Social Work for Every Afternoon.

he ministry is worth while

KRUPP'S GUNS COMING

The Great Steel King of Germany

Will Exhibit at the Fair.

ONE PIECE WILL WEIGH 130 TONS.

low the Plant Has Grown Under Three

Generations of Geniuses.

THE MACHINERY AND THE METHODS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.

Minister Phelps has succeeded in in-

ducing Baron Krupp to make an exhibit of

his immense guns at the World's Fain

Owing to the heavy expense attending the

transportation of such ponderous armament it required a good deal of coaxing on the

American Minister's part. It is estimated

that it will cost \$300,000 to transport the

guns from the factory at Essen, Germany,

to Chicago, an amount equal to the appro-

priation New York State makes for the

Herr Buensch, the Chicago Resident Im-

perial Consul General of Germany, has

notified Lieutenant Baker of the Depart-

ment of Transportation, that four Krupp

guns would soon be in transit to Chicago.

The exhibit to be made by this great estab-

lishment will be one of the largest individ-

ual exhibits at the exposition, One of the guns exhibited will weigh 130 tons, and a

ship is now being especially prepared to

World's Fair exhibit.



she would have stood well in the estimation

line of each verse she took occasion to in-form the gentlemen present that the lips that touched liquor could never touch hers,

there seemed to be an anxious uneasiness

manifested by the men. The instant she made her farewell bow there was a rush for

the door, and scores of men who had never before touched liquor hurried across the

street to the saloon, where they fell over each other in their mad haste to get the os-

culatory preventive. She meant well, and had the probable loss of her kisses seemed a

sacrifice her recitation would have been

Shattering of a Beautiful Idol.

By way of turning the tables on the sexes

let me call your attention to this little

ditty, which I might call "Lips That Are

There was anything wrong when you kinsed

me farewell; But your face to me now is a much frescoed

sign, And the lips that are painted can never kiss

I think of the night in the garden alone When I thought your complexion was wholly your own: When your beautiful check to my bosom I

pressed, And never once dreamed it would ruin my

And the exquisite tint on your neck and

your throat— There is some of it yet on the sleeve of my

Of course I'm, too manly to kick or to

But the lips that are painted can never kiss

Ah, me! You forever my future have

queered! Unthinkingly I the next morning appeared in public, and oh! just the thought makes

me sad, For I looked like a rainbow gone hopelessly

The whole wide, wide world seemed to see

my disgrace, And I said when I saw the red stains on my

Which looked like the drippings of rasp-

berry wine, That the lips that are painted can never kiss

I love you, of course; there is naught to pre-

Our loving as long as your pa has a cent, But my faith is much shattered and part of

it's gone Since I learned your complexion is only put

And since I'm not sure but your teeth or

your bair, Or even your form is a shop-made affair, We must now kiss by proxy or the telephone

For the lips that are painted can never touch

The First Miss of Love.

The mention of lips and kisses reminds us

that there are great differences in the qual-

ities of osculatory greetings, so we have been informed and believe, and so change

the facts to be. Some of the poets have

kisses the "first kiss of love" is the only

first kiss for a subsequent one, and that for

one a little later on, and so on down to the

gare.
This teaches us that we should be careful

discovers, as he always does, that we have

Women Wasting Kisses on Women.

evils, one of which we desire to call atten-

DEAR LADIES: Quite often is brought to our

But-don't waste your kisses in kissing each

There are as many kinds of kisses as

there are religions, but a dying kiss is the

where he caught glimpses of Paradise, as it

saddest, sweetest demonstration of human

The Pathetic Side of It.

om wherein you are prodigal, quite; seems that whenever you happen to

which we throw out of the car window.

tion to in "an open letter."

Painted Can Never Touch Mine."

There are songs for the warrior who leaps to | would admit that much. As a typewriter the fray, To fight for his country, her formen to slay. There are songs for the dreamer whose fanci Is busily building the castles in Spain.

There are songs for the noble, the true and the brave,
To gladden the journey from cradle to grave; But no one has sung since existence began

A song for the "no-account" sort of a man. Oh, the "no-account" man is a sorrowful soul,
With scarcely a trait we can praise or extol;

He's a sort of a something nobody can love, and everyone gives him a push and a shove. He was born 'neath an evil, unfortunat And he couldn't do right, it would seem, should he try,
For the hoodoos forever industriously plan

He'd like to be thought of much better ac-But with so many barriers he'd have to surmount, Confronting each good resolution of his.

'Tis easier far to remain as be is. And so this poor soul, who has less than his Stars

Of good things and more than his portion of care—

This heart on whose purpose the gods my a ban—
Settles down as a "no-account" sort of a man.

Settles down as a "no-account" sort of a man.

I am coming to woo you, but not as of yore When you instend to welcome my step at the door;

When you pretty red cheeks and your light golden curis hade me think you were the brightest and truest of girls.

