

ODD PLACE FOR A CHURCH.

Regular Home of Worship in a Big Office Building.

Although New York has many huge office buildings, it is safe to say that the number of them containing a chapel or place of worship is extremely small.

The office of the secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary society is on the third floor on the Fifth avenue side of the building.

THEIR TRADE TO KILL.

Discovery of a Band of "Range Riders" in Wyoming.

Advised received at Cheyenne, Wyo., indicate the existence in the mountains of Johnson county, that state, of a habitual rendezvous and headquarters of range riders.

It is near the headwaters of Powder river, and is known as "The Hole in the Wall," being a deep mountain canyon, or basin, the approaches to which are inaccessible to any one not holding the clue to the labyrinth.

The range thieves are said to number 40 or 50, and are under the most thorough organization and effective as well as daring leadership.

This discovery is likely to solve the question that has served to keep alive the fire of political discussion in the state for three years and led to the killing of at least 15 men at intervals on the range.

The small farmers have been generally accused of killing the stock of the big companies, and the corporations taken the most drastic measures to meet themselves from the ravages of the sheep-stealing farmers.

Within the last two months three assassinations have occurred, and more than one farmer has been warned to leave the state, and the warning has been obeyed promptly, as to neglect of similar notices are ascribed the deaths of others.—New York Journal.

JAPANESE TO START A STEAMSHIP LINE.

A Japanese syndicate is soon to put a steamship line between Japan and some point on the north Pacific coast, and Seattle is making a strong effort to have the American terminus of the line located there.

In a letter to the secretary of the Seattle chamber of commerce an agent of the syndicate states that the outward transportation and tonnage from Japan will be sufficient to employ all the ships and steamers the company will put on the line, and inquiry is made as to what tonnage from the United States may be expected.

The Japan diet will in November next consider a subsidy bill, which has for its object the extension of navigation to foreign countries, and in the case of favorable action on this bill, which is thought to be pretty certain, the company will immediately send an agent to this country to determine which is the best port on the north Pacific for this end of the line. The company asks as to the facilities for handling freight and as to the means of transshipment inland.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DON'T WANT A POPE.

Dr. Joseph Parker, the well known English divine, has written a letter to the pope in answer to the papal letters advocating a renouveau of Christianity, in which he says:

"Were this a personal matter I could hardly forgive myself for speaking to approach a presence so august and venerable; but inasmuch as you have appealed to all sections on the questions which affect the standing of the soul before God, I have emboldened myself to bear witness to the headship of the blessed Christ, and decline communion with any man or church that would officially or prescriptively come between me and my Saviour."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ONE PROSPECT FOR THE FUTURE.

The demand for wives from this country makes it probable that the hand which rocks the cradle will yet succeed in completely Americanizing Great Britain.—Washington Star.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

Let all the ringing bells rejoice. For once it speaks with liberty's own voice. This bell of bells!

Its tongue made heroes in the days of old. And still, as dear as then. Its deathless story to the ages told. Makes patriots of men!

And in its presence, swift from strand to strand. Resound the bugle notes. O'er its triumphal journeyings through the land.

The flag of glory flout. And the wild rivers, dashing to the deep. Still echo loud and long. And all their silver waves in glory leap. To one immortal song.

One soaring song of liberty and life. That was and is to be. Till tyrant flags are trampled in the strife. And all the world is free.

All hail our country! In high grace she stands. Nor fears the war drum's beat. The sword of freedom in her holy hands. The tyrant at her feet!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE BY HER THE WORLD OVER IN 1935.

An Interesting Book by Miss Willard and Mrs. Perington—Their Religion, Progress—The Political Field—The New Woman in Japan.

A compilation entitled "The Progress of Women in 1935" has been made by Mrs. Louise C. Parington, M. D., of Rochester, in co-operation with Miss Frances E. Willard.

Miss Willard will incorporate the results in her annual address to the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union in Baltimore on Oct. 18.

Under the heading "Religions" it is noted that half of the board of deacons in a new church in New York are women.

The Episcopal diocesan convention of southern California gave women the right to vote for vestrymen and trustees.

Dr. Jennie M. Taylor has gone to Africa as the first dental missionary among women, and that Dr. Hee King Eng is the first Chinese woman graduate of an American college to practice in China and the second woman graduate of her race to take an occidental medicine degree.

