

Germany has adopted compulsory bathing among its sanitary laws and thus solved the tramp problem at one stroke of the pen.

Philadelphia claims that raising the retail license tax from \$500 to \$1100 has reduced the number of city saloons from 5773 to 1713 since 1887 and has knocked 4000 arrests for drunkenness from a year's record.

The fear that the forests of the country will become destroyed is accompanied by some apprehension that the telephone poles in cities will become so thick that pedestrians will be obliged to blaze a way.

Wyoming is one of the few states in the Union which gives woman the suffrage on the same plane as man, and it is the only state which employs a woman as a prison chaplain. The latter is Mrs. May Preston Slosson, wife of the vice-president of the faculty of the Wyoming state university.

The British possessions in North America and the West Indies are larger than the territory of the United States of America, including Porto Rico and Alaska. On the North American continent alone, King Edward's possessions are nearly 100,000 square miles larger than those of the United States, and taking the West Indies and Newfoundland, more than 200,000 square miles larger.

Senor Carlos Escribana, a Peruvian gentleman, has written a history which is only 100 words in length, and was awarded a gold medal offered by the Society of the Founders of Independence, Lima, for the best history of Peru comprised within that number of words. The society might have found more suitable subjects for freak experiments in literature than the chronicles of its own country.

It has been decided in the New York courts that the fact that a wealthy gentleman married his nurse, who was made the chief beneficiary under his will in return for her faithful care of him in his last illness, does not constitute sufficient cause for disallowing the will in favor of a brother who never manifested any token of fraternal regard for the testator beyond visiting his sick room on a single occasion for the purpose of borrowing money from him.

According to Russian journals there is no country of the world where the death rate is so high and the average of human life so short as in Russia. The St. Petersburg Vreda most is responsible for the statement that the average length of life in that country is but 29 years. "The mortality in St. Petersburg is higher than anywhere else in Europe, Constantinople alone excepted. The death rate percentage in London is 17 per 1000 in St. Petersburg it is 40 per 1000. Among the reasons that increase the death rate in St. Petersburg, infectious disease occupies a prominent place."

The American life-saving service conducted under the auspices of the treasury department, proved its efficiency once more while the recent gale was raging upon the Jersey coast many men were rescued from the sea while the storm was at its height. In one case a peculiar condition delayed the rescue of the crew of a large craft. When the distress signals were displayed and the life-savers got to work a line was fired over the wreck at the first shot. But the men on board could not see it for the darkness and the blinding lashing of the sea. Four lines were sent over before the connection with the shore was completed. This experience seems to teach the value of some form of phosphorescent line which shall be visible at all hours and under all circumstances, observes the Washington Star.

A Boston woman has made herself very popular with her Pittsburg friends because when addressing envelopes she insists upon spelling Pittsburg with the "h." Since the development of the patriotic movement, which has resulted in the formation of so many patriotic societies, Pittsburgers have come to take great pride in the historic importance of their city and urge the universal use of the final "h" in spelling the name of that city. In the old days of American history this formed a part of the name of Pittsburg, because of the existence at that time of the famous Fort Pitt, which, by the way, is unique among ancient fortifications, as it is built of Flemish brick. The national government in official papers seems as yet to have no sympathy with Pittsburg's desire to return to the old spelling, but strong influence is being brought to bear upon its re-

The little busy bee is three times as heavy when honey-laden as when unloaded. But he can't sting any harder.

An Alabama man returned to life just as they were lowering him into the grave. This may not be escaping by the skin of the teeth, but it's getting out of a pretty bad hole.

Neither the landlord's failure to collect the rent for 14 months, nor his neglect to notify the guarantor of its non-payment, is held in a Massachusetts court decision to exonerate the latter.

An English judge, in charging a jury on a case where an unhitched and unattended horse was frightened by an automobile, said that the onus was on the owner of the equine who had fractured the law by neglecting to provide for the public safety by securely tying the animal.

The curious suggestion has been made in Rouen that the trolley wires in the streets shall be subject to use by the fire department. The idea is that pumps capable of being electrically driven shall be installed in a number of suitable positions, to be switched on to the trolley wires as occasion requires.

