

A REAL BOY WONDER

Four-Year-Old Telegraph Operator Out in Oklahoma.

Went to Work When He Was Two, Says His Father—Now He Has Fun on the Wires with Other Operators.

There is a child at Watonga, Okla., that makes the conventional prodigy seem ordinary. Compared with this boy wonder the precocious youngsters who whistle patriotic songs at three and play dance music on the piano six months later, are backward. In Watonga no mother who has heard of Glenn B. Peck says anything about her own four-year-old who may recite four prayers or the multiplication table through the two. Glenn is the up-to-date child wonder. He is a born telegrapher. He has been a telegrapher about two years, having taken up the work when he was two years of age. This is what Glenn's father, agent for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway at Watonga, says about the young lightning jerker:

"Glenn began to learn telegraphy at the age of two years. The first time we noticed it was when central office was beating 'time' at noon. He was playing in the office and ran into another room calling to his mother that Herington was giving 'time.' Always after he was able to tell when 'time' was given and eagerly watched for it. He kept right at it and frequently he would call out some word he heard on the wire, and all this time, understand, he had not learned the Morse alphabet. We had never as yet taught him to 'send' nor had we the slightest idea that he could do so, but one day he climbed on the telegraph table and be-



MASTER GLENN B. PECK. (Only Four Years of Age, But an Expert Telegraph Operator.)

gan to call a near-by office and sign our office call at regular intervals the same as an old telegrapher would do. We questioned him as to what office he was calling and he promptly named it and also told us what letters it took to make the office call. From that day he kept on improving very rapidly, or perhaps I should say, it naturally came to him. He would pronounce difficult words when he would hear them on the wire. And he would spell words correctly on the wire that he could not spell otherwise. He still does this.

"Imagine our surprise when we came in the office one day and he promptly told us he heard the train dispatcher give a train order and that Nos. 133 and 154 would meet at Watonga. We inquired into this and found out he was correct. Glenn did not study nor was he taught. Now he can read a train order correctly, tell when operators are sending their wire reports and tell when Watonga's turn comes. He can tell when other operators 'O. S.' their trains, what office is reporting and the number of the train.

"He frequently calls up Wichita and asks them '5,' which means: 'Have you anything for us?' Very often he calls up other offices and tells them to 'copy.' He will call all of the offices he can raise and then, after he gets them all lined up ready to 'copy'—they thinking it is an all-agent message—he will tell them '25,' which means he is busy on another wire.

"Other operators cannot tell his work from that of the regular operator, as he does not send 'hammy,' like all beginners, but he makes his letters correctly, exactly like an old telegrapher. A few days ago he called up Geary station and told the operator to 'copy.' The Geary operator told him to wait a minute till he got his 'mill,' and when he had his type. Then they told Glenn to go ahead. Glenn then told him '25.'

"The operators at the Wichita Western Union office call him nearly every day. They are very much surprised at him, and it is very hard to make any operator believe he is talking to a little boy four years old. The Wichita operators can now tell his 'hand' from either his mother's or mine; they often call him and ask him to tell some other office on another wire to answer them for a message. He promptly replies 'Art' (all right), and immediately gets on the other wire and calls the office. If successful in raising them, he tells them answer on No. 2 wire.

"I believe we are safe in saying that Glenn is the youngest telegrapher in the world, and the youngest one that was ever known. He can cut out and in the switch board, and when the wire is open he can test the wire by 'grounding' and locate in which direction the wire is open."

Man's Height and Weight.
A perfectly proportioned man should weigh 25 pounds for every foot of his height. If he is five feet ten inches in height, his weight should be 163 pounds; if six feet in height, he should weigh 188 pounds.

The Elephant's Burden.
A full grown elephant can carry a weight of three tons on its back.

"GOLDEN RULE" JONES.

Toledo's Famous Mayor Is the Strangest Figure in the Political Life of Our Country.

