

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Enterprise of Medicine.

A VERY neat and ingenious way of increasing the number of the diseased is to widen the definition of disease until it becomes all-embracing. Here stands John Doe, in the year 1903, sound in mind, limb and brain. He is not a patient of any physician, and he never means medicine. But the great and profitable scheme of modern business (and everything is business nowadays) is to give people new wants and then supply those wants. Teach a man to smoke and then you will sell him tobacco. Give him a disease, and then you may sell him attendance and medicine. Medical science, therefore, must invent a disease to fit John Doe and make him a patient. A neurologist (the technical name for the drummer or trade-builder of medical science) is set to watch John Doe. He observes that John, once in a while, crosses his legs mechanically and pulls at his shin. "Aha!" exclaims the neurologist. "I've got him. John Doe, you are a kratopodomaniac!"

Poor John Doe is then in the toils. What a horrible affliction, this kratopodomaniac name! A form of degeneracy! May lead to serious conditions unless checked at the start! Thus say his wife and family, echoing the doctor, and thus John thinks. Away to the doctor and the drug store! Vanish peace of mind, gone after departed health. Behold John Doe, henceforth a poor valedictorian, turning over his income to prosperous gentlemen of the medical profession. And yet John Doe is exactly the same as he was before the habit of crossing legs and pulling at one's shin was denominated a disease.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Farmers Need Help.

THE Orange Judd Farmer calls attention to the labor famine on the farms of the West. Farmers everywhere are confronted by a most discouraging lack of farm labor. Agricultural operations are greatly curtailed simply because it is impossible to get the services of the necessary human labor. The farm household as well as the farm suffers for lack of labor. There is a great demand for domestic servants, and they are even scarcer than "hired men." The farmer suggests that the city people who need or desire country life but are without funds should take advantage of the situation and offer themselves as help for farmers and their wives.

The suggestion is an excellent one. The anemic, nervous clerk would do well to quit his employment and go to the country and try hard manual work. The city is full of dissatisfied persons who probably never will be satisfied in the city. Why should not some of these break away from the delusive attractiveness of the city and get out where there is need of them; go from where they are not wanted to where they are in demand? Why would it not be good for alling shop girls and nervous teachers to go to the country households? Hard work? Of course, but hard physical labor is just what mentally tired and nervous people often need.

The social relations of farmers and their help are not such as to offer a bar to the most high-toned. On the farms the help, whether men or women, are part of the household. There are no distinctions. Everybody works hard and the fare is the same for all.—Minneapolis Journal.

Get-Rich-Quick.

POSSIBLY because its cause has so far remained unrecognized, the Get-Rich-Quick habit continues to spread. The art of steady workmanship and thorough knowledge of the crafts shows signs of dying out. The young man of today is no longer the probable millionaire at 30, and rails bitterly at fate if his golden dreams be shattered in the ward of a workhouse.

Rush for luxury and rush for money are synonymous. In its endeavor to keep pace with this increased cost of luxury, the modern generation succumbs to the Get-Rich-Quick habit. Men of this stamp cover the maximum amount of ground in their business in the hope of striking a gold-bearing patch. They become jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none. They try to run before they are compe-

tent to walk—forgetting that an intimate knowledge of the parts is essential to an engineer.

We have no wish to denude the call to a more strenuous life, which, happily, seems to be reaching the ears of our captains of commerce. But we would point to the dangers of unchecked ambition which the rank and file run in their race to Get-Rich-Quick. Men who learn the spending end of a business first are apt to form the waste products of a State. In their hurry to build their private Rome in a day, and to enjoy all its costly pleasures before they have had any time whatever to realize whether it is firmly set upon its foundations, disaster often befalls the impatient wealth-seekers of to-day. They do not grasp that the odds are all with sound principle and systematic method as against mere pace. Too often, in consequence, they profit neither themselves nor the community.—London Express.

The Home Influence.

