

KING EDWARD AND HIS FAMILY.



King, Queen and Princess of Wales in the first row; Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria in the second row. The children are the little "Waleses."

HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon;
Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode
With bending back beneath the load,
Until the night beset my way
With cheerful thought on song and tale,
And so I fare by hill and vale,
Contented day by day.

For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without need
And find sweet comfort on the road.
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load,
—Leelle's Monthly.

THE EVOCATION.

WE had been talking of spiritualism, telepathy, and black magic; the conversation turned to apparitions and mediums. Among us all, men and women, assembled in the drawing-room after a long and formal dinner, there were several who were skeptical, two or three vaguely credulous, without certainty one way or the other, and my friend Francois, who was an ardent believer in what we not of the faith agreed to call spiritualism. In his mind there were vast differences in the meanings of terms, but for me spiritualism covered them all. One of the young women, making allusion to the recent experiences of an English medium, asked:

"Is it true that M. Crooks has seen and touched the spirits, or, rather, the material forms of the dead?" M. Crooks is a very learned man, they say. If he has not been the victim of an illusion or an imposture, I must confess that his testimony would have great influence on my own faith.

"It is certainly a mystery," said Francois, thoughtfully, "and a mystery which those who have never had any experience are willing to deny existence to. But if this man has not been mistaken or deceived; if he can, as he says, prove scientifically that souls survive bodies, preserve their identity, their personality, their memory, and have the power to become material and visible to living people, what a revolution it will make in philosophy!"

"Oh, how I wish I might have some experience of the kind," sighed a young girl.

"Well, I don't," responded one of the men. "I would fear for my reason if I should see the phantom of my mother come at the call of a medium, and, on the other hand, I resent the idea that my own soul, when it is freed from my body, must be obliged to clothe itself in visibility at the command of a living person."

"One of my friends," said Francois, "tried the experiment, and it cost him dear."

"Tell us about it," cried the women, drawn by the instinctive delight in the supernatural.

Francois responded: "It is not a very happy story, but it may be interesting. It shows that it is not always safe to interfere with those powers which govern the unseen. Here is the story," and he related the following:

Pierre Franckel was one of the best friends of my childhood. I saw him again when he was 20 years old, a pale young man with blonde hair, eyes as blue as the sea, singular eyes, large and fixed, lit as by an interior light, in the eyes of a girl, somewhat unusual in the face of a man. With a delicacy of coloring, a slightness of build and a soft sweetness of voice the beautiful eyes gave to my poor friend a charm almost effeminate. But he was a manly fellow and had a great many friends.

He was 23 years old when he met Madeline Maurice at a ball given in the chateau of Changis. This young girl was poor but brilliant and well born, beautiful, vivacious and gracious. Her great black eyes spoke eloquently to the blue eyes of Pierre, and he was fired with an enthusiastic and sincere love for her. He had been a skeptic on the subject of love, so that it came

to him with all the force of a new experience, and she had nothing to lose by being compared to former objects of adoration. She was the first to enter his heart, and she took entire possession. She returned his love and accepted his proposal of marriage.

It took Pierre some time to talk his family into consenting to the match, but after they had seen and talked with Madeline they succumbed to the charm of her personality. They were married and he took her away immediately to a house he owned in the country, where they lived alone and revealed in the pure and happy love they had found in each other.

Then, suddenly, death broke the dream. Mme. Franckel died without any preparation for death, without suffering, while she was seated at the piano playing a sonata of Mozart's, on a beautiful moonlight evening of summer. Her husband stood leaning against the window listening to the music and breathing the fragrance of the night. The music stopped at the precise moment that the soul left the body, and Pierre, surprised at the pause, turned to find his wife dead, a smile on her lips, her head resting against the back of her chair and her fingers still touching the keys of the piano.

