

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

The Convicted Senator.
The case of Joseph R. Burton, United States senator from Kansas, whose conviction by a lower tribunal has been affirmed by the supreme court, now appears to be almost hopeless. Senator Burton was convicted on two counts. His aggregate liability is nine months in jail and \$2,500 fine. An appeal for a rehearing, however, will act as a stay until next October.

The crime of which he has twice been convicted was committed in the interval from Nov. 18, 1902, to March, 1903, and he was indicted early in 1903. In the first trial he was convicted, but the



JOSEPH RALPH BURTON.

supreme court held that the crime occurred not in Washington, as appeared in the pleadings, but in St. Louis, where the concern whose retainer he had taken had its offices. His client was the Bialto Grain and Securities company of St. Louis, which was engaged in a get-rich-quick business which had been barred from the mails, and Burton was retained to represent the concern before the post-office department. He received a salary of \$500 a month for five months, when he terminated his arrangement with the company of his own motion.

A Delicate Compliment.
Asher Hinds, the parliamentary clerk in the house of representatives, who keeps the speaker straight on all matters and who is the great parliamentary sharp of the country, comes from Maine. He was at Bar Harbor one day last summer during the horse show.

A man approached him on the street and said: "Don't you want to buy a hackney, sir? I have a fine one I can sell you for \$1,000."
"Great heavens!" exploded Hinds. "Do I look like a millionaire?"

"Well," said the horseman after a critical survey of Hinds, "I have seen plenty of millionaires who look just as bad as you do."—Saturday Evening Post.

Honors For Foraker.

Senator Foraker of Ohio has received nearly a hundred letters from the south since he made his stand for equal accommodations for the negroes under the Jim Crow laws in the south in connection with the rate bill, says the New York World.

Each letter begins: "Dear Senator—I have named my son, just born, after you. I shall call him Joseph Benson Foraker Johnson"—or something like that.

Railroad Investigation.
In the course of the investigation of the Pennsylvania railroad by the interstate commerce commission, sitting at Philadelphia, startling revelations were made. The hearing was before Martin A. Knapp, president of the commission, and two other commissioners and was an inquiry into the alleged discrimination by railroads in the distribution of cars.

One of the high officials of the road unwillingly admitted that he had acquired stock worth \$307,000 without



MARTIN A. KNAPP.

putting up a cent of money, and another admitted that he had been largely associated with land purchasing syndicates which took up coal properties along the line of the railroad.

Other witnesses testified to stock ownership and to discrimination in the distribution of cars in favor of the companies in which railroad officials were interested.

Martin A. Knapp is a native of New York and a lawyer by profession. He was appointed a member of the interstate commerce commission by President Harrison in 1891 and reappointed by Presidents Cleveland and Roosevelt. He has been president of the commission since 1898.

LOSS OF SOIL BY EROSION.

One of the Largest Leaks For Money on the American Farm.

The moving of soil by water is not confined to large streams, as many farmers know to their sorrow. Every tiny rill trickling down the slope carries off some of the finest and richest soil on the farm. After a heavy rain the spring is soiled and the puddles in the hollows are muddy with it. The deep furrows left up and down the slope by the cultivator teeth become miniature water courses, and the trickling water exacts a tribute of rich soil before it joins the large rill by the road. The soil of the cornfield that was left bare all winter has lost some of its best loam by planting time. Gullies appear on the farm here and there, widening and deepening after every rain. The soil on the knolls and hillsides becomes thin and yellow, for the rich black surface part of it has hurried off to help build up some excellent farming land about ten miles downstream.

After a heavy rain the farmer can see the best part of his soil creeping, running, racing away from him. A thousand murky rills slowly meander across his plowed ground and gather forces in the hollows. A hundred turbid rivulets pour down the hollows and join the water in the gulch. A dozen muddy brooklets rush down the gulch, swell the brook into a creek and race downstream, bearing away tons of the rich silt and loam that make plants grow. When the rain is over and the soaked soil has dried out enough to till, there are gravelly places that the farmer finds it hard to make productive, and rocks are exposed that have never been above the surface before.

Unchecked erosion has ruined many farms and seriously hurt many others. Thousands of acres of valuable farming land, particularly the red clay soils of the south and the loose, shaly soils of the north, are gouged and gullied every year until they become practically valueless for cropping. I have seen many hundreds of acres ruined by washing in the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia. On most farms, however, the loss is less conspicuous and more insidious. Every farm that has an irregularity of surface, however slight, pays tribute to the force that does more leveling in an hour than all the patent leveling machines have ever done or ever will do.

