

WILL POWER OF AMERICANS

Quality That Has Made United States a Nation of Hard and Quick Workers.

The astonishing industrial advance of the United States and the predominance of this motive in the national life come from the third element in the Spirit of America, will power, that restless energy of nature which drives toward activity and efficiency.

No doubt the original conditions of the nation's birth and growth were potent in transforming this energy into forces of a practical and material kind. A new land offered the opportunity, a wild land presented the necessity, a rich land held out the reward to men who were eager to do something.

Why? There may be many reasons. But I am sure that the most important reasons lie in the soul of the people, and that one of them is the lack in the republics of the south of that strong will power which has made the people of the United States a nation of hard and quick workers.

CHILDREN ALWAYS IN PHOTO

Pictures of Suffragettes Would Seem Incomplete Without That Accompaniment.

The photographer slapped down a tray full of photographs. "Look at those pictures," he said, "and see if you can find anything peculiar about them."

The visitor looked but could find nothing especially noteworthy. "Suffragettes, every last one of them," said the photographer. "Look again. Nothing peculiar yet?"

"Didn't you notice the children in the pictures?" asked the photographer. "That's what I wanted you to make a note of. Almost every woman in that stack of pictures has been photographed with a child. That's a habit the suffragettes have. I have photographed a lot of these strenuous dames, and I find that they are more likely to be taken with a child in their arms than women who don't care a rap about the cause."

The severest criticism leveled at the suffragette movement is that it destroys a woman's desire for family life; but these pictures don't show it. Maybe the child element is introduced for effect—I don't know. Maybe the children are just borrowed for the occasion, but, no matter what the motive or whose the children, it is a mighty forlorn suffragette who gets photographed without a kid at her elbow.—New York Times.

Railroad Wreck Averted by Boys.

Quite a little hero is Harry Hunter, a 12-year-old boy of Olympia, Wash., who saved a heavily loaded passenger train from a disastrous wreck one day lately. Hunter and Sam Burrows, a boy of the same age, were walking along the right of way, about two miles east of Olympia, when they discovered a broken rail which left an opening in the track several feet long. Knowing a passenger train was due to pass soon, the boys determined to give warning. Hunter started up the track in the direction of Tacoma, and Burrows started toward Olympia, both running at top speed. Hunter had proceeded but a short distance when he discovered the train bearing down upon him. Seizing a handkerchief he waved it frantically. For a time it appeared the engineer would not heed his signal, but the train eventually began to slow down and was brought to a stop within five feet of the broken rail. Passengers and train crew honored the boy hero and took him aboard the train.

Real Patriotism.

Patriotism does not consist solely in voting right, speaking right and giving right counsel to one's neighbor, though all these things help. It may demand personal sacrifices in public service. That is, perhaps, the highest test in many cases. The jurymen who are glad he has been drawn and who even pull wires to secure a place on the panel is rarely, if ever, a good jurymen. The justice of the verdict must depend upon those who give cheerful service, knowing that for the time being it will be at the expense of their private interests. As positions rise higher in the scale of responsibility the same rule holds.—New York Evening Post.

The Difference.

"The difference between a slow-going Englishman and a bustling American," said little Binks. "Is nowhere more thoroughly exemplified than in the way they go after public office." "Don't think I ever noticed it," said Dawson. "Well, it's plain enough," said little Binks. "Over here a man runs for office, while the Englishman contents himself with merely standing for it."—Judge.

NOTABLE CEREMONY IN SIAM

Presentation by the King of Yellow Robes to Priests of Buddhist Temples.