For several years the poor man shut himself up and would see no one, hiding his suffering from the world as he had hidden his joy. One day I called to see him, and on account of our old friendship I was admitted. I found but a shadow of the young man I had known. His hair was gray, and his movements betrayed him to be suffering from a nervous disease. He soon spoke of his sorrow and gradually opened his whole heart to me.

"The question of immortality is constantly in my thoughts," he said. "For five years I have searched philosophy, studied hypotheses and questioned religion, and I am still divided between faith and doubt, which is killing me. If Madeline's soul exists it will manifest itself to me. I look for her constantly, waking and sleeping, and I feel that she must come. I would give all the years of life that remain to me to see her for one instant in all the sweetness of her youth and beauty."

I tried to turn my friend's thoughts from this idea, for I feared his reason would give way. But he persisted in his hope. One day he asked me if I knew a certain Claymore, a Scotchman, who had made quite a stir in Paris as a medium. He was a peculiar man, undoubtedly sincere, and I had enjoyed meeting him several times.

"You must introduce me to him," said Pierre. "He has evoked spirits into material form, and if he can bring Madeline to me I will owe him more than my life."

I used all my power of persuasion against this decision, but he was firm, and finally I gave in. I first went to Claymore, however, and told him my friend's history and begged him not to abuse a credulity brought about by extreme suffering.

"I can give him what he wants," replied the Scotchman. "Take me to him. You may trust me."

"Will you permit the presence of a witness?"

"Certainly."

The next day Claymore, accompanied by a medium, entered the house where Mme. Franckel had died five years before.

It was in June. The villa, with its closed windows, seemed to desire to keep out the soft beauty and warmth of the night air. Inside the house all was dark and chilly. As Pierre met us he shivered.

"If her soul lives," he said, "it is in this room." His voice shook with mingled joy and fear.

"For the last time," said I, "do not commit an act as one sacrilegious and dangerous." But he did not even hear me.

The medium was a young woman, pale and slender, who fixed her idolizing looks on Claymore's face. The light in the room was very dim, coming from a single candle, which stood above the fireplace. The window had been opened wide and the moonlight came faintly in. The spiritualist put out the candle and led the young woman into a dark corner of the room. Then in a low, solemn voice he abjured

the spirit of the dead woman to manifest itself.

"Oh, my sister," said he, "my unknown sister, departed from this earth, come back for one instant in the material form you once took on. Appear, evoked by faith and love. Come! Madeline!" His voice rose and grew ardent, while the medium became convulsed with trembling movements.

All at once Pierre cried, "Listen! Listen! The sonata of Mozart!"

A harmony, light and soft as a sigh, floated from the motionless keys of the piano, which stood just within the pale stream of moonlight.

"She is coming," said Claymore, solemnly, stretching out his hand. "Madeline! Madeline!" cried Pierre, falling on his knees.

I am telling you what I saw—or thought I saw. The room was dark save for the one thread of moonlight which touched the piano and traced a line upon the floor. Suddenly the mysterious music ceased and in the moonlight, before the piano, the whitest seemed to thicken and slowly to form itself into the contours of the human body. More distinct it grew until I saw sitting there a woman dressed in a long, flowing gown of white, her head back against her chair and a smile on her pale lips.

Pierre had sprung to his feet. "It is you, my beloved!" he cried, and with outstretched arms he moved toward the white figure and fell at its feet.

At the sound of the fall I threw off with a great effort the spell which held me and ran to him. The figure vanished and I raised my friend, to find that he had breathed his last at the feet of his dead wife. He had paid the price for the vision. On his face was an expression of purest ecstasy.

There was a long pause when Francois finished his story, which told the deep effect he had produced upon his hearers. Finally the young woman who had been most eager in her request to hear the tale said, in a low voice:

"Please let's talk of something else."

—Translated from the French of "Gilbert Dore."

MORGAN BUYS VALUABLE PORCELAINS

FROM THE GARLAND COLLECTION.