A very important problem for the farm owner to consider is how to check erosion cheaply and effectively. The plan that will be most successful depends upon the locality, the lay of the land, the kind of soil, the crop and many other local matters. In extreme cases it has been found necessary to retain wooded areas running across the slopes that are subject to washing and otherwise disposed so as to prevent the gathering of water. The water course should be looked to carefully. A little work directing streamlets into legitimate channels is time well spent. There are various methods of holding the soil with plants. A cover crop of rye, clover, vetch, etc., sown in the orchard or cornfield in late summer may do much to prevent surface washing during the winter. Steep banks may be held with quack grass; slopes may be put into meadows. Cultivating across the slopes instead of up and down will save many tiny leaks that amount to a serious loss in some cases. Many other methods of checking erosion will suggest themselves to the man who has this problem to solve, and the methods born of personal need and local experience are apt to be most efficient.

The loss by erosion is, I believe, one of the largest leaks on American farms today. It is bound to increase as our wooded area decreases. This loss cannot be entirely prevented, as long as the rain falls upon land that is not perfectly level. But a large part of it can be prevented. How to do this is worth considering by every man who has the problem on his hands.—Country Life in America.

The Young Writers in Fiction.

In fiction the young writer, with a spontaneous imaginative creation, whose taste relishes the concrete world of nature and humanity about him—all the beauty, mirth and pathos of it—more than the images of the world conveyed through literary tokens, has from the first an advantage, in that he makes upon his readers' minds a wholly native impression. He makes himself known directly by showing us the lineaments of his spiritual face, the charm of feature, mood and temper which makes an impression at our first reading like that of first seen faces in our real human contacts. Such writers are vital personalities in our literature. They do not need to wait. They may come to us as children come, as soon as they can speak, having only to break with infancy; in their books they grow up before us, giving us plain notice of their adolescence and maturity.—H. M. Alden in Harper's.

Accepted the Estimate.

A widow in a Maine town, according to the Boston Herald, was a strict constructionist in her theology and would admit no lodger into her boarding house who had a leaning toward Universalist views. One day an old sea captain happened along to ask for rooms.

"But what do you believe?" asked the widow.

"Oh, most anything," replied the captain.

"Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Sure," was the reply.
"Well," parried the widow, "how many do you think will go there?"
The captain cautiously remarked that he thought 20,000 would be a fair estimate.

The widow paused, then stated that he could come in. "Twenty thousand," she said, "is better than none."

WOMAN AND FASHION

Costume For a Girl.

The suit for a girl herewith shown is made in white mohair, with collar of periwinkle blue. The coat is of loose box shape, closing in single-breasted style. The sleeves are finished with tucks instead of cuffs, and tucks ap-



WHITE MOHAIR SUIT.

pear at each seam of the skirt. The latter is in seven gores and may be finished in kilt or umbrella effect, in either case having a pretty flare about the bottom. The coat also looks well at hip length and may be finished thus if desired. The suit will develop well in linen, serge or mohair as well as any other reasonable material.

Reign of Thin Fabrics.

There seems to be a penchant for decorating the thin fabrics with many tucks of varied sizes around the skirt-hand run they must be, but if fleshy do not have too many and have them running from belt to foot. Flat flounces with scalloped edges are outlined with a very narrow ruffling of silk. Then again many of the muslin dresses and those of gauze, net and grenadines have bands of Irish or chiny lace with extra decorations by means of beautifully embroidered lace medallions, and some of the wide flounces of the same material as the dress are heavily embroidered.

New Jacket For Outdoors.

There is a new sporting jacket for the outdoor girl. It is knit by hand and fashioned like a short box coat, being devoid of all seams except those under the arms. A collar such as men wear on their sack coats and deep cuffs of leather, also pocket flaps, give the garment lots of style and make it fit for hard wear.

Single Colors For Dresses.

Very few mixed or combined colors are shown this season, the stylish taste is to have every material used for the dress in the same color, be it the lace, ribbon, galloon, button or velvet, they must all match.

Smart Summer Suit.

