

CROOKS BOOM TOWN

Western City Advertises for All-around Burglars.

GOOD SALARY IS OFFERED, TOO

Man Who Responds to Newspaper Ad Is One Who Thinks He Knows Something About the Business.

A number of years ago the following advertisement in a paper attracted my attention: WANTED—GAME BOOSTERS, RACE HOISERS, baseball players, prize fighters, and a few all-around burglars, the more notorious the better.

As I prided myself that I could be classed as an all-around burglar, except that I had not been around in the West, I determined to answer the ad, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Smith said that if I would meet him in Hasta Manana he would explain more in detail what the job would be like. It pleased me to find that he had enclosed a ticket to that town, as I had been un-derstanding in burglarizing just previous to that time.

I found Hasta Manana was a pleasant but sleepy little town situated among the orange groves of Southern California. Mr. Smith, who, I learned, was one of the most prosperous and had some sense of the place, told me that the Commercial Club had decided upon an advertising campaign to boost their town.

"All we need is advertising," he told me. "If we can get the name of this town before the public it will jump from a small hamlet to a large and prosperous city. We have here the greatest climate in the world. We have the healthiest water supply, a surrounding country of great wealth, a school system that—"

"Yes, I know all that. I can get all those facts from the pamphlets of any real estate man in the town. What I want to know is where I come in. What do you want of a first-class burglar?"

"Why, don't you see, we want to advertise the town. We figured out that if we could have a number of chicken fights or dog fights and then have some sensational raids on them by our police force we would get the name of our town in the papers. Or if some famous baseball player, prize fighter, or race horse would proclaim to any interested party that the fair and prosperous city of Hasta Manana was his home he would gain additional advertising."

"It is for the same reason that we want a first-class burglar to come in. If that burglar were to trace these clues so that he could secure a criminal with the name of Tracy, the outlaw, or the James brothers, how far-reaching would be the fame of our little city?"

"That's what I get out of it?" I inquired.

"Why, the Commercial Club is willing to pay you \$150 a month to arrange a series of mysterious robberies. We want you to stay here two or three months and perpetrate some startling crimes, which, by means of the connivance of the police, can be made mysterious in the extreme."

"Of course, the police are fixed; they are in favor of the advertising campaign. I want to see our town boom as much as any one. In fact, we want you to work with them and give them advice."

"The Commercial Club will make arrangements in the court of honor so that he will leave his window open next Tuesday night and the silverware in any convenient place you may designate, but in committing this robbery you must leave behind a number of misleading clues."

"Then, according to agreement, Mr. Stanton calls in the police you must instruct them just how, judging from your previous experience in being hunted, is the best way to trace these clues so as to make the case the most mysterious."

"Of course, the local papers will make much of the baffling burglary, and we hope the papers in the large cities will be attracted by the unusual and mysterious aspect of the case. As soon as the larger papers lose interest in that burglary we will make arrangements with some other members of the Commercial Club for another robbery."

"You can intersperse the straight burglaries with hold-ups, bank robberies, and other interesting crimes that in your judgment will attract attention."

Well, the burglary game started with a grand hurrah. I drew \$100 expense money for a first-class burglar kit, in spite of the Commercial Club's protest that as the windows would be left open for me I wouldn't need the tools, for I explained to the club members that the work must appear to be that of an expert.

On the first night excursion which was made to Mr. Stanton's house I cleaned up \$300 worth of silverware, 87 cents in cash, and a Teddy bear. This was followed by several other housebreaking exploits, the mysterious aspect of which drew a few notices from the larger papers, so that the members of the robbery and advertising clique were enthusiastic.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the Commercial Club, a few nights later, after giving me a vote of thanks for my excellent and efficient burglarizing, it was decided that I should rob the Citizens' State Bank. Of course, I immediately put in a plea for an expense account of \$50 for dynamite, special drills, and other tools, but Mr. Kenton, the president of the bank, objected on the grounds that, although he was perfectly willing to allow his bank to be robbed, he didn't want it to be blown up.

