

Captain Kidd's Two Loves.

By Carl Williams.

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Captain Kidd gave a sigh that shook his three feet four inches of stature and looked up at Juliet. Juliet, the elephant idol of circus goers, responded with a sympathetic pat that very nearly took the diminutive captain off his feet.

"It's too bad, Juliet," he said softly. "If Gretchen were here now to enjoy this, how happy we should be!" The captain's glance roamed over the gay crowd. It was the day of the children's parade at a seaside resort, and the throng of miniature men and women in their flimsy remodeled Captain Kidd more than ever of his own tiny Gretchen. Tears stole down his furrowed cheeks, and Juliet in dumb sympathy placed her trunk caressingly around the captain's neck.

Perhaps she knew of what he was thinking. Perhaps it was only the instinct of a dumb brute, but the captain was comforted by her caress. For fifteen years he and Juliet had traveled through the world together, and there had sprung up between them a love that until the appearance of Gretchen had been full and complete. Juliet still lavished upon her trainer the wealth of her elephantine love, but the captain had divided his heart between the elephant and the dainty little woman whom he met in Paris just before he had sailed for America.

When the showman who paid him his salary had ordered him to go to the strange land, he had begged Gretchen to accompany him. She had been willing enough, but the director of the troupe of Illiputians would not give his consent to losing one of his most valuable little players. He had hired Gretchen from her mother.

When the dwarfs had parted in the big arena in Paris she had promised to always be true to him and had hinted that perhaps she might manage to come to him some time. He had given her his address, written on a scrap of programme, and the short, misspelled letters she had sent were tucked into the pocket of the gay uniform coat and brought comfort to him in the long nights when he lay in Juliet's



JULIET HAD CAUGHT HER AROUND THE WAIST.

stall studying them out by the aid of a lantern. Exhibition midgets get little schooling, and the captain did not realize his own shortcomings since his own education was even more sadly neglected than hers. He cared nothing except that each tiny creature returned to his heart and gave him comfort to face a strange land. He was at least more fortunate than Gretchen, because he had Juliet, the faithful.

His love for Juliet antedated his love for Gretchen. Fifteen years he had played in the troupe with Gretchen; there had been a long stay in Paris, and he had grown attached to Juliet, the largest elephant of the herd. The proprietor, quick to see his opportunity, had shown the midget how to put the great beast through her few simple tricks.

Since then the captain and Juliet had not been separated for a single day. When they traveled by rail he slept in the car. On board ship or on land he slept in her stall. The elephant quarters were far sweeter and cleaner than some of the boarding houses at which he had been lodged, and the captain hated to be parted from Juliet even

when there had grown up between them a love almost human in its intensity. The owner of the menagerie had finally permitted the captain to purchase the elephant out of his slender earnings and the tips he had received.

The captain had several hundred dollars saved up, but not enough to purchase Gretchen's release from her contract. In time he could manage to save up enough, so he tried to be content.

But here at the beach the sight of the children in their fancy dresses put him strongly in mind of the little troupe of which Gretchen was the star. The captain grieved and Juliet grieved in sympathy.

The two of them had come down from New York that morning to take part in a circus in the evening which was to close the day's festivities. It had been a long, tiring trip, and the captain felt depressed. Even the worn letters in his pocket failed to bring him comfort, and, though Juliet caressed him with her trunk, her efforts were of no avail, and the captain regarded the crowd of pleasure seekers through tear-blinded eyes.

Then the manager of the entertainment came blustering up with the warning that the parade was ready to start. Juliet swung the captain up to her neck, and under the direction of his hook she moved off with stately tread to take her place at the head of the line.

As the great mass paced along between the lines of eager spectators the captain no longer watched the crowd. His thoughts were far away across the water with the little mached. Juliet proudly led the way, enjoying the surprise she excited and

the opportunity to parade. She did not need guidance when the way was so plainly marked, and, rejoicing in the fact that the children along the line were generous with their peanuts and candy, she kept a watchful eye on the crowd.

