

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## ALL SCIENCES UNITE TO SAVE LIFE.



For the saving of life from premature extinction by disease, the freeing of existence from the aches and pains which illness implies, there is not a department of science which does not contribute. From geology to physics, from botany to chemistry—all are laid under contribution for information and for aid. The nature of soils and of a water supply is an investigation of geological kind. The chemical analysis of the purity of water and air; the biologist teaches the physician the history of the microbes to which we owe infectious troubles; and the zoologist works out the life history of lower animal organisms responsible, say, for malaria and kindred ailments. Physics, giving us electric light, and chemistry, radium, place in the hands of the doctor means for treating serious disease by means of the rays or waves given forth. Truly, there are many minds and diverse working daily in fields of research for the benefit of humanity.

It is curious to note how practical results may follow upon the philosophical consideration of already known facts. Of late days the daily journals have frequently mentioned the subject of cancer research in relation to what have been called new views of the causation of that terrible germ which gives origin to the animal body, a number of cells are produced in the ordinary course of development. Of these one practically becomes converted into the future frame. The others are outcasts. But they do not perish. They take up their abode in various parts and organs, and there do remain. If some exciting cause awakens these dormant cells, we can realize how, by their development, they cause a cancerous growth. Briefly stated, this is the so-called new theory of cancer. It is an old view, but, as a purely biological specimen founded on fact, the theory illustrates how medicine receives assistance not from one but from all her sister sciences.

## PROMISE LITTLE, PERFORM MUCH.



It is not well to promise overmuch. Profane promises are rarely necessary, still less are they prudent, even when intended only to purchase peace for the moment, as the man gave his note for ninety days, and then drew a breath of relief with, "Thank heaven, that's paid." Sooner or later there comes a day when the promissory notes are due, when pledges must be made good or dishonored; when, if payment is not forthcoming, there is a sense of wrong and disappointment upon the one hand and perhaps an overwhelming consciousness of failure and shortcoming upon the other. It is a bitter experience to discover ourselves cheated by those whom we trust, and who do the cheating rarely profit thereby in the long run.

In the first flush of ecstasy over love given and returned, lovers are prone to believe confidently that whatever may be the case with ordinary people, they themselves are to dwell henceforth upon the heights, that for them the future is to be all sunshine and happiness. Like Edwin asking Angelina to stir his tea with her finger, in lieu of sugar, they are in a state of exaltation and exhilaration.

## BAD NAMES, BAD LUCK.

### War Vessels of All Nations Have Ample Proof It.

If one should be so bold as to characterize the superstitious sailor as silly, he would at once declare that there is sufficient reason for his belief, and would proceed to prove that war vessels named after stinging and venomous things have been unlucky, and that the country should not be so indifferent to the men who follow "a life on the ocean wave" as to organize a misnomer fleet. That Snake is regarded as an unfortunate name for a vessel is shown by the fact that two of that name have been lost, one in 1781 and the other in 1847; but no vessel bearing that name is known to exist now. Serpent, which is only a substitute name for Snake, is an unlucky one also, for the one wrecked in 1862 was the fourth British war vessel of that name to meet the same fate. Viper has been an unlucky name in the British navy. The first one was wrecked in 1780, but the admiralty would not sever, and so kept the name on the list, each vessel meeting its doom, and the fourth was lost only recently. The French navy has also been unlucky with vessels so named. The Viper, used in the French revolution, later she became a prize from the French, was lost in 1793. The second was lost a year later, the third in 1797, and the fourth was recently lost in a collision off Guernsey.

