

NO BOUQUETS FOR DEAD.

Community in Kansas Where the Reading Matter on Tombstones Is Brief.

There is a curious settlement in a short grass county of Kansas, according to one who was in that part of the country looking after claims.

"The population," said the returned collector, "is a sort of mixture of Quakers and populists. Of the latter this new is about the only one left in the state.

"The cemetery near the town is an index of the character of the place. The few tombstones contain only the names of the departed, with the date of death and sometimes the age. Not a line of sentiment is carved upon a single stone.

"I was curious to know why a patriarch undertook to enlighten me. 'This town,' he said, 'is no Hall of Fame. Leastwise not yet. The community has been fooled so often that we don't take up with anything new at first sight.

"We got wise after tribulation. I doubt if you could find a man in the town who, if he told you the truth, has not eaten into something hollow since he has been here. For awhile it seemed as if this was the camping place of every fraud and skin game on the road.

"After a long run of this sort of thing the community finally got suspicious of itself. Then a few of the leaders organized a sort of testing committee. One of the tenets of this committee was to say nothing about a man's virtues, if he had any, until he had been dead a year.

"Several men who had cut a considerable figure in their lives died and received a lot of notices about what they had done. We found out later that they had been morally rotten and rascally on the sly.

"Now, when a man dies in this community, especially one who posed to the good, the committee meets and the question is asked: 'Was the deceased what he cracked himself up to be?' If anyone present can prove that he was so simply record that he died and then wait a year to see if anything turns up against him. If he rings out all right we hold another meeting and the deceased gets what is coming to any good man.

"By that time the monument fever has cooled down and one good dead man is on a level with another. Besides, this sort of thing saves money. 'If the dead man's family wants to put up a monument and smear it over with a lot of Scripture, that's their business. But there isn't a monument of that kind in our graveyard. If we learn anything against the deceased, after he has been buried a year we say nothing, but we are very particular in any business transactions we may have with his immediate kin forever after.'

"I asked the old man if he believed that the community was any better for this sort of caution.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "except that it makes tombstones cheaper. The more you put on one the more it costs."

"The old man seemed so sincere in his views that I did not care to have my faith in him weakened by asking his neighbors how they regarded him."

HAVE IMMENSE INCOMES.

Germany and Great Britain Have Been Making Large Investments Abroad.

An interesting comparison between Great Britain and Germany as investors outside their own boundaries is made by Edgar Speyer, the well-known London banker, in a letter to the Statist. Figures supplied to him by Prof. Arndt, of Frankfort-on-Main, show that in recent years Germany has been making large investments abroad, and that in a comparatively short time \$7,500,000,000 of German money has been invested in foreign securities and industries. Germany's annual income from this enormous investment is between \$350,000,000 and \$375,000,000. Adding to this the sum she receives from her shipping commissions, insurance and other sources, her total yearly income from foreign investments is \$500,000,000.

Great Britain's income from similar sources is \$200,000,000, but the difference between the incomes of the two countries has in recent years been rapidly narrowing in favor of Germany, because Great Britain has failed to invest any appreciable amount of capital abroad for nearly a decade.

"Doubtless the rule that prosperous people usually become more lavish in their expenditure will also apply to Germany," says Mr. Speyer. "In fact, there are already signs that the country is beginning to consume at home a larger portion of its growing wealth."

"If this tendency," he continues, "to spend more at home in order to live in greater comfort develops in Germany at the same time that Great Britain becomes more economical, Great Britain will again invest abroad the more largely, and Great Britain's export trade and income from her foreign investments will grow more rapidly than Germany's."

TITLED CATTLEMEN.

MEMBERS OF BRITISH ARISTOCRACY IN TEXAS.

Some Reminiscences of Twenty Years Ago When the Nabobs Owned the Southwestern Range.

"The experiences of members of the English aristocracy in the cattle business in the United States have left a fund of amusing anecdotes in the southwest," said R. L. Carlin of Guthrie, who was an employee of the Texas & Pacific Railroad company in western Texas in the early '80s, to a Guthrie correspondent of the Kansas City Star.