A cry of terror roused the captain from his day dreaming. Juliet was excitedly trying to force her way through the crowd, which broke and scattered before her. Captain used the hook on ears and trunk; but, though Juliet trumpeted shrilly in her pain, she obeyed neither hook nor voice. A dozen alert policemen sought to break her charge, but they hastily dodged aside at her approach. Then a cry of horror ran through the crowd.

A little girl, evidently one of the paraders on her way to the start, stood directly in the elephant's path. One of the policemen sprang to her rescue, but before he could reach her Juliet had caught her around the waist and had lifted her high in the air.

Strong men turned aside that they might not see the child dashed to earth again, while others stood fascinated by the sight. But instead of injuring the child Juliet swung her lightly back to the captain, who caught her in his arms with a cry of joy. Juliet then swung her huge bulk and docilely returned to the parade with the captain still holding Gretchen with one arm, while with the other he patted the trunk that was held up for a sugary reward.

"My impresario died," Gretchen was explaining. "I ran away and came over in the big ship, as we had planned. At the place where I sent your letters they told me you were here. I could not wait for your return, so I came, and Juliet saw me. I was looking for you. I knew you would be in the parade."

Captain Kidd slipped another lump of sugar to the insistent trunk. "It frightened the people much," he said with a little laugh. "But I am glad that Juliet found you. Now I have my two loves, and we three shall live together always. A man came to me the other day and said that in vaudeville we can get much more than the \$10 they pay me now. We shall be rich and very happy, my Gretchen."

"With you and Juliet," said the little woman, as she patted the upraised trunk. "I am sorry the children were frightened, but I could not wait another minute, my Wilhelm."

"Nor I," he answered simply, adding with true showman instinct: "It will be good for the business. It has made people talk, and they will want to see the three lovers."

KEATS ON MARRIAGE.

Barrier Against Matrimony in Which the Poet Rejoiced.

Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendation, I hope I shall never marry. Though the most beautiful creature were waiting for me at the end of a journey or a walk, though the carpet were of silk, the curtains of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofa stuffed with cygnets' down, the food manna, the wine beyond claret, the window opening on Winander mere, I should not feel, or, rather, my happiness would not be so fine, as my solitude is sublime. Then, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home. The roaring of the wind in my wife, and the stars through the window pane are my children. The mighty abstract idea I have of beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness—an amiable wife and sweet children I contemplate as a part of that beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart.

I feel more and more every day as my imagination strengthens that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's bodyguard—then "tragedy with accented pall comes sweeping by." According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily, or I throw my whole being into Troilus, and, repeating those lines, "I wander like a lost soul upon the Stygian banks, staying for warfare," I melt into the air with voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. These things, combined with the opinion I have of the generality of women, who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in.

—Poems of John Keats, by Walter Raleigh.

Troubles of an Amateur.

"I thought you had gone to raising bees," said the man from the city. "I don't see any sign of them around here."

"I had half a dozen colonies of the finest bees I could get," answered the suburbanite, "and a whole library of literature on bee raising, but they swarmed one day, and while I was looking through my books to find out what was the proper thing to do when bees swarmed the blamed things flew away, and I've never seen 'em since." —Chicago Tribune.

In Nameless Graves.

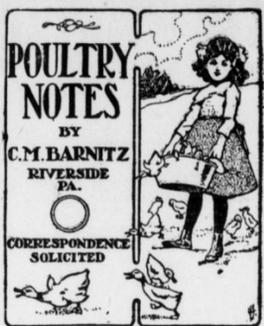
Not far from Hamburg, on the island of Westerland, is a small graveyard to which pathetic interest attaches. Here the bodies of those washed up by the sea—bodies unrecognized and unclaimed—are buried. The cemetery was dedicated to this use in 1855, and from then up to now over sixty nameless ones have found their rest. In 1888 a stone was raised bearing the dedication "The Home of the Homeless," and each little mound is further marked by a simple black cross.

Like the Parrot.

"Thumper occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman. "Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."

His Protest.

