

THE INDEX

AZTEC. . . . NEW MEXICO.

"Let us have peace—at least till spring," is Russia's latest motto.

Persons who are looking for trouble should try to organize a platonic friendship.

Maybe the Chinese eyes grew that way through the habit of looking askance at Russia.

The humorists are going into politics and the politicians are becoming unconscious humorists.

"There," says Len Dillon, 1-584, as she retires for the season, "I guess that'll hold 'em for a while."

Capt. Herreshoff is rapidly getting well. He couldn't do anything that would please the people more.

Santo Domingo has been inoculated with another revolution and there is every indication that it is going to take.

It is one thing to pay money to hear an old lady of 60 sing, but it is another thing to pay money to hear Fattis sing.

In Germany there are tile roofs that have been on buildings for 600 years. This must be very discouraging to the roofers.

David B. Hill has no cause to feel discouraged over his matrimonial prospects. Next year it will be ladies' choice again.

Pearcy announces that there are three ways of reaching the North Pole. He doesn't explain how he found them, though.

Strychnine put in pie for rats killed a man the other day; at least, the cook claims that it was the strychnine that killed him.

It is claimed that the czar has too many advisers, though theoretically the czar is supposed to know what to do without advice.

King Peter must look at the almanac occasionally and nurse to himself that it is going to be a long time between assassinations.

That woman who has just been legally detached from the same husband for the third time seems to have contracted the divorce habit.

Over in Berlin they are now looping the loop in automobiles. The public generally can find some reason to be happy if it only looks around.

A Providence inventor has made a baby carriage that is self-propelling. Now if some inventor would only do this with a baby, that would be a good thing.

The more that shipbuilding trust matter is explained the more apparent it becomes that there are some very rich sealwags in this country.

If complaints continue to accumulate against promoter Schwab, the experience gained by that gentleman in dodging about Europe may come in handy.

Ezekiel Ezekiel was defeated in Massachusetts and Adelard Archambault was put to the bad in Rhode Island. Who says there is nothing in a name?

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, the English novelist, says American women are degenerate. But he has had a chance to study only those who have married Englishmen.

A woman is as old as she looks, a man is as old as he feels, and a U. S. senator—well, we have had two illustrations lately of how young U. S. senators think they are.

The girls belonging to the senior class at Smith college, have decided that Shakespeare's heroines were unlovely. Gentle Will would never say that about the Smith girls.

To appreciate the full humor of Punch's sobriquet for the new woman's paper, "The Daily Female," you have to remember that London has a "Daily Mail," also run by Mr. Harmsworth.

We might merely remind Russia that it is not the number nor the size of the ships that count in a naval struggle, but the way they are managed and the number of shots that hit the mark.

A Turkish artist who drew a caricature of the sultan has been sentenced to 101 years in prison. We have no doubt, however, that he may succeed through good conduct in having it marked down to 99.

"America is the greatest coal producer in the world," says a newspaper correspondent triumphantly. And incidentally the American coal consumer is something of a producer when it comes to footing the winter bills.

There will be a shortage of canned corn the coming winter, but there will be more of that commodity than there was when the pilgrim fathers were chanting the anthems of the free in order that the sounding aisles of the dim woods might ring.

Don't be too aggressive even though you are absolutely sure you're right. A man in Wilmington, Del., has had to pay a \$15 fine for pushing another man who would not accept his solution of the Ann-Mary age problem.

"Iron Man" McGinty, the star pitcher of the New York Giants, got \$4,000 this year and wanted \$5,000 next. The magnates hesitated, but McGinty announces now that he is going to play in his old position—which is he had never for teams having to play doubleheaders with the Giants.

UNAFRAID.

So deep is the night, my brother,
But bright the coming day,
And the time for dawn and sunrise
Is never far away.

I'm watching here in the valley
To catch the first glad rift
In the night clouds hanging over—
Gray clouds that soon shall lift.

Whenever night shades are deepest
Then loudest is my song,
In the shadow of the valley
Hope speeds my feet along.

Aye, dead is the night, my brother,
But bright the coming day,
And the time for dawn and sunrise
Is never far away.

—Henry C. Warrack in Los Angeles Herald.



AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

By "KINNS GOTCHE."

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Algernon Barkdale Smythe was known locally as a snob. Some little sense was credited to his account, but his debts ran high. A great many things were unknown to him, but one fact stood out so clearly in his feeble brain that what others he changed to burdened with were quite overshadowed.

