

### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

**F** Frederick Foulkes was born in town, and Sarah Smith was born in Boston. His mother was a Burrage-Brown; Her family the Mayflower crossed on.

**W**ise Nature from instinctive stores  
Secrets of sex to mothers teaches;  
Sarah was put in pinafores,  
While Frederick was put in breeches.

**H**er eyes were blue, her hair was flaxen;  
Her cheeks were like a pink verbena.  
She was the type of early Saxon,  
Fair Rosamund or mild Rowena.

**H**er nature was a gentle one,  
As mild as cotton-balls, or honey;  
When father made a foolish pun,  
She used to laugh and call it funny.

**H**er fond mamma preferred a school  
Possessing up-to-date attractions;  
When kindergartens are the rule,  
Sarah was just beginning fractions.

**S**o Sarah chose the True and Good,  
And satisfied her fond relations—  
But Freddy turned from rectitude  
To questionable divagations.

**H**is fond mamma was hard to suit;  
And thinking Freddy seemed unhealthily,  
She sent her darling to a tut-  
Or patronized by all the wealthy.

**B**ut Fred soon gave his mother cause  
To drink of bitter sorrow's cup;  
He disobeyed in Santa Claus,  
And would not hang his stocking up.

**T**he simple tales of Sunday school  
In earliest youth he would not credit;  
Jacob he thought a hopeless fool,  
And often publicly he said it.

**S**olomon's private life, he swore,  
Unfit him to wear the ermine;  
And Noah he strongly censured for  
Perpetuating all the vermin.

**E**arly a skeptic in his tone,  
He soon became a flagrant Arjan;  
And then—too horrible to even!—  
An out-and-out humanitarian.

**O**f Satan not at all afraid,  
He really doubted he existed;  
And Sunday, when he might have prayed,  
He golfed, or country-house-bridge-  
whistled.

**H**is wealth, when he was twelve years  
old,  
With Croesus would stand comparing;  
Sarah was just as good as Baring,  
But Frederick was as good as Baring.

**C**ontrasts of this engaging kind  
The happiest marriage beget;  
And so a pathos you will find  
In learning—that they never met.

**F**or she was wedded to a sub-  
Instructor in the Arboretum;  
While Fred was wedded to his club,  
And, as for girls, would never meet  
'em.

**Y**et circumstances will afford  
Their own amends, and all have known  
some:  
Her husband all his life was bored—  
While Frederick was merely lonesome.  
—Harper's Magazine.

### The Judge's Friend.

A TRUE STORY.

Shameful to relate, he was in jail. A strange place for a 12-year-old boy with a soul and heart.

The jailer had telephoned me one cold wintry night that the boy was in a spasm of crying and had so lamed him that he urged me to come at once. I grabbed my coat and hat and went out into the night, feeling that the pitiless beat of the sleety rain was ever kinder than a criminal law that condemns little children to crime and iron cells. But this was before the fight against the jail was fought and won. This was before love and firmness had supplanted hatred and degradation.

Behind iron bars that would shame the king tiger of the jungle, I found the boy. He was sleeping, and you would have thought not a care had ever visited that little tousled head with its worn and tear-stained face. But he awakened, startled by the grating of iron bolts and bars, and clinking of great keys turning in their solemn, monotonous locks as the jailer, leaving me alone with the boy, returned from the cell back into the dimly lighted corridor.

The boy, frightened at these strange surroundings, looked at his new cell mate at first cautiously—almost fearfully. Then a look of joy came to his eyes, as might come from a captive at the approach of deliverance. The boy knew me, for he had been a chronic little truant, and there may have been worse things, but they may be left unsaid, for it was the boy, and not the "things" we were trying to redeem.

I sat down in the cell on the iron floor and put my arm around the boy. I told him how much I thought of him, and how I despised the bad things he did. Yet what could I do if he did not help me? I might help him, but I could not carry him; I would always be his friend, but he was getting both himself and his friend, in trouble, if he "swiped things," for if I should let him out and he "swiped things" again, would not the officer say that the judge made a mistake in not sending "that kid to the state industrial school, where he would not have a chance to swipe things?" Then they would say both the judge and the boy should be in jail. How could he expect to keep his job if his boys did such things? He saw the point and standing upright there in the cell, the light in his eyes speaking better than his words, the earnestness of his promise to "stay 'wid yer, judge," as he fearfully declared he would never get into trouble and we would both keep out of jail.

