

### DON'T WORRY.

When disappointment crowns the day,  
Don't worry. To yourself just say,  
To-morrow may be pleasant.

When path of life is filled with thorns,  
Quite foolish is the man who scorns  
The hope of future blessings.

Remember that the rain and snow  
As well as warmth and sun's bright glow  
Brings benefits to mankind.

So likewise sorrow, grief and pain,  
May aid you—help you to attain  
The strength for life's great battle.



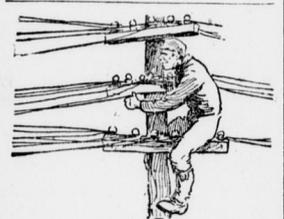
**A** YOUNG woman in Oak Park believes that her telephone is haunted, and some of her neighbors agree with her, and now the theory is being discussed with a suggestion that the instrument is a proper medium for ghosts, and credulous householders are afraid to answer the telephone bell lest some unanny disclosure greet them.

No doubt when science has perfected the telephone we will find ourselves in long distance communication with Mars or other planets which have offered us neighboring overtures to which we could not respond. If the explorers of air will lead all their faculties to the development of vibrations, condensing them to a focus for human intelligence, a world of wonder may open to our listening ears, and the sixth sense add us to a knowledge of the gods. Then Tesla might gather in the telephone cup the power now lying dormant in the air shaft waiting for a liberator. The theory antedates the use of telephones. Many years ago a Chicago young woman wrote a remarkable book called "The Automaton Ear." It told the story of a man who was possessed with the idea that all the harmonies of earth, since the morning stars sung together for joy, were still centered in the air and could be reproduced if an ear could be invented to gather and retain them. So he invented an automaton ear which was a success, but the inventor had overlooked one condition. With the sounds of joy and the songs of harmony came the groans of discord and the wails of sorrow, and these so predominated that he went mad and died of disappointment.

When the busiest and most necessary official on the circuit in Oak Park was asked to come up to a certain number and find out what was wrong with the telephone, he sent a sub, who reported that it acted "crazy" and would not "ring true."

So David Campbell went there himself and found a distressed matron, who said mysteriously:

"I sent for you because I'm having trouble with my telephone."  
"So I understand," he answered, "wires caught somewhere by the high



WIRES CAUGHT SOMEWHERE.

winds most likely. I will soon find out the trouble, Mrs. Blanke. I am used to those difficulties."

"I don't think you are," responded Mrs. Blanke, "and I am afraid that all your skill and experience will not help in this case. The truth is, my telephone is haunted."

"Haunted!" the electrician gave a start; his Scotch ancestors had believed in a second sight, but a spook in a telephone, his business sense refused to harbor the idea. "Impossible! My dear madam, who ever heard of a ghost in a telephone?"

"I hear voices and am rung up to take strange communications," persisted Mrs. B. "Take down that receiver and listen a moment."

He did so, and heard the usual "Number, please," much to his satisfaction, and then rung off and turned cheerfully to Mrs. B.

"You see, it is all right. What led you to think otherwise?"

"Several unusual experiences, but you will only laugh at them. The other night when the high wind blew I was out spending the evening with friends, when I was called to the telephone. I distinctly heard the voice of my little son Theodore, whom I had left at home in bed. He said to me: 'Please come home, mamma, I'm awfully afraid of the storm.' I told him to go in and sleep with his brother, and I would soon be home. He said, 'All right, mamma, goodbye,' and rung off. When I went home he was sleeping where I had left him, had not been awake and did not even know it was storming. Yet it was my boy's voice and no other."

Mr. Campbell looked politely incredulous, and suggested that the boy might have telephoned in his sleep, but he could not convince the mother. Mrs. Blanke had another experience in reserve.

"I was thinking of a friend at a distance and wanting to hear from her, went to the telephone to call her up. As soon as I put the receiver to my ear I heard some one speaking, and asked who it was, and my friend answered, without being called. Now is that telepathy or what is it?"

"I think," said the electrician, gent-

ly, "that the telephone has got on your nerves. Let some other member of the family answer for a while. You take these incidents too seriously, and even if you cannot account for them, they do not mean anything. It is a common event for telephone bells to ring mysteriously, but a crossing of the wires or a mistake in the number might easily be the cause. Might I venture to suggest that some rogish member of your family may be playing tricks?"

