

A setting hen may be a loafer, but she gets results.

Truth is stranger than fiction—that is to say, more of a stranger.

Well, there's one comfort—nobody is asking, "Is it hot enough for you?"

The ultimate consumer has at last been located. He is the dog that ate Cook's shoes.

If language was given to us to clothe our thoughts, it's too bad there are so many misfits.

One of the things a man can't understand is why his enemies seem to have so many friends.

Until the earth gets softer aeroplaning is hardly likely to become as safe a sport as croquet.

Every man, of course, is of some importance in this world, but seldom as much as he thinks he is.

To cure the Anglo-German war fever Europe should take a large dose of international brotherly love.

An Illinois man has worked out a system for living 100 years, but it is going to take time to give it a thorough test.

Vice and crime will hide their ugly heads in due course of time if there is anything in a monthly magazine crusade against them.

How much should a man have when he marries?—Detroit News.

About five times as much as he thinks two can live comfortably on.

Nobody seems as yet to have been able to devise a punishment that will fit the crime of the person who calls you up on the telephone and asks: "Who is this?"

"I've had six husbands and I'm sick of matrimony," said a Kansas City woman when arraigned on a charge of bigamy. But has she really given matrimony a fair trial?

A good many people who are disposed to complain because Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette, has come to this country may have forgotten that Carrie Nation went over to England, with our consent, not long ago.

The public drinking cup on trains is dangerous because of its location, the questionable character of the ice-water that is purveyed and the use of the cup by all sorts of people. The most baleful and the most loathsome diseases may be transmitted by a drinking cup.

J. Pierpont Morgan has tried to buy a royal castle in Italy and failed, although he offered \$5,000,000 for it, the Italian government claiming that no foreigner should be permitted to own the historic pile. In order to overcome the difficulty Mr. Morgan might buy Italy and thus cease to be a foreigner in that country.

Dr. Cook has so much trouble over his trips, that there would seem to be very little inducement for him to make another. There is a story told of a lawyer who was a bad husband, bad father, bad neighbor and generally a bad man morally, though he had been very successful in his profession. For the funeral a new preacher in the town was selected so that he would not know just what kind of a man the lawyer had been. The preacher eulogized him highly. When he had heard all he could stand to hear without unburdening himself to someone present, the judge of the court in that town leaned over to a lawyer who sat beside him and remarked, "Well, there's mighty little inducement for a really good man to die in Smithville now."

President Lowell, the new head of Harvard, adopts the current impression of the phase of Shakespeare's later life when he says in one of his recent addresses, discussing the ineffectiveness of mere opportunity: "Shakespeare himself did much of his writing under the pressure of finishing plays for the stage; and even Shakespeare, when rich enough to retire as a country gentleman, wrote no more." It is true that opportunity does not certainly, or even probably, produce results in any line of effort. There are thousands of concrete instances that could be cited to prove it. But we do not like to let the view go undisputed that Shakespeare ceased to write as soon as the necessity of earning money by his work was removed. It is true he produced no more after his retirement to Stratford. But one of his loving biograph-

ers contends that this was not Shakespeare's intention. He holds that it was the intention of the great bard of Avon to give his leisure to a careful revision of his hastily written plays; but that before he could adjust his affairs and settle down to work he was carried to an untimely grave by a sudden illness. The sanitary conditions of the vicinage in Shakespeare's time were extremely bad, and a glorious life was cut down in its prime by a sharp attack of fever, after only three days of illness. It is more satisfactory to think of Shakespeare as preparing to begin intellectual work anew, with better opportunities, than to think of him as planning a life of ease because a competence had been won. And it is almost intoxicating to imagine what a rich additional legacy the world of letters might have inherited from that prodigious intellect had his life been spared for leisurely authorship.

What constitutes an amateur in athletics is a problem which has long bothered the officials of athletic organizations, and especially those in authority at colleges and universities. It has developed bitter controversies, and distinctions have been drawn so fine that most people have had difficulty in recognizing them. Broadly speaking, every one knows that an amateur, as distinguished from a professional, does not compete for money. But that is only the beginning of the story. In the hope of bringing the leading governing bodies in the athletic world into closer agreement, the London Olympic committee has sent out a number of questions. Can a man be an amateur in one sport and a professional in another? Can a man recover amateur standing after once losing it? Does a man lose amateur standing through competing with a professional? Can an amateur receive expenses? These are some of the questions. There ought to be clearly defined and universally recognized rules governing amateurism, and it is hoped the efforts of the London committee will accomplish something toward this end. In this country, however, there is a feeling that English standards of amateurism are based too much on the idea that only the leisure class is free from a taint of professionalism. This, of course, is too snobbish for democratic America, where it is held that a boy who works in a mill or store may nevertheless be strictly an amateur when he competes in games or sports on Saturday afternoon. There have been many reforms in college athletics in recent years, but the problem of amateurism is still troublesome. There are sharp differences on the subject of summer baseball, for example, and no doubt under the guise of "expenses" there are evils to be eradicated at many institutions. Sport for sport's sake is the athletic ideal, but like many ideals, it is exceedingly difficult of attainment.

BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Most of Them Made by Supposedly Respectable Mechanics.
Every little while, said a detective recently, the police arrest a man with a set of burglar's tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from.
It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable person would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made. But who would know where to get a "jimmy" or a device for drilling into a safe or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling?
There are places in the large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are exceedingly scarce. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community.
When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping quiet about it. Many detectives can recall cases of this kind that have come to light.

One in particular occurred some years ago, when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, but when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put. Most of the tools used by burglars are secured in the same way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Finisher.

Lawyer—What is your occupation?
Witness—I'm a piano finisher.
Lawyer—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?—Boston Transcript.

So many people impose on others, and think: "They'll never notice it." But they will notice it, and, what is more, exaggerate it.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY THE UNIVERSE WILL NEVER DIE.

By F. O. Henkel.



On philosophic grounds Herbert Spencer was convinced there must be cycles of growth and decay in the evolution of the universe. Moreover, it may be asked, how is it that the universe is not dead already? If it has existed from eternity there has been an infinite time for this dissipation to take place. On the other hand, we may say that nothing whatever can be postulated, as to an infinite universe at all, except that it be infinite, the dissipation of its energy must take an infinite time, and so the death of the universe will never come off at all.

Though it is true that the suns of the universe are growing colder by radiation, this radiant energy is absorbed and preserved by the dark stars, and the nebulae at low temperature. Of recent years it has been shown that the quantity of dark and faintly luminous matter in the part of the universe which alone we can reach with our telescopes is far greater than was formerly supposed to be the case. Photographs of regions of the sky taken after long exposures have revealed the existence of nebulous matter utterly unknown before.

Under the influence of gravitation matter tends to concentration in vast centers, but this is counteracted by the scattering action of the light pressure. This idea of the balancing of contrary tendencies is ancient, and we well remember being told of the two "forces," attraction and repulsion, by which the world is kept going." The philosophic notion is at least as old as Aristotle. "Solar systems are evolved from nebulae; nebulae in their turn are produced by the collision of suns."

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SAVE MONEY?

By John A. Howland.



Almost universally the knowledge of how to save enters into the modern formula for success, and the question of method and ways and means to saving is open to discussion. If "keeping" every possible piece of money coming into one's possession may be miserliness, there must be some phase of saving that is reprehensible.
In my experience of men I have seen enough examples of arrested business development brought about by early savings to bring the point strongly home to me. Through hoarding earnings and perhaps making a few early ventures in speculative chances that proved successful, many a young man has acquired a bank account that was beyond his capacity to appreciate. His normal friends, looking on with both envy and admiration, have helped him to lose his head. His precocious pride has been pricked until the thought of chance of losing that which he has accumulated becomes impossible to him. The spirit of the miser is aroused in him. Whatever his business ability may have been, it is arrested in its development.

Everywhere, in every phase of life, the experienced, thoughtful person is confronted with the problem of saving. It isn't wholly the question, "Can I afford to

spend?" Quite as frequently it is the question, "Can I afford to save?" Wisdom is necessary to the answering.

"Wasting at the spigot and saving at the bung" is one of the old, old similes which approximates the meat of the whole question of saving. Each man must ask himself how much and when and where he shall save. But wisdom and experience must dictate the satisfactory answer.

WOMAN NOW COMING INTO HER OWN.

By Ada May Kreckler.



This is woman's age in part because it is an age when the finer forces that women use and the sweeter ideals that they love are being valued by the world. In a word, the spiritual and the esthetic forces were latent in cruder ages, but now are beginning to operate. Music has been a costly indulgence, a soft pleasure, with little, if any, hard work to do. Every girl has been expected to play the piano or to sing as a part of her education, which has been ornamental rather than useful. But music has a function of much grandeur and dignity to fulfill. The old Greeks knew this and used music to cure disease, to calm troubled spirits, to purify and uplift the mind. Their ideas are reviving. The therapeutic value of sweet sounds and harmonies is being appreciated. And the power of music to convey subtle and exalted thought is being realized. "Music begins where words leave off."

