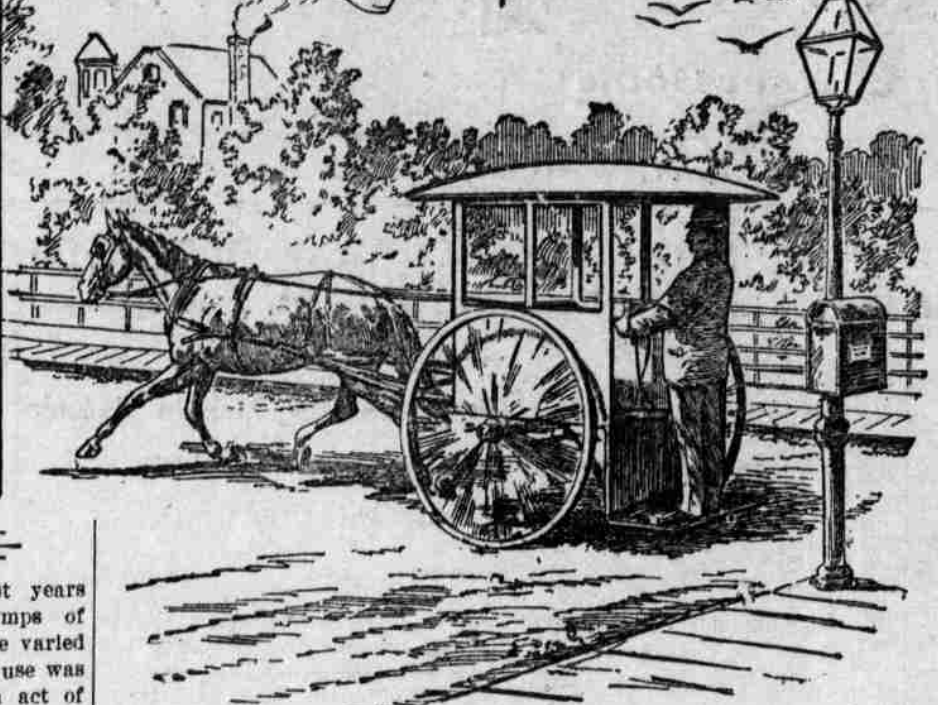


POSTAGE STAMPS and the POSTAL SYSTEM



SINCE the earliest years the postage stamps of this country have varied in design. Their use was sanctioned by an act of Congress March 3, 1847. A tentative issue had been issued at the postoffice of New York and in St. Louis two years before. In 1845, and in Rhode Island in 1846. The first stamps issued were for 5 and 10 cents and bore the portraits of Franklin and Washington. At various times a complete series varying in price from 1 to 90 cents was issued. The portraits used on the stamps were those of Franklin, 1 cent; Jackson, 2-cent; Washington, 3-cent; Lincoln, 5-cent; Jefferson, 10-cent; Clay, 12-cent; Webster, 15-cent; Scott, 24-cent; Hamilton, 30-cent; Perry, 90-cent, and Stanton, 7-cent. Most of these portraits were drawn from marbles, but Stanton was reproduced from a photograph.

Rowland Hill of England was founder of the modern postal system. England, accepting his scheme of postal reform, was the first country to introduce the system of delivering prepaid letters carrying postage stamps. A story has it that Sir Rowland was staying at an inn in northern England. While there he saw the postman deliver to his host's daughter a letter which she returned unopened, as she had not a shilling to pay for its delivery. Moved to compassion by the lingering fondness with which she turned the letter over in her hands, carefully studying every mark on its exterior, Sir Rowland tendered a shilling to the postman, who left the letter. Then the innkeeper's daughter, embarrassed by his kindness, explained that it was unnecessary. She and her brother, unable to pay postage, had arranged a code of communication. While she handled the letter she had learned what he wished her to know.

Whether this story be true or not, Sir Rowland Hill, who was only Mr. Hill at the time, as he was knighted later, early realized the inadequacy of the postal system of England and ardently advocated his system, under which postage should be prepaid.

This first governmental issue of stamped envelopes, stamped letter paper and adhesive labels or stamps in England was in 1840. Three years before, in 1837, stamped wrappers under the name of "go-frees" had been used experimentally and had been recommended to the chancellor of the exchequer for adoption by the government. In Dundee, a printer named James Chalmers printed stamps from ordinary type, washing their backs with gum. He showed them to his neighbors, but made no public mention of them until November, 1837, nine months after Sir Rowland Hill had drawn the attention of the commissioners of the postoffice to the possibilities of using such adhesive stamps when people bought unstamped envelopes to the postoffice.

