Bits of Bookworm

n Ideal Husband," by r Wilde, has been trans sian and has been stag cow Imperial State Thea has attained an unusu Moscow, having been pe s in the space of four Moscow theater is a " house, with 15 to 20 plays winter.

parchment recently dis State archives of Mos ed to be the manuscript s of Walter von der V ther with the music an t of a poem by another been used as a cover th century bill and is pr handwriting to belong t of the fourteenth centu Three Years Behind the e put into embossed ty d. This is the story o ences of a runaway sai Olympia and it was of Admiral Dewey wrote ers: "I can vouch for m s, and the description o of Manila Bay is one o ave ever seen publish is fact in connection t is that it was written b who didn't see the battle story as her runaway it to her.

naif correspondent of the enaeum writes a long let nal in the hope of reco of the early poems o edith, which he left s sen in 1857. "It so hap ve had five copies of th e volume. At this mome hand upon two copies of of them I lent to Mere time of his second marr ed for the loan of it to wife during their h en he gave it me back I w ave it bound."

he new biography of th ublican, Gambetta, comp tive of his, M. P. Ch n published in England "Gambetta: Life and work is largely made from the great tribune ves and intimate fri usi, by a judicious choi y voluminous correspond Gambetta, and treasure circle, now rapidly grow and smaller, enables u patriot's career from the humble seminary t by priests until his sub n a little book, "The Ed Child," Ellen Key atta n a little book, "The Ed Child," Ellen Key atta ly some common mistake ents. She says: "A g ild become insane if jok ited him for a single day reated for a year. A ch just as courteously addr wn person, in order tha n courtesy. A child sh pushed into notice, never endure caresses, never ove h kisses, which ordinarily and are often the cause eraethesia. Nor should forced to express regret t don and the like, which b ining for hypocrisy."

A Careful Parent.

t a settlement located o e in New York a mothers eld Wednesday afternoon hers of various nation ater or less familiarity glish tongue, and in diff es of assimilation to the ir new country, are served cakes, helped with their furnished with hints b per up-bringing of their ch ts sometimes carried o rdinary lines.

worker from the settlem calls in a populous tene ching the two rooms occ cently arrived Italian fam ears assailed by childish uish.

Les-a, signorina, me—I w —hard-a!" explained the the family, who for a mo been a regular attend at day afternoons. "I go on at-a your house—I not ds say bad-a word, I try keeds all-a right. Angel song-a—bad-a word in h -a word! I wheep Ang och."

nd then the worker from nt found a serious task ion on her hands; for, yo tter, she discovered that g-a" containing the "bad ich had brought poor A ef, was none other than God, to Thee!"

Female Chanticleers.

s! That the women sho over men,
hey simply won't do as th y not only want to pose ut wear what belongs to th oston Herald.

Keeping It Dark.

liss Kidder—S'sh! Carrie hair black. Don't tell an liss Askitt—Is it a secret liss Kidder—Yes. She p it dark.—Boston Globe.

ook on the bright side: re it is, there isn't going over for hash

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Some men strive for fame and oth are satisfied with notoriety.

There is always a chance that unde able children will outgrow it.

The spring of 1910 will long be re mbered for the stability of its back ne.

Chicago telephone girls must be r five feet high. Don't talk back a Chicago telephone girl.

A day's outing in an airship in Ger ay is going to be reasonably cheap. ll, the trip will come high.

One Frenchman recently killed an er in a duel, which shows that the xpected sometimes happens.

About all that is necessary to start new religious sect is to predict the d of the world and take up a collec n.

When the pocket wireless really es into use a man no longer will able to forget to mail his wife's ters.

Messages from Africa are to the ef t that Colonel Roosevelt is as hard nails. This explains why the tsetse was stung.

What is sometimes paraded as a rt-warming international romance erally proves to be nothing more n a sordid commercial affair.

f it is necessary to photograph an y dog the blow is appreciably ened by grouping the brute close his beautiful young mistress.

