

### Our Educational Column.

"Uncle William," Editor.  
Address all communications relative to this department to Editor Educational Column, care of THE STAR.

Wanted—a boy that is manly and just,  
One that you feel you may honor and trust;  
Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him brings,  
Its sunshine and pleasures, or troublesome things;  
Whose eye meets your own with no shadow of fear,  
No wrinkle on the face that is open and clear;  
Straight-forward in purpose and ready to push—  
For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."  
Who scornfully turns from a something to gain,  
If it brings to another a sorrow or pain;  
Who is willing to hold what is right ever dear,  
And is patient, unheeding the scoff or the jeer.  
Who does all he can with a heart that's elite,  
He is wanted, that boy, whatsoever his estate.

Wanted—a girl, not a butterfly gay—  
Who is gentle and sweet in a womanly way;  
No beautiful picture, so languid and fair,  
That always seems labelled, "Please handle with care."  
But one in whose heart there is hidden true worth,  
Who faithfully follows her mission on earth;  
Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving,  
Finds plenty to do in the life she is living.  
Filling its duties with quiet content,  
Whether adverse or pleasant, just as they're sent;  
In the garb of a queen, or in homespun arrayed,  
Whatever her station—is needed that maid.  
—Selected.

Boys and girls, another week has rolled by since "Uncle William" began his weekly talks to you and you are one week nearer the goal of either success or failure; which is it to be? Shakespeare says, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune," and this saying applies to you each and every one. In your hands rests the power to form a solid foundation and erect a substantial educational structure. I am afraid that many of you do not do your duty relative to "home study." There seems to be too much attraction "down street" in the evenings. We are grieved to see this for we well know that the time will surely come when you will bitterly regret the valuable hours you have thus lost. But then it will be too late; they have passed into oblivion, and "time once lost can never be regained," no matter how hard you may work. "Begin well if you would end well" is a good motto to adopt. Remember, boys and girls, that "two and one-half hours spent in study each evening will prepare your lessons for the following day and fit you for the struggles of after life, making of you noble men and women who will be ornaments to society," while on the contrary, two and one-half hours each evening spent promenading the streets or lounging about the stores will blunt your mental faculties and fill your mind with gossip and street slang and fit you in after life for positions of drudgery, crime and misery. The educated boy or girl is the one who has entree to the best society and whose companionship is sought after, while on the other hand the ones who grow up in ignorance, neglecting the golden opportunities given them, are shunned and avoided by their fellows. God pity them. They grow up in ignorance, are schooled in crime and our prisons are their habitation in the end, where they can sit and mourn over a misspent life and lost opportunities; and a wall goes up all over our broad land: Lost! Lost! Lost! Think of these sayings, my boys and girls, and decide which of the two classes you will enter. Now is the time you must map out your future. Now is the time you form habits for life, be they good or bad, and don't forget that it is ten times more difficult to break a bad habit than it is to form one. Again, don't be indolent and assume a lounging position when studying or reciting, or be always fuming and fretting about the seemingly long hours of school work. Be energetic and study diligently and you will be surprised to see how quickly the time slips around. You can't expect to accomplish anything without an effort.

"If you covet learning's prize,  
Climb her heights and take it."  
Our lives are what we make them, therefore, watch carefully every point. We hear some of our boys and girls sometimes saying that they "don't like this or that study." There may be studies that you don't like just as well as some others, but they are in the course and it is necessary to take them with the rest in order to be complete. When you are ill and under the care of a physician you take without a murmur the bitter medicines he prescribes for you, and why? Because you rely upon his skill and knowledge of your ailment and know that it is necessary for your own good to do so. Just so with your studies. Each one of them is necessary in order to properly develop your mental faculties and fit you for a sphere of usefulness, and when they are assigned by your teachers you should accept them cheerfully, relying upon the knowledge and skill of your teacher just as readily as you do that of your physician. Be self-reliant. Don't allow a day to pass without having learned something new.

"Keep pushing, 'tis wiser  
Than sitting aside,  
Than dreaming or sighing  
Or waiting the tide,  
In life's earnest battle  
They only prevail  
Who on ward keep pushing  
And never say 'Fail!'"

# SAY!

Colder weather is here, Fall and Winter Garments are needed. Here's the place to get them. The fact that our goods wear twice as long as those sold by other dealers is in itself conclusive evidence of the matchless inducements we offer.

See the Men's Suits we sell at \$5.00 Strictly all wool and cut in the very latest Fall styles. We couldn't sell them for less than \$8.00 if we had bought them as other houses bought theirs. But we didn't. We bought ours when woollens were away down in price. To-day the manufacturers ask more at wholesale for these goods than we sell them at retail.

