

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]
The schedule of railroad rates for the benefit of visitors to Washington at the time of the inauguration of President Roosevelt recently made public by S. B. Hege of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and chairman of the inaugural committee on transportation is very generous.

Another new departure in the way of concessions from the railroad is a "military rate," permitting all military organizations in uniform to come to Washington at the rate of 1 cent a mile in parties of not less than 200. Special rates also will be extended to bands and all musical organizations. The public, not included in the military organizations, will have to pay only one fare for the round trip.

President Roosevelt has had his attention called to the agitation started by the Military Order of the Dragon, composed of officers of the United States army who were engaged in the Boxer uprising in China, to suitably commemorate the part taken by the United States in that struggle as well as to the talk in the Society of the Army of Santiago as to marking commemorative places in Cuba. Nearly all the European countries have marked their part in the Chinese struggle by tablets on the walls of Peking, and the idea is to have this country do the same.

For Inauguration Balls.
The action of congress in granting the pension building for the purpose of the inaugural ball is somewhat similar to the celebrated "Battlegrounds." Four years ago the pension office bill was passed "positively for the last time," and yet it has been passed again "positively for the last time," according to many of the leading members of the house who voted favorably after hours of debate. There is a feeling that perhaps congress is not doing in its farewell to the pension office bill and that the District of Columbia must secure a building of its own between now and inauguration day, March 4, 1909.

Diseases in Animals.
The president has transmitted to congress the annual report of the bureau of animal industry of the agricultural department. The report shows an increase of 43.7 per cent in the number of American cattle exported and an increase of 116.5 per cent in sheep exported in 1904 as compared with 1903. Attention is called to the importance of a rigid enforcement of public regulations looking to the control and the eradication of tuberculosis in cattle.

The New Army Rifle.
The ordnance department of the army has in stock nearly 60,000 of the new magazine rifles, a sufficient number to practically equip the entire army. It had been intended to begin the delivery of the new arm in a few days, but the issue has been suspended pending the settlement of the question as to whether the new rifle cannot be improved without radical change by the incorporation of certain features developed in the recent battles between the Russians and Japanese in Manchuria. The troops of the contending armies are equipped with a small bore smokeless powder magazine bolt gun. The Japanese use a Kuroi bayonet and the Russian gun a triangular bayonet. Otherwise they are practically the same. The American officers on the field of action made valuable observations of the effectiveness of the small arm, and the ordnance experts in this city are now studying these reports with a view to the incorporation of improved features in the new United States rifle in case it is possible.

A Difficult Job.
Eugene F. Ware's retirement from public life led to no great strife for the position of commissioner of pensions. It is anything but a sinecure and has seldom been filled to the entire satisfaction of pensioners and others having business with the bureau. In order that the numerous laws governing the granting of pensions may be properly administered the pension bureau requires a chief of good judgment, one whose sense of justice is well balanced and who will not only protect the government, but at the same time give the claimant his full rights.

An Unusual Incident.
There was an unusual scene on the senate floor the other day when Senator Morgan, seated in his chair, his flaming red handkerchief ever and anon going from his desk drawer to his mouth, his legs crossed, easily read a long speech. It was on the statehood bill. The senator's voice was firm, resonant and reaching for half an hour, but toward the end his words became almost unrecognizable. At one period of his address Senators Knox, Alger, Ekins, Proctor and Teller were in a group talking softly to one another. Probably it was the first time in history when five ex-cabinet officers got together as senators.

Drinkers and Smokers Barred.
A curious feature, its like never before known in history, has been embodied in a proposed legislative measure. It appears in a bill introduced by Senator Teller of Colorado, which provides for appointment of commissioners of transportation of mails and to aid in the regulation of interstate commerce. Section 4 reads:

"That no person shall be appointed to the said board of managers who is or within five years previous to his appointment has been addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors or narcotics or to any game of chance or skill."

