

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HIGHEST DUTY OF THE COURT.

By William H. Tatt.

The highest function of the Supreme Court of the United States is the interpretation of the constitution of the United States, so as to guide the other branches of the government and the people of the United States in their construction of the fundamental conduct of the Union.

Take it all in all, in the discharge of this function it is the most novel, as it is in many respects the most important, branch of the government. It is the balance wheel in its car of ultimate decision as to the respective jurisdiction of the various departments of the national government, as to the boundaries between State and national control, and as to the guarantees of life, liberty and property of the individual.

LOVE SOLVES ALL PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

By Leo Tolstol.

You live—that is, you are born, grow, mature, grow old—and then you die. Is it possible that the aim of your life is in yourself? Certainly not. How then? man asks himself. What then? And the only answer is: I am something that loves; at first it seems something loving only itself, but one need only live a little and think a little to see that to love the self which passes through life and dies is impossible and purposeless. I feel that I ought to love, and I love myself. But loving myself, I cannot but feel that the object of my love is unworthy of it; yet not to love is impossible for me. In love is life. What is to happen? To love others—one's neighbors, friends, and then those that love us? At first it seems that this will satisfy the demands of love; but all these people are in the first place imperfect, and, secondly, they change, and above all, they die.

What is one to love? The only answer is: Love all; love the source of love, love, love, love God. Love not for the sake of the loved one, nor for one's self, but for love's sake. It is only necessary to understand this, and at once all the evil of human life disappears. Let us devote our lives to strengthening love in ourselves, and let us allow the world to go as it will; that is, as ordained from above. Let us act so, and believe

we me then shall receive the greatest blessedness for ourselves and do all the good to others it is possible for us to accomplish. Only, love everyone; love not only those who are affectionate, but love all, especially those who hate—as Christ taught—and life becomes an increasing joy, and all the questions which men so vainly seek to solve by violence will not only solve themselves, but will cease to exist.

WE MUST SAVE OUR COAL.

By Andrew Carnegie.

Unless there be careful husbanding, or revolutionizing inventions, or some industrial revolution comes which cannot now be foreseen, the greater part of that estimated 2,500,000,000 tons of coal forming our original heritage will be gone before the end of the next century, say 200 years hence.

Still more wasteful than our processes of mining are our methods of consuming coal. Of all the coal burned in the power plants of the country, not more than from 5 to 10 per cent of the potential energy is actually used; the remaining 90 to 95 per cent is absorbed in rendering the smaller fraction available in actual work.

There is at present no known remedy for this. These wastes are not increasing; fortunately, through the development of gas-producers, internal-combustion engines and steam turbines, they are decreasing; yet not so rapidly as to affect seriously the estimates of increase in coal consumption. We are not without hope, however, of discoveries that may yet enable man to convert potential into mechanical energy direct, avoiding the waste.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF SENTIMENT.

By President Wilson of Princeton.

A great many men are ashamed in this somewhat artificial age to exhibit sentiment. They boast themselves practical, hard-headed men, who face the stern facts of life, and do not deceive themselves regarding their character.

I know of men, for example, who attend church services with a sort of excuse that they go because their father's pew is there; they are excused to be there; they always went with the old people. They have established the habit. Remove the cover and you will catch the gleam of water, where the real springs of sentiment bubble in the life of that man.

And it is from these springs that they draw their refreshment and retain their power and are kept active upon the field of affairs. When the springs of sentiment dry up, then the world of affairs is closed and gone forever.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Nearly all medical men in the West Indies advise the wearing of this woolen and not cotton underwear. Many persons wear "cholera belts" of flannel.

Georgina Ashton, a singer, who was fined at the Marylebone (London) police court for being intoxicated and incapable, declared that she had been stung at a house in the West End, and that she was overpowered by the scent of the flowers with which the room was filled.

The Lambeth (London) Board of Guardians has decided that no outdoor relief should be given to 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.