It was suggested that the expense of repairing the bank could be charged to the advertising campaign account, but Mr. Kenton insisted that he wouldn't like to have his private papers and letters blown all over town.

and had found it in proper working order the next morning?

In order for me to understand thoroughly the inner workings of the time lock, Mr. Kenton had to take me around to the bank a few mornings later before his employees came down, and explain to me all about the safe.

On the night, or rather morning, of the great bank robbery I set out, properly masked and armed, about fifteen minutes before 1. As I stole along the street I noticed eyes peeping out from behind the curtains in the windows of the Commercial Club. Of course, every one who was in the secret wanted a glimpse of the robber who in this case they considered neither bold nor bad.

Leaves with \$50,000. After a few minutes' work on the safe I opened the door and beheld as nice a lay-out of gold, silver, and bank notes as ever met a safe-blower's eye. But at that point the well-laid plans of the Commercial Club men went far out of plumb. In place of taking a merely nominal sum, which was to be returned to the bank president at the end of the month, I took about \$45,000—in fact, all I could carry; and also took the 2:45 a. m. train for the Mexico line.

Although I left Hasta Manana with nearly \$50,000 cash, and with all kinds of silverware, jewelry, and other junk, I still regret that I could not stay long enough to collect my \$150 salary. I had worked nearly a month in the town, and within a few days my \$150 would have been due.

And that was the only \$150 I ever honestly earned by robbing. It seems a pity not to have collected it.

BIG EXHIBIT OPENS. Franco-British Display Presented to Public in London.

London, May 16.—The Franco-British Exhibition was opened to the public Thursday. Though an immense amount of work has been done upon it during the last few weeks, much yet remains to be done before the exhibition will be complete. Ten thousand men who had been working all night knocked off at 6:30 o'clock in the morning, and the day staff came in, to make ready for the ceremonial by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Unfortunately the day was gloomy and showery, but the general view was beautiful and the setting in which the ceremony was to take place delighted the crowds, which began pouring in at the earliest possible moment.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at the exhibition grounds at 2:15 p. m., and were received by the Duke of Argyll and the executive committee. They were conducted to the court of honor, where the national anthem was played by the massed military bands. A mixed choir of 1,000 voices sang the ode of welcome, composed by the Duke of Argyll for the occasion, and the "Marseillaise." Thirty thousand persons were present. The Duke of Argyll presented the British officers of the exhibition to the prince and princess and the French ambassador, Paul Cambon, and the French officers. The prince opened the exhibition by simply saying: "I hereby declare the Franco-British Exhibition open."

While the 3,000 early comers were assembled in the court of honor the tube trains, running continuously, poured thousands of passengers into the exhibition. The fifty-six yards between the tube station and the entrance of the grounds was blocked with such a solid mass of people that for a long time it took half an hour to cover that short distance. Wet paint and heavy rain worked havoc with clothes, but did not seem to dampen the ardor of the warriors.

Words Were Prayerful. From The Independent. At a dinner in honor of Richard Henry Stoddard, ex-Judge Henry E. Howland told a story of how Mr. Stoddard opened a tomato can, to illustrate his intense ardor. Mr. Stoddard, he said, went into the closet to open the can, and soon his wife heard him talking vigorously. "What are you doing there, Mr. Stoddard?" she asked. "Opening a tomato can," he said. "What with?" asked his wife. "With a knife," replied Mr. Stoddard. "Oh, you think I was opening it with my teeth?" "No," she said, "but from your language I thought that you were opening it with prayer."

A PRACTICAL LITTLE GOWN IN CHECKED GOODS.

For practical wear the small girl needs simple dresses, and those made in gimpé effect are especially popular at present, as, indeed, they are likely to be for some time to come. A little gown which is at once smart and practical is illustrated. The blouse is easily made, being simply gathered at the simulated yoke-line and blouses slightly at the belt. A novel arrangement of suspender-bretelles forms the waist decoration, and is easily applied and as easily removed. If desired, the frock may be cut away at the neck and an open-neck or gimpé effect obtained. The sleeve, too, may be



4328

made in full or shorter length, as preferred, being finished with a pretty cuff in either case. The skirt is a straight gathered one, attached to the waist in the usual way. For a dress of this type linen is excellent, while siodienne, serge, or pongee are equally suitable. To make the development shown a checked lawn was used. The five-year size requires four yards of material, 24 inches wide. Seven sizes, two to eight years. This pattern may be obtained by enclosing 10 cents to the Pattern Department, Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, and indicating number of pattern (4328) and size desired.

