

SCHOOL OUSTS CUPID

KANSAS UNIVERSITY ORDER IS OBNOXIOUS TO STUDENTS.

No "Dates," No Moonlight Strolls, No Billing and Coing Save at the Week End to Be Allowed in the Future.

Lawrence, Kan.—Red rebellion is abroad in the fair city of Lawrence, where the Olympic heights of the great University of Kansas cast their classic shadows to the westward for half the day, and, with equal persistency, cast their shadows to the eastward during the droning afternoon.

Not since the rude invasion of Quantrell and his guerrillas has anything happened in Lawrence to disturb the complete and enveloping tranquillity of its beatific air save the occasional antics of superenthusiastic students of the regrettable circumstance of a political denunciation of that rare exemplar of perpendicular citizenship, Walter Roscoe Stubbs.

The University of Kansas was one of the pioneer educational institutions of this country in granting equal recognition to young men and women at the fountain of knowledge.

The man or woman of mature years claiming Lawrence as a dear old alma mater looks back upon the intimate but decorous social life of that town with a heart mellowed by sweet memories.

The edict has gone forth that all social festivities shall be so curtailed that there shall be no calling, no "dates," no moonlight strolls, no tete-a-tete, no billing and coing, save and except upon the days and nights of Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

But there are numerous and open protests against the new order. Most of the young men and many of the young women have signed the declaration of independence formally inaugurating the rebellion.

TAKES LONGEST CANOE TRIP.

Ben Gissel Makes Journey from Minneapolis to New Orleans.

New Orleans.—Ben Gissel of New York is in the city, after having completed one of the most novel trips ever taken in this country, coming by canoe from almost the source of the Mississippi to Crescent City, a short distance from the mouth of the Father of Waters.

Gissel left Minneapolis, Minn., on August 23 and arrived in New Orleans 50 days later, most remarkable time, considering that his canoe measured 37 feet and was loaded with over 110 pounds, counting the clothing and cooking utensils which Gissel carried, not to mention his own weight at 145 pounds.

Gissel said that the trip was an admirable one and that he was treated royally by every one with whom he came in contact at every city and town and at some of the plantations where he stopped while on his way down the river.

The only unpleasant incident of the trip was when Gissel was in Donaldsonville on Sunday, October 4. While he was looking in a show window one of the sheriffs of the town attempted to arrest him for being a dangerous character.

INVENTS DEADLY HAND GRENADE

Army Soon to Test Device That Discharges Forty Bullets.

New York.—Tests are soon to be made by the United States army at Manila of what is declared to be the most deadly hand grenade ever invented. Lieut. W. S. Mages of Newbreak, a member of the Twenty-third Infantry, is the inventor. The instrument discharges 40 bullets, thus making a soldier armed with one a terror to the enemy.

The grenade looks much like a stick of dynamite and is nine inches long. Gun-cotton is packed in a cast-iron pipe for one-third of the length and a small can contains the 40 bullets. The whole contrivance is light and can be carried with safety. It is said that when it explodes, however, the bullets are distributed so near the surface of the ground that the men even lying down can be reached.

Lieut. Mages is now in Manila with his regiment and will personally take part in the experiments with his invention.

FARMING NOW MADE A SCIENCE.

Work That the Colleges Have Done, and Have Yet to Do.

Agriculture must rise to meet the college man, declares a writer in the Century Magazine. The leading agricultural colleges are now so well established, and are teaching in such direct and applicable ways, that they are creating a body of ability and sentiment touching country life that has never been known before.

This redirection will not show itself in increasing the productiveness of the earth only, although this must be the fundamental effort and result. It must consist as well in reorganizing the business or commercial interests of agriculture, and in a radical change in the ideals and modes of living.

CHURCH USED AS POSTOFFICE.

Many Travelers Have Letters Addressed to Sacred Edifices.

"I had no idea," said the new postman to a sexton, "that churches got such heavy mail. Who are all these letters for anyhow?"

"For strangers who worship here," said the sexton. "This and those other two churches on your route are well known the country over. When young people from other towns make up their minds to come to New York their folk at home are pretty badly worried over them. In their anxiety they remember one of these popular churches that everybody has read about, and they grasp at it as a last hope. They don't know just what the wanderers will do in New York or where they will drift, so they say: 'We will write you for a while in care of Mr. Blank's church.'"

"And they do write here. That brings the young people around for the mail, anyhow, and after that, from a sense of obligation alone, they come back to the service. It means a little extra work for the sexton to look after all these letters, but the influence for good in the lives of the youngsters more than makes up for it."—New York Press.