Samuel M. Jones, who was recently elected mayor of Toledo, O., for the fourth successive term, and has been thrice reelected as an independent against the candidates of both of the great parties, was born in Wales in 1846, and brought to this country by his parents when three years old. He was compelled by the poverty of his family to become a wage earner when he entered the oil fields in a newly opened Pennsylvania district, and later became the inventor and manufacturer of an improved oil well appliance. His manufacturing business



HON. SAMUEL M. JONES. (Mayor of Toledo, O., Who Does Not Believe in Party Rule.)

has been conducted in Toledo, O. He took no part in political life until 1897, when his popularity as an employer led to his nomination as mayor on the republican ticket. As an employer he won the name of "Golden Rule" Jones by his insistence that no other rule was needed in the management of his employees, and the same rule has been his watchword in the administration of public affairs. His interpretation of this rule has often alienated the support of good people, but no one has ever questioned his sincerity or kindness of spirit. Nearly all of his political views have grown out of his belief that all the people are essentially equal and entitled to equal consideration. This is at the bottom of his advocacy of the public ownership of monopolies, which, says the Outlook, has marked his administration from the beginning. It is also at the bottom of his hatred of the rule of political machines—a hatred which has led him to denounce all party organization and conduct his last campaigns as "the man without a party."

JOE BAILEY'S START.

How the Senior United States Senator from Texas Got His First Congressional Nomination.

The \$200,000 fee said to have been earned in Wall street by Senator Bailey, of Texas, gives point to a story told by a man from Texas upon the manner in which Bailey got his start. "Bailey," said the Texas man, "was a struggling young lawyer in the new section into which he had moved. Time had rolled around to nominate a democratic candidate for congress. The day of the convention had been set. It was conceded that a certain old man in congress would be given the nomination again.

"Having much leisure and but little money, he thought he would walk to



HON. J. W. BAILEY. (Texas Senator and Best Paid Lawyer in the Southern States.)

the convention. After he had been on the road for some time a farmer drove up behind him. 'Wanter git in an ride?' he said to the young lawyer, and Bailey accepted gladly.

"'Going to the convention?' asked Bailey, after awhile. 'Yep,' said the farmer. 'Ever hear of a young lawyer named Bailey 'round here?' asked Bailey. 'Nop,' said the farmer. 'Good speaker and bright fellow, I understand,' suggested Bailey. 'S'pose so,' said the farmer. 'Yes,' continued Bailey, 'and he will be over there today, and I tell you what we'll do. We'll call on him to make a speech. You see all your friends, tell them about Bailey, and we'll call on him.'

"The farmer said all right. No more was said about the matter until there was a lapse in the convention during the preliminary movements of the body. Suddenly the old farmer got up and suggested that the convention hear from Mr. Bailey, 'a risin' young lawyer of these diggin's,' he said, 'an' a feller who talks like puttin' out a fire.' 'Bailey! Bailey! Bailey!' more than a dozen yells went up, and Bailey came forth. Joe Bailey made one of the hottest speeches of his life, and the upshot of the whole thing was that the 'risin' young lawyer of these diggin's' got the nomination for congress, and is now Senator Bailey, of Texas."

Woman Expert in Woodcraft.
A remarkably clever little woman is Miss Emma Kellogg, of Colorado. She wants to be a game warden, and states as her qualifications that she once lassoed a young bear and brought it home alive, has hunted mountain lions, deer and elk, and is well versed in woodcraft.

Sex and Sudden Death.
The sudden deaths among men are eight times greater than those among women.

NEWS PER WIRELESS

Unique Journalistic Enterprise on Santa Catalina Island.

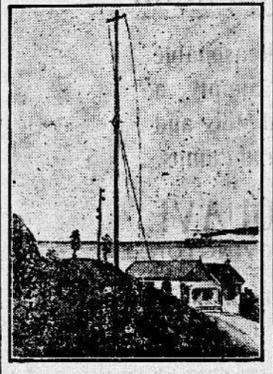
System Has Worked Well in Most Adverse Circumstances and Is Capable of Almost Unlimited Expansion.

The island of Santa Catalina is a part of Los Angeles county, southern California, lying about 20 miles off shore, parallel with the mainland. The principal settlement or town is at Avalon, on the southeast, where one of the quaintest hamlets of the coast has grown up, having a summer population of 6,000 or more and a rapidly growing one in winter. The locality has much to recommend it—an almost perfect climate the year around, and sports and pastimes which have given it a world-wide reputation.

There has been one drawback to Santa Catalina, and that was the lack of telegraphic communication. In summer there are from two to three boats daily; but in winter only one, the steamer arriving at noon. For 24 hours the island was virtually without communication with the mainland. To remedy this, the Banning company, who own the island, established a pigeon route. Large flocks of these birds were trained, and telegrams or important news were sent in this manner with success, the birds taking a message from Avalon to Los Angeles, a distance of 55 miles, in about an hour. The pigeon houses were so arranged that when a bird arrived with a message it rang an electric alarm in the receiver's home or office, thus calling him up.

