GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGES IN WORLD

Wonderful Structures Discovered in Utah on the San Juan River in Inaccessible Locality—High Mountain Peaks Surround the Bridges, Which Are on the Northern Border of the Navajo Indian Reservation—Have Seldom Been Visited by White Men

IN THE summer of 1904 the first public announcement was made in the Century Magazine and the National Geographic Magazine by Mr. W.W. Dyar of the discovery in Utah of three great natural bridges, far surpassing in size the great Natural Bridge of Virginia and all other similar bridges known in the world. Last year a member of the National Geographic society, Edwin F. Holmes, equipped an expedition with surveyors and artists and sent it out to make a careful study of the bridges, says the National Geographic magazine. Mr. Holmes' report of the work done is printed below.

The three great natural bridges are located in an almost inaccessible portion of southeastern Utah, in San Juan county, lying south of the Colorado and Grande rivers

Country Is Uninhabitable.

The country is uninhabited and uninhabitable for the greater part, the only settlement of any account being the small town called Bluff on the San Juan river, and the nearest railroad being Dolores, in Colorado, some 105 miles eastward, on a narrow gauge branch of the Denver & Rio Grande and Rio Grande Southern, extending from Grand Junction to Durango, in the silver San Juan country There is another small settlement, called Monticello, to the north of Bluff, with which it is connected by a wagon road, and on to Moab on the Grand and to Thompson's Spring on the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande railway.

The country of the natural bridges can be reached via Bluff by either of these routes, going by wagons to the latter place, then by horses with pack train, taking a northwesterly direction from Bluff for a distance of about 65 miles, going south of the Blue mountains and Elk Ridge, crossing Cottonwood creek, and going up Comb Wash.

Bridges Close Together.

There might be a way of reaching this section by crossing the Colorado at Dandy Crossing, near Hite, in Garfield county, striking the White river canyon some 60 miles belonw the Caroline bridge, which with the Augusta, is situated on the main canyon of the White river, where the Edwin bridge is situated on Armstrong creek at its confluence with a small stream coming in from the north. Armstrong creek itself discharges in White river a few miles lower down. All three bridges are within a radius of about 20 miles.

A few miles above the Edwin bridge, on Armstrong creek, are the remains of ancient ruins and about here are hieroglyphics cut into the rocks. No person should think of going into this region without having thoroughly studied all the conditions. The few guides that have been there have a very limited knowledge of the country and the main and side canyons so cut up the country that a party may easily become lost. The absence of forage and at times of water makes it necessary to undertake the trip as early in the spring as possible, 10 or 15 days being about the limit of time one can spend here because of the impracticability of packing a sufficient supply of forage and provisions. Of course, a more extended trip could be provided, for by keeping pack animals on the road to and from the base of supplies at Bluff, the only or nearest place where a suitable outfit can be obtained.

A few miles above the Edwin bridge a considerable settlement of Cliff Dwellers once existed and rude symboys are found on the rocks and in the vicinity of the bridges.

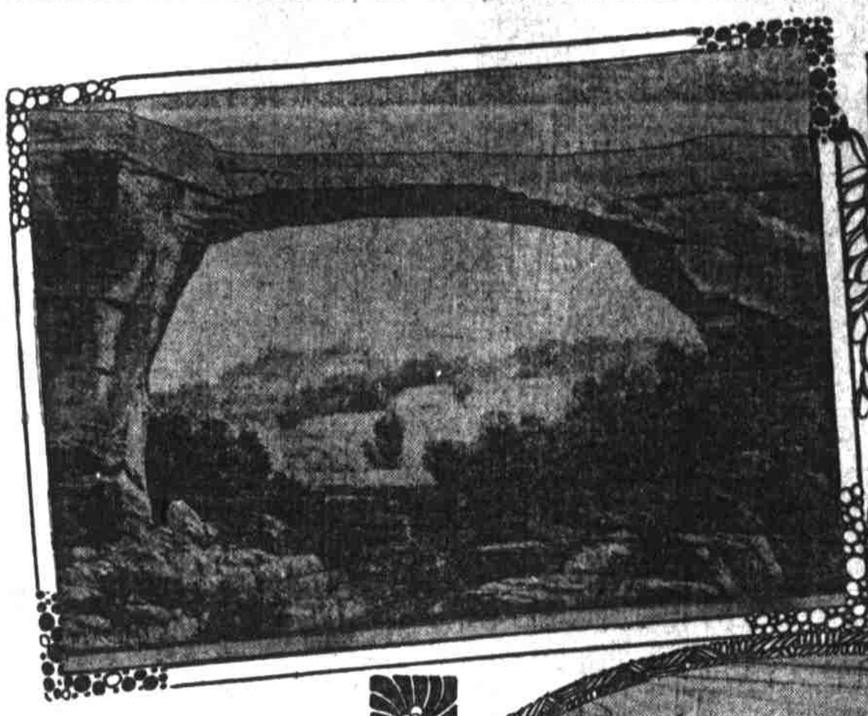
From all that is learned of this wonderful country, it is believed that its preservation and care should be undertaken by the United States government, as in the case of the Yellowstone National park, so that roads may be opened and these greatest of the world's natural bridges can be made accessible for the tourists from our own country and from all over the world, who would flock thither, were the road made easier. The difficulties of railroad building do not seem to be unsurmountable, and an extension from Dolores, on the main line, is possible even to a continuation through to the Santa Fe system, embracing all of the upper part of the Grand Canyon of Arizona—a scenic route comparable to nothing else in the world.