A Colchester (Eng.) rate-payer has received a demand note for 1 farthing in respect for a rate "for special expenses under the sanitary acts." After walking a mile to the collector's office to pay it, he tendered a halfpenny, but the collector could not give him the farthing change.

Mr. Asquith was recently speaking in a Welsh town when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by a voice in the audience, which demanded to know his position as to woman suffrage. "That," Mr. Asquith replied, blandly, "is a subject I prefer to discuss when ladies are not present."

Three years ago there were something like 10,000 Chinese students in Tokio. Now there are only some 4,500. Several schools where they were taught are empty, and there are few if any Chinese now attending the military college founded by General Fukuchina.—South China Post.

From a Paris newspaper is taken the following conversation in a police court: The president, addressing the prisoner, said sternly, "It appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted." To which the prisoner answered sentimentally, "Man is not perfect."

News reaches London Punch from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakhka Khels, the rebels in India. No sooner do the wild tribesmen catch sight of the skirted warriors than, with a cry of "Look out—here come the sufragettes!" they disappear as by magic.

The death has taken place at Peterborough of Miss Anne Mander, the oldest resident of the city and believed to be the oldest spinster in the country. She was within a few days of entering her hundredth year. On attaining her nineteenth birthday she had a letter of congratulation from Queen Victoria.—London Standard.

A Dubois (Pa.) firm of dealers in musical instruments offered as a prize a \$350 piano to the one who could write the name of the piano maker the most times on a piece of cardboard three or four inches in size. R. L. Cathcart, of Clearfield, won the piano by writing the name on the card 2,128 times. The firm name has two words, one of six letters and one of five letters, connected by the word and.

The production of calcium carbide in Argentina has increased from one ton to four tons a day since the year 1900, according to the Chemiker Zeitung. In that year a Cordoba factory first commenced its manufacture. Meantime a new plant is being erected, and the output will be greatly increased. There is an abundance of water power at hand, and the prospects for the industry in that country are held to be good.

A Massachusetts Congressman who was on board the train which was wrecked at Hyde Park, Mass., says that when the shock came one of the passengers was pitched over several seats just in time to receive the contents of the water cooler, which tipped over and soaked his clothing. A high-spirited passenger rushed up to him and told him to keep cool. "Go away," said the wet man, "I am the coolest man in the car. I have just had two buckets of the ice water emptied down my back."

One hundred and thirteen men were killed and about 200 badly injured by the explosion aboard the French battleship Jena, March 12, 1907. Now the French armor experts are looking forward with unusual expectation to the use of the ill-fated craft as a target in the gunner experiments planned for summer. The Jena, having a fourteen-inch belt of special Cresspot steel, is counted on to give especially instructive lessons as to the resistance of modern armor to the different types of projectiles at various ranges. The old battleships Tonnerre and Neptune also will be used as targets.

There is a plant, a native of Borneo, which is known as the "clock plant." The name is derived from the action of the sun's rays on the leaves, which are three in number—a large one extending forward, with two small ones at the base pointing sideways. These, coming in contact with the rays of the sun, oscillate like the pendulum of a clock, the larger leaf moving upward and downward, going its full length every forty-five minutes, the smaller leaves moving toward the larger, completing the distance forward and backward every forty-five minutes, thus resembling the hour and minute hands of a clock.

Among recent wonderful surgical operations is one of a most daring and unusual nature. An idiot, six years old, the daughter of a resident of Berlin, has been converted into an intelligent being by the process of grafting part of the mother's thyroid gland upon the child's pancreas. In more popular language, this means that part of the mother's throat has been transferred by the grafting process to a gland, or tissue, lying directly at the back of the stomach. The operation was carried out by Dr. Carl Garre, a German surgeon, whose success in the transplanting of organs from one animal to another and even from the lower animals to human beings, has attracted wide attention.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE HOPELESS BANK CLERK.