KISSING GAME IS OLD

Duchess of Gordon Recruits Regiment with Lips.

WAS INTRODUCED BY ROWENA

Occasion Imported Into England by Daughter of Hengist, the Saxon Monarch—Catherine of Russia Puts Forth Rule as to How Courtiers Must Treat the Maidens in Court.

By RUDOLPH DE ZAPP. Congress will soon adjourn and the members of the national legislature will hasten back to their respective "districts" to at once enter into the political fray which will either result in their return to the National Capital as the representatives of the people, or a much deserved retirement.

In order to accomplish their retention, the national solons have been known to resort to all sorts of peculiar measures and some of them in their campaigns made even a specialty of "kissing the baby," when they saw that by doing so it meant votes in their favor.

"Kissing the baby" is not a new campaign dodge, though the real value of this kind of political asset has not as yet been determined by the leaders of either party. One of the spellbinders while campaigning down South some years ago, in "kissing the baby" also kissed a charming young miss, and shortly afterward he had a lawsuit on hand.

The value of the kiss may be gathered from the fact that the famous Gordon Highlanders is the only regiment ever recruited by a woman and—kisses. It was a duchess who did the recruiting, and the manner of it set a nation to gossiping.

In the year 184 King George III found himself in need of more soldiers and commissioned the youthful Marquis of Huntley to raise a regiment of Highlanders from the tenants on the lands of his father, the Duke of Gordon. The young marquis found it no easy task to persuade the Highlanders to leave their homes for in those days when a man enlisted he was a King's man for life, or until he was so stricken by wounds or disease as to be of no use as a soldier. Seeing his difficulty his young mother, the beautiful duchess, determined to help him.

Donning a soldier's tunic and a Highlander's bonnet and carrying with her a bag of shillings, she mounted her horse and made daily tours of the countryside. Arriving at the cottage of a likely man, she called him forth, pointed out the glory of a soldier's life, and putting a coin between her lips, invited him to come and take the King's shilling. Such an invitation from the Duchess of Gordon was not likely to be refused, and as she bent down in the saddle each man took the coin from her mouth with his own lips. There were some shy lads who would have taken the shilling from its rare resting place with their fingers, but the duchess would allow no such timidity. All Scotland was ringing with the news that every man who joined the new regiment should have the privilege of kissing the beautiful duchess, and the duchess saw to it that every recruit exercised his privilege. With such a recruiting sergeant it was not surprising that the regiment was established at full strength in less than four months.

Appropos of kissing, let me go a little into the history and customs of osculation. The charming town of Hungerford, in Berkshire, England, has an annual kissing day in April, when it celebrates its Hoektide festival. Then certain duly appointed officials hold a court, collect the tithes, and claim a kiss from the woman of each house they have to visit during the ceremony. The two fortunate officials thus appointed are known as

"tutty men," or tittle men, and usually there is no man fit to compete for the honor among the eligibles at Hungerford. The custom is hundreds of years old, and neither husband nor wife, as a rule, objects to the advent of the tutty men, with the inevitable result.

Major Kisses, Too. Once every five years the good old town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has been in the habit of holding a festival known as "barge day," when the mayor and corporation go down the river in a fine state barge to claim the rights of the town to certain dues at an appointed spot. Then the procession returns up the river to a well-known stone, where the mayor selects any woman he likes from the large crowd generally there and kisses her before the assembled company, and let it be said softly, before the good mayoreess herself. His worship then gives the favored woman a sovereign as a present, while the mayoreess, to show that there is no ill feeling, adds a gift of her own, such as a satchel, purse, or other appropriate article. Not only is it the duty of the mayor to do the kissing in this fashion, but the appointed sheriff, whether he be left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead decided to have a "beating of the bounds," the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, by being left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead decided to have a "beating of the bounds," the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, by being left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead decided to have a "beating of the bounds," the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, by being left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead decided to have a "beating of the bounds," the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, by being left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead decided to have a "beating of the bounds," the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, by being left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead decided to have a "beating of the bounds," the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, by being left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another girl, and saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands her a sovereign as a present.