J. P. Morgan purchased the Garland collection of oriental porcelains, the finest collection in the world, which has been on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York for many years. It was announced that a London dealer had purchased the collection from the Garland estate for \$300,000 and would take it to Europe. Morgan decided that the collection should remain in America. What he paid is not known, but it is supposed that he gave considerably more than the amount offered by the London dealers.

Particularly Out.

An acquaintance called on some ladies who had been much wearied by an endless succession of callers. The door was opened to her by Pompey, the faithful old servant.

"Are the ladies in, Pompey?" said the young lady.

"No, ma'am, they're all out, ma'am," responded the old retainer.

"I'm so sorry, I missed them," replied the visitor, handing in her cards. "I particularly wanted to see Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, ma'am, thank ye, ma'am. They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Bell is particularly out, ma'am," was the reply that greeted her hearing as the visitor opened the gate and the front door closed.

Short on Houses.

The Brazilian coast city of Bahia has about 200,000 inhabitants, who live in 17,000 houses.

LOTS OF ROUTES TO HEAVEN.

More than Six Score of Them in One of the Canadian Provinces.

It may be that Chicagoans can find as many roads to heaven as are at the disposal of residents in Ontario, and if they can there's a plenty. An authority in a city over there says there are no fewer than 127 accredited shades of religious belief in that section of the new dominion. These are among the many:

Adventists, Agnostics, Almighty, Ammanites (Amish), Anglicans (Church of England), Anglicans, Apostles' Association, Ark of the Covenant, Athelists, Baptists, Free Will Baptists, Believers, Bethelites, Bible Students, Brethren, Buddhists, Broad Church of Calvinists, Carmelites, Catholic Apostolic (Irvingites), Children of Christ, Children of God, Christians, Christian Association, Christian Brethren, Christian Catholic, Christians, Christian Scientists, Christian Workers, Church of Christ, Church of the Firstborn, Church of God, Confucians, Congregationalists, Covenanters, Daniel's Band, Deists, Disciples of Christ, Divine Science, Divine Sect, Dutch Reformed, Elzeans, Evangelists, Evolutionists, Faith Healers, Farringlouties, Fiths, Followers of Christ, Free Church, Free-thinkers, French Church, Friends (Quakers), Gathered Out, Gentiles, German Catholics, German Reformers, Greek Catholics, Helpers, Hittites, Holiness Movement (Hornrites), Huguenots, Humanitarians, Infidels, Jews, Jude's Church, Latter Day Saints (Mormons), Liberal Christian, Lord's Religion, Lutherans, Materialists, Marshallites, Mennonites, Messialites, Metaphysicians, Methodists, Miclats, Millennial Dawnties, Missioners, Mohammedans, Monics, Nazarenes, New Church (Swedenborgians), New Era, New and Later House of Israel, New Theology, Nonsectarian Body, Orthodox, Pagans, Pantheists, Philosophists, Pilgrims, Plymouth Brethren, Presbyterians, Primitive Brethren, Protestants, Rationalists, Reformed Episcopalians, Reincarnationists, Religion of Love, River Brethren, Roman Catholics, S. Temple, Sabatarians, Saints of God, Santarians, Salvation Army, St. John, Skeptics, Sectularists, Secularists, Socialists, Spiritualists, Sycenials, Theosophists, Tunkers, Truth Seekers, Unionists, Unitarian, United Brethren (Moravians), Universalists, Unspecified, Watchtower, W. M. C. A., Zionists (Dovvites).—Chicago Chronicle.

VISITING KING MENELEK.

Nothing Outside His Own Country.

Oscar T. Crosby gives in the Century Magazine his "Personal Impressions of Menelek," the King of Abyssinia, a ruler who, Mr. Crosby says, has never been out of his own kingdom, speaks no European language, and must devote most of his time to internal affairs. But in spite of the lack of advantages of travel and education, in the ordinary sense, Menelek is a powerful figure and has done more for his country than all of its previous rulers accomplished.