"I have a keen remembrance of the earl of Aylsford, who bought a ranch near Big Springs, Tex., about 1884 or 1885. I was living at Big Springs and saw the earl and his companions almost daily. His family name was Finch, and with him were his two brothers, Clem and Dan Finch, a rollicking blade known as Lord Harry Gordon and an Episcopal clergyman known as Bishop Bernard.

"Locally, the earl was called 'Judge,' which he did not resent. He was reported to have an income of £55,000 a year, and his expenditures indicated that his means were large. He bought a frame hotel at Big Springs, which he used exclusively for himself and party when they were not at his ranch. He once was owner of a Big Springs saloon for one night. He paid \$6,000 for the establishment and presented it next morning to the man from whom he bought it. I never saw any members of his party pay for anything. They played pool and billiards frequently in a local resort, smoking the best cigars and taking their drinks regularly. At the close of their games the tickets were cashed by the earl.

The earl and his friends were great sportsmen. In the field they often used 20-caliber guns for birds, shooting pintre shells imported from England. The earl had hunted in all the big game countries of the world, and his collection of furs, skins and heads was of great value. His ranch house was filled with them. In cedar chests he kept photographs and mementos of his life abroad. His ranch house was burned by accident one night and was destroyed, with all its contents.

"I was invited once to join his party in a winter hunting trip, and during the expedition saw a surprising illustration of the bath loving Englishman. The weather was cold and I had arisen early, chilled to the marrow, and was shivering near the cook's fire, when Gordon crawled from his sleeping bag to dress. About 50 feet distant was a pool of water covered with a thin coating of ice. 'Bless me soul,' shouted Gordon, 'what a jolly chance for a bath,' and he plunged into the water, breaking the ice as he went and followed by the earl and his brothers. The sight was excruciating to a warm loving American, but the bottles of the Englishmen glowed pink and red in the frosty air.

"Despite his youth—he was about 33—the earl was looked upon as an elderly man by his companions. He had gone the pace, and soon paid the penalty. When his physician called one morning the earl, who had been in bed several days, asked that his pulse be taken. 'Well, judge, I should say that you have about 15 minutes to live,' said the physician, after making his examination. 'If that be your opinion,' replied the earl, without a tremor, 'give me a good, big farewell drink of American whisky.' He emptied his glass, and with a long sigh turned on his side and was gone.

"The cablegram business at the little telegraph office of Big Springs for the next few days astonished the operators. The rate was \$1.10 a word, and the cable was used as if the senders were writing letters. One of the first messages of condolence from England came from the prince of Wales, now King Edward. The body of the earl was taken home by all his retainers, and none of them ever returned. Incidentally, the physician found that the earl's liver weighed 14 pounds."

Importance of Salt.

Salt has had much influence in shaping the civilization and exploration of the world. It is believed by many that the oldest trade routes were created for the salt traffic. This was certainly the case with the caravan routes in Libya and the Sahara, while the mines of North India were the center of a large trade before the time of Alexander. Salt, too, has played a considerable part in the distribution of man. He was forced to migrate to places where it could be obtained. This brought him to the sea shore, where he gained his ideas of maritime commerce. Lastly, the preservative effects of salt on flesh food made long oceanic voyages possible, and thus opened up the world to commerce and civilization.

Ancient Love-Letter.

In Chaldea an ancient love letter has been discovered written on clay. It had been written probably in the year 2200 B. C. and was found in Sippara, the Biblical Sopheraim. Apparently the lady lived there, while her beloved was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads: 'To the lady Kashbaya (little ewe) says Gamil Marduk (the favorite of Merodach), this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. May you live long for my sake.'

FROGS OF HARTFORD POND.

Come at Ringing of Bell and Children Feed Them to Mice and Sparrows.