Kapt. But Not Used.

George Kayes, clerk at the Fairmont, who is English, but is ambitious to outgrow it, was discussing the endurance contest in Judge Lawlor's court, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Of course, I know you got your jury system from England," he said, "and so I suppose I ought not to criticize it. But this is a country of progress, and you ought to try to make some improvement."

"Suggest one," interposed Attorney General Lauck, who was passing.

"Well, you might allow more leeway in the matter of having opinions. Now, if I were a salesman I should not consider it a bar to jury service if I had an opinion. I could lay it aside while the trial was on."

"And what would you do with the opinion where it was laid aside?" "I would keep it."—San Francisco Chronicle.

German Student Insurance.

The University of Breslau has made a contract with an accident insurance company in Frankfurt to insure its students on the following plan: All students of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry or pharmacy, botany, zoology, mineralogy and geology must pay a fee of 36 cents each semester and be insured against accident occurring in the line of duty. Firemen and machinists and employees of the clinics are also included, the first two paying \$1.19 and the last 71 cents premium. The policy lapses as soon as the holder's connection with the university is severed. The company pays \$711 in case of death, \$3,570, payable in annuities, for total disability, corresponding smaller amounts for partial disability, and 71 cents a day (not exceeding one year) if cured. This insurance is optional with students of the other branches.

Sleeping an Opera Through.

"I sat next to three people at the opera the other night," said the woman, "who interested me very much. They were husband, wife and son. The wife and the son seemed to enjoy the opera very much, indeed, but the husband and father slept straight through it. Yes, from start to finish, I couldn't help wondering as I watched him why he didn't take a room at a hotel to sleep. He could have got a nice room and bath at the Waldorf or anywhere for the price he was paying for that chair that was so uncomfortable to sit up and sleep in."

Dodging a Bad Word.

"Why did you strike your little brother?" "Because he told me to go to hell, the place where they never have snow-ball fights."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Horrid Thing.

"Why do you hate Mr. Wendell so?" "The sweet young mother was asked. The horrid thing refused to kiss my baby because he was afraid of catching something."

THE HELP PROBLEM

HOW ONE SOCIETY SOLVES THE SERVANT QUESTION.

German Housewives in New York Give Rewards to Maids for Faithful Service to its Members.

New York.—The managing director of the German Housewives' society, which at its recent annual meeting awarded premiums to 40 servants for faithful service, declares that the members of the society know nothing of the difficulty of the servant problem which is driving suburbanites from their country homes and city householders into apartment hotels.

The Hausfrauen-Verein does not belong to the City Federation of Women's Clubs and its members are not long on social uplift or economic progress. Equal suffrage is barely a name and the glories of the Daughters of the Revolution have hardly been revealed to them.

Instead they are a band of women who cling tenaciously to the idea, rapidly becoming obsolete, that the eternal job of woman is to make a comfortable home. It is a just conviction, but so deep that they managed to strike at the roots of the servant problem, while their sisters who esteem themselves brilliant and intellectual confess themselves beaten.

The Housewives' society is versatile. It acts as an employment agency for its members. It gives free services to employes in various ways. It encourages servants in all the domestic courage and tact. Mrs. Theresa C. Schmidt, the managing director, is full of help for the servants who come to her seeking places.

Twelve years ago, before the days of employment agency reform, a few German women arose in revolt against the ways of employment agencies and formed a society to serve the same purpose in a more satisfactory manner. This antedated the days of the servant problem in its present serious aspect, but these careful housewives recognized disturbing influences below stairs and built their society to meet them.

According to Mrs. Schmidt, the secret of happiness among the German housewives is a deep seated objection to a continual change of maids.

"The comfort of the household depends more upon keeping servants for a long time than upon anything else," she said, "so we reward the maids who stay in their places. When a girl has worked for one of our members for two years she is presented at the annual meeting with a handsome gold brooch in the form of a bee."

Mrs. Schmidt displayed one of these emblems of industry, which was engraved on the back with the stamp of the society and the name of the prize winner. After a servant is entitled to wear the golden bee she receives additional premiums every two years if she still continues in her place. This year \$7,000 was spent in prizes. Rings, bracelets and ten dollar gold pieces were presented to the older servants.

"You see, a girl will work very hard to earn one of these," Mrs. Schmidt said. "It makes her very proud and happy. It is like a commendation in itself. It is like a diploma from a training school. The girls make a kind of fraternity among themselves."

