

Topics of the Times

1910, like all other years, will be an annus mirabilis.

It appears now that the world gave Dr. Cook too much latitude.

The chronic office-seeker is usually one office behind appointment.

A king can wear gold lace and put on lots of lug, but that don't make him dynamite-proof.

Albert I. Let him start in at once to make himself Albert the Great.

What a long time the world will wait to find out whether any really great men were born in 1895!

The Indianapolis News finds that the men killed by the automobiles are absent-minded. They certainly are—after the event.

A New York court has decided that a witness need not tell exactly what he said when he proposed. If he did tell, it might make the court sick.

That New York man whose wife fastened him in bed with a rope to prevent his leaving her, found unexpected difficulty in breaking home ties.

The new king thinks that there must be something in this Belgian heir industry, after all. (P. S. Paragrash calmly stolen from various exchanges.)

A Chicago policeman who let a murderer walk away remarked that "a live coward is better than a dead hero." He may be, but he should not be on the police force.

If everybody were to begin right now and tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, there wouldn't be room on the first page for all the sensations.

"Sympathy," says the Atchison Globe, "has little effect on toothache." Editor Howe speaks without due reflection. When another tooth aches, out of sympathy, the effect is considerably intensified.

Out of the \$20,000 a year which Mrs. Brokaw cost her husband she says she spent only \$90 for candy. Yet her doctor bills amounted to \$3,500. She must have consumed other things that were bad for her.

An economic expert declares that women do not know how to buy. This libel upon the shopping sex is sure to be resented with national indignation. What would the bargain phase of domestic commercial life be without the women?

A word of despair comes sobbing up from Yucatan. The chicler forests are threatened with decay and destruction. What a gnashing of teeth, in jaws well muscled by years of exercise, will be heard in America if the chewing-gum industry is thus prostrated!

A professor of English literature advises every one who wishes to get as much as possible out of his reading to read as if he intended to interest some other person by an account of what he has read. This is good advice, not only for the student, but also for the casual reader. If supplemented by the practice of actually telling others what one reads, it would in time make charming companions of persons who are frequently at a loss for entertaining topics of conversation.

There is a disposition frequently shown to begrudge the man who has passed 50 years on the earth. He is called a back number and is repeatedly shoved aside to make room for a "hustler." Possibly this tendency is due to the fact that the man of that age is much inclined to look upon himself as being down and out. If he does not think well of himself, he cannot blame other people for putting a low valuation on him. What he needs is more life and ginger. Age is much a matter of how one feels, after all.

Proofs that we are having a good, old-fashioned winter have multiplied so rapidly that the most enthusiastic lovers of cold and snow should be satisfied and joyful. The weather man, who is our highest authority when it comes to comparisons, has given his official sanction to the use of superlatives. According to those who wait anxiously with horse and cutter the sleighing is the best we have had in years. Youthful skaters have had the chance of their lives. There are always grumblers, however, and they complain that while the snow and ice have hung on the coal has melted. They have a special grievance also against the sleet on which they spoiled their wooden shovels when they should have used an ax. They get no comfort from the fresh and biting air, but have much to say of transportation delays and the bad walking. Possibly it may be wasting time to pass along a word of good cheer to such pessimists, but there is a light in the darkness even for them if they will only make the most of their opportunities. For weeks it has been possible for every man to be his own iceman. Put on a pan filled with water and the good, old-fashioned winter will do the rest. It will keep your refrigerator supplied from day to day. It will give you a sense of complete independence in one particular at least and afford some compensation for the tribute to the coal barons.

At what age does a boy rightly begin to acquire manners? Not "manner," but "manners," for manner gained before a lad has come into the possession of a real directing personality, and grown to man's estate, makes of him a conceited prig, a small, prosing

done, to avoid or to bear with as necessity dictates, but never to enjoy. Who can think, without an amused, disapproving smile, of the prim little Macaulay, painfully scalded by his mother's overturned coffee pot, yet answering with easy complacency, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated"? It would have been a thousand times better if he had locked his lips in true English school-boy style, or even cried, after the intimate fashion of children in all countries. Not that self-control is to be despised. Far from it, for such control is the foundation upon which kindness and good-will build up the polite and desired structure of manners. No boy grown beyond babyhood is too young to remember always that doors opened and parcels carried make his mother's heart very proud and happy at her son's consideration; that older people like briskly lobbing caps and dislike being interrupted in their talk; and that all the outward and visible signs of a thoughtful, kind spirit are just so much to any lad's credit. No mother should slacken her efforts to awaken a boy's appreciation of this best of things, but she should avoid with equal pertinacity the ever-elaborated expression of it. Then, perhaps, the Elysium of Mr. Gelett Burgess' prophecy would be realized:

A boy would doff his little hat, A girl would curtsy just like that, And both would use such words as these,

"Excuse me, sir," and "If you please." But it would be done fittingly, with boyish naivete, for there is the greatest difference in the world between "manner" and "manners."