The Cobra, another British war vessel, was lost recently at the same time as the Viper. Among other vessels similarly named and which met fates other than in battle are the Rattle, snake, in 1781; the Alligator, in 1782; the Crocodile, in 1784; the Adder, in 1840; three Lizards, two Dragons and one Basilisk. All of these were of the British navy. The list could be made larger by citing the records of other navies. The Norsemen, who were so fond of naming their vessels against the laws of superstition, and using hideous heads of dragons and reptiles on their high prows, were less unfortunate and these did not meet with frequent disasters. They did have a belief, however, that it was unlucky and a sacrilege to select such a name as did Lord Bunraven for his first yacht to challenge for the America's cup, the Valkyrie. And this belief was strengthened when she was sunk by the Satalia. The second challenger, with the same name, gave trouble, and she was broken up after only a short existence.—Navy League Journal.

## OLD TALES IN A NEW DRESS.

How They Are Worked Over Without Malice Propense.  
"Are you sure this horse is safe?" asked the amateur driver. "Perfectly," answered the liveryman, "so long as you don't allow him to get mixed up with the reins. Keep the reins away from his tail and he'll be gentle as a lamb." The amateur accepted the assurance and drove away, returning some hours later in good condition. "Well, you had no trouble with the horse?" the liveryman suggested. "Not a bit," was the reply, "there was only one little showy side my wife held the umbrella over his tail while that lasted."

Does the reader recognize this anecdote? Two months ago it was told as a new story, a personal experience to a Bostonian, who gains his bread by story-writing. It was new to him, and seeing possibilities in it he dressed it in two shapes and sent one to the New York and one to London. His New

Don, which, like the fever of an Indian devotee, renders them unconscious of the stings and thorns along their pathway. But both in most cases stronger than spirit; the bird cannot keep upon the wing forever, the body is a cog which must and will assert itself.

There was a clever magazine story told, some years ago, of a prospective bride who devoted the year before marriage to qualifying herself for the duties of a wife and the mistress of a house. Her friends supposed her to be absent upon a foreign tour, but in reality she spent the twelve months in domestic service, as cook, housemaid and nurse, thus attaining practical knowledge how to serve her husband and herself satisfactorily later on. "The true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true' that many American girls marry in ignorance, more or less total, of the things which every mistress of a family ought to understand. Even those who take a course in cooking, as a rule, imbibe but little practical knowledge for future application.

When two people marry, let each promise little and perform all which is possible, each making the happiness of the other the first object in life. Thus shall love, like God's loving kindness, be new every morning and peace and contentment dwell within their home.

## STRIKES CAUSED BY DISPUTES, NOT WAGES.

Comparatively few strikes are due to disputes over wages. These are fixed by immutable laws. To my mind, where there is a suspension of industry the employer should be held responsible. He is the captain to whom all others must look. The man in charge of an industry, no matter what it may be, who lacks the skill to deal successfully with the men employed under him shows by his potency that he is never fit to have been placed in charge of it. I don't say that he lacks anything in morals or honesty, but he lacks skill.

The persons who employ men should have at least the same skill as those in charge of horses or mules. A man couldn't hitch a team of mules to a wagon with their heads where their tails ought to be and expect them to work well. Such a man might be a very moral person and proficient in the Scriptures, but I think that his employer would soon get some other man less excellent in morality, but more perfect in driving mules.

The responsibility for most of the strikes lies with our captains of industry. It is true that capitalists realize in a general way that they and the laboring men are partners, but in the breasts of many men still lingers the old prejudice imbedded into humanity in the early Roman and feudal days when labor was servile. They seem to forget that the term "services" doesn't apply to labor now, that there is a real partnership between the capitalist and the man who works and that together they must prosper or decline.

If we look over all these strikes we do not find that they have arisen through disputes over wages, but were due to disputes with the men whom the employer dealt with. I don't see what difference it makes whether the employer dealt with A. B. C. or somebody else. Yet against that we have seen whole industries paralyzed, conditions of society threatened, because the employer would not settle with some outside person. That is no reason for causing a disruption. What concerns the employer and the laborer is what should he pay and what should he be paid.

## WORLD'S FAIR SCULPTURE.



"THE COWBOY AT REST." Borglum's frontier sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition calls forth much admiration, his Indian and Cowboy groups being particularly true to life. "The Cowboy at Rest," pictured above, is one of the beautiful expressions of a phase of Western life.

