

THEY ARE TRULY FORMIDABLE.

Vish Which Nature Has Endowed with Electric Batteries. When it comes to a consideration of those who are well-located to protect themselves against enemies, do not forget the electrical fishes that run in the sea. Nature has endowed these denizens of the deep with batteries which come in right handy in overcoming foes or those of their funny neighbors upon which they prey.

Probably the most dangerous is the torpedo, a fish of the same family and appearance as the ray. The torpedo is a disk-like creature, frequently attaining a length of five feet and a weight of 200 pounds. They abound on the Atlantic coast and sometimes fishermen who make them captive in their nets are very sorry for it. Recklessly handled, the torpedoes quickly wreak vengeance on their captors. The shock they give is tremendous and strong men who have fallen their victims have often been knocked down and paralyzed for a considerable time.

In the fresh water, particularly the marshes and sluggish streams, of Brazil and Guyana, there is to be found the electric eel. This fellow is very like the common eel which is found in our own American waters as to general looks. The difference—the presence within it of the natural electric battery—is a tremendous one, though. This, says Dr. R. W. Shufeldt in the Scientific American, consists of two pairs of peculiarly constituted bodies, passing beneath the skin and the muscles, longitudinally, in the region of the tail—one pair being next to the back, and the other along the anal fin. Upward of 250 cells make up the structure of one of these organs, and they all receive a very generous nerve supply.

Now, when one comes to know that an eel of this species may attain a length of fully six feet and possesses the power of voluntarily giving a shock with its battery at any instant, then it will at once be appreciated what a truly formidable creature this fish really is.

Moreover, it has a smooth, fluesh back, the body for its entire length being of a dull brownish color above, it becomes quite difficult to see it in the water where it lies, especially if the latter be stirred up and made muddy. It is then that this most powerful of all electrical fishes becomes the most dangerous both to man and beast. Violent shocks and discharges can be given by it, at will, both as a means of offense as well as defense, and these often repeated until its enemy or prey is disabled or stunned; so, what has often happened, sinks into the water to be drowned.

Examination of one of these electrical organs has shown that in action it is very much like a galvanic battery, with the anterior, extremely positive, the posterior negative, and the current only discharged at the point of contact with an object. This has been proved to be so powerful when complete that chemical compounds are decomposed by it, and steel needles magnetized.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

Miss Cecilia Loftus does not confine her imitations to the stage. She has made some "imitations of pictures" to be seen in Oliver Herford's "The Simple Juggler," a joyous travesty on school geographies.

Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster," which has been called one of the best oriental novels ever written, and "Marzio's Crucifix" have just been issued in a single volume. Another announcement is that of a new edition of his little book on "The Novel."

"The Black Bag" is now the leading best seller. Miss Ellen Glasgow's "The Ancient Law" is second; "The Shuttle" is third; "The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker, is fourth; "The Lady of the Decoration" is fifth, and the last to be quoted is De Morgan's "Somehow Good."

George Wyndham, the ex-chief secretary for Ireland, has written a book on Sir Walter Scott. As a man, more than an author, Mr. Wyndham extols the good Sir Walter. "A man so brave, so kind, so sensible that he encourages our manhood and knocks the nonsense out of us all."

It is an interesting fact that the Spanish men of letters count on the sale of their work a great deal more in South America than in Spain. Perez said, of the "Spanish Dickens," and one of the most popular Spanish writers, sells in South America half a dozen copies of every book to every one he sells in Spain.

Dr. Haydn Brown, who has written the new book for married women to be published soon under the title of "The Wife: Her Book," is a London medical man. Some ten years ago he started a new movement in favor of home health study by contributing a series of articles to several popular periodicals. Later he published "The Secret of Good Health," which had an enormous sale.

At last Thomas Hardy has completed his prodigious Napoleonic drama, "The Dynasts," a work which has engaged his attention to the exclusion of all else for years. Whatever may be thought of the lasting qualities of this work, it will remain one of the wonders of English literature if only for reason of its size, while the intellectual vigor to which it testifies must command respect. It is in three parts; the first part was published four years ago and the second part in 1900 and contains nineteen acts and 130 scenes, while the number of characters runs into hundreds. Judged by actual bulk and the scale on which its characters are projected, by the complexity and variety of its setting and plot, it is perhaps the greatest drama known to letters.

