TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A woman invariably has more listening than speaking acquaintances.

Children are the light of the home, but sometimes they should be turned down.

Mr. Carnegie's desire to die poor has not led him to take a flyer in Wall street.

It is better to do noble deeds than to dream them all day long. But not near so much fun.

Every horse that breaks a record simply has to stop long enough to blow a little over it.

Mr. Carnegie predicts that England and America will eventually be one nation, but fails to tell us which one.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey has become so used to staying under the bed that he does not sleep comfortably elsewhere.

King Peter has had a cabinet crisis, but such things don't worry him as long as he can be reasonably sure that there is no poison in his hash.

"Hips must go" is the edict of the American fashion authority. Some of us will have to go into hiding until the style changes or else see a surgeon.

Some of the people of Colombia are disposed to fight for the Panama Canal, but none of them appears to be willing to pitch in and help dig it.

It is said that Francis Joseph may throw up the job as king of Hungary, as the Hungarians are giving him too much of a Karageorgevitch of a time.

Another good point about "Dixie" is that it is purely an American product. It is almost our only national air that was not borrowed from some foreign country.

A writer in a current magazine declares that ill health is a requisite for the highest literary success. In that case our contemporaneous writers must all be distressingly healthy.

A maiden lady in England looked under the bed at a seaside hotel she was visiting and found a man there. He was dead, though—had been dead for several days. It was a poor reward for years of persistence.

Germany is still selling cartridges and rifles to Turkey. Still, perhaps, we had better not make any sarcastic comments. The Sultan could probably buy American canned meat and Missouri mules for his army if he tried.

The newspapers are puzzled over what caused the death of the Shah of Persia's chief physician, and state in the same breath that he was a serious rival of the chief vizier. Might we timidly suggest that maybe the vizier could dispel the mystery?

In the Alaskan dog case a man stole a collie and contended that the stealing of a dog in Alaska was not larceny. The United States Court of Appeals ruled that "a dog is a chattel, and, next to man, the most important factor in the past and present history of the country." This decision gives high rank to the dog as an agent of civilization, but the dog deserves it.

Seldom has there been a better illustration of the folly of fraud than the case of a woman who, when she moved away from a town thirty-seven years ago, left a grocery bill unpaid. The debt weighed on her conscience until she grew morbid and could not sleep, and for years she suffered from insomnia. A few weeks ago, on the advice of a lawyer, she paid the bill, then went to bed and slept soundy till 10 o'clock the next morning. Now she wishes she had been honest long ago.

Despotism has its advantages. An epidemic of cholera having broken out at Kabul, the ameer ordered his army into healthful camps on high ground and forbade his people to eat vegetables or fruit or drink unboiled water. The penalty prescribed for disobedience or the infringement of any sanitary regulations was death, and in order to leave nobody with an excuse for non-compliance those who pleaded poverty received rations of the right sort of food to be eaten when cholera is abroad. The pestilence was stamped out.

Mr. Rockefeller has opened his heart to his pastor, Dr. Eaton, and confessed that he "shudders to think" that he might have lived all his life in the little town of Richford, "where there was no religion." The good doctor has sought to comfort him, and confesses on his side that he, too, shudders to think what the world would have lost had Mr. Rockefeller remained in that small town. To this friendly and diplomatic assurance Mr. Rockefeller replies that the consolations of religion have been such to him that he has often thought it his duty to take the lecture platform and tell people all about his beatific state, and again the worthy doctor rises to the occasion and is quite sure that Mr. Rockefeller will have no trouble in getting engagements. We think Dr. Eaton is entirely justified in his conclusions. A gentleman of Mr. Rockefeller's means and standing in the business and social world should experience no sort of difficulty in securing engagements in all parts of the United States, and we fancy there are not a few industrious promoters and managers who will cheerfully undertake the responsibility of looking after his interests on the road, share and share alike. As for the profits, it is quite safe to assume that they will be entirely satisfactory, for is it not written: "Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." We refrain from quoting the rest of the verse.

