THE WOMAN'S JOY.

I fondly held upon my knee
My new-born baby, frail and wee;
With joy all mothers understand
I kissed her feet, each little hand.

The little eyes that yet I knew
Not whether would be brown or blue;
Each tiny, dainty, chiseled ear,
The pretty face, so dear, so dear.

I sang an old, old melody,
That oft my mother sang to me,
And to my happy, throbbing breast
My darling girlie closer pressed.

Ah, mothers, if ours be the pain,
Ours, too, the bliss, the sacred gain;
A grander, sweeter gift God could
Not give to us than motherhood.
—New Orleans Picayune.

AN UNINTENDED MARRIAGE

"Do you think, father, that hasty marriages always turn out badly?"

"Well, no, not always. I know a case where a marriage that was not intended turned out very well."

"Not intended? How could that have been?"

"There was a young fellow (he was just 19 years old, and I'll call him Bob) made up his mind that his lot would be bachelorhood. You see, his father and mother had married young, his father had died young, and, the mother being only nineteen years older than Bob, they were more like brother and sister than mother and son. For this reason Bob scouted marriage—for him.

"Bob was reading law. One day he went to court, as was his custom, to familiarize himself with the methods of procedure. It was a court of chancery. The case being tried before the judge was a claim of a young girl to the estate of an uncle who had recently died. The girl was in court, and a prettier little piece of the Lord's handiwork never was turned out. At least Bob thought so, and he couldn't keep his eyes off her. It wasn't long before the girl (we'll call her Lucy) noticed that Bob was looking at her in a way that said plainly as words, 'I admire you profoundly.' She blushed a little, looked away, then glanced sidewise at him again to see the same expression of admiration. She blushed again, which indicated that she reciprocated. At any rate Bob so interpreted it.

"The maker of the will had left the bulk of his property to his only brother's son (we'll call him John Doe) and a small sum to Lucy, but as the brother had married beneath him the testator had provided for a passing of all the property to the oldest son of his sister's child, Lucy. As it would be unsafe to leave the matter long open, Lucy not being married, the will provided that if Lucy were married when she came of age the estate was to be left in the hands of trustees for three years. If within that limit she had a son, the estate was to go to that son.

"'How old is the claimant?' asked the judge.

"'She will be 18,' replied her counsel, despondently, 'at noon to-day.'

"'Is she married?'

"'No, your honor.'

"'Then,' said the judge, deliberately, 'I see no reason why, after the hour of noon, I should not set aside the claim and give judgment to John Doe. In case there is no objection, I will adjourn the court till 2 o'clock.

"To see a fortune pass away from this lovely girl was too much for Bob. He was an impulsive fellow, prone to decide and act quickly. With scarcely a moment for reflection, he grasped wildly for some method of delay. If the girl could appear to be married, she might at least effect a compromise by requiring her opponents to prove that she was not married. It was half-past 10 o'clock, and her counsel would have three and a half hours to devise some plan. Bob, as a lawyer, knew this, and though the chance was slender, he staked all on a desperate move.

"'Your honor,' he said, rising, 'the claimant is my wife.'

"Judge, attorney, spectators, turned to Bob in wonder.

"'Have you proofs of your marriage?' asked the judge.

"'Not at hand.'

"'Is that man your husband?' asked the judge of Lucy.

"If ever there was irresistible appeal in a man's eyes, it was in Bob's when he turned them on Lucy. He could not say to her, 'This is merely to gain time,' so he gave her a look which meant, 'I beg of you not to deny what I have stated.' Lucy's eyes remained riveted to his. What was passing in her mind no one knew. She had a decision to make, and all waited breathlessly to hear it.

"'Yes,' she said.

"'And you,' said the judge, turning to Bob—'do you acknowledge this woman to be your wife?'

"'Then if you were not married before, you are married now. I give judgment in favor of the claimant.'

"Then, and then only, Bob saw that his intent to stave off a decision had resulted in his marriage to a girl he had never seen before, and had never spoken to.

"When the court was adjourned, the claimant, her mother and Bob went into a private room for consultation. All looked to Bob for an explanation. He made a confession of the whole matter. There was nothing to be done but accept the situation. Bob's credentials were presented and found to be excellent, and the marriage was consummated."

"And turned out happily?"

"The couple have been and are devoted to each other."

"But what right had the judge to marry them?"

