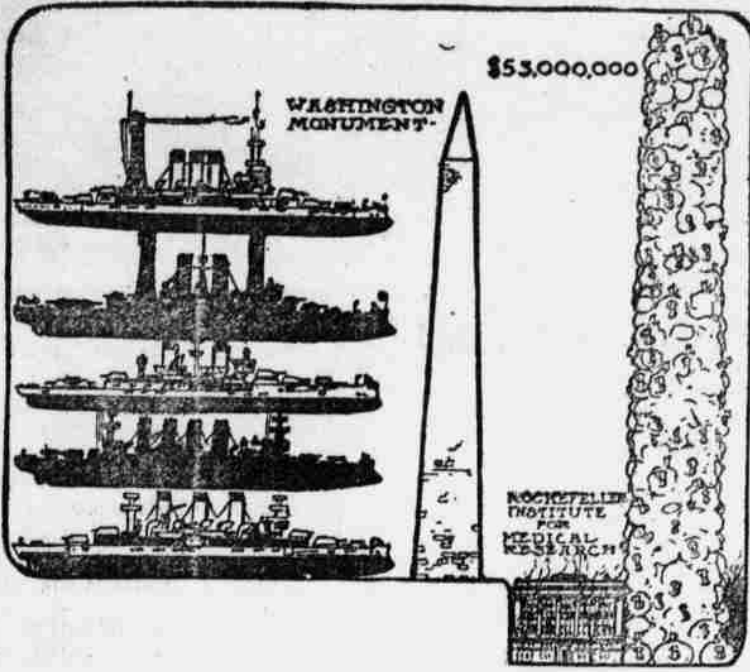


MR. ROCKEFELLER'S GIFTS.



Amount He Has Given to One Institution Equals Cost of Five Battle Ships.

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER celebrated his seventieth birthday by giving \$10,000,000 to the General Education Board, making the total of his gifts to that philanthropy the stupendous sum of \$53,000,000 and bringing the grand total of his known benefactions to the aggregate of \$120,000,000. Add his unknown gifts to innumerable institutions, objects and individuals, and the final figures are probably in excess of \$135,000,000—a sum of money so huge that its magnitude is difficult to estimate.

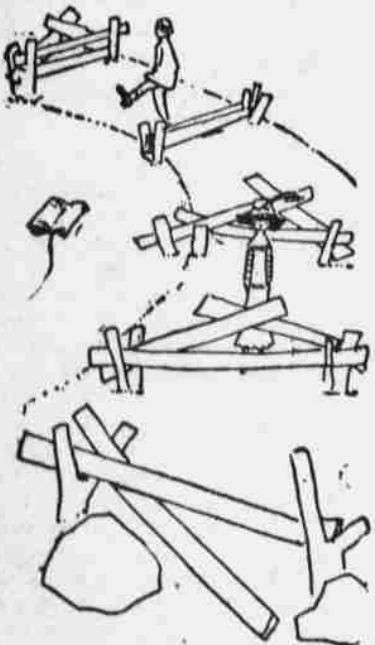
Take alone the gift of \$10,000,000 officially announced by Frederick T. Gates, chairman of the General Education Board. Some idea of what \$10,000,000 amounts to can be had in this way: A comfortable home, capable of adequately housing a family of average circumstances, can be bought in Brooklyn for \$5,000. Mr. Rockefeller's gift would buy 2,000 such homes for 2,000 families. His total gifts of \$53,000,000 to the General Education Board would buy 10,000 such homes. The total of all of his gifts, \$135,000,000, would buy 27,000 such homes. Five persons is the average of a family. Twenty-seven thousand such homes would mean a city of 135,000 persons. There are many pretentious cities in the United States where all of the homes of its citizens do not represent an outlay of half the money given away by Mr. Rockefeller.

Report has given Mr. Rockefeller \$400,000,000, but men with some means of estimating his wealth say that is an exaggeration. If his fortune be \$300,000,000, his income at 5 per cent would be \$15,000,000. If \$400,000,000, it would be \$20,000,000. This \$53,000,000 he has given the General Education Board is for a single purpose—to multiply and widen educational facilities for American boys and girls, irrespective of creed or anything else. Colleges all over the country, particularly in those sections where the need is greatest, are the beneficiaries of the fund. They receive \$5,000, \$10,000, \$50,000, \$100,000 or \$200,000, or whatever sum the trustees of the fund believe they are entitled to.—New York World.

