg thinks that the renewed study of solutions from the chemical point of view will greatly aid in getting a broader and more correct conception of the nature of chemical action itself. It will be of particular service in unraveling questions in physiology.

Funeral Baked Meats.

The Cuckoo—Hi, waiter! What do you mean on the menu by "Brown Soup," "Jones's Eggs" and "Harrison Mutton?"

The Waiter—Well, sir, you see, sir, we often give dishes names of our clients who die after being regular customers here.—The Sketch.

Men are too willing to go to law. Remember that when a lawyer advises you to go to law, it is not his funeral.

A woman who tries to convince a man that he knows more than she does is both clever and dangerous.

MOONSHINE BUTTER.

Strange New Industry Costing Uncle Sam Millions of Dollars.

"Moonshine butter" is making a good deal of trouble for the government in these days, says the Ohio State Journal.

The reason is simply that there is a tax of 10 cents a pound on oleomargarine that is colored to imitate butter, whereas on the uncolored article it is only one-fourth of a cent a pound.

Of course, this offers an invitation to fraud. A man rents a house or a cellar, buys a few hundred barrels of "oleo" from a meat packer, puts it into a big vat, heats it, adds the requisite amount of "anatto" to give the desired tint, mixes it thoroughly and sells the stuff as "fresh dairy butter."

This sort of thing is being done at the present time on a considerable scale in most of the large cities of the East and Middle West. It gives the government more annoyance, ten times over, than all the distilling of illicit whisky.

Oleomargarine is composed of animal fats and cotton seed oil. It is perfectly wholesome and a good deal of it is used for cooking, instead of butter. Its first cost, at wholesale, is 10 or 11 cents a pound. All right so far. But when hundreds of tons of it are sold without paying the tax of 10 cents a pound—the extra and illegitimate profit to the "moonshiner" being 9 1/4 cents—the loss to Uncle Sam is great.

In fact, "moonshine butter" is costing the government a great deal more than unlawful whisky. The process of manufacture is much easier and far cheaper than that of whisky and the producing plants are often very difficult to locate. Those who conduct them are in many instances desperate characters, and every now and then a revenue officer is killed in making a raid upon one of the counterfeit butter factories.

THE PILE OF COAL.

When in fall you lay it up, the winter's store of coal,
Your heart beats high with cheerful hope and peace rests on your soul;

And you survey the jet black hoard, and as you look you smile,
For, lo! it towers till there seems abundance in that pile:

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A month has passed; the days wear chill, and freely you feed fires,
For, of all things, your family a good warm house admires,
But when your store of coal you chance one morning to survey,
You find the heap is much reduced—reduced to this, we'll say:

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Boreas gets his work in well—he keeps you shoveling coal
(Boreas, once he's started in, can be confounded cruel),
And panic grips your heart as you take anxious note once more
And find there's only a modest stock left on the cellar floor:

C
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A thaw or two brings joy to you, then zero comes in turn;
The groundhog also fails to halt demands for coal to burn;
Till on one fatal day in March you bid farewell to bliss
When, seeking coal to warm the house, you find there's only this:

C

The Cows of Muscat.

Muscat is famed as the hotbed of smugglers in the Persian gulf, the nearby desert tribes being regularly supplied with arms despite the efforts of the British patrol. But to the writer, reared on a Missouri farm, the odd antics of the cows of Muscat seemed nothing short of freakish. They actually eat fish. No grass grows, so the wily Arab teaches his family cow to subsist on dates and dried fish. The milk tastes queer to a foreigner, which is probably why the Arab likes it. He also claims it is richer and makes more butter, but most ridiculous of all is the deception practiced on cows when the calves are "weaned." A calfskin or sometimes a goat-skin is stuffed with rags and tied not far from where the mother cow is anchored. This effigy of her late lamented offspring soothes her nerves and keeps her from "going dry," according to Arabic tradition.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Different Instrument.

"You are a typewriter, I believe," said the professor.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now, my dear young lady, in playing the piano you must not pay too much attention to your speed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Goodness Is Dull.

Elsie—Auntie, were you good or bad when you were a little girl?

Auntie—Oh, I was always very good. Elsie—Well, I think it's a lot nicer to be bad—it's more interesting to talk about when you grow up.—M. A. P.

