

Talk about sending coal to New Castle! American milliners are now exporting their goods to Paris.

It is estimated that the cost of crime in the United States amounts to \$5.50 per capita of the population annually.

Insurance actuaries agree that the expectancy of life is on the increase. Of course, the next move will be to make the people pay for it.

Uncle Sam has certainly "spread some" when 20,000 miles is the shortest route by which he can tow a dry-dock from one of his island ports to another.

The dirigible balloon has been invented by a Brazilian living in France. Now what benefactor of the race will invent an automobile which will always be safely and securely dirigible?

A San Francisco doctor has been honored by the French Academy of Medicine for the discovery of a new disease. This is wrong. Doctors who discover new diseases should not be encouraged. There are enough diseases now.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal says that to solve the servant girl problem domestic service must be made more attractive. It must be elevated. The foolish prejudice that debases it should be destroyed. The gulf between mistress and maid must be closed or bridged.

The Boston Herald remarks that there never was a time when the nation was so actively engaged in carrying out the earnest counsel of Washington in the Farewell address: "Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

The bubonic plague is the most stubborn of epidemics. It seems to be almost impossible to exterminate this Black Death even with the utmost efforts of the ablest doctors. The dread of cholera and yellow fever has been much lessened in recent years, and the medical profession has fought valiantly and victoriously against many an infection and many a contagion. But this plague can not be annihilated as yet. Fortunately in these days it is not a grave menace to the great capitals of the world. But it is still a dread spectre in filthy quarters of cities, both of the Orient and the Occident, in which the conditions of clean and wholesome living are neglected.

It is an encouraging sign for the health of the modern American that the popularity of outdoor life in the United States seems to be increasing. The number and variety of sports and pastimes which allure to open air exertion has grown greatly. Not very many years have elapsed since the time when tennis and foot ball were unusual and golf and the bicycle were almost unknown. Yet the influence of these and other sports has been so strong in recent years that open-air life has come to be enjoyed for its own sake and apart from the amusements associated with it. It is a mistake to suppose that the pleasures of outdoor life are especial privileges of youth or of any given type of summer amusement seeker. The immense advantages they confer should be shared by all alike. In the present state of our society development they are among the richest of the blessings within the reach of the people.

Forty years ago 87 percent of the total amount of broad silk in the United States was imported; today the condition is reversed and, according to the latest official figures, 13 percent only is imported. Today the United States is the greatest silk producing country in the world, and it was less than two centuries ago that the industry was first dreamed of here. The quality is being steadily improved so that it promises to compare before many years with that of French manufacture. Italy still produces the most beautiful fabrics, and because of the perfection attained must always be drawn on for the heavy satin damasks and other rich cloths. When the attempt was first made in this country to manufacture silk, only sewing-silks, handkerchiefs and the like were made. It is estimated now that one-third of the domestic output is ribbons, next in order come broad or web goods—as the material for dresses is called—silk thread, hand and machine twist, knitting, crochet, embroidery, art silks, and so on. The domestic manufacturers stand first in that branch of the business which includes the threads, and the exportations increase yearly, while there are no importations.

The situation is one of entire comfort and mutual dignity. The United States has the goods and Europe has lae price.

With many millionaires it is not so much a question of how to give away their money as it is how to prevent other people from gobbling it.

The study of fencing by women is on the increase. A strong and supple wrist is likely to come in handy when domestic discipline requires the switching of a small boy.

It must be admitted that there are some traces of permanent tenure in the American consular service when one of its officers vacates by death a post he has held since 1848.

A London paper described a children's excursion as a "long, white scream of joy," and was called to account by a correspondent, who said that a scream could be long, but not white. Whereupon the editor justified himself by urging that "a hue is often associated with a cry."

The suggestion that a monument to Napoleon Bonaparte be erected in St. Louis because it was through him that the United States came into possession of the Louisiana territory is denounced as grotesque by western newspapers. The suggestion was publicly made by one of the vice-presidents of the St. Louis exposition.