But Mrs. B. would not admit this for a moment, so the baffled electrician was obliged to leave the mystery where he found it, and the troubled matron went on losing weight every day and feeling sure whenever her telephone bell rang that some ghost was on the wires. Then a friend moved into her suburb and put herself into telephonic communication with the outside world. At an early date Mrs. Blanke called up Central and asked for her friend's number.

"Fourteen hundred and ninety-two," came the answer. It stirred strange memories in Mrs. Blanke's mind. She called it up with an indefinite feeling that she had heard it in some former life. A weird voice responded.

"Who is this?" she asked, cautiously.

"Columbus who?"

"Why, Christopher Columbus. I discovered America in 1492. Say, what do you want? P'raps you'd like to talk to Ferd or Isabella. Hurry up. I can't stand here a whole century. I'm tired."

Mrs. Blanke recognized that voice. It was that of her own hopeful Theodore, who was visiting the small son of her friend. Both boys were in the early period of the American history, and had struck the coincidence of the telephone number as an aid to memory.

Mrs. B. gave her hopeful a snubbing for his precocity and was permitted to talk with her friend. So one of her telephone ghosts has been laid, but she still persists that she is likely at any time to be placed in direct communication with the unseen powers of the air as a medium of expression.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record.



Mains and Electrolysis.

The destruction of underground mains by electrolysis is rapidly nearing a point at which it ceases to be a phenomenon of technical interest to physicists, and becomes a commercial fact of startling magnitude. The Electrical Review calls attention to the imminence of "reckonings of a gigantic character" between the street railway companies and those who employ buried pipe systems for various purposes. Water, gas and steam mains are being destroyed so rapidly that within a comparatively brief period renewals and replacements on a vast scale will become necessary. Their postponement in the case of gas mains accounts for the rapid destruction of asphalt pavements in many cities and imposes grievous public burdens upon municipalities in the effort to maintain good roadways. The eating off of service pipes and the erosion of mains accomplish rapidly what would be brought about by natural causes much more slowly, and explain why the leakage loss of water in distribution is so enormously great, and why the building of new reservoirs and the laying of new lines of mains is constantly necessary under conditions which seem to show a per capita consumption four or five times as great as the combined use and waste of any city since civilization began. These are the familiar facts of the case as regards electrolysis.—New York Times.

### Survival of the Fer de Lance.

Naturalists have been laughing over a story which recently appeared in this city to the effect that the eruption of Mont Pelee had not been without some gain to the inhabitants of Martinique, and that the lava, ashes, gases, etc., from that volcano had completely exterminated the fer-de-lance, that noted reptile of Martinique, which is one of the most venomous and deadly of all poisonous snakes.

Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the Geological Survey, when asked in regard to this story a day or two ago at Washington, said:

"The story is completely absurd. The territory devastated by the eruption is only about ten miles square, and, of course, within that area the snakes shared the fate of all other forms of life, but I can assure you from personal observation that they are not exterminated in the remaining part of the island, for in our excursions about and over the country we encountered the fer-de-lance at every turn."—New York Times.

### Even Slower Than Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia member of the State Legislature was recently showing some Harrisburg friends around the City Hall, and took them into Mayor Ashbridge's room. His honor made himself very agreeable to the visitors, as is his wont, and had a hearty "Glad to have met you!" for them as they were departing. One of the strangers, much impressed by the Mayor's cordiality, lingered long enough to say:

"If you're ever up in our town come to see me. I'll treat you right. You've never been to Harrisburg, have you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Mayor. "I spent two weeks there one afternoon."—Philadelphia Times.

## Anarchy Must Be Stamped Out

By Hon. J. H. Bromwell, of Ohio.

**T**HE doctrine of Anarchy is like a foul plague which, being bred in unclean and impure surroundings, is liable to spread and embrace the good and pure as well as the filthy and unclean.

Born in countries which give to their people few or no political or social rights, a revolt against unlimited tyranny on the part of rulers, it does not discriminate between such governments and those in which the people themselves make and execute their laws and enjoy the fullest measure of liberty.

Its aim is not to correct the evils of government, but to destroy all government. It would not only reform abuses, but it would do away with the virtues and benefits of all good government and society. It would bring social chaos upon the world and would reduce human society to a condition where mere brute force would reign triumphant.