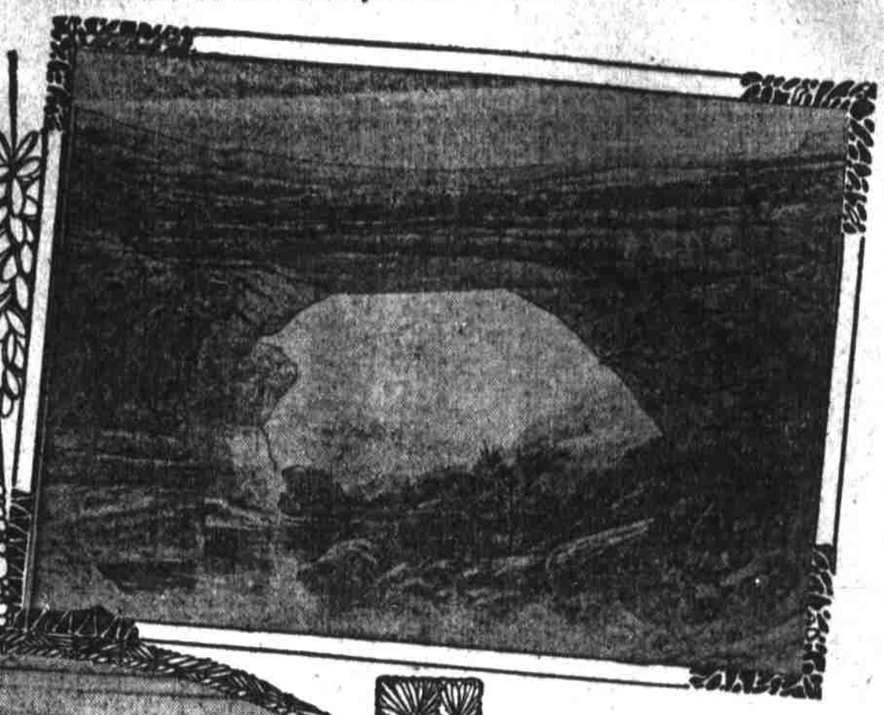
More than a passing word should be said about the little town of Bluff, from which point an expedition can best be fitted out for the bridge country. This is a place of about 50 houses and a thrifty little town with some excellent stone dwellings, some of them costing $5,000 to $10,000. The inhabitants of the town are generally well to do and kind in their treatment of strangers, and their prosperity is largely due to the cattle industry. They are on the northern border of the Navajo Indian reservation, having considerable barter trade with the Indians, who work for them cheaply and keep their dwellings for them. The people are mostly Mormons. Their young people are educated abroad and compare favorably with the young people anywhere.