The United States is the greatest food-producing country of the world. Although this country represents but one-fifth of the total civilized population of the world, it produces more than one-fourth of all foodstuffs. The United States produces 74,000,000 tons of grain of a total of 229,000,000, and 4,500,000 tons of meat of a total of 15,200,000 tons. The Americans also produce a large percentage of the dairy and fishery production of the world.

There is talk of the establishment of a women's college of matrimony to be located in Chelsea, England, where the duties of a wife will become the subject of a two-year course of study. The curriculum will embrace not only the usual branches of housewifery, such as cooking, serving and laundry work, but is intended to deal with physiology and medicine as well, so that the students will receive mental discipline in connection with the manual training.

If oil, and plenty of it, may be deemed a boom and a blessing, the first year of the twentieth century starts out most auspiciously. The wonderful gushers in Texas are contemporaneous with new discoveries in Russia which promise to rival in copious output the great Baku wells on the shore of the Caspian sea. It is noted, however, that the Texas oil, like the Russian oil, is not of the first quality for illuminating purposes. It will be mainly used as a fuel.

It will interest other people beside the register-general of Great Britain to know that of 3145 widows who since the beginning of the South African war have been pensioned from the royal patriotic fund, 92 have already remarried. These are certainly curious figures, and if other widows remarried the spinster's chance of a husband would be reduced almost to vanishing point. No doubt the patriotic fund possesses the full details of these cases, and it is to be hoped that commissioners will supply them. Mulhall places the average age at which widows remarry in England at 39, but in all probability what may be termed war widows are very much younger, and their chances in the matrimonial market for this and other obvious reasons are being enhanced.

The weekly house-to-house delivery system of books from the public library, established in Springfield, Mass., a few months ago, is proving a success in the district in which it has been tried. The operating agreement is to be renewed this fall, and if the plan continues to be popular in this district it will be extended to other sections of the city. Of the 150 persons receiving books in this way, more than one-half had never before made any use of the city library. It has been found necessary to raise the price of the delivery somewhat, and a choice is given of paying 50 cents for six weeks of the service, \$1 for 12 weeks, or \$3 for 36 weeks. This is less than the cost of street-car fare to and from the library once a week. It must be remembered, too, that the unit of the system is the house and not the individual, and that any number of persons in one family who are entitled to hold cards can have a book apiece for the expense of one delivery

BELZIE, A WASHOE CANARY.

The Subterranean Siren of Steamboat Springs.

BY JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

Belzie was a good mule—yet he had seen better days—and in view of the fact that his ribs were protruding in a truly remarkable style, and that his labors had been unusually steady and entirely creditable, it was deemed advisable to grant him a holiday. Therefore Belzie's driver, Tim Murdock, led him out of the great Suro Tunnel and where he cast of the halter and turned accompanied him to a break in top, Belzie adrift.

Belzie blinked his brown eyes. The bright, hot sunlight dazzled his visionary organs. Four years under ground is conducive to blindness, and Belzie had pulled ore cars in the drifts of the deep Constock mines, and trotted to and fro through the Suro Tunnel fully that length of time. So Belzie blinked his eyes and gazed about him in a dumfounded manner. He didn't know whether to be pleased with his unusual freedom of motion at the apex of existing in such a brilliant atmosphere.

Perhaps Belzie remained on that particular spot longer. It is certain, however, that as soon as the sun dropped behind the crest of bald old Mt. Davidson, the mule seemed relieved; he grew quite sportive by the time night's sable pall fell upon the dreary landscape. Thus did the overworked mule's vacation begin; the days slipped by, and ere long the bony, long-eared, solemn-looking Beelzebub became a familiar object as he roamed about the Virginia hills.

Strange things will happen, and it became apparent that this visible-ribbed donkey was thriving on his sage brush diet. His master noted the fact, and decided to terminate Belzie's furlough. Mules were none too plentiful just then; work was pressing, and, take it all around, Belzie could ill be spared, especially since he no longer cut the same figure as did the rack of bones that emerged from Suro Tunnel four weeks previous. So Tim Murdock was detailed to round-up the rejuvenated Beelzebub. His accustomed haunts were searched, no brown mule with the peculiar markings of Belzie could be discovered. Inquiries were made, but no one remembered seeing him within the last week. Finally the stage driver informed Tim that he "seen a mule ambling down Geiger Grade, pretty close to Steamboat Springs, day before yesterday." This seemed a self-evident clue, and Tim got an extra day off, mounted a spare mule, and struck out in pursuit of the wandering Belzie.