His Contributions. Missionary—Do you ever contribute money for the heathen in foreign lands, sir? Millionaire—Oh, yes. Both of my daughters married foreign noblemen.—Judge.

SUBSTITUTES FOR TOBACCO.

Many of Them Have a Deleterious Effect Upon Health of Smoker. How would you enjoy a pipeful of wood shavings saturated with a strong solution of pepper as an after-dinner smoke? Strange as this may seem for a substitute for tobacco, it is, nevertheless, used as such by Indians along the Alaskan coast, says Health. Their mouths are often made raw by the practice, and the eyesight of many is affected by the strong fumes.

It is no uncommon practice among farmers to smoke the leaves of the tomato and potato plants. While these plants both contain a narcotic poison, the smoking of leaves in moderation is harmless. Excessive use, though, produces a heavy stupor from which the smoker awakes with a terrific headache and a feeling of utter exhaustion. Insanity and suicide have often been caused by the immoderate use of these two weeds.

Rhubarb, beet and even garden sage leaves are all smoked by farmers, but are perhaps the least harmful of substitutes for tobacco. In Jamaica "ganjah," a variety of Indian hemp, is smoked by all classes with terrible results. It is stated that it was this weed that was used by the leaders of the Indian mutiny to drive the sepoy into the passions of raging mania which they exhibited during the campaign.

"Coltsfoot tobacco" is smoked by the rustics in small country places in England and is called by them "the finest remedy on earth for catarrh." It is simply a powdered form of the leaves of the common coltsfoot, a plant found growing wild in chalky soil, although some say that it is injurious to the eyes, and it certainly does relieve difficult breathing.

In Sweden a weed found growing in the hills, known as mountain tobacco, is smoked in great quantities. Like "coltsfoot tobacco," it is powdered before using and causes the smoker to become a mental and physical wreck. Dried holly leaves, the bark of the willow tree and leaves of the stag's horn sumach are all smoked by the American Indians and are the least harmful of the substitutes for tobacco.

"Indian tobacco" or the leaf of a kind of lobelia is smoked extensively and is extremely poisonous. "Tombek," another species of the lobelia largely used in Asia, is smoked in a water pipe and produces a decidedly unpleasant odor. Those who smoke it regularly become intensely nervous and are subject to curious hallucinations.

AN APPARITION.

In the old days, when Boston, through her "plain living and high thinking," was earning the laudatory titles that have clung to her ever since, a certain woman of advanced intellect and character, who may be called Miss Elizabeth Amory Pelham, came into town from one of the suburbs to hear a lecture on an abstruse topic. Her friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Wellman, who was a brusque, lovable body, neither intellectual nor ambitious of being thought so, also went to the lecture, chiefly because everybody else was going.

About 9 o'clock there came up a storm so violent that the lecturer and his audience had to go home in a deluge. Miss Pelham stood in the vestibule of the hall, talking to Mrs. Wellman, and lamenting that she must drive home that night, especially as she had to be in Boston early the next day to give a talk on physical culture. "Why do you go?" asked Mrs. Wellman. "Come round and stay with me."

"But you're crowded," objected Miss Pelham. "You've just been saying your house is full!" "Oh, so it is, in a way; but I'll put you in Lavinia's bed. She's only 9, you know, and not very big, and she's been sound asleep now for hours. She won't know you're there till morning."

Her friend accepted gratefully, and in due time crept into bed with Lavinia. The next morning, while Mrs. Wellman, who was destitute of "help," stood coaxing her kitchen fire, a little white figure flew into the room and launched itself upon her. It was Lavinia, no longer asleep.

"O mother," she gasped, "there's something dreadful in my room! It's tall and big and it's got great long arms, and it keeps waving them and waving them over its head, just like a windmill, and it's awful!" Mrs. Wellman pushed her away, and shot a sly glance into the room, and shot a sly glance into the room, and shot a sly glance into the room.

"Go right along back and get dressed!" she commanded. "That's nothing but Elizabeth Amory Pelham taking her physical exercises."

A Quarrelsome Family. Mrs. Edgerton Blunt—But why did you leave your last place? Applicant—I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum. Mrs. E. B. (shocked)—Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then? Applicant—Yes, mum; when it wasn't an 'em, it was me and 'er.

Candidly Considered. "I, sir," remarked the self-important statesman, "was never approached with a proposition of graft in my life." "That fact," answered Senator Sorghum, "may be a recognition of your honesty, and then again it may be a reflection on your influence."—Washington Star.

