

The Adirondacks are said to be full of bears. That is as it should be. Where is the fun in a forest without bears?

Mme. Calve says she will never return to make any farewell tours of America. She must have her money buried where moths cannot eat nor rust corrupt it.

Petauma, California, is the largest henry in the world. Every person in town is in the poultry business in some form. Last year 2,600,000 dozen eggs and 30,000 dozen of poultry were shipped from the town, the principal market being San Francisco.

If all the people of the United States were formed into a procession marching five abreast, 10,000 to the mile, the procession would be 800 miles long. Marching at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, it would take them nearly a year to pass any given point.

"Our Public Untidiness" is a topic with which Professor A. D. F. Hamlin deals in the Forum. He finds in the history of our national development an explanation of past indifference to the virtue of neatness, but urges that the time has come when we should free ourselves from the reproach of being "the most untidy among all the great nations of the world."

Men have contrived artificial explosive forces that go far to counteract the destructive seismic outbursts of the troubled earth. Contemporaneously with the earthquake and eruption of belching volcanoes in Guatemala there was an explosion of stored up dynamite at Managua, Nicaragua, that was almost equally destructive of life. Both the earthquake and the dynamite explosion were curiously timely in illustrating the perils of canal building in Central America.

A too familiar story is told again in a recent cable dispatch, remarks the Philadelphia Times. A young American girl, who had gone to Paris to study art, found herself at the end of her resources and could get no aid from home. Destitute and starving, she sought out a fellow student, a young countryman, from whom she might make a loan. She found him ill in his garret, without attendance and as poor as she. The girl sold what little belongings were left to her and returned to nurse the young man, and when he recovered from his illness they were married. But they had spent all they had and were alone in the great capital, without means and without prospects. So the two poor creatures closed the windows and door, turned on the gas and died.

From 700 to 800 persons are killed annually by lightning in the United States, according to estimates made by Alfred J. Henry, of the United States Weather Bureau. In 1900 the bureau received reports of 713 cases of fatal lightning strokes. In the same year, according to the reports collected by the Weather Bureau, 973 persons were more or less seriously injured by lightning. The loss of life from lightning is greatest in the Ohio Valley and the Middle Atlantic States. If density of population only be considered it is greatest in the upper Missouri Valley and in the middle Rocky Mountain region. Of the 713 fatal cases reported in 1900, 291 persons were killed in the open, 158 in houses, 57 under trees and 56 in barns. The circumstances attending the death of the remaining 151 were not reported. This seems to dispose of the old superstition that the safest place to be in during a thunderstorm is the open country and the most dangerous under a tree.

Many a true word is spoken in jest. For years past we have known Chicago as the "Windy City," an epithet which had its source in a certain well-recognized characteristic of the citizens of that town. Now the Weather Bureau tells us that Chicago is the "Windy City" literally as well as figuratively, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Last year the total miles of wind movement were greater in Chicago than in any other city in the United States and were exceeded only by those of two points on our coast, Mount Tamalpais on the Pacific, a dozen or so miles from San Francisco, and Block Island, in the Atlantic. The first-named point had a total wind movement of 163,203 miles; Block Island, 122,838; Chicago, 145,193; Cleveland, 128,596; New York, 127,267; Buffalo, 125,042; Boston, 98,755 (but quality here makes up for quantity); Philadelphia, 95,319; St. Louis, 84,482; New Orleans, 74,259; Louisville, 70,396; and Washington, 63,620. The quietest place in the country was Roseburg, Ore., where the wind blew only 30,741 miles.

AWAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

Away out in the country
Where there is no clang and roar,
Where it's eight miles to the railroad
And it's three miles to the store,
There is peace and there is quiet;
Men are not contending there
For the powers that seem precious
To the greedy billionaire.

Away out in the country
Surly teamsters do not try
To run men down, unless they
Pass the crossing on the fly;
A schemer isn't waiting
Everywhere a man may look
To rush in and get his earnings
All away by hook or crook.

