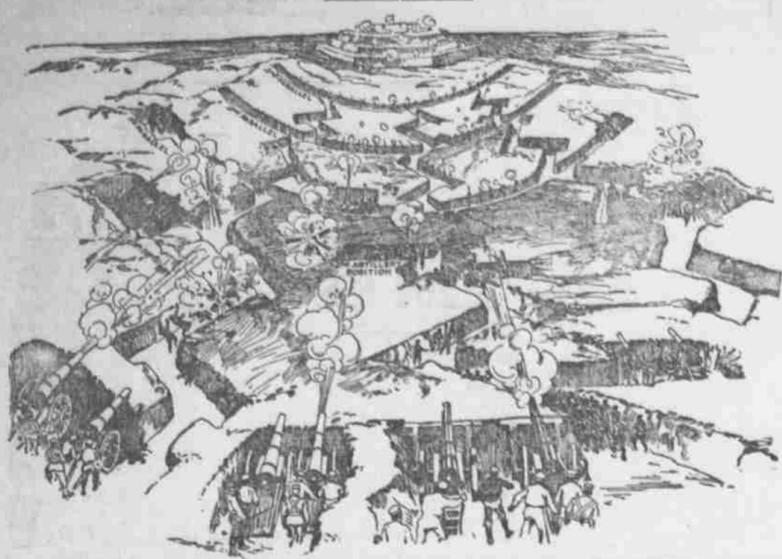


# METHOD BY WHICH JAPS REACHED WALLS OF PORT ARTHUR FORTS.



**SYSTEM OF PARALLEL TRENCHES ON WHICH JAPS WORKED FOR MONTHS.**  
The picture shows a method of attacking a fort if high angle fire fails to reduce it. The irregular trenches leading to the parallels are dug so that they cannot be swept by the enemy's fire. The men dig the trenches under the protection of their own artillery. The parallels are for the protection of the storming parties as they approach nearer and nearer the walls. A "parallel" is a trench, often many miles long, which fronts the fortress. Suppose the army is 4,000 yards from the fortress. During the commencing bombardment this is called the "first parallel." They want to move nearer and so they construct the "second parallel," perhaps at a distance of 2,000 yards from the fortress. But, in order that men and guns may move safely into this "parallel," approaches have to be cut—that is, a number of trenches leading from the first parallel to the "parallel." These approaches run in zigzags, as if they were straight, they would be open to the enemy's fire.  
The way in which the "parallel" is opened is interesting. So soon as it grows dark a number of officers, accompanied by sappers, move forward. Here they trace the lines which the parallel will follow. Each sapper has a picket and a measuring tape. The officer stations the first sapper at the end of the trench line, takes the end of his tape, and walks along until the tape is drawn out. At this point he places a second sapper, takes his tape, and walks to the end of it, and so on. The sappers drive the pickets into the ground, fasten the tapes to them, and lie down to await the working party. Later on the working party, with picks and shovels, arrives and sets to work with all its might. By break of day each man must have dug a trench 5 feet long, 6 1/2 feet wide, and 4 feet deep, except the front eighteen inches, which is only one and one-half feet deep. The earth he piles in front to form a parapet. At daylight this trench will be occupied by a strong force, called the "guard of the trenches." But the work is not yet finished, for the following two nights are also devoted to digging, and when finished the trench is 10 feet wide at the bottom or more, much wider on top, 4 feet deep, having steps in front, and protected by a parapet of earth in front, which is about 4 1/2 feet high. Behind this "parallel" protected places are formed for the artillery, another big job, seeing that thirty feet of earth, and probably more, is required to insure the safety of the guns. Finally, the last parallel is made, and the rush of infantry into the fort takes place.

## GOLDENROD.

When the wayside tangles blaze  
In the low September sun,  
When the flowers of summer days  
Drop and wither one by one,  
Reaching up through bush and briar,  
Stumpless brow and heart of fire,  
Flourishing high its wind-rocked plume,  
Brave with wealth of native bloom—  
Goldenrod!

