

THE CHAFING DISH.

Oh, ye bachelors, a wooling maidens fair and fortune's maid.
After dance and dim flirtation and the proper promenade,
If her heart you fain would capture and secure your dearest wish,
Just display your lordly knowledge of the mystic chafing dish.

Gently hint that you're a gourmet of a palate hard to suit.
And disparage old Lucullus and some other chaps to boot.
Then prepare a dainty rarebit with an air of unconcern,
And there may be millions in it—if you've done it to a turn.

Love hath naught of sweet persuasion that can beat the art of dining,
And the maiden will surrender to your epicurean dainties.
And I'll imitate a motto, when you've caught this gentle fish,
Quite an up-to-date escutcheon—"Heaven bless our chafing dish."
—Judge.

ROMANCE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

"And so," I observed to Miss Wreford-Brown, "you like your new life?"
"I am delighted with it," she said.
"Ah!" I said, "I rejoice to hear that you have altered your mind. A month ago, if I recollect right, your mother informed me that the duties you had to perform were injuring your health to such a degree that you seriously thought of leaving St. Matthew's hospital. However, the lapse of another month seems to have altered the complexion of matters."
"A little," murmured Miss Wreford-Brown, gently stirring her coffee.
I noticed that she smiled as she made this reply.

"In my opinion," I said, "nursing is the noblest of all professions legitimately open to women. I cannot imagine anything grander than the death-bed scene of an aged sister—the head nurse of each ward is called 'sister,' is she not?—who, drawing her last feeble breaths, murmurs to those around her: 'For fifty years I have been tending the sick, and keeping an eye on the moving giddy of the probationers when medical students were present. I have done my work, requisit in pace! Ah! what a glorious demise is there!'"

If you believe me, Miss Wreford-Brown actually giggled.
"I am not," I said sternly, "jesting to you. I am sorry that I have not aroused your sense of the ridiculous. You do not appreciate such pathetic moments—you are but 19."

"Twenty, Mr. Wormholt, please."
"Well," I returned, "twenty, then. But," I continued, "I was about to observe—as touching the career which, in opposition to the wishes of your family, you have seen fit to adopt—that a hospital has endless claims upon the sympathy of all who care to seek its aid, and that the nurse is a noble and grateful and esteem. For think—does she not give up the world? Does she not relegate herself to an atmosphere of suffering—to the depressing surroundings of the sickroom? Does she not cut herself off from all the pleasures—such as they are—that a social life offers to those who care to seek them? Is she nursing a life of self-denial, of wearing vigils? A trying task on the patience? A sure test of courage? Yes! It is all these and more. Miss Wreford-Brown, I honor you and your truly noble profession!"

"Thank you," said Miss Wreford-Brown. It was the first time she had spoken. We were sitting in a dim corner. Mrs. Wreford-Brown was chatting, in somewhat raised tones, to her neighbor, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel.
Pansing in my rhetoric, Mrs. Wreford-Brown's words came plainly to my ear. She was evidently discussing her daughter. The one by my side—for there were three others—was leaning back in a characteristically meditative mood. Miss Wreford-Brown put down her cap and took up a volume of political cartoons which was lying conveniently at hand.
Perhaps she overheard her mother's speech. Perhaps she fancied I did. At any rate she began to draw my attention to the first cartoon most assiduously.

"Do look at this, Mr. Wormholt," she said, laughing—in a palpably forced way—"isn't it funny?"
"A drawing," I said, "which represents a distinguished cabinet minister in the costume of a lady of the ballet cannot very well help being—funny. But I was speaking of hospitals—the confined and restricted life which the nurses live, and of the unfeeling manner in which the authorities debar the nurses from enjoying even the simplest pleasures—judging, that is to say, from the representations which the ladies themselves make to their own families." I concluded, shooting a keen glance at Miss Wreford-Brown's by no means unattractive profile.