I was young then, you know, and not able to

His life is so freighted with failure and This thought has at times been presented to

A heart that through life that is bereft of a smile. Should enjoy better things in the glad "after And there may be a way, as we fancy there

is, To sweeten and quicken this nature of his, And the angels, in love and in mercy, may plan: To welcome this "no-account" sort of s

What Little Things Result In.

Careful observers of men long ago arrived at the conclusion that there is just as much difference in some folks as there is in anybody. No one possesses a sufficiently clear knowledge of people and things to unerringly point out the "no-accounts" of this world. And but few can explain why they



themselves are what they are any more than they can tell which horse to bet on before getting a tin from the jockeys. The world rows that the tinker, Bunyan, wrote his Pilerim's Progress" and became famous as | dured to convey the impression that of all an author because he was for years locked in a prison. Our own Barnum became noted a a showmen because previous to embark- one worth mentioning, but who is there og in that line of business he had in a among us who was not willing to trade the measure fallou in almost everything else.

Once there was a boy who was claudestinely practicing on a trapeze bar in his present moment? Kisses are like firefather's haymow, expecting later on to run crackers; all those we have exploded in the away from his home and travel with a past are not worth the half-dozen we are away from his bome and travel with a circus. But he tell and broke his arm, and before it got well he decided to doubt but what kissing stirs up the heart and before it got wen he decaded to yield to his mother's wishes and study and sets young people to star gazing. The far the ministry, which he did, and he is now one of the nation's prominent division leads to braver deeds' was that "kissing leads to braver deeds" was demonstrated in Kansas last winter when a wines. The merest triffes change our course in life, this way or that. The finding of a shoe button in his maturizal plate of hash may cause a young man to leave one boarding house and go to another, where he meets him her tather's horses, harness and wagon, a young indy divinity student, whom he seeks and who changes the trend of his that were in the smokehouse, a per ractionaghts from prize fighting and horse snake, and an 80-toot stock well. About the only thing he left was the farm mortbutton. The coward who in retreating from the thick of the fight stopped a built that, had its course not been intercepted, would have killed the General just then riding up, did not culist in vain. It is hard to esti-At times our best-meant endeavors produce an effect directly opposite to that which we sampled them just the least little bit, tells

A Mistake at a Temperance Revival. A temperance revival was being held in a

Western town and was meeting with great success, when the leaders of the reformstion committed one of those fatal errors which same students of human nature say every person is responsible for in the one "lool hour" of his or her life. One night aster the assemblage, composed largely of the drinking, smoking, chewing, swearing sex, had for a time enjoyed the songs, addresses and exhortations of the evening, the management presented a member of the gossiping, tight-lacing, painting and powdering gender and announced that she would myor those present with a recitation entitled, "The Lips That Touch Liquor Must Never Touch Mine." Whether the management made a mistake in the selection of the speaker or the

speaker in the selection of the matter spoken is not for us at this late day to say. But letting bygones be bygones, certain it



rear door of that upper flat. They were alone
in this country, and each felt the need of
a triend. Gradually they became better
acquainted and after awhile he lingered just
a moment every morning to hear the voice
that was as sweet to him as the songs of
birds he remembered in the meadows where
he played in baybeed. Freety deceme week

born in his heart. The jingle of his horse's harness became the coho of wedding bells and the homely baker's cart itself took on the transpings of a gilded coach. And the faithful servant girl saw a new beauty in the common tasks of life and as her hands delved amid the pots and kettles she sottly sang a sweet little love song she had heard from the lips of her mother, now sleeping in the far away churchyard in the Fatherland.

The worm passes by the weed to feast upon the heart of the rose. Death seems oftenest to come where most it should not enter. The servant girl sickened with a fever and one day the parish priest came and spoke the words that seemed to wreath and make more beautiful the gateway to death and to set hope's candle in the gloomy doorway of the dark house. And when he asked her if there was no friend she would like to have summoned to her bedside she said there was one. It was the baker's boy. He came and for the first time he took her hand in his, and for the first and last time his lips touched hers. And if she that day walked in glory land she saw nothing she would have stood well in the estimation of her employer's wife. She was of that type of woman who, when they attend a dance, are on the floor oftenest if it is a masque ball. And as for kissing her lips, well—some of her family may still reside in this country, so it were better, as it were, to say nothing, so to speak. Before she had finished the peem, in which in the closing line of each yerse she took occasion to inholier, or purer, or grander than that kies which passed between those who were prince and princess to one another, but whom the world might have thought to be of little or "ne account." There are no simpler lives. Those that seem to us to be but light and siry farce-comedies may have hidden within them the elements and incldents of sublimest tragedy. All other lives are to themselves as great as is yours and mine to you and L

Judging by the Worst Standard. How differently we would judge men and romen could we but know

The brooklet's babble weaves the tone. That comes from all its hidden stones. The weed is not a flower because It is a weed by nature's laws.

