

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Laugh and the bunch laughs with you.

Some men have an idea that heaven is a long pay-day.

You are all advised to give vent to your mirthful feelings.

Since the latest auto race in Europe the horrors of war do not seem to be dreadful.

When you get right down to the true inwardness of it you will find that a man's best friend is himself.

When our shafts fail to hit the mark, we generally have a feeling that it is because the mark is too low.

With Edison and Marconi working in cahoots, electricity may as well prepare to give up its remaining secrets.

If a man should fail to hating himself and wanted to get even he should sit down and give himself good advice.

The arbitration germ is doing well, considering the backward season, but is still a pygmy compared with the strike microbe.

One preacher thinks the American people laugh too much. This is the worst case of trouble-seeking that we have ever heard of.

All men want to laugh, but most of them are generally discouraged because they have been laughed at for one thing or another.

If the fish that a man catches would only get away and he could nab those that get away he would bring home more and larger fish—perhaps.

The humiliating fact remains that with all our losses and disfigurement, the flood record has not been broken. Old 1344 still wears the championship belt.

A poet has been elected president of a railroad. He will probably have a grand career. A man who can work his way up through poetry must have great stuff in him.

"Great divinity!" exclaimed the shade of Nero, watching the automobile race. "Could I have had a bunch of them what sights of royal carnage the arena would have been!"

Luck has finally turned, and Spain is to secure \$300,000 from a British firm that failed to complete a couple of torpedo boat destroyers in time for service in the joint naval maneuvers held with the United States off Santiago.

An excited Assyriologist has disintegrated Abraham's old threshing machine and the plow which he used to put his upper eighty under, "way back in the days when the Assyro-Babylonian empire flourished. If Abraham had suspected the interest we feel in him he would have bought a stone quarry and kept a cuneiform diary.

It may be a more swell event when waiters from a hotel or club are engaged to pass the refreshments at a party, but we prefer a party where the hostess or a neighbor girl urges, "Do have some more." The hired waiter can't get that personal note of appeal in his voice if he wears a dress suit and costs \$2 for the evening.

The charge that this is an irrelevant age will have to be withdrawn soon if the celebrations in honor of famous men continue. What with the glorification of the work and memory of Emerson and Wesley and Jonathan Edwards in one season, one must admit that Americans have not lost all regard for the men whose ideas have affected the religious life of the country.

Many prophets have been saying that this will be the woman's century. At any rate, it looks as if the old maid would disappear before its close. The belles of a generation or two ago were sixteen or eighteen years old, and a woman of twenty-five was regarded as hopelessly stranded if no man had won her. To-day the unmarried women do not begin to call themselves "bachelor maids"—the most recent euphemism for "old maid"—until they are past thirty.

At a recent convention of airbrake men an interesting report was presented showing how the distance required for the stopping of trains had been reduced by the new high-speed brake. A train running eighty miles an hour was stopped in 2,240 feet by the high-speed brake at 130 pounds, where ordinary pressure of seventy pounds took exactly half a mile to bring it to a stand. Other train speeds and reductions in stopping distances were these: Fifty miles an hour, from 840 to 700 feet; fifty-five miles, 1,030 feet; sixty-five miles, 1,635 to 1,300 feet; seventy miles, 2,010 to 1,530 feet; seventy-five miles, 2,250 to 1,840 feet.

New York City, according to the latest estimate, has a population of three million seven hundred thousand. Since New York was enlarged by the addition of Brooklyn and other adjoining communities it has been the second largest city in the world. London is the largest. The addition to New York of the New Jersey cities within the metropolitan district will still leave it a hundred and fifty thousand short of London's four million five hundred and eighty thousand population, and more than two millions short of the population of the London metropolitan police districts. The other cities of the world come a long way after these two great English-speaking communities. Of the fourteen cities which have more than a million population, three are in the United States. Two are in Russia and two in China. If the estimates of the population of Peking and Canton are trustworthy. No other

country has more than one. This fact will not justify a boastful attitude on the part of Americans, for it takes more than big cities to make a great nation.