In place of the steerage has come "the third cabin" on some of the more modern steamships. The change is not merely in name, but denotes an improvement in the crowded life of ships which is comparable to the improvement in tenement houses on shore. The newer vessels have dining rooms in the steerage fitted as the first and second cabin dining rooms are, with revolving chairs, and furnished with a printed bill of fare from which varied and palatable meals are served. Similar improvement is noticeable in the sleeping accommodations, where privacy and comfort are now respected. There is even a piano, and the daily runs of the vessel are bulletined here, as in the other cabins. These changes will be hailed with pleasure not only by the immigrants whom they directly affect, but by all persons of any kindness of heart who know what a steerage passage has meant.

In the section dealing with the timber and stone law in the last annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office is found this passage: "The law has been too often violated. Individuals without funds of their own have been employed to make entries for others with large capital, and who paid the expenses, and some wealthy speculators have made enormous fortunes." Of the lands that have thus been fraudulently acquired a large part would have been available for agriculture to actual settlers. In so far as these lands have fallen into the hands of others than settlers, the purposes of public land policy have been defeated, and thereby distinct injury has been done to the nation as a whole. President Roosevelt in his last annual message to Congress insisted that the remaining public lands, so far as they are available for agriculture, "should be held rigidly for the home builder, the settler who lives on his land, and for no one else." He indicated not merely the timber and stone act, but the desert land law and the commutation clause of the homestead law as having been perverted from their true purpose, and as being in great need of amendment or repeal. A propaganda for the repeal of these laws was started last winter by the National Business League, and other organizations have taken the matter up also. Desert lands in whole sections are sold for $1.25 an acre, and timber and stone lands in quarter sections go for $2.50 an acre. The General Land Commissioner estimated at the close of the fiscal year 1902 that in timber lands alone the government had given away property actually worth $130,000,000 for $13,000,000. In the fiscal year 1903 the sales under the timber and stone act amounted to practically one-third as much as all previous sales in the 25 years since the act was passed. The rapidity with which the public domain is being seized under these acts should stimulate Congress to early action in whatever form it deems advisable.

ENGLISH MILLIONAIRE IS AN ADMIRER OF AMERICAN METHODS

Alfred Mosely, who came to New York in advance of a committee of British educators who will study American educational methods at his expense, is an Englishman who made an

ALFRED MOSELY.

immense fortune in the gold and diamond mines of South Africa, and who now conceives the idea of keeping England abreast of the times by teaching her experts American methods. Last year he brought over a commission of twenty-five British tradesmen and paid all their expenses during a visit to our industrial centers. He was born in Bristol forty-eight years ago, and is immensely popular.

The Way Home.

When the Bishop of Truro, Dr. Gott, was Dean of Worcester, says a writer in Y. C., his absent-mindedness was so notorious that he earned for himself the sobriquet of "Dean For-Gott."

On one occasion he had invited some friends to dine with him. On their arrival, a short time before the dinner hour, he suggested that in the interval of waiting his friends would perhaps like to walk through the grounds.

After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses, they suddenly came upon a door in the garden wall.

"Ah," said the dean to his astonished guests, "this will be a much nearer way for you to go home than by going back to the front!" and forgetting his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

Start a Domestic Scene.

Mrs. Newlwed—I made a big batch of these biscuits to-day.

Mr. Newlwed—You did, indeed, dear.

Mrs. Newlwed—How do you know how big a batch I made?

Mr. Newlwed—Oh, I thought you said "batch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

More Eloquent Than Words.

"I don't preach no long sermons in de summer time," said the colored brother. "I des calls de 'tention er de sinners fer de state of de thermometer, en bless God, they know what's a comin'!"

Newfoundland Fishermen.

Of the 100,000 men in Newfoundland more than half are fishermen, who catch 150,000,000 pounds of cod a year, consume one-fifth of it and sell the rest for $4,450,000.

An Irish philosopher says that everything comes to the man who gets up and hustles while he sits down and waits.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Old Books for New Readers.

AS the love for old books—that is, for the works of the standard authors of the past—should not be confined to old readers, it is gratifying to note that publishers both here and in England are making a feature of the reprints of former favorites.

Without reflecting upon the authors of current literature, it can truthfully be said that time is the great winnower of literary chaff. That which survives the generation in which it appears is usually worthy of being read by succeeding generations, and not infrequently better worth universal perusal than the bulk of the books from which the worthless and purely ephemeral have not yet been eliminated. Plutarch never grows old with students of biography; Cervantes and Shakspeare are as delightful after three hundred years as when their immortal works were first published, and every generation has furnished authors worthy of being read by all generations.