York editor returned the manuscript, with the footnote, "Old—had it." His London editor, a friend in the house of Harnsworth, wrote, "Quite sure I've seen the horse-reins-umbrella story." But mark the sequel:

In the same week, when, if it had had good luck, the Boston version would have appeared in a London publication, a different version was printed as original in the People's Friend of Dundee, Scotland, and a fourth version, patched with purple fragments of fine writing, appeared in the Times of Cardiff, Wales. Before either of these periodicals could have reached this country two other versions, presented as original, illumined the pages of a Boston and a St. Louis daily. The story had been "in the air," as it were, over 5,000 miles of land and sea, and five different writers perceived it at substantially the same moment, brought it to earth, told it in as many different ways and severally congratulated themselves on a clever and original performance.

Writers have been doing this sort of thing, in all good faith, ever since the world began. Only a year or two ago a story of a faithful dog that ran after a stick of dynamite and zealously fetched it to his master was told, almost simultaneously, by four men in as many magazines. The tragic-comic conception is simple enough; very likely in essentials the tales dates back to Aristophanes, but how did it "happen to occur" at the same time to the four? May there not be something in the whimsical theory another literary man propounds—that the intensity with which an author dwells upon his data, before and during the period of exploitation, "impresses it on the spiritual atmosphere," so that the wonder would be if "sensitive, seeking minds" did not arise upon it? Horrid possibilities are latent in telepathy. The day may dawn when a man who chatters an ingenious plot will have to surround himself with nonconductors—cigarette fenders, perhaps, and girls who chew gum.—Boston Transcript.

A woman can always think of a dozen things at night that she wants her husband to do "while he is resting."

## GOOD Short Stories

According to one account of the Parker telegram, it reads Senator Tillman "so agitated that he almost cried." When his Virginia colleague brought him to the car, he replied: "I always think the best, Senator Daniel, when I am greatly excited."

The old gentleman had just stepped into the crowded car, and had accidentally trodden on Algy Fitzgerald's foot. "Confound you, you careless old buffoon!" cried Algy; "you've crushed my foot to a jelly." "Ah!" said the old man, calmly, "that's foot jelly, I suppose."

The late Miss Jilts Moore (Sir John Moore's niece, like many very old people, was extremely proud of her age, and lost no opportunity of showing it. When she was asked by a friend if she was going to see the king's coronation, she answered: "No, I have been out of London for the last three coronations, and I don't care to alter my record." What an exaltation one must feel at being able to say a thing like that!

"Economy!" said Governor Chatterton, of Wyoming, "is always admirable. A Cheyenne hunter, though, was disgusted the other day with the economical spirit of a visitor to his shop. This visitor, a tall man with gray hair, entered with a soft felt hat, wrapped in paper, in his hand. 'How much will it cost,' he said, 'to dye this hat gray, to match my hair?' 'About a dollar,' the latter answered. The tall man wrapped the hat up again. 'I won't pay it,' he said; 'I can get my hair dyed to match the hat for a quarter.'"

As an illustration of carrying military discipline too far, this story is told by General Nelson A. Miles: "There was a colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all his men change their shirts at once. This order was duly carried out, except in the case of one company, where the privates' ward-robbers had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that some of the men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. The colonel hesitated a moment, and said, firmly: 'Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with each other.'"

Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, of Concord, is fond of telling of an old servant whose heart was exceedingly kind, and in whom the qualities of pity and compassion were developed nearly to perfection. He was once driving his master and Emerson through the country. As they approached a new house that the master was building, they saw an old woman sneaking away with a bundle of wood. "Jabez, Jabez," cried the master, "do you see that old woman taking my wood?" Jabez looked with pity at the old woman, then with scorn at his master. "No, sir," he said, "I don't see her; and, what's more, I didn't think that you would see her, either."