Such an expansive body of water as the ocean, says Mr. Crosby, he cannot conceive. The rotundity of the earth has been explained to him, but was not grasped. He marveled when I told him of the difference in time between New York and Addis Ababa.

Of New York he seemed not to have heard when I referred to it as the big city of my country. Pictures of great commercial buildings and views of cities made, I thought, rather a faint impression on him. The coolly bridle was over his face, and he marveled at its height, although just how the interpreter translated figures and distances I do not know, since in my transactions with Abyssinians I did not discover any unit of length, although such measures exist. The Capitol at Washington, which was described to him as corresponding to his residence, made some impression on him when its size was explained.

When the books were put aside, a new magazine pistol which I had picked up in Paris came in for minute examination, and then took its place in his collection of small arms, which must now be well-nigh complete.

Among the illustrations shown to the King were some of the big New England cotton-mills. These I tried to identify to Menelek as the places in which were manufactured nearly all of the cotton goods which his subjects wore, a fact that I had learned with surprise and pleasure while on the coast.

In other ways also I tried to make clear my nationality, but in the end he dictated, with his secretary wrote: "Mr. Crosby, the Englishman, has permission to go down the Blue Nile."

Revival of Croquet.

Croquet, in its improved form, is more popular in England than ever it was. Tournaments take place in all parts of the United Kingdom, and wherever the English do congregate on the Continent, while iron hoops once more adorn the lawns of country houses that for years surrendered conditionally to the lawn tennis net. In the neighborhood of London croquet is all the go at Sheen House Club—the headquarters of the association—at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and other fashionable resorts. The croquet championships will soon rival cricket and golf fixtures in popularity, and as the game has caught on at the "varsities," it will, we suppose, take its place among the hotly contested events in the annual battle of the blues. Mr. Kipling will have to find a scurrilous phrase to describe the croquet players, for as ladies are among its most enthusiastic votaries, "fanned fools" will not do.

The Wrong Plaid.

The Scotch gardener of a New York estate had vague notions of geography. One of his master's youngest sons was trying to explain to Tobias the extent of his country. Finally he ran into the house and brought a many-colored map of the United States. Tobias bent over it a minute, then exclaimed: "Mon, mon, 'tis no to be trustid; 'tis laid out in the plaid o' 'thae lvin' Mac'Fechlans."

It behooves those high in political power to provide themselves with parachutes.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

Changes of a Lifetime.

It took the Roman republic some ages to pass from the simple poverty of its early days upon the seven hills to the age of Augustus, but the American republic has made that change in one generation.

In the second decade of the nineteenth century the lives of the American people were severely simple and plain. Most of the necessities of life were raised on the farm by the people living on it. Most of their trading was done by barter. The country people scarcely ever got in the course of a year more than enough money to pay their taxes. The farmers' houses were almost destitute of furniture. Except a few school books and the family Bible, there was no reading matter, except in the poorest neighborhoods where two or three families took a weekly newspaper together. Mails were infrequent and postage was almost prohibitory. The era of invention had not begun. The only mode of cooking was the open fire and the brick oven. Meat was roasted by suspending from a cord attached to a hook in the ceiling. It was with great difficulty that fires were started or kept going. This and food and the labor of men and animals were freely borrowed and lent. Farming tools were rude and deficient. The poverty of farms in respect to tools made it impossible for farmers to prosper except by cattle raising and the cultivation of the small grains. Heating stoves or furnaces were unknown. Communication between distant parts of the country was practically non-existent and transportation was of the crudest sort. Men were narrow and bigoted. Civilization was stationary. There was a prejudice against innovation and change, a belief that all wisdom was in the fathers.

Contrast this simple, narrow life with the complex and broad life of the poorest farmer of our time. Think of the tools and horses, the machinery and the improved methods he has. Think of the comforts and luxuries that are his. Think how farming has been changed from slavery to inspiring work. Think of the great picture of the past with the general wealth, progress in education, diffusion of knowledge, opportunities and hopefulness of our own times. Only the beginnings of the great power of the people are so far seen. As a matter of fact the tremendous changes wrought by improvement of communication and transportation have made it possible for great free governments to exist permanently.