Once a year, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, all the Buddhist temples in Siam are visited by the king, or his deputies, bearing the Phra Kathin (yellow robes), in conformity with an ancient custom by which the priests were made to seek their apparel for the ensuing year. During the lifetime of Buddha, monks and priests were sent out to beg for old, cast-off garments, which were afterward dyed yellow and patched together to form the required robes. This ancient mendicant custom gradually gave place to the present one of making the garments from new cloth of a bright canary yellow, provided by joint contributions of kings, princes, nobles and commoners. When the king goes in the royal throne barge to present the robes in person he does so with great pomp and ceremony. The priestly garments, folded in bundles, are carried to the door of the temple to await the appearance of his majesty and his suite. The king, on arriving, takes a priestly robe and places it on a decorated altar. The chief priest then lays his hands on the garment and chants an acknowledgment.

HUSHED SHRIEKS OF VICTIM

Little Woman Found One Good Use for Discardant Notes of Carolers.

The shivering carollers had just selected a pitch beneath a lamp in a back street, when a small boy emerged from a house opposite and beckoned mysteriously to their leader.

"Mother says you're to sing something loud," he whispered. "That bit about 'Peace on earth' will do fine. She don't want no others. Just you go on hollering 'Peace on earth.'"

For ten minutes the willing minstrels yelled their loudest. Then a little woman, armed with a copper saucepan, appeared upon the scene. "Thanks!" she said, handing the collector three-pence. "That 'Peace on earth' as done it beautiful! My ol' man went to fetch the turkey 'e won in a raffie to-night, an' comin' 'ome, 'e made one or two calls and lost it, so I've been a-teachin' 'im to be more careful, an' I didn't want none o' the neighbors to interfere when 'e hollered out."—Pearson's Weekly.

Clearing a Canyon of Glaciers.

Climbing by a dangerous route up the iceclad cliffs of Ogden canyon, where the great avalanche wrought such havoc a week ago, two expert dynamiters after carefully drilling holes into the thickest masses of the glacier succeeded in loosening from the mountainside a large portion of the ice this afternoon. Owing to the difficulties and dangers attached to the work a second blast could not be set today and large masses of ice and snow still cling to the rocks and make traffic through the canyon a constant peril.

Ed Benson and Jack Callahan are the daring miners who volunteered to do the work of blasting after fruitless efforts of the county commissioners to hire men willing to risk the danger. It is estimated that there is fully 500 tons of ice which will have to be removed in small quantities and broken down from the mass so as to prevent the entire glacier from crashing to the bottom of the canyon.—Ogden correspondence Salt Lake Herald-Republican.

"Third" the Most Probable.

Harrington Putnam, Judge Gaylor's successor on the New York bench, is noted for his logical mind.

Once at a dinner at Red Lodge, his country house near Denning, Mr. Putnam gave an admirable instance of this mental quality. The conversation had turned to nonmarrying widows, and Mr. Putnam disposed of the question thus:

"When a beautiful widow says that she will not marry again on any condition, it may be, first, her husband was so good that she could never care for another man again; or it may be, second, that her experience of married life was such as to make her desire no more of it; or it may be, third, that she is telling a falsehood."

Eastern City Little Known.

Siwa or Seewah, with which the Egyptian government has been having fresh trouble, is the old classical oasis of Jupiter Ammon, whose oracle was a formidable rival to Delphi. The oracle grew dumb about the time that the whisper ran round the world, "Pan is dead," but this oasis is still a stronghold of religious fanaticism. Most of the inhabitants, who rather resemble the Chinese in feature and wear the perpetual scowl of a heavy tragedian on their countenances, belong to the Senual sect of Mohammedianism and profess a peculiarly sour variety of Puritanism. The oasis of Siwa is seldom visited by Europeans, because the journey involves a three weeks' camelride across the desert in which Cambyees lost his army, with a good chance of getting knocked on the head at the finish.

The Juvenile Soldier.

Pair Stranger—"What are you crying for, little man?" Boy Scout—"Cos I've got to imitate a donkey's bray." Pair Stranger—"Perhaps I can help you. What do they do?" Boy Scout—"They eat enough of these thistles to give them the hicoughs."—M. A. P.

HENS THAT POISONED FISH

Ex Cobb Tells About Pets That Had Brains and Knew How to Use Them.