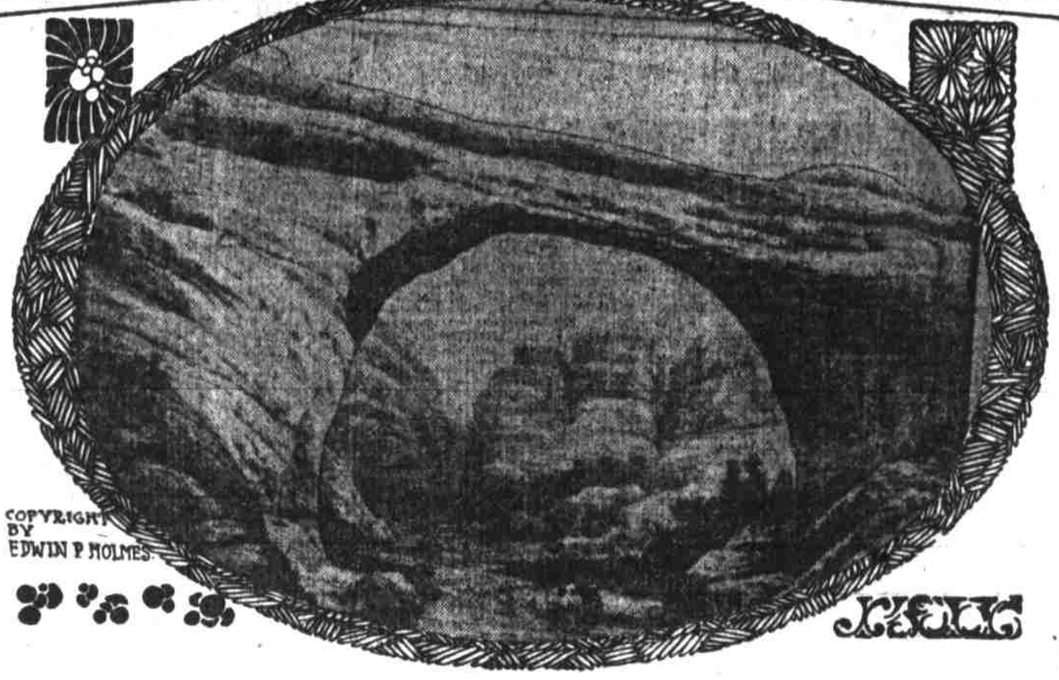
Monticello Is Opposite.

Quite the opposite is the little town of Monticello, some 50 miles to the north and the county-seat of San Juan county, which is a town of about a dozen houses, some occupied and some not, built upon the apex or divide of a mountain range, and formerly the headquarters for the cattle interests of this section. Its nearest point also is Dolores, which is south and east some 100 miles or so, and connected by a wagon road little used.

There are mountains about here—Abajo, 11,445 feet, and Mount Linnaeus, 11,000 feet—while farther north toward Moab are Mount Tukuhnikivats, 12,004 feet; Mount Tomaskia, 12,218 feet; Mount Waas, 12,586 feet, and Mount Peak, 13,089 feet. Much of this portion has been surveyed, though the townships have not been subdivided, but nearly all of the western part of the country is still unsurveyed and no very accurate maps exist, excepting of the courses of the Green, the Grand, and the Colorado rivers.







Upper left—The Edwin bridge, height 111 feet, span 205 feet, width 30 feet, thickness 10 feet. Upper right—The Augusta bridge, the greatest natural bridge in the world; height 265 feet, span 320 feet, width in narrowest part 35 feet, thickness 83 feet. Lower—Caroline bridge, the longest natural span in the world, 350 feet.

LAST SURVIVAL OF BACCHANAL FESTIVAL—Function Is Most Talked of in Paris and Ridiculously High Prices Offered for Cards, in Vain

SINICE the historic occasion some years ago when the doings of the celebrated model, Sarah Brown and her donkey, caused a scandal that ended in a miniature revolution, with barricades in the streets and several people killed, the presence of a number of unwelcome gendarmes at the Quat'z Arts ball, as the far-famed French students' annual fancy dress ball is called, guarantees a certain restraint, but the function still descrves its description as "the last survival of the Bacchanal festival." The splendour of the spectacle from an artistic point of view and the celebrity of some of the people who take part in it, contribute to make it one of the most talked of functions in Paris, and invitations are eagerly sought after by all sorts and conditions of persons, ridiculously large sums being frequently offered for cards—in vain. It is almost impossible to assist unless you are an artist. Speaking generally, no one crosses the threshold of the hall or theatre hired for the occasion who does not march there in procession with, and as a member, past or present, of one of the recognized Paris ateliers, and it is a point of honor with every student and artist to jealously guard the festivity against intruders.

Assyrians, Persians, Indians.

Our own particular atelier met at half-past ten at one of the big cafes near the Salle Wagram, where the ball was held this year, and we found the Avenue Wagram black with laughing crowds who had come to watch the forming of the processions. I was grateful for the Persian lady's veil that hid all but my eyes as we elbowed our way into the blazing cafe where a bewildering crowd of Assyrians, Indians and Persians had for center a table on which an Indian snake charmer, ridiculously like pictures of the same, stood with rapt uplifted eyes and outstretched arms manipulating the indiarubber reptiles wound around his stained body and arms, bringing them down from time to time with a sounding thwack on any head that happened to receive the blow. You know the normal French mood, with its suggestion of just having had a little champagne. Add to this the natural gaiety of the careless artist temperament in its most holiday mood and a great deal of excitement and you will perhaps arrive at an idea of the kaleidoscopic mirth of the midnight artistic festival.