DIRECTORS of banks are notoriously parsimonious in respect to salaries. There are a lot of young men who go into a bank looking upon it as affording a genteel position likely to lead to something good very rapidly. As a fact, there is perhaps no class of expert workers so poorly paid and none where the responsibilities are greater. A young man works at a meager salary which is slowly increased until he gets gray-haired. He handles millions in money or accounts and absolute accuracy is demanded. Banks are usually profitable institutions, especially national banks. They pay no interest on deposits and pile up large surplus accounts as a guarantee against trouble after paying handsome dividends. It would be a much better guarantee if the employees were given living wages, if they were awarded increases according to ability and length of service. No man wants to steal—unless he be a degenerate—but the temptation is great where poverty dwells, and the opportunities are large in most cases. There is no excuse for dishonesty, and there is no excuse for parsimonious greed on the part of bank directors. It is time for a reform all around.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MATRIMONY BY MAIL.

A MINING CAMP in a Western desert recently witnessed the loathsome end of a woman who, a few years ago, was the chief of a "matrimonial syndicate" which in Eastern cities fooled many credulous seekers of wealthy wives. On the same day that her death was reported the country was horrified by revelations of the doings of a woman in the Central West who, after advertising for "well-to-do bachelor" husbands, not only robbed but murdered the strangers who sought her hand. Both women found their victims through "matrimonial agencies," most of which agencies publish papers containing what purport to be descriptions of a "young man of 25, salesman, good salary, seeks blonde wife, with social gifts," and of a "widow, comfortably situated, aged 25, who would like to find congenial life companion," and others, to suit all tastes. Some of the cases are genuine. They embody natural hopes and longings that grow up in lonely surroundings, or that are not easily expressed by shy natures outside the shelter of a false name; and many responses to the appeals are equally genuine. But the fact that a man has honest intentions, and therefore credits them to others, makes him the easier dupe of an adventurer, and the trustful good faith of a friendless woman by no means insures her against the wiles of a scoundrel. Young girls sometimes answer such advertisements "for fun," but the very freedom with which girls write increases the danger that they will be entrapped and blackmailed by scoundrels who batten on innocent indiscretion. A man who stands high in public esteem once declared

that he never wrote a letter which he would fear to have posted on a bulletin board in front of the city hall. He has, perhaps, established a standard above the reach of the average impulsive mortal. But persons of ordinary intelligence, who read the newspapers, ought easily, henceforth, to resist the appeal of the "matrimonial" advertisement; for recent events have shown that it is frequently a lure to ruin, if not to death.—Youth's Companion.

THE THREE "R'S"

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX teachers from the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades in Chicago public schools have formally advocated more time for reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling in those grades.

A committee of the Board of Education asked for opinions from fifteen hundred teachers in the upper grades. Some of the answers are almost startling. Forty-five teachers report that they give no time at all to writing, and nearly 350 give less than fifty minutes weekly; 345 teachers give between twenty-five and fifty minutes weekly to spelling; nearly 500 said they make no effort to teach children words outside of their natural vocabulary.

One teacher, a little bolder than the rest, writes that children should be drilled in rapid addition, or letter-writing, or spelling, or cultivating a taste for good books. "Instead of using precious time in making paper furniture." Other teachers complain that the courses are overcrowded. Nearly 600 teachers express dissatisfaction with the result of the spelling courses. These comments are from those who should be able to judge the results of their own work. They harmonize closely with the judgment of those in the outside world who are constantly confronted with glaring deficiencies of public school graduates in reading, writing and arithmetic. Even high school courses do not remedy these fundamental deficiencies.—Chicago Journal.

CANADA SELFS HER IMMIGRANTS.

CANADA selects all her citizens as cautiously as her immigration commissioner in London, England, is now doing, the Northern Empire may some day be what its natives often dream of—the Utopia of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Canadian government is not only opposing most effectively the influx of Southern and Eastern Europeans and Orientals; it is making the English themselves pass a stiff examination to prove their desirability. Fifty prospective immigrants whom the Salvation Army had arranged to send from London hotels to Canadian farms have been held back until the Canadian authorities have investigated each member of the party. It will be interesting to see how long the government can continue this minute and scrupulous control in the face of a growing demand for unskilled labor.—New York Tribune.