"The secret of that is this: Bob was perfectly well known to him as a student of law (for the judge was a professor in the law school Bob attended) and had a very good opinion of the young man. More than that, the judge saw that a nice little girl was about to be deprived of a fortune for the want of a husband. He knew I was lying—"

"You, father! You don't mean—"

"That I am Bob? Yes, I am. You should forgive your father for the lie, my boy, because you are Lucy's oldest son, and by it I not only provided for your being, but gained you a fortune at the same time."

"Father, I forgive you. There are times when a lie is invaluable."—Indianapolis Sun.

A Familiar Face.

The genial bishop of New York and the most famous of English-speaking actors doubtless have already much in common with one another, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. Were there nothing else, however, they have both been victims of a similar misunderstanding of a kind which is peculiarly the product of twentieth century fame. Every one is familiar with the story of Henry Irving, arrested in his walk down the main street of a small English town by the earnest gaze of a small girl and of her triumphant answer to his pleasant remark, "You seem to recognize my face, my little maid." "Yes, sir, you're one of Grandgrind's pills!"

Bishop Potter had nearly the same luck when traveling some years ago in Minnesota. He noticed a fellow tourist, while waiting on a railway platform, eyeing him with great curiosity. "Excuse me, mister," he was eventually asked, "but I think I've seen your picture in the papers." "Probably," admitted the bishop. "Kin I ask," continued the fellow traveler, edging nearer, "what you was cured of?"

WRUNG MILLIONS FROM POOR.

AL ADAMS MAKING DOORMATS AT SING SING.

Al Adams, the New York "policy king," who has wrung millions from the poor, is wearing the stripes of a felon in Sing Sing prison.

Originally Adams was a brakemen. He became runner for a policy manipulator, and finally gained a monopoly of the business in New York City. His wealth is estimated at $2,500,000. A brewery is included among his possessions. He owns much real estate. His dupes were typical policy players—the poorest of the city's population.

His methods were cold-blooded almost beyond belief. If the drawings had been fairly conducted his profits would have been enormous. His practice, however, was to delay the drawings until nearly all the slips had been sold. Then it was arranged that the numbers drawn should be those that required the payment of the smallest amount in prizes.

Adams has been a miser, with two exceptions. He has showered gold upon his family and has been extremely generous in his payments for police protection. His one great ambition has been to have his children received in good society; to see them on even terms with refined, educated people.

His son was sent through one of the big colleges and his daughters to fashionable schools for young ladies. They studied music in Europe and are highly accomplished. Adams hoped they would be able to make there friends that would open the gates of society to them later on. He was disappointed. He installed his family in a splendidly furnished house. The guests he hoped for did not come. The house burned and he removed to a fine hotel, under the belief that there the character of his business might not interfere with the social aspirations of his children. Again he was disappointed.

Adams, broken in health and weighted with sorrow, is wearing out his life in a cell. He has but one desire. It is that he may be spared to live the end of his term; that at least it may not be said he died in prison. He is now making doormats.—Boyce's Weekly.

HAD ENOUGH OF ARTILLERY.

Rustic Gentleman Creates Amusement at a Band Performance.

An amusing incident occurred at a concert by Thomas Preston Brooke and his famous band during a recent tour of the New England States.

Among the early arrivals at the opera house were an elderly gentleman and his wife from the country and they were shown to seats well toward the front of the house.

When the curtain arose, revealing the fifty musicians attractively grouped on the stage, their natty uniforms and resplendent instruments completing a picture of dazzling effect, the old gentleman from the rural district was all enthusiasm. "Gee whilliken, Manda, be they all goin' to play at onct?" he ejaculated, to the amusement of everyone seated near him.

A storm of applause greeted the renowned bandmaster when he appeared on the stage, which seemed to mystify our old friend. "That's a fine-lookin' feller, but he ain't played nuthin' yet," said he. "What's all this hullabaloo about, anyway? Is he goin' to play a tune on that huskin' peg?" Just at this moment Brooke's baton was raised, there was an instant of eager expectancy and then the band struck up a stirring march. When the music had ceased the old gentleman was in ecstasies. He applauded and stamped his feet vigorously, then jumped up out of his chair, waving his hands in the air and whistling like a gallery god. When his wife pulled him back into his seat he shouted: "By cricky, Manda, I never heard such music as that before. Seth Tibbitts and his old fiddle don't amount to shucks!"

And so it continued throughout the concert, Uncle Reuben growing more enthusiastic with each number.