Sir Harry Johnston, after exploiting Uganda, announces that the okapi is probably the last remarkable unknown animal that will be discovered, although he found the skins of several beasts new to science in the Congo forest. He says there is no special pygmy language. The pygmies speak the tongue of the forest native, though they employ gasps instead of consonants.

The United States consul-general at Vienna reports to the state department that over 25,000 horses a year are now slaughtered and sold for food in nearly 200 meat markets in the Austrian capital. The cost at retail of horse meat is about one-fourth per pound that of beef, and hence its rapidly increasing consumption by the poorer people. It is an old maxim that "one outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." After a prejudice rooted in centuries of habit has worn away, the horse may be finally adjudged equally good for internal and external application.

The Jacksonville Times-Union grows eloquent about oranges, and says: "The oranges are moving, and the good times must come again. Let others take their gold from the gloomy depths of the earth; Florida gathers hers under God's own heaven, and finds it colored by the royal sun himself, flavored by the dew and blessed by the stars. Watch the stands at the fair, and see if oranges were ever fairer or sweeter; lift your faces as the freight cars pass and then wonder whether ambrosia ever gave such promise of the gladness of heaven as those long trains leave on the perfume-laden air."

English art critics are wrought up just now over the question of a finger. It grows out of the statue erected in Manchester to Gladstone, in which he is represented in the attitude of delivering a speech in 1893, clutching a roll of papers in his left hand. In 1842 Gladstone had the misfortune to lose the forefinger of his left hand in a shooting accident; but the sculptor restored the finger in the statue. The question which seems now to be creating an unnecessary and unprofitable stir in art circles thus resolves itself: "Is it true art to be unfaithful to the facts of the case and to represent as clutching the roll of papers a finger which did not exist?"

The Women's Suffrage society of Paris has taken a hint from the rules governing street car conductors of Boston. In Boston, as is well known, the conductors are compelled to address all their women passengers as "madam," no matter what their age, color or race. The women suffragists of Paris have lately passed a resolution to the effect that to differentiate between "madame" and "mademoiselle" implies a condition of servitude, and they will have it no longer. No member of the society, be she ten years old or a hundred, married, single or widowed, will henceforth answer to any appellation save that of "madame." No such differentiation is made in the other sex, say they. A male, whatever his age, is always a "monsieur." Why, then, should a distinction be made in females except to imply a condition of moral and material inferiority? Moliere, Corneille and Racine always called their heroines "madame," married or not. Why should the "jeune fille" of this enlightened age be hampered by such a distinction? Therefore, "mademoiselle," as an appellation, is doomed. Thus does the great cause of woman sweep on.

## THE HEART OF A GIRL.

By Frances Wilson.

They had not talked five minutes before Sanford's pulse was beating tumultuously. At the end of ten, he felt like a man who had been offered the Kohinoor in the rough and refused it! For vague, uncomfortable recollections of other days were revived when he met Marcia Wentworth again for the first time in years.

She was superb in her maturity and made him see a vision. He was conscious of a confusion of things Egyptian in the background of his mind—Cleopatra, lotus blooms and the Sphinx—for in some subtle way she suggested the richness and splendor of more poetic days.

"Fifteen years!" she murmured dreamily, looking at him with sweetly mocking eyes. "And I, who was 17, am 32." She puckered her smooth forehead into a knot and made a quaint grimace which filled Sanford with a mad desire to kiss her then and there.

"Fifteen years," he retorted tragically, "and I, who was 35, am—"  
"Forgive me," she laughed with a deprecating gesture, "and don't say it. Take the other point of view. Fifteen years ago" (consoling) "you were twice my age. Today you are nowhere near that," and with a glance half mischievous, half consoling, she turned to greet an acquaintance who was making his way toward them.

Relegated to the background for the moment, Sanford occupied himself in trying to decide just how much of that old flirtation she probably remembered. She was but a slip of a girl in those days, and though the details had escaped him he was still uncomfortably conscious of the adoration that used to shine out at him from her unconscious young eyes. He had a vague suspicion that his conduct had not been above reproach. He might have forgiven himself that—for he had been bored! What he could not forgive was his little stupidity in failing to discover in Marcia Wentworth the chrysalis of this splendid creature, all softness and fire.