THE USEFUL AGE.

When Do Men Begin to Decline in Power?

From The Century. A distinguished citizen of the world, a man of extreme culture and erudition, whose achievements and literary contributions have uncalculatingly enriched the storehouse of knowledge, not long ago remarked in a notable address: "Take the sum of human achievement, in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

No more genial and kindly disposed person exists than Prof. Osler, the originator of these views. Love for his fellow-man and intense sympathy are his striking characteristics. Only the most honest belief prompts every utterance of his pen. Statements from such a source, however startling or distasteful to the average reader, command an earnest personal and close searching investigation, but not a blind acceptance.

The sweeping and iconoclastic statement of the brilliant savant at first sight would seem to discount temperament, experience, accumulated learning, judgment, discretion, maturity—all that go to make the intellectual granite and marble of the impressive and commanding man of middle age. Impulse, initiative, adventure, rise to the acme of desirability and attain the golden virtues to be cultivated and apotheosized. Only fifteen years of mental effort and the climax is reached. Then begins the inevitable descent to oblivion and decay. Again it would seem to indicate that all these virtues, desirable enough in their place and time, are strictly and irrevocably limited to a certain period of the human development. Beyond this epochal deadline they cannot be found save in monumental exceptions which are the wonder and perplexity of the hibernoid scientist.

Does history warrant or corroborate such a conclusion? Most assuredly not, and doubtless it was far from the intention of the brilliant savant to open his graph even to intimate as much. The record book of the world is replete with the opportunities and success of age and experience. As some one has said: "The golden thread of youth is strided to a much later period of life now than it was in former years." An Indian, chided for being sixty, replied that the sixties contain all the wisdom and experience of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Yes, and some of the initiative, also. The patriarch of the Exodus, when an impulsive and immature man of forty, deeming the hour had struck, took the initiative in his own hands, blundered through a misconception of the times, and because of his rash and inopportune murder of the Egyptian brawler, was compelled to flee the land. For forty years he was immersed in the wilderness of Midian, buffeted by wind and tempest, exiled from human companionship, gnawed at by conflicting mental emotions, there to learn the secret of self-control, and through protracted communion with nature to acquire the massiveness and robustness of character that were essential for his true work at eighty.

McCulloch Peak. From The Youth's Companion. Lieut. Camden, of the Revenue Service, reports from Alaska that McCulloch Peak, on Bogoslov Island which rose from the sea in 1868, has now, as a result of volcanic disturbances, entirely disappeared. Following the explosion which destroyed the peak have come remarkable changes in the profile of Mount Makush and the neighboring mountains, in consequence of the disposition upon them of a vast quantity of lava dust, which has rendered them almost unrecognizable. This material, to the depth of hundreds of feet, has been strewn over the whole island.

Excursions. PLANKED SHAD DINNER. Chesapeake Beach TO-DAY. Round Trip, 50c. AT MARSHALL HALL TO-DAY. AND EVERY SUNDAY DURING MAY. STEAMER CHARLES MACALESTER. Leaves 7th st. wharf at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Fare, 25 cents round trip, including the famous Marshall Hall Clam Chowder, 75c.

ORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY. EVERY DAY in the year from foot 7th st. Pier Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and points south, via Norfolk, general steamer service, leaving on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. "The Norfolk" and "Washington." Lv. Washington, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Ft. Monroe, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Washington, 7:30 p. m.

WHY BIG BILL IS GLEUM. Best Chief's Cow Has Gone and Passed Away. Bill Devery's cow is dead. She passed away at an advanced age at Brexey Point, Far Rockaway, recently, says the New York Sun. It was said that she insisted on going out and eating the new grass, which proved too much for her digestion. She was a fine cow, highly respected in Far Rockaway. It is said that her owner had an offer only last year of \$18 for her.