Not Eligible. "Didn't that new nurse come that I engaged for little Mordecai?" asked Mr. De Style. "Yes," replied Mrs. De Style, "but she wouldn't do. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and blue, you know, is only for girl babies; pink is for boys."—Philadelphia Press.

The Quarrel. "You call yourself a poet—and write rhymes about the virtues of Peckaboo soap?" "And you call yourself an artist?" "Well?" "And make comic valentines."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KISSING FOR AN AUDIENCE.

It is Often Perfunctory and Always in Bad Taste. "Now, just to illustrate my point," Betty continued her argument, "when Dora and I came away from her house, and she was expecting to be gone six months, her two brothers came into the Pullman to bid us good-by, and do you suppose they kissed her? Not they! They shook hands. I thought it was either indifference or else a ridiculous self-consciousness on their part."

"Oh, not necessarily," Frances protested. "Like as not they had kissed her at home when you didn't know it. I've read in some book or other a description of a father meeting his daughter at a train and giving her the 'usual perfunctory kiss,' and I can't forget the expression. That's all public kissing ever amounts to, anyway. At least, if it's more than that, it's pretty bad taste. To illustrate my point—"

Frances broke off suddenly, for the lecturer had begun speaking at last, in spite of the fact that many late comers were still straggling in. From where the two girls sat in a side balcony overlooking the audience-room, they could not help noticing how the confusion of "moving along" and finding places down below was annoying the speaker. They could scarcely hear his voice.

One stout, dressey woman in a front seat, who was holding a place for a friend, was particularly conspicuous. Every time she refused to allow any one to take the seat she fluttered and twisted, and craned her neck to look at the entrance to the hall, until she had drawn the attention of every one within range.

Betty had just nudged Frances to look at her when the woman rose—back to the platform—and began gesticulating wildly. The long-looked-for had arrived; she was lunging slowly down the middle aisle, a majestic dowager in black silk. As she neared the front, the dressey woman, all unconscious of the eyes upon her, left her seat, advanced a few steps toward her friend, and bending impressively, implanted a loud smack on her lips.

"Oh!" gasped Betty, as even the lecturer caught his breath in the middle of an unheard sentence; but Frances whispered, half-choking with laughter and triumph:

"Just so. As I was saying, to illustrate my point."—Youth's Companion.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS.

Maxim Gorky's autobiography, as outlined by himself: 1878—Shoemaker's apprentice; 1879—penn-maker's apprentice; 1880—helper in a steamship kitchen; 1884—porter; 1885—banker; 1886—chorus singer in an itinerant opera company; 1887—street vendor; 1888—seriously contemplated suicide; 1890—clerk in a lawyer's office; 1891—made trip through Russia on foot; 1892—published first novel; beginning of career.

Gerard Hauptmann's "Hannele" has recently been translated by an American, Mr. Meltzer. Mr. Meltzer reports that Hauptmann is a poet with more than the usual amount of temperament and with a perfect horror of the commonplace.

Once in speaking to Mr. Meltzer as he strayed (rather than walked) down Broadway, he said: "In many ways I am not unlike a child. If I saw a cake in a baker's window which was denied to me, in some moods I might be capable of doing an injury to myself." Had Hauptmann been an Eddie Guerin or a Pat Crowe he would, of course, have been capable of injuring the baker.

Tolstoy's eightieth birthday is to be celebrated next September. Mr. Carnegie is to give a half million dollars for the buying up of the copyright to all of Tolstoy's writings, so that the world may profit freely by them. Yet we were under the impression, says the New York Evening Post, that Tolstoy consistently refused to copyright his books, at least his latest ones. "As for the earliest writings, for which the world cares most, he has repeatedly declared that they belong to the class of useless or miscellaneous literature with Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe. Dissemipating 'Anna Karenina' or 'Kreutzer Sonata' would be a dubious way of honoring the master who repudiates them." The honor might seem dubious to the straitlaced or disingenuous. For ourselves, we would like to have as many people as possible made free of "Anna Karenina" and "Kreutzer Sonata." They represent a Tolstoy to whom no one is so unjust as the present Tolstoy, except perhaps, the Pecksniffs.

