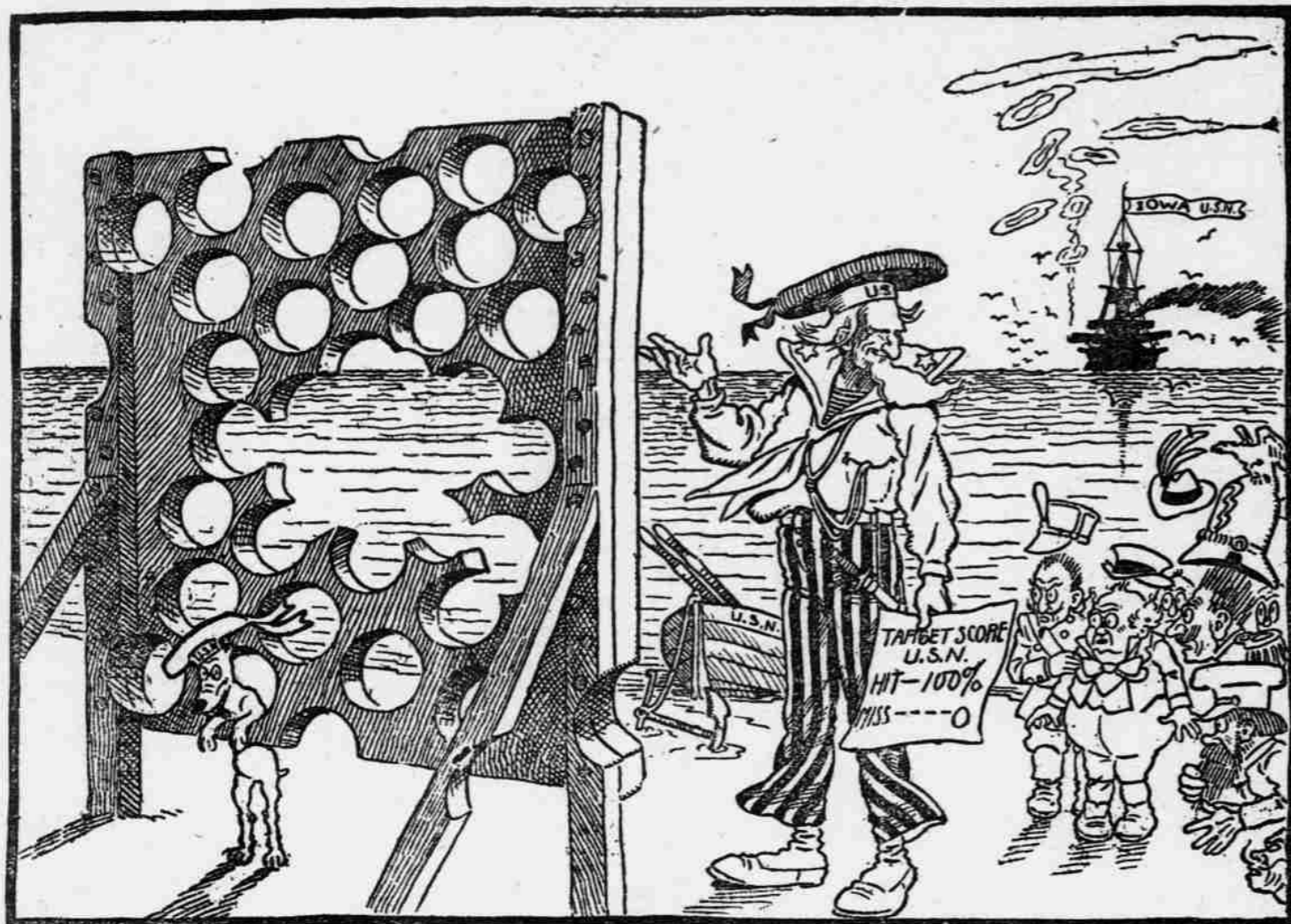


## HAVE A LOOK!



"In target practice with a six-inch gun the Iowa scored 30 hits and no misses."—News Item.