Steamboat is noted for its hot springs, geysers and the altogether extraordinary formations in and about that locality. These springs are a favorite resort for natural scientists, and offer a splendid field to the researchers of geologists. There happened to be a particularly zealous professor sojourning at Steamboat about the same time Belzie was rustling for a new growth of bone and muscle. Two prospectors, firmly believing they had struck a "bonanza," were extending an old tunnel in a hillside, about half a mile from the main springs and geysers of Steamboat. Quite a friendship sprang up between the young professor and these two miners. The three made frequent expeditions, bent on investigating the wonders of hot springs, surmising causes and effects of internal heat, and the prospectors listened in utter fascination to the theories propounded by Professor Mellins.

One sultry night a heavy earthquake shook up a goodly portion of western Nevada and California. It played odd tricks in and about Steamboat Springs. The main geyser went dry. When Professor Mellins discovered this fact, his rapture knew no bounds. He recorded voluminous notes on the natural phenomenon, and began the preparation of exhaustive lectures for future classes to digest. While busily engaged in jotting down notes, and gazing into the cavernous dry vent of the erstwhile geyser, the two prospectors hove in sight. They were breathless, tired, yet gasped out a voluble and excited description of an unprecedented freak of nature that had taken place on the site of their tunnel. So incoherent was the account given by the two men that it was with difficulty they were understood; but Professor Mellins comprehended at once that something stranger still than the mere disappearance of the spring had followed in the wake of the trembler.

"By the trumpeting elements, boys, this is great!" Professor Mellins forcibly expressed himself by using his favorite term, as he beheld a long irregular fissure beginning a few yards from the mouth of the tunnel and running directly into it, extending as far as the eye could penetrate the gloom. Puffing jets of steam arose in thin clouds, converting the prospectors' tunnel into a veritable steam retort. "Assuredly the subterranean force that ejected the water in the main spring has found a new outlet here," said Professor Mellins.

"But, professor, that ain't the phenomenon what amazes us. Just you listen to the infernal racket!"

Even as the miner spoke a decided rumbling resounded within the tunnel; it grated on the ears and appeared to emanate from the very bowels of the earth. The three men were silent; the mysterious workings of nature's unseen and powerful forces annulled them. Another cloud of steam spurted up; another grinding roar; it reverberated in a jerky, hollow manner, then dwindled away to an almost me-

tallic gurgle. The miners' bronzed faces turned a shade paler.

"Boys, this is wonderful, wonderful! If Dr. Endlin were only here! Trumpeting elements! I have it. I'll telephone him. He can not afford to miss the opportunity of beholding this odd spectacle." Impulsive Professor Mellins let his enthusiasm have full sway; and with the final rumbling sound echoing in his ears, he dashed madly down the hill to the hotel.

His impatience and anxiety caused him to speak harshly to the "hello" girls, and by the time he got San Francisco his mind was turbulent. Nevertheless telephone facilities in the Far West eventually bring about the desired connections, and Professor Mellins's heart beat rapturously as he recognized Dr. Endlin's voice over the wire.

"Yes, this is I, Mellins; am at Steamboat Springs, Nev. Big earthquake here last night. Springs went dry, but cracked other big fissures in earth's surface. Subterranean rumblings plainly audible. Come up at once; bring Professors Smith and Landers. Wonderful, I tell you—it's wonderful. Hurry!"

Dr. Endlin, the noted geologist, placed a deal of confidence in Professor Mellins, and as he had felt the earthquake in San Francisco, he decided the professor certainly had due reason for his graphic phone message. "All right, Mellins, we'll be up in the morning."

"Greatest recent phenomenon, doctor, I guarantee you."

"Thank you, professor; will be glad to investigate it. See you in the morning. Goodby."

"Goodby."

Professor Mellins paced nervously between the dry basin of the late Queen of the Springs and that fresh crevice at the tunnel. He heard with satisfaction the irregularly repeated rumbles, denoting unparalleled interior disturbances.