As long as there are men and women, it will never be officially decided whether tobacco or corsets are more injurious to health.

We believe we would just as soon smell cabbage in the parlor as musk on a person's garments.

A girl seldom admits that she's in love until she isn't.

MY DREAM OF DREAMS.

Alone within my house I sit;
The lights are not for me,
The music, nor the mirth; and yet
I lack not company.

So gladly go the way to meet,
Nor wait my griefs to mend—
My entertainment is more sweet
Than thine, to-night, my friend.

Whilst thou, one blossom in thy hand,
Bewail'st my weary hours,
Upon my native hills I stand
Waist-deep among the flowers.

—Alice Cary.

The Woman Who Listened

The little club at Royal-Les-Bains, where I was taking the cure, had swallowed up most of my ready money, and I was bound to go over to La Bourboule to see my elder brother.

Even if I had not been broke I should not have taken a first-class on such a little side line. A middle-class girl got in, and the hot summer night and the question of a draught from the window soon got us into conversation. She confided to me that she had met her mistress in America, that her mistress was a Polish countess, that she was traveling by the same train, that they had been taking the cure at Vichy, were going to complete it at Mont-Dore, that her mistress was certainly young, a widow, and pretty.

This, interspersed with what I vouchsafed, occupied Miss King, for that was her name, and myself till we stepped out into the dark at the little station of Lagueilles, from which I learned we were to proceed by an omnibus across the mountains to La Bourboule.

We—la comtesse, King and I—were the only passengers, and this, with the fact of my acquaintance with King, and that none of us were English, soon enabled me to get into conversation with the little Polish lady who interested me strangely, for she certainly was very young to be a widow, and was a very fragile little beauty with quite ivory skin, jet black hair, large



I SMOKED AND TALKED.

dazzling, turquoise-blue eyes, and a little round red mouth.

It was a lovely night, but the heat in the bus was intense, and, therefore, there was nothing unnatural in my remark:

"Should we not find it cooler if we went outside?"

I was soon helping Mme. La Comtesse to climb by the little ladder on to the roof.

"So you have been picking poor King's cotton brains about me. Well, what have you found out?"

"That we both belong to a conquered nation."

"You are Irish."

"Yes, who told you?"

"King. What else?"

"She told me I must find out the rest for myself."

"You asked her my name?"

"No, indeed."

"Then, what?"

"If you were pretty."

She smiled, but said nothing, as if avoiding an obvious compliment, and then said:

"If chance had thrown me into confidences with your valet, I think I should have asked your name."

"Do you know," said I, "it would be a unique experience to meet as we have met, to woo and win, to continue to the end, and if there never were an end, to part unknown and unknowing, never to meet again, but always wondering and being wondered at, and, therefore, never forgotten."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied. "Every one else you know, every one else I know, knows all about us—our names, our ages, our likes and dislikes; the goat-paths we have traveled and will return to; they and we have worn out our interest and our love and hate, one for the other. But a new experience would be to part before we were out our loves, never to see one another change or grow old, but always to stay in each other's memory as we are, young; never to know the other is dead or married, but always to feel that one thing in the world had not come to an end, believing that, if we met again, we would be the same."

"Go on!" was all she said.

I took her little hand.

"To exchange names is to label oneself, to establish doubt; fear as to the past and as to what the other will do, or think, or say. Not to give names is to act naturally as if alone, unseen, unwatched, unafraid."

She was entranced; her head was on my shoulder. She said dreamily: "Go on! Talk to me!"