If the world persists in its persecution of the Jew he will eventually and surely rule the world. Persecution—as in other cases—instead of crushing the Hebrew race has raised it. In the early years of the Christian propaganda its votaries suffered bloody and cruel persecution. And yet in 300 years that religion was enthroned triumphant in the Roman government. The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church. You cannot kill a great cause or a great people by oppression. Under the persecution of more than 2,000 years the Jew has kept his racial vigor in a wonderful way. The autonomy of the race is one of the marvels of history. Subjected to proscription and injustice the Jew has cultivated endurance and tenacity. Discipline has but made him stronger. Like the oak tree he has leaned against the storm and sent his roots down deeper. No other people has thus held its own. Nations and tribes and tongues have been swallowed up by the stronger and the fitter. Race after race has lost its identity, merged into other types. The Jew lives on, magnificent in his individuality. To-day the scattered but virile children of Israel are everywhere. In every nation the Jew is a potent remnant. From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand you will find them—resourceful, strenuous, powerful. He has made every river his Jordan, every mountain top his Zion, every city his Jerusalem. More and more are the resources of the world coming into his hand. More and more are the forces of civilization controlled by him. His are already the marts. And slowly but surely he will gather the agencies that make and mold the world's public sentiment. Foolish persecutors! If you will but keep up your racial hatred and remorseless persecution long enough the Jew will be master of the world.

Andrew Carnegie has denied with great indignation any insinuation in London that he is a member of the "smart set" of New York and New-Port. Carnegie has been accused of almost everything in his time, but he never before protested with such heated vigor. And, as usual when he talks warmly, he had something to say of substantial good sense. "In America, more than anywhere else," he said, "it is three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." There is no single hereditary fortune in America that is not being split up. Aristocracy cannot exist without primogeniture and entail, and our laws know neither. This earnest statement has all the more force because of the fact that Carnegie himself is one of the finest examples the world has of the man who begins in his shirt-sleeves and ends with more money than he knows what to do with. Few of our rich and really forceful men began otherwise. The whole list of America's multi-millionaires contains scarcely the name of a single man who did not start in life comparatively poor. They began work in their shirt-sleeves, and it was the work, with the strength of aspiration and the quickness of intellect that work promotes, which made them masters. And there is an even longer list of men who began life rich and are ending it poor. It is unwritten but inflexible law that the boy pampered in wealth has a poor chance in the contest with the poor boy whose mind and muscles have been trained to toil. We talk about "class" in this country without knowing the word's meaning. We have social grades, educational levels and ranks of riches, but fixed classes, in society, learning or wealth are absolutely impossible. The way up is open to all, and new men are constantly climbing upward, while others, weakened by wealth, sink back to common service.

RESIDENCES OF ROYALTY.
by Neta Perouse.
In connection with the new additions to the extensive property of the king of the Belgians on the French Riviera some notes are published relative to the possessions of foreign monarchs, princes and princesses in France. King Leopold's demesnes are at Villeneuve-sur-Mer, near Nice. They are called the Col du Calre and the Passable. Both have been lately enlarged, notably the Passable, to which has been added the whole of the western side of Cape Ferrat. In this portion of the newly acquired property, says the London Telegraph, a small port has been constructed for the king's yacht. At Cannes the Count de Caserta, and at Croisette the Count di Bardi, brother of the Duke of Parma, have villas and grounds, as well as the dowager grand duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and another great lady of a royal house. At Biarritz Queen Nathalie has a villa and grounds. The Emperor of Austria is proprietor of his ambassador's residence in Paris, which was bequeathed to him by the Duchesse de Galliera. He also owns the vault of the Dukes of Lorraine at Nancy. The King of Italy owns the abbey of Haute-Combe on the banks of the Lac du Bourget, in Savoy. The Prince of Monaco is the proprietor of the Chateau de Marchais and also of a large residence in Paris, the Hotel de Valenciennes, Faubourg Saint-Germain. The chateau of Chambord belongs to the Duke of Parma; Queen Isabella of Spain owns the Basilevsky palace, near the Arc de Triomphe, and her husband, the late Don Francis of Assisi, long lived in the chateau of Epinal, on the banks of the Seine, beyond St. Denis town. Latterly the ex-queen of Naples purchased some land at Neuilly, outside Paris, where a splendid private house is being built for her.