Who has interpreted Chicago in letters? An answer is offered by the well-known English critic, Charles Whibley, in Blackwood's Magazine. Mr. Whibley is an author of considerable distinction as well as a person whose tongue has a tang. It was his life of Thackeray that received so much praise some years ago. He is also the biographer of Pitt, and one of his latest services to belles-lettres was his compilation, in conjunction with the late William Ernest Hanley, of a book of English prose, a rare and scholarly selection. The two writers whom he considers have expressed the social history of Chicago are, as one might expect, Miss Edith Wyatt and Mr. Henry B. Fuller. Says Mr. Whibley: "That considerable literature should come from Chicago is of itself a paradox. It is still more surprising that the best writers of Chicago should display the qualities of tranquility and reticence, which you would expect least of all to find in that monstrous city. Yet it is characteristic of Miss Edith Wyatt and H. B. Fuller, who have painted the manners of Chicago with the greatest skill, that they never force the note. They look up their fellow citizens with an amiable sympathy; they describe them with a quiet humor. It is true that they have excellent opportunity. It is true also that they rise to the occasion. Within the limits of Chicago are met the most diverse of men."

A lazy man makes a strenuous effort at the right time to have a sufficient command of language.

WHAT THEY REALLY SAID.

Time-Worn Myths Dispelled by Man Who Reads Poetry. In his dream, the poetry reader was surrounded by a flock of children, says the Cleveland Leader. He recognized them at once. They were characters in familiar poems. And the man arose and said: "Come hither, little ones, and tell me what I have long wanted to know." And they came hither. And the man said:

"Tell me this. All the real children I have ever known talked prose. And not very good prose, at that. Honestly now, did you talk in rhymes? You, child—did you really say: 'You must wake and call me early. Call me early, mother dear,—and so on?'"

"No," confessed the child. "That was Mr. Tennyson's story. What I said was, 'Ma, now you set the alarm clock for 6. Won't you, ma? Now, honest! I'm a-go'n' ter be May queen!'"

"And you," went on the man, turning to another little girl. Did you address your erring parent in these musical numbers: 'Father, dear father, come home with me. The clock on the steeple strikes 2?'"

"Naw!" responded the infant. "I went to th' family entrance an' hammered on th' little window where ladies rushes th' growler an' th' harpeep stuck his head out an' says, 'Where's your can, kid? An' I says, 'I want see th' old man.' An' out comes dad, stowed to th' eyelids, an' cusses something fierce. And I says, 'Say, pa, you better bet it fer home. It's after clostin' hours an' ma's havin' a fit.' That's all th' er was to it."

"Did you," the reader went on, speaking to a starved-looking infant with red hair—"did you ever say: 'Give me three grains of corn, mother. Only three grains of corn. Will the coming of the morn?'"

But the child shook her head. "Divil a wan o' me I've talked po'etry," she said. "I was hungry, d'ye mind, an' I says 'Er th' love o' hiven, mother, ain't there no praties left? It's starvin' I am! An' she says, 'orra a praty.' An' I yells 'I'm a banchee, I'm that mad. An'—"

QUEER STORIES.

The Tartar lady uses a slice of onion to perfume herself. Italy leads the nations of the world in the matter of theaters. The Canadian farmer works from twelve to sixteen hours a day in the busy season.

A very good horse can in ten hours go sixty miles if the vehicle is light and the turnpike good. The art of glove cutting requires great skill, and in France some of the best workmen are paid \$100 a week.

The wife of a farm laborer near Exeter has given birth to her twenty-second child. All the family are alive and well. It is difficult in England to arouse an interest in the preservation of forests because of the universal substitution of coal for wood as fuel.

Freckles may be hereditary. Cases of freckles all over the body are mentioned. Food is not supposed to cause them. Sun and wind make some faces freckle.

Dr. H. Campbell Thomson of Chicago has been making use of the cinematograph in nervous diseases, taking pictures at the rate of sixteen to the second, showing the movements of the patients.

Municipal pawnshops have been opened in Pekin for the relief of the residents who have been hitherto the victims of extortionate private establishments. The city charges are 15 per cent, while they have been paying 50.

The coal supply of the Philippines has been found to be much larger than was anticipated and of a uniformly good character. It is stated that a large vein crosses the entire group of islands and it has been clearly traced in one vicinity for twenty-five miles.

A girl named Gordon, working in a laundry at Ballymena, Belfast, Ireland, was caught in a machine by the hair and completely scalped. A doctor ordered her removal to a hospital. The scalp was also taken there, and Dr. Davidson succeeded in sewing it on. The girl is alive and making good progress.

