

When Sheffield steel manufacturers set up mills in Pennsylvania, Great Britain indeed gives up beaten.

Ireland has become inoculated with the bacilli of internationalism and it is planned to hold a great international exhibition at Cork.

People with chest complaints are recommended by medical men to read aloud, as this strengthens throat, lungs and chest muscles alike. The reading should be deliberate, without being allowed to drag, and the enunciation clear, the body being held in an easy, unstrained, upright position, so that the chest will have free play. The breathing should be natural and as deep as possible without undue effort.

Probably it has never occurred to the average man how much free advertising he is doing for the various dealers and manufacturers whom he patronizes. The latter puts his label in our hats, the tailor attaches his etiquette to our coats. Collars, cuffs, shirts and shoes all bear the name of the maker, so to some extent every man who walks the street is a "sandwich man."

The New Zealand government has decided that swimming and life-saving shall be taught in all its schools. The life-saving society's method having been adopted, 2000 hand-books and charts have been sent by order of the government for the use of schoolmasters. The hand-book, in which the course of instruction is fully set forth for the use of classes, schools, and individuals, has also been translated into Swedish and Italian.

The farmer's boy who drifts to the city finds, in nine cases out of ten, irregular work, a dingy little room in a bad street, food that he would have disdain in his country home and irresistible temptation to spend every dollar which he can get hold of. The city boy reaching the country finds just as hard work and longer hours, but work in the fresh air and sunshine, with comfortable surroundings, good food and all the social standing of which his character makes him worthy.

A novel but excellent idea has been introduced in London at all of the large halls, museums, exposition buildings and other places which are frequently attended by children. At the Crystal Palace, South Kensington Museum, the Hippodrome, Earl's Court Exhibition, the Agricultural Hall, the Kew Gardens and other places a room has been set apart to which lost children are taken by the ushers and other attendants and retained until called for by their parents or whoever is in charge of them.

Mosquito hunters will follow with interest the experiments that are being made in New Orleans, where the mosquitoes flourish practically all the year around. Oil has become very cheap in that city since the opening of the Texas fields, and it has been decided to try to do two things at once—lay the dust in the streets and kill the mosquitoes. Railroads have tried sprinkling their roads with crude oil, and have found this method most efficient in permanently laying the dust. New Orleans is trying the same thing, and it is said to be as successful in streets used for traffic as it is on railways. Most of New Orleans mosquitoes are bred in open drains and cisterns, and while the streets are being sprinkled oil is put on the neighboring drains.

As a result of the observation of a board of British naval officers some important changes are to be made in battleships to be built in the near future as part of England's principle defence. For one thing it has been decided to cut down the masts of such ships some sixty feet, because the new signaling devices introduced into use recently make tall masts unnecessary. Furthermore, the high fore and aft bridges are to be lowered, built entirely of iron, and so arranged that in clearing ship for action they can easily be slid overboard. These improvements are in the general line of naval progress, and must be accepted as good. But what will the outsider think in regard to the gradual disappearance of all that he has long recognized as marks of a ship? There were weepings and wallings when the old spars and canvas went, and in the course of time even the fighting mast will go, and when steam is superseded perhaps even the funnels. Then we shall have nothing but the floating hulk, filled with death-dealing machines and horrid to look upon. But maybe before that time comes war will have been abolished. Why not? queries the New York Times.

A REFLECTION.

The only man permitted
To enter Fortune's gate
Is he who keeps on fighting
And never yields to fate.
—Profitable Advertising.

New Sentimental Journey.

The morning was a cloudy one. There was a closeness in the air that seemed to betoken a coming shower. Few people were on the streets, and the street cars had but a small percentage of their usual quota of patrons. Still it was early yet, and these volatile June days had a pleasant way of turning from tears to smiles at shortest notice.

As the Painesville car checked its speed at the stop before the Y. M. C. A. building, a tall young man in a gray summer suit swung himself aboard. He was perhaps five and twenty, with clear-cut features and fine, dark eyes. He took a seat next a window and his glance for a moment roamed up and down the roomy car.