Mifflin—Wasn't Benedict's death rather sudden and unexpected? Bifflin—Well, it was sudden, but not necessarily unexpected. His wife had just graduated from a cooking school.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man. It is the man who can stand adversity that are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Goldsmith.

POLLY LARKIN

At one time and another Polly had said that not only the Spring but the Fall was the loveliest time of the year to forsake business cares and get into the country. I took a trip over that ever picturesque route, the California Northwestern Railway the middle of January, and now, I am positive that the best season to visit this section of the country is whenever you can get the opportunity, and never let a chance slip by, for it is ever new, ever beautiful and restful to both mind and body.

Even now, Summer sojourners are securing their places of abode in the various towns, country homes and various springs and resorts for the Summer vacation. They know what it is to delay until the Spring and Summer rush begins. All along the line, too, people who are desirous of keeping Summer boarders are sending in their names for Vacation 1905. It will be a speedy and helpful little guide this year, and will be gladly welcomed by the throngs of people who are fondly dreaming for the pleasures in store for them. Soon will come the time now for turning over billows and billows of lace and dainty white and tinted fabrics designed especially for our charming Summer girls. My, but the country is beautiful now in its green mantle, enriched by the golden poppies and a few of our first Spring flowers, while the hollyhocks, ignoring the fact that the last of January is waning, flaunt their rubies tantalizingly to the passengers as they go dashing by in the cars. So near and yet so far. The country is gloriously beautiful with all the little rills turned into singing brooks and streams as they dash on their way to add their mite to the mad cap Russian river.

You would be astonished if you knew how many women in San Francisco were keeling out an existence by the inventing and manufacturing of little art novelties. I went into a house just before Christmas where a sweet, patient-faced little lady with snow-white hair, and her young daughter of about fifteen years of age were manufacturing some little calendars and souvenirs for the holiday trade. They were inexpensive to get up but it took time and patience, and the worst of it all was that they barely made a living. "We worked nearly all night," said the mother, wearily, "and still we haven't caught up with our orders."

"Worked nearly all night," echoed the daughter, "why, it was half-past three when we put the last calendars in their boxes. I tell you it is this kind of work that takes the cream off of Christmas. I suppose we ought to be truly and devoutly thankful that the holidays roll round and create a demand for all this kind of work. Hope I'll never be so unfortunate as to have anyone present me with any of these heathenish devices. I am in a state of rebellion every time I have to make any oriental calendar and stand pat for General Kuropatkin and the Russians in general." "Now, you are talking foolishly," said her mother reprovingly. "I know it, but I'm sort of rattled over all this endless work of ugly little no-account things that people demand and count as artistic."

"You ought to be glad that we can put something on the market that there is a demand for—it is your bread and butter." "That is just it, mother, the same yesterday, to-day and forever for us, bread and butter, and delicatessen stews and the like. Wish we would have one of our good old-fashioned country dinners that we used to have in the old home on the farm, and one of our big wood fires snapping and roaring up the chimney. None of your smoky coal fires and horrid old gas fires for me. I think people are crazy to leave their country homes where they have all the room outside and inside they want and come to a noisy city and live in two cold, bleak, dark-looking rooms, and for what?—Simply the glory of living in San Francisco. I could preach all night on girls and families staying in the country and being contented. They don't know when they are well off." Not one moment did their busy hands stop while the young girl was giving vent to her pent-up feelings, for the Xmas orders had to be filled. After the rush of the holidays were over they had a brief resting spell; then they had to be awake at night's inventing some new designs for the coming year's trade. This mother and daughter were only two of the many that make their living in this way or in making something unique and acceptable as gifts when the spirit of giving pervades the very air.