It was late in the afternoon and the Trevor grounds, always famous for their beauty, were at their best. It was a scene worthy of a poet. Indeed, Mrs. Trevor's garden parties were poetry made real.

"Watteau, with a touch of Omar," remarked Miss Wentworth as they were left to themselves once more. "I feel as if we were illustrating the Rubaiyat."

"Is that a delicate way of intimating that you wish me to bring you something to drink?" teased Sanford. "And what shall it be?"

"You have missed your cue," she responded with smiling reproach. "But then—and the gentle mockery shone in her eyes once more—"a man never does remember!"

She gave a sigh, paused for a moment and then continued:

"You have evidently forgotten that we last saw each other where we meet today—at a garden party at Mrs. Trevor's. That talent for forgetting—shaking her head at him smilingly—"How much you men owe to it!"

He had forgotten—and he spared for time now as he racked his brain for some detail of that far-away afternoon—some trifle which he might rescue from the debris of the past and make into a pretty speech. The gods were merciful. Suddenly a slim girlish figure in white rose before him and a pair of dark, intense eyes gazed into his. Still he hesitated for a moment before he spoke in order to be quite sure, for the walls of his memory were richly frescoed with girlish figures—and he hated to make blunders! Then he spoke triumphantly, but with just the rich touch of melancholy meaning in his voice.

"So you think that I've forgotten? Listen, then! Your gown was soft and thin and white, and you wore a big hat covered with yellow roses."

He looked straight at her, but her eyes did not fall as in the old days. Instead, she returned the gaze unflinchingly, and curiosity, amusement and disbelief were mingled in her glance.

"Bravo!" she cried softly; but she was unconvinced. He saw that, and was nettled by it. Fortunately, he could not read her thoughts, for she was walling to her inner self, "Ah, me! That I should have to acknowledge to myself that he's just an ordinary flirt after all! How crude I must have been at 17. And yet—"

Her thoughts went swiftly back to that day in her girlhood, when she had met him last. The scene was the same as today—great stretches of velvety turf, stately trees and groups of people laughing and chatting together! On that afternoon, she remembered the western sky was a blaze of rose color. How the gay scene had mocked her misery, as Sanford, who was devoting himself to the beautiful Miss Carroll, forgetful of her existence, never once approached her, though he knew that it would be their last meeting, as her family was leaving for Europe on the following day.

Today she noted with amused appreciation the western sky was a bank of pale gold, and the color seemed more appropriate to the vanished ideals and lost illusions of 32. Seventeen—and rose color! Thirty-two—and pale gold!

"You were thinking—?" prompted Sanford, inquiringly breaking in upon her reverie.

"I am thinking," she answered, bringing her eyes back to him deliberately—"I am thinking that I will tell you a story. But perhaps," with a touch of malice, "you do not like stories?"

"On the contrary, I dote upon them. Do begin."

Miss Wentworth settled herself more comfortably in her chair. Then, looking at her companion in a speculative manner, she began.

"It's a sort of a fairy tale, and it's about a girl. She was neither very beautiful nor very interesting, but I think I may say truthfully that she was a nice sort of a girl, with a warm heart, boundless enthusiasm and an implicit belief in her fellow-creatures. I shall have to confess, though, that she was one of the kind who blush furiously at the slightest provocation—you know the type—and that she was earnest and serious—horribly so—and a hero-worshipper to her finger tips!"

Sanford nodded his head understandingly.

"She was a trifle too much upon the 'Sweet Alice' style," Miss Wentworth resumed candidly, "and yet with all her absurdities, I myself was rather fond of her. Of course you have guessed before this that there came a man!" Her voice dropped into a tragic whisper. "Then she burst into a merry laugh, in which her companion joined somewhat consciously.

"Methinks the air grows icy! I feel the approach of the villain of the story!" he announced.

"Not at all!" protested Miss Wentworth in an injured tone. "He was simply a nice, agreeable man of the world—such as one meets often enough to make life a pleasure. He was many years her senior, and the girl mistook him for a god."

She looked at her companion with innocent eyes, but the wicked little gleam that lay back in them did not escape him.

"Did the man do anything to give rise to such a—er—delusion?"

There was an unmistakable challenge in the inquiry.

"No questions allowed," came the baffling answer, "You must let me tell my story in my own way. To proceed."