"You see, I impress upon my girls that it is the steady ones who make most in the end. You can see for yourself. Rose Hahn, our oldest golden bee, who got the 12 years' premium this year, began at \$18 a month and she is now earning \$50 in the same place."

Mrs. Schmidt admitted that it is not always possible to place a girl satisfactorily the first time.

"They are very human, like every one else," she declared, "and they will do well in one place where they will fall in another. I always give them three trials and sometimes more."

"When a girl is in a strange country without friends to help her it goes to my heart and I do my best for her. It is not always the girl's fault if she does not do well. Sometimes she is too sick, or if she has just come over, too homesick to work."

Once a girl has earned a golden bee she has a recognized standing with the society. If after that she has a grievance against her mistress she can bring it before the board of directors for settlement. This privilege is granted once a year, but according to Mrs. Schmidt it is seldom claimed, because the girls come and talk about it to her first and usually settle it out of court.

Town May Sink into Mine.

Pittston, Pa.—The robbing of pillars in the checker vein of No. 7 mine, Erie county, has caused a disturbance of the surface in the village of Port Griffith, near here, and extensive damage is feared.

The home of Thomas Moughan was badly damaged, and it is feared Pittston hospital may be within the radius of the disturbance.

PINE LOGS FLOAT DOWN SACO.

River Not Largest, But Is Center of Maine's Big Lumber Industry.

Saco, Me.—The Saco river, although not one of the largest rivers in Maine, has floated more pine logs this season than any other stream in Maine.

In fact, the Saco has had this record for several years. Pine is becoming scarce in Maine and is becoming more valuable every year. Up among the upper tributaries of the Saco which extend into New Hampshire and through the White mountains and in many of the towns in Maine bordering on this river some pine is yet to be found, but the lumber "crusaders," as they are called, the men who scout through the country hunting for pine timber, find it more difficult each year to buy sufficient pine to supply the needs of the manufacturing concerns which demand this kind of lumber.

Last year the Saco floated to its mouth 15,000,000 feet of pine, together with much spruce, hemlock and other lumber. The men who buy the pine are obliged to purchase at the same time all the other kinds of lumber with which it is mixed, and such of it as can be used is floated down the Saco to be manufactured into boards or whatever else it can be well used for.

The Saco is not large, but is known as one of the most picturesque of Maine rivers, and is the scene of Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rose of the River." It is also a busy little stream, and in its way to the ocean does a good deal of work. Perhaps the Saco contributes more to the prosperity of the state than any other river in it. Everywhere its way is fettered by dams and water wheels, and just before it takes its final plunge to the ocean level it makes a grandstand finish by giving energy to three of the largest cotton mills in New England.

NATURE CHARY OF HER GUM.

Dried Juice of Spruce Pine Gradually Disappearing.

Bangor, Me.—Every winter woods-men in Maine devote more or less time to gathering spruce gum for the market. This winter there are to be fewer men engaged in the business than usual, as the gum is not plentiful enough to make the business pay as it once did, notwithstanding that prices paid by jobbers are high. First-class gum from the Maine woods is worth \$1.75 a pound in Bangor to the gum picker. The retailer gets 15 cents an ounce for it, and the price is increasing each year.

Formerly Juniper gum was brought to town, but it can no longer be had. A woodsman went to a store in Bangor recently, where gum is bought, and said he thought he knew where he could get some Juniper gum. The buyer of the gum told him to bring it along, and five dollars a pound would be paid for it.

When it was more plentiful Juniper gum was chewed in preference to spruce gum, both on account of its flavor and its medicinal properties. Spruce gum took its place among fastidious gum chewers, but now only a few persons chew spruce gum, compared with the thousands who chew manufactured gum. Spruce gum has a medicinal quality that no manufactured gum can be given, no matter how clever the chemist who compounds it. Few habitual chewers of spruce gum are troubled with dyspepsia.

LOUD SOCKS EXPEL BOY PUPIL.

Youth Refuses to Conceal Footgear and High School Ousts Him.

Middletown, Conn.—Young Augustus Marsh, who was a tackle on the Middletown high school eleven, left that institution of learning in some haste the other day. As a consequence the other students have ceased to wear their trousers "turned up." They have been rivals in the splendor of their hose.

Augustus bought and wore socks to school that were so loud his young woman teacher could not hear herself think; they drowned the sound of the noon whistles so that recess was late. They were Nile green in color, embroidered in a vivid red. Better to display their glory Augustus made a double roll in the end of his trousers.

"Augustus," said the teacher, blushing as red as the clocks on her pupil's socks, "pull down your trousers' ends." Augustus only grinned.

