MATION'S FIRE LOSSES

ENTIRELY TOO LARGE BESIDE THOSE OF EUROPE.

International Society of Building Commissioners Will Appeal to Governors When They Meet at Washington.

Washington.-While governors of the states are in this city in May to elecuse the nation's wastes and ex-Previgances and to devise means of Bassening this appalling destruction, it as plauned by Architect Fitzpatrick, executive of the International Society Building Commissioners, to submit for their consideration facts anent the me waste which, it is believed, will head them to take the initiative in proposing legislation for the betterment of building construction and the seduction of the fire tax.

Mr. Fitzpatrick points ou that of all our wastefulness fire is one of the meditest and the only one in which Transn lives also are sacrificed. The max in actual loss of buildings, in the maintenancet of fire departments and In premiums to insurance companies the hope of recouping some of the damage amounts to over \$500,000,000 m year, a sum that is barely equaled the cost of new buildings erected the most prosperous year. No other mation on earth permits such a waste. Fire has eaten up in 25 years over \$3,506,000,000 worth of property-a sum that exceeds the highest point erer reached by the United States

In Europe fires seldom extend beyand the buildings in which they eriginate; in this country whole city blocks of buildings, and even entire sections of cities, are wiped out in one conflagration. Boston will average \$1,500,000 loss in fire a year, while the severage of five European cities of equal size is a trifle over \$150,000. The fire tax here, exclusive of the cost mi fire departments, etc., is over two dollars per capita; in Europe it is less than 33 cents. In 43 cities of Europe there are .86 fires per 1,000 people; in the United States there are 4.05 per

Here in Washington, a city of 300, 900 people, there were 846 fires last lear, with a loss of \$288,744, and the enst of maintaining the fire department was \$433,920. In Berlin during the same period there were 2,099 fires, flavolving a loss of only \$169,205, and the fire department cost \$312,009. Mome, a city of 500,000 people, had a Mess of \$56,000, and its fire department anst \$50,000.

Mr. Fitzpatrick will point out also e cure that is proposed. He maintains that if adequate legislation is enacted, compelling all new buildings to be at least moderately well built and that the old ones have improvements rendering them less vulnerable so fire, this terrific tax will be reduced moore than half within five years.

2000 MICE TO THE ACRE.

Alfalfa Belt of Nevada Will Be Shunned by Nervous Women.

Washington.--If there is a piec piper in the United States who is out est a job he may fall into a good berth with Uncle Sam. It all depends on his mbility to get away with field mice as successfully as the pied piper of old disposed of the domestic mice of the Wittle village of Hamelin. The western milialia belt of Nevada is overrun by mice, and the farmers are unable to cope with the ravages of the little erestures.

The expert sent from the department of agriculture to suggest means of cradicating them has failed. He reported to Dr. Henshaw, of the biolegical survey, that there were prob-,ably as many as 8,000 mice to the mere. He said that in following the piow 15 minutes he was able to catch with his hands more than 375 young moice. Owis, hawks, badgers and foxes, which feast on mice, have been killed ext by hunters, and the little rodents the field have been left to flourish and multiply in the midst of their faworks diet. It is said that the department probably will substitute a polmon for the flute, if no pied piper ap-

WOMAN BLOWN FROM BARGE.

Then Nearsighted Sea Captain Trice to Shoot Her for a Duck.

New Haven, Conn.-Mrs. Mary Halgburg, who was blown overbofrom the barge Bulley when trying w pin her husband's washing on the ciothesline on the deck of the craft, came near getting a charge of shot in the head

Nearsighted Capt. Edward Thompaca, of the barge Baltic, saw her head above the surface of the water & hundred yards away, and, thinking it was a duck, seized his shotgun and warted to bag himself a Christmas duner. His wife called out:

"That's no duck; I can see a womma's black hair."

Then Capt. Thompson 'organized' a' rescue party, which pulled Mrs. Malgbug, half frozen, from the har-

World's Production of Furs. Canada atone produces over \$3,000. see worth of furs every year, and to This Alaska now adds \$750,000 of raw poits, and Labrador probably half this mat. Until a decade or so ago the Pryblioffs and other seal islands seet out \$2,500,000 worth of skins anmaily; and then, of course, there are the enormous quantities dressed and manufactured for the home markets.

