HOUSE PASSES IT

Reciprocity Bill Now Goes to the Senate.

TAFT HAPPY OVER BIG VOTE.

Democrats Favorable to Measure Accept Gag Rule Plan With Joy While Dalzell Protests—Ultimate Passage Is Expected.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The McCall bill, embodying the administration reciprocity agreement with Canada, was passed by the house of representatives —221 to 92. Five Democrats and eighty-seven Republicans voted against the bill. It now goes to the senate, where chances for its passage are becoming brighter.

President Taft received the news of the big vote in the house with great satisfaction. If it had not been for a gag rule hurriedly reported by Representative Boutelle of Illinois from the committee on rules after that body had held a hasty meeting there would have been little prospect of a vote before Thursday. But the gag did the trick. The Democrats who in the past have awakened the echoes of the chamber with their denunciations of similar propositions designed to make them swallow obnoxious doses in a single gulp, received this one with joy. They were undaunted by criticisms and undisturbed by sneers.

Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania protested: "Why, Mr. Boutelle, does not this rule provide for the passage, without a chance of amendment, of a bill which has not even been read?"

"It does," replied Mr. Boutelle, who did not give the impression of a man having a good time.

Mr. Dalzell said nothing, but shook his head sadly and sat down. The rule to which Mr. Dalzell registered such decided exception was framed as a result of the inability of the house to agree upon a time for closing general debate. Representative McCall of Massachusetts, in charge of the reciprocity measure, had declared that he ha . been trying to get a resolution out of the rules committee for two days, but without success. The committee evidently took this to heart, for it wasn't long before the members favorable to the McCall measure got together and framed the rule with a striking resemblance to the kind that Representative Dalzell used to report in the days of the old rules committee.

He Made Them Listen.

"X" Beidler, the old vigilante leader of Montana, was elected sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, in which Helena is situated. During Beidler's incumbency the jail was rebuilt and one of the new fashioned steel cages for the prisoners installed. Beidler invited all the notables down to see the cage when it was completed. The governor and the state and city officials and many prominent citizens accepted the invitation. "X" took them into a cage and excused himself for a minute. He went out and locked the door. Then he took a chair and sat down outside.

"Now, dern ye," he said to the imprisoned notables, "ye've bin edgin' off lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now I reckon ye'll listen."

He kept them there three hours—until he had told his whole budget of tales.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Max O'Rell's Reply.

Max O'Rell at a dinner in Montreal at which were present English, Scotch, Irish and French was asked to give his opinion of the different races. Here is the answer he gave on the instant.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left. "The Englishman"— And he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman"— And he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward. "The Frenchman"— And he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

There was not a word of explanation, but all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh.

A Good Shot.

A sportsman of great imaginativ gifts and fond of telling his exploits related that at one shot he had brought down two partridges and a hare. His explanation was that, although he had only hit one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth entangled in its claws.

"But how about the hare?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me backward, and I fell on the hare as it ran past!"

"Pa, what is a futile remark?"

"The one a man makes for the purpose of changing the subject when his wife complains because he has forgotten their wedding anniversary."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was Wise.

"I asked Miss Jimps to sing something, and she refused point blank. Is she grouchy?"

"No. She's trying to make a hit with you. Cheer up."—Toledo Blade.

SUITABLE PLACE FOR MONUMENT

Statues Should Have Logical Relation to Surroundings.

BEAUTY IGNORED FOR SHOW.

While Definite Rules Cannot Be Laid Down For the Location of Monuments, Yet Certain Fundamental Rules Are Evident.

If your town contemplates building a monument or erecting a statue to a celebrity see that its location has some logical relation to the subject. If it be a poet put it in a place surrounded by the things the poet loves—the running brook, the lofty elm or the shady nook. If it be a soldier, a man famed for his deeds of daring, his statue should be given a site which will display with vividness his bold attitude and brave poise.