The first heavy sheet of ice has glazed Jewell's pond on Farmington avenue and the bullfrogs have sunk to the bottom, burrowed in the mud, and will not be seen again until the warm spring days, says the Hartford Courant.

These amusing little water pets have been trained by Mr. Jewell, and answer to the ringing of a cow bell. They come to the surface, swim in the direction of the sound, mount the bank and wait there to be fed. They have no fear and can be picked up and examined by anyone who has the courage and desire to become more familiar with their clamminess. The first that I heard of the pond was through a neighbor's boy—a little chap of 8—who walked boldly up to me and said:

"Will you please let me set my mousetrap in your pantry?" In vain I tried to assume him that I was not troubled with mice, but he pleaded and persisted: "You see, I might catch just one and then I'd get a nickel. The frogs are out, and our boys gets 5 cents a head for every mouse or English sparrow that we can catch alive. And there ain't no mice in our house," he added, with a look intended to excite sympathy.

Two days later I met him again. "Fifty-five cents," he exclaimed, jingling his pockets. "Caught 'em in the barn—seven mice and five sparrows. Grover Cleveland eat three at once." He was gone before I could demand an explanation as to why the name of our only ex-President should be so familiarly mingled with English sparrows, frogs and nickels.

"Grover Cleveland is the big green fellow," confided the good natured Scotch gardener, with a broad smile. He always manages to get the biggest and the most. Mr. Jewell named him. Mr. Jewell is a Republican."

Through the summer months the hospitality of the garden was extended to me, and through it lay a short cut between the studio and the house, so during the four daily trips back and forth, I managed to see quite a little of the frogs and their amusing ways. As I passed through at noon-time I used to ring a little Swiss cow bell that was kept in a summer house on the edge of the pond, and I soon found that not only the frogs but scores of little goldfish, who had learned that the bell meant a meal of soda crackers, would start from every part of the pond and come in the direction of the sound. When the frogs reached the bank they would scramble on to the grass and sit in the middle of the dirt path, perfectly still, and look meek and dejected until some motion suggested mouse or sparrow.

Once the air becomes chilly, not even food will bring Mr. Jewell's water pets to the surface. On a cool day at the end of September I made several attempts to get them to rise, without success. Just as I had given up hope the neighbor's boy appeared. "They won't come up no more this year," he volunteered, "and I am glad of it. I want the pond to freeze over. I made \$3.15 out of mice and sparrows, and I am going to buy skates."

Still-Racing in Winter. Still races are just the thing for a group of healthy young people who must do something new all the time on their holidays. Stout poles about eight feet long, with blocks of wood either nailed or lashed firmly to the poles about two feet from the ground, furnish the equipment. The "stilters" rest the foot on these blocks, a little forward of the heel, and the poles are passed under the arms and held firmly. Mark out a course of a hundred yards or so, and offer a prize to the one who first crosses the line. The awkward stalking and stumbling of the competitors, unused to such strange footgear, will be ludicrous to all who see it. If there is danger of walking on ice hidden by the snow, it will be wise to put sharp-pointed iron ferrules on the bottoms of the stilters, as otherwise some bad tumblers may result.—Country Life in America.

Invention in Ancient Times.

Mere invention was regarded as somewhat vulgar in ancient times. Archimedes made little by his mechanical inventions. They were only the amusements of geometry, he said; and only at the behest of his sovereign did he consent to give practical expression to the many wonderful schemes with which his brain teemed. And when Eudoxus and Archytas took seriously to mechanics, they were denounced by Plato as corrupting and debasing the excellence of geometry, by making her descend from intellectual to corporeal things. The inventor was long thereafter despised by the philosophers and mechanics regarded simply as a branch of military art.

Physiology Disliked.

Language study is disliked by the pupils in a certain school for these reasons: "Because it is so tedious" (tedious). "Because I don't know what it is." "Because it is always telling you something you know." Here are some of the reasons for a dislike of physiology: "Because it tells you all about digestion." "Because it is only for people who want to be doctors." "Because it makes my head ache." "Because I do not like to read what is inside us." "Because it is only for men and boys" from a girl of thirteen. "Because it makes me nervous." "Because I don't care about high-green" (agriculture).