In the pasture's rude embrace,  
All serene with tangled vines,  
Where the thistle claims its place,  
And the straggling hedge confines,  
Bearing still the sweet impress  
Of unfeared loveliness,  
In the field and by the wall,  
Blending, clasping, crowning all—  
Goldenrod!

Nature lies disheveled, pale,  
With her feverish lips apart—  
Day by day the pulses fail,  
Nearer to her bounding heart;  
Yet that sickened grass doth hold  
Store of pure and genuine gold;  
Quick thou comest, strong and free,  
Type of all the wealth to be—  
Goldenrod!

—Kansas City Journal.

## AMARANTH'S INVESTMENT.

TROUBLE began for Amaranth Brooke when she decided to buy the ramshackle old family homestead with the few hundred dollars that had been left to her by a distant relative. But there were her brother's wife and children to provide a home for, and when Amaranth made up her mind she cared very little whether people approved of her plans or not.

She did care, however, what Sylvester Smalley would think of the matter, for since she was engaged to him it would be only right to tell him what she meant to do.

Amaranth had been looking over her prospective purchase and was on her way home, when he overtook her and at once broached the subject.  
"No use to throw your money away on that old rubbish place," he told her. "You can't raise a crop there, and I wouldn't take it as a gift. An' your money, with what I've got, would build up a nice, snug house on that forty acres father gave me, an' help to stock the farm beside. Then we could be married and go right to house-keeping. Will you, Amaranth?"

They were loitering slowly homeward and had paused at the old stile, where a scarlet-towered trumpet vine showered its gorgeous trophies at their feet.

"Ray yes!" urged Sylvester.  
Amaranth felt her determination weakening.  
"But—but there's brother Reuben's wife and the children!" she faltered. "They are quite destitute, and have no one to look to but me."  
Sylvester frowned.

"Let Reub's wife look out for herself," he returned gruffly. "I dare say there's orphan asylums in the city where the young ones would be took care of."  
Amaranth's eyes flashed scornfully at him as she drew herself up with offended dignity.

"Brother Reuben's children shall never go to the asylum while I live!" she declared indignantly.

After a few more words their troth was broken. Sylvester stalked moodily on his way, while Amaranth, with a pang of sore disappointment at her heart, turned toward the gray stone farmhouse, where she earned a small stipend over her board by doing the housework for a family of six.

The broken engagement offered fresh food for gossip among the Brooke and Stubblefield kith and kin, but Amaranth was not to be turned from her course by their outspoken censures and criticisms.

The old homestead was bought and

paid for. To be sure the soil was rocky and sterile, and the dwelling in need of repairs.

The orchard trees—what were left of them—were gnarled and bent, and the fences and outbuildings in a sad state of dilapidation.

It was really scarcely worth the small sum asked for it, but Amaranth had determined to buy it, and buy it she did.

An ancient cow and a half-dead pony were included in the sale. And after the house had been treated to a few repairs and a thorough cleaning, brother Reuben's family were released from their ungenial quarters in the city and comfortably installed there.

Mrs. Reuben—a meek little woman, with no more ideas of supporting herself than a canary bird might have—was yet a good housekeeper, and willingly undertook the management of domestic affairs, while Amaranth gave her attention to the raising of poultry and garden vegetables. And the children grew as round as butterballs, romping under the gnarled old apple trees or playing hide-and-seek among the tall sunflowers and hollyhocks that nodded in the dooryard.

Later on, Amaranth earned a few dollars each week by the sale of her produce at the little village of Pineville Center, which was scarcely a stone's throw from her back pasture.

But with all her industry and economy she found it a hard matter to provide for herself and the helpless ones depending on her, and there were times when she really feared the wolf was already at her door.

Sylvester Smalley took particular pleasure in driving past the house, with Nancy Maria Stubblefield, to whom he had transferred his attentions, seated beside him in his spring buggy.

