

A Russian becomes of age at 26—when the bomb-throwers give him a chance.

A German professor says this country is rich in geological curiosities. Fortunately our fossils are becoming scarcer.

An Indiana man got a divorce from his wife and married his cook. About the surest way to keep a good cook is to marry her.

Alaska had produced \$15,000,000 worth of gold since 1895. Uncle Sam made a good bargain when he got the territory for \$7,000,000.

A London doctor contends that every man should have a silent hour at his home every day. It is a working scheme for bachelors.

Many a family who are scared half out of their senses at every thunder-storm will run a hundredfold greater risk from dirty wells and malarious swamp holes without a sign of alarm.

England built a Dreadnought, then the states built a bigger Dreadnought. Now England is going to build a bigger Dreadnought than the Dreadnought that Outdreadnoughted the original Dreadnought.

A German sanitarian expert points out that the reason why beer is often sold at a temperature so low as to be injurious to the stomach is that at that temperature it is difficult to tell stale beer from good beer.

A mere allowance for his children will not be satisfactory to Count Doni de Castellane. He wants his wife to provide for the payment of his debts. This is an indication that Doni doesn't intend to live up to his recent resolution to be good for the remainder of his life.

The czar of Russia has ordered \$9,000,000 set aside for the building of a new battleship. The naval grafters who are responsible for the poor condition of Russia's fleet in the war with Japan must have rubbed their hands in anticipation of the good times in store for them when they heard of the order.

Long Island farmers are advocating a law compelling all heavy wagons to be equipped with tires four inches wide, thus converting vehicles that now destroy the highways into road rollers that would preserve them. The scheme is so simple, so cheap and so excellent, says the Brooklyn Eagle, that its failure is almost certain.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the great English alienist, declares that there will be soon more insane than sane people on this earth. The question naturally occurs as to what is a sane man. Entire sanity, like common sense and other general terms, is only relative. All people are only approximately sane and sensible. The "average man" does not exist, nor does the absolutely sane and sensible man. The best that any of us can do is to keep up a fair average.

The foreign trade of the United States continues to be large and profitable. For September the imports were \$102,256,000, against \$101,957,000 in 1905. The exports last month were \$138,950,000, or about \$3,000,000 more than in the same month last year. The excess of exports over imports for September was \$36,694,000, against \$33,996,000 in 1905. The balance of trade in our favor is mounting up, and the demand for American products is increasing in both the home and foreign markets.

More than one famous American began business life selling newspapers. That the present generation of news boys is made of the same sort of stuff as the past generation is indicated by the action of the Newsboys' union, of Boston, in raising money for a scholarship in Harvard university, to be awarded to a member of the organization. The winner of the first scholarship was announced last month, a youth 17 years old who had succeeded in preparing himself for college while selling newspapers. He enters college at an age much younger than the average in the freshman class.

"Small colleges versus large," is a favorite subject with educators. In this country the question is answered itself in a practical way. The small colleges are growing larger, and other small colleges are being started. That many of our colleges are overgrown there is no doubt, and many devices are suggested to divide them into smaller units. To the general public, not concerned with the special problems of educators, the growth of the colleges is a matter for congratulation, says Youth's Companion, for it means that more and more young Americans are trying to get a good education.

Another bunch of Carnese medals has been distributed, and still the person who is, against the glares of the populace, equal to holding on to the end seat goes unrecognized.

More evidence that women are invading the gainful occupations formerly monopolized by men is found in the arrest of one in Arkansas on the charge of being a moonshiner.

Only one man who served as captain in the Mexican war is said to survive, but an item of this kind usually brings out several corrections.

There are no long poems in Japanese. In many ways the Japanese are well worthy of our imitation.

Revised spelling for the weather bureau? Why not call it the whether bureau?

Fat men's clubs are numerous. Why has there never been a tall men's club?

Count Boni continues to loom up before title-hunting families as the great matrimonial horrible example.

LUNDQUIST

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

It was evening on the Dakota prairie. Before the door of his sod shanty a young man whose flaxen hair proclaimed his Scandinavian lineage stood, engaged in the engrossing duty of feeding his shepherd dog. As he tossed the crumbs the dog would leap nimbly upward and catch them neatly as they descended.

