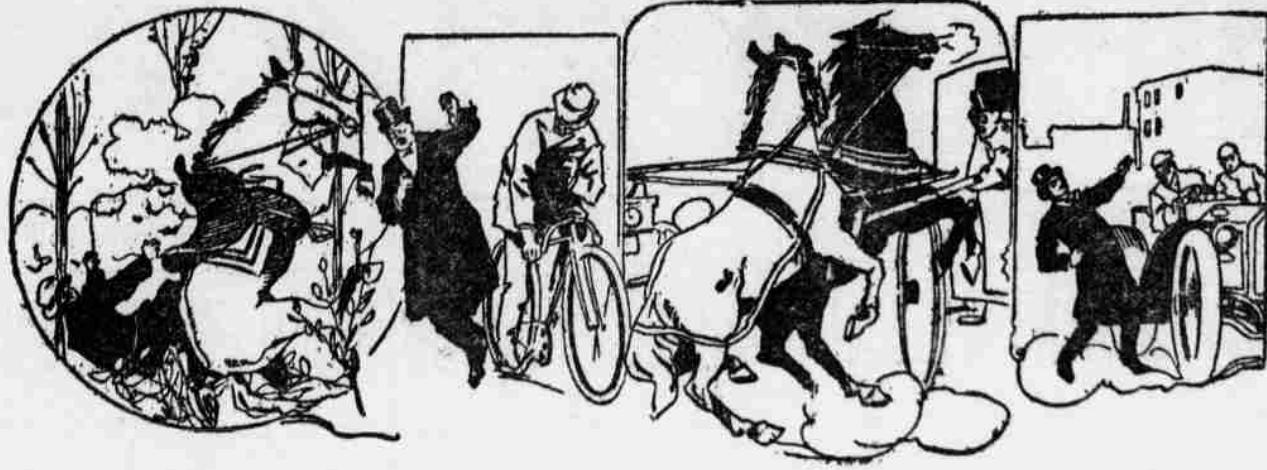


IS FATE FLIRTING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT?



THE PRESIDENT HAS HAD FOUR NARROW ESCAPES FROM SERIOUS ACCIDENT RECENTLY.

Strenuous as his whole term has been, President Roosevelt's final days in the White House are proving most exciting. Of late he has given indications of being a poor accident insurance risk.

sidewalk and was brushed by a negro boy who was swiftly riding a bicycle and steering it with only one hand. The President uttered an exclamation, but the boy pedaled away, grinning.

THE LABORER'S REWARD

We labor best in life's long day, When most we labor for the pay That is divinely given.

Life's labor is not lost to him Who fills his cup of life to brim With love's own satisfaction;

No man can pay the fairest price Of love's most willing sacrifice; No human hire rewards us;

Life's true reward is in itself, Without the gain of sordid pelf— It is the joy of living!

Looking Into the Sunset Yes, thus lived Miss Spencer (at the time of which I write) all alone with Richard of the Lion Heart, and if you ask me for further particulars of Richard I will say that he was a canary whose pleasure and duty it was to mind his mistress and keep her safe from harm.

Looking Into the Sunset

Oh, but he was a champion bird, was Richard! Afraid of nothing, chattering fierce warnings to the butcher and the groceryman, and tolerating the baker in a peremptory sort of way only because he was the man who brought the bread; and when anybody sought to ingratiate themselves with this spirited bird by inserting a finger between the bars of his cage he almost fell off his perch at the impudence of them and straightway fell to sharpening his beak on his bit of cuttle, his chirping turned to the horrid croaking of a feathered pet who is presently going to bite a finger off!

Well, then, it began with slight hoarseness in Richard's highest notes and the moment she heard it Miss Spencer folded her needlework—she was knitting a pair of shoes for some fortunate little orphan—and mixed a little flaxseed with Richard's birdseed, and shut a door and a window to keep the draught off him, but all in vain. His hoarseness increased to an extent that would have discouraged any other bird, but Richard, justly named the Lion Heart, persevered in his song until it sounded almost as shrill as a very rusty saw going through a very hard knot.

