

Taking too much liberty may deprive a man of his liberty.

The child is father to the man and the college graduate is his grandfather.

If Mexico has any more men like Diaz it should begin to economize on them.

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

The most successful lawyers now are ones who can keep their clients out of court.

The Italian government finds that it has a surplus of \$13,000,000 on hand. Italy's grafters must be new and inexperienced hands.

If it comes to a test, Russia is much less likely to fall on her knees and sue for peace than to fall on the Japanese and hold the piece she already has.

The conscience funds are constantly receiving contributions of about 30 cents, but we rarely hear of the large robbers who disgorge a million dollars or a railroad.

The time is rapidly approaching when one half of the world will be in the madhouse and the other half outside, and then the tug of war will be to see which half is sane.

A Turkish artist who drew a caricature of the Sultan has been sentenced to 101 years in prison. We have no doubt, however, that he may succeed through good conduct in having it marked down to 99.

According to one of the scientific journals more than 8,000,000 of the 13,500,000 people of Mexico do not work. No wonder some of the Mexicans are opposed to having Yankee ideas introduced into that country.

Canada's alarm for fear that England may give away still more of her territory seems hardly justified. It has not been England's custom to let go of anything in the way of real estate that she could reasonably hold on to.

Very opportunely, a consular report on Beirut as a center for American trade has been issued. Iron pipes and sewing machines are mentioned as finding ready sale, but there is no reference made to the market that should exist for inexpensive French guilottes or American gaulows.

Discrimination against the Chinese in Australia takes the form of laws regulating their hours of labor. A Chinaman of Melbourne lately paid five shillings fine, and two pounds twelve shillings costs, for working at half past 8 o'clock in the evening, when the law says he must stop at 5. He was engaged in the "labor" of sorting, for the next day's washing, the clothes of a customer.

William L. Hise appeared in Washington the other day and introduced himself as "fence, poker player, play-wright, waiter, lawyer, poet, electrical engineer, scientist, artist, singer, champion pugilist of the world, avenger of Jesse James, head of the fur trust, slayer of 600 men, and worth \$10,000,000." The policeman who arrested him explained that he did it on general principles, which shows that a policeman may have a true sense of the fitness of things.

Visitors to Coney Island this year found New York's great summer recreation ground a much more decent place than formerly. A new company had provided many harmless amusements in its gaily decorated inclosure, and it took so much time to enjoy them that none was left for the vicious resorts which once made the place notorious. Everybody knows that the way to keep a boy—and a man, too, for that matter—from going wrong is to keep him busy going right; but not every one remembers it all the time.

The sorrow manifested over the tragic and deplorable death of Mrs. Booth Tucker shows how extensive are public sympathy and admiration with and for one whose life is really unselfish. Although young in years at the time of her death, she had had a long career of work and service, extending practically without interruption from childhood to middle age. The enthusiasm, the devotion, the sympathy and the forgetfulness of self which characterized this life can hardly be appreciated by one who merely reads the simple record thereof. It was a life gloriously filled with love of humanity and a zeal for souls—a twofold devotion which comprehended pity for the wretchedness of this world and a strong determination to ameliorate it so far as the spiritual welfare of multitudes besides. The loss of such a worker is a calamity not only to her family and the great organization which they have built up but to the world at large, which, in pausing reverently to note her passing, proves that such an example as hers will not end at the grave.

Wise-acre for fifty years have predicted the doom of the horse. But the horse is here to stay. When the swift locomotive succeeded the slow stage coach the "finch" of the horse was apparent, to some, but it failed to materialize. When the bicycle, to some extent, displaced the splendid "rig," a great many then thought the horse was sure to go. But he is here still. When the electric car superseded the "dinky bob-tail" the same prediction was made, and even more forcibly was it noised about when the erratic automobile invaded our midst. For ages, and history runneth not to the contrary, the horse has been man's closest friend of all the animals. In times of peace, war, commercial prosperity and in the pursuit of pleasure the noble horse has proved his worth. In the face of scientific progress the horse

has advanced in an astounding degree. Never before in the history of the world has the noble steed reached such a high development. More attention is paid to-day to fine points in breeding than ever before. Not alone is this true of racing and fancy breeds, but also of draught animals. It is natural for man to love the horse and it is natural for the horse to love man.

