

It's wonderful, to the New York Press, how much bigger a dollar looks to a man when he spends it upon his wife at home than when he throws it away upon friends downtown.

"People don't allus like to abide by the consequences of their own actions," said Uncle Eben, in the Washington Star. "De feller dat rocked de boat is likely to holler de loudes' foh help."

The New York Custom House has seized \$20,000 worth of antique Spanish jewelry, but the dispatch does not say, regrets the Detroit Journal, whether it is of Chicago or Massachusetts make.

Chicago has cut its high school course to two years, in order to induce pupils to abandon the habit of quitting school at the end of the grade courses. If the Windy City would double the length of the vacation, thinks the St. Paul Pioneer Press, it might also reduce truancy.

Remarks the Washington Post: The Asiatics, roused at last to a proper sense of their commercial opportunities and latent military power, are making strides which in time must profoundly affect American progress. Unless we quickly come to realize the true situation and adopt adequate measures to retain our foothold in the Far East nothing worth while will be left of our vanishing export trade. On the contrary, we will be facing an invasion of cheap products which our manufacturers will find it difficult to compete with.

With the co-operation of many civic, social and health organizations, thousands of men and women started in a concerted movement to further the suppression of spitting anywhere and everywhere. The first step was taken, observes the Chicago Record-Herald, when cards warning against the dangers of expectorating and the penalties by law attached thereto were issued by Frank E. Wing, superintendent of the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, to a large number of people working in the interests of the "anti-spitting cause." Those "workers" went about their business in the usual way, but whenever they saw any one spitting would hand a card to the offender, with the polite request that he or she read it.

Referring to journalism and office, Henry Watterson in the Atlantic remarks: Disinterestedness, unselfish devotion to the public interest, is the soul of true journalism as of true statesmanship, and this is as likely to proceed from the counting-room as from the editorial room. The journalism of London is impersonal—that is to say, the one illustrates the self-exploiting, individualized star system, the other the more sedate and orderly yet not less responsible commercial system—and it must be allowed that in both dignity and usefulness the English is to be preferred to the French journalism. It is true that English publishers are sometimes elevated to the peerage. But this is nowise worse than French and American editors becoming candidates for office. In either case the public and the press are losers in the matter of the service rendered, because journalism and office are so antipathetic that their union must be destructive to both.

When Mrs. Elizabeth Kerns was a little girl she planted in a field close by her home near Winchester, Va., a walnut. That was nearly a century ago, narrates the New York Mail. The walnut sprouted and began to grow into a splendid tree. It and the little girl grew up together, and it is easy to imagine that they became friends and companions, bound together by an attachment quite beyond the power of words to describe. Always within sight of the beloved tree, the child grew to girlhood and with the flight of time passed to widowhood, then to widowhood. And the tree, past which the red tide of the great war had swept with its drift of death, the tree whose generous shades had sheltered its owner from infancy to old age, finally withered and died. But at the order of Mrs. Kerns the trunk of the tree was sawed into boards and carefully stored away. Then, a few days ago, when the aged woman realized that death was near, she gave instructions that her coffin should be made of those walnut boards. And it was done.

**BLACK TORCHES.**  
(In Remembrance of a Comedienne.)  
The cellist keys his strings,  
A vagrant scale is run.  
Tap, tap, the baton swings—  
The play's begun.  
Out where the night winds sweep  
The straggling mourners thread;  
Only a few to weep—  
That columbine is dead.  
Stilled are the dancing feet,  
Hushed is the merry song;  
Only the wind and sleep  
Know she has passed along.  
Give her a moment's pause,  
Thank her with just a sigh—  
You, with your loud applause,  
You who must come to die.  
The wood-wind pipes its close,  
The drums and viols blend;  
Only one dancer knows  
The play's at end.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**IN PASSING.**  
By Miss Laura Emerson.