"Ah, Jim," he ejaculated, presently, "a week—maybe two week and she ban here!"

He gazed straight at the dying sun and murmured the word "Hilda" in a subdued voice. Then he walked to a bench beside the door and sat down, folding his strong young arms across his breast, while the dog crept up and buried his nose in his master's lap.

It had been a year of reverses with Lundquist. He had labored hard—no man could put more honest toil into the struggle with a penurious soil than he—and it seemed now as if all was for naught. Beginning with a wet, disheartening spring, the season had crept on, piling up against him its mute but potent protests in a manner that had discouraged many a less hardy man. His best horse, becoming entangled in the only wire fence within 20 miles, had been sacrificed to the casualty list of a frontiersman's life. By mortgaging his crop he had secured another.

He was now facing his annual interest payment, while the storekeeper in the town a dozen miles away was growing suspicious and was demanding payment of an open account. His crops—only puny stacks of discolored wheat straw standing limply awaiting the threshing.

But Lundquist was forgetting all this as he sat on the bench before his abode. Hilda was coming to him. Hilda, from far-off Norway. Six years it had been since he had gazed into her eyes—six years since he had stolen aside in the crush at the embarkment and kissed her many times on her willing lips. The thought of it brought a smile to Lundquist's sun-tanned visage. The dog saw it and wagged his tail in recognition of his master's mood.

Two years ago she would have come, but he set his teeth firmly and sent her that letter which had wrung his heart. "Wait!" he had told her. Wait till Fortune smiles more brightly on these bleak Dakota prairies! It was a bitter thing to do, but Lundquist saw no other course.

Only last year she was prevented from coming by the sickness of her mother. Nothing, not even poor crops, now stood in the way of her coming, and she was now in mid-ocean on the steamer that was bearing her westward—to Carl.

In a little box under his bunk he had every letter that Hilda had written him. They were good reading during the long winter's evenings.

The steamer agent had said that she should reach Quebec on the 14th. It was now the 5th.

On the 16th Lundquist went to town. He walked up and down the single street, keeping close watch on the depot until the afternoon train had passed. He rode the 12 miles home in moody silence.

The following day he went to town again and in the evening, when he went back toward home, his face was haggard and wan from his day's vigil. He was getting worried. What could be keeping Hilda? Had something gone wrong? Lundquist slept little that night.

Old Jim, for the first time in months, barked piteously and his master, starting guiltily, made haste to throw some bread to the animal.

"Pore Jim!" said he, "Ay to get yo, eh?"

Lundquist essayed a laugh, but it died away hollowly.

The next day he had stalked by the post office five times in sulky silence when he heard some one call his name. He paused and entered.

Banks, the postmaster, had a letter in his hand.

"Letter for you, Carl!" he said. "Come this morning!"

Lundquist took it in his hand and edged away to a corner of the little office. It was a queer letter—all in print, like a newspaper. Lundquist bent over it and wrinkled his brow.

"Read it for you," suggested the postmaster, expectantly.

"Ja! Yo read hem," assented Lundquist, perplexedly.

The letter was a cruel stab to the eager listener. Hilda was detained in Quebec. The medical authorities had examined her and found her suffering with an affliction of the eyes that would prohibit her entry unless speedily cured. To do this a sufficient amount of money must be advanced by Lundquist to insure payment of the medical expense incident to the treatment.

The postmaster, hearing a suspi-

rious sound, paused in his translation and glanced up. The listener was staring at him wide-eyed, his whole soul pouring out through his blue orbs. He confused him and he crumpled the paper nervously. Lundquist brought himself together with a jerk. "How much money hem say?"

"A hundred dollars!" was the postmaster's response.

"Von hundred dollars!" repeated the stricken youth. "Von hundred—"

He reached out and took the sheet from Bank's fingers and placed it in his pocket. Then he went out, old Jim close at his heels, with his tail down dejectedly.

An hour later the two emerged from the door of the bank. Aimlessly they strolled along the dismal street until they came to where the team was tied. A mile out on the open prairie the youth turned in his seat and shook his clenched fist at the receding town. Once he glanced upward and shook his fist firmly in a straight stare ahead, and so remained till the cabin was reached.

