

We incline to the opinion that Gen. Stoenel will refuse to be a candidate for a second term.

Bombs are again being hurled in Barcelona. That place seems to be the Paterson, N. J., of Spain.

New York Chinese are hot to depose the Empress. Distance lends courage as well as enchantment.

This suit for \$350,000 against Tom Lawson may provide him with still another chapter on frenzied finance.

The records show that Miss Thaw paid \$250,000 for her title as Countess of Yarmouth. She got the Earl as boot.

It is instructive to consider what might have been if young Thaw's parents had made him go to work for a living.

In order to comply with the fitness of things Boston should remove the sacred codfish from the capital and hang up a sole.

If the world really wants to stop the war between Russia and Japan, it has only to stop lending the two contending nations money.

Russia will have a new navy built in Germany, France and America. Aha! Now isn't John Bull sorry he has been so friendly to the Japs?

It staggers the country to hear the Massachusetts legislature likened to a string of sausages. String beans would sound more convincing.

The rich woman in Indianapolis who left her entire fortune to her coachman was lucky enough to die before her heirs found out about it.

The Chicago clergyman who says that women are not angels has no reason to complain. It is much better to have them as they are—just women.

The commander-in-chief of the army of Panama threatened a revolution and got retired on full pay for life. Revolution is still profitable on the isthmus.

Somebody stole \$30,000 of the Forepaugh circus employes' wages from the money wagon, and the detectives searched everybody's trunk except the elephant's.

That millionaire philanthropist of New York who is looking for a house in the slums so that he may help his neighbors evidently despairs of reforming the 400.

Do not deride the St. Paul man who paid an election bet by rolling a peanut all around the Minnesota state-house. Rolling a peanut may be just what he is fitted for.

Marriage of the feeble-minded was opposed at the charity conference. Some old bachelors might think that classification would take in all who contemplate matrimony.

One bride gets a check for \$50,000 and another one for \$40,000 as a wedding gift. We venture the remark that where such assets are visible, marriage is never quite a failure.

Any one who has watched a football player using his dome of thought as a battering ram upon the opposing line will admit that the performance seems calculated to produce softening somewhere.

Now that the logbook and private papers of Columbus have been found in Paris, we should like to know, among other things, whether the logbook starts at each day with "brite and fair."

"The longer we live," says the Nebraska State Journal, "the more thoroughly convinced we are that no man knows as much as he lets on." This seems to call for a sharp rejoinder from Editor Stead.

The Harvard sophomore class has elected as its president a poor student who is working his way through college by acting as a waiter. This country can never be in a bad way while such things happen.

The esteemed Philadelphia Record is in a state of mind because Pennsylvania has a surplus of over \$14,000,000 in its treasury. It manifests almost as much uneasiness as if there were a deficit of \$14,000,000.

Objectionable literature from France imported at New York is being burned, perhaps on the theory, based on observation of current publications, that we are able now to supply our own market for that kind of stuff.

King Edward is limping, as a result of kicking his own foot while shooting. Even kings occasionally interfere. And yet if anybody should suggest trying a bunch of straw around one of Edward's ankles he would probably object.

More absorbing than news of the Baltic fleet to the London swell is the appearance on the market of a trousers creasing machine. It is said to make a perfect crease and that is now the ambition of every well-dressed man in the British capital.

JEST NUTS



Dodging It. Junior Partner—"I think I'll have to discharge that clerk. He doesn't do any work." Senior Partner—"Indeed? He seems busy all the time." Junior Partner—"Yes; he manages to keep busy so constantly that he never does any work."

No Change. Thirsty Tim—Gee whiz! suppose de trust should raise de price on beer! Weary Willie—Well, we'd only have ter do what we're doin' now—raise de price oursel's.

Where the Trouble Was. An Irishman who was not feeling well after having worked overtime at a Thanksgiving feast, dropped in to consult a pill dispenser. The latter began operations by feeling the patient's pulse. "Pfwat's th' good av feelin' me wrist, docter?" asked the son of Erin. "Faith an' it's in me sthomaich th' trouble do be."

The Bucolic Humorist. Visitor—Have you lived all your life here, my little man? Little man—No, not yet.

SORRY HE SPOKE.



Caller—What did sister say when you told her I was here? Tommy—She said "O, thunder!"