The river's side reflects its source And all that joins it on its course.

Life's causes lie so deep and far, And men are only what they are Oh, could we read the hearts of those About us! know their hidden woes. The secret sources of despair, The birth and burden of their prayers;

See thrown about their lives the mesh Of pain from thorns within the flesh, Our charity would lend the grace Of goodliness to every face.

But alas! we do not know each other and hence we judge all persons by the worst standard. Men doubt each other's honesty and integrity, and in the commonest but ness affairs there lurks a suspicion th somebody is not doing the right thing by somebody else. For example:

Catching the Telephone Girl. "Hello, central! Is it true that you girls are not allowed to listen to what is said over

"Yes, and what's more we wouldn't waste the time if we had it to throw away in



listening to the silly stuff that people pour into each other's cars. The public must think we are dying to hear something when

we try to catch what it has to say."
"All right then, give me 1314." "There, you've got 'em."
"Hello, 1314! Say, I've got a secret I want to whisper to you, but first let mo tell you that yesterday I saw the telephone girl who answers our calls at the central office the one with the cracked, rasping voice— and, suffering saints! she's got a face that s naturally so homely that any sort of an accident that might befall it would im prove its appearance; and her hair is such a bright red that persons with weak eyes can't look at it except through smoked glass; and she's got freekles as distinct as the squares on a checker-board, and—"
"Say, you horrid man! if I hear any more of that kind of talk over the wire I'll re-

port von to the manager! Do you under-"Er-r-r, hello, 1314! I'll call around this atternoon and tell you what I've got to say.
I'm afraid it won't do to send it over the 'phone, because-well-you understand

Wall of the Pessimist.

Notwithstanding the numerous evidence of insincerity to be seen in the social and commercial world the average man takes a more favorable view of the situation than is expressed in the following, which may be appropriately termed 'a pessimist's plaint.' Oh, who is there among us that is honest through and through?

The Sunday sermon even, why, we can't be sure it's new.

And men who write for papers, so they tell

in making a selection of those to whom we intend giving our kisses. We should not scatter them about carelessly and indiscriminately, as the train boy does his 5-cent boxes of mediaval figs, and who, when he us, lie awake

Throughout the night and conjure up some wild and woolly fake.

For getting riches while you wait—that seems to be the rage

Now crazing everybody in this green-goods,

The Damp Tomb of Dead Religion. us to pay a quarter for the rest of the box, Kissing, like most other blessings, has its

Now crazing everybody in this green-goods, shell-gams age;
By shady speculation now a fortune must be won;
We're busy doing up the rest the while we're being done.
Our fathers climbed the ladder very slowly, round by round,
But that's gone out of fashion now, because of late we've found.
That lie's too short to toll along the way they used to do—
We plan to razzle-dazzle and we work the grand razoo. That life's too short to toil along the way
they used to do—
We plan to razzle-dazzle and we work the
grand razoo.
It's for the purpose of helping people
that the parson makes his parish visita.
The parson's merning belongs to his parish,
but his afterneons belong to his parish,
but his afterneons belong to his parish,
but his afterneons belong to his parish,
to work a pull.

Tou kiss—in the home, or the church, or the Don't you think it were better, perchance, Of mes, who, having honest toil, have sought to work a pull.
We haven't time to eat or sleep, but scheme from sun to sun; now and then,
To offer your favors to bungering menf
Oh, kiss us as friends, or a lover or brother,
But don't waste your kisses in kissing each We're busy doing up the rest while we are being done. You know very well that when two of you NIXON WATERMAN.

There isn't that exquisite something of blissThat mystical message that comes with a flash Copyright, 1892, by the author. THE USE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

flash
Where one has a whiskery chin or mustache.
And if you have klases you wish to bestow
On ladies we'll pass them about to and fro.
Yes, kiss if you wish till you pretty near The Empress Josephine Was the First One to Introduce Them.

Chicago Inter Ocean.] It was not until the reign of the Empres Josephine in France that the pocket handkerchief was tolerated at all as an article for public use. No lady would have dared to use one in the presence of others. Even the name was carefully avoided in polite conversation. An actor who would have ventured to me one on the stage would have been hissed off the boards. It was only in the beginning of the present cen-tury that Mile. Duchesnois, a famous actress, dared to appear with a handker-chief in her hand. Having to speak of it in the course of the play she could only summon courage to refer to it as "a light tis-

A translation of one of Bhakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigney was acted, and the word was used for the first time upon the stage and produced a storm of indignant the stage and produced a storm of indignant hisses from all parts of the house.

The Empress Josephine, although really a beautiful woman, had very bad teeth, and to conecal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, trimmed with costly inces, which she raised gracefully to her lips to conecal her teeth. The ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs rapidly become an important control of the function tellow. ARE NOT ALL

The Wise Parson Will Recognize the Material Side of Life.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS STRUGGLES.