Two seats behind him, across the aisle, sat a young woman; a young woman who was nice to look at; a young woman upon whom the newcomer's glance briefly and discreetly rested. She looked up and caught his glance.

When his face was turned away she slyly drew a photograph from the ornamental bag that dangled at her belt and carefully studied it. Then she looked over at the young man's profile and nodded with satisfaction as she slipped the photograph back.

The car was running up Prospect street smoothly and swiftly, and just as it slackened speed at Perry street the young woman seized her umbrella and, with a slightly heightened color, stepped across the aisle and looked down upon the young man.

"I beg pardon," she said in a clear and pleasant voice, "is this seat reserved?"

The young man looked around quickly. "The seat?" he hastily replied, "think not. Did you wish to take it away?"

"I wish to occupy it," said the girl, with great dignity.

"Of course," said the young man; "why don't you?"

The girl sat down beside the youth with as nonchalant an air as she could assume. The young man looked about the car a little uneasily. There were plenty of whole seats vacant. He seemed a trifle troubled. Then he shyly looked around at the girl.

"I notice," he said, "that you asked me if the seat was reserved. Do they reserve seats on this line?"

"One would imagine you were from Boston," said the girl with a laugh. "You want to twist word meanings in the very first breath."

"One would know you were a Western girl," he said, but he added no explanation.

"So breezy and unconventional," she laughed. "Then you are a stranger in the city?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I don't think there is any use of trying to conceal it. This is my first visit to Cleveland. Would you like to know my name?"

"No," she answered hastily. "Let's be primitive and have no names. We don't consider names necessary in a suburban car acquaintance."

"Then you are accustomed to this sort of thing?" he asked.

"To tell you the truth," she answered, "I'm something of a novice at it. But being an entire stranger to our manners and our customs you, of course, couldn't be expected to find that out."

"But come," she cried, "you are losing all the scenic effects of this delightful trip. This is famous Euclid avenue, and we are running through the East End. Aren't the houses pretty?"

a shy man—don't laugh please and I hesitated about imposing on strangers. So I left my baggage at the hotel and thought I'd just come out for a call and see how the land lies."

"You have a rather poor opinion of western hospitality," said the girl. "You have much to learn."

"And may I ask where you are going?" he inquired, with amazing assurance.

"It's going to be a lovely day after all," replied the girl. "It will be a lovely ride. I'm going to Painesville and back."

"And may I go with you, my pretty maid?" He knew he was brazen, and yet he actually felt a pride in his new-found boldness.

"I was just about to ask you, kind sir," she said, "and the girl with a merry laugh. 'But only on three conditions.'"

"Name them."

"You will pay the fare, I will furnish the dinner, and neither of us is to express any curiosity as to the identity of the other."

"Accepted and fled," said the delighted youth. "My friends here whom I have never seen do not know on what train I am to arrive, and so they will not expect me at any particular hour. I can take a day off as well as not."

So they talked and laughed and enjoyed the smiling fields and the green ridges, and the blue sky. And the young man from Boston, the shy student, the diffident professor fairly bubbled over with the pleasure of this little journey.

When they finally whirled into the little town and halted by the side of the pretty park, the young man was quite loath to leave the car.

But they took a stroll down the street to the river, and out on the new bridge, and up in the ancient cemetery, and gazed admiringly at the beautiful view of the valley, and came back to the hotel with fine appetite.

And after dinner they strolled across the park and along the pleasant highway to the beautiful seminary grounds, and there they entered the car when it overtook them. And all the way back the young man from Boston regretfully remembered that this day happiness was nearing the end.

"We are close to Collamer now," said the girl.

"Oh," he cried. "Then perhaps you can help me to find my friends? They are the Moranza."

And presently they alighted and stood the roadside.

"One moment," said the girl softly. "I want to tell you something that may surprise you."

"I think not," remarked the young man from Boston. "You are Jack Morgan's sister, Alice."

"What a shame! How did you know me?"

He drew a photograph from his inner coat pocket.

"My portrait!" she cried. "Where did you get it?"

"It was the one thing of Jack's that I coveted, and he let me have it."

"You've spoiled the fun," she pouted.

"It was spoiled for me," he laughed. "But, do you know, I didn't feel at all aware you knew me."

