

Last year the farmers of the United States received \$185,000,000 more for their products than in 1899.

If the habit of making these colossal bequests continues, private fortunes will become more and more a public snare.

An attempt to prove war impossible will never result in the abolition of war. There is, however, a growing belief that war is always impolitic.

The convict who has been released because of his claim that he has discovered the lost art of hardening copper has probably mistaken that metal for brass.

Many a woman would possibly feel discouraged did she realize that she carried from 40 to 50 miles of hair on her head and that some of them are burdened with the task of dressing over 70 miles of hair every day of their lives.

An international congress is projected, to be held shortly at Berne, Switzerland, at which an amendment is to be offered to the Geneva convention, to provide for the immunity from capture of surgeons and their attendants serving on the field of battle under the Red Cross. Common humanity suggests its adoption.

One of the results of the South African war has been the organization of rifle clubs in Great Britain on the Boer plan, to teach every man capable of carrying arms how to shoot at long range and to detect objects at long distances. These clubs are organized by field cornets, and all members are on an equal footing in service, irrespective of their status in society.

About a year ago the Hawaiian government undertook to burn up some plague infected buildings, and in so doing set fire to the local Chinatown, thus sowing the seed of a crop of claims now nearly ready for harvesting. A million and a half was appropriated to meet them, but they already exceed \$5,000,000 and are still coming in. It is a new role for John Chinaman to appear in, but as a debutant it is not to be denied that he shows considerable talent.

The growing importance of commerce on the Pacific is indicated by the charting of "lanes" for steamers crossing that ocean. Such lanes have been established for many years between Europe and America and have greatly diminished the risks of collision. There is still danger of collision of steamers with sailing ships, especially in the foggy region off the Newfoundland coast, but such vessels know when they are in one of the steamship lanes and take extra precautions to avoid danger. Hitherto the steamers on the Pacific have been so few that no official action has been deemed necessary, although the courses usually taken have been fairly well understood by all shipmasters.

This is largely, perhaps essentially, an utilitarian age, but that is no reason why the esthetic and beautiful should be ignored in government buildings and parks. Very recently Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of the leading English men of letters, visited Washington and spoke in high terms of the beauties of the capital of its possibilities in the future. Europeans who come to the United States and visit Washington compare it most favorably with the capitals of the old world. The United States is the youngest of the great powers in the world, but it is not too young to make its capital city take rank in architectural beauty with those of nations which were well advanced in years before this republic was born.

Few people, probably, appreciate the importance of the apple crop in the United States. In value it exceeds even the wheat crop. Last year, for instance, the apple crop was 215,000,000 barrels, or 538,000,000 bushels. At a base of \$2 a barrel, which is considered a conservative estimate, the crop netted \$430,000,000, or nearly \$107,000,000 more than the value of the wheat. On a percentage basis the apple crop reaches nearly 50 percent more than the wheat. Our export of apples in the barrel exceeds 4,000,000 barrels a year, and is increasing enormously. Our apples have a fixed value from Liverpool to St. Petersburg, and last year shippers to foreign ports experienced considerable difficulty in supplying the demands. This trade had grown for several years, but took an enormous bound after the Paris exposition, owing to the fine American display and the manner and energy in which American fruit-growers presented the merits of the American apple.

The south produces as much iron as we and more than 35 percent of iron of either Germany or England.

The Czar of Russia has named his infant daughter Anastasia. That's a mean way of getting even with her for not being a boy.

Coal is found over wide areas in India, and is being rapidly exploited. Last year there was an increase in production of 40 percent and exportation has now begun.

The city of Washington now has 80,000 trees within its limits, and the work of planting is going on in a systematic manner that should be copied by other American cities.

A very rich man in New York City copied his will from an instrument that had stood the test in court, and then secured the assurance of eminent authorities that it would hold. Nevertheless the lawyers have hopes.

A large emigration of peasants from southern Russia to eastern Siberia is noted as one of the results of the opening of the Transsiberian railway. During the first three months of the current year about 3000 emigrants sailed thence from Odessa.