Van Diek sat in his study writing when the sounds of distress arose outside the door. At first he paid no special attention—sounds of distress were nothing to him. But as they grew louder they resolved themselves into shrilly distinct words. "Let me see the master," were the words repeated many times in a much frightened feminine voice.  
Van Diek heard the butler answer that the master could not be disturbed. Then he rose with some annoyance and opened the study door. He looked curiously at the group before him. The centre of it was a girl whom Van Diek had noticed some days before employed at housework about the rooms upstairs. He had noticed her because she was a particularly handsome girl. Now she stood looking up with appealing, terror driven eyes. The butler had her by the arm. The cook, red faced and excited, leaned from the hall doorway. At the very moment Van Diek's wife and his 10-year old daughter entered the hall by the street door. The noise of the gathering had died as its two factions looked at each other.  
"Mrs. Van Diek lost a ring this morning, sir," the butler replied to the master's question as to the cause of the late tumult. He went on to explain that the girl was the only person who had been in Mrs. Van Diek's room after she had left the ring on the table, until the time she discovered her loss.  
The girl broke in half a dozen times while the butler was talking to say "I never took it—I never took it." She looked all the while appealingly at Van Diek and her gaze arrested his strangely. It was not only her eyes—which were large and very blue—at which he looked. It was something in their depths which surprised him. There was an expression of veneration there which in all the pairs of eyes he had met in his life up to this time he had never seen before. She distinctly was looking up to him—not trying by her beauty to charm him, but in a way allotting him a very high place—she, Van Diek, set on high—it startled him and stirred a strange feeling in his breast.  
"I never took it," the girl pleaded again.  
"She's a sly one, sir," murmured the butler to Van Diek. "She ain't new to this business by any means, and she's got that ring as sure as can be."  
The girl in a hysteria of despair flung herself at Van Diek's feet. She raised her face from the lowly position and she begged Van Diek—still with that new expression. She flung herself upon his mercy and her attitude said that she knew him to be merciful.  
"I don't think the girl is guilty of theft," he said. "You may go," he added to the surrounding group. He looked carefully into their faces and saw what he was used to seeing. All the servants wore a carefully cloaked expression of disapprobation. His wife swept by Van Diek, her usual indifference touched lightly with contempt. She looked down at the kneeling maid a little scornfully as she passed. The daughter of the house was more innocent, did not look at the maid, but at her father, and in her face he read a great surprise—surprise that he had shown mercy.  
He raised the girl to her feet and put money into her hands.  
"You must leave here at once," he said very kindly. They stood looking at each other rather awkwardly for a moment. Van Diek's new curiosity got the better of him.  
"What made you bring your trouble to me?" he asked.  
"Because," she answered nervously, "you are good. I knew you were good the first time I saw you. I—I thought you'd be easy with me—I thought you'd be easy with anyone—so I came."  
He voice shook. Her eyes wandered uneasily. He felt a great pity for her nervousness.  
"Good-by, child," he said. He held out his hand. As she half reluctantly put hers into it she shed the same beauty of the uplifting look upon him. It came into Van Diek's mind that he ought to tell her that he was not good. He stood hesitating. It almost seemed as if words hung upon her lips also. But in the end they parted silently.  
Van Diek sat in his study all the afternoon—all the evening—all night—thinking of that look. Very early in the morning when the stars were faint in the sky he went to his window and looked up at them and at something beyond them of which he had never thought before.  
"Great God," promised Van Diek, solemnly, "it isn't too late—if you give me another chance, I'll begin now to

earn that look on every face that hereafter meets mine."

A year after the office boy brought a note to Van Diek which, when he read it, caused him to call for his hat and coat and leave the office at the busiest hour of his busy day. He went down into a poor quarter of the city and peered up at a succession of dingy doorways until he found the number that corresponded to the one in the note which he still held in his hand. An old woman admitted him when he knocked and led him through a hallway into an ill-lighted windowless room. In the gloom Van Diek went close to a poor kind of sofa in a corner, and stood looking down.  
"Master—" said the maid timidly.  
He sat down beside her. There was a quantity of golden hair lying over her pillows, and out of it looked her pale face with its pair of worshipping eyes.  
"I'm pretty near through," she said simply, "and I sent for you to give you this." She opened his hand and laid something in it. When he could see it he found it was the ring.  
"My poor child—" She cried as she put up her hand to stop him.  
"What that man said was true," she said. "I was a bad one, and had been for a long time. I was playing off innocence that time. I had this in my pocket then, and I was scared for fear you have them search me. But I wanted to tell you," she went on brokenly, "that you was the first person that ever thought that I might be speaking the truth or that I might be good; and I tried then to tell you, after the rest had gone, and to give you back the ring, and then I couldn't, because it would have been to take away your trust in me—the only trust I'd ever had."  
"And I tried to tell you then," said Van Diek, gently, "that you were the first fellow being I had ever met who had thought me worthy of trust of any kind. I had always been expected to be harsh and selfish and cruel and morally wrong. When I saw myself in your eyes I saw for the first time what I might be. If I live better now it is because you and I passed that day on the road of life."  
She looked at him radiantly. "I ain't never taken anything since that day," she said. "I've lived straight and honest ever since—maybe we was meant to pass—and help each other—"  
She was so weak, that as he held her up her bright head fell back over his arm. By and by her lids fell, shutting in the worshipping eyes.—Boston Post.