The teacher reported him to Principal C. H. Woolsey, who suspended him indefinitely.

HICCUGHS TILL HE STARVES.

Patient Cannot Eat, and Abundance of Flesh is Wasting.

Chester, Pa.—George Sampsell, aged 45 years of this city, is hiccoughing himself to death. A week ago Sampsell was taken ill with erysipelas in his right arm, and about the same time he was seized with hiccoughs.

Dr. Fred H. Evans is doing all he can to relieve the sufferer, but without success. The hiccoughing continues at intervals of every few seconds and the man is wasting away. He is unable to eat; his heart action keeps growing weaker and the pain he suffers is excruciating.

A week ago Sampsell was a big, strong man, weighing nearly 200 pounds. He is now but a shadow of his former self, and his face is so drawn and distorted from the effects of the affliction that members of his family and his intimate friends would not recognize him. He must starve to death, it appears.

A SIGN OF TROUBLE FOR HIM

Sound That Meant Big Doctor's Bills and Much Worrying.

The group of men round the post office stove had been exchanging confidences, brought out by the remark of Abel Willet. "I hate to hear the wind whining the way it does tonight," he said, drawing closer to the stove. "Sounds kind of unearthly."

"Screech-owls are the only critters that can make me feel uneasy," said Gid Hamlin. "There was a family of 'em in a hollow apple-tree back of my house one year. I used to dread the moonlight nights when they tuned up."

"Whippersnaws are plenty solemn for me," said Hiram Goodyear. "Let 'em keep it up for an hour or so across our valley, and I get chilled clear through."

"There's nothing I hate to hear so bad as a dog howling," said William Hobbs. "When that bound o' the Greens gets at it good an' steady, I come near wishing that I was stone-dead."

"Ain't there any sound that kind of turns your blood cold, Pete?" inquired Abel Willet of Peter Hanson, a small, meek-faced man who was blessed with an Amazonian wife and ten children, and whose many home duties made an evening at the postoffice a rare outing.

"Yes, there is," and Mr. Hanson looked apprehensive as he spoke. "The sound of a cough with a kind of a whoop to it, that's what means a bad time ahead for me, I can tell you! There's four of 'em haven't had it yet!"—Youth's Companion.

MIGHT GRANT HIM THAT FAVOR.

Singer's Request Not Unreasonable Under the Circumstances.

Mrs. Sembrich, at one of the dinners in New York that the unwelcome news of her approaching retirement elicited, vivaciously related stories of the stage.

"I know," said Mrs. Sembrich, "that you have in America a tragedian who plays Hamlet behind a screen, selling to grocers, after each performance, the fruit and vegetables that have missed their mark."

"This tragedian must be amusing. I regret that I've never seen him. I have, though, in Texas, seen Callino. Callino sings in falsetto the tenor role of Puccini's Tosca."

"The public, especially in the 'star' song, make a target of poor Callino, and the afternoon I heard him sing, the daft creature was pretty badly bruised."

In the midst of his 'star' song, some one hit him with a turnip. His nose began to bleed, and he held up his hand for silence. When the music stopped, Callino said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, in the last act your missiles were chiefly eggs. Eggs are messy things, they make one's costume so stiff and sticky, and it's awfully odd, but I was just about to remark, when that turnip struck me, that I preferred turnips to eggs—only would it be asking too much of you to boil them first?"

If They're from London.

In his elegant evening dress the young man hurried slightly. "These English clothes are very smartly cut," he said, "but their texture is so light and flimsy that they must be pressed after every wearing, they bag and wrinkle so—and, above all, there is no warmth in them."

He ordered a steaming drink. "Learn a lesson from me!" he resumed. "If you ever buy evening clothes in London, insist on a heavy cloth, a winter cloth. Our town season, our season for dances and balls and what-not, is the winter, and our evening clothes are made of winter cloth. The English town season is the summer, the months of May, June and July, and hence English evening clothes are made of summer cloth."

"And the English tailor, unless he is warned in time, makes summer evening clothes for his American patron to wear at home in zero weather."

New Method of Vaccination.

The head and front of the offending ordinary vaccination lies in the fact that it introduces a living disease germ into the blood and tissues of the patient. It is not a dead germ or a method of preparing the virus of any disease by graduated attenuation, which robs it of all its vitally dangerous powers and converts them into curative or protective powers.

During the last epidemic of small-pox in London hundreds of homeopaths were "internally vaccinated" in this way. In the state of Iowa in the United States of America this form of vaccination is practiced and is accepted as valid by school and state authorities.—Saturday Review.