It is now and ever will be the fashion to talk of the good old times, but in America the old times are not to be compared with ours. Our wealth has not spoiled the nation, though it has ruined some classes. At the core the nation is sounder now than formerly because it is wiser and better trained and equipped.—Minneapolis Journal.

Feminine Overwork.

Now and then one hears the comment that women never know when to stop and take a rest, but persist in going on and on until they are exhausted. The explanation is that they are doing so much for their families and for the world that they have no time to rest.

AN ECCENTRIC FIGURE.

Henry Labouchere an Eccentric Character in England.

Probably there is no one in the public eye in either Europe or America who has as many eccentricities as Henry Labouchere, the Anglicized Frenchman who has for so long been conspicuous in the journalism of London and the politics of Great Britain. He has many imitators, but no equals. "Labby," as he is familiarly called, does not care a fig for public opinion or for the good will of any creature under the sun, yet in some respects he is immensely popular.

Mr. Labouchere is no longer young. He passed the seventy-five-mile post on his journey some months ago. He is an omnivorous reader, but a small eat-meat. Except at the stern command of his physician he has not touched wine for years, and then the order was limited to one glass of claret daily. He is equally indifferent to eating and to his surroundings and would dine as willingly in the cheapest restaurant as in a fashionable hotel and sleep as comfortably in an attic as in a palace.

He is a radical of the radicals and represents Northampton in Parliament. He has been involved in many libel suits, and at one time Sir Charles Russell accused him of wearing shabby clothes in order to reduce the damages in such cases of litigation.

At 23 years "Labby" was an attaché of the British legation at Washington, where he is dimly remembered as a rather "fresh" youngster, fond of playing Mr. Self-important. In 1863 he was made second secretary of Constantinople, but failed to assume his duties. Formal inquiry was made as to the reason for his delay, and in due course a letter arrived at the Foreign Office stating that as inadequate provision had been made for his traveling expenses and that as his private means were limited the attaché was walking and would in due time reach the shores of the Bosphorus. In the following year he left the diplomatic service.

"PEARL OF MADRID."

This Endearing Title Is Bestowed Upon a Former American Girl.

The most popular among the foreign ladies resident in Madrid is a former American girl, Mme. Patenotre, wife of the French ambassador to the court of Alfonso XIII. During the recent coronation festivities in the Spanish capital Mme. Patenotre was praised and courted as was no other woman in the kingdom. She is a favorite of the Queen Regent, for whom she has a special fondness, and on many occasions she has had the King as her guest. She is

so popular among the elite of the kingdom that she has been called the Pearl of Madrid.

Mme. Patenotre's maiden name was Eleanor Elverson. Her father was the former publisher of the Philadelphia Inquirer and one of the millionaires of the Keystone State. She was educated in Europe and on her return home after a six-years' absence she was pronounced the most fascinating woman in the Quaker City. Her facility for acquiring languages was remarkable. She is proficient in German, French and Russian, and had been living in Madrid only six months before she was able to speak the peculiar dialect of that province with the ease and fluency of a native. In 1854 she became the wife of Jules Patenotre, then French Ambassador to Washington. In 1867 he was transferred to Madrid.

when one comes to think of it, is a simple one. Women have for innumerable generations been engaged in work which does not admit of vacations, while man's work does. Hence a public opinion has grown up in the one case which does not exist in the other.

The type of woman who is liable to overwork is conscientious. If she goes away for an absolute rest of a month or three months, or a year, she hears a chorus of voices denouncing her as idle, incompetent or neglectful of duty. This is especially the case if she be the mother of a family. She never gets away from the care of that family, and she is always conscious of the fact that if anything happens in her absence she will be condemned by a jury of her peers for having been away when it occurred. This sort of thing takes all the rest out of a vacation, and few people have the nerve to disregard it.