Many of the smartest summer suits are made with princess skirts and tiny little coats in bolero style. This one is adapted to mohair, to silk, to vellum and to linen, but is shown in the last mentioned material, with banding of heavy lace and frills of valenciennes, that combination being one that is well



BOLERO COAT, PRINCESS SKIRT.

liked this season. The skirt is a plain nine-gored one that is eminently well suited to the heavier linens and the like and which can be trusted to launder with success, while the bolero is simplicity itself, made with loose fronts and plain back and open sleeves. When lace banding is not liked a trimming of narrow soutache braid applied in some simple design can be substituted with success, or, again, embroidered bandings can be used if better liked, while embroidery executed by hand is the most elegant of all trimmings.

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR.

Room For a Specialist in the "Diseases" of Business.

In these days of experts and specialists it is somewhat astonishing that, so far as the writer is aware, business doctoring, to use a convenient popular phrase, has not been introduced as a recognized profession. That the introduction of the "business doctor"—that is, a specialist in what may be termed the "diseases" of business—as a factor in modern business, whether purely commercial or associated with manufacture, offers great possibilities no business man will deny.

In some respects a business doctor must be a jack of all trades, for his knowledge must cover a considerable range of industry, and he must be familiar with business methods and circumstances almost irrespective of the nature of the business done.

He must also possess capabilities for looking on both sides of any matter brought before him and of weighing evidence carefully before he will accept all that is told him or is placed before him as truth or as being absolutely correct, for it must often happen that the cause of the trouble he is called in to remedy will be found to lie in a state of affairs that appears to persons actually concerned as entirely satisfactory, but is really the reverse.

Moreover, he must be an expert in ascertaining sources of weakness or dissatisfaction that are not apparent, in many cases before matters have reached a stage of real seriousness. Further, he must be familiar with all the ordinary methods of fraud and dishonesty and many of the special forms of rogues' art.

In addition, a really capable business doctor must be of unimpeachable character himself. He must be quite independent of influences which may bias his judgment, and if called in he must require to be told everything or be must be capable of ascertaining how far the information given to him is the incomplete or inaccurate.—Cassier's Magazine.

University Coal Mine.

The authorities of Birmingham university have recently opened on the university grounds an experimental coal mine, occupying nearly an acre of ground. The purpose is to give practical instruction to students in all the problems and operations of coal mining. They are exercised in underground surveying, the connection of surface with underground surveys, the testing of ventilation, the measurement of air volumes and velocities, the friction of air currents, the various methods of breaking coal and the management of different kinds of drills and cutting machines. The completion of this artificial mine has been awaited with interest, and it is expected to prove very valuable in teaching the science of mining.—Chicago Journal.

The Jews in the Douma.

Eleven Jews have been elected members of the Russian Douma. Among them the best known is Dr. Winawer, one of the leaders of the Cadet party. Other well known leaders are Jolles and Ostrogorski, newspaper men, and Dr. Frenkel, Bramson and Scheffel, lawyers. The other five members are well known Zionists: Dr. Levin, elected from Wilna; Dr. Bruck-Wittebek and Counselor Jacobsohn, from Slonim; Dr. Rosenbaum, from Minsk, and Dr. Katzeneisohn, president of the Jewish Colonial bank of London, who will represent Libau.

A Wonderful Catalogue.

The name of Dr. Richard Garnett, who died in London the other day, will ever be associated with the great work of cataloguing the vast library of the British museum. The treasury agreed to set aside \$50,000 a year for the purpose, and the work of editing the new catalogue was handed over to him. By 1880 the presses were at work, and ten years later the task was completed. The catalogue of today consists of 800 volumes in all and contains nearly 4,000,000 entries, including the cross references. Nearly 60,000 fresh entries are added each year.

Brazil's Treasure Trove.

The director of the treasury of Brazil, while hunting for some lost papers, has made an astonishing discovery. A box which had not apparently been disturbed for many years was found to contain gold, silver and diamonds to the value of at least \$700,000. Among the valuables recovered are the imperial crown and scepter of Brazil, valued at \$105,000, and the imperial mantle, bordered with gold. The box in which the treasure was found is believed to have been deposited in the treasury since 1836.

A Venturesome Woman.