Mr. Stead's Prophecy of the Theater and Saloen in the Church.

VISITS AMONG THE PARISHIONERS

The purpose of the parson in the parish is to help the people and to get the people to help him. People need help both in soul and in body.

The parson will do well to remember that

his people are not disembodied spirits. They are not all souls they have bodies. Christ never forgot that men are made with fiesh and blood, that they have hands and feet and eyes and ears. He was forever doing what no one expected, and saying what no one else would have thought of saying; but the element of unexpectedness enters just as remarkably into His silence. How many times He preached no sermon, when the occasion, in our judgment, called very loudly for a sermon! How many times, for example, He helped people out of their bodily distresses and never said anything to them about their souls! Jesus Christ was not exclusively concerned with the soul. He wanted to save us, bedy and soul. And

He very often began with the body. The Material Side of His Duties. The parson will, accordingly, do what he clean hearts belong within the province of religion. He will point his people, indeed, to the mansions which are prepared for the faithful above; but he will also be profoundly concerned about the miserable enements which are prepared for some of them down here. The parson longs to save people, to save them from their sing. And though he may know well enough that "to get a man soundly saved it is not enough," as General Booth says, "to put on him a new pair of breeches, or to give him regular work, or even to give him a university education," yet he knows also, as that great leader further says, that it is of no use preaching the gospel to men whose whole attention is concentrated upon a mad, desperate struggle to keep themselves alive. You might as well give a tract to a shipwrecked sailor who is battling with the surf which has drowned his comrades, and threatens to drewn him."

So the parson tries somehow to get a line out over the surf to pull in these drowning brothers of his, and to build some sort of a break-water to keep the great sea from rolling in so murderously upon the rocks.

The Life of the Society. The parson will be profoundly interested in all that concerns the physical, social and industrial welfare of his people. Nobody will be so diligent in the study of questions of sociology as the ideal parson. He will account it as a large part of his mission to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to bear not only upon that which is wrong in the life of the individual, but upon that which is wrong in the life of society. The moral issue of all public and political questions will interest him directly. The question of drink and the question of rent will be of as much importance to him as they were to

Isaiah.

The parson ought especially to make it his purpose to know what the workingmen and the peor people in his parish are thinkemployers of labor in his parish are think-ing about. He is the only man who can bring the rich man and the poor man face to face and effect an interchange of thought. These are days when no parson has any business to be reading theology to the neglect of sociology.

The parson's purpose ought to be to make he parish church the center of all sorts of uplifting, humanizing and Christianizing influences. Mr. Stead prophesies that the church of the future will run a theater and saleou. But that will be, I hope, not by turning the chancel into a stage and setting up a bar in the vestry room, but by converting the owners of the theaters, and the writers, and the actors of plays and all the srecustors into good Chrisians, and by get-ting a Christian spirit into the makers and venders of intoxicating drinks.

service of God, and that, as I understand it, means the service of man. That is but a false notion of sanctity which keeps out of faise notion of sanctity which keeps out of the church building anything that is for the real glory of God or the good of His people. I would have the walls hung with helpful pictures—the Mother and Child, the sym-bel of the sanctification of the home, the Crucifixion, the symbol of the leve of God; and the music of the great religious com-posers, the oratories, the masses, with full chorus and full erchestra, open free to all the people every Sunday afternoon. There the people every Sunday afternoon. There might well be a popular library in every parish, and a reading room bright and attractive, with all the best magazines in it and writing tables here and there, open also on Sunday afternoon for the young men

The parson, like the enterprising man of business, ought to make it his purpose to be on the watch for every way of getting people into the church, and of making it pessible for them to get more out of the church. The church building ought to be used. It was never meant to be the damp

the day to be working at that which is for the good of the people collectively, but in the other half he will do best to minister to the people individually. The morning is the time to have the study door locked on the inside, but the afternoon is the time to have it lecked on the outside to get out into the streets and into the people's houses. He who has spent the morning reading printed books, ought to spend the rest of the day reading living books, getting acquainted with men and women.

May Overdo the Social Side. May Overdo the Social Side.

How many times a year ought the parson to call upon the people? Let us not waste time in trying to answer. It is as profitable to ask how many times a day a mother ought to kiss her children. There is no place here for rules and calculations, and statistics, and machinery. Let the pastor call as often as he can. He ought to know his people. It he is a good man he desires to know his people. It is for their good and for his own that there should be the closest personal friendship between them. closest personal friendship between them. No call is wasted which cements this personal relationship. When the hour of need comes, as come it must in every home, when the seul cries out for help, for com-fort, for counsel, it is a blessed thing on both sides then, if the minister of religion can come not as an official, but as a known and trusted friend.

am not of those who depreciate the social side of parish work. It has no doubt, its strong temptations. It offers invitations to indolence. It steals time. It makes the clergyman who misuses it a mere creature of society, a foolish and trifling talker. It may be a hindrance to religion. A bright young woman said to me the other day that she was very sorry that she knew her minister so well. His sermons helped her more than the last was the las

with all this the social side of the work of

The minister of a former generation, whose visit was a visitation, who was so much of a minister that he had ceased to be a man, who preached in the parlor, and never spoke except in sermons, and whose catechisings scared the children, is not an example to be followed. It is true, however, that the most profitable calls are those which have at the heart of them a distinct spiritual errand. And there is no end to these errands. The pastor is to call upon the sick, and the aged, the people who are in trouble or affliction; he is to look up the sheep who are newly come into his fold that ancep who are newly come into his fold that he may give them welcome, find out who they are, and what their spiritual needs are, and establish relations of cenfidence and affection; and he is to go on after the sheep who are straying away, and to per-suade them back, and after the ether sheep who are not shepherded as yet in any fold and two theirs them; and he is to the and try to bring them in; and he is to take counsel with his under shepherds, his fel-

low workers.

The probability is that this disposal of his visits will take the parson out of his study almost every afternoon of the week, and into the house of every parishioner least once a year.

A Distinct Errand Once a Year. That will be an unusual family in which for a whole year there is no sick nor aged person, no trouble nor affliction, nobody who stays away from church or from the Lord's Supper, nebody who needs to be baptized or confirmed, and nobody who is helping in the parish work. Some time every year the pastor has a distinct errand into every house within his parish,

The purpose of the parson in the parish ought also to be to get the people to help him. This is partly for their sake and partly for the work's sake. No parson has business to do anything in his parish that he can get anybody else to de. The parson is the general of his parochial division of the church militant, and the duty of the general is to direct the fighting. can to better the suvironment of his people. The general is not to manage the hespital.

He will account that clean streets as well as nor to distribute the supplies, nor to drill the recruits, nor to lead the military band.
There are other people upon whom these
responsibilities are directly laid; the general is responsible for them. The parson
ought to leave the details of the parish work, so far as he can, to his assistant; that is, to his parishioners. There eught to be as many assistant ministers in every parish as there are communicants. And, in proportion to their strength, as the master in the parable distributed the talents, as ought they to be made leaders, captains, responsible directors of various branches of their Lord's work.

Salvation by Machinery.

The wise parson puts no great confidence in constitutions and bylaws; does not care much for a multiplicity of societies; does not believe in salvation by machinery; pre-ters simplicity; would rather have a few societies and have them necessary and efficient than a parish laid out, like a speculator's town, with improvements which exist chiefly in his own enthusiastic im-

agination.

The parson also recognizes the fact that every man who lives a good Christian life in business, and every woman who lives a good Christian life in society, is doing parish work of the highest order. He does not imagine for a moment that he can find out how many workers he has by adding up the membership lists of his parochial organiza-

Yet the parson knows that it is best, both for the sake of the work and for the sake of the workers, that people should work to-gether. And he gets all the people he can into the parish societies; and he tries to have some kind of work for everybody to do. He lies awake nights trying to think of new ways of doing good. He desires to have no unemployed Christians within his parish Men Are Not All Alike.

Finally the parsen, in all his dealings with his parishioners, recognizes the fact that people are different. They do not all like the parson, nor did the universal

on the watch against secarianism. The prays that he may be as catholic as the church. He is as unwilling to have his parish belong to a sect inside the church as he would be to have it belong to a sect outside of the historical society. Because the sectarian temper is a contradiction of the divine order. It is an overlooking of the divine fact of human difference. It says that all people ought to be exactly alike, and that those who do not precisely fit our standard ought to have received. and that those who do not precisely it our standard ought to have no place in the Church of Christ. The sectarian parson asks all people how they pronounce Shib-boleth, and whenever he finds anybody who boleth, and whenever he finds anybody who says Sibboleth, he bids him stand aside till he learns better. The sectarian parson sets the bed of Procrustes in the porch of the parish church, and cuts off the heads of all the very tall people, and stretches out the legs of all the very short people. He wants his parishioners to be all of one size. He would turn the army of the church he little the parishioners to be all of one size.

would ture the army of the church militant into regiments of tin soldiers. Door of the Sectarian Church. The Sectarian Church is constructed upon the principle of keeping out as many people as possible; rather than upon St. Paul's principle, who desired to be all things to all men that by sny means he might save some.

The door of the entrance is built so low down that enly the very short people can get in; or so narrow that only the very tall people can climb over the threshold and gain admission. Whereas the Church of Christ eught to be built like the pattern which St. John saw in the vision of the Revelation, four-square, and with three doors on every side, and with the doors all open, so that there is more door than wall. The parsons ought to want to have the par-ish church big enough to hold all the honest

men and women in the parish.

The sum of the whole matter is this; the the sum of the whole matter is this; the ideal of the parson is the Lord Jesus Christ. The purpose of the parson in the pulpit ought to be to say that which he knows Christ would wish to have him say. The purpose of the parson in the parish ought to be to do that which he knows Christ would wish to have him do "Harris to and market to be to do that which he knows Christ would wish to have him do "Harris to and market to be to do that which he knows Christ would wish to have him do "Harris to and market to be to do that which he knows Christ would wish to have him do "Harris" to the total total to the total total to the total wish to have him do. "He is a good man,"
it was said of somebody, "but somehow he
does not remind me of Jesus Christ." The
ideal parson reminds his people, in the pulplt, and in the parish of the Lord Jesus
Christ. GEORGE HODGES.

A REVOLUTION IN WHEELS

The Introduction of Pneumatic Tires May Cause Better Roads.

The advantages of ball bearings and pneumatic tires have been recognized by manufacturers and riders of bicycles so long that the wonder is, not that those friction saving devices have been applied to track sulkies, but that they were not utilized on all varieties of light vehicles long ago. Wheels of the bicycle pattern can be made as strong as necessary. The pneumatic tire passes easily over the uneven surface of a roadway, helping itself over obstructions by its elasticity. It is better than springs for making a vehicle "ride easy." It is estimated that the combination of

ball bearings and pneumatic tires added from two to three seconds to Nancy Hanks' speed by lessening the draft of her sulky. A gain of such a large percentage in lightness of draft will be appreciated by owners of good roadsters, and now that their attention has been called to it, the time cannot be far distant when they will want pneumatic tires and ball bearings on their The pneumatic tire will not reach the

farm wagon, for it cannet stand rough usage, but there would seem to be no reason why the ball bearings should not be applied to vehicles of that class. The change would work a great saving in horsflesh and in time, for it would make possible the hauling of heavier loads. ing of heavier loads.
With the march of these improvements with the march of these improvements will come better roads. This is the age of wheels, and the gentleman driver, the farmer and the bieyelist will soon be in league fer improved highways in city and

CHILDREN AS NURSES

How Little Folks of Japan Carry Smaller Ones on Their Backs.

BROKEN IN BY MEANS OF DOLLS The Statue of Fuddha and the Religious

of the Urient

WHITE HORSE THAT IS POPULAR

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. TORIO, JAPAN, Sept. 3. It is amusing to see the Japanese children. As the houses are too small to live in during the day the children all swarm into the street. Japanese children never think of playing in the house-there isn't room.

wood Cemetery with a prayer upon their lips. It is not a religion, it is ancestor veneration. You have this same sentiment when you observe Decoration Day. I have seen Americans take off their bats at the first eight of the American flag in Tokio. A Shinte Shrine is filled with monuments to illustrious warriors, teachers and poets. The Shoguns built their own shrines before they died. They are at Nikko, Tokio and all over Japan. When the people enter these beautiful shrines and stand in the presence of the distinguished dead they reverentially take off their hats as you do at the tomb of Washington.

Washington.
"You put Buddha in the Shinto shrines, too?" I said.

Shrines of the Emperors. "Yes, Buddha is always there. The Japanese and Chinese all respect Buddha. He was a good ancestor. Many blunder by calling the mausolea and shrines at Nikko temples. They are shrines like the tombs of the Ming Emperors at Pekin. To illustrate: Before the death of the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty he built in Nikko a magnificent abrine to his father Ievasu. His tather's body was carried from Tokio in great pomp, attended by the living The house is a doll's house with no chimney



A GROUP OF JAPANESE

Mikado at Kioto. It is simply a grand monument to the Tokugawa family. I hear the Vanderbilts and Goulds and other rich families in America have built mausourning in a little earthen bowl called a habachi. There are no bedsteads, chairs or tables. They all sit and lie on rice straw mats on the floor as primitively as a Cooles or shrines in Greenwood and Woodmanche Indian family. The father and mother have a head rest of wool, but the The Tokugawa family after a while bechildren lie around in piles like kittens. came so great that they didn't consider it any honor to even have Buddha in their mausoles. In fact the family finally re-moved the Buddhist gongs, bells, prayer books and other paraphernalis. "Doesn't that hard piece of wood hurt your neck?" I asked.

"No. Our necks are strong. We are used to it; but see, there are five pieces of "Yes, the ignorant do. They pay money to the priests for the privilege of praying. After praying they throw wads of paner which they have chewed up in their mouths at the statue of Buddha. If these wads stick they think their prayers are answered.

paper over the wood." In the morning the babies are strapped to the backs of the children and turned loose into the street. Swarms of children can be seen at any time in the streets romping and racing, each with a baby strapped to its back. In the midst of the most exciting games the babies will be sound asleep while the bigger brother or sister will be running and screaming with laughter.

Get Into Training With Dolls. As soon as a baby can walk its mother straps a big doll to its back. This is a sign of manhood or womanhood, and the baby boy is as proud of his doll as an American boy is of a pair of high boots; and a girloh, my! I saw a mether one day stirring some barley which she was boiling for the

ehildren, and said: "Why doesn't your husband help you?" "Oh, he is too busy." "What is he doing?"