THE USEFUL AGE. When Do Men Begin to Decline in Power? From The Century. A distinguished citizen of the world, a man of extreme culture and erudition, whose achievements and literary contributions have uncalculatingly enriched the storehouse of knowledge, not long ago remarked in a notable address: "Take the sum of human achievement, in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

No more genial and kindly disposed person exists than Prof. Osler, the originator of these views. Love for his fellow-man and intense sympathy are his striking characteristics. Only the most honest belief prompts every utterance of his pen. Statements from such a source, however startling or distasteful to the average reader, command an earnest personal and close searching investigation, but not a blind acceptance.

The sweeping and iconoclastic statement of the brilliant savant at first sight would seem to discount temperament, experience, accumulated learning, judgment, discretion, maturity—all that go to make the intellectual granite and marble of the impressive and commanding man of middle age. Impulse, initiative, adventure, rise to the acme of desirability and attain the golden virtues to be cultivated and apotheosized. Only fifteen years of mental effort and the climax is reached. Then begins the inevitable descent to oblivion and decay. Again it would seem to indicate that all these virtues, desirable enough in their place and time, are strictly and irrevocably limited to a certain period of the human development. Beyond this epochal deadline they cannot be found save in monumental exceptions which are the wonder and perplexity of the hibernoid scientist.

Does history warrant or corroborate such a conclusion? Most assuredly not, and doubtless it was far from the intention of the brilliant savant to open his graph even to intimate as much. The record book of the world is replete with the opportunities and success of age and experience. As some one has said: "The golden thread of youth is strided to a much later period of life now than it was in former years." An Indian, chided for being sixty, replied that the sixties contain all the wisdom and experience of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Yes, and some of the initiative, also. The patriarch of the Exodus, when an impulsive and immature man of forty, deeming the hour had struck, took the initiative in his own hands, blundered through a misconception of the times, and because of his rash and inopportune murder of the Egyptian brawler, was compelled to flee the land. For forty years he was immersed in the wilderness of Midian, buffeted by wind and tempest, exiled from human companionship, gnawed at by conflicting mental emotions, there to learn the secret of self-control, and through protracted communion with nature to acquire the massiveness and robustness of character that were essential for his true work at eighty.

McCulloch Peak. From The Youth's Companion. Lieut. Camden, of the Revenue Service, reports from Alaska that McCulloch Peak, on Bogoslov Island which rose from the sea in 1868, has now, as a result of volcanic disturbances, entirely disappeared. Following the explosion which destroyed the peak have come remarkable changes in the profile of Mount Makush and the neighboring mountains, in consequence of the disposition upon them of a vast quantity of lava dust, which has rendered them almost unrecognizable. This material, to the depth of hundreds of feet, has been strewn over the whole island.

Excursions. PLANKED SHAD DINNER. Chesapeake Beach TO-DAY. Round Trip, 50c. AT MARSHALL HALL TO-DAY. AND EVERY SUNDAY DURING MAY. STEAMER CHARLES MACALESTER. Leaves 7th st. wharf at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Fare, 25 cents round trip, including the famous Marshall Hall Clam Chowder, 75c.

ORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY. EVERY DAY in the year from foot 7th st. Pier Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and points south, via Norfolk, general steamer service, leaving on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. "The Norfolk" and "Washington." Lv. Washington, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Ft. Monroe, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Washington, 7:30 p. m.

WHY BIG BILL IS GLEUM. Best Chief's Cow Has Gone and Passed Away. Bill Devery's cow is dead. She passed away at an advanced age at Brexey Point, Far Rockaway, recently, says the New York Sun. It was said that she insisted on going out and eating the new grass, which proved too much for her digestion. She was a fine cow, highly respected in Far Rockaway. It is said that her owner had an offer only last year of \$18 for her.

THE USEFUL AGE.

When Do Men Begin to Decline in Power?