Hours will slip by, no matter how tedious the minutes hang. Dr. Endlin, with Professors Smith and Landers and a couple of newspaper reporters, alighted the following morning from the bright yellow "V. & T." coaches. Professor Mellins greeted them with delight, his ruddy face beaming as only a man's can who has played the stellar part in a commendable act.

Time was a valuable item to these scientists, and, directly after a light lunch, the party sallied forth to investigate the outbursts of Dame Nature. Professor Mellins piloted them to the gaping hole where the madly boiling waters were so suddenly and completely ingulfed. This ostensible fact duly impressed the learned men, and they examined everything in a practiced and professional manner.

"But we fail to hear the internal explosions, Professor Mellins."

"Ah, that you soon will, Dr. Endlin; pray accompany me up this hill, and I will conduct you to the spot."

Now, various reports had spread rapidly and over a wide field in regard to this shaking up of the earth at Steamboat Springs. Accounts varied from a faint rumor describing a dried-up spring to the disappearance of the whole Steamboat station. It depended, of course, on the number of times the tale had been repeated. Curiosity got the better of a number of these good people, consequently the scientists beheld at least a score of men and women persistently following in their wake.

The fissure still zigzagged into the tunnel; hot, vapory clouds hung over the crevice; but the activity of the steam-jets could not be compared with those of the preceding day. Professor Mellins looked slightly crestfallen. The two prospectors, not having a reputation at stake, took a cheerier view of things. Besides, they were not exultingly eager to have their bonanza tunnel forever filled with steam and uncanny noises echoing through it. Therefore, after a few minutes spent in silently and fruitlessly endeavoring to catch a subterranean crash, one of the prospectors interceded with: "Well, Doc, this here phenomenon kinder goes by fits and starts, and it 'pars to be restin' betwix a fit and a start right now; but just you wait a spell."

observed at the jagged rent in Mother Earth. Nevertheless, a dozen men had heard the unearthly racket; these were busily engaged in telling the others just how it sounded, and bidding them to remain and convince themselves in spite of their incredulity.

It was this aggregation of humanity that caught the eye of Tim Murdock, who had been scanning the country all the way down from Virginia City for a sign or sight of the vagrant Beelzebub. Tim was not a man who let slip an opportunity of finding out a bit of news, and he reined his mule up the trail leading to the group of people at the tunnel's mouth.

"Phwat's the disturbance, Hank?"

"It's you, is it, Tim? Disturbance, you say? Well, I wonder! If you never heard underground thunder, now's your chance."

"Faith, an' did yez have an airth-quake here, Hank?"

"Sure, Tim. It's paralyzed our bonanza tunnel, and locked up a roarin' fury inside of it, to boot."

"Who's the gentlemen with the specks and knowin' jibs?"

"Scientists, Tim, and they hail from some big institution of big learning."

"B'jakers, an' yez are strictly in it wid yer little wan-horse tunnel, ain't yez, Hank?"

And Hank nodded a ready acquiescence.

Tim had guided his mule directly in front of the tunnel; he halted there and gazed in open-eyed astonishment. The mule appeared unduly interested, too, pricked up his long ears and sniffed the air suspiciously. A spurt of steam was ejected from the crevice; it was a forerunner of several denser columns. Professors and all others drew near, expecting to hear the resultant rumble. It came; not so distinctly as formerly, but loud enough to startle them. A hush fell upon the throng. Man's significance seems infinitesimal when Nature's stupendous force asserts itself in a manner that indicates only a tithe of what she might do.

The hush was rudely broken—not by a commenting human voice, not by another internal clamor, but by a strident, grating cry issuing from the throat of Tim's mule. The bray of an ass is akin to the filling of many saws at once, and never an agreeable sound. This particular bray created all of this effect and more in addition. Although not exactly a repetition of the subterranean cannonading, there was much similarity between the two.

"Mither of Moses! Yez gaping gawks! An' it's a foine thrick yer after playin'! Underground thunder it is—is it? Him that stutuck me good mule Beelzebub inter that sweatin, shteamin' hole fer the identification of blitherin' sciences will plaze to sthlep out an O'il' paste his ugly mug!"