Judge Jonathan Dixon, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, has a habit, well known to old practitioners before him, of asking three questions of counsel arguing at the bar. The first one is usually simple, and the lawyer answers it carelessly; the second one is a little more drastic, and the respondent replies with trembling uncertainty; the third is bound to be a poser fraught with humiliation. On one occasion Richard V. Lindsbury, of Newark, was presenting a case to the court of errors, and when the first question was innocently propounded he said: "I don't know." "Don't know?" cried the judge; "why don't you know?" "Because I haven't heard the other two questions," said the wily advocate.

## TO INSURE LONG LIFE.

Libertian Now Visiting in London Has a Mysterious Plan.  
In one of the smaller hotels in the neighborhood of Charing Cross there is residing a young Libertian, who has come to London for the purpose of exhibiting (and selling) the curious mysteries of a plant which, he claims, insures long life to those who possess one of its leaves, says the London Chronicle.

His name is Gomita, and on Saturday he told one of our representatives that he was of royal blood, in proof of which he showed his passport.

"I have come to London direct from my home in Liberia, as I have heard that the British in all parts of the world want to live long. Out on the west coast of Africa there is a plant the mysterious virtues of which are known only to those who have royal blood in their veins. The secrets of the plant, I said, were remarkable, and he explained some of them at a meeting held at the Cavendish rooms, Mortimer street.

"Your smile," he continued, "denotes that you disbelieve my statement, but I can assure you that the plant possesses those qualities which I state, for they have been proved. Moreover, they are regarded as so astonishing that the greatest anxiety has been shown by foreign travelers to possess a root. But the secret has been well maintained, and no professional botanist would discover the plant. Indeed, I, despite my royal blood, had to wait five years before I was told what it was, and I had to pay heavily for it. The plant is of slow growth, and that I now possess has eleven large leaves. Swallow one of these leaves and you may be certain of adding from ten to twenty years to your life. If you rub one on a wound you are immediately healed. And when one is placed in a coffin the dead body does not decay, but is preserved. Indeed, in Liberia the coffins of the great men all contain these leaves, and we find this is better than any old Egyptian method of embalming."

The Libertian talked on—he speaks English very well—for several minutes, until I asked him the cost of one of the plants.

"I could not sell a plant, but a leaf would cost anywhere from £100 to £500, and it would be cheap at that price. I suppose I shall have some difficulty in convincing Londoners, but probably a few will listen to me at my meeting, and will not be unwilling to test my statements. It does not follow because you in London have reached so high a standard of civilization and knowledge that all nature's secrets have been disclosed to you."

Gomita rose from the table at which he was then sitting and put forward his hand for me to shake as a signal that he did not wish to proceed further with the conversation.

"Just one word more," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the plant?"

"No," said Gomita. "It is a secret known in Liberia only to the few."

## LITERARY LITTLEBITS

The citizens of Geneva, Switzerland, have presented Stanley J. Weyman with an illuminated and inscribed address and a bust of Calvin in token of their appreciation of his novel of Geneva "The Long Night."

Clara Louise Burnham in Jewel has drawn one of those delightfully natural pictures of child life which have a charm for all classes of readers. The heroine is a lovely child and is blessed with a sense of humor.

A novel by Stanley Weyman is always an event of interest to those who love a good historical novel. His new story is to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. It is a historical romance of France when Henri Quatre reigned.

The Grafton Press, New York, well known for intelligent attention to genealogies, biographies and local histories, has added a genealogical department conducted by an expert and experienced genealogist. This is a timely recognition of an interest that is growing noticeably in this country.

Charles Hemstreet, the author of Old New York, has decided to become the manager of a press clipping bureau in New York. Speaking recently of his decision, he said: "I give up literature after a fair and impartial trial of eighteen years, fully convinced that the prospect of the old age of an author is not alluring."

Levett Yeats, who made readers grateful for his first book, "The Honor or Savelin," has a new story, which is also a historical romance, coming out under the title of "Gerrain." The scene is laid in the days of Henry II. of France and its historical interest centers in the struggle between Catherine de Medicis and Diana de Portiers.