The artist cheerfully set about his task, and at the end of three days presented for the proprietor's inspection an idealized picture of the little inn with its outbuildings, to which he had added a dove-cote, round which several birds, which the eye of faith might have taken to be very small doves, were hovering.

The landlord peered anxiously at it, first over and then through his iron-browed spectacles. Then he pointed a lean forefinger at the forms hovering about the dove-cote.

"Young man," he said, with decision, "I'm kind of pleased with the rest of the picture, but you can just paint out those mosquitoes, or else I can't allow ye anything on your board. They are called to scare off folks instead of drawing 'em here."

Lamb Hissed His Own Farce. Lamb's unfortunate farce, "Mr. H." has one of the shortest theatrical titles on record, and it could not possibly have had a shorter theatrical life, since it was performed only once. Lamb, as everybody knows, "hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbors."

Writing to Wordsworth the following day he said: "A hundred hisses—(damn the word, I write it like hisses—how different!)—a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, it's withdrawn and there is an end." But it is to be observed that he did not curse his audience, as your modern playwright would have done, for Lamb happened to be a sound and sane critic of his own work.

Was Doing Her Best. William Pruetto, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pruetto in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days. She had a telegram saying her mother was sick.

"Certainly you may go," said Mrs. Pruetto, "only don't stay longer than is necessary, as we need you."

A week passed, and not a word from her. Then came a note which read: "Dear Miss Pruetto I will be back next week an please keep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she can."—Success Magazine.

Trees Brought Rain. In lower Egypt rain fell very seldom. During the French occupation, about 1789, it did not rain for sixteen months, but since Mahomet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha completed their vast plantations—the former alone planted more than 20,000,000 olive, fig, cotton, acacia, plane trees, etc.—there now falls a good deal of rain.

For Nervous Children. A naturally nervous child, one who has been pampered, should early be taught self-control and the value of it. It is essential to discourage emotionalism and never countenance fits of temper. Plenty of fresh air and sunlight are great aids to naturally nervous children, and all rich foods should be forbidden.

Progression. "But sometimes it's right to tell a white lie, isn't it?" "Perhaps. But I notice that when a man gets that idea once it isn't long till he becomes color blind."—Cleveland Leader.

We'd hate to invite a real Chicago man to our house; our things would look so common to him that he would kick them to pieces.

FARMERS' CORNER

The Milking Shed. A plan that has been proven successful, not only in the improvement of the milk, but in the saving of the manure, is to have a separate barn or shed to do the milking in. This can be a comparatively cheap structure, as it would be intended to keep the cows in it only during the process of milking.

The barn, however, should be constructed in a substantial and sanitary way. After the cows are milked they are turned into a roomy shed or barn, where they remain loose and can eat forage or lie down at will. There are in this shed racks and troughs for feeding hay and ensilage in.

In the milking shed the cows are fastened by means of rigid stanchions, and the feed mangers, where the concentrates are fed, are built high enough to prevent the cow from lying down, thus she remains clean until the milking is done.

The floors should be of concrete, and there should be a gutter behind the cows. These stables should be thoroughly cleaned out each day, and, if possible, washed occasionally, so that there will be as few flies as possible and no offensive odors. There should be no hay or feed stored in this barn and it should be well ventilated, so that the air will be pure and free from dust.

This is about the most practical way to keep cows clean. The feeding shed, which could and really should be the lower floor of the main feed barn, should be well ventilated and bedded, for in there the cows are allowed to run at large and the manure is allowed to accumulate, being covered up each day with new bedding. This plan saves absolutely all of the manure with the least amount of handling, it being hauled directly to the land in the spring.—Southern Agriculturist.

