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YOUR SUMMER VACATION.

If you take one you will want to keep in touch with home. The best way to do this is to have the Journal mailed to you. Leave your order before starting. We will change the address as often as you desire.

Grover Cleveland reminds Tammany of its "glorious traditions" and urges it to "continue to contribute all its power and influence to the cause of good government." Well, well.

It seems more than possible that the rapid development of the interurban trolley may start the movement of population from the cities to the country, just reversing the tendency that has been so marked during the past two decades.

The government debt of the United States has reached a point where it is less than the appropriations of one session of Congress and considerably less than the capitalization of the largest American industrial corporation. As compared with resources, it is a mere bagatelle.

The discovery that the germs of tetanus are found in toy pistols themselves and not in the dirt on the small boy's hands shows something more than the depravity of inanimate things. It looks as if those evil microbes deliberately sought to place themselves in a position where they could do most harm.

Last year's race meeting in Indianapolis was a very creditable one, and that of this year starts off in like manner, with "square" racing, good events and fine sport. There is something in a good horse race to stir the Anglo-Saxon blood, and a reputation for fairness in a race meeting will always attract goodly crowds. It is to be hoped that the patronage will be such as to make the races a permanent annual affair.

The enforcement of the new order for the abolition of all rural free delivery routes unless one hundred families are served and 3,000 pieces of mail matter are handled monthly, will do away with a large number in the West. This will cause a strong protest from the communities affected, but the large deficit in that branch of the service shows that retrenchment is necessary.

Regarding a statement that he would block financial legislation in the next House, prospective Speaker Cannon says: "Legislation upon any and all questions rests with Congress, acting through a constitutional majority, and not upon any one member of Congress." That is the correct and constitutional view, but it has been often disregarded by speakers in trying to control the action or thwart the will of the majority.

It is believed the agreement recently made between the building trades unions and the Employers' Association of Washington will have great influence in preventing strikes. It provides that in future all disputes and grievances arising between employer and employe in the building trades will be submitted to a board of arbitration, and that there shall be no suspension in building operations during the dispute or controversy. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, was largely instrumental in bringing about the agreement and thinks it will be adopted in all large cities.

A visitor in St. Louis writes: "St. Louisians are very courteous to the stranger within their gates. Ask a St. Louisian the way and he will walk several blocks to get you started right." Doubtless that is exaggerated, but the trait itself is not unusual. There are few American cities or towns where a stranger seeking information will not receive very polite treatment. There is something in human nature that makes one feel flattered at being asked to impart knowledge, and besides the pleasure of serving a stranger there is a secret feeling of superiority in knowing more about the town than he does. Politeness to strangers is the rule in cities, not the exception.

The Mexican government has purchased a controlling interest in the Mexican National Railway, the second largest system in the country, and has guaranteed it an exclusive franchise in a zone of territory covering the direct eastern outlet of the country. Mr. Limantour, the minister of finance, announces that there is no intention of inaugurating a system of state railways, like that of Prussia, but that the step is taken to prevent all the railroads of Mexico from ultimately falling into the hands of one corporation, which would then have the republic at its mercy. Holding control of one great system, he feels that the Mexican government can easily counteract any such effort.

SIGNIFICANCE OF LIBERTY.

We have spent the day which marks the independence of this Nation in self-glorification. We have found that we are a great people, that we are entering into the forces which change the civilization of the world, that we are determining the direction of international commerce, that we are shaping the laws which govern the nations of the earth, and that we are by the force of our character and by the magnificence of our strength and by the wisdom of our policies teaching the better nations of the old world larger ideas of liberty, of class and of individual. Are we teaching ourselves, at the same time, the fullest significance of real liberty?

On the day when our great-grandfathers declared themselves independent of the King of England they ended one period of a revolution in human government, and began a second and entirely different period in the evolution of a people into a nation. When they declared themselves independent of England they also declared that the individual under the form of government which they had indefinitely shaped was to be the equal of every other individual. This was a new emphasis upon the relation of man to man in government, the expression of a new and hitherto almost unrecognized element and right in society.