Before me lies a dainty little booklet, "Philosophy in a Nutshell" or "Words of Gold," by Alice Kingsbury Cooley, once a favorite actress with the theatergoers of San Francisco and Eastern cities, and now that old Father Time has touched her dark locks with his magic wand powdering it with silver, the bright little lady who in her palmy days played "Fanchon" in the "Cricket on the Hearth," has turned authoress and artist, and many are the poems, short stories and bits of wisdom she turns out with her ready pen. I don't know of a more suitable little gift to a friend than her "Words of Gold," for there is a nugget of gold for every day in the week, and you will be better for having culled them one by one or page by page. The following are a few selections from the dainty booklet: "It takes so little to make one happy if one is willing; a little sunshine, a little work, a little play, and a few kind words."

Again she says: "Begin the day with a kind thought; end it with a prayer." Wouldn't we all be better for living up to this simple rule? "If we did we would never have to close the day's work with the seal of regret." "Write a poem when you have a message of joy and sunshine to give to the world. Remember, we do not always have happiness and peace, but death and debts are always with us; therefore be encouraging." Here is another for the slandering: "Never be so familiar with any one that you talk slanders with them. Remember slanders are a boomerang." There is more truth than poetry in the following: "Don't nag, it will drive a man or woman to drink or suicide. Reiteration soon becomes irritation, and that sets up a fever."

Women are coming to the front in literary work as well as other vocations. "Home Chimes," which made its appearance in San Francisco in December was the result of many years' thought of a very clever little woman, Mrs. L. J. Woolner, who has always believed that there was a good field on the Pacific Coast for a magazine devoted to the home and its interests. So she dreamed and schemed, plotted and planned until the myth became a realization. The first number is brim full of good recipes, but if followed closely, will not give a man a chance to refer to the dainties his "mother used to make." Then there are useful suggestions in regard to the sick room, etc., poems and a short story that make it an acceptable visitor in the homes. All it costs is the modest sum of ten cents a year, and it comes out monthly.

Following in the shadow of the "Home Chimes" comes the announcement that the talented sculptress, Miss Gertrude F. Boyle, is soon to commence the publication of a monthly magazine which she has decided to name "Ability." Speaking of her new venture, she says: "Into this I shall pour my whole energy in bringing to the front 'Ability'—latent and otherwise—wherever I may find it." That she will succeed, is acknowledged by the friends who know her determination to overcome all obstacles. Instead of moulding and fashioning clay, she will give her whole mind and attention for the time being to her literary work.

HUTTON'S ONE RECIPE.

It included a Paper Cutter, Ink Eraser and Rubber Bands. Perhaps the most ingenious and the most original of all schemes for procuring autographs was from a lady in a western town. She was raising funds for the building and support of a public library, and she had conceived the idea of issuing a volume to be called "The Authors' Recipe Book." Authors from all over the country, the most distinguished of authors—always authors with a capital A—had been good enough to send her a list of the favorite dishes of their own construction, with their method of making them.

The cookbook was one of the many forms of literature to which the recipient had never turned his attention. He had no more idea of cooking than he had of milking a cow or of harnessing a horse or of setting a hen or of building a dynamo. He did not even care what was cooked for him so long as it contained none of the ingredients of tripe and tongs into a marshmallow plug and hold the same over a student's lamp or study fire until the marshmallow begins to sizz, drops into the ashes, puts out the light or burns your hand. And eat while hot!"

He has never seen a copy of "The Authors' Recipe Book"—Laurence Hutton in Critic.

BULGING GUN BARRELS.
The Ruin That Is Wrought by Careless Handling.
I have sold guns for ten years, and in that time four of them have had their barrels bulged, one by snow, one by dirt, one by sand and one by something else getting into it. One man crawling through a fence got a little snow in the muzzle. He could not remove it with his finger, so concluded to wait and shoot it out, which he did, but he found a bulge like a pulley's egg on the end of the barrel. Another got some earth in the muzzle and shot it out, and he, too, found the same kind of a bulge on the end of his gun. Another fired his gun at ducks, which knocked him over on his back and fairly got away from him. When he picked up the gun he found a narrow raised band around the barrel fourteen inches from the muzzle. In this case a wind had probably bulged there. This customer thinks the manufacturers ought to give him a new set of barrels. I tell him if the barrels had not been good ones it would have been a burst instead of a bulge, which might have maimed or killed him. Another man lying in a pool brought down a duck with a broken wing which scurried for the water. The man ran and struck the duck with the muzzle of the gun and in so doing got sand in it. He blew most of it out and shot out the rest of it. Well, after that shot he found a little blister two inches from the muzzle—about the size of a man's little finger.