"It is comforting to know," I heard Mrs. Wreford-Brown say, "that the child is absolutely trustworthy. At hospitals, you know, there are—"
"Oh, Mr. Wormholt, just look at this!" exclaimed Miss Wreford-Brown.
"The undignified attitude in which the premier is represented," I said, "does not amuse me in the least. I have no objections to comic draughtsmanship." I went on, "but when a right honorable gentleman is drawn in the guise of a monkey dancing on the top of a barrel organ, I think it is time for a censor of cartoons to be appointed."

For reasons of my own, however, I had to turn my face away from Miss Wreford-Brown's inquiring gaze. I remembered, then, that I had brought the volume of cartoons to the house and explained them to Mrs. Wreford-Brown herself (mine—I mean, the one I was conversing with now).

"And if—" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown's part of the room, "the nurses allow attentions to be paid to them."
The conclusion of this utterance was drowned by the general buzz of conversation.
"The other night," I said to Miss Wreford-Brown, "I went to 'Rosemary.'"
"Indeed," she replied, and turned over the cartoons more rapidly than ever.

"A very well written and attractive piece," I continued.

"Yes," said Miss Wreford-Brown, "I've heard—"

"Agatha," said Mrs. Wreford-Brown to her eldest daughter, "won't you sing?"
"Oh, do, Agatha," said the second girl (rather wickedly as it struck me).
"Give us 'Resignation.'"
"Oh, I can accompany that!" exclaimed Miss Wreford-Brown, starting up.
"Thank you," said Miss Agatha, coldly, "but I prefer to accompany myself."
So Miss Wreford-Brown was obliged to resume her seat by my side, and Miss Agatha proceeded to oblige us with the dirge in question. When the polite applause which greeted in very proper expression its conclusion had ceased, I said to Miss Wreford-Brown:

"I sat in the dress circle."
Miss Wreford-Brown buried her eyes with "cartoons."
"In the dress circle," I went on, "at the back—"
"Who is this meant to be—"
"Where I had an excellent view not only of the stage, but also of the other occupants—I dwell on the words—of the seats in that part of the house."
I waited for her remark, but there came only a rustle of leaves.

"Yes," I said, "the profession of nursing is an honorable profession—a profession of self-denial—a calling which debar its followers from enjoying many pleasures of life. We enjoyed 'Rosemary' very much."
"But," said Miss Wreford-Brown, looking up from the cartoons, "I thought you went by yourself."
"Who told you I did?" I asked, suspiciously.
"—Nice, gentlemanly fellows, many of them, but, of course—" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown. I did not bear the rest of the sentence.

"Who told you I did?" I repeated.
"Oh, I—I always thought you went alone," was Miss Wreford-Brown's weak rejoinder.
"I see. Well, you are right. I was alone. But 'we' refers to myself and all the other people in the dress circle. I like to speak of my fellow beings in a broad, kindly, unselfish sense like that. And I felt—I felt grieved!"

"Grieved," I said, "to think that you, Miss Wreford-Brown, only get one night off in a month. I felt that it was selfish of me to enjoy 'Rosemary' when you were watching by the sick and dying—"

"—Perfectly straightforward, truthful girl," came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown, "in whom I have the utmost confidence. Some girls placed in her position would—"
"Is this meant to be the chancellor of the exchequer?" asked Miss Wreford-Brown.
"The man," I said, "selling the dreadful commodity known as—excuse me for mentioning it—dried haddock, is the first lord of the treasury, but the one which is rubbing itself against his legs is, as you suppose, that great statesman, the—"

"—Think for a moment that my dear child allowed even a house surgeon to pay her—" was wafted from the maternal lips over to our corner.
"Chancellor of the exchequer," I concluded with disgust.
One of the other girls—the third, I fancy—sat down at the piano and began to play dreary selections from Beethoven. Mrs. Wreford-Brown lowered her tones to a polite murmur. Miss Wreford-Brown simpered with quite assumed pleasure over another picture.

"I saw a man there that I knew," I whispered to Miss Wreford-Brown. She nodded and, I think, breathed more freely.
"I have reason to believe," I whispered, still more confidentially, "that he is a member of the medical profession. I think he is at some—"

Crash, went the bass notes. Whist! went the leaves of the cartoon book.
"—some hospital!"
"Mamma," cried Miss Wreford-Brown, jumping up, "I do not like to say bounding up, 'it's time for me to be—'"
"Sh-h-h!" came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in a vicious hiss.