The latest report of the art commission of the city of New York devotes considerable space to expressing its ideas concerning the desirability of

POORLY AND WELL PLACED MONUMENTS.
[1. Good surrounding for Schiller. 2. Poorly placed bust of Moore. 3. Ideal statue of Franz Sigel. 4. Badly located figure of Alexander Hamilton. 5. Crouching animal finely situated on stone pedestal.]

considering carefully the location as well as the design of a monument of any kind which is to be erected in a public place, in connection therewith calling attention to several in New York which by their inappropriate location either have failed greatly in their possible effectiveness or have even detracted from the landscape.

Discussing the subject of location, the commission says in its report:

These difficulties (the location of monuments) are due chiefly to the fact that in most cases the monument is not designed for a specific site. When completed it is submitted for a definite spot, which, in most instances, is selected not because it suits the character of the monument, but because it is conspicuous, as, for instance, at the junction of two or more important streets or in a prominent place in one of the chief squares or parks.

It is self evident that the character of the monument should determine the nature of its setting. The all important question in selecting a site is that it should be of a character suited to the monument, but usually, in order to satisfy the desire for a conspicuous place, other considerations are ignored, and as a consequence many monuments stand in unsuitable locations. That so many monuments stand in unfortunate places is due not to carelessness or lack of deliberation, but to the failure to recognize the fact that a well placed monument forms an integral part of its surroundings. Because of this failure to appreciate that there should be a distinct relationship between a monument and its neighborhood many monuments have no relation to the shape or size of the place they stand nor to their surroundings. Some are in the midst of great whirlpools of traffic with skyscrapers towering above them and huge signboards for a background.

Many monuments consist of massive granite pedestals surmounted by huge bronze busts. In general these have been erected in parks. Many of them stand on beautiful green lawns, conspicuous objects, but without logical relation to their surroundings. Surely it cannot be claimed that they are ornaments to the parks or that the green lawns would not be more beautiful without them.

While definite rules cannot be laid down for the location of monuments any more than rules can with finality be given for the composition of a picture or a group of sculpture, yet certain fundamental principles are evident. A monument should be so placed that it stands in proper relation both architecturally and sculpturally to the spot in which it is located, be it street, park or square; that its commemorative or particular character is in harmony with its surroundings and that it shall remain a distinct ornament to the location on which it stands. The probable permanence of appropriate surroundings should also be considered, for changes in the character and occupancy of adjacent buildings have turned harmony into discord.

QUEER ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Touching a Suicide's Hand Was Thought a Cure for Sickness.

In former times it was a common notion that, if a sick person, could only touch the hand of a suicide, he or she would be cured.

This superstition was especially common in the west of England; in Cornwall, touching a suicide's hand was said to have once cured a young man who had been afflicted with many tumors from his birth. A similar superstition regarding the touch of executed criminals has been widely prevalent and has often been recorded.

Robert Hunt, in his "Romances of the West o England," says that he once saw a young woman led to the scaffold at Newgate to have a wen touched by the hand of a man who had just been executed.

At Northampton of old the hangman was said to have had a regular fee for according a similar "privilege" to the sufferers from like disorders. Even the coffin of a suicide may have curative value.

There is a Devonshire belief to the effect that, if any one suffering from disease can manage to throw a white handkerchief on such a coffin at the time of its interment, the disease will vanish as the handkerchief decays.

Much superstitious value has been attached to the knots of the ropes used either by a suicide or in the execution of a criminal.

Clean Your Glasses.

You who wear spectacles must understand that you cannot see to advanage through greasy lenses. The common habit is to wipe eye-glasses or spectacles with a silk handkerchief carried in the pocket. The finger tips always exude a delicate oil. This gets on the handkerchief and from the handkerchief goes on to the lenses. Presently there is a smear of grease and people complain of dimness of vision. Drop the handkerchief; get some very fine tissue paper cut into small sections, wipe your glasses with two or three pieces and throw them away.

Shoddy.

Shoddy! The word stands for everything that is meat and contemptible, false, and make-believe. Yet the product known in the world of business as shoddy is one of the most useful inventions of the nineteenth century, and deserves to rank with steam and electricity, anesthetics, the bicycle and other discoveries that have made life worth living, improved our health and lengthened our days.—World's Work.