And so I almost as tearfully accepted his proffered protection, and out of the jail we walked together into the now raging storm. And yet, it was no such storm as had raged in that boy's life—a home blighted by a father who had deserted and trodden under foot every vow he took at the marriage altar. And so a father's care, the divine birthright of every child, had been denied him. The boy was not bad. His opportunity had been poor; his environment was bad. I took him home to his mother, a poor, struggling woman deserving of a better fate than to toil all day to

feed and clothe her hungry children. A child with no father and a mother, however noble, who under such handicaps and difficulties tries to perform the functions of both, generally fails to perform that of either. Is it a wonder then that the child is not "brought up in the way it should go?" Is it the child's fault? If not, why then the jail and degradation?

The boy returned to school. He brought good reports for over two years, and with them he brought joy and gladness. We had, in a poor way, tried to supply what was lacking in his little life, but to do this well a spark had to be struck somewhere, or a heart-string had to be sounded that would respond.

One day his mother came at the end of a weary, toilsome day to tell me that Harry was a changed boy. She told me how thoughtful and loving he was; that once when she had been sick he had, with the tenderness of a woman, waited on her and given up all the pleasures of the street. Finally the tears came into her eyes, and she said: "Judge, I never knew just why Harry changed so much till one day while I was ill and he had been so sweet and kind I asked him how it was he became good for the judge, and looking up into my face with a tear in his eyes, he said, 'Well, mother, you see it's this way, if I ever gets bad, or swipes things again, the judge—the judge will lose his job—see?—and he is my friend—he is—and I am goin' to stay 'wid him.'"—B. B. Lindsey, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, in Woman's National Daily.

### TAMING A RIVER.

The Erratic Susquehanna Has at Last Been Harnessed.

Although with the exception of the St. Lawrence river it is the largest stream flowing into the north Atlantic, the Susquehanna river has never been renowned for anything but scenery and trouble.

Since the timber has been stripped from its mountainous drainage basin, embodying an area of 27,000 square miles, the floods of the Susquehanna have been extremely sudden, violent and destructive. Not infrequently it attains the remarkable record of a flow at high water equal to 25 times its volume at low water.

Large as it is, the erratic Susquehanna is navigable for only five miles above its mouth. Beyond that point it is so full of rocks and shoals and rapids that nothing but an occasional raft at high water has ever passed down.

Such a particularly outrageous stream is the Susquehanna, says the Technical World, that it is difficult to find room upon it even to navigate a ferryboat comfortably. One of these quiet reaches is McCall's ferry, where a part of Washington's army crossed on its way to do up Cornwallis at Yorktown. The commander himself crossed at the Conowingo ford, 14 miles below.

At this historic spot some clever engineers are demonstrating that the Susquehanna is good for something after all, for they are building a hydro-electric power plant which is remarkable. Not the least interesting feature is the extraordinary care with which the situation was studied before plans were formed. To be sure engineers are proverbially painstaking, but in this case a new record for thorough-going accuracy was established. It was the highest tribute that man could pay to the terrors of the Susquehanna.

### London Fogs.

A certain undesired supremacy has always been granted to London in the matter of fogs, and the London peacemaker has always been considered unequalled in its way. But things have changed a good deal of late. In the first place, those of late years, notably that at the beginning of this month, have been overhead fogs, which made the noonday like night, although in the streets it was perfectly clear, and there was little or no dislocation of traffic. This is said to be owing to the fact that a few hundred feet up the air is cold enough to condense the moisture, whereas in the streets the air is warm enough to keep the moisture uncondensed. This variety of fog is certainly the least objectionable, for it enables people to go about their business without groping along the walls in utter darkness, as used to be the case. Another change that must be noted is the prevalence of fogs in Paris, notably in the present month, when in the first week the fog was much worse on the banks of the Seine than on the banks of the Thames. Some years ago, when Paris burned wood, the city had no real fogs, but now that it has taken to burning coal it has imported the "London particular." And as the Seine at Paris is not tidal, there is less chance of a breeze to carry away the fog than there is even in London. —London Globe.