But no one offered a helping hand, and Amaranth was beginning to feel a tremor of despair when something happened which no one—certainly not Amaranth—had ever dreamed would come to pass.

It was nothing more or less than the building of a branch railway from the "Oak" line and nine miles to a point on the Mississippi River some twelve miles beyond Pineville Center. The nearest route, according to survey, lay directly across one side of Amaranth's estate, and she readily accepted the offer of \$200 from the mining company for this small portion of her "worn-out" farm land.

But the tide of prosperity did not stop here.

Roger Allen, the young surveyor, who had laid out the new railroad, suggested Pineville Center as the most convenient point for the smelting works to be erected by the mining company.

And so the sleepy little village waked up one fine morning to find itself in the midst of a most unexpected "boom."

Amaranth, though offered a high price, refused to part with her property on any terms. By the advice of the young surveyor, however, she was induced to lay out a portion of her farm, fronting the railroad, in town lots, which were eagerly purchased at a satisfactory valuation, and the "Brooke addition" soon ranked as the most desirable residence portion of Pineville Center.

And Amaranth found herself, if not wealthy, at least comfortably situated.

A stout hired farm hand attended to the farm work now. The worn-out meadows and cornfields were redeemed and their impoverished condition.

The antiquated cow was supplanted by a small herd of Jerseys. The decrepit horse was "pensioned off" on the fattest of pastures, while a span of "matched bays" drew the new carriage when Amaranth or Mrs. Reuben and her children took an airing.

The discomfited relatives, who had all but boycotted Amaranth in the dark days, now discovered that "blood

was thicker than water" and hastened to make friendly overtures.

And Sylvester Smalley, who had not yet succeeded in building on the paternal forty acres, abruptly ceased his attentions to Nancy Maria, and cast longing eyes toward the thrifty corn fields and well filled barns of the old homestead.

Long since had he repented of his short-sightedness, and after some skillful maneuvering he one day succeeded in meeting Amaranth face to face at the old stile.

She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet. As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat, And Sylvester felt that he must win her at all hazards.

He advanced smiling and with outstretched hands.

"Did you really think I meant to give you up, Amaranth?" he asked, reproachfully.

But she drew coldly back.

"Give me up? Certainly! You gave me up long ago," she returned. "But I didn't mean it! I—I own I was a fool, Amaranth," he stammered, desperately, "but I always intended to come back an' marry you. An' 'tain't too late yet. Only name the day, an' I'm yours."

But Amaranth smiled as she glanced beyond him to a tall figure which was rapidly approaching them.

"Very much obliged, I'm sure," she replied, demurely, "but I have promised to be Roger Allen's wife, and the day is already named. Here comes Roger now. Will you stay and be introduced?"

But with a disappointed scowl, Sylvester slunk away.—Chicago Journal.

**WORKMAN WHO CHEATS.**  
Dribble He Represents in a Business Is Worse Than a Wide Leak.  
An employer of thousands of men was asked what thing in all his large operations gave him the most concern.

## HUNTING THE KANGAROO.

Difficult to Shoot on Account of His Speed Across the Plains.

Tiger skins, elephant tusks, antlers and a dozen other trophies decorated the smoking-room of the huntsman.

"You can't guess what this is," he said, and he took down from the wall a piece of curiously woven matting. It was about two feet square, green in color and five inches thick.

"This," he explained, "is the breastplate that is worn in kangaroo hunting. Without it the kangaroo, with a foreleg blow straight from the shoulder, could smash in your chest as though it was a pasteboard box. This breastplate is a souvenir of an exciting kangaroo hunt in Australia.

"All big game enthusiasts are familiar with tiger shooting, elephant shooting, the chase of the grizzly, of the bear and of the hippo, but I know few men who have ever hunted kangaroos.

"Yet this is an exciting and dangerous sport. The kangaroo, when he is brought to bay, will fight. He jumps straight at you, like a great cat, and with his forelegs he aims at your chest two tremendous blows—first the right and then the left—and these blows, delivered with a speed and accuracy that no prize fighter could equal, would kill you if they landed on an unprotected surface. So you wear, for a protection, this thick green guard, woven of native grasses by native women.

