

Of more than 20,000,000,000 checks used annually in the United States about 18,000 are "raised."

No wonder the New York man who wrote "Never Trust a Woman" committed suicide. A good many men who do trust women are alive and happy.

The Bookman reports that only 40 British novelists are able to live on the profits of their books. Perhaps the others reverse Emerson's maxim and run to high living and low thinking.

Andrew Carnegie says that his business now is giving. There are men who will be just as well pleased if he does not interfere with their plans by taking a vacation and making more money.

Japan is badly in need of capital, but its policy of forcing foreigners out of business is hurtful. It has exhausted its own capital, but foreign investors are at the mercy of the native courts. Trade is at a standstill and mills are idle.

What, send a man to state prison for "borrowing" an umbrella? Thus are the most cherished traditions ruthlessly destroyed in the name of justice. What becomes of the saying: "There are two things made to be lost—umbrellas and sinners?"

Most of the emigration from the British Isles still sets toward the United States, notwithstanding the earnest efforts the British government is making to divert it toward the colonies. Last year 168,825 emigrants left the United Kingdom and 61 percent came to America.

Like many other novelties, the shirt-waist is having a hard fight for its life. Nearly 25 pupils of the Eastern high school in Washington were sent home one day recently for appearing in shirtwaists, and there was trouble in the school management in consequence. But in a high school in Chicago "two of the most popular women teachers" told the perspiring boys of a hot morning that they might take off their coats, with the result that next morning the entire class seemed to have gone into shirtwaists.

Some idea of the growth of wealth among Americans may be formed from a recent announcement by the president of the University of Chicago, who said that his institution would establish affiliated preparatory schools in Europe to give an opportunity to college youths who are traveling abroad to continue their studies. The first branch will be in Paris, and the next in Berlin. The number of students from the Chicago university who spend their holidays in Europe must be large to warrant this enterprise.

It is interesting to find a prominent French critic, Louis De Gramont, advocating the formal adoption of English as a universal language because of its simple syntax. The recent discussion at Paris of the proposed new language Esperanto, an artificial construction, has given a new interest to the subject and caused the journals to note the rapid extension of English. It is apparent that the French cannot hope that their own speech will ever regain its former popularity among foreigners, and statistics prove that unless the present tendency shall change the language of Shakespeare and Milton (with some important modifications) will pass into universal use. It is significant to recall that less than a century ago English was spoken by only 30,000,000 people. Now it is the common speech of more than four times that number.

Under the caption, "Our (G)old Nobility," Mainly About People, commenting on an advertisement in the London Times of a "nobleman of good family" who is positively seeking the post of "private secretary to an American or English millionaire," says: "Here is the triumph of plutocracy over aristocracy with a vengeance, and such a sign of the times may well startle even those admirers of the old order who have watched with dismay such previous portents as the gradual conversion of Park lane into a millionaire's avenue, and acquisition of ancient baronial halls by members of the new tribe of gold kings in various parts of the country. At this rate, it may not be long before some South African magnate will be able to make the proud boast that every member of his domestic establishment from the major-domo to the 'buttons' is to be found in 'Burke' and 'De-brett,' and is the descendant of ancestors who came over with the Conqueror."

The total undeveloped energy of Niagara Falls is estimated by electrical experts at 8,000,000 horse power.

It shows a strange condition of touchiness when the Emperor of Austria has to make a speech in French to save the feelings of his be-split country.

The coal output for 1900 in the United States was 267,545,444 tons. This is the largest output the country has ever known, and puts her practically in the lead of all other coal-producing nations.

The supreme court of West Virginia has decided that a professor of the State university and a teacher of a public school are not public officers but that the former is an employe under contract to fill a chair of learning and the latter is an employe.

Consul-General Mason reports from Berlin that Germany's imports of American machinery and tools last year aggregated 4757 tons, against 588 tons from Great Britain and 388 tons from France. The German people also bought 20,249 tons of agricultural machinery and implements "made in the United States."