Newspapers In The U. S.

In 1810, nearly a century ago, there were 35[illegible] newspaper in the United States. In 1905 there were 26,422 printing and publishing houses in the country. These represented $385,008,604 of invested capital and turned out products valued at $496,061,137. The growth for the five years since 1900 doubled the growth of the ten years previous.

Right Handed Men.

According to authorities from 85 to 95 per cent of the men in civilized lands are right-handed and have developed the low right shoulder. This, however, is no new phenomenon, for even the ancient Greek sculptors had noticed it and posed their subjects so as to make them appear more symmetrical

Peat as Fuel.

There is a strong organization at work in this country developing the use of peat as fuel. It is now utilizing many acres of swamp lands which are being reclaimed for agricultural purposes. The bi-products of the industry are very promising.

A Prosperous Town.

Waycross, Ga., with a population of 9,000, has no poorhouse, nine out of ten of the white population own their homes and 93 per cent of the children attend school. The saloon license has annually for the last 16 years been fixed at $30,000.

New York City's Banks.

Twenty years ago the fact was made much of that New York City boasted one hundred [illegible]ks and trust companies. Today, however, the greater city has no fewer than 212 institutions of this character.

Greatest Heat and Cold.

The greatest heat is never found on the equator, but some 10 degress to the north, while more severe cold has been registered in Northern Siberia than has been found near the Pole.

Rolling Stones.

The "Rolling Stones" of Australia placed on a fairly smooth surface, will soon roll together in a group. They contain a magnetic ore.

Taken in Marriage.

Men of talent generally fix upon ignorant and stupidish women for their wives; while stupid men almost invariably alight upon clever women.

English Predominates.

Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the postoffices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English.

Taking into consideration the proportionate weight, the wing of a bird is twenty times stronger than the arm of a man.

IS WINDMILL HOPE OF WORLD?

Dr. Wiley Thinks We Should Prepare For Frozen Sphere.

It is now authoritatively stated that the earth will eventually freeze. The scientist who makes the assertion is Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist in the department of agriculture at Washington, but he has a remedy for mankind, and it is the windmill. Even though the equator should congeal there would still be wind enough to produce comfort.

But this saving condition can be obtained only by the immediate production of windmills which can generate electricity, says Dr. Wiley. The much debated "last man on earth" will probably sit upon a frozen earth, saved by his windmill, which will furnish heat, ventilation and possibly hothouse foods.

"Geologists have for many years admitted that the earth is cooling," he says, "though it is my personal belief that we still have a lease on life that may run into the billions of years. But, whether the time of our natural

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DR. HARVEY W. WILEY.

warmth is long or short, it is certain that the hours of it are numbered. Ultimately the equator will be frozen.

"I believe that if windmills with dynamos and storage batteries were put up all over this country there would never come a time when the supply of electricity thus made would be unequal to the ordinary tasks of the farmer or would fail to keep him abundantly warmed.

"Coal and wood will disappear from the earth. Coal already is dwindling alarmingly, and the most ambitious efforts of the foresters will not forestall the final obliteration of the forests. Electricity is manifestly the sole dependence of the future."

He Had a Claim.

In a certain town was a young lawyer whose father was very rich and who had been sent to an eastern law school. Since his graduation he had done nothing except open an office because he had plenty of money. This young lawyer was proposed for membership in the local fire company.

"We cannot elect him," one of the members protested. "The constitution of our company says that the members of it must sleep and live here in the city, and he lives out of town on a farm and not in the city at all. He would be of no value at all in case of a fire at night. He doesn't sleep here at night."

"No," replied his proposer; "it is true he doesn't sleep here at night, but he sleeps here in his office all day."

And they elected him on that ground. —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Simple Maid.

'Twas in a simple country town, and the maid of all work was simple and innocent in sympathy. When she returned from shopping half a sovereign short in her change Mrs. Mango-Chutney was naturally incensed.

"Go back to each shop, you careless girl," she told the weeping maid, "and tell them you are half a sovereign short in your money and they must give it you."