The success of the recent experiment made by a Philadelphia tug master in towing two loaded coal barges from the Delaware to Havana promises a growth of the export coal trade to the West Indies which is encouraging. Hitherto the chronic swell off Cape Hateras has deterred a venture of this sort, but the trip once easily made, many other towns may be expected to follow in the wake of this courageous Philadelphia captain.

According to the Journal of Commerce the growth of the cottonseed industry has been in such a ratio that now the aggregate investment is very large, and the progress bids fair to continue. Twenty years ago, in 1880, the cotton seed oil mills of the south numbered 40, with a capitalization of about \$3,500,000. The investment had increased in 1890 to about \$12,500,000. Today the mills number about 500, with an aggregate capital of about \$50,000,000.

The professor of English at Williams college reports that he put test questions to 40 sophomores of that institution to ascertain the extent and character of their reading. He found that 10 could not mention six plays of Shakespeare, that 34 could not tell who Falstaff was, that 35 could not name a single poem of Wordsworth's or Browning's, and that 14 could not tell who wrote "In Memoriam." Perhaps a society to encourage the reading of standard literature by college undergraduates would do good.

In the Chicago Record-Herald, William E. Curtis observes that England's weakest spot is her inability to feed her own people. She must buy their bread and meat, which not only drains her of vast sums of money which should be paid to local labor, but makes her dependent upon foreign neighbors in time of war. This suggests that we ought to remember how deeply we are interested in her prosperity. While we may feel a gratification in our own advancement, everything that affects her purchasing power is of vital importance to us. She is our best customer. She furnishes the largest markets for our farmers and, although we must compete with her mechanics wherever we go to sell our manufactured merchandise—in Asia, Africa or South America—we must still feed the mouths of our rivals.

Invention has done a vast deal to better the condition of the farmer, but comparatively little for the farmer's wife. Indeed, the very multiplication of the possibilities for employing men in great numbers on a single holding, through the development of improved implements and machinery, has seemed only to render heavier the load which the head of the domestic establishment must carry. A Kansas man has at last devised a scheme for diminishing the labor of the farmer's wife. His plan is to introduce bakeries and steam laundries in well-populated neighborhoods, so that when the harvest season calls for a great increase in the number of men employed in the fields, they may be fed and cared for without the strain upon the women in the household that is now involved. The projector believes that these institutions can be run successfully by the farmers on the co-operative basis, and this should make the men all the readier to try an experiment which the women must certainly welcome.

ON HER OWN RESPONSIBILITY.

BY GRACE S. RICHMOND.

"Two tens, four fives, five ones, and five dollars in change. Thirty in the envelope, fifteen in the pocket-book, and five in my purse. Five cents for car-fare; round-trip ticket, one dollar ten. That leaves three eighty-five in the purse."

It was extremely difficult for her not to give expression to her happiness by a dance down the car-aisle. But she sat demurely enough in the last seat in the car, and set down her accounts in a small blank book, with a hand which trembled only a very little with excitement.

At one of the suburban stations of the great city a bright-eyed young fellow with a strapful of school-books came aboard the train, and at once espaying his cousin dropped into the seat beside her with a hearty greeting of surprise and pleasure.

"This is luck!" he said, glancing approvingly at the trim figure in blue serge, with a sailor hat set atop of abundant smooth braids of fair hair. "Going in for the day? Where's Aunt Esther?"

"I'm all alone, Stuart," explained the girl. "I'm going shopping." "Good; then you are in for the day. Say, Amy, want to see the game this afternoon? You can get your errands done in time if you hurry. It's going to be a good one, our team against the Leonard Preparatory boys, you know. I'm full-back myself, and have to play, but I can get you a seat and see that you have some nice people to chum with."

"Why, I'd like to go ever so much," said Amy, "but, doubtfully, I'm afraid I shouldn't get through in time. You see, I've lots to do."