"You hunt the kangaroo in 'sets.' Each hunter comes with a set, and each set employs half a dozen native runners to stalk the kangaroo.

"The kangaroo, on being stalked, comes tearing over the plain straight at you. He travels with the speed of an express train, and he makes great bounding leaps. One minute he is crouching on the grass, the next he is ten feet up in the air, and all the while, remember, he is going forty miles an hour.

"Hence he is a mighty difficult object to shoot. If you fail to shoot him, and if there is no tree handy, then you must put your trust in your matting breastplate. This breastplate of mine, you notice, has a dent in it."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

## THE GOOD OLD NOISE.

The ear becomes so accustomed to the din of the city streets that it misses it in the heart of the country. A New York business man has had an experience of the quietude of rural life.

For two long weeks he fought for sleep in a remote corner of Maine, where, tired out, he had fled for much-needed rest. What he did then he tells in the New York Sun. His experience is that of many men, with whom living in the city has become first a habit, then a disease.

The quietness, the awful stillness of the night, actually kept me awake until I had to resort to opiates. I had heard of such a thing before, but I never had experienced it. Then I returned to the city, and was like a boy coming home.

The first day I was at my desk I shoved up my window. The old familiar cry of "Hey-up!" from the teamsters sounded comforting. Then the clang of the trolley cars broke in upon me, and I felt good. I heard the battle of the teamsters just below, that old fight for space and place that goes on the year round in the city.

I looked out toward the crush at the crossing, I saw the push-cart man fighting to hold his own. He looked so natural! At the opposite corner I saw a peddler who has been there for years. I have bought shoe laces from him for so long that I should feel lonely if he were to go.

When I started for home that first day on my return the same old policeman helped me across, just as he had done these many years. I thanked him more sincerely than I ever had before. He didn't know he had been away; he hadn't missed me, but I had missed him.

When I went to bed that night I threw open my window and fell asleep to the noise and rattle of the elevated trains. I had returned to my own.

**LIVING IN SO'J HOUSES.**  
They Were the Cheapest Permanent Shelter for Pioneers on the Prairies.

Alighting from the slow-moving prairie-schooner—the canvas-hooded ship of the plains—the settler found himself far from house-building material. Trees there were none for miles; stone was farther away, and as for lumber, it was almost unknown, or could be obtained only by long, dreary drives with small loads across the plains. How should he shelter his family from the blizzards of winter and the "hot winds" of summer days? In answer to his demand came the sod house.

The tough sod of the prairie is well fitted for the construction of walls. It may be cut into squares capable of handling, and which are laid like bricks, a compact and substantial mass. Many are the types of architecture, for there are fashions in Sod-House Land as well as on the avenue. Quickest to construct is the half dug-out. As its name implies, it is partly underground. It is the easiest to build, as well as the cheapest, of all permanent homes of the West. The floor is of earth, and the walls for a few feet from the bottom are of the same virgin material, they being an excavation in a hillside. Above come the sod walls, and the roof is a slanting covering of poles, grass and earth. A wandering horse may walk from the upper hillside upon the roof, and come crashing through to disturb the dwellers below, or a heavy rain may cause sudden flood, but beyond these contingencies there is warmth and comfort, if not style. Hundreds of families have lived in dug-outs and were happy. The experience is, however, not one to be envied.—Woman's Home Companion.

**His Modesty.**  
"He remarked that you are a very modest man."  
"Yes, indeed. That's one thing I pride myself on."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If a man gets rattled there must be a screw loose somewhere.

## GOOD Short Stories

Joseph Quincy, of Boston, tells of how he was once identified by a laborer who was enlightening a friend.

"That is Joseph Quincy," said the first laborer. "An' who is Joseph Quincy?" demanded the other. "Don't ye know who Joseph Quincy is?" demanded the first man; "I never saw such ignorance. Why, he's the grandson of the statue out there in the yard."