But with this enlarged individualism, which had not entered into the contests of the past, came a new feature of man's developing relationship to the authorities which he himself constituted, to the forms of government which he himself helped to originate, and to the constituent parts of the Nation of which he was only a single element. With this expansion of individualism the man was made to have more points of contact with his fellows than he had assumed in any other period of the world's history, and it is this enlarged relationship and these increased points of contact which to a great extent make the difference between the modern republic and those republics of ancient days. It is also this relationship that multiplies the obligations of the citizen and augments the dangers when he fails of his duty as a part of government.

We declare ourselves an independent nation and an independent people, but is it not true that in the present relationship to the government and to society the individual is far less independent than was his great-grandfather who announced the independence of this Nation? Upon each individual rests a civic responsibility which becomes a moral restriction upon his acts, and lessens to some extent his right to the exercise of that individual freedom which in a less closely related citizenship will be larger if not more influential. While as a nation we stand independent to a great extent of authority outside of ourselves, as individuals we are much more restricted in certain liberties of action, and much more closely held to responsibility for the welfare of the community than were our forefathers. The closely-knit relationship between the community and the individual, the necessary restriction which the pressure of society places upon individual action, the restraint which competing stages of development, competing commercial conditions and the necessities of labor and of employment, all tend to put upon the individual a narrower liberty in certain directions, while they increase his responsibility in all phases of life.

Is not this a feature of American independence which we take too little into account when we are lauding ourselves for our attainments and showing to the world what a democracy can accomplish? And is not this a feature which in itself will require the thoughtful consideration of all statesmen? The individual and the class of which he is a type, in the vastly increasing population of this Nation, must become less a factor, with full independence of action and full liberty of movement, or clashing factions will ultimately destroy that liberty that must be secured to all. The close compact which men must form in the industrial and commercial world brings them to such relationships that the individual must lose to some extent his freedom of action, and must necessarily become less a part of certain movements for the government of the whole. The difference between the liberties of a hundred and twenty-five years ago and those of the present day as related to the individual are perhaps as plainly illustrated by the enormous expansion of the legal code as in any other way. Laws are being passed annually to restrain certain actions and abridge certain liberties of the individual and the class, and the contests of individuals and classes are perhaps to-day more effective in circumscribing the liberties of the individual than are the laws of kings. And it will continue so as long as the conflicting demands for equality take the form of class struggles and while class overlaps class in the movement for advancement. In these struggles, often useless, sometimes cruel, lies the danger of continually narrowing our liberties until the weaker are finally deprived of them.

ETHICS AND ADVERTISING.

It sounds like an echo of the long ago to hear that the Indiana State Dental Association has suspended a member for advertising! The whole question of the ethics of advertising by professional men might well be laughed at were it not for the fact that by means of State boards of examiners they have succeeded in introducing this feature of professional ethics into the law—not in the letter of the law, for that would be too absurd to stand—but in its practice as carried out by the State Board of Medical Examiners and similar professional-official boards.

When this code of ethics originated, there was some sense in it. Communities were fairly small and news was carried from mouth to ear throughout the whole town or countryside. Matters of interest were comparatively few, and both men and women discussed the ability of the new doctor or dentist or lawyer, just as they did the quality of goods sold at Jones's store or manufactured in Smith's shop. Then, if the professional man did anything worthy of note or did his work well or discovered something of value, it was quickly noised about and he gained recognition within a reasonable time.

The world moves along different lines now. People get their news from the newspapers and many of them do not know their next-door neighbors. Their interests are more multifarious and they have more immediately important things to discuss when they do talk with each other, than a comparison of the abilities of professional men or the qualities of groceries, dry goods, etc. Thus Jones must advertise his store to succeed, and Smith must use somewhat the same method to dispose of his product.

In their lines they occasionally find men that advertise in an offensive and undignified way, but they have learned that this sort of folly brings its own punishment and continue to tell the public in a frank and dignified way about their business. The man that would endeavor to attract a large number of buyers for a new business enterprise without advertising, would be accounted a great fool. Yet the young professional man must perforce starve, or take up some other employment to help out or "work" his church or social circle for clients or do other things not half so dignified and honorable as straight-out advertising, while the bulk of the business remains in the hands of the old practitioners not half so well equipped, perhaps, as is the younger, stronger and more modernly educated man.

INDIANA WATERING PLACES.