GIRL DANCED WITH SKELETON.

San Francisco Maid Must Be Credited with Some Nerve.

This is a story of something that was expected to happen and did not There was once a skeleton at the Hopkins Academy of Art supposed to be that of a celebrated French dancing master whose field of usefulness was now confined to the anatomy room, where he was daily observed by a bevy of girl students. The exdancing master was mounted on a base with wheels for the convenience of locomotion. When one of the castomary dances was held a number of girls wandered into the anatomy room between the numbers and began to trifle with the old armor, statuary and other objects. The skeleton of the old dancing master was dragged into the middle of the room just as the band struck up a waitz. The floor was polished, and the wheels slid over it with marvelous ease. An idea suddenly occurred to the youngest and prettiest of the girls, and she acted upon it. "It is long since monsieur has had the pleasure of a dance," she said, smiling bewitchingly. "Will he dance with me?" Seising her card she wrote, "Monsieur the Skeleton" up it. Then endircling the bony digits with her own warm fingers she sped away with the skeleton over the polished floor. "I dance with death," she cried, and laughed gayly as she whirled. This is where something should have happened, but nothing did. The girls grew nervous and dragged her from the room. The old dancing master remained alone in the middle of the floor, and the walts swung on.—San Francisco Call.

HIS REASON FOR LOOKING GLUM. Sour Expression Kept Swede from Be-

ing Bothered. Prince Wilhelm of Sweden told a New York reporter that Americans all worked hard and looked happy. "In my country." the prince went on, "we work hard, too, but we have not your happy look. Perhaps it is the climate. At any rate, we tell a story in Sweden that is typical; a story that' will give you some idea of our national expression, though not. I'm sure, of our national character. A Frenchman visited a Swede in Stockholm. and one morning the two friends set out for a walk. Suddenly the Frenchman exclaimed impatiently: 'You look as sour as a pickle. Why don't you smile? Why don't you have a pleasant, good-natured air when you are out of doors?' 'What!' growled the Swede. 'And have everybody stopping me for a match or asking me how to get somewhere?""

..... To Save the Birds. The statisticians who foot up the loss to the country resulting from the killing of insect-destroying birds, and from our further neglect to intelligently protect and foster those winged scavengers of the air, put the gross sum at \$800,000,000 per year. We do not know upon what facts or what basis of computation this enormous total is reached; but if it is one-tenth part true it is a startling showing. The proposition of the federal government to set aside bird reservations and breeding grounds where our feathered friends might be protected in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness seems to rest upon sound economical grounds. It is a measure of safety for ourselves as well as for the birds.

Noble Living. Life is a great word. It is a larger word than religion or goodness or character. Fullness of life-that is what we want. In our efforts toward right living, we often fall, not for want of a pure and strong purpose, but because we have not in ourselves enough vital force to give effect to our purpose. We are like an engine which does not do its work well, be cause it has not a sufficient head of steam on. The secret of noble and joyful living lies largely in putting ourselves in steady communication with the reservoirs divinely set for the supply of man's soul.—George S. Mor-

riam.

Raw Milk Unwholesome. Nathan Straus sends a message to American mothers to the effect that raw milk is not good for children. the scientific men of the world having agreed upon the fact. Milk sbr be Pasteurized and the mother can do this herself in her own kitchen. The international congress at Brussels warned against raw milk, because of the danger from tuberculosis. It is not the poor alone who need instruction upon the subject, as many of the babies of the rich suffer from the effects of raw milk, but Americans are said to know more on the subject than people of other countries.

Attending to Business. "You say the officer arrested you while you were quietly minding your own business?" "Yes, your worship. He caught me auddenly by the coat collar and threatened to strike me with his truncheon unless I accompanied him to the station." "You were quietly attending to your business; making no noise or disturbance of any kind?" "None whatever." "It seems very strange. What is your business?" "He's a burglar, your worship," said the constable.-London Globe.

Travelers' Tales. Hostess-"And I suppose you went up the Rhine?" Affected Youth (who has been bothering the company with his traveling experiences) -- 'Oh, yes, and many other mountains."-London Tit Bits

BAFFLE THE TAX GATHERERS.