Away out in the country
Where the woods are full of joy,
And the hens are cackling loudly
At the sunburned farmer boy,
There is never any crowding,
There is room out there to spare,
And the people aren't breathing
Flyin' rubbish with their air.

Away out in the country
Where the lilacs sweetly blow
People don't pay out a dollar
To behold a ten-cent show;
Men are not looked on with pity
Just because their clothes don't fit,
And the women don't go mourning
When the servants up and quit.

Away out in the country
Where the water's cool and sweet,
And the knife's a useful weapon
When the hungry people eat,
There is not the constant jangle
Nor mad clanging that subdues
And distracts the city poet
When he seeks to court the muse.

Away out in the country
Where the funerals are few,
And the people keep apprised
Of all the things their neighbors do,
Here and there some queer old fellow
May not hanker to put down
The tools the farmer has to use
And move away to town.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE girls were having a good time in the sitting room. It was well warmed and lighted, and there was a sound of laughter and the hum of merry voices. Some one was tuning a mandolin to the piano, and there was a fluttering of music leaves. Company had come in, as usual, to spend the evening. The Moberly girls, that is, the three older ones, all had high hair, blue eyes, and lively, vivacious manners that proved very attractive to the young people in the quiet village.

"Pa" Moberly nobody knew much about. He sat out in the kitchen most of the time. It was a dingy little room and often in the evening he had no light; only the dull glow of the stove and the red sparks of his old-fashioned pipe.

Pa Moberly was a little, timid, shrinking man. He had faded blue eyes, bent shoulders and toil worn hands. He had worked hard for his girls. He had ungrudgingly given them his best. It seemed too bad that now he was old and they were grown to womanhood they did not care.

When Mrs. Moberly was alive, things were different. He had his comfortable chair then in the sitting room; his slippers, too, and there was the lounge for him to rest on when he was tired.

But as his girls grew up, pretty, strong-willed and altogether selfish, Pa Moberly found himself banished from his comfortable quarters. A number of cushions too fine for use adorned the old sofa, and his armchair had three tidies on it. He was soon made to understand that he was not wanted. It was not long before he began to stay in the kitchen, and by and by he sat nowhere else. He knew every fig-

dark, too? Is anything the matter?" In the friendly darkness Pa Moberly took the little hand and stroked it. "Nothing, Polly," he said. "I—I always sit here."

Polly seated herself on his knee. "All ways sit here?" she cried, in surprise. "Don't you go into the sitting room evenings as you used to?"

Pa Moberly shook his head. "No," he faltered.

"But why?" insisted Polly. "You don't mean to tell me you don't sit in your old chair any more?"

Pa Moberly's chin quivered. Polly did not know, and it was hard to tell her. Polly was like her mother. "Alice likes to keep that chair for company," he said, slowly. "Oh, I don't mind the kitchen so much, now," he added, as cheerfully as he could. "At least I won't now, since you've come home. I do miss the old chair some, but it's all right."

"The girls don't want me in there, Polly," he went on, huskily. "They're young, and there's always company, you know. I don't know as I blame 'em much. I'm old and worn out and behind the times. No, I can't say as I blame 'em."

Polly laid her soft cheek suddenly against the wrinkled one.

"You're not old or worn out or behind the times, either," she said. "It's a shame for you to stay out here!" Her sweet, girlish voice was full of indignation.

"But never mind, pa," she went on. "I tell you there are better days ahead. I've come now, and I'm going to look after you, see if I don't. What would ma think if she were here, to see you sitting here all alone in this dark old kitchen? Why, it would break her heart! Come with me, pa!"



ure on the dingy papered walls, and the only chair he had to sit in was a straight-backed wooden one, in which he could not rest.

He used to long sometimes for his old corner in the sitting room, with its lights, its laughter and its music, but to his gentle hints the girls gave scant encouragement. "They didn't want pa around," they told themselves.