Literally a watering place is where people resort for the purpose of drinking the water or bathing for hygienic purposes. In the strict definition of a watering place the idea of health is first and last, and that of pleasure has no place at all. That is the strict definition, but pleasure has asserted itself until the common understanding of the term has come to be a place where health, pleasure and recreation can be found together. Time was when Americans had an idea that nature had made watering places only in Europe, but in the course of time that idea was dispelled by the discovery that we had bathing beaches and mineral springs in the Eastern States equal to any in Europe. But it took many years to discover that in the Western States were springs whose curative properties and attractive surroundings made them equal to any in the world. Some of these are in Indiana, and there is abundant evidence that their waters are equal in their medicinal qualities to any of the celebrated springs of Europe. But the striking feature of Indiana watering places is their attractiveness as pleasure resorts. It is getting to be understood that it is not necessary to go outside of the State to find as beautiful water scenery, as good fishing, boating, sailing and bathing as can be found anywhere, East or West. The northern part of the State, embracing the counties which slope towards the great lakes, contains a great number of small lakes which cannot be surpassed anywhere for pure water, picturesque surroundings and good fishing and bathing. The number of these lakes is very great. There are more than a hundred in Steuben county, nearly fifty in Kosciusko county, and some other counties have nearly as many. These beautiful sheets of water, varying in size from a few acres to several miles in extent, are unsurpassed anywhere for picturesque surroundings. They are gems of nature's own setting, and in many instances their attractions have not yet been marred by the spoiling hand of art. These attractions are now understood and appreciated, and every summer thousands of persons seek their shores to fish, boat, bathe and enjoy the scenery. If one prefers camping, as many families do, that mode of life opens new avenues of enjoyment. Fashion has not yet asserted her supremacy at most of these lakes, and they are still pleasure resorts in the true sense of the term, where the visitor can throw off the cares of city life and commune with nature in her free and easy moods. These lakes are destined to become great places of resort, watering places for pleasure seekers, but they will never be more attractive than they are now in a comparative state of nature.

THE DAY AFTER.

What do you suppose the signers of the Declaration of Independence thought of the situation the day after? A period of prolonged tension culminating in an irrevocable act of great importance is apt to be followed by a sort of reaction and a disposition to weigh consequences and wonder if the act will stand the test of time. There is no record that the signers of the Declaration experienced such a feeling the day after, but it would not be at all strange if they did. It is stated that when the document was being signed John Hancock said: "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." "Yes," remarked Benjamin Franklin, "we must all hang together or most assuredly we shall all hang separately." It is also stated that after Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, who was a slender man, had affixed his signature, Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, a large framed man, said to him: "When the hanging time comes, I shall have the advantage of you; I am so heavy it will be all over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone." These anecdotes are as well authenticated as many others that have passed into history and are the more credible because they represent a feeling which many of the signers must have had that they were burning their bridges behind them. During the long debate that preceded the declaration a strong opposition to it was developed. This included several of the signers, notably Robert Morris, a rich merchant of Philadelphia, who subsequently became the great financier of the Revolution. He and several other members of the Congress argued that the colonies were in no way prepared for what was likely to be a longe and severe contest with Great Britain, which was powerful on land and sea; that they had no well-organized army or navy, no sufficient supply of munitions of war or any way of getting a supply. Mr. Morris thought a declaration of independence would inevitably dissolve the colonial union, as he did not believe one-half of the colonies would ratify it. John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, an ardent patriot of the period, considered the declaration unwise, spoke against it, voted against and did not sign it. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, opposed the declaration, but signed it, like Morris. Those who signed the declaration after opposing it for reasons which certainly appeared weighty at the time, deserved all the more credit for sacrificing their opinions to the will of the majority. It would not be surprising if the day after they wondered if they had acted wisely or not. Happily most of them lived long enough to have all doubt on the subject removed, and some of those who had opposed the declaration became its ardent supporters. If Robert Morris had been a sulker he would have refused to assist in prosecuting a war which he had deprecated, and when reverses came he would have said, "I told you so." But he was not that kind of a man. After signing the declaration with doubts of its wisdom he became the financial mainstay of the Continental Congress and almost carried the Revolution on his shoulders. The signers were politicians as well as patriots, and they realized the importance of getting the declaration before the people as soon as possible. They wanted to make the act as irrevocable as possible and to "fire the American heart." There were no daily papers in those days and no telegraph. It was not till the 8th of July that copies of the declaration were sent to each of the Colonial Assemblies with a letter from John Hancock, president of the Congress, in which he said: "The important consequences to the American States from the Declaration of Independence, considered as the ground and foundation of a future government, will naturally suggest the propriety of proclaiming it in such a manner that the people may be universally informed of it." In each of the thirteen colonies, now newly created States, the declaration was received with joyous demonstrations. Church bells were rung, cannon were fired, the militia paraded and there were fireworks and illuminations. The popular demonstrations and the hearty indorsement of the declaration by all of the State Legislatures must have convinced the signers, as soon as the news reached them, that they had made no mistake. Whatever the doubt or misgivings of the day after may have been, they did not last long, though the signers who had jested about hanging must have felt at more than one dark period that their jokes might come true.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MISSOURI.

