

CONTEST FOR THE CAPITAL

Town of Anaconda vs. City of Helena

AND THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MONTANA.

Plain Facts and Figures For the People on the Installment Plan—Why You Should Vote for Helena.

Now comes the city of Helena and for answer to the petition of the town of Anaconda to be made the permanent capital of the state of Montana sets forth the following reason why it (Helena) should be selected as the permanent capital and why Anaconda should not, viz.

1st. Helena is located geographically nearly in the center of the state, while Anaconda is situated in the extreme southwestern corner of the state. Helena can therefore be conveniently reached from all parts of the state whereas Anaconda cannot.

2d. Helena is the railroad center of the state with lines diverging in every direction. Anaconda is isolated on a spur. One can, therefore, easily reach or leave Helena by a choice of several trans-continental routes, while Anaconda is dependent wholly on her "spurs."

3d. Helena is situated near the center of the state's population and will remain so. Therefore it is and will continue the most accessible point to a very large majority of the people of the state. Anaconda is as remote to center of population as it is geographically and will grow still more so as the population of the state increases.

RESUME FIRST INSTALLMENT. Helena is the geographical center, the railroad center and the center of population of the state of Montana. As to these three essentials for a capital city Anaconda "isn't in it."

4th. Helena is the social, religious and moral center of the state of Montana. Here have gathered the best elements of society in the state. Here reside innumerable families with all the incident ties which tend to purify the moral atmosphere. Here are found churches of all denominations with large and attentive congregations. Here the rising generation have pure religious surroundings that the exacting parent so much craves. Here the typical moral surroundings prominent in eastern capital cities are found to an abundant degree. Anaconda makes no claims to pre-eminence in these essential particulars and simply argues that they are not requisite to a capital city—that they are eastern notions but no good in this state.

5th. Helena is the educational center of the state. Here is as fine a school system as will be found anywhere in the country with teachers ample and pre-eminently fitted for their calling. Fine and commodious buildings grace and ornament every ward in the city. The high school has few if any equals for architectural beauty and perfect arrangement. The higher branches may be pursued in our excellent university with its corps of proficient and learned professors. Here are public libraries filled with valuable and useful books where the young and old may satisfy their literary cravings. Anaconda makes no pretensions in these directions. While she has schools to be sure, they don't come up to the metropolitan standard now demanded in cities aspiring above the ordinary village. Anaconda has not, neither does she crave for fine and commodious school buildings, neither does she care for such things as public libraries. Anaconda is a strictly business town and is in it to make copper and when that is done the tale is told.

RESUME SECOND INSTALLMENT. Helena is the social, religious and moral center of the state. Anaconda is the copper center of the state and makes no claim otherwise. Helena is the educational center of the state, with all the concomitants incident thereto. Anaconda makes no claim in this line, being satisfied with the simple rudiments for the young sending to Helena those of her youth who desire to pursue the higher grades of study.

WOMAN AND HOME.

ABBY SMITH AND "AN IDYL OF MODERN NEW ENGLAND."

A Room Especially For the Children—Odd Things About Woman's Age—Greater Love Hath No Man—The Middle Aged Woman—Keeping the Baby Amused.

The Springfield Republican, printing a letter from Abby Smith, headed it "An Idyl of Modern New England," and editorially calling attention to it said: "We ask every thoughtful man who has the ballot and every thoughtless woman who is in the habit of saying she doesn't want to read Abby Smith's story of the New Year's call paid her by the tax collector of Glastonbury. It is well worth reading if only for the quaint simplicity of the style. This is a bit of Defoe's English. But the matter is still more noteworthy than the manner. In refusing to continue paying heavier taxes than any other property owners in Glastonbury, while refused a voice in assessing and spending them, Abby Smith and her sister as truly stand for the American principle as did the citizens who ripped open the tea chests in Boston harbor or the farmers who leveled their muskets at Concord. And they seem to have very much the same quality of quiet, old-fashioned Yankee grit. They don't shriek, nor wring their hands, nor make a fuss of any sort. They are good natured itself. But they are also logic itself, and resolution itself, and pluck itself. They simply stand upon their rights."