A New York man who was run down a baby carriage is suffering from a oken shoulder. New York men uld never go on the street without ir nursemaids.

Weston, the pedestrian, walked into banquet somewhere in the East and s laid up for a day. More men eat mselves to death than walk them ves to death, that's sure.

Count Komura says that a war be en this country and Japan is in ceivable. Little does he realize strength of the imaginations of e of our after-dinner speakers.

A North Carolina historian has dug records to prove that Patrick Hen was born in his State. Next thing the program will be the introduc of testimony to prove that Pat k was a victim of the hookworm.

Capt. Amundsen says that his next r venture contemplates that he his companions be imprisoned in ice for seven years. Still, with a ss board along, this should not e such a very long time. It would ble the contestants to finish the e, and quarrel about how it should e been played.

Representatives of the government Australia are in this country with a w to studying the West Point Mili y Academy, having in mind the cre n of a similar institution at home. e famous training school for gen s stands high in the estimation of world, and even the occasional an of the hazers are not sufficient to en the admiration in which it is d.

Pocahontas is the latest candidate admission to the Hall of Fame con ted with the University of New k. A petition signed by several ans has been presented to the tors who decide the matter, re sting that for the sake of the prop understanding of the nature of erican Indians this honor be done an Indian woman. The chancellor the university thinks she is eligible. e only other women thus far hon d in the women's hall are Mary n, Emma Willard and Maria Mitch all teachers.

Death by violence, death by cold, th by starvation—these are the nor endings of the stately and beauti creatures of the wilderness. The timentalists who prattle about the ceful life of nature do not realize utter mercilessness; although all would have to do would be to at the birds in the winter woods, ven at the insects on a cold morn or a cold evening, writes Theodore osevelt in Scribner's. Life is hard cruel for all the lower creatures for man also in what the senti talists call a "state of nature." savage of to-day shows us what fancied age of gold of our ances was really like; it was an age n hunger, cold, violence and iron lity were the ordinary accompani nts of life. If Matthew Arnold, n he expressed the wish to know thoughts of earth's "vigorous, mitive" tribes of the past, had real desired an answer to his question, would have done well to visit the es of the existing representatives his "vigorous, primitive" ancestors, to watch them feasting on blood guts; while as for the "pellucid pure" feelings of his imaginary itive maiden, they were those of meek, cowlike creature who ac ed marriage by purchase or of venience, as a matter of course.

there is one art that should not rried down, scorned silently, hunted pursued, even in these hurried days or practical things, it is the leisurely art of letter-writing, the "gentlest art," as it has been fitly called. Without the ability to linger pleasantly along the byways of life, to gossip by post without unseemly haste, letter-writing becomes merely correspondence, a formal thing of businesslike proclivities, a brief cold evidencing of necessity a curt acknowledgment that questions asked must be answered, and answered in the quickest possible manner, a manner that covers a niggardly space of paper. Not that questions should remain unanswered, nor information left for blind fate to disclose. One can readily understand the domestic exasperation chronicled by the wife of the stately rector in "Cranford;" "Hebrew verses sent me by my honored husband. I thowt to have had a letter about killing the pig, but must wait." This is the remedy. Regard a letter as a pleasure; write to fewer friends, and write in a way worthy of their friendship. "Embroider your themes!" Even practical, ponderous Dr. Johnson begged Mrs. Thrale to continue her piquant bantering, her making pleasantly much of the small things of life. Such were the letters of the imaginative Madame de Sevigne, of frankly gossiping Walpole, of quaint Lamb, of gentle Fanny Burney, and such are the letters which will, for all time, remain the world's models. It is a gift bestowed directly upon a few chosen mortals only. But it can be cultivated by desire and time and patient care, and lucky is the woman numbering among her friends one who possesses the enviable art of "writing endlessly upon nothing."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

No man's opinions can be free from some kind of prejudice, conscious or unconscious. Two rich men, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, were conversing. Both had retired from active business, and both, as befitted their stations in life, were commiserating over the things that money would not buy, and seeking a remedy for the evils which seemed to threaten their hard-earned assets and their serene enjoyment of their declining years.