Near the end of the program was the anvil chorus from "Il Trovatore," rendered with spectacular appurtenances. During this selection six red-shirted blacksmiths occupied the front of the stage and played the anvil accompaniment to the music, while a sensational effect was produced by the firing of sixteen electric cannon at regular intervals.

When the first gun was fired the rustic dodged excitedly and began to get nervous. The next discharge added to his discomfort, and when the third cannon went off he grabbed his hat and started hastily for the door, followed by his faithful spouse.

As they disappeared through the entrance the old man shouted back at the doorkeeper: "B'gosh, I got enough o' that kind o' music at Shiloh!"—Chicago Chronicle.

STRONG SCOUT.

Carried a Woman on His Back for Fifty Miles to Save Her.

Capt. Francis Marion Schell, scout, plainsman and intimate friend of "Buffalo Bill," is dead. He took the first wagon train to California in the gold excitement of 1849. Capt. Schell had many escapes from Indians, and practically every trip he made his wagon train was attacked by hostiles.

He was a man of great strength. It was his proudest boast that he once carried a woman fifty miles on his back to a place of safety. Alone he was making a scout, and incidentally prospecting for gold, when he found a woman lying on the trail. She had been abandoned there by a wagon train because of her illness. Capt. Schell picked the woman up and, fastening her on his back with ropes, as she was too ill to hold on, he carried her to the nearest camp, fifty miles away. There the woman recovered.

At the time of the gold excitement of '49 Capt. Schell, who had just been discharged from the army, after having served in the Mexican war, started for California with his young wife. The start was made from St. Joseph, Mo., and, because of his army experience, Capt. Schell was appointed leader. Without losing a man he carried the party to the California gold fields.

He prospected with only indifferent success, and then established a hotel, which he ran for twenty years. He took a conspicuous part in affairs in California until he left. He was at one time assistant doorkeeper of the House of Representatives and later served as lieutenant of the capitol police. At the time of his death he was a watchman in the War Department.—New York World.

Died a Natural Death.

Jolyely—I submitted some humorous sketches here several days ago. They haven't appeared. Did you kill them?

Editor—I passed upon them, but I don't think that killed them.

Jolkely—No?

Editor—No. I think they just died naturally of old age.—Philadelphia Press.

Immigration of Jews.

Russian Jews to the number of 24,000 came to New York during 1902.

You can stop a stream by damming it, but you can't stop an automobile that way.

Never put on to-day what you want clean for to-morrow.

There are quite a large number of people who think that no one but a professional can really know anything about photography, and there is a very general tendency to look upon every amateur photographer, no matter how expert, as distinctly the inferior of the professional, even of the fourth and fifth rate professional, whereas, the facts of the case are, that many amateurs may be found who in skill and attainments are fully the equal, if not the superior, of the best professionals, while the fouth and fifth rate gentlemen are easily outclassed by any number of amateurs scattered through the land. There are professionals who have but the merest smattering of knowledge of their craft. They stick to just one branch of their art, work by rule of thumb, and when called upon to travel outside of their chosen rut are just as much at sea as any beginner among amateurs.

OF INTEREST IN IOWA

A DIARY OF NOTEWORTHY HAPPENINGS.

Modest Village that Has Produced Several Famous Men—Farmer Makes Picturesque Resistance to Arrest—Charged with Bigamy.

The retirement of Judge H. C. Caldwell from the bench of the Eighth United States Circuit marks the departure from public life of one of the last of the "Keosauqua colony," famous, at least, in the West. The little town of Keosauqua, numbering at its last census scarcely 1,800 people, has, however, furnished to the United States two United States district judges, one United States circuit judge, one United States supreme judge, three United States Senators, two members of Congress, one nominee for Governor, three millionaires, two of them having colossal fortunes, one Attorney General of Iowa, one Secretary of State of Iowa, and one member of the presidential cabinet. Among these men are Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, the late A. G. Davis of Montana, Judge Caldwell, United States Senator George G. Wright, United States Senator J. B. Howell, Judge George W. McCrary, Secretary of War under President Hayes, and John F. Dillon, the renowned attorney of New York City, counsel for the Gould interests. There is no town of any size in Iowa that has produced half the prominent men as the village of Keosauqua, and it is certain that no town so small anywhere else in the United States can approach the Van Buren County metropolis.

Charged with Bigamy.