Coon Blew Out the Light.

James Myers and H. H. Tutbill, of Chester, were out after coons recently, and located one in a tree which it was impossible to climb. They fired 25 shots without dislodging him, so they fastened a lighted lantern to the tree six feet from the ground and went for more cartridges.

On their return they found that the coon had descended, blown out the lantern light, and escaped.—Goshen (N. Y.) dispatch to New York World.

PASSING OF THE CIGAR BOX.

Glass Jars Expected to Take Place of Old Receptacle.

"I don't believe it will be long before the cedar wood cigar box is a thing of the past," said the clerk as he knocked the nails out of a box and scratched off the internal revenue stamp. "Several big cigar manufacturing concerns have been experimenting recently with glass jars as a substitute, and they are proving a great success. Of course, they are heavier than the wooden box and there is a slight percentage of breakage, but in the end they are cheaper, for the price of the wooden boxes is going up all the time. The package is attractive, and the cigars packed in the jars will not dry out so rapidly."

"Fifty cigars are packed in the jars, which have a light, nicked screw top. The best part of the glass jar idea is that the smokers' wives can put them to good use after the cigars are all gone. They can be used around the house for a thousand different things. But a wooden cigar box wasn't much use for anything after it had served its first purpose. You could break, shatter or do most anything with it, but the scent of the tobacco stuck to it."

FINALLY HAD USE FOR "JOHN."

Calamity Forced Laundry Company to Reconsider Its Boast.

It was the boast of the "Incomparable Laundry Company" that it employed no Chinamen, that it did better work than Chinese laundries did, and did not wear out the clothes so quickly in washing. One unlucky day, however, the company's building caught fire and was partially destroyed. By great exertion nearly all the contents were saved, but in a highly mixed and tangled-up condition.

Drivers of the company's wagons were sent round to the various customers to assure them that they would lose nothing, that their shirts, collars and cuffs were all safe, and would be delivered to them, properly laundered, with a delay of only a few days.

"Wasn't everything piled in a heap when you got things out of the building?" asked one of the customers.

"Yes," said the driver to whom the question was addressed.

"Well, how are you ever going to separate them?"

"Oh, we've got a Chinaman sorting them out," answered the driver with some reluctance.—Youth's Companion.

Not So Very Precious.

A New York hotel is going to have enough gold dishes to serve a dinner of seven courses to 75 persons. Of course, this suggests moralizing on prodigal luxury and allusions to Laocaius and Aepitus and also to Balthazar. But there was a time when even kings dined from trenchers. The introduction of pewter was probably denounced by the philosophers of the day as prodigality, and while silver is not commonly used for dishes from which persons eat, it is in such general use for the larger pieces and for spoons, forks and drinking vessels that the use of silver must represent, as compared with the previous customs, about as great an increase of expenditure as the use of a gold dining service does now. The precious metals are not so precious as they were once.—Philadelphia Record.

South African Millionaires.

Harry Barnato, who has just died in the prime of life, is the latest addition to the list of South African millionaires whose lives have closed prematurely and often tragically. Cecil Rhodes, it will be remembered, did not live to see his forty-ninth birthday, although he had qualified as a millionaire at least 20 years earlier, and Barney Barnato was only 46 when he came to his tragic end on the high seas, but he had lived long enough to leave nearly £1,000,000 behind him.

Woolf Joel, Barnato's nephew, was much younger when at 24 a brief put an end to his life at Johannesburg ten years or so ago, and yet he was able to leave an estate valued at £1,225,000. Herbert Matthew Davies accumulated £734,000 before he died at the age of 43, and Mr. Bell had made and left his millions before he had long completed half a century of years.

His Impression.

"Yes," said the fair young thing, "that punch you just tasted is made from a recipe that has been treasured in the family for centuries. The earliest authentic record we have of it was in the lifetime of my great-great-great-great-grandfather, whose suit of armor stands in the hall."

"If he drank much of that punch," observes the young man, who has had two glasses of it, "he must have wished he was wearing that armor on his inside instead of his outside."—Judge.

Her Excuse.

"Mrs. Skandell was telling me a story to-day about that odious Mrs. Galley," began Mrs. Jigaley.

"See here!" interrupted her husband. "I thought you hated gossip."

"Why—er—so I do, but, of course, I can't hate it thoroughly until I know just exactly what it is."

Absorbing.

"There is one subject on which it is difficult to keep up interest."

"What particular subject is that on which it is difficult to keep up interest?" "The mortgage of my house."—Stray Stories.