Like pretty much everything else the matter of having children has two sides to it, says the Saturday Evening Post. As a great many children are failures, and as children are the joint product of heredity and environment, both elements preponderantly under parental control, it would seem more sensible to say that there were too many people undertaking parental responsibility instead of too few. And further, parenthood has many cares and sorrows and exasperations. Still, when all is said, how many persons who found themselves childless at 45 have been able honestly to congratulate themselves? Children have a use as an assurance against destitution and loneliness in old age. They are satisfactory to the vanity for family immortality. But more than these and all other advantages is the advantage of prolonging one's life. Growing children will keep any proper man or woman young in spirit and in mind, will retard the development of that sour yet complacent cynicism which curses old age both for one's self and for those about one. The man or woman—again, the right sort of man or woman—who has children drinks every day a deep draught at the fountain of eternal youth.

The demonstration before the New York Microscopical Society that laziness is a disease caused by the insidious germ known as hookworm, ankylostomum, duodenale, and uncinaria, will no doubt set many people pitying themselves. Ruth McEnery Stuart, in one of her inimitable Southern sketches, tells the story of a negro who declares himself to have been "marked for rest," and who acts on that theory all his life, while his wife supports him and the rest of the family. Others who like to stop work better than to begin it, but who have not been able to excuse laziness as anything more than habit, will probably utilize the loophole offered by the New York microscopists. No doubt the lazy man's respect for himself will go up amazingly, and self-pity will also be in evidence when he realizes that he is in reality suffering from a disease. It is to be hoped, however, that the microscopists will follow up their researches and discover the cure for the hookworm of laziness. It is said there is no germ without its destroyer, just as there is no poison without its antidote, and the discovery of the nemesis of the hookworm will simplify the world's affairs amazingly. If all lazy people can be successfully treated, the dynamic force of the human race will be increased about 50 per cent. It is inspiring to think what a vast increase in America's industries will occur when all the tramps rush eagerly to meet the work which they now shun so devoutly. The lazy youth of high society, whose hardest work today is keeping his cigarette lighted, will be a captain of industry, and all a crowd of loafers will feel the rejuvenating influence of the anti-laziness treatment. There is only one danger which now clouds the glowing future pointed out by the New York microscopists. The investigators are quite likely to be gorm-bitten and become too lazy to carry their investigations to a finish.

MAKING A LIVING.

Queer Avocations Disclosed by Sign Boards in New York.

Placards and sign boards in New York disclose some strange ways of making a living.

In East Thirty-fourth street a sign in the window of a house informs the public that "Birds are boarded there by the day, week or month." A little further down town a sign in a basement window announces that "Dogs' ears and tails are cut in the latest fashion," and a sign in the same locality reads: "I educate cross cats and dogs to be gentle and well-behaved."

"Young ladies are invited to come in and learn the name and calling of their future husbands," in West Twenty-third street, near Eighth avenue. "Round-shouldered people made straight," is an announcement on East Nineteenth street, and near Nineteenth street on Fourth avenue, "perfect grace is taught in twelve lessons," and "satisfaction guaranteed."

"Beauty paid for this ladies" may be obtained on the Bowery, near Houston street; and not far away, "ladies deficient in wardrobe are fashionably dressed on easy, monthly installments."

"Sore eyes in poodles effectually cured here" is a piece of valuable information given in East Broadway. In Catherine street "Babies are hired or exchanged," and in Division street "Old sets of artificial teeth are bought and sold." In Hester street "Black eyes are artfully painted over," and "false noses as good as new and warranted to fit" are advertised near Chatham square, conveying the impression that mayhem is not an uncommon crime in some quarters.

In Chatham street the wayfarer is told: "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else," and in Mulberry street an undertaker makes a bid for business with a sign in his window which reads: "Why walk about in misery when I can bury you decently for \$18?"

About Corn.

