

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

There are no servants required in castles in the air.

All the world's a stage, and all the men would like to be machine heroes.

If all the offensive plays are to be staged, the American hen must proceed to work over time.

Prof. Wallace's idea that the earth is at the center of the universe does not surprise Boston.

When people become so wealthy that their children do not frettle, they may consider themselves autocrats.

The man who says what he believes about you is almost as exasperating as the people who believe what he says.

As both her husband and lover are dead, of course there is nothing left for Mrs. Burdick but to take a hand in elevating the stage.

The man who whistles at his work may not realize it, but he is the only cheerful man in the room after he has whistled for twenty minutes.

The czar says that we have the greatest country. We are gradually but surely bringing the rest of the world around to our own opinion.

Captain Scott missed the south pole by 480 miles. And if he had gone 480 miles further he wouldn't have found anything but ice, so what's the use?

The irony of fate is illustrated in the case of the tramp who, after dodging work all his life, was run down and killed the other day by a "work" train.

A man who wanted to cure his grip by thinking it away has been arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct. This promises to be a very busy silly season.

Mr. Wyndham says the anomalies the most difficult things he has to deal with in freeing Ireland. He is at present hunting for a serum to apply to them.

The Canadian Parliament has declared for the prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of cigarettes in the dominion. The coffin nail is getting some hard blows just now.

America is the place for an American boy, says Minister Bowen. There is room also for any number of good boys from other lands. But they, in turn, must become Americans if they would succeed.

The American navy may perhaps be suffering with the disease of infancy, as an irate German newspaper alleges. Fortunately for us, there is hope in infantile diseases, much more than as to the consequences of cirrhosis of the liver.

Women in France can obtain the right to wear trousers by paying to the government a tax of \$10. The right can be obtained in the United States, in several instances, merely by marriage, with the tax paid to the minister, in fee simple.

The truth of the matter is that the anarchists, the nihilists and people of the same views, no matter under what names they may figure, have not tried to do away with the despotic rulers of the world, but of the most liberal and the most enlightened, from the unfortunate empress that was killed in Switzerland to the murder of the late President of the United States.

To the gray and weary elders there is solace in the thought that the young poets are forever renewing the race. Faithfully the peach tree blossoms and the birds come back and rattle the boughs with song; spring is green with hope, amid the dead leaves of a lingering winter, and not till these fall at their appointed season need we fear that poetry will perish in the hearts of men.

A St. Louis judge has recently taken a stand that would win for him the approbation of right feeling people all over the country. He has ruled that no children shall be permitted to remain in the courtroom during the progress of the divorce proceedings of their parents. The lady in some courts on this question has been most reprehensible up to date. Children lose their ideals soon enough without having them ruthlessly brushed aside by contact with the frailties of their own parents. The minds of many people have been turned in this direction recently by the examination of Marion Burdick as to the relations existing between her father and mother.

According to the published interviews with Dr. Lorenz that able gentleman was very much amazed by his experience with our good President and with the various dignitaries whom he encountered at Washington. He remarks pleasantly that Mr. Roosevelt reminded him strongly of "a policeman I met in Chicago," and by this delicate compliment he makes two good men happy. Certainly it is no small merit to resemble a policeman, if the policeman is honorable and trustworthy, and no policeman can reasonably object to a resemblance to a President of the United States, if the President fulfills the most popular expectations. But Dr. Lorenz's amazement did not stop with the meeting with Mr. Roosevelt. He noticed that "one of the gentlemen present, a high dignitary, kept his hands concealed in his trousers pocket, and another dignitary had struck me as very surprising." Not at all. The second dignitary probably labored under the fear that Dr. Lorenz, yielding to a professional impulse, might endeavor to pull his leg, while the first dignitary, having heard of the doctor's financial success in

America, deemed it a wise precaution to maintain a tight hold on his loose change. These things are very easy to understand when you have lived some time in America and had experience with foreign visitors.

One of the joys of city life owes its existence to an industry that has risen almost to the dignity of an art without the recognition usually accorded to art. The joy is that of window gazing and the art is that of window decorating, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. To look at the modern shop windows is to look at pictures that stimulate one's sense of the beautiful more than the painted bits of canvas do. Of course, real art is disinterested, whereas the object of the window art is arouse consciousness in the breasts of beholders. But in a measure this art defeats its own purpose, for many who gaze come to love art for art's sake and are able to eliminate the desire for possession from their admiration. The shop window of the past reviled but an inconspicuous group of crudely arranged articles, and the woman who beheld there the dress fabric that seemed best suited to her beauty had to exert her best efforts to get the coveted goods. But now the merchant supplies both fabric and fancy and is able to hold a mirror up to feminine nature and to give to woman the gift of seeing herself as other will see her. Not enough praise has been bestowed upon the window artist, who, in his ability to hold the abstracted gaze and to direct the care laden mind, is really one of the forces that make for the betterment of the world.