In the political field it is noted, for the first time in the history of Germany, a woman, Dr. Gertrude Kahne of Berlin, took part by invitation in a public discussion at the evangelical social congress; that the Belgian parliament had for the first time been asked to consider a bill for woman's municipal enfranchisement; that various women have taken prominent official positions in public life, and that nearly 400 English women were elected on the poor law boards and 40 women on the parish councils.

In literature it is pointed out that women have accomplished much work, especially in the higher branches of science, and in art that an English painter has been asked to send her portrait painted by herself to the Uffizi gallery at Florence, that a New York painter has received honorable mention for her picture in the Paris salon this year, and that a Cincinnati woman has established the Rockford Pottery works in that city.

Women are rapidly coming to the front in all kinds of industry. Among new departures may be noted a superintendent of weddings; the first undertaker at Chicago; an auctioneer in London; a room clerk at a large hotel in Colorado Springs; many census enumerators, ten in Boston alone; a state foreman; a professional marketer; a blacksmith and two sheriffs. In New York city 16 women make a living by designing new styles of hats. In Japan many women achieve financial independence by amassing other women.

In Chicago a woman has opened a shoe factory and boot blacking parlor. One hundred or more women are in barber shops in Chicago alone. They are sought for their steady nerves and light touch, unimpaired by nicotine or liquor. In Philadelphia women are running the elevators in large public buildings.—Boston Transcript.

Singular Loss of Memory.

A notable loss of memory case, involving a confusion of personality, is engaging the attention of scientists. A lady, who was sitting on the promenade at Brighton, found herself unable to tell her name, address or anything connected with her life. She said that she had felt something break inside of her head. The authorities, not being able to find out anything about her, had her sent to the workhouse. There was a single mark on her clothing, letters or anything else that would assist in the discovery of her identity. She conversed as an educated woman on things around her and wrote in a similar manner to the doctors who examined her, but her mind was an absolute blank as far as the past was concerned. The woman was described widely, and her case was discussed at length by the newspapers. Her husband, who is a civil engineer in London, turned up last night and was recognized by her. She unaccountably left her home a week ago. She has no idea of how she went to Brighton. The doctor says that while she was struggling to remember her name she often said it was Tribby. Then she said that it could not be that. She signed her letters "Mrs. Anybody."—New York Tribune.

THE STRANGER AT OUR GATE.

Cuba is entitled to the sympathy of the people of this country—not a mere passive sympathy, but active, helpful sympathy.—Chicago Dispatch.

It is quite within the limits of possibility that the next congress may have to deal with the question of the annexation of Cuba. At the present rate of progress the success of the revolution is only a question of a few months, and the moment Cuba becomes free the question of its annexation to the United States will become a leading one in this country as well as in the island itself.—Indianapolis Journal.

Spain is rapidly furnishing reason to be called the Cuba of the west. All her pledges of reform and justice in Cuba, repeatedly made, are still unfulfilled. Efficacious means for subjecting the China of the west to wholesome discipline will not be wanting if her obstinacy compels their application.—Chicago Times Herald.

The most unanimous expression of sympathy for Cuba in this country will in time force the administration to concede belligerent rights to the Cuban insurgents. When that is done, it will not be unlayful to furnish them with the arms and ammunition which they need so much. It is to be hoped that the administration will not be so slow about recognizing them that aid of this sort will come too late.—Cleveland World.

HE KNOWS A GOOD THING.

An Up to Date Clergyman Who Believes in Advertising.

A Bucyrus (O.) clergyman with an eye to business publishes a weekly programme of the church services interspersed with advertisements. A paragraph exhorting the people to praise the Lord is followed by a setting "ad." of a hardware house. An "ad." beginning, "Good butter a specialty," follows a paragraph beginning, "What owest thou unto the Lord?" After an exhortation that ends, "In the next word no offerings are needed," comes an "ad." beginning, "Trade with Meyer & Hirsch."

And after a paragraph referring to the world to come there is an "ad." about "Fresh and smoked meats." The advertisements probably pay extra for a position next to "pure reading matter."

Talking of pure reading matter, the next morning he recovered his balance in New York. An advertiser was in the publication office of a sensational journal which makes a specialty of printing scandals to get rates for an "ad."