THE family and the home are the foundation stones of civilization, and in an especial sense are they the props of a free government. It is the home training that makes the virtuous citizen, and if the right family influences are lacking, the results are bad citizenship and bad men. Nothing can take the place of home training or make up for the loss of it. The school, the college, even the influences of religion, are the aids and complements of the home training. The family guidance and instruction begin from the earliest years, when the child is most impressionable, and when its mind and character are most plastic, and continues until the years of discretion. The most rigid self-discipline, the most careful and long continued education which falls to the lot of the most fortunate youth, can scarcely eradicate the tendencies formed in early youth in an evil home; and the great, simple lessons of honesty, truth, love, mercy and virtue, whether taught by formal instruction or unconsciously imbibed in the atmosphere of a sound, honorable household, leave their impress upon the man or woman till the end of life, and have their powerful, determining influence upon character and destiny. . . . It is, therefore, of the highest importance, both for the sake of the individual and of the nation, that the beneficent home influences of a good family should encircle the young completely, and even follow them wherever they go out into the world. We are so busy that in too many instances, where the parents are intelligent enough to know the value of binding their children to the home and keeping them close under its sheltering care, the young are permitted, through mere carelessness, to drift away insensibly from the home and loosen its sacred ties. This often happens because children and parents do not have amusements, diversions and interests in common, and sometimes because the elders do not make due allowance for the nature of youth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Should Ministers Learn a Trade?

A CLERGYMAN of Philadelphia who has examined the statistics of the various Protestant denominations, and has been disturbed by the number of ministers who are without a charge, strongly urges all young men who intend to enter the ministry to learn some trade either before or after their ordination. His idea is that besides giving the minister a certain experience, which would make his ministrations in or out of the pulpit more sympathetic, a trade would in many instances, be a good thing to fall back upon. It is certainly important that in some way or other a young theological student should come into practical contact with the busy world. In some cases, however, it would be a distinct loss for the church to have a young man who is very evidently called to the ministry spend months in bread-and-butter work at an age when his time would better be given to other things. More generally, perhaps, if the present indifference with respect to the maintenance of churches in a large number of small communities is to continue, the young minister will feel justified in protecting himself against possible poverty in the future by first making himself proficient in some trade or professional line before he seeks ordination.—New York Observer.

A REFORMED IDLER.

Wonderful Change in the Life of Lord Balfour, England's Premier.

Those who twenty years ago knew Arthur J. Balfour, the present English premier, will never expect that he would attain the high office which he fills to-day.

None of us dreamed, said an old associate of his in 1885, that he would ever become a successful politician, let alone a great statesman. As president of the local government board and secretary for Scotland he had managed to

Arthur J. Balfour, miss all his chances of doing anything remarkable. He was clever enough, but he simply couldn't take the trouble to work. It seemed to be almost too much bother to him to live. He seldom got out of bed before the afternoon, and often he would not go to his office for three or four days at a time. Dispatches bored him. Parliament was a nuisance, and the officials of his department tore their hair over his neglect to keep appointments and sign important documents. They never expected him to sign them; if they could get him to sign them a week late they thought themselves lucky.

Well, this was the man whom Lord Salisbury appointed chief secretary for Ireland in 1884—one of the stormiest periods in the modern history of that country. Of course, everybody raged and said that Salisbury had appointed the most unfit man he could have found in a day's march, simply because that man happened to be his own nephew. The Irish members were delighted. They thought they had got a man of straw for their chief opponent. Parnell alone saw the truth.

"Don't deceive yourselves," he told his colleagues. "Salisbury knows what he is doing. There's a great deal more in Balfour than he has shown us yet. He will turn out to be the strongest chief secretary for generations past."

And so it proved. Faced at last with an immensely difficult and important task, Balfour altered his habits completely. There was no more lying abed until noon, no more neglect of business, no more scorn for petty details. He rose with the lark even after a hard night's session in the House of Commons and worked hard all day and every day at his office. When he became chief secretary he knew no more about Irish affairs than the average man in the street, but in less than a month he surprised the permanent officials by his

thorough knowledge of every branch of Irish government.

And as he worked and learned his character and will grew stronger. The lazy, vacillating philosopher who couldn't make up his mind about anything became in a few short weeks the stern administrator.

Strange to say, this man who has risen to the top of the tree in British politics is no lover of politics. He is a politician, by family influence and chance, not by choice. The nephew of Lord Salisbury, Arthur J. Balfour was "born to the purple" and destined for Parliament from his Eton days. But his tastes, are literary and academic, not political and practical. He cares more for the honors which have been showered upon him by all the British universities in recognition of his achievements in philosophy than he does for his political fame.

"Give me my books, my golf clubs and leisure," he once said to a friend, "and I would ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics and retire to-morrow without disorganizing things and neglecting my duty I would gladly do so."