The theory on which governments have been instituted among men is, not that they might conduce to the power or wealth of the few into whose hands the execution of their powers shall pass, but that they are for the protection of the great masses of the people; that the combined power of the many shall counteract the influence of the few.

From this theory of society all existing governments have been evolved, and all are equally interested in the suppression of a doctrine which aims at their destruction without discrimination as to the measure of liberty which they enjoy or the grade of civilization to which they have advanced.

No country in the world is more seriously interested in this subject than our own, for no country has more to lose and none has less occasion for social upheaval than ours. Thus far Anarchy has obtained but little foothold here; but with the almost unlimited license to speak and print which we have taught ourselves to believe is the constitutional right of every citizen, we are furnishing a fertile soil in which this deadly plant may take root and grow and bear its fruit.

Anarchy should be stamped out as we would stamp out yellow fever or the plague; it should be crushed as we crush the head of a dangerous reptile, and no Executive need fear to enforce with stringency the laws which may be passed, because he will have behind him and supporting him the practically unanimous sentiment of the country.

## What Credit is Based On.

By O. S. Marden.

**M**ANY young men, beginning a business career for themselves, make the mistake of supposing that financial credit is based wholly upon property or capital. They do not understand that character and reliability, combined with aptitude of one's business and a disposition to work hard, are far more important assets to have than millions of dollars. The young fellow who begins by sweeping out the store, and finally becomes a clerk, manager or superintendent by his energy and reliability of character does not usually find it difficult to secure credit to start in business for himself. On the other hand, jobbing houses are not inclined to advance credit to the man who, though he may have inherited a fortune, has shown no capacity for business, and is of doubtful character.

The young men who start for themselves, on a small scale, are more energetic, work harder, are more alert, are quicker to appreciate the chances of the market, and are more polite and willing than those with large capital.

The creditmen in jobbing houses are very quick, as a rule, to see the successful qualities in prospective buyers, and seldom make a mistake of what credit is safe to extend.

## The New Southwesterner.

A Practical Man Who Will Not Fight.

By Ray Stannard Baker in the Century.

**T**HE time has now come to introduce the new Southwesterner, indeed, the new Westerner, for he has come alike to the North and to the South, and he is setting himself to the gigantic task of overthrowing the old, wanton Westerner and saving what he can from the wreck. The new man—call him rancher or farmer—has not come suddenly. In some sections he has been at work for years—in parts of Texas, where he is protected by comparatively favorable land laws, since the early eighties; in others he is just arriving; but he has been strong enough only within the last few years to exert any perceptible influence. No evolutionary changes are ever sharply defined; advancement is the result of many inextricably overlapping influences. The buffalo-hunter overlapped the cow-boy, the cow-boy overlaps the sheepman and the goatman, and all three have overlapped the new rancher. The miner has always been present. Jack, the cow-boy, is still powerful on the range, together with the old careless life he represents so well; but he has had his fling; the time is near when he will shoot up a town or rope a constable for the last time. And the man who follows him is quite a different person—not so picturesque by a long way, not so carelessly free, a person whom Jack despises with all his big, warm, foolish heart, and dreads with all his unpractical head. For Mr. Brown is from Kansas—or is it Wisconsin?—a practical, unpoetic man, who wears suspenders and a derby hat, whose rear pocket bulges to no six-shooter. He is wholly without respect to the range boundaries set by honorable custom; he looks up his rights in a calfskin law-book, and sets down his expenditures in a small red book, so that he can tell at the end of the year how much he has made or lost. One of his chief weapons is the barbed wire fence, which he strings ruthlessly along the rivers or around his leased school land, where cattle once roamed free. Kill him, and be done with it; but next day comes Mr. Smith, from Ohio, and with him Mr. John Doe, of Boston, doing the same despicable things, as Jack sees them. Is there no end of them? And killing, unfortunately, grows unpopular—even dangerous. What is to be done with men who won't fight?

## Scientific Ignorance About Volcanoes

By Professor Robert T. Hill, of the U. S. Geological Survey.

**C**ONCERNING volcanoes and volcanic action there is a vast amount to be learned, and the honorable scientific man will always frankly say, "I do not know," when confronted with many of the queries propounded to him. It is generally presumed that the cause of volcanic action is the meeting of water with the hot magma below the immediate surface of the earth, causing explosions whereby vents are opened through which the hot magma forces its way to the surface through its power of expansion.