SUCCESS IN WORK.

THE TRUE FOUNDATION OF POWER IS CHARACTER.

Integrity of Execution Is Dependent Very Largely Upon Interest Taken in the Task.

Nothing could be more misleading than the impression, so widely held, that success in work depends entirely upon character and skill. There are two great elements, but there is a third, quite as important for the best results, says the Outlook. Character is the foundation of all working power of the highest kind; skill is the quality which makes it possible to use the best tools in the best way; vivid interest and freshness of spirit are the atmosphere in which all work ought to be done and which ought to pervade and envelop all work. "As You Like It" rests on a solid basis of thought. The play is constructed and written with the highest kind of skill, but its charm lies very largely in the extraordinary freshness of feeling which pervades it, and which gives it, the atmosphere of the forest and the joy of the free life. Americans rarely need to be urged to put more energy into what they do, and they are coming to understand, as they have never understood before, the necessity of doing their work with the skill which comes from thorough training.

Many of them have yet to learn that while these qualities insure competency, they do not insure interest. Work done in a spirit of the highest integrity and in the most expert way is often entirely mechanical and uninteresting from lack of freshness, vivacity and vividness of interest. One must not only plant his work on a solid basis of character, and do it with expertise, but he must keep alive that spirit of youth which Stevenson declared was the perennial spring of all the faculties. That modern men are beginning to understand this is evident from the wide popularity of such books as "The Simple Life," and kindred studies in repose, non-resistance, absence of haste, quiet adjustment between the worker, his task and his surroundings.

Few people understand the drain on the nervous system which is caused by the noises of modern life—noises in no sense modern. There are no cities in the world which are more resonant with sound than oriental towns, where at certain hours of the day and in certain localities there is not only an incessant murmur of human voices, but a chorus of loud, piercing cries. The little towns in Europe and the smaller English cities are like babbling brooks when evening comes and the people fill the streets. Paris is, all things considered, the noisiest city in the world. There has come into modern life a greater variety of sound and a greater volume than assailed the ears of our ancestors. Now, to keep one's freshness there ought to be a zone of silence around every human being during some part of every day. It is significant that the great religions of the world have come out of silence and not out of noise; and the finest creative work is done, as a rule, in seclusion; not necessarily apart from men, nor in solitary places, but away from the tumult and away from distracting sounds.

It is in silence alone that we come into possession of ourselves. The noises of life disturb us as a cloud of dust intervenes between the eye and the sky. There ought to be a cult for the practice of silence—a body of men and women committed to the preservation of the integrity of their souls by neither hearing nor making speech for certain periods, pledged to the culture of the habit of quietness. Maeterlinck has pointed out the fact that the best things are never spoken, and the truest intercourse between congenial spirits is carried on without words. If we said less and thought more, there would be far fewer things to explain, many sources of irritation would be dried up at the sources, and the prime cause of irritation, which is nervous exhaustion or excitement, would be removed. There was organized in Paris, years ago, a society for the culture of silence. On the occasion of the initiation of a distinguished man of letters a bowl of water was brought out to him in a room where he was waiting in solitude. He studied it a moment, placed a rose upon it and sent it back. The water bore the rose without overflowing. To the members assembled in another room the act was the most convincing evidence that the initiate comprehended the purpose of the fellowship, and was prepared in spirit to become one of the company. The act was a symbol which Americans may wisely study.

"Boy Gunned Eight."

It was one of those wildly exciting society plays. The hero was seated in a big red automobile, and the heroine was standing in a "state of mind" near by. Suddenly turning to the man, she said laughingly: "Get a horse!" "I see nothing will move you?" "Get a horse!" shouted a strong-lunged god in the gallery.—Yankee Statesman.

Val-Speaking Negroes.