The postal system derives its very name from the posts placed along Roman roads to mark points where couriers took dispatches. But the modern postal system with its prepaid postage, with its system of levying postal tribute on the basis of weight and not distance, its letter boxes, its delivery of parcels and newspapers and money orders, dates from Sir Rowland Hill.

The earliest official notice of a postal service in the American colonies is found in the records of the general court of Massachusetts in 1639. The house of Richard Fairbanks in Boston was under the ruling of the court designated as the place for all letters brought from across the seas or to be sent thither. He was allowed a penny for every letter which he received or sent. In Virginia, every planter was required to provide a messenger to carry letters as they arrived at his plantation to the next one. He forfeited a hoghead of tobacco should he fail to do so. In 1672, the government of New York established a monthly post between New York and Boston. In 1692 the office of postmaster general for

America was created. Benjamin Franklin, who had been appointed postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737, was given the office in 1753. He visited all the important postoffices. Though his reforms made the office bring in a clear revenue, he was removed by the king in 1774, but shortly after was appointed to the same office by the Continental Congress. The first postmaster of the United States of America was Samuel Osgood. When he took charge of the department the country had seventy-five postoffices.

The charge for the delivery of letters was based on distances covered and varied from 6 cents for thirty miles to 25 cents for 450 miles. Until 1863, distance was the basis of cost. In that year a uniform rate of postage ignoring the distance was fixed at 3 cents. Oct. 1, 1883, this was reduced to 2 cents. During the early days of Alaskan development, every letter delivered in Nome cost the government \$1.

Though the use of adhesive postage stamps was authorized in 1847, prepayment by stamps was not made compulsory until 1856. A uniform free delivery system was not instituted until 1863, though the penny post existed in a number of cities in 1862, the carriers remunerating themselves by the collection of a voluntary fee of from 1 to 2 cents for each piece of mail delivered.

A convention held in Paris in 1878 made various improvements in the regulations and provided for a postal congress to consider revision of all pending rules at least every five years. The International Postal Union thus effected works constantly for the simplification and identification of postal systems. The rate fixed by the first convention, of 5 cents for each half unit of weight for ordinary letters still prevails, save that recently special conventions reducing it to 2 cents have been arranged between this country and England and this country and Germany.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

A Boys' Village.
In Westchester County, N. York, overlooking the Hudson river, a colony of 300 boys has been gathered. They are lads who have tripped or been tumbled into the rough places of the world; their sense of self-respect cruelly neglected amid dirty city streets and all sorts of misery. Put under military discipline and given tasks of work and study, the boys are housed, clothed and fed in attractive, spacious cottages. The grounds and buildings cost over \$1,500,000, and the boys' village is a model place in every respect. So far as possible the young fellows are given work that accords with their tastes. Some work out of doors in the gardens and among the farm animals, while others learn trades in the shops. Each lad stays in the village until he reaches the age of 21, when he is given \$150 to start him out in the world, equipped with knowledge enabling him to earn his livelihood. Every effort is made to inspire the boys with hope, courage, integrity and a desire to win respected places in the towns and cities to which they may go. Some of the graduates are now in the Western States, where they have gained positions of public trust. Some of them admit that they are more fortunate than they might have been had they been born of rich parents.

at a health resort where there are warm mineral springs, in the heart of the Japanese mountains. Patients at this sanitarium often remain in the water for a month at a time. At night they put a stone on their laps to keep them from floating down stream. And if it should be objected that this is an unhealthy method of conducting a health resort, reference has only to be made to the caretaker of the establishment, a hearty old man over 80 years of age, who frequently remains in the bath all winter, directing the business of the place from a station waist-deep in the warm, flowing water.

NO SLEEP IN THE GRAVE.

Archdeacon Colley Thinks the So-Called Dead Are Still Alive.

Of humankind there are no dead, says Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, Rugby, England, in the Daily Mail. Man is man because he is, as the Sanskrit "mann" suggests, the "thinker," or one that has consciousness of his being, which consciousness survives the change called "death," which is but as sleep to wakefulness.