If one will but read the newspapers of Missouri assiduously he cannot but learn things almost daily. It was but a few years ago that the committee in charge of a great public function in Kansas City informed the eager populace that black "pants" would form a part of the costume de rigeur for "gents." Now comes St. Louis with a flood of information as to what constitutes the gentleman, brought out by the claims of "Lord" Barrington to aristocratic antecedents abroad. The "lord" is accused of the murder of "Jimmie" McCann, erstwhile turf speculator, conductor of a matrimonial bureau and get-rich-quick system and all-around prominent citizen of St. Louis. Naturally, Mr. Barrington is the center of public interest, and, notwithstanding his known record as bigamist and ex-convict, interest in the question of whether or not he be really a gentleman does not wane.

It is the little things of life that betray character, and it appears that all the protestations and well-spun yarns of English country life and army adventures put forth by Barrington have come to naught through one little faux pas, thus detailed by a prominent citizen of St. Louis, in an interview in the public prints: "I have observed Barrington very closely," he relates, "and I am convinced that he is of common origin. You have of course noted the fact that he always wore a silk hat. One day this hat fell from his head to the floor of the saloon where we both happened to be at the moment, and became somewhat soiled. I watched his actions, and, instead of removing the dirt with his coatsleeve, as a gentleman would have done, he used his handkerchief for this purpose."

The general public may not be particularly interested in the fate of Barrington, but it is vastly interested in the St. Louis standards of gentility. Since we all expect to visit our relatives there during the fair, if only we can obtain railroad passes, we want to be considered distinctly au fait during our sojourn. It is sadly to be feared that almost any of us, under similar circumstances, with our best silk hat falling on the sanded floor of a St. Louis drinking palace, might in our ignorance have made the same fatal "break" that proved Barrington's undoing, and have smoothed out the rumpled nap with our handkerchief instead of using our coatsleeve "as a gentleman would have done." Will not some Pepys of this modern metropolis of polite society compile a few much needed suggestions on the conduct of the gentleman as he exists in "Saint Louiee" for the guidance of world's fair visitors?

ABSOLUTION BY TELEPHONE.

A Roman Catholic priest, who was unable to gain access to a sick woman of his parish, owing to the opposition of her husband, by the aid of a servant got into communication with her over the telephone, heard her confession and gave her absolution by that means. His act has given rise to some discussion and a magazine published in the interest of his church holds that he acted imprudently. Its argument is ingenious if not convincing. It is, in effect, that the penitent must be truly present to the confessor, "for an absent person can never be absolved." If the penitent really heard the actual voice of the priest over the telephone the situation might be different, it argues, but since the verdict of science that the sound which reaches the listener's ear is only a physical reproduction or physical effect of the voice, it is not enough to produce even a slight probability of moral presence. The real voice heard over the wire, the magazine thinks, would hardly supply this moral presence, but certainly the reproduced voice would not do so. Therefore, it holds that the priest erred in trying to reach his parishioner in this way and that the absolution was not valid.