Ray C. Smith, formerly of Greenfield, the son of a Methodist minister residing in Ames, was arrested at Lincoln, Neb., on the charge of bigamy. Smith was married four years ago in Greenfield, to Della M. Rogers. The wife inherited $10,000, which Smith squandered and then deserted her and her child, leaving them in want. Smith went to Lincoln last January, assuming the name of Harry De Fare, and was made a manager in a department store. Four weeks ago he married Miss Anna Boynton of Lincoln, with whom he was living when arrested. His first wife and babe accompanied the Iowa authorities and confronted him at the police station. Later the second wife arrived and a tearful scene was enacted by the two women, in which Smith himself joined.

Farmer in Tracy Role.

Fred Bishop, a farmer, held Constable Daughtery, Sheriff Mitchell and several deputies at bay at Poeshontas when an attempt was made to arrest him. Bishop waded into a pond waist deep and stood with cocked revolver and loaded Winchester, and dared the officers to approach. It was not until twenty-five men with rifles aimed, shouted that they would riddle him with bullets that Bishop submitted. It is charged that he threatened the life of a neighbor named Gilliland, with whom he had had a quarrel over a line fence. In justice court Bishop made a desperate hand-to-hand fight for freedom, but was pinned to the floor and his arms taken from him by the justice and armed deputies.

Dynamited a Residence.

The home of Henry Lewis, living in Lehigh, was blown up by dynamite at an early hour while the family was asleep inside. The inmates escaped injury, as the sleeping rooms were in the front of the building, while the kitchen in the rear was wrecked by the explosion. Lewis has been working for the Lehigh Clay works, at which a strike has been in progress for some time past. The supposition is that the dynamite was placed under the house by some one of the miners incensed by Lewis' employment with the company.

Train Crash Kills Two.

Two men are dead and five seriously injured as the result of a head-on collision in the yards of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway in Des Moines between an accommodation train and a freight train drawn by two engines. No passengers were injured. The wreck was caused by the out-bound train pulling out without orders under the impression that the freight train had pulled in. Both trains were traveling at a high rate of speed.

Cut Throat with a Knife.

Joe Wise, a farmer living six miles north of Plymouth, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket knife. Before committing the deed he took his family to a neighbor's by the name of Snyder. Having expressed a desire to kill himself, Snyder followed him home shortly afterward, but did not arrive in time to stop the rash act. The only reason attributed for the deed is that Wise was very blue over the prospect for crops.

Within Our Borders.

Robinson Hunter, a resident of Keokuk for fifty years, is dead from paralysis.

The Rock Island has been granted the right to double track through Muscatine.

Twenty-two young women were admitted to the order of St. Francis at Dubuque.

Sixteen incurable insane have been sent recently from the hospitals to Polk County.

The fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Worth County has been celebrated.

The management of the Clinton carnival announces that gambling will not be allowed.

William Walker of Oskaloosa becomes Rock Island freight agent at Des Moines on July 1.

The material for the Burlington-Keokuk line of the Postal Telegraph is on the ground.

Bert Evans has been held to the grand jury in Scott County for robbery from the person.

The federal government has forbidden the sale of liquor on Mississippi river excursion boats.

The Barber asphalt injunction case at Des Moines has been appealed to the Supreme Court.

Cullen Gregory, who was to have been married at Grinnell, decamped on the day set for the ceremony.

The enrollment for summer school at the State normal is the greatest in the history of the institution.

State Auditor Carroll reports a continued increase in bank deposits. The savings banks make by far the best showing.

The Clinton County institute this year will convene on Aug. 24, and will continue six days, with a session each morning.

Clarence Wallick, aged 27, a Spanish-American war veteran, was drowned at Algona by the upsetting of a boat. A companion narrowly escaped.

More glory comes to Fort Dodge in the success of the Fifty-sixth regimental band, in winning first prize in the band contest at the Woodmen's national convention at Indianapolis.

The settlement of the Davenport Spring Vehicle case is now nearing an end and the first dividend will be paid in a short time.

Rev. F. C. Lomack, pastor of the First African Baptist Church, Des Moines, was acquitted on the charge of cruelty, preferred by the humane society.

W. W. Watson, aged 48 years, was caught beneath a falling derrick near the Northwestern station at Shendahl and frightfully crushed.

A federal dispensary and the manufacture of intoxicating liquors solely by the United States government is believed by Judge O. D. Wheeler to be the solution of the liquor question.

Fort Dodge has an auto company.

McCausland will have two new banks.

Crop prospects in northwest Iowa are good.

Anamosa women bit nicely on the lace swindle.