It was midnight before we entered the ball-room. At an inner door stand dread ones in authority, who ruthlessly turn you away, no matter who you are, if every detail of your dress is not correct—or if you are suspected of being a curious outsider; but finally our turn came and we passed and found ourselves in one of the most extraordinary scenes I have ever witnessed. The great event of the ball is the competition between the different studios to design and produce with its own hands the most beautiful triumphal car, prizes awarded by a committee of distinguished artists; and each studio also constructs for itself against the wall of the ballroom a loge or box, to serve as its headquarters for the evening. These loges are built, stage scenery fashion, in the same character as the cars, and completely hide the walls of the hall, which thus presents a different appearance from every point of view. Thus, peering through or above the glittering, romping crowd of nearly 2,000 people, you saw an Indian temple. A bowl of red fire smoked before a hideous black cross-legged deity and the worshippers prostrated themselves on the ground while dignified priests performed weird rites. Another loge was a bower of roses, among which danced beautiful houris to the clapping of the hands of the circle of Persians who sat round cross-legged on the floor. In a third an Indian dance was being violently danced to the clashing of cymbals and tom-toms; an opium eater's den contained rows of dreamers, who were the only silent people in the hall—and they kept starting up to call out to some "copain" at a distance.

So far, the band had not been heard, nor had there been, nor was there at any time, any attempt at organized dancing, just everyone rushed up and down, swung round, or caught hands and threaded their way in and out of the crowd in stringrs. The noise of it all, the gorgeous mass of color, with the glittering armor of innumerable soldiers reflecting the lights, the glare of Bengal lights in the loges, the smoke, heat, dust—it was too bewildering, and for perhaps an hour we stood looking stupidly at what was merely an amazing tout ensemble.

The Gay Costumes.

Presently, however, the arrangement of the cortege made a comparative lull and when those who were not going to take part in it cleared away into the loges or arranged themselves round the hall, it was possible to see that many of the costumes were exquisite, some consummate works of art, all of the good, and that the wearers were painted and stained to the complexion of the types they represented. Perhaps the "costume" of a man "dressed" as a very scantily draped golden statue, hair and all, was the most original. Up to the present the women had been much less interesting than the men; too short in stature, dresses not rich enough, and so forth, and certainly the most beautiful were those who now cast light wraps aside and stood forth in the costume of the studio, nude. To those to whom this sounds odd, let me say en passant that to an artist—and this was an entertainment forbidden to all but artists—the "nude" does not mean nakedness. He learns his profession from it, lives his working life with it, and merely looks on the model as the most beautiful thing in the realm of art, the female form. But now the band asserted itself, the cortege had formed and bursts of violent applause greeted its slow and beautiful progress.

When I say that the prizes were cases of champagne, it will be understood that the repast that followed was of the gaiest. There was no supper room and the loges were not large enough to hold their parties, there were few chairs, so everyone sat on the floor in circles beneath the loges. Small cardboard boxes containing cold fowl and a small bottle of wine were distributed by waiters who looked as alarmed as out of place, but no one paid much attention to the food. When revels recommenced on a carpet of broken plates and ham we retired into our loge and watched from above. And so, the band trying in vain to make itself heard while the assistants tore wildly about, crouching silently in spellbound groups round favorite models, dancing primitive oriental dances or amusing themselves in other ways, the hours seemed to fly.

It was 6 o'clock before the bulk of the merrymakers left and they marched in procession to the Beaux Arts school. En route they stopped to give an ovation before the house of one of the greatest French painters, who came forth on the balcony in his pajamas and gaily saluted the future artists of the most artistic city in the world. So ended such a night of revelry as only Paris can provide.

MYSTERIOUS PARISIAN LOVE STORY—Death of Madame LaForest Laid at Husband's Door by Missive From French School Girl Who Declares Affection for Man

THE Laforest mystery has stirred the imagination of all classes more profoundly than any affair of modern times. It is comparable to the Maybrick case in all the elements of passionate love, domestic unhappiness, jealousy, death and the terrible doubts that have divided friends into two bitterly hostile camps, says the Manchester Chronicle.

Mme. Laforest, the wife of a medical man residing at Montreuil-sous-Bois, near Paris, was brought to the Hospital Saint Antoine last Tuesday evening in an ambulance which had been sent for. She was in terrible agony on her arrival, and declared that she was soon to die as she had been poisoned by her husband. She died on the following day and there were many incidents attached to the case, such as suspicious spots on the body and rapid decomposition, which added to the previous declarations of the woman, caused no small excitement in the hospital.