Method of Pulling Stumps. A very handy device for pulling stumps from old orchards, and can pull 200 or more a day by this means, is shown. The limbs are cut off and the stumps (E) left as long as possible. A short rope or chain with a single pulley is attached to the stump. The anchor rope or chain with a single pulley is attached to the top of stump (C). The anchor rope (B) which runs through the pulley is fast-

ened to the bottom of a stout stump (A).

A pair of steady horses is attached to the rope and always pull toward the anchor stump. With a steady pull there is no jumping or jerking, and they will walk right off as if pulling a loaded wagon. Use about sixty feet of one-inch rope, which costs \$2.40 and the pulley \$1.75, making a total cost of \$4.15.

Better Breeding Each Time. No line of breeding requires more thought and study than horse breeding. This is why so many fail in producing the highest types. One of the essentials is knowing the type of sire to breed the mare to. Many farmers will breed a light mare to a heavy horse or the very opposite, and the result is nothing tangible in the way of improvement. Every farmer should know what kind of an animal he has and be able to select a sire to breed her to that will give an improved offspring. With a proper selection made here the remainder will be easy.

It is well to note at the outset that no horse is absolutely perfect. Every animal has some defect, be it large or small. The defects in the mare should therefore be carefully noted, especially strong in the weak points the mare may have. It should be hardly necessary to mention that it is never a good plan to cross breeds. To make a success of the business the horse breeder must select one breed and stick to it.

Weeding Out Unprofitable Cows. Dairy farms are constantly advancing in value, which should be regarded as part of the profits. Grain farming is hard on the land.

With the case in test it will be possible to weed out the poor cheese cows on the same principle used in the Babcock butter test to weed out the poor butter cows. Instead of keeping cows for cheese which average seventy pounds of casein per 100 pounds of fat, one may breed cows that will produce milk containing close to 100 pounds of casein to 100 pounds of fat.

Creating Interest in Boys. Better lighted reading matter on the sitting room table have done much to solve the problem of keeping the boys on the farm. Make home attractive, and don't crowd the work too hard.

Butter from Sweet Cream. The quality of butter seems more affected by the degree of ripeness at which the cream is churning than by any other one thing. It is now becoming the fashion in some quarters to churn sweet cream. It is said that the butter keeps longer and some like it better, though a moderate degree of ripeness produces butter of the most popular flavor. It is well known that over-ripe cream makes an ill-flavored butter, and the wonder is that so much of it is produced. Negligence and procrastination account for most of it.

Preventing Diseases. The poultry papers are flooded with letters asking remedies for fowl diseases. Many of the letters may be read between the lines and give a story of conditions which should not exist. Nearly all poultry ailments are preventable if a few simple rules are observed.

Plenty of grit is necessary. It may be placed in the water, in which charcoal should be also placed. The water must be clean, and if allowed to accumulate, the droppings from the fowls is a most prolific breeder of disease germs.

The henhouses must be well ventilated and dry at all times. Drafts and damp floors claim a heavy toll.

Impure food and soured mash cause inflammation and other diseases of the digestive organs. Any chickens showing symptoms of an unhealthy condition should be at once isolated from the flock. Better care can be given it, and the danger of infecting other fowls is removed.—Farm and Ranch.

Handy Barrow for Winter. I have had many a tussle in trying to push a wheelbarrow through drifts of snow. My pigpen is some distance from the other buildings, and it is very necessary to have some sort of conveyance for the feed. After having tried my patience to the limit for several winters, I finally devised the scheme shown in the cut. I made a large runner and put it on the barrow in place of the wheel. This skips over the snow in fine shape, and runs fully as easy as a wheel does on solid ground.—C. W. Beecher in Farm and Home.

To Simplify Sugar Beet Culture. The Department of Agriculture is experimenting with a view to obtaining a single germ beet seed. Last year's investigations were successful in increasing the percentage of the single germ seed to 50 per cent, as compared to 26 per cent for the year previous. By methods of selection from single-seed plants this percentage may be still further increased.

The ultimate establishment of a single germ beet will revolutionize sugar beet growing, since the several sprouts sent up by the ordinary seed, all of which must be carefully removed by hand, constitutes the most difficult problem in beet raising.

Hogs for Turning Over Money. The hog commends itself to the general farmer on account of its prolific qualities. A sow will produce two litters of six to a dozen each per year and the farmer can turn his money over several times with hogs while he is waiting for other animals to mature.