From this "Idyl of Modern New England" here is a brief extract. Abby Smith is relating their case to the Springfield Republican: "My sister went into the yard to treat him (the tax collector) to leave two of the cows together—there were eight—that one might not be left alone. But she could not prevail, and the little thing (the poor man's portion) has cried ever since. The cows were taken to a neighbor's and the neighbor said nothing could exceed the trouble they had to get them into his yard. He could do nothing with them. These cows will sometimes be very contrary, when nobody can manage them but my sister. She will call them all by their names, and they will come to her upon the gallop. They will follow behind her in single file, and she can lead them wherever she chooses. When we had a new tenant, they wouldn't let him come near them, and she has been obliged to stand at their head (where they could see her) every day when he milked for ever so long."

The names of these famous cows were Daisy, Whitey, Minney, Jessy, Roxey, Martha Washington and Abigail Adams. The fame of the sisters spread so far and wide that the mails of Glastonbury, hitherto not very weighty, went loaded down with letters and papers from all parts of the country. Their table was piled with them, and their time occupied in reading and answering letters. It was quaint Abby Smith who set the ball in motion and kept it rolling by her unique speeches and simple, old-fashioned ways, but back of her was Julia Smith, with her Greek and Hebrew lore and her five translations of the Bible. And these and Abby and the cows together made a combination and a fame which, for originality, has been unrivaled in modern times.

People from many quarters made pilgrimages to the old Smith mansion, and the sleepy town of Glastonbury, hitherto without a record in the world's annals, became distinguished by two women. While Julia raised cows, Abby raised the breeze that wafted them to public attention. But their fame rested equally on both. In the days of the "Millionaires" and their talk about the end of the world Julia wanted to learn if there was any warrant in the original Hebrew for Miller's predictions fixing the end of the world in 1843. So she studied Hebrew and then went to work and translated the Bible. She translated it five times, then put it away in a bureau drawer and published it many years after, when she was 85.

A Room For the Children. Children are proverbially fond of bright things, and even the smallest tots reach out for the colored pictures with evident delight. A room, therefore, the walls of which are covered with these pretty things is sure to appeal to all their hearts.

The various art magazines, the papers and some few of the finest advertising cards will supply the material. All that you need to make a picture room out of the ordinary nursery is a little energy and a generous supply of that gumption attributed to all live Yankees.

The pictures should first be sorted and some kind of order arranged. Then when you have a sufficient number and have planned how to place them so as to get the best results you will be ready to begin the practical work.

Each picture should be set within a frame, so to speak, or each should be surrounded by a molding tacked about the edge. The best for the purpose is the narrow half inch width painted in a flat tone, such as paper hangers use about the panels of a room. If that is more costly than seems wise, in view of the amount required, the ordinary gilt sort will answer. The main essential is to get something unobtrusive and as plain as possible.

The pictures once grouped and the moldings selected, the next step is to make smooth flour paste and to cover the entire wall with the gay, pretty scenes. Then when they are dry and firm fit the molding about each one and tack the strips in place with the long slender brads made for the purpose.

The one difficulty is to make the joints of the molding neat and exact. All the rest is simple, and only a little judgment is required to make a collection which will be to the children a perpetual delight.

One woman of unusually fertile resources has hit upon a plan for dispensing with the wood molding and for using ordinary manilla rope in its place. Her success has been great, and her room is in some ways better than the ordinary sort, so if the molding seems a troublesome fact there is a way of evading that part of the work.

shrugged its shoulders and said: "She can't pose as an infant. Why, to our certain knowledge she has been grown up for at least eight years."

Thus the battle between the real and the fictitious age began, and it was quite as hard to make people believe, even with the help of the Bible, that it was precociously rather than precociously that had been the agent in converting a small girl into a grown woman.

This is one side of the story. The other is the unnecessary and ridiculous deception that some women think necessary in regard to their ages when they have once turned 25. Each year appears to them but an added burden, and, as though maturity were something to be ashamed of, they set up a new system of calculation, allowing a birthday to come around only once in two or three years. Now, isn't that a bit of folly quite as much to be derided as the other phase that attacks us early in life?