"I prefer ballooning to lawn tennis." Thus said Mme. Du Gast, the venturesome and versatile French sportswoman, to an interviewer recently. Motor boating or motor car driving, however, Mme. Du Gast finds most fascinating. She has always been her own chauffeur, and with her first automobile, a six horsepower, she went all round France without an engineer. This journey may be said to have been a preliminary to the part she took in the Paris to Berlin and Paris to Madrid races.

His Mysterious Visits.

An amusing story is told of the new French minister of the interior, who on arriving at his office for the first time came upon a secret document concerning himself, which set forth minutely all the details of his past life and career. One item related to weekly visits which the minister paid to a mysterious individual, supposed to be an enemy of the government, with whom he spent an hour or so on each occasion. The individual in question was, as a matter of fact, his chiroprast.

LINE OF THE HEART

"I'll read your hand. I've been studying it; books and all that sort of thing, you know. Come over by the light."

He had never noticed how round and white her arms were until the loose sleeve fell back when she took his hand. The touch of her cool fingers thrilled him.

"I thought so," she began. "You are a dreamer, and you do not want the world to find it out. It's been rather a hard life in some ways. You haven't always had all that you wanted."

He shaded his eyes with his other hand and rested his elbow on the table. "Safe observation," he remarked.

"Don't chaff, please," she said. "I can't do anything if you do."

"All right, little girl," he responded half caressingly. "Go on."

"Your palm is elastic. That shows a hopeful nature and a strong one. Your lines are deep. You will get the full of living—in suffering and joy."

The piano sounded softly in the next room. Her sister was playing—half to herself and half to her father, who sat nodding in the library.

"The mount of Jupiter is well developed," she went on. "That means pride, ambition, desire for power—not a snobbish pride, you know, but that which will not let you stoop to baseness."

He smiled to himself. She was reading him very well.

"Saturn is rather weak. I'm afraid you're not very fond of quiet or study. Yet you have an ideal of a home which you have not yet found. Apollo is good. You like music, pictures, books. Religion appeals to you from the standpoint of the senses—it's the stained glass windows, the organ and the vested choir with you, not the doctrine."

"How well you know me!" he began. But she paid no heed to the interruption. The girl in the next room drifted in the opening bars of the "Serenade."

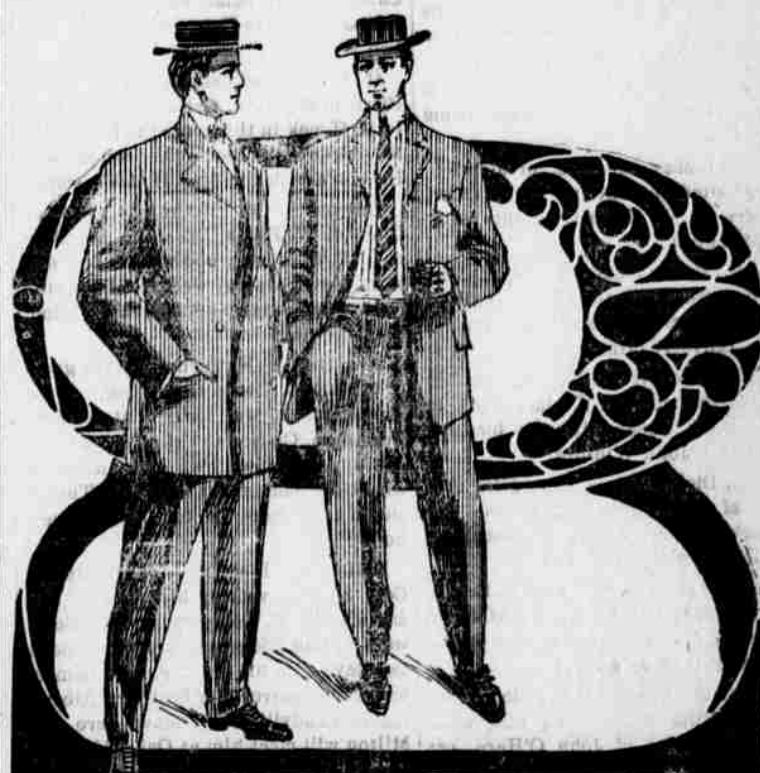
It sounded like some far-off melody. "You like money, but not so well as you do some other things. Books and pictures and travel and your own way come first." He colored, and her lips twitched temptingly.