BIT OF FRENCH HISTORY.

An Empire Lost for Want of the Right Sort of Riding Habit.

An old legend which makes no pretense to truth tells how a kingdom was lost for want of a horseshoe nail. But a recent volume of sober historical and biographical purpose, written by Count d'Hervilly, makes it appear that the Empress Eugenie, after the battle of Sedan, lost the chance to preserve the empire of her husband by not possessing exactly the right sort of riding habit. It was the evening of September 3, 1870.

The news of the surrender of the French army and of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan had spread about Paris, continues a writer in London Society. The city was excited, and there was talk of a revolution and the banishment of the imperial family. At this juncture Emile de Girardin, a man who was trusted by the empress, and who had had no little experience during previous changes of government, arrived at the Palace of the Tuilleries. "If your majesty were to appear on horseback in the midst of the people," Girardin said, "and announce the abdication of the emperor in favor of the prince imperial, your own assumption of the title of empress regent, and the appointment of Thiers as prime minister, the empire might be saved. Something must be done to turn the tide."

The empress accepted the advice. But when this leader of the world's fashion sought for a proper costume

for her performance it could not be found! The only riding habit in the Tuilleries was a fantastic one of green, embroidered with gold and silver, made for a festive hunting occasion; and the hat was a no less fantastic three-cornered affair of the epoch of Louis Quinze. The empress felt that it would not do to appear in this garb on such an occasion. Her appearance in it might have the opposite effect upon the people from that which she intended. The plan had to be given up, the empress and the prince imperial were banished, and the Napoleonic empire was at an end.

The American Boy in History.

In America, Sidney Lanier and Howard Pyle have taken the lead in releasing boys from the bondage of false ideals of heroic adventure. Miss Alcott was one of the first American writers who dared to make boys and girls human; to Mary Mapes Dodge belongs the honor of first—in a story for children—so subordinating geography and history to color and atmosphere and both to the boy who is her hero; that her delighted reader wonders when he gets to Holland why he feels as if this is his second or third visit there.

Fuck, patriotism, energy, loyalty, independence, and uncompromising revolt from moral priggishness and conventional sentiment are the national ideals of character which the English and the American boy in fiction stand for to-day. Gallagher, Lew, and Jackin, Aldrich's Bad Boy, Tom Sawyer, Pony Baker, Harvey Cheyne, Dan Disko, and Stalkey and Co., are not always conservative members of society, and are often far from comfortable to live with; but, as varying as the degrees of social position, of opportunity and environment they represent, they are thoroughly human and national in their translation of life's obligations, their desire for life's pleasures, and in the energy with which they devote themselves, in turn, to each.—Julia R. Tutwiler, in Gunton's Magazine.

Cost of Handling Freight.