### He Won His Case.

"So you want a divorce on the grounds of cruelty?" asked the great lawyer. "Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff. "What sort of cruelty was it?" "Well, sir, for three consecutive nights my wife took the door mat in." "Took the door mat in? How can you consider that cruelty?" "Well, you see, Monday night was lodge night, Tuesday night was a smoker at the club, and Wednesday the annual blowout. I got home each morning at 4 o'clock, to find the door locked and the mat taken in." "But where does the cruelty come in?" "Where does the cruelty come in? Why, didn't I have to sleep on the bare step, without anything to rest my weary head on?"—Birmingham Post.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Honesty needs no press agent.  
The rolling stone is never on the level.  
Happiness is merely not being miserable.  
You can't always measure a good time by the price.  
A man can't hold his own unless he can hold his own tongue.  
A man may be all right in his way, but he wants it to be in his own way.  
It is better for love to laugh at locksmiths than to cry over spilled milk.  
No man can become popular unless he is willing to be bored once in a while.  
The man who succeeds is the one who makes use of other people's mistakes.  
Tell a lazy man to hump himself and he will immediately get his back up about it.  
It takes a good bluffer to keep the other fellow from finding out that we are afraid to fight.  
The fellow who blows his own horn should be careful not to come out at the little end of it.  
A man can keep more things from his wife than she can find by going through his pockets.  
There are men who don't consider they are taking their own part unless they grab the whole thing.  
The theory that love makes the world go round may account for the fact that so many girls are giddy.—From the "Musings of a Cynic" in the New York Times.

### EARLY HUMANITY.

**A Geological Discovery of Great Importance at Toronto.**  
While two workmen named Miller and Haneys were at work on the big water works tunnel under Toronto bay they found human footprints in the blue clay 37 feet down, or 70 feet below water level.  
This find in the interglacial clay deposited unknown ages, said to be 50,000 to 100,000 years ago, is the most important geological discovery of that period made in America. The city inspector, W. H. Cross, thus describes the discovery:  
"It looked like a trail. There were over a hundred footprints. You could follow one man the whole way. Some footprints were on top of the others, partly blurring them. There were large footprints of all sizes and a single print of a child's foot three and a half inches long.  
"All the footprints toed in. You could see the hollow between the ball and the heel in many of them and they were all made with moss-shod feet. In some places you could see where the toe had been driven in and the clay had shot up underneath the heel. All the footprints pointed north except where some turned off to the side.  
"This piece of blue clay was at grade in the tunnel. A shot had been put in each side and the men were cleaning the loose rock from the floor to go on with the concreting. That is how it was preserved. When one stratum of the clay was cleaned off these footprints were underneath.  
"About 100 feet south of the trail we found remains of footprints at the same level, but they were indistinct. Between the two lots of footprints I picked up some pieces of stone which appeared to me to be petrified twigs."—Telegram in New York Sun.

### A Change of Mind.

A Wellesley College student rushed into a telegraph office a few days ago and asked the clerk for a message blank. She immediately wrote a message and after she had finished it she tore it in two and began another blank. This was also torn in two and then she wrote a third, which she handed to the telegraph operator.  
After the lady departed the operator became curious and picked up the torn pieces of paper.  
The first read "It is all off. Never want to hear from you again." The second read "Do not write to me again, as I never want to hear from you." The third message, which was sent, read "Come at once on the first train."—Boston Herald.

### Gen. Grant's Farm.

The days when Ulysses S. Grant was interested in the development of Missouri were recalled yesterday at the local United States land office when the record entry of the Grant Farm in Maries country was found in the dusty ledgers of the office. The record shows that on March 26, 1859, Gen. Grant entered by means of land warrants a quarter section of land in section 5, township 29, north range 8 west. The description by numbers shows that land to be situated in Maries county and about ten miles southeast of Vienna, the present county seat, and fifteen miles north of Rolla, the seat of the Missouri School of Mines.—Springfield Republican.

### Would Have the Author.

During a performance of Sophocles's tragedy of "Antigone" at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, the gallery gods, a very important portion of the audience in that city, were greatly pleased and, according to their custom, called for the author.  
"Bring out Sopherclaze!" some one shouted.  
After a while the manager appeared, and there was a general shout until he explained that Sophocles had been dead two thousand years and more, and could not well come.  
"Then chuck us out his mummy!" came back in answer from the gallery.—Youth's Companion.

## To Defy Old Age, Keep The Heart Young

By Beatrice Fairfax

**I** KNOW a little old woman of 70 whose heart is as young as though she were in the twenties. Her hair is as white as snow, but in her eyes there burns the fire and vim of youth. She has worked hard all her life and has saved quite a sum of money. Her people are anxious that she should stop working and live comfortably on her savings for the rest of her days; but she says she is too young to give up work yet for a while.