"This is Mars. You know, there are two moons of Mars. This one under Mercury means passive courage, self control, resignation and strength of resistance against wrong. The other one over by your thumb means temper, I'm glad to see that it is less prominent than this." She looked up at him with an adorable mischievousness that made him feel a queer tightening around his heart.

"Here's Luna down here. This means romance, idealism, imagination and mysticism. If it swells here it means a reverence for—well, for the 'eternal womanly.' That's the best part of you. You want to put a woman on a pedestal and keep her there."

The bewildering sweetness of the "Serenade" sounded dimly through his consciousness and mingled with the breath of the roses—his roses—on her breast.

"You are sympathetic and charitable, generous to a fault. Friendship means much to you. Ah, I know that!" she said to herself. "But this line of heart! It's too far down in your hand. Feeling is your court of first and last appeal. See how deep it lies. How it dominates your hand! There's a marriage line, too—only one—there's only one woman in the whole world



"VARNISH DEEP" CLOTHES

There are two grades of clothing, CLOTH-CRAFT and others, some merely made to sell. CLOTHCRAFT is made to wear.

Good clothes on the surface is not enough, some good looking furniture for instance is only "varnish deep," you don't know how soon it will go to pieces; Surface Clothes cover a multitude of the tailor's sins—and the worst of it is, you've lost on the transaction more than you thought you saved.

Back of CLOTHCRAFT garments stands a glorious record, a name that means much to both the maker and the wearer, it means much to us as well, because you will NOT be a one-time customer. It's the coming back again and again that pays us to sell CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES—pays you to wear them too.

All that brains, shears and needle can accomplish in skilled hands, are made manifest in this splendid make of splendid clothing, that standard by which so many of the "best" makes are measured. "Be sure you're safe." If oleomargarine is just as good as butter, why buy butter? "Just as good as CLOTHCRAFT" is the best argument in the world for you to buy CLOTHCRAFT.

for you."

The lamp flickered. "It must need filling," she said. "I must hurry or we will be left in darkness."

Woven in with the "Serenade" her voice vibrated on his heartstrings—now merry, now serious, now so wholly sweet and tender that it sounded like the vision of Schubert in the room beyond.

"She will be all the world to you," she said wistfully. "There will be no room for your old friend then. That ideal home you have dreamed of will be yours and hers." Her eyes rested full upon his, and almost in a whisper she added, "It is not far away."

For a moment he searched her face intently, but the lamp was almost out now. Then something that he saw there gave him courage, and he slipped swiftly out of his chair and knelt beside her, taking daring possession of her.

"Is that little home to be truly mine?" he whispered. "Ah, sweet-heart! Don't you know?"

Pale and frightened, she tried to slip away from him, but he held her fast.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, half sobbing.

"Please, darling!" He tried to draw her down to him, but she resisted, and he wisely waited for her to come to him.

"Can't we go on just as we were," she ventured, "friends and all that? You will find some one else for—the other—but no such friend as I!"

"There's no going on, dear," he said gently. "This is the parting of the ways. There is only one woman in the whole wide world—and the little home? Why, my life, it wouldn't be a home without you, don't you know?"

The roses were scattered on the floor among their drifted petals, and even in the shadow she saw his face, tense with appeal. His arms were drawing her closer. The lamp flickered and went out. She could feel his heart throbbing against her. She fancied she could hear it too. The "Serenade" was almost finished now, and, thoroughly humble in her surrender, yet wholly womanly, she bent down and kissed him in the dark.

"Step Lively"

Every one is familiar with the impetuous conductor who insists with his "Step lively, please!" that you shall hurry as you get into the car. Most people resent this peremptory order and feel a bit ruffled as the car starts forward with the customary jerk, and they either fall abjectly into a seat or clutch with frantic haste the first convenient strap.

A friend of mine coming from a quiet inland city to a bustling seaport town heard the "Step lively!" of the car conductor with some surprise. Fortunately for herself she took her seat without losing her balance; then, lifting her benignant face, framed in the soft dove-colored Quaker bonnet, she gazed at the brusque young man who came to take her fare. "What is thy name?" she said.

Rather surprised in his turn, he meekly replied, giving Christian and surname.

"Friend William Blank," the passenger observed, still looking steadfastly at him, "thee would not have said 'Step lively' to me had thee known that I was ninety years old."

The conductor touched his cap, begged her pardon, and when the lady of ninety left the car he assisted her descent with the gallantry of a knight of old.—Woman's Home Companion.