Intellectual honesty is worth more to a woman than skill on the piano or the mandolin, or the prettiest taste in poetry or millinery. Happy she who has the command of the plain yes and nay of her mind! She has not only a virtue, but also a fresh charm which will make her companionship agreeable and desired when wiser folk are tiresome. Doubtless it is good to prefer Shakespeare to modern fiction, but if one does not actually find "Hamlet" as good reading as the latest novel, it does not help matters to pretend one does. A Beethoven sonata has been adjudged by the verdict of time a higher place than any ragtime melody is likely to attain. Still that girl who assumes an admiration for Beethoven when she really feels only for the "coon song" advantages neither herself nor her friends. Honesty is the path, and the only path, to growth. For fancy tastes there are a hundred remedies. For affected taste there is none. The woman who pretends to a conventional enthusiasm suspects, and for good reason, the enthusiasm of others. Distrusting herself, she looks fast her doors against other suspicious characters, and becomes intellectually a recluse. The honest mind has always a new point of view. The owner of it may not write learned criticisms, but she has a bright word for an odd minute. She can talk well of hens or experience of life with a wholesome relish. She is likely to have passed upon her that well-worn but flattering judgment, "She is interesting!"

A party of 1,800 British emigrants left Liverpool recently, bound for the Northwest territories of Canada, where the fine wheat crops of recent years are proving a great attraction to settlement. The members of the party are reported to be agriculturalists and artisans of an exceptionally high grade, provided with capital enough to establish themselves comfortably from the start. A similar party of 600 has preceded them and already secured homes in the Saskatchewan valley. These immigrants form but a handful as compared with the great army of settlers by which Canada expects to be invaded this year. Immigration to the Dominion has been increasing rapidly of recent years, but this summer it is expected to surpass all records and to reach a figure that will compare respectably with the immigration into the United States. On the basis of figures secured from steamship companies whose boats enter the St. Lawrence River, the Montreal Daily Star recently estimated that the total immigration up to Oct. 1 by that route would be 114,000, and possibly even greater. This does not include settlers who come from or through the United States, of whom there were 40,000 last year, a figure that will increase this year to 100,000, the Canadians think. Some of the newcomers will stay in the eastern provinces, and more will stop in Manitoba, but by far the larger part will go direct to the Northwest territories, and if the estimates are not greatly exaggerated it is within the range of possibilities that the population of those territories—100,000 in 1901—may be almost doubled.

"Unauthorized." It was in the state department of a great monarchy. A messenger had just arrived with dispatches. The frowning monarch glanced angrily over them and threw them aside. "Nothing doing," he remarked. Then he hurriedly wrote a few words on a paper and handed it to the messenger. "Get that off at once, and be blanketed quick about it," he remarked. The messenger glanced at the written words as soon as he was out of the room. Which is a way with messengers. The message was as follows: "If you don't do some unauthorized bombarding right away I'll fire the last limb of you. Get busy."—Baltimore American.

Not Worth Such Outlay. "There goes my pearl necklace into the wash basin and down into the trap! Send for the plumber at once, my dear!" "I guess not! Not for one pearl necklace!"—Life.

Small Hydrogen Atom. The hydrogen atom has hitherto been considered the smallest particle of matter, but the incandescent particles in the vacuum of a Crookes tube are but one-thirtieth as large.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Sound Minds in Sound Bodies.

COMMENTING upon and commending the intention of the new Teachers' College to educate its matriculants in the rules of health so that they may impart the knowledge to their pupils, the editor of American Medicine says: "It is not merely the rules of hygiene that are needed, nor the ordinary course in school physiology. Personal hygiene is applied physiology, but a proper understanding of certain elemental truths of human physiology must be acquired before they can be applied. Knowledge of the normal functions of the body and the simple methods of keeping them in healthy action is the one thing that no educated person should be excused from possessing; yet most of our children reach maturity without parental or scholastic instruction in the most elemental matters of health." It does seem strange with all our educational progress that we are over the threshold of the twentieth century before this addition to our school curriculum is made. Herbert Spencer in his "Essay on Education" put the query, "What knowledge is of the most worth?" forty years ago, and his answer should be written in letters of gold on the walls of every schoolhouse in the land: "As vigorous health and accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatsoever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that should yield in moment to no other whatever."

These words are as true to day as when they were uttered by the author of "Principles of Psychology." It was one of the many illustrations of his wonderful perspicuity, and deserves the earnest consideration of every educator.—New York Press.

Decay of Military Prestige.

