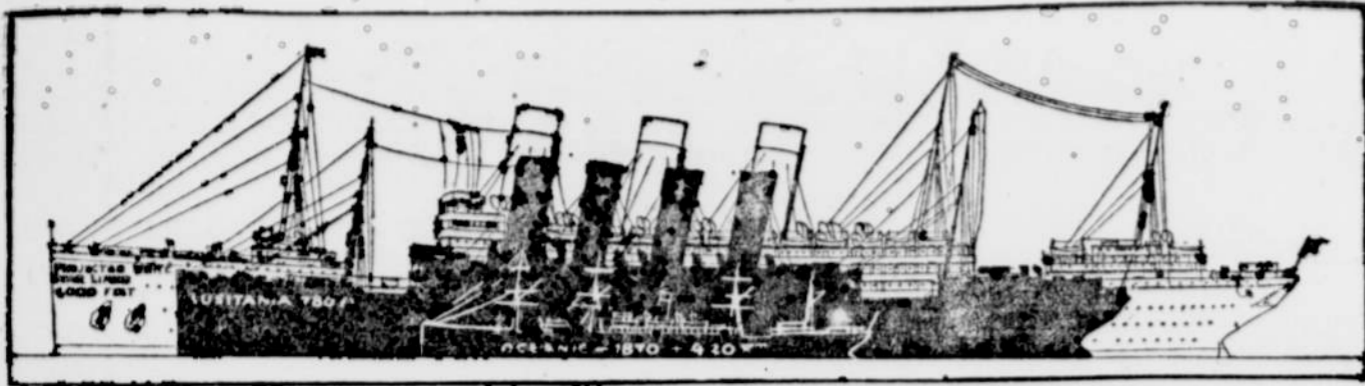


TO BUILD VESSELS ONE-FIFTH OF A MILE LONG.



It is a rapid age in which we live. So new are the new Cutwaters that one has not had time to lose wonder over these gigantic liners, to cease to marvel at their immensity of length and tremendous power. It looked as though these 700-foot steamships were to be the last word in marine construction, and that their 68,000 horse power marked the limit of motive strength. But now, while one is yet marveling at these new marvels, it is announced that the White Star Steamship Company has

contracted for the construction of two steamships that are to have the amazing length of 1,000 feet each, a length 210 feet greater than that of the Lusitania and 320 feet more than was the length of Brunel's great failure—the Great Eastern. These two steamships are intended to be far ahead of anything yet designed. Extraordinary speed will not be sought for in these larger vessels. About twenty knots an hour will be their gait.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF OCEAN LINERS.

Name	Date	Length, feet.	Displacement, tons.	Indicated horsepower of engines.	Speed, knots.
Great Eastern	1858	680	27,000	7,650	14
Britannic	1874	453	8,500	5,500	15
Imbria	1885	500	10,500	14,300	18
Compania	1893	600	18,000	30,000	20
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	1896	625	20,800	30,000	22
Deutschland	1900	662	23,000	36,000	23
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	1903	678	26,000	38,000	23 1/2
Adriatic	1907	723	38,000	40,000	23
Lusitania	1907	790	45,000	68,000	24 1/2
New White Star Liners	1908	1,000	about 60,000	20

CASTE IN INDIA.

One of the Great Causes Under Which the Country Suffers.

One of the greatest evils to-day in India is that of caste, which divides society among the Hindus in such a manner that there can be no intercourse between the members of different grades. The four main castes in India are the Brahmins, or sacerdotal caste; the chattris, or military; the vaisyas, or mercantile, and the sudras, or servile class. But there are almost innumerable other classes, of whom the very lowest are the Chandala, or pariahs, creatures so vile that to those above them their very shadow is a pollution. For the members of one of these classes to mingle among and perform service for the members of another caste is unthinkable, and so deeply is Indian society permeated with this pernicious principle that the whites are constant sufferers from it. Thus the servant who may sweep your room would not groom your horse, nor cut the grass on your lawn, for these are the business of other castes. Where a person loses caste by some infringement of the rules governing it, he sinks into a lower caste and transmits that heritage to his children. The people of one caste cannot trade with those of another, and in a multiplicity of ways the evils of the system affect the Hindus. Between the latter and the Mussulmans, of whom there are many millions in India, there is a deep antipathy.