Then we have some better ones at \$6.00, 7.00 and \$8.00. These suits are made of stylish, all-wool Cassimeres, Cheviots and Meltons, cut in popular sack styles, lined, trimmed and finished in a splendid manner. Each suit perfect fitting, each button hole done with care.

See our big line of Men's Working and Dress Gloves.  
Also our big line of Men's Heavy and Dress Shirts.  
Also over 3,000 pairs of Boys' Knee Pants, Iron-clad and All-wool.



### Overcoats

That Excel In Style and Quality. That's the kind we have, the kind we built our reputation on. We have them from \$3.50 to \$15.00

They are made of medium and heavy-weight Meltons, Cheviots, Kerseys, Cassimeres, Mixtures, Etc., all well trimmed and made throughout; in fact, any other store in this town will ask you from \$2.00 to \$4.00 more for these same overcoats than we sell them at.

— PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH —

Protect yourself against sudden changes in the weather, so common this time of the year, by wearing the proper weight Underwear. We have it. Over 300 cases, all bought by us direct from the manufacturers before the recent rise in prices. These all go on sale this week at prices lower than present wholesale figures.

25¢ for men's serviceable 50¢ pure camel's hair or natural wool Underwear, value 50¢.

\$1.00 for men's fancy, heavy-weight Underwear, nice and soft as velvet, 6 different colors, pearl button finish, value \$1.50.

# Millirens.

### NOT USED TO HOTEL WAYS.

A Young Woman After Registering Gives the Clerks a Surprise.

She drifted into an uptown hotel by way of the women's entrance. She was plainly but neatly clad and did not look like a girl who was used to the system in operation at a big hotel. She had a bright, pretty face and looked fresh and charming. The two clerks on duty eyed her curiously and exchanged comments about the girl. She hesitated a moment when she reached the office, but after some little display of embarrassment walked up to the desk and picked up a pen in a diffident manner. The clerk wheeled the book around so that the place for signatures was in the proper position and waited. She chewed nervously at the end of the pen, then dipped it slowly in the ink, and with a great deal of pains wrote:

"Miss Mary McClosky, 373 West Ninety-third street."

Then she eyed her effort approvingly and carefully laid the pen down. The clerk, who had been watching the operation with a good deal of curiosity, said:

"Egum, miss?"

A flush mantled her face, but she said sweetly, "Yes, if you please."

"Would you like a room with a bath?" asked the clerk in a puzzled tone. Again she seemed embarrassed and hesitated, but finally said in a low tone:

"Yes, if you please. That would be very nice and I would thank you very much."

"How much do you care to pay for a room?" said the clerk as his eye swept the rack.

"Pay?" she said in sheer surprise. "Pay? Why, I didn't expect to pay anything. I got a job here today as a chambermaid and I have just come down."—New York Tribune.

### A Miraculous Draft of Fishes.

The dwellers on the banks of the Neckar, near the good old German town of Heilbronn, had an experience the other day which must have reminded them of the miraculous draft of fishes. A few days ago, toward evening, the worthy Heilbronnians perceived that the Neckar was toward both its banks one moving mass of all sorts and conditions of fish, thronging landward in seeming anxiety to be caught. Nor was this tacit appeal at all disregarded, for every man, woman and child of the vicinity ran out with pots and pans, with spades and rakes, and pails and baskets to help himself or herself to a share of fish. The explanation of the miracle, which perchance might prove a hint to fisher folk, was that the river had become so muddy after recent heavy rains that the fish found it difficult to breathe in the "thick" water and had approached the banks for more air.—Westminster Gazette.

### Fox and Hounds.

For a little way the pack follows steadily upon the line, gaining fast. Suddenly a leading hound views 150 yards in front the beaten fox. He raises his voice in frantic delight. The rest of the pack in turn catch sight of their prey, and now, ravening together, dash forward with a crash of voices, with renewed pace and vigor. The fox knows now that the end is very near, yet he still holds his head straight and presses on. The sight, even to the hardened fox hunter, is almost a pathetic one. Here is no friendly ditch, no bush, no shelter of any kind where the hunted creature may set himself up at the last and die at least with his back to the wall. All is bare, inhospitable and open. The pack flashes forward, one hound three lengths ahead of his fellows. He is within five yards of his prey. The fox suddenly faces round with open mouth and bared teeth. The big hound grapples him fiercely, receiving a nasty bite as he does so. In another instant the whole pack are mingled in one wild delirium. The death has come. The huntman gallops up, jumps off his good chestnut, rescues the dead and now tattered quarry, and, with the field gathered round him, proceeds to conduct the last rites in due form.—Saturday Review.