There was a woman in Algernon's town with whom he was well acquainted. This woman—well, even her enemies said she was beautiful. Algernon loved her with the unreasoning love that is the love of fools, and sometimes of strong men. In her particular circle she was known as a flirt and coquette. Men who distrusted her ability, along with having a certain regard for their peace of mind, fought shy of her winking glances.

To show and emphasize the insincerity of her character, and its unattractiveness, the case of James was always brought up. He was one of those men—quiet, reserved and intense—who love not often. He had met the woman, Lella, some years before. A service he did for her cemented an incipient friendship, which soon began to ripen into something more. James was slow and methodical, and he knew somewhat of women. With women of Lella's type he was, however, not so familiar. Therefore it was that he studied her long and carefully ere he committed himself.

As, er persuading himself into the belief that he knew her, he promptly asked her to marry him. To his surprise—and her own as well—she accepted him on condition that he wait so long as she might see fit. No lover could refuse even such a questionable acceptance, so they were engaged.

All went well for a year, so far as Lella was concerned. James was very docile in his obedience to her carefully veiled commands, and was equally meek in allowing her to do as she chose. Then, one day, the heavens fell, and James was never the same man afterwards.

It came about in a very simple manner. Lella put James off one night, with but the skeleton of an excuse, and went to the theater with another man. James took it all in good part, and said nothing. That night, in returning, Lella and her escort passed a man and a very shabbily dressed and wanton-faced woman on the street. The two strove to pass without having their faces seen, but they failed to accomplish this. One swift glance revealed it all to Lella. With a startled little cry, she dragged her escort after her in frenzied haste, and when she arrived home she dismissed him with a curt "Good night!"

The next day James received a very hot and scornful note, which sent him about his business without hope of recall. He saw how it was, and made every effort to gain admittance to her presence, but he was denied. Then Lella left the city and was gone for months. James continued the dreary routine of his life, and strove to forget that all the light and gladness of it was no more.

When she returned James chanced to pass her on the street. She was with Algernon, and he spoke to them, but they cut him dead. A great rage and sorrow filled his heart, so he passed on without further ado.

Meantime the gossips of Lella's set had it that she and Algernon were to be married in the spring. She laughed when it came to her ears, but her laugh was not to be understood. Algernon himself attempted to look wise when a friend told him, but it was a dismal failure. He was rich, and looking descended of a family intent to spell its name "Smith," and of average character; therefore, it is not strange that the rumor was currently credited.

It was during a call that Algernon made on her when the heavens fell or him. He, poor fool, unconsciously knocked out the props himself.

That day he had come upon an explanation of James' behavior the night on the street. It savored enough of

the disreputable to be a delicious morsel for his palate. Besides, he had a secret fear that the woman had not yet forgotten James, and he was eager to so poison her mind that her heart would forever cast out the likeness of the man she had once loved. So it was that Algernon dug his little pitfall and coaxed Lella to cross it.

"Don't you remember that fellow—she—let me see, what was his name? Yes, I have it—James. Don't you remember him?"

She flashed a glance at him that would have been a warning to a man of average intelligence, but Smythe did not see it.

"Quite true," she said; "there was such a man. What of him?"

"Nothing of interest, nothing at all

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Even for enemies said she was beautiful.

I chanced to think of him in connection with something I heard to-day—"

"Yes," with rising inflection, "Something you heard set you to thinking of him? That is flattering."

"Not at all," denied Algernon, ignoring the thrust. "But, don't you know, it was something that cast a light on something he did—" he paused expectantly.

Lella's face was a mask, and Algernon could not read her thoughts. "Something that he did?" she commented, tentatively. "What can it all mean?"

"Don't you know?" he said desperately. "Of that—that woman he was seen with on the street—"

"Oh, yes," she said, as before, as if it all was now clear to her. "There was such a woman."

"She wasn't exactly—er—nice, you know," he blundered on.

"I heard so," was the disdainful interruption.

"She was once of a fairly respectable family," pursued Algernon, retaining confidence, "but she—she fell. Then she left her home, and she forgot that she had ever lived. Afterwards they left their old home and came to this place—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Lella; "I can finish it for you. They came to this place, but she had preceded them. When she knew of their arrival she hunted them out, repented of her past misdeeds, was readmitted to the fold, and now they live happily and honorably. It is an old story, and quite commonplace."