The controversy is one into which no outsider unfamiliar with the customs and rules of the Catholic Church and with the exact results supposed to be reached by the final sacraments would venture to enter, but is, nevertheless, one of so curious a character that it must give rise to various speculations. Presumably the sacraments in that as in other religious bodies are mere physicial symbols of spiritual acts and their intent and influence wholly spiritual. Also it is to be assumed that the priest stands as a human intermediary between his people and a higher power, and that in attempting to teach divine truth and to interpret the divine will he is in himself a sort of telephone through which these heavenly doctrines pass. How the Higher Power speaks to him he probably could not definitely say, but if he is a devout brother he no doubt feels that somehow a spiritual communication is effected in his exalted moments. He feels himself in the holy Presence though he has not heard so much as the faint and far-off echo or reproduction of a voice with his physical sense, to say nothing of actual words. Then why was it not logical for this good father to assume that the message of love and pardon of which he felt himself the spiritual and official bearer could be effectively passed on through so direct and available a medium as the telephone? The time has gone by when a scientific invention is regarded as the device of the evil one. Why not make it serve spiritual as well as worldly uses?

THE TRAGIC IN FICTION.

A novelist, who is himself the author of some tales of a rather intense and strenuous order, makes a plea in a current periodical for more of the tragic and terrible in fiction. He criticises magazine editors for their choice of namby-pamby literature and disputes their assertion that their readers do not like tragedy and horrors. This novelist is merely expressing his own taste. He is undoubtedly wrong so far as the preaviling taste of the public is concerned. A book dealing with the tragic and terrible things of life must be told with a power that of itself compels attention, and with an art that justifies the choice of such themes, else the public cannot be induced to read it. Merely to be full of terrible incidents is not enough. The proof of this is easily to be found. A long list might be made up of novels published within five years which deal with dark phases of existence. Some of them—all of them, perhaps—are true to life, but few, if any, of them have their incidents fused with that touch of genius that forces the reader to finish when he has once begun, and to talk of what he has read after he is done. As a consequence, they have not been popular in the sense of being widely read. On the contrary, most of them have been literary failures. The public has preferred the books treating of lighter, more cheerful themes—and has bought them. Hardy's "Tess" had many readers, not because the incidents were tragic, though they were so, but because they were narrated in a way that made them impossible to forget. A good many people doubtless read Tolstoi's "Regeneration," but they did not belong to the novel-reading class—the people who express the average taste. They were of those who read from a sense of duty, who considered it an essential to proper culture to read Tolstoi; or they read it because they are students of sociology and regard the book for what it actually is—a sociological essay or tract rather than a novel. It is difficult to imagine the condition of mind that would lead to the enjoyment of "Regeneration" as a mere work of fiction.

The magazines are doubtless open to criticism for printing too much namby-pamby fiction, but they are right in considering that they are thus pleasing a large class of readers. If they could strike a happy medium between the namby-pamby and the terrible they might please more, but this is doubtless a difficult thing to achieve. The critical novelist in question thinks there is room for a periodical devoted primarily to the terrible and tragic, but he is surely mistaken. The wholesome, normal taste would have none of it. It would go begging in vain for readers.

The people of this city are to be congratulated that a sand filtering system of adequate capacity will soon be installed for purifying the water supply. After that there need be no more fear as to the purity of the water. Sand filtration has been thoroughly tested and its efficiency is beyond doubt. Every city and town in Germany that supplies water to the inhabitants is required by law to filter the water through sand. In England, in France and in most European countries it is considered an offense against decency to compel people to drink water that has not been treated in this way, unless the supply is obtained from high levels and unpopulated districts. A sand-filtering plant is costly to begin with, but it is the cheapest in the end, because it lasts so long. There are filter beds in operation in Europe to-day that have been in operation for fifty years under the sand-filtration system, and they are said to be as good to-day as when they were first built.

The Boston Transcript mentions two reasons why Senator Fairbanks was particularly welcome at the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Lancaster, Mass., one personal and the other of a public nature. Of the senator's ancestry it says: "He is descended from that sturdy stock that helped to make colonial history and lay the foundations of a great commonwealth. His ancestors settled in Lancaster even before it enjoyed those town dignities which have just been so elaborately commemorated." Again, referring to Senator Fairbanks's position as chairman of the American branch of the Joint High Commission, the Transcript expresses the hope that he will prove his kinship with Massachusetts by using his influence to bring about reciprocity with Canada. This will be the main question before the commission when it meets next fall.

In the way of "features" every newspaper, as it goes along, has some remarkable things offered it by enterprising space-writers and correspondents. The latest in this line received by the Journal is an article descriptive of Richard Mansfield's bathroom, together with a picture of that interesting retreat. The Journal is willing to exploit the drama within reasonable limits, but it respectfully yet firmly draws the line at bathtubs, and its readers will have to remain unacquainted with the one used by the redoubtable Richard.