**PROVIDENT AMERICA.**

**Average Savings Six Times Greater Here Than in Europe.**  
Advocates of the postal savings bank bill that has passed the United States senate and is now under consideration by the house committee have laid great stress on what they term the success of this system of savings banks in foreign countries, and the pending bill is modeled largely on the Canadian law; the argument is that if the system is a success in other countries it ought to be in this—no matter whether it is needed here or not—as if the United States should have and must have every "good thing" that is going around. But do we need such a system here when we already have a savings bank system of another sort that is highly satisfactory?  
The average deposit in American savings banks, all of which are private institutions in no wise connection with the federal government, is almost four times as large as the average deposit for Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania, Canada and so on, and the average deposit per capita of the population is nearly six times greater here in the United States than in the other areas of the world just mentioned. This doesn't look as if we were lacking in savings bank facilities or as if the people in this country need to be taught thrift through a borrowed system. It is significant, too, that of the \$15,389,672,014 of savings bank deposits in the whole world \$5,078,735,379 belongs to Americans—considerably more than one-third.  
These figures are from a recent compilation made from official reports by the secretary of the savings bank section of the American Bankers' Association, and in this is disclosed something even more significant, namely: That of the more than \$15,000,000,000 of savings deposits throughout the world about \$13,000,000,000 is deposited with private savings banks; that is, approximately 87 percent is in private hands and under private management, while only 13 percent is entrusted to the care of governments. Furthermore, the average deposit in the private savings banks of foreign countries is \$140, while in their postal banks it is only \$49.33; here in the United States the average deposit is \$381.28. If any extension of savings bank facilities is needed here we surely are not obliged to call on the government to supply it.—New York Commercial.

**Angel of the Monk.**  
Sixty million dollars is the annual total expenditure of the State treasuries in the good roads movement. The automobile, which some consider the principal destructive agent of bad roads, has rapidly spread the demand for good ones. Its wide extension of public and private traffic and conveyance, as well as the injuries which it works to highways of inferior construction, necessitates superior road building, from which everybody benefits. The farmer has been entertaining an angel unaware.—Boston Globe.

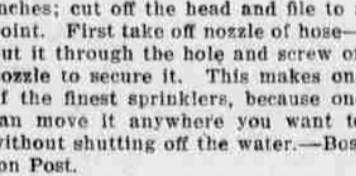
**AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH.**



Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who have recently come before the American people as the principals in the proposed devotion of Mr. Rockefeller's wealth to the welfare of humanity. The detailed plans of Mr. Rockefeller in relation to this gift have not been published. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., it is understood, is purposing to devote himself to administering this Foundation.—From The World To-Day.

**Support For Lawn Sprinkler.**

Take a piece of wood one and one-half feet long, three and one-half feet wide. In top of wood bore a hole size of hose used and one and one-half inch from top.  
Take a large wire nail or spike about seven inches long, drive into wood at bottom two and one-half



inches; cut off the head and file to a point. First take off nozzle of hose—put it through the hole and screw on nozzle to secure it. This makes one of the finest sprinklers, because one can move it anywhere you want to without shutting off the water.—Boston Post.

**Ministers Try Different Devices.**

To satisfy the Government at home, as well as to take advantage of the popular outburst in favor of the black coat, and at the same time avoid the ridicule certain to follow an appearance in common dress at court, some of our ministers resorted to humiliating devices. Mr. Soule adopted the shad-bellied black velvet embroidered coat and smallclothes of the Municipal Court of Paris, said also to have been worn by Dr. Franklin. Mr. Buchanan wore a black or blue coat, white waistcoat, smallclothes, silk stockings, a sword and chapeau bras. Mr. Dallas adopted the same costume. In the northern courts of Europe simple black was forthwith adopted, and it had come into general use by the time of President Lincoln. The Consul at Alexandria, who was certainly original, at one time wore a blue coat, with thirty-one stars wrought in gold on the collar, and this was suggested as a fitting American diplomatic costume, since court dress made it necessary.—Tip, in the New York Press.