### A SONG FOR THE WEARY.

Life is but a world of battles;  
You must fight them would you win;  
With the idleness that plagues,  
Victory has never been;  
Then why should you be complaining  
If in one attempt you fail?  
Each endeavor gives you training,  
Till at last you shall prevail.

Nuggets of success are lying  
Underneath life's rugged road;  
Dig and dig, and keep on trying  
Till you strike the precious load.  
Skies above you will be bluer  
As along the way you tread,  
Friends around you will be truer,  
So be brave and go ahead.

Time is fleeting, so be doing  
Any task there is for you;  
You are stronger, while accruing  
Gains of good and wisdom, too.  
Be not with the drones and shirkers,  
As through life they idly stroll;  
Victory belongs to workers,  
Strive and you will reach the goal.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### An April Shower

It was all so absurdly trivial. In fact, she had almost forgotten what it was about.

They had quarreled before, lots of times, and over more serious matters, but they had always made it up again directly afterward until now.

Now she came to think of it, it was always she who had begun the quarrel and he who had begun the making up. And quite right, too, she said to herself. When he proposed to her he had told her that he worshipped her; that he was her slave till death; that for her sake he was ready to go through fire and water. She had only to command, and he would obey.

Very well, then; she had taken him at his word. She had commanded and he had obeyed—until now.

She had never asked him to go through fire and water for her. No, she was much too reasonable for that. She had never demanded the impossible. The things she had expected him to do were all quite simple and easy.

"I wouldn't order George about quite so much if I were you, Kate," her sister had said to her the other day.

"What do you mean?" she asked in amazement.

"Well, I don't exactly know how to explain it," said Em. "You know you're quite a pleasant, easy-going sort of person, generally speaking, but with George you're a perfect tyrant. I sometimes wonder why he puts up with you."

"You don't understand," returned Kate, loftily. "When a man is in love with his wife it is the greatest pleasure and privilege in the world for him to do her bidding."

"Even if it makes him look like a fool?" asked Em, whereupon Kate preserved a dignified silence.

Of course, Em had never been married, never been engaged even, and consequently knew nothing about the feelings of people in love.

Yet, somehow, those words of Em's rankled.

She thought of them now, as she stole into the garden, where George had taken refuge after dinner.

She knew where she could find him. He was sitting in his favorite place, under the old apple tree at the back of the lawn, unconscious of her presence.

Noislessly she stole up behind him, and stood watching him, as he moodily puffed at his pipe.

A ladybird had dropped from some overhanging bough, and was crawling slowly up his back in the direction of his collar.

Had she really made George look like a fool? And did he mind looking a fool—for her sake? Surely the ideal, the perfect husband should shrink from nothing, not even ridicule, incurred in his wife's service. And yet—and yet—no man likes to be made to look like a fool. It isn't in human nature.

Thoughtfully she stared at the ladybird, as it made its slow, laborious journey across George's light coat.

After all, perhaps, she had expected him to do a little too much fetching and carrying, and all that sort of thing.

Of course, man should wait on woman. That was perfectly right and proper, but—there are limits to everything.

Was George beginning to recognize this? Was that the reason why he had not been as ready as usual to patch up their last little squabble?

Now she came to think of it, she remembered how the squabble had originated.

She had commissioned him to get a

certain back number of an illustrated paper that contained a portrait which she had admired.

The offices of the paper were in Fleet street, and George had an office in Holborn, so that it would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to get that paper. But no, he had simply forgotten all about it. He had had a busy, harassing day, he said. He was awfully sorry, and he would be sure to remember to-morrow.

Now, she had particularly wanted the paper that very day, but what upset her most was not so much the want of the paper, as the fact that he should have forgotten to fulfill a wish of hers.

His business worries had, for the time, obliterated the remembrance of her! The thought was unendurable. She had told him so, and that is how the squabble had begun.

The ladybird had by this time reached the rim of George's coat collar.

Well, certainly he had been looking rather worried lately. Perhaps it was a little unfair to expect him to devote his entire thoughts to her and her wishes.

She began to remember a hundred petty tyrannies which she had exercised and to which he had submitted patiently.

Harmless little tyrannies, most of them but quite unnecessary, too—tyrannies she had practiced simply because she loved to see him at her feet.