Lettuce tempted him not, except for hopeful moments; he turned up his bill at celery tips and green peas, and as for birdseed, he simply wouldn't look at it. And there he stood, day after day, on the end of his perch, leaning against the side of his cage, silent, moody, drooping and only showing a flare of his old-time spirit upon seeing the butcher and the groceryman, when, indeed, he gave expression to a few sentiments, of which it is only charitable to say nothing at all.

And that was how Miss Spencer missed going to church for the first time in twenty years, since the year of the great blizzard, to be exact, which brings us to the doctor, whom you will be able to picture clearly when I whisper to you that he was an elderly blue-eyed gentleman, beloved of everyone, who lived in considerable awe of his housekeeper and was famous for the great age of his horse.

"I didn't see Miss Spencer at church this morning," said the doctor as he obediently sat himself at the dinner table.

"Out of town, mebbe," snapped the housekeeper.

"No," said the doctor, "she never goes out of town."

The housekeeper rattled a plate. "It's the first time that she has missed church," said the doctor, "since I can remember."

A fortnight passed and the doctor called every day, tempting Richard's appetite with chickweed—slyly rubbed with olive oil—swathing his cage with flannels, coaxing him back to activity and song; so that at the end of the fortnight the doctor announced that his patient was entirely well, and regretfully added that his visits, his very pleasant visits, for which he would take no other fee than one of Richard's lion-hearted songs, would have to cease and determine. He stayed away a week and then he called one evening, "Just to see," as he told himself, "how his patient was getting along."

Little Miss Spencer was sitting at the window knitting a pair of socks for another of those unfortunate orphans, and Richard's cage was on the sill, where he was playing with a bit of yarn, trying to unravel it and calling to the homing sparrow. What Miss Spencer's thoughts had been I do not know, but as she knitted away and looked at the sunset it sometimes happened, I think, that she knitted a tear into those little woolen socks, but yet, when the doctor entered, her eyes were very bright.

"Well," cried the doctor in his mild and cheery manner, "and how's the patient?"

"He's lonely," said the doctor, in a voice so low you could hardly hear him, "and so am I," he breathed, "and so am I—but if you would care to be a poor old doctor's wife—Ann—"

And after Richard had quite recovered from his surprise, and had sung his evening song, and had tucked his head under his wing, and had carefully drawn up one of his feet and bidden it among his feathers, his mistress and the doctor still sat there, hand in hand, gazing into the sunset—little Miss Spencer with her lips parted, her eyes shining, and that tender look of happiness which tells of dreams fulfilled.—Evening Sun.

MAGIC GLASS.

A Curious Mirror That May Be Made Transparent. One of the most curious inventions of this age is what is called platized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form an odd kind of mirror.

his image as in an ordinary looking glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected, while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the magic glass.—New York Tribune.

His Idea of the English. The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued:

"Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!' When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people! French people!'"—Memoirs of Victor Hugo.

St. Peter and the Widower. Bernard Robbins, head of the legal department of New York's Court of Appeals—this charity helps the poor to adjust their marital troubles without going to the expense of lawsuits—said the other day to a newspaper man:

"Such work as mine makes you, if you are not careful, pessimistic about marriage, so that you find yourself telling grinsly over and over again the story about St. Peter and the widower."

"What? You don't know the story? Well, it seems that two souls approached St. Peter side by side, and the younger was repulsed sternly by the saint on the ground that since he had never been married he had never known suffering."

"The older man advanced with glad confidence. He stated that he had been married twice.

"But he, too, the saint repulsed, saying: 'This is no place for fools.'"

An Awful Animal. "Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the zoo, if only to see the wonderful supply of rhododendrons."

"Is it?" replied her friend, languidly. "I'd like to look at the great, big, clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."—London News.