"But this did not turn out so," Algernon said triumphantly. "It is worse than that."

"Worse? That is impossible."

"Indeed, no, as you will see. When James came across her it was by accident. She had not repented, but was continuing her evil ways. That very night retribution overtook her, and she was stricken with some kind of malady. James took her to his home and summoned the best medical aid, but it was of no avail. In a few weeks she was dead. James was most devoted to her during it all, paid all the expenses, and had her interred in the family burying ground. They say he took it very much to heart."

Algernon waited with malicious expectancy, for he knew what was coming.

Lella was too much absorbed in her thoughts to observe his manner. When he paused, she asked:

"What was she to him that he should do that, and take it so to heart, as you say?"

"Well," and there was an impressive pause, "she was his wife!"

"His wife!" cried Lella, unable to check the cry of astonishment. Algernon nodded in a satisfied manner, and then said:

"Yes, she was his wife. He married her when he was a young fellow. She had it in her blood, and went to the bad. Then they parted. Later he heard that she was dead, and did not know better until he saw her in the street." Algernon sank back in his chair, satisfied that he had done well.

For some minutes Lella was silent. The man finally became impatient, and to break the suspense, asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

NOTES ON SCIENCE

Convenient for Business Men. With the introduction of the typewriter machine in the office comes the question of where to place it so that it will be most convenient for the user. Probably the best location is in the desk itself, with a folding bed to inclose the typewriter when not in use, but this generally means greater expense through the purchase of an extra new desk. No doubt the second choice will be the swinging shelf attached to one side of the desk, where it can be brought into position

HOW LAWSON GOT EVEN.

Boston Millionaire in a Bad Man to Antagonize.

Thomas W. Lawson, Boston's copper operator, is a man of very warm likes and dislikes, especially dislikes, as many who have come in contact with him have reason to remember. Just now they are telling in Boston how he avenged himself on a florist who took occasion to press him for a bill at a time when he had his hands full looking out for the clubs of his enemies in the stock market, and incidentally swinging a few clubs of his own.

The florist in question was one with whom the millionaire had done a great deal of business in years gone by. When Amalgamated Copper took its recent slump someone went to the florist with a straight tip to the effect that Lawson was in a bad way financially. The florist straightway hid himself in Lawson's office with a demand for his bill. Lawson told him to keep cool, adding that he would send a check as soon as the bill was checked up. The florist, however, wanted a certified check at once.

The insistence of the man was rewarded, and he went on his way rejoicing, his joy being turned to woe a few days later by the resignation of his chief lieutenant, who announced that he was to start a store within a block of the one in which he had worked for many years.

And the knowledge that came later that Mr. Lawson's money was back of the magnificent new store did not make him feel any better. It was Lawson's way of getting square.—New York Times.

TRUE STORIES OF CHILDREN.

Wise Remarks Credited to Present Day Youngsters.

He is young and a materialist. Nearly every child is that however. They do not take much of anything for granted. They want proof. This child had been disobedient and had got into trouble, and his mother was trying to impress upon him the naughtiness of his conduct. She told him about God, who knew everything and could see everything.

"You may hide something from me," she said; "but God sees it all."

"Can he see me now?" he asked.

"Right here in this room?"

"Yes."

He studied the ceiling intently for a minute and then said:

"Well, if you think he can, I wish you'd show me the hole in the roof that he peeks through."

Another little materialist—a girl this time—objected to going to bed alone.

"But you're not alone," exclaimed her mother. "God is with you all the time, and then you have your dolly besides."

She examined her doll critically before replying.

"I don't want them," she said at last. "I want somebody with a skin face."—New York Times.

Across the Hills.

Across the hills and far beyond, where daylight dies and yet again is born, There lies a country wondrous fair, Beyond the purple rim of mist that veils the valley down below.

There lies a land I dreamed about, a land I longed to know. The stars stood sentinel at dusk and beckoned.

Yet I dared not go.

Across these hills a wandering soul came to a child and as it grew It sang a promise of return.

The boy's great hope became a chain and the spirit knew but bitter pain. For its tanks undim were fetters of lead, and a weary life seemed all in vain.

For the master passion would not be slain. Nor the soul at rest again.

It was out of bounds in a realm unreal, That counterfeited its light; Unreal and hopeless and afar, Fate meted it out and gave it free.

And did we accept this lonely thing and smile on life and be free And light of heart and happy-aye— For all eternity.