If most of us could have the gold That Morgan's got we'd yell And kick because we could not hold His stocks and bonds as well. —Philadelphia Press.

The average man is never patient except when he is biding his time to get even.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

City Man Who Would a Farmer Be.

AN agricultural newspaper in Chicago, having announced that it will publish free all advertisements of city persons wanting work in the country, is fairly swamped with applications. The letters are interesting, as indicating a general desire to escape the crowded, narrow and confining routine of city life, and get into the open air. But what is still more interesting and worthy of attention is the fact that almost without exception the would-be farmers display a decided lack of willingness to become actual farm laborers.

While the real need of the farmers is for men to do the all-around work of agriculture, most of those who offer to go to the country want to be specialists. They want to help gather the fruit of California, round up the cattle on the plains, do dairy work, or raise chickens. The far West has cast its glamour over most of the applicants. Distance lends enchantment to rural life. There are hardly any who are willing to go to work on the farms of Illinois, Iowa or Kansas. California, Montana or Colorado are the favorites.

The letters so far received are typical, not so much of a genuine desire on the part of poor families to establish homes in the country, as of the yearning of men of the middle class for a change, or for adventure.

There is room in the country for millions of people, and there will be more and more room, as the irrigation of the West progresses. The hopeless, incompetent, struggling people who encumber the great cities, might find comparative freedom in agriculture, but for a poor city man to establish a home in the country means grit, hard work, and perhaps intelligent assistance from without. The spirit of our pioneer ancestors has fallen off sadly in these days of city civilization. —Chicago Journal.

Women Gamblers.

PEOPLE who have made the matter a study contend that when the get-rich-quick microbe attacks women it is not easily exterminated or made harmless. The phantom pictures which rise and fall with the click of the ticker fascinate them, and they play the game of chance with the recklessness of veteran gamblers. Hundreds of women give their orders clandestinely, and the fact that they have an interest in the stock market, that their daily examination of the market reports is prompted by anything beyond a desire to be informed, is not known to any one save their brokers. These are good customers for brokers. A sigh over a statement showing a balance on the wrong side, a vow "never to do so any more" or an order given "just to get even" is the usual sequence.

There is another class of women stock gamblers in which the bad loser is largely represented. This class supports bucket shops in the residence parts of the city, like the one which was raided a few days ago. When these women win they are happy, but when fortune frowns on them they are "horrid." They want their money back from the bucket shop proprietors. They cry, scold, and finally threaten to "tell on the men things" who took their margins. In order to shield themselves the threat is not often carried into execution, and the bucket shop continues to do business at the old stand, taking money from the women who succumb to the temptations of the tape. It is refreshing to know that once in a while a woman gets so thoroughly angry because of her losses that she does her share toward breaking up the bucket shop business. She would never do such a thing if her speculations were successful—hence all good citizens should rejoice when she loses. —New York Tribune.

The Jews in Russia.

IT is true that the Russian Jews do not engage in agriculture nor work in the field. They are not allowed to do so. They are not permitted to own or even to rent land, and are confined, passing their lives within allotted "pales of settlement" lying almost wholly in the cities. They are restricted by arbitrary laws to certain trades. Five-sixths of all the Jews in Russia never leave the pales, and have no chance to see, much less to overpower and destroy, the peasant by whose fabled sufferings the ambassador is so moved. As a simple matter of fact, the Jews of Russia, as a class, are abjectly poor, and the few of them who are wealthy enough to have money to lend

REALLY FINE PANAMAS.