This is the age of woman, and she is not entitled to that distinction until she has been well left behind and she has acquired a graceful roundness of experience that tinges her conversation, her walk and her ways. Dignity has a charm superior to kittenish flippancy. The progress that has made the world a better place to live in has likewise set its seal upon the intellect of man, and the real thinker, the real worker, wants companions, not toys, in the women he meets daily. There is a rare charm in youth that can never be dimmed, yet there is another in ripened perfection that lives longer and can only be acquired from actual living experience. Therefore why need the sensible woman care as she sees the years flit by, for, though they bring gray hairs, they likewise bring richer, purer emotions and nobler sentiments, the just reward for the philosophy of hopes and rosy visions.—Philadelphia Times.

Greater Love Hath No Man.

They were lifting her tenderly out of the car. She was as white as snow, and her eyes had the look of one who sees quite through the intervening veil that floats between this life and the other. The bonnet on her head was a blue poke, and by that token I knew that she belonged to the Salvation Army.

"Is she very ill?" asked one who stood by.

"Oh, very. We hardly expected to get her as far as this. That's her husband who has her in his arms, and it just seems as if he couldn't let her go!"

"What is the matter with her?"

"Quick consumption, most likely. Leastways that's what the doctor says it is, but I guess it's overwork and confinement in a bad neighborhood. She's been slumming all summer, and she wasn't very strong to start with."

"What do you mean by slumming?"

"Going down where the very poor live and camping alongside of 'em, eating what they eat, breathing the same air they breathe and sleeping on the damp floor with them. That's what killed her, but she wanted to do it. There isn't any compulsion in it, but now then we get hold of a soul that's enough like Jesus to do his work his way. She was a true soldier, that girl was, and now she's going home! It just makes me want to shout 'glory' all the time to think what she's going to find—her rosier cheeks again and her plump arms and her pretty ways as they were before she laid 'em all aside to work for Jesus."

The sick woman vanished in the crowd, held close in the arms of the man who loved her. The voluble talker moved onward with her, while I mused a bit by myself as I strolled alongside.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life," etc.—Chicago Herald.

The Middle Aged Woman.

Fashion of late years has done much toward improving the appearance of the middle aged woman. It was not so many years ago that the mother of a young lady daughter was always attired in somber colors. For her to be smartly gowned was not considered correct form. Black, gray and the dull shades of heliotrope were permissible, but the brighter colors were entirely out of the question for the middle aged woman's gown.

Now a decided change has taken place, and it is not strange to see both mother and daughter appear in costumes of the same piece. House gowns of white crepon, trimmed with violet ribbons, are charming when worn by a woman with silvery hair. The new grenadines make appropriate afternoon toilets. The Louis Quinze jackets are well adapted to the elderly woman of today, and they possess a stately style to which none of her garments 20 years ago ever owned.

And she is not compelled to wear a morning cap either. Her hair may be fashionably arranged and, her ornament as chic as her gowns. The hair of course of the woman of 50 does not appear in cherry colored gowns, but a touch of color is quite allowable. Perlerines of black lace are made over a colored foundation, and a vest of some soft tint only has a tendency to make the gown more becoming.

Age demands more attention than youth, and the elderly woman of today realises this and dresses accordingly.—Fashion Journal.

Keeping the Baby Amused.

Perhaps the following suggestions may help you to find occupation for your busy baby boy, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovill in The Ladies' Home Journal: A baby will be attracted for a short time by some fine toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose, or in taking out one by one from a well filled basket articles no matter what—spools, blocks, clothespins—anything so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time.

As a baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes, round, square, triangular, etc., with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be in bright colors his love for color may also be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows.

is a family where much reading aloud is done, and on these little cards are written the wise, witty or curious truths and sayings that please the mind mightily as they are read. One of the members of the family, who is clever with his pen, illustrates many of the sayings in black and white while listening to the reading. In spare moments, while waiting, the contents of the basket are often picked up and fastened in the memory. At the end of the year, if the chips were all of a size and unsold, they could be tied with ribbon, put inside a pretty cover of suede leather or water color paper, painted in some pretty design, and passed on to some familiar friend who had kindred tastes.—New York Post.

Toilet Waters.

Toilet waters can be easily made at home. For violet water put a quarter of a pound of fresh picked sweet violets together with their weight of pure alcohol into a large bottle; cork and shake the bottle every day for one week; then add a quarter of a pound of water; filter and bottle for use.