All the woman nature which lay dormant to a degree, unutilized, unrecognized, misunderstood through the base, brutish ages, is now awakening and beginning to energize in the gentler times when its subtle power and sweetness have a legitimate place.

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE AMONG CHILDREN.

By Dr. Howard L. Martin.



A mysterious new disease designated by the profession as "infantile paralysis" has lately been spreading among the very young children of Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. The disease, though suggestive in some of its phases of meningitis, must not be confounded with that more malignant malady. Few of the babies that have been affected with paralysis have died, but in meningitis there is always a big percentage of mortality. This new ailment begins with a fever, is succeeded by vomiting and sharp pains of the stomach and completes its evil work by attacking the spinal cord, causing a paralysis of the legs and other muscle groups. The suffering, when death does not ensue, usually lasts for several weeks; then it goes away, but the paralysis continues. So far, it does not appear to be contagious, as frequently only one child in a large family will be attacked. There is hardly any doubt, though, of its being infectious. Up to this time no child has recovered the use of its limbs, and the doctors are at their wits' ends trying to find the cause of the disease and its cure.

A MAN WHO "MOVED ON."

A youth who, as early in life as he is a free man, decides to "work for himself," often lays the foundation of a fortune sooner than his comrade who is willing to occupy a more dependent position. One man, now a very rich cattleman of Texas, possessing lands which are more than sufficient in extent to make a German principality, owed his independent start in life to an uncomplimentary remark which his mistress made about him.

The man, who was a poor farmer's boy in Rhode Island before the Civil War, went to the Southwest to seek his fortune while he was still a callow youth. But although he was callow he was extremely long-legged, and this circumstance won him immediately the name of "Shanghai," by which he was almost exclusively known to his friends in that part of the world.

He himself now tells how, on his arrival in Texas, he went to work for a farmer who had several slaves. There was no one on the place except Shanghai and a negro named Pete who could ride a certain horse, and it often fell to Shanghai's lot to mount this fractious beast. But one day it happened that when Pete was on the horse, it threw him and then fell on him.

This happened near the planter's house. The planter and his wife and several attendants ran out to the assistance of the negro, who appeared to be dead. As soon as she saw the slave lying senseless, the woman cried out: "O dear, how unfortunate! There's an eight-hundred-dollar negro killed! Now if it had only been Shanghai, it wouldn't have made any difference."

Shanghai was in hearing of this eminently economic remark, and he at once said to himself, "If I'm not worth as much as a negro slave, I guess I'll move on to some place where I can make myself worth it."

He "moved on" to the plains, engaged at first in a small way in the cattle business, later furnished cattle in great quantities to the Confederate army during the war, and eventually grew very rich.

When a man loses his job he feels out of place.

DR. MOTHER.



A little wound, a little ache,
A little blistered thumb to take
With touch of love and make it well—
These things require a mother's spell.
Ah, sweet the progress of the skill!
That science brings unto the ill!
Vast range of methods new and fine;
But when our little ones repine,
The mother is the very best
Of doctors into service prest!
Sunshine and air and mother's spell
Of helping little lads get well,
And helping little lassies, too—
Here are three remedies that do
So much more, often, than the grave,
Skilled hands that try so hard to save.
For Dr. Mother, don't you know,
Gives something more than skill—
gives so
Much of herself; oh, so much
Of love's sweet alchemy of touch!
Upon a little ward-room bed

A little curl-encircled head,
A little slender hand and pale,
A little lonesome, homesick wail,
Loved nursing best of skill and care
But oh, behold the wonder there
When Dr. Mother, bearing sun
From where the winding roses run,
Leans down with hungering love and
kisses!
There is no medicine like this!
In little child-heart's hour of woe,
Rain, ache or life-wound's throb and
throes

The Dr. Mother knows so well
The weaving of love's wonder-spell—
Just what the little heart requires;
Just how to cool the fever fires;
Just how much tenderness and cheer
Will calm the little doubt, and fear;
How much of tenderness will ease—
Alone she knows such arts as these!
—Baltimore Sun.

The Gossip.

Nell—She's an awful gossip. She tells everything she hears.
Belle—Oh, she tells more than that.
—Philadelphia Record.

Mildew.

An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.