Germany, which is supposed to lead continental Europe in her electrical manufactures, and to rank prominently among the world's manufacturing nations, imported last year from the United States 343 tons of electrical machinery, 200 tons of steam engines, 574 tons of blowing machinery, 331 tons of pumps and 20,249 tons of agricultural machinery and implements. Quite a controversy has arisen in England as to the relative merits of American and English locomotives. As bearing on this controversy there is no disputing the weight of the fact that last year upward of 450 American locomotives were exported, at an average price of \$9500 each. If foreign railroad managers had not preferred American locomotives they would have bought all their engines at home.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale said recently: "When I was a young man, studying for the ministry, I came to the conclusion that it was a good time for a man to retire from the pastorate of a church when he got to be 40. When I got to be 40 I changed my mind, and thought 50 was the proper age for retiring; then I later came to see things differently, and decided that when I was 60 I should drop the work. But I don't give the matter any thought now."

Epidemics of suicide frequently occur, just as epidemics of contagious diseases. All works on criminology, as well as medical treatises, recognize a distinct class of cases, which are called "imitational criminals" and "imitational suicides." It is well known that persons with an innate or hereditary tendency toward crime are easily influenced by suggestion. From the psychologic standpoint every one is more or less suggestible. Criminal tendencies are more common than one would suspect and are likely to break loose in most unexpected quarters, states the Sunny South.

Mercantile and industrial co-operation is making rapid strides in California, according to a statement by J. S. Clark, one of the leading organizers of the movement in that state. Between 30 and 40 business houses in the state are operating on the co-operative plan. Each house was started as a grocery, with just capital enough to stock it, but with an assurance also of sufficient patrons to keep it moving. One hundred and fifty families are thought sufficient to make the running of a grocery store profitable, and 100 more families added warrants the broadening of the business.

Mr. Rockefeller gave a hard prescription to the graduating class of Chicago university in saying to them: "If you are to succeed in life it will be because you are masters of yourselves." A wiser than Rockefeller said that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Self-mastery of a strong nature is the greatest of victories. A man who is ruled by his temper or by any other of his passions is not master of himself. One who is the slave of any appetite has a cruel master. Mastery of self means more than self-control—it includes self-possession; the absolute power over and direction of all the faculties of mind and body. Very few men have complete mastery of self. And this is perhaps why there are relatively so few complete and conspicuous successes in the higher and the more strenuous walks of life, reflects the New York World.

YOYOUK'S RAVENS,

BY GEORGE HARLOW CLARK.

"There goes the great chief of all the birds, Koyouk," said I, indicating an eagle that was mounting slowly into the blue sky.

The lad shook his head dissentingly. "He is a lazy thief, who robs honest birds of fish," he replied. "The wise raven, Too-loo-ah, is the true chief."

Koyouk's opinion merited consideration. All that I knew and much more of the life and habits of Too-loo-ah was familiar to this 16-year-old boy of the lower Yukon. As a little child he had often listened while his mother related folk-lore anecdotes of its sagacity and other less commendable attributes. He did not know that his young kinsmen in far-off Greenland, half-way around the globe,—whose very existence, indeed, he did not suspect,—were also entertained during the long, dark winter night with similar stories, nor that they, too, called the black bird Too-loo-ah. But he had heard that among the south-coast Tlinkits an aristocratic clan proudly traced their ancestry to the bird whose quaintly modeled effigy adorns their totempoles; and this fact was of especial interest to him because a carved, weather-beaten figure of a raven surmounted a painted pole planted beside his grandfather's wooden tomb on a neighboring hilltop.

Among the hills behind the village where Koyouk lived there is one of those peculiar geological formations, an isolated finger or pillar of dark-colored rock, like a druidical monolith on a cyclopean scale, which has withstood the frost and storms of untold centuries. A similar column, although of far greater size and altitude, stands on the northwestern coast of Greenland, near Melville bay, and others exist elsewhere. From time immemorial the top of the pillar has harbored a pair of ravens. There successive generations have reared their young, secure from molestation.

Koyouk had acquired a habit of resorting thither. Many were the pleasant hours he spent outstretched on the thick, soft moss of an adjacent slope, screened by the smoke of a smudge that kept off black flies and mosquitoes while he watched the adult birds flapping to and fro above him. Sometimes he espied one returning from a foray, laden with salmon filched from the village fish-racks where the split fish were strung in long, red rows, curing in the sun.

Koyouk's father, had he chanced to discover the frivolous manner in which his son's time was occupied, would no doubt have quickly found means of diverting his attention. But no such thought detracted from the enjoyment with which Koyouk marked the joyful clamor of the young birds in their lofty aerial while a distribution of the spoil was taking place.

