

Senator Platt's maxim, "It is better to be wise than eloquent," sounds like a back-handed slap at several statesmen.

Russell Sage thinks Rockefeller was foolish to go to so much trouble for more hair, as he will now have to patronize the barber again.

A Connecticut man who had been smoking fifty cigarettes a day dropped dead. He will be most sadly missed by the cigarette dealers.

Gates is in a new coal deal, but he says it is only a little flyer on the side, as he doesn't expect to make more than \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 out of it.

After all, the Civil War veterans should not object to the change in army uniforms. It gives them a monopoly of the glorious "boys in blue" distinction.

Rudyard Kipling seems to have trouble with his neighbors everywhere he goes. Some people are beginning to suspect that the neighbors may not be wholly to blame.

Lord Pauncefoot left only about \$20,000. In the opinions of such people as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Gates the English diplomat couldn't have been much of a man.

It would be better for this country and the civilized world in general if 90 per cent of the persons who are dabbling in literature were employed in wholesome and useful manual labor. Not one in ten of the books that are printed has any excuse for existence, and most of them are worse than useless. If not positively vicious they are inane.

Not often does a man outside of royalty receive even at second hand the honors intended for those of kingly blood, but that happened to Lord Kitchener on his return to London on July 13. The unadorned coronation arches were decorated in his honor, and the people who had been denied the spectacle of the coronation procession crowded the streets to cheer and to see the returning South African hero.

One of their own countrymen tells the Norwegians that by abstaining from many sports such as prevail in England they develop a rotundity of body which is positively unsightly. The relation of athletics to personal attractiveness is thus suggested in a practical manner. It is always to be borne in mind, however, that outdoor sports sometimes leave the participants less handsome but more wise than they were before entering games. Nevertheless a hard knock now and then ought not to deter Norwegians or any one else from athletic diversions.

A writer in a current magazine declares very truthfully that our millionaires show a conspicuous lack of originality when it comes to disposing of the dollars that they have piled up. They seem incapable of devising any benefaction beyond the hackneyed founding of libraries or endowing of universities. Even this, however, is better than no benefaction at all. In the course of time, perhaps, evolution will produce a captain of industry or a Napoleon of finance who will realize that the truest philanthropy, after all, is that which gives the laborer the hire of which he is worthy instead of keeping him on inadequate wages and then making an ostentatious show of altruism with the money unjustly withheld from him.

Each generation has its own so-called scientific explanation of natural phenomena. Many that have been adduced to explain the volcanoes in the West Indies challenge comparison with Rev. Thomas Prince's sermon in the Old South Church of Boston one hundred and fifty years ago. He preached that the frequency of earthquakes might be due to "the erection of iron points invented by the sagacious Mr. Franklin." The offending lightning rods were objected to by old Dr. A. but not for a different reason. "He talked of attempting to control the artillery of heaven," wrote President John Adams; "he railed and foamed against the points and the presumption that erected them."

A stranger driving through the streets of a small city in the Middle West suggested to his hostess that it must be pig-feeding day. He replied to her astonished glance by inquiring: "What else could a visitor think all this fermenting garbage in the streets can mean?" The woman was so struck by the telling phrase that she used "pig-feeding day" as a slogan, federated a dozen literary clubs into a town improvement society, and to-day beholds a tidy and healthful city as the outcome of their efforts. Wealth has sought the region, and every dollar expended for beauty has brought hundreds back. More and more it is coming to be understood that civic beauty and prosperity are convertible terms.

Women already married, and young women contemplating matrimony, will be greatly uplifted by the voice of the St. Louis judge who has ruled that a wife has the privilege of going through her husband's pockets if he is miserably parsimonious. More than this, he declares that when a husband strikes the wife on the right cheek, instead of turning to him the other also she is justified in tackling him with a rolling pin or any other weapon that naturally suggests itself to the feminine mind. This completely vindicates Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch's assumption and gives to downtrodden womanhood the authority of the bench. Still we venture to hope that the aggrieved wife will not get hands on the conjugal pocketbook save in the way of kindness, just as we contend that the husband should be moderate and gentlemanly in his own laying out of hands. How to be happy though married may be a problem

which everybody solves before marriage, but which with the aid of the judiciary and the best conversational feminine talent is not rapidly becoming an easy lesson for young beginners.