The milk dealer fined for selling a watered article protested. "Why," he exclaimed indignantly, "if I didn't water the milk any of my customers wouldn't get any." —Philadelphia Ledger.



WHERE ARE THE TURKEYS?

Yes, where are the big red headed turkey gobblers that spread their tails, displayed their crimson cravats and posed and strutted on the fence at the old wagon shed?

A few years ago as we drove through the country we gazed on flocks of giant bronze and Hollands, white as snow, gathered round the big barn, roosting in the trees and gazing and gobbling from the fences and the yards. Today we may drive for miles through fertile farm lands, we may go from farm to farm "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock," and never hear the gobble of the strutting turkey cock.

THE FARMER TELLS US WHY.—"Yes," says he, "we used to raise a smart lot of turkeys round here.

"The wensels, minks and hawks got some, but these old fired smart town chaps got to huntin' round our fields and timber and shootin' our turkeys and takin' 'em home and passin' 'em off for wild turkeys, and we got tired of it and quit.

"Then," continued the farmer, "it brought on so much scrapin'."

"Well, of course," we innocently replied, "turkey toms will scrap, and



AS IT USED TO BE.

especially at breeding time, when half a dozen go to courting one old hen."

"Young man," said he, "you don't catch my meanin'. There was folks round here who never set a turkey egg, and yet when the fall roundup come they had more turkeys than all the folks for five miles around. These folks was always complainin' 'bout the eggs ketchin' their turkeys, and all the time it was the two legged foxes.

"Well, we had a whole lot of lawsuits, and it ended with the lawyers gettin' the turkeys that the other foxes didn't get, and Maria and the rest of us, jest worn out by these scrapin', let the turkey business go.

"Another thing against turkey raisin'," continued the farmer—"help is scarce.

"We can't keep our boys and girls on the farm any more. These newspapers are blowin' round that the farmers' havin' a good, easy time of it because there are self leaders and hay-forks and hay loaders and manure spreaders and windmills. They have us all sittin' in rookin' chairs, cuttin' coupons and smokin' quarter cigs."

As if to give emphasis to what follows, the farmer shook the ashes from his cob pipe and said: "I want to tell you, young man, there are some windmills in these editor offices, and they're run by hot air too. What do these kids gloved city chaps who sit behind glass doors and drink champagne know about farmin'?"

"Yes, I know they are tellin' us how to do it.

"Bill West tried one of their prescriptions on his old gray for the wind colic, and that horse just up and died the next day. He went into town the next week to see the editor, and they told him the editor was away lookin' after his fences.

"What do city editors know about fences and farmin', anyhow?"

"Well, one day a paper came here, and at the top it read, 'Go west, young man, and grow up with the country.'"

"That night my boy John skipped out, and the rest followed, and now Maria and me are left alone, and we can't do all the farm work, let alone fardin' with turkeys."

"But," we asked, "can't you get help?"

"Hardly," he replied, "and the fellows you do get are lazy, good for nothin'."

"It used to be, when the children were home, we all took a hand with the work. John had the horses, Bill slopped the pigs, Mary had the chickens, Dave had the cows; Jennie, the oldest, had the turkeys, Sallie had the butter, and Maria and me took a hand with all of them.

"But now," said the farmer as he wiped a tear from his eye, "they've all gone, and mother and me are left alone to shift for ourselves, and turkey raisin' is out of the question.

"To explain this turkey panic there's one thing more I want to say," said the farmer, "and that's about black head.

no good. We just put a few drops of coal tar and a quart of venetian red in a gallon of water and gave the turkeys nothin' to eat, and they soon drink themselves well.

"But," mused the honest old farmer, "the turkey days on the farms are over, and the time's a-comin' when all the turkeys will be hatched and raised in machines and be done up in tin cans and be sold in grocery stores, like other canned goods."

CHICKEN FEATHER MILLINERY.

Some of our lady friends who still wear feathers in their hats in defiance of the Audubon society will not hold their heads so high when they learn that many of the swell millinery establishments have a large and increasing trade with some of our big poultry plants.