The young naturalist was in his 16th year when he first conceived the idea of scaling the pillar. Formerly he had been content to view its occupants from a distance, but a desire for more intimate acquaintance now awoke in him. He had, moreover, a potent reason for wishing to obtain one of the fledglings.

Koyouk was one of those persons who are gifted with a wonderful comprehension of and influence over animals. His father had given him one of a litter of pups, and he had taught it to perform a number of feats that did great credit both to the teacher and the canine's intelligence. Encouraged by this success, the boy longed for an opportunity to apply a similar course of instruction to a raven. For, he reasoned, its superior endowment, if carefully cultivated, could not fail to result in the ultimate development of a feathered prodigy.

Almost invariably, as he had noticed, the young were hatched before the ice had left the Yukon and the ground was bare of snow. He lurked persistently about the aerial in hope that during the period of their tuition in the use of wings one of them might by chance fall into his hands. But the vigilant parents, although so accustomed to his presence that they usually paid no heed to him, seemed to divine his new motive, and they guarded their progeny with extraordinary zeal. This evidence of subtle discernment, to which he ascribed the birds' incessant watchfulness, increased his respect for their wisdom. However, he had devised a feasible scheme for making an ascent to the top of the monolith, and he at length proceeded to put it into execution.

He repaired to the big rock one June afternoon, carrying an empty flour sack, his bow and arrows, a ball of stout twine, such as the Yukon people use in netting fish-traps, and a coil of light but strong fibrous rope. His mother had made the rope by braiding, with infinite skill and patience, strips of the inner bark of the willow, prepared and toughened by a native process, and it was primarily designed to be stretched between a series of posts to form a salmon-rack. Although flat instead of round, and less than a half-inch wide, it was capable of sustaining a very heavy weight.

A very small spur or crag projects from a face of the rock column just below the top. Could he succeed in passing the rope over this, an agile climber, like himself, might mount to it with comparative ease. Having first unwound the ball, Koyouk tied an

end of the twine to the rope and made fast the other to an arrow. Then, putting the feathered notch to the bowstring, he measured the distance with his eye and sent the shaft, with the white cord trailing behind it, hurtling aloft.

Although accounted the most skillful young archer of his village, his first shot merely disturbed the domestic tranquillity of the tenants of the aerial. The old birds at once took wing, and wheeling above their home, expressed their indignation by discordant croaking, to which their offspring responded with shrill squawks of alarm.

A second trial was successful. Describing a graceful curve past the top of the rock, the missile whistled earthward, but as it fell the cord lodged fairly on the spur, from which a double line remained suspended.

When he had recovered the arrow, it was a simple matter, by pulling in the cord to replace it with the rope. Then Koyouk grasped the slender, swaying strands, tugged at them with all his strength until they were as taut as metal rods under the strain, then threw his entire weight upon them and swung his body to and fro, a human pendulum. This test convinced him that the rope would hold.

He stowed the flour-sack in the hood of his parkie, or jumper, and then swarmed nimbly up the precipitous face of the column. The spur was gained without mishap, and securing foothold on it, he scrambled up on the sloping platform a yard or so above.

Close at hand, in the center of a space of irregular outline, but nowhere more than six feet across, the excited chicks, five little creatures, almost fully fledged, huddled in a huge nest, bulky with the accumulated debris of many seasons. The prize was nearly won.

But the old birds' greeting of Koyouk on their very hearth almost brought about a disastrous termination of the enterprise. Hitherto they had restricted themselves to vociferous protestation, but when they saw the intruder crouch within arm's length of their defenceless brood, resentment toward the one, mingled with solicitude for the others, impelled them to close with him. Screaming with rage, they swooped down in a furious charge, striking with beak and talons, and beating him about the head with their stout wings.

So swift and unexpected was the assault that Koyouk had barely time to crouch beside the nest to avoid a frightful fall. Fortunately, he retained presence of mind and managed to ward off most of their blows, but in the defense his unprotected hands were soon severely scratched and cut.