**Balaam's Hebrayist.**

Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, tells a story of a Sunday-school superintendent in Boston, who was questioning the pupils concerning Balaam's ass; and he asked them what language was used, whether or not it was necessarily Hebrew, in order that Balaam might understand it; and a bright boy gave answer: "Of course it was Hebrew; for the ass must have been a Hebrayist."—Washington Herald.

**Georgia Humor.**

The humorous editor of the Upon County (Ga.) Parrot grinds out the following: "His horse went dead and his mule went lame, and he lost six cows in a poker game; then a hurricane came on a summer's day and blew the house where he lived away, and the earthquake came when that was gone and swallowed the land that the house was on; then the tax collector came 'round and charged him up with the hole in the ground."

**A New Umbrella.**

A French inventor, with a tender heart for bicyclists, chauffeurs, fishermen and wandering artists, has contrived a form of umbrella for protection against sun or rain which can be easily and solidly attached to the shoulders so as to leave the arms and hands absolutely free. When not in use it folds up in a conveniently portable form.—Youth's Companion.



**GOOD EXAMPLES.**



Parson—"The pigs do you credit, Michael; I never saw any in better condition."  
Mike—"Sure, sir, if we was all of us only as fit to die as they be wa'd do."—The Tatler.

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**Simplon Tunnel Fortifications.**  
Both Italy and Switzerland are fortifying the entrances of the Simplon Tunnel, while in the tunnel itself engineers are engaged in constructing mines and strengthening those already in place in order to blow up the tunnel at a moment's notice in the event of war. Near the middle of the tunnel, a few yards from the Swiss frontier, Italian engineers have put in a double iron door which can resist the rush of an express train traveling at 60 miles an hour. The iron door is worked by electricity from Iselle, the station at the Italian end of the tunnel, and under ordinary conditions it is hidden in the rocky side of the tunnel. The door is carefully tested once a week. The mines are connected with Brigue and Iselle by electricity also, and by simply pressing a button the Simplon Tunnel would be destroyed in a second.—London Globe.

**A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.**

Suffered For Years From Chronic Kidney Trouble.

Walter J. Stanton, 1139 Pear St., Camden, N. J., says: "Kidney trouble bothered me for fifteen years. If I stooped, sharp twinges shot through my back and it was hard for me to arise. I was treated by several doctors, one a specialist, but did not receive relief. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon noticed an improvement. I continued until the trouble disappeared."  
Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Uses of Paper.**

Paper is entering into some of the important arts of Europe. The most novel use of it is in the manufacture of false teeth by the Germans, who say of the product that it is keeping its color, well and is decidedly stronger than the porcelain imitation. When the wine makers of Greece found the lumber too costly with which to make wine casks, the manufacturers substituted paper pulp and have found it most satisfactory. A recent novelty is the work of an Austrian subscriber to a newspaper, sheets of which he preserved as material for a sailboat. The boat is 20 feet long, and for each paper board entering into it 2,500 copies of the paper were used and softened for final molding under hydraulic pressure. Several countries have experimented in making paving of waste paper, but the cost so far is prohibitive.

**England's Radium King.**

Harry March, the British engineer, who was recently made a knight by King Manuel in recognition of his discovery of valuable radium mines in Portugal, is popularly known in scientific circles as the radium king. Mr. March has mined in almost every corner of the earth. In the Guarda belt mountains, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, he suffered terrible privations. When hungry he would have to trust to his gun for a meal. Sour wine was the only drink procurable, and even that difficult to obtain. For nearly three years this brilliant young engineer endured great hardships, till his perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of the world's richest radium mines. Mr. March is taking a great interest in the new National Radium Bank.—Tit-Bits.

It hasn't been so long since few houses anywhere had bathrooms. Six hundred small dwellings for workmen are being erected in Frankfurt, Germany, with a bathroom for every house having more than one room.

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