Just previous to the Civil War a bushel of corn represented more than four and one-half hours of human labor at a cost of 35¢ cents, while today forty-one minutes of labor produce the same amount for 10¢ cents.

Of Course Not.

"And you permitted that strange young man to kiss you?"

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Banish Hallowe'en Malignancy.

IN one sense, Hallowe'en and the Fourth of July are alike. Both days give license for almost unlimited lawlessness. On the Fourth gunpowder reigns supreme over the law; on Hallowe'en all sorts of mischief hold sway, often resulting in heavy property loss and bloodshed. The murder of the chief of police of Morgan Park emphasizes the Hallowe'en evil.

Hallowe'en, as a feature of American life, deserves to be laid to rest. There is no reason why one day in the year should be set apart for the perpetration of malicious mischief. On Hallowe'en hundreds of thousands of youths, and often grown persons, turn their attention to damaging and destroying fences or sidewalks, daubing paint on houses, or carrying off whatever they can find loose. On Hallowe'en they regard these depredations as strictly legitimate.

In Morgan Park a married woman, colored, dressed herself in the clothes of a man and proceeded to play havoc with a sidewalk. She was discovered by the chief of police and struck with a cane. A rash and quick-tempered negro avenged the blow by cutting the throat of the chief.

This killing illustrates the Hallowe'en extreme, but all over the country minor acts of despoliation took place, which in the aggregate amounted to heavy loss. It is to be hoped that the coming generation of boys will be educated out of the Hallowe'en idea.—Chicago Journal.

Money vs. Faith in The Pulpit.

ONE of the questions that caused the most anxious interest at a recent annual church convention in Michigan was the cause of the closing of churches in half a dozen cities and towns in the State. The explanation was that young men are not attracted by the idea of spending \$1,000 or \$2,000 for an education to fit themselves whose financial rewards run from \$700 to \$1,000 a year, where other callings offer much brighter prospects at a less outlay of time and money for technical training.

It is rather discouraging if the financial consideration is sufficient to deter young men who feel that they have a vocation for the ministry. A faith which begets no devotion superior to material gain, that inspires no spirit of sacrifice and personal consecration, lacks something that is necessary to the growth of a religion.

When Helne was asked why the world built no more such cathedrals as that of Cologne, he replied that cathedral builders had convictions, while moderns had only opinions. In order to forego worldly success and comfort and devote himself joyfully to a life of struggle and hardship, it is necessary that a man have a very fixed conviction as to the vital importance of the work he is undertaking. That he must be filled with fire and zeal, and that he must accept literally and unquestioningly the theory that the salvation of his own soul and of other souls is a matter which wholly overshadows the trivialities of earthly existence.

Religion diluted with rationalism does not tend to create enthusiasts or to foster the missionary spirit, and those sects which adopt it must either adjust their salaries to their own particular circumstances or continue to find a paucity of candidates for commercially undesirable pulpits.—Chicago Journal.

Martyrdom of the Housewife.

THE difficulty of securing domestic help is not new, and it is not peculiar in New York. . . . Some of the reasons for the present plight are obvious. There have been and must continue to be certain inherent difficulties in the problem. These have often been pointed out; long, and irregular hours, confined and often lonely routine, varying quantities of work, vagaries and caprices of mistresses, and the so-called "social stigma." All these combine to draw women into factory employment, with its fixed hours, opportunities to be on the street in going and coming, congenial companionship while busy, definite tasks, formal rules for conduct, consistent supervision, and general independence outside of hours of labor. . . .

There are, however, some new factors in the reckoning. The demand for the work of women is keener than ever.

A FRONTIER MISSIONARY.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in California recently held memorial services for William Taylor, the first missionary of that church in the State. "He is," wrote Charles Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, "the Paul of the age, and his experiences in establishing Methodism on the frontier of America, Australia and South America have no parallel in church history."

The story of William Taylor's career in the wicked mining camps and in San Francisco during the early fifties is more thrilling than fiction. Lawlessness was unbridled in the town. Murderers went without trial.

"In all my travels over the world," Mr. Taylor used to say, "I never have seen such human degradation, such awful immorality and recklessness of human life as in San Francisco in 1849."