But there was an element of uncertainty in this. Sportsmen who did not know that the birds were tame shot them en route. Others died of over-exertion. In the main the service was satisfactory, but so many prominent men visited the island that the need of adequate means of communication became more and more urgent. Finally Gen. A. L. New, vice president of the Pacific Wireless Telegraph company, suggested the installment of a wireless telegraphic plant. A point was selected north of Avalon bay on the conspicuous

river, with which its basement is connected by a large, brick-lined tunnel. The house is good for years to come. The walls are two feet thick, of hand-molded brick and show little sign of deterioration. The shutters, up to a year or so ago, were the ones first hung. They were of hard-shaved oak slats, rigidly fixed in the solid frames and were half an inch thick.



THE HARRISON HOUSE. (One of the Many Historic Spots in the City of Vincennes, Ind.)

Bullet marks on them, as well as in the frames themselves, are said to be due to skulking Indians. The floors were of hand-planed oak, and are as good as the day they were laid, having grown rough and worn in places. The wainscoting is of hand-planed oak, walnut and poplar—all of the finest clear lumber, and on which the pine marks are yet visible. The rafters and joists are of hard wood, beech and maple—adzed smooth on two sides, but heavy enough for bridge timbers. The roof has been replaced, but was, up to a few years ago, of hand-split oak clapboards, half an inch in thickness. The frames of the doors were all of oak and walnut, and plain, but very solid and substantial. The nails and screws in this historic structure, as well as the door locks and window catches, are all hand-forged, and heavy enough for a battleship. It is in the basement that the mysteries of the house multiply, for it is divided into many dark rooms by massive brick walls, and in one corner was the powder magazine, oval covered and with a massive door, yet creaking on rusty hinges. Another compartment had a few grated windows near the outside windows, and is said to have been a prison in which minor offenders and runaway slaves were imprisoned.

In another corner is a door opening into a tunnel, which leads away toward the Wabash river, under whose waters it at one time terminated. This is said to have been so arranged that Indians, in case of a siege, could not cut off the fort's water supply. The house has been for many years in the hands of private owners, and has been modernized by the addition of a conservatory and in other ways, but the original massive structure stands as when Gen. Harrison occupied it.

CAROLA OF SAXONY.

Dowager Queen Is the Last Representative of the Famous Swedish House of Wasa.

Traveling incognito in the Riviera just now, going about in deep mourning and avoiding completely the gay society that would be delighted to do

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

British Foreign Secretary Surprises Powers by Declaring a "British Monroe Doctrine."

The British foreign office is considered the most conservative diplomatic machine in the world; hence, when it gives utterance to any decided opinion, it commands respect. The warning recently given by the Marquis of Lansdowne, in a formal statement to the house of lords, has therefore set the old world statesmen to guessing. The warning is nothing more nor less than the enunciation of a British "Monroe doctrine" and conveys the information that any attempt on the part of any power to establish a naval base or fortified port on the shores of the Persian gulf will be resisted to the utmost strength of the British army and navy.

Lord Lansdowne, who issued this challenge, is secretary of state for foreign affairs in the British cabinet and was secretary of war during the thick of the Anglo-Boer war. He was viceroy in Canada from 1883 to 1888, and is a representative of the highest nobility of England.

Dwarf Elephants in Malta.
The skeletons of dwarf elephants have been found on the island of Malta. One of these, whose teeth and bones showed that they belonged to a full-grown specimen, was less than two feet six inches in height, and could not have weighed over 60 pounds when in the flesh.

GEN. HARRISON'S HOME.

The Old Structure, Also Intended for a Fort, Still Stands in the City of Vincennes, Ind.

The old house in Vincennes, Ind., where William Henry Harrison lived is perhaps the best preserved relic of the earlier years of Indiana's history, says the Indianapolis News. Following the destruction of the first post, or Fort Sackville, it was decided to build a permanent fort, which might be used as a home for the governor. Just when it was erected is in doubt. Some say it was built by William Henry Harrison, who was governor of the territory from 1801 to 1813, while others say it was built some years before.

The house is standing to-day and is 150 feet from the banks of the Wabash



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WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION.

It Supplies the Island of Santa Catalina with News.

headland that culminates in Sugar Loaf rock and is reached by a well-built stage road. Here the mast was erected and the office built, the latter being connected with a main office on Ocean avenue, Avalon. The instruments used, notably the receiver, were designed by Mr. Swenson, says the Scientific American.