"What, for instance, if you don't mind telling?" asked Stuart, wondering within himself, for he knew the very limited means usually at the command of any member of his uncle's family.

"I'm going away to school, and, perhaps, next year to college," began Amy, unable to keep the great secret back another moment.

"The dickens you are! Good for you!"

"Yes, it's decided at last. And you see, mother isn't well, and I've all my things to get myself. It's a great responsibility," she added, laughing happily. "for," in a whisper, "I never had so much money to spend in my life before. I've fifty dollars," she could not help telling him, in answer to the unasked question in her cousin's face.

"Well, that is a lot," he said, politely, although his mental comment was, "I'll wager my sisters spend that on candy and flowers every winter. Where do you go first?" he asked, with interest.

"Mother likes Williams & McIntyre's," said Amy. "But don't you think Collingwood has the nicest things?"

"Collingwood is bang-up," admitted Stuart, "but the girls say he's expensive. Those 'exclusive styles' people usually are. Ever try Dearborn's on Wachusett street? We fellows all go here for neckties and golf stockings, we think it's a third cheaper, and I can't see but their stuff is as good as Woodruff and Carleton's, the swell furnishers. You might look in there."

"I will," promised Amy, "for I want to use every cent to advantage."

"You won't forget the game," urged Stuart, as they left the train. "I'll meet you at Stannard's drug-store at 2 o'clock, but I can't wait much if you're not on time, you know. Don't miss it. Let a few flumy-diddles go and keep your date with me, if you want to see us do up the Leon. Preps, in great shape. Oh, we won't do a thing to them—oh no! Well, so long, Amy. Two sharp, remember."

Amy knew the best shopping district of the city fairly well, and decided to take a route that would allow her to pass all the most attractive shops on her way to Wachusett street. She walked rapidly until she came to Collingwood's, but there, in spite of herself, she paused. The fascination of the great windows, filled by the most accomplished window-dresser in the city, was too great to be withstood.

"There's no harm at all in looking here," she said to herself. "Indeed, it's a good plan; for if I should find just what I want, I might be able to duplicate it at some cheaper place," a delightful fallacy, by the way, which has been the undoing of many an old shopper. She looked at her list. "Mother said I ought to get the street-gown first," she murmured. "But oh, those lovely things for evening! And she admitted I must have at least a pretty waist to wear with my old blue silk skirt. How I would like a whole dress of that thin stuff! We could make it up over the blue—I don't believe it would cost much more."

"Three dollars a yard, miss," said the saleswoman, as Amy pointed to a filmy, pale blue fabric dotted with white silk sprigs, and Amy slipped away as fast as possible. "I won't even look at evening materials," she assured herself, "until I have decided on the thick gown. I must remember how father and mother have denied themselves to give me this outfit. I'll shut my eyes as I go past the silks and organdies."

But she could not do this literally, and the seductive display in the next aisle simply flattered its faintness and charming color at her as she passed. She turned her head over so lightly, and was lost. Draped most artistically over a crush of delicate blue silk was the sheerest of white organdies, with

little wreaths of blue forget-me-nots scattered between silvery stripes. As if they could not help it, Amy's feet turned aside from the path toward the woolen suitings.

"Eighty-five cents," said the saleswoman, as Amy hung over the exquisite material. "It's a perfect thing, and one of our exclusive styles—you won't find it anywhere else. The pattern isn't even duplicated in any other background. Now this rose pattern, as you see, we have in green, pink, white and blue, but the forget-me-not only in the white. It's very choice."

"How much a yard did you say?" asked Amy, feeling as if she could never turn away from the counter, yet being sure that she must be gone.

"Twelve seventy-five the pattern, miss, 15 yards. You need that now for a dress, we don't sell less. It should be made up with the ruffles, you see," he handed her a fashion plate, "each ruffle edged with the blue velvet ribbon. I'll show you." And before Amy could protest he had sent a messenger to the ribbon counter, and had thrown several yards of narrow velvet of the forget-me-not blue upon the folds of the organdie. The combination was most effective. Amy's heart began to beat very rapidly.