She remembered reading somewhere once that the true secret of married happiness was the principle of "give and take."

The woman, as well as the man, must be prepared to give and take. Up to the present he had done all the giving, she all the taking.

How blind, how selfish she had been! She saw it all now.

Why, why should the man be always on his knees to the woman? Why should she be the queen, and he the slave? She had never questioned her right until now, and she could find no reasonable title to the claim.

Surely the woman who loves her husband should be as ready to serve as to be served. There could be no question of commanding or obeying on either side.

The ladybird was balancing itself in a reckless manner on the edge of George's white collar. If he moved his head ever so slightly, the tiny thing would inevitably be crushed.

In the midst of her remorse she was seized with a sudden solicitude for the ladybird.

Stepping up behind George, she flicked it lightly and dexterously from his collar.

He felt the gentle touch and turned his head in surprise.

The next moment a pair of soft arms were flung about his neck, a hot cheek laid caressingly against his own.

"George, I want to make it up," she whispered, "and—there's such a lot I want to say to you."

When she had said it, with her pretty head very close to his, he turned to her with a glad smile.

"I'm the proudest, happiest man in the world to-day," he said. "I didn't realize until this moment what a sensible little woman I had married. Don't think, dearest," he added, hastily, "that I ever regretted the vows I made to you when I asked you to be my wife. There is nothing I wouldn't willingly do for you. It was only when I found that my love was in danger of spoiling you that I began to resent the—"

"The horrible tyrannies I practiced upon you," she interrupted quickly.

"George, what a selfish little wretch I've been!"—Indianapolis Sun.

### NO DOGS FOR LIBERIA.

Emigrants Failed to Secure Government Permits in Time.

Great was the sorrow of a party of negroes from Irwin County, Georgia, when they had to part from their dogs the other day. The White Star pier resounded with their wailings. The howls of the dogs added to the outburst.

"How can we get along without dogs in Liberia?" was the plaintive query of one of the men. There were fifty four persons in the party—thirty-two men, twelve women and ten children—bound for the African land of promise.

They had two bloodhounds and two "powerful hie coon dogs." But when they trooped aboard the Teutonic man at the head of the gang plank said "Get out!" to the dogs.

"They're ours," said the leader of the emigrants. He was pained to learn that his ticket didn't include dogs, says the New York Press. He was told he must get a government permit before the dogs could be received at an English port. He communicated that fact to his companions and then—the sounds of sorrow arose.

"Them bloodhounds has followed a scent fifty miles," moaned George Scott. But, under orders, he tied the dogs in the waiting-room. When the Teutonic left her pier the animals strained at their ropes, but couldn't break them, and their masters and mistresses soon were far away.

"Pity they couldn't take the coon dogs with them," said a pier hand.

"There'll be great sport in Liberia. I hear it's full of coons."

Truth fears nothing so much as solitary confinement.

## SOME STORIES OF RUSKIN.

He Still Feared His Parents When He Was Forty Years Old.

One gets the impression from reading of Ruskin's early years that he missed many of the privileges of healthy boyhood. When he was a man, he and a companion were out one day upon the mountainside. They passed a group of men, says a writer in the Strand Magazine, who were engaged in rough work with pickaxes.

"How I wish," said Ruskin, "I could do what those men are doing! I was never allowed to do any work which would have strengthened my back. I wasn't allowed to ride, for fear of being thrown off; nor to row, for fear of being drowned; nor to box, because it was vulgar. I was allowed to fence, because that was genteel."

Sometimes, when he was living with his parents at Denmark Hill, he would enjoy a surreptitious row on the river. "I used to be told," says the same companion, "not to let his father and mother know where he had gone." Ruskin was then in the forties.

It is easy to read here a woman's fears and prejudice and domination. Ruskin was always, quite properly, under his mother's control; but it is possible that if he had had the outlet of reasonable athletics his destructive moods would have been less marked. It was during his residence at Denmark Hill that he was anathematizing something or somebody most unreasonably.

"John," said his mother, "you talk too much and you talk nonsense."

"Yes, mother," Ruskin replied, as humble as a little boy, and changed the subject.