Permission to take away the body for burial was refused to the husband, and on the other hand the services of Dr. Balthazard, the government expert, were retained in order to make a post-mortem examination. On the following day the commissioner of police called at the house of "Dr." Laforest with a search warrant and carried away a number of bottles of various kinds.

Who Is Laforest?

The news spread like wildfire at Montreuil. And soon all the tongues in the neighborhood were wagging. At this point it is necessary, however, to indicate more clearly the character of the personages in the drama.

Albert Laforest, who is now about 45 years of age, although he has practiced medicine, has never obtained his medical diploma. He was a medical student and assistant at a private hospital for diseases of the eye, that of Dr. Hubert, rue Saint Andres-des-Arts in Paris in 1895. At that time a young woman of 26, Appolinine Celtour, was engaged as domestic at the hospital.

One day, some 12 years ago, she came to the consulting room for an affection of the eyes and she was then treated by M. Laforest. He fell in love with the young woman and soon made her his mistress. This state of affairs lasted two years and at the end of that time Laforest decided to marry Appolinine. There were great difficulties in the way.

Mme. Laforest, the mother of the medical student, was a lady who moved in a class of society where it would have been thought the height of folly to marry a girl who had been a domestic, although a liaison as existed was easily tolerated. Mme. Laforest was proud, severe, and at the same time very rich. She had no faith in her son and her affection for him had changed to bitterness. Under these circumstances the young couple decided to go to England, where they were duly married. But the marriage was kept secret from the mother, and to the day of her death, which happened in 1900, she was unaware of it.

Appolinine herself had a little fortune of about £400, and after the marriage Laforest utilized this sum to establish a practice in the Boulevard Beaumarchais, not far from the Bastille. At the same time he kept importuning his mother for money, while she reproached him for his habits of luxury.

When Mme. Laforest died her son inherited a fine property at Montreuil-sous-Bois and a fortune of about £80,000. Laforest decided to abandon his practice in Paris and at his place at Montreuil-sous-Boise he lived a retired life. His chief pleasures seemed to be fishing and the cultivation of rare and exotic plants. Under this appearance of calm, however, veritable tempests of passion were raging. Laforest had lost his love for Appolinine before the death of his mother, and, if the accounts of her friends are to be believed, he led her a terrible life. Mme. Perisse, the sister of Appolinine, declares that Laforest would never inform his wife where he intended to settle after he had given up his practice. The evening of the day on which he was changing domicile the couple were together near the Bastille. Suddenly Laforest threw himself on her, snatched her bag out of her hand and made off, leaving her deserted in the street, and without a penny. That night she went to her sister's house.

The Death Rattles.

When at length they discovered Laforest at Montreuil-sous-Bois, Appolinine decided to live with him, but it was at the price of a long and terrible martyrdom. Laforest used to keep her locked up for weeks together and it was only after the intervention of the commissioner of police that that condition of affairs ceased. Laforest tried to obtain a divorce from his wife on the grounds of illegality of his marriage in England, but the French courts confirmed the marriage.

By every means in his power he endeavored to injure her, and, as a consequence of privations and ill treatment, she fell a victim to typhoid fever. On another occasion, when all the members of the household were on the ground floor, Laforest dressed himself up as a burglar, and, holding a long knife in his hand, entered the room. Madame Laforest suffered severely from fright, and had to take to bed.

On another occasion, still, according to the sister of Appolinine, when Madame Laforest was sitting in her room Laforest suddenly bounded in, threw her down and seizing her by the throat commenced to strangle her, at the same time crying out:

"You are about to die! Death approaches! Your limbs quiver, I hear the death rattles!"

In Love With Germaine.

Appolinine fainted, and Laforest had to perform artificial respiration to bring her round. When she returned to consciousness he was lying beside her, and she was astonished to observe how calm and sweet he was in manner. Not long ago before her death Madame Laforest was in continual dread of being poisoned, and she besought her sister to insist upon a post-mortem examination in case she should die suddenly. She believed that the poison employed was atrophine, for she had been treated with atrophine when she suffered with her eyes, and she was acquainted with its effects. Her husband gave her medicine in capsules, and also injected some drug with a hypodermic needle.

Madame Laforest also related a curious incident. She said that one day her husband was more sympathetic than he had been for years. He took her in his arms and fixed her intently with his eyes. It struck her that he was hypnotising her, but she was unable to resist.