"I couldn't afford the ribbon, for it would take dozens of yards," she calculated, rapidly, "but—oh, of course I can't buy it—"

An elegantly gowned woman, accompanied by a young daughter, came suddenly to the counter beside Amy. "O mamma!" cried the girl, "did you ever see anything so swell and so sweet as that forget-me-not stuff? Do get that!"

Another saleswoman stepped up and threw the dainty folds into a new position. "Twelve seventy-five the pattern, Mrs. Goodale," he said, impressively. "Exquisite thing, one of Mallard's, you know his. Our man got the exclusive sale of it, it's not to be duplicated anywhere. Nothing could be better suited to your daughter's style."

The daughter had fair hair and long-lashed blue eyes. So had Amy. Amy looked at the saleswoman. He was smiling significantly, without looking at her. Amy's cheeks flushed, and she leaned forward over the counter. "Mrs. Goodale" had laid a possessive hand upon the organdie. Amy spoke quickly, in a low tone. "I think I will take it," she said.

But once outside, "I've been a goose already," she thought, ruefully. "That dress is a dear, but I know mother will say I couldn't afford it. She thinks it is vulgar to have a girl's party things elaborate while her every-day clothes are shabby. Well, it can't be helped now, and I'm not sure that I want to help it. But, Amy Brentwood, do keep a grip on your pocket-book for the rest of the day."

It was a most resolute and practical young shopper who sat down before the Dearborn display of winter dress-goods. Being now on strict economy bent, to atone for the purchase of the organdie, she was in danger of attempting to suit herself with goods of too little durability and worth. Fortunately the man at this counter chanced to be an honest old Scotsman with daughters of his own, and when he detected the anxiety in the flushed young face, he set himself to help his customer secure the best possible value for her money. He won her confidence, and she accepted his judgment thankfully, so the dress was soon satisfactorily disposed of and Amy's purse was but \$7 the lighter.

The finding of a coat to be worn harmoniously with the dress took longer, and when, after searching through many "cloak departments," Amy finally paid \$11 for the only thing she thought would do at all, she was thoroughly weary. Time was flying fast, and if she kept her appointment with Stuart she must not stop for lunch. So she ordered a cup of hot chocolate in a confectioner's shop, and while she waited for it made up her accounts. They stood thus:

Street car and round trip ticket	\$ 1.15
Organdie	12.75
Cloth dress	7.00
Coat	11.00
Chocolate	.10
	32.00

This left a balance of \$18. Amy's courage rose. "I believe I am redeeming myself," she thought. She went about her smaller purchase cheerfully, buying a pair of heavy walking shoes at \$2, and two pairs of 40-cent stockings, with a most virtuous sense of being a wise and careful shopper. Still these expenditures reduced her balance to \$15 and twenty cents, and she groaned in spirit again.

"How it does melt away!" she sighed. "And there are the handkerchiefs, and the gloves, and my school waists yet to get. It did seem as if \$50 would do so much."

A window filled with a fascinating display of French millinery caught her eye. The hat must be made sure of if she had to do without some other things, she decided, and— "I'll just look around here a little," she said to herself, "though I certainly can't spend more than \$5."

She went in, and was at once borne down upon by one of those modishly attired, pleasantly attentive milliner's assistants who are responsible for so many depleted purses. The very first hat she set upon Amy's blonde head, after a moment's careful study of the

deep blue eyes and fair complexion, following the girl's announcement, "I am looking for something to wear with a brown suit," was a little creation of the milliner's art which made Amy catch her breath as she looked at herself. Surely nothing so pretty had ever rested upon the heads of her wealthy young cousins, although they fairly revelled in dainty head-gear.

"It suits mademoiselle exquisitely well," commented the woman. "It is admirable, perfect, I would not change it a particle. I can show other hats, visions of beauty, but nothing so adapted to mademoiselle's charming style."