"He is flying a kite." These children are playing a game with



The Great Idol of Japan. they will have a baby strapped on their backs and will be romping in the streets. The Christopher Columbus, George Wash-ington and St. Patrick of Japan is Buddha, often called Daibutsu. His statue is every-where. It confronts you like the Madonnas of Raphael in Italy. There are five colossal bronze statues of this patron saint in Japan, distributed as follows: Kioto, 58 feet high Nara, 53 feet high; Kamakura, 49 feet high; Nara, 55 feet high; Ramakura, 39 feet high; Hyoga, 48 feet high, and Tokio, 21 feet high. Besides, he is in every Buddhist temple and Shinto shrine in Japan. He is always the same benign looking old woman-with earrings and a shining jewel in his forehead. He seems to say to himself constantly, "I am perfection." Many of these statues were cast from 600 to 1,000 years ago. The children play hide-and-go-seek sround them children play hide-and-go-seek around them and climb up into them, and the birds build nests in poor old Buddha's ears and nostrils. No one seems to have any concep-tion of what Buddha is for. He is really the Sphinx of Japan. The Japanese Account of Kan

The Japanese have a description of the cold to the elbow joint, yet he paints and draws with utmost facility. He works with both bands, the right hand wielding the pencil, while the left rubs over the paper great Buddha or Daibutsu at Kamakura, four miles from Yekohama. The notice shows the Japanese way of "setting up" characters in the printing office instead of letters. The Buddhist priest tells me that this notice, occupying four inches in a col-um, if translated, would make a third of a column of English.

When I asked a Japanese why he wor-

shiped Buddha, be said:
"We must worship something. My grandfather worshiped him. Who is better than "The missionaries will tell you of Christ," 'Yes, but the Unitarian missionaries who come here from Boston say Christ and Buddha are about the same, and Sir Elwin Arnold makes Buddha 'The Light of Asia.'"

Asia. "Well," I said "Buddha has a sweet face and he does always look benignly down upon us in Kamakura, and when I look at him I do not blame the poor people, but those Boston Unitarians ought to know bet-

When I asked N. Amenomori, the noted Japanese writer and linguist, what was the difference between Buddhism and Shintoism, he said: Buddhism and Shi "Buddhism is a philesophical religion—a very philosophical religion. It is so philosophical that the common people can't understand it, and I can't explain it It personifies all the virtues and people pray for these virtues. It is a religion. Buddha is always worshiped in a temple, as a personification of virtue."

"And Shintoism, what is that?" I asked. "Shintoism means shrine worship. We

"Shintoism means shrine worship. We don't have Shinto temples. They are shrines or mausoles. A Shinto shrine is really a burying ground—a place where distinguished ancesters are buried. We go to the blicks Shrine as year people to the blicks Shrine as year people to the blicks.

transport it to this country. It will come mounted on cars built for that purpose, as there are no cars in America strong enough The Man Who Owns it All. The present proprietor of this immense plant is Friedrich Alfred Krupp, whose picture accompanies this sketch. He has been in entire charge of the factory since the death of his father, Alfred Krupp, in

"Do the people worship the mythological statues in the Buddhist temples?"

If they fall off the ignorant go away grumb-ling and displeased at Buddha."

A White Horse With No Red Head.

The Spintoites believe in the doctrine of

the transmigration of souls and in the

grounds of almost every Shinto shrine is a wild-eyed white-horse. It has grown rest-

less from being tied up and overfed by the people, and stands there wild-eyed and

swaving like the wolf or hear in the Zoolog ical garden. Every worshiper imagines that the old white horse contains the soul of

Standing near the tomb or shrine of Ie-yasu, in Nikko, was that same wild caries-

"Carrying out the theory of transmigration,

he is probably now the impersonator of George Jones' dead Greenback Craze, John

PICTURES BY THE SPOOKS.

A Young Man Who Develops Artistic Talent

much discussion at present in Vienna is the

case of an auto-somnambulistic person, a young man belonging to one of the best families of the city, says the St. Louis Post-

Dispatch. He can neither draw nor paint

ooth with wonderful rapidity and ease,

except in this occuit state, when he does

The Indian of Artistic Instinct

producing portraits and designs. While in

this somnambulistic state he has been fre-quently examined by prominent physicians

and scientists, who have found that, as in the case of cataleptics, his arms are stiff and

a hatching sort of way. For a

Face of the Emperor.

time the paper seems a perfect chaos of zig-zag lines without the slightest sign of out-lines, until suddenly the medium develops

from this chaos a fantastic landscape, or a ghastly countenance with vacant staring

some dead aunt, uncle or brother.

this extensive establishment which employs 2,700 persons.