Little Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the market man would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green peas."—Judge.

Teaching the Drummer. It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the worn-out articles which were to be inspected, handed in and exchanged for new. The drummer had charged for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon, and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another his anger increased perceptibly until he broke forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell you!"

A Sure Sign. "Oh!" exclaimed Miss Gusch at the art exhibition. "There's a clever thing in oil—When the Cat's Away." It isn't signed? I wonder who painted it?" "Evidently a woman," replied Mr. Shouse. "Look at the mice; see what a ferocious expression she has given them."—Philadelphia Press.

The man who can say "yes" and "no" at the right time has a sufficient command of language.

"LEADING MAN" IN A PLAY.

Term Nearly Always Misleading as It is Commonly Used. What is more misleading than the general term "leading man" or "leading woman"? In nine cases out of ten, to describe the leading man is to describe the lover in the play, says the Theater Magazine. In many cases he is not the leading man at all in the true sense of the word, and there is seldom a company organized in which there is not an implied conflict of interests over this question. Broadly speaking, the most important characters in a play are the lovers and the villain—I prefer "villain" to "heavy," and only regret that we cannot say "villainness"—the character that is introduced in every well regulated play as the antagonistic force to suspend the interest in the foreshadowed happy ending which the lovers shall fall into each other's arms. But the lovers in the modern play are not always the leading roles, the protagonists; and the love story often is but a shadow-graph against a more imposing background of events.

In "Camille," Armand and Mdlle. Gantier are undoubtedly the leading characters; but in "His House in Order" and "The Hypocrites"—to quote at random—they are not. Yet the young fellow who plays the lover comely frequently calls himself the leading man—and why? In the majority of modern plays the lover is merely the light comedian, the old-style walking gentleman and his sweetheart is the ingenue—not the leading lady by any process of sane reasoning. Yet these two youngsters preempt an importance to which impliedly you must doff your hat in profound respect or be run down, while the elder persons or the better actors, who assume a much more vital place in the events, are dismissed with scant courtesy, as though they were merely introduced to support these simplices.

A young fellow adopts a professional career, and because he is "tall and handsome" he is, in a year or two, shoved into the part of the lover. Thereafter he walks Broadway with a cane and white spats and calls himself a leading man, while the elder actor who has learned his business from the ground up and plays the intrigant in the piece is pushed into a subordinate position by general consent. "All the world loves a lover," mayhap, but it does not follow that all the world loves a bad actor in the role. Booth, by contrast, made Iago stand out in brilliant relief, though Iago was an arch villain. Assuredly Booth was a star of the first magnitude and Othello cuts a tremendous figure as a lover. But if I were to attempt a classification, I would call that actor the leading man and that actress the leading woman who managed to make their parts the most vital element of the performance consistent with the object of the action or the plot of the play, whether they were the lovers or not, and I would follow the German system of calling the youngsters, whose only function is to overcome parental objections or other impediments to the ultimate end of their joint happiness—plain lovers.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION. Story of an Odd Incident in a Dental Hospital. A remarkable incident happened recently at a dental hospital. A young woman went here to have five teeth extracted. The anesthetic decided upon by the dental surgeon was ethyl chloride, and this was administered by the usual form of apparatus. An India rubber cup is placed over the patient's mouth and nostrils, and connected with it is a bag into which a sealed capsule of ethyl chloride is introduced. By the turning of a screw from the outside the capsule is broken and the anesthetic liberated. The screw was turned, the patient went off gradually into the usual condition of insensibility, five teeth were extracted, and the patient awakened without feeling any part of the operation.

The whole case appeared perfectly normal. Only when the young woman had left the room and the apparatus was being made ready for another patient was it discovered that the capsule had by some mishap not been broken at all. The whole condition of insensibility had been brought about by the self-hypnotism of the patient. The idea that an anesthetic was being administered was so strong in her mind that she had passed into insensibility entirely by hypnotic suggestion.—Boston Traveler.

A Tragic Experiment. Concerning pythons, the following is a true story: A young lady in England for a long time resisted her lover's entreaties to go out to India with him as his wife. She had a horror of the wild animals she believed she might encounter there, especially serpents. At length, however, after he had issued a sort of ultimatum, she consented to accompany him. She did not, however, leave her fears behind her and lived in constant terror of some day meeting what she so intensely feared. Her husband did his best to lull her fears away, but without avail. Then he resolved to try more drastic means.

