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One of the paradoxes of life insurance is that the richest men, who need it least, carry the largest amount of it.

More young men are studying theology and medicine in Illinois than in any other State, although New York leads in the number of law students.

Truxtun Beale, in the Forum, says that the "absurd and vulgar expenditure by millionaires impoverishes society and has no economical justification."

On the capture of a smooth footpad in Chicago the other day it developed that he controlled a number of circuits and had numbers of men robbing for him on commission. This trust business is appalling!

During the year that ended on June 30, 1900, 448,572 immigrants arrived in the United States, a gain of forty-three per cent. over the preceding year. European labor very quickly finds out when times are good in America.

The Philadelphia Inquirer observes: "The truth is that a vast majority of the people of the United States believe in and advocate arbitration for the settlement of all disputes, but that thus far no one has hit upon a practicable method of bringing it about."

Consul Hughes writes from Coburg, Germany, that in opposition to the determined vegetarians who condemn all animal food, there is a growing number of physiologists who insist that abstention from meat, if continued for ages and generations, is responsible for the feebleness and low intellect of certain races.

A French engineer named Verlier proposes to bore a tunnel under the Mediterranean. According to his surveys, the length of the tunnel from Vaqueros Bay, in Spain, to Tangiers, in Morocco, would be only twenty-five miles, as the depth of the sea in that vicinity is only 1300 feet. His estimate of its cost is $23,729,000.

M. Arsene Alexandre, a Parisian critic, finds the American locomotive suggestive of the American man because it is "a combination of elegance, practicability, convenience and power." It also resembles him in its capacity for getting there, a fact which is causing great concern at present to British railway managers.

Columbia University has followed the example of Yale and offered free tuition to five Filipinos. It is to be hoped that enough colleges may do this to give a fair opportunity for a considerable proportion of the brightest of the Filipino youth to be Americanized, and at the same time to testify to the people of the islands our good will, remarks the New York Tribune.

Judge Robinson, of Raleigh, N. C., apparently thinks that clergymen have in their own hands the power to keep order during divine service. There have been some hints of unseemly doings in one of the churches there, and his honor in charging the grand jury said: "Be careful how you indict men for disturbing religious worship. If the preacher is the sort of fellow he ought to be people will be paying too close attention to him to disturb anybody."

The mortuary statistics for the District of Columbia during the past 12 months show a startling record of tuberculosis of the lungs. The mortality from all causes was 5,953, and of these 713 were victims of consumption—an average mortality from this one disease of 13.69 for each week in the year.

Kansas City, Kan., is out for a United States mint.

FROM WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

When I was a child the moon to me
Through the nursery curtains seemed to be
A thing of marvel and witchery.
The slim white crescent floating high
In the lucid green of the western sky
Was a fairy boat, and the evening star,
A light on the land where the fairies are.
—A. E. F., in Atlantic.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

Mrs. Jarvis was a business woman.

Mr. Jarvis had been a mere simpering, good humored nonentity in his day, giving up all his affairs to his wife's management and when he shuffled off this mortal coil was not greatly missed. And Mrs. Jarvis consoled herself by opening a suit manufactory.

Here she sat upon this glorious August afternoon in her own little private office, a pen behind her ear and a pencil between her lips, adding up a long column of figures—a tall, portly, finelooking dame, in rich black silk, with costly jewels sparkling upon her fingers and that comfortable look upon the face which accumulating wealth is sure to bestow.

"Sixteen and six are twenty-two," said Mrs. Jarvis, resting her pencil at the foot of the line. "Two—and two to carry—eh? Who is there?"

An apologetic little knock had come to the office door—it was Mr. Madstone, Mrs. Jarvis' cashier and foreman in general.

"It's me, ma'am, said Mr. Madstone, whose close-shorn hair stuck up all over his head, like the bristles of a blacking brush. "That Mrs. Pennant is here with her bundles."

Mrs. Jarvis glanced first at her ledger and then at the calendar that hung on the wall over the desk.