The worn physical of this life machine, the body, falls off, as in slumber, from the psychical that indwells with it (body abode) and keeps the wheel work ("we are fearfully and wonderfully made") on the go, and there is scarcely a moment's hiatus as the changing sentinels of the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon and other elements composing it, departing, whisper the password to the even more volatile arriving atoms of the soul. Hence, in the falling in of the outer man upon the inner and the blending of the twain, mortality is swallowed up of life with no jar, jolt or any cessation of being, since complete insensibility or unconsciousness has no part in the transaction.

More alive, indeed, than ever is the condition immediately consequent on the failure of the heart's systolic actions and the involutions and convolutions of the gray matter of the brain, no longer vibrant to the motions of thought playing its reminiscences of earth memories now transposed to life's higher clots and the beat of perfected rhythmic harmonies.

For true is the Latin statement, mors janua vite, death is the gate of life. Hence continuous and immediate and conscious being, with no sleeping in the grave; for, as the burial service of the Church of England says, "The souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity."

This I know, not from credal or ecclesiastical affirmation, or even from logical induction of this life's being a hateful ghastly blunder, if not a curse, but from the teachings of many years' experience and close personal acquaintance with those who have lived in this world, now dead and buried as to their earthly body, returning true and again in a reconverted, wonderfully abnormal, corporeal form to company with me and others meeting together in domestic worship with praise and prayer to give them welcome back for an hour to learn of the higher life they have attained. From whom, by many indisputable proofs, visible, audible, tangible, I and those with me have apprehended there can be no gainsaying the fact that the so-called "dead" are alive.

Growing Old a Habit.

Not long ago the former secretary of a justice of the New York supreme court committed suicide on his 70th birthday.

"The Statute of Limitations; a Brief Essay on the Oslar Theory of Life," was found beside the dead body. It read, in part:

"Threescore and ten—this is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, active work for man ceases; his time on earth has expired. . . .

"I am seventy—threescore and ten—and I am fit only for the chimney corner. . . .

This man had dwelt so long on the so-called Oslar theory—that a man is practically useless and only a burden to himself and the world after sixty—and the Biblical limitation of life to threescore years and ten, that he made up his mind he would end it all on his 70th birthday.

Leaving aside Dr. Oslar's theory, there is no doubt that the acceptance in a strictly literal sense of the Biblical life limit has proved a decided injury to the race. We are powerfully influenced by our self-imposed limitations and convictions, and it is well known that many people die very near the limit they set for themselves. Yet there is no probability that the Psalmist had any idea of setting a limit to the life period, or that he had any authority whatever for so doing. Many of the sayings in the Bible which people take so literally are merely figures of speech to illustrate an idea. So far as the Bible is concerned, there is just as much reason for setting the life limit at one hundred and twenty or even at Methuselah's age (nine hundred and sixty-nine) as at seventy or eighty. There is no evidence in the Scriptures that even suggests the existence of an age limit beyond which man was not supposed or allowed to pass. In fact, the whole spirit of the Bible is to encourage long life through sane and healthful living.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

THE GOLD INDUSTRY.

An Illustration Which Gives Some Idea of Its Immensity in America.

An eagle, a \$10 gold piece, is just about one inch in diameter. Imagine a glittering yellow ribbon of 10 gold pieces, lying edge to edge, beginning at San Francisco and extending eastward through the Sacramento Valley of California, across the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, spanning the Great American Desert in Nevada and Utah, over the prairies of Wyoming and Nebraska, across the green fields of Iowa and Illinois, over Indiana and Ohio and Massachusetts, half way to the British Isles—imagine this continuous string of golden eagles edge to edge, without break or interruption, over this vast stretch of land and sea—a distance which consumes at least eight days in the swiftest express train and ocean steamers—and you will be able to form some conception of the amount of gold that has been produced in the United States.

It requires some such illustration as this to grasp the immensity of the gold industry, to form some definite idea of the importance and magnitude of the gold production of the North American continent.

The profits from the gold industry are magnificent. They are greater than in any other department of commercial activity. The figures of the world's production are enormous. In 1907 the output of the gold mines of the earth amounted to nearly \$500,000,000. Of this vast sum about one-half, or more than \$200,000,000, was net profit. No other industry can make such a showing as this. This gold was found in America, in Mexico, in South Africa, in Australia and elsewhere.

This huge sum of profits, more than \$200,000,000, was distributed to scores of thousands of people.



Tramp—Lady, I'm near perishing from exposure! Lady—Are you a Congressman or a Senator?—Town Topics.