Miss Wreford-Brown sat down again—reluctantly. Once more she buried herself in the cartoons.
"I have heard," I continued, "that he is on the board staff—"
"Is this Morley?" demanded Miss Wreford-Brown, quite loudly.
"Winifred," came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in an angry snap.

"That," I whispered, "is Mr. Morley. The master who is flogging him is the minister of agriculture."
The music went on. I beat time for a minute with my hand, and then, bending close to Miss Wreford-Brown's ear, observed:

"He was with two members of the honorable profession of which I have been speaking. The member sitting by him—the less repulsive-looking of the two, that is—"
The pianist was playing the last chords. Miss Wreford-Brown shut the cartoon book with a bang.

"Had," I concluded, speaking very hurriedly, "brown eyes, dark hair, rather dimpled chin—"
Crash!!! and the musical operation had been brought to a gratifying termination.
"And so, colonel, you see," came in Mrs. Wreford-Brown's voice, clear as a bell, through the silence which followed the finishing of the music, "I have every confidence in my dear child. Thank you, Miranda. Time for you to go, Winifred? You seem to have been having a very entertaining time, you and Mr. Wormholt, with that book of cartoons."
"Extremely entertaining," I said. But of course I spoke only for myself.—Westminster Gazette.

Not a Matter of Health.
They were discussing the construction of a new gown.
"From a hygienic point of view, and merely as a matter of health," suggested the dressmaker, "I think it should be made—"

The hangy beauty stopped her by a gesture.
"Hygienic point of view!" she exclaimed. "Matter of health! What has that to do with it? When I want health I will go to a doctor. When I want style, I will go to a dressmaker. I will now eliminate all absurdities and discuss this purely from a common sense standpoint. Will it be fashionable and becoming?"—Chicago Post.

First E Pluribus Unum Money.
The "Brasher \$16 gold piece," which was struck at Newburg, N. Y., in 1780, was the first upon which "E Pluribus Unum" appeared.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

How to Successfully Cultivate Melons—Method of Farrow Irrigation—Applying Potato Fertilizers—Points and Suggestions About Live Stock.

Successful Melon Culture.
Watermelons are excessive feeders, and many fail in attempting to grow them because they do not furnish sufficient plant food to supply the necessary strength for vigorous vine and fine fruit. Not infrequently watermelons turn yellow and die when they should be just in their prime, simply from plant starvation.

I prepare the ground as for corn. Lay off in rows twelve feet apart each way. I dig a hole about one and a half feet deep and perhaps three feet in diameter. In the bottom of this I put a peck or more of good stable manure, tramping it lightly. Next I put in a layer of soil and follow with a layer made up of equal parts of soil and fine rich manure thoroughly mixed, and lastly, where the seeds are to be placed, another layer of pure soil. Sow seeds thickly and cover about one inch.

When the second or third leaf shows thin out to two or three plants in the hill. If exceptionally large melons, regular "prize takers," are desired, thin to but one plant in the hill. I cultivate about as I do corn, hoeing each hill after entire patch is plowed. If very dry, cultivate often, particularly about the hills. It is some trouble to thus prepare the ground, but it more than pays in the size, number and quality of melons produced; also in the increased length of time that the vines are in bearing, as they remain green and in good condition until killed by frost.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Farrow Irrigation.
Having the water upon the land, it can be applied in various ways. Flooding or allowing the water to spread over the surface to the depth of from two to ten inches was formerly extensively used, but it is now employed for grain and similar crops. The most common method for vegetables and fruits is to make furrows and run the water along in them so that it can soak into the soil. Professor Taft, in his article on irrigation incorporated in the year book of the United States Department of Agriculture, says:

If properly arranged, the water can be spread upon the surface, and by turning back the furrows as soon as the water has soaked in and cultivating the soil the moisture can be prevented from evaporating.

Care should be taken so to lay out the furrows for the water can be run at a very slight slope, two or three inches in 100 feet being all that is desirable, while one foot in 100 feet is an extreme slope. With a little care in laying out the furrows water can be used upon land that at first sight it will seem impossible to irrigate.