A Straight Tip. "I hear your engagement with young Gotrox has been broken off," remarked the first fair daughter of Eve. "Well, you are entitled to another hearing," rejoined fair daughter No. 2, as she held up a graceful hand on which a solitaire sparkled. "You can see for yourself that I am still in the ring."

Afraid to Risk It. Druggist—You didn't take a vacation this year, did you? Doctor—No; I couldn't afford to take any chances. Druggist—Why, how's that? Doctor—Well, you see, I have a number of wealthy patients on the string, and I was afraid if I went away for a few weeks they might get well.

No Cause for Alarm. "Oh, George," exclaimed Mrs. Garvey, as she met her husband at the door with tears in her eyes, "mamma has injured her hand, and the doctor says there is danger of lockjaw." "Don't be alarmed, my dear," replied the knowing Garvey. "All they have to do is to keep the old lady awake and her jaws will never stay locked."

Ever Notice It? "Yes," remarked the man who occasionally lets out only an audible thought, "it is." "What 'tis that is?" queried the party with the rubber habit. "It is easier to cut an acquaintance than it is to carve a steak with a restaurant knife," explained the noisy thinker.

Fly in the Ointment. "Poets, sir," remarked the shabby person with the unbarbered hair, as the editor handed back his manuscript, "are born." "Well," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil, "there would probably be no objection to that if they would leave about nine-tenths of their poetry unmade."

Best Kind of Governness. Mrs. Bly—Is your foreign governness a success? Mrs. Sly—Oh, yes; all of the children speak French, you know. Mrs. Bly—Do you understand them? Mrs. Sly—Oh, no; that's the beauty of it; I don't have to answer any of their questions!—Detroit Free Press.

Extravagant Woman. "Really, dear," said the beautiful dryad who was Pan's favorite wife, "I must have a new bonnet." "What! More expense?" exclaimed Pan. "You must think I'm a regular dust-Pan."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Smile Seems a Frown. The optimist—I tell you, my boy, if you only keep hustling, fortune is bound to smile on you in the long run. The pessimist—Didn't it ever strike you that fortune has a beastly, sarcastic smile?—Brooklyn Life.

No Time for Such Nonsense. Johnny Geehaw—Paw, what's the law of gravitation? Farmer Geehaw—I dunno. I hain't got time to keep up with all the fool statoots the durn legislatur passes.

Making a Close Distinction. Benevolent party—Young man, I'm sorry to see you thus idling away the golden hours of youth. Every time I look out of my parlor window I see you sitting on this fire hydrant. The young man—What's th' matter with you? What are you givin' me? I ain't idle when I'm doin' nothing. I'm a sewer inspector.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sizing Him Up. Miss Kuhl—No, Mr. Hunter, I cannot marry you. I suppose you will find some other girl. Mr. Forchen-Hunter—Huh! Can't you offer me any greater consolation than that? Miss Kuhl—O, yes, it may console you to know that I am not as rich as I am reported to be.

Easily Pleas'd Then. Nell—So their engagement is off? Belle—Yes. She says he was too hard to please. Nell—That's funny. He must have changed since he proposed to her.

Feminine Amenity. Stella—Jack and I are to be married. Bella—What freak election bets men do make!

STILL STRUGGLING.



She—I understand that Sarah Ann married a struggling young man. He—Yes, he struggled all right, but he couldn't get away.

Who Wouldn't Be Good? "Our new minister certainly is a good man." "Huh! What's he good for?" "Because he gets \$5,000 a year for being that way. You'd be good, too, wouldn't you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Of a Particular Kind. Willie—Pa, how many quarts does it take to make a peck? Pa—It all depends, my son. Less than one quart, for instance, will sometimes make a "peck of trouble."

Identified. "What has become," asked the occasional guest, "of the pretty black-eyed girl who used to wait at that table over in the corner?" "What pretty black-eyed girl?" frigidly inquired the young woman with the snub nose and prominent chin. "If I remember rightly, she had a little bit of a mole on one cheek." "Oh, that girl with the blotch on her face? I think somebody married her."

Not Substantial. "I'm surprised that you should think our rates high for what we give you," said the proprietor of the mountain hotel. "The air here is the most delightful, and—" "Yes," interrupted the half-starved boarder, "but it isn't very filling."

The Boy's Idea. "D you believe the meek will inherit the earth, pop?" "I certainly do, my son." "Well, I can't understand how that can be. A fellow don't get anything nowadays unless he has the cheek to ask good and hard for it!"