IN HIS chapter on "Militarism and its Nemesis," the late M. Bloch contends with eminent truth that the conditions of war are such in modern times that "military life is much less attractive than it was of old, and in the course of a few years will be even less attractive." The military profession does not enjoy the privileges it once did; it is losing both its prestige and its power in most civilized lands. The complex requirements of modern life and the higher scale of living enjoyed by modern society, the larger emphasis placed upon the humanities in our day, upon intellectual attainments and rewards of industrial and commercial enterprises—all these things are turning the thoughts and ambitions of men away from militarism and its uncertain and inadequate compensations. Improvements in war, engineering, the use of smokeless powder, dynamite guns and other death-dealing agencies have immensely increased the risks and dangers of war without any compensating advantages in the shape of added pay or glory. War has taken upon itself a character more mechanical than knightly. Battles fought where men never come within miles of each other, where there is no smoke and no sound of bugles nor roll of drums, are far less likely to give occasion for those feats of arms and the valorous deeds of individual men that fill so large a part of the story of war in past ages. And stripped of such accessories and seen in its true aspect, in all its hideous reality, war must soon lose all the charm with which legend and romance have invested it. Appearing in proper aspect as "hell" on earth, and nothing less, it will be shunned as it ought to be by all civilized and enlightened men, and only remain at the last as a frightful dream, a horrid memory in the minds of the race.—Leslie's Weekly.

Life in a Rut.

ONE of the serious features of life in a rut is the fact that judgment is impaired. Allowing the mind all ways to dwell upon one subject and keeping the attention always fixed in one direction destroys the power to draw correct conclusions and leads to the adoption of distorted and peculiar ideas. The sense of proportion is lost. "They who always labor can have no true judgment," says Burke. Those who get deeply fixed in a rut almost always become more or less "queer" as they grow older. This impairment of the judgment and one-

HE PREPARED FOR BURGLARS.

He had an ingenious Photograph Arrangement to care Them Away. "I had been keeping bachelor's hall while my wife was away," sadly remarked the man whose wife had been in the country. "Of course, it was generally late when I turned in at night, and, as we had been a good deal worried by sneak thieves in my part of the city, I was afraid they might make a raid during my absence. So I set my wits to work. First I rented a photograph with a megaphone attachment. Then I got a husky-voiced friend to talk into the machine. His talk, which was delivered at the top of his voice, was mostly about calling the police, having the drop on some one, firing a revolver, and other conversation calculated to make a burglar think he had gone against the real game. "After I had the photograph neatly loaded I made a test of it. I'm free to confess that burglar who heard it would be worse frightened than if he stumbled on to a reserve squad of policemen. "I put the loaded megaphone up in our flat, and connected it with strings and wires so that if any one who didn't know just how to work the combination tried to force any of the doors he would start the machine on its line of strong-arm conversation. I figured that no burglar would want to see what the mess with the husky voice would actually do. No, that burglar would have immediate business in the street. Our apartments were safe, and I felt mighty proud of my neat little contrivance. "Maybe one or more burglars went against my photograph protection gear; if they did they fled without leaving any traces. But about a week my wife decided to return, and incidentally to bring her mother with her. She didn't intend to reach the city until late in the evening, so sent me a telegram addressed to her husband's name instead of to my office. Of course, fate willed it that I should dine at a restaurant and go direct from there to the theater, not reaching home until late. "In the meantime my wife arrived at the station. There was no one to meet her, but as she had her key and thought the telegram had missed me, that didn't worry her much. Accompanied by her mother she went home to a cab, took out her key, and started to enter our apartments. Right at this point the trouble in large quantities broke out. "The key didn't work very well, and she must have given the door a little shake. That started the loaded burglar-protection photograph. In an instant there was a roar: "Police! Police! Get out of here or I'll shoot! Thieves! Murder!" "It was enough to give any woman

the fright of her life. My wife had good pluck, though, and didn't faint, although I'm certain she'd do it if she had not had her mother with her, whom she felt she must protect. Somehow they managed to get down the stairs and arouse the janitor. And all the time the roaring megaphone was letting out a series of threats calculated to curdle the blood of the bravest burglar, let alone two frightened women. "The janitor, accompanied by a policeman with a drawn revolver, made an investigation and solved the mystery," continued the narrator, according to the New York Times. "They thought it was a big joke. In fact, it was their jovial attitude that gave my wife and mother-in-law their suspicions. When I finally reached home that night I found them in a half hysterical state, and an iceberg would have been warm compared with the greeting I received. "There is still somewhat of a chilly atmosphere in the household."

THE PASSING OF STEAM.

INCH by inch the field is contested, and slowly, sullenly, the locomotive is giving way before the insistent trolley. A dozen years ago it was only the car horse and cable in the towns that were threatened by electric traction. Then the trolley poked an inquiring tentacle over the city limits into the suburbs. The results were satisfactory, and swiftly the electric lines flung their spider filaments from town to town, until now great sections of the country are cobwebbed with them. The trolley map of eastern Massachusetts looks as complete as the steam railroad map. If you have a little time to spare you can go on an electric car to almost any part of southern New England that you could reach by a locomotive, and to a good many parts that you could not.—McClure's Magazine.