In this account one feels the need of some powerful motive to explain such conduct. That motive existed, declare the friends of Madame Laforest, and in an irresistible form!

In the year 1900, just about the epoch when Laforest commenced to illtreat his wife, he made the acquaintance of a young woman named Germaine Billard. Germaine one day entered his consulting robm, as formerly Appolinine had done, with a disease of the eyes.

Laforest cured her, and he fell madly in love with her. Germaine was the daughter of a cobbler, and without much education, but she was pretty, captivating, very intelligent, and resolute in her designs. Laforest had her educated at a school for young ladies, and afterward he made her his mistress.

A Love Letter.

The following letter, written by Germaine, is certainly a document of intense interest to students of human nature, and it throws a strange beam of light upon the thoughts of a young French girl of her class:

Thursday, 11 June, 1900.

Friend Ever Loved.

I am 18; I love you. You told me that you loved me; that you thought me beautiful, and that I could not go to your house. Are you the master? Could you not show the door to that vulgar woman with the grotesque headdress of a shopgirl's chignon? Is it not insulting to me to permit to remain that ridiculous creature, servant-mistress, terrified by a younger rival. When I remember that you pressed her hand in my presence I am revolted altogether! Why do you not order her to go? Why do you not tell her that you love me? Are you duped by her whinings, by her threats? How can you listen without jumping with rage to those jeremiads uttered in a silly voice in which there is no sincere note? I saw you hand her her belt yesterday, although she had not taken the trouble to look for it; do you not find repugnant that vulgarity that surrounds her? Do you think that for that woman I will say adieu to our intimacy, to our walks?

That woman is one too many. Why did you conceal from me your slavery; why did you cause sweet hopes to grow within me? You have taken me. You must keep me. I do not think your punishment will be too hard. You told me that you loved me; you swore to be everything to me; your other promises are those that your honor will not permit you to forget. To fly from love and youth, that makes unhappiness; can you look at her yellow skin without thinking of my white body? I am too young to be deceived, that would bring you ill luck; all your life you would mourn it. I repeat that woman is one too many. I love you enough to give you the strength to break once and for all with her. I am scribbling quickly; I do not know what I am writing. I am suffering; an inexpressible pain is torturing me; I beg you to think of me; I love you; I wish to belong to you always; I want you. You always. Oh, my loved Emile.

Of a little aid I have much need,
Whatever happens to me,
I know not where my path may lead,
But I walk hand in hand with thee,
And therein find my meed

I kiss you, I say it again; I will love you always.

Your Unhappy Little
GERMAINE.

A Strange Postscript.

My letter is blotted abominably. I have no time even to re-read it; I do not know what I have written, but I fear I have written too much. Madame de Sevigny allowed her pen to trot along, the bounds mine has taken may frighten you. If that is so, pardon, excuse my excitement, my pain, my fear. Remember that I love you, that we are promised one to the other.

GERMAINE.

Perhaps even more grave in the matter of accusation is the letter that old Madame Laforest wrote to her son in 1900. She accuses him of extorting money from her, of being idle, dissolute, ungrateful. She refers to his having often threatened her with death. She refuses to see him again unless he will turn a new leaf and work at his profession.

The doctor's defense is that his wife was an hysterical woman, afflicted with ideas of persecution, and set on by her relatives, who hated him. As to Germaine Billard, he admits having made her his mistress, but he excuses himself by reason of his unhappiness at home. He had broken with Germaine some time before his wife's death so that if love for Germaine was a motive for poisoning his wife, that might have happened at any other epoch, but not now. A great number of the neighbors are on the side of Laforest, as they roundly declare that his wife was a mad woman, insanely jealous, and always making his life miserable.

The Drama of the Hour.

Laforest has given the experts all the information they desired, and it is said that many have discovered that his wife succumbed to a disease of the liver which he had not diagnosed, but which would acount for her symptoms. With the doubts, the conflicting opinions and deepening mysteries, the interest of the public is rising, and nothing is wanting to give the drama a passionate and poignant interest.

FASHIONABLE FADS CAUSE DOGS TO DEGENERATE—Pampered Canines Bred to Suit the Whims and Fancy of Social Leaders Are Useless

By Beatrice M. Hay-Shaw.

FEW women of the fashionable, or would-be fashionable, circles are considered nowadays to be fully equipped unless they number among their personal adornments one or more dogs of the pet breed of the moment. Foremost of these is, of course, the Pekinese; but as these little animals cost any sum from $500 upwards, it is only the wealthy who can afford them, and among those blessed with a smaller proportion of the world's goods the toy Pemeranian is most largely patronized.

