

Fulton began warship building in 1814, but did not see his first steam warship finished. He saw it launched. To Camara, called the "Camara-logos," the hulls of which were 66 feet wide, separated by a channel 15 feet wide in which there was a paddlewheel. To Camara, called the "Camara-logos," the hulls of which were 66 feet wide, separated by a channel 15 feet wide in which there was a paddlewheel. To Camara, called the "Camara-logos," the hulls of which were 66 feet wide, separated by a channel 15 feet wide in which there was a paddlewheel.

This summary of Fulton's steamboat built in the United States is from the Nautilus, diving boat, Brest, 1801; steamboat, Seine, 1803; Clermont, Hudson, 1807; Car of Steam, 1808; Baltimore, Chesapeake, 1809; Orleans, 1810; 1812; Firefly, 1812; Jersey ferryboat, 1812; Camden, 1812; Washington, 1818; New York, 1818; River, 1818; New York, Nassau ferryboat, 1814; Fulton, 1814; Vesuvius, 1814; Demologos, 1814; Aetna, 1814; and the Fulton, 1814.

Branch, 1816; Empress of Russia, 1819; Chancellor Livingston, 1816.

He was born in 1766 in New York there is not much record. It is known that on March 10, 1807, he took lodgings at 13 Broadway, and in 1809-10 he lived in what was upon then, 500 Broadway, and in 1810-11 he moved to 123 Chambers street. From 1812 to the time of his death he lived on Hutchins street, now Broadway, at 13 Broadway. He was married in 1806 to Harriet Livingston, a relative of Charles A. Livingston, and had four children when he died.

Fulton caught cold by remaining on one side of the North River for several hours in February, 1815. He had returned from Trenton, where he had attended the session of the New Jersey legislature over the right to run ferries from New York to New Jersey. He was so weak that he was detained in the cold so long that he developed pneumonia and died in a few days. He was buried in the vault of the church in the Livingston vault on the south side of the church, and about 1840 a marble tablet was placed over the tablet erected to his memory by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 1904.

deposit her eggs, for they cannot devel-

or, even without the heat and moisture characteristic of the manure pile. Every human waste, which is so superficially observed appears the favorite battenning material of all flies, is and must be so, if the owner cannot secure access to stable manure.

The absolutely protective screening of all such waste products of animals, besides the humane consideration, is a terrible increase of numbers. There is scarcely a farmer who does not know the principle of cleanliness, but he chooses to employ either, there is scarcely a house dweller who does not know the principle of cleanliness applicable to his own waste, but he chooses wherever the local health has not succeeded in compelling its elimination from the premises.

On the other hand, there is the equally important, and equally practicable, system of defense against all flies by the screening of every entrance to the dwelling against further access of flies, and the screening of the flies that are already inside, either by means of fly paper or the cruder method of a damp cloth, or even the artificial hand.

With a house clean of dirt and decaying material, with no doors or windows unguarded by screens, and with no food or food refuse exposed to the flies, the tracks of a single fly—well, there

Will not all these precautions mitigate the presence of typhoid fever, tuberculosis—of any and all of the fatal diseases which the insect carries, but does not digest, and carries, but does not carry away—is inevitable in every community, and the percentage of chances of escape away for the human member of infection to those who permit themselves to breed, or who most largely harbor them?

The war—for it must be so apparent now that it is a real war, and no mere hyperbole—has been definitely and widely declared. It is one in which the common enemy has no human friends, and the danger is to all human beings alike: for whenever is not the household's alive and relentless foe? Is there any danger to the sick and abettor. And the question now, for every intelligent one among the menace of eighty millions is:

Which?

Mother (reprovingly).—Don't you know that you should never let a man kiss you?

Daughter.—But, mamma, it seems so forward for a girl to do the kissing.

IS THERE A SNARE

People who have accomplished know how hard it is to accomplish and reserve their criticisms. People who are

recompensating are so busy' with their own affairs that they have no time for criticism. Read the program of a play, upon which has been expended the thought of a trained man—agreed. Read the play, which is by play by Belasco, for instance, Belasco knows the public taste. He knows the public taste. He gives out of the richness of his experience, the best that is in him. The play meets with the unqualified approval of the majority. He goes on. The next morning, at the theatre, they come away refreshed and stimulated in every way for better or for ill. Next morning, the next day, the critic, the man who never wrote an original line in his life, who never conceived a strong situation, who never understood anything of the mechanics of the stage, next morning this man fills a column with his carping, captious criticisms. He says, "The play is good. It is readily seen that the criticism, so-called, is simply the snarl of fatuous fustian."

As to praise!

Isn't it a fact that the majority of times a man is praised for his work, he has done it so well that he has not given the least degree of thought to

the subject in hand? Some way or other, they say, and they are right. They tickle their fancy, and, wishing to curry favor with the man of achievement, they throw senseless and scentless words at him, words which are so that the bulk of praise that a man has bestowed upon him is nothing more nor less than a judicious or injudicious use of the oil of flattery. But is this for the purpose of advancing the interests of the man who does the praising? There is honest, sensible criticism. There is honest, sensible praise. I think that there can be no doubt. A strong man will be helped by genuine criticism and encouraged by genuine praise. But the man who is not strong, who, beneath the surface of things, analyzes motives, discovers reasons, that man will know that most criticism is a snare, most praise is a bribe, and he will not be swayed or moved by either. The man who makes honest success

Such a man may be misunderstood by his friends, misinterpreted by the people, maligned by his enemies, but in the end it will be found that he has outdistanced the crowd and left the world and life better because he has lived.

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