A huge python was killed in the neighborhood of his bungalow. Without telling his wife anything about it, he ordered the reptile to be brought into the drawing room and coiled up as it slept on the hearth rug. Then he went out and called his wife, telling her to go into the drawing room and that he would join her in a few minutes. Soon after he heard a dreadful scream. "That will cure her of her fear of serpents," he said to himself and purposely delayed his entry. When at last he went into the drawing room he saw his wife lying dead on the floor, and coiled around her was another huge python, the mate to the one that lay dead on the hearth rug.—St. James' Gazette.

Possibilities of Profit. "You couldn't interest that capitalist in your dying machine?" "No," answered the inventor. "I convinced him that it was practical, but he couldn't see it because there were no provisions made for strap-hanging passengers."—Washington Star.

THE NEW CHINATOWN.

Oriental Quarter Arises on the Old Site in San Francisco. San Francisco's new Chinatown which has arisen on the ruins of the old is ready for occupancy and is rapidly filling up with merchants and tradesmen who were scattered to the four winds by the terrible earthquake and fire of a year and a half ago. All movements looking toward the transfer of the Chinese to a less desirable part of the city failed utterly, and the new Chinatown has risen on the site of the old, under the shadow of Nob Hill and touching shoulders with the financial district. In the first flush of hope after the catastrophe several plans were evolved for moving Chinatown out toward Telegraph Hill or to some suitable part of the financial district. The site of old Chinatown was needed for the expansion of the financial district. One thing stood in the way of this part of the "city beautiful" dream. Chinese firms and wealthy Mongolian individuals owned much of the property in Chinatown. They were satisfied with the site of their quarter. It was near the big hotels patronized by eastern tourists, and it was not too far from the water front whence their goods came. The Chinese refused to sell and straightway set about rebuilding.

There is a reason why Chinatown was rebuilt before the other parts of the burned area, even before Market street had been repaired. The Chinese property owners had no trouble in getting ready cash. They did not try to borrow from San Francisco banks or even from New York money lenders. The first steamer to China carried long letters describing the situation. It closed were drafts on the treasurer of the company which backed the San Francisco firms. The return steamer brought the gold that was needed and the Chinese could tell their contractors to go ahead.

The building department and the health authorities insisted that the new Chinatown be built according to law and the new Chinatown has, of course, lost such picturesque aspects as were found in the old and the square and the tumbledown effect of the old buildings. To offset this, however, there will be a heavy gain in healthfulness.

Politics and Politicians. Jackson Day at Chicago was a far different affair from that of the New York gathering. There the banquet given by the Jefferson Club was the scene of a Bryan love feast, in which 600 Democrats cheered riotously the words of the Nebraskaan.

Viscount Aoki, the retiring Japanese ambassador, in an interview at San Francisco, declared in positive terms that there could be no such thing as present as war between this country and Japan. He said the questions at issue were not such as would cause war and that all the high officials of Japan were convinced of the good faith and friendship of this country.

The Ohio Republican State Central Committee at its recent meeting decided to give the members of the party an opportunity to express by direct vote their choice for a presidential candidate on March 11, when delegates to the Republican State convention will be selected. Senator Fowler has issued a statement declaring that he will not abide by this action of the committee.

The first open declaration of the conservative Democrats of the East who are known to be unfriendly to the candidacy of William J. Bryan took shape at the Jackson Day dinner of the National Democratic Club at New York. Ex-President Cleveland sent a letter of regret, as well as after expressing his interest in the success of the party. He said: "Our country needs conservatism, recuperation from nervous prostration, and an insistence on constitutional observance, buoyant, but none the less safe and prudent, Americanism; scrupulous care of every person and every interest entitled to care, and a 'square deal' that means exact and honest equality before the law and under constitutional guarantee."

After his return home from Washington Mayor Dahlman of Omaha gave to the press a corrected statement of his much discussed interview with President Roosevelt. According to this the President said: "Tell the boys out West that this financial panic is being placed on my shoulders by reason of the position I have taken. If this is true, it shows that we are on a rotten foundation, and it only takes a few months sooner than it would have done otherwise, and it shows we needed a housecleaning. You can tell them also that I don't care what ex-judges or judges or ex-Governors or Governors say about it." Mayor Dahlman says that as this was spoken in the presence of eight or ten other persons as a message to the West, he felt free to give it out.

