

Germany may regard Samoan waters as a desirable location for trouble owing to the fact that Admiral Dewey cannot be in two places at the same time.

Our government has decided to pay the Cuban soldiers enough to take them to their homes and give them a start in life. The sum mentioned is \$100 per man. Stable conditions will then be in sight, and the labor demand will quickly absorb those willing to return to work. Some practical difficulty will be found in guarding against fraud in the matter of giving only to actual soldiers, but it is not insuperable.

The practical isolation of Spain from the rest of the world is indicated for one thing by the fact that while there are yet a hundred roads of one kind or another over the Pyrenees between France and Spain only three of the roads are passable for carriages. But even more insuperable than the range of the Pyrenees is that way of pride and prejudice which the haughty Castilian interposes between himself and the progressive ideas of the outer world.

An English writer has concluded that the disease we call cold has very little connection with weather or damp feet, or draughts of air, or any of the casual dangers of which we have been taught to go in fear; and he warns his fellow-countrymen that by the "codding treatment" usually adopted to avoid colds they are running a grave risk of "undermining the health and hardihood of our English race." He implores them to cultivate that hardiness "which is so characteristic of our nation, which would prove as effective a protection against cold as against other enemies." This is logical enough from the premises of the writer, and there is a delightful flavor of English modesty in the suggestion of national superiority as the supreme object of hygiene, but we fear that even English hardihood might suffer from a too sudden application of the theory.

It is said that the manufacturers of Great Britain are combining for a fight to a finish with the labor unions. This is unfortunate, if true, comments the Atlantic Journal. The combined manufacturers of Great Britain would represent an immense power, but they would find in the millions of men who belong to the labor organizations an immense power also. It would be a battle of giants with a certainty that each would be badly hurt. Organized labor is stronger now throughout the civilized world than it ever was before; stronger by reason of its larger membership and its more perfect co-operation; stronger also in the support and sympathy it receives from those who are outside of its bands. It does not appear that the labor unions of Great Britain have been as reasonable and judicious as those of the United States have been, but that they are a mighty force cannot be denied. The cause of the present friction is the protest of the labor unions against what they considered an unjust reduction of wages. Both sides seem stubborn and determined to fight it out. One or the other will of course have to give in at the last, and when the net result is cast up it will be found that both have suffered immensely.

The experiment just now being tried by our government in many parts of the country, which is meant to test the efficacy and economy of free rural mail-delivery, is one fraught with riches of benefit scarcely to be computed, especially to educational and literary interests and to general culture. The daily, weekly and monthly press is soon to reach practically all the farmhouses in the land. Can any mind grasp the full meaning of this great change? Every close observer, who has mingled freely with the country people, the genuinely rural population of our great land has been struck with their natural intelligence, their sturdy self-reliance, and their desire to have the rising generation brought into contact with educating and encouraging influence. The farmer may not read much himself, he may show small interest in most things that make for culture, so far as concerns himself; but speak of schools, colleges, the great sources of enlightenment, and he immediately responds with a thought for his sons and daughters. Bring a daily free mail to his door and his first act is to try a daily paper; books follow; the farmhouse begins to take on the air of a home; the latest magazines and journals of art and science find a new field for their influence in remote nooks and corners as soon as the latent taste of our country folk is stirred into activity, observes the New York Independent.

Is it true that Americans spend more money each year on candies and other sweets than they do on beer, wines and other liquors combined? If it is, that may be why the dentists make so good a living.

Of the \$1,210,291,913 worth of American products exported last year nearly \$1,000,000,000 went to Europe. Nearly \$80,000,000 went to the Dominion of Canada—a per capita basis for our nearest neighbors of \$15.50 for every man, woman and child. Our entire sales in South and Central America were only \$1 per capita. We exported to the Philippines \$127,787 worth of goods.