Lavender water is made by slowly steeping for one hour in a covered farina boiler a pound of fresh lavender with a pint of water. On its removal from the fire add 2 quarts of alcohol; filter and bottle for use.

One of the most delightful of homemade toilet waters is cherry laurel water. Bruise one ounce of bay leaves and add to them a half pint of water. Steep slowly for an hour in a farina boiler; take it from the fire and add a quart of lavender water; filter and bottle for use.—New York Advertiser.

Bedroom Arrangement.

A pretty and inexpensive way of arranging one's bedroom is to have all the white things in it of one kind of material. While dimity or dotted swiss makes the prettiest curtains in the world for a sleeping room, they are ever so much prettier than Nottingham or other cheap laces.

Then make your bedspread of the same material and line it with silesia of the prevailing color in your room. Make your bureau scarf and mantel and dresser draperies of the same material. You can ruffle them with some of the same, or get some of the inexpensive laces to edge them with. They are so easy to launder, and look so much daintier than anything else that it is a wonder that these materials are not used instead of the silk and velvet that catch dust and odors and hold them.—Kansas City Times.

Household Inventions.

A convenient little invention for kitchen use is one that combines a funnel and a strainer. It has a handle and may be used with or without the strainer, which fits into the bottom. Without it it can be used for filling fruit jars or bottles. In a small size the inverted funnel makes a biscuit cutter.

Another invention that appears to be a great convenience is a gas iron, with a rubber tube four feet long, that can be attached to the gas fixture in any room, making it possible to iron in a cool place, with an iron that is always hot, at a trifling cost. The iron is nickel plated, and the only objection to it seems to be its weight, which is 7 1/2 pounds.

Restful Faces.

Emotional women age and get ugly long before their time. Crying, weeping, fretting, frowning, pouting, worrying and other expressions of irritation and resentment make fearful inroads on beauty. Quiet women with plain faces are at times positively beautiful. Who has not seen under the hoods of the sisters of charity and beneath the caps of the professional nurses almost celestial beauty, which, on study, was found to radiate from a sweet spirit, a gentle nature, a sublime superiority to the petty cares? It isn't the features, but the feelings expressed, that make a face almost divine. Cheerfulness, amiability and a merry heart are fine cosmetics.—New York World.

Children's Luncheons.

The requisite fast between meals is for grown folks and not for little folks to heed. Children as a class are small eaters. They play hard, and the very ruddiness of their cheeks betokens a hungry digestion. When they ask for something to eat, it should be forthcoming, and the best that can be had. If only nutritious food, suitable to their delicate organization, were served, health would be commoner among men and women. As the child develops his habits of life change. Instead of being outdoors playing all day he is indoors studying. The lack of exercise will weaken digestion and necessitates regular meals and nothing to eat between them.—New York Telegram.

Don't Be Conspicuous.

For women of moderate means it is never in good taste to appear on the street or in public in a conspicuous gown, bonnet, hat or any other conspicuous article of wearing apparel. Quiet colors, indefinite designs, medium styles, are the most appropriate. Every one knows how a bright colored dress, hat or wrap will mark a person if she is obliged to wear it constantly. Women who possess carriages can dress in gayer apparel than their poor sisters, who must always be in the glare of sunlight, exposed to its searching rays.—New York Journal.

Kitchen Wall Coverings.

Tiling is the ideal wall covering for a kitchen. Paint, finished with a coat of varnish, comes next. The cheapest, prettiest and best for the money is sanitary paper, which is finished so as to be non-absorbent. The blue and white pattern, in imitation of Dutch tiles, is admirable. Cover the five walls, and every part of the room can be washed on cleaning day.

For Small Drawing Rooms.

For the small drawing room where large and heavy pieces of furniture look out of place the best houses recommend Chippendale daintiness in mahogany or a light colored wood. Let the wood be mahogany if you can afford it, because if it is cared for as it should be it will be a delight to more than one generation.

The sponge racks sold at the house furnishing stores should be in every bathroom. Those of openwork wire permit the air to circulate about the sponge so that it dries quickly and is kept free from odor.

When you are going to use spices of any kind or pepper, get the whole grains and grind them yourself. Then you will not run the risk of spoiling your viands with pulverized chips.