"It seems to me that something or other will have to be done some time," said one.

"I believe you are right," said the other. "I have been thinking of writing a magazine article or two, setting forth my views on the subject."

"What a coincidence! So have I. What are you going to write about?"

"The unequal distribution of wealth and how to remedy it. Do you think that is a good subject?"

"Capital! What attitude are you going to take?"

"I am going to take the attitude that a more equitable distribution of wealth would not come amiss, and I think I know how to remedy it."

"Good! What is your remedy?"

"Well, in the first place, it would never do to disturb a man of wealth during his lifetime."

"Of course not!"

"On the other hand, however, I think it is a bad thing for young people to have large fortunes left them. Money not earned is not appreciated."

"That's true."

"Accordingly, I am going to take the stand that all property should revert to the state at the death of the man who amassed it. What do you think of that?"

"Won't do at all."

"Why not?"

"Um—ah—well—you see, I have children."

LITTLE TIN SOLDIERS.

How Scrap Tin from Seattle Is Utilized in Germany.

The shipment from Seattle to Hamburg of a cargo of 120,000 bales of scrap tin from the Puget Sound canneries furnishes an example of industrial thrift in the utilization of mill and factory waste in which Germany remains pre-eminent. This once-rejected refuse will return in due time in the form of little tin soldiers for the delectation of the nation's "Little Boy Blues." To Germany also go bales of discarded American stockings for remanufacture into cloth.

We have ourselves made great progress in the conservation of waste since the first experiments with cottonseed, the New York World says. A cow's hoof is now a source of income to the packer, and in the by-products of the oil as well as of other industries lies a considerable margin of profit. There is no dross or rubbish in the modern world; even the street refuse of the city has its potential value.

The intelligence displayed in the commercial utilization of waste and the conservation of such minor sources of wealth makes all the more inexcusable the long delay in conserving the nation's natural resources. In this also we have a lesson to learn from Germany.

Sure of Himself.

"I'll give you a position as clerk to start with," said the merchant, "and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?"

"Oh, perfectly," replied the college graduate. "But—er—do you think the firm can afford it?"—Lippincott's.

Mistaken.

"Little boy, haven't I seen you in my Bible class?"

"Not unless I walks in me sleep, lady."

How proud army officers are! If they could, they would crow as much as roosters.

Never judge a woman's intellect by the number of rings she wears.

Old Favorites

When the Cruel War Is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus—
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and tears how vain!
Yet praying when this cruel war is over,
Praying, that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along;
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way,
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and freedom,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

Old Dog Tray.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream of the once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my Old Dog Tray.

Chorus—
Old Dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away;
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than Old Dog Tray.

The forms I've called my own
Have vanished one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones, have all passed away;
Their happy smiles are blown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but Old Dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes on me are cast,
I know he feels what my breaking heart would say;
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than Old Dog Tray.
—Stephen C. Foster.

PUZZLE OF CAR LIGHTS.

Is Explained by Amount of Current Required for Starting Power.

Who has not noticed when riding on the street cars at night that sometimes the lamps which light the cars burn very dim a minute and then seem to burn very bright? Sometimes they go almost entirely out, then suddenly come on again. To the ordinary traveler all this is very mystifying, but to the electrical engineer it is simplicity itself, according to the Electric News.

If a small hole were drilled in a water pipe above a faucet the water, under pressure, would rush out at a terrific speed, but if you should open the faucet the pressure would immeditely drop down so low tthe water would all but cease to flow out of the tiny hole. This is exactly what happens to the incandescent lamps in a street car when they suddenly grow dim, only it is electricity we are dealing with instead of water. To start a loaded street car requires an enormous amount of electricity. The motors fairly eat up the current in order to get the necessary starting power or torque, as it is called. Using such a quantity of electricity diminishes the pressure or voltage of the system and of course the lights dim until the car is under way.