"A girl of this stamp is likely to idealize a good deal, and you would have been—yes, you would have been highly edified could you have heard some of this one's rhapsodies. 'A head so noble,' she would say exultingly to herself, 'was never seen before,' and 'Were ever eyes so splendidly commending?' Silly, wasn't it? But it was the outcome of her conviction that a god among men had deigned to hold out his hand to her. And when he opened his lips!"

Miss Wentworth paused with a rapt, listening look upon her face which convulsed her hearer, who laughed rather foolishly.

"Of course the man read the secret of the girl's heart, and her native worship amused and flattered him. So he devoted a good many of his spare moments to deepening the impression he had made and the girl used to listen breathlessly.

Their eyes met, Miss Wentworth's brimming with mirth, while Sanford felt that he was guilty of a grin. Then she shook her head at him and continued with severity:

"As I was about to remark, the girl listened to the pearls of wisdom which dropped from the man's lips and believed in them as she did in holy things, and her foolish heart was thrilled by the joy of the love which she thought was hers. Certainly the man, in a high-handed, negligent sort of a way did manage to give her some such impression. How she pined less fortunate girls, and how full of plans she was to make herself worthy of him!"

A reminiscent smile hovered about Miss Wentworth's lips, and she looked off across the lawn as if she had forgotten her companion.

"Girls are not usually so—so impressionable," he hazarded in a defensive manner.

"This one was," she responded succinctly.

"Experienced people like you and me," she went on, continuing her story once more, "can see that there was trouble brewing for the girl. She never expected it, and it came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I won't go into details. He had wearied of his plaything. Then, there was a lady with fair hair and the eyes of a saint—and what was a girl's heart that it should stand in the way of a man's fancy?"

"Miss Wentworth's small head rested against the tips of her fingers, and her great eyes looked calmly into Sanford's as she asked this question with the impartial air of one who seeks abstract truth.

He shook his head.

"The girl was heartbroken—horried; for in the innocence of her heart she thought that she had made a terrible, immodest mistake, and that he never had made love to her—really! Her face used to burn at the thought, and she would have given her head for a chance to convince him that she, too, had only been amusing herself. She was wounded in her pride and in her heart alike—and the nights were dreadful!" She finished incoherently.

"I see the moral looming up in the distance," murmured her hearer plaintively. "It casts a long shadow and the tip of it points to me!"

"But it's only a fairy tale, you know," she said with a shrug, and then continued:

"The girl's family went abroad, and she was dragged from London to Paris and from Paris to Rome; but her stubborn fancy clung to the man and refused to let go. She looked upon the sunlit sea at Cannes, and thought of him! and stared at the midnight sun-

and thought of him! There was never a moment when she would not have jumped at a chance to return to that pokey, little western city, U. S. A., just because he was there. What did she care about the glories of the world?"

"She used to awaken in the morning wondering how she would get through the day and longing for night. For, though she was wretched, she was young and strong, and so she slept and sometimes—dreamed!"

The last words were spoken softly—caressingly—and sent a thrill along Sanford's nerves.

"Did you—that is, did she really care so much?" he stammered.

"I am compelled to admit that she paid the penalty—as women do, you know," came the answer in a cool, sweet voice.

"We have not reached the end," he urged in a low tone. "Who can tell—perhaps a heavier penalty will be exacted of him."

His voice was eager and there was the old, well-remembered tenderness in it. It stirred Marcia's senses like a strain of forgotten music. But she only smiled back at him and cooed.

"Clever! You score! But to return to the story."

"The days came and went like an endless procession of gray phantoms, until one day a letter arrived mentioning with other home news, the probable marriage of the man and the fair lady. Then there was a terrific outburst.

"I remember but one detail—the figure of the girl lying prone upon the floor and shaking with sobs. That was really the last of the girl. I think we may say that she died that night, and to the woman who rose in her place the world has never been quite so fair a place. The blue of the sky is less blue, the sunlight is less joyous and the night wind isn't so full of mystery and tenderness as when it blew across the face of the girl!"

The last words were scarcely audible and Miss Wentworth's face was almost sad. Then she gave an impatient shrug as if to rid herself of unpleasant memories.