"Why not have your 'ad.' next to pure reading matter?" asked the editor. "Great Scott!" was the reply. "I didn't know you had any pure reading matter."—New York Tribune.

Defeated by an Electric Shock.

A very peculiar accident in Sacramento is reported by the physicians. Allen L. Clark, who drives a delivery wagon, was unbiting his horse when one of the guy wires of the street car trolley wire broke and fell to the ground.

In its descent it touched Clark on the tip of the left ear, knocking him insensible. The next morning he recovered his consciousness, but his hearing is gone, and he is completely blind in his left eye. There is no sign of a burn where the wire touched him, and apart from those mentioned no evil consequences are apparent.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Make your petticoats short."

That is a good idea, says a woman who has just returned from a trip to the Uffizi gallery at Florence, that a New York painter has received honorable mention for her picture in the Paris salon this year, and that a Cincinnati woman has established the Rockford Pottery works in that city.

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A Banner Town.

Prohibition has just won a notable victory in Salem, Va., the seat of Roanoke college. The vote against licensing saloons in the town is 622 against 262 for a majority against license of 360 in a total vote of 884. It is thought that this makes Salem the banner prohibition town in the United States. But at any rate it shows that the citizens are satisfied with the working of prohibition in the town during the last two years.—New York Tribune.

Great Discussion Settled.

A violent discussion is going on as to whether the fiancée of the Duke of Marlborough spells her name Consuelo or Consuela.

The former is correct. She was named for her godmother, Consuelo Yznaga, a woman from England, who has always been known as the fiancée of the Duke of Marlborough.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

Upholding a Precept.

The military force Brazil has sent to its island of Trinidad, outside of her main continent, is in a perfectly vigorous condition and bristling with bayonets for European meddlers. Trinidad is a lonely, barren rock, but Brazil has the manhood to fight for it just the same as if it were a gem of the seas.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Making Fun of His Nibs.

Blenheim castle is to be so completely remodelled that it will not be far from the way to describe it as the house that Vanderbilt.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lucky Newspaper Man.

William Freeman Burbank, editor of the Los Angeles Evening Record, will not need hemorrhoids to how himself to the everlasting grin of the "cog" mill, as his wife has secured a supreme court decision which gives her the entire estate of her late husband, valued at \$750,000.

Why the Band Didn't Play On.

On the ground of Sabbath desecration the members of the City band of Toronto have been fined in the police court for playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," on the island opposite the city on Sunday. The reason is that they played it so poorly.—Rochester Herald.

A Paper House.

One of the interesting things to be seen at Atlanta, outside of the exhibition house, said to be constructed entirely of paper from foundation to chimney. Georgians say this is the only house of the kind in the country.

Take It Easy.

There ain't no use in sorrowin' 'till trouble is on us, borrowin' Distress is mighty sure to bring To them 'at court very far to go. But if we will drive care away We can, an' that's just why I say There ain't no use in sorrowin' 'till it's able 'at we borrowin'.

There's no excuse for worryin'; There ain't no use in hurryin'; We ain't got very far to go An' ain't got very far to show An' laugh an' sing along the way An' joy ourselves, 'till as I say, There ain't no use in hurryin'.

—Nixon Waterman in N. A. W. Bulletin.

OUTNIMRODS OLD NIM.

The Petaluma Fox Hunter Tells a Story of a Wondrous Chase.

Frank Timins, the Petaluma fox hunter, had the floor, and the crowd breathlessly awaited a thrilling story of the chase.

"You want a story of the chase, eh?" repeated Timins. "Well, I'll tell you about the greatest bit of chasin I ever did in my life. I wuz out huntin one day fer quail with my ole muzzie loadin' shotgun, when three quail jumped up out of a bush right ahead of me. One flew to the right, one to the left and the other straight ahead, but I got 'em all three."

"Killed three quail going in different directions with a muzzie loadin' shotgun?" repeated one of his listeners incredulously.

"Yep, that's what I done."

"Your gun must have had three barrels then."

"No; only two."

"How did you do it?"

"Well, I killed the one that went to the right with the right barrel; then, 'Course they ain't." They're a passle of lies from start to finish. Of course we've got snakes in London county, but no such dern fool snakes as them you've been printing about. I've lived there for going on 40 years, and I've never seen anything remarkable about our snakes. That's what I come in here for. I want to refute the statements I have been reading."