Nearly all street car systems operate at 550-volt pressure. The lamps in the car consume current at 110 volts pressure and they are connected in groups of five in series across the 550-volt circuit. When the voltage for these lamps drops below 110, because of the large amount of current going to the motors under the car, not enough electricity is being forced through the lamp filament to heat it to incandescence and of course the light is dim. Opening wide the current conductors to the motors suddenly lowers the line pressure, which in turn reduces the pressure to the lamps. Once the car is under way the motors do not require so much current and the pressure returns to the lamps and they continue to give their rated candle power until the next time the car is started.

Very Sudden.

"Mabel, I don't propose——"

"Well, George, I've noticed that, but daddy says you'd better propose before long or there will be doin's."

"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to learn whether you do or do not return my love."

"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"—Houston Post.

The Scornful.

"What are the seats of the scornful?"

"Didn't you ever have a friend pass you perched up in a fine automobile?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A few politicians in every town are really the peopl

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE PICKPOCKET AND HIS VICTIM.

A MAN from whom a sum of money has been stolen and who has caused the arrest of a suspect receives an offer of the return of the money taken if he will drop the prosecution. Desiring the return of his money more than the punishment of the thief, he consents. The money is returned and he notifies the police and the court that he has no charges to make. Whereupon the judge orders the release of the man whose guilt is practically confessed by the return of the money.

What are the moral aspects of such a case as this? The victim of the thief is naturally eager to get his money back, but is he justified in letting the thief go? Is he not, in fact, compounding a felony when he agrees to such a settlement? What right has he to save the thief from imprisonment and to set him free, so that he may prey on society? Such questions often confront citizens against whom crimes are committed. The temptation to recover the valuables and the repugnance for being mixed in court proceedings frequently lead to such settlements. There can be no doubt, however, that they are against public policy and, in point of fact, indefensible.

One may go farther and question the wisdom of the judge who will let a prisoner go under such circumstances. It would seem better to secure the attendance in court of the accuser by whatever means may be necessary, so that a trial of the matter could be held. The offer and acceptance of the return of the stolen money would be strong corroborative evidence of the guilt of the accused man. Pickpockets are dangerous persons to be at large. When caught red-handed they ought to be prosecuted to the limit, whether the victim gets his money back or not.—Minneapolis Journal.

COAL TAR PRODUCTS AND HEART FAILURE.

SO MANY people suffer from sleeplessness and other real or imaginary affections of what we call nerves; and so many who think they suffer also think they find relief in a certain cycle of hypnotic drugs, that the permanent effect of these drugs on health is a matter of even more popular than medical interest. The drugs in question are derived from the by-products of gas making and oil refining, coke burning and the like. Science has utilized these unpleasant mineral smells as it has utilized the animal smells of the packing houses. These compounds are grouped together for the chemist by the fact that they approach the highly complex formulas of organic chemistry and for the vulgar world of apothecaries and patients by the fact that the names of most of them end in al. They differ from the opiates or narcotics formerly used to produce sleep in their direct effect upon the brain and nerves through the circulation. This effect is produced through an influence upon heart action against excess of which medical men warn patients and which observing patients are able to detect. This effect varies in different preparations and in different patients, according to their condition and susceptibility, all the way from a slight depression of vitality to complete heart failure and stoppage of life. Some drugs seem to affect one person in this way and some another, but few persons are immune to all of them.

It appears that medical men in the East are proceeding from individual warnings in relation to the use of drugs to an organized campaign against any resort to them except on a physician's order and under his direction. They resemble other remedies in the respect that injurious results follow their abuse. Whether these results are so uniform and certain as to make it necessary to pay a doctor's bill every time one takes a dose appears still to be a matter of dispute.—St. Paul Dispatch.

WHY MEATS ARE HIGH.