"Six hours behind time," said she, austerely. "The order went out at 9 o'clock this morning, minus the 12 suits she was finishing. Tell her to leave her work and come here for no more. Of course, I shall not pay her, and she may think herself fortunate that she is not compelled to pay the usual fine."

"I wish you'd see her yourself!" blurted out Madstone, scratching his bristly head. "She looks pale and sick, and—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mrs. Jarvis, rising from her seat, with a rustling of black silk skirts. "You haven't the resolution of a chipmunk, Madstone, and never had! You'd let all these girls and women run over you, if it wasn't for me."

And she swept through the narrow door of the office out into the long bare workroom, where the click of 20 sewing machines buzzed on the sultry air and several haggard women waited at the counter.

"Oh," said she, stopping short before the nearest one, "Mrs. Pennant, you are six hours behind. The order has gone."

"I am very sorry, ma'am," hesitated the pale woman, "but my daughter was ill—my little Jessie—and I had no one to care for her but myself. I sat up all night to finish the suits—I did, indeed—and—"

"All these details make no difference to me," interrupted Mrs. Jarvis, with a sharp, crispy voice. "Business is business, and the very soul of it is punctuality. You may leave your suits, but don't expect any more work from here."

The poor woman's wan face worked. "Mrs. Jarvis," faltered she, "you are a woman, and a mother, like myself. If your child was ill—"

"We won't descend to comparisons, if you please," said Mrs. Jarvis, icily. "Good-day. I am much occupied at present."

"You surely don't mean, Mrs. Jarvis, that you are not going to pay me for what I have done?" cried the woman.

"Why should I?" said Mrs. Jarvis. "Your work has arrived too late to go in its regular order. You have violated the rules and regulations of this establishment, and as a necessary consequence, have forfeited your pay. Hopkins," to the clerk, "take these suits into the packing-room."

Mrs. Pennant's lip quivered, her eyes, which had been full of entreaty, now flashed indignantly.

"Mrs. Jarvis," said she, "I know very well that I am at your mercy, but, all the same, this sort of thing looks to me like swindling."

"I cannot help it—rules are rules," said the business woman, cold as adamant.

"My child lies ill at home. I had counted on this hard-earned money to buy the medicine and necessaries that she must have. Mrs. Jarvis, for heaven's sake, do not withhold it from me!"

"General rules will bear hard upon individual cases," said Mrs. Jarvis, glancing furtively at her watch. "I cannot depart from them, however."

Mrs. Pennant lifted her thin hands in an unconsciously tragic attitude.

"Woman!" she uttered, "may the curse of Heaven light upon you for your cruelty to the widow and fatherless! May He give back into your own bosom, heaped up and running over, the measure you hold so pitilessly to me."

And turning away, she left the suit manufactory, amid the breathless silence of the assembled working-women. Mrs. Jarvis smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"All this is mere rant," said she. "Madstone, bring that last inventory into my office."

But the next day, when on reaching the building, as usual, the 20 sewing machine girls found that it had been burned to the ground during the night, they instinctively thought of the widow's curse.

It was the janitor's fault. He had gone into the stockroom with a lighted candle, and, started by the springing of a cat, had let it fall too near a basket of waste paper, and an instantaneous conflagration had been the result. And, what was worse, the insurance had run out on the evening of the previous day, and Mrs. Jarvis was a ruined woman!

Yet she was not easily discouraged. She tried again, and rallied her forces with true muscular energy, but it was all in vain. There is a tide of fortune in the affairs of everyone—and hers was on the ebb.

Ten years afterward a poor, shabby old woman, bent and bowed and dressed in a rusty black, was shown into the silk-hung reception-room of the wife of one of our New York's wealthiest merchant princes. Mrs. Tressilian came in, wondering. She was a fair, pretty young creature of about 20, Mr. Tressilian's second wife and idolized darling.

"You sent in no name," said she, as she beckoned the old woman to a seat near the ruby-shining grate. "And I do not think I know your face. What is your business with me?"