That night he did not go to bed. He sat and walked and babbled to the dog till daybreak. In the morning he eyed the rising sun with bloodshot eyes. His body quivered with the protests of abused nerves and his cheeks were sunken from lack of nourishment.

"Von hundred dollars!" he said, bitterly.

That day he visited the bank three different times. The last time he stood in the doorway and told the banker a few of the hot things that rankled in his brain. Old Jim stood aside and snarled.

He visited the store and asked for food. When the storekeeper suggested pay, he cursed beneath his breath and left the place. He went to the post office with a letter he had written to Hilda—a letter filled with scalding tears and heart burnings. The postmaster spoke to him, asking if he was sending the money on to the girl. Lundquist clenched his teeth tightly and rushed out to conceal the tears that stole unexpressed down his cheeks.

Two days later a letter came. It was cold and formal. Hilda had returned to Norway. Lundquist stumbled awkwardly when Banks read the letter and thrust his elbow through a pane of glass. Banks, glancing up, made light of the accident.

"Don't worry about that, Carl!" he remarked. "I'll fix that."

"Ay get yo glass!" said Lundquist, hoarsely, as he went out.

At the hardware store he brought forth his paltry store of silver—four dollars in all. The glass took one of these. Inside the case something caught his eye—something shiny and cold. He inquired its price.

"Two-fifty," said the man, "and it's a 38!"

Lundquist slid the money hesitatingly across the glass counter and took the object gingerly in his hand. Flushed and trembling, he started for the door.

"Wait! You want—you'll need some of these!" called the proprietor as he slid out some little boxes.

"Ja! Von box!" said Lundquist.

It was late that night when he two reached the lone cabin on the prairie. The dog sat on the floor before his master and licked his lips expectantly, but his master heeded him not—he was reading, reading, reading Hilda's letters.

Two weeks later the newspaper at the county seat printed the following: "A party of sportsmen made a gruesome find in a sod shanty 12 miles north of E— last week. Attracted by the mournful howling of a shepherd dog they drew up and entered. The body of a young Scandinavian lay upon the earth floor with a bullet wound in his forehead. Numerous letters scattered about create the impression that he committed the deed in a fit of homicidal passion or despondency. The dog refused to leave the spot, although waxed to a skeleton by hunger and exposure."

Abreast of the Times. "How is you son getting along?" We asked the old acquaintance. "First rate. Making money hand over fist."

"That's good. Let's see; he graduated as a veterinary surgeon, didn't he?"

"Yes; but after he tried to practice for a while he changed to an automobile-repairer."—Judge.

Absentminded. Tony—I'm against keeping the lid on. Jones—Why?

Tony—I kept mine on when Miss Sweet passed me the other day, and now she won't speak to me.—Detroit Free Press.

Went Fishing A-Horseback

An Animal That Was a Worthy Follower of Sir Isak.

A somewhat novel method of fishing was employed by the "Pudding Sisters," whose experiences are given in Outing. They did their fishing on horseback, using two mounts, known as Grace and Ginger.

The horse Grace had the added value of a training in trout fishing, and fishing was good in the South Fork of the Snake, the trout ranging from one to two pounds. Grace would work across the riffle, up to her sides in the swift running water, while her rider cast a gray palmer with a yellow body up, down and across.

It was laughable to watch the horse when a fish was hooked. Slowly, patiently, cautiously, Grace would amble toward the shore, watching the frantic attempts of the fish to escape, stepping sideways in an effort to give her rider better chance to play it, and always sighing in apparent relief

and satisfaction when the fish was finally landed.

That horse keenly enjoyed the sport. Ginger did fairly well, but had a broad air through the whole performance. The other horses would have none of it.

The deep water, the whipping of the rod, the swishing of the line, seemed to get on their nerves and they would plunge and snort and make for the shore just as a two-pound beauty was rising to the fly. The deep water and swift current made fishing on foot almost impossible.

Among those who appeared this season before the board of assessors in Marblehead, Mass., and kicked about their assessments was a man named White. After listening patiently to the kick he made, the board told him that they couldn't abate the tax on the property unless he allowed one on it. "Well," said Whiteford, "call me a widow."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Modern breadboards should be scrubbed with sand or salt instead of soap, in order to be kept in good condition.