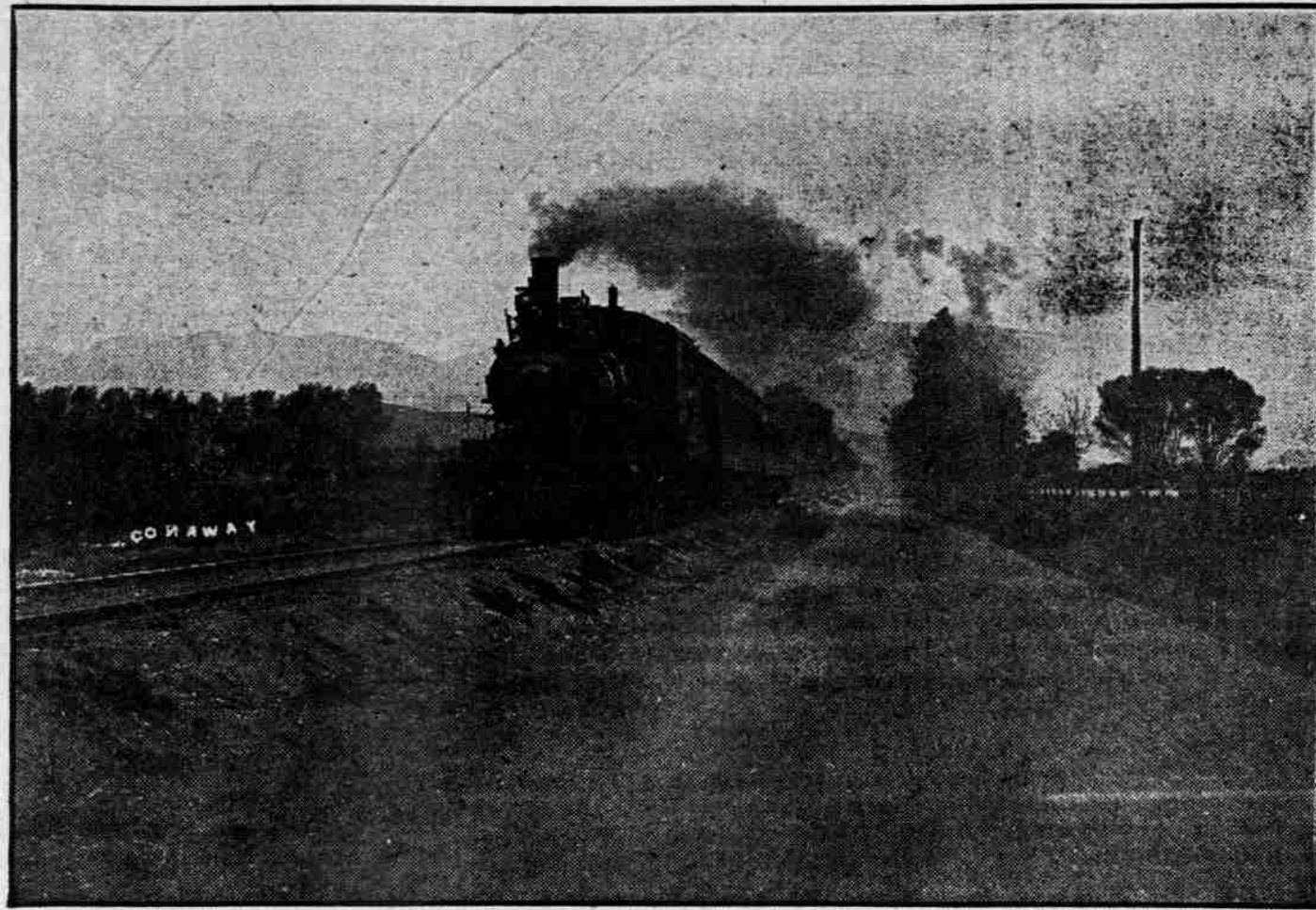
The cost of freight hauling per ton per mile on the London Northern Railway, England's most important line, expressed in cents, is 1.49; on the Pennsylvania Railway the cost is .404 of a cent, and on the New York Central .416 of a cent.

London's Birth Rate 400 a Day.

In London each day 400 children are born and 250 enter school for the first time.

A cantaloupe is like a kiss; when it's good, it's mighty good, and very bad when it's bad.

THE LOWE SPECIAL ON IT'S RECORD BREAKING RUN BETWEEN CHICAGO AND LOS ANGELES



Los Angeles, Cal., August 31.—The Santa Fe's remarkable run with the special train carrying millionaire H. P. Lowe of the Engineering Company of America from Chicago to this city, established a new transcontinental record. The train left the Santa Fe station in Chicago at 10:15 a. m. Wednesday, and arrived in Los Angeles at 1:06 p. m. Friday, Aug. 7th, covering 2285 miles at an average rate of 42.8 miles per hour, and beating the time of the Santa Fe, California Limited by more than 15 hours. The fastest previous run to the coast was made by the Peacock Special from West to East, its average speed being 41.7 miles an hour between Los Angeles and Chicago.

TWAIN'S ROAST CHICKENS.

Cooked in a Peculiar Way that Made Them Delicious.

Recently Major John B. Downing, of Middleport, Ohio, was discussing army chicken stealing and the various ways the boys had of preparing them to be served. The Major was a Mississippi river pilot in his young days, and stood at the wheel as a cub under the watchful eye of "Sam" Clemens, the Mark Twain of the present day. "Speaking of chicken stealing," said the Major, who is now gray and reminiscent, "we had great times on the Mississippi when Mark Twain, Jake Estep and myself were together. Jake would have made a typical soldier. He could locate a fat pullet in a whole coop of half-breeds.

"In those days we carried a great deal of freight from points along the Mississippi river to New Orleans, particularly during the holiday season. At many places the coops were four and five deep on the levee when we landed. Estep always had an eye out for a particularly promising coop, and usually kept in mind the place where it had been stored away.