"I am very poor, madam," pleaded the old woman. "I sent in no name because I am an utter stranger to you. My only claim is my wretchedness and poverty. I have heard that you are good and generous—that of your allowance you give to those who are less favored by Providence."

Mrs. Tressilian, deeply touched by the haggard pallor of the bent old woman and the tremulous faintness of her tones, had taken out her purse and was unclasping it, when a light touch fell on her arm.

"Stop a moment, my daughter," said a soft, low voice, and, turning, Mrs. Tressilian saw at her side a lady with hair white and lustrous as silver and a superb diamond cross glistening in the lace at her breast, while her black velvet dress trailed noiselessly over the crimson pile of the Axminster carpet. "I believe I know this person. If I am not mistaken it is Mrs. Jarvis."

"My name is Jarvis," said the old woman, looking rather surprised.

"Yes," said the other, quietly. "I see you have forgotten me. I am the Mrs. Pennant who, years ago, was turned from your employment because, tied down to a sick child, she could not be quite punctual to your orders. This," laying her hand on Mrs. Tressilian's shoulder, "is the very child—my little Jessie—who lay so ill at that time. God has prospered us since then. But you—"

"I am a beggar!" burst out poor Mrs. Jarvis, shrinking back from the other's stern, questioning eye. "Heaven help me! I have nowhere to lay my head!"

"And you come here to beg of us, forgetful of how pitiless you once were to me!" uttered Mrs. Pennant, sternly.

"Oh, forgive me! Be merciful and forgive me!" faltered Mrs. Jarvis kneeling at the other's feet.

"I vowed that day, within myself, that I would be avenged," said Mrs. Pennant slowly.

"Mamma," pleaded the young wife, "look at her! Sick, old and poor. God has taken the bolt of vengeance into His own hand. All that remains to us is to be merciful."

"My love, you are right," said Mrs. Pennant. "Rise, my poor woman. You shall be fed, sheltered and aided with money. For the present go to the housekeeper's room."

And Mrs. Jarvis crept away, with a choking sob in her throat.

The great circle of fate had accomplished its revolution, and the widow was indeed avenged—avenged all the more completely in that she had learned the lesson of forgiveness.—New York News.

Race Between Men and Machines.

The difference in capacity between a skilled workman and a machine is in some cases simply enormous. A good matchmaker, without the aid of machinery, is able to make about 8000 matches in a day of eight working hours. In the same time a machine will make about 17,000,000 matches, or about 300,000 boxes. During the time which is required by one man to make three matches the machine is able to make 6375, or about 100 boxes.

During a working day of 10 hours even the most expert candle maker could not draw more than 1000 candles of inferior quality, while modern machines can make about 7000 during the same time.

The average capacity of a brick machine is about 3000 a day, equal to the capacity of 10 men during the same length of time.

Without the assistance of modern means of transportation a trip around the earth would take about 480 days, while with the assistance of steam railroads and steamboats it can be made in 70 days. Thus modern means of transportation have practically reduced the size of the earth to travelers to about one-twelfth its former size.

Gam's Reconnaissance.

When the gallant Welsh captain, David Gam, was sent forward by Henry V to reconnoitre the French army before the battle of Agincourt, he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic; "There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman-archer of the valiant company felt an inch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equalled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.—Argonaut.

LESS MOURNING WORN.

A MARKED CHANGE IN THE CUSTOM HERE IN RECENT YEARS.

The Lavish Use of Crepe Abandoned—More Freedom of Choice in the Widow's Attire—Mourning Garb of the Men—Mistakes Made About Servants.

There have been many changes in the styles of mourning in the last 15 years. In America, mourning is certainly growing lighter. It is less worn, and less of it is worn. America never did accept the ironclad French rules of mourning observances. In France, everything from the length of the veil to the number of buttons on the gloves is fixed. The exact length of time for each observance is laid down and a veil is shortened, a handkerchief border narrowed, or the engraving on a visiting card changed by schedule. Individuality doesn't cut any figure, and a departure from precedent is a scandal.