It took courage to speak to the swearing, drunken crowds who spent their time in gambling and intoxication. Many a time he was threatened with personal violence. One of his first efforts was made in Pat Donovan's dance hall. A murder had just been committed. The body was hauled into an adjoining room, and the drinking, cursing, gambling and dancing were resumed as noisily as ever. Suddenly Mr. Taylor's stalwart frame appeared in the door of the place.

Catechisms and yells of derision greeted the missionary; and one man drew his pistol and told Mr. Taylor to get out or be shot. He stood quietly for a few moments, and then said:

"I have not come for trouble. If you will let me sing a few songs and say a few words, I'm sure you won't regret it."

"Go ahead!" some one yelled. Mr. Taylor began to sing in his full, clear voice some of the familiar church hymns. The crowd was quickly won by the music.

"Go on!" shouted the men when he stopped. Then he sang one or two Scotch songs, and finally, getting up on the platform where the fiddler sat, he spoke plainly and forcibly upon the evil life his auditors were leading, and they listened quietly.

When the preacher had ceased, a big strapping Irishman, who had served time in prisons in Australia and New Zealand and had been the terror of the water front in San Francisco, proposed a collection for the new Methodist church, and he himself passed his

before. With the last decade a number of occupations have opened up to them for the first time. . . .

Not only is the demand greater than before, but the supply is smaller. The very prosperity that has enlarged the servant-keeping class has enabled poorer people either to maintain their daughters at home or send them to school; and many girls who in 1893 would have been seeking places are now living in ease on the abundant earnings of their fathers and brothers. Statistics on this point are not available, but the facts are patent. It is plain, also, that employment at good wages has allowed many young mechanics to marry, and has thus transformed possible housemaids into actual wives. The "steady company" has been much in evidence, and his attentions have still further disturbed our domestic economy.—New York Evening Post.

Refuse to Scare.

THE statisticians are beginning to frighten us about the consumption of iron. They say that 30,000,000 tons of ore was taken out of the ground in this country alone last year, and as the world grows older, and its inhabitants more numerous, the demand for iron must increase until the end of the supply is reached, and then what will they do, poor things, who are on earth in that remote day?

We do not scare very readily over the prospect of the failure of the world's resources in any direction. When it gets so that human beings cannot exist on earth they will probably cease to move on the planet, but it seems as if the generation living had much more occasion to be concerned about its own comfort, and wisdom, and virtue, than about the prospects of health and happiness of those who may dwell in some distant period.

The fear of what is going to happen to some one after our end has been common with humanity for many centuries. Predictions of the coming to the end of the world itself are numberless, and the prophets are still working overtime on that problem, but until the earth itself has been entirely looked over and its treasures estimated at their true bulk there is no need of any one being alarmed for fear of a fatal scarcity of anything necessary to human happiness or human existence.—Buffalo News.

Reform in China.

THE man who cries for reform in China takes his life in his hand. A century ago the Japanese who had a public grievance to complain of could present his petition with the assurance that it would be duly considered, but he lost his life. The Chinese reformer loses his life without effect. And for some time past there has been a deadly conflict between the Dowager Empress and the exponents of reform. Only the other day a member of the reform party was beaten to death with bamboo, while the fate of others at Shanghai is hanging on the firmness of the British representative. Now we learn that five others have been arrested at Peking, and their terrible fate is, we fear, assured. Shen Chien, before his death, wrote a moving appeal to his own people and the foreign powers. "I have won but little, and my day is done." It is a pathetic cry from this young man of one-and-thirty, standing—and falling—with a few against scores of millions of fellow-country men bound by immemorial tradition and led by the Dowager Empress. The life-blood of many must run in the market place before the reformer is welcomed in China.—London Chronicle.

Lynching Must Be Stopped.

WE do not believe that the civilization of the United States is going to be wrecked in this way, but we do believe that it can be saved only by a combination of the same elements of society to assert and, if need be, to maintain by lawful means the supremacy of law. Every sheriff has the power to summon a posse. The peaceable and rational majority of citizens within his jurisdiction, if they should place themselves under his orders, would constitute a legal force, and a force competent to restore order wherever it was invaded. There are some unhappy indications that a state of things is approaching for which such a remedy as that must be somewhat widely employed.—New York Tribune.