Hats that Can Be Entirely Hidden in the Closed Hand.

The fashion for Panama hats of the last two or three years has made people commonly acquainted with the fact that the hats are not made in Panama, that the term Panama hat is only a trade name, and that the best of these hats come from Jipijapa, in Ecuador, says the New York Sun. But there are other interesting things not generally known about Panama hats.

Thus Senor Franco, who was a candidate for president at the last election in Ecuador, had presented to him not long ago by his friends a hat said to be the finest of its kind in the world. It is to be on exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair with other products of Ecuador.

The whole hat, says the owner's son, who is at Columbia University, can be pressed so small that it can be hidden entirely in the closed hand. When the hand is opened the hat will spring back into perfect shape just as if it had never been touched save in the most careful manner.

In its making particular care was used because of the great desire of Senor Franco's friends to give him a hat that had no equal. It is very rare that a hat such as Senor Franco's is seen in the United States, and when one is brought here it is not in a regular shipment meant to be sold, but in the possession of some man who has just visited Ecuador or who has received it as a gift from a native of the country.

Ernesto Franco, the Columbia student, has one which, though not so fine as his father's is of a quality not to be bought in this country. It came to him by way of the minister in Washington, enclosed in a little cylindrical box no more than an inch in diameter.

When his fraternity mates at Columbia were told that there was a hat in the long box they refused to believe it. But when the box, looking just about like a neatly wrapped newspaper, was opened the incredulous students were treated to a performance something like that of a jumping jack. For they saw before them a perfectly formed Panama hat.

Soon after he got it Mr. Franco carried it to one of the best known hat-makers in the United States to have a leather band put around the inside. After the expert had looked at the hat for a few seconds he said:

"I'll give you \$150 for that hat."

The offer was refused. Mr. Franco still has the beautiful white straw hat, and he expects to have it for many more years. He lives not very far from the cities in Ecuador, where the only

are in no position to practice extortion. On the face of it, to plead the wrongs of the people of Russia at the hands of a small class, oppressed, corrupted and kept under every species of civil and legal disability—political, social and barbaric persecution of a wholesale butchery, is absurd. And, the justification for a wholesale butchery, they were citizens of a capital city, populated by 120,000 people—who fell upon the Jews of Kishineff and smote them with slaughter, while official eyes looked on. Can such a nation claim the decent respect of mankind, or is it entitled to be regarded as a civilized country? —Philadelphia Ledger.

Juvenile Suicides.

THE Chicago Tribune, which keeps careful records of many classes of abnormal happenings, calls attention to the increasing frequency of suicides of young persons. Suicides in general are increasing in the country at an extraordinary rate, the number in 1902 being 8,245, which is 1,000 more than in the previous year. At the ratio of increase for the first three months of the current year, the total will be much larger than for 1902. In the latter year the ratio of increase continues in the current year. Regarding the suicides of young persons, the following is given as an incomplete record for the last two weeks: A boy of 13 at Marine City, Mich., shot himself rather than go to church; a young married woman only 16 drowned herself at Port Jervis, N. Y.; her husband of 18 would not give her an Easter bonnet; a boy of 15 at Baltimore shot himself because he had to work; a boy of 18 at Hamilton, Ohio, hanged himself because he was cheated in a horse trade; a girl of 17 in Chicago poisoned herself because her mother forgot to deliver a message to her boy lover, and a young man of 18 poisoned himself in Chicago because he failed to find his sweetheart at home when he called. What is the matter with our civilization that such a shocking record can be made? Surely, something is wrong. It is a subject that demands the attention of every serious student of social conditions. During the last ten years in Europe more than 400 persons under 15 years of age committed suicide. The United States is likely to surpass this awful record. —Boston Herald.

Speculation.