This morbid conscientiousness, however, is not a thing to encourage. The thing which every human being should do is to make sure, first, that he or she has a fair amount of the work of the world to do, and second, to stop when that share is done, if a rest is necessary.

Of course, most people who are worth anything in life do more than their share of work, but they should not break themselves down in the process. Every sensible person should find out how far it is possible to go, with safety to health and usefulness, and stop there unless life and death are involved. In that way more will be accomplished for one's self and for others than by continual overwork out of some notion of pride or duty which is not real conscientiousness at all.—New York News.

The Press and Crime.

Much has been said and written upon the idea that the press, by the publication of the details of crime, incites to the commission of other crimes. Because the details of a suicide or a murder are sometimes copied by other suicides or murderers there are those who generalize from that fact that a curb should be put upon the press to restrain them from giving the sensational incidents of such tragedies.

People who argue in that fashion to such conclusions understand human nature imperfectly. They who know most of the psychology of the human animal understand that there is no rigid law of imitability that will explain incidental repetitions of example. The facility of appealing to any such law was evidenced in the cases of Cain and Abel. The law does not exist, else both those boys would have been righteous instead of the one, and to-day we would be rejoiced by seeing only good boys and good girls in the families of which the parents are models of morality.

Humanity is born crooked—twisted into a living interrogation point. It wants to know all about things, and it finds out that there are things. It instinctively wants to put this and that together and get at the ends of things—and that is why the baby tries to put his toes in his mouth. That same inborn curiosity follows the human creature always and

accounts for the enormous growth of newspapers and gives invincible support to the doctrine of the freedom of the press.

One of the greatest laments of a reading civilization is that the world's history begun before the printing press was invented and the reporter who interviews got on the scene. How really satisfying it would be even now to read the details of the meeting between Satan and Eve, a stenographic report of their conversation and graphic interviews with Adam after he got fired from the Garden of Eden and with Noah after he ran aground on Ararat!

Newspaper makers know human nature better than amateur moralists. They do not find that news reports of crimes breed crimes any more than news reports of gifts to charity set everybody else to giving. They know that the real newspaper gives the news—the stories of the daily life of the world—the good, the evil, the wise and the silly, because the public want to know it all and will be satisfied with nothing less. The newspaper is printed for the ninety-and-nine that are wide awake, and not for the one who yawns for the millennial age.—Atlanta Constitution.

Playing with Moral Fire.

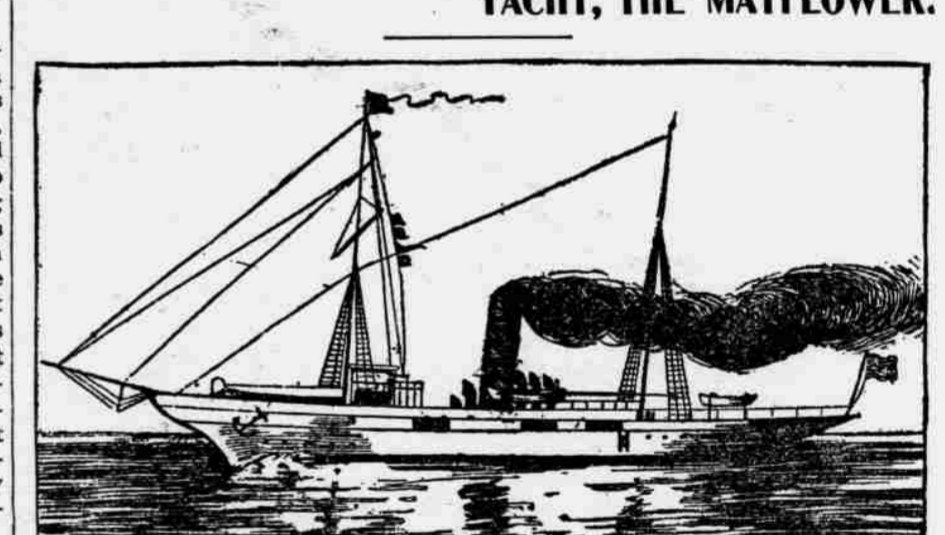
In various parts of the country there has been an extraordinary number of tragedies of late arising out of the adventures of unmarried women with married men. Morbid literature, chiefly of foreign birth or extraction, has been promoting in this country the myth of platonic affection between men and women, married and single. Almost invariably the platonic illusion is actualized in a sordid ending. If crime does not cause the parties or annihilate either the reputation of both suffer, and it is the unwritten law that the woman in such a case suffers beyond repair, while the guilty man escapes or endures with complacency the stigma which cannot be effaced from the future of his companion.

