

Bellefonte, Pa., August 8, 1902

SWEETHEART, SLEEP!

Sweetheart, sleep; Night spreads her pall
Over the silent town,
And the far-off tide is musical
Where the little lines of breakers fall,
And the weary sun goes down.

Sleep, oh sleep! for the world reposes:
Drop your head like the tired roses:
Dream till the daffodil dawn uncloses
Over the sleepless sea.

White birds drift to their dizzy nest
Safe on the headland steep;
God's great rose is pale in the west,
My little rose must sink to rest
And flower in the land of sleep.

Sleep, for the wind of night is blowing
Echoes faint of the cat's paws,
Drowsy scents of the long day's mowing,
Over the hills to me.

Now the moon like a silver slip
Sneers through the starry sky
And the lighthouse at the harbor's lip,
Where the clammy seaweeds cling and drip,
Winks with his fierce red eye.

Sleep, oh, sleep; in the magic gloaming
Glide to the land where the elves are roam-
ing;
Wake when the sun flames over the foam-
ing
Splendid spray of sea.

A DEBT WELL PAID.

"You are very hard!"
"I am only just."
"But justice without mercy must be hard.
The girl's dark eyes looked wistfully up
into the man's determined face. "I am
only taking Martin's part, indeed," she
went on gently. "I think he behaved very
badly and I don't wonder you are angry."
"You might give him a chance to do
better."

"See here, Mabel, it's no use going over
all this again; the fellow must go and
there's an end of it."
"Of course, he must go, dear; I quite
agree to that; but don't send him off with
out a character; he will never get on if
you do. And I thought you took an inter-
est in him, as he is a reservist."
The young captain's lips curled scornfully,
as he said:

"Yes, and a nice specimen of the men
that our army relies on; the dregs of the
lower classes, creatures without a scrap of
honesty or good feeling."
"You are not even just!"
Captain Chetwyn came out savagely at
the grass border of the garden path down
which he and his young wife were walk-
ing. For a moment he did not speak then
he said resentfully:

"You take no account of my annoyance,
although you know how particular I
am about the mere, never lending her to
any one; and then for this fellow to have
the impertinence to lend her to some ac-
quaintance of his own. Oh, it is mon-
strous! and there is not another man in
the regiment who would have taken the matter
as quietly as I have done."
If Mabel Chetwyn had not been the loyal
wife she was she might have smiled at
him; but she did not; she only said earnestly:

"I do think of your annoyances, dear Wal-
ter, and am sorry for it. It is true the
man who had the mare was one of Lord
Stretford's grooms, who understands the
best horses; still, that was no reason why
Martin should disobey your orders—and he
deserves to be punished for it."
"One of Stretford's grooms," she said, "is
a little donkey!" "I did not know that."
"Yes, I heard Martin tell you so."
In truth, the captain's quiet reception of
the news had been so blustering that he
had listened to no explanations; now he
felt himself relenting, but he shook off the
feeling with angry determination.

"There is no excuse who the man was,"
he said. "Martin goes to-day. I have
paid him his money and, as I told him, I
never wish to see eyes on him again."
After six months of happy married life,
Mabel Chetwyn was not going to be fright-
ened by this the first difference with her
husband, so she slipped her hand confident-
ly through his arm, as she pleaded that
they who were so blessed themselves should
do what they could to make life easy for
others. At length her arguments prevailed.
The anger died out of his face, but,
though he smiled at her, it was somewhat
grudgingly that he agreed to the compromise
she suggested, namely, that she should
give Martin a written reference in her hus-
band's name.

Not a hundred yards from the lit-
tle path in which the young couple were
walking a man stood, completely hidden
from them by the surrounding shrubs, this
was George Martin, the subject of their talk
every word of which he had overheard. He
was a powerful built man of 30, with
nothing particular in his appearance, nothing
apparent to a casual observer; but his
nature was one capable of intense feeling.
A strong character that in another rank of
life or among more advantageous circum-
stances might have done great things. His
hot-tempered young master had been un-
duly severe upon him, and bitter was his
resentment. The varying expressions that
passed over his face as he heard what was
said about him showed how deeply he was
moved with anger against the one speaker
and tender gratitude for the other. "Oh,
God bless her," he muttered under his
breath, "and curse the captain!"