"Shortly before midnight he would go on deck and extract several plump fowls from the coops he had 'pre-empted.' The chickens were dispatched without a protesting squawk, the entrails removed, but the feathers left intact. Seasonings were then inserted, and the fowls inclosed in a heavy casing of soft clay to the thickness of two inches. They were then cast among the hot embers in the ash pan and permitted to roast to the queen's taste. When thoroughly cooked, they were removed, and the clay casing broken from about them. The feathers came away with the clay, leaving clean, smoking hot fowls ready for the dish of hot butter awaiting them upstairs. Estep with a fork stripped the flesh from the bones into the melted butter, while the rest of us stood about and smacked our lips in anticipation. Dear, dear, but they were good! In cooking them in that way all the rich flavors were retained—I can almost taste them now, and I wish I could as a matter of fact."

HAS \$20,000,000 IN JEWELS.

Maharajah of Baroda. One of the Most Powerful of India's Rulers.

India has more royal rulers than all the rest of the world combined. There are 688 of these under England's imperial sway, some of them ruling over petty states, others swaying the scepter over domains as large as France. One of the richest and most powerful of these royal rulers is the Maharajah of Baroda, whose crown jewels are valued at \$20,000,000. Seven rows of magnificent pearls are his favorite wear, but he has fifty necklaces of equal value. First in wonder among his possessions is a diamond cape that falls from neck to shoulder in a great mass of table-cut stones, fringed with pear-shaped emeralds. One necklace of immense brilliants in European cut has the "star of the south" as a pendant. This is one of the great diamonds of the world, and is larger than the Koh-i-noor.

The Maharajah is of simple taste and only wears his jewels upon great occasions. His throne room in his new palace is one of the most magnificent in the world, and recently 1,000 invited guests assembled in it to witness the performance of "Hamlet." The great hall is lighted by electricity, twelve crystal chandeliers being in place, any one of which would almost fill an ordinary ballroom.

Her Last Request.

John's wife was dying, and she had one request to make of him. "What is it, dear?" he asked. "Well, John, it is the last thing I shall ever ask of you. I want you to promise that you will ride to the grave in the same carriage with mother." Now, John and "mother" were not of very congenial terms, but after hesitating for an instant he made this reply: "I will do it, dear, since you wish it, but I can tell you one thing, it will just spoil the whole day for me."

Natural headaches are not in it with the acquired kind.

Some men take what is in sight and hustle for more.

QUEER STORIES

Further experience of the recent storms of dust is told by the African mail steamship Borneo, which, before reaching Tenerife, ran through a terrific sandstorm for thirty hours.

The record of voracity belongs of right to a stoat recently caught at Pennsylvania, Pa. During the night the bloodthirsty little creature had killed eleven turkeys, thirty ducks and twenty chickens.

"Most people are aware," says the Scientific American, "of the power of egg-shells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made. Eight different hen's eggs were submitted to pressure applied externally all over the surface of the shell, and the breaking pressures varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs, these gave way at pressures varying being thirty-two and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-thousandth inch."

Discovers the Secret. He is a young man with a bias air, who would not let anything surprise him for the world. As a matter of fact, he has traveled enough about the States to be impervious to surprise. The other night was the exception, for when the young man boarded the train which was to take him to New York he found himself in a compartment sleeper.

The young man knows about bucking bronchos and how to eat asparagus vinaigrette, and what is the proper thing to say when you tread on a woman's gown, but he didn't know about compartment sleepers, for he had never been in one before.

He was very much attracted by the prospect, however, and he looked over the ground with great satisfaction before getting ready to retire.

"This beats an upper berth all hollow," he muttered to himself. Then, the porter passing near, he called to that functionary. "Come here," said he, "and tell me how to turn this on," pointing to a handle in the wall near the wash stand. "I have entirely forgotten how to screw the thing, and I'll be sure to want it in the morning."

The porter came as near smiling as a porter ever does. "Yessir," said he; "yessir, yo' turn hit on dis way. Hit's not a water spicket, yo' know; hit's a place to heat curling irons."

And after this the sophisticated young man went straight to bed, but he tells the joke on himself with much ease.—Baltimore News.

Common Mistake. The teacher had been explaining to the class in etymology the meaning of the word "gamy" as an ending in compounds, and had taken as illustrations the three words "polygamy," "bigamy" and "monogamy." "Polygamy, children," she explained, "is the condition of having several wives; bigamy, the condition of having two wives; and monogamy, that of having only one wife."