THE schemes of "civilization" to put food materials (mixed with some materials that are not food) through various complications that greatly increase the price and hence the profit to the mixers, and that capture trade by putting out a product that has a different appearance, color, odor or taste from the same thing in a less expensive form, are entirely based upon our anthropoid curiosity.

In the case of meats, for instance, the farmer takes grain worth a cent and a half a pound and feeds it to a steer who completely consumes fourteen out of fifteen pounds of it, and deposits in his carcass, together with the fifteen pounds of grain, two pounds of water. Now this steer the farmer sells to the packer at a rate high enough to pay for all his feed, labor and the loss from animals that did not thrive. Next the packer turns 40 per cent of this steer into fertilizer and fusses and fixes the rest of it up and passes it on to us through the hands of a dozen storage men, wholesalers and retailers; finally it reaches the consumer a pitifully meager share of the original food grown on the farm, and hopelessly loaded with the product of the steer's physiological economy and the packer's chemical laboratory.

When one considers the waste and folly of the whole proceeding, instead of being surprised that meats are high, he wonders that they are so low.—Physical Culture.

BACK TO THE LAND

ONE HUNDRED years ago human society was essentially rural. Since then the great collective interests have developed, and the thought of the world has become largely urban. The present interest in country life is the rising of a tide. It is an unconscious expression of the sentiment lying back in the human mind that society must be neither predominantly rural nor predominantly urban. We are now beginning to see that the most fertile civilization must be the result of the attrition of the two great means by which human beings express themselves—as individuals and as collective or aggregate units. Country life typifies the individual self-acting unsyndicated means; city life typifies the associated consolidated and corporate means.—National Magazine.

CLIMATIC IRRITABILITY.

Why Certain Localities Are Bracing and Others Are Enervating.

Certain places are said to be "bracing," while others enjoy an unenviable reputation of being enervating, though the latter quality is sometimes described as "soothing," according to the London Lancet. The very antithesis of soothing is the climate too often met with in many resorts on the Mediterranean littoral during winter, where a blend of hot and cold that is disagreeable to the healthy and very trying to the invalid may frequently be experienced.

It is common in midwinter in these places for the landscape to be quivering in the hot sun while a piercing wind from the northeast seizes every opportunity—the shade of a palm tree or a wall—to grip the unwary traveler in its fierce embrace to the detriment of his comfort, possibly of his health. The inexperienced laugh at the cautious resident who dons his overcoat in spite of what looks and feels like summer sunshine, but the wages of ignorance is often disease.

There is one curious effect of these bitter-sweet climates—namely, a certain irritability of temper that attacks people after a few weeks spent in these surroundings. Ask any one who has passed three months at Helouan or Algiers, Nice or Menton, and although he may not admit it as regards himself he will readily concede the truth of this observation on behalf of his friends.

Now, this irritability is no doubt an outward and visible manifestation of a disturbance of nervous equilibrium consequent on nervous exhaustion. The effect of these rapidly recurring alternations of heat and cold on the nervous system is strictly comparable with that of quick alterations of light and dark on the eye. The bewildered vaso-motor system does its best to respond to the kaleidoscopic indications, but fails and ultimately reacts on the nervous system as a whole.

When this symptom declares itself it is time to move on, either further south, where the variations of temperature are less marked, or to a higher altitude, where the temperature, being low, is more uniform.

The latter is the better choice of the two, because no matter how far south one goes, starting from the Mediterranean, much the same difference obtains between the temperature in the sun and that of the wind. The only advantage attending the desert air is that, being absolutely dry, the alternations are less trying than the near coast, where the relative humidity is high.

Spiders in the Cheese.

Andre Laturbe, a young Parisian who thought he had solved the problem of living at other people's expense, has been arrested for a most ingenious fraud, a St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Paris correspondent says.

His method was to go to a fashionable restaurant and dine well. When he got to the cheese stage he produced from his pocket a little tin box full of spiders. To introduce a couple of spiders on the plate from which he was eating his cheese was the work of a moment. Then he called the waiter and protested loudly against the filthiness of supplying food with spiders in it.