"UNCLE REMUS" DEAD.

Joel Chandler Harris Passes Away in Atlanta, Ga.

The death of Joel Chandler Harris, which occurred recently at his home in a suburb of Atlanta, Ga., removed one of the best known writers of the present day. Mr. Harris was known in the world of letters as "Uncle Remus," and he became famous as a delineator of negro character. He was born in Eatonton, Ga., Dec. 9, 1848, and it was in a country printing office that this author of popular Southern tales became first associated with literature. Beyond a few terms at the Eatonton Academy, Harris had no regular education. As a stripling of 12 he became a "printer's devil" on a small weekly published on a plantation. Then came the civil war. Following that, Harris became a full-fledged journalist. He was employed successively in Macon,

book, which had a wide sale here and abroad. Then he wrote for magazines and turned out other books, which brought him a snug income. In 1883 he published "Nights with Uncle Remus;" in 1884, "Mingo and Other Sketches;" in 1887, "Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches." Of all his works, "Blue Dave," published in 1888, was his best.

Mr. Harris was a great lover of children and domestic life, and modest and bashful. He never could explain why people were so interested in his books. He was shy of women, but delighted to romp with his own or neighbors' children. Two of his sons are engaged in newspaper business.

A Vacation. A certain scientist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington is said to be a hard taskmaster to both his official and his domestic servants.

Being detailed once to accompany a

WATCH THE LIPS.

Their Sensitive Muscles Make Them Great Tell-tales.

"It's a queer thing," remarked the professor, "how people can control their eyes and not their mouths."

The inventor with whom he happened to be talking made the comment that the professor probably meant tongues when speaking of mouths.

"No, I didn't mean tongues. I meant mouths," the professor rejoined. "I mean, if you want to be scientifically accurate, the action of the lip muscles. There's nearly always, in a moment of excitement, of exaltation, depression or emergency, a tell-tale movement on their part which can't be guarded against. Why can't it be guarded against? Because it is so largely unconscious. Most of us from our youth up have been trained to use our eyes and to use them in such a way as to conceal our emotions. It's different with the mouth. Perhaps we haven't advanced far enough to do two such important things at the same time. Anyway, the fact remains that we don't do it."

"If, for example, I have reason to believe that a man is not telling me the truth I don't give my attention to his eyes. He may look at me as fearlessly as he wants. What I watch for is something significant in the region of his face below the nose. If there is no change in the expression of his lips I am disposed after all to believe him. But if there is the least trembling or twitching, the least exhibition, let us call it, of nervousness—well, then, I have my doubts."

"I suppose," observed the inventor, "that while that fact does not explain the wearing of the mustache it shows that the mustache has uses."

"It does," returned the professor, "but you must remember that the mustache, as a rule, doesn't obscure the lower lip. And the lower lip, if you'll take the trouble to notice, is, if anything, more revolutionary than the upper one. It is usually that lip which gives the expression to the mouth. The upper lip follows suit, as it were."

"Well, well," said the inventor, frowning his mustache.—New York Press.

Testing Her Hat.

Two women had been shopping nearly all day and were as warm and weary as the circumstances warranted. As they were handed their change at the last counter one exclaimed: "Now for an ice cream soda and home!"

"Not for me," returned the other, with a martyr-like expression on her face. "I'm going to buy a hat."

"A hat? Why, you're all tired out and your hair is coming down."

"I know it, and that is the very reason. When you start out well brushed and fresh almost any hat will look good on you, but one that looks decent on me as I am now is the hat I want. That will be a true test. I always buy my hats when I am looking a little worse than usual. So you go for your ice cream soda, while I choose between a Merry Widow and a 'Soul Kiss.'"

Confidence.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening. Wilson—In what way? Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.—London Telegraph.