MATRIMONIAL DIARY.

Within recent months we have noted that more and more frequently diaries have been introduced into divorce trials kept by one or both parties to the suit. Sometimes these diaries were begun long previous to any open disagreement between man and wife, when one or the other may have been unconscious of any infidelity between them. In such a case the unsuspecting one, all unguarded in his or her innocence, has been daily recording in the accusing book, every act that would be prejudicial in the eyes of court or jury set down in black and white and in cold blood. There is no distinction in law between divorce sought in a hot temper and divorce with malice aforethought.

We sincerely trust that the "holy bonds of matrimony" will not become generally vitiated by the practice of keeping a diary dating from the wedding day, and that bride and groom



ROAD TO DISSOLUTION.

will not feel that reasonable precautions should be taken against emergencies. A diary in the possession of either one of the "happy wedded pair" may be regarded with suspicion and may introduce the first serpent into their Eden. It is carrying concealed weapons into the conjugal state, and diary toting of this sort is as reprehensible as gun toting.

The distrust of humanity that is often so marked in the ordinary relations between man and woman appears to have extended itself to the relations between man and woman. It is not only when poverty comes in at the door that love flies out at the window; when doubt comes in at the window, love slips out of the door. Modern marriages with their "mental reservations" and their diaries may give the grieving contenders against "the divorce evil," another phase of the question to ponder over.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TONGS OF CHINATOWN.

Eleven Secret Organizations Composed of Criminal Orientals. The tongs of San Francisco's Chinatown are made up of "highbinders," or bad men, says the Bohemian, and their names are as follows: Ping Kong, Suey Sing, Hop Sing, Bo On, Bo Leung, Suey On, Quong Tuck, Hip Yung, Hip Sing Suey Ying and Joq Lin.

If these eleven tongs have any quarters in the new Chinatown it is not

known where they are. They are secret bodies and move in darkness. The Six Companies five months ago appealed to the Chinese consul general to stop a war between several of the tongs. The best he could do was to get them to declare a truce, which lasted until the Chinese New Year. But as these lines are being written the New Year festivals have ended and the tong war has again begun.

It must not be inferred, however, that the tongs typify the mass of the Chinese, who are generally peaceable. The tongs seem to be bands of criminals working something like the "black hand" among the Italian population of New York. To show how they work, the Hop Sing Tong has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the death of any officer of the Suey Sing Tong. These rewards are not printed in the American or Chinese newspapers, but are placed on the walls of Chinatown. There is no special animosity against the particular individual.

ALL CAN SMOKE ON MISSOURI.

State Produces 24,671,456 Cob Pipes in 1908. The statistics concerning Missouri's production of corn-cob pipes—styled the "Missouri Meerschaum," supply a good pipe story, though it is not a "pipe dream." According to the figures compiled by the Missouri State Bureau of Labor and Statistics for its annual report there were made in Missouri 24,671,456 cobpipes in 1908, seven factories being engaged in their production. Of this total number 23,268,096 were made in Franklin county alone. In addition there were turned out the same year 415,314 wooden pipes, 1,729,350 extra stems and 149,238 pipe cleaners.

The value of the total product was \$431,810, of which Franklin county county produced \$401,643. The value of the raw material consumed was \$233,688, the capital invested in the seven factories was \$124,547, and the wages paid exceeded that sum slightly, being \$128,295. In the manufacture of these pipes there were employed 303 males and 63 females.

Missouri made enough of these pipes last year to supply one to each man, woman and child in the State, and still have more than 20,000,000 left. Each head of a family in the United States could have been supplied with a Missouri made pipe, the product of a single year, and have left about 9,000,000 for export to foreign countries.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Suited to the Place.

"Well, this is certainly crazy management!" cried the chairman of the committee investigating the State institution.

"But you must remember," pleaded the superintendent, "that this is an insane asylum."—Baltimore American.

Tact and Talent.

Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preference.—London Atlas.

Said Uncle Silas.

"It takes a woman longer to get into her duds to go down town shopping than it does a man to pack up for a six months' vacation trip."—Los Angeles Express.

In order to do a thing once some people have to do it twice.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CARAVAN THAT EVER ENTERED AFGHANISTAN.