"Well, there came a morning when she opened her eyes, yawned, thanked heaven that she was alive, and thought rapturously of a love of a gown which was to come home that day. Then she wondered anxiously if she had gone off much in looks (she felt as if there was no bloom left!), and she knew by these tokens that her first love affair was over—and her girlhood decently laid away in its grave!"

"That's about all—it really isn't much of a story. One may lose an arm and still be fairly happy. And yet—"

There was something delicately quizzical in the inflection of her words and something delicately regretful as well.

"You see, I miss the girl," she finished as she rose and they moved off across the grass together.

"Does it occur to you?"—Sanford's voice was grave and pleading—"that possibly he misses more than the girl?"

The gentle rillery in his companion's face as she glanced up at him was more eloquent than words.

"That man, I take it," he continued huskily, "has lost his chance—forever?" There was no mistaking his earnestness now nor the touch of hauteur in Miss Wentworth's manner as she replied carelessly:

"You've been inattentive! The girl died, you know."

That night she wrote the following note to somebody else:

"Dear Jack:—Love is not eternal. So, I think, if you don't mind, I'll follow your advice and marry you. I'm sitting here in sackcloth and ashes, abasing myself before your superior wisdom. I sat and talked to the Other Man today and things fell out precisely as you predicted. A little door away off in some remote corner of my heart banged shut, never to be opened again. And if it were, there'd be nothing behind it but a little heap of ashes! He's growing bald, Jack. If you love me, never do that. Come up Saturday and let me explain why it has taken me so long to find out that though there's a difference, 32 can love as well as 17. Forever yours M.A.R.C.I.A."

And then she sealed the letter and pressed her lips softly to the super-scription a half a dozen times—by way of showing the wisdom of 32!—The Home Magazine.

### Two Great New Bridges for Venice.

It is proposed to erect two great bridges in Venice. One to connect the island of San Michele, which is the sole cemetery of Venice, with the city on the north, and one to connect the island of the Guidecca with the city on the south. The former is an easy affair, as the water, though a quarter of a mile broad, is shallow. The other is a serious and difficult matter, as the Guidecca canal is really an arm of the sea, and the distance at its narrowest part is over an eighth of a mile. The Guidecca canal is also the highway for all the ships of any size, as it is by it alone they can reach the docks, which are at the railroad station. But the Guidecca island is becoming of importance as the manufacturing quarter of the city. One of the largest flour mills in Europe is there. It belongs to Signor Stucchi, and he has promised to subscribe toward the expense of the bridge 400,000 francs. Other manufacturers on the island will probably also offer liberal donations should the work be determined upon, of which there is little doubt.

### What's in a Country Club's Name?

"Why do you call this a country club?" asked the man from abroad.

"Well you see," his entertainer explained, "it's about all the people who belong to it care to have."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Utter Fallacy From a Practical Standpoint of the Proposition to Legalize Sunday Saloon Opening in New York City—Deluding the People.

It would seem that a few minutes' sensible consideration ought to show any reasonable man the utter fallacy, from a practical standpoint, of the proposition to legalize the opening of the New York saloons on Sunday. The proposition is made on the ground that if the opening for certain hours be legalized, law-breaking upon the part of the saloonkeepers will cease. This contains two fallacies: First, not the mere fact of law-breaking, but the results of the act unlawfully performed are to be considered. Legalized robbery, legalized arson, legalized murder, would have the same pernicious effects upon public interests that those deeds have when done unlawfully. The same is true of drink selling. The public has held that the sale of drink upon the day known as the Sabbath is prejudicial to public interests, of course it is somewhat inconsistent to hold this in view of the fact that its sale upon other days has been legalized. But it is true, none the less, and our laws are made to guard public interests against the evils that would arise from such sale. When it is discovered that certain men refuse to obey these laws, public interests are no more served by changing the law to legalize the now unlawful acts than they would be served by changing our law with regard to larceny, highway robbery, arson and murder to prevent law-breaking upon the part of people who insist upon doing those things. The style of reasoning practiced by the advocates of Sunday opening is superficial to the last degree, and would be disgraceful to the statesmen of the Stone Age.