The nearest mainland point is at San Pedro, about 30 miles distant, and from the time the office opened for business to date, about 6,000 messages have been sent without a single error or a moment's delay. The plat has been subjected to some severe tests. During the last of March a terrific storm of wind and rain very nearly cut off boat communication with the island; yet the messages were sent across the channel with directness and precision.

It is interesting to note that while the London Times is experimenting with "marconigraphs" endeavoring to test the accuracy of the system, the Pacific Wireless Telegraph company has been for several weeks in business, supplying Santa Catalina through a daily paper, the Wireless, with all its news. The Wireless is a small newspaper containing the condensed news of the day—a perfect busy man's paper. The Avalon Wireless publishes every morning the news of Santa Catalina, the latest catches of great game fishes on the Isle of Summer, as well as the telegraphic news of the world, sent across the channel during the night.

DOWAGER QUEEN CAROLA.

(Saxon Royal Lady Who Might Have Been the Wearer of Three Crowns.)

her honor, is a handsome woman of 60, who has lately laid aside one crown, who should be the wearer by right of descent of another crown, and who but for the intervention of Russia would have had another crown.

She is Queen Carolina of Saxony, widow of the king whose death some two years ago brought to the throne his brother, chiefly distinguished as the father-in-law of the lately exiled Crown Princess Louise of Saxony. It is probably an unhappy thing for Saxony that the charming Queen Carolina—or Carola, as she is usually called—never had any children.

She is the last representative of the Swedish royal house of Wasa founded by the great King Gustavus Adolphus, and if the French Gen. Bernadotte had not been thrust upon the Swedish throne by Napoleon, the gracious Carola would doubtless be queen of Sweden to-day. Furthermore her grandmother, Stephanie Beatrix, was the adopted daughter of Napoleon I, and Princess Carola was the bride picked out for himself by Napoleon III, when he became emperor of the French. Russia, however, wouldn't listen to the idea, and without having any choice in the affair herself, the beautiful girl was hastily wedded to the crown prince of Saxony, who succeeded to the throne in 1873.

Woman Defendant—Judge, I confess all.—Tit-Bits.
The Sense of Propriety.
"Why do you call that railway you have been selling stock for the Meridian road?"
"Because," answered the elusive financier, "it is an imaginary line."—Washington Star.

WHAT BILL ARP SAYS

Something About Bantams and More About the Race Problem.

The Grandchildren Greatly Pleased When a Brood of Tiny Chicks Is Hatched—Story of a Visit to Grant's Tomb.

The bantam hen has hatched and three little grandchildren are happy. They can't talk fast enough to tell me about them. These are little things in our domestic life and there are big things, but I believe the little things are the biggest.

For a month or more these children have been watching and waiting for the bantam hen to lay her litter and hatch her little brood, and this morning the telephone bell rang furiously and it said: "Our bantam hen has hatched, and soon they came running to tell us about them, but they didn't stay five minutes. They had to go back and look after the bantams. Well, there is nothing prettier in all nature than a little brood of bantam chickens and my faith is they were created specially to make little children happy. It seems that they originated in a little town of that name on the island of Java and have been transplanted to other countries. They are a game bird and a bantam rooster will attack and whip an ordinary game cock of five times its weight. These little children come to see me every day and to comfort me while I am sick and their presence is the best medicine I have found. The happiness of our children is the biggest thing in life and my desire to live is mainly for their sake." The papers are full of big things, but they won't compare with the little ones.

Clark Howell went a thousand miles to make a big speech, about Grant. That was all right. I have more respect for Gen. Grant's memory than for any big man who was on that side, but I still fail to understand how Lincoln came to appoint a slave holder as general of the army. But time keeps rolling on and Grant's attitude on the race problem seems to be the popular one now among our northern brethren. The census and the result of negro education has at last convinced the negro lovers of their mistake.

I couldn't imagine what Booker Washington was to do with that \$600,000 of Carnegie's last gift, but I see by Booker's late card he is going to expend it in manufacturing tooth brushes and he says he can reform the white race by supplying them with tooth brushes. That is all right—anything is good rid of the money that hangs on piling up. He might add a side factory for toothpicks.