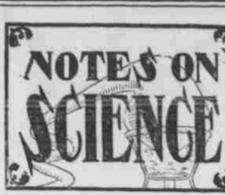
And I cried aloud in my hour of grief for a comfort in my gloom To frighten death away.

Across the hills stole a kindred soul from the minute long ago And my dream came true at last in you here in the afterglow.

And you led me away across the blue Whither I longed to go. —Percy F. Montgomery.

Missing No Opportunity.

A large, good natured man was greatly attracted to a little girl in the dining room of an up-town hotel the other day. She was about two and a half years old, was beginning to run about and talk a good deal, and also appeared to be at home in the hotel. After smiling at him across the dining room and making friends with him at a distance he accosted her in the hall. He asked her the regulation questions put by strangers to children, all of which she answered as promptly as her baby fashion would permit.

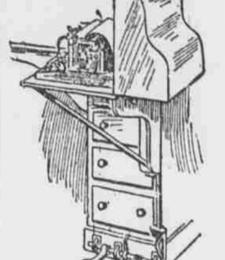


Operated by a Foot Lever.

For use when wanted, and is not in the way when it is necessary to use the desk for other business. While the swinging shelf is not of itself an entirely new idea, yet the mechanism which is shown in connection with it in the illustration has just been invented for the convenience of the operator in manipulating the shelf. It comprises a rock shaft attached to the base of the desk beneath the tier of drawers, with a lever projecting outward within easy reach of the foot to swing the shelf in either position.

The end of the rock shaft carries a segment, which is geared to a small wheel at the lower end of the swing shaft supporting the shelf. When the shelf is thrown back against the side of the desk the foot lever is slightly elevated from the floor, and only a slight pressure is required to bring the shelf forward and present the machine for use.

William J. Bell of Tyler Texas, is the patentee.



Punching Bag Support.

Some boxing instructors advertise to punish the pupils, but to instruct them only, but the timid ones who still desire to go in for a little of the "manly art" will still prefer the punching bag as a substitute for the professor and as being not quite so likely to put the beginner out of the business. One of the difficult problems which arose with the introduction of this means of exercise was the question of mounting the bag to give it perfect freedom of movement and return it quickly after a blow

A very simple device for this purpose is that shown in the illustration, which permits adjustment of the bag in any position according to the height of the person doing the punching. The main support takes the form of a vertical post extending from the ceiling to the floor, or attached to the side wall of the room, as may be most convenient. Sliding on this post is a clamping device carrying a horizontal bar, which in turn, supports a malleable ring, the sides of which are set at such an angle that the ball will strike the surface at approximately right angles as it flies around under the impetus of a blow. It is an easy task to set the bag at any height, and for gymnasium use, where a number of bags are needed, this form of mounting, should be especially advanced.

The patentees are Edgar J. and Hugo Goldsmith of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Elimination of Platinum.

The high price of platinum has brought about many attempts to manufacture incandescent lamps without the use of this material, but as yet no other metal has been found which will fully replace it. The reasons for the use of platinum are that its coefficient of expansion is the same as that of glass, and therefore changes of temperature do not cause cracking. A further reason is that when platinum is fused into the glass the latter adheres to the platinum as though cemented. While other metals, particularly some alloys, such as nickel-steel, have been found which have a coefficient of expansion equal to that of glass, none of them has the property of forming a tight joint when fused in. To get over this difficulty, a French company which manufactures incandescent lamps has discovered a cement which enables it to secure a tight joint around the leading-in wires without its being necessary to use platinum. This cement is said to be unaffected by air or ordinary temperatures.

Eucalyptus and Sycamore.

A new fuel is being manufactured in California which is made from twigs and leaves of the eucalyptus tree, mixed with crude petroleum. It is said to burn freely and give good results. Piles made from this tree are immune from attacks by the teredo and last longer than yellow pine. The demand for them is greater than the supply.

One of the most durable woods is sycamore. A statue made of it, now in the Museum of Gizeh at Cairo, is known to be nearly 6,000 years old. Notwithstanding this great age, it is asserted that the wood itself is entirely sound and natural in appearance.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Eagle.

Visitors on the "Erin" who felt sympathy for the magnificent American eagle which dejectedly flapped its wings in a small cage on the lower deck will be glad to learn that the prisoner is free.

When the "Erin" sailed away, the doors of its cage were opened and the long miserable bird soared up and off to its native home.