But the feeling of gratitude and good-
will prevailed, and when, an hour later, he
went out of his young mistress's presence,
with her words of encouragement ringing
in his ears, his heart was filled with the
burning desire to do something to win her
approval.

A few more months of blissful happiness,
then a great change came. Almost before
she realized what was happening Mabel
Chetwyn found herself alone in her pretty
home, and her husband out in South Africa
fighting for his queen and country. Up to
this the lines of her life had fallen in pleas-
ant places, and sorrow and anxiety were
unknown. But now her heart was torn
with apprehension; she was restless and
anxious; her one object in life was to get
the latest telegrams from the front. Day
by day, almost hour by hour, the news
came, appalling lists of killed and wound-
ed—and her heart almost ceased to beat
while her frightened eyes went down the
columns in their agonized search for that
one dear name.

Walter Chetwyn was very much a sol-
dier. Among all the officers who led out
their brave little companies, none was more
eager for the fray than he, or more full of
energy and resource. In many a fierce con-
flict he took his part, and saw the breast
and best fall on every side, while he him-
self passed scathless through the deadliest
perils. But at length a day came when
rallying his men for a last desperate attack

against fearful odds, a bursting shell caught
him and he fell from his horse with what
he believed was his death wound. The
battlefield and its horrors seemed to fade,
and the sweet face of his young wife rose
clear and distinct before him as he sank in-
to unconsciousness. A few hours later,
when the day was closing in Walter Chet-
wyn came to himself. He raised himself
upon his arm, and looked about him, keenly
alive to the peril of his situation. It
was a ghastly sight that met his eyes.
Round him on the damp grass lay many
rigid forms that once glared shone to be
dead. "Rider and horse, friend, foe—in one
red burial bent." In that corner of the
battlefield he was the only one alive. There
was something so solitary in the thought
that it was terrible, and he, too, longed to
die. There came the fear that he might be
taken prisoner, and anything would be
preferable to that. He did not know the
locality he was in, for they had been push-
ing on and on for many hours before he
fell. If only he were able to move, that he
might try to return to his living comrades.
But to move unaided was impossible, for
his right leg seemed shattered. Suddenly
he became aware that men were approach-
ing in the distance; he could see twenty or
thirty figures in the familiar khaki. They
were coming straight to where he lay, and
a feeling of intense thankfulness came over
him, and he prayed God for the help that
was at hand.

They were not of his regiment, but they
were friends and brothers. As they came
nearer he saw that they were led by a
young sabalturn he knew, who had evi-
dently just taken his dead captain's place.
He was a mere boy, and the horrors he had
been passing through were some excuse for
the look of utter panic that was on his
white face. His one object now was to get
his men back to safe quarters with all pos-
sible speed, so that he saw nothing of the
arm stretched out in a frantic effort to claim
attention, nor heard the agonized cry:

"For heaven's sake, take me with
you!"
They were passing by, and unheeded,
unheard, he was left to his cruel fate.
Walter Chetwyn sank back fainting with
pain and disappointment. At the last mo-
ment one of the men in the rear of the lit-
tle party turned, dropped out of his place,
and, coming back to the prostrate form
upon the grass, sank on his knee beside him.
"Captain, Captain Chetwyn," he said.
"Rouse yourself and let me try to help
you."

Walter Chetwyn raised his head and
looked at the man in bewilderment. Where
had he seen him before? For a moment
each looked into the other's eyes without
speaking; then the private said:
"Don't try to recall our last meeting,
captain; it was not a pleasant one."
Then Walter Chetwyn knew that his
last words to this man had been that he
never wished to see eyes on him again.

"And you wish to save me," was all he
said.
"God helping me, I will," the other re-
plied. "Now, let me lift you," but even as
he spoke a spasm passed over his face.
Captain Chetwyn looked at him atten-
tively for an instant, then, placing
his hand upon his shoulder, pressed him
gently back.