Clean grease or rust from plain iron or galvanized iron sinks with kerosene and wash them with boiling hot soapsuds.

In the case of a tiled floor, a little linseed oil rubbed in, and the tiles subsequently polished, brings up the colors wonderfully.

Platiron holders, if lined with a layer of soft leather, like the top of a boot, will protect your hand from heat far better than if made in the ordinary way.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and easier digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil furiously for three and one-half minutes.

A cheap disinfectant to use in scrubbing or washing utensils in a sick room is made by adding a teaspoonful of turpentine to every bucket of hot water. Turpentine is a powerful disinfectant, and will dispel all bad odors.

If a tin of paint has to be opened, stir it thoroughly, so as to dissolve all of the oil, then fill up with water. When it becomes necessary to use the paint pour off the water and you will find it as fresh as when first opened.

GARNISHES.

Fried sausage or force meat balls for roast turkey, capon or fowl.

Fennel for mackerel and salmon, either fresh or pickled.

Lobster coral and parsley for boiled fish.

Currant jelly for game, also for custard or bread pudding.

Seville oranges, in slices, for wild duck, pigeons, teal and such game.

Mint either with or without parsley for roast lamb, whether hot or cold.

Pickled gherkins, capons or onions for some boiled meats, stews, etc.

A red pepper or small red apple for the mouth of a roast pig.

Sliced eggs, showing the white and yellow parts, for chicken salad.

Spots of red and black pepper, alternated, on the fat side of a boiled ham, which side should lie uppermost on the serving dish.

TO "SET" THE COLOR.

Strong Brine of Cold Water and Salt Will Do the Work.

It is impossible to tell whether a color is fast before washing, says the Boston Traveler, but by far the safest plan is to "set" the color before it goes to the tub for the first time. One of the best methods of setting delicate colors consists in simply making a strong brine of cold water and salt and soaking the garment from 12 to 24 hours. Of course this should be done just before going to the laundry and the salt should not be allowed to dry in it. This is especially good for all shades of pink and green, and colors once set this way will be bright as long as it would be possible to expect it. A strong solution of alum and water is good, particularly with blues and the more delicate shades of brown, but its effect is not so lasting as that of salt, and it is sometimes necessary to renew the bath after the first three or four washings.

The Useful Onion.

Every housewife understands that onions are a kind of all-around good medicine, without knowing why.

She knows that a solid red onion eaten at bedtime will, by the next morning, break the severest cold.

She also knows that onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness; but she does not know why.

If any one would take an onion and mash it so as to secure all the juice in it he would have a most remarkable smelling substance that would quiet the most nervous person.

The strength of this substance inhaled for a few minutes will dull the sense of smell and quiet the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion.

A JINGLE OF FALL SHOPPING.

Young Mr. Hubbard, he went and he rubbered To get his dear, wifey a hat, He saw a new bonnet, said: "Let's decide on it."

Said she: "Why, no one's wearing that!" They looked at, he reckoned, ten bonnets a second.

Until they found one low and flat. He said: "Come, now, try it." She cried: "I won't buy it!"

Why, all of the town's wearing that!"—Judge.

Onion Sandwiches Good.

An onion sandwich is very appetizing, says a writer in Health. While onions do not agree with everybody, the trouble is generally due to eating them with other food. If just onions and bread and butter are eaten, for one meal, there will be no bad effect. Onions are healthful and in some cases tend to relieve insomnia, and are said to be good for the complexion.

The Mark of the Strong.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrance, discouragement and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Thomas Carlyle.

Proof of Sobriety.

The following words have been registered as designations of whiskey: "Cracryrisotbelleditment," "Agaphon," "Sempermickelment" and "Ska brigantidufuge." The ability to order any one of the brands in question might well be taken as conclusive proof of sobriety.—British Medical Journal.

Sea Songs.

Most great poets have written about the sea, yet few have written songs which sailors can sing.

Our Washington Letter

Interesting Gossip Gathered at the National Capital—To Stop Marriage of Blind Persons—Weak Spots in Bank Examinations Pointed Out.