George Zimmerman, the publisher, recently made a trip through Kansas and Oklahoma, a region that he had not visited for more than thirty years.

"I suppose that you noticed many changes out there," remarked a friend. "Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Zimmerman; "when I first visited that country there were many red men there without a white. On my recent trip I saw many white men without a red."

In the great Boston Public Library there stands on a pedestal in a corner of Bates Hall, the main reading-room, a bust in very dark bronze of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the patron saint of Boston. The other day, two old ladies were wandering about the building. Both the dames critically examined the likeness. "Why, I never knew," remarked one to the other, drawing back a little. "That Dr. Holmes was a negro."

A London lady who tried to climb over a stile the first day of her country vacation, certainly thought she had left London a couple of hundred miles away; but she rather wished, all the same, that the country was not so densely populated, and she turned an appealing look upon the rustic gaffer who insisted on watching her climb.

A broad grin spread over her countenance as he caught her meaning. "Lor, bless ye, mum, don't be shy before me!" he adjusted her; "I was a bus conductor for fifteen years!"

The house in Portland, Me., where Longfellow was born, is now a tenement in the poorer part of the city, mostly inhabited by Irish. A few years ago a teacher in Portland was giving a lesson on the life of the poet.

At the end of the hour, she began to question her class. "Where was Longfellow born?" she asked. A small boy waved his hand vigorously. When the teacher called on him, his answer did not seem to astonish the rest of the class, but it was a shock to her. "In Paty Magee's bedroom," he said.

Governor Bacheelder, of New Hampshire, dislikes tramps, though at times he will hand a quarter to one of the traveling fraternity. Not long ago he found a hungry young hobo lying under a tree at a lonely place in the country. The Governor listened to the old hard-luck story, and gave the tramp some change. Then he said, encouragingly: "Down there on the left, my friend, there is a farmer who wants men to help him thresh wheat."

"Thankee, sir," said the tramp, turning to the right; "thankee, I might have gone down that way accidental like."

It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall Market. Secretary Rhodes walked in front of him down the length of the market, announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the President of the United States! Fallow-citizens, make room!" The chief executive had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when Mr. Rhodes, the secretary, turned around suddenly, and, finding himself alone, promptly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious, where has that darned idiot got to?"

**THE "BLACK HAND" MYTH.**  
No Such Organization Ever Existed Among Italian Criminals.

During the recent outbreak of Italian blackmailing in New York a great deal has been written about the "Black Hand." This is supposed to be a mystic order of Italian criminals, banded together to do violence, says the New York Sun. As a matter of fact, a "Black Hand" organization never existed anywhere. There was a fiction that such an order once did business in Spain, but never in Italy.

The history of the alleged "Black Hand" Society in Spain has to do with the Spanish police and their peculiar system of graft. All the facts about it came out something like a year ago, when certain friends of justice in Paris and London, notably Socialist members in the French Chamber of Deputies, tried to secure the release of three Spanish life term prisoners.

In 1874 there was great social and political unrest in Spain. Alfonso XII. had just made his coup d'etat and squashed the republic. His repressive measures were very severe and especially his Andalusia hit hard. The laboring class became troublesome, a demand for reform in public meetings, and Don Tomas Perez Monforte, the governor of the province, resented the order to quell the discord.

According to a sworn statement made by one Alvarez, a laborer, he was called before the governor and invited to stir up the labor leaders to burn a certain vineyard. Alvarez was to notify the police so that the leaders could be caught in the act. For this, he was to be well paid. Alvarez refused. Nevertheless, several vineyards were burned soon afterward, and strange to say the police always caught the culprits red handed. Thirty or forty of them were sent to prison for long terms, and the governor made a great showing.