From The Century. A distinguished citizen of the world, a man of extreme culture and erudition, whose achievements and literary contributions have uncalculatingly enriched the storehouse of knowledge, not long ago remarked in a notable address: "Take the sum of human achievement, in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

No more genial and kindly disposed person exists than Prof. Osler, the originator of these views. Love for his fellow-man and intense sympathy are his striking characteristics. Only the most honest belief prompts every utterance of his pen. Statements from such a source, however startling or distasteful to the average reader, command an earnest personal and close searching investigation, but not a blind acceptance.

The sweeping and iconoclastic statement of the brilliant savant at first sight would seem to discount temperament, experience, accumulated learning, judgment, discretion, maturity—all that go to make the intellectual granite and marble of the impressive and commanding man of middle age. Impulse, initiative, adventure, rise to the acme of desirability and attain the golden virtues to be cultivated and apotheosized. Only fifteen years of mental effort and the climax is reached. Then begins the inevitable descent to oblivion and decay. Again it would seem to indicate that all these virtues, desirable enough in their place and time, are strictly and irrevocably limited to a certain period of the human development. Beyond this epochal deadline they cannot be found save in monumental exceptions which are the wonder and perplexity of the hibernoid scientist.

Does history warrant or corroborate such a conclusion? Most assuredly not, and doubtless it was far from the intention of the brilliant savant to open his graph even to intimate as much. The record book of the world is replete with the opportunities and success of age and experience. As some one has said: "The golden thread of youth is strided to a much later period of life now than it was in former years." An Indian, chided for being sixty, replied that the sixties contain all the wisdom and experience of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Yes, and some of the initiative, also. The patriarch of the Exodus, when an impulsive and immature man of forty, deeming the hour had struck, took the initiative in his own hands, blundered through a misconception of the times, and because of his rash and inopportune murder of the Egyptian brawler, was compelled to flee the land. For forty years he was immersed in the wilderness of Midian, buffeted by wind and tempest, exiled from human companionship, gnawed at by conflicting mental emotions, there to learn the secret of self-control, and through protracted communion with nature to acquire the massiveness and robustness of character that were essential for his true work at eighty.

McCulloch Peak. From The Youth's Companion. Lieut. Camden, of the Revenue Service, reports from Alaska that McCulloch Peak, on Bogoslov Island which rose from the sea in 1868, has now, as a result of volcanic disturbances, entirely disappeared. Following the explosion which destroyed the peak have come remarkable changes in the profile of Mount Makush and the neighboring mountains, in consequence of the disposition upon them of a vast quantity of lava dust, which has rendered them almost unrecognizable. This material, to the depth of hundreds of feet, has been strewn over the whole island.

Excursions. PLANKED SHAD DINNER. Chesapeake Beach TO-DAY. Round Trip, 50c. AT MARSHALL HALL TO-DAY. AND EVERY SUNDAY DURING MAY. STEAMER CHARLES MACALESTER. Leaves 7th st. wharf at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Fare, 25 cents round trip, including the famous Marshall Hall Clam Chowder, 75c.

ORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY. EVERY DAY in the year from foot 7th st. Pier Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and points south, via Norfolk, general steamer service, leaving on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. "The Norfolk" and "Washington." Lv. Washington, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Ft. Monroe, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Washington, 7:30 p. m.

WHY BIG BILL IS GLEUM. Best Chief's Cow Has Gone and Passed Away. Bill Devery's cow is dead. She passed away at an advanced age at Brexey Point, Far Rockaway, recently, says the New York Sun. It was said that she insisted on going out and eating the new grass, which proved too much for her digestion. She was a fine cow, highly respected in Far Rockaway. It is said that her owner had an offer only last year of \$18 for her.

THE USEFUL AGE. When Do Men Begin to Decline in Power? From The Century. A distinguished citizen of the world, a man of extreme culture and erudition, whose achievements and literary contributions have uncalculatingly enriched the storehouse of knowledge, not long ago remarked in a notable address: "Take the sum of human achievement, in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

No more genial and kindly disposed person exists than Prof. Osler, the originator of these views. Love for his fellow-man and intense sympathy are his striking characteristics. Only the most honest belief prompts every utterance of his pen. Statements from such a source, however startling or distasteful to the average reader, command an earnest personal and close searching investigation, but not a blind acceptance.