DAY OF R. R. PRESIDENT

DESCRIBED BY A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW IT IS SPENT.

A President Gets Down to Work Without Any Feat or Ceremony—Why the Private Car is a Business Necessity—Interviewing the General Manager.

A practical railroad man, Charles De Lano Hine, is the author of an account in the Century of the way a railroad president passes a representative day:

After being for a few hours with a railroad president, one has a better conception of the magnitude of the Chinese treatise on all things. The president, perhaps, has just returned from a trip to New York, where he has attended a conference of presidents of allied lines. He has been on the road all night, but, thanks to that business-like institution, the private car, often erroneously considered a luxury, he appears in his office fresher for work than the suburbanite who has just come in on the commuter's train.

While the president is looking over his personal mail, word spreads about the big building that "the old man is back." Gradually the private secretaries of the different chiefs drop into the outer office to learn from the president's private secretary what business is most likely to come up first, and what chance there is for action on some pet measure. The bell rings, and for a few minutes the private secretary is closeted with the president, daily telegraphic reports have kept the president informed of events on the line, but in a surprisingly brief time he learns of smaller happenings, of messages left by prominent callers, and of the general behavior of his child, the railroad.

Then the president sends for his chief assistant, the general manager, and learns officially some of the things the private secretary has told him as gossip, and many others of greater moment, but perhaps of less real interest. The half-hour work with the general manager may mean decisions involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It may mean happiness or anxiety to hundreds of homes. For example, it may be decided to move the company's shops from Dan to Bersheba. This means a move for employees, a breaking of home ties, and perhaps disappointment to engaged lovers. Again, it may be decided to extend the Utopia branch which means a fortune to investors in land beyond Utopia, and ruin to some in the old terminus. The president may tell the general manager that the demand for a dividend on the preferred stock is becoming more clamorous, and that they must get along another year without the five thousand new box-cars that are badly needed, and the building of which would affect many idle men. The president very likely calls the attention of the general manager to the auditor's estimate of last week's earnings, and asks why expenses cannot be reduced just a little more. The president reminds the general manager that the contract for hauling Chicago dressed beef is conditional upon a second-morning delivery at the sea-board two hours earlier than that previously given by a rival line. He also observes that the reliability and regularity of the passenger trains is helping the western tourist business, that the delay to the hotel-men's special by a freight wreck last week will hurt the winter travel to California, and that the new dining car must be made to pay expenses. He asks why the ton-mile cost of moving freight has not decreased in proportion to the recent outlay for big engines. He ventures the opinion that the superintendent of the Slowburg division must have been asleep while the city council of Ringville passed an ordinance requiring the company to erect ten more electric lights at street crossings. He expresses polite astonishment at the failure of the passenger department to book the headquarters train for the next Grand Army encampment. He makes no attempt at concealing his disgust over a competitor's securing ten train-loads of agricultural machinery for the western prairies. He then takes up the question of a larger terminal charge for switching cars to connecting lines, and suggests to the general manager that the revenue would be increased by more favorable terms in the next contract with other roads.

The patient and loyal general manager, who has taken all this in the Pickwickian sense in which it was intended, now has his turn. From the bundle of papers under his arm he draws a condensed estimate of an elaborate plan for reducing the cost of transportation on a certain division by running around a bluff and locating freight-yards near a busy river instead of climbing into the town. The trained eye of the president catches the salient points, and he tells the general manager whether or not funds are likely to be available, whether or not it is polite to antagonize municipal or other interests. The general manager diplomatically shows the president that the New Orleans cotton traffic is suffering because of the president's order to consider all Minnesota flour as rush freight. He asks authority to increase the pay of a superintendent who has had a better offer from another road. From the bundle of condensed reports he shows a saving of one hundred tons of coal the previous week by reason of better fuel furnished from the new mines. He tells of a new gasoline engine at Pumpston which will cut in two the monthly bills for water-supply for locomotives. He reports a conference with the mayor of a big city about the smoke nuisance near the freight yards. He opines that the president's list visit to the state capital has killed the leg-

islature's bill for granger rates. He suggests that it would be well for the passenger department to stop promising dollar excursionists a two-hour schedule for a hard three-hour run. He urges conciliatory measures toward the city council of Bucktown, which will repeal the speed ordinance as soon as the old morning accommodation train is restored, and "Number Six" (the St. Louis express) can then get through the town on time. In the most nonchalant manner he asks to be excused that he may catch a train leaving in five minutes, as he has an appointment for the next morning some six hundred miles away.