After discussing various other roots and words, she reverted to those she had first explained, and put questions to test the knowledge of her pupils. "Now, children," she said, "when a man has many wives, or a woman has many husbands, what do we call it?" "Polygamy" was the response. "And what is it when there are two wives or two husbands?" "Bigamy."

"Very good. But if the right state of affairs exists, and a man has only one wife and a woman only one husband—what is it then?" "Monotony."—Public Ledger.

Labor Poorly Rewarded. D'Auber—I only got \$25 for that painting. Friend—Well, you didn't put much work on it. D'Auber—What! I guess you never saw me trying to sell it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Definition. "Pa, what is a fray?" "Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—Puck.

A CHARITABLE DUCHESS

Builds Hospital on Her Estate for the Benefit of Tenants.

The wealthiest peeress in England is the Duchess of Bedford. She is a sister of Lady Henry Somerset, long the head of the temperance movement in England, and like her is a philanthropist. Recently on her husband's estate at Woburn abbey she opened a handsome modern hospital for the benefit of her tenants and the people of her parish. The building is as well appointed as is any in London and is supplied with the best trained nurses and competent surgeons and physicians, who attend the institution from London. The duchess spends much of her time in visiting hospitals and prisons and in many ways evinces her interest in the less fortunate class of people. In manner she is haughty and imperious, qualities which do not tend to make her popular in her own set.

The Bedfords are among the greatest land owners in England. They own huge blocks of London real estate, among them Convent Garden Market and Convent Garden Opera House.

A curse is said to rest on the family estate of Woburn abbey. In the days of sequestration, in the reign of Henry VIII, one of the duke's ancestors hanged the abbot of the monastery to a tree. Another abbot predicted that the dukedom should never pass in direct line three times in succession. Thus far the prophecy has held true, and as the only son of the duke is a delicate boy of 12 there are not wanting those who believe that the prophecy shall be fulfilled again. This youth would be the third in the direct line.

Cold Water Absorbs Poison. In connection with the subject of water there is one peculiar property of that liquid with which everyone should be made acquainted, and that is its capacity for absorbing impurities, which increases proportionately the colder it gets. Hence water that has stood in an insufficiently ventilated sleeping chamber all night is not only unpleasant, but positively injurious to drink, since it readily absorbs the poisonous gases given off by respiration and action of the skin. An ordinary pitcher of water, under such conditions, at a temperature of sixty degrees will be found to have absorbed during the night from a pint to a pint and a half of carbonic acid gas, and an increase of ammonia. Ice water is an objectionable drink at all times, but if it is included in the vessel containing it should never be left uncovered in sleeping or sitting rooms, because at freezing point its capacity for absorbing these deleterious substances is nearly doubled.

Pay of Turkish Ministers. A Turkish ministerial portfolio is a sort of gold-mine to the holder. It is not the Vizier, however, who holds the richest claim, though his salary is \$66,000 a year, which is also that of the War Minister. The "plum" of Turkish officials is the admiralty, which is worth \$84,000 a year, and the present holder is stated to have amassed a fortune of \$12,000,000. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has \$44,000, and finance comes next with a thousand lower, financial ability being apparently esteemed in inverse ratio to the need for it. The lowest salary is that of the Minister of Mines, though it is rather higher than that of the Premier of Great Britain. The sum is \$27,500.

A Sacred Tree. The oldest tree on earth with an authentic history is the great bo-tree of Burma. For twenty centuries it has been held sacred to Buddha, and no person is allowed to touch its trunk. When the leaves fall they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

One Thing Left. "And liquid air," said the girl behind the counter on Lexington street, "has been proved after all to be of no use."

"This sad, ain't it?" agreed the girl in the blue waist, "but hot air is still effective."—Washington News.

Undressed kid is the favorite material for slippers, but slippers are not the favorite material with the undressed kid.

The man who laughs last fails to see the joke first.

Clinging to Hope. "Have you anything laid up for a rainy day?" "Indeed I have," answered the new congressman. "I have a trunk full of undelivered speeches to fall back on in case I ever want to filibuster."—Washington Star.

A chaperon goes to a girl's picnic to see that the girls behave; a chaperon goes to a boy's picnic to see that the boys don't eat the refreshments too soon.

ANIMAL FARMING IN THE WEST.