"Pshaw!" said Ex Cobb, a Barkerville poultry fancier, when he read about a hen owned by H. C. Spaulding of Colebrook, digging bait for her owner when he had the fishing fever. "That's nothing. I've got some Rhode Islands reds that poisoned fish to death because the fish stole worms from 'em."

"How did they do that?" demanded an incredulous listener.

"I have a deep spring in an open lot," replied Ex. "The fish I kept in it got so wise that they dug their own worms. The earth at the edges of the spring had lots of worms, and whenever a fish saw one crawling out of the ground he would jump out of the water and grab it. My Rhode Island reds, in scratching about the spring saw what the fish were doing."

"Now, what do you think those murderous hens did? They went to my potato patch, where I'd put Paris green. They got their bills full of poison, went back to the spring and washed their bills free of the Paris green. I tried hard to get the poison out of the spring, but I was too late. It dissolved. The next morning all the fish were dead."

"Now, the hens have the worms, and we don't dare drink from the spring. And some people say that chickens haven't any brains."

PILED HIGH AS A MOUNTAIN

Twenty Thousand Tons of Old Iron Encased in a Single Pile in San Francisco.

The largest scrap heap in the world is in San Francisco, a relic of the great fire which followed the earthquake of April, 1906. It is 40 feet high, 100 feet square, and contains 20,000 tons, all cut in equal lengths of 18 inches, and piled in one solid mass, with the sides as smooth and solid as a brick wall.

This is the only one of four heaps of equal size and proportions which remains intact in its original size and shape, the other three having been drawn upon as the material was needed. Many other scrap heaps are piled about the bay awaiting shipment, some as big as a house, and others mere hillocks, scattered over acres of ground.

Since the fire one company has handled 150,000 tons of this old material. It has six large shears in operation to cut the iron and steel, either that it may be better handled for shipment or for the furnace, says the Iron Trade Review. Little of this scrap is used in San Francisco the bulk of it being shipped to the Atlantic coast or to European ports.

Sour Milk as Preservative.

Most housewives do not know that sour milk is a preservative. Ever oysters will keep in it for some time & piece of beefsteak was found to be perfectly fresh after an immersion of four or five months. Prof. Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur institute, Paris explains that the sugar in the milk encourages the growth of certain germs which form lactic acid. This acid destroys the germs of putrefaction. For this reason, sour milk and buttermilk are often beneficial in allimentary disorders which are accompanied by bacterial infection. Sweet milk will not serve because the sugar is promptly assimilated and the friendly germs are without sustenance. On the other hand, the casein of the milk remains and in it the bacilli of decay multiply. It is they which cause the class of symptoms known as biliousness.

Wives and Business.

It is not only the husband who is helped by his wife's intelligent interest in and understanding of his business problems. She may sometimes find that this knowledge is of the greatest benefit to herself. It may save her and her children from loss and poverty if she is left a widow. It happens far too often that through sheer ignorance of business methods widows dissipate their property, when a little acquaintance with legal and commercial processes would have made them safe. Women are not at all ways to blame for this ignorance, for men do not invariably show a willingness to inform their wives of business details.

High and Low Tides.

The periodical rise and fall of the waters of the ocean and its confuents are due to the attraction of the moon or sun. When the water is rising it is termed flood tide; when falling, ebb tide. At the time of the new moon and full moon the flood tides rise higher, and the fall of the ebb tide is greater than at other times. These tides are called spring tides. But when the moon is at her first, or last quarter, or at the time of quadrature, the tides do not rise to their average height, and are called neap tides from the Anglo Saxon "neap," signifying narrow, contracted low.

The Red Man's Mental Status.

In mental equipment the Indians rank easily above the average negro. In their new estate they have produced every variety of active manhood from statesmen, teachers, doctors and preachers down to good-for-nothings—even as the whites. We can accept their numerical influence as the physical evidence of a racial progress succeeding the old processes of decay under abuse.—New York World.