Beyond the fact that these tiny dogs are able to yap volubly and eat largely, there is really very little about them to mark their relationship to the canine-race. They are extraordinarily lacking in the intelligence which makes a less pampered bred of dogs so attractive and satisfactory, and as by their fair owners they are regarded much in the same light as a fashionable jewel or the latest thing in shoe buckles, and not as friends, there is little in their lives of silken cushions and embroidered coats to improve their brain power.

Apart from the circles which patronize the recognized toy breeds, there is a small but select coterie whose mania is to possess a dog which can claim kinship with no species of the animal, but which usually possesses the most unattractive qualities of several varieties.

"Sweet Little Dog."

"Oh, what a sweet little dog! How very quaint! What sort of a dog do you call it?" is the comment usually bestowed upon the advent of a snarling, ill-proportioned over-fed little monstrosity clad in an elaborate overcoat of light cloth with its owner's monogram in each corner, and the speech is immediately rewarded by a gratified smile and the reply:

"Oh, I have no idea what breed he is. He's just his mother's ownest, darlingest pet-m-m-m-m-m-m!" followed by an avalanche of kisses upon the rat-like, evil-eyed little head.

But the toy dog and the freak dog may both be relegated to a class by themselves, and the real dog-lover is content to leave them to the tender mercies of the faddists who profess to adore them, provide that in return the faddist will be equally fair and leave the more homely and intelligent breeds alone. But this unfortunately is just what they cannot do, and, owing to the present passion for continual variety even in everyday pets, there is a tendency to spoil and eliminate the essential characteristics of several breeds of dogs which have hitherto been chiefly remarkable for their sagacity, sporting instincts, and companionable qualities.

Nature Opposed.

If nature destined a dog to be black or grey, some one immediately sets to work to produce it in a white coat. If originally it had crooked legs, then by intricate methods these legs must be made straight, or vice versa. Curly-coated animals have their clothing reduced to lank sleekness; long-legged dogs develop into bandy-legged waddlers, and so on, merely in order to gratify the personal whims of the breeder.

Putting aside the immense number of breeds which are all suffering more or less from this mania, I refer only to three species which until lately were known and appreciated for their sporting nature and intelligent companionship. These three are the fox-terrier, the Aberdeen terrier, and the dachshund.

The latter dog has ceased to be looked upon as a dog with any sporting proclivities at all, yet not so very many years ago I possessed a small dachshund bred by a German archduke who was famous for these dogs, and I can safely vouch for it that no more sporting, lively, faithful, and intelligent little animal could have been desired by the most ardent dog-lover. The "dachs" of the present day is a heavy, dull, stupid, timid, and slinking little beast, which no one can profess to find interesting or intelligent.

And to a great extent the same may be said of the "diehards." Not long ago no one would have claimed a Scottie which was not game enough to tackle anything from a rat to a burglar, which was not faithful to its owner, or could not find its own way home, but there are few of the pure-bred dogs of this variety now which could be looked upon as either plucky or intelligent.

Even the faithful little fox-terrier, the dog of all other breds known and recognized as being the most perfectly adapted by size and nature for the companion of man, is suffering from the same craze, and losing some of his most essential characteristics.

Fox Terriers Suffer.

The modern terrier cannot hold a candle to his brother of a short time back. Though the old-fashioned fox terrier may not have been so attractive on the show-bench, he at any rate was a powerful, hardly, muscular little dog, to whom fear and faithlessness were alike unknown. Now, however, we get weedy, undersized, short-backed animals with slender legs and long, narrow heads, whose thick noses and dull eyes lack all the sharpness and intelligence so conspicuous a feature in the old broad-headed, sharp-nosed dog.

It used to be a matter of a few days to train a terrier puppy and make him a well-mannered house-dog; it was almost impossible to lose them, and once they adopted an owner, nothing short of pure physical force could separate the dog from his master. But with the highly-bred terrier of today things are very different. They are very difficult to teach, they are not plucky, they yap without discrimination, they have very little scent, and as for rats, they will trot contentedly past a hedge stuffed full of holes and look with mild surprise at a less aristocratic relation, who, with his head and shoulders buried and his tail quivering with excitement, is sending showers of brown earth to the four winds in his frantic endeavors to dig out the coveted prize.

In fact, I have even known a prize-bred terrier be shown a rat without the sight arousing the least interest. Nor have they any real affection for their owners, and they are quite ready to make friends and attach themselves to any stranger who may offer sufficient blandishments.