Potato Fertilizers.
Fertilizers on potatoes have been the subject of exhaustive experiment at the Ohio State Station and numerous sub-stations. Phosphoric acid seems to have been the controlling element in increasing yield in all these tests, whereas, according to the "New England Homestead," in many of the Southern, Middle and Eastern States potash seems to be the more necessary element. In the Ohio test the lowest cost per bushel of increase was obtained by the use of superphosphate alone, but the greatest gain per acre was with 1,100 pounds per acre of a complete fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Murrate of potash and nitrate of soda when used together did not give profitable increase, but proved beneficial with superphosphate.

Live Stock Points.
Did you begin 1907 by having a book in which to set down all your expenses and income for the year? If you did not, then you made a serious mistake. A farmer, no more than a merchant, can have any idea of whether he is making money or losing it unless he keeps a strict account of everything. There would not be half so many farmers groaning under debt or half so many mortgages on agricultural lands if the ruralist maintained a strict system of bookkeeping. You can never know whether either live stock or dairy pays unless you know exactly how much it costs to raise an animal or to feed a milk cow.

If you have not already done so, begin now to keep a stock book in which to set down the history and facts in regard to all the animals on your place are recorded. Register particularly the birth of an animal; also be particular to note down when to look for lambs or colts or calves to be born.

No way has been found by which rape may be kept for winter feed. It may, however, be planted very early in the spring, and at the same time oats are sown, and it will quickly spring up and furnish the first spring pasture for sheep and lambs. It will give them such a start that they will go ahead of sheep not thus provided and remain larger and finer throughout.

Pruning the Evergreens.
The question of pruning is an open one. Different people have different views on the subject, yet all alike may be successful. Then, again, the objects to be attained are often widely divergent, but on general principles, the deciduous trees mentioned should never be pruned or restyled in their growth. In order to keep them shapely a process of thinning should be adopted and by this means overhanging and overcrowding branches removed entirely, thus preserving an even distribution of light and air and maintaining the symmetry of the tree.

As to the time to do this, when the tree is devoid of foliage should be the best, for it is then easier of access, it makes less work in the removing of branches, etc.; there is no risk of bleeding and the chances of clumsy workmen tearing the bark when sawing away limbs are very much reduced.

Evergreens should be treated somewhat differently; some of the kinds mentioned are frequently trained into hedges and in their good nature stand several clippings during the spring and summer. But to be absolutely correct pruning or thinning of these should be

done in the brief interval in the spring when they are casting their foliage and making ready for their new effort. This period is of very short duration and has to be taken in May. All dead branches should then be cut back and the remaining parts given a chance to break again. Summer pruning of these is not advisable, and fall pruning positively wrong, for at that date the tree needs all its energies to carry itself through the winter, and to that end has stored its strength.—American Gardening.

Artificial Comb.
It is but a few years since the extractor was invented, a artificial foundation contrived and the movable frame discovered. Now the world is set agog by a German, Otto Schulz, of Buckow, in the construction of artificial comb, all ready for the bee to fill with honey. Both wooden and metallic combs have been used for breeding purposes prior to this, but never for the reception of practical purposes. This objectionable feature will doubtless be overcome, and the combs, fully drawn out into cells, will be given to bees as artificial foundation is now given. The insects will then be confined to the business of propagating their species and gathering the nectar from the opening flowers.

Millet a Dangerous Feed.
Bulletin 26 of North Dakota Station gives results of several years' tests and shows that feeding millet to horses and other stock. These tests at the station show beyond doubt that millet fed to horses regularly for any considerable time produced an increased action of the kidneys, causing infusion of blood into the joints, pulling them and destroying the texture of the ends of the bones, so that the tendons (ligaments) muscles break loose and death follows.

Eminent veterinary surgeons of Minneapolis, New York, Illinois, Nebraska and Delaware sent letters to the station, which are published in the bulletin, showing that they have found in their practice that the same results follow the continued use of millet as horse feed, and two of them describe cases in which it was equally injurious to milk cows.