HAD MADE PHILANDER TIRED

Patient Man Finally Decided End Must Be Put to Picture Puzzle Craze.

The pretty young woman with a small suit case stepped briskly up the gravel walk and said, "Good-morning!" to Miss Eliza Long, who was enjoying life on her south porch. "Would you like to look at some puzzle pictures?" inquired the young woman.

"I'd like to," said Miss Long, frankly, "but I've promised Philander—that's my brother—not to touch another one for six weeks. By that time he thinks the lever'll be broken up."

"No, 'tisn't any use your opening that case; I can't look. 'Twas only last night I promised Philander," and Miss Long turned her head resolutely away.

"I think he was unkind to extract such a promise," said the young woman with the suit case, indignantly. "No, he's a kind man," said Miss Eliza, dispassionately. "He's borne a good deal. He said last night that he was willing to stand irregular meals and silent evenings, and mornings of neighbors dropping in to exchange while the work stood still, and all such."

"He said he and the other men round had agreed that it had got to run its course, and then 'twould be over and done with; but when it came to having me look at him across the supper table as if he's a dummy, and when he asked what was the matter, tell him I'd been thinking what an elegant picture he'd make, squared off with the wall behind and the table in front, he saw 'twas time to take measures—and thinking it over, I don't know but he's right."—Youth's Companion.

ONE THING HE HAD OMITTED

Jenkins Might Have Scored Triumph But for That Small Act of Forgetfulness.

When Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door, and deposited his lamp upon the dressing-table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip-pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a can under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake-box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got downtown. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of any marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I hung my clothes over chair-backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that's all, and I will now put the light out."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged himself against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquake by the query from Mrs. Jenkins: "Why didn't you take off your hat?"—Argonaut.

English Monarch's Many Thrones.

King Edward has more thrones than any other monarch in the world. He has three in his London palaces, one in the House of Lords, one at Westminster and a sixth is at Windsor Castle. The most ancient is at Westminster, where each ruler of Great Britain is crowned. The coronation chair is a massive throne of oak, in which seven Edwards have sat. Beneath the seat is a sandstone block known as the "Stone of Destiny," from Stone. The throne in the House of Lords is of Burmese teak and is carved and gilded and studded with crystals.

The throne in St. James's Palace is large, with a canopy overlaid with crimson velvet, embroidered with crowns set with pearls. The most costly throne is at Windsor. It is composed entirely of carved ivory, inlaid with precious stones, especially emeralds. It was presented to Queen Victoria by the Maharajah of Travancore.

Rises from Coffin and Talks.

A weird sort of happening was that which occurred in a village in the department of the Somme, France, recently. A man named Lalavard, who lived at Cappy, apparently died several days before, and arrangements were made for the burial. But on the day of the funeral, while his friends were condoling with the widow, he got out of his coffin in the next room, and, opening the door, asked why there were so many people in the house. The resurrected man, however, was taken ill again and died a few weeks after.

Dead Man Rides a Bicycle.

A somewhat eerie story was told at a recent inquest at Alderley Edge, Cheshire, Eng., into the death of a Joiner named Pierpont. He was working out in the country, and left his work to cycle home as usual. Some of his fellow workmen, walking home, saw him sitting on the cycle, reared up against a hedge. Thinking something was amiss one of them went up to him, saying: "Is anything the matter, old chap?" But the cyclist was stone dead.

OLD-TIME FAMILY MEDICINES

More or Less Valuable Remedies Frequently Recalled by Writer in Magazine.