No doubt when viewed from the light of a judge of the show-bench things are very different, but from the point of view of an outsider it seems to me that, in their frantic endeavor to introduce new points, breeders are in danger of losing sight of the dog, and producing merely a perfectly made, but uninteresting automaton.

DUTY OF THE RICH
Wealth a Sacred Trust to Be Administered by Possessor for Good of People

By Andrew Carnegie.

SURPLUS wealth flowing into the hands of a few men, as it does today—what is their duty? How is the struggle for dollars to be lifted from the sordid atmosphere surrounding business and made a noble career?

Now, wealth has hitherto been distributed in three ways. The first and chief one is by willing it at death to the family. Now, beyond, bequeathing to those dependent upon one the revenue needful for a modest and independent living, is such use of wealth either right or wise? I mean no. As a rule the almighty dollar bequeathed to sons or daughters by millions proves an almighty curse.

It is not the good of the child which the millionaire parent considers when he makes these bequests; it is his own vanity; it is not affection for the child; it is self-glorification for the parent which is at the root of this injurious disposition of wealth. There is only one thing to be said for this mode—it furnishes one of the most efficacious means of rapid distribution of wealth ever known.

There is a second use of wealth, less common than the first, which is not so injurious to the community, but which will bring no credit to testator. Money is left by millionaires to public institutions when they must relax their grip upon it.

There is no grace, and can be no blessing, in giving what cannot be withheld. It is no gift, because it is not cheerfully given, but only granted at the stern summons of death.

The third use, and the only noble use of surplus wealth, is this—that it be regarded as a sacred trust, to be administered by its possessor, into whose hands it flows, for the highest good of the people.

Man does not live by bread alone, and 5 or 10 cents a day more revenue scattered over thousands would do little or no good. Accumulated into a great fund and expended as Mr. Cooper expended it for the Cooper Institute in New York, establishes something that will last for generations. It will educate the brain, the spiritual part of man. It furnishes a ladder, upon which the aspiring poor may climb, and there is no use whatever trying to help people who do not help themselves. You cannot push any one up a ladder unless he be willing to climb a little himself.

These are my views upon wealth and upon life and its duties.

Troubles of a Truthful Woman.

From the Ladies' Field.

It is no exaggeration to say that a more or less truthful woman is looked upon with grave suspicion. What is more, nobody believes her.

If she quite truthfully pronounces her age to be 29, everybody at once says then she must be at least 35; while if she should ever be cajoled into admitting the number of proposals she had in her youth it will only confirm the popular impression that she had been very lucky to catch a husband at all.

WORLD INVISIBLE
One Soul Can Influence Another at a Distance

By Camille Flammarion.

IT is absolutely certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance and without the aid of the senses. Many dead people, I know, have been told by telepathic communications, by apparitions, subjective or objective, called by voices they distinctly heard by songs, noises and movements and impressions of different kinds. We can have no doubt on this point—the soul can act at a distance.

Mental suggestion seems equally certain.

Psychic communication between persons who are living is also proved by a large number of cases that have been observed and reported. There are psychic currents as well as aerial and electric currents.

Telepathy is nothing new; it held a foremost place in ancient literature. The works of Homer, Euripides, Ovid, Virgil and Cicero often bring forward cases of manifestations from the dying and the dead.

We may see without eyes and hear without ears, not by unnatural excitement of our sense of vision or of hearing, but by some interior sense, psychic and mental.

The soul, by its interior vision, may see not only what is passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.

Positive observation proves the existence of a psychic world, as real as the world known to our physical senses, and I shall never give up the exploration of this world, which I hope to carry to an end if the time indispensable to the work shall be allowed me. But, on one hand, it is proper and prudent not to give one's self up exclusively to occult subjects, for one might soon lose the independence of mind necessary to form an impartial judgment.

It is better to look upon such studies as not one's main object in life, but as recreation of a superior order, most curious and interesting. These are foods and drinks which it is most wholesome to take only in small quantities.

On the other hand, our earth turns very quickly, and days pass away like dreams. I hope, nevertheless, to give myself the scientific pleasure of studying a portion of these mysteries, and perhaps what one man cannot do may be done by others. Every one may bring his little stone to assist in the construction of a future pyramid.

I ask my readers and friends to lay up knowledge, to work and hope. We live in the midst of an invisible world, in which forces are at work of which we know very little, and this agrees with what we know about the limitation of our physical senses and the phenomena of nature.

In view of the present movement in Maryland to make Senator Whyte Democratic candidate for governor, it is interesting to recall that it is just 36 years since Mr. Whyte filled the gubernatorial chair in that state