In view of the fact that millet is a staple human food in many parts of Africa, China and Japan, the above experiences are rather remarkable.—German Town Telegraph.

Farm Notes.
Butter that is washed and if it is dry and hard usually lacks that quick, fresh taste that is in butter not so dry and hard.

If you have a shallow well do not neglect to clean it out at the first opportunity which presents itself. It is a large factor in the health of the family to have pure water.

Should a young lamb get separated from its mother for some hours be careful to milk her thoroughly before you let the lamb have access to her. The "penned" milk is apt to kill the lamb.

Weak and nonfertilized eggs are the stumbling blocks on which many a beginner falls. Early-laid eggs are apt to be sterile unless the hens have been kept warm and so fed that they will not get too fat.

Every neighborhood has a farmer a little more progressive than the average, one who always has the best of everything. These are the persons to whom to go for improved stock, for advice as to breeds, for lessons in the care of stock.

If you know nothing about general farming, writes a York State nurse-woman, "my own particular business requiring all my time. I have no special advice to offer farmers, except that I do not think it a good idea to put a mortgage on the place in order to buy a grand piano, etc., as some farmers have done in our neighborhood."

It is seldom that a farmer can accumulate a sufficient amount of wood stock for a large fire but on farms where wood is used there is a limited supply, which can be put to good use on the garden or on the young clover. Ashes are excellent also on all grass lands and in orchards. They are applied broadcast in any quantity desired, as many as one hundred bushels per acre having been used on certain soils.

There is an immense amount of butter sold every year that would have been salable if properly made. Although farmers have made butter for centuries, yet at the present day there are many of them who cannot put a good article on the market, even with modern appliances to assist them. The creameries produce better butter than farmers because of having skill and experience in the business. The farmer a few years ago had no fear of competition if he knew how to make butter of superior quality.

A great many persons take an interest in pure-bred poultry, probably because it costs but little to enjoy a small flock of a rare breed but on farms where wood is used there is a limited supply, which can be put to good use on the garden or on the young clover. Ashes are excellent also on all grass lands and in orchards. They are applied broadcast in any quantity desired, as many as one hundred bushels per acre having been used on certain soils.

There is an immense amount of butter sold every year that would have been salable if properly made. Although farmers have made butter for centuries, yet at the present day there are many of them who cannot put a good article on the market, even with modern appliances to assist them. The creameries produce better butter than farmers because of having skill and experience in the business. The farmer a few years ago had no fear of competition if he knew how to make butter of superior quality.

Something New in Soap.
It is said that a French chemist has made a blue soap which will render unnecessary the bluing in the laundry. In ordinary soap he incorporates a solution of aniline green in strong acetic acid. The alkali of the soap converts the green into blue.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

The Extraordinary Event Will Be Celebrated Magnificently.

The sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria will be celebrated in a magnificent manner in London. It will be a stupendous affair beyond question—something unmatched in the history of Christendom. The great sovereign, in whose honor all will be done, is worthy the homage which her subjects will pay her. It will be paid gladly and with complete national unanimity, in spite of substantial sacrifices which it will involve.

It is not a very alluring prospect which London holds out to strangers who think of seeing this town on fête next June. It is distinctly a home festival which the British empire will hold in its capital city. Strangers are not invited, not even the rulers of other nations. Of course strangers will go, but they must not complain if they find the accommodations scanty and that preference has been given to members of the British family who come from distant parts of the empire. The aim of every human being in London on Tuesday, June 22, will be to see the Queen and the royal procession. The number of persons who will be possessed by that purpose on that day cannot be estimated at less than six millions. It will probably be more. It will undoubtedly be the largest number of men and women ever assembled in the history of the world. This massing of humanity will be the marvel, the memorable event of this memorable day. The spectators themselves will be the great spectacle. The most impressive sight ever witnessed was the silent multitude, three millions in number, who lined the Champs Elysees



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1857.