But, speaking about Gen. Grant reminds me of his magnificent tomb at Grant park, and that reminds me of a good thing on one of my boys who, when in New York, not long ago, was invited by some congenial friends to take a ride with them and see the tomb. They stopped in front and my boy heaved a sigh and said: "Yes, that's old Bob Lee—the greatest soldier who ever lived, and there's what he said at Appomattox when he gave Grant back his sword: 'Let us have peace.'" When informed of his mistake he said: "Well, I wasn't there, of course, but my father was, and that's what happened—so he told me. Gen. Grant surrendered his sword to Gen. Lee and old Bob gave it back to him and said: 'Let us have peace.'"

But we want no mistake made about the negroes down here in Dixie. We want no more slaves. We wouldn't have one as a free gift. We are ready to give them away to anybody who wants them. The last census report says the negro is much the most criminal of our population and is increasing in crime with fearful rapidity. The negroes who can read and write are far more criminal than those who cannot.

The negro is four and one-half times as criminal in New England, where he is educated, as he is in the south, where he has not been educated. What is to be done about this? "Tooth brushes," says Booker Washington. Surely the man was joking, but that's the way it read over his own signature. Reform the race with tooth brushes. If there is anything in the world that a negro does not want it is a tooth brush.

There is Sam Henderson working in my garden now and I envy him his mouth full of big, sound teeth. Never had one pulled or plugged or to ache. I love to see him mouthing a watermelon.

No; it seems to be now admitted by northern philanthropists that the southern negro has been pretty well ruined by their blunder of 40 years ago, when there was not a criminal negro in Georgia, and now there are near 5,000 in our chain-gangs. Bring on the tooth brushes! Dr. Seal Harris, of Alabama, published not long ago in the Constitution the unanimous opinion of the medical profession that the negro was rapidly degenerating as a race, both morally and physically, and was destined to extinction as sure as the North American Indians. Old Dr. Calhoun, of our town, a man of large and long experience, told me that before the war he had an extensive practice on the negro plantations and never had a case of tuberculosis or consumption, but now they were common, and as for other diseases, not to be mentioned, they were found in most families and in both sexes.

I am constrained to mention this as a warning to those who have to hire nurses and chambermaids. The time is near at hand when every one will have to go before an examining board and get a certificate.

But I see my little children coming up the winding way and the race problem must take a back seat.—Bill Arrp, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Victim of Good Looks.
Judge—You deny persistently that you committed the act, and yet the description fits you exactly; a beautiful face, youthful appearance, pretty little foot.
Woman Defendant—Judge, I confess all.—Tit-Bits.

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"Because," answered the elusive financier, "it is an imaginary line."—Washington Star.

COUNTRY IN THE CITY.

The Streets of London Teem with Many Birds and Insects of Various Kinds.

In London the tame pigeons are wild and the wild ones tame. The descendants of the rock dove, that have for thousands of years been common objects of the poultry yard, breed in niches behind gables, in water spouts and on roofs behind parapets, and live a fine, wild life. They all tend to revert to the blue type, with two black bars on each wing, and they are probably as beautiful as the wild stock from which they sprang, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star.

The London pigeons, on the other hand, are in London fat, podgy, immensely greedy birds, not disinclined to feed from our fingers, and transporting their unwieldy carcasses from one feeding place to another with difficulty. They may be seen in Lincoln's Inn Fields, literally sprawling about the trees like Mr. Pickwick on skates. Civilization has completely spoiled them. In the country it is a fine sight to see the wood pigeons cleaving the blue air at a speed of 40 or even 60 miles an hour, soaring like hawks, or wheeling in hundreds over a wood that has been invaded by the fox hounds. In London they are rapidly approximating to the proportion and lassitude of the late dodo.

It was recently announced that a pair of robins had been seen in Fountain Court Temple. Though I often perambulate that locality, I have not yet seen these birds. Upon inquiring of the gardener I found that he had been equally unfortunate. He had not seen a robin in the temple for the last four or five years. The robin, indeed, seems to be very scarce in central London.

Of starlings there are a fair number. They build sometimes on the roofs and in water spouts with the pigeons, and more generally in the decayed branch of some church yard tree. The city does not produce a flock, only here and there a band of from half a dozen to half a score, which go foraging together wherever a fair stretch of grass can be found. Thrushes and blackbirds are rare, if not extinct, but last winter I saw a solitary redwing shivering in the Embankment Gardens. The great city bird is the sparrow, and he does his best to fill all other deficiencies in our bird life.