On the arrival of the manager he protested still more loudly and the ruse invariably ended by the distracted manager hushing the thing up by inviting the outraged customer to take a glass of old brandy and tendering profuse apologies. Of course the waiter was instructed to present no bill.

But finally Laturbe, in choosing a restaurant where he has not been before, happened to choose one that employed a waiter who had seen his trick at another establishment. This man quietly sent for the police and when Laturbe had been arrested and searched the box of spiders was found in his pocket.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

Ian Hay, who comes before the American public for the first time with his new novel, "The Right Stuff," is a young Scotch writer. "The Right Stuff" has been compared with Barrie's "When a Man's Single." It deals with London life of to-day.

Maurice Hewlett has lately been appearing as the bellwether of Thomas Hardy's admirers. Mr. Hewlett belongs to a family that has lived in Somerset and Dorset for generations. The members of the family were always Whigs and Puritans. Mr. Hewlett has some French Huguenot blood. His early reading was Mallory, the Bible, "Don Quixote" in English, Sir Thomas Browne.

William Allen White recently entertained Governor Stubbs of Kansas, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and Miss Morgan at his home in Emporia. In an interview the next day the Governor characterized Miss Morgan as an "insurgent." This is perhaps significant in view of the fact that Victor Murdock, who, it is believed, is the original of one of the characters in Mr. White's novel, "A Certain Rich Man," is an intimate friend of Mr. White's—and a leading insurgent.

H. G. Wells tells a story of a business man next to whom he once sat at a public dinner. The conversation had turned upon one of his own books, and Mr. Wells had said something to the effect that "were there no self-seekers the world would be a Utopia." This neighbor promptly observed: "I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least an hour." "You are a physician, I presume?" suggested the novelist. "No, sir," was the reply, "I am in the coal line."

It is well known that at one stage of his career Mark Twain was in serious financial difficulties. He was interested in the publishing firm of C. L. Webster & Co., and when that company failed he insisted upon un[illegible] taking their liabilities. The fig[illegible] are now being recalled. "The as[illegible] of the company were realized upon [illegible] far as possible, which enabled the [illegible] to pay about 40 cents on the dol[illegible] As the entire debts amounted to [illegible] 000, this left $60,000 of unpaid [illegible] unsecured debts. When this beca[illegible] known Mark Twain announced that [illegible] would assume personally the respons[illegible] bility of paying the $60,000. His phrase was: 'I'll pay this if I live.' No one believed him, but he immediately went on a lecture tour, wrote 'Following the Equator,' and kept at work until he had paid every dollar of the Webster indebtedness."

Aged Man Sings Six Hours.

What is believed to be the most prolonged singing performance on record has just been achieved by Alexander R. Porter, a magistrate living in the Liverpool suburb of Waterloo, who before retiring from business was chief accountant in Liverpool of the North and South Wales bank, the London Express says.

Mr. Porter has sung a hundred songs in one evening by way of demonstrating his vigor at the age of 72. The veteran magistrate is sprightly in his bearing and has a ruddy and cheerful face. He believes that vigorous and frequent singing tends to longevity and good health and attributes his own mental and physical well-being to vocal exercise. Since he was a lad he has always begun the day by a vigorous bout of singing before breakfast and closed it with a liberal exercise of his vocal cords in the evening.

The more he has sung the more he has found himself able to sing, and he contends that the singing has invigorated his heart and brain, expanded his lungs, and so largely contributed to his enjoyment of good health.

Mr. Porter on his 72d birthday gave a party to relatives and friends, and during the evening sang 72 songs, one for each year of his life. The songs included modern light opera, old ballads and sacred selections, and were rendered in a rich and powerful baritone, accompanied by a pianoforte. The feat took six hours, with necessary intervals.

When a girl goes out of town on a visit, and her hostess cries when she departs for home, she thinks her visit was successful