George W. Ellis, charge d'affaires of the American legation in Monrovia, has sent to the national museum in Washington a monogram on the habits and customs of the Val-speaking negroes of west Africa and a collection of their work. The Val-speaking tribe is said to be exceptionally intelligent and has evolved a native alphabet.

THE MALADY OF POVERTY.

Disease of the World for Which a Great Physician Is Needed.

The busy scientists announce a new cure for some disease every few months. Some of the cures "work" and some of them don't—like "father" in the ballad, they sit round all day, says the Atlanta Journal.

It seems strange that with all the labor and thought expended and all the inventive genius and great wealth which has been (or which might have been) devoted to the task, no remedy has ever been thought out for the greatest disease of them all—poverty. In the face of poverty and human suffering the world seems just about as helpless now as it was thousands of years ago.

Temporary relief, of a more or less effectual nature, is applied. But that is like a local application of liniment to a local sore when in reality an organic disease should be treated. If there is a famine in Ireland, for instance—and famines occur periodically in the emerald isle—a few cargoes of grain are sent in, a lot of men, women and children are saved, perhaps to starve to death later, while a lot starve to death on the spot. The famine drops out of notice then, until the whole miserable story is repeated.

Man considers himself a pretty foxy sort of an animal, but he has not learned the trick of making one calamity teach him the cure or the preventive for another impending calamity. The case in England is better than in Ireland; but England has had the unemployed problem ever since the time when her population used to go for spiritual advice to the Druidic priests. In London to-day there is a dependent poor population larger than the entire population of Atlanta. She is absolutely without equipment, is England, to grapple with the evil which threatens her. When the mob of starving men and women asked Premier Balfour a few weeks ago what hope there was for them he was sure he didn't know—they could search him. After which he stepped out of office to leave the question to a liberal ministry that won't be any more able to answer it than he was.

A young student of social conditions, by the name of Robert Hunter, we believe, after investigating for several years in the United States announced a few months ago that there were 10,000,000 out of the population of 80,000,000 who were never three jumps ahead of destitution from the time of birth until the time of death—an appalling total and an appalling proportion.

If a thing exists, there must be a reason for its existence. The vast majority of these people do not ask for anything except the means of subsistence. It appears that with all the wealth which exists in the world some means might be found for spreading it out a little. The world has had many great men, but the greatest man of all is to come—the physician who will show the world a sure method to get rid of the disease of poverty.

NORTH CAROLINA BEAR DOGS.

Peculiar Breed of the Animals Raised by Hunters of Unaka Mountains.

Mr. Marshall W. Bell, a young attorney of Cherokee county, while in Charlotte lately told a Charlotte Observer man an interesting story of a breed of bear dogs that has been in his section of the state for decades.

"Black bears abound in the Unaka mountains, which form a part of the Great Smokies, and lie about the Divide, between the Tellico river on the one side and the Santee and Big and Little Snowbird creeks on the other," said Mr. Bell.

"Mr. J. H. Dillard and others killed seven bears last season, some of which weighed close to 500 pounds. This year, however, bruin seems to have disappeared from our country; the chestnut crop was a failure, and it is generally believed that the Graham county bears have migrated to the Mississippi river bottoms; old hunters claim that they do that occasionally when mast is scarce. But this year is an exception; we usually have plenty of bears."

"The Platt bear dog is a growth; he has been in the making for many generations, and is just about as good as there is in the business. Mr. Jack Dillard of Murphy, my home town, is a bear hunter, and he keeps a pack of the famous Platt dogs."

"Old man Platt, the originator of this breed, lived in the Balsam mountains. In looks and general appearance the dog is like a massive cur of the most repulsive sort. He will not run anything but a bear and a coon, whose scent is something alike. The average one weighs from 90 to 110 pounds, and his body is knotted with muscle, and his most striking quality of character is grit, pure grit of the finest grain. He will fight to the death, and against great odds. He never gives up, even when overpowered."