But the nature of that great unexplored magma of the earth's interior is to-day one of the profoundest and least solved problems concerning our globe.

The scientific man just now is confronted with the question of sympathetic volcanic outbreaks at widely distant points, but he can no more explain this mysterious coincidence than can the youngest born child in its cradle. Weak in his knowledge of the birth of volcanoes, deficient in sufficient data concerning their habits and action, it is utterly impossible for him to prognosticate with certainty their future behavior.

The object of every scientific man who recently visited Martinique and St. Vincent was to collect data whereby he could derive some knowledge of the laws of the phenomena, and yet they were obliged to depend for their information largely upon the testimony of eyewitnesses who had never seen a scientific book.

These volcanoes presented many phenomena hitherto unobserved, and it will require months of careful study and deduction before the cause of the outbreak can be stated.

It has been published in the papers that vast tidal waves were to be expected; that some of the islands were in danger of presenting more serious outbreaks than Pelee; that the present eruptions may be forerunners of approaching cataclysms which would annihilate the island.

The writer must confess that he cannot see any ground for such prophecies and in the history of these islands, which have been built up to their present great heights by the ejection of debris such as accompanied the present explosion, there is nothing to create such fears.

The vents of Pelee and St. Vincent are the same which were opened before Columbus came, and from which time and again similar eruptions to those of the present have come. The wounds are open and healthfully suppurating; why, then, should we predict that the patient will die?



Modern Satisfaction.

I'm glad the fashions changed to change  
Since Roman days of old.  
For if I wore that clothing strange,  
I'd certainly catch cold.  
—Washington Star.

Between Themselves.

He—"You know you married me for my money."  
She—"Well, I'm glad you give me credit for not being an utter fool!"—Life.

Went Through That.

Father—"You couldn't go through a single thing in college."  
Son—"How about my allowance, pop?"—New York Journal.



His Way.  
Gladys Beautifgirl—"Jack Huggins falls in love at the slightest provocation, doesn't he?"  
Maud Brisk—"Yes, but he always has his parachute along!"—Puck.

Sport.  
"Automobiling is not likely to endure as a sport."  
"No; people are already so shy that it's more a matter of luck than skill when anybody is run down."—Life.

Her Opinion.  
He—"I don't know how I'm to make both ends meet. I'm at my wit's end."  
His Extravagant Wife—"Well, that isn't so far from the beginning!"—Puck.

It Was His Way.  
Young Pawn—"Please excuse that remark, Miss Keener; I spoke without thinking, don't you know."  
Miss Keener—"Of course you did, my dear boy; how could you help it?"—Richmond Dispatch.

Correcting Him.  
Teacher—"Say 'they aren't,' or 'they are not.' You must never say 'they ain't.'"  
Tommy—"Why not?"  
Teacher—"Because it ain't proper, that's why."—Philadelphia Press.

An Ideal Chauffeur.  
"They say that it's just thrillingly delicious to take an automobile trip with the Buzzer's new chauffeur."  
"Why is it?"  
"Because he's cross-eyed and left-handed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

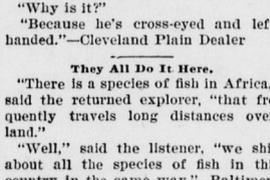
They All Do It Here.  
"There is a species of fish in Africa," said the returned explorer, "that frequently travels long distances overland."  
"Well," said the listener, "we ship about all the species of fish in this country in the same way."—Baltimore American.

No Credit to the Constitution in the Bill.  
Dr. Jalap—"You may think that your fine constitution for pulling you through; nothing else could have saved you."  
The Convalescent—"But I cannot see that you have made any reduction in your bill for my fine constitution's share in the cure."—Boston Transcript.

Ended the Right Way.  
She (tearfully)—"Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return you everything you have ever given me."  
He (cheerfully)—"Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses!"  
They are married now.—New York News.

A Slight Mistake.  
The Rabbit—"My, that's a fool way to hunt rabbits! But it seems to amuse the old guy."—New York Journal.

Neglected Accomplishments.  
"No," said the young physician, despondently, "I don't believe I shall be a success in my profession."  
"But there is no doubt about your knowledge and skill."  
"None whatever. I have the indorsement of eminent authority. But I can't play golf nor ping-pong. And how is a young man who can't play golf or ping-pong to go out into society and hunt up people to cure?"—Washington Star.