Secretary Taft, who will soon begin the preparation of an extended report on his observations in the Philippines, in a recent interview expressed himself as highly pleased with the progress already made in the islands. Peace, he says, prevails throughout the Philippines to a greater extent than ever before in their history, and agriculture is proceeding without fear from predatory hands. He finds the natives receptive to education and to modern western conceptions of religion and politics, and says there is no difference between the educated and the ignorant Filipino that cannot be overcome by the education of one generation. The Secretary thinks the people should not be impatient with self-government until their primary and industrial education is complete, and this may require more than a generation owing to a lack of funds for educational purposes.

Meningitis Cure Verified. The numerous favorable reports concerning the cure for cerebro-spinal meningitis discovered by Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research are now officially and authoritatively verified in the announcement made in the official journal of the institute. While no claim of infallibility is made, the results have been such as to prove the great efficiency of the remedy, and Dr. Flexner and his associates feel sure that it will prove one of the greatest benefactions to mankind. The Board of Health of New York City has been co-operating with Dr. Flexner in his investigations, and it is said that the city has furnished the doctor with nearly fifty monkeys, which animals were used in experiments because of their anatomical resemblance to the human race.

Uncle Reuben and Education. Old Man Told a Shrewd Story to Illustrate a Point. "Made ye squirm some, didn't they, Cynthia?" Uncle Reuben asked, sympathetically. "What do you mean, Uncle Reuben?" Cynthia returned. "But under Uncle Reuben's quizzical glance the color came richly. She had been acquainted with Uncle Reuben all her life.

"I saw ye sort of wriggling inside when Eliza Meadows talked about preferring music with a tune to it—something ye could grip on to, instead of sonatas and symphonies—that's what ye call them, ain't it? Eliza Meadows has done more good than any ten women ye'd be likely to meet; she's clothed the naked and ministered to the sick till it's grown to be second nature to her; but after all, I dunno's sewing and nursing and things like that teach ye anything about music. And then when Elvira Pratt talked about the kind of pictures she liked, I saw ye get aolt of yourself. I was out proud of ye the way ye held in then. "Education," Uncle Reuben mused, "must be sort of alarming anyhow when ye first keteh it. I don't wonder it's kind of upsetting."

"Alarming?" asked Cynthia. Her color had become normal again, and her dimples were creeping out. "Uncle Reuben nodded. "Yes, alarming. Ye never can tell whether it's going to strike out or strike in. If it comes out free like measles, it's a splendid thing all round, but if it strikes in ye never can see clear after it. There was Henrietta Bond, now. Before she went to college Henrietta was as bright and likely a girl as ye'd ever see. When she came home she was all changed; seemed as if she couldn't consort with anybody that wasn't college-bred. She talked about art and philosophy and biology, but she hadn't any interest in cooking and sewing; found life terrible dull here—so dull she couldn't stay. So she went away. I dunno's anybody lamented her. That's what I call knowledge striking in."

"Then there was Nellie Chester. I'll own up I hated to see Nellie go. I was afraid it would spoil her, like Henrietta, but bless ye, she wasn't the swelling kind. Everything she learned just seemed to make life more interesting. I declare I'd hang round for half a day when she was poking under stones for bugs—she made it all so interesting. And she'd make ye nice books to read, and when she played she'd play your tunes and her music both—some as easy as the other. I tell ye, when I see all Nellie got out of it, I understand that education can mean about as many different things as there are people that have it."

"Uncle Reuben," Cynthia asked, "do ye see any signs of mine striking in?"—Youth's Companion.

All for Show. It is a poor town which cannot boast of something to the stranger within its gates. The man in the anecdote related by a writer in the Youkers Statesman was hard put to it, but he succeeded in upholding the dignity of his native town.

Old Favorites

Where did you come from, baby dear? Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue? Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin? Some of the starry sparkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear? I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high? A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose? I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss? Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this peary ear? God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands? Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things? From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be yours? God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear? God thought about you, and so I am here.—George Macdonald.

An Untimely Thought. I wonder what day of the week, I wonder what month of the year—Will it be midnight, or morning, And who will bend over my bier?

What a hideous fancy to come As I wait at the foot of the stair, While she gives the last touch to her robe, Or sets the white rose in her hair.

As the carriage rolls down the dark street The little wife laughs and makes cheer—But . . . I wonder what day of the week, I wonder what month of the year.

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