The eagle was a gift to Sir Thomas Lipton from an admiring friend, but the baronet hadn't the heart to take it to England when he saw its pitiable plight.

Miss Rockefeller.

Like all the other Rockefellers, Miss Ethel G. daughter of William G. Rockefeller, is musical and highly educated, but has little or none of the retiring disposition which characterizes most others of the name. She is fond of outdoor life, is a capital whist and frequently rides to hounds across the country. She and her immediate family are much more liberal in their religious views than the John D. Rockefellers, and they go into society a good deal besides.

Uncle Sam's Cold Supply.

There is nearly four times as much gold in the United States treasury as there is in the Bank of England.

Dive of a Whale.

Because of the pressure, a whale cannot dive to a greater depth than 300 feet.



PORTER WHO REFUSED TIP.

Put Prid: of Race Above Claims of His Pocketbook.

A good-looking porter who is in command of a parlor car running westward did something notable the other day—he refused a tip. It is believed among travelers that the event was unique. Few colored porters are built that way.

This was an aggravated case of Obstreperous Traveler. He came from Down East some where, and his conversation indicated that he was connected with a trust, perhaps with two or three of them. He was seeing the West, and expressed himself volubly upon the sights as they varied with the change of scenery. It was a hot afternoon and most of the men gathered in the smoking room—occasionally sipping something that the good-looking porter concocted, and all the time listening to the ripple of the Traveler's remarks.

The negro problem brought the crisis.

"No use for 'em, no use at all," broke out the talkative traveler between sips. "There's just one way to settle the negro question—deport 'em."

"That's what John Temple Graves says," suggested a man on the long leather cushioned seat.

"But he's wrong about it—he don't go at it in the proper way. My plan is this: Ship all the negroes to the north pole or as near to it as ships can get, set 'em ashore with food to last a few weeks, and then go off and leave 'em."

He slipped—and the good-looking porter standing in the door listened with indignation pictured in every feature. But the traveler was generous and ordered "cold high balls for

the crowd," and he was compelled to miss some of the conversation.

"Yes, of course," the porter heard when he came back with loaded tray. "They'd freeze to death, every mother's son of 'em, and that would settle the thing for all time. It's the best plan anybody has thought out for stopping the everlasting talk about it. I'm going to present it to Congress next winter. Here, porter—" and he tossed a five dollar bill on the tray.

The expense was even money. The tray came back with the change. Was it divided into halves, quarters and dimes with the inevitable suggestion that only part of it should be picked up? Not much—it was a crisp two-dollar bill.

The traveler lifted it gingerly; then looked up at the porter, but that individual's back was turned and he was half way to the door, through which he speedily disappeared.

The crowd in the smoking room roared, the traveler pocketed the bill with "Well, he's shy a half dollar this trip."

"Spouse I'd take his money!" sneered the porter later. "Wahnted to freeze us to def—I heard him. That kind of folks ain't mah kind."

And that is how the good-looking porter established a record.

Sleepy Connecticut Town.

Killingworth is in some respects unique among Connecticut towns. Three sides railroads run within ten miles of it. The rural free delivery touches only one corner of it, and the suburbanizing trolley shows no sign of approach. With one exception it is the only town in Connecticut that has neither telegraph nor telephone connection. The only public means of approach is by stage once a day.

HE WAS EASILY SATISFIED.

Possession of Riches Meant Little to Florida Man.

The Florida Times Union says that there is much philosophic contentment in that state, and tells a story to substantiate the statement.

When the phosphate boom was young a speculator paid one of these contented Florida folk sixteen thousand dollars for a tract of land the native had tried to sell for five hundred. The sum converted only a vague impression to the mind of the fortunate man. What he wanted was the cash in hand.

"Don't do that. Leave it in the bank and tell me what you want."

He wanted a farm of sixty acres with a house on it—the whole to cost a few hundred.

"What else?"

"Can I have a horse and saddle and bridle?"

"Certainly."

"And a rifle?"

"Yes."

"And some provisions?"

"Yes."

His eyes began to bulge. There was a pause.

"What else do you want?"

"Oh, give me fifty dollars for the old woman to buy things for herself and the children."

He started to walk away.

"What else?"

"Is there more yet?"

"Yes."

"Well, give me a plug o' tobacco an' set me down where the fish will bite all day an' you can have the rest."

Diminishing Rubber Supply.

United States Consul Kenneday of Para, Brazil, reports great falling off in rubber exports. He says: "The one feature