The lonely, tired old man had many thoughts as he sat in the kitchen night after night in solitude, and he sometimes used to ponder the question in his gentle heart as to whether, after all, it paid to bring up girls who were ashamed of you after you were old.

Polly did not know about the changed condition of affairs. Polly was the youngest, and more like her mother than any of the others, being small, quiet and brown-eyed.

She had been staying for three years out in Pennsylvania with an invalid aunt for whom she had been named. Poor Aunt Bassett was dead now, and to-day Polly had come home again. She was upstairs now, busy in the small back room that the girls had forgotten to make ready for her.

As Pa Moberly sat alone in the kitchen to-night he was thinking of Polly. In his yearning, fatherly heart there was a faint stirring of hope.

There was a chance that he might take some comfort with this, his youngest daughter. He had felt that from the time she was born. She wasn't like the other girls, and she had seemed so unfeignedly glad to see him. He felt the pressure of her young arms yet about his neck, and her kisses still lay warm upon his furrowed cheek.

In the darkness of the old kitchen he brushed a tear from his eye. He was thinking of Ma Moberly, too, and of her gentle, tender, womanly ways. He wished the girls were more like their mother.

Just then Polly came in. She went quickly to his side.

"Why, pa," she cried, "what are you sitting in the kitchen for, and in the

"Where?" said Pa Moberly, hesitatingly, in his surprise.

"Into the sitting room."

"Oh, I can't go in there, Polly; they don't want me."

"Yes, you can. I want you. You wouldn't refuse me anything on this, my first night home?"

Pa Moberly got up. The old wooden chair was uncomfortable, and he rose stiffly, even with the aid of Polly's arm.

"No, I couldn't, Polly," he said. "You—you're too like your mother."

As they left the dark kitchen together Pa Moberly grasped Polly's hand tightly. "I'm afraid, Polly," he whispered. "We'd better not."

But Polly only squeezed his hand in a reassuring clasp, and somehow Pa Moberly felt stronger.

Polly opened the sitting room door, and a stream of light flashed out into the little dark entry. The girls were having a good time indeed.

A young lady in a blue dress occupied the piano stool. A young man, with his hair plastered down over his forehead, occupied Pa Moberly's armchair. He had a mandolin in his hand, and was strumming it to the young lady's accompaniment. Alice and Belle and Harriet were sitting about with the liveliest air of enjoyment.

As Polly and Pa Moberly entered, their complacency suddenly faded into astonishment and dismay. What did Polly mean, and what did pa mean, by intruding on their company in this fashion?

Polly advanced steadily into the center of the room, still holding her father's hand.

How little and shy and bent pa looked, the girls thought, and how determined was the air Polly wore—like a young captain going into battle. It was as if Ma Moberly had come to life.

little, white-haired man who lived there. And who was that pretty, brown-haired girl with flashing eyes?

Alice broke the silence. "My sister Polly, Mr. Bryant," she said, a little nervously, "and—my father. And this is our old friend, Eva Brent. Pa, you know Eva?"

Pa nodded cordially; so did Polly. But something unusual was in the air, and every one felt it.

Polly led Pa Moberly up to the young man reclining in the chair. "Do you mind taking another chair, Mr. Bryant?" she said, pleasantly. "You see, this one is pa's favorite. Ma gave it to him."

Alice and Belle and Harriet flushed, but Polly was quite undisturbed. The young man was astonished, but he rose quickly, with a stammered apology, but Polly calmly wheeled the chair nearer the pleasant fire.

"Sit here, pa," she said, affectionately, "and let me turn the light so it won't hurt your eyes."

She adjusted the light to her liking, then pushed Pa Moberly gently into his old place. His white hair shone in the lamplight, and his lips trembled.

"There!" said Polly in a pleased tone. "Isn't that better?"

Regardless of all onlookers, she stooped and kissed the withered cheek; then she turned to the others.

"Go on with your playing, won't you, Eva?" she said gently.

Nobody spoke; then the young lady turned to the piano and the restraint was quickly over.