The present plant is the outcome of three generations of efforts. Friederich Krupp, the grandfather of the present owner, was the founder. He was the descendant of an old and honorable samily in Essen, and was born July 17, 1787. He passed an apprentice-ship as a foreman, and in 1810 he started business in Easen, establishing a small steel crucible factory, from which he turned out

July 1887, and is now the sole owner of



His business increased, and in 1819 he opened a large place, which is still standingture—an imprisoned white horse. His opened a large place, which is still standing amid the present array of buildings, shown in the accompanying illustration. His in the accompanying illustration. earliest successes, however, were follow-

Japan, what soul he thought was troubling the old horse.
"No soul at all," said the Minister. by subsequent mistoriune, in the midst of which he died in 1826, leaving his family is straitened circumstances. The Business in Charge of a Boy.

His son Albert succeeded to the business although only 14 years of age at the time of his father's death. He had, however, been George's deceased land theory, or the mor-tified spirit of Senator Wolcott's decom-posed Free Silver Bill. The old white horse may live through it, but if the ghost of that red-headed syren of free trade strikes him, he's a gone hoss." ELI PERKINS. carefully instructed in the trade secrets dis-covered by his father, and although a mere boy, he took charge of the business. For a long time he acted as smelter, torgeman and clerk. His diligence, energy and great in-ventive faculties produced success. The introduction of railroads enlarged his market, and his invention of a process for hardening steel increased his reputation largely. His methods of producing rails without welding the pieces together was patented through-out the world in 1853. A spiritual phenomenon which is causing

By 1865 he had been so successful that he began to acquire iron and coal mines. His first guns were produced in 1847, but it was 20 years later when the superiority of his steel for firearms was recognized. The entire city of Essen is dependent up-

on this great plant. The population being to a great extent composed of more or less skilled artisans, who live in comfortable houses built by Herr Krupp. A visit to the works is very entertaining, but the operations differ only in detail from those to be seen every day in Pittabary's level. to be seen every day in Pittsburg's larger

as might be supposed. The largest of all has been named the "Hammer Fritz," and its striking force is said to equal fity tone and may be much more. This was constructed by Mr. Altred Krupp himself, who takes great pride in it. It has formed the model for all other steam hammers. This gigantic hammer has an anvil to correspond, consisting of a solid piece of iron weighing 1,500 tons, and is connected by powerful beams of iron to a solid stone foundation. So perfect is the mechanism and so perfect the control of the hammer, that it may be made merely to touch the steel on the anvil. Yet large as "Fritz" is it is too small for the purpose, and two others are under construction which will exert a lorse of 1 200 000 and 2 000 000 respectively.

of 1,900,000 and 2,000,000 respectively.

The Bessemer works and the rail-rolling mills have separate buildings. The Bessemer process was first introduced on the Continent by the Krupp works in 1862. His process is used mainly in the production of precoderate used, which is used to tion of second-grade sieel, which is used for car wheels. The Siemens-Martin process, so called from its co-inventors, Siemena Frenchman, and Martin, a German, is based upon cooking the metal by turning off the heat as it lies on the forge. This process is by far the least efficient of the three.

Krupp Makes His Own Tools.

The machinery and tools needed are made in the works. A drilling machine 46 yards long and a turning lathe 12 yards in diameter, both weighing 200,000 pounds, are shown with much pride. Heavy cranes, fastened to the walls and operated by steam, are used, one of which is capable of

lifting 430,000 pounds.

The gun manufactory occupies the greater part of the works. The steel used for them has to be hardened in oil, which materially increases its elasticity. Every piece made is thoroughly tested before it is allowed to leave the place, the company owning a large tract of land which is reserved for this pur-

The show rooms offer an interesting place The show rooms offer an interesting for studying the different instruments of destruction. Models of all guns ever made here are on exhibition. The guns are not the only product of the Krupp establishment. The list embraces steam engines, and a great variety of machines that

are exported to all quarters of the globa. The world-renowned efficie cy of the factories has given it an enviable position. Comfortable houses, schools, hospitals and Comfortable houses, schools, hospitals and churches have been built by Herr Krupp for his employes. He also maintain eral charitable institutions. F. A

eyes. Both cuts are reproductions of these queer designs, one representing the head of an Indian, whose spirit, it is said, controls the young man; the other being an exact likeness of Emperor Maximilian, the unfortunate ruler of Maxico. To this is also attached the autograph of the martyred Should use "Royal Egg Macaroni," me from the best American material. I superior to the Italian. Bold by green



drove a baker's wagon and delivered bread to the baker's patrons. He started out early in the morning and went up and down the streets until late in the evening. He could scarcely estimate the number of stairs he climbed daily, but this fair-haired boy, with large, honest eyes, the color of a happy summer akv, knew there was one flight of stairs, the golden steps of which led up to shope through the pretty eyes of a German servant girl. He could never forget the first morning when they exchanged glances as he handed her a loaf of bread at the