TOMSON AND WIND RIVER SMITH

Their Argument on the Burning Subject of Indian Genealogy.

"A ranch is like a man; it has something that belongs to it, that don't belong to no other ranch, same as I have just the same number of eyes and nose, and so forth, that you drew on your ticket, yet you ain't me no more'n I'm you." This was a kind of sober-minded concern; it was a thoughtful sort of a ranch, where every body went about his work quiet. I guess it was largely because the boys was mostly old timers, given to arguing about why was this and how come that.

"Argue! Caesar! It was a regular debating society. Wind River Smith picked up a book in the old man's room that told about the Indians' Jews away back before the big high water, and how one gang of 'em took to the prairie and the other gang to the bad clothes business. Well, he and Chawley Tomson—member Chawley and his tooth? And you'd have time to tail-down and burn a steer before Chawley got the next word out—well, they got arguin' about whether this was so, or whether it weren't so."

"Smithy was for the book, havin' read it, and Chawley scorned it. The argument lasted a month, and as neither one of 'em knew anything about an Injun except what you can gather from looking at him over a rifle sight, and as the only Jew that either one of 'em ever said two words to was the one that sold Wind River a hat that melted in the first rainstorm, and then him and Chawley went to town and made that Hebrew eat what was left of the hat, after refunding the price, you can imagine what a contribution to history I listened to. That's the kind of place the Elias ranch was, and a nice old farm she was, too."—McClure's Magazine.

Most women suspect there is some mischief on tap every time their husbands smile.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"How old is Charlie Huggins, daughter?" asked old man Birkins at the breakfast table the other morning. "He's 24, I believe," replied the fair maid. "But why do you ask?" "Oh, your mother and I were only wondering," answered the father, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his off optic. "We gathered from what we overheard of his conversation in the parlor last night that he was in his second childhood."

Fair Play.
Edmonia—Have you any rules in your married life?
Eustacia—Yes; Eustacia insists that the one who begins the quarrel must begin the making up.

Art and Nature.

"I have here," announces the poet, "a parody on 'When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock.'"
"But," protests the editor, "you sold us a parody on the same thing last fall."
"True," acknowledges the poet, "but the pumpkin has been frosted again this fall."
"Far be it from me to differ with nature," says the editor. "You may consider yourself duly frosted."

Spoke from Experience.
The new reporter was fresh from college; nobody expected him to know much.

"Do you say 'the newly married couple goes on a short trip' or 'the newly married couple go on a short trip'?" he was asked.

"Goes," if they start at once," said the sporting editor, kindly, for he never forgot that he was young himself, once.

Very Different.
"Women are very different from men."

"Of course they are, but what difference do you wish to specify?"

"Men become members of 'ancient' orders of this and that and the other, but women must join the very newest organizations."

Troubles of Her Own.
"I asked her if she would scream for her mother if I kissed her."

"What did she say?"

"She said her mother was fully capable of doing her own screaming."

—Houston Post.

Crowded Out.
"Didn't you find your new flat a tight squeeze?"

"Yes; we've squeezed off a lot of company already."

False Alarm.

Carrye Updote—Don't you dare to kiss me.
Cholly Slowboy—Why, I wasn't thinking of kissing you.
Carrye Updote—I-I thought you were.

Addressed to Him.
"I never heard a more disgusting incendiary speech than old man Brown made this morning."

"Who is old man Brown?"

"The old fellow I work for. He said: 'See here, if you don't do better I'll fire you.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

Perverved Pride.
"Aren't you ashamed of that last massacre?"

"I don't see why I should be," answered the sultan. "It wasn't such a very small one."

—Washington Star.

Back to the Parlor.
"The day is done," murmured the sentimental maid.

"That's right," admitted the prosaic youth, "but the night is pretty raw."

Whereupon they both shivered and broke up the camp on the front stoop.

Secret Out.
Tenant—Gee, but our flat is cold!
Janitor—Naturally. You shouldn't expect it to be otherwise.