Each successful author is unique. Take past writers of American literature as examples. Irving, Cooper and Hawthorne have had no successors in their own special fields. Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and Charles Reade among the English novelists of the past century have not been excelled or even duplicated in the present. The children of those who derived pleasure and instruction from these writers while living will find equal profit and delight in their perusal now that they are dead. "King's Treasures" is what Ruskin has fitly named collections of books that have survived Time's winnowing process; and these books cannot be made too cheap, plentiful or accessible.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wealth and National Stamina.

EXPENSIVE houses, rich furnishings, costly sports, extravagant entertainments, criminally expensive hotels and the like, everybody sees and knows about; and there are Americans who have a scale of living that would put the rich men of most other countries to shame. But the real question is not whether the amount of unnecessary or even vulgar expenditure be large, but whether such expenditure vitiates taste, induces to idleness, and encourages vice. The only fair answer is that there is as large a proportion of idle and vicious among the poor or the well-to-do as among the rich. Most American men have occupations, and most of them have engrossing occupations.

But there is probably a larger proportion of American women who suffer from idleness than there was a generation ago, and the chief social danger from great wealth is the danger to women. Yet there comes up from the humbler social levels into the ranks of well-to-do life so many robust and well balanced young women of every generation that those who are spoiled by fortune are, in comparison, inconsiderable.

Our democracy reinforces itself with a safe and vigorous womanhood, even more surely than with energetic manhood. If all the women in the United States between the ages of 18 and 40 could be appraised by the best standard of womanhood, they would show such an advance over their mothers as could perhaps not be shown by any preceding generation of men or women since civilization began. They owe much of it not to excessive wealth, but to the well-diffused prosperity that they have enjoyed. And excessive wealth and all its evils are, after all, only unfortunate incidents of this diffused prosperity.—The World's Work.

Parental Responsibility For Spoiled Children.

ONE of the saddest of sights is a spoiled child. Seeing such a child one almost revolts against the system that leaves the young in the care of their parents, however unfit those parents may be for their important responsibilities.

There are incompetent parents in all stations of society, but it would seem, from casual observation, that the poor are really wiser and firmer parents than the rich. Poor people perforce must discipline their children and keep them well in hand. The children of the poor must be taught to help themselves, to work about the house, to practice thrift. Fortunately the majority of poor parents in this country appreciate the value of education, and they send their young to the neighboring public or private school even though doing so cost them much pinching and labor. Between being disciplined at home and knocked about a good deal by their playmates, the children of the poorer families grow up pretty well broken, having a proper self-respect, but not unbearably conceited or selfish or vain.

Rich parents are prone to indulge their children. What with nurses, governesses, fine clothes, ponies and every toy he cries for, the little son of the millionaire is very likely to grow up in the notion that the world was made for his special use and pleasure, and that the business of all other people is to stand about awaiting and obeying orders from him. There are, of course, plenty of wealthy families in which the children are not spoiled, but the conditions make the parental duty really more difficult and perilous in an environment of wealth than in poor surroundings.—San Francisco Bulletin.

To Fight Forest Fires.

FEW realize what an immense loss the United States suffers each year through the destruction of timber by fires. In Oregon and Washington last year $20,000,000 of timber was destroyed by fire in two weeks. From Maine to Puget Sound every timber region in the United States suffers annually from forest fires, and the yearly loss averages between $20,000,000 and $50,000,000. The forest fires which swept over New England in the early part of this summer will make the loss this year large—perhaps bring it up to the maximum.

This loss of timber by forest fires is an actual loss—wealth goes up in smoke and is vanished forever. New trees grow to take the place of the old ones burned, but the value of those destroyed is blotted out from the nation's wealth. Taking the average annual loss in the last twenty years to be $30,000,000, it means that the country has been the loser of $600,000,000 in that time. Though this loss has been going on year after year ever since the settlement of the country—in fact, was going on before its settlement—no systematic attempt to prevent it has been made except in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Minnesota.