No Sport. Mrs. Teacup—My husband tells me it was a fine hit Sothern and Marlowe made last night. Mrs. Weecup—Oh, I take no interest in what my husband tells me about prize-fights. What is the latest shade of onion brown?

A Compromise. "Now, sir, I told you I'd spank you if you disobeyed me," said the bright boy's mother, "and I'm going to do it." "Say, ma," pleaded the boy, "lemme off an' I'll tell you what pa's goin' ter give you for Christmas."

The Coat's Defect. Customer—You know that coat I bought of you? Well, when I buttoned it the first time it split down the back. Clothing Dealer—indeed? It must be, then, that the buttons were sewed on too strongly.

Plan of a Shrewd Saint. Clericus—Why do you suppose St. Paul made it compulsory for women to wear their hats in church? Witticus—Because he wanted to be sure that all the women would go to church. Foxy old boy, Paul.—Cleveland Leader.

He Was in Luck. "But can you afford to marry, young man?" asked the dear girl's father. "Sure," answered the would-be son-in-law. "I've got a friend who has just been ordained as a minister, and he is willing to tie the knot free just for practice."

Underpaid. "It's simply impossible for me to spend all the money I earn." "Oh, come off!" "Fact. You see, I really earn much more than the boss is willing to give me."

The Masculine View. She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses. He—They probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them.

One Insect Good "Bag"

Some thirty years ago A. S. Packard, now a professor in Brown university, and widely known through his scientific work and writings, caught a grasshopper somewhere down in Maine, says the Manchester Union. It was not much of an insect as grasshoppers are commonly sized up by the lay mind. There are plenty of grasshoppers in any field or pasture that are nearly or quite two inches in length, with expansive, bright-colored wings, and not a few of them make a noise in the world every time they rise and take flight before the eager collector or the peacefully grazing cow. But this grasshopper which Prof. Packard found has no showy wings—only the mere stubs of wings at the most—makes no noise at any time, and is scarcely more than half an inch long. Yet, for certain scientific reasons, it was regarded with a deeper interest than all the other members of the grasshopper tribe. It was given a big name, melanoplus dawsonii, tenderly pinned and carefully put away in the collection at Cambridge. No other individual of this rare insect tribe was captured, at any rate by anybody who recognized it, until a year or two ago, when Miss Susie C. Fogg, an enthusiastic member of the entomological section of the Manchester institute, secured the second specimen of melanoplus dawsonii known to the scientific world. From that time Prof. A. P. Morse of Wellesley, curator of the museum there, and a grasshopper specialist of no mean reputation, has greatly desired to secure specimens of melanoplus dawsonii on his own account. Accordingly, taking advantage of an invitation from Miss Fogg, Prof. Morse came to Manchester a day or two ago, duly equipped with net, cyanide bottle and collecting box, as the law of entomologists requires. In company with a party composed of members of the institute, he proceeded to Rock Rimmon, and with his net vigorously swept the grass and shrubbery roundabout. To his surprise, and that of all present, he, or Miss Fogg, made another "find." It was a single specimen, to be sure, but as only two had ever been found before it was rightly considered reward enough for one day's effort.

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The Theater in Japan

In Japan the theater goes home as early as 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning. The play lasts all day and sometimes far into the night. During the play attendants go about continuously, dispensing to patrons small handless cups of pale yellow tea, with which the air is made fragrant. The Japanese theater has several features novel to Americans. A revolving stage, allowing the scene to be changed immediately, is used and naturalness is given to the general effect by means of two walks leading direct to the stage on either side of the theater and extending its whole length. Sometimes these walks are enlivened with flower borders, and here the action of the play sometimes begins. A character will appear, not from the wings, but on one of these walks. He will repeat some lines, which the heroine perhaps, or other character, will answer from the opposite walk, and so by degrees they make their way in the most natural manner to the stage proper.

"Other features cannot be so recommended," says a traveler, "as, for instance, dressers to the chief actors, who flit hurriedly to and fro like black specters. These dressers are supposed to be invisible and in addition to throwing around the actor his required changes of costume, sometimes brocades and stuffs of extreme richness and value, they act as valets—give the hero a cup of tea, a fan, a handkerchief, or, if the situation is very dramatic, hold on a long stick a taper, which lights up the actor's face. "Pantomime is seen in high perfection. In one famous play a murder is committed on a rainy twilight. All is gloomy and still. A woman appears, running. She looks behind her, then, with a terrified gesture, runs into a wayside field of tall rice. Spook a man comes, panting. He stops. He looks around, then at the ground—there, her footprints lead to the rice field. He follows. Soon there is a gurgling cry and the tops of the rice stalks sway. Then all is still."