Fifty years ago one of the dearest possessions of every well-nurtured, properly mounted home was the "family pill." There was also, of course, a well-stocked medicine chest, containing all the simpler drugs and a pair of druggist's scales, and the doctor was called in only for extreme exigencies. If one had an earache, a teaspoonful of sweet oil was warmed over the flame of a candle, three drops of laudanum added—which mamma blended with a convenient hairpin—the whole mess was decocted into the distressed member, a pledge of cotton batting corked it into place, and that was the end of it. If one was "chilling," cholagogue was administered by the ample tablespoonful, or quinine in powders was got down by the aid of jam. For an unidentified pain in one's little insides which refused to yield to the soothing of a bag of hot salt, the scales weighed out an eighth of a grain of morphia, and castor oil, "bluemass" and paregoric were set on the track of most of the flesh's ills and chased each other, and incidentally the ailment, all about one's helpless nineteenth century interior. But the family pill was the specific relied upon for nine out of ten maladies. It was usually some simple compound, such as calomel, rhubarb and Dover's powders, put together by the booted, hard-riding family doctor to save himself from useless night calls, and each household could produce irrefragable evidence of the almost miraculous potency of its own peculiar combination.—Elizabeth Bisland in North American Review.

CAN MAKE THE OPPORTUNITY

Man of Force Has No Need to Sit Down and Wait for the Auspicious Occasion.

"Opportunity knocks at every man's door, and if he does not answer, goes away," is the common saying; yet there is a theory advanced to the effect that there are many times when a man who has failed to open the door can lure back the much-sought deity again.

"I have always thought," said a well-known business veteran, who has made his own way to the top, "that men can make their opportunities. I suppose in the course of every man's life opportunity fairly tramples on his toes, but he too often fails to realize it. I know that there are lots of people who have been bumped and knocked about by opportunity and have ignored it; but I have also known men who have created opportunities out of nothing, and who have made places for themselves."

"These are the men in our busy world of affairs who do not wait for things to come to them, but who go out and find the things they want. A smart man can usually create the job he is after if he keeps his eyes open and uses a little initiative. The kicker is usually the man who has failed to find this out."

"I have heard men howl because things go against them in business, yet they seldom turn their hand or make an effort to better things themselves. Such a man has no right to kick."

St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The festival of St. Thomas of Canterbury, from being perhaps the most popular of saints' days in England, has now fallen into complete desuetude, and its revival is not advocated by even the most fervent of Anglo-Catholics. It was Henry VIII, who destroyed the Becket tradition. The king was (as always) in need of money, and the shrine of St. Thomas in Canterbury Cathedral seemed a suitable object for legalized loot. So in 1538 an order was issued that the bones of the saint should be burned and the offerings made at his shrine—the trophies of three centuries and a half—forgotten to the crown. Becket was to be decanonized, his images to be destroyed and his name erased from the service books. The work was faithfully performed. "The name of Geta," writes Dean Staunley, "has not been more carefully erased by his rival brother on every monument of the Roman Empire."

Postscript Cookery.

A teacher in a cooking school employed a typewriter to make manifold copies of some of her special recipes. The thing about the recipes that really interested the typewriter was the postscripts appended to each one.

"Why do you have to have postscripts in a cook book?" she asked.

"That is the only way to make most women stick to directions," said the teacher. "In every recipe there is one point that is particularly important. Upon its observance success or failure depends. Most women when they get in a hurry are likely to slip things together any old way and trust to luck for the dish to turn out right. A postscript makes them slow up a bit. There never was a woman who wouldn't pay attention to a postscript, so by putting the most important part of a recipe into that I compel my pupils to follow instructions."

Against Reincarnation.

"The theosophists say that after death we are born again and live on other planets." "I hope I don't go to Mars." "Why not?" "I never can agree with anyone as to whether canals ought to be sea level or lock type."

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF BAALBEC

It Has a Romantic Glory of Color Rare in Unpainted Stone—Should Be Visited in Spring.