The danger arising from the deforesting of the great watersheds by the axe of the woodman has received a considerable share of popular attention, and the checking of it is one of the tasks set before the Bureau of Forestry. Investigation and study have been actively at work in that direction, but the matter of preventing fires has been entirely neglected heretofore by the general government, which now proposes to take the matter up from the beginning and study it thoroughly. It is true that in the national forest reserves there has been for some time a patrol system, charged, among other duties, with reporting and fighting fires, but no general principles have been laid down and no valuable data gathered from which to work.—New York Press.

Vacation Advice.

MORE attention should be given to relaxation and rest, especially in the home circle. Nothing has ever been found better for exhausted nature than sleep. Vacationists should not overlook this important fact. The stay-at-homes, who enjoy short trips and return to their own comfortable beds at night, can congratulate themselves on securing needed rest. Wise tourists plan to get all the sleep they require. This class believe in the advice of the famous writer, Dr. J. G. Holland, who once said on this topic:

"Sleep is a thing that bells have no more business to interfere with than with prayers and sermons. God is recreating us. We are as unconscious as we were before we were born; and while He holds us there, feeding anew the springs of life and infusing fresh fire into our brains and preparing us for the work of another day, the pillow is as sacred as a sanctuary.

"If any fanatic has made you believe that it is good for you to be violently wakened from your sleep at an early hour, and to go out into the damp, raw air, morning after morning, with your fast unbroken and your body unfortified by the stimulus of food, forget him and his counsels and take the full measure of your rest. When you get your breakfast take your exercise if you have time, or wait until a later hour in the day. Just as much labor can be accomplished in ten hours as in fourteen, with more efficiency and less fatigue, when rest and bodily exercise are properly taken."—Boston Globe.

VALUE OF THE EGG CROP.

Year In, Year Out, It Beats Production of Precious Metals.

Russia is the largest seller of aggs in the world. She sells to foreign countries 150,000,000 dozen eggs nearly every year. In 1896 she sent abroad 1,475,000,000 eggs; in 1897, 1,737,000,000, and in 1898 1,831,000,000. Her sales are all the time increasing.

China is supposed to be the largest producer of eggs in the world. There is no such thing as statistics of poultry products in China, but there are over 400,000,000 persons in that empire who are very fond of eggs; it takes a good many eggs to supply them. The humblest farm hut has hens in plenty, and they do their best to supply the demand. There is little doubt that China takes the cake as an egg producer. Her entire supply is usually consumed at home, though she sometimes manages to spare a few for Japanese consumers.

Great Britain is the largest buyer of foreign eggs in the world. Of course, no English breakfast table is complete without eggs as a complement to its toast and marmalade. Great Britain buys every year an average of 1,500,000,000 eggs from about twenty countries, and this is only 40 per cent of the consumption. British hens manage to produce three-fifths of the eggs that the home market demands. In 1901 Russia sold to England 539,053,000 eggs, and the next largest sellers were Belgium, Denmark, Germany, France, Egypt and Morocco. Great Britain spent $26,745,194 in the purchase of eggs in 1901.

Our entire export of eggs in 1902 was only 2,717,900 dozen, valued at $528,679, which cuts a small figure in comparison with Russia's total. But our hens are very industrious, and it is only the enormous home demand that keeps our exports at such a low figure.

In 1899 there were 233,508,005 chickens in this country, and they produced 1,253,818,143 dozen eggs; and the fact that we consumed 99 per cent of them shows that we are a nation of egg eaters. It is enough to make any hen dizzy to think that a train of ordinary refrigerator cars containing our entire egg crop of that year would have extended from Chicago to Washington, with several miles of cars to stretch along the track toward Baltimore.

In 1901 the receipts and consumption of eggs in New York City were 2,372,000 crates of thirty dozen each. Chicago has even a larger per capita consumption, or an average of 1,581,545 crates a year. Truly the egg industry is a great business; and when we consider it in connection with the broilers, spring chickens, tough and tender, and roosters we consume, the poultry interests assume prodigious proportions.

The total value of the poultry and eggs we produced in the last census year was $281,178,247. The industry was worth more than all the cattle and hogs we slaughtered. It was worth more than the wheat crop of twenty-eight States and territories; and the value of our eggs alone was higher than that of the combined gold and silver product of the United States in any year since 1850, except in 1890, when the precious metals exceeded the eggs by $9,418,125.

"The Weaker Sex"

The women who are attempting to run a big hotel for women in New York are solving some interesting problems. The hotel is called the Martha Washington, and the intention of the management was to run it entirely with women, as well as for women.

Little by little the male sex has been encroaching, not because men were especially anxious to work there, but because the women could not do without them.

First of all, the girl "bell boys" had to go, because the women could not "make them mind." Boys were installed. They obey orders, but do not stay long, because, they say, "the women are nutty."

The head woman waiter could not enforce discipline among the women waiters. And so a man had to undertake the job. It was also found that carrying the soiled dishes from dining room to kitchen was too heavy for women. Men were put in to do this. Finally the rest of the girls struck and their places were filled with men.

How is it that women won't "mind" women? Would a regiment of amazons have to be officered by men?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Scotland's Great Canal.

Plans for the construction of a ship canal between the Firth of Forth, on the east side of Scotland, across to the River Clyde, on the west, have been definitely arranged, says the New York Times. The canal will cost $50,000,000, but powerful support is expected from the British government. One of the great engineering features of the scheme will be the carrying of the canal through the high ground near the Loch Lomond end. Frequent passing places will be made.

An indication of the saving in distance that would be effected by the canal will be gained from the following figures: From the Clyde to ports on the east coast of Scotland, northeast of England and northwest of Europe, the distance saved would be from 529 miles to 238 miles. From the Firth of Forth to ports on the west coast of Scotland, northwest of England, Ireland, America and the Mediterranean the distance saved would be from 487 to 141 miles. From Tyne ports to the St. Lawrence river the distance saved would be 150 miles. From the west of Britain and northeast of Ireland to middle western ports of the continent the distance saved would be from 377 to 98 miles.

A Common Weakness.

Dr. Joseph Le Conte was an authority, recognized by the world at large, on the science of vision. One day, says the New York Tribune, he was showing a class how to detect the blind spot in the human eye. He took two coins and held them, one in each hand, before him on the table.

"Look at both of these steadily," said he, "and gradually move them in opposite directions. Presently they will pass beyond the range of vision. That is due to the blind spot. Continue the movement, and the coins will again emerge to view."

Then the philosopher and naturalist had his little joke. "You can experiment for yourself at home," said he. "But if you are unsuccessful, try some other object instead of a coin. Some people have no blind spot for money."

Oil Consumption.

For many months the oil consumption of the world has exceeded the production, for which reason financiers and merchants have feared a possible exhaustion of the oil fields. Reports published in the Manual of Statistics, however, show an extensive decrease in the stock of crude petroleum in the greatest of all American fields, Pennsylvania, within the last two years and figures of equal authority indicate that for months the consumption of oil from Pennsylvania and West Virginia wells has been very largely in excess of production. The stock of crude Pennsylvania petroleum above ground in December, 1900, was 13,174,717 barrels, while in December, 1902, the amount thus stored was only 5,699,127 barrels.

Call for Sympathy.

First Bachelor—I wish I could write a decent letter of condolence.

Second Bachelor—Some one you know dead?

"No. Engaged."—Detroit Free Press.

When we visit in the country, we like the hostess' disappearance to be followed immediately by the sound of chickens squawking in the back yard.

Science and Invention

The biophone, a new German phonograph, produces pictures as well as sounds. It shows, for instance, the singer giving a song.

The temperature limits of life are much more widely separated than we once supposed. Bacteria are now known to develop and multiply at 72 deg. C.; and Prof. A. Macfadyen of London has exposed such organisms to 190 deg. C. below zero for six months without harming them, while they even survived 250 deg. C. below zero.

An investigation of paving stones has been undertaken in Ireland by Prof. Joly. He finds that resistance to wear varies directly with the amounts of quartz and felspar contained, the completely crystalline igneous granites, etc., being as a rule the toughest. Rocks that are decidedly porphyritic, porous or glassy are to be avoided. A certain coarseness of grain is usually desirable, as fine-grained rocks, like a certain Welsh diorite, are liable to become slippery.