Prudence counseled immediate retreat, but Koyouk disinclined to go empty-handed. It had been his original intention to pick out the choicest one of the brood, but he had counted on leisure with which to examine and select, and this violent reception disconcerted him. So, taking advantage of an opportune lull in the conflict he plucked the sack from his hood, seized the first bird that came to hand, and in spite of its puny resistance popped it into the bag and tied up the mouth with a rawhide thong.

This act was the signal for a cessation of the truce. Again the infuriated pair swept down to battle, this time to rescue or avenge the captive. One, the smaller, darted fearlessly at Koyouk's face, but a well-aimed thrust with his clenched fist repelled it. The next instant, as he glanced about to locate its mate before beginning the descent, he beheld a sight that caused him to utter a cry of consternation.

Koyouk turned just in time to see the other bird fly from the spur beneath his feet with the light rope clutched in its powerful talons. Another moment and it was lying on the ground, 50 feet below. Escape was now impossible.

Koyouk was not easily frightened, but the bird's uncanny instinct, together with the peril of his situation, filled him with dismay. Bitterly he regretted that fear of parental disapproval had induced him to keep his project secret, for otherwise he might have contemplated early relief instead of the prospect of days elapsing before a searching party could rescue him. He shuddered when he reflected that in case his whereabouts were not discovered his fate would be forever a mystery.

He dreaded also lest his astute captors should find a way of inflicting further punishment upon him. For some time the one that had cast off the rope continued to circle over him, but it did not renew the attack, and at length joined its consort, preening its ruffled plumage in a spruce-top near by. They kept up a subdued croaking, a debate of which Koyouk fancied himself to be the subject.

Perhaps two miles south of his observatory he descried a reach of Yukon water, a crooked, gleaming gash in the dense spruce wilderness. East and west bald, moss-capped hills alone were visible, but northward a vast solitude of forest, lakes and rivers, swampy tundra and snow-covered mountain-chain stretched to the Arctic ocean.

No air was stirring, and that nothing might be wanting to complete his discomfort, a host of black midges and mosquitoes presently arrived.

For a time he fanned them vigorously with the sack, from which he had restored the fledgling to its mate; but tiring of that monotonous exercise, he took from a small pouch at his belt a box, made of mountain-sheep's horn and containing tinder, flint and steel, and culling a bunch of dry twigs from the nest, started a tiny fire. When he had added refuse and damp wood from the interior of the pile, he found refuge in smoke from the voracious insects' persecution.

As the pungent vapor streamed slowly upward, Koyouk hoped that some one in the village would observe it and investigate its origin. With this end in view, he laid on more fuel, taking care not to set fire to the nest itself.

Apparently incited to action by the smoke, the parent ravens hovered over their domicile; but even the piteous lamentation of their young, whenever an occasional puff half-stifled them, failed to entice them within Koyouk's reach. He longed wistfully that they might fetch a salmon and throw it to the clamorers, so that he could confiscate it for his own use. It was already evening, and he too, was hungry.

For the present, at least he stood in no great actual fear of starvation.

As a last resort the fledgling's tender flesh would sustain life for several days; but thirst presented a more serious problem, and before midnight he would willingly have undergone a drenching for the sake of rain.

Perpetual daylight reigns in that season and latitude, and night differed from day in temperature only.

To sleep was impossible; indeed, he dared not try to do so; the risk of a fatal fall was too great. But hunger, thirst and anxiety united to sharpen Koyouk's wits. It occurred to him that in the sack and nest he had material with which he might accomplish his release unaided.

When twine is scarce among the Yukon natives it is a common practice for the women to separate the warp and woof of canvas provision sacks discarded by prospectors or traders, the numerous short strings thus obtained being well adapted for netting and other purposes. In this manner Koyouk proposed to provide himself with a long cord. It was a tedious task for boyish fingers, but he applied himself diligently and hopefully to unraveling the sack.

The position and increasing warmth of the sun proclaimed forenoon when the work of preparation had been completed. To one end of a knotted cord he had attached a couple of stout sticks, lashed together cross-wise and weighted with his fire-box and its contents, to serve as a sort of grapple.

Perched on the lichen covered spur, he lowered the implement to the ground, imparting to it meanwhile a swinging motion. He was angling for the twine which, before climbing to the nest, he had not untied from the end of the rope, and which was still lying in plain sight directly beneath him.