Residents on Irish Islands Enjoy Immunity from Taxation.

The difficulty of collecting rates in a number of islands lying off the coast of Donegal, Ireland, was discussed at a recent meeting of the Donegal county council. It was stated that rates had not been paid in Tory Ishand for the last 20 years, and that within the past few years the islanders of Gole, Inisherer, Inishmair, Inishboffin, and others had followed the example of their Tory brethren and developed a conscientious objection to rate collectors. It was impossible to get boatmen to take out collectors to serve demand rates or make collections, and even summons servers who had summonses for the islanders, were refused a passage. On one eccasion the collector engaged a boat and succeeded in reaching the first island before his mission was discovered. The boatman then refused to take him back to the mainland, and it was only after much promising and pleading that he was allowed to re-enter the boat. A councilman said that short of catching the islanders when they came to the mainland and stripping their clothes off them, ne did not see how they were to be made to pay.

WHERE ENGLISH JUSTICE ERRS.

American Variety Not Quite Se Bad in Some Directions.

It is only a century since the death penalty was inflicted in England for theft not exceeding the value of a sheep. Now some of the London journais are making a merciless exposure of magistrates throughout the kingdom who keep up the tradition by sentencing petty thieves to jail, while inflicting only trifling fines upon wife beaters and even more brutal offenders. In one police court one defendant was fined \$2.50 for knocking his wife down in the street because she refused to give him money for drink, and another was sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment for damaging growing potatoes and stealing two footballs. For cruelty to a horse, beating his wife, who was ill, with fist and hammer and leaving her with nothing to eat, one man was fined two dollars. while another, charged with stealing a pair of socks valued at 12 cents, got 14 days' hard labor. It would not be difficult to make up a list of similar cases from American police courts, yet the tendency in America is rather toward a higher estimate of the value of human life.-Van Norden Magazine.

A Sham Love of Country. "Our country" is an entity of which most American citizens are proud. They love their country. They will serve it, they will die for it; they resent any insult to our flag, and would make war with all the world rather than submit to dishonor. And yet thousands of our countrymen who thus cherish a national ideal are grafters, bribers, or bribed, advocates of corruption and agents of it in all that pertains to the business of the nation. They do not love the nation, but they love their country. The latter is an ideal, like religion. But the nation they regard as an everyday affair, and their dealings with it like the business they do with sharp traders, in which each man considers lawful plunder whatever he can make by exercise of his wits.-Christian

Register.

A Remarkable Wagen. J. B. Beyer of Schola township, Pike county, Pennsylvania, has a farm wagon the woodwork of which he built himself in 1863 in a wagon shop in Barryville, N. Y., in which he was an apprentice. Mr Beyer did all the woodwork on the wagon by lamplight, sawed the hubs, split and hewed every spoke, felloe and axle. Purchasing a farm in Shohola township the same year, Mr. Beyer took his wagon with him to the farm and has used it constantly ever since. He has never had the tires set or a dollar's worth of repair done to it, and to all appearance it is good for another century. Aside from good workmanship and material the secret of its lasting qualities is due to the fact that it has always been housed when not in use.

Fifty Kinds of Headache. "There are more than 50 kinds of headache," said a physician, "and sufferers from the more common forms may cure themselves accordingly. The more frequent forms are a dull pain across the forehead, due to dyspepsia; a pain in the back of the head, due to the liver; a bursting pain in both temples, due to malnutrition; an ache on the top of the head, as hough a weight pressed on the skull. die to overwork; an ache between the brows just above the base of the nose, due to eye strain."

Little "Originality." There is almost no such thing as "originality." As some one says: "The ancients have stolen our best thoughts." Shakespeare, Milton, Cervantes, Goethe, Mollere, Montaigne, Sterne, Swift, the whole company of great writers, "borrow" right and left. Coethe declared one day that if all that he had borrowed should be taken away from him, he would have but a few pages left, and Montaigne does not hesitate to say that he helped himself to whatever he could find.

. The Slowpoke.

"Isn't Dubley the back number, though? He's begun now to take up the study of Jinjitan." "That so! How's he making out?" "Wonderfully for him. He has almost learned how to propounce it."