The electric discharge between two vessels of mercury in a partial vacuum is the most efficient form of artificial lighting yet discovered. In a recent test by W. C. Geer, the mercury terminals were about four-fifths of an inch apart, and an arc of two inches in length was produced by a direct current of 110 volts. Nearly 50 per cent of the energy supplied was converted into visible light. Turning to other lights, the Geissler tube showed an efficiency of 32 per cent; the ordinary arc lamp, 10; acetylene gas, 10; the incandescent electric lamp, 6, and the Argand gas burner, 1.6.

The entomologists employed to abate the mosquito nuisance along the north shore of Long Island report, among other things, that a single rain-barrel will breed more mosquitoes than a large pond. Even the salt meadows hardly equal, as mosquito-producers, four or five good barrels apiece. The reason is that the larger pools contain fish which prey upon the larvae. A soggy pasture, in the same sense, equals from one to two rain-barrels. Wind is a great enemy to mosquitoes. Even a gentle fanning keeps them off. This recalls the legend that Empedocles freed the great city of Acragas (Agrigentum) in Sicily from malaria by opening the hills, so that the north wind swept freely over the town. We now know that mosquitoes are the chief distributors of malaria.

The Jesup expedition, sent out by the American Museum of Natural History to investigate the native tribes of Northwestern America and Northeastern Asia has completed its field-work and collected some twenty thousand specimens of household articles, dress, ornaments, tools and weapons such as have never before been exhibited. The explorations extended from the Columbia River around the North Pacific coast to the Amur River in Asia. Close similarities were found in the customs, dress, implements, folk-lore and other characteristics of the American and Siberian tribes, pointing, it is thought, to the common origin of these people at some remote past time. The most numerous of the Siberian races are the Yakuts, numbering about 270,000 individuals, and dwelling in and around the Lena River valley. Their territory includes about one-third of Siberia. Many of them have amassed wealth in the fur trade, and their silversmiths are noted for skill. Yakut belles frequently possess costumes of furs, ornamented with silver, worth $1,000.

MACEDONIAN PEASANTS.

Shocking Abuses to Which Even in Peace They Are Subject.

The peasants of Macedonia who are in revolt against the rule of the Turk are an interesting people. Their country is much diversified in population. In the south the Greeks predominate, in the north the Slavs. The middle section has a mixed and debatable congeries of nationalities and dialects. There are a few Wallachians here and there and a sprinkling of Mahometans everywhere. In times of peace 95 per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture. They till the fields in a primitive fashion, having little use for modern improvements or farm machinery. Their stolid industry, their thrifty habits, the fine climate and the natural fertility of the country would make them a most prosperous and happy people were it not for the oppression put upon them.

Each Christian village suffers exaction from its Moslem neighbors, its Turkish landlord, the Albanian brigands, to say nothing of the official tax collectors. The people have no security in trade, and the privileged classes live upon their labor. In some places the peasants, besides sharing the products of their field equally with their landlords, are forced to work for them eighty days each year, including Sundays, without any pay in money or goods. They are forced to obey at the point of the knife, and there is no redress.

The cottages of the peasants are grouped together in little hamlets. There are few fences and the landmarks are uncertain. Many of the villages have a common lot for pasturing the flocks when it is impossible for the shepherds to lead them into the mountains, where for several months each year the grazing is good.

Both men and women are strong-limbed and full of endurance. Few are idle or vicious. The women do their share of work in the fields, and have no end of home duties. They make the clothing of the family, usually from wool grown and sheared upon the farm, spun, woven, cut and made in the house.

The hospitality of the people appeals to the visitor. Oriental laws prevail, and no one who comes in peace is turned away. Even the poorest peasant will share his crust of bread and his woolen blankets with a stranger, and without asking.

The average peasant family possesses a pair of oxen, forty or fifty sheep, a cow, several pigs and chickens. A portion of the increase of the sheep flock must be turned over to the landlord in many cases. One day each week in the towns of the district is market day, and the peasants come from every direction, driving slow-going ox teams hitched to rough carts loaded with produce. The distances are great, and the market journey is usually begun the day before and ended the day after market day.

Like his brothers in Bulgaria, the Macedonian peasant buries his money in the fields. There are few banks, and these few the peasant does not trust. The house is not a safe hiding place, for it is liable to be searched at any time by passing bands of Turks who do not hesitate to loot when there is anything to be taken. In Bulgaria, where reform has been in force for some years, the peasant is prosperous, and the total amount of coin buried in the fields is enormous. So fast do the peasants hide the money which comes to them that the output of the Bulgarian mint disappears almost as soon as coined.