A STEAM ROLLER AND MOTORS FOR THE AMEER.

The Indian tour of the Ameer of Afghanistan in 1907 has evidently impressed on him the advantages of good roads, and it would appear that he is now about to have such thorough good roads and motor cars would greatly facilitate the extensive tours his Highness has to take to keep in touch with the distant provinces of his kingdom. Recently some ten elephants were sent to Chaman to convey a steam roller, a motor car, a stone-crushing machine, and a motor boat to Cabul. The motor boat is probably for pleasure trips on the Cabul River, while the car will enable the Ameer to visit the outlying provinces of his dominions in as many days as it has hitherto taken months.

FAIR WOMANHOOD.

So gentle and so bounteous doth appear

My lady, when she maketh a salute,

That every tongue, trembling, becometh mute;

The eye to look upon her doth not dare.

Though conscious that her praise pervades the air,

In beauty clothed, she moveth modestly,

As if she were a being from on high,

Come down to earth to show a marvel here.

So grateful seems the vision from above,

The heart drinks sweetness from the entranced eye

Which would mock Fancy if it were not proved;

And from her lips it seems as there were moved

A delicate spirit, breathing full of love,

Which ever biddeth the rapt soul to sigh.

—Dante.



"Mindil Phillipstein told me you could tell me how to win her. Please do it."

"Sure you can," said Mindil. "You can do anything. I said it to Pincus—I said it to you or to anybody. Go ahead, Herr Einstein, and tell Pincus Leben how to win the girl. He ought to be married long ago."

A smile crossed the great detective's face. "I have had something to do with most kind of cases, but never before was I called upon to advise in a love affair. I'll do my best, and I seldom fail. Herr Pincus Cohen, attention!"

"Zu befehl!" said Pincus, saluting. He was a member of the Rosenstein Miners and Sappers' corps, attached to the state national guard.

"Did you ever do anything like a hero? That's what wins women," said Ignatz.

"Once I stopped a horse that was trotting down the road without anyone in the wagon, and it looked as though it would run over Miss Sarah Minzer. She saw me do it, awer did not think much about it. That's the nearest I ever come to doing anything brave. I can't brag about it, though, Miss Goldwasser would likely laugh at me."

"Can you swim?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"It is one thing I can do fairly well," said Pincus.

"Take her out walking along the East river some day, get a man to fall in for you, and then jump in and rescue him; it looks brave and probably will win the young lady."

"Good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Phillipstein. "I'll be the man to fall in. I been the best swimmer in Brownsville. Won a medal at College Point at the Eisenstein Club outing last summer."

"That man is ill!" exclaimed Miss Goldwasser. "Look at him; I think he is going to fall into the river. Run up and catch him before he gets in."

Mr. Cohen would like to have done so very much, as the wish to be a hero that day had entirely departed from him. Before, however, he had fairly started for Mr. Phillipstein, who now was only a few yards ahead, the latter had given a groaning cry and fallen with a splash into the river.

Mr. Cohen echoed the groan. He just remembered that he had not prepared for jumping into the water and was wearing his costly Sunday suit with his gold watch, and that a goodly roll

of bills was in his pocket, which surely would be spoiled by the water. He began to take off his coat with no enthusiasm.

Miss Goldwasser screamed: "Help him! Get him out!"

Mr. Cohen reluctantly approached the edge. Mr. Phillipstein had come to the surface and was treading water and floating along with the tide. He had on an old suit, and instead of a coat wore a tight-fitting sweater.

"Save me," he said, and waved encouragingly to Pincus.

With despair in his heart Mr. Cohen threw down his coat, handed his roll of bills to Miss Goldwasser and carefully entered the water. To make it realistic Mr. Phillipstein clutched him with what he imagined was the grip of a drowning man and whispered: "I'll sink again and pull you down with me. You are doing fine, only show a little more energy. You act like you was afraid."

Whereupon Mr. Phillipstein sank into the water and dragged the frenzied Pincus, who was a fair swimmer, but hated the water, along with him. When they arose Mr. Cohen gave a loud cry. Miss Goldwasser was running along the bank with a long stick in her hand which she had picked up and which she was trying to reach out to the struggling men.