Thirty years ago President Grant, in private conversation, remarked that there was only one war clearly in sight for the United States—a war with Spain over Cuba, which war he regarded as inevitable. He added that, after that contest should be decided, the future of the American countries bordering on the Atlantic would have been determined, and the attention of the world would be absorbed in a commercial struggle in the Pacific. President Grant's far-sightedness has been vindicated. The war with Spain has been fought, and now the energies of the nation are engaged in various problems of the Pacific. The United States itself is dealing with one of the most difficult of these problems, the government of the Philippines. It has much at stake in another of them, the maintenance of the integrity of China. The possession of Hawaii and the new assured isthmian canal add to its interest in Pacific questions. Japan has become a nation of the first rank, whose power may some time decide Asiatic questions. Korea, no longer a "hermit kingdom," is being exploited, commercially and politically. Already the occasion of one war, she may yet be the pretext for another. Alliances between Japan and Great Britain and between Russia and France suggest a grouping of powers for emergencies. China is harassed by two rebellions, and by a war of concessions at Peking, in which Germany, Great Britain and other powers are taking part. Altogether, there is no part of the world which is more interesting, and no region where history is making more rapidly, than in the countries and islands washed by the Pacific.

Since the birth of 1902 Earth has been convulsed. Guatemala, gripped by seismic shocks, has mourned thousands of dead; Martinique and St. Vincent, scorched by sheets of flame, boiling mud and lava, have become funeral pyres for inhabitants of an entire city and many villages; the mountains in Chile and Argentina have shaken and lives have been extinguished by falling boulders; Southern California has been twisted, the ground moving even as air currents during a tornado; the ocean in places has been dotted with mysterious lights; abnormal rainfall is recorded in the United States and life-giving showers have been denied India. What is happening? Something weird and uncanny? No. Electricity is responsible for it all. This statement made, explanation is in order. In the days of George Washington disturbances as remarkable as these were occurring, but Peter Van Sturtevant, seated under his honey-suckle vine, did not hear of them, or if he did, it was only of the events of magnitude and then in a vague way, months after the happening. To-day Ralph Van Sturtevant, his descendant, surrounded by telephone, telegraph and 90-mile an hour express trains, learns of everything within a few minutes after it occurs. Chimboraazo in Chile sports fire; he reads the news the next morning. A son of the Mikado falls downstairs; he is told of it by the types at evening-tide. Floods sweep the Balkan region; he sees the facts stated on a bulletin board as he goes to the club. Therefore electricity is responsible, for great grandson Ralph is transported here and there over the earth, whereas Peter rested content, not bothered with all the happenings of the world, news of which came not at all so slowly by post-chaise. Does electricity work for the weal or woe of humanity? Are men and women better for this rush and hurry, which has become a part of their lives since Jove's bolts were harnessed, or does the speed at which they live do injury? Men's nerves are at a sharp tension these days. Events are crowded into twenty-four hours which would not be in the life's history of their ancestors. Is it any wonder that nervous diseases are on the increase?

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OLD FAVORITES

Battle Hymn of the Republic. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and dawning lamps; His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; As ye deal with each consommer, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sitting on the hearts of men before his judgment seat; O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

Highland Mary. Ye banks and braes and streams around The castle of Montgomery, Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, Your waters never drumble! There simmer first unfault her robes, And there the longest tarry; For there to thee highland Mary, O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birch, How rich the hawthorn's blossom, As underneath their fragrant shade I clasped her to my bosom! The golden hours on angel wings Flew o'er me and my dearie; For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wf' monie a vow and locked embrace Our parting was fu' tender; And, pledging af' to meet again, We tore ourselves asunder; But O! fell death's untimely frost, That nipped my flower so early! Now green's the sod, and can't's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips I aft have kissed so fondly! And closed for aye the sparkling glance That dwelt on me so kindly; And mould'ring now in silent dust That heart that lo'd me dearlie! But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary.