W. E. Morris has furnished a new story entitled "Nigel's Vocation." It is a story of a young man who, having joined the church of Rome and having been admitted to a monastery as a novice, finds himself recalled to the world by the inheritance of a large estate. The schemes of many persons to supplant him and complications which arise from his love affairs form the story.

"Christian Science" is the title of a book which Mrs. Mary Platt Parmele is about to publish, perhaps as published by this time. In it she is said to inquire if it is either Christian or science, and to "discuss dispassionately" its claims, benefits, limitations and errors. This seems queer, since we have been told that Christian Science aims to put mankind in a receptive attitude, so as not to obstruct or evade the acts or will of God toward his creatures. And if this be true how can there be either limitation or error in the influence it seeks to aid?

Mrs. Emily Post's new book, "The Flight of a Moth," will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The heroine is a young and beautiful American widow, who, after her husband's death, does exactly what she pleases. From her childhood on, until the last day of mourning for her husband, she has been held back from having a good time. When the book opens she goes to Europe with only her maid, and decides to make up for lost time. Her sister warns her that she is like a moth and will burn her wings, but she declares that she would "rather be a burnt moth than a crawling worm."

Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, the author of "The Singular Miss Smith," is widely known through her various historical-religious novels: "Titus: A Comrade of the Cross," "Paul: A Herald of the Cross," "The Cross Triumphant," "The Transfiguration of Miss Philana," and "Prisoners of the Sea." She was educated at Wellesley College, and married the Rev. Mr. Kingsley in 1882. Since 1902 she has been on the staff of the Ladies Home Journal. She does her literary work, she says, "from 9 to 12, while the children are at school." Her new story is described as a decidedly clever skit on various phases of social life and women clubs; but it is also an attractive and unusual love story.

It is very strange, therefore, that nothing of the kind should be found in Assyria, a country which stood high in culture. For the sepulchres which are found in such numbers in some mounds, down to a certain depth, belong to later races, mostly even to the modern Turks and Arabs. This peculiarity is so puzzling that scholars almost incline to suppose that the Assyrians either made away with their dead in some manner unknown to us or else took them somewhere to bury. The latter conjecture, though not unsupported by any positive facts, and therefore was never seriously discussed. The question is simply left open until something happens to shed light on it.

Misplaced Muscles.  
In a ten days' old negro baby at the Maryland General Hospital the orthopedic surgeons have an extremely interesting case to work upon, and the nurses and laymen about the institution have a frequent cause for laughter and for puzzling conjecture. The baby lies always in the position of a pickaninny who has found this life such a joke that he can't resist kicking his heels in the air all the time. But his feet haven't the usual habit of falling back upon his couch. They won't stay down unless they are put in splints.

The doctors explain this by saying that the muscles which should be on the under part of the leg are in the front of the leg, while those which should be in the front are in the back. One distinct advantage the child has over others is that he need not ever find any difficulty in performing that feat which has so often brought the house down for the "boneless man." He can scratch his nose with the big toe on either foot without effort.

But, on the other hand, if he should grow to maturity without being cured of the deformity, he would likely be forced to go on all fours, or if he walked erect he would walk backward. The surgeons are treating him, and say it is probable by the time he has reached maturity he will walk as other people do. The child was born in the hospital.—Baltimore Sun.

Beginning and End.  
Singleton—So you were married by a justice of the peace, eh?  
Wedderly (sadly)—Yes; but that isn't the worst of it.  
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tion the thirteen stripes will represent the number of States whose valor and resources originally effected the American independence, and additional stars will mark the increase of the States since the present constitution." From this time on the increase of stars in the constellation which formed the union was steady, and during the war with Mexico, in 1840, twenty-nine white stars were displayed in the blue field.