"You may have fellow," he said, "you are
wounded yourself," and he pointed to a
blood stain on his breast. "You are not fit
for the task. Leave me and save yourself
while there is time."
"I will save you, captain," the other
said almost roughly; "don't try to stop me
and as he spoke he lifted him from the
ground, and Walter Chetwyn, weak and
faint with pain, offered no further resist-
ance.

Who shall say that the saddest share
of the battle does not fall to the surgeon's lot?
When the excitement and glamor of the
fight is all over his turn comes. It is his
task to take those mangled forms, one by
one, and see what science, in the shape of
the latest improvements in medical appli-
ances, can do to mend what science in the
latest improvements in gun and bayonet
has broken. It is a piteous sight, for the
forms he administers to are not those rack-
ed with sickness and disease or weakened
by age. They are men in the full glory of
their health and strength, often in the first
beauty of their young manhood.

Surgeon O'Rourke, the genial little Irish
doctor of Walter Chetwyn's regiment, felt all
this keenly, and even his mother wit
was hardly proof against it.

He was standing outside the ambulance
wagon with some of his assistants, when he
caught sight of two figures coming toward
them. One, who was half carrying the
other, was strangely bent. The doctor
looked at them curiously.

"It is the case of the blind leading the blind
I'm thinking," he said.
Then he hurried forward, and, as he
looked closer at the men his face grew
grave.

The officer was taken by some of the
corps, and the doctor himself helped to lift
the poor private gently into the wagon and
prop him up in a sitting posture.
He felt his pulse and looked at him for a
moment, and then turned with a strangely
moved expression to those about.

"The man's a hero," he cried; "a hero.
And, by Jove, even with a will of iron, how
he managed to do it is a miracle."
"What's wrong, doctor?"
"Internal hemorrhage," he said, briefly.
"And he is almost spent. Who did he
bring in?"
Some one went to inquire.

"Captain Chetwyn, badly broken leg;
nothing else wrong, they think."
The doctor dismissed the captain from
his mind, and gave all his attention to the
man before him, who presently asked faintly:

"Is the captain safe?"
"Ah, he is all right," the doctor answer-
ed. "But that is more than can be said of
you, my poor fellow."
A slight smile of comprehension flicker-
ed over the man's face, but he only said,
after a little pause—
"Tell him it was for her sake." And
then the fever thread of life under the
doctor's fingers suddenly gave out.—From
the Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Indians As Farmers.

Progress that has been made in inducing Redskins
to Work.
The interest of the red man has been
aroused, and at last he has taken to the plow,
forsaking the blanket, the bow-wow and
the medicine dance, says a dispatch from
Wichita, Kan. When years ago the Govern-
ment came to the conclusion that manual
labor would exercise a greater influence
toward civilizing the American Indian than
anything else that could be done, a forward
step was taken. It was considered
folly then; but to-day the facts speak for
themselves. Since 1887, when the red man
had his first lesson in farming, the separa-
tion from the wild life has been grad-
ual, albeit slow and halting at times; but
the future is rosy.

Within the last few years the advance
of the Indian buck in farming has been re-
markable. More redskins are taking to the
plough, the harrow and the hoe than the
public imagine. In ninety cases out of
every hundred the young Indian returning
from his school takes up farming in prefer-
ence to the professions. But it should
be recorded that twenty per cent of those
who have passed through a college return
to their reservation and don the blanket
again. A few years ago it was an extraordi-
nary sight to see the red man at work in
the field. Proud chieftains, forced to work
or starve, oftentimes took to the field after
nightfall. In other instances they actually
starved. But now one may ride through any
reservation in the West where the Indians
live and find them working away like the
ordinary farmhands.

In the United States to-day there are
38,900 Indians who earn their living by
farming. Last year they sold their farm
products for \$1,408,895 over and above
their expenses of living. This was nearly
\$40 apiece, and this in view of the fact that
thirty per cent of them had never worked
at all before.