Our illustration, taken from the Illustrated London News, depicts an incident which shows the superficial manner in which the rule of caste may be evaded. In towns where Hindus and Mohammedans live side by side, the sellers of drinking water supply the liquid through little pot holes, one for each religion. The drinker is thus supposed to be ignorant of the caste of

shall not only accomplish more, but with less exhaustion. Training in this direction will help us, on retiring, to view sleep as our present duty, and a sufficient duty, without taking the opportunity at that time to adjust (or to try to adjust) all our tangles, to review our past sources of discomfort, and to speculate upon the ills of the future.

A walk, a bath, a few gymnastic exercises, will often serve a useful purpose before retiring, but if they are undertaken in a fretful and impatient spirit, and are accompanied by doubts of their effectiveness and the insistent thought that sleep will not follow these or any other procedure, they are likely to accomplish little.

The best immediate preparation for sleep is the confidence that one will sleep, and indifference if one does not. This frame of mind is best attained by the habitual adoption of the same attitude toward all the affairs of life. It is an aid in its adoption as regards sleep to learn that many have for years slept only a few hours a night, without noticeable impairment of their health or comfort.

With regard to the character of the sleep itself, the attitude of our mind in sleep is dominated, to a degree, at least, by its attitude in the waking hours. It is probable that during profound sleep the mind is inactive, and that dreams occur only during the transition state from profound sleep to wakefulness, it is conceivable that in the ideal sleep there is only one such period, but ordinarily there occur many such periods during the night, and for the restless and uneasy sleeper, the night may furnish a succession of such periods, with comparatively little undisturbed rest. The character of the pictures and suggestions of dreams, though in new combinations, are largely dependent on our daily experiences. Is it not, then, worth

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

May Johnston's new novel, "Louis's Road," is a novel of Virginia in the days of Thomas Jefferson. An interesting feature of the book will be the story of the dramatic contest for supremacy between the party of Jefferson and the Federalist party, headed by Alexander Hamilton.

Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the Shakespearean scholar, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday by the completion of a new volume entitled "Shakespeare's Proverbs." Dr. Rolfe is to provide an introduction and notes. The selection of proverbs, maxims, etc., to be included in the forthcoming volume were originally made by Mrs. Cowden-Clarke and selected from the plays only. Additional selections from the sonnets and other poems of Shakespeare have been made by Dr. Rolfe himself.

Caroline Corner's forthcoming book, "Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam," will give a realistic picture of the native life of Ceylon. The author has spent seven years in the country and has made a thorough study of local conditions. Such characteristic ceremonies and customs as the devil dance, the strom-trom or Portuguese-Ceylon dance, the thanksgiving ceremony, the annual festival of the Sinhalese, the Jee-wama, a very exclusive rite, and the local form of celebrating nuptials are all described.

The Earl of Rosebery, himself one of the statesmen who have achieved fame in letters, writing of "Bookishness and Statesmanship" for the North American Review says: "Among great men of action we recall Frederick's love of letters and Napoleon's traveling library. Among statesmen we think of Pitt's sofa with its shelf of thumbed classics; and of Fox, a far more ardent lover of books, exchanging them and his garden for the House of Commons almost with tears; and of Gladstone's Temple of Peace."

Mme. Marcell Tinayre, the writer of "La Maison du Peche," has received the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur and startled all France by refusing to wear it, as it was the emblem of an order instituted by the first Napoleon, and designed for military men. It is now awarded without distinction of occupation, and within the last few years women as well as men have been honored with it. The book which brought Mme. Tinayre her fame has become almost a classic, yet she has never written anything to equal it since.

Every book of Dickens is now out of copyright with the exception of "Edwin Drood." It is well known that Charles Dickens the younger wrote introductions and many of these have been published with the volumes since his death as these books have fallen out of copyright. The introduction to "Edwin Drood" will be of special interest by comparison with Comyns Carr's solution of the mystery of the "left half told" in the play, recently produced in London by Mr. Tree. At the first night of the play the novelist's family occupied one of the boxes.