Amy surveyed herself at every angle in the cleverly arranged mirrors, her cheeks rosy with pleasure. "It is so small and plain it can't be expensive," she thought, and asked the price. "Fifteen dollars, mademoiselle," said the woman, "and ridiculously cheap at that, for it is a French hat, a Camille Roger, see?" she displayed the lining. "It costs far more than that, but it is so simple it suits only the refined taste, and few have that, so it has been passed by. Madame but yesterday lowered the price, saying it was strange that such a gem of art remained unsold."

It was Amy's first experience, and the words had weight with her. It seemed out of the question at first to pay so much, when so many things were yet to be bought, but—ought she to let such a bargain slip? Her head whirled with arguments for and against the purchase. The idea of ordering a hat copied in less expensive materials and dispensing with the French trademark, a luxury most unimportant to a schoolgirl, did not occur to her. Still, if the saleswoman had left her alone for a moment, it is possible that the girl's judgment would have rallied even then, but saleswomen rarely do leave their victims alone at critical moments, and it happened to Amy as to many wiser buyers that, with a figure waiting at her side, and a pair of coolly observant eyes upon her, her power of impartial decision was gone.

It was in quite an unfamiliar voice that she heard herself saying, seemingly without her own consent, "I will take the hat."

She hurried along the pavements, after paying the fifteen dollars,—it left but twenty cents in her purse—feeling as guilty as if she had stolen the money. "I wonder when mother has had a new bonnet," she thought. "Oh, what is the matter with me? I seem perfectly paralyzed when one of that sort of clerks gets hold of me. What am I going to do without gloves or handkerchiefs, and I never can make my old school waists respectable for going away!"

"Well, you're a good one," cried a gay voice in her ear. "Where do you think you are? You're five blocks from Stannard's. I gave you up ten minutes ago. Did you miss Saunders street, or didn't you mean to meet me after all?"

Stuart was rushing her along at a great pace, giving her no chance to explain that she was tired and did not care for the football game after all. He had her on board of an electric car in a twinkling and was smiling at her from the platform, where he made one of a mass of young fellows in college and preparatory-school colors, who kept the car lively with their fun. He wondered why his usually blooming cousin looked so pale, but reflected wisely that shopping seemed to be tremendously hard on the women in spite of their being so fond of it.

Amy never clearly knew how she spent the next two hours. At any other times she would have considered the chance of seeing one of Stuart's much-talked-of games the greatest pleasure that could come her way. Today she sat listlessly upon the hard seat, with the people under whose wing Stuart had placed her, and thought of her day's experiences straight through one of the most exciting games of the season.

"Wasn't it glorious?" exclaimed Stuart, as he met her after the game, looking all colors and damp with perspiration, but radiant with joy over the victory of his own team. "Think of it—six to nothing over those braggarts! I tell you, our men were fit to the hour, every fellow of them. It wasn't quite such a walkover as we expected, though. Their forwards did splendid work; it was their back-fielders lost them the game. Wasn't that a beautiful punt of Thorpe's down the sidelines? Maybe you didn't notice that forty-yard run I made?" he added, modestly.

"Oh, yes, it was splendid!" Amy agreed, trying to remember the play in question. Something in her voice made Stuart look curiously at her, but only the side of a pale cheek was turned toward him. "Something's up," he thought. "I won't bother her with football jargon—she's tired. Funny, though," he considered, as he put her aboard the car for the return trip, she's such a girl for her wheel and any sport. I shouldn't think a morning's shopping could do her up."

By the time the car reached their train, Stuart had talked off his enthusiasm over the game with the crowd on the car, and was ready to give his cousin his serious attention. As the train drew out of the dark station into the western sunlight he observed that Amy's eyes were full of tears. He bought an afternoon paper of the train-boy, and unfolding it held wide-spread, affecting to read as he carefully screened his companion from observation. After a time he asked gently, "Is it—anything I could help about, Amy?"

stand, but I must tell. I've been so foolish and so extravagant. I—" "Fire away," whispered Stuart, encouragingly, but it was some time before she could speak. The train was approaching Stuart's suburban station before he had the whole story. Then he had to talk fast.