WASHINGTON.—Government control of the marriage of persons deprived of one or more of their senses is the latest administration idea. By its appointment of a committee on eugenics Assistant Secretary of Agriculture W. M. Hayes has taken a step which, it is expected, will result in a great improvement in the human race through more favorable conditions in the relationship of the sexes.

It is the object of this committee to devise a way to prevent the marriage of two blind persons, should it be determined that their union would result in a transmission of their deficiency.

Members of the committee are: Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Washington; Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford university; Maj. Charles Woodruff, M. D., U. S. A.; Dr. Charles B. Henderson, University of Chicago; C. W. Ward, New York, and Rev. J. E. Gilbert, Washington.

Eugenics is defined as "the science of generative or procreative development; the doctrine of progress or evolution, especially in the human race, through improved conditions in the relations of the sexes."

The committee will submit a report at a meeting of the American Breeders' association in Columbus, O., January 15. The committee, Assistant Secretary Hayes says, will "investigate and report on heredity in the human race; devise methods of recording the values of the blood of individuals, families, peoples, and races; emphasize the value of superior blood, and suggest methods of improving the heredity of the family, the people, or the race."



"Roosevelt spelling" was up before the supreme court of the United States the other day, and in an encounter with the traditions of that ancient body it did not come off the victor.

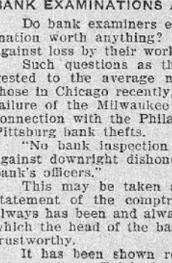
The case under consideration was that of Dalton against the United States, and Solicitor General Hoyt was engaged in presenting the government's side. In the course of his argument he had occasion to refer to a long quotation in his brief from a decision of the court rendered some years ago by Justice Bradley, in which the word "through" was spelled "thru."

Chief Justice Fuller held a copy of the brief in his hand, and when the word was reached interrupted Mr. Hoyt with a question as to whether the extract was intended to be a quotation from Justice Bradley's official opinion.

"In all except the spelling," replied Mr. Hoyt, "I am, I significantly responded the chief justice.

"Ah," Chief Justice Fuller said, "with an interrogative inflexion that caused a general smile through the courtroom. The solicitor general explained that the department of justice, like all other departments of the government, had attempted to follow the new order of spelling, and he added that, while he considered it proper to pursue this course in the original text of the department's briefs, he did not feel that the department was justified in changing the orthography of judicial opinions. He said that in the future such changes would be guarded against.

The court has not adopted the simplified spelling system.



BANK EXAMINATIONS ARE NOT THOROUGH. Do bank examiners examine? Is their examination worth anything? Is the public protected against loss by their work?

Such questions as these are inevitably suggested to the average man by disclosures like those in Chicago recently, in connection with the failure of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank; in connection with the Philadelphia failure, and the Pittsburgh bank thefts.

"No bank inspection will protect the public against downright dishonesty on the part of the bank's officers."

This may be taken as the official and final statement of the comptroller of the currency. Banking always has been and always will be a business in which the head of the bank must be trusted and trustworthy.

It has been shown repeatedly that collusion between two officials in a bank (or sometimes merely the dishonesty of one official) will deceive the best bank examiner in the employ of the government.

A good illustration of this fact took place in the failure of a bank not long ago at Redbank, N. J. One of the best examiners on the comptroller's force was sent to look into the affairs of the institution. He spent several days going over the securities and books, and then called the directors together and reported that the bank was perfectly sound, and that he would recommend that it go on.

At this moment the cashier of the bank came in. "You are entirely mistaken, gentlemen," said the cashier. "This bank is busted."

The examiner and directors looked at the man in amazement. "It is very simple," said he. "If you will wait a minute I will go into the cellar and get some papers."

Presently the cashier returned with some loose sheets which had been removed from the ledger. They contained the record of deposits. Most of them were of money which had been put in for saving, and to draw interest, but it was one of the bank's liabilities, and it put a very different aspect on the matter.

Until the dishonest bookkeeping was disclosed the affairs of the bank appeared all right. There was no way in which the examiner could tell that loose pages had been taken from the ledger—unless, indeed, he were fitted with some Sherlock Holmes instinct beyond the ordinary equipment of the accountant.