The Youths' Companion, an excellent weekly paper for juvenile readers, seems to require a remarkably large editorial staff, though its pages are neither large nor numerous. At least that is the impression one gains from the frequent personal announcements concerning new writers of fiction. The majority of Eastern authors of latest novels are editors of the Companion, if their publishers are to be believed.

High society in Kansas City is again suffering from a plague of fleas, supposed to have floated down from the Kansas plains or up from the stockyards in the recent flood. Since one flea is capable of giving a whole family a taste of strenuous life for a week, the dwellers by the Kaw are entitled to sympathy during the heated term.

Christendom, a periodical published in Chicago, thinks people are losing faith in immortality. Residence in Chicago has a natural tendency to create gloomy views of life here and to come, but cheer up, brethren. There are better places in the world than Chicago, and the hereafter may not be as bad as you anticipate.

If there is a more maddening, nerve-destroying combination than a hot day with continuous fireworks it would be difficult for anyone but a believer in the old-fashioned hereafter to name. The fact that the fireworks are supposed to be an expression of ardent patriotism does not ease the strain.

The discovery by scientists that mosquitos can be enticed to their death by music opens up an alluring prospect. Before retiring to his couch the person in a mosquito neighborhood can arrange to have someone play a continuous piano solo and then go peacefully to sleep—if he can.

Anthony Hope Hawkins has taken to himself a wife, but it is hardly likely, however, that she is expecting anything quite so fierce in this hot weather as the "Prisoner of Zenda" type of affection.

It is a lovely thing to have Sunday follow a holiday, in order that people may get a day's rest.

THE HUMORISTS.

Discovery.

Yale Record.

"I did not know that I had so many close friends," said the Sporter, turned down in his tenth attempt to borrow $5.

The Limit.

A fisherman down in New Guinea
Went angling for specimens fuinea,
But he only brought in
A few lies that were thin
As himself, and Gee whiz! he was skuinea.
—Catholic Standard.

Activity.

Washington Star.

"You say you take automobile rides for the sake of exercise?"

"Certainly."

"But where does the physical exercise come in?"

"Getting out to see what the matter is."

A Literary Giant.

Puck.

"He has been a giant in the literary world."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he has seen the time he could keep five historical novels running serially, at the same time, blindfolded and with one hand tied behind him."

A Narrow Escape.

Philadelphia Press.

She—Of course, he bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I just hid it with my hand.

He (trying to be gallant)—Really, I don't see how a hand so small could—er—hide—er—that is—beastly weather we're having, isn't it?

Willie's Kitten.

Chicago Post.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-i-t-t-e-n," he slowly spelled.

"No, no," exclaimed the teacher; "kitten hasn't got two f's."

"Well, ours has," replied the small observer.

Ma's Disadvantage.

Automobile Magazine.

"Want to ride around in an automobile, do you?" snapped the old man. "Your mother never went whizzing about on the streets in any such thing."

"Yes," retorted the dutiful daughter, "that is just what ma told me. She says that maybe if she had she would have caught a better-looking man."

Frivolous.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The mother cat shook her head sadly. "You are a disgrace to our family," she said sternly to the erring son. "Won't you ever lead a different life, Thomas?"

"I've been thinking about it myself," replied the misguided feline, "and you shall have your wish. I've got three more left, and I promise they shall be good, quiet lives, every one of them."

A Suggestion.

Judge.

"I tell you," said the patriotic citizen, "there is no nobler sentiment for the natal day of the Nation than that sublime phrase, 'One country and one flag.'"

"It is fine," agreed the timid citizen.

"Fine? Why, man, it can't be improved upon."

"I think," ventured the timid man; "I think, perhaps, it would appeal to me more if it were 'One country, one flag and one firecracker.'"

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Eight great monoliths are ready for erection in building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York city. The eight columns cost $250,000. The rough shafts measure 64x8½x7 feet, and weigh 310 tons each. Only one other structure, St. Isaac's Cathedral at St. Petersburg, has columns approaching these in size.

The Negus Menelik of Abyssinia has had his troubles trying to inaugurate a system of small coinage among his people. Blocks of salt used to take the place of coppers, but now the standard of value is a rifle cartridge. Menelik has vainly attempted to put in circulation a currency which he had coined in Paris a few years ago.