Though people are too modest to admit it, every man is his own hero, and every woman her own heroine.

If you would lengthen your life, shorten your worries.



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

New Orleans and Savannah. In the latter city he married Miss La Rose, a French-Canadian. He was fast winning fame when yellow fever swept Savannah, in 1876, and he and his bride fled to Atlanta, where he became a member of the staff of the Constitution. It was there that he won his first spurs in the field of literature. Not long after Mr. Harris became a member of the staff of the Constitution, Sam W. Small, who had made a hit with a series of negro dialect sketches, had resigned. The management asked Mr. Harris to continue the column. Mr. Harris consented with much concern, but he insisted that his sketches be furnished to the readers under the title of "Uncle Remus."

"The Uncle Remus" series met with instant success and opened the gate of recognition for their young author. They tickled the fancy and excited the interest of readers to such an extent that Mr. Harris was asked to write a

scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the scientist is said to have unburied a trifle in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

"Henry," said he, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"And we lose a day going that way, do we not, sir?"

"We do."

"Then, sir, I should like very much to go. It would give me a day off."—Harper's Weekly.

When we are driving to a strange place in the country, and ask directions, the man who directs us, says: "Go south a ways, and then turn to the right. You can't miss it." And then we find the road a particularly crooked and difficult one. A road you are familiar with, seems easy.

If only girls attend, it's not a party.



HIRE BARGAINS.

"It was just too bad for anything," said the woman in brown. "I don't know when I ever had anything affect me so."

"It must have been sad," said the tailor-made friend. "I meant to have gone up there myself, but that was the day I went to the Kenyons' luncheon. I had to go; but it was an awfully stupid affair. Was Mrs. Brent there?"

"All the family were there except Mr. Brent. I don't see how they could bring themselves to do it, but they did. I'm sure it was sadder than a funeral. I could have cried, though of course I didn't know them very well. Yes, Mrs. Brent and Dora and Edith and the two boys—what are their names? I always forget. I thought at first they were intending to bid in some of the things, but they didn't."

"Did they sell everything?"

"Everything. Wasn't it too bad? Just imagine how you would feel seeing all the things you owned going away to strangers! You know I'm so attached to everything I have that I can't bear to throw away so much as a chair when it gets broken. It's foolish, but I'm afraid I always shall be a little sentimental. I send everything up to the garret as fast as it gets worn out and sometimes I go up there and sit for hours just thinking about the happy days they are associated with. Mr. Dimsy laughs at me and says he's going to throw them all out into the alley some day."

"Wasn't it too bad?" murmured the tailor-made friend.

"I just wanted to weep. I felt so miserable," said the one in brown. "Poor, poor things! I just know how they felt, exactly. A lot of strangers coming in and flogging over all your possessions and the auctioneer making jokes about them and all! As I say, it's worse than a death. They've had those things, or a great many of them, ever since they were married. When I thought of the memories that must have been connected with some of them—"

"She was very, very brave about it, and the girls were, too, but once or twice I could see they pretty nearly broke down. I wonder what they will do now."

"Yes, my dear, that's all it brought. If I could have found room for it I should have bid \$2 or \$3 more on it, and I think I should have got it. I know you couldn't buy a bed new like that for less than \$45 or \$50. I'm sorry now that I didn't bid more, for I could have disposed of one of mine. I did buy the Daghestan rug, that was in the library and four pairs of curtains. I bought that dainty little Doulton tea set, too. Nobody bid against me, so I really got the mat my own price. Wasn't I perfectly lucky?"

"I told Mr. Dimsy that I wouldn't sell my bargains for five times what I gave for them and he said, 'You'd be a fool if you did,' and when Mr. Dimsy admits that anything is cheap you may be sure it is. I was awfully pleased. I believe if I'd bid less than I did I could have got them just the same. That's always such an annoying thought, isn't it?"—Chicago Daily News.

KING EDWARD AS A FARMER.