I Can Not Spell the New Way.
I cannot spell the new way,
As once I used to spell;
For when I try to simplify
I fail to do it well.

If indigestion seizes me,
Brought on by pie or cake,
I can't explain the sudden pain
Is just a common ache.

I cannot spell the old words
To match the modern whim;
If I should slip and bruise my hip,
I'd hate to write it lim.

And when a man is owing me
'Twould fill me with regret
To take my pen and ask him when
He'll pay that little det.

I cannot spell the new big—
Like Brander Matthews big;
I do not choose—I must refuse—
To drop a "g" from egg.

Perhaps I'm sadly out of date,
If so I can but sigh;
I cannot spell the new way,
I will not simplify.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Nature.
Good nature is worth more than
knowledge, more than money, more
than honor, to the persons who possess
it, and certainly to everybody who
dwells with them, in so far as mere
happiness is concerned.—H. W.
Beecher.

Not on the Level.
First Legislator—I don't like the
way that subway contractor goes about
things.
Second Legislator—Why not?
First Legislator—Well, I don't think
he works on the level.—Harvard Lam-
toon.

Misinformation.
Chubman—I understand, sir, that you
began life as a newsboy.
Guest of the Evening—I fear some
one has been fooling you. I began life
as an infant.—Boston Transcript.

Too Late.
The libraries crush cherished scheme
With all their treasured lore,
The things worth saving—so it seems—
Have all been said before.
—Washington Star.

Nature seldom hides a massive brain
behind a pretty face.

Playing with Fire

He lunched at his club, and drove to Cavendish square in the afternoon. A footman informed him that Mrs. Mowbray was at home, and he was shown into the drawing room and left to his own reflections. After an interval of about five minutes she came in.

The three years which had passed since he had seen her had scarcely changed her at all. He noted the small head perfectly poised, with its crown of fair hair, the slightly tilted chin, and the gray eyes that had lingered in his memory ever since she had dismissed him. Now he saw them light up with pleasure at the sight of him. She smiled radiantly.

"Geoff!" she said, "is it possible?"
"It's more than possible, it's an actual fact," he replied. "I got back to England a week ago."
She looked at him with her head on one side.

"You're not changed," she pronounced, after a pause of inspection.
"You are," he answered.
"Am I? In what way?"
"In a very important one. When I left you you were a girl; now you're a married woman."

"A change for the better," she laughed lightly.
"Of course! Especially when your husband is so celebrated a man."
"Oh, celebrity has its penalties," she answered, smiling. "You see, my husband is so immersed in his work and has so many scientific meetings to attend that I see very little of him. At times I am tempted to wish that he was not quite so distinguished."

"An ill-natured friend," he said, cheerfully, "informed me this morning that you crept under the lens of his microscope in order to attract his attention."
"Horrid! Who was it? Well, in a way, I suppose I did. At least, I took a lively interest in all his doings. I had made up my mind to marry him, and found the infuoria the best way of accomplishing my purpose. You see I am frank."

"Very frank. And now that you have accomplished it, I suppose you are quite happy."
"Not quite. One can't be quite happy in this world, can one? You see, a scientific man can't be always looking down the microscope at one object. So after a time he took me off the slide and began looking at the other—infuoria."

"Kitty! You don't mean—!"
She broke into a ripple of laughter.
"You absurd boy!" she cried. "How could you think—! But you don't know the professor. He is older than I am, of course. And I don't suppose he had ever looked at a woman before—well, before I put myself under the lens. And now that he has actually married one of us—has gone through the ceremony, so to speak—I am sure he considers that he has done his duty by the sex for the rest of his days. No, he has gone back to the other kind of infuoria—horrid little things with waggly tails. He finds them more attractive. You see how frank I am."

"Then he's franker still," he replied, "and tell me why you married him?"
"Well, it was a kind of experiment," she admitted. "I wanted to know how it felt to be the wife of a celebrated man; and besides I fell in love with him."

"And was there nothing?" he asked, in a slightly lowered tone, "no thought no memory of—?"
"Of?"
"Well, of me?" he said, bending down a little toward her and looking keenly into her eyes.
She blushed a little.
"None at all," she answered, hurriedly. "Don't be foolish, Geoff. All that boy and girl nonsense was over ever so long ago."