"If you meet him in the road he will give you what belongs to you if he is not interfered with in any way, but will take care of himself if forced to do so. There are two ways to deal with him; let him alone or kill him as quick as possible. If you would strike him use a handspike and back it with every bit of physical force that you can muster. He is a solemn sort of dog, and makes but few friends. If you trespass on his rights you must kill him."

Indelible.

Gladya—How is it that one never forgets a love affair? Aggie—Because that is something you always learn by heart.—Town Topics.

MAKES NATION RICH.

ELECTRICITY AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN PROSPERITY.

Great Growth of Industries and Facilitation of Mechanical Progress Through Its Agency.

When people buy, business is good, and people are now buying and business is good throughout this country and Europe. There is no tuppence of chasing after idealities, but purchases are made to an extent which taxes the productive resources of manufacturing establishments, whose output is generally sold far in advance.

It is evident, says the Electrical Review, that the balance of the increment of the productive capacity of humanity is increasing, and this augmentation of the average potentiality of the individual is the only measure of this enlarged difference between production and consumption which constitutes the increase of prosperity. It must not be overlooked that material possessions have not been destroyed in these territories by wars or extensive fires. Both of these annihilations of value have been irreparable financial crises; other losses are mere transfers of property.

It does not answer the proposition to attribute this fortunate commercial condition to machinery, for there have been no radical improvements in methods of manufacture or transportation of freights by land or sea during the last twenty-five years sufficient to introduce materially different economic conditions.

The term "labor-saving machinery" is largely a misnomer, for while the reduction of hours of labor in the face of the increased number of workers among growing populations has been compassed by the combined application of improved machinery and modern methods of organization, yet the function of machinery has served to increase production and to facilitate distribution to an extent which quickens the luxuries of co-generation into the necessities of the next.

If there is now an increased surplus without any recent evidence of a corresponding addition to the rate of individual production, or any diminution of consumption of living expenses, then it is among the wastes of recent years that search must be made for the cause of this increment. The first analysis reveals the solution, and that is in the service of electricity applied to mankind, which has cut down wastes which were hitherto unavoidable.

The trolley railway service, particularly in suburban travel, enables people to live on cheaper land, in cheaper houses, or in comparison with the same sites of habitations has diminished the unproductive time in traveling to and from their work. There are many people employed in New York whose traveling time has been reduced two hours a day, by methods of inter-urban transit, made possible only by electricity. The use of the telephone is still the basis of wonderful anecdotes of how persons save days of travel about a city by a few local calls. Through the service of this instrument, or rather the system of which it is the nucleus, many of the vast army of messengers have been assigned to directly productive employments.

The vertical railway, as Otis Tufts properly entitled his invention of the passenger elevator, sufficed to make commercial buildings exceed three stories in height, but it is held that the modern skyscraper could not be used to house its thousands devotees to the intensities of commercial affairs within its score or more stories, had it not been for the facilities of communication afforded by the telephone service, because there is not sufficient room in such buildings for elevators adequate to transport the number of messengers which would otherwise be necessary for communication between these offices and their clients.

The condition of messengers in place of telephone service in a skyscraper represents a hypothetical aspect akin to that of the substitution of oarsmen for the propulsion of a steamship in which they would far exceed the capacity of the vessel, as it would require 720,000 men working in eight-hour relays to produce the 30,000 horsepower used on the large Atlantic liners. It has been found in the course of studies by municipal engineers upon the sidewalk capacity of cities, that the facility of communication afforded by the telephone has diminished the relative number of persons walking in the business districts of cities during office hours. The work of these specialists has been directed to providing means for abating the congestion at the beginning and end of working hours, and electricity is applied again to methods of rapid transit at these localities by introducing, at many points of departure as possible, within these congested districts.

For long-distance travel the telephone is a substitute which has added to productiveness in the measure to which the time that would otherwise be occupied in traveling may be devoted to profitable employment. Of electric illumination in its special application, wherever the difference between daylight and other methods of lighting impaired or even stopped accurate lines of work was are without apology always decanting, and shall continue to do so until these wonders shall cease to be of service to mankind.

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