Now on one of his expeditions the police found on the wall of a vineyard, which their confederates were about to have burned, the mark of a hand left by a careless painter. Monforte seems to have conceived a brilliant idea. These crimes were being committed by a secret society of which this hand was the symbol. So the "Black Hand" sprang into existence. To bolster up the notion, Monforte de-

clared that he had found the oath and constitution of the society. The oath was terrible, and the constitution bound its members to commit awful crimes. Monforte never showed this constitution. But the "Black Hand" fiction lived after him and was found very convenient by the police. Whenever they found a very mysterious crime they attributed it to the "Black Hand."

In 1882 one man killed another in a quarrel and as the men were Republican and trades unionists the police at once attributed the crime to the "Black Hand." They arrested 100 men, garroted seven and imprisoned six. It was in the endeavor to secure the release of three of the latter that the story of the "Black Hand" was revealed.

In the recent extortion cases in New York the name "Black Hand" was signed to the letters demanding money. The Italian criminals in doing this merely took advantage of the fear inspired by the publication in various papers of the fiction about the "Black Hand." So whenever two or three Italian blackmailers pick an easy mark and sit down to write their threatening letter, they sign it "Black Hand." There is no more organization among these people than among the American "Yegg men." They know others of their kind, and they combine on a job when it seems profitable to do so. That is all.

**RUSHLIGHTS.**  
In these days of electricity, cheap matches and kerosene, one can hardly realize the trouble and difficulty in the way of procuring and maintaining artificial light a hundred years ago. Until well into the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, says Miss Jekyll in "Old Surrey," many families could afford nothing better than the rushlights that they made at home.

In the summer, when the common rushes of marshy ground were at their full growth, they were collected by women and children, while pith in side and a tough green skin on the outside. The rushes were peeled, all but a narrow strip, which was left to strengthen the pith, and were hung up in bunches to dry.

Fat of any kind was collected, though fat from salted meat was avoided, if possible. It was melted in boat-shaped grease pans that stood on their three short legs in the hot ashes in front of the fire. They were of cast iron, made on purpose. The bunches, each of about a dozen peeled rushes, were drawn through the grease and then put aside to dry.

An old cottage friend told me all about it, and though winter was only just over, and the rushes barely grown, and she was ninety years of age, yet when next I went to see her she had gone out and found some rushes to show me how it was done.

"You peel away the rind from the pith, leaving only a little strip of rind. And when the rushes are dry you dip 'em through the grease, keeping 'em well under. And my mother she always laid hers to dry in a bit of hollow bark. Mutton fat's the best; it dries hardest."

A rushlight fifteen inches long would burn about half an hour. The frequent shifting was the work of a child. It was a greasy job, not suited to the fingers of the mother at her needlework. "Mend the light," or "Mend the rush," was the signal for the child to put up a new length.

**AN EVERY-DAY PROBLEM.**  
Should Slow-Paying Patrons or Disappointing Dressmakers Stand Loss?

Mrs. Bixby's side of the case is set forth by that lady somewhat as follows, although she uses more words, and yamier:

For her husband's business welfare and her own social advancement it was necessary that she should make a good appearance at the first reception given by the Grays, who are rich newcomers to the place. Mrs. Bixby strained a point to provide fifty dollars for a new gown.

The order was given in ample season to the dressmaker, who promised that the gown should be ready for the reception. It did not come, and Mrs. Bixby, having "nothing fit to wear," she decided her expected triumph and compelled to send her regrets. The dressmaker sent home the gown the morning after the reception, but Mrs. Bixby declined to receive it or pay for it.

The dressmaker says she was rushed with work for that reception, and attended to her cash customers first. Mrs. Bixby does not pay her bills promptly, and since there are many of that kind, so many that the dressmaker was "behind" with her silk merchant, there was delay in obtaining the material for the Bixby gown. It was finally procured, however, the dress was cut out, and it would have been ready at the time appointed, but for two mischances—the forewoman fell downstairs and broke her arm, and the dressmaker herself was taken ill.

Mrs. Bixby declares she is justified in refusing payment. The dressmaker insists that the material at least should be paid for, and points out that if Mrs. Bixby had given her something on account when the gown was ordered, the first delay in obtaining the silk would have been avoided, and that would have left a liberal margin of time, with the chances favoring the completion of the order.