The United States constitutes the richest nation on the globe. Mulhall furnishes these figures: United States, \$81,750,000,000; Great Britain \$59,030,000,000; France, \$47,950,000,000; Germany, \$40,260,000,000; Russia \$32,125,000,000; Austria, \$22,560,000,000; Italy, \$15,800,000,000; Spain \$11,300,000,000. These computations are based upon values as shown by real estate records, buildings, merchandise and railways, as well as the circulating medium in each nation. As will be seen our wealth is more than seven times greater than that of Spain, double that of France, equal to the combined wealth of Russia, Italy Austria and Spain, and \$22,720,000,000 larger than that of Great Britain.

A socialistic measure is proposed for a county in Kansas. It is intended to submit to a vote of the people at the next election the question, "Shall the county own its telephone system?" If the proposition goes through the county is to build a system and supply every farmhouse with a telephone. The expense of building and operating the plant is to be borne by direct taxation, and the county is to be given authority to spread out the original cost of construction over ten years, one-tenth to be paid each year. Another telephone bill of novel scope is proposed in Indiana. An advocate for school reform has framed a measure which contemplates abolishing all the schoolhouses in the various counties and teaching the children in their own homes by telephone. The state is to furnish the telephones, which are less expensive than the maintenance of the schoolhouses.

It is to be noted that the construction of automobiles in this country, though only fairly begun, has not thus far given cause for discouragement. Already orders from Paris and Bombay suggest to what centre business opinion abroad is looking. The papers were full not long ago of accounts of the trials of these vehicles in France, but the results do not seem to have been very encouraging, and recently a French and American syndicate have arranged for the manufacture of a large number of automobiles by a Chicago firm. With comparative failure in construction both in France and Great Britain, it would seem that a quick perception of their opportunity ought to give our manufacturers almost as firm a place in foreign markets as they will undoubtedly have in our own. There is no reason why we should not repeat the triumphs of our electrical machinery, which is now preferred everywhere abroad. The application of electricity to the new vehicles is an important part of the problem, and a part we are specially fit to solve.

For the calendar year the record disclosed by figures is a remarkable one. The total exports amounted to \$1,254,925,169, which represents an increase of over \$155,000,000 as compared with those for 1897 and of over \$259,000,000 as compared with those for 1896. The imports were valued at \$633,664,634, which represented a decrease of over \$108,900,000 as compared with those for 1897, and of over \$47,900,000 as compared with those for 1896. The value of the exports for the year was not far from double that of the imports. The excess for the year amounted to \$621,260,535, which was greater by \$264,146,671 than that for the preceding year, while as compared with 1896 it showed a still greater gain. What the figures mean in perspective may be gathered from the statement that the exports were the largest in the history of the country, while we have to go back for a period of thirteen years to find a total of imports so low as that recorded for 1898. Not the least noteworthy feature disclosed by the figures is the large excess of imports over exports of gold, which amounted to \$141,841,298, whereas in 1897 the imports and exports of this metal almost balanced, the exports showing a trifling excess. Taken altogether, the exhibit is the most striking in the statistical annals of the country's foreign trade.

**THE DOERS AND DREAMERS.**

The bugles are calling to battle! Come, boys, with an answering "Here!" And, while you are waiting for orders, a song and a watchword of cheer!

The men who are marching beside you are numbered in companies two— In "A" are the fellows of the Dreamers; in "B" are the fellows who do.

The Dreamers contain the vast number who long for a place and a name, But think to be awakened from slumber by some fairy goddess of Fame. They never grow weary of telling of prizes they're hoping to win. But, somehow, they fancy tomorrow will be the best time to begin.

The other division is smaller; its members have little to say; They're too busy bearing the burdens the Dreamers have left in their way. They don't soar on star-seeking pinions to Fancy's illusive ideal; They know that the boulder of Duty the gem of Contentment conceals.

Then don't run to look for a rainbow till after the tempest is past; Success, tho' so fleckle a creature, will wed bold Endeavor at last. This bit of gold comes from life's testing, remember 'twill always ring true: Keep out of the army of Dreamers! Get hold with the fellows who do! —Ernest Neal Lyon, in The New Voice.