We have seen many a sickle feather adorning a thirty dollar hat, and many a blackbird perched on a belle's bonnet is simply a cushion stuffed with Black Minorca feathers, while often a church choir prima donna has kept time to her solo with a plume plucked from a Japanese bantam cock.

The Seabright bantams, the Silver Spangled and Golden Pencilled Hamburgs, the Gold and Silver Polish, the Houdans, the Games, the Andalusians, the Leghorns, the pheasants, the pigeons, the ducks and the geese, afford all variety of color and furnish materials for fads and fancies to gladden any debutante's heart.

Indeed, the day is coming when the fastidious fashionable will run chicken millinery plants of her own or compel her better half to breed stock that will bring only feathers that are in style. And, as the styles often change overnight, the poultryman will be at his wits' end to keep up with the procession.

"We must go back," said the girl, glancing uneasily at a tiny silver watch. "We are missing a lot."

"You had better rest awhile," Lancaster counseled. "We'll take it all in by and by. I think I know this gallery quite as well as the guide does. I'll show you a Vandyke that they will miss entirely. We'll take our time and go back to the hotel leisurely."

The girl looked at him narrowly. "Then you've been here before?" she asked.

Lancaster nodded his assent. "I've been watching you since you joined us at Cologne," she said. "Most of the time you've been very much bored. I concluded you had seen it all before."

Lancaster said nothing. He was wondering if some sudden intuition had given her an inkling of the truth.

"If you had taught school in Iowa as many terms as I have," said she, "if you had shaved and saved and look-

ed forward to this, perhaps you would enjoy it as I do. But you've been awfully kind since you've joined us. You've shown me lots of things I wouldn't have missed for worlds and that I'd never have seen but for your thoughtfulness. Oh, I knew you must have traveled this country quite extensively."

She looked at him with an intention that was rather disconcerting. "Tell me," she said, "why should you, knowing all these things as you do, care to travel with us?"

Lancaster regarded her for a time in thoughtful silence. Dare he tell her the truth? He looked into her clear gray eyes and decided to risk it.

"Shall I tell you the real reason?" he asked.

"Why, yes, of course," she replied, with a little note of surprise in her voice.

"Well, then," said Lancaster sturdily, "it was because of you."

The color deepened in her cheeks. "Oh," she said, with sudden comprehension. Her eyes fell. She was attractively pulling her gloves to cover her embarrassment.

"You remember that evening at the hotel in Cologne," Lancaster went on, "when you and I were partners at whist? I joined your party the next morning. I wanted to be with you—just to be near you."

"I—I rather wish you hadn't told me," she said unasily.

"Would you rather I had fibbed politely?" he asked.

"No-o," she replied slowly.

"You see," Lancaster explained, "I'd been poking about the continent all by my lonesome, and to tell the truth, I'd not been having a very hilarious time of it. And that night at Cologne"—He paused.

"Yes, that night at Cologne?" she prompted.

"It seemed," he said very gravely, "as if you fitted into a niche in my life that had been made for you and that had always been waiting for you."

She was still nervously pulling her gloves. The personally conducted flock, headed by the guide, swinging his umbrella like a shepherd's crook, were filing out of the room beyond, bound for the hotel.

"Are you going back to Iowa to teach school?" asked Lancaster.

"Yes," she said quietly. "There was a rather painful silence for a time.

Personally Conducted.

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

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"It has been very much like a dream," the girl was saying earnestly. "Of course I had pictured it all out to myself, but I never imagined it would be anything like this. It has been"—she paused as if seeking a proper adjective—"heavenly," she said at length, with a little reminiscent sigh. "The only trouble is that it ends all too soon. Day after tomorrow we sail for home."

Lancaster looked at the pretty, eager face beside him, and the pathos of it touched him. He was trying to imagine how the word "heavenly" could apply to the dull, colorless wanderings of these "personally conducted" tourists. He glanced through the door into the next room. There they were, gathered about a tired looking guide who was using his umbrella as a pointer while he explained nasally, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is an excellent example of Rembrandt's later work."