Moral.—Do not shoot obstructions of any kind out of your gun if you value your life or gun.—Uncle Dan in Amateur Sportsman.

THE GRAY WOLF.
His Cunning is Marvelous, and He is Difficult to Catch.
The cunning of the gray wolf is marvelous, and it is most difficult to catch. He somehow seems to know that iron is associated with man. A piece of iron anywhere will keep him at a distance. If you shoot an antelope, for instance, and just put your spur on the carcass, you may leave that wolf howling, and no wolf will touch it. A pocket handkerchief will do as well.

Lobo, a great gray wolf who was the king of the pack at Curranpaw, was a rascal as well as a ruler. His pack ate nothing but what he had killed himself, and thus poison was no good. At last a thousand dollars was set upon his head. This brought a noted wolf hunter from Texas, with his pack of great wolfhounds. But after three days of failure, then two other hunters came with subtly devised poisons to work his undoing. They came on the scene. First I tried poison, and there was no combination of strychnine, arsenic and prussic acid which I did not use. I put the poisons in cheese melted together with kidney fat, and during the winter process wore gloves steeped in hot blood. And I scattered the bait all over the ranch. The next morning I went out and found Lobo's tracks, with the bait gone. I was delighted. I followed the tracks and found another trail gone. I set another. Then I found the three baits piled upon another one and covered with little. Lobo had evidently carried the first three in his mouth and had taken this means of expressing his utter contempt for my devices.

But Lobo's downfall came about through a big white she wolf who was always with him. I managed to catch her in a trap. Then I knew we should soon have Lobo. Night after night he came around the homestead and mourned his mate in long, plaintive howls. I knew he would try to find her body. I set 130 strong steel wolf traps, and in one of these I caught him—a martyr to constancy. And that was the end of Lobo.—Interview With Ernest Thompson Seton.

Foreign Visitor (in the year 2050): "You don't seem to have any family trees in this country." Native American: "No; our ancestors destroyed the last of our forests more than a hundred years ago.—Exchange."

She—What is the difference between a made up "he" and one you're yourself? He—Oh, about half an hour.—Cassett's Journal.

The police of Vienna are now using the phonograph at the preliminary examination of a prisoner.

Be of that number who try to do some good in this world.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Blaine's Handy Wit.
James G. Blaine was a most versatile "great" orator. He would speak many times a day from the train, which stopped at every important place, and have something new to say each time. He carefully thought up his speech before he stepped on a brief talk with the committee of the town he was coming to and then corrected immediately afterward the notes which were taken by his own stenographer.

He said to me in the campaign of 1884, "I want you to introduce me all through New York, because you are always successful." I appreciated the compliment as well as the difficulties of the situation. I introduced him at Yonkers, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, and he said, "What is the next place?" I said,

"Let me do the introducing here." "Peekskill." "What is there to Peekskill?" he asked. I told him I was born there. "Why," said Blaine, "I have always thought you were born at Poughkeepsie." I had some difficulty in convincing him of his mistake.

When we arrived at Peekskill there was an immense crowd which had come in from twenty-five to thirty miles around. As I stepped forward to introduce him, with great dramatic effect he pushed me back and said: "No, no, fellow citizens, let me do the introducing here. As I have passed up and down your noble Hudson upon its unequalled floating palaces for the past twenty-five years I have felt the inspiration of its scenery, made famous by the genius of Irving, but the deepest and tenderest emotions possessed me when the steamer was opposite Peekskill. For," I said, "there, there, was born my oldest and best friend, Chauncey Depew." He was capable of an equally sudden grasp of situations where the occasion was much more serious.—Senator Depew in Leslie's Weekly.