The English things are different. The English go into black upon the slightest provocation, but they wear it a very short time and exercise a certain degree of individual taste in such matters. They may mourn their dead friends and relatives as sincerely as the French do, but they wear their rule with a difference. Perhaps the inconsiderate fashion in which members of the English royal family have always insisted upon dying during the season has hardened English society to popping into black and out of it with apparent imperturbability.

American customs in mourning have followed the English lead, and the individual here has always, to a great degree, consulted his own inclination in the matter of mourning clothes and etiquette. Still some general rules have obtained, and it is undoubtedly true that these general rules have been steadily modified and that they tend toward greater freedom of action and less ostentation in mourning attire.

The lavish use of crepe which was the great feature of mourning in earlier days has been completely put aside. Crepe, in small quantities, is still used for trimming gowns for first mourning; and the famous dressmakers, whose word is law in matters of taste, contended that a widow's first mourning should always have a touch of crepe, but in mourning for any relative save a husband crepe is not essential, and even a widow rarely wears a crepe veil today.

The old fashioned crepe veil, against which physicians for so long raved in vain, has been put aside in favor of the light weight veil of nun's veiling, and even that veil is never worn over the face, as was formerly the custom. The widow's ruche of white in the bonnet is also discarded, which is rather a pity, from an aesthetic vewpoint. Many materials, never until recently considered suitable for mourning, are now admitted, and lustreless black silk is worn in first mourning, though nun's veiling, cashmere, Henrietta cloth and such materials are more popular. Uncut velvet, too, has come to the front, superseding crepe in many instances as a trimming for even the deepest mourning.

Occasionally whole gowns of crepe are still seen, and New York's most fashionable dressmakers included two gowns fashioned entirely of crepe at $12 a yard. These gowns were insisted upon by the customer and the dressmaker stoutly protested against them, declaring that, though expensive, they were not the mode. Another wealthy mourner ordered last winter from one of the leading fur houses of the city a large cloak of heavy crepe, reaching to the floor and lined throughout with dark fur. The furrier tore his hair and invoked the gods in protest, but such a cloak the customer would have and such a cloak was made for her, the price was $500.

Such mourning fads are the exception, and the desire of the average woman who is obliged to wear mourning is to have it as simple and inconspicuous as is consistent with good material and cut. If the wearing of mourning is desirable at all a woman should at least be altruist enough, even in her grief, to select becoming black. A good deal of criticism has been expended upon the woman who shows an interest in the selection of her mourning outfit, but self-respect and a certain consideration for the living ought to have a place even in a great sorrow. It is a question, too, whether the lightening of mourning and the dispensing with the show of grief which moralists have been attributing to the increasing callousness of our social life isn't, after all, a symptom of altruism as promising as college sentements and domestic science clubs. A rational idea seems to be developing that discourages the forcing of private grief upon public notice, and demands the subordination of selfish impulses toward open mourning to the cheerfulness and happiness of the living.

The wearing of mourning black by children was never so prevalent in America as in Europe, and has been practiced less an less, until now one rarely sees a child in black. The bonnet and veil worn by young women in mourning for parents are also obsolete. A widow today, if she wishes to follow conventional rules in her mourning, will wear dead black for a year. After that she will lighten her black with white or gray for a year, and at the end of that time she can, with perfect propriety, go into colors.

Lavender and violet as half mourning are not in use, possibly because of their popularity outside of mourning, and there is much less of the gradual shading from black into colors than formerly. Now one wears black with possibly the touch of white or gray until the period of mourning is ended. Then one plunges into colors with a rush. The widow of olden time who did not wear heavy black for four years, and then slid discreetly and almost imperceptibly into colors, was guilty of an inexcusable offence against good taste and decorum.

Mourning for parents or children conventionally lasts a year, though the period is now in many instances shortened to six months, and for more distant relations six months is considered sufficient to show one's respect and affection for the deceased.