"Doesn't she ever stop talking?" "Oh, yes, when she is breaking in a fresh piece of gum."—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

"Is that woman rich?" "Rich? I should say so! Why, she can even afford to be a kleptomaniac."—Baltimore American.

"She's not handsome, is she?" "Lord, no! Say, if there was a tax on beauty, she'd be entitled to a pension."—Cleveland Leader.

"The first time he went out in his new auto he ran across a few friends, and —" "Did they leave families?"—Baltimore American.

"Now, then, look pleasant, please." "Not at all; this is to send to my wife at the seashore. She would come home at once!"—Ellegende Blatter.

"Was your father college bred?" "Yes, but we never mentioned it. The college he went to had a rotten football team."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She—Are you good at guessing women's ages? He—You are not over 25. She—How do you know? He—No woman over 25 ever asks that question.

John—I've just lost a thousand dollars. Julia—Well, it is better that it should have happened to you than to some poor beggar on the street.—The Club Fellow.

"It takes a heap o' determination, son," said Uncle Eben, "to hav yoh own way in dis life, an' a heap o' brains to know what to do wif it after you gits it."—Washington Star.

Harlemite—If you wrote yesterday morning, I don't see why I only got your note this evening. Downtowner—I do. I affixed a special delivery stamp to the letter.—New York Times.

"Pousonby is the laziest man I ever saw." "What's the matter now?" "He wants a safety razor that can be operated by a storage battery concealed in the handle."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Subbubs (engaging cook)—Have you any male friends? I can't have any men hanging around the place. Mandy Snowball—None, 'cept mah husband, an' he don't come aroun' 'cept on pay day.—Philadelphia Record.

Terrible Child—Will you please play something for me on the violin, Mr. Jones? Jones—But I don't know how, Bobby. T. C.—Oh, yes, you do, Mr. Jones, I heard mamma say you played second fiddle to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. O'Toole—Shure, 'tis bad manners yer goat has, Mrs. O'Flinn. O' found him in me cabbage patch this mornin'. Mrs. Flinn—Shure, thin, 'tis not bad manners that do bother the darlin'. O' call it blame poor taste!

Fluffy Young Thing—I'd like to prepay the express on this package. Express Company's Agent—What's the value? Fluffy Young Thing—Nothing, sir. It's a bundle of letters. I'm sending them back to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disab me for a month to come. Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.—Stray Stories.

POPULAR SCIENCE

M. Lacroix, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, read a paper before that learned society on the manufacture of sapphires. He has discovered practically the composition of the precious stone, and has succeeded in obtaining some specimens which almost resemble the real stones. It can not be said that M. Lacroix has yet discovered the exact process, for those which he has obtained would not impose upon a skilled lapidary who subjected them to a severe test.

The climbing perch (Anabas Scandens), of which six examples have recently been received at the London Zoological Gardens, is an interesting case of a fish which is able to spend a considerable time out of its native element. The climbing perch is able to make some progress on land by the movement of its pectoral and ventral fins. It is even able to climb trees, and has been found in a palm tree several feet from the ground. It is difficult to get it to display these peculiarities in confinement.

The little black people of Africa, so dramatically described by Stanley, are not the only pygmies produced by that wonderful continent. In Liberia and Sierra Leone are found pygmy hippopotamus, some specimens of which have recently been sent to England. These animals are described as being more like pigs in their habits than like their gigantic relatives. A good mud-hole is quite sufficient for them. They seem to prefer solitude in their native haunts, going about singly, and when two are seen in company they almost invariably consist of a mother and her calf.

President Schurman of Cornell University calls attention to the need of the development of a type of engineer specially skilled in everything relating to hydraulics. Water, he remarks, is destined from now on to play a great part in the economic development of the United States. It is hereafter to be used on a vast scale for power and for irrigation, as well as for navigation. The maximum benefit to be got from the use of water will be sought in the East from navigation and power, and in the West from irrigation and power.

One of the unexplained phenomena of what Prof. T. G. Bonney calls the "world's ice mantle," is the alternate advance and retreat of the glaciers. At present, says Prof. Bonney, only in Scandinavia, and perhaps at Mount St.

Ellas, are the glaciers beginning to advance in notable numbers. In the Alps a general retreat of the glaciers began about 1861. At first it was rapid, but the rate afterward slackened. Toward the end of the nineteenth century a glacier here and there slightly retraced its steps, but the majority are still either slowly shrinking or stationary.