Hogs require a little more care at times than other some animals, but the man who likes to work with them and is willing to study their needs and give them regular care will find them a most profitable adjunct to the farm. They can be turned into money or food as the owner chooses.

Swine Breeding. A swine breeder of experience and good judgment says: "The best show pig may come from the smallest sow in the herd, but it is not safe, as a rule, to select breeders from that class. We want the most size in the shortest time, and we can safely forego a little of the fattening tendency, provided we secure in the prospective breeder ranginess and a tendency to growth. I don't care how good the individual, if only three or four pigs were farrowed in the litter I would not reserve one of them for a breeder."

Barrel Traps for Rats. Two effective devices for trapping rats are made with barrels as shown here. Coarse brown paper, with cross

slits, is stretched across the barrel head in the one case and a light cover of wood hinged on a rod in the other plan. The best bait is usually food of a kind that the rats do not get in the vicinity.

Farm Notes. Alfalfa is growing in favor as a rotation crop.

Give the colts plenty of room to run about in.

The plow has its share in the good roads movement.

Fit the collar to the horse, not the horse to the collar.

Owls are vermin destroyers. Encourage their presence on the farm.

It is a poor policy to feed inferior grain to horses—especially to the work team.

On cold nights do not leave the cows out to sleep on the damp ground where they may be chilled.

The manure heap is not the farmer's bank unless he gets it out on the land. Then it returns good interest.

Make every square rod on your farm yield its quota of profit. Some use can be found for even the poor strips. Study out how you can best use all your land.

Timothy and clover mixed makes good hay, because the timothy holds the clover up and the curing is easier. If the cows teats have a tendency to get hard, keep a bottle of vaseline handy and use it occasionally to soften the parts.

Have you found out that the larger vines have no place in the garden? Plant pumpkins and squashes in the larger fields.

The addition of roots to an already complete ration of silage, clover hay and grain for a dairy cow stimulates both milk and butter fat production.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS

Everybody wants a little more than you are willing to give. Attending to your own business is about the most effective method of Reform.

The average man seems to think it lessens his dignity to admit the most common fact.

The average friendship ends in this: How much I did for him; how little he did for me.

The world is also improving in this respect: fewer barbers call themselves tonsorial artists.

When a little girl does not care for the boys, ever notice how proud her mother is of her?

One trouble with the man who takes his time is that he also takes the time of others.

We wouldn't care to have the reputation of saying meaner things than any other living man.

When we are finally sent to the insane asylum, either airships or the Panama canal will be responsible.

When a woman smiles at her husband's jokes it is the same kind of a forced smile you see on the stage.

When we are bothered a good deal by bores, we like to hunt up agreeable men, and bore them by complaining.

A man can't half work and half play; he must either be a hard worker and a success, or a poor worker and a failure.

"My cow is becoming so poor, and feed is so high," said a man the other day, "that I am half tempted to drive her on the railroad track."

Money makes fools of some men, while the lack of money has a similar effect on others; there is never any danger of a shortage of the fool crop.

Corporations are robbed and black-mailed every day, in the most cruel manner possible, by men who claim to be shocked at the immorality of the corporations.

Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652.

Roumania has 6,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 are blind.

Coolies in Borneo are indentured at \$18 to \$36 a year, with board and clothing.

Near Hamburg, Germany, a patch of dwarf trees is closely guarded at government expense as a rare survivor of postglacial flora.

The International Anti-Cigarette League has 87,000 members, who are pledged to abstain from tobacco until they are 21 years of age.

In 1881, 2,362,331 persons were engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom. Ten years later the number had decreased to 2,249,756; while in 1901 it was 2,109,812.

More than two thousand million dollars' worth of mineral oil has been exported from the United States since that product began to be an article of exportation, less than a half-century ago.

Mrs. Russell Sage has offered \$500,000 to the American Bible Society if an equal amount can be raised. The time limit of this offer expired on the last day of 1909, but was extended.

The clubwomen of Nebraska are said to be responsible for the new state law which requires each school district to set aside each year 10 cents for each child in it of school age. The money is to be devoted to the school district library.

The total annual cost of Germany's land and sea defense is now 977,400,000 marks, without taking account of the 600,000 to 700,000 able-bodied men who are kept from profitable employment, representing in productive capacity as much as 1,500,000,000 marks a year.