### A Permanent Paste.

Soak an ounce of refined gelatin in cold water for an hour, then drain off and squeeze out the water as much as possible. Put the gelatin in a jelly pot and place the pot in a pan of hot water over the fire. When the gelatin has melted, stir in slowly 2 1/2 ounces of pure alcohol. Put in a wide mouthed bottle and cork tightly. This glue or paste will keep indefinitely and can be melted for use in a few minutes by setting the bottle in a basin of hot water. As it contains a very small percentage of water it affects the gloss of the prints but little and dries almost immediately.—Harper's Round Table.

### The Thirst For Office.

Women have had municipal suffrage in Kansas for the last ten years. During that time, in the 993 little "cities" of Kansas, about 1,500 men and only 15 women have served as mayors. This does not look as if women were unduly eager for office.—Christian Register.

The fact that the greater resistance is offered to the X rays by inanimate than by living flesh is now put to practical use in determining whether a person is really dead or not.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, kleptomania is found among boys, but very rarely indeed among men. The great majority of the victims are women.

### SHE WAS WRONG.

The Original Poem Wasn't by Cowper at All, but by Some One Else.

There is a woman's literary club on the South Side which is having the hardest imaginable time to keep together. Unlike most similar organizations, it is not from want of money that this association of fair students is constantly threatened with disbandment. A spirit of discontent and rivalry stalks through the meetings.

The original purpose of the club was a thorough criticism of the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Sir Edwin Arnold. But, although this laudable intention was adhered to for several months, after awhile some of them got to writing essays and other papers to be read before the society. The book trade may not have noticed it, but at that time there was a considerable run on concordances, glossaries, books of synonyms and literary dictionaries. Ever since then things have gone from bad to worse. It seems impossible to maintain harmony.

The vice president of the organization, a charming young lady, whether considered mentally or from her photograph, recently wrote a rather extended poem in a very lofty strain. She read it to the club. Amid the general applause which followed there came from several remote corners of the room something like murmurs. A couple of her auditors were heard to say that she had never written anything like that before; that they didn't believe any one in the club was capable of it; that, in fact, several passages sounded strangely familiar.

Finally one member with glasses and a very penetrating expression, addressing the author of the poem, said:

"Didn't you get some of that from Cowper? I'm sure you did."

"I did nothing of the kind," retorted the vice president, flushing at the accusation.

"Oh, but I remember almost the exact lines!" persisted her accuser.

"How dare you say so!" returned the poet hotly.

"But we'll get the book and look," persisted the other.

"You're a mean, mean thing," said the vice president, bursting into tears. "I didn't get this from Cowper at all. And now that you're so smart I'll not tell you where I did get it."—Chicago Tribune.

### Bees' Brains.

The brain of the honeybee has recently been studied by Dr. Kenyon of Clark university more thoroughly, it is said, than ever before. It is thought that the source of a bee's power to adapt itself intelligently to its surroundings has been discovered in certain peculiar objects in its brain called the "mushroom bodies."

### Courts of Love.

"Courts of love" were established in the middle ages, when chivalry was at its height and love the serious occupation of life among the higher class of society. The first "court of love" was established in the south of France in the twelfth century and was composed of knights, poets and ladies, and their decisions on subtle questions connected with affairs of the heart were given with great formality.

### Brittany Marriage Custom.

In Brittany there is said to prevail a curious marriage custom. On certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes silver—100 francs per annum; each yellow band represents gold—1,000 francs a year.

### Mountain Ranges.

The long, undulating folds in which the Appalachians were produced when first thrown up are characteristic of mountain ranges the world over. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, Himalayas, Andes and Rockies are built in just that way. They are enormously thick beds or masses, and they are all ridged up into these folds.

### Zebra Culture.

On several South African farms experiments have been tried with Burchell's zebras. The zebras become tame as ponies, and are readily broken in for draft work. The object of their tamers has been to breed a mule which, like the zebra, is proof against the tsetse fly. The zebras themselves run well enough in a mule team, though they cannot stand overdriving.—London Spectator.

### How to Make a Fortune.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was:

"Friend, by one article, in which thou mayst deal, too, if thou pleasest—civility."—Golden Days.