Somebody asked Senator Hanna if he was not afraid because of the letter he had from an Ohio pensioner which said the writer had cast a spell of rheumatism on the senator because he had not secured an increase in pension for the Ohioan. "Pshaw!" said Hanna. "If I could get rid of my rheumatism by getting pensions I would camp out at the Pension Office."

Nate W. Plaisig, believed to be about the oldest traveling man in America, has covered nearly 600,000 miles selling the product of one house, an English needle-making firm. He is a native of Ohio, but always registers as coming from the English city where the needle factory is located. Mr. Plaisig, who was in Detroit the other day, says he is completing his seventh trip around the world.

The Countess of Carlisle is undoubtedly the most radical woman in the British Isles, not only on the drink question, but in other things. She would like to abolish all titles of nobility, and if her husband and relatives did not insist upon her using her title, which is very old, it is said she would have dropped it long ago. Lady Carlisle has succeeded Lady Henry Somerset as president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Great Britain.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell says too much importance is attached to college athletics. In a letter to the senior class of Pennsylvania he says: "You have lost out of college life that which it were better to have kept. We played hard in my college days, but we talked of our sports less than you do. You, I fear, care too little for your intellectual athletes. Athletic sports are meant, as I see them, to insure that the body shall be made and kept sound."

In a recent lecture at the Medical Graduates' College, London, Stephen Paget, an expert in making over noses, made this statement: "I have now done forty-three cases of the remodeling of noses. It is anxious work and heavy responsibility altering the shape of people's noses, and the more I see of these cases the more certain I am that you cannot manufacture perfect Greek noses out of nothing, and that the surgeon must be content if he succeeds in making a nose."

Professor Henslow having said in a lecture in London that science neither affirmed nor denied the creative power, Lord Kelvin (no man is more prominent in the scientific world than he) demurred in these words: "Science positively affirms creative power. Science makes everyone feel that he is a miracle in himself. Modern biologists are once more coming to the firm acceptance of a vital principle. They have been absolutely forced to admit and believe in a directive power. Science is not antagonistic, but a help to religion."

A North Missouri editor received a note the other day telling him that one of his subscribers was dead and asking that his paper be discontinued. A few days later the editor met the "deceased" subscriber on the street and told him about the note. "I wrote that myself," returned the subscriber. "What for?" asked the editor. "Well, I wanted to stop yer paper," said the subscriber, candidly, "an' knowin' how bad you need the money, I didn't have the heart to come right out an' do it. So I jes' wrote you the note about bein' dead. You wouldn't send a paper to a corpse, would you?"

AS WE PASS ALONG.

A Miner's Raspberry Pie.

"When I was out in Oregon," said a '49er who went overland to the golden Pacific coast in 1847, "I used to ramble in the woods at my noon hour in the mines, just to see what I could see. One day I came upon a fine lot of raspberries, the first I had ever seen; bright red they were and shaped like little shallow baskets—not like the deep thimble-berries we have now. Not knowing what they were, I was afraid to eat them, but I picked nearly two quarts first, like little George in the second reader, lining my little cap with fresh green leaves. On the road back to our camp I met some friendly Indians and offered one of them a handful of the unknown berries. He ate them at once with a pleasant grunt, and that satisfied me that they were harmless.

"After that we also found wild blackberries in abundance, and our raspberry and blackberry pies were a welcome feature of camp meals. We had fruit-pie for breakfast, dinner and supper, and this is the way we made it: We stirred up a good batter of flour and water with a little salt—no baking powder in those days—and half this mixture we poured in our frypan. Then we put on a deep layer of berries, no sugar, and poured over it the rest of the dough. This wild-west pie or pudding was held over our camp-fire until the heat made it rise and brown on the bottom. Then it was skillfully flopped over in the pan and cooked on the other side. Great? I should say so. I have never eaten any civilized pie that tasted better. We broke it in chunks and ate it with our coffee. Some of the boys poured molasses over it and boasted that the combination was grand, but just plain old raspberry pie suited me well enough."

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A Schoolboy's Book-Plate.