The flags borne by the regiments of the northern army during the four years of the great civil war had thirty-five stars in the union. This was the full number of States then forming the national federation, as the United States government had refused to recognize the constitutional right of a State to secede from the union. The retention of the stars representing the southern States was regarded as a serious breach of military etiquette by the more punctilious of the Confederate leaders, and the capture of one of the Federal standards was always well rewarded by the authorities at Richmond.

The regimental flags carried by the regular and volunteer regiments during the Spanish war of 1898 displayed forty-five stars in the blue field of the union, ten new States having been added to the federation since the great civil struggle which so nearly severed the republic. This was also the first foreign war in which the State troops of the reunited country appeared in the field together, and it was the first occasion on which former Confederate officers of high rank resumed the uniform of the United States service. The great garrison flag which was hoisted over Santiago after the surrender of the city by the Spanish commandant measured twenty feet in width by thirty-six feet in length, the forty-five white stars which formed the union showing distinctly against the bright blue of the field.—Philadelphia Record.

COLLECTING TRANSFERS FAD.  
New Hobby that Street Car Conductors Run Across Nowadays.  
"Transfer, please," said a passenger on a Broadway car.  
"Where to?" asked the conductor.  
"I don't care," answered the man.  
"Any old place. I'm not going to use it anyhow."

"Collectin' 'em?" inquired the conductor, and the passenger nodded.  
"It wasn't a rush hour and the conductor had time to talk. "That's the newest freak," he explained to the man on the back platform. "Collecting transfers. I suppose about once a week some chap takes me for a transfer to add to his collection. Of course, we won't bear that part of it officially. We've got to give transfers when they are asked for, and what's done with them is none of our business."

"A man who travels with me quite often showed me the other day a collection of nearly 400 transfers that he'd gathered. They represented about every city in the country of more than 10,000 population. This man said he'd picked them up on his own travels, through friends in various places, and even by writing to the street railway companies direct for them.

"All transfers are patterned on the same general style nowadays. That is, they are marked off into little sections containing the transfer points, the hours and minutes for the time limit, the dates and so on. The conductor punches one of each of the sections.

"Out in Salt Lake City they still use a system that used to be followed on the Jersey City trolleys, but was given up several years ago. On the transfers are printed a lot of little pictures of men and women and children. There is a man with a smooth face, a man with a mustache and a man with a full beard; a young woman and an old woman; a boy and a girl. The conductor punches the picture that most nearly resembles the person to whom the transfer is issued. The system never became popular. For one thing women don't like it. It was a pretty old lady who didn't get huffy if the young woman's face was not punched for her."

"In Kansas City they are particular whether you are going to transfer north, east, south or west, so there is printed on the transfers a compass showing these four points, and the direction you are going is punched out."—New York Sun.

Rubber Used Again.  
Worn-out rubber, like worn-out silver, is something that does not exist in these days, says London Answers. Ever since the advent of bicycles and motor cars, both of which drew heavily on the world's rubber supply, and ever since the hundred and one uses to which rubber is put in connection with electricity, the material has become more and more scarce and valuable, so that even the old rubber shoe and the worn-out rubber boot may throw out their chests in pride at being worth really something. Nothing containing rubber is discarded nowadays. The old rubber coat over which the spring tines of a motor car may run on a country road to-day may some day find a nesting place in the soft tresses of a woman's hair, after having been transformed into a handsome comb.

Even vulcanized rubber, which, owing to the sulphur process to which it was subjected, was formerly valueless, is now subjected to a process which rejuvenates it and makes it fit to be worked up again for the purpose of the manufacturer. Immense quantities of this product, which formerly was assigned to a rubbish heap, are now treated and admired with a certain percentage of new gum, enough to cheapen the price of most rubber goods turned out by the manufacturers to-day. Old rubber, however, can be used by itself without any addition of fresh gum, the process of treatment being a simple one.

Not Satisfied With the Place.  
Mrs. Backlots—So your servant girl has left you again?  
Mrs. Subbubs—Yes.  
Mrs. Backlots—What was the matter?  
Mrs. Subbubs—She didn't like the way I did the work.—Philadelphia Press.