FLOG STRIPPED TRAMPS.

Connecticut Farmers Ply Rawhide on Skins of Thieves.

Waterbury, Conn.-While four tattered tramps were wrangling as to who should carve a juicy piece of beef which they had snatched from little Margaret Fairclough in Milton, a dozen farmers, armed with horsewhips, surrounded the banqueters. They were all huddled around a crackling fire, watching the meat as it sizzled on a hook. Outnumbered three to one, they offered no resistance. "Take off yer clothes!" commanded

the leader of the poese. "Do you want us to eatch our death?" whined one of the tramps. "If you do you'll go to heaven well decorated," answered the chief of the avengers. "Come on, now, strip and be lively about it!"

The command was accompanied by a vigorous application of the whip. In a few minutes four shivering hoboes were posing in the altogether, six inches of snow serving to emphasize the fact that it was the closed season for soap as far as they were con-

"Grab hands, ring-a-rosy fashion," shouted the executioner, and the tramps obeyed with many a whim-

"All ready, boys," yelled the leader. The farmers formed an eutside ring and at a signal from the boss the whips descended across the shoulders of the four men. Fifty times the rawhide bounced off their naked backs, and when at last they were commandtd to dress they looked like rambling rainbows. The farmers promised to take an encore if the tramps didn't get a hustle on, and within ten minutes the last of the quartette had dragged himself out of sight.

GOT TOO MANY KISSES.

Superfluity of Love Cause Man to Flee from Bride of Sixteen Days.

Chleago.-Arthur Kehr, a musician, who has been married just 16 days, has sued for divorce. Too much love is the plea he makes for disunion. He married Mary Rogers, a young widow.

Here is his own story: "You never saw anything like it in all your born days. She would sit on my lap by the hour, and if I wanted to go across the street for a package of tobacco she would order me to stay where I was and do the errand herself, because she was afraid some girl might run off with me.

"She wanted to be kissed in the morning and kissed at noon and kissed at night? I could never get away from the passionate, despairing cry: 'Arthur, kiss me!

"I was a prisoner in my wife's house. The week I was there I earned only \$4.20 because she wouldn't let. me go out to play. I had to be with her all the time, getting loved. "There was only one thing for me to do, and I did it-ran away. I wouldn't

go back to her for anything." MONEY SAVES WIFE.

Eloper Held Husband's Property in Her Name and Was Forgiven.

Pittsburg, Pa.-Ernest Kohler, a merchant of Cranford, N. J., confronted his wife Christina and Alexander Bergner, a neighbor, in police court the other afternoon. "If it were not for the property, I would let you both go over the road for this," said Kohler.

The husband says his wife and Bergner left home two weeks ago. He traced them to New York, then to Pittsburg: Here he caused their arrest. He promptly preferred charges against Bergner, who is still in jail, but he asked the police to release his wife, and took her home with him.

"I've got \$20,000 worth of property tied up in her name, judge," said Kohler, "and I can't afford to let it go." Kohler says the couple took \$200 cash when they left. He will prefer charges against Bergner in New Jersey and try to have the man extradited.

MILLIONAIRE QUITS DRY TOWN.

Gives Mansion to Mission Board and Leaves Asheville in a Huff.

Asheville, N. C .- John A. Roebling, multi-millionaire and owner of Beauxchenez, a \$500,000 country estate on St. Dunston's, between Asheville and Biltmore, has deeded over his entire property to the home mission board of the Northern Presbyterian church and will return shortly to his home in Trenton, N. J. Mr. Roebling says that he is leaving Asheville because Asheville has gone for prohibition. Mr. Roebling says that there is no personal motive in his going away and abandoning a magnificent mansion.

"It is just a matter of principle," he stated, "on account of prohibition, which I oppose from principle." He has been a resident here for tem

years. During the recent prohibition campaign in Asheville Mr. Roebling was one of the most prominent leaders against it. He made hundreds of speeches during the campaign.