They were a weary looking but eager group, anxious evidently that nothing should escape them. They lifted their tired eyes to the picture indicated by the umbrella and stared at it dutifully while the droning voice reeled off its stereotyped phrases like some school-boy reciting a well learned lesson.

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"Yes, that night at Cologne?" she prompted.

"It seemed," he said very gravely, "as if you fitted into a niche in my life that had been made for you and that had always been waiting for you."

"Not always," she confessed. "I was thinking," said he, "that after we got home I should like very much to come to Iowa if you'd let me, and then I'd like to bring you back here for a little personally conducted tour all our own—just yours and mine. I haven't showed you a tenth part of what I'd like to show you then when just you and I are in the party."

He leaned nearer her. "I want that personally conducted tour to go on forever," he added.

He spoke quietly, but with such earnestness that the hot blood crept even to her temples. He noticed that her hands were trembling and that her breath had quickened.

"It would be no end better than this tour," said he. "What do you think of it?"

Very deliberately her eyes were lifted to meet his. He read in their depths an answer that set his pulses bounding.

"Oh, it would be"—she began. "Heavenly," he suggested, with a gay laugh.

"Yes, heavenly," she said softly as his hand closed over hers.

Where Are the Old People? It is proper to speak of a man under thirty as "old man" in a jocular way, but after that it becomes dangerous. As for old ladies, they have long ago disappeared. Thirty years ago it was common in society and in print to speak of an old man or an old lady without meaning any disrespect or giving the least offense. Now it is positively dangerous—in fact, isn't it?

Why this change? Partly because the physical and mental condition of the average person is better than formerly, but principally because people have decided not to grow old. That settles it. We are largely taken at our own valuation and are not now disposed to make it a law one. In this city are to be found many men who retired from business a generation ago. It was once the custom in this country, as it is now in England, that when a man had secured a competence he retired from active work and lived serenely. Nowadays it is seldom done. A competence now means not an income of a few thousand dollars, but an unlimited amount. There are to be found multimillionaires above eighty who are just as anxious to make money as ever, and they seem to be quite as competent.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TIES FROM FOREIGN CLIMES. Railroad Looks Far Ahead For Its Future Supply. "When an American railroad company looks so far ahead and so far away as to provide for its future supply of cross ties from forests in lands across the sea and at the ends of the earth," said a lumber operator to a representative of the Washington Star, "the seriousness of the railroad tie problem may be imagined. This is what the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is doing.

"Some time ago this company sent E. O. Faulkner, the head of its tie and timber department, to investigate the statements that had been made about timber growing on the Hawaiian Islands known as ohia wood and which is being cut away rapidly to clear up land for sugar plantations.

"The wood was found by him to answer so well all the requirements of a good and lasting tie that he signed a contract with a Hawaiian lumber company for the cutting and delivery at San Francisco of 500,000 ohia wood ties a year for five years, besides 500 sets of switch ties for each year for the same period.

"Mr. Faulkner went also to Japan, where he made arrangements to procure several millions of ties to be delivered as called for. These will be made from an oak which grows abundantly in that country and which has all the qualities which made our white oak so valuable for railroad ties.

"Further providing for contingencies in the supply of ties, the Santa Fe has purchased several thousands of acres of forest land in Australia, the possibilities of which for furnishing ties are said to be virtually unlimited."

A USE FOR SPIDERS. Keep Them In the House and You Will Have No Roaches. "It is too bad so many people are prejudiced against spiders," said the man who always finds out curious things. "If they could stand it to have spiders around, they would soon get rid of cockroaches. In the spider the cockroach has an enemy that pursues him with more malevolence than does the cleanly housewife. And not only is this hatred more deep rooted; it is more deadly. All things considered, the cockroach shows mighty little respect for the human race. He knows that, although he is small, he is chock full of inventive genius, and he laughingly scorns the futile attempts of men and women to circumvent and destroy him.