and the Bois de Boulogne last October waiting for the entrance of the Car into Paris. One who drove the whole length of the route just before the procession passed over it describes it as if he were riding along the dry bed of a river, with all humanity for its banks. A crowd of 10,000 or even 100,000 is with in one's comprehension. It is an assemblage made up of units. When the number mounts into the millions it is no longer a crowd, it is no longer human. It is a new and mighty creature having attributes like unto no other. In its presence is almost awe. There is revealed the meaning of the words: "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Such a sight will Queen Victoria witness on her great fête day. She and her escort will be the real spectators. Their eyes will see and their ears will hear the face and the voice of Great Britain. That, indeed, is a mighty privilege. It will be interesting and memorable no doubt—a spectacle which the children's children of the children who see it will read about, but how much more valuable would be the

ments of cavalry, eight squadrons of the Household Guards and other infantry, seven bands and three batteries of artillery. These will lead the line and be followed by the troops from India and from the colonies. Then will come the Duke of Connaught and his staff, Lord Wolsley, the commander-in-chief of the army, and the headquarters staff. Following this brilliant cortege will come the Queen's carriage, escorted by the Prince of Wales and other British and foreign princes on horseback. The procession will close with other carriages containing the princesses and ladies of the court, members of the colonial governments and more military. The demand for reserved seats to see the parade is great. The lowest price at which one will be sold is \$25. Ten thousand dollars has already been paid by speculators for a day's rent of one building facing St. Paul's Churchyard.

HOSPITAL CARS.
Austria Has the System Perfected for Railroads.

Austria has a complete system of railway hospital cars for use in the event of an accident. Railway accidents of cavalry, eight squadrons of the Household Guards and other infantry, seven bands and three batteries of artillery. These will lead the line and be followed by the troops from India and from the colonies. Then will come the Duke of Connaught and his staff, Lord Wolsley, the commander-in-chief of the army, and the headquarters staff. Following this brilliant cortege will come the Queen's carriage, escorted by the Prince of Wales and other British and foreign princes on horseback. The procession will close with other carriages containing the princesses and ladies of the court, members of the colonial governments and more military. The demand for reserved seats to see the parade is great. The lowest price at which one will be sold is \$25. Ten thousand dollars has already been paid by speculators for a day's rent of one building facing St. Paul's Churchyard.

The manufacture of sticky fly-paper had its origin in Grand Rapids, Mich., about a dozen years ago, and already it has nearly driven the poisonous paper out of the market. The sticky paper is by no means dangerous, whereas the poisonous paper has caused children who have drunk the water from it considerable displeasure, and death in some instances. As to how the fly-paper is made, and the dimensions of the business, but little is known to those who are not directly interested in it. The sticky preparation is not protected by patents or copyright, for to secure such protection it would be necessary to make public the formula, and none of the machinery used in the manufacture of the sticky paper. The sticky preparation, of course, is the principal feature of the paper, and it possesses the quality of staying sticky to the end without drying up when exposed to the air and sunlight.

It flows smooth and even and does not "strike through" the paper upon which it is spread. The paper is a good quality of cheap manilla, printed on one side and covered with the sticky stuff on the other.

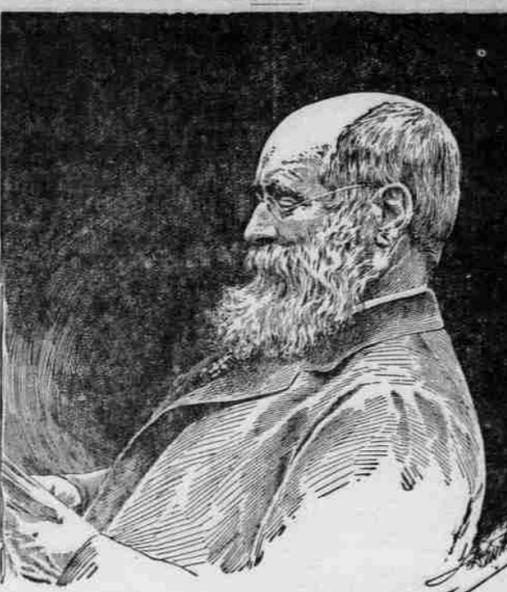
Around the edge is a strip of paraffin to prevent the balsam from oozing out, and inside of this wax frame is death to flies.