Wyoming may have a brick and tile factory.

Several rattlesnakes have been killed at Elgin.

White City is developing well as a coal mining town.

Plans for the Monticello library have been accepted.

Potatoes are advancing in price in northwest Iowa.

The corn acreage about Mt. Hamil is only 80 per cent.

The Buchanan County bridge fund is overdrawn $11,000.

The Postal Telegraph office at Burlington has been opened.

Thirty-one bodies were cremated at Davenport last year.

Several buildings were demolished by a tornado at Dolliver.

Davenport Aldermen will make war on the bootblack stands.

Jim Schmidt of Kurtman has been arrested for bootlegging.

Music teachers will convene at Ottumwa, Tuesday, June 23.

The town of Dyke is reported to be financially embarrassed.

A $2,000 barn belonging to John Skelly of Monticello burned.

Button workers at Muscatine will try to strengthen their union.

The Northwest Felt Shoe factory will remain at Webster City.

The hay counties of northwest Iowa report an enormous crop.

Contracts for $73,306 improvements on the capitol have been let.

The Rock Island will build a modern brick depot at Muscatine.

Great Western section men at Hudson struck for $1.50 and got it.

The Modern Telephone Company of Burlington has incorporated.

Council Bluffs has withdrawn from the Iowa-Dakota baseball circuit.

Rose Weinstein, aged 5, was rescued from drowning at Des Moines.

The Grant Club at Des Moines will lease new and better quarters.

Work has been commenced on a big transfer building at Waterloo.

The man found dead near Solon is supposed to be Joseph Chalsky.

The Iowa and Illinois Railway has increased its capital to $1,500,000.

Stone for the manufacture of cement has been found near Davenport.

Senator Warren will be renominated from the Monroe-Marion district.

The city officers of Marshalltown are now housed in the court house.

Five scholarships at the State university will be given Filipinos free.

River men report the season an extremely favorable one for logging.

The Mueller lumber yards at Davenport have bought land for expansion.

The Des Moines river at Goldfield is being cleared of coarse fish by seining.

Dubuque papers demand that the law against child labor be enforced in that city.

John Tholson was badly hurt by being caught in wheels at the Davenport foundry.

The Great Western killed nine shorthorns, belonging to M. Gilley, near Waterloo.

The Buxton people have completed Mine No. 12 and are building 100 houses.

Davenport has organized a third lodge of Odd Fellows with a membership exceeding 150.

There is a movement on foot to unite the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Lyons.

William Young, a Lehigh barber, is dead, as the result of the lodging of a piece of onion in his throat.

Roosevelt day cost the city of Fort Dodge over $500 in pay for extra policemen and other necessities of the occasion.

Mrs. E. F. Luther committed suicide at Grand Junction by shooting. Mrs. Luther had become despondent on account of sickness.

George Hardesty, aged 78, died at Keokuk from heart disease. He came to Keokuk in 1849 and for forty-eight years lived in the house where he died. He was a prominent Odd Fellow.

The body of Seldon McNamee, who was drowned in the Cedar while boating with Miss Bessie Graves, floated over the dam at Waterloo and was recovered by a boy named Simon Wilson. The boy accepted only $25 of the $100 reward, giving the remainder to McNamee's aged mother.

Being a baseball fan has proven too much for a young man of Council Bluffs and he has been declared insane on the subject and sent to St. Bernard's hospital. The form of insanity is harmless and is apparent in only that he absolutely refuses to talk on any other subject than baseball.

Deputy Sheriff E. E. Reynolds of Rock Island went to Moline and arrested a colored woman named Mrs. J. Garnett on a warrant issued by Justice Schroeder, charging the woman with kidnaping. Mrs. Garnett is accused of secreting at her home in Moline a white girl by the name of Gertie Wright of Davenport.

As the result of an altercation between two brothers-in-law living about two miles west of Western, Roy Silver received a shot in the shoulder and another through one ear from George Potter, but in that country guns are not the only weapons and Silver led out with his remaining arm and pounded Potter up so that he remained on the battle ground until discovered by some passers-by, when he was picked up and a doctor telephoned for to arrange the fragments in their proper order. There have been no arrests so far as known.

The Western Iowa Interurban Railway Company, which was recently incorporated, will put surveyors in the field at once.

John Witt, a 14-year-old Davenport boy, was struck by a Rock Island train in the yards in that city and instantly killed. In dodging one train the boy stepped in front of another.