HOMILIES on the evils of speculation are as old as the practice of gambling in futures, and are evidently regarded as belonging to that species of "good advice" which nobody ever thinks of accepting. Some men who speculate in stocks or grain or cotton are made of such stuff that no matter how unkind fortune may be to them they are never driven to desperation. They are philosophers as well as fighters, and are willing to bide the time when another turn of fortune's wheel may restore to them what they lost in previous dalliance with the "fickle jade." Such men, however, are rare. Many men who are ruined by speculation have neither the means nor the courage to renew the fight against ill-fortune, while some are utterly crushed and find life no longer worth living. There is a great deal of pathos in the case of a man who finds the wealth which it had taken him years to accumulate swept away in a day through the manipulation of markets by aggressive and resourceful speculators. —Baltimore Sun.

Apply the Golden Rule.

ONE of the most distressing and bodiful phenomena of the passing years, and especially of recent months, is the unrest of labor—the frequent and sometimes, at least, seemingly unreasonable interruption of activity, with the many concurrent evils. The sovereign remedy for these and similar diseases of the social body was stated very clearly about nineteen centuries ago, but has been persistently adulterated or rejected by selfish and self-seeking men. The broad man, the great engineer, has laid upon him a large measure of the responsibility for the elaboration of the details of the practical application to present day relations of man to man, of the principle of doing to others as one would have others do. Neither the narrow-minded nor the ignorant, nor the small-souled man can put himself at the viewpoint of the man on the other side of the question. —The Engineering Record.

perfect Panamas are made, and is familiar with the process of weaving them. All the work is done under water. From the time when the two first straws are joined together to the time when the entire work is done the hat never comes to the surface. Moreover, nobody but the half-breed Indians living near the west coast of Ecuador has the art down to the finest point. They have practically a monopoly in the manufacture of the very best hats. Ecuador is the only place where the proper kind of straw grows. Varieties much like it can be found elsewhere, but they all differ a little from the grass of Ecuador. In his country, Mr. Franco says, hats that are considered very good here and cost anywhere from \$15 to \$20 bring only 50 cents. They are not valued so highly, even as the American flat straw hats. But the best, even in Ecuador, will sell at five prices, such as \$50 or \$60. But when you once get one anything like Senor Franco's you are fixed in the way of headgear for a score of years.

Old Slang Revived.
The greatest excuse—almost the only excuse—for slang is the humor of some of the best phrases, and just as no joke is altogether new in these days, so many slang phrases that we think are of late manufacture have ancient prototypes.

One piece of modern slang is the phrase, "to feel like thirty cents." For some unaccountable reason, "twenty-fivents" or "fifty cents" is not funny, whereas thirty, perhaps from the very insignificance of its distinction from twenty-five, is droll, and caught the public fancy. In a book of stories about Americans, published in Boston in 1830, is this story, the point of which will be understood if it be borne in mind that the silver coins in common use in this country were Spanish, to which English value names were given. In New England six shillings made a dollar. A late municipal judge in Boston, as famous for his wit as for the lowliness of his stature, was walking once with several gentlemen of unusual height. "Well, judge," asked one, "how do you feel walking among so many tall fellows?" "How do I feel?" replied the judge. "I like fourpence ha'penny among sixpences."

Louis Couldn't Keep It.
York House, Twickenham, so long the home of the exiled Orleans family, is to be sold. A number of anecdotes are related of the kings in exile. Louis Philippe once had a witty conversation with the landlady of the Crown Hotel, who was a French woman. "And who are you?" asked the exiled king of the landlady, whom he met in the grounds. "I keep the Crown," replied the other. "Ah," answered Louis Philippe, "that's more than I could do." —New York Tribune.

Saloons in Ohio.
Ohio collects over \$4,000,000 in licenses from 10,739 saloons. Some people are so lucky they can catch fish.

Science and Invention

The Kew Herbarium, begun fifty years ago, is estimated to comprise considerably more than two million specimens, attached to 1,300,000 sheets.

Seeds of the castor-oil plant are surprisingly common in Egyptian tombs. Professor Lart, a recent French investigator, finds that some seeds from Thebes must be at least three thousand years old, and from an ancient papyrus concludes that the oil was used for much the same purposes as now.

The arsietherium, the new fossil monster of Egypt, had a head nearly a yard long, with a pair of small horns near the eyes and an enormous double horn on the nasal region. Prof. E. Ray Lankester, however, finds that it differs from the rhinoceros and was probably descended from the early elephants.

In order to supply the Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie gold-fields in Western Australia with water, an aqueduct is under construction, leading from a reservoir on the Helena river, 328 miles distant, and 2,700 feet below the level of the district to be supplied. The water is to be carried in a 30-inch pipe, and elevated from tableland to tableland by means of eight pumping stations. The cost of the work is estimated at \$15,000,000, and the annual expense for operating and interest at \$1,750,000; but those who have undertaken it believe that the gold fields for the benefit of which they are working are the richest in the world.

George Henschel tells in Nature of a musical feat by a canary bird, which, he says, seems to him so wonderful that he should consider it incredible if he had not, with his own ears, heard it, not once, but dozens of times. A bullfinch had been taught to pipe the tune of "God Save the King," and a young canary learned it from him. Finally the canary became so perfect in its mastery of the tune that when the bullfinch, as sometimes happened, stopped after the first half a little longer than the proper rhythm warranted, the canary would take up the tune where the bullfinch had stopped, and finish it. This happened when the respective cages containing the birds were in separate rooms.

Of the slugs, or lung-breathing snails with too small or internal shells or none at all, about one thousand species and five hundred varieties have been described. Most of these have been brought together by Walter E. Collinge, an English collector, who shows specimens ranging in size from that of a grain of wheat to a length of several inches, and in coloring from dull, repulsive tints to the gorgeous hues of the butterfly. All slugs lay eggs, the numbers varying from ten to a hundred or more and the sizes from that of a pin-point to that of a sparrow's egg. A beautiful and very rare South African species is a veritable tiger among its kind, preying savagely on other slugs and on insects, and several other species are carnivorous and friends of gardeners.

BATTLE OF RAT AND SNAKE.

Ended in a Draw at the North Carolina State Museum.

At the last State fair held in Raleigh, N. C., a traveling showman exhibited a woman snake charmer. He had several hundred live snakes in boxes for the use of his performer, which had been shipped to him by a snake farmer in Texas. The reptiles were of the nonpoisonous kind and many of them were five feet long and two inches thick.

One of the places of the show was in a booth between the county courthouse and the United States post-office building, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. One day after the show was over and the snake charmer and company had gone a bull snake of the size stated crawled out from where the booth had been to the sidewalk and was caught and carried to the State museum and turned over to the curator. The snake was pronounced a fine specimen of his species and appeared to be vicious. He fought when captured and would strike at every person who came near the cage where he was confined.

One of the employees of the museum was engaged in catching rats, and one morning he exhibited a large rat, much larger than is usually seen, and that looked like a good-sized squirrel. Seeing what a magnificent fellow the rodent was, it was decided to have a fight between the snake and the rat. The cage in which the snake was confined was about seven feet long and five feet wide and five feet high, with glass on the ends and on one side. This cage was cleaned out and the snake was put back, and he stretched out and lay as if asleep. The rat was then dropped in and he ran up into the corner near the tail of the snake to view the cage.

The snake apparently did not take any notice of the rat, but the rat soon took to the situation. His eyes were fixed on the snake and he was panting from excitement. Several minutes elapsed and neither antagonist moved, and the spectators had begun to think there would be no fight, when the snake almost imperceptibly sprang from the corner to the head of the snake—a distance of six feet—and seized the snake just behind the head and sank his teeth into his neck. Immediately the snake began to blow and hiss and to strike and throw his body about the cage in the effort to break the hold of the rat. This struggle lasted thirty seconds before the rat was dislodged and the snake then struck viciously at him and made every exertion to get the rat in his mouth, but the rat dodged and escaped, and ran around the cage until he again found the snake stretched out at full length, this position being the opportunity which he sought, and he again sprang on the snake and fastened his teeth in the snake at the same place and held on.

Another struggle ensued more furious than the first one. The snake made frantic efforts to shake the rat loose. He lashed the cage with his tail, and gave out a sickening odor like tenacity with his teeth and feet. This round lasted one minute. The snake was then dislodged and dodging the mouth of the snake, and dodging the blows of the snake and dodging the mouth of the snake, until the snake presented another opportunity of being stretched out in full length, and then the rat took advantage of this opening and for the third time he sprang on the snake and riveted his teeth in the snake at the same place. The struggle of the two former rounds was repeated. The time was one minute and five seconds before the hold of the rat was broken. The snake, finding himself free from his enemy, crawled into the corner of the cage and coiled up, but did not renew the fight. The rat resumed his place in the corner he had originally chosen and stood there panting and trembling, but did not make another attack, and the victory was awarded to the rat, which was uninjured. His ears were then cropped so that they would know him if he was ever caught again, and for putting up such a gallant fight he was turned loose to roam the museum. The cage was bloody and an examination of the snake disclosed a severe wound through the neck, but this was soon cured. The snake is still in the museum and does not appear vicious.

EFFECTS OF MONEY.
An interesting contribution to the study of the effects of money on families can be made by any person of statistical inclinations who will take the trouble to trace out for a few generations the history of a score or two of our very rich families, and learn what effect the acquirement of a big fortune by any individual American has had on the divorce record of that individual and his descendants. It is early yet to get results that would prove much, because most of the great American fortunes are pretty new; but already tendencies seem to be showing themselves which it would be worth while to trace back. There are believed to be about 4,000 millionaires in the United States; enough to give a statistician an ample field to work in. A fortune sufficient to make life easy and comfortable is probably a promoter of domestic happiness, but still it seems likely that rich people or their descendants get more divorces than poorer people do. In the first place, heirs and heiresses are more exposed to the whims of the designing than the sons of poverty, and for that reason are somewhat more likely to make unwise marriages. Again, the rich, as a rule, are not so steadily and industriously disciplined by work, are less safeguarded by a wholesome routine, and cast about more widely and capriciously for pleasures. Satan, as heretofore, finds mischief still for idle hands to do, and some of the mischief results in divorce. Moreover, the rich are somewhat more used to self-indulgence and having their own way than the poor. They can meet the expense of divorce, which is often considerable, can go as far as is necessary, stay there as long as is necessary to gain divorce on convenient terms; and they can afford to break up families without fear of want. Many a wife sticks to a bad husband because she and her children need his support; many a husband puts up with an unsatisfactory wife because he cannot afford to try a new one. Divorce, like the appendicitis operation, is a luxury, and comes high—Harpert Weekly.

AN OFFICE HOLDER 23 YEARS

And Never Solicited a Vote Nor Spent a Cent for Campaigns.

For the past 23 years James S. Pierpont has been an alderman or has sat in the mayor's chair of Wrentham, Ill., and during the same period he has served the city in other capacities, having been a school director, president of the school board and president of the library board. In all his political experience Mr. Pierpont has never asked one man to vote for him; has never gone out of his way so far as one block to influence any man's vote; and has never spent the fraction of one cent for campaign expenses. Twelve years ago the people came to him and asked him to retain the office. His patronage gave way at this and he protested against being called upon to sit in the chair again. But his protest was of no avail. The people elected him and what is more he received every ballot cast for mayor.

Mayor Pierpont does not suffer politics to enter into the conduct of his affairs. He looks upon the municipality as a big business enterprise and he administers its affairs just as he would his own private enterprise.

A Dog Day Dialogue.

"I notice you've got your summer pants on," remarked the dog fawn.

"Yes," replied the exhausted owner, "but they're not very loud; certainly not as loud as some of this season's flannels."

"True. Nevertheless, what you need is muzzilla."