Alfalfa and Blue Grass the Best Foods in the Corn Belt.

The corn belt contains conditions for animal farming found nowhere else, says a writer in the National Stockman. But the farmer turning his face toward animal farming as his entire business is confronted by many obstacles.

One of our best backers is plenty of feed and as corn is king we will tell our own way of doing and I do not hesitate to say that we are far from perfection in many of our efforts, but still keep pressing onward with our face toward the front. We use our table land only for corn and it lacks underdrainage, although it has fairly good surface drainage, yet washes very little. The field is planted to corn every year and sown to rye every fall and is nearly or quite covered with manure each year, with eight cords of fresh barn (not barnyard) manure an acre. The soil is a very heavy oak soil and has been farmed over years to a three-crop rotation of corn, wheat and clover. The wire grass had obtained control of it when I obtained possession, ten years ago. When the ground is plenty dry, we put all available force on the field and try to plow it twelve inches deep and thoroughly cover everything; drag it once and plant immediately, giving it 100 pounds 16 per cent acid phosphate. We like to furrow quite deep, cover for moisture, only putting the compressing wheel on the row. Now let it alone until the crown is formed by the roots starting from the sides of the stalks, because all below this dies and this crown forms where warmth and moisture invites.

If we plant near the surface we have our corn on the top of the crown, if we fill the furrow before it crowns, and the ground is cold and damp it crowns near the surface and the root below dies or grows no more and the corn is on top of the ground again; but if the crown is well formed before filling the furrows you have the crown at the bottom of the furrow unless you cover too deeply. If you have never studied this part of corn culture, examine for yourself this summer and you will be surprised to see how many stalks when pulled up, show an inch or two between the crown and the old grain. This shows plainly that there was too much dirt on it when crowning. It was covered too deep or the dirt put to it too small. It is my opinion this is the most frequent error the farmers of heavy soils make in corn culture and it is a bad one.

Not a Park. Not a park, but a wilderness, full of wild beauty and natural disorder, may we keep the place as nature left it, disturbing no laudable where it lies, no natural dam of logs and stones heaped here by mountain freshet, no havoc of windstorm or avalanche. The wind-fall, with its shaggy spreading roots full of matted earth and stone, rapidly being covered with grass and moss, and the river bed full of bleached driftwood, each has its own rare quality of picturesqueness, its own fitting place in this wild harmony. There is beauty, even in the work of the forest fire, which has left whole mountain sides of freshly scorched pine foliage, a deep golden red, smoldering in the sunshine, and many a blackened bit of forest, longer burned, leaves an impression of somber shadows, of silence and death, which cannot be forgotten.

One even comes to begrudge this wilderness, its telephone poles, its roads, and the excellent stone embankments which keep them from slipping down the mountainsides into the swift streams below, for they detract from its wild perfection. We may behold nature in its softer and more comely aspects almost anywhere; but every year, with the spread of population in our country, it becomes more difficult to preserve genuine wilderness places where hill and forest and stream have been left exactly as nature made them. Already our indomitable pioneers, have driven the wilderness into the very fastnesses of the mountains, so that only remnants now remain. And this great Yellowstone Park remnant has been fortunately set aside by the government for the enjoyment and inspiration of the people forever.—Century.

Animal Longevity. Some curious statistics have just been published upon what an insurance company would describe as the "expectation of life" in animals. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus, for the horse and the ass the extreme limit is about thirty-five years, and for horned cattle about thirty. For the dog it is given as twenty-five, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at fifteen. But there are stranger disparities among birds. While a goose may live thirty years, a sparrow twenty-five and a crow as many as one hundred, ducks, poultry and turkeys die of old age at twelve years. The palm for longevity is divided between elephant and parrot. Both pass the century.

Uncle Sam's Locomotives. There are fully 500,000 locomotives in the United States. The Pennsylvania road builds 100 locomotives a year. There are probably 200,000 passenger, baggage, express, parlor, sleeping and mail cars. The cost of a standard freight car is \$750 with wooden underwork, and \$1,000 for steel underframe. The standard car is thirty-six feet long, eight by eight and one-half inside measure. The capacity is from 60,000 to 100,000 pounds. The life is from ten to twelve years. The cost of a standard locomotive is \$100,000 to \$120,000; weight on wheels, 120,000 pounds; tank capacity 6,000 gallons, and coal bin set to twenty tons capacity.

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