The second fallacy lies in supposing that if it is made lawful for the saloonkeeper to sell his drinks during certain hours of the Sabbath he will refrain from selling during those hours when the prohibition still remains in force. It must not be forgotten that we are dealing with men who are already law-breakers, and who have not the slightest respect for law. It must not be forgotten that the same men who make them sell drink on Sunday morning now will exist when they have been granted the legal privilege of selling drink on Sunday afternoon. To suppose that the spectacle of law bending itself down at their beck will inspire them with such respect that they will of their own motion cease to violate the law is ridiculous. Nor is there any reason for supposing that it will be easier to enforce the law which prohibits the sale of drink during one part of the day and allows it during another part than to enforce a law which prohibits the sale during the whole day—on the contrary, it will be more difficult.

It would be an insult to the intelligence of the leading advocates of Sunday opening to suppose that they do not recognize these facts. They recognize them, and the fallacy of every argument they advance is perfectly clear to them. The people who are deluded are the good people who fail to see that the whole movement is merely an attempt to get the nose of the liquor camel inside the tent.—The New Voice.

### Sea Voyages For Inebriety.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Dr. Wynn Westcott read a paper in which he gave expression to certain views in regard to the use of sea voyages in the treatment of inebriety which should be carefully considered by all physicians who may feel inclined, as no doubt many do at times feel inclined to advise, that the patient should take a sea voyage as a means of establishing his health before returning again to his ordinary mode of life.

Dr. Wynn Westcott said that he had formed a decided opinion on the subject. The sort of cases which would be likely to be sent would be those in which it would be desirable to re-establish the general health, and it was to be remembered that under the most favorable circumstances life at sea was not all rest and comfort, and that the nursing, dieting and quietude which were essential for patients with perhaps fatty heart or liver, were not to be obtained. It should be indeed, of advanced disease of any kind seemed to him suitable for sea life, even at its best. There was no doubt, moreover, that the dulness and monotony of the life, and other causes, tended to produce thirstiness. Often a good deal was drunk just before reaching the home port in consequence of the people on board being in a disturbed, excited state, and again, the period of nervous irritability, depression and praecordial distress to which the dipsomania was subject were likely to be more frequent on board ship than ashore.

Therefore, if a dipsomaniac really wanted to get well, he should be discouraged from taking a sea voyage. The ideal ship for a patient who wished to travel in this manner would be a sailing ship, which was commissioned on teetotal principles, with a teetotal captain and crew, and which touched at scarcely a single port en route. Such a ship should be generally difficult to find. In any case, no reformed drunkard should be trusted on a sea voyage alone.—The Hospital.

### Production of Idiots.

When we are brought face to face with an undesirable feature of the problem of its removal is simplified, if we know its cause. Idiocy and imbecility should certainly be eliminated from human society if possible; it therefore is important to hear what Dr. Robinovitch says in the Journal of Mental Pathology.

If acute contagious and infectious diseases during childhood leave the child an idiot or an imbecile, the child's heredity must be well scrutinized, as the latter is most certainly the underlying cause. Alcoholism of the parents is the major cause responsible for the birth of idiot and imbecile children. Alcoholism not only causes idiocy and imbecility of the offspring, but also acts as a strong factor in reducing birth rate and increasing death rate. Children of alcoholic parents, if not idiots or imbeciles, are apt to be invalid in many other ways, and are prone to die in infancy of meningitis.

It should be borne in mind that the above are not the historical statements of uneducated fanatics, but the result of clinic observation and experiment on a number of cases.

### At a Disadvantage.

It is an old story that there is less intoxication in all grades of society than formerly; that it is recognized that the man who drinks to excess is at a disadvantage in business and in his social relations, and that men generally use more discretion in drinking, so that while more drink may be consumed than formerly, the individual average of consumption is far less.

### The Crusade in Brief.

Arrests for drunkenness in 129 cities of the United States are said to aggregate 312,000 during the last fiscal year.

Mrs. Mary Garrison, of Sioux Falls, S. D., has commenced suit against three saloonkeepers for selling liquor to her husband, resulting in his death.

In connection with the English Wesleyan Methodists there are 4804 Bands of Hope, with 427,165 members; 1765 Temperance Societies, with 99,496 members.

The Borough of Grimsby, like the city of Liverpool, has a large district entirely free from public houses, thanks to the wisdom of the ground landlord, Lord Heneage