Pa Moberly's eyes grew moist. How soft the chair was, and how pleasant the fire, and how comfortable was the touch of the little, firm hand upon his shoulder!

And there was something else. He knew and every one else knew, that his lonely hours in the old kitchen were over.

To-morrow the straight-backed wooden chair would be pushed back, to be occupied no more. The freight could play on the dingy walls, the mice could scamper at will over the old floor. Pa Moberly would not be there to see. Polly had come home to take care of him, and Polly was brave. It was as if Ma Moberly had come to life again.—Youth's Companion.

Killing People by Brutal Truths.

Many people are killed by brutal truths. Some physicians are so conscientious—and so tactless—that they think they must tell patients the whole truth when they believe they cannot recover, instead of giving them the benefit of the doubt, for every physician knows that, nearly always, there is a doubt which way the case will turn. Cheerful encouragement has saved many a life by helping it to pass a crisis favorably, when the actual truth might have killed the patient or reduced his rallying powers to the danger-point. In all the affairs of life, cruel bluntness in stating brutal facts has caused untold misery and broken many friendships. Truth itself changes from a jewel to a dangerous weapon in the hands of a tactless person. Because a thing is true is no reason it should be told, or told in a way to offend. He who would have many and strong friends must exercise tact in order not to offend even by the truth, because it is very difficult for many people to forget even a fancied injury entirely. This is especially true of offenses against taste, or speeches which reflect upon one's pride, ability, or capacity.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success.

Fish Proverbs.

"I have other fish to fry," one says in declining a task; "A pretty kettle of fish," says another, in designating a pretty bad mess. The "kettle" is the tackle of the fish-bow, which may easily get into a sad snarl. "There are other fish in the sea," says the rejected suitor. "Mute as a fish," "Dead as a herring," "As uneasy as a fish out of water," "To fish for compliments," are among the best-known figurative expressions referring to the finny tribe. "Very like a whale!" we may refer to at least to Shakespeare's time ("Hamlet," III, 2). "White as whalebone" was coined when walrus ivory was taken for whale's bone. "The shark flies the feather" is a sailor's saying, indicating the fact that this voracious fish will not touch a bird. The use of the term "land-shark" is not confined to seamen by any means. Shakespeare makes use of another nautical expression in "Twelfth Night," (I, 5).—The United Service.

Over Napoleon's Great March by Rail

The railroad from Warsaw to Moscow follows almost exactly the route of Napoleon and the Grand Army. The country is still the same as in his day, except for the railroad itself; and as the dreary plain, broken only by vast stretches of monotonous birch and pine forests, slips by, hour after hour and mile after mile, the greatness of the man who crossed it with an army looms ever larger on the imagination. The military genius of Napoleon seems more marvellous than ever before, while the lone and level plain, the marshes, the woods, the chill and sluggish rivers, silent witnesses of his great march, stare back at the gaze as the train runs slowly onward. It was this same country that destroyed his army on its retreat after the ruinous and inexplicable delay at Moscow which insured a defeat that could have been so easily avoided.—Scribner's.

The Palm as a Passport.

The lines of no two human hands are exactly alike. When a traveler in China desires a passport the palm of the hand is covered with fine oil paint and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

VICTORY OF SUBMARINES

THEY HAVE UNQUESTIONABLY ADDED TO WAR'S DANGERS.

The United States Has Six Effective Boats of the Fulton Class Now Afloat or Building—Submarines Could Have Defeated Dewey.

Since our war with Spain, four years ago, no weapon has made greater gains in the estimation of the naval men of the world than the submarine torpedo boat, writes John R. Spears. And that statement is astonishing to all who know the praiseworthy dislike that all able naval men have always held toward these boats. Just how and why this dislike is fading is one of the most interesting stories of recent days in the navy.