At 11 o'clock he fortis IME-amUcom Before the general manager has finished, the private secretary is entertaining two or three reporters of afternoon papers. The president sees them, comes out, shakes hands, and tells them rates are to be stiffer than ever; that the stockholders are tired of hunting snipe for the fun of holding empty bags. He then jocosely asks them for news about his road, as he has been in New York helping his wife do her shopping.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Arrayed in all his state clothes the Sultan of Johore is a glittering curiosity. He wears gems worth \$12,000,000. They sparkle in his crown, on his epaulets, in his girdle and his cuffs.

In Australia, among the Chinese population of between 25,000 and 30,000 are some of the "solidest" men of the community, and, as in British Guiana and Trinidad, where there are 4393 and 2290 respectively, they number many shopkeepers and general merchants, as well as miners and railway builders.

Great Bend, Kan., is proud of a hand-to-mouth bread-making feat achieved here recently. Wheat which stood in the field at noon was harvested and thrashed by machinery in the afternoon, taken to a mill, ground into flour, made into bread, baked and offered for sale by 6 p. m. Great Bend asserts that this record cannot be beaten.

Diamond, a native of Pylaros, one of the Greek islands, is a remarkable calculator. After a mere glance at a blackboard on which 30 groups of figures are written he can repeat them in any order, and deal with them by any arithmetical process. It is said that he never makes an error in calculation involving billions, and he can extract square or cube roots with marvelous rapidity and accuracy. Diamond writes poetry and novels in the intervals of business, and shows considerable intellectual capacity.

How many persons who daily eat sandwiches are aware that it is to an ancestor of the Earl of Sandwich that that popular form of food owes its name? The story runs that the earl in question was very fond of playing cards, and in order to prevent having to stop to eat he used to have a slice of meat put between two slices of bread and eat these as he played. This got to be called a "sandwich," but gradually the inverted commas were dropped as the word became an accepted one in the language.

There is a certain lady known to the London omnibus officials as the "Regent Street Mystery," who is possessed of the extraordinary eccentricity of entering a bus and quitting it again before it has proceeded a dozen paces. It would appear that she has followed this practice for many years, but the reason for it has baffled the ingenuity of several generations of conductors. Some believe, that he mind was affected years ago by the loss of a friend or relative, and that she wanders accordingly from omnibus to omnibus in the hope of encountering the missing party, but whether this solution of the mystery be correct or not the writer is unable to hazard the faintest guess.

The Bulldog and Jowett's Leg.

Mr. Price, when at Oxford, possessed a brindled bulldog named Taff, who "had a soul above butchers' meat," and "went for the leg of a don." It appears that Taff, "dissatisfied perhaps with the curriculum of Christ-church, and pining for higher education," one day strolled, on his own account into Balliol. "There he encountered Prof. Jowett, and promptly bit that celebrated divine in the leg; bit him rather badly." Unfortunately, the brass plate on the delinquent's collar revealed the identity of his owner with the consequence of an unpleasant interview between the late Dean Liddell and Mr. Price. Mr. Price's punishment was of short duration; but the dean issued an order that no dog was again to be admitted within the gates of Christ-church for all time. Mr. Price, however, had one consolation. Confined within the gates of his college, as his dog was banished beyond them, he heard that the provost of Oriel, who would seem to have heard of the episode, "had invited Taff to breakfast and made much of him."—The Tablet.

Railroad Superstition.

A late article on the psychology of crime spoke of the influence one suicide is apt to have upon others with a tendency to self destruction. An equally curious phase of character comes out in a notion said to be common among railroad people. They have an idea that if one fatal accident occurs in a particular spot on the line two other deaths are likely to follow in the same neighborhood at close intervals.—Philadelphia Times.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

The Grasshopper's Utmost End.
"Just watch me," said the grasshopper, preparing for a flight.
"I feel so vigorous today,
I'll jump clear out of sight!"
I watched him as he rose in air,
He kept his word no doubt,
For down he came into a stream
Where lived a hungry trout.
—St. Nicholas.