Stamps Wear Out Tongue. Winsted, Conn.—Because she licked so many postage stamps three years ago, Miss Myra Silvernail, employed in the post office in Norfolk, says her

tongue "aches most of the time." She was treated at first in Hartford, but got no relief. She has just returned from a six weeks' stay at St. Vincent's hospital, in New York, but her tongue still bothers her. The case puzzles physicians, who think that an operation may have to be performed. Her trouble has impaired her general

- Compared to the following the control of the cont

CERTAINLY CALLUD FOR NERVE.

Young Man Claimed He Had It, Dut Didn't Want Position.

A young man entered the office of the director of the city zoo in New York and asked for a job. The usual formula, "no vacancy," trembled on the lips of the man in charge, but a second look at the applicant checked its utterance. "You want a job, do you?" was the question that took its place. "I do-and I want it had." "Have you nerve?" "I had enough to ask work from the city without a pull." "That speaks well for you. We do want a man, but I don't think you would like the place." "Try me once. What is it?" "Extracting polson from the fangs of the snakes." "Twenty-three!" remarked the applicant, as he turned to go. "Stung again." "No, but I-mean it," said the official. And he did. He took the young man to the snake house and showed him the snakes. Then he exhibited a bottle of poison extracted from their fangs. The position offered has other duties, but the essential requirement is that the incumbent shall at stated seasons corner the snakes and nump_them free of poison. The young man asked for 24 hours for conelderation. He has now had over 48 and has not even sent a postal carr'

TWO GREAT THINGS IN LIFE. Doing Real Work Well, and Love, Says This Writer.

On this gloomy day, beginning with a troublous morning a spirit of content grows upon me. Perhaps it is because I rescued those half-burned notes, but somehow it comes to me with renewed force that two of the great things in life are real work-that is worth the doling-and love. To this add optimism, a reasonable and eager hope, and you have certainly the ingredients. for happiness. There is a spirit of worship in work, recognized by the monks long ago in their proverb, "Work is prayer." The same spirit exists in true love, that impels us to high ideals, and calls out the best, the truest, the noblest sentiments we possess. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." Real joy and happiness often exist in the weariness of toil, and in striving to live up to an idea! and be worthy of love. There is no great mystery in this, for real troubles have their part in life, yet after all, a great many of them are mere phantoms, that vanish as the sunlight dispels the gloom.-- Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Small Necked New Yorkers. Statistics furnished by manufacturers of shirts and collars indicate that the average New York man has a similler neck than his out-of-town brother. Comparison of orders shows that out of a given volume of business booked, Boston and Chicago led in the matter of big sizes. Inquiry at several haberdashery shops in Manhattan resuited in the information that any number larger than 161/2 would have to be specially called for from the factory or had through the selling agent. In other cities it is an every-day experience to sell as high as size 18 over the retail counter. Of course, the element of snug fit is a factor, but as a regular proposicion eastern and western men are more "bull-necked" than is the case with their New York brethren.

The Love of Good Books. There is no task of the teacher that can surpass in importance this work of forming right tastes of reading among children. It makes not so much difference what children learn as what they love. What they learn they will forget; what they love they will keep. If children do not learn to use and appreciate good books while at school, they will hardly ever learn, and their education will not amount to much. The school has to do with child and youth, but the library has to do with the child, the youth and the man until the end of his life. A good book is a blessing, but an evil one a curse.

Water Spreading Fire.

An amusing instance of ignorance of the properties of carbide of calcium occurred recently on a quay at Algiers. Five tons of carbide had been, placed near a quantity of inflammable material, which suddenly caught fire. The firemen, instead of removing the boxes of carbide with hooks, smashed them, and then turned water upon the contents. The result was a great development of acetylene gas and a destructive fire, which might have been prevented by a little practical knowledge of chemistry.-Youth's Companion.

Dolls Came from China. It is interesting to the children to know that the first doll came from China: that is, the first doll that could move its arms and legs. Up to that time the children had only dolls made of wood and leather, with sometimes a wax head. At first the wax was put on with a brush, but one day a workman dropped his thimble into a pot of melted wax, and when it came out covered with the material he immediately began to dip his dolls. The great doll industry is carried on in the

Consequences of a Profession. "I see where a young man somewhere married his mother's cook." "That was a had move-very." "Why so?" "Because she will always want to handle the dough."

Thuringian Mountains.

The Resson. She-"My! that was a heavy play!" He--"Perhaps It was on account of the stage waits."