"I do not tell you my name, if I

PHILIPPINES PROGRESSING UNDER UNITED STATES RULE



UNCLE Sam has no reason to be ashamed of his first ten years in the Philippines. Whether one is an imperialist or an anti-imperialist—whether one rejoices or regrets that we have the Philippines on our hands, no true American can be other than glad that so large a measure of just rule and prosperity has come to these islands from the American occupation, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Filipino war left desolation in its path, as war always does, though since this war was fought largely in the jungle it left as little desolation and as few bitter feelings behind it as war ever does. Even Aguinaldo, who had as much reason as any one, perhaps, to resent Uncle Sam's forcible entrance, has become a good and peaceable American citizen, living in quiet and contentment near Manila and speaking in the highest terms of the government he so recently was fighting. After the war came the rinderpest, that swept off nine out of ten, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, of the carabaos, or water buffaloes, animals which are almost indispensable to the life of the Filipino. Then disastrous typhoon succeeded disastrous typhoon, uprooting homes and whole villages, until it looked as though the very elements were leagued against the American occupation. But worst of all was the long delay of our Congress in recognizing the Philippines as part of the United States in a commercial sense. The old markets of Spain were closed to the poor people, and no new markets were opened to them in America until the last Congress gave them practically free trade with the United States, allowing their sugar, hemp, tobacco and copra to come in duty free.

Now the tide of prosperity, so long damned up or diverted from the Philippines, seems to be flowing toward them in a steady stream, and the days of murmuring of the Filipino, let us hope, are ended. Already capital is beginning to flow in. New enterprises are being started; the forests and the gold mines and the coal fields are being exploited and the virgin wealth of the islands, which cannot be estimated, is being explored and developed. One might speak with enthusiasm of the railroads that are pushing up into the country, opening up new fields of wealth with every mile constructed; of the great carriage roads like the one to the new summer capital, which cost \$1,000,000. Three new docks recently have been completed to which the largest ships afloat can tie up. New streets are being opened throughout Manila, and the splendid street railway system is being extended in every direction.

The church and the schoolhouse came with the pilgrims to Plymouth, and they came to the Philippines with the militant pilgrims of 1898. To say nothing here of the splendid work of the mission churches and schools, nearly 1,000 American teachers and 8,000 native pedagogues are teaching the young Filipino idea how to shoot, at the expense of Uncle Sam.

POLITENESS IN RAINSTORM.

Citizen With Umbrella Shows How Courteous New Yorkers Can Be.

The politest man in New York was paying gallant attention to the ladies for two hours at 5th avenue and 35th street yesterday afternoon, according to the New York World. F. Hopkins Smith, author, artist and engineer, lamented at the Southern society's dinner the other night that "we live in the most insolent city in the world."

Mr. Smith would have been delighted to study this very polite man.

A drizzling, penetrating rain was falling. The polite man carried a very large umbrella. In the most deferential manner he urged women who had been shopping and who waited buses going uptown to find shelter from the rain in the doorways of the shops on the northeast corner and near it.

Then, raising his silk hat, he asked each woman courteously if she wanted a 5th avenue bus or a Riverside drive bus. As a bus approached he halted it and asked the conductor how many places were vacant. Learning this, he told the women waiting in the doorways, and, in turn, escorted to the bus as many women as there were places for. He protected the women so carefully under his big umbrella that his high hat and seal-lined overcoat soon were soaking wet.

Plainly some women were grateful for his attention; some giggled; some resented his addressing them as if they feared his motives. But his decorous, deferential manner never changed. About 6 o'clock, after escorting scores of women to the buses, he started up 5th avenue.

"Why have you been doing this?" a reporter asked him.

"I just wanted to show people that New York men are polite," he answered.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Pardon me, but what has my name got to do with the purpose I had in view?"

Personal Magnetism a Great Asset.

There have been great advocates at the bar whose charming manner, like the presence in court of some of the world's famous beauties, would so sway the jury and the judge as to endanger and sometimes actually divert justice, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. A gracious, genial presence, a charming personality, a refined, fascinating manner are welcome where mere beauty is denied and where mere wealth is turned away. They will make a better impression than the best education or the highest attainments. An attractive personality, even without great ability, often advances one when great talent and special training will not.

There is always a premium upon a charming presence. Every business man likes to be surrounded by people of pleasing personality and winning manners. They are regarded as splendid assets.

What is it that often enables one person to walk right into a position and achieve without difficulty that which another with perhaps greater ability, struggles in vain to accomplish? Everywhere a magnetic personality wins its way.

Young men and young women are constantly being surprised by offers of excellent positions which come to them because of qualities and characteristics which, perhaps, they have never thought much about—a fine manner, courtesy, cheerfulness and kindly, obliging, helpful dispositions.

No woman's hair is as long hanging down her back as it looks to be in the "bad" on top of her head.