The town of Baalbec contains some 5,000 inhabitants, about a quarter of whom are Christians, writes Robert H. Hens in the Century. It has a garden; it is the seat of a bishop of the Greek Catholic church; it owns four mosques, three churches, six schools, four monasteries, three hotels and a Turkish bath; but all these glories lie far enough apart from the ruins to leave their almost matchless dignity and beauty unimpaired. One thinks of them only for a moment, realizes them not unpleasantly when one sees two soldiers strolling hand in hand down the staircase of the Temple of Jupiter or comes upon a group of serious Arabs among the pillars of the Temple of Bacchus or surprises a group of women in shining black beneath the Arab tower to the southwest of the temple or upon the projecting platform which is thrust out toward the orchards not far from the columns of the sun finds a bevy of brown and bright-eyed Syrian children smiling down at the fairy revels of the white blossoms in the breeze.

Never had I understood how exquisite white can look with gold, fragility with strength, that which the peculiar loveliness that passes with that which has the peculiar splendor that endures, till I saw the piled golden stones, columns and mighty walls of Baalbec rising into the sunshine among the white flowers of Baalbec's orchards. Baalbec must be seen, if possible, in spring, and seen at least once not only in the full glory of day, but also when the sun is declining. Then the columns of the sun are alive, so it seems, with changing and almost mysterious glories; walls, architraves, door posts, capitals and tangled heaps of broken fragments hold a romantic glory of color such as I have not seen elsewhere on unpainted stone.

HERE'S NEW FORM OF DIVORCE

One-Armed Justice Who Furnished Colored Couple Home—Made Article for \$2.

The following story is told by Harris Dickey in an article in Success:

"Yas sah," said Uncle Mose, "do one-armed justice of the peace sho' I know his bizness. Me an' Maria we in 'tended him 'bout a divorce. I says: 'Cos I kin make you a divorce, I reckon I can't tie no knot what I can't untie. It'll be kinder rough, but you'll get unhitched, an' dat's what you want. 'Taint no use givin' a law yer \$25 an' payin' a lot o' cotse cos' on top o' that when I kin fix you an' wid a hom-made divorce what'll be 'jee' as long.' Dat justice o' de peace talked so sensible dat we give him de job den an' dere. Bless you, son, 't Haldidn't take long. 'Jine yo' lef' hand, ' Walter be said, an' commenced readin' fast out o' one book, den out o' another. I couldn't make heads or tails o' what 'twas about until he hit de same readin' what he married us by—only he read dat part o' it backwards. When he got through he jerked our hands apart. 'Now,' he say, 'reef brief, we comes out de same gate we went in at. I turn you loose in de big road, right where I found you.' He charged us one dollar for marryin' us an' two dollars for unmarryin' us. It was more trouble to untie a knot than 'twas to tie it."

If this kind of divorce suited Uncle Mose and Aunt Maria it was their own affair. Certainly there was no one to object.

Various Jewish Projects.

As long ago as 1696 Sabati Zevi set the Jews of Europe preparing for a return to Palestine. Not only the poorer brethren but even the rich merchants of Venice and Leghorn were seized by the excitement, and for a whole century, the great bulk of the people refused to be disillusioned. It was not until the appearance of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" that the Jewish nationalist movement received another stimulus so strong as this; but in the meantime many schemes were propounded, including an attempt in 1854 to float a company "to enable the descendants of Israel to obtain and cultivate the land of promise." Various famous people have been interested in the idea of establishing an independent Jewish kingdom, not necessarily in Palestine. The Dutch West India Company tried the experiment in Curacao, and Oliver Cromwell did the same in Surinam. Marshal Saxe proposed such a kingdom in South America with himself as king, and, in 1860, Judge Noah purchased Grand Island in the River Niagara with a view to founding a Jewish state.

Goes as Missionary to Lepers.

Capt. Annie Beckley of the Salvation Army is about to sail to Java to do missionary and nursing service in a leper colony. She is just 23 and in perfect health, but she is glad to give her life to this work of helping the epers and is not afraid that she will get the disease. "I am going for life," she told an interviewer, "if the army will let me stay so long, and at any rate it will be for years. I shall live as much as he laws permit among the lepers. I have never been out of England and I have never seen a leper, but a few years ago I was much interested by an account of work among the epers and when a few weeks ago the army called for volunteers to go abroad I offered to go to Java."