He straightened himself.
"Oh, well," he said, morosely. "I'm

afraid I must be going. So glad to have seen you, Mrs. Mowbray. Pray give my kind regards to your husband and tell him how greatly I regret—"
"Now you are more foolish than ever, Geoff," she laughed. "I'm not going to let you go so soon. You must come often, and we must see a great deal of one another. I get so bored at times. Sit down and have some tea, and tell me all about South Africa."

At tea their tete-a-tete was interrupted by the appearance of the professor and his sister. The professor was an elderly man, stooping slightly under the weight of his years, a trifle short-sighted, and with little puckering about his right eye due to years of research at the microscope. His sister, almost his own age, rigidly erect in black satin, had obviously no touch of his absent-mindedness. She was even unpleasantly alert; and Geoffrey, as he caught her eye fixed upon him with suspicious inquiry, felt absolutely uncomfortable, and was glad when the time came when he could take his departure gracefully.

"Good-bye, Geoff," said Kitty, as she shook hands. "Remember now—we expect to see a good deal of you as long as you are in town."
"Delighted," murmured the professor. "I'm a busy man myself. But my wife will always be glad to entertain you."

Geoffrey lost no time in availing himself of the invitation so frankly extended. At theaters, at concerts and in the park, he was constantly to be seen in Kitty's society. Her manner

tantalized him. She was always friendly, always glad to see him; and there were times when he thought that their intimacy was becoming more than mere friendliness. But Kitty was elusive. She knew how to skate daintily over thin ice, to turn a difficult situation with a laugh. It was slow work. But in proportion to its difficulty, his desire increased until it became a passion, wasting his days and giving him sleepless nights. He hated the professor now, and mingled with his hatred was a touch of contempt for the man who, possessing such a treasure, did not know how to value it.

He was sitting at tea with her. His manner was moody and attracted. After a pause he looked up.
"I'm going away," he announced, abruptly.
"Going away!" she cried, involuntarily. "When?"
"To-night."

"To-night! Why?"
"Why not? I'm doing no good here. I've been a fool for staying so long."
She strove to laugh, but the effort was a failure. She was conscious of a momentary sense of restraint. Then she was actually frightened as he rose and came over to her.

"You know why I am going," he said, tensely. "What right had you to play with me all this time—to hold out a promise?"
"I gave no promise," she interrupted, quickly.

"No, you didn't; not in so many words. You hadn't the pluck for that. You didn't mean anything really. You were content to play."
She was fascinated by his earnestness.

"But, Geoff," she whispered. "If I were not playing?"
"I'm kneeling beside her, and his fingers tightened upon her arm.
"If you were not! Kitty! Do you mean what you are saying? Come with me then—come to-night. I've made all arrangements to leave for Paris. We

can catch the 11 o'clock from Victoria. Will you come?"
"Oh, how can I? Yes. No. I don't know!"
The sound of the opening door startled them. He stood up swiftly, just in time, Miss Mowbray, the professor's sister, entered the room. When she saw them her eyelids narrowed. Half an hour later Miss Mowbray confronted her brother in his study.

Geoffrey had intended to send in the note by the servant. But seeing the professor, a flash of mischievous humor made him hard to him.
"For Mrs. Mowbray?" he said. "Do you mind? Thanks, so good of you. It contains a few arrangements for our expedition this evening. We are going to the theater."

The professor took it in silence, and watched him as he turned away. Then he went into the house and entered the drawing room. His wife was leaning against the mantelpiece.
"From Mr. Arnott," he said, handing it to her gravely.

She opened it with assumed carelessness. It contained a desperate appeal. For a moment she felt an intense indignation that he should have dared to make her husband the bearer of such a message. Then the fire died down, and she thought of what life might possibly come to mean with a man who loved her and who did not merely accept her as a fact in the routine of a somewhat colorless life. She raised her eyes to meet those of her husband.

"Thomas," she said, curiously, "are you busy this evening?"
"I have a meeting," he answered dubiously.
"Is it very important?" she asked, with a slightly mocking stress upon the word.