Professor Mellins fell back against a convenient bank in a dazed condition. The noted Dr. Endlin's countenance reflected a sardonic sneer. Several derisive hoots passed the lips of the hereinbefore-mentioned incredulous ones.

"Shtand back, ye domned fools, an' let me rescue me poor darlint Belzie!"

Tim Murdock had leaped from his mule's back; he tore wildly into the now comparatively clear atmosphere of the tunnel and disappeared from view.

Different emotions filled the breasts of the different individuals. Dr. Endlin's face was a study; he glanced at the hopelessly dispirited Professor Mellins, and seemed to pity him, yet he maintained a dignified and unapproachable aspect that best becomes a man of letters. The majority of the spectators chuckled, looked wise, and a number of "I told you so's" were overheard.

Two or three brave souls ventured a few feet within the tunnel; after 10 minutes or so had elapsed, a commotion was heard in the darkened depths.

"Back, back, I tell ye! Back again, me Belzie! Och, an' it's a fool set of fools out there, Belzie! It's homesick yez are for a tunnel, acushla, me own. Back wance more, darlint!"

Slowly, carefully, surely, Tim Murdock steered his charge out of the treacherous tunnel. Once the sure-footed mule slipped, and his hind feet went down into the crack that made the tunnel's floor dangerous ground. Then, and only then, would Tim permit any of the "fools" to assist him.

When Belzie backed out into daylight, it added the last straw to Professor Mellins's undoing. He merely glanced at the unsightly animal, then slunk quickly down the hill. Dr. Endlin and his comrades could appreciate the ludicrous side of things, and smiled, laughed, then fairly roared, as they beheld the cause of the "subterranean rumblings, plainly audible."

Tim's riding animal welcomed Belzie with a prolonged bray. Belzie, bruised, famished, and with huge patches of hair actually steamed from his hide, responded in a woe-begone groan. The warm-hearted Tim lavished endearing terms upon his unlucky Belzie; he procured a can of axle-grease and liberally plastered this "ointment" over the succored mule's burns. Every now and again he would pause in these proceedings and let forth such a volley of strong language, "forninst the loikes of yez idiots," as almost guaranteed an immediate growth of new hair on Belzie's scalded limbs.

On the day following, several prominent Western newspapers contained sensational and luridly ironical accounts of Professor Mellins's brilliant phenomenon at Steamboat Springs. Professor Mellins's pride forbade him appearing in public for months afterward, and the bray of a mule is to him the most agonizing sound on earth.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Insanity and Intoxication as a Defense—Ruling of the Court of Appeals in the Case of Frederick Krist—Drunkenness Does Not Affect Responsibility.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the conviction of Frederick Krist of the crime of murder in shooting to death Katie Tobin in the village of Waverly, N. Y., on April 7, 1900. Krist, who was thirty years old at the time of the murder, and lived in Waverly for fifteen years. He was always known as an exemplary young man, and in his boyhood served as an altar boy in the Catholic Church of Ithaca. In May, 1891, he was married to Josephine Ganther, with whom he lived until 1899, when they separated because of his infatuation for Katie Tobin.