"Just to make it seem more like the real thing," said Mr. Phillipstein, who was playing his part with much enjoyment and zeal, "I'll let go of you, go out a few feet and sink again. Then you got to dive for me, grab me by the hair and pull me ashore. I like to bet you win her sure."

And he again cried for help, and pushed out and sank, gasping and yelling for help.

Mr. Cohen had gone as far as he could or dared. He was more than ten feet from shore, weighed down by his clothing, almost exhausted and afraid to venture out any farther.

He turned and struck out for the land, disregarding Miss Goldwasser's cries to help the sinking man back of him. Mr. Cohen found he could make no headway toward shore. Then suddenly his courage left him and a little hysterical panic came upon him.

"Get me out!" he cried. "I'm losing myself. I can't keep up any longer."

Mr. Phillipstein took two strong strokes and reached the side of the scared Pincus. Supporting him with one hand he swam to land with the other. He dragged Pincus out on the bank and laid him down. The latter was fully conscious, and shame and fury because of his weakness and cowardice possessed him.

"Hero!" said Miss Goldwasser, in a rapture.

"Sure, he is a brave man," said Mr. Phillipstein, as he helped Mr. Cohen to his feet. "Did you see how he jumped in for me?"

"He's a hero!" Miss Goldwasser's tone was full of scorn. "Why, he even thought of his money. He saved that before he tried to get you out." She handed Pincus his roll of bills. "No, brave man," continued Miss Goldwasser, addressing the astonished Phillipstein. "You are the hero. You saved him. You are the most daring man I ever saw. I admire a man like you."

"Say," said Pincus Cohen. "Where should I come in?"

"You tried to do something," said Miss Goldwasser. "But you were not equal to it. You had to be saved by the man you were going to help."

Miss Goldwasser looked a little mystified. "How was it," she asked of Mindil, "that you were so weak that you fell in and then strong enough to not only get out yourself, but bring Mr. Cohen out with you?"

"A little faintness came over me," said Mindil glibly, as he gazed with admiration at Miss Goldwasser; "and when I fell in the cold water revived me. Oh! oh! I'm glad I was able to help this man."

The two men soon dried their clothing and returned to Miss Goldwasser. She greeted Mr. Phillipstein with enthusiasm and during the car ride on the street car back to Brownsville she frequently referred to him as a hero and learned something about his position in society, which was excellent. Going to her relatives, Miss Goldwasser made further inquiries about Mr. Phillipstein and found that he was popular and prosperous, highly regarded as a fine, smart man by all Brownsville.

Miss Goldwasser invited Mr. Phillipstein to call on her, and he promptly did so.

A month later the despondent Mr. Pincus Cohen read the announcement that Miss Rose Goldwasser and Mr. Mindil Phillipstein were engaged.—New York Telegraph.

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AT THE "LADIES' WINDOW."

Harmless Romance and Dire Tragedy Brought to Light.

In most of the larger postoffices of the country is a small window bearing the inscription, "Ladies' Window, General Delivery," where day after day thousands of letters are turned over to the fair applicants with no questions asked unless the official in charge have his doubts as to whether the one seeking a letter has the right to it. Then the only question generally asked is the name of the town or place from where it was expected. To the initiated, this window gives forth a different story almost with everyone who stops there.

Here may be seen a couple of school girls, laughing and joking, expecting a letter from some young fellow to whom the home address could not be given. Their little secret may be a harmless one, but they are venturing upon dangerous ground.

A woman whose face and clothing tell the bitter struggles she is making gets a letter from home, the letter which was sent through the general delivery because she did not want the folks at home to know where she could be found.

Another woman, well dressed, the expensive furs and jewelry stamping her as the wife of some prosperous man, walks past the window and back again, until she is sure there is no one around to see her receive the letter written in a bold, masculine hand. She is rich enough to rent a hundred private boxes, if necessary, but experience has taught her that private boxes have failed more than once, while few mistakes are made at this window of the general delivery.

Next comes a woman with hard-set features, her eyes narrowed almost to slits, sizing up everyone in that corridor. Anything the least bit suspicious to her and she leaves to return some time later. The letter cannot be handed out too quickly. Her story is easily read. Someone dear to her is in trouble. The police are watching her home, the postal officials have been instructed to intercept any mail directed to her, and so she has learned that any other name will do, and that the general delivery window is the last channel through which she can be kept informed of the troubled one's movements.