Then the Minister Doubled.
Dr. J. Ross Stevenson of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church is anything but unintelligible in his pulpit utterances; but, according to his own confession, there was one occasion when he thought that perhaps he had failed in making himself clear. He preached one Sunday in a western town, and just before the sermon the leading soprano came to him and said: "Dr. Stevenson, if you will tell me your subject I will select an appropriate solo and sing it at the close of the sermon."

"Well, really, I hardly think I can," he replied—"that is, I—" "Oh, never mind," she interrupted. "I'll listen carefully, and before you get through I'll have something selected."

She then disappeared. Dr. Stevenson entered the pulpit, preached his sermon and sat down. The "selection" followed promptly. It was "Some Time We'll Understand."—New York Times.

How the Hat Was Named.
Cecil De Mille and a group of fellow playwrights were discussing the somewhat disreputable looking headgear of a certain actor at the Lamb's club the other evening, says the New York World.

"It's queer how hats get their names," observed De Mille. "For instance, the derby, of course, takes its name from Derby race track; the billycock from Sir William Coke, who introduced it; the bowler from the fur from which its predecessors were made; the—" "But," interrupted one of his listeners, "how did that old, disreputable wideawake brimmed hat of Blank's ever get the name wideawake?"

De Mille thought hard for a moment, scanning the dilapidated headgear from every point; then he replied: "This particular hat is probably called a wideawake because it is so utterly devoid of any 'nap.'"

It Wasn't Duck.
A few officers of a British ship were dining with a mandarin at Canton. One of the guests washed a second helping of a savory stew, which he thought was composed of duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese, he held up his plate to his guest, saying, with smiling approval, "Quack, quack, quack." The mandarin was an intelligent Chinaman. Shaking his head, he pointed to the dish of stew and said, "Bow, wow, wow!"

Antiquity of Brewing.
The ancient Egyptians understood and practiced the art of brewing several centuries before the Christian era, as did also the ancient Greeks. Spaniards and Britons made a fermented drink from wheat, which was used in Spain under the name cerea, and also in Gaul. Tacitus tells us that in his day, about 100 A. D., beer was the common beverage and that the Germans understood how to convert barley into malt. Six hundred years later Charlemagne gave orders that the best brewers should always accompany his court.

ORIENTAL PEOPLE.

Grace of the Women and Classy Drapery of the Men.
Passing occasionally, going to Jerusalem with butter and eggs and little jars of leban that showed their thick, creamy throats as they were held up to us, were small companies of women in single file. As one blue procession went by the leader called to us: "Why should you ride and we walk? Why is your lot better than ours?" Given the opportunity for leisurely argument, we could not by any philosophy have made satisfactory answer. We could only admit the fact as they saw it and recognize the universal world plaint of discontent.

They carry themselves, these women, like figures on an antique frieze. As they stride along, holding in sure balance on their heads their jars and baskets of homely produce, they tread the stony paths with the grace and largeness of action that we of the occident have grown to regard as belonging only to the age of Praxiteles.

The men are also admirable in the simplicity of their gestures, the big lines of their attitudes, the swing of their draperies. I saw a youth fling his mantle over his shoulder and fold it about him exactly in the manner of the classic Greek sculptural in his finely unconscious pose. God save the day when these sons of Canaan clothe their limbs in our ungainly garments!—Metropolitan Magazine.

OPEN AIR TREATMENT.
Reasons For Its Good Results In Cases of Consumption.
The advantages of the open air treatment for consumptives may be thus briefly summarized: The patient exposed continuously to fresh air gains in appetite, assimilates his food better, sleeps more soundly and awakens more refreshed. Free exposure to air is the best antipyretic. Sweating at night, formerly so common a symptom, usually ceases. Colds are practically unknown among patients leading an open air life. Secondary infection, on account of the comparative freedom of the air from micro organisms, is much less likely to occur. Tolerance of outside air is very quickly established, and no one who has tried the open air life will willingly go back to the former conditions of stuffiness. I have never seen any one made worse by exposure to fresh air. Even during a thick London fog patients get on better lying in bed on a balcony or in rooms with windows wide open and a good fire burning than when attempts are made to shut out the fog by keeping the windows shut.—Dr. H. W. G. Mackenzie in London Lancet.

RELIGIOUS TATTOOING.
A Custom That Is in Vogue in One Part of Italy.
In the "vanity" section of a museum at Florence there is an interesting collection of blocks used for what is called "religious tattooing" among Italian peasants of the district enclosed between the Abruzzi, Umbria and the Adriatic.

Peasants in these parts at work with shirt sleeves rolled up display a Christian symbol of some sort or a text tattooed in blue ink on their brown skin. This has been imprinted on the occasion of some special festival.

A wooden block is pressed upon the slightly drawn skin to mark the outline of the design. This is then punctured, and a blue ink is rubbed into the wounds, which usually heal in about twenty-four hours. The custom, which is essentially Christian, is in commemoration of the branding of St. Francis, who founded a monastery close to Loretto.—London Telegraph.

The Gentleman.
"The true gentleman," said Cardinal Newman, "carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all elating of opinion, all collision of feeling—his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate. He never speaks of himself except when compelled never defends himself by a mere retort. He is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments."

NOBILITY OF TREES.
A Tribute to the Majesty of the Mighty Oak.
Directly in my path stood an ancient swamp white oak, the greatest tree, I think, that I have ever seen. It was not the highest nor the largest round, perhaps, but individually, spiritually, the greatest. Hoary, hollow and broken limbed, his huge bole seemed encircled with the centuries, and in his green and grizzled top all the winds of heaven lay as if for him to come.

One could worship in the presence of such a tree as easily as in the shadow of a vast cathedral. Indeed, what is there built with hands that has the dignity, the majesty, the dignity, of life? And what life was here! Life whose beginnings lay so far back that I could not more reckon the years than I could count the atoms it had built into this majestic form.

Looking down upon him from twice his height loomed a tulip poplar, clean, boiled for thirty feet and in the top all green and gold with blossoms. It was a resplendent thing beside the oak, yet how unmistakably the grizzled old monarch wore the crown! His girth more than balanced the poplar's great height, and, as for blossoms, nature knows the beauty of strength and inward majesty and has planned no boutonniere upon the oak.—Dallas Lore Sharp in National Magazine.

Probable Inventions.
No one class of inventions has been so profitable to both the manufacturer and the inventor as musical instruments and appliances for same. Numerous improvements to the piano have been a source of large fortunes, and various devices are at present being continuously applied. Radically new instruments possessing real merit are the inventions needed in this line. The public is always ready to adopt almost anything new in both wind and stringed instruments.—Inventor.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The "Undesirables."
Not a few Britons will read with envy the official statistics just published at Washington showing the manner in which foreign undesirables are dealt with in the United States. Last year very nearly 8,000 of these unbecome guests were shut out from American hospitality, while 779 others who had previously gained admission were returned to their native countries as unfit for American citizenship. The rejected included paupers, physically diseased persons (there were 1,500 of these incompetents), convicts, the insane and imbeciles—in short, an exceedingly miscellaneous assortment of human rubbish, which, if allowed to land, must have, as in England, proved an intolerable burden to the indigenous population. But there is far more room in the United States than in our cramped and overcrowded Isles for continental riffraff. Last year the great republic accepted and digested over three-quarters of a million of desirable immigrants from Europe—an utter impossibility, of course, for the United Kingdom. But with all this readiness to receive really valuable labor from the old world, Washington most rightly draws the line sharply against importation of detrimental additions to the industrial population. At the present moment there would not be nearly so much distress in London were it not for the continuous inflowing of the poor, needy wretches who lower the standard of living and the wage rate in the unskilled labor market.—London Globe.