An old Welshwoman of the old school says that the best thing to do with boys who are rough and stubborn is to send them to work in the pits. "Weak ones," she added, "ought to be brought up as ministers, and them as isn't rough nor weak as pupil teachers."

The debt of London is \$180,000,000. Of the annual tax to meet this \$6,000,000 goes as interest and \$6,500,000 into the sinking fund.

### CUBE ROOT MADE EASY.

How Any Bright Scholar May Learn to Tell it Offhand.

To find the cube root of any given number of figures offhand seems an almost impossible feat, but yet it is simple enough when one knows how to do it—so simple, indeed, that any bright boy can learn to do it in a few weeks.

First he must know exactly what a cube is—namely, that it is the result of multiplying one number by itself and then multiplying the product by the original number. Thus, 3 multiplied by 3 equals 9, and 9 multiplied by 3, the original number, produces 27, which consequently is the cube of 3. The cube root of 27 is the original number, 3, and to find the cube root is the reverse of finding the cube. The would be adept at this art should first study carefully the following figures:

1x1x1=1    2x2x2=8    3x3x3=27  
4x4x4=64    5x5x5=125    6x6x6=216  
7x7x7=343    8x8x8=512    9x9x9=729

A close study of these figures shows that 2 multiplied in this manner by itself results in 8, that 3 multiplied by itself has 2 as a final figure, that 5 multiplied by itself has 7 as a final figure, that 7 multiplied by itself has 9 as a final figure, and that 4, 5, 6 and 9 multiplied by themselves have their original figures as final. Hence the "artist" knows that any sum given to him the final figure of which is 8 must have 2 as a cube root; that if the final figure be 9, the cube root must be 3, and so on.

For example, give him the figures 74,088, and he can at once tell that 42 is the cube root, for the reason that 74 has 4 as a cube root, as the cube of 4 is 64, while the cube of 5 is 125, much more than 74, and 088 has 2 as a cube root.

Or give him a more difficult problem, as, for example, the figures 324,369. Then he will see at a glance that 324 is more than 216, which is the cube of 6, but is less than 343, the cube of 7. Therefore the cube root of these three figures is 6. In like manner the final figure of 369 being 9, it follows that the cube root of these three figures is 9, and thus the cube root of the six figures has been shown to be 69.

Any one can test this method for himself, and a little practice is all that is needed to make one as deft in such jugglery of figures as the best "lightning calculator."

Of course a skilled arithmetician could easily frame problems that could not be solved in this offhand fashion, but such difficult tests are seldom offered by public audiences, and, as a rule, the "artists" are easily able to answer all the questions asked of them.—New York Herald.

### How Cold Metals Sometimes Mix.

Professor Roberts-Austen's discoveries on the subject of the interdiffusibility of metals is most interesting reading. The facts have been to some extent known to savants before the meeting of the Royal society, at which more public attention was drawn, but on that occasion the results were made more clear. It was then shown that solid metals may be made to mix themselves as if the atoms were living creatures.

Professor Roberts-Austen has, in fact, discovered pieces of metal engaged in the very act of mixing themselves up one with the other. Of course the interest of this is that the interdiffusion of which we speak has been found to take place when the metals were cold, and, though this property in metals, so capable of attaching themselves one to the other when cold, has been talked about before, nothing so clearly proved has hitherto been at the service of metallurgists and chemists as the facts adduced by Professor Roberts-Austen. He shows that when clean surfaces of lead and gold are held together in the absence of air at a temperature of 200 degrees for four days they unite firmly and can only be separated by a force equal to one third of the breaking strain of the lead. The professor has also proved that if a plate of gold be laid under one of lead about three-tenths of an inch thick in three days, gold will have risen and diffused itself to the top of the other metal in very appreciable quantity.—Colliery Guardian.

### Lord Palmerston.

A minister who kept race horses and had at his command a good store of very blunt vernacular, who could not be got to admit that he understood an abstract thought, who always knew what he wanted and was determined to carry it out regardless of the opinions of others, who conceived his own ideas to be superior to those of other people, who never looked farther than tomorrow and much preferred not to think beyond this evening, but who at the same time was determined to establish the privilege of an Englishman to the sidewalk all over the world, while men of other nations might step into the gutter—this minister represented aspirations which had long ago sickened under the rounded periods intended to convince humanity that bread and calico summed up their total requirements and were more sufficient for rational happiness. This was the popular conception of Palmerston when, in 1855, he became first minister of the crown.—"Yoke of Empire," by R. B. Brett.

The enterprising highwayman relieves many a man the doctors cannot touch.—Harrisburg Patriot.