While 38,900 Indians earn their own
living by farm work, 55,996 live on allot-
ments and rent their lands to the white
people. Only a few of these owners of land
are living in all the States. Since 1887
more than 1,000,000 acres of land have been
allotted to the Indians 6,736,504 acres of
land, of this half a million is leased to the
Indians as a lease for farming purposes, and
the remainder lies uncultivated. The privi-
lege of leasing Indian lands to white men
has been one of the principal reasons
the Indians never get down to work before.

As long as they derive a scanty livelihood
from the rentals he was not apt to seek
more and richer fields. He was content
to lie in the shade of his tepee and
smoke the pipe of idleness.

Another evil in the present governing
of the red men is the ration system. The
Government admits this evil, and is now
taking steps to abolish it. Last year the
Government paid 45,250 Indians the year
around, paying out for their food about
\$1,250,000. Of this number fully two-thirds
were able-bodied men and women, who
could earn their own bread and meat,
but who had not learned the manner of so
doing. Other Indians supported by the ration
system were really deserving, but they were
too many, and on an average \$70 to \$80 to
each of the Indian population to-day earn
their living eking out an existence some-
what of the color of the pale face.

The most prosperous colony of Indians
to-day are the Five Civilized Tribes of In-
dian Territory, who are not only self-sup-
porting, but who cleared \$1,500,000 last
year from the sale of beef and cattle.
These Indians are thoroughly civilized,
however, and act more like their neighbors
than like Redskins.

The Government spends from \$4,000,000
to \$5,000,000 annually to educate the In-
dians and set them up in farming, and the
Indian appropriation grows larger every
year. In 1900 about \$235 was spent upon
each Indian, old or young. It costs to teach
these Indians the art of farming. He will
waste tools to the value of \$500 and allow
\$250 in crops to go to weeds. The Indians
have a habit of not taking care of their
farming tools. It is not an uncommon
sight to see a new binder, plow or mowing
machine in the rain and snowstorms all
winter. When a sick piece of kindling
wood an Indian buck of the old school
will chop up a new wagon bed rather than
drive to the woods and cut down timber for
that purpose.

The Osage Indians are perhaps the best
farmers of the Southwest to-day. While the
Sioux are the premiers of the North. It is
rather strange, too, that tribes producing
these Indians are so thoroughly civilized,
however, and act more like their neighbors
than like Redskins. The physique of the Indian
stamps him a successful agriculturist if he gets
proper and sufficient training to perform
the work.

Japanese Servants.

In Chicago Homes 30 Students are Doing Household
Work.
A good many Chicago families have
solved the servant question by doing away
with girls altogether. They continue to
keep servants, but they are males. In this
oriental help has come to the fore and has
served in a limited way to supplant the
independent maid in several households.
Some of these Chinese cooks and house-
men are employed in several private fam-
ilies. They have not attained a position
of general popularity as yet, but where
they have been thoroughly tried they have
been found to be desirable help. Many of
them are good cooks, and faithfulness is
one of their predominant characteristics,
yet their shortcomings are many, and an
average family man prefers female help.

In Chicago alone there are about thirty
young Japanese men who are working as
servants with a view to obtaining an edu-
cation. They came to this country for the
purpose of entering a university and
working their way through college. Not
all of them are able to find suitable ac-
commodations, and they turn to house-
work with a view to saving their money
until they get enough to start them in
school. The wages of a Japanese servant
run from \$3 to \$7 a week, and out of this
several of them are able every year to lay
by sufficient sum to start them on the way
to an education. There are in the minority,
however, for most of them struggle along
for a year or two trying to save money, and
finally give up the idea of an education
and continue to work.

Almost every day several Japanese cooks
or housemen advertise in the *Tribune* for a
position, and they are becoming quite popu-
lar.

His Little Bill.

"The Senator from New Jersey reminds
me of one of these ferocious Newark mosqui-
toes." I heard her remark to a gentleman
by her side with eyeglasses and thin hair
in one of the Senate galleries.
"How so?" queried the man, putting
his ear closer to her and looking as if he
expected something real brilliant.
"Because he seems to be forever pushing
his little bill."