In other words, the national or the state bank examiner is not a Sherlock Holmes. In most cases he judges a bank's condition by surface conditions. Only when rumors of something wrong have come to him does he try to insert the probe below the surface. And even then he has small chance of outwitting the sharp and crooked bank officials who are on the ground and who have had every chance to cover their tracks.



HUNDREDS OF BANKS TO EACH MAN. There are 78 bank examiners to examine 7,966 national banks. Last year these examiners made a total of 11,715 examinations. Anybody will see from these figures that an examiner does not linger long over any one bank.

What the examiner does is to look over the securities, check up the amount of loans and discounts, see what proportion they bear to the capital and assets, and generally to make sure that the books of the bank do not show anything contrary to the national banking act. The examination is, in fact, more a check on the officers' way of doing business than a precaution against actual dishonesty.

National banks are not supposed to be examined oftener than twice a year. And then all that is necessary, in most cases, is that the records may appear all right. Among the assets may appear certain notes which are forgeries, but the bank examiner does not take each signature to be less effective than it should be. It has one great weakness—namely, the fee system. Comptroller Ridgely says of this:

"The weakest feature of the present system of examination is that the examiners are paid by fees instead of salaries. I believe every comptroller of the currency in recent years has recommended a change in this system.

"The government can and should by all means improve the service by paying examiners by the day and greatly increasing their number, so that a man should have time and take time to go into matters as thoroughly as is necessary to get at the real condition of the bank. The men ought to be paid good salaries; large enough to attract and hold good men. It is one of the difficulties of the present service that it is hard to keep good men."

PEOPLE'S LOBBY FAVORED BY THE PRESIDENT.

The president is deeply interested in the success of the "People's Lobby" for the purpose of organizing which several well-known investigators and writers met here recently. The most important meeting for the purpose of giving direction to this movement of safeguarding the interests of the public against the malevolent influence of special interests was delayed until John Bronson Reynolds, co-author of the Neil-Reynolds report on Chicago packing-house conditions, could get the ideas of the president on the subject and convey them to the organizers.

The important matter is the selection of a Washington head of the lobby. Frank H. Hitchcock, first assistant postmaster general, has been suggested in this connection, and it is understood that President Roosevelt thinks that he would be an excellent person to stand sentinel for the common good and unearthen bad legislation and prevent the emanulation of good legislation. Should Mr. Hitchcock leave his present position for the rather idealistic duty which the people's lobby will create he will receive a larger salary than he now gets.

The "people's lobby" will have nothing to do with the "First Christian Lobby," headed by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, and which in its fight against saloons and liquor interests used the postal franchises of senators and representatives until the post office department discovered the fact and stopped this abuse of the franking privilege.



COUGHS AND COLDS ARE COMMON IN NOVEMBER. PE-RU-NA FOR CATARRH OF THE HEAD, THROAT, LUNGS, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, AND PELVIC ORGANS.

When Is an Old Maid? When does a girl become an old maid? This question, blunt and sharp of delicate innuendo, is now figuring in the solemnest discussion of Philadelphia society.

One might say that a girl becomes an old maid when she fails to marry betimes, but that is not the point. What is the exact year that ushers in spinsterhood and closes forever the gates of youth? Of course, this is not a matter in which man has any word to say. No rational wearer of trousers would tempt fate and the scorn of femininity by attempting a suggestion, for any ambitious deed, that would necessarily bring down upon the luckless masculine head a storm of reprobation. It has been left to the women themselves to brave the peril. And they have placed the age at 40 years. Under this ruling a woman is a tender bud until twoscore years have counted their gloomy litany of days and the hair near the scalp begins to whiten.

Income From Abroad. The London Economist states that British capitalists draw an income of \$500,000,000 from their foreign investments. Last fiscal year they paid income tax on \$330,000,000, as compared with \$195,100,000 20 years ago. The largest amount is derived from interest on foreign and colonial government securities and the next largest sum from dividends and interest from foreign and colonial concerns.

"Now, I am ready, how do I look, dear?" "You remind me of a Slout in his war paint." "Oh, you nasty thing, you—" "Don't cry, darling; I only meant you were dressed to kill."