"Here's a bit of pleasant evidence that the old-time bookseller had a personal interest in his young patrons," said a man who has a keen relish for the mysterious history of second-hand books. "Look at the old yellow label in this old battered, second-hand elementary rhetoric. The book was sold originally, as this printed slip indicates, by an old New Albany book-dealer, but his advertisement appears merely in an almost illegible fine print line at the bottom of the label. On the main part of the label, or book-plate, are these words: 'This book belongs to —— ——.' Then follow blank lines on which the name of the schoolboy or girl could be written. At each end of this child's schoolbook-plate is printed a bit of admonition: 'Honor thy parents and speak the truth.'

"No doubt this old-time book-seller had these printed slips made and pasted them himself in every schoolbook he sold. I like his idea, that besides selling the book to the boy or the girl, he could also convey a bit of life-lesson—a word of helpful advice. The school child's book-plate, as a touch of human interest, could be patterned after profitably by the more practical modern book-dealer."

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Aid for Henry's Sister.

"Gracious goodness—this world's a bloomer," remarked a genial old lawyer who makes his own slang. "I had a queer client to-day. She was a curious little old lady—a widow of a few months' standing—who came to see me about suing a tombstone dealer in her home town, some miles away. He had charged her $500 for a measly little $150 tombstone, and she had paid him the money without question. When she came to Indianapolis on a visit, bringing the photograph of the tombstone with her, her relatives here saw that she had been swindled and sent her down to talk to me about getting redress, if possible, and bringing the dishonest marble cutter to justice. I was to advise her how to go about it on her return home.

"This is only preliminary. She was a very conversational little body, and told me many irrelevant details. Among other things I learned that Henry—the man to whom the tombstone was erected—had left her pretty well off. Henry had several sisters—very poor sisters—and he had not left them anything. "And, of course," the widow said, "they've begun to pester me for money. But I haven't given them any—no, indeed! Henry knew what he wanted to do with his money, and if he'd wanted them sisters o' his to have any of it, he'd a left it to 'em, wouldn't he?

"Here's a letter I got to-day," she went on, "from Henry's oldest sister, Caroline. She said that she was in need o' bread and begged for help. But I didn't send Caroline any money—no, I didn't. I sent her a photograph of Henry's tombstone."

"Yes, indeed," concluded the old lawyer, "this world's a bloomer."

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How Milk Germs Get at Us.

As a general proposition, the average householder knows what he bargains for, but he doesn't know what he gets.

"It makes me smile to read about sterilized milk," said a portly citizen who looked as if the germ-goblins hadn't got him yet. "I don't pay much attention to germs, myself, but my wife actually lies awake at night thinking what germ to be afraid of next. We have recently had a comic-tragic experience with milk. An old school friend of my wife called to see us not long ago, to ask us to patronize her dairy. It was to be the 'Cream of the Cream Dairy'—none like it anywhere around. She would personally superintend the milk herself, especially the cleaning and filling of the bottles. The milk was to be sterilized, aerated, and a whole lot of other things. It would reach the consumer genuinely pure, absolutely safe, in perfectly spotless bottles.

"Naturally, this arrangement made us all feel very happy. To have such excellent milk was indeed to be a blessing. The milk wagon was a brilliant brand new chariot of stylish appearance, and its stoppage at our residence every day conferred a kind of distinction to be valued.

"One day my wife had been down street, and as she came towards home she saw the gay milk chariot drawn up to a halt just around the corner. The driver, a seventeen-year-old boy, seemed to be pouring milk from a large can in the rear into some jars. These he covered with the pasteboard caps and deposited in a pretty row in front of his seat. Then he whipped up the horse and came to our house. My wife hurried up, too, and met him as he alighted with our milk jars in his hands. 'You just filled those bottles from a can in your wagon,' she said.

"'Yes,' he stammered, not having time to invent any defense.

"'What did you do that for?' she asked.

"'We haven't got bottles enough to go round yet,' he explained, 'so I had to fill these after I had picked them up from other customers.'

"Visions of smeary, half-washed bottles, grimy bottles from the untidiest of untidy homes in unwholesome neighborhoods, all sorts of germ-infested bottle-visions surged through my wife's brain.

"'Take that milk back to Mr. and Mrs. Blank with my compliments,' she said, 'and tell them to send us our bill.' The dairy people never asked an explanation, and we are now wondering what sterilized milk episode we shall run into next."