Another struggle ensued more furious than the first one. The snake made frantic efforts to shake the rat loose. He lashed the cage with his tail, and gave out a sickening odor like tenacity with his teeth and feet. This round lasted one minute. The snake was then dislodged and dodging the mouth of the snake, and dodging the blows of the snake and dodging the mouth of the snake, until the snake presented another opportunity of being stretched out in full length, and then the rat took advantage of this opening and for the third time he sprang on the snake and riveted his teeth in the snake at the same place. The struggle of the two former rounds was repeated. The time was one minute and five seconds before the hold of the rat was broken. The snake, finding himself free from his enemy, crawled into the corner of the cage and coiled up, but did not renew the fight. The rat resumed his place in the corner he had originally chosen and stood there panting and trembling, but did not make another attack, and the victory was awarded to the rat, which was uninjured. His ears were then cropped so that they would know him if he was ever caught again, and for putting up such a gallant fight he was turned loose to roam the museum. The cage was bloody and an examination of the snake disclosed a severe wound through the neck, but this was soon cured. The snake is still in the museum and does not appear vicious.

EFFECTS OF MONEY.

An Interesting Contribution to the Study of the Effects of Money on Families.

An interesting contribution to the study of the effects of money on families can be made by any person of statistical inclinations who will take the trouble to trace out for a few generations the history of a score or two of our very rich families, and learn what effect the acquirement of a big fortune by any individual American has had on the divorce record of that individual and his descendants. It is early yet to get results that would prove much, because most of the great American fortunes are pretty new; but already tendencies seem to be showing themselves which it would be worth while to trace back. There are believed to be about 4,000 millionaires in the United States; enough to give a statistician an ample field to work in. A fortune sufficient to make life easy and comfortable is probably a promoter of domestic happiness, but still it seems likely that rich people or their descendants get more divorces than poorer people do. In the first place, heirs and heiresses are more exposed to the whims of the designing than the sons of poverty, and for that reason are somewhat more likely to make unwise marriages. Again, the rich, as a rule, are not so steadily and industriously disciplined by work, are less safeguarded by a wholesome routine, and cast about more widely and capriciously for pleasures. Satan, as heretofore, finds mischief still for idle hands to do, and some of the mischief results in divorce. Moreover, the rich are somewhat more used to self-indulgence and having their own way than the poor. They can meet the expense of divorce, which is often considerable, can go as far as is necessary, stay there as long as is necessary to gain divorce on convenient terms; and they can afford to break up families without fear of want. Many a wife sticks to a bad husband because she and her children need his support; many a husband puts up with an unsatisfactory wife because he cannot afford to try a new one. Divorce, like the appendicitis operation, is a luxury, and comes high—Harpert Weekly.

AN OFFICE HOLDER 23 YEARS

And Never Solicited a Vote Nor Spent a Cent for Campaigns.

For the past 23 years James S. Pierpont has been an alderman or has sat in the mayor's chair of Wrentham, Ill., and during the same period he has served the city in other capacities, having been a school director, president of the school board and president of the library board. In all his political experience Mr. Pierpont has never asked one man to vote for him; has never gone out of his way so far as one block to influence any man's vote; and has never spent the fraction of one cent for campaign expenses. Twelve years ago the people came to him and asked him to retain the office. His patronage gave way at this and he protested against being called upon to sit in the chair again. But his protest was of no avail. The people elected him and what is more he received every ballot cast for mayor.

Mayor Pierpont does not suffer politics to enter into the conduct of his affairs. He looks upon the municipality as a big business enterprise and he administers its affairs just as he would his own private enterprise.

A Dog Day Dialogue.

"I notice you've got your summer pants on," remarked the dog fawn.

"Yes," replied the exhausted owner, "but they're not very loud; certainly not as loud as some of this season's flannels."

"True. Nevertheless, what you need is muzzilla."

"I notice you've got your summer pants on," remarked the dog fawn.

"Yes," replied the exhausted owner, "but they're not very loud; certainly not as loud as some of this season's flannels."

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