Influence of the Moon

In the course of a recent lecture on "Time and Tide" Sir Robert Ball said: "The moon, as every one knows, is the greater cause of the tides, the sun's influence being not more than half of our satellite's because of the extreme nearness of the latter body. In distant ages the moon spun around as the earth still does, but the tidal action of our world on the moon has so stopped that spin that now she always turns the same face to us. This tidal action acts like a brake on a revolving wheel, and the time will come, hundreds of millions of years hence, if the solar system lasts so long, when the earth also will turn the same face to the moon and our day be at least a month long. But the interaction of tidal forces tends to drive our satellite further and further from us. Year by year the moon is getting a few inches more distant, and reversing the argument year by year, in the great past, the moon was nearer to us. Prof. George Darwin has shown that long ago the moon revolved close to the earth, and still earlier formed part of this globe. From that time to the present he calculates at least 54,000,000 years must have elapsed. The birth of the moon took place therefore, somewhere about that date in the past." Sir Robert Ball observed that when the moon was near to us its attraction must have produced enormous tides, many times greater than those that wash our shores to-day, and he suggested that these tides by their powerful erosions and wasting of the land, accelerated the geological forces, and so reduced the tremendous periods which the geologists have demanded. Hitherto, however, no evidence of these prodigious tides has been furnished by the rocks, and most geologists are content with half the time which Prof. Darwin allows since the moon was formed. Sir Robert threw on the screen pictures of the lunar surface, airless and waterless and covered with the wrecks of ancient volcanoes. Spaces there are where seas once were, but ages ago they sank into the cavernous interior, where doubtless the ancient fires have long been extinct, for no trace of change can be discerned on that scene of weird desolation.

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When Sails Dotted Seas

I am the poet's vision still— Still down the lanes of sea. Trod now by monsters bellowing. The songs are all of me. For when they set my braces taut, The last ship of the Line, And sailed me from the ken of man Into the riding brine, They could not take the memory Of the days when ships were blown Over the uncontrolled wave By the breath of God alone. For me through patient centuries The praying forests rose, From Scandinavia's cataracts To Oregon's far snows; For me the strong, full-bosomed hills Upreared their crowns of trees That I might answer, unafraid, The haunting of the breeze. They cut the Druid temples down To make my ribs of oak; Beneath the axman's swinging arm The Congo echoes woke; They rafted down the Kennebec, They hewed in Lebanon;

They stole the courses of the stars, My heading path to eon. For me the April-swollen floods From rock to plain were hurried That they might bear me spars to take The measure of the world; For me the looms wove in and out, A-singing year by year; They ravished all the world for me To hang me with its gear. The South was white with Summer snow. The East was set with bloom. That ripe and all with fitting show Should clothe me, mast and boom; They sounded the primeval deep That I might step it free When, ushered by the storm, I made My bridal with the sea. What though the last one of my line Long since has dipped below The rocking rim of sea and sky Where all the dead ships go! No strings are swung for sack and steel, No lyres struck for steam; But ever my white pyramids Swim in the singer's dream. —The Oregonian.

Stammer With the Pen

The discussion of the question of "pen stammering" suggested by Dr. Bertillon of Paris, and in which some reference was made to Ribot's discussion of the same subject, reminds me that "pen stammering" had been not only recognized, but named, some time before either of these gentlemen came upon the scene of human activity to observe and classify the nervous ailments of mankind. The fact is that Sir Walter Scott, whose writings have delighted so many persons, was a sufferer, as shown by the following excerpt, taken from the "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, 10th volume, second edition: January 10, 1831—"I cannot say the world opens pleasantly for me this new year. There are many things for which I have reason to be thankful, especially that Cadell's plans seem to have succeeded—and he augurs that the

next two years will well nigh clear me. But I feel myself decidedly wrecked in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer." This statement carries the "pen stammering" habit much farther back than the discussion up to this point had carried it, and, no doubt, there can be found authentic cases still further back than 1831. The fact is that "pen stammering" probably came into existence a short while after men began to write. It is, at any rate, quite reasonable to assume that the ailment followed quickly on the heels of the writing habit, and it was probably more extensive in the early days than it is now, because it marked a departure in the uses of the hand."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.