## THE LINOTYPE LADY.

BY H. C. PEARSON.

The Honorable William Jarvis, state senator and candidate for governor, was calling upon his betrothed, Miss Laura Jackson. The Honorable William was generally alluded to as a "rising young man" and the future Mrs. Jarvis as a "sensible girl." The match, therefore, was adjudged "very suitable." The two parties most concerned gave little thought to its suitability, but were very sure that it had been made in heaven and they themselves thereby absolved from all responsibility for it.

But because Miss Jackson was a sensible girl she was interested in the Honorable William as statesman as well as lover. Therefore she was not content with the brief answer, "business," which he made to her inquiry as to why on this particular evening he was rather absent-minded and less joyously happy than usual. It was not in her nature to be denied any information which she earnestly wished to possess, and so, before long, she had learned just what was worrying her future lord but present vassal.

The leading newspaper in the northern part of the state, it appeared, being independent in politics, had so far refused to commit itself to any gubernatorial candidate. This greatly disappointed Jarvis, who had confidently expected its support. In fact, he was afraid that if his opponent was endorsed by the Webster Whig his own chances for victory would be perceptibly lessened; while on the other hand, if the Whig would place the name of William Jarvis at the head of its editorial columns he did not see how he could be defeated.

All this having been dutifully explained to Miss Laura, she wrinkled her forehead charmingly for perhaps three minutes and then announced with calm decision that she had solved the problem.

"And now, Will," she said, "if I get the Whig to come out for you what reward of merit do I get?"

"I will marry you a month sooner than we had planned," promised Jarvis, with remarkable readiness.

"Impudence! Did you never hear, 'Married in haste, repent at leisure'?" But seriously now, will you make one appointment just as I wish it made, assuming, of course, that the person is entirely competent?"

"Why, yes," assented Jarvis, somewhat slowly. "I don't approve of ante-election pledges as a general thing, but I think I am justified in making an exception in this case. Let's officially seal the agreement."

Which they did most satisfactorily. A few days later the editor and manager of the Webster Whig were engaged in anxious consultation.

"It's no use," the latter was saying, "I've telegraphed everywhere I can think of, and there does not seem to be a linotype operator out of work from one end of the country to the other. We'll have to rig up some frames and get three or four of the old hand compositors back."

"But that will make the paper look like the Dickens," objected young Willis, the editor, "and it will increase expenses, too."

"Sure," assented the manager; "but what else can we do? You tell."

Just in time to save Willis from the necessity of confessing his incapacity there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," called the manager without turning his head.

But Willis was facing the door, and as it opened to admit a very pretty girl the celebrity with which he removed his feet from the table impelled his partner to do likewise.

"Excuse me," began the visitor, "but I understand that you wish to hire a linotype operator."

"We do," chorused the two men.

"And so I have come to ask for the place," continued the young lady. "I have not had much experience, but I can average thirty five hundred an hour, and they tell me that my proofs are remarkably clean."

The editor kicked the manager under the table, and the latter replied without hesitation:

"We'll take you on trial anyway. I don't mind telling you that you have come in the nick of time. We do need an operator and badly. How soon can you begin work?"

"This minute," replied the girl, promptly.

"Very well," said the manager and, with a few instructions, bowed her out. "She'll do," he remarked to his partner as he resumed his seat and elevated his feet once more.

"Gee! I should think she would!" asserted Willis more forcibly than elegantly.

The new hand did not fail to equal the expectation of her employers. She was quietly courteous to those in the office, men and girls alike, but she minded her own business, as the foreman put it, and, perhaps for that reason, was more efficient than the average of the operators.

The office boy, an irreverent youth who alluded to Willis as "Billion"

and to his partner as "the old man," expressed the general feeling as to the new girl when he said to the editor one day:

"The linotype lady wants to know if this is right."

"The what?" ejaculated Willis in amazement.

"The linotype lady. That's what she is. I know 'em when I see one, an' she's the real article."

So she was christened, and the name stuck, to the envy of the other girls.

About a week after this addition to the force, Willis opened the Whig one evening and glanced first, as was his custom, at the editorial page. For perhaps half a minute he stared in blank amazement. Then he dropped the paper and executed a war dance. In response to his frantic calls the manager hastened into the inner editorial sanctum and calmly inquired what was the matter.

"Has the foreman dropped out another line in the make-up or did your typewriter go off its feet and make a mistake for which you wish to blame the proofreader? What ails you, anyway?"

"Have you looked at the editorial page?" asked Willis.

"Why, no, what's wrong with it?"

"Did you write or cause to be written that Jarvis editorial?"

"What Jarvis editorial? I wrote none and know nothing about any. I thought we were to be neutral in that fight."

"That was the way I understood it," said Willis, more puzzled now than angry, "but here is the strongest kind of an editorial in tonight's Whig advocating the election of Jarvis. If you don't know anything about it and I don't know anything about it who does know about it? And what are we going to do about it?"

"First, let's find out who does know about it," very practically suggested the manager. "What does the proofreader say?"

But the proofreader had never seen the editorial until they showed it to her. She was positive that she had not read the proof of it, and the copy holder supported her by affirming that no copy for it had passed through her hands.

When the foreman who made up the paper was questioned he did remember placing the type in the forms and reading the headline, but that was as far as his information went. And the assistant foreman, who gave out the copy, made the mystery deeper than ever by asserting that no such editorial matter had been handled by him. The "devil," who took the proofs, was equally certain that he had had nothing to do with that particular lot of type.

The linotype operators were next in order for questioning, and among them Willis expected to find the solution of the puzzle, for it was only too evident that the troublesome editorial had been put in type by somebody. But one after another of the operators denied all knowledge of the matter until the entire roll had been called without the faintest glimmering of light. Willis noticed that when he approached the linotype lady she was very pale and apparently disturbed, but when he asked, "Did you see the copy for this editorial, Miss?" she answered so promptly: "No, sir," and met his gaze so unflinchingly that he had not the heart to doubt her.

All investigation having thus proved fruitless, the editor and the manager shut themselves in again for further discussion.

"The next question is," said Willis, "what shall we do about it?"

"It looks to me," replied the manager, "as if we ought to make the best of it and adopt Jarvis as our candidate."

"But that is probably just what the person wants who put up this job on us," objected Willis.

"Precisely," assented the manager; "but what other course is open to us? If, without explanation, we oppose Jarvis, we shall be called turncoats, weather-vanes and other choice names. If, on the other hand, we tell just what has happened and give it as our reason for opposing Jarvis, who will believe us? No one. Like a great deal of truth, it is absurdly improbable. Now you and I know that Jarvis is not a bad fellow and that he will make a pretty good governor. He differs from us on some points, I know, but perhaps we can bring him around to our way of thinking after a while. He is one of those men whom it is easier to lead than to drive, anyway. Now what do you say?"

Willis did not fancy the idea at all, but the longer he pondered the further away he found himself from any other way out of the difficulty. So he yielded gracefully and from that moment until the end of the campaign wrote vigorously and well in Jarvis' support.

More than once in that time the linotype lady, with a piece of editorial

copy before her, stopped to read it over a second and a third time. And anyone who had happened to be watching her would have wondered at the smile of mingled triumph, coquetry and happiness that lit up her face on those occasions.

Before long, however, the linotype lady resigned her place. The supply of operators had become once more equal to the demand, and as soon as she learned the fact she prepared to bid the Whig good-by. The foreman, the manager and the editor all protested, and even the other operators, in spite of their occasional jealousy, were sorry to lose her. The linotype lady said that she was sorry to go, which was true, but that she had an opportunity to engage in a line of work which she liked even better, and that that was true.

As said line of work was the preparation of an elaborate and beautiful trousseau for her own use, any woman can understand how even the sensible Miss Jackson could find no employment in the world more to her taste.

"How did you do it?" asked Jarvis on the first opportunity, referring to the Whig, which he held in his hand and which at the head of its editorial page announced in bold type: "For governor, William Jarvis."

Having secured his solemn promise "never to tell," his betrothed satisfied his curiosity.

"You remember that first editorial in your favor?" she asked. "No one knew or could find out how it got into the paper, but since it was there and in the whole edition the editor and the manager decided that it was best to stick it out and advocate your election to the best of their ability. As you know, that is what they are doing, and I call it very nice of them."

"How did that first editorial get in? Well, I'll tell you that, too. One noon I waited in the dressing room until everyone was gone and then slipped back to my machine. My thoughts were and had been so full of you and your candidacy that it took but a few minutes for me to put that editorial in type even without copy."

"You mean that you made it up as you set it?" queried Jarvis with admiration.

"Just that. When it was done I took a proof, glanced through it hastily, made a few corrections and put the type on the 'bank' with some other editorial matter. The foreman was in a hurry when he came to make it up and merely glanced at the heading. Seeing that it was double-headed he placed it, very rightly, as the leader of the day."

"I was a good deal scared while the mysterious editorial was being investigated, for I really did not want to tell a downright lie. But Mr. Willis was kind enough to put his inquiry in such a way that I could answer it in the negative without the slightest strain on my conscience."

"And now, when you are elected, as of course you will be, you must not forget your promise about letting me make an appointment."

"It shall be my first official duty," assented Jarvis, "but may I not know who is to be appointed to what?"

"Will you promise to keep this a secret also? Well, then, I want you to appoint Willis state printer. The place is worth about five thousand dollars a year, isn't it? He was very good to me, you see; in fact, they all were, but he especially. Of course, he knows nothing about this plan. I wish to surprise him as much as I did you, and him, too, with that editorial. May I?"

Jarvis said "yes" very readily, being considerably relieved to find that the appointment which he had promised was to be thus worthily bestowed.

And so, when it was Governor Jarvis by twenty thousand plurality, one of the first acts of the new chief executive was to invite Willis to call upon him. The young editor, somewhat surprised at the message, made the trip as requested, and his surprise was increased when the governor told him that he had been selected for the place of state printer.

"I wish to say, sir," explained Willis after a moment's thought, "that if your choice is based on the Whig's position during the campaign, you are making a mistake. For the paper's support you are not indebted to me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jarvis. "To whom then?"

"That I do not know," confessed Willis, and went on to tell the story which the governor had heard before.

"That is a curious and interesting incident," said the latter, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "The position of your paper, however, had little to do with my choice of you to be public printer. That was mainly brought about through the influence of a lady."

"A lady?" ejaculated Willis. "Impossible! I have no woman friend who can have influence with you, and if I had I could not accept a position secured in such a way."

"Wait!" commanded Jarvis. "You are altogether too hasty in your statements and your conclusions. It may help to solve your difficulties if I make you acquainted with my wife."

With somewhat suspicious timeliness the door opened, and a very smiling young woman entered.

"Mrs. Jarvis," said the governor, "may I make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Willis? Perhaps, however, he already knows you as—"

"The linotype lady," said Willis and Mrs. Jarvis in chorus. —Waverley Magazine.

**Price of Manila Ham.**

Ham is high in Manila. One dollar a pound for any that is fit to eat, while chickens are only two cents apiece and eggs a shilling a hundred. Beef is not plentiful. It generally comes from China, and, as the dingy line of steamers from Hong Kong does not provide cold storage, beef is often too high, too, when it arrives—even higher than the ham.

**THE BALLAD OF BERRY BROWN.**

Oh, do you know a country lad by name of Berry Brown, Who rides upon a load of wood along the streets of town? He has a hat turned up in front and crumpled down behind, His curly hair so long and fair is tumbled by the wind, And through his coat his elbows peep, and through his boots his toes. But everywhere and anywhere he whistles as he goes.

There's something strangely taking in the eyes of Berry Brown; They seem to flash a cheery light along the streets of town; Despite his coarse and tattered vest, his boots and hat forlorn, His trousers patched, threadbare and sagged, his shirt so old and worn, For every glimpse he gives he takes a measure of surprise, And everybody wonders where the secret of it lies.

And so his way of sitting there, so steadfast, calm and strong; His air, as if his whistling bore wagon and wood along; His independence and self-trust, the firm-set throat and chin, The working of his muscles when he reins his horses in, Take hold of one and fascinate, as hints and glimpses can, When all the glory of a boy is merging into man.

Oh, Berry Brown looks careless, but he holds his secret well; Far hidden in the clouds are heights whereon his visions dwell; Within him somewhere swells a vein of ancient hero-ism, And who shall hold him back one step, or set the pace so old and worn, Wait, you shall see if poverty can chain so strong a soul, Or if to sell his wood can be the rounding of his goal!

The old folk shake their heads and say "Look out for Berry Brown When he shall measure forces with the best boys in the town! The wind has beat in Berry's face, the sun has burned his skin, And what a cruel hand has pinched where Berry Brown has been; But hearts like his are brave enough to meet the strokes that form And fortify the giant souls that take the world by storm." —Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.

**HUMOROUS.**

He—Are you sure your love for me is dead? She—Yes. Heart failure.

Gilfoyle—Isn't Bingham embarrassed by his debts? Poindexter—No, but his creditors are.

Fond Parent—The child is full of music. Sarcastic Visitor—Yes. What a pity it is allowed to escape.

"Here," said the boomerang, as it turned, "here is where I get back at aim for trying to throw me over."

"I suppose lovers' quarrels are natural enough." "To be sure. Striking a match is always followed by a flare-up."

"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely." "Huh! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got insomnia."

Little Gregory—Papa, why do you say that the pen is more powerful than the sword? Papa—Because you cannot sign checks with a sword.

The Mother—Somehow I feel that I can trust my daughter to you. The Accepted One—You can, indeed, madam. Everybody trusts me.

"Our boy will make his mark some day," said his parents in great delight. He did—but in an illiterate way. For he never learned to write!

Briggs—Did you ever try to write down all the utterly senseless things that came into your head? Griggs—Certainly. Haven't I been engaged?

Life is but a toothless, hairless beginning and a toothless, hairless end, between which are sandwiched the solemn ceremony of a marriage and other mistakes.

Scribbles—My new book will be out soon. I hope you will lose no time in reading it. Miss Cutting—Indeed, I won't. I lost several hours reading your other one.

"While ebullient youth," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "has glittering hopes of seeing his name on the roll of fame, sedate middle age is glad to have it on the pay roll."

"What did you do with your puzzle editor?" asked the friend of the editor of the new magazine. "Discharged him," replied the editor. "He couldn't guess where his salary was to come from."

When Flynn heard that Mr. Smith was afflicted with softening of the brain, he thought it a great disgrace; and, when he was told he might have the same trouble himself some day, he brought down his hand with emphasis on the marble counter, and said, "I want you to understand that my head is just as solid as that slab!"

**Why Dewey Discontinued the Battle.**

I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that, as we hauled off into the bay, the gloom on the bridge of the Olympia was thicker than a London fog in November. Neither Commodore Dewey nor any of the staff believed that the Spanish ships had been sufficiently injured by our fire to prevent them from renewing the battle quite as furiously as they had previously fought. Indeed, we had all been distinctly disappointed in the results of our fire. Our projectiles seemed to go too high or too low—just as had been the case with those fired at us by the Spaniards. Several times the commodore had expressed dissatisfaction with the failure of our gunners to hit the enemy. We had begun the firing at too great a distance, but we had gradually worked in further on each of the turns, until we were within about 2500 yards at the close of the fifth round. At that distance, in a smooth sea, we ought to have made a large percentage of hits; yet, so far as we could judge, we had not sensibly crippled the foe. Consequently Commodore Dewey hauled out into the open bay at the end of the fifth round to take stock of ammunition and devise a new plan of attack. —Joseph L. Stickney, in Harper's Magazine.