TRAINING COLLEGE CREWS. "A fellow doesn't care to do much but lie around and rest when he rows sixteen miles every day," said the oarsman. "You see, the varsity rows eight miles in the morning and eight miles in the afternoon. It's pretty hard work. When the morning work is over we are glad to loaf a while, and after the row at night we are ready to sleep."

Nevertheless, every precaution was taken that there be no violation of discipline. After "taps" the captain regularly made the rounds of the bedrooms to see that all his men were there. It was well understood that if a man broke training he would be taken from the crew, reduced from a position which he had worked hard to attain, be forever disgraced, and another man put in his place. But the college pride of the men, their loyalty to their friends, their determination to win, were stronger forces than all the threats in the world in urging them to do their best.

It will become English manufacturers and theoretical economists to charge upon trade unions a decline which is so obviously the result of antiquated industrial management. The trade union movement is almost as thoroughly established in the United States as in England, yet we are outstripping them at nearly every point. The trouble is in the failure of English manufacturers and industrial managers to keep up with the march of economic progress. No sympathy need be wasted on their complaints of trade-union hampering until British capitalists can do something better to justify their own economic function in the community.

HIS EYES WERE OPENED. Persian Cleverly Outwitted by Oculist Who Had Saved His Eyesight. Dr. C. G. Willis records in "The Land of the Lion and the Sun" an amusing instance of Persian duplicity and would-be smartness. The doctor had successfully treated a prosperous baker for cataract in both eyes, for which he received the sum of four pounds. It was his opinion that the baker was the obliged party. The man, however, regretted the four pounds.

A few days later a melancholy procession came to the dispensary. The baker, with a rag of a different color over each eye and a large white bandage around his head, was led into the apartment. His relatives then informed me that through my treatment he had gone totally blind, and he had come to get back his four pounds.

"Ah, sahib, dear sahib, I am now stone-blind," he said. "I had some difficulty in getting him to remove the bandages, but that done I saw that his eyes were all right. I was angry; for aside from the man's ingratitude, I did not like to be robbed of the credit of a cure in so public a manner. The room was full of patients. My course was quickly decided upon.

"Of course," I said, "if I have deprived you of sight, it is but fair that I should remunerate you and return you the four pounds."

"Ah, yes, doctor sahib," he said, "if you would give me back the four pounds, and say, forty pounds, besides, I should pray for you, and my family; we should all pray for you."

His family and supporters all chimed in with, "Yes, yes, he spoken well." "Very good," I said, "if you spoke the truth." "I said, 'But turning to the bystanders who ought to be done to the man who comes here with a lie in his mouth? This man is a liar. He sees perfectly.'"

The baker grasped the table and turned pale. "I shouted, 'you dog! I will enlighten your eyes,' saying which I opened an old amputating case and seizing a glittering knife of large size, I brandished it in his face. He flinched, and nimbly turning, ran out the door and down the stairs, pursued by my servants and as many others as could run.

"Stop thief!" I shouted from the open window. The cry resounded along the crowded bazaar. Every idler took it, every hand and every stick was turned on the flying man. He was caught and his clothing torn to rags by the seething mob.

I shouted to him and asked him if he could see. "O sahib, sahib," he replied, "through your kindness I see! Indeed, I do!" ART OF KEEPING COOL. Common Sense Gives Immunity from Heat Exhaustion.

With the summer comes the annual recurring warning from health boards, cold-blooded scientific societies and independent order of never-says against the folly of courting heat prostration. Reduced to its elements, the advice of these wise men as to the conduct of life during the heated term is simple and intelligible. Keep cool; don't get excited; don't eat anything that is heating; don't drink anything but cool water; wear chiefly a broad smile and a wet sponge on the head; don't move nor breathe except when absolutely necessary—such as a few of the minor manias of hot air philosophy distill up from year to year for the consumption of sweating masses in the great cities. Of all cents that are canted during the silly season, surely the cant of keeping cool is the most aggravating.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI. The papers next day were full of the "British Mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition.