THE SAVING WORKMAN A CAPITALIST.

THE workman who is a savings bank depositor is in a very real sense a proprietor. His money is used to build and extend railroads and factory plants precisely as it would be if he were a shareholder. Usually, he could not very well become a shareholder, for while his savings bank will accept deposits from him, he would have to put by \$100 before he could buy even a single share of stock—expended all the time to the temptation to spend the money. If it be objected that he receives but three and one-half per cent. interest from his savings bank, while choice industrial preferred stock would yield him twice that amount, the answer is that on the average and as a class savings bank depositors get as high an interest return as investors in corporate shares. It is the theory of savings bank laws that the wage earner must be absolutely sure of his principal. For that reason the gauge of savings banks investments is strictly limited. He could have no such security in any capital stock investments, involving a loss which he could ill afford to bear.—New York Times.

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SHE WAS SLEEPY.

Amusing Little Street Car Comedy Without Words. It was late afternoon, and a Twenty-ninth street car was rolling away northward. She was a charming maiden, with a big, fluffy pompadour, sweet blue eyes and a picture hat of many convolutions. She read a little while, and then her head began to droop. The young man seated beside her became first aware of this when the large ostrich plume in her hat playfully tickled his nose, provoking a sneeze. Several passengers smiled, and then tried to look as if they hadn't. He tried to shift a little further away, but found himself wedged in too tight. He cast a side glance at the maiden; her sleep was becoming sounder every minute. After that the youth had a narrow escape every other second, on the average. Now her head inclined forward, now lurched back, now swung to the left, but with invariable constancy it finished these maneuvers by drooping in his direction. Everybody was staring, that was the deuce of it, and the old lady opposite was plainly shocked. He tried an occasional wriggle without result, and to waken the sleeper by any other means was out of the question. The climax was bound to come, and it came. The maiden leaned a deep sigh, and her head wobbled over so that the fluffy pompadour swept the young man's cheek and the ostrich plume blinded his vision; then it sank squarely down upon his shoulder. The passengers held their breath for a moment, and before a smile had become general the victim, scarlet in countenance, was out on the back platform, and the pretty girl was glancing sleepily around in happy unconsciousness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

GOUNDED THE MAN.

Gounded was one of the most fascinating men I have ever met. His manner had a charm that was irresistible, and his kindly eyes, as soft and melting as a woman's, would light up with a smile now tender, now humorous, that fixed 'em ineffaceably upon the memory. He could speak English fairly well, but preferred his own language, in which he was a brilliant conversationalist; and he could use to advantage a fund of keen, ready wit. He was at this time influenced by a recrudescence of that religious mysticism which had strongly characterized his youthful career; but his tone, though earnest and 'oughtful' when he was dwelling upon his art, could brighten up with the lightness and gaiety of a true Parisian.—Century.

THE BUGGING FOREHEADS.

A lot of attention to the race problem, while a more puzzling question, the kin problem, remains unsolved.

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 mountain side. 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 anatomizing something or somebody most unreasonably.

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

"Yes, mother," Ruskin replied, as humbly 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:

"Why, why did you make that violent attack upon me about Michelangelo?" "Mr. Ruskin, because you talked nonsense," replied Sir William. "Meanwhile Mr. Ruskin, don't you see, you are quite right. Why," 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 10.49 per thousand. A fence nearly two hundred feet long at Livingson, 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 Marevka, in the government of Smolensk, known as "Sweet" Stimp. He was born in May, 1776, and is, therefore, 127 years old. He has never been ill, and is able to walk each Sunday to the village church. He also does work at the Schloss, knits stockings and weaves saddles.

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: "Mistars, 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, 19.7; consumption, 19.5; heart disease, 13.7; diarrhoeal diseases, 8.1; kidney diseases, 8.7; apoplexy, 6.0; cancer, 6.0; old age, 5.4; bronchitis, 4.8; cholera infantum, 4.7; debility, 4.5; inflammation of brain and meninges, 4.1; diphtheria, 3.4; typhoid, 3.8, and premature birth, 3.7. 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.

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 smog, 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, benzene, 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 species 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. Maior 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 imitations, 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 Stimpson 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 degrees 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.

Know What Man Can Do. A story of James B. Ends, 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 Mississippi Pilot."

When Ends 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 Ends with foolish questions, and annoyed a man who was bent on giving to the committee the best of his knowledge.

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

Ends 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 that." "That speech had in it much of the American faith in the ability of man to do what has not been done before, it is 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 "Nantucket" 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 fideeth soon, Like a rose in Gith 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 had a sale.