"Why do you want to do that?"

"Because it is injuring the good name of the county. People won't come to no such county as that is if they read them stories."

"Well, if you will give me your name I'll print a card from you in refutation of all these tales."

"That's what I'm after. My name is William Henry Harrison Higgins, and—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Higgins," interrupted the man at the desk, "but weren't you in town four days ago?"

"Yes." And the visitor showed that he was surprised by the inquiry. "I come in three or four times a week at this season."

"And weren't you talking to a policeman down at the B. & P. station that day?"

"You mean the depot?"

"Yes." "Yes, I was talking to him. I've known him since he was a boy."

"Well, he told me that you had told him that you had killed a snake on your farm that was 18 feet long, and it had B chickens and a half of hen eggs inside of it."

The visitor banged the desk with his horny handed fist.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" he exclaimed. "Did he sell you that?"

"He did and told me that you would verify it."

"Well, I won't do nothing of the sort. He's a bigger liar than the rest of 'em."

"Didn't you tell him it was a story?"

"No, sir, I didn't." And the visitor was very indignant. "I told him that the snake was 18 feet long, and I never mentioned chickens. They was turkeys, full grown turkeys, sir, and there was a plumb bushel of eggs. I don't see what a man wants to lie like that about a thing that comes as straight as what I told him. You just wait till I go out and settle with him, and I'll come back and write that card. Dern a liar, anyhow." And the man from London hurried away to see the policeman.—Washington Star.

Struck a Vein of Warm Water.

While driving a well on the farm of John McMillan, near the village of White Pigeon, Mich., F. W. Northrop's men struck at a depth of 25 feet, a stratum of coarse gravel and warm water of 98 degrees. Nothing of the kind has been found in that section of the country. Many speculations are rife as to the cause of this phenomenon. Geologists hold that underlying this sheet of warm water at no great depth is a large quantity of soft coal, which, undergoing metamorphosis, generates sufficient heat to warm the water. It is possible that gas as well as coal may be found.—Chicago Times Herald.

ENGLAND AND VENEZUELA.

England has sent an ultimatum to Venezuela, and as it is substantially the second demand of the kind it may be taken to mean business. This is England's busy month in the ultimatum line. She has helped to bring Turkey up with a short run, and on the 31st inst. her ultimatum in the Ashanti affair will take effect.—Philadelphia Record.

There is no story of British aggression more characteristic or more illustrative of its disregard of the rights of weaker powers than the manner in which it has pushed its occupation and pretended ownership of Venezuelan territory from one acknowledged boundary to another during the last 50 years.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It is to be hoped that Venezuela, backed by our government, will demand the arbitration of England's entire claim, and will not allow it to be limited to recent encroachments. If our government does not take this stand, it will admit the right of any European power to dismember or take possession of any of our sister republics in this hemisphere.—Atlanta Constitution.

It is little else than the law of the stronger that John Bull applies when he calls for maximum guns to protect himself there, and then declares that he will only put to arbitration the question whether he can go farther.—New York Sun.

In the estimated value of farm products, according to the returns of the seventh census, Illinois is first, with \$184,759,013; New York is second, with \$161,593,009; Iowa is third, with \$159,347,844.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

A London Citizen Makes a Personal Refutation of Snake Stories.

A man, with a bristling wad of London county whiskers wagging in front of him as he walked, entered the office of The Star the other morning and asked to see the snake editor. That useful and at all times ornamental adjunct of every well regulated newspaper office was pointed out to the visitor, and he came over and sat on the corner of the desk. The snake editor smiled and bowed.

"Are you the man that writes them snake articles about London county?" inquired the stranger.

"Well," hedged the editor, "I put in readable form the truthful narrations of well known citizens of that rich, refined, religious, redundant and robust county, if that's what you mean."

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed the visitor, getting down off of the desk in his excitement, "that London county has got liars into it like that?"

"Aren't those stories truthful?" asked the editor innocently.

"Course they ain't. They're a passle of lies from start to finish. Of course we've got snakes in London county, but no such dern fool snakes as them you've been printing about. I've lived there for going on 40 years, and I've never seen anything remarkable about our snakes. That's what I come in here for. I want to refute the statements I have been reading."

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TO PREVENT BURIAL ALIVE.

A Company in Paris Which Will Take Corpses Into Its Waiting Rooms.

The unpleasantness of waking up and finding one's self lapped in lead, and screwed down in handsome oak some six feet below the habitable earth, has been borne in so strongly upon certain company promoters that the result has been the projection of the very latest thing in co-operative undertaking. This is the Mortuary Waiting Rooms company, which is on the point of being floated in the French capital, with every prospect of success. The amount of subscription is stated to be \$100,000, and dividends at the rate of at least 100 per cent may, it is claimed, be confidently looked for.

The company undertakes to provide separate waiting rooms, of two classes, in a large mortuary building. The alleged corpse will be comfortably deposited there upon a couch, and carefully looked after till the fact that it is a corpse shall have been established beyond question. The waiting rooms will be tastefully decorated, with everything about them to welcome the revived tenant agreeably back to life, but at the same time will have a cachet of somewhat "severe elegance," as it were, to remind him how nearly, but for the company, he had been dead in the most terrible of ways of dying. Shareholders will be entitled to the use of a first class waiting room free of charge, and no shareholder's heirs will be allowed to visit him. The thing has evidently been thoroughly thought out.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

MRS. BEDELL'S PEARL.

For Months It Lodged In Her Teeth Without Her Knowledge.

Mrs. D. M. Bedell of New York city is having a pearl mounted at Tiffany's. For several months Mrs. Bedell had been carrying the gem in her mouth without knowing it, or, at least, without knowing that it was valuable.

Early in the summer Mrs. Bedell was eating clams at the clubhouse, when she felt something give way in one of her upper molar teeth. She noticed afterward that there was a cavity in the tooth, but as it seemed to be shallow she paid no attention to it. After her return to the city recently the tooth began to ache, and she visited her dentist.

He examined the tooth and discovered a pretty pink pearl imbedded in the cavity. It was a delicate task to remove the gem, but he was successful, and handed it to Mrs. Bedell, with the remark that a "pearl in the hand is worth two in the tooth."—New York World.

The Origin of Tramps.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is, in a certain sense, the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wide and restless ways further still in their teens and have been whirled in their wrong tendencies by wrong treatment applied to them when young.

The principal causes or sources of vagabondage, as I understand them, may be briefly recapitulated:

First.—The love of idleness.

Second.—Wanderlust—the love of wandering.

Third.—The county jail, owing to the promiscuous herding of boys and homeless wanderers with criminals.

Fourth.—The tough and rough element in villages and towns.

Fifth.—The comparatively innocent but misguided pupils of the reform school.

Though not, properly speaking, a cause of vagabondage, the non-enforcement of law is its nursing mother, and misguided and misapplied charity its base of operations. The tramp evil is not so much a disease as a symptom of public ill health.—Josiah Flynt in Century.

An Age of Magnificence.

The news that Mr. John D. Rockefeller is about to build a country mansion of immense size and cost recalls a recent utterance of one of the leading architects of the country. Said he: "We are entering upon an age of the utmost magnificence in buildings, both private and commercial. Those that we now have will be mean beside those that are yet to be built. The precious metals and stones will be lavished upon the houses of the future in America. And why should it be less so? In what other way can a man display his wealth and his ability to have and do what he pleases so ostentatiously and so incalculably as by rearing a palace? For the same reasons as applied to business, the great corporations will vie with one another in architectural display until once again the world may see a realization of the ambition of a Nero in a palace of gold."—New York Sun.

Frightened to Death by Her Zoo.

It was the fate of pretty 16-year-old Lizzie Goddard of Burnside, Ky., to be frightened to death by the first ride she had ever taken on the cars. Five minutes after her first railway trip she was dead. Miss Goddard had been in constant fear of railroads all her life and boarded the train only after much persuasion. The train made a lunge a few miles from the city, and she jumped from her seat and screamed in a frantic manner. She at once became unconscious and died as she was being removed from the train. Physicians agree that she died of fright.—Philadelphia Record.

Fortune Smiled.

W. S. Stratton, the Indiana carpenter who went to Cripple Creek and is now fast becoming a millionaire, was at one time after he reached there in the greatest destitution, and is said to have offered Senator Wolcott a half interest in his mine for \$300. Stratton is as plain and democratic a man as he was before he "struck it rich."—New York Sun.