"See here, puss," he said, "I don't think you've been extravagant—Jove!—when I think what I spend. But I know how you feel, and I see you'd rather be shot than wear that hat and that forget-me-not thing. Now, I'll tell you. You know Lydia and Nell think the world of clothes—more than they ought to, and more than likely they'd fancy these of yours. If they don't I'll send 'em back to you—I will—I swear it. Now let me have 'em, will you? I expect the fellows 'll howl to see me carrying that bandbox," he thought, "but no matter—I'll make the girls keep mum, except to Aunt Esther, declared, 'and nobody but Aunt Esther need ever know. Here we are, is it a go?"

"O Stuart," whispered Amy, gratefully, "you are so good! But please, please don't let the girls take them unless they truly want them. Oh, I hope he won't hurt that hat," she breathed, a moment later, smiling through her tears, as Stuart waved the frail bandbox at her, from the back seat of a rapidly receding trap, driven by two pretty girls.

"By tomorrow I shall hear," she told her mother, when the conference was over, the bundles opened, and the sensible purchases approved. But she had not even to sleep upon her troubles, for before bedtime a telegram arrived.

"The blessed boy," cried Amy, as she read the brief but comforting message:

"Bargain satisfactorily concluded. Will send check tomorrow. Everybody happy. Congratulations. Stuart Brentwood."

QUANT AND CURIOUS.

The sugar can was introduced into America soon after the discovery, and its cultivation rapidly spread over all those parts of the new world adapted to its growth.

It has been calculated that 1,250,000,000 pints of tea are imbibed each year by the Londoners, and some follow with a turn for figures has figured out that if it was all brewed at one time the teapot would be big enough to take in St. Paul's cathedral.

On the recent adjournment day in the California legislature a military band was blaring in the gallery, a colored boy danced the cake walk, one speaker pro tem used a hatchet as a gavel and another emphasized his rulings with shots from a revolver.

The latest fad among rich women of England is to have a silver model of their pet dogs and cats. The model is made small for an ornament while the pet is alive, or after its death a life-size and exact model is made of silver, and this takes the place of the stuffed and mounted pet formerly popular.

The first Boston ferryboat began to ply over the line that is now followed by the Chelsea ferry 260 years ago. Since that time, in fair weather and foul, through ice and fogs and storms, the boats have regularly continued to cross the harbor. None of them has ever met with serious disaster, such as happens not infrequently in New York harbor.

The cinematograph for the blind is a machine which passes under the fingers of the blind a series of reliefs representing the same object in different positions—the branch of a tree, a bird or any other object. The blind person has the illusion of moving scenes, just as photographs passing over a luminous screen lend the illusion to those with sight.

Silk was first used in China for writing purposes in the third century B. C., and it is still in use for official documents. Brushes are used for the writing, as of course, they are used in China for writing on paper. Silk has also, of course, been used in other countries for especial copies of works of value, but such works are rare, while in China they are comparatively common.

College Men in Business.

As a rule, great corporations seek college men, because, other things equal, they will ultimately make better heads, better leaders; and this, notwithstanding the fact of the general impression that college men are not practical. The heads of such institutions know very well that, if a man is made of the right kind of material, a college education, although it may temporarily prevent the development of the practical faculties, enables a man to analyze well and to grasp conditions very quickly. The greatest drawback to the young graduate is that he is too full of theories, too near his diploma to be of very great value; but, after the dream of his future greatness has faded a little, and he settles down to business, he will adapt himself very speedily; and, when he once masters the details of a business, he will make rapid strides toward the top. He has learned in college how to think, how to marshal his mental forces; and, when he has learned the different phases of his business and how to apply his knowledge, he will be a stronger man than he would have been, without the higher education.—Success.

The plague in India has been practically limited to the native population, and in Glasgow it was last year limited to the lowest class of the population.