When submarines were first proposed to naval men it was with difficulty that they could be induced to consider the matter. Since the days when John Paul Jones laid the Bonhomme Richard alongside the Serapis, and the victorious range for high sea battles was "within pistol shot," our naval officers have asked no better opportunity than an open fight on the high seas with no favors. They have read with a feeling not far from contempt of the shore fighters who gained victories by arranging ambushes for unsuspecting enemies. To their minds a submarine boat was worse than a rattlesnake in the grass. To strike within range and destroy at one stroke a whole ship's company without giving them any chance whatever for their lives was little if any better than legalized assassination.

To add to the disgust of the conservative naval men the promoters of the submarine schemes were in every case enthusiasts, and in most cases made claims that were utterly ridiculous. Thus pictures were made and printed, even in scientific journals, which represented the submarine boat passing under a battleship and leaving under its bottom two buoyant torpedoes, to be held there by horseshoe magnets while the boat went away to a safe distance and exploded the torpedoes by a current of electricity sent through a trailing wire.

But because the promoters were enthusiasts, and because there was a germ of success in their idea, they persisted, and their most recent work has brought fruition.

The first real success was scored when they persuaded Congress to build a number of these submarine boats and place them in charge of young naval officers for trial and experiment. There seemed to be not a little spice of danger in experimenting with a thing like that, and the youngsters took hold with an enthusiasm equal to that of the promoters, and one result at least has been simply astounding.

The submarine Fulton has proved that she can dodge a cannon's projectile as the loon and the elder duck dodge a musket ball. When steaming along the surface under service conditions she repeatedly closed all ports and dived far enough below the surface to be safe from an enemy's shot in less than three seconds. It has been done in two. Our best cannon threw a shell a range of 3000 yards at an average speed of about 2500 feet per second. It follows that if the torpedo boat were at a range of 2500 yards, and dived at the flash of the gun, she would be safely beneath the water when the projectile arrived, three seconds later.

As compared with the latest submarine boats built by France—the only nation that has hitherto given this class of vessels adequate attention—the diving speed of our submarines is striking. For the French have to unship a smokestack, draw a fire in a steam boiler and wait for the furnace to cool—in all about fifteen minutes—before going under.

We have six effective boats of this class now afloat or building. Great Britain is building six more from exactly the same plans, and that is a fact of which we may make boast. It is interesting to note, too, in connection with the British flotilla, that the inventor of these boats, Mr. John F. Holland, was described in a New York paper, about twenty years ago, as a Fenian, who was making his experiments for the purpose of developing a craft to blow the British navy out of the water!

Simple warships are these submarines. They are cigar shaped, sixty-four feet three inches long by eleven feet in diameter in the middle. A gasoline engine drives them when on the surface, and works a generator with which to charge electrical storage batteries, used in driving the boat under water. There is a conning tower of four-inch armor plate, a hatch for entrance and exit, and a hollow flagstaff, at the top of which is a "periscope," a thing that works like the finder of a camera, and enables the pilot to see what is doing on the surface when the boat is floating as much as eighteen feet beneath. Horizontal rudders are fitted astern, as well as the common kind, and it is by tilting these to act like a duck's feet that the submarine dives. There are ballast tanks to regulate the depth to which it is desirable to descend and to keep the vessel on an even keel. Large flasks filled with air compressed to a pressure of 2000 pounds to the square inch provide for the air supply while under water.

The weapon of offense is the common Whitehead torpedo. As now built these torpedoes travel in a straight line just beneath the surface of the water for 2000 yards—a sea mile—at a speed of thirty-seven knots per hour.

The speed of the submarine torpedo boat is eight knots an hour on the surface and seven beneath. Fuel for a voyage of nearly 400 miles on the surface and twenty-eight beneath can be carried.

Not long ago the Fulton went to the

bottom of Peconic Bay and remained there for fifteen hours. A heavy storm raged on the surface, but the boat lay in peace and her crew smoked their pipes, sang songs and enjoyed life as only naval seamen know how to do when on a frolic.

It seems incredible to old marline-spike sailors, but the fact is that, with its ability to dive quickly and to run beneath the surface, the submarine boat is probably the safest warship in commission.