The Fierceness of Debate. Campaign Adviser—You think your next speech will make an impression? Candidate—I do.

Another Authority. Mr. Howe—I suppose you have studied all the authorities on social and economic questions? Mr. Wise—Not quite all. My daughter's graduation essay is not out yet.—Life.

Other people may have good taste, but of course yours is a shade better.

GILA MONSTERS INCREASING.

Whether Bite of This Lizard Is Fatally Poisonous to Man Unsettled. "Naturalists who recently visited the Mojave desert in Arizona say that there has been an increase in the number of gila monsters in that region," said Dr. A. B. Cedron of Prescott, Ariz., according to the Washington Post.

"These lizards are of great interest to naturalists, for in spite of investigations, authorities still differ as to whether the bite of a gila monster is fatally poisonous. I have had several instances come under my observation when men have been bitten by gila monsters, but none ever died. In the case of a gila monster biting a guinea pig, however, the poison was fatal a few minutes after the guinea pig had been bitten. The natives of the Southwest, particularly the Indians of Mexico, sincerely believe that the bite of a gila is fatal to a human being and the lizard is held in much awe by them."

"It is likely, however, that this fear is occasioned largely by the repulsive appearance of the reptile. The head is very prominent, comprising about one-fifth of the total length of the body and, like the back, is thickly covered with yellow and black tinted tubercles. Its skin is very tough, and, although the bones of the tail are fragile, this part of the reptile is very strong, it being possible for the monster to raise itself and balance the body on the tip of the tail, thus enabling it to climb rocks and steep ascents. There is no doubt that the teeth lead to glands containing poison. It is very slow in its movements, but it is not timid like other reptiles. If one attempts to strike the gila with a stick it will grasp the weapon in its jaws like a dog does, and when angered it emits its breath in a succession of quick gasps. It is supposed that the breath of the gila has a drug-like effect on insects, and as it can be detected at a considerable distance, it is believed that this is the way it catches its food."

Legal Information

In Cunningham vs. Castle, 111 New York Supplement, 1057, plaintiff was injured by an automobile which the chauffeur had been granted permission to use for his own pleasure by the owner. Plaintiff recovered judgment in the lower court, but on appeal the New York Supreme Court reversed it, on the ground that the chauffeur was not engaged in any business of defendant at the time of the injury, and that the permission to use the machine made no difference as to defendant's liability.

The Alabama statutes of 1907 regulating freight and passenger rates on intrastate business were declared invalid as denying due process of law by the United States Circuit Court, in Central of Georgia Railway Company vs. Railroad Commission of Alabama, 161 Federal Reporter, 925. The proceedings were to enjoin the State officers from enforcing these statutes. The defense was that this was an action against the State, and beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. The court held otherwise.

Plaintiff and her brother were the only heirs under their mother's will, which gave the brother practically everything. Plaintiff thereupon entered into an agreement by which she was to receive one-third the estate for not contesting the will. The will having been duly probated without contest, the brother tried to escape the compromise agreement. In Blount vs. Dillaway, 85 Northeastern Reporter, 477, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts held that, although a will contestant had a statutory standing in the probate court to enforce compromise agreements, it did not prevent equity taking jurisdiction under these circumstances and granting specific performance against the executor.

The Wisconsin tenement house act, which provided that every tenement house must have courts of certain dimensions, and must be equipped with the ordinary modern improvements as to water supply common to cities having public water and sewer systems, and that any person violating the provisions should be subject to fine or imprisonment, was declared unconstitutional in Bonnett vs. Vallier, 118 Northwestern Reporter, 855. The Wisconsin Supreme Court held that the statute was such that an ordinary person would relinquish his right to use his real estate for tenement houses rather than take the chances of violating the statute, and that the effect of enforcing the penalties would be to take property without due process of law.