Stanley's Last Camp.
After a long search over the wilds of Dartmoor there has been found at last what Lady Stanley desired to mark the grave of Sir Henry M., the great explorer. This is a moonlight twilight long, four feet wide and two and a half feet thick and weighing six tons. It seems so far to have defied the finger of time and so promises to defy it longer still. Lady Stanley would have a stone that was "fashioned by the ages, tempered and colored by time and untouched by man."

The long looked for object was found on a farm lying recumbent on the borders of a natural roadway. Three of its faces had been exposed for countless generations. There were considerable difficulties in the way of its removal from Devonshire to Stanley's grave at Pirbright, but they were overcome. The stone may be seen in the quiet village churchyard, a testimony to the logic in Lady Stanley's grief and desire and therefore a fitting sign for the resting place of the African wanderer. The inscription bears simply the name so familiar to the world. Beneath it are carved the words "Bula Matari" ("The Rock Breaker"), Stanley's sobriquet in the dark continent.

New Zealand's Great Geyser.
One of the wonders of the earth is the gigantic geyser at Rotura, New Zealand, known as Waimangu. It made its appearance about two years ago and is situated near the one time famous pink and white terraces of Taumahanui, whose beauties were swept completely out of existence in the terrific eruption of 1886. The crater out of which the geyser issues is fully half an acre in extent and of enormous depth. When in eruption the whole of the gigantic funnel is filled with a huge column of black boiling mud and stone that shoots in the air to a height of nearly 1,000 feet, while the cloud of steam which accompanies it rises in calm weather several thousand feet.

To see it in eruption is said to be the sight of a lifetime. The awful force manifested by the ejection of the vast body of water and stones, the terrific roar of steam and hurrying rocks add to the weird grandeur of the phenomenon. Waimangu is really located in the center of the marvelous hot lakes and thermal springs region.

A Russian "Volunteer."
It is often said that Russians are soldiers "born." Occasionally, however, one is made to order. An English visitor in Moscow was in one of the side streets recently when his attention was attracted by the scuffling of feet, the swish of a whip and the sound of loud words.

Looking across the way, he saw a stocky fellow in a blouse flit on the ground and stonily resisting the efforts of two soldiers to set him on his feet and make him go along.

The Englishman turned to a man in official uniform at his side, who also was watching the struggle, but without excitement or interest.

"What's the trouble?" asked the Englishman. The official shrugged his shoulders. "There's no trouble," he replied. "It's only a peasant turning volunteer."

New Use For Wireless Telegraphy.
Wireless telegraphy is likely to be put to a new use. In England experiments are being made with wireless burglar alarms. Steel safes are equipped with transmitters. When the safe is opened the electrical waves are radiated. These waves come in contact with the usual coherer at some distant central point, ring a bell and so announce that the door has been opened. It is thought that when this system is perfected, which it is not as yet, no burglar will be able so to tamper with it as to destroy its efficiency.

The Coreless Apple.
The coreless apple has at last arrived. In color it is red dotted with yellow. It is without seeds and resembles the seedless orange in that a "slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end." But this can be obliterated by culture. It is estimated that by 1906 there will be 2,500,000 of these trees bearing fruit in the orchards of the world.—Chicago Tribune.

A "Practical" Wedding Gift.
Pearl—Oh, we had a delightful wedding and received so many silver presents. Ruby—That was fine. And did your father give something in silver too? Pearl—No; he gave us a bottle of acid to test the other presents with.—Chicago News.

Intended.
Bill—You made a funny break in conversating the bride's father in instead of the groom's will.—No, I didn't. I've a daughter, too, and I know what they cost.