The wax strip and the sticky stuff are put upon the paper in one operation by a machine which was made in sections in different machine shops, so as to keep its construction a profound secret.

The Trouble.
"I'm surprised that she is opposed to the wheel. She is a broad-minded woman."
"Her broadness is not all in her mind, however."—Detroit Journal.

The difference between what people seem to be, and what they are, is about the same as the difference between the picture on a tomato can, and the tomato.

CHAS. A. DANA, "THE DEAN OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM."



CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York Sun, and president of the United Press, the news-gathering organization which recently assigned, is called "the dean of American Journalism," and it may be truly said that it was he who lifted journalism to the dignity of a profession. There are those who attribute to his influence the fact that newspaper writers have been enabled to earn salaries more or less commensurate with the intelligence and ability involved in their work. Mr. Dana is now 78 years old, and most of his long life has been spent in work connected with the writing and editing of newspapers. He worked with Horace Greeley on the Tribune and was paid \$20 a week for work that he estimated was worth four times the money. It was these early rebuffs that determined his career. He was not impressed with the newspaper hack of the early days, and he set to work to teach newspaper men the real meaning of their calling and to establish a code of journalistic ethics which will long survive him. He had the pleasure of repaying Greeley's roughness by supporting him for the President of the United States. The date of his real greatness in the newspaper field is that on which he became the editor of the Sun, which has ever since been the favorite journal of newspaper men generally in America. For many years Mr. Dana has not been active in the management of his paper, although its conduct is dominated by his ideas. He is a benevolent man, fond of encouraging Utopian dreamers even if he does not believe in their philosophy, and, what is perhaps the most picturesque figure in newspaper literature of America, standing, as he does, between the old orthodox ideas and the new journalism of the day.

has emanated from Vienna, a center where the practice of affording "first aid to the wounded" is carried out to perfection. Improved goods vans were formerly used for this purpose. Large ambulance cars, however, have been of late specially constructed at the Florisdorf Works of the Northern Railway Co., and are now stationed singly at busy centers along the main line. They each contain ten beds, and the interior of the car is as roomy, complete and comfortable as any hospital ward. The new car possesses many advantages, affording shelter as a temporary hospital in the event of serious accidents occurring to local railway workers.

STICKY FLY PAPER.
It Has About Run Poison Fly-Paper Out of the Market.



The manufacture of sticky fly-paper had its origin in Grand Rapids, Mich., about a dozen years ago, and already it has nearly driven the poisonous paper out of the market. The sticky paper is by no means dangerous, whereas the poisonous paper has caused children who have drunk the water from it considerable displeasure, and death in some instances. As to how the fly-paper is made, and the dimensions of the business, but little is known to those who are not directly interested in it. The sticky preparation is not protected by patents or copyright, for to secure such protection it would be necessary to make public the formula, and none of the machinery used in the manufacture of the sticky paper. The sticky preparation, of course, is the principal feature of the paper, and it possesses the quality of staying sticky to the end without drying up when exposed to the air and sunlight.

It flows smooth and even and does not "strike through" the paper upon which it is spread. The paper is a good quality of cheap manilla, printed on one side and covered with the sticky stuff on the other.

Around the edge is a strip of paraffin to prevent the balsam from oozing out, and inside of this wax frame is death to flies.

The wax strip and the sticky stuff are put upon the paper in one operation by a machine which was made in sections in different machine shops, so as to keep its construction a profound secret.

The Trouble.
"I'm surprised that she is opposed to the wheel. She is a broad-minded woman."
"Her broadness is not all in her mind, however."—Detroit Journal.

The difference between what people seem to be, and what they are, is about the same as the difference between the picture on a tomato can, and the tomato.

INSPECTING FLY PAPER.
The wax strip and the sticky stuff are put upon the paper in one operation by a machine which was made in sections in different machine shops, so as to keep its construction a profound secret.

INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL CAR.
The wax strip and the sticky stuff are put upon the paper in one operation by a machine which was made in sections in different machine shops, so as to keep its construction a profound secret.