Ruskin was not afraid to admit to others besides his mother that he was wrong. In a lecture at Oxford when he was a Slade professor, Sir William Richmond defended the fame which the world had accorded to Michelangelo and Rafael. Formerly Ruskin had denounced Michelangelo and was not very well pleased with Sir William for presenting the other side. When Ruskin recovered from the illness which had caused him to give up the Slade professorship, Sir William retired, that he might fill it again. Touched by this, Ruskin sent, asking if he might come down and dine with his former pupil, who was delighted to have him. At the close of a pleasant evening, Ruskin said:

"Willy, why did you make that violent attack upon me about Michelangelo?"

"Mr. Ruskin, because you talked nonsense," replied Sir William.

Meanwhile Mr. Ruskin rose to go. "You are quite right, Willy," he said, in his candid way. "It was nonsense."

## QUEER STORIES

Sweden is said to have the lowest death rate of any civilized nation. During the last ten years the annual average has been only 16.49 per thousand.

A fence nearly two hundred feet long at Livingston, Mont., is made entirely of horns of the elk—more properly called wapiti. These animals, like the others of the deer family, shed their horns once a year and grow new ones. The old horns are found in large numbers in the forests, and are used for various commercial purposes.

The old notions of phrenology have been dispelled and a new system of localization has been established. The localities in certain parts of the brain mean leg, arm, speech, and so definite are they that a skillful expert can often-times get at, and by trepanning, remove the cause of paralysis of one or another of the muscles or faculties.

There is an extraordinary old man at present living in Russia, in the village of Marewka, in the government of Smolensk, known as "Sweet" Snip. He was born in May, 1775, and is, therefore, 127 years old. He has never been ill, and is able to walk each Sunday two versts to the village church. He also does work at the Schloos, knits stockings and weaves sandals.

American tourists abroad often comment upon the literal translation into English of notices in foreign languages. The well-meant efforts of landlords and others to convey, in the language of the visitor, the meaning of the native, often produce laughable results. A Washington citizen found this notice posted in his room in an Alpine hotel: "Misters, the venerable voyagers are earnestly requested not to take clothes of the bed to see the sun rise for the color changes."

The fifteen principal causes of death, with the rate per one thousand, as made public by the census bureau, is as follows: Pneumonia, 191.9; consumption, 101.5; heart disease, 134; diarrheal diseases, 85.1; kidney diseases, 88.7; apoplexy, 66.8; cancer, 60; old age, 54; bronchitis, 48.3; cholera infantum, 47.8; debility, 45.5; inflammation of brain and meninge, 41.8; diphtheria, 34.4; typhoid, 33.8; and premature birth, 33.7. Death from all principal causes shows a decrease since 1890, the most notable being consumption, which shows a decrease of 54.9 per one hundred thousand.

Much interest has been awakened by the alleged discovery of small squids, miniature representatives of the terrible devil-fish of the ocean, in Onondaga Lake, near Syracuse, N. Y. Prof. John D. Wilson and others have pronounced the specimens to be genuine squids, and the discovery has brought out accounts of previous finds of the same kind in the lake. Prof. John M. Clarke suggests that the animals may be descended from ancestors which entered the lake when it was in communication with the sea by way of the St. Lawrence valley, and that their kind has been enabled to survive amid such strange surroundings on account of the salinity of the bottom waters of the lake, which are in contact with the rocks from which the Syracuse salt works derive their supply.

When a man returns from a visit, all the information his women folks can get out of him is by applying questions that are answered with a "yes" or "no."

In novels the hero sometimes marries money, but in real life a man marries kin.

## AUTHOR OF "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER," CELEBRATES EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY



Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Far in sin to stay.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Help to make earth happy  
Like the heaven above.

Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, author of the famous poem, "Little Drops of Water," recently celebrated her eightieth birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a school teacher in Boston, and her object in writing it was to help her pupils understand the value of little things. A few years later the poem had been translated into many languages, and generations have recited and sung it in all the civilized countries of the world. Mrs. Carney's husband, who was a Universalist minister, died at Galesburg in 1871.

### POORHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT.

Labor Candidate Who Won a Notable Victory in London.