"So long has he been battling for life against paris green, fly paper, hot water and wire cages that he has learned to saunter through green lanes of poison and wade rivers of glue without so much as soiling his toes, and when it comes to the scalding bath he swims blithely out and wriggles his whiskers in derision at his would be slayers. But he dares not treat the spider with such disdain. In fact, he doesn't have a chance, for the spider outdoes even the cockroach in cunning and nabs him without the least ceremony.

"Still it would be hardly advisable to recommend raising a crop of spiders as a sure preventive of cockroaches, for in most people's minds the exterminator is more objectionable than his victim."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thackeray's Poets. Thackeray's favorite poets were Goldsmith and the "sweet lyric singers." Prior, whom he thought the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poets, and Gay, the force of whose simple melody and artless ringing laughter he appreciated. He admired Pope, too, but, while admitting Milton's greatness, thought him "such a bore that no one could read him." It is not surprising, therefore, that Thackeray never essayed the "big bowwow kind" of poetry.—Fortnightly Review.

AN OFFICIAL JOURNAL

Hobson Wants Government to Print National Newspaper.

TO BE STRICTLY NONPARTISAN

Hero of the Merrimac Plans a Journal to Be Issued Periodically and to Summarize Government Work—Different Editions For Each Section—No Editorial Comment.

Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama, the hero of the Merrimac, has prepared a bill for the periodical issue of an official journal which shall contain brief notices of the work of the various departments and bureaus of the government, of the supreme court and of congress, says a Washington special dispatch to the New York World. Mr. Hobson said the other day:

"The official journal is intended to make a connecting link between the government and the people. The project grew out of my work with the agricultural department. I found that a vast amount of most valuable material did not reach the people. My first movement was to take this material to the people of my district, the Sixth Alabama, by a campaign in which representatives of the agricultural department made short talks. The result was like an awakening. Property values advanced appreciably, especially timber lands, and an era of improved agriculture has begun in this district.

"I found that all the departments of the government were issuing publications giving the results of their work, between 150 and 200 all told, yet the vast bulk of the people were not being reached. I believe that the proposed journal will create renewed interest and confidence among the masses in governmental affairs. It will be strictly nonpartisan and without editorial comment. It cannot help but aid the press of the country, not only in furnishing a ready index, but also in creating a taste and demand for reading matter and for additional information upon important subjects.

"It is intended that the issues going to industrial sections shall be somewhat different from the editions going to agricultural sections and that the editions for the cotton states shall be somewhat different from those going to the grain states, so that each section of the country may get most information upon the subject in which it is chiefly concerned.

"The control of the journal is to be vested in a joint committee independent of any influence. It is intended that during the sessions of congress the journal shall be double the size of the issues between sessions. The former will have sixteen pages, the latter eight. Although all details are left to the joint committee, it is expected that the journal will be issued weekly, but it may be semi-weekly or even appear at shorter intervals if found necessary.

"The present estimates contemplate allowing each congressman and senator to furnish the names of 15,000 recipients of the journal. There will be additional copies, and all told about 1,500,000 families will receive the journal free. The postoffice department will handle the copies in blocks, through the carriers, thus saving the expense of addressing, the postmasters and rural carriers keeping lists of the recipients."

The sum of \$75,000 is appropriated by the bill for equipment and \$275,000 for the expense of issuing the publication.

It is Mr. Hobson's idea to have a staff of trained newspaper men to handle the news which is sent in by the various departments. Just how the bill will be received cannot be hazarded, but Mr. Hobson has made inquiry and finds that most of the department officials are in favor of it.

Family Newspaper War. This is a little domestic story with two characters—father and son.

The gray haired father as he has been reading the newspapers day after day has been impressed with the fact that an unusually large number of sons of good families have been going wrong. A bright idea came into his head the other day. Since that time until within four or five days ago he has been clipping accounts of these misdoings out and placing them each morning beside the plate of his son at the breakfast table.

Then a bright idea came into the head of the young man. He found good material in the daily papers of the misdoings of elderly men, fathers of families. These he kept together for some days and yesterday at breakfast put the bunch beside the plate of his father. Thus far honors are easy.—Indianapolis News.