Tenant—Why not?
Janitor—Because the building is fire-proof—see?

So They Both Shook Him.
Darkway—Did you make love to any girls at the shore?

Clevertown—Yes. One from Boston and one from New Orleans.

"How was it?"

"Did you ever have chills and fever?"—Smart Set.

Lucky.
Cumbo—Well, young Frisbie will make his way in the medical profession.

Cawker—Has he got a good start?

Cumbo—I should say he had. He was such a prime favorite in the college that they made him surgeon to the football team.

His favorite. . . .
ed the man who was writing an about capitals of industry.
"Man wants but little here low," replied Mr. Dustin Star.
"Is that—an exactly appa- ate sentiment for a promoter of bination?"
"No, I don't take it personally. It is intended to apply to the other lows."—Washington Star.

Had Grammar.
"Do not say you are 'broke,' Gen dear. Say 'broken.'"
"People would think I was cracked."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Awful Dilemma.
"O, Aunt Rachel, we are facing most terrible alternative you heard of?"

"What is the matter, Becky?"
"The janitor of the building to marry our Amelia. She can't the sight of him—but how can we dare to run the risk of offending the Chicago Tribune.

Not Mathematical.
"Can you put two and two together?"
"Not so well as one and one, minister."

Achievement.
Briggs—Well, old man, I can look the world in the face—debts are paid.
Griggs—How did you do it?
Briggs—Oh, I succeeded in being the money.

Two of Them.
Nell—I can't imagine any one foolish than she is. She has married him to reform him.

Ned—Huh, he's just as foolish! seems to have married her need give her a chance to learn some. They're keeping house, you know. Philadelphia Press.

Heard in a Garret.
"I want a hero for a new story," said the author.
"Let me see," said a friend, "pose you take a man who has read your books?"—Exchange.

Same Old Story.
The good old summer time has come. Soon on the ice will slide, And the man who used to stay in door Will leave it open wide.

His Confession.
Myer—I understand you are a reader of fiction.
Geyer—Well, I never miss the daily weather reports.

His First Conclusion.
Bidad—My wife has been going terribly.
Neighbor—What is she going to stage?

Cause for Rejoicing.
"Trials of Authors," exclaimed the pessimist, as he glanced at the newspaper headline. "So they have rested some of those measly poets last. Gee, but I'd have liked to see on the jury that tried 'em!"

Pessimistic Outlook.
Prospective Patron—What more languages do you teach here?
College President (fifty years old)—All the leading ones except English.

Prospective Patron—Except English.
How is that?
College President—We have done the effort to keep up with our standard dictionaries now contain several million words—practically slang, sir; principally slang—and this is a new one born into the language every minute in the day.—Chicago Tribune.

Enterprise and Caution.
"I shall get there," quoth Enterprise confidently.
"Where?" asked Caution.
Here Enterprise bestowed a winning look upon her laggard sister.

"As to that I know nothing," she replied, haughtily, "further than when I get there it will be somewhat else."—Detroit Free Press.

Long-Lived Vanities.
Mrs. Chic—Your aunt Eustacia is now about 84, isn't she?
Miss Abigail—Oh, don't ask me. Auntie is awfully sensitive about her age.—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind.
He—I understand that you are to be congratulated.
She—No, the engagement is broken off.

He—That is what I heard.—Saville Journal.

Examination Oddities.
There is no end to the oddities evolved in answers to school questions. Here are a few of recent date culled under the observation of a Chicago teacher:

"Our body is made out of skin and bones. Also toenails."

"The veins carry pure blood and the arteries carry pure blood."

"The Nile empties into the Victoria Nizana."

"The mouth of the Nile is called the Metterian sea."

"Ceylon is in Northeastern Asia."

"The camels cross the desert in the travelers."

"The largest cities of India are called Canton, Peking and Kokomo."

"Because India is called British India the British own it."

"China is where all the Chinese people crowd together. About 1,000 people live in that city."

"The people of India are called the dianas."

"Ceylon is in China."

"Natives of India are called Indians."—Chicago News.