"It has a certain importance."
"Then you wouldn't give it up if I asked you?" she said slowly.
Some instinct told him that the question meant much to him.
"I would," he answered, quietly.

"Oh, Thomas!" she cried, surprised. "But your meeting! Why?"
"Because, my dear," he answered, courteously, "I consider it more important to please you. Do you really wish me to give it up?"

"Mr. Arnott and I am going to a theater," she said. "I do wish you would come with us."
"I will," he answered.

She let the letter fall into the fire, and watched its edges curl and blacken in the flames.
"He is to call for us at 7," she said. The theater party was not a success. Constraint reigned in the box. Arnott strove hard for a word with Kitty, but she gave him no chance. She kept her husband constantly at her side. When it was over, Arnott shook hands, a defeated man.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Mowbray," he said. "I shall not see you again. I leave for Paris to-morrow."
"A pleasant journey," she answered. When he had gone, the professor, conscious of the evening's restraint, looked at her anxiously.

"I'm afraid you have not had a pleasant evening, my dear," he said.
"No matter," she replied. "I'm so happy, Thomas. Take me home."—Black and White.

Not a Solider.
The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago Orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium Theater. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well-known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas's librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work.

"Mr. Thomas's compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests me to state that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsal."
To which Mr. Burridge replied, suavely: "Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas; and please inform Mr. Thomas that, if Mr. Burridge cannot whistle with the orchestra, he won't whistle at all."—Success Magazine.



EVADING THE LOSS OF CASTE IN INDIA.

the man who supplies the water and his own caste is consequently unbroken. For a Brahman, for instance, to be served by a Mussulman would be a desecration of the latter's holy state, for the Brahmins are regarded by the Hindus as divine and fit subjects for veneration even by the gods.

A FAULTY HABIT OF MIND.

Things to Avoid if One Would Sleep in a Restful Way.
The number of people who in spite of themselves count the hours through the night in a vain endeavor to win sleep is surprising. "Couldn't sleep," is the apology for heavy eyes and dull brain. Coffee, worry, excitement, are scapegoats only, and do not help us solve the problem. Why can we not sleep?

Sleeplessness, in the majority of cases, is due to a faulty habit of mind. The preparation for a sleepless night begins with the waking hours, is continued through the day, and reaches its maximum when we cease from the occupations which have in some degree diverted our attention from harassing thoughts, and retire, to struggle, in darkness and solitude, with the worries, doubts, regrets, and forebodings which now assume gigantic and fantastic shapes.

The nervous breakdown which precludes sleep is oftener due to worry than to work. Nor should the sufferer jump too quickly to the conclusion that it is the loss of sleep rather than the worry that makes him wretched. It is astonishing how much work can be carried on without extreme fatigue, provided it be undertaken with confidence and pursued without impatience. It is, however, essential that the work be varied and, at due intervals, broken.

No one can acquire the habit of sleep who has not learned the habit of concentration, of devoting himself single-minded to the matter in hand. If we practice devoting our minds, as we do our bodies, to one subject at a time, we

while to encourage, during our waking hours, such thoughts as are restful and useful, rather than those which serve no purpose, but annoyance?
If we will, we can select our thoughts as we do our companions.

NOVEL SHIP PROPULSION.

Wind Motors in Pairs Operate the Propellers.
A resident of Stettin, Germany, has invented a unique scheme of ship propulsion which he has had patented in the United States. This propelling mechanism for ships is by means of wind motors, doing away entirely with steam or electricity. The wind motors are arranged in pairs on each side of the ships, and transmit power to the propellers by suitable shafts and gearing. For the purpose of greater development of power two of the motors are coupled together upon one shaft. Arranging the motors on both sides of the ship and connecting to two propellers facilitates access and the transference of power. If one of the propellers gets out of order the second motor still remains operative. Unfortunately, the inventor does not give any idea of the speed of a ship so equipped.

For Mothers.

Don't forget that you are, or ought to be, your children's ideal of all that is perfection, and that it is your duty to live up to their ideals in every possible way. Not an easy task, but wonderfully inspiring.

Setting Him Right.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did the bonnet cost you?
She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.
He popped.

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