The remarkable fact that the earliest known ancestor, or primitive type, of the modern whale bore heavy armor on its back, in the form of strong, bony plates has recently been set forth by the German paleontologist, Dr. Abel. The plates occasionally found associated with the remains of the primeval form of whale have generally been regarded as having belonged to gigantic turtles, but the German investigations show that they were part of the skeleton itself. They resemble in their character the impenetrable bony shells of the huge glyptodonts that formerly inhabited South America. The suggestion is made that at the time when they carried armor whales were amphibious creatures, living on the coasts and needing special protection from breakers and from sharks.

Seeing and Listening.

"Here's a sort of queer thing," said a nearsighted man. "I am very nearsighted. Strong glasses are indispensable to me for ordinary, general seeing in my goings about, but when I sit down to read I take off my glasses and bring the print up to within the natural focus of the eye. It seems to me that reading with the natural eye I can read with a more intimate and a clearer understanding."

"So much for my reading without spectacles, and now here is the thing that is queer to me. If when I am reading thus, with my glasses off, somebody comes along to speak to me, why, then, to get a clear understanding of that question I must have on my spectacles."

"So I say, or I would say if this happened at home where I know the people, 'Wait a minute till I get on my spectacles,' and I would put them on and then say, 'Now go ahead,' and really, with my spectacles on, with my power of seeing at its best, with the sharpest definition of things in general to the eye, I get the clearest apprehension of things said to me."

"So in reading I do best with my glasses off, but in understanding things said to me, in listening, I do best with my glasses on. There is one modification to this—where there is no light, as in a dark room, where I can't see, I can understand equally well with or without glasses."—New York Sun.

HOW BABY FOOLED NURSE.



Sterner Measures Necessary.

"Really," said Nervey, "I want you to be my wife. Come, now, don't say 'No.'"

"Mr. Nervey," replied the heiress, "I wouldn't think of saying 'No' to you."

"Ah!"

"It wouldn't have any effect on you, so I think the best thing I can do is to yell for the police."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Cheap Board.

New Curate—Can any of you tell me how much it costs to board an automobile here?

Old Resident—About thirty dollars, I think.

Young M. D.—But it only costs twenty-five to board a horse.

Miss Stenographer—And it only costs five cents to board a trolley.—Success Magazine.

The Only One.

"You say your son is hard to manage, Mr. Jims. Does he display any natural bent?"

"Yes, I think he is going to be a crook."—Baltimore American.



Our Tom has gone to Paris. To paint old Hayseed said. And I hear from those that know him. That he's painting mostly red.

A Confession.

Dear little boy, with wondering eyes
That for the light of knowledge yearn,
Who have such faith that I am wise
And know the things that you would learn,
Though oft I shake my head and smile
To hear your childish questions flow,
I must not meet your faith with guile:
I cannot tell; I do not know.

Dear little boy, with eager heart,
Forever on the quest of truth,
Your riddles oft are past my art
To answer to your tender youth.
But some day you will understand
The things that now I cannot say,
When life shall take you by the hand
And lead you on its wondrous way.

Dear little boy, with hand in mine,
Together through the world we fare,
Where much that I would fain divine
I have not yet the strength to bear.
There are many things I may not ask;
Like you, I hold another hand,
And haply, when I do my task,
I, too, shall understand.

May Be Read Both Ways.

Palindromes are words or sentences which read the same way, whether they are spelled backwards or forwards. Here are a number of good examples of this curious orthographical phenomenon:

Madam I'm Adam (Adam introduces himself to Eve).

Able was I ere I saw Elba (Napoleon reflecting on his exile).

Name no one man.

Red root put up to order. (Sign for a drug store window. Reads the same from the inside as from the outside.)

Draw pupil's lip upward. (Direction to visiting school nurses.)

No, it is opposition.

No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition. (Sentence from a debate.)

Yreka Bakery. (Sign over a baker's shop in Yreka, Cal.)

In the Latin language palindromes are not infrequent. But if you believe they occur often in English, try the experiment; see if you can discover any.

Baths at 110 Degrees.

The Japanese are fond of bathing in extremely hot water. They are, in fact, the most cleanly, according to our Western notion, of any of the Eastern peoples. Their bath is taken as frequently as twice a day, often at a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

An odd description has been given of the amphibious lives, half in water and half out, like frogs, led by the visitors