Lucky Boys of To-Day

The Many Things They Can Buy for a Cent Which
Their Fathers Went Without.
"What would the boy of fifty years ago,
have thought," said the middle-aged man,
to a *New York Sun* Reporter, "if he had seen
in the store window some day when he was
going in for a stick of candy, a sign setting
forth that ice cream sandwiches could be
bought there for a cent?"
"Been surprised? Well, I guess so; but
they add that now to the list of things that
children can buy in the store for a cent.
It's been on the street, to be sure, for two
or three years, but it is to me no less a
wonderful thing to be sold in penny stores
—and yet nobody winks."
"The fact is that you can buy so many
luxuries now for a cent that one more or
less, even so remarkable a thing as the modern
ice cream sandwich really is, doesn't count."

"Before the war, when the cent was a
big copper coin of twice the diameter and
four times the weight of the present cent,
about all you could get for a cent was a
stick of candy (peppermint, lemon or win-
tergreen) a paper of mites, (sugared car-
away seeds in a paper tube with a narrow
strip of gold or silver running around it
spirally, like the strip on a barber pole) a
cent's worth of jujube paste, or a popcorn
ball; and you could get a cent's worth of
tamarinds."

"Now look at the variety of things you
can get for a cent. Why, penny candies in
these days are made in literally hundreds
of varieties, with novelties coming out all
the time."
"Manufacturers devote their wit and
skill and capital to the devising of penny
candies that will sell; a good seller in such
goods is something decidedly worth hav-
ing. And in such a state of things the ice
cream sandwich for a cent appears in the
penny store simply as another novelty, and
in these days it never makes a ripple."

"But while to the children of the present
day the present day's variety of things to
choose from when they go to invest their
cent has no special significance, because
they have always been accustomed to it, to
one who can recall the meagerness of the
old-time assortment of such things it is
mighty significant; nothing, in fact, illus-
trates to me modern advances more vivid-
ly."

Life on Board The U. S. R. S. Franklin.

A Lock Haven Young Man Goes an Interesting
Sketch of His Daily Doings Since He Enlisted in
the Navy.
W. C. Markley, of Lock Haven, has re-
ceived a letter from his son, who recently
enlisted in the navy. The young man is
on the United States receiving ship Frank-
lin, which is at present at Norfolk, Va.
The Franklin is 400 feet long and 75 feet
wide. She has a berth deck, a gun deck
and a spar deck. There are about 1,000
recruits on the ship. Gangs of sailors, called
"drafts," numbering 25 to 100 are going
and coming all the time.

Daily life on the ship runs about as fol-
lows: At 5 a. m. the boys arise, tie up
their hammocks, and then wash their clothes
until 7 o'clock. They then line up and
make down the mess. After mess they put
on a clean suit of clothes and drill from 7.30
for a few hours. At noon, mess again and
at 1.30 a drill exercise. The rest of the
afternoon is spent in rowing. The row
boats hold about 50 men, with twelve men
at the oars. Supper comes next. At 7.30
they string their hammocks and then go
back to their bunks where they remain until
9 o'clock when they go to bed.

The boys have two wash basins, one for
their clothes and one for their bodies.
They also have shower baths, a gymnasium
and ball ground.
Their clothes are linen canvas, very soft,
and each has three suits. The white suits
have blue cuffs and collar. Another suit
is blue in color. Each man has two white
caps, scrub brushes and salt water soap.
Each man must tie his clothes in a bundle
and keep them apart from the others.
The men must wear a clean suit every day,
and are required to change their under-
clothes and socks at least twice a week.

Their meals consists of oatmeal and eggs
for breakfast and sometimes hash and meat.
They get boiled cabbage and chicken for
dinner every other day and sometimes pie
and watermelon.
Sometimes the men get to quarrelling
among themselves. The others will part
them and hold them until the boxing
gloves are brought, when they are com-
pelled to fight it out. After the fight is over,
the officers compel the belligerents to shake
hands in a friendly spirit.—Lock Haven
Democrat.

The Waste of War.