So they come and go. The young woman who has eloped, the young girl with a harmless flirtation, the mother who has made the fatal mistake, the daughter to whom the gayer side of life appealed, the maid or the matron, each with her own reason for not having her mail sent to her home address.

Some read the letters in a secluded corner of that large building where their contents bring forth peals of laughter, or sudden, sharp cries of pain. Others read them as they walk along the street, finally to place them in some secure hiding place, or tear them up in the most minute pieces, throwing them away at long intervals so that no one could ever recover the telltale fragments.

Some people imagine that as soon as they get married, they must kiss in public.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



In the meadow where the artist catches a glimpse of heaven the farmer sees nothing but hay.

The Lord has never been able to do very much for the man whose religion is all in his

wife's name.

One of the things the Bible always puts in italics is backbone.

There is no surer way of wasting time than by hair-splitting about anything.

Don't loan your money to the man who treats his dog better than he does his wife.

Some of the biggest things upon which angels look are never mentioned in the newspapers.

The devil must feel very much at home when he finds himself in the company of some men.

The only reason why we don't see the face of truth everywhere is because we live too low down.

The preacher who never helps a saint or makes a sinner mad, has probably misunderstood the Lord.

The man who crawls under the bed when it thunders and stays there until the sun comes out again, is not likely to have a very big niche in any hall of fame.

Any reason why it takes the millennium so long to come is that so many of us are more concerned about the mote in our brother's eyes than we are about the beam in our own.

DON'T NEED TO DROWN.

If Bathers in Trouble Use Common Sense There is Little Danger.

Ninety-nine times in 100 drowning is the result of fright and frenzy, says a writer in the New York Press. There is a public horror of cramps. Not one case of cramps in 1,000 is dangerous if the victim knows what to do and does it. Every long-distance swimmer entering a race expects to get cramps, yet he doesn't drown and he doesn't stop swimming, either. He keeps going until his legs are in knots; still, he doesn't sink. He plugs along until there isn't another kick in him, and even now he doesn't go down. Instead of that he rolls over on his back and waits for the boat to pick him up. It may be a minute or it may be an hour, but until the boat comes the expert will be floating around like a ship.

When you catch a cramp in your arms or legs don't get excited. You may yell, but keep yourself under control. Don't exert yourself, for it takes little or no effort to keep afloat. Stretch out your arm or leg, as the case may be, until you are straining to the utmost. Then strain a bit harder and watch the lumped muscle go down.

The dangerous cramp is in the stomach. When that takes you your breath goes, and you're not able to shout for help or even to articulate a sound. I have known of just two cases among hundreds of thousands of swimmers. When you get that kind of cramp you may as well say your prayers, but you won't get it if you don't eat for two hours before going into the water. Professional swimmers go hungry half a day before entering a race, and they never know of such a thing as stomach cramp.

If a bather in trouble would use common sense he never would drown. The belief is general that three times under water for the drowning person means cramp and flowers. It's true; if you make the mistake of taking water for air. Hold your mouth shut when you are under water and you'll keep going down and coming up all day. Don't exhaust yourself struggling. Relax every muscle and don't move a hand. You'll find that you'll never sink lower than your ears, and that in a few seconds you'll rise up until your shoulders are dry. You can keep on doing this indefinitely, but, of course, if you drink water you'll be weighted and down you'll go.

Made a Difference to Him.

A well-known scientist was lecturing on the sun's heat, and in the course of his remarks said: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually but surely losing its heat and in the course of years it will be exhausted; consequently this world of ours will be dead and like the moon, unable to support any form of life."

At this juncture a member of his audience rose, in an excited manner, and said:

"Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

The Professor—Seventy millions, sir. "Thank God," was the reply. "I thought you said seven millions."—Success Magazine.

The Craving for Sugar.

But there is this fundamental difference between the craving for sugar and that for "sours," acids, vinegar, pickles, etc., alcohol, and for other keen flavors and highly attractive luxuries, that it is a real food of very high food-value and very promptly and readily absorbable, which none of the others are, except in small degree. As we have seen, this violent craving for sugar, leading to excess, largely disappears in children when their healthy demand for it is supplied by a proper mixture with their foods; while no child yet has ever inherited or been born with a taste for alcohol, pickles, tea, coffee or tobacco.—Success Magazine.