So she trots cheerfully about the kitchen. She is a cook, and makes the best pies in the country. She has a keen sense of humor, and her laugh rings out a dozen times a day as gay and merry as a girl's. She likes to have young people about her, "For," she says, "Sure, Miss, we are all young together, and do be having a fine time."

Dear little old woman! Her heart is as sweet and pure and kindly as a baby's, and that is what keeps her so young. Time could not have the heart to do other than deal gently with her.

You can all keep young, if you keep from getting into a rut and keep your interest in people and things alive. Gray hairs and wrinkles will come, but it is the spirit that really keeps you young. If your heart gets dried and old it will show in your face, for the eyes are the windows of the soul and the truest index to your character. If you are an unmarried woman, don't sink into the typical old maid existence. Don't be kittenish. Nothing is more objectionable than the kittenish woman. But keep young. Keep abreast with the times. Be interested in young people and their doings, and don't withdraw yourself into a shell of reserve. Go out and visit your friends, and if you have ailments, keep them to yourself. Don't get into one way of doing things and imagine that your way is the only way; and don't fail to appreciate a joke, even when it is at your own expense. Look for the sunshine of life, for nothing so preserves youth as cheerfulness.

The mere fact that you are over 50 need not make you an old man or woman. If you take care of yourself and live sensibly, getting plenty of sleep and fresh air, you will be able to hold Father Time at bay for years. Train yourself to take a cheerful view of life. Don't worry over trifles, and don't lose your temper. Frowns are great wrinkle builders. I know that this is a true recipe for youth, for has not my little old friend proved it?—New York Evening Journal.

## The Bachelor Tax

By Walter C. Michel

**W**HAT, I wonder, do the lawmakers of Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas and other states, expect to accomplish by their bachelor tax? If they think that they will benefit anybody by telling a man that he must either marry or pay a tax, I think that they are badly mistaken.

In the first place, why are there bachelors? Do they exist just for the fun of the thing, because they don't want a home, because they want to be different from other people or because they can live cheaper in that state? I think not.

The main reasons they don't marry are twofold: First, they cannot afford to keep a wife, and second, most of the marriageable women are not fit to become wives.

Why can't they afford to keep a wife? Simply because the various trades are so overrun with female labor that the man hasn't a chance to earn a man's wages. A woman's sphere is the home, a man's sphere is business.

Why are most of the marriageable women unfit to become wives? I am sure I don't know. It certainly isn't the man's fault that a woman doesn't know how to sew, cook, make a bed correctly, and in fact keep a house in the way a house should be kept.

Every man likes to have a home, a place where he may rest from his labors, a wife and children to welcome him. Give a man a decent position and a woman who knows how to run a home and he will get married every time.

## Felling a Great Tree

By Clifton Johnson

**I**N the wooded shores of Puget Sound, Washington, the trees sometimes have a diameter of a dozen feet. The cedars, in particular, reach a vast girth, and in the valley by the roadside was one with a circumference at the ground of 63 feet, and nearby was another that had a Gothic arch cut through it affording easy passage for a man on horseback. But the tallest trees are the firs. Two hundred feet is a very moderate height, and some shoot up to above three hundred. The fall of one of the monsters when the woodsmen have cut through its base is something appalling. As the tree begins to give the sawyers hustle down from their perch and seek a safe distance. Then they look upward along the giant column and listen. "She's workin' all the time," says one.

"Yes," agrees the other, "you can hear her talkin';" and he gives a loud cry of "Timber!" to warn any fellow laborers who may be in the neighborhood.

The creaking and snapping increase, and the tree swings slowly at first, but soon with tremendous rapidity, and crashes down through the forest to the earth. There is a flying of bark and broken branches, and the air is filled with soft-sizzling dust. The men climb on the prostrate giant and walk along the broad pathway of the trunk to see how it lies. What pigmies they seem amid the mighty trees around! The ancient and lofty forest could well look down on them and despise their short-lived insignificance; yet their persistence and ingenuity are irresistible, and the woodland is doomed.—The Outing Magazine.