"The lady or the dressmaker," as the circumstances are set forth above, is an actual problem now engaging the attention of social circles in England. In vital interest it surpasses Mr. Stockton's "lady or the tiger" problem; for controversies, essentially similar, between people who sell and people who buy are taking place continually.

Our cousins across the water, who are furiously arguing the case in the newspapers, have not requested an American opinion. But it will strike the unprejudiced observer at a distance that the aggrieved lady might have been saved a deal of unpleasantness if she had established a reputation for paying her bills.—Youth's Companion.

## OLD FAVORITES

**Faithless Nelly Gray.**  
Nelly Gray was a soldier boy,  
And used to war's alarms,  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him off the field  
Bald he: "Let others sob,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs,  
Said he: "They're only pegs,  
But there's a wooden member quite  
As represent my legs."

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray,  
So he went to pay her his devotes  
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray  
She made him quit a scuff,  
And when she saw his wooden legs  
Began to take them off.

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that lures a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform."

Said she: "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave,  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave."

"Before you had those timber toes  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now."

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Rajah's breeches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the  
feet,"  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feet of brass?"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
I know you're false,  
Though I've no feet some other man  
Is standing in my shoes."

"I wish I never had seen your face!  
But now a long farewell!  
For you will be my death—alas!  
You will not be my Nell!"

**Strangers Yet.**  
After years of life together,  
After fair and stormy weather,  
After travel in far lands,  
After touch of wretched hands—  
Why thus joined? Why ever met,  
If they must be strangers yet?

**Strangers yet!**  
After strife for common ends,  
After this of "old friends,"  
After passions fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may beat and eyes be met,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

**Strangers yet!**  
O, the bitter thought to see  
All the loneliness of man—  
Nature by magnetic laws  
Circle only circle draws,  
But they only touch when met,  
Never mingle—strangers yet.

**WOMEN AS WORKERS.**  
Some Figures that, After All, Are Not Discouraging.

A statistician has gone to the trouble to ascertain that 55 per cent of all the divorced women, 32 per cent of the widowed and 31 per cent of the single women are engaged in gainful pursuits. Only about 6 per cent of the married women are similarly situated. While the great body of married women are at home attending to the domestic duties which are naturally set down for them, there is some hope still that the old order of things is not going to be completely overthrown.

The figures indicate that 94 per cent of the married men are supporting their wives, though the women are, of course, doing their full share in maintaining domestic establishments which are bulwarks of morals and good order and which keep the race from dying out.

On surface analysis it may seem wonderful that 94 per cent of the married men find enough to do to support families, when so many women are in men's occupations; but the earth is big, and the ordinary attempt at comprehending the things to be done and the number of people to do them is puny indeed. In the long run there appears to be room for everybody—the home woman, the "new" woman, the manly woman, the bachelor woman, etc., likewise for the womanish man and the men who depend on the labor and shrewdness of their wives to keep them going. The mixture of the sexes in the active business affairs of to-day would have scared writers on political economy twenty-five years ago. It seems plain enough, for example, that when a man on a salary gets work for his daughter in the same occupation at perhaps smaller compensation than he receives, he is sapping the foundation of his own employment and prosperity; that, in the long run, he will be simply dividing up his salary among the members of his own family and driving other men out of employment.

The results of widespread changes of this sort look, apparently, to an entire revolutionizing of society. But people are not stopping to study the text books. They are going ahead with the fashions of the time, leaving the pessimists and those who have nothing to do but study to read up on political economy. A great many wise books have been impracticable in relation to business affairs. If society is going wrong in putting the gentler sex in the lines of employment that were formerly exclusively for men, the mistake will manifest itself some day in a serious way. Money panics result from over-wrought ambition to get rich quick, and then follows the travail of liquidation. And so it is with other affairs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A man can't have a very big time by himself.