Curb Widow's Expenditures. The Lambeth (London) Board of Guardians has decided that no outdoor relief should be given to the widows during the first six months of widowhood if they have spent lavishly on funeral and mourning any money received from a club, insurance society or other source.

Co-operative Purchasing Agency. A co-operative purchasing agency is being organized in this country for supplying American and English missionaries with certain necessary supplies.

When a woman says her husband will not give her any satisfaction when she accuses him, she means he will not confess.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Bog comprises about one-seventieth of Ireland's area.

The Servians look upon light hair with marked disfavor.

The average snowfall in the vicinity of New York is seven feet.

A man's beard is generally heavier on the right side of his face.

The latest storm doors for large business places are revolved by electric motors.

In 1852 a duty was imposed on negroes imported "into New Netherland to work on their Bouwerles."

The chief publishing centers of Germany are Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, in the order here named.

An electric wagon with a platform supported by a strong telescope tower, is used in New York city for trimming and repairing the street lamps suspended high above the thoroughfares.

The August meteors, according to a leading astronomer, form a stream so broad that the earth, though it travels faster than eighteen miles a second, takes seven weeks to cross it.

In Japan about 98 per cent of the males of school age attend the educational establishments and 93 per cent of the females. In Mexico only 16 per cent of the population can read and write.

The Tuilleries hydro-electric works, the largest of the kind in France, is nearly completed. It is built on the river Dordogne, where nine 2,700-horse power turbines produce 23,000 electrical horse power.

The Michigan Central will electrify its terminals at Detroit and the main line as far as Ypsilanti, thirty miles west of the city. Electricity will be obtained from the water power of the Huron river at Chelsea, Mich.

Edison, who has not done much in the way of improving the telephone for some time, is now working on a new transmitter, which is very sensitive and enables conversation to be carried on with greater ease and less liability of error.

Manitoba became a province in 1870. Its population was 62,280 in 1881, 152,506 in 1891 and 255,211 in 1901. The value of Manitoba's harvest last year was a little short of \$70,000,000. The census of 1906 gave Winnipeg, its capital city, a population of 90,000. There is nothing wild in a guess that its present population is not far from 120,000.

Servians in their good nature and love of humor are said to remind travelers of the Irish peasantry. They are hospitable to strangers; their patriotism is vehement, almost quixotic, and they take great interest in politics. Many of the domestics in the towns and cities come from abroad as the Servian girl is too independent for domestic service.

London ladies stimulated by the Olympic games of last summer have taken to the fells, and fencing is now the fashion. Indeed, an official of the Sword Club holds that fencing is likely to have an even wider vogue among women than among men. Many women prominent in the social world are actively interesting themselves in the fells, and there seems every likelihood that something approaching a craze may be started in the fencing world during the coming season.

Boston women established the first playground in 1902. Last year there were eight, and nearly \$2,000 was expended, or about \$1 for each child, a very cheap price for the amount of good obtained. The Playground League is the name of the society of the playground boys themselves, who wear buttons, and discipline all bad boys, thus making the government easy enough for those in charge. Not the least important result of the playgrounds in that city is said to be that involved in the self-government.

In the year 1694 William Patterson, founder of the Bank of Scotland, conceived the grand project of planting on the Isthmus of Darien a British colony which, in his own words, "should secure for Great Britain the keys of the universe, enabling their possessors to give laws to both oceans and to become the arbiters of the commercial world." This colony was actually founded at a place still known as Puerto Eccecos, but its people were subsequently forced by the Spaniards to evacuate and return to Scotland.

A suggestion that shoe repairing, or cobbling be made a part of the manual training activities in the ungraded schools and in the Parental School of Baltimore has been made to the authorities, but the Sun of that city sees no merit in the scheme. It says: "That class of boys who would profit by learning the trade have, as a rule, only a few years to devote to school, and those few years had best be devoted to learning how to read, write and cipher, with such other practical and necessary elementary studies as their time will permit."