## The Child Must Have Home Training

By Percival Chubb, of the Ethical Culture Society

**O**UR old home culture, and, worse still, the old home pieties, are disappearing. The church and Sunday school have not kept pace with modern pedagogy, and are losing their hold on society at large. In the increase of hoodlumism, divorce, child labor, luxury and extravagance, there is a relaxation of moral muscle, and in distress we are turning to the schools to stem the tide of moral insufficiency. President Eliot said spend more money for education; but it is a mistake. We cannot transfer the duties of the home or of the church to the school. In his social environment, in the time he spends out of school, the child gets more education or miseducation than he gets in it. We have to come back to the old idea of having the parents purge out the moral malaria.—Leslie's Weekly.

### MARTYRED PRESIDENT COST NATION \$42,817

After careful guarding for more than seven years the facts as to the government's expenditures incident to the last illness and burial of President McKinley, the treasury officials have made a statement covering all of the items of expenditure under the appropriation of \$45,000 for this purpose, made by congress on July 1, 1902. The sum spent was \$42,817.88. The items as they appear on the treasury ledgers follow:

Dr. M. D. Mann, \$10,000; Dr. H. Mynter, \$5,000; Dr. C. McBurney, \$5,000; Dr. Roswell Park, \$5,000; Dr. C. G. Stockton, \$1,500; Dr. E. G. Janeway, \$1,500; Dr. H. G. Matzinger, \$750; Drs. W. W. Johnston, E. W. Lee and H. R. Gaylord, \$500 each; Dr. N. W. Wilson, \$250; Dr. G. McR. Hall and Dr. E. C. Mann, \$200 each.

Undertakers—Druggard and Koch, \$2,204.15; McCrea and Arnold, \$283.

Nurses and miscellaneous—M. E. Mohan and J. Connolly, \$500 each; G. MacKenzie, \$400; Evelyn Hunt, \$200; M. C. Morris, M. E. Shannon, M. D. Barnes, K. R. Simmons, M. E. Dorchester, A. Barron, A. M. Waters, B. F. Simpson, F. Ellis and B. J. Bixby, \$100 each; J. Parmenter and H. A. Knoll, \$500 each; Edison Manufacturing Company, \$250; E. L. Pausch for death work, \$1,200; E. Garret, post-mortem cost, \$45; Western Union Telegraph company, \$1,593.61; Postal Telegraph-Cable company, \$440.27; New York Electric Vehicle Transfer company, \$192; Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone, \$187.60; Woods Motor Vehicle company, \$128.50; Price & Niehaus, \$120; J. Powell, \$205; H. O. Hicks, \$100; the William Hengerer company, \$30; White-Evans-Penfield company, \$35.75.

### Old Animosities Gone.

Jefferson Davis, name is to be put back on the tablet of the Cabin John bridge, near Washington, that span to carry the Washington aqueduct across a deep chasm having been completed while he was serving as secretary of war. The name was chiseled off in 1862. There is no good reason why it should not be restored, the animosities which it was once capable of inspiring having passed into history.—New York Tribune.

Professor Percival Lowell declares the end of the world will come when some dark star crashes into the sun, and he adds that such an occurrence is sure to come. However, the catastrophe seems to be a little too far in the future to worry about, anyhow.—New York Herald.

In a scene of a balloon race, reproduced in a New York moving picture show, R. J. Maller saw his younger brother, whom for three years he had been unable to communicate with, and, writing to the officials of the club conducting the race, was able to obtain his address.

Clarence B. Cralle, a policeman of Louisville, Ky., at a recent sale of rifles discarded by the government, purchased one which proved to be the identical gun he had carried through the Spanish war.

## Talks on Alveolar TEETH

By E. Dayton Craig, D. D. S. INVESTIGATE MY METHOD

I have heard a definition for a skeptic, which reads something like this, "A Skeptic is one who first doubts, then investigates."

If you are skeptic in regards my Alveolar Method "Investigate" and you will be satisfied that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Investigations are being made daily and I wonder if you, who may be reading this article, are ready to start yours. There must be merit in my method, else it would not stand the test of time. I can send you to patients who are wearing my Alveolar teeth—you can talk with them and be satisfied for yourself.

But first of all I would have to examine your mouth. No charge is made for examination and there is no obligation to have work done.

There is no two cases exactly alike, hence each case has to be examined carefully before I could say whether you could be supplied with these Alveolar Teeth.

When by examination it is found that you can have teeth put in that will give you absolute satisfaction, I will be ready to proceed with your work.

If you cannot call at this time, send for my booklet on "Alveolar Teeth" which explains my method fully. It is free on request.

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