Susan went and was back again in half an hour. Entering her mistress' sanctum, she laid five half sovereigns on the table before her. Faithful as always, she had carried out Mrs. Mango-Chutney's instructions to the letter, and each shopkeeper, fearful of doing wrong and hurting a fellow creature, had thrust the missing coin upon the bewildered girl.—London Answers.

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Stories of the Paris Courts.

Among humorous stories of the Paris law courts it is told how a well known lawyer, M. Alem Rousseau, was once pleading a rather tiresome case and, noticing that the judges were paying no attention to him, said, "As the president is falling asleep I suspend my speech." But the judge had just woke up and cried, "And I suspend you from practicing for six months." Nothing daunted, the lawyer retorted, "Well, I suspend myself forever and ever," and, gathering up his brief and cap, he left the court and never appeared again.

A Paris barrister, M. Clery, however, was more vigorous. Seeing that the president and the assessors were all asleep, he stopped, and, dealing a tremendous blow on the desk in front of him that woke everybody up with a start, he cried, "Yesterday at this same hour I was saying"— And the whole bench rubbed their eyes and asked each other if they had really slept through twenty-four hours.

The same counsel was pleading at Versailles on a cold day and remarked that the judges were all turning more and more around toward a stove that gave out a welcome heat. "The tribunal behind which I have the honor of speaking" brought them all right about face at once.

Ambiguous.

"Why did you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of a neighbor.

"Ah, sir," was the reply, "she would have done as much for me and more, too, with pleasure."

OXEN BUILD THE RAILROADS.

As Well as Do Most of the Farmwork in Eastern Canada.

The ox as a beast of burden has about had his day with the American farmer. He is raised by wholesale, killed by wholesale and distributed through the world as beef, but he doesn't have to work.

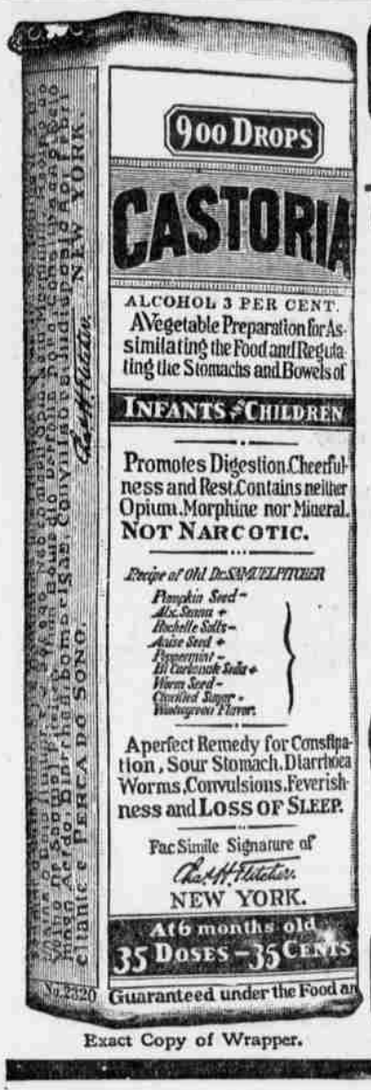
Up in eastern Canada, however, he does a big stunt of work before he is eaten. In Nova Scotia, especially, oxen are still used for all sorts of farm work.

They plough the fields, haul the hay and apples and potatoes and cart in the firewood from the forests. They are slow, it is true, but there is time and to spare in those parts.

Of late the ox has been helping to build the railroads in Nova Scotia. He is found to be very useful in grading the roadbed, which calls for a lot of short haul work. The oxen are yoked in pairs and as many pairs can be used tandem as are necessary to any given job. They are patient and untiring.

Reads Like It's True.

A Stroud farmer on route one has taken out a patent on an electric motor fastened on a cow's back, the electricity being generated by a dynamo attached to the cow's tail, says the Stroud inventor. It strains the milk and hangs up the pail and strainer; a small phonograph accompanies the outfit which yells "Sol" when the cow moves; if she kicks a hinged arm catches the milk can and slams her over the head with it.



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