The meaning of the promised reduction
of the military force in the Philippines to
15,000 men may be better appreciated per-
haps when it is stated in terms of educa-
tion. To support an American army on a
peace footing costs something over a thou-
sand dollars per man. Warlike operations
of course cost more. Every regiment of a
thousand therefore, is equivalent in expense
to a university like Columbia. Nine thou-
sand men on garrison duty in the Philip-
pines, making no allowance for campaigns,
use up as much money as all the colleges
and universities in New England and all
the States combined, including Har-
vard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton,
the University of Pennsylvania and Johns Hop-
kins. When the promised reduction is
made we shall have brought home 52,000
men from our Philippine army in a little
over two years. That means a saving two
and a half times as great as the cost of
maintaining all the universities and col-
leges in the United States, and one-third
as great as the combined salaries of all
the public school teachers in the country. Even
those who are most convinced of the neces-
sity of our presence in the Philippines will
be glad to see this shrinkage in the bill:

We are not a military people, and we think
them who are particularly partial to educa-
tion. I like the motto of our fathers "Let
that which we spent last year in round num-
bers, six times as much for the army, four times
as much for the navy and seven times as
much for pensions as for higher education,
and that the aggregate of our expenditure
for these military objects was about twice
our total outlay on education of every kind
from the kindergarten to the university."
Harper's Weekly.

Headaches.

Some of the headaches are many. Some
great headaches are due to cerebral disor-
ders—meningitis, tumor, abscess, softening
of the brain. In these cases there will be
other symptoms pointing to the causes.
Other causes are over fullness of the blood
vessels, caused by the condition of the
heart; a plethoric condition of the body and
mental excitement. Such cases are mark-
ed by a flushed face, glittering eyes, a beat-
ing in the ears and giddiness on stooping.

"Geese" that Lay Golden Eggs.

The hog is the mortgage lifter, the sheep
the farm fertilizer, the cow the barn build-
er, the hen the grocery bill payer. This
quartet with a man and women not afraid
to work in caring for them, will insure
prosperity on any farm.

The Unmarried.

Census Figures Correct a Popular Wrong Im-
pression. Bachelors Outnumber Spinsters. There
are Over Six Million Unmarried Men and Only
Four Million Maids—Excess of Single Men in
This State 158,000.
The visible supply of bachelors in Penn-
sylvania is 573,906, against 415,799 spin-
sters, of 20 years of age and upward—a
surplus of 38 per cent. of unmarried men,
and there is not a State in the Union in
which there is not more bachelors than
spinsters.

For the benefit of the spinsters of this
country the Census Office has just com-
pleted a careful reckoning of the number of
men in the various States of the Union
who are available matrimonially. It finds
that, in the aggregate, there are 6,726,779
bachelors at 20 years or over, and makes
record of the remarkable fact that there are
at present in the United States two and a
half millions more single men than single
women of that age and above. The exact
figures are 4,185,446 maidens, so that the
later are in a minority of 2,541,333. In
other words, there are 2,931,333 unattach-
ed males who could not possibly get wives
unless they fell back upon the widows or
upon girls under 20.

Now, this is a very surprising state of
affairs, in view of the belief which has
hitherto prevailed that there was in this
country a great surplus of spinsters who
could not possibly hope to obtain husbands,
because of the lack of an adequate supply.
It is proved by the Census Office figures
not only that this notion was incorrect, but
that the surplus is actually one of bache-
lors. Even when all the widows, and the
girls down to 17 years of age, are taken in-
to the count, there are not nearly enough
of them to go around.

MAIDS, GO WEST!

New England has always been supposed
to be overburdened with single women,
and yet the census reckoning shows that
there is not more bachelors than spinsters.
Even Massachusetts, long declared to be
the chosen home and resort of the "old
maid," has a slight excess of unmarried
men, the figures being 282,932 single males
against 277,711 females similarly situated.
Maine has 60,878 bachelors against 43,790
spinsters; New Hampshire, 35,713 who
Jons and 30,554 spinsters; Vermont, 29,132
bachelors and 19,749 spinsters; Rhode Is-
land, 41,645 bachelors and 38,405 spinsters,
and Connecticut, 94,158 bachelors against
74,731 spinsters.