King Edward has been an enthusiastic agriculturist for nearly half a century, says a writer in the London Express. For many years his short-horn, shire horses, thoroughbreds, heifers and Southdown sheep have been second to none in the kingdom. It might be erroneously supposed that the King wins at the agricultural shows merely because he is King. Farmers, who ought to know, are quick to controvert the idea. The King never shows an animal he has not bred himself, and his cattle win purely on their merits, because they are the best.

Since he came to the throne, affairs of state have prevented his majesty from devoting as much time as he would like to his farming and agricultural interests. He is no longer able to occupy his mornings, as he did when Prince of Wales, sitting in his pleasant business room at Sandringham, receiving and instructing the bailiffs and others concerned in the management of his two-thousand-acre farm. But in spite of his multifarious engagements, the King still manages to continue and supervise the breeding of stock. His stockkeepers are enthusiastic in his service, and the result has been that the King is even more successful at the shows now than he was when he was Prince of Wales.

King Edward may well be proud of his remarkable record, particularly if he recalls the condition of the Sandringham farm lands, whence many of these triumphs have come, before he put them into cultivation. A famous agriculturist who inspected the land before King Edward set about transforming it, reported: "It is a very barren soil, barely capable of cultivation." Could he revisit the land to-day, he would indeed be amazed at the revolution which has made Sandringham one of the finest stock-raising farms in the country.

The result of his majesty's labors is summarized by an unimpeachable authority, Rider Haggard, who says: "It is a wonderful farm, for I imagine that nowhere is so much high-bred stock to be seen upon the same area. At least, in all my extensive journeyings throughout the twenty-six counties in England of which I have exam-

ined the agriculture, I have not found its equal. If there is one department of big farming in which King Edward takes particular pleasure it is that of horse breeding, and he was greatly delighted, therefore, at the achievement of his shire stallion, Premivator, in winning the first prize in the International Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago.

The success of the King's shires has been extraordinary. At one sale fifty-four of his horses realized an average of two hundred and twenty-four pounds each. The King's Southdowns and short-horns are as famous to-day as they were in the heyday of his active farming when Prince of Wales. Only a few months ago one of his short-horn bulls, "Pride of Sunshine," fetched the high price of four hundred guineas. Not that this is a record. One such bull, destined for Argentina, brought no less than a thousand guineas. The Sandringham short-horns are coveted by breeders everywhere, and picked bulls among them have often been sold for fabulous sums.

King Edward's example and patronage have been of incalculable benefit to agriculture in England. He has always been interested in the work of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he has been president several times, and he is also a patron of the British Dairy Farmers' Association.

Cast Up by the Sea. They that go down to the sea in ships learn much of the mysteries of life. From the coast of Africa three traveled to Scarborough, Me., the painting of an old time sea captain of that town who long years ago was lost with all on board his ship in the China sea. The ship sailed from the home port with every prospect of a successful voyage, but she never returned to the home land. Years went by and she was given up as a lost, her name was taken from the shipping list, and no news of her came back to the waiting ones at home. Long afterward a passing vessel picked up an American sea captain such as the Chinese artists paint, and on the back of the picture were the captain's name and that of the port from which he sailed. The painting was forwarded to the little American town, and it was found to be a picture of the Scarborough sea captain, master of the lost vessel that had left the harbor so many years ago.—Kennebec Journal.

Largest Grave in the World. The largest single grave in the world occupies just exactly one acre of ground, which is surrounded by an iron railing. This enormous grave is located at Panto Cortez, in Honduras, and is the burial place of a woman. The tombstone occupies the center of the ground inclosed, and several wooden figures representing the deceased are arranged in statuelike form in different parts of the ground. There are no fewer than sixteen of these figures, which in the evening give the place a ghostlike appearance. The deceased had died rich and in her will had specified the amount of ground to be purchased for her grave and the manner in which it should be decorated. She had many curious notions, and the size and ornamentation of her grave was one of them.

Some people who make themselves too free should be locked up.