A new brick building costing between $20,000 and $25,000 will be erected by the Iowa Telephone Company in Ottumwa. The entire system will be reorganized and between $80,000 and $100,000 expended.

The Socialist State convention will be held in Des Moines July 4. It is expected that 200 delegates will attend. A complete State ticket will be nominated and plans made for an aggressive campaign.

Reuben Scholes, the 13-year-old son of Mrs. Levi Hill of Coralville, has been missing for several days. He had an overpowering desire to see the world, and it is thought that he has run away, as he did so once before.

Charles Kall, aged 12 years, was drowned in the Floyd river at LeMars. With two younger boys he was wading, and got out of his depth. Peter Hoffman, an old man of 83 years, made an attempt to rescue the boy.

Matthew McDermott, a well-to-do farmer, who lived in the country four miles west of Clare, has been missing and grave fears are entertained for his safety.

Memorial University, founded by the Sons of Veterans at Mason City, has closed its first year and the first graduate was James Leggett, a colored man whose parents were slaves.

Speaker Henderson has the record for securing rural delivery routes. Out of a total of 1,092 routes established in the State of Iowa he got for his district 192. This is greater than was secured by twenty-eight other States, all put together.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOUSEWIVES IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

By Delia Austrian.

Many American women declare that the trials of housekeeping are becoming so manifold that after a few years of arduous labor they are seized with nervous prostration. To one traveling abroad it is interesting to compare the responsibilities of the foreign housewife and her American sisters. While in Dresden I met a woman who gave me much information concerning this question as it appears in Germany. One day she showed me through her home, artistic in its simplicity. The house was full of sunshine and fragrant odors given off by potted plants. The place bespoke ease rather than beauty. There were plenty of comfortable chairs to be found; attractive prints and etchings were everywhere on the walls, and the library was well stocked with books. After she had shown me through I remarked that she must have many servants to keep so large a place in order. She answered, "I suppose my home would appear a great deal more attractive than it does if I kept more servants. You see, I only have a cook, chambermaid, and a woman to help with the washing and ironing two days out of the week. Your women have so many more interests than we. We have no clubs and classes that demand our time. Besides making up the bedrooms, I keep the sitting room and my husband's library in order and do the week's mending. My afternoons are given to reading and an occasional call or 'Kaffee Klatsch.' Besides, most of the men in Germany come home at noon, so we have dinner at 12 and a cold supper in the evening. Our husbands lay much stress on their food. Though a woman does not always do her own cooking, it is taken for granted that she will superintend her kitchen. We do all our own marketing and rarely order anything over the telephone. The German woman is not expected to attain social position for her husband nor sustain it. Her function is to please him, look after her home, and bring up the children."

The French woman is probably the best housekeeper in the world. She is devoted to her home and to her family. Her household is exceptionally clean and attractive, though she manages to do it with few servants. If she does not assist in the kitchen, she superintends it; she sees that the table cloths and napkins are snow white and that the table is set with taste. She is equally particular about her own appearance and that of her children.

The English are excedingly simple and unaffected in their homes. They desire comfort more than luxury. Still, in the family the husband is considered the head of the household. He limits the weekly expense and no improvement is made in the household without his being consulted first. If expenses are to be cut it is his wife who is expected to get along with one servant less. An English woman will live on a leg of mutton served hot on Sunday and warmed up in different styles during the week so that her husband can frequent his club, enjoy oysters and partridge. Notwithstanding that the English are hearty eaters, they live simply. The household is managed with great economy, dinner in the evening being the only elaborate meal of the day.

CONSTANCY MAY BE CARRIED TO EXCESS.

By Helen Oldfield.

Constancy in love is a virtue much lauded of romancers. Yet it may be carried to excess—when the love is not reciprocated constancy is foolish, and when the beloved is bound to another, instead of a virtue it becomes a vice. Even when neither pride nor duty forbids one to worship at the old shrine, when death has broken the tie, the laws of the land sanction a second love, and the hearts of men incline thereto. We all know second marriages which are indubitably happy. It is a merciful providence for humanity that wounds of the heart, for the most part, heal even more readily than those of the body. There are few people comparatively who marry their first loves, nor is this fact always a misfortune. George Eliot, naturally, disbelieved in first love. "Why," she asks, "should a man's first love be his best? Does the artist or the musician produce his masterpieces at the beginning of his career?" Thackeray tells us that "every man ought to be in love a few times and have a sharp attack of the fever." It is often a blessing when one is torn ruthlessly from one's first love. The mad devotion of a college boy for a woman in the thirties is as unlike to the steady flame of his manhood as the flare of a straw heap is to the warmth of an anthracite fire, while the infatuation of a girl of 17 is rarely felt for the sort of man whom a woman of 25 would choose for her husband.