When the Horn Blows.

As you rassle with adversity and jog along the road
Keeps your temper somewhat jangled out o' tune to bear the load,
An' you very often wonder if there'll ever come a day
When your labors will be over an' you'll have a chance to play,
Keep a-jackin' up your courage, for the time will come at last
When your trials an' your troubles'll be mem'ries o' the past;
There's a better day a-comin' when you'll dump your earthly woes,
An' you'll know that you have struck it when the last horn blows.

Of'ntimes you feel a swellin' in your gullet when you meet
With a millionaire a-ridin' in his carriage 'long the street,
An' the javelin of envy gives your soul a stingin' cut
When you see him on the road an' you a strugglin' in the rut.
Sich a feelin' o' resentment doesn't help the case a bit,
Doesn't regulate the matter fur to give your teeth a grit;
Though you haven't got the boodle as his tailor-fitted clothes
You will be as rich as he is when the last horn blows.

We are only here a-waitin', sort o' killin' time until
We receive the invitation fur to climb the golden hill,
An' we hadn't ort to grumble jes' because a favored few
Have a knack o' grabbin' fortune that's denied to me an' you,
Fix your eyes on the eternity we'll enter by and by.
Life on earth ain't half a minute to the time we'll spend on high—
Try to keep the tears o' trouble from a-tricklin' down your nose,
Fur you'll holler hallelujer when the last horn blows.

—Denver Post.

The Chance of a Prisoner.

I entered my office one morning to find a very worn and traveled stained wanderer awaiting me. He had been a crook ever since he had been old enough to gain his living, and having had no home influence except that which was evil, he followed the wrong path faithfully to his own ruin. He had never done honest work in his life. With no trade, no character, no references, no friends, and with a criminal past stamped on his face, when his money was gone after he had been discharged from prison—the outlook was most discouraging. Just at this point a policeman acted the part of fate and ran him in, not because he had committed any crime but to prevent him from doing so.

That night when the door of his cell clanged behind him a deep realization of his failure swept over him. "Prison, prison, is it always and forever to be prison?" he groaned, and throwing himself on his knees, for the first time in his life, he prayed. The next day in court, some one unknown to him said a good word on his behalf and he was discharged. He walked from Boston to New York and when I heard the story very simply told in his rough way he said: "Now, Little Mother, will you give me a chance? Is there any hope for me?" Very gladly did we bid him welcome.

When he left us it was hard work he undertook. When the first pay day came he called at my office, coming in straight from work in toil-stained clothing and his hands bearing the marks of toil which mean so much to us. As I rose to greet him he clasped my fingers in his two strong hands and with tears filling his eyes he said: "Little Mother, I just came to thank you. I can't tell you what the Home has done for me, but I want my comrades to know I am really grateful." And then he drew from his pocket a little roll of bills and pressing it in my hands, he said: "That is the first honest money I ever earned. I want you to use it for the boys who are now where I was once."—Leslie's Monthly.

Tramps in Missouri.

The moment that winter breaks—and save in the high altitudes, winter west of the Mississippi is a mild and comfortable thing in comparison with our Eastern weather—the police of St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver, in fact of all the towns and cities, wage relentless war on vagrants. The wide rolling prairies, the railroads, the mills are all insatable in their demand for unskilled labor. Crops rot in the fields for lack of harvesters, mills are idle for lack of men to drive the heavily laden wagons to their doors. The idle will not work so long as they can beg or steal. In the West they have little chance for either.

On an average fifty men a week are arrested in Kansas City during the months of June, July and August. The police wisely refuse to burden the city with their support, and instead give those men the alternative of going to work honestly, and for high wages, or breaking stone for the improvement of the abominable Western roads. The choice nearly always is for the better paying labor. Great wisdom is shown in the distribution of these men. Only one or two of a gang are sent to any one camp.

In the labor camps the tramps have a fair chance with more honest men. There is nothing to distinguish one from the other, for under the eagle eye of the section foreman all work alike.—Leslie's Monthly.