Political preference awaits the man of ability in England as well as in this country. This is shown by the recent election in the Woolwich division of London, where William Crooks, labor candidate for Parliament, defeated his opponent, Geoffrey Drage, Unionist, by a majority of over 3,000 although the constituency has for many years been regarded as a majority of nearly 3,000.

WILLIAM CROOKS.

The election of Mr. Crooks is a victory for the labor vote, which has caused the London Times to say: "The election means that the specter of government has shown itself at last among ourselves."

Crooks was born in 1852 and spent a portion of the early years of his life in the poorhouse at Poplar. After leaving this institution he worked at odd jobs until he was 14, when he was apprenticed to a cooper. As late as 1878 he tramped from London to Liverpool in search of work. He was then in the greatest poverty, but before that had he engaged actively in trade agitations. He worked hard for the dockers in the great London dock strike and became chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians and other local bodies. Subsequently he was elected mayor of Poplar—the first labor mayor ever elected in England. He then became a member of the London County Council and has since been supported by his fellow workmen.

Mr. Crooks is a man of the John Burns type. He is a ready speaker, a skilled politician and a well-posted social economist. He neither drinks nor smokes, but devotes all his time to his duties and to self-improvement. His selection has greatly strengthened the labor party in England, impressing upon it the value and necessity of solidarity. During the South African war Mr. Crooks was an advocate of the Boer side and strongly denounced the action of the British government.

### RANK OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

In Point of Architecture It Is in a Class by Itself.

One moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the Park Commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams's taste in landscape architecture. That afternoon crowds of people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semi-tropical had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located, in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience.

A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both similarities and the differences of two pictures were being discussed, we sat in the quiet night, behind locked gates, where not a sound of the city streets broke the grateful silence of water splashing in the fountain. On the high portico the President, amid a group of dinner guests, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretarial office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed the harmonious lines of its graceful shape.

"Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the

general style of the White House—many of them larger and much more costly—is there any that, in point of architecture, surpasses it?"

"No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied deliberately—a judgment confirmed later under the noonday sun.—Century.

### Zestful Frankness.

Unexpected frankness now and then gives a special zest to the humor of a situation in Congress. When "Gabe" Bouck was the representative from the Oshkosh district of Wisconsin, a pension bill came before the House, to his great vexation of spirit; for, while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his political interests were strong enough to whip him into line. On the day the bill came up for final disposal a fellow-member met Bouck in the space behind the last row of seats, walking back and forth and gesticulating excitedly, bringing his clenched right fist down into the hollow of his left hand, to the accompaniment of expletives which would hardly look well in print.

"What's the trouble, Gabe?" inquired his friend. "Why all this excitement?"

"Trouble!" snorted the irate lawmaker. "Trouble enough! That pension bill is up, and all the cowardly nincompoops in the House are going to vote for it. It's sure to pass—sure to pass."

"But why don't you get the floor and speak against it—try to stop it?" suggested the other.

"Try to stop it?" echoed Bouck. "Try to stop it? Why, I'm one of the cowardly nincompoops myself!"—Century.

### Sudden Death Forbidden.

The sultan of Turkey insists that every ruler or person of high political importance should die a natural death. The Stampa, of Turin, says that other manners of death are not officially recognized by Nischan Effendi, the censor.

When King Humbert was assassinated at Monza, the Turkish newspapers announced the sad event in this way:

"King Humbert left the hall amid the frenetic cheers of the people. The king, much affected, bowed several times, and to all appearances was immediately dead."

When the Shah of Persia was assassinated, the Turkish papers said: "In the afternoon the shah drove to his summer palace, and there complained of illness. His corpse was sent to Teheran."

One paper excelled all others by this absurd piece of euphemistic simplification: "The shah felt a little ill, but finally his corpse returned to the palace."

This was too much even for the Turks, who kept the phrase as one of their proverbs.

### How a Snake Moves.

Now any one who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as ten hundred and fifty pairs. In these lies the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower ribs are pushed just a little bit forward. Of course, each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead.—St. Nicholas.

When a woman goes shopping, and takes along some of her kin and a few friends to help her select, the clerks soon acquire the harassed look a rabbit has when the dogs surround it.