The true philosophy of life is contentment. "In whatsoever state ye are, therewith to be content." This is the victory which overcometh the world. He who cries for the moon, and turns his back upon the electric light blazing overhead, is a fool; while the man who has only a rushlight has still cause to rejoice that he sits not in darkness. When one cannot have what one wants, it is the part of wisdom to accept what one can get and make the best of it. Oftentimes that best will be for better than at first seemed possible. Most tastes in life are acquired, and the blackest bread, eaten with a hearty appetite, has a sweeter relish than the whitest loaf of princes if the "cake bread" be watered with tears. Heartache is bitter, but memory readily loses the old in the presence of the new. Fever is followed by chill, and then one recovers. The latest love is always the one which is loved.

SHALL SOCIETY SHARE IN TRUST BENEFITS.

By Frederick M. Taylor, Professor of Political Economy.

The utterances of President Roosevelt regarding the trusts emphasize the question whether or not their permanence is fully assured. In recent newspaper comment much stress has been placed on the throwing of people out of employment. This is claimed one of their greatest advantages, for throwing people out of employment by making their services unnecessary is merely insuring that the sum total of our wants shall be satisfied at smaller cost. Another evil generally charged to the trust is the maintenance of outrageously high prices, but we would probably be able in most cases to take refuge in the use of substitutes. The gas monopoly, the electric monopoly, find competitors in each other, as well as in the new inventions like acetylene gas, or old friends like kerosene. Again, if any one trust push its advantage too far, it will inevitably stimulate competition of allied trusts. If it demands such a high price that there is profit to be made at this price, then competition inevitably springs up. The existence of the trust depends on its not exacting from the public the highest price which could be paid.

It must be admitted that the trust leads to a vast saving in human effort. The great consolidation saves in the utilization of materials. The great factory has so much waste that it pays to establish by-industries. Again, it carries out in the completest way the principle of geographical specialization. The school furniture trust, for example, will not call upon the Boston factory to furnish a school building in Omaha, but will give the order to the particular plant that is nearest to the point. Another advantage promised is a greater freedom from industrial storms, panics and depressions. Unrestricted competition is wasteful and often dangerous to quiet, orderly progress. In a crisis there is no unity of action. It is "each man for himself." Gigantic combinations naturally enough move on more steadily. Competition is shut out. It is, therefore, pretty certain that the industrial cyclone would be much less likely. Thorough-going socialists welcome the process of consolidation among warring industries. One after another, they say, these industries will be organized into trusts and these trusts in turn will consolidate, until all industrial activity is united in one universal monopoly, whereupon the state will take possession and the socialistic goal will have been attained. Just what form of regulation the trust will take it is hard to predict. It is probable that, first, a fairly sharp distinction will be made between those industrial institutions which may be left to the ordinary forces of competition and those which need regulation. A few thoroughly consolidated industrial interests will probably be brought under the direct control of the public. The remainder will then be left in the hands of private individuals, but will be subjected to sharp regulation, with such degree of publicity in accounting as shall insure the safeguarding of the rights and interests of the public.

A BRAINY WOMAN.

Western Beauty Who Is the Head of a Big Electrical Enterprise.

A beauty with brains is one definition of the word anomaly. A synonym for it is Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, of Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Tutt has more beauty than most women and more brains than most men. At present she is engaged in a $3,000,000 enterprise in Arizona, the erection of two electric power plants which will supply power exclusively for mining purposes. The project is a big one. It means that the mining industry of Arizona will be revolutionized by the introduction of a power which will cost but one-third as much as the power now in use.

MRS. IVA E. TUTT

The scheme is Mrs. Tutt's own. While on a visit to Arizona she discovered two unused water rights which could be had at a fair price and a promise to organize a company and proceed with the storage of the water and the development of electrical current. Mrs. Tutt contracted for the water rights, took out her engineering party, followed the transit every step of the way back to the mountains, where few men and no women had ever gone before, to the head of Fossil creek, and returned with all plans formulated for the prosecution of the work.