The Voice of the Desert.  
And as the golden crowns fade from the summits of the mystic mountains, says Verner Z. Reed in the Atlantic, and the shadows stretch in longer lines of beauty over the face of the perfect earth, the desert gives voice and answers:

"I am the desert, the eternal desert. Also beloved of the sun. I have been since the beginning of God's earth, and I shall be until the end of His earth shall come. The sun that kisses me, and impregnates me with warmth and heat, has taught me that in some form and in some place I shall always be, and so I am content, and all is well with me. I stand for quiet and for peace, and I am the visible emblem of quietness and of peace in the world. My limits, that lie beyond the scope of vision, are to teach men of the boundless extent of right and truth; my peace is to teach them that all is good, and that to all will come peace. I that am finite stand as a visible emblem of infinity. I that am mortal am an irrefutable proof of immortality. And because I am great and silent and mysterious, I speak unerringly to the depth and greatness and silence and mystery of the souls of humans, that, like me, were made by nature and by nature's God."

New Ruler of Zanzibar.  
By the death of the Sultan of Zanzibar his son, Seyid Ali, becomes the successor to the throne. This young man spent two years at Harrow and left a year ago to return to Zanzibar, in order to be prepared for the role of Sultan. He did not shine as a scholar at Harrow, being, when he left, in the same position as when he joined—that is, at the bottom of the class, but universally popular.

The head master, Dr. Wood, speaks of him as a frank, honest boy, who displayed great enthusiasm for the cadet corps. At games he was rather more active than skilful, his football being of a ferocious character.

A Boer War Memento.  
Joseph Chamberlain is to be presented with a unique memento of recent South African history. It takes the form of a clock mounted on a stand, and has been made by Mr. Gerrans, of Mafeking. The materials are the base of a Long Tom shell, the nose of one of the seven-pounder shells taken by the Boers from Dr. Jameson, used against the British at Mafeking, the casing of a Boer schnapnel shell and Mauser cartridges.



The effort to get rid of coal tar has developed an industry which employs more scientific men in its development than any other business.

Pure barium, as lately obtained by M. Guntz in the electrical furnace, is silver-white when freshly cut, almost as soft as lead, fuses at a low, red heat and volatilizes rapidly at a bright red. It oxidizes rapidly in the air, often taking fire.

The high-frequency electric currents of D'Arsonval are applied by two German dentists instead of ordinary anaesthetics. Application of the current to the part is made through a moulding, which is covered inside with metallic powder and a layer of tinfoil, with an additional layer of asbestos to absorb heat. Out of fifteen cases of extraction of teeth with one root, thirteen operations were completely painless. The patient remains in a waking condition and the usual risks and annoyances are avoided.

Pure blue light is the new consumption cure with which G. Kaiser is experimenting, in Germany. The rays from an arc lamp concentrated through a lens containing methylene blue destroyed tubercle bacilli in about thirty minutes, and, as the printing of a photographic positive proved the passage of the rays through the human body, it was shown to be possible to reach the bacilli in the lungs, and to kill them all with blue light. In two advanced cases of the disease great improvement resulted in six days.

The greater part of the world's supply of rubber comes from the jungles of the Amazon. The growing demand for the product has led natives to explore regions which have hitherto never been trodden by man. These explorations have resulted in the discovery of new areas of rubber lands. Consequently the world's supply of rubber annually exported is increasing. The shipments from Iquitos during 1900 amounted to 920 tons; in 1901 the quantity sent abroad increased to 1391 tons, and this year a still larger gain is expected.

The twelve-inch forty-calibre coast defense gun, exhibited by the Krupp works at the Dusseldorf exhibition, is said to be capable of penetrating the thickest and most modern type of armor forming the protection of ironclads at any distance at which the latter would attempt to destroy coast defense works. The gun is made of special crucible steel, is forty feet long and weighs, with its mounting 280 tons. It shoots a projectile weighing 980 pounds with a charge of smokeless powder of 291 pounds at a muzzle velocity of 2930 feet. Its range at twenty-two degrees elevation is twelve and a half miles. The projectile will penetrate nearly six feet (55.11 inches) of wrought iron plate near the muzzle, and twenty inches of the best Krupp steel plate.

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