There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my secret notebook numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case. Here is a condensation of a few of them: The Daily Telegraph remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented more striking features.

The German name of the victim, the absence of all motive and the sinister inscription on the wall all pointed to the perpetrator by political refugees and revolutionaries. The Socialists had many branches in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws and been tracked down by them.

After alluding briefly to the Vehmgericht, aqua tofano, Carbonari, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus and the Ratcliff Highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration. They arose from the unsettling of the minds of the masses and the consequent weakening of all authority.

The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had a room at the boarding-house of Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell. He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson, who had adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterwards seen together on the platform.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made a name for themselves if they had not the recollection of all they had undergone.

Among these men there was a stringent code of honor any infringement of which was punished by death. The mother motive was made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded. A result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded. A result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

"I told you that, whatever happened, Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score." "Oh, depends on how it turns out." "Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught, it will be on account of their exertions; if he escapes, it will be in spite of their exertions. He's heads I win, tails you lose." "You are a fool always doing a bigger fool to admire him!"

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the patter of many steps in the hall and on the stairs. The mother motive was made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded. A result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

him notice, on the very day he came to the city. That it was a sore temptation. They were paying a pound a day each—14 pounds a week, and this is a boy in the navy has cost me, and my grudge to lose the money, I acted for the best. This last was too much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on account of it. That was the reason of his going."

"Well?" "My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave just now, but I did not tell him anything of this, for his temper is violent and he is passionately fond of his mistress. When I closed the door behind them a loud creak, to be lifted from my mind, was in less than an hour I learned that Mr. Dreber had returned. He was much excited and evidently the worse for drink. He forced his way into the room where I made some incoherent remark about having missed his train, and he turned to Alice, and before she could say a word, he had seized her by the neck of the dress, and he was shouting and screaming, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and confused sounds of a scuffle, and I saw my daughter standing in the doorway laughing, with a stick in his hand. 'I don't think that fine fellow will trouble us again,' he said. 'I will just go after him, and see what he does with himself.' With these words he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Dreber's mysterious death."

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's own mouth, with many gasps and pauses. At times she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made shorthand notes of all that she said, however, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake. 'What a queer case!' said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. 'What happened next?'"

"When Mrs. Charpentier paused," the detective continued, "I saw that the whole case hung on one point. 'Fling him with your eye in a way which I always found effective with women, I asked her at what hour her son returned.'"

"I do not know," she answered. "Not know?" "Not know?" "After you went to bed?" "Yes." "When did you go to bed?" "About eleven."

"So your son was gone at least two hours?" "Yes." "Possibly four or five?" "Yes." "What was he doing during that time?" "I do not know," she answered, turning white to her very lips.

Things That May Interest You. In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution.—Tillotson.

A Tippecanoe monument will be erected in memory of General William Henry Harrison's defeat of his savage adversary, Tecumseh, November 11, 1811, at the confluence of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers in Indiana. Congress is to be asked to appropriate \$50,000.

The White Star Line steamer Cedric, 21,000 tons, the largest liner afloat, was successfully launched at Belfast a few days ago. Her carrying capacity is 18,400 tons, and she has accommodations for 3,000 passengers. It is said the Cedric will be ready for service in the autumn.

Herr Most, the anarchist, who has enjoyed an international experience of prisons, sums it up in the epigram: "The freer the country the worse the jail." "I was first imprisoned in Austria," he says. "There I was treated like a gentleman. In Germany they set me to work at book binding. That was easy. In London they made me pick oakum. That was very hard. The first time I was imprisoned in America I had to fire a furnace. That was hades."

TO STUDY EARTHQUAKES. Leading Nations of the World Invited to Meet in Conference. An international investigation of earthquakes will probably be the next great inquiry jointly taken up by the leading nations of the world. The geologist William is taking the lead in this movement, doubtless desiring to have the care of Housa suggest all the propositions having a tendency to bring the civilized peoples closer together.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "KIDNE" and "General".