UNCLE JOSHUA'S FLIES.

Occasion for Aunt Eliza's Statement of Matrimonial Philosophy. Uncle Joshua was catching flies. Uncle Joshua's method of catching flies was to stalk them one by one, following them about the room with a stealthy shuffle and bringing his big hand down with a ponderous slap, which nine flies out of ten easily evaded. It must be confessed that if a fly was caught, it proved fatal.

Betty, watching Aunt Eliza beat up a pan of gingerbread in the kitchen, listened to the shuffle and thump and muttered exclamations till it got upon her nerves. Aunt Eliza's face, over the gingerbread, was full of placid content. Finally Betty could stand it no longer.

"Aunt Eliza," she asked, "doesn't it drive you wild to hear Uncle Joshua catch flies?"

Aunt Eliza laughed. "Bless you, no, child. It don't hurt the flies any. By and by, when I get round to it, I'll drive them out. There ain't more'n half a dozen in there, ever, but he likes to think he's clearing them out."

"But he thumps so," Betty answered, laughing, and yet persistent.

Aunt Eliza glanced at Betty's left hand, and her wise eyes became grave. "There was a time once," she said, slowly, "when Joshua's chasing flies nearly drove me wild. It was the second year we were married. If we'd discovered nerves in those days, I suppose I'd have said it got on my nerves, and gone off to a rest-cure or something. As we hadn't, I fought it out myself."

"Joshua was real kind and thoughtful and a generous provider—in all the big things, I knew he was a man in a hundred. And he was patient, too, over my quick speeches."

"Then I thought about the other men I knew. Eli Potter used to sit with his feet in the oven—I couldn't have stood that, anyway. And Jacob Jarvis was the worst hand for tracking in mud you ever saw, and Jont Kilgrove never would wear a collar, even to church—and so it went. It seemed as if every man had to let off steam somewhere; and when I thought it all over, I concluded that flies were about the best of the lot; they don't last more'n three months, anyway."

"So after that when Joshua chased flies, I'd go and do something I specially liked to do till 'twas over, and presently it got so I didn't mind it a bit. Mercy sakes, child, the best man that ever lived will have some little way or other that you'll have to get around. The secret is in seeing how little it is beside his love."

Betty, looking thoughtfully at her ring, was silent. From the sitting room came a thump and a triumphant exclamation. Uncle Joshua had caught a fly.—Youth's Companion.

Hotel Cells.

The chief difference between the average hotel cell and the average prison cell, viewed from the standpoint of social psychology, is that one is locked on the inside to keep outsiders out, while the other is locked on the outside to keep insiders in. The occupant of the hotel cell is afraid that something will be done to him or that something will be taken from him by some one who ought to be in a prison cell. That is the theory of it.

"Lock your door and leave your valuables at the office," cautions the obliging innkeeper. "If you had valuables you wouldn't be here," observes the witty prison keeper. That is to say, the question of valuables seems to enter largely into the matter.

It would be great to have a civilization which considered valuable only those things which could not be stolen, such as mental and moral equipment, skill and goodfellowship. Then we could be a little more sociable. We could talk to each other without buttoning our coats or feeling for our diamond studs every few minutes. Then the man who willingly secluded himself in a stuffy hotel cell could be locked in and made to stay there, on the ground that something terrible was the matter with him.—Success Magazine.



The Boss—So it was your grandmother's funeral kept you away from the office yesterday? Who officiated? Johnny—De umple.

On His Side. Satan danced in mad glee as he held the sheet and glanced over the spring fashions.

"Why do you rejoice?" asked a sad shade. "Somebody loves me," smiled Satan. "Who loves you?"

"The man who invented styles for women."

It Depended. "Is your mother at home, little girl?"

"Are you the lady with the new dress or the one from the installment house?"

The empty back seat of a big automobile is one of the things that add to the discontent of a man on foot.

If there is so much fun in dancing, why don't families dance by themselves at home?