The variation of plumage among London sparrows is even more remarkable than their acquirement of new habits. If you have a hundred acceptances to your pigeon you will scarcely see two birds alike. Some are of a smoky blackness, others a severe gray, others bright with orange brown feathers, others of a delicate green, others have the wing bars so pronounced as to make you think you see a chaffinch, others are streaked like mallards, and others are spotted like thrushes. Quite one per cent. of the central London sparrows are blessed with white feathers on parts of the body where they are not expected to appear on sparrows.

Insects and creatures of the contingent order are not unrepresented in the city. Blue bottles and black beetles occur and in Shoe lane is a house where a rare species of the latter genus is sought by naturalists from all over the world. The little vaporier moth, which was to be seen a week ago, is still flourishing among our plane trees. He is a bright chestnut red, with just one white spot about the size of a pin's head on each forewing. There is one very good reason why the vaporier should not fall a victim to what I am convinced is the worst enemy of moths in London—the street lamp. Mrs. Vaporier is a wingless grub, and therefore cannot fly to the alluring light. "Four little stumps," that look like only two, are no more than evidence that the great-grandmother of Mrs. Vaporier had wings, and a glance at Mr. Vaporier will tell us what they probably were like. The vaporier flies by day, and if later he chooses to go and get his wings singed at a street lamp what does it matter? The cocoon case, where Mrs. Vaporier dehydrated and lived, is bedded over with eggs, which with next year yield their grubs. The larvae of a few other moths I have seen munching their green stuff in the gardens of central London, and in a flap-up three flights of stairs I came across the chrysalis of a few garden white butterflies. How they get there is not quite a mystery. The caterpillars probably crawled out of the cabbage sent upstairs to be cooked.

CITIZENS OR NOT CITIZENS?

South American Merchants Who Cannot Speak English Claim American Protection.

Mr. Henry James, as an admitted expert on the expatriated American, should be called in to settle a case that is troubling our consular service. The question in brief is, says the New York Evening Post: "When is an American citizen no longer an American citizen? The consul at Quito finds that business men who speak not a word of English have lived for 40 years or more in South America, and meanwhile have maintained no relations of any sort with the United States, will flout their American citizenship, and in time of disorder claim the protection of the American flag. Consuls, habituated to all manner of absurd and illegitimate appeals, hardly know what to do in such cases. They cannot afford to treat an American citizen as an impostor, and they naturally do not wish to treat an impostor like an American citizen. In a smaller degree the same condition of things prevails at every large consulate in Europe. The consuls and the generally needy and frequently doubtful Americans are seldom long parted. No remedy immediately suggests itself, though patience and a sense of humor will alleviate such consular troubles. Possibly, as our population becomes less homogeneous and such dangerous elements as the foreign criminal societies are added to the ranks of mere swindlers, we shall have to forego some of our happy-go-lucky republican ways, and adopt such European devices as the card of identification, with some form of registration for travelers. The present passport does not help our consuls much. It is too easily obtained by any applicant.

Those Delightful Americans.

"Here's a story, the truth of which is vouched for by an English lady resident in Florence. She has a balcony that overlooks a street in which are some American and a few days ago an American mother and daughter passed the following remark: 'Mamma, are you quite sure that it is Venice?' 'Why, yes, mamma,' was the reply, 'you know you were in Venice on April 15 and today is April 15, sure!'"—London Modista Society.

Lively Occupation.
To one unfamiliar with country nomenclature the question asked by the young man might not seem wholly unnatural. "And were you never in the country during the season of hawking-bees, Mr. S?" asked the young lady.
"No, the deal!" How do you look a bee, anyway?"—Philadelphia Press.

Minnesota Man's Discovery.
Adrian Mian, June 1st.—Philip Doyle, of this place, says he has found out a medicine that will cure any case of kidney trouble. As Mr. Doyle was himself very ill for a long time with this painful ailment, his statement carries, as well as ever, his statement carries the confirmation of personal experience.
The remedy that cured Mr. Doyle is called Dodd's Kidney Pills.

In speaking of the pills, Mr. Doyle says: "In regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills, they are certainly a wonderful medicine. I was very bad for a long time with kidney trouble and could get nothing to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used altogether about ten boxes, and I can say emphatically that I am completely cured. I am entirely well, without a symptom of kidney trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who is suffering with kidney trouble, for they made me all right. I have advised several of my friends to try them, and not one has been disappointed. The foot sits down and waits for extraordinary opportunities to come his way, but the wise man grasps the common chance and proceeds to make them great."—Chicago Daily News.

CHEAP TO COLORADO.

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