## Science AND INVENTION

Ever since telescopes were invented astronomers have been troubled in their observations by the unsteadiness of the air. Prof. S. P. Langley has lately pointed out a surprising method of getting round the difficulty. He has shown, experimentally, that if the air in a long telescope tube is vigorously agitated, a quiet image of stars and other objects will be produced. Photographs of telescopic images taken in this manner appear to justify Prof. Langley's conclusion.

In Brussels, Malines and other Belgian towns, a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it into use, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter filled with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great calorific power, which can be used for heating purposes and for driving gas-engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible.

The members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh were interested, at a recent meeting, in the announcement by Messrs. A. E. Shipley and Edwin Wilson of the discovery of an apparatus, heretofore overlooked or neglected, at the base of the mosquito's wings, whereby the characteristic humming of that insect may be produced. The specul examined was the anopheles maculipennis, and the apparatus consists of a slightly movable bar provided with a series of well-marked teeth, which, as the wings are raised and lowered, rasp across a series of ridges. The structure of the apparatus is described as very complex, but the music produced, as everybody knows, is extremely effective.

Mr. Marconi believes that at some future time—he will not fix a date for it—wireless telegraphy will become available for domestic and office use, thus performing the functions now allotted to the telephone. He has already made experiments which convince him that it will be possible, with the aid of small models, or miniature, of his sending apparatus, as now erected on a gigantic scale at Poldhu and elsewhere, to transmit messages from the interior of rooms which can be received in other rooms in the same city, or in neighboring towns. The walls of the houses will form no obstacle, but one of the chief problems will be that of a proper attuning of the instruments to prevent interference of waves, and to secure privacy for the messages.

In the new Simpson tunnel under the Alps, which will be by far the greatest tunnel in the world, having a length of fourteen miles, and which, it is now reported, will be completed in July, 1905, the quantity of water flowing out of the southern end, from the many veins encountered in the heart of the mountain, amounts to 15,000 gallons per minute, and furnishes sufficient power to compress the air by which the drills are worked, and to refrigerate the tunnel. The necessity of refrigeration may be judged from the fact that the heat in the deeper parts of the tunnel rises as high as 140 degree Fahrenheit when not artificially reduced. Life would be impossible in the tunnel, where 4,000 workmen labor, if a successful system of refrigeration had not been devised. When a continuous hole through the mountain has been made, the temperature can more easily be kept down. Two-thirds of the work was completed last July, and the greatest obstacles have now been overcome.

Knew What Man Can Do.

A story of James B. Eads, the engineer of the great bridge at St. Louis, points to the kind of spirit that was in him, which did far more than his technical skill to make him a great man. The story is told by Colonel Frank A. Montgomery in "Reminiscences of a Mississippian."

When Eads was presenting to the committee of the House the plans which he had devised for rendering permanent the channel of the Mississippi River, there was on the committee a man named Jones, from a mountain district in Kentucky.

This man, whose presence in Congress, not to say in this committee, was one of the many unexplained mysteries of American politics, continually interrupted Eads with foolish questions, and annoyed a man who was bent on giving to the committee the best of his knowledge.

Presently he said, "Captain Eads, do you believe it possible to control the waters of the Mississippi River so as to prevent overflows?"

Eads looked at him a moment and then said:

"I should have great contempt for the human mind if I did not believe it could do it."

"That speech had in it much of the American faith in the ability of man to do what has not been done before, a faith that in this case gave us a great work by which all the people of the Union have been benefited, for prosperity to the delta of the Mississippi has meant prosperity to many States.

Quaker Paraphrases.

A new book on nautucket contains some stories that are well known to lovers of the good old town, but may not have been widely repeated. One of them hangs on the Quaker custom of numbering the months and the days of the week instead of using the profane mythological names.

A Quaker schoolmaster set this copy on the blackboard for his writing class:

"Beauty faded soon,  
Like a rose in 6th month."  
It was probably the same man who read to his scholars about Robinson Crusoe and his good man "Sixth Day."

If a man is a church member, his reputation for sincerity is in jeopardy every time the women members hold a sale.