The effectiveness of the submarine in attacking an enemy is still a matter in dispute, but progress has been made there as well as in other directions. It is observed and may be admitted that a crew would not be able to serve the boat well for more than two days at a stretch. But to illustrate what can be done with one we may imagine an enemy attempting to blockade New York Harbor. If a station for submarines were provided inside of Sandy Hook, with a pier for the boats and barracks on shore for the men, it would be a simple matter for the submarines to go cruising by turns on any day or night, and range all over the water from Barnegat to Shinnecock—to patrol the sea for fifty miles of shore. That is to say it has been definitely proved that our submarines are capable of preventing an effective blockade of any harbor. As auxiliaries to forts they are admirable. For the defense of our coaling and repair stations at Cavite, Guam, St. Thomas, Key West, etc., they are as now made at once cheap and effective. Said Admiral Dewey recently while talking of submarines: "With two submarines in Galveston the navies of the world could not blockade the place." Referring to Manila he added: "From what I saw my own belief is that I could not with my squadron, if the enemy had had two of those boats with determined Americans on board, have held that bay. We would have had to be under way, and would never have known when the blow was going to strike. It would have worn us out. The human frame would not have stood it. They would have come out dark nights and we could not have seen them until they were close to us, and my experience is that you aim very badly in those conditions. You could not train your guns on them."

In order to employ submarines in foreign waters it has been proposed to build transports especially fitted to carry them in company with an aggressive squadron. Although our present boats weigh 120 tons each, it is possible to construct such a ship with a derrick that would launch them overboard in quiet waters. For service against a bottled squadron like that of Cervera something great might be accomplished. In narrow waters like those of the British Channel the submarine would quickly sweep away all ordinary commerce. No one but a blockade runner would dare cross a water patrolled by them.

All talk about the submarines replacing other warship is as idle as that of their ability to compel nations to substitute arbitration for war. But they have unquestionably added to the dangers of naval war, and they have compelled naval officers to consider new tactics to take the place of the old style of blockading a harbor. In short, the submarine torpedo boat has at last, in spite of praiseworthy prejudice against its manner of warfare achieved an undisputed position as an efficient weapon of coast defense, and has compelled the naval officers of the world to give it serious consideration.—Collier's Weekly.

Like a Miracle of the Sea.

Captain Sanders, of the steamer Compton, which arrived from the scene of the wreck of the Spanish steamer near Beaufort, tells of a mysterious coincidence in connection with the rescue of the crew. Tuesday morning, with a gale of wind blowing and heavy seas breaking over the massive bulk of iron in the steamer there suddenly came an unexpected calm and immediately half of the weather-beaten crew put off in a lifeboat.

Their daring inspired the brave life-saving station men, and they rushed out and rescued the remaining fourteen seamen. Before the shipwrecked sailors had hardly taken refuge on the cutter Algonquin the storm resumed its fury, and a few minutes later the big steamer broke in two and the bridge upon which the crew had been standing since the Saturday before went under.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Boy-Struck Girls.

If a "boy-struck" girl is tided over she will make a finer woman often than her more phlegmatic sister. She thrills with nerves, she aches with longings, her spirit beats restless wings against the confining bars of youth and inexperience. She must be tamed, as a young eagle is tamed, with infinite patience and love and tact. She must be coaxed and petted and soothed—never coerced. As the young eagle would resent harshness and swoop away to dash out its reckless young strength on the jagged side of a cliff, so will such a girl in the face of compulsion throttle all good impulses for the sake of a freedom she does not comprehend and is not wise enough to use, only waking to her folly when her bruised young soul lies dead at her feet and her last hope of a mistaken happiness has fled.—Medical Talk.

A Modified Word.

The word treacle has undergone an odd modification. At first it was applied in such decoctions of roots or other substances as were deemed beneficial in medical practice; then, as these were frequently sweetened, it came to mean any sweet concoction or confection, and, lastly, as molasses was the sweetest of all, this name was exclusively applied to syrup.