A sooty chimney can be cleaned by firing a gun or pistol up the flue. The concussion dislodges the soot, and it tumbles down.

Wrappers are not good form for breakfast table anywhere and are never worn at public tables or when visiting.

A PERSIMMON.

I had never seen one before. It was extremely decorative, and I admired it very much. Its colors were those of the robes of Blum's little samsen player on the wall.

"Why don't you eat it?" asked Polly.

The idea of internally absorbing the beautiful had a strange charm. It was a very large persimmon, but I ate it all, and then I went to bed crawling and cringing. I watched a cherry colored mandarin swing slowly down on my bed. From the spot from which he dropped came another and another, all no longer than a pea pod and as dry. Solemnly they quitted on my chest and lifted their hairy arms, in which were twisted rods with carven, grinning faces.

Crash! They broke into a shrill, discordant song, beating, beating, beating on my ribs. One, near the apex of my heart, would not keep time, and that was worse than all. How the blows hurt, and how their curled up knees sank deep into my flesh! The words of the song seemed to leap forth like little cubes and hop over my skin, burning as they rolled. The pain was unendurable. I drew a great gasp of agony and was free. They were gone.

A long vista of grayness resolved itself into a strange perspective. I was seated in a fragile jirrikisha, but instead of the lusty runner, blue skirted and bandy legged, tall to the shafts was a monstrous horse, tall to heaven, with stridings that devoured the road. A voice, warning, portentous, sounded in my ears:

"Be thou careful, O careless one, for thou hast that in charge that is precious."

I looked down, and beside me crouched a bit of a brown baby, naked and unafraid, whose knob of hair, tied in a tiny brush, painted hieroglyphics in the air with every leap of the hurrying vehicle.

By some swift intuition I knew that this prancing, gigantic horse was the pride of the mikado's stables, and the brown baby the hope of the empire, and that accident to either meant a punishment to fit the crime. I looked ahead. The white slopes of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain, lay before us, up which none may pass alive. On either side our way impetuous pine trees, in whose dark branches goblins sat and grimaced horribly. On we rushed. The great fore feet of the horse struck the slope of the forbidden hill. A sudden shock ran through all his body. I stood alone in the road. On the horse, his blood dyeing the scanty sod, lay the body of a deep hole in his quivering side, while in my arms the child lay leaden, gasping.

Crowds of other people gathered about us and looked upon me ominously, silently. "Kill this wretched creature in mercy," I begged. They stood unmoved, silent, still, while the horse gazed at me in more than human anguish. Clinging the child, I hurried away, falling, stumbling, crying aloud for help in vain.

Suddenly I stood in a vast room. All about its sides were ladders of bamboo, fragile and hung by slender threads. In the corners, overhead and swinging corpse-like, were bundles, shapeless, unpeppable. The air was filled with a sickening odor, as of mingled decay and strange spices, pungent and sweet. Slowly the swinging bundles took form, and beneath appeared the outline of a body in a dim and bewildering individuality, ludicrous and horrible.

Again a voice cried—a voice of authority not to be gainsaid—"Search!" Again I knew that somewhere in this formless immensity the little brown baby was hid, still alive, and could I but find him ere too late I might save our souls alive from I knew not what. Instantly he was no longer the heir of the house of San, but mine, my own, that had lived and loved and lain on my breast, and whose life I would die a million deaths to save, whose agony I would brave the gods to assuage.

How I tossed the dreadful bundles about! How I tore them open ruthlessly, only to see a sunken eye or gaping mouth! How I clung to the spiderlike ladders and leaped across chasmlike spaces. At last, among a heap of squalid rags, in a corner where snakes writhed and ran, a little foot peeped out. It moved. It was warm. I tore away the cloths as a dog tears at the earth that covers his quarry and snatched the child to my heart. On his bare breast gaped a wide wound, its edges already purple and reeking, and as I looked I saw the fatal flush spread up and up. Water! Oh, if there were only water! I saw a dull pool at my feet, and, stooping, dashed the icy drops upon the wound. In vain. One chance remained—to call back the fleeing soul by name in desperate entreaty. Surely my baby would listen. The word died on my lips, for the child on my heart changed again as I would have spoken, and what knew I of the name of the mikado's heir? Let me think. I must think. Did not some one of that cruel crowd that stared and grinned speak it? I strive I groan; I cry aloud. The heavy air sends back my cries hollowly, and as I choke into silence I see the lids flutter and fall. The hope of the empire has gone all too soon to the sacred shades of Fusi-yama, and I, alone, must answer.