Krist's wife had remained his faithful friend, and on the night before the murder he prevailed upon her to accompany him to his rooms in the house of a neighbor. She did not leave until 4.30 in the morning. During the night Krist could not sleep, but walked the floor, wrung his hands, wept and talked about Katie. He was under great excitement, and kept saying, "She has ruined my life, and I will murder her," or "I will murder them." The next morning he bought a revolver, and a few hours afterward took a room at a hotel, where from a window he could get an unobstructed view of the house where Katie lived. That afternoon he applied to a police justice for a warrant for Katie Tobin, claiming that she had stolen \$35 from his vest pocket. The justice put him off, but subsequently granted it, because Krist had retained a lawyer to draft an affidavit. Krist had all this time been drinking heavily of gin. Katie and her sister had been notified by the justice of the issuance of the warrant, and were waiting for their way to his office Krist was told of their coming. He ran to his room in the hotel and then to the barroom. No gin was given him, because the bottle was empty, but he had a glass of whiskey. Krist then met Katie and her sister. He took hold of Katie's arm and said, "Katie, you won't go." Upon being interfered with by the sister he raised a revolver, placed it near Katie's head and fired. After she fell he shot through her as she prostrate body. After reviewing the evidence of experts as to whether Krist was afflicted with melancholia, Judge Varn, for the court, says: "The evidence tends to show that when the defendant shot Katie Tobin he was sane and was fully aware of the act he was doing. He bought a revolver; had it loaded and in readiness for action; he selected a convenient place to watch, and by diligence and watchfulness created an opportunity to meet his victim. He went to the window where he had planned, and deliberately shot her, with intent to take her life, as he promptly declared. Right after the act he had a clear recollection of all the events which preceded the shooting, and he was able to indicate that he did not know what he was doing or that he failed to comprehend the character and consequences of his conduct. That he knew the effect of firing a bullet into the brain of a human being is a reasonable inference from his interference from the evidence. He knew it would kill, for he said at once that he had killed and intended to kill. He seemed to have a perfect understanding of the nature of the act, and to know when he committed it what the effect would be with reference to the crime of murder. He acted with judgment, caution and foresight. There was no sudden impulse for the act was the result of long and careful preparation. There was no evidence of congenital defect or other disease of the body which might affect the mind, for he was apparently in good health. Did he know that the act was wrong? Had his mind slipped from its moorings, so that he was unconscious of the criminal character and consequences of his action? Was he mentally capable of entertaining a criminal intent? Did he comprehend his relation to others and realize the nature and enormity of the act? Did he know the difference between right and wrong, and have the power to choose between them? Did he know it was wrong to shoot Katie Tobin? These questions were for the jury, and they might find his own declarations, made immediately after the homicide, that he plotted to kill her, rendered himself with gin in order to do the desperate deed, did it as he had planned, regretted it on account of his mother, expected to suffer for it, and was willing to bleed guilty, and that he was not aware he would do anything like that ought to. He promptly sat in judgment upon himself, and seemed to fully realize that what he had done was wrong, both legally and morally, and that he would be and should be punished for it. He deliberately drank himself into a frenzy, the law does not excuse him from that kind of insanity! His intoxication did not affect his criminal responsibility, for it was only recent and voluntary, but he even drank with the crime in view, as he said, and in order to get the strength and courage to commit it. Both the statute and the common law declare that voluntary intoxication constitutes no defense."

Always Cause Damage.

Alcoholic drinks are not mere deceivers, they always cause damage and often death. Scarcely an organ of the body is exempt from their influence. They begin their destructive work on the lining of the stomach. Here they cause disease of the stomach at times slight, at others serious, creating the most harm because they injure the appetite and hinder the patient from using natural food and thus diminishing his power of resistance. And besides the paralyzing effect of alcoholic liquors, they cause people from disregarding the fact of stomach trouble for some time, so that the patients are the more deceived into attempting to nourish themselves on "liquid bread," under the impression that it is the only food that agrees with the stomach, and they develop into regular toppers, real drunkards.

France leads the world in wine and spirit drinking, with Germany a far-away second, Great Britain third and the United States a low fourth.

Drink-Dens the Cause.

Karl Reclam, M. D., Professor, University at Leipzig, says: "It is not militarism, nor lack of religion, nor the materialistic tendency that are producing the barbarity and insubordination of our times, brought to our notice by the police and court records of every civilized land, but the incredible number of drinking places. Week after week others are being added to those we already possess."

The French Alarmed.

The French Legislature has recently passed a law that in order to protect children from the seductions of drunkenness, the principles of temperance and the perils of drink should be systematically taught in all elementary schools.

The Crusade in Brief.

The Scottish Temperance League was formed in 1844.

At a political meeting in Detroit one of the signs in the hand reads: "Down with the saloons and thousands of families will have \$16 to \$18 now."

Professor Debaul, of Paris, declares that the inability of the French women to properly nurse their children depends in a large measure on the use of alcohol.

The Anti-Saloon League has decided to take a new tack in fighting saloons in Ohio, and proposes to make a test case on the claim that a saloon is a public nuisance, and should be abolished.