"It was sad, after so much time and pains, not to get it again without help," Koyouk said afterward, when recounting his experience to me. But it so happened.

He was fishing for the rope with a fair prospect of success when he heard voices, and on looking down the valley he caught sight of two youths from his village running briskly toward him. Speedy deliverance was assured. When they had attached the rope to the grapple and he had drawn it up and again affixed the double strand over the spur, Koyouk stripped off his parkie, knotted the sleeves together and tied up the neck. Into this improvised sack he stowed three of the fledglings, whose superior qualities were attested by the greater vigor of their cries, and then bade farewell to the aerial.

His rescuers, who were hunting caribou, told him that, so far as they knew, his absence from home had not yet occasioned uneasiness. Chance alone had led them to the monolith.

Regarding the subsequent history of the young ravens, one drooped and died and Koyouk's trained dog, jealous of the new rivals in its master's affection, despatched another. But the third survived, and the result of its education even surpassed its instructor's expectation. During many months it was our companion in camp and travel and its remarkable traits seemed to justify the boy's assertion that the raven is the legitimate king of the birds.—Youth's Companion.

Under the Umbrellas.

"It is beautiful weather," said she; "let's go for a walk."

"Yes," said he, "it's a lovely night. We'll go for a prowl. We'd better take umbrellas, because it's raining like everything."

"Yes, that's right," said she, "take umbrellas—two of them."

They went out into the rain slush that night and tramped blocks. It was beautiful weather. Finally they came to a hotel.

"You had better put up in that stand to drip," said she.

He put her umbrella on the wall in a corner.

"Won't your umbrage carpet?" she asked.

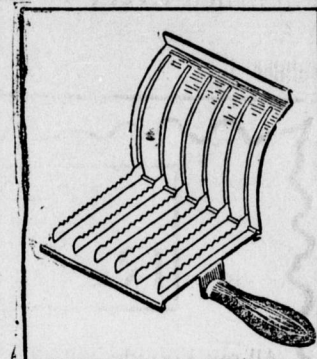
"No," said he; "my umbrella put it up, yes."

"Didn't you get wet?" she asked him.

"Oh, no," he replied, "no, no, he wondered why he laughed so significantly."

Improvement in Currycombs.

Here is an improvement in curry-combs which will be appreciated by every horseman, as it will do in an instant the work he is apt to neglect until it becomes absolutely necessary from the clogging of the teeth with hair and dirt. The inventor is Oscar S. Jennings, and in his invention he



AUTOMATICALLY DISLODGES THE HAIR AND DIRT.

provides a curved spring plate, slotted to conform with the rows of teeth in the comb, with a hinge at one end to attach it to the side of the comb frame. The plate is provided at its opposite edge with a crimp extending either part way or clear across, which serves to lock the plate against the back of the comb while the latter is in use. When it is desired to clean the curry-comb a slight pressure of the thumb on the locking crimp will allow the plate to spring clear of the teeth and assume its natural curve again, at the same time ridding itself of the dirt and hair which it has dislodged from the teeth. The best feature of the improvement is the curving of the cleaner so that it will fly clear of the teeth without the necessity of pulling it free with the hand.

Single Tree Hammock.

The novelty of the hammock shown in the picture consists in its ability to keep on the shady side of the tree at all hours of the day, and it also has



SWINGS LATERALLY AROUND THE TREE.

the advantage of being adapted for use on a single tree or the side of a house, where only one support is available. Of course, it will not curve from end to end like the ordinary hammock, but it has a swinging motion of its own, and it can be made quite as comfortable for resting as those now in use. The attachment to the tree is made by a ball and socket joint and the two hooks, with the suspending cables, the joint allowing the hammock to swing laterally in substantially the same plane. By providing duplicate heads for suspending the hammock, it can be moved around the tree into another position, as the day advances, thus always keeping under the shady side of the tree, and when not in use it folds up flat for storage in small compass.

Handy Barrel Roller.

Here is an invention which will be appreciated by those who have had occasion to handle barrels filled with any heavy material, or even empty ones, the device being intended for use in steering and propelling the barrel along much more rapidly than can be done with the hands or feet. The inventor is Andrew C. Rowe, and he has designed the roller especially for use in flour mills, sugar refineries, breweries, where it is used to handle large barrels. In use the to