There is no prudence in mincing words about these escapades. A married man or woman who seeks intimate and constant companionship outside the family circle to which he or she belongs is either a libertine or a fool.

No plea of extenuation can be set up for the moral laches of a married man or married woman. They know perfectly well that they are playing with fire or playing the trapper of inexperience. No family of intelligence or self-respect will cause the social attentions from a married man to an unmarried woman when those attentions transcend the bounds of absolute decorum. Yet mothers who are ambitious or avaricious will let their innocent daughters play with this moral fire with whose flame nine times in ten they are bound to be burnt.

Many a blackened home is a grim monument to the satanic character of the myth of platonic love between married men and unmarried women and no less often between married women and unmarried men.—Chicago Chronicle.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OFFICIAL YACHT, THE MAYFLOW.



President Roosevelt's official yacht, the Mayflower, has been practically remade and more than \$50,000 has been spent on fitting up her interior in a style that rivals the royal and imperial yachts of European princes and potentates. Not the Hohenzollern itself can outdo the presidential yacht in splendor, luxury and beauty of appointments, upholstery and decoration. The President's personal apartments, in the aft of the vessel, are a dream of refinement and comfort. He has six state rooms for his own use and for the use of his family. Silk hangings, soft carpets, the most expensive of fancy wood, fine mosaics, luxurious easy chairs and lounging sofas, glittering art bedsteads and other equipments of this kind wait on the presidential pleasure when he sees fit to take the sea air. Similarly with the culinary department. The kitchen and dining room staff can serve on sand Russian and had been lying idle since then. Recently the President decided to have it fitted for his personal use. The presidential yacht has a displacement of 2,600 tons, is equipped with twin screws and has a horse power of 4,700. It is one of the fastest steam yachts afloat.

manufactured by an English concern.

It consists of a three cylinder pump, mounted on a truck and driven by a petroleum motor. In case an emergency, the pump is ready at once, without loss of time in raising pressure with a steam engine. Its efficiency is assured through the numerous tests which have been made particularly against fires in highly inflammable materials.

Cuba's Flag Is Old.

The flag of the Cuban republic antedates the establishment of the republic itself by a good many years. It dates back to about 1850. It has a Masonic origin and hence the triangle. The red field is the emblem of war. The purpose of the movement here in the United States was to conquer the island. Southern people, fighting Masons, were the leaders. The three stripes represented the three departments into which the island was then divided. The white stripes were put in merely to divide the blue. The star which appears in the red field was the lone star of Texas. In New Orleans there existed the Association of the Lone Star. They assisted Narcisco Lopez with money and in other ways when he invaded Cuba in 1851 and adopted the flag of the association out of gratitude. When Cespedes began the revolutionary movement of 1898 he had another flag, but the people of Puerto Principe and of Santa Clara raised the present flag, and that was adopted as the Cuban national flag when the first constituent assembly came together in 1899.

AN EMERGENCY FIRE ENGINE.

A convenient emergency fire engine is shown in the accompanying illustration, which, Engineering says, has several commendable features. It is manufactured by an English concern.

Two-thirds of the letters written, even when they are not dangerous, do not amount to anything.