A woman in mourning can today appear with perfect propriety in public places where, 10 years ago, her presence would have been a sin against decorum, and she can entertain informally as frequently as she chooses. As for men, mourning apparel for them grows less and less customary and even a widower seldom affects funeral black. There has been a growing tendency among men to assume the black band on the coat sleeve, as a badge of mourning, but this English custom, though not as some American writers have asserted, confined to the servants in England, has little to recommend it.

American servants are seldom put into mourning for a death in their master's family, though the custom is common across the water. When the practice is adopted it is usually, from a strictly conventional point of view, misused and Americans going in for pretentious mourning would do well to remember that only those servants rightfully entitled to wear cockades have a conventional right to wear a crape band on the upper part of the left sleeve, and that according to the inflexible laws of livery, in comparison with which the laws of the Medes and the Persians were as wax, only members of the army, navy and diplomatic corps have a right to put cocades upon their servants.

Black edged visiting cards and note paper are dropped into disuse along with crape and closed window blinds and seclusion from all society, and the public attitude toward grief, while less historic than it was 50 years ago, is unquestionably more sane.—New York Sun.

RECLAIMING ARID LANDS.

Likely to Be the Next Great Internal Improvement of the United States.

A discussion respecting the reclaiming of arid lands of the United States was taken up by the Commercial club at its banquet Saturday night, says the Chicago Record. Probably no greater physical and economic problem is before the people of the United States at this time, and there probably is no other problem which will bring about such far-reaching and beneficial results when solved. A fair estimate that has been made of the land that may be made available for cultivation by impounding waters for irrigation purposes places its area at 10,000,000 acres. It is now practically worthless. With irrigation it is claimed this land would be worth from $500,000,000 to perhaps ten times that amount, and if not sold it could be rented for from $1 to $5 a year per acre. The necessity for dealing promptly with the problem is accentuated by the fact that all over the arid region irrigating companies are now at work obtaining control of vast tracts of land and of the impounding basins by means of which they may be supplied with water privileges and land are being acquired by these companies that will be used as the basis for making extortionate demands on the government, should some plan for general improvement be decided on. Some idea of the importance of the matter may be gathered from the fact that the Republican national platform strongly pronounces in favor of a system of arid land reclamation that will leave the distribution of water on such lands in the hands and under the control of the people of the states and territories where the lands are situated.

One of the important features of the reclamation of arid lands by means of impounding reservoirs is the fact that it would be immensely helped to the project of improving the great rivers of the west into commercial waterways. A system has been devised by a number of engineers well posted in the subject which shows that impounding reservoirs built along the Mississippi river would save many acres of land from alternating floods and droughts and would make possible a channel 20 feet in depth from Lake Michigan, if desired, to the Gulf of Mexico. Undoubtedly the next general internal improvement of the United States will be a plan for the reclamation of arid lands. which will work harmoniously with the improvement of the great rivers.

"Music Hath Charms."

The unmusical ear came into painful prominence at a recent gay gathering. The program included a choice assortment of elocutionary efforts and musical accomplishments. that were supposed to be of the highest order. Among the numbers was a duet between the professor and one of his pupils. Each had the exclusive use of a piano, and the way they thundered and crashed would have made Paderewski, could he have heard them, rush to the nearest barber shop and shave off his personality. When the concert was over, and the audience was filing out, a demure young lady, referring to this particular number, remarked to her escort: "Oh, dear, I can't see why people can't do their tuning up at home!"—Detroit Free Press.

JUST AS HE LEFT THEM.

His toys are lying on the floor,
Just as he left them there;
The painted things for keeping store,
The little broken chair;
The jumping pig, the whistling ball,
The duck, the gun, the boat,
The funny looking Chinese doll,
And bucking billy goat.

They lie about, poor, battered things,
The rabbit and the fox,
The cuckoo with the broken wings,
The Jack, sprung from his box.
Here lie his knife, his tangled string,
His bow and silver cup—
Because I'm tired of following
Around to pick them up.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

O'Reilly—Do yez believe in Fate? O'Hoolihan—Do Oi believe in fate! Sure, how ilse could Oi walk?

Flatte—Is your boardinghouse up to date? Rooms—You bet. A fellow can't get behind a single week.

Wig—Before they married she had him clean out of his mind. Wag—And now he has her clean out of his mind.

Customer—Give me one of those nickel pencils. Clerk—Here it is, sir. Hold on! this nickel is lead. Customer—So is the pencil. Ta! ta!

Silicus—I hate to hear a woman continually talking about herself. Cynicus—Now, I rather like it. When she's talking about herself she can't talk about other people.

Hoax—Why is the merchant who doesn't advertise like a man in a rowboat? Joax—Because he goes backward, I suppose. Hoax—No; because he has to get along without sales.

"If that poet comes in tell him I've gone to Kalamazoo," said the editor. "What's up?" asked the assistant editor. "Oh! it's the compositor again," said the editor, wearily; "he made the poet say that a miss is as good as a male."

Asker—What is your understanding of the Golden Rule? Does it mean; "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done by?" Bizness—No; my interpretation is: "Do unto other as you would 'be likely' to be done by."

"What is your age?" asked the lawyer. "Must I answer that?" inquired the feminine witness. "You must," said the judge. "Truthfully?" "Yes, truthfully." "O, well if I must I must," she said resignedly. "My age is—a secret."

"I can't have lost all my good looks," said Miss Northside to her best friend, Miss Shadyside, "for I can still obtain a seat in a crowded streetcar." "Oh, well," replied Miss Shadyside, "you know the men will give seats to old age as well as to youthful beauty."

CHILDREN IN HOLLAND.

Little Lads and Lassies in a Scheveningen Kindergarten.

Wandering through the crooked streets of the little fishing village of Scheveningen, from which the famous Dutch watering place takes its name, I hear many shouts of laughter issuing from a garden inclosed by high walls. The gate was open and I peeped in. My curiosity was rewarded by one of the sweetest sights I have ever witnessed. About 20 little Dutch maids and lads, there ages varying from three to six years, were enjoying a game of ordinary American tag, while a little attendant of about 12 years stood by, busily knitting while she watched them. A bell sounded. They all fell in line behind the little knitter and walked demurely, two by two, in a serpentine line around the garden and disappeared in a long hall, at the door of which each child took off its little wooden shoes and held them in one hand behind its back, says a writer in the Washington Star. In the meantime the principal came out and invited me by signs to enter. In the hall I noticed the little sabots laid orderly, side by side. There were three halls in this kindergarten. In each were 50 children, between the ages of three and six years—the girls in gowns to their ankles, held out in balloon fashion with haircloth petticoats, little white shawls pinned over the shoulders and caps covering their straight yellow locks.

At this free kindergarten the children of the fisher folk, many of them fatherless, derive all care and attention. They are taught by the same methods used in Germany. All seemed bright and happy. In one room they were singing quaint little nursery rhymes about boats. So one little fellow made me understand by walking across the floor, rolling like a sailor, and then going through the motions of rowing a boat and pulling in nets. He, with great glee, made me understand he would be a fisherman when he was "so big," stretching up his arms smoking an imaginary pipe. This amused the children so much and made them shout and laugh so loud that the teacher was obliged to send them to their seats and end our fun.

Religious Mendicants in Russia.

There are two types of tramps in Russia, and they may be classified as the authorized and the unauthorized. The first are the so-called religious mendicants, who are protected by the church and tolerated by the police; the second are the common vagabonds. Their national name among themselves is "Goriouns"—mourners or victims of grief. If you ask them why they do not work—and the great majority are perfectly able to do so—they reply in the forlornest voice mortal ever heard, "Master, I am a Gorioun, a victim of sorrow." They seem to have accepted the philosophy that a certain number of human beings are foreordained to a life of misery and sadness, and they pose as members of this class.