The Game of Cities.

What boy or girl knows how to play the game of "Cities?"
This is how you begin:
I ask you the question: "What city in the United States am I thinking of?"
You reply by naming some city you think I have in mind.
If you do not guess right the first time I say no; that city is too far north, south, east or west from the one I have in mind.
For instance: Supposing I am thinking of San Francisco. I say to you: "What city in the United States am I thinking of?"
You answer Boston.
No, I reply; Boston is too far northeast.
Then you try again, this time naming a place further west and south of Boston, say, Philadelphia.
I tell you that Philadelphia is still too far east.

Then you continue, naming cities further west until you say San Francisco, when it will be your turn to think of a city, or until you "give it up," when it will be my turn to choose another one.
If you can keep before your mind's eye a picture of the United States, with the position of the many colors representing the states, you will find it of immense service in locating the direction of the various cities.

Brian and the Turkey.

"Oh! I'm so glad Brian's coming. He is such a dear little boy," cried Dot. "What a lot of things we shall have to show him. It seems funny to think he has never been in the country before."
"Here they come!" cried Marie, rushing to the garden gate; and the children kissed their little cousin until his cap fell off. After dinner the three children made for the farm-yard.

"You see, there's such a number of things you've never seen. Brian—chickens and ducks and geese and pigs and—"
"I've seen lots of 'em," said Brian, a little indignant. "We had chickens for dinner, and ever so many years ago, I don't 'xactly 'member when, we had a goose, and we had turkey at Ch's-mas."

Dot and Marie laughed. "But you have never seen them running about, have you?"
Before Brian could make up his mind what to say, they came upon a brood of duck-lings, and his shout of delight told them the sight was new to him.

Then the chickens and the gos-lings and the little pigs, all were fresh and delightful to the city boy, and his cousins were as happy as he.

But his rosy cheeks grew a snappy paler when he saw a big turkey strutting about with outspread tail.
"He doesn't look much like the turkeys in the shops, does he?" said Dot.

As the turkey took no notice of them, Brian's courage soon came back. Suddenly he gave a great shout, and pointing to the turkey's wattle, he cried excitedly, "Why the turkey's got a trunk!"

Dot and Marie laughed so much at Brian's discovery that Brian began to laugh too, although he did not know why; so it was a very happy party that mother called indoors at last.

But all the time he stayed at the farm nothing pleased Brian so much as watching the turkey, and when he was quite a big boy his cousins used to remind him of the turkey's trunk.—Cassell's Little Folks.

They Lived 600 Years Ago.

In the early part of the 14th century two exiled Italians left behind them forever their beautiful native city of Florence. One of them was Dante, whom you have all heard of as the poet; the other was Petrarch, the father of Petrarch, the poet. Petrarch was born July 20, 1304, at Arrezzo, during the second year of his parents' exile, and was named by them Francesco. He was destined to be as famous as his father's companion in exile, Dante. From his earliest childhood Francesco, or Checco, as his little companions called him, loved literature, and daily the longing to be a great writer grew in him. His father, a passionate man, could not give up the desire to see his son a jurist like himself. The story is told that one day in anger he threw into the fire all his boy's most cherished books. Francesco pleaded so hard for his treasures that at last his father rescued two books which were only half burned, and these two were "Cicero" and "Virgil."

This love of letters nothing could kill. It is true that, yielding to his father's wishes, he spent seven years of his life at Montpellier and Bologna studying law, but he always regarded these years as "not so much spent as totally wasted," and after his father's death he gave up the study forever.
Free at 22 to devote himself to literature, he placed himself under the patronage of influential nobles, a necessary step to a literary man of that day. We marvel at the number of books which came from his pen. Though all the world knows him best

for the beautiful love songs which he wrote in Italian, his list of Latin books is very interesting. Then there was the Latin poem about Scipio Africanus which brought Petrarch the greatest honor of his life. Largely because of the interest it aroused, on Easter, 1341, Petrarch was crowned with the laurel wreath.