It is clear from a glance at the census
figures, however, that the unmarried women
of the East ought to migrate to the great
and growing west, where the available
supply of husbands is relatively enormous.
In California, for example, there are 290,
504 bachelors and only 88,755 spinsters of
20 and upward. It should be almost out
of the question for a woman to escape mat-
rimony out there. But the opportunity in
Idaho is still more attractive, the single
men numbering 23,421 and the spinsters
3,556. Montana is another State rich in
bachelors, its bachelors numbering 55,457
against 17,560 spinsters. Oregon has
60,525 bachelors and 16,774 maidens,
while Washington claims 90,014 single
men, and 16,318 single women. But the
banner State for bachelors is Wyoming,
which has 234,317 spinsters against 20,927
unmarried persons of the sterner sex.

The excess of bachelors over spinsters of
20 years and upward in Massachusetts,
compared to the total number of spinsters,
is nearly 2 per cent. In Rhode Island it is
5 per cent, in Connecticut 25 per cent.,
in Maine 39 per cent., in New Hampshire 26
per cent., and in Vermont 45 per cent.
New York shows a surplus of 23 per cent.
per cent., Ohio 38 per cent., Indiana 60
per cent., and Illinois 68 per cent. Kan-
sas rises to an excess in bachelors to 108
per cent., while Missouri shows a surplus
of 72 per cent. Michigan has an excess of
17 per cent. of single men.

MORE SURPRISING FIGURES.

In explanation of the hugeness of these
percentages, it should be made clear that
the mass of the population in each State is
paired off by marriage evenly as between
the sexes, leaving over only a comparatively
small fraction of single persons of mar-
riageable age. It is only this fraction that
is considered in the present statement, and
in most States the male part of the fraction
is much in excess of the female part—hence
the high percentage of bachelors surplus
shown. In the whole country there are
6,726,779 bachelors against 4,185,446 spin-
sters—an excess of 60 per cent. of bachelors
over unmarried women.

When the entire population of the country
is considered, it is shown by the census
figures that there are now in the United
States 1,800,000 more males than females.
The excess in 1890 was only 1,560,047.
This is very interesting, particularly in
view of the fact that in the Old World the
condition of affairs is quite different, the
females outnumbering the males. In
Europe there are only 485 males to 511 fe-
males in every 1,000 of the population.

In this country the males outnumber the
female 24 in every 1,000, and thus it is
obvious that, if all of the women do not
get husbands, it is not for lack of available
material.

Within the last few decades the birth
rate in this country has run down rapidly.
"The idea of limiting families," says Car-
roll D. Wright, "has more effect upon the
growth of population than war, pestilence
and all other causes combined." In 1850
the average family, comprised five and a
half persons; now it is only four and a half.
People in the Southern States have the
most children, while in New England fam-
ilies are smallest. Louisiana, in propor-
tion to population, has twice as many chil-
dren as Maine under 5 years of age. Nev-
ertheless, a baby is born in this country
every 12 seconds. Every 23 seconds a
death occurs, every 24 seconds a marriage,
and every minute in the twenty-four hours
five cradles are supplied with occupants.

Wires Must Go Under Ground.

McKeesport will have wireless streets
within the next few months. Recently an
ordinance was passed to compel all tele-
graph, telephone and electric light com-
panies to place all wires in the downtown
districts under ground. The first company
to comply with the general ordinance is
the Central District & Printing Telegraph
Co. Under the city ordinance the Federal
Telephone Co., and the Monongahela Heat,
Light & Power Co., will also have to
have their wires under ground within a speci-
fied time or pay a special tax to the city. On
Fifth avenue alone it is estimated that over
2,500 wires are overhead.

Interest to Postal Clerks.

An item of particular interest to rail-
way mail clerks has been incorporated in the
postal appropriation bill by the senate post-
office committee. It authorizes the pay-
ment of \$1,0