Last, and by no means simplest, was the financiering of the enterprise. The fact that she was willing to risk her own money in the scheme helped Mrs. Tutt in interesting additional capital, and two companies were formed, one to erect a 6,000 horse-power plant, the other 1,500. Of both companies Mrs. Tutt is vice president and general manager, and all that the rest of the stockholders know about the work is what she reports to them from time to time. She has entire charge of the construction work, with headquarters at Prescott, Ariz., and the directorate is so divided that whenever Mrs. Tutt happens to be, whether in Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a quorum and a meeting can be held.

DIAMONDS FROM THE SKIES.

Theory that Precious Stones Came to Earth as Meteorites.

Diamonds from the skies, conveyed to earth in meteoric showers, is a theory first broached by Meydenhauer. The diamond, he says, can be of cosmic origin only, having fallen as a meteorite at a late period of the earth's formation. The localities where diamonds are found contain the residues of not very compact meteoric masses which may have fallen in historic ages and penetrated more or less deeply according to the more or less resistent character of the surface where they fell.

The most striking confirmation of the theory comes from Arizona. Here on a broad plain over an area about five miles in diameter were scattered 1,000 to 2,000 masses of metallic iron, the fragments weighing from half a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There is little doubt these masses formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record exists as to when the fall took place. Curiously enough, near the center where most of the meteorites have been found is a crater with ragged edges, three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about 600 feet deep, bearing exactly the appearance which would be produced had a mighty mass of iron or falling star struck the ground, scattering in all directions, and buried itself under the surface. Dr. Foote in cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools were injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He examined the specimen chemically and soon after announced to the scientific world that the Arizona meteorite contained black and transparent diamonds. This discovery was verified by Profs. Friedel and Noissan, who found that it contained three varieties of carbon, diamond, graphite and amorphous carbon.

OYSTER BAY'S WHITE HOUSE.

Suite of Rooms Over a Grocery Secured for President Roosevelt.

It is surprising how many people want to live in Oyster Bay, L. I., the place President Roosevelt calls home. It is impossible practically to rent or buy a house in the village at the present time. Realty prices have soared and lots which would have been dear at $300 two years ago are now worth $1,000. One piece of property jumped from $10,000 to $20,000 while a New Yorker was thinking of taking an option on it.

OYSTER BAY'S WHITE HOUSE.

During the past two years the village has grown greatly. Five new business blocks have been built and others are in process of erection. The most interesting building in the place is the Moore Block, which during the President's summer vacation will be the real "white house" of the country. For executive offices the President has secured the entire second floor and the quarters are now being placed in readiness for him. Part of the ground floor space is used as a grocery, where the villagers drop in from time to time to swap yarns. That the store will be much frequented while the Presidential offices are being occupied is very certain.

JOYS OF A VACATION SPENT UNDER CANVAS IN THE WOODS

MORE and more popular is camp life becoming each year, says Country Life in America. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camp life is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips, there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers, wood-girt lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party, choose you such congenial spirits as shall be forsworn to philosophical optimism. And let there be a wag among them, who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discount. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and drift wood for a fire, and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine and shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days but happy days, are the days in camp. Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through the memory many a time during the after months.

An Air-Tight Fit.

Mrs. Jennings and her city cousin were exchanging news of their old school friends. "How about Lucy Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has she kept on growing fatter and fatter?"

"Well, all I'll say is this," said Mrs. Jennings, "Annie Fall told me last year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing her uncle, to have a silk waist made, Annie realized she hain't got any measures; and then she remembered that the last time Lucy was there she stood up by the big air-tight stove, and Annie remarked (to herself) the resemblance between 'em. And she took the measure of that air-tight, and cut in a mite for the waist line—'bout as much as a knife marks warm molasses candy—and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Lucy wrote back it was an elegant fit."

Has a Wonderful Timepiece.

One of the most wonderful watches in the world is that owned and made by Major Dopping-Hepenstal of the Royal Engineers. It is a comparatively small watch, not much bigger than an ordinary lever, but it performs a variety of services in addition to telling the time. It rings an alarm bell in the morning to wake its owner, then it proceeds to light a spirit lamp and boil a kettle of water, and finally pours the boiling water into a small teapot. The Prince of Wales witnessed the wonderful performances of this watch and partook of a cup of tea which it made for his royal highness.

Knew Her Intimately.

Dolly—What would you do, Cholly, if you were rich?

Cholly—Well, Dolly, if I were rich enough to be perfectly reckless I think I would propose to you.—Somerville Journal.

Give the easy-going man half a chance and he'll cease to go at all.