WITH THE SAGES. Foster the beautiful, and every hour, thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

What is not needful and is common is wrong, is to pass a judgment on our fellow-creatures.—Gladstone.

"What I am and what I think are conveyed to you in spite of my efforts to hold it back."—Emerson.

Despondency is not a state of humility; it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride.—Fenelon.

He who gives better homes, better books, better tools, a fairer outlook and a better hope, him will we crown with laurels.—Emerson.

There is no conversation so agreeable as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—Plato.

Men who see into their neighbors are apt to be contemptuous, but men who see through them find something lying behind every human soul which it is not for them to sit in judgment on.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Old Favorites

Barney McCoy. I am going far away, Norah darling, And leaving such an angel far behind; It will break my heart in two, Which I fondly gave to you, And no other one's so loving, kind and true.

Chorus— Then come to my arms, Norah darling, Bid your friends in dear old Ireland good-bye; And it's happy you will be, In that dear land of the free, Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

I would go with you, Barney, darling, But the reason why I've told you oft before; It would break my mother's heart, If from her I had to part, And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.

I am going far away, Norah, darling, Just as sure as there's a God we both adore, And remember what I say, Not until the judgment day Will you ever see your Barney any more.

I would go with you, Barney, darling, If my mother and the rest of their were there, For I know we would be blest In that dear land of the west, Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.

I am going far away, Norah darling, And the ship is now anchored in the bay; And before to-morrow's sun You will hear the signal gun, So be ready, it will carry us away.—Author Unknown.

Watt's Cradle Song. Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed; Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment, House and home thy friends provide All without thy care or payment. All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Savior lay, When his birthplace was a stable, And his softest bed was hay. May'st thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days; Then go dwell forever near Him, See His face and sing His praise.

WANT TO BE "SMILE MEMBER." Woman Plans Novel Club to Help People Forget Themselves. Miss Sara Carolyn Stright is the originator of the club which has just been started. In its few weeks of existence it has gained seventy-five members and they are widely scattered.

Florida is represented and California. There is a Wisconsin man who has joined and this is how his joining came about: A New York city man went to Buffalo on business and was asked by a stranger with whom he was talking: "What order are you?" "Smile," returned the New Yorker, beaming on the questioner and pointing to the tiny gold pin with the words "The Smile Club" on it.

"I'd like to be a Smile member," and so the Wisconsin man joined the ranks of the Smile Club.

"There is a great demand for such a club and we are trying to fill it," said Miss Stright at her home, 241 Park place, Brooklyn, according to the New York Evening Telegram. "We appeal to the best in every one, and we appeal to all classes. The uneducated are seeking happiness as earnestly as the most highly developed persons. We are working out the ideal of innumerable people in the simplest way possible."

"It is somewhat misleading to call ourselves simply the Smile Club. But if people would only realize the real meaning of 'smile' it wouldn't be misleading at all. We shall help people to forget themselves, to eliminate all destructive criticism and thoughts and to see good, and good only, in people. They must love life—animal life as well as human life—and God's out of doors above all things."

"One of the aims of the Smile Club is to build a summer home for little city children who could not otherwise go to the country. The atmosphere will be entirely of sunshine, smiles and cheer on all sides. Nothing that is unhappy or unclean or unwholesome will be even mentioned."

The Legs Scared Him. "There," said the commuter in the Grand Central station, pointing to a robust colored man, "is a good railroad porter spoiled."

"You see, he was on a Pullman car and was doing well until a man with two wooden legs became a passenger in his coach. That night the traveler put his artificial underpinning beneath the berth he occupied. When Sam came along to collect the shoes he pulled out not only footwear, but also three feet of leather tops and steel springs, together with metal joints and ball bearings. The sight so worked upon the superstitious fellow that he fled in terror. He resigned his place. Now he is handling baggage."—New York Press.

A Lesson from Nature. I saw a delicate flower had grown up two feet high, between the horses' path and the wheel track. An inch more to right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it.—Henry D. Thoreau (1817-1862).

A Useful Idea. "Billkins asks all his friends to give him their diaries when they are through with them."

"What an idea! Does he get many?" "Lots."

"But what a queer fad!" "Isn't it a fad. It's economy. That's how he gets his blank books."—Baltimore American.

You can't know too much, but it is easy to say too much.

OUR UNJUST PHOTOGRAPHS.