The sweeping and iconoclastic statement of the brilliant savant at first sight would seem to discount temperament, experience, accumulated learning, judgment, discretion, maturity—all that go to make the intellectual granite and marble of the impressive and commanding man of middle age. Impulse, initiative, adventure, rise to the acme of desirability and attain the golden virtues to be cultivated and apotheosized. Only fifteen years of mental effort and the climax is reached. Then begins the inevitable descent to oblivion and decay. Again it would seem to indicate that all these virtues, desirable enough in their place and time, are strictly and irrevocably limited to a certain period of the human development. Beyond this epochal deadline they cannot be found save in monumental exceptions which are the wonder and perplexity of the hibernoid scientist.

Does history warrant or corroborate such a conclusion? Most assuredly not, and doubtless it was far from the intention of the brilliant savant to open his graph even to intimate as much. The record book of the world is replete with the opportunities and success of age and experience. As some one has said: "The golden thread of youth is strided to a much later period of life now than it was in former years." An Indian, chided for being sixty, replied that the sixties contain all the wisdom and experience of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Yes, and some of the initiative, also. The patriarch of the Exodus, when an impulsive and immature man of forty, deeming the hour had struck, took the initiative in his own hands, blundered through a misconception of the times, and because of his rash and inopportune murder of the Egyptian brawler, was compelled to flee the land. For forty years he was immersed in the wilderness of Midian, buffeted by wind and tempest, exiled from human companionship, gnawed at by conflicting mental emotions, there to learn the secret of self-control, and through protracted communion with nature to acquire the massiveness and robustness of character that were essential for his true work at eighty.

McCulloch Peak. From The Youth's Companion. Lieut. Camden, of the Revenue Service, reports from Alaska that McCulloch Peak, on Bogoslov Island which rose from the sea in 1868, has now, as a result of volcanic disturbances, entirely disappeared. Following the explosion which destroyed the peak have come remarkable changes in the profile of Mount Makush and the neighboring mountains, in consequence of the disposition upon them of a vast quantity of lava dust, which has rendered them almost unrecognizable. This material, to the depth of hundreds of feet, has been strewn over the whole island.

Excursions. PLANKED SHAD DINNER. Chesapeake Beach TO-DAY. Round Trip, 50c. AT MARSHALL HALL TO-DAY. AND EVERY SUNDAY DURING MAY. STEAMER CHARLES MACALESTER. Leaves 7th st. wharf at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Fare, 25 cents round trip, including the famous Marshall Hall Clam Chowder, 75c.

ORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY. EVERY DAY in the year from foot 7th st. Pier Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and points south, via Norfolk, general steamer service, leaving on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. "The Norfolk" and "Washington." Lv. Washington, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Ft. Monroe, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Norfolk, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Alexandria, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portsmouth, 5:30 p. m. Lv. Washington, 7:30 p. m.

WHY BIG BILL IS GLEUM. Best Chief's Cow Has Gone and Passed Away. Bill Devery's cow is dead. She passed away at an advanced age at Brexey Point, Far Rockaway, recently, says the New York Sun. It was said that she insisted on going out and eating the new grass, which proved too much for her digestion. She was a fine cow, highly respected in Far Rockaway. It is said that her owner had an offer only last year of \$18 for her.

SUMMER RESORTS

NORTHEAST HARBOR, MOUNT DESERT, ME.



THE ROCK-END AND COTTAGES. NORTHEAST HARBOR, MAINE. OPEN JUNE 24.

Has all the advantages of mountain and seashore resorts. The only place on the Atlantic coast where the mountains rise directly from the sea. Rooms single or en suite. Private baths. Saturday night hops. Orchestra. People of refinement enjoy its perfect appointments. Reduced rates during July. For rates and illustrated booklet, address

H. L. SAVAGE, Proprietor, 387 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Until June 1. AFTER THAT DATE THE ROCK-END, Northeast Harbor, - - Maine.

MAINE. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. THE ROCK-END, Northeast Harbor, Maine. OPEN JUNE 24. Perfectly appointed; refined surroundings; rooms single or en suite. Private baths. Reduced July rates. Booklet. Address, until June