Petrarch's life was a long one, so long that he found time not only to become one of the foremost writers but to collect a library, to make a collection of coins, to arouse interest in preserving old manuscripts, fast becoming lost to the world, and in many ways to awaken the people of his time to a love of the old Greek and Roman writers.

One day in 1374 they found him fast asleep over a book in his home at Arqua. When they tried to awaken him they found that he was dead. So was the wish which he had once expressed to his friend Boccaccio fulfilled—"I desire that death find me reading or writing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What the Wave Said to Molly.

One day not very long ago Molly and Tom went with mamma to the beach. Mamma sat and read while Molly and Tom built castles and forts, waded in the water, caught a jelly fish, and did lots of things.

By and by Molly got tired of playing, so she sat down and watched the waves as they splashed up the beach. At last one little wave almost covered her with water, and then she jumped pretty quick. I can tell you.

"Please don't run away," said the wave. "I wanted to tell you of an adventure of mine." And it gave a splashy chuckle of delight.

"Dear me," said Molly. "Do you have adventures? I thought you did nothing but play all day."

"No, indeed," said the wave. "We have lots of adventures. Once I helped wreck a ship—but I'm not going to tell you about that. This was a funny happening. Yesterday I was playing down there by the bulkhead under the long walk. Lots of land people were leaning over the wall to watch us dance. Pretty soon along came a little girl and her mother. The little girl was crying hard 'cause she was hot and tired and cross. They stopped to watch us and the little girl climbed up and looked over the wall, while her mother held her tight. And all the time the big tears were rolling down her face." And the little wave gave another chuckle.

"I don't think it was very funny," said Molly, frowning.

"Don't you?" asked the little wave. "Why, I thought so. Now, please, don't get angry 'cause I haven't come to the funny part yet."

"So the little girl cried," it went on, rippling along the shore. "And I kept wondering how to make her laugh. I dashed myself against the bulkhead ever so many times, but it wasn't any use. I couldn't jump high enough you see. And the little girl's tears came so fast she couldn't see through 'em."

Here the little wave stopped and ran off toward the ocean. "O, come back, do, please, little wave," cried Molly, "and tell me how you made her laugh."

The wave came splashing in again and curled around Molly's toes. "I didn't think you cared about it. But if you really and truly want to know—"

"Of course I do," said Molly, clasping her hands.

"Well," said the little wave, as it rolled up a pobble. "I couldn't do it all by myself, you see. So I thought and thought and then I remembered about great-great-uncle, Seventh Wave. So I ran off quick to find him, 'cause I was afraid the little girl might go away 'fore I came back. And I met him rolling in toward shore. He was foaming with anger and was going to tear down that bulkhead, he said. I told him all the story and after a while he promised to do what I wanted. Then I hopped on his back and away we went rolling in. The little girl was there still, crying hard, and lots of other land people were there, too. Everybody cried, 'Look at that monstrous wave!' They didn't know it was me on uncle's back that made him look so big. So we came crashing against the bulkhead. And just as we struck it I jumped high in the air and dashed my spray right into the little girl's face."

"And then?" asked Molly.

"And then?" the little girl laughed. "I said the wave as it slipped back into the sea."

"Molly!" called mamma. "You've been standing there for ever so long. Was it a day dream, little daughter?"
Molly rubbed her eyes and laughed, but never a word she said about the story the little wave told her.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sovereign of Greater Britain.

It appears to be in contemplation to give King Edward a title more worthy of his actual position than that of king, and the one that seems to find most favor in the discussion is "Sovereign of Greater Britain." This would give him distinction over all the other rulers of the earth, since it would raise an indefinite title to a position of commanding definiteness, as the addition of "the" to an Irish name marks the head of the house; when allusion was made to "the sovereign" it would be understood that the Sovereign of Greater Britain alone was meant. How the other sovereigns would take such an assumption of superiority remains to be seen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

And Also Lawyers.

Bobbs—Pa. what happens when cars are teleconed?

Father—The passengers see stars, my son.—Smart Set.