But the Other Girl Generally Takes a Picture That Flatters Her. It was a group photograph that occasioned all the trouble, says Kathryn Howard in the Baltimore Star. In the group were Beatrice and Eleanor, Jessie and Wilhelmina and Margaret.

Dorothy had taken the photograph with her new camera and she prided herself upon the results. In fact, she felt that she was the new but undiscovered art photographer, and when she showed the picture to the girls, she knew that she was not concited in her expectation that she would be enthusiastically praised.

"I have the picture," she announced to the afore-named young ladies. "Let's see!" they exclaimed with one accord. Margaret got possession of the photograph and gazed at it long and intently.

"Well, I never thought I could look such a fright," she said. "Why didn't you tell me that my hair looked like that, Dorothy? It's perfectly splendid of the rest of the girls, though. Some one might have fixed my pompadour for me. It is particularly good of Eleanor!"

Whereupon Eleanor almost forcibly took the photograph away from her. "The idea!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you mean by saying it is good of me. You know my nose isn't that long. Dorothy must have joggled the camera to get such an effect. I think my picture is the very worst one in the group. I don't see that your hair looks different from what it generally does, Margaret, and it gives you a really lovely expression!"

Margaret gazed scornfully at her friend. "Indeed, I don't think it is at all flattering. If that is what you mean," she said, and the two relinquished the offending picture to the other girls.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Jessie. "I knew my hands were going to look terrible! Any one should know that it isn't correct to take a photograph of a person when they have their hands in front of them. It makes the hands look so large."

"Then why didn't you put your hands behind you?" returned Jessie, with scorn. "If I had known you may be sure I would have posed both myself and the other girls correctly. It seems to me an easy thing to tell what will make the best effect in a photograph. I really think the rest of you are all right; Eleanor looks a little too dark. She might be a colored cook judging by her appearance; but, besides that, it is all right."

Book News and Reviews. It is a singular coincidence that two of the most important books of the year are by old men, and each is published on its author's birthday. "It Never Can Happen Again," was published on Mr. De Morgan's 70th birthday, and "The Retrospection of an Active Life," was published on Mr. Bigelow's 92d birthday.

Lady Cardigan, whose "Recollections" produced such a sensation in England and is said to have been one of the most profitable books of the year, is writing a second volume. The Countess is 80 years of age and goes with an audacity due to her years. The second volume will be filled with fashionable scandal like the first.

Mrs. Edith Wharton's latest story, "Afterward," is a new type of story which promises to furnish much discussion. The tale is of an American couple's finding of an English country home, their joy therein and of the strange and tragic fate that followed them. No outline of the plot can convey any suggestion of the uncanny mystery with which Mrs. Wharton has worked out her climax.

That writer of baffling mystery stories, Anna Katherine Green, has scored another success with her last tale of crime and its puzzling entanglement, "The House of the Whispering Pines." It has run serially in a magazine, is to be published in a daily newspaper, and correspondents in foreign countries have applied for the right of translating it. The story will be published in book form.

This has been a wonderful season for books in England, according to the Sphere. "The printers never had better orders, the bookbinders never had more volumes to bind up. Perhaps there are too many authors, but that cannot be helped. Now the bookshelves are in the thick of the fight. They have got the books to sell, and some of them tell me that they have already begun to sell them in exceptional quantities."

According to a recently published talk with Stevenson, this was his view of "paying" literature: "The theater an author addresses is occupied by three classes—the wise, the mediocrities, and the foolish. The last class is the one it pays best to cater for, and all books I have written for it have given me a good return. The profits derived from works provided for the mediocrities have been fairly satisfactory, but those written for the wise have been financial failures."

One of the most interesting letters in the new collection of "The Letters of John Stuart Blackie to His Wife," is that one in which he gives his estimate of Carlyle as follows: "Then I knocked out Carlyle, a strange mixture of gray, weather beaten solemnity and hilarity; full of sweeping denunciations as usual, but not at all bitter. I scribbled a note to him on my return: 'Carlyle is strong to arouse by a tremendous moral force and to startle by vivid and striking pictures, but he has neither wisdom to guide those whom he has roused nor sobriety to tone his pictures down to reality. He is always talking about veracity, but he habitually revels in exaggeration and one-sided presentation which is more than a lie.'"

Some women take society so seriously they feel as bad about the calls they owe as a man does about owing money.