Alone in the silence and darkness of a cell. I could put out my hand and feel that the wall was made of some rough woven grass, about which clung a penetrating odor. In this grass I could hear the movement of millions of minute insects. I knew not of what detested shape and kind. I began to pass my hands over these walls in I know not what mad way and escape. Carefully I crept on and on, measuring, comparing, testing. Then I went back and began again. My hands kept slipping off strangely into space. The cell had no shape—simply dimension.

Alas! I was no simple onlooker at some splendid revel of primeval nature. All that was in this stupendous scheme was me, sentient, suffering soul.

The helpless, tortured ego was a part of the whole. It froze on those cold, piercing peaks, baked on those plains of arid sand, was tossed in that human sea, was blown on those tempestuous winds. All this I saw, all this I inflicted, all this I bore for a forever.

Then the end came. About me, in me, there was only light, a light that grew and blazed and turned white and spirit sank in it and were submerged. Out of the light in its very glowing heart showed a point more intolerably light. Nearer and nearer it came, in shape now like a live flame, darting forward snake-like. Each instant it threatened to touch my staring eyeballs. At last one fiery tongue leaped farther. The spell that bound me seemed loosed. With a mad cry of terror I put up my hands to brush away these horrors and found them clasped in another's—warm, soft, human. It was Polly—possible, provoking Polly.

"Whatever is the matter?"

"Polly," I answered soberly, "don't make for a forever. Let me think. I must think. Did not some one of that cruel crowd that stared and grinned speak it? I strive I groan; I cry aloud. The heavy air sends back my cries hollowly, and as I choke into silence I see the lids flutter and fall. The hope of the empire has gone all too soon to the sacred shades of Fusi-yama, and I, alone, must answer.

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Mrs. Beecher as a Girl. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was Miss Eunice White Bullard when the accompanying picture was taken, at the age of 17 years, and it was just previous to



Mrs. Beecher at Seventeen. the time when she became engaged to Mr. Beecher. They were engaged for seven years before Mr. Beecher felt that he could afford to marry, but long engagements were not uncommon in those days, Mrs. Beecher says.

On a Historic Site.

The historic old buildings of the University of the City of New York on Washington square have been torn down, greatly to the disgust of lovers of the picturesque and the venerable, and a tremendous office building of the



UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK'S NEW BUILDING, modern style is being built on the site. The new structure will be 10 stories high, and the three upper stories will be occupied by the university's law school, the school of pedagogy and the graduate schools of language and philosophy. Morse invented the telegraph in the old building, and it was identified with many other important events.

The Head of the Sugar Trust.

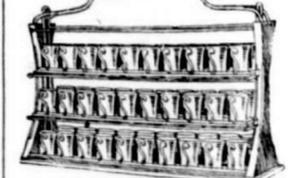
Henry O. Havemeyer, who stands at the head of what is known as the Sugar trust, comes honestly by his interest in the sugar business, for his father was a pioneer among American sugar refin-



ers. Mr. Havemeyer is a man past 50, massive and handsome in person and blessed with a large family. He lives in Greenwich, Conn., where he has a magnificent residence. He is a particular friend of E. C. Benedict, "the friend of the president."

Individual Communion Cups.

A decided innovation on the ordinary communion service has lately been made in several Rochester churches by the introduction of individual com-



munion cups to take the place of the ordinary chalice that are usually passed among the members of the congregation at the commemorative service of the Lord's supper. The cups used are of silver, with gold lining, and each holds about a teaspoonful.

An Eminent Naval Author.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan of the United States cruiser Chicago, who has recently been lionized by the British, is a man who has found the pen mightier than the sword and in literary pursuits has found fame he probably never could have achieved as a commander. He has written a number of books, including "Influence of Sea Power Upon History," "The Gulf and Inland Waters," "Life of Admiral Farragut," etc. Of these "Influence of Sea Power Upon History," in two volumes, has given him a reputation among naval experts as the greatest authority on naval tactics in the world.



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