MANY WEAR COSTLY FOOTCEAR.

Enormous Sums Said to Be Spent by English Aristocracy.

It would surprise most people to know of the huge sams which some of the English aristocracy spend on shoes, especially on slippers. Only the other day a countess whose name is' familiar to every one, had a pair of slippers made which were decorated in a picture pattern, like a pair of worked alippers, with precious stones, these being largely rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The result was exceedingly beautiful, but the cost was over

There is one accomplished workman in London whose sole occupation is that of mounting fancy slippers with jewels. The present countess dowager of X--- some years ago had madeher husband was then alive, and gave the order-a pair of slippers, in which she was to appear as Cinderella at a fancy dress ball given by the duke of Manchester. The slippers were one mass of diamonds, the value of the stones being considerably over \$60,000. while the cost of mounting them was upward of \$750.

A South American gentleman not long since presented to a foreign singer, then in London, a pair of slippers ornamented with two butterfites of different patterns in precious stones, the cost being nearly \$20,000. But in reality it is quite a common thing for slippers ornamented with gold threads and jewels, and valued at from \$5 to \$5,000, to be supplied, and many brides on their honeymoon are furnished with even ordinary boots, shoes and slippers to the value of \$1,000 or so.

ONE OF MONARCH'S TROUBLES.

Much Tact Necessary When Titles Are Conferred.

The bestowal of knighthoods in the arts in England is notoriously a difficult process, straining even the tact of King Edward. Every player who does more than "walk on" the stage, believes in his heart that he should he so honored, and the very accompanists at concerts hardly think themselves quite out of the running. This time the king had seemingly taken refage in age and approaching or actual retirement. John Hare has passed 60. He is now making a farewell tour, preparatory to retirement, and his position as one of the lightest, dryest and most adroit comedians of the English-speaking stage would be a tradition were he not still living evidence. so to say, of his own skill. The other new knight of the arts, Mr. Saniley, the barytone singer, has been so long in retirement that he seems to belong rather to the generation of the sixties and the seventies than to our own, though he visited America as recently as 1890. He was in oratorio; he could sing the sentimental ballads in which the average English audience dolights and still seem a man; he had his day in operal. There could hardly be a safer knighthood.

Price of Peace. A story is told of Verdi, the famous

omposit, which shows that he was, willing to pay a good price for what '. he considered comfort. A friend who went to call upon him in a small watering place, found the

componer in a little room which he informed his visitor served him for dining room, sitting room and bedroom. "I have two other rooms, which are

large," he said to his friend "but I keep articles hired by me in them. I have there 95 barrel organs." He paused to note his friend's sur-

prise, and then continued: When I came here my ears were tortured by hearing them play Trovatore,' 'Rigoletto,' and similar stuff. I hired them from their owners. I pay about 1,500 lire for them, and enjoy my summer's rest undisturbed by the sound of my own compositions."-Youth's Companion.

Advertising Scheme Stopped. A novel advertising scheme has been tried in London, England. A welldressed young man was standing on the curb at the corner of Aldwych when suddenly letters, apparently of fire, made their appearance across the back of his overcoar, and as quickly vanished. Passersby rubbed their eyes and stared in astonishment as the illumination again came and went at irregular intervals. It was a new development of modern advertising, the light being switched on from an electric battery carried in the pocket. The inevitable crowd gathered, with the inevitable result—a policeman shouldered his way to the front, and the agent of an enterprising advertiser had to move on.

A Different Proposition. "Gracious!" cried Dobson, throwing down his newspaper. "Here's a rich old Quaker lady offering to leave \$3,000,000 to a college if it will give up athletics. I'd lie in bed all day for the rest of my natural life for half that amount."

"No, you wouldn't," said Hawkins. "The call of the Great White Way would be too strong for you, especially if you had a roll as big as that." "Excuse me," retorted Dobson, "but

I didn't say that I'd stay in bed all night, too."-Harper's Weekly. Well Recommended.

Mrs. Lapsling was exhibiting to the caller the latest addition to her stock of household remedies.

"I have a good deal of faith in this medicine," she averred. "I got it from the hypothecary himself, and he said he'd never known it to fail."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS