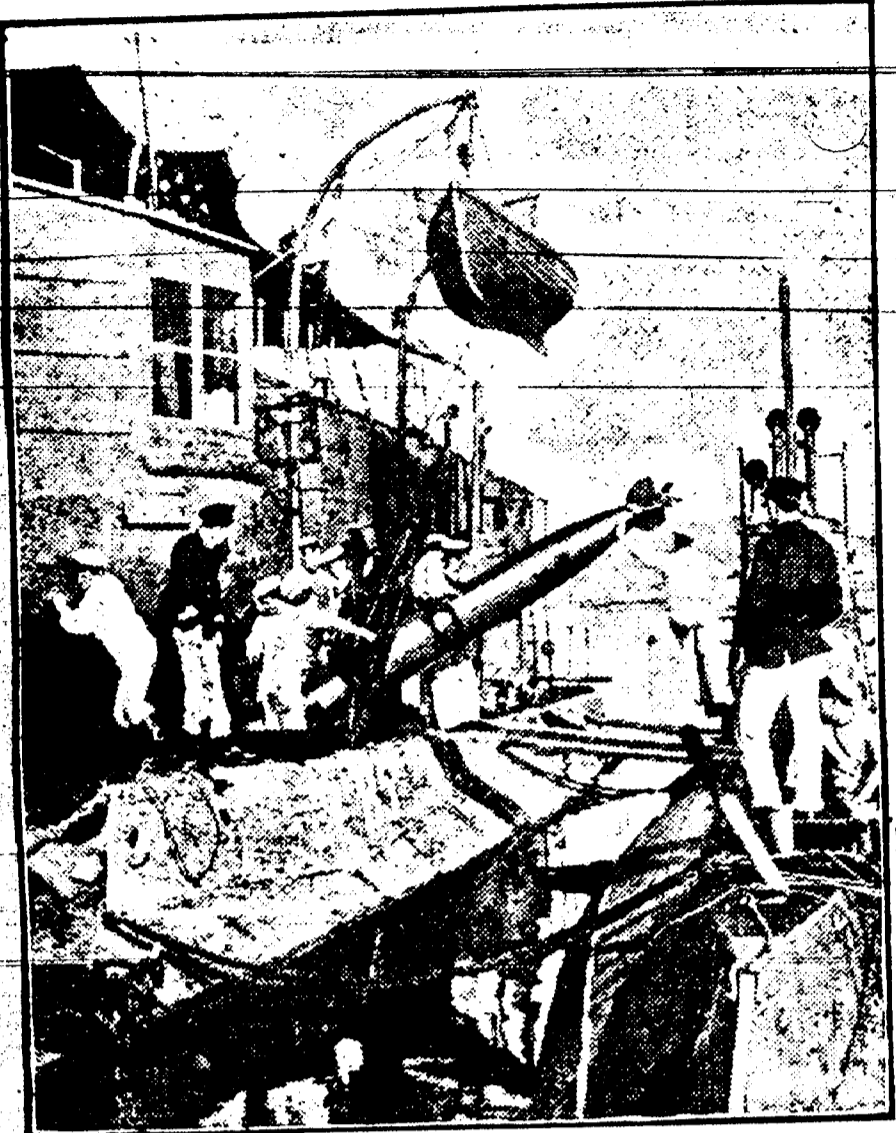


PLACING A TORPEDO IN A SUBMARINE.



The torpedo is a dangerous article of warfare and transferring them from the ships to the submarine boats is a delicate operation. The torpedoes are fired from a tube in the bow of the submarine when the latter is fully submerged.

RIGHT TIME TO BUTTON UP.

Passage in Church Service Just Fitted Her Need of Repair to Toilet.

Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Saunders were discussing the merits and difficulties of waists that button up the back and Mrs. Martin said definitely that she did not like them; they are treacherous; that one can never be sure of them. Her friend admitted that they are uncertain, but declared that they are so much prettier than the stiff, straight, buttoned-up-front kind, that she rather preferred them. 'Except in church,' she added, with a little shriek of amusement. 'I always take off my coat—St. Thomas is so dreadfully hot, you know, and then I sit away up by the chancel. If I didn't I wouldn't mind, for I can stare down anything wrong with the front of my waist—a rip, a tear, a cascade of ink, even. I just put my whole personality in my glance, and people never notice. But one's back is so defenseless. And you can't turn round in church.' Mrs. Martin murmured an assent. 'And the other Sunday,' went on Mrs. Saunders, 'I just felt something was wrong. The minute I took off my coat the congregation's eye seemed glued on me, and then I was certain that those three buttons that I never can manage had again betrayed me.' 'What did you do?' asked Mrs. Martin, with interest, for Mrs. Saunders was known to be resourceful. 'Oh,' airily, 'I just waited for an appropriate place in the service, and then—' 'Why, what in the world do you mean? What appropriate place?' interrupted Mrs. Martin, curiously. 'O goosey! Why, when we knelt down and said, 'We have left undone the things that we ought to have done,' of course. Could anything be plainer? I just buttoned them up, then and there.'—Youth's Companion.

BIG GAP IN HIS HONEYMOON.

Groom Serves Two Prison Terms and Then Resumes His Interrupted Bridal Trip.

A man whose face showed his spirit had been broken stopped Capt. Tom Halls of the United States secret service in the corridor of the federal building one day last week. 'Don't you know me, Cap?' inquired the man. 'Capt. Halls looked at him a few seconds and recognized a man he had arrested and caused to be sent to prison in 1902. He invited him to his office. 'I just got out day before yesterday,' said the man. 'I served my time at Leavenworth, but as I was leaving there I was arrested again and taken to Joliet to serve out a term there. Thanks, Cap, that's the first orange I've had in almost seven years. My wife, you remember her, don't you?' She's in Louisville, waiting for me. You know, Cap, you arrested me while we were on our wedding trip. I was only with her a couple of days after our wedding and I got caught. Well, she's waiting for me down at Louisville.' The man shifted uneasily in his chair, and the captain waited for him to continue. 'You see, Cap, it's just this way,' he said. 'I got here on the bumpers last night. Haven't had a bite to eat to-day. That's why I'm so nervous, I guess.' 'What's the fare to Louisville?' asked Capt. Halls. The man told him and the captain produced a two-dollar bill and a 50-cent piece. 'Here,' said the officer, 'go buy you a ticket to Louisville and get you a meal with the change.'—Indianapolis Star.

LIFE WELL WORTH LIVING.

Massachusetts Man Who Has Extracted Much of the Honey of Existence.

There is a man in Massachusetts by the name of Henry J. Turner who has had, we suspect, more solid enjoyment in his long life than any man in the world. This is, of course, a very strong statement, but when we remark that in the last 40 years Mr. Turner has, with a hook and line, caught 11 miles of fish, the gentle reader will surely agree to the assertion. By 11 miles we mean that when these fish, nearly all pickerel and the largest not weighing over five pounds and the average weight not reaching a pound, are laid down, head to tail, the line would extend 11 miles away. He averaged four fish a day for 40 years, counting in sick days, winter days, storm days, Sundays—in fact, for every day in 40 years he caught four fish. While it is easy to calculate the pounds, distance, number and all the statistics of this 40 years' fishing, it is impossible to estimate the joy that has come into this man's life. Why, he has had more real, downright, upright fun than all the presidents, cabinet officers, congressmen, millionaires, euchre players, automobilists, vaudevillians, goers all put together. Just think of those meditations and exhilarations attending upon the 175,000 bites he had and the 55,000 fish he drew out of the water. That man's joy has been greater than the man's who found a bonanza, built a palace to live in and drinks champagne instead of water.—Ohio State Journal.

THE UNITED STATES IN 2009.

Student's Idea of the Changes That Time and Thought Are to Bring About.

What will be the destiny of the United States? The answer to this can be supplied immediately by a comparison with the Roman empire. The establishment of Constantinople as the capital of the east, and the eastern empire's separation from Rome, are paralleled in the story of the American revolution. We may look, then, for a progressive decline in the strength of England. In inverse ratio to our own increasing power, Australia, already American in her political organization, will gravitate, with Canada, into the union; finally the English-speaking peoples will be reunited under American auspices. That is as far as we can look forward legitimately. America will be absorbed in the solution of her social problems. Democracy, which has never really existed, will be coming into its own; and with its advent will disappear the comedy of representative government which, tried out through several centuries in the classical world, and found wanting, is destined to receive its coup de grace upon American soil. The battle of socialism will be upon us, to be solved, probably, after some considerable bloodshed, by a sudden illumination of common sense. The loose, haphazard productive methods of to-day, and our costly and faulty manner of distribution, will have to be organized to prevent their complete breaking down. The solution of this tremendous problem, which will be precipitated by the sudden failure of foreign markets when manufacturing and prohibitory tariffs are universal in all countries, will occupy our attention for at least a century to come. By the year 2009, therefore, no radical changes will have occurred upon the map of the new world.—Henry Paradyne, in Harper's Weekly.

WINS PROPHET FAME

Oklahoma Hermit Correct in Predicting Floods.

Railway Builders Stand in Awe of Him Because River Wrecks Bridge Thrice as He Said It Would.

Muskogee, Okla.—Living in a hut on the bank of the Canadian river, near Forum, his abiding place for 30 years, is Pierre Davis, a hermit, whose journeyings in all that time have never carried him outside of a six-mile radius of his cabin, and then only for food and skins for clothing.

Davis is six feet tall, finely built and of commanding presence. His great hobby, in fact his only hobby, is to foretell certain events, especially pertaining to floods. So accurate has he been that workmen along the Midland Valley railroad almost stand in awe of the queer old man.

Three times last autumn he predicted that floods would come and each time a deluge arrived, on the date he named.

While workmen were completing a new Midland Valley bridge to replace the one washed away, the old hermit made his first appearance. For a time he regarded the bridge workers silently. Then he spoke to the foreman of the gang.

'You see little water in the river bed now,' he said, 'but in 30 days the floods will come and the bridge will be carried away.'

Having made his prophecy the old hermit strode away and the workmen laughed at him as if he were crazy. Exactly 29 days later the flood came. The following day the Canadian river swept away the bridge.

The bridge was rebuilt, and when the workmen had nearly completed it the hermit again appeared. He prophesied that November 22 there would be a 14-foot rise in the river and that the bridge would again be washed away. The 22d of November the bridge was again washed away.

Four days later while workmen were rebuilding the bridge the picturesque figure appeared again. Solemnly the old hermit prophesied that the following Sunday the bridge would again go out. The prophecy proved true.

Undaunted, the company again put workmen to rebuilding the bridge, which was completed December 13. Before the final repairs were made Davis made another prophecy. He said that the first train would not be run over the bridge until December 15. This prophecy also proved true.

Although the bridge was completed December 13 there was a delay in getting the first train over, and it was not until the 15th that traffic was resumed.

On every occasion Davis has foretold the exact height to which the river would rise, and his predictions have been correct.

Compass for German 'Jags.' Berlin.—The German 'jag' is to be guided home by compass. The city fathers of Berlin have set the fashion. They have ordered that in 100 of the most popular parts of the city the pavement is to be ornamented with a mosaic design in colored marble of a mariner's compass.

At least the comic papers of Berlin say that the compasses are for the especial benefit of inebriated gentlemen who have lost their bearings. The city fathers, however, declare that the object is to enable strangers to find their way more easily about the city. The designs are about a yard in diameter and show the cardinal points of the compass and the half points.

MISSION WORKER TO WED JAP.

Miss Kate Goodman of Los Angeles Engaged to Rev. Mr. Inazawa—Both Well Educated.

Los Angeles, Cal.—An unexpected romance has entered into the lives of Miss Kate Goodman, an American mission worker among Japanese women and children in and around this city and Rev. Joseph Keninchi Inazawa, pastor of the Japanese Presbyterian mission.

Accidentally thrown together less than a year ago, their friendship ripened into mutual admiration, and now they are engaged to marry. Mr. Inazawa was greatly surprised when he learned his secret had leaked out but freely acknowledged the truth of the report. No date, he said, had been set for the wedding ceremony.

Inazawa has been a resident of this city for several years, during which time he has been in charge of the work of the Presbyterian mission. He is well educated and Americanized. For more than twenty years he has been engaged in missionary work on the Pacific coast with headquarters at San Francisco.

Miss Goodman is a resident of Monterey, a suburb of Los Angeles, where she conducts a night school for Japanese boys. For many years she has been a worker among the Japanese and has studied their language with the intention of going to Japan as a missionary. She is well educated and highly connected, and was a student at the University of Chicago when she started a year ago for Japan. Inazawa is 46 years old and Miss Goodman a few months his junior.

MARRIED IN A ROMANTIC WAY.

Indiana Girl Writes Name on Slip of Paper and Wins Husband as a Result.

Laporte, Ind.—Louis F. Perrin of New York and Miss Lillian Hazelbaker of Summitville were married in Justice Kimberlin's office at Anderson, Ind.

Mr. Perrin is the son of M. Perrin, head of numerous cotton mills in the New England states, and is a graduate of Columbia university. He entered the government service as a special messenger and was stationed at Fort Casey, Washington.

When crossing Idaho on a special trip he was shot in the leg and taken to a hospital at Warren's Junction. A few days prior to the accident he had found a piece of paper on which was written the names of several Indiana young women, one of whom was Miss Hazelbaker.

While lying in the hospital the young soldier wrote to the young woman and received a reply. He left the service on March 3 and concluded to visit his correspondent on his way home. When he arrived at her home the meeting resulted in love at first sight.

Fund for Woman Study.

Pittsburg, Pa.—In the will of C. C. Mellor, an intimate friend of Andrew Carnegie, who died recently leaving an estate valued at \$1,500,000, is a peculiar endowment fund bequest.

It gives \$3,000 for the 'purchase of books relating to 'Women,' considered physically, intellectually and historically, to what has been her position from the most primitive times to the present; to her work and influence in the evolution and development of the race and of its industries, arts and history, to what she is now doing on the same lines, and what she could and would do if allowed by man and a portion of her own sex; to the promotion of her educational, industrial, legal and political equality, especially to her right of suffrage.'

CLOCK HANDS 20 FEET LONG.

Made of Bridge Truss Design, of Manganese and Bronze, and Weighs 1,700 Pounds.

On the building of a clock company in Brooklyn just now are to be seen the largest hands that have ever been made for a clock. They are destined for the tower of the Metropolitan Life building.

Fourteen feet from the center pin to the tip is the length of the minute hand, and there is six feet of counterpoise, making a hand 20 feet over all. The hour hand is 11 feet long.

In making a sweep around the circle the minute hand passes three stories of the building. When one of the hands is in front of a window it is necessary for those working within to cease work, owing to the hand completely shutting out light.

These hands are made of manganese and bronze, and are of bridge truss construction. They weigh more than 1,700 pounds.

Over the hands there is a covering of wireglass which will allow of illumination. Through each hand there are 24 electrical tubes, in pairs. When the hands are illuminated it is estimated that it will be possible on a clear night to tell the time they mark at a distance of 24 miles. They will be about 400 feet above ground level.

There is to be a clock on each of the four sides of the tower. There will be a 7,000-pound bell, with a hammer weighing 170 pounds, and four smaller bells to strike the Westminster chimes.—New York Herald.

The Picture in Disguise.

Of the strange vicissitudes through which many of the world's famous pictures have passed, perhaps none was odder than that of 'The Picture in Disguise,' a magnificent painting that now adorns the residence of Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, England.

This remarkable picture for many years appeared to be merely a painting of flowers. The floral study was, however, finally pronounced by an astute art dealer to be really a mask for another painting. With the permission of the owner he caused the painting of flowers gradually to be removed, whereupon there was discovered underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke.

While no authentic record of this masterpiece has been found, it is supposed that the portrait was disguised by some royalist in order to guard against its destruction by roundheads during the revolution.—The Sunday Magazine.

Tragic Feast in Hungary.

An extraordinary affair is reported from the village of Totaradac, near Nagybecskerek, Hungary. A party of 50 persons assembled to honor the memory of a prominent parishioner, the proceedings taking the form of a banquet. As the company made no return to their homes inquiries were made, and the room was entered, when 14 of them were found to be dead, whilst the remainder were unconscious. The cause of the tragic affair is at present unknown, but it is supposed that poison must accidentally have entered into the composition of one of the dishes.

Alice Was Obliging.

'Your name, Alice, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing,' said a German town woman to a new domestic. 'How do you like, say, the name of Bridget?'

ECONOMY IN A LONDON INN.

'Doubtful' Fish Served to Those Guests Who Have Cold in the Head.

Mr. Craig Wadsworth, one of the secretaries to the embassy at London, tells how an American, who was journeying through the midland counties of England, encountered in a certain town a rather pretentious inn, at which he ordered turbot—a favorite dish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little waxy in consequence of the climate. He was, indeed, forced to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief.

When the turbot was brought the guest fancied, even before it reached his plate, that it was no longer fresh; and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression. He called the proprietor, who at once sent a waiter for fresh turbot and removed the objectionable dish.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the inn-keeper, 'but we got the idea, sir, as you came in, that you 'ad a bad cold in your 'ead, sir.'

'And suppose I had? What would that have to do with my being served spoiled fish?' demanded the indignant traveler.

'Heverythink, sir. We 'as this rule in this 'ouse: Fish 'as a little doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which 'as lost the favor of youth, as I may say—they we serve to parties as appears to 'ave colds in their 'eads, sir; and we finds that, beim' 'as such parties can't smell nothink, they likes the fish just as well, sir, and often they prefers 'em!''—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

American Respect for Education.

There is something in America besides money and politics. America realizes the importance of education and the respect due to those who are entrusted with the great work of preparing men for their part in life. When Dr. Eliot resigned the presidency of Harvard university the whole country treated it as an event of the first importance and realized the responsibility resting upon the overseers in the selection of his successor. When it comes to the selection of a governor, a senator, an ambassador, a president even, Americans are careless, for while their politicians may do harm it is seldom lasting, but it is different with the president of Harvard. Only the man fitted by learning and character and temperament is deemed worthy of being considered, so great is the respect in which the office is held.—Nation Review.

Seton's Opinion of the Wolf.

Ernest Thompson Seton is reported as saying: 'I think animals capable of a crude form of thought that cannot be explained as instinct. Among the wild animals I regard the wolf as the most intelligent, just as people regard the dog as most intelligent among the domestic brutes. But a dog is nothing but a wolf with a college education. The wolf has learned the danger of the long-distance rifle, and even in districts where they are plentiful it is rarely that man sees one. It can be nothing short of reason that causes the wolf, formerly so bold, to act in this manner.'

Keeping Up Appearances.

Husband (suddenly waking up at head of night)—'What is the world was that noise?' Wife (calmly)—'It's all right, dear. The guests of the Vanderbilt ball are coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so he neighbors would think we were here.'—New York Weekly.

AS TOLD BY INDIGENT ALBERT

Really Remarkable Tale of Woe That Should Satisfy the Most Incredulous.

'My unfortunate condition I trace direct to the vanity of wimmin,' said Indigent Albert, accounting for his financial lack of stature to the pedestrian of benevolent aspect.

'How is that?' 'Well, sir, you see I was seckind mate aboard of a three-masted schooner that traded between here and South Amurrika. She was the daisiest (parding my tears) little craft that ever sailed the oshun blue. She was built all through of the finest curly maple, wich every seaman knows is the best wood for ships what is.'

'That's sawa to me.' 'Yes, sir, praps. But as I was sayin', we took on board one trip a cargo of them irons what wimmin uses for to mar-sell their hair. They was for wimmin in Brazil. We was doin' fine and dandy until we struck the tropics. Then them irons got het up and the whole ship went to pieces. Oh, but it was rotten hard luck, it was.'

'But I don't understand.' 'No, sir, praps not. But as I was sayin', when them irons got het up every curly maple plank in a mar-seel wave, and we pore mariners had to swim to shore, miles and miles away.—Thank you kindly, sir. You has a heart of diamonds. This will give me a place to lay my poor, unfortunit head.'—Freeman Tilden in Puck.

An Unpopular Official.

There is one public official that goes begging in many small suburban towns. Nobody wants the position of dog catcher.

'It isn't that we're afraid to handle the beasts,' said one man who had declined the honor. 'It is the fact that the business of running in dog gets everybody down on us. I know a man—a first-rate fellow he is too—who was made dog catcher in a Staten Island village. He had enjoyed the best kind of reputation up to the time he took that position, but before he had held the job three months, hardly a person in the town would speak to him. In the opinion of the general public, to scoop up poor, little, defenseless doggies and cart them away to the pound is the furthest cry of human ignominy. The man who will do such a thing sinks below the level of the official hangman and no longer holds a place in the esteem of his neighbors.'

Silent Clubs.

Some eccentric persons in the French capital, we learn from a Paris contemporary, have formed a club the principal rule of which is that all the members when at the institution shall preserve an absolute silence. Our contemporary prophesies a short life for the club in a country noted for its locquacity. Moreover, the idea is by no means new, for we read toward the end of the seventeenth century of a similar assembly in London. Many such clubs are said to exist to-day in China. The silent members of the Spectator club gave us unaided Sir Roger de Coverley, so what measureless possibilities are before this new club of silent members!

Advertising That Counted.

An Oklahoma boy put up what he considered a good joke on his mother by advertising in her name for a husband. He is now being waited by a good, stout stepfather, the surprised but not at all frustrated mother having assumed the first man that came along, and doing well at that, as the neighbors all allowed. You can do anything in this world that is deable by proper advertising. Let our Mr. talk with you about it.—Minneapolis Journal.

TRUE TO HIS HIGH CALLING.

Act of Gifted Physician Reads Well in These Days of Struggle for Filthy Lucre.

Many anecdotes are told of the kindness, as well as skill, of the late Dr. W. T. Bull, whose loss is not only regretted by New York's '400,' who knew his ministrations there and at Newport, but by the poor as well. An acquaintance tells this true story as typical of the man: 'Shortly before he was stricken with his fatal illness a young East Side physician called at his office and said that he was attending a poor girl over in his neighborhood who would surely die unless operated on. The family was too poor to pay and the doctor did not feel that he was equal to the operation. Would Dr. Bull give him a little advice as to how to proceed? 'Well, I guess we had better go and take a look at the patient,' said Dr. Bull, putting on his coat. 'They found the patient in an East Side tenement, and in less time than it takes to tell it Dr. Bull had the room cleared and began the operation. When he was leaving the father of the girl met him in the hall and forced a quarter into his hand. Dr. Bull thanked him and went off feeling as happy—happier than if he had received a \$1,000 fee. The girl got well.'

English Dislike of Humor.

It is sometimes a matter for wonder that humorists are allowed to live in this country. Deep down in our English character is a conscious dislike of laughter. Laughter is an expression of emotion, and we have a horror of it. It may be that this secret objection to the comic muse is a surviving relic of the sturdy old Puritanism which has done so much for the race in many directions and handicapped it in others. When Disraeli began to be prominent in the house of commons it used to be said of him that, though he was a very amusing fellow and made the house laugh, he could never hope to take rank as a statesman. Lord Randolph Churchill went through exactly the same experience in his early days. Few people would admit that a man who expressed himself humorously had any claim to be taken seriously.—Black and White.

The Second Fiddle.

The second fiddle is, on the whole, the most widely played of all instruments—fortunately, since it is so especially the instrument of harmony. A great many men have an aptitude for the second fiddle, and where they take it up at once, without too much vain experimenting with more pretentious parts, they find much satisfaction in it. There is plenty of poor work done with the second fiddle, though. Men who are forced to it by marrying or other mischance are very likely to play badly. A master of the second fiddle is not the least among masters, and he has, besides, the promise of inheriting the earth.—Puck.

Inexperienced Servants.

Some families grudge every penny paid out in wages. They will not give the sums justly demanded by good servants, so content themselves with low recruits or inferior maids, who cost them pounds and pounds in the year for breakage, general destructiveness, and waste of food through bed coating, and ignorance of how to utilize scraps, not to mention the endless wear and tear to brain and nerve through the worry and discomfort they cause.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS