

WASHABLE SUMMER WAISTS

Some That Are Made of Calico at a Minimum of Cost and Trouble.

The washable waists are lovely in color, and they are making very useful and pretty ones out of old-fashioned calico...

There are three or four vital points to be observed in making these calico shirt waists...

Lovely shirt waists and shirt waist suits are built of lawn, mull, muslin, batiste, Madras, linen, duck, cotton goods of all kinds, and chevot.

IT WAS A SURE CURE.

There Is Nothing Equal to a Five-Foot Granite Wall as a Drink Eradicator.

John G. Capers, the republican national committee man from South Carolina, told a coterie of southern statesmen at the capitol some reflections of an ex-convict, his client once upon a time about the drink habit...

"This man was accused of murder," said Mr. Capers. "I defended him as bravely as I could in the court, and got him off with a verdict of manslaughter, for which he was sentenced to a five-year term in the penitentiary."

"By good behavior he reduced his sentence several months. As soon as the prison doors opened, he came straight to my office to express his thanks for my legal services to him, naturally, after his long confinement, he was sober as a judge."

"Partner," said he, "I have heard tell a great deal about these 'ere institutes for curing drunkenness. For well-nigh to a quarter of a century I was in a permanent state of intoxication, but I want to say that as a drink eradicator there's nothing equal to five feet of solid granite wall—between yourself and the nearest booze joint."

FRESH FEMINE FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of Fashionable Fixings for the Summer Season.

For summer year a beautiful line of open-work stockings, in lisle thread and silk, has appeared.

Plaited skirts are one of the newest fancies, and will be much worn as the season advances.

The deep yoke made with the stock to wear over the summer blouse is out in a multitude of shapes.

Wafer dots, in contrasting colors, scattered over pin check foundations, are noticeably prominent among late Louises.

The new method of combining both thin and heavy lace with fine Swiss, or hand-embroidery on silver linen, is one of the prettiest conceits now in vogue.

Many of the cloth mantles have their bottoms and show edges cut into fringe five or six inches deep and with the strands cut too fine.

Lace ruffles made with narrow Valenciennes cream or dyed to match the frock material are employed to trim gowns of all descriptions.

By Word and Deed. Not only pleasant things, but sad ones, have their influence, and are remembered. It is well to have this truth ever in mind, and to act in view of it.

Dainty Dish. Lettuce and green peas cooked together make a dainty dish. Few people know that lettuce is as good when cooked as asparagus. Boiled with young peas and flavor is delicious. Also it is very wholesome.—N. Y. Post.

Foretold It. Professor Emerson prophesied this war. "How?" How so? "Why?" He said a gun made a short man as tall as he used to be.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TALKER TOOK THE HINT.

Listens to a Yarn That Isn't New, But Which Suffices for the Purpose.

A well-known playwright was dining with a number of gentlemen, when one of the company present became obtrusively talkative. No hint could stop the offender; he seemed only to be incited to increased chatter.

"Assure me that you will not think I mean to make any personal application, and I will tell it," said the playwright.

"Of course I won't," was the victim's innocent response, as he settled down eagerly for the story.

"Well," began the dramatist, "a parrot sat upon his perch in one corner of the room. A bulldog, a fresh arrival in the household, was in another corner."

"S-s-seek 'em," said the parrot, "s-s-seek 'em, Bob!"

"The new dog sprang to his feet and looked for something to seek, but finding nothing, lay down again."

"S-s-seek him, Bob," he said again. "This time the dog found something to seek. He pounced upon the parrot, tore him, shook him, and boxed him about until the poor bird was well-nigh dead."

"When the dog had, at last been called off, the poor parrot struggled up to his perch, looked about the floor where his beautiful feathers lay scattered, scanned himself closely, noted his one remaining tail-feather, and said:

"I know what's the matter with me—I talk too much!"

The dinner proceeded without further interruption, for the preparatory denial of personal application had fully done its work.

SHE WANTED A BRONCHO.

And the Way She Handled the Animal Surprised Some of the Wise Men.

A small, timid-looking young woman entered an uptown riding stable the other afternoon and stepping up to the manager said:

"I'd like a saddle horse for a ride in the park, please."

"Yes, miss," responded the manager. "Something gentle, kind, and not too frisky, I suppose?"

"No, I prefer a mount that has plenty of life and can pick up his heels lively."

"Well," said the manager, who thought he saw a chance for a little fun, "we have a broncho that no one except the owner dare ride. Step this way, please, and I'll show him to you."

The broncho was brought in, reared a Chicago exchange. She laid a hand firmly on his neck and stroked his nose. "He'll do," she said.

"Really think you can stay on his back, miss?" asked the manager, doubtfully, as the hostler put on the bridle and saddle.

"Just clear the way," was the answer, "and I'll show you what a girl from Wyoming can do on such a horse."

And, without any assistance, she sprang into the saddle and gathered up the reins. The broncho stood on his forelegs, kicked the air furiously with his hind feet, and, finally, finding that he had a neat horseman on his back, gave one leap and was off like the wind.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said the astonished manager. "You can't tell from a woman's looks nowadays whether she wants an old goat or a mustang to ride."

A TREASONABLE UMBRELLA.

Inferior Person in Ashanti Offends His King by Putting on Too Much Style.

An inferior chief in Lagos has, it is feared, committed the indiscretion of using a large and elaborate umbrella, with the result that his superior chief is offended at what he regards a breach of court etiquette, relates the New York Times.

Hitherto no one but a principal chief had been allowed to carry an umbrella, and when some time ago a subordinate made an appearance with one of rather showy design he was promptly fined by the local council.

The principal umbrella for Ashanti and the Gold coast chieftains are of enormous size, some of them when open measuring ten feet across.

A state umbrella dispatched from London a few weeks ago had for its apex a silver eagle standing on two silver cannons, nine inches in height. Another had as a symbolical ornament an eighteen-carat gold hen surrounded by eighteen-carat gold chickens, representing the chief and his tribe.

The coverings of the umbrellas are of red, white, yellow, and blue silk, with deep fringes. The largest umbrellas are carried over the heads of chiefs by bearers, while other bearers steady the umbrella by cords attached to the uppermost parts. A comparatively small umbrella surmounted by elaborate silver knobs instead of an elaborate design, is for the inferior chiefs.

More Humane. "So you think the world is becoming more refined?" "There isn't a doubt of it," answered the man who reads the papers. "The mother-in-law joke is obsolete and people no longer laugh at the idea of a small boy being killed by green apples or of a housemaid being killed by an explosion of kerosene."—Washington Star.

CHINESE DOMESTIC LIFE.

Women Have Many Privileges and Spend Much Time in Novel Reading.

A Chinese woman of charming personality, Dr. Yamei Kin, delivered a lecture one day recently at the Washington residence of Senator Keen. Her audience was representative of all that is best in Washington society. Several years ago Dr. Yamei Kin completed her course in medicine at an American university and returned to her native land to practice.

Dr. Kin, who won the very becoming dress of her country, talked mainly of the domestic life of the higher and middle class Chinese. Many verses, ranging from the oriental counterpart of Mother Goose to selections from Confucius and the "Ritual of Decorum," which is almost as old, with clever anecdotes gathered in the practice of her profession, and told in the purest English, made up a delightful half hour that followed the lecture proper, which was followed by 20 minutes during which Dr. Kin invited questions from her audience, which she answered fully and clearly to the enlightenment of all present.

To the inquiry of what Chinese women did for amusement Dr. Kin replied that novel reading forms one of her country women's chief pleasures, and that the favorite Chinese novel consisted of 24 volumes. They also, she said, find great delight in the embroidery which has made them famous. They begin the delicate needlework at the age of seven years. In reply to the questions as to what means of livelihood is open to the women of her race, Dr. Kin replied that few except the boatwomen of the south and the very poor of the lowest class are obliged to support themselves, although in the later years many girls and women have been employed in the silk mills while unskilled labor finds its uses in the making of the familiar firecrackers which are produced largely by children and the very aged.

A minute description of the process of foot-binding, which happily she said is passing out of fashion and is said to have originated some 600 years ago when the empress of that time had club feet, which she skillfully disguised in the most beautiful of small shoes that speedily became the fashion, and an illustration of the changing fashions of head dresses and sleeves, which are about the only changes in wearing apparel noticed in several generations, were a few of the especially interesting features of the lecture. Mme. Kin speaks on the folklore and novels of the Chinese and on the dowager empress.

Banking houses are the one exception to the growing rule. Scarcely any other line of large or small business is not making concessions to the desirability of a woman at the cashier's window or desk. Not only are the women cashiers in positions, but in the advertisements of cashiers wanted the preference for women is as marked.

Physically and temperamentally, woman is the better equipped for the role of cash accountant in the ordinary business lines. Where the pressure of business calls for the handling of large sums of money, especially in bills and in subsidiary silver, the woman has a marked advantage. Her fingers are more supple than are a man's, and they are all more susceptible to the "feel" so necessary in the handling of money.

It is this "feel" exercised in the handling of both bills and silver that makes the woman superior to the man in a general way. Whether at the local cash window or at the general accounting window of an establishment, this physical touch is the one main detector of counterfeiters. The "raised" good bill can be detected by an expert of either sex at a glance. For instance, a dollar bill may have a good feel, but it may be marked up to \$10 or more. The cashier will recognize without thought that there is something wrong with the dollar on the bill, and if not that, it is impossible for the one altering the bill to deceive the expert eye in the alteration itself.

A practical test of the cashier of either sex will demonstrate that the woman cashier, even with her quicker touch, will be more careful than will the man. This is especially true where new bills are concerned. Ordinarily a new \$5 or \$10 or \$100 bill is passed through the window to a man he will pull it through his fingers once in acceptance of its genuineness. It is his disposition to hide any possible uncertainty that he may have of its genuineness. He does not like to be in the position, before a customer, of examining too sharply, or seeming to do so.

A woman is radically different in temperament in this respect. She is wholly self-possessed, and it has been her privilege as a woman to exact concessions from men and to impose them upon women. If she has a doubt of a bill that a bill may be doubtful, she will hold it to the light and pull it through her fingers without the least compunction. The fact that she is responsible for the admission of counterfeiters calls her to the responsibility and out of her independence she allows the person on the other side of the waiting to wait.

But one of the best recommendations of the woman as a cashier lies in the sex, said an old employer. "I may have a decent sort of a man here as cashier, but I haven't much of an idea where he is after hours. With a decent young woman in the position, I am pretty certain of her in every respect. It comes more natural to the business man to make himself sure of the character of the woman than it does for him to dig into the character of the man. A woman's face is more easily read."

The Michigan physician, who puts the annual money loss to the United States from typhoid fever at \$50,000,000 is far from setting forth the full truth. He reaches his estimate by assuming \$1,000 as the average value of the lives sacrificed and he omits all account of the money spent in the care of nonfatal cases. The real value of the lives lost—so far as such value can be expressed in money—might more properly be rated at \$5,000, and at least \$100 on the average must be spent on victims who recover. On this calculation, assuming that the Michigan physician is correct in his number of cases, the annual loss to the country from typhoid is nearly \$300,000,000.—Providence Journal.

WOMEN IN SLEEPING CARS.

It Is with an Ill Grace That They Take to These Conveniences of Travel.

"When a woman passes her first night in a sleeping car she experiences a timidity that is most disagreeable," remarked a member of the gentler sex who, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, travels considerably. "Her first impulse is to remain up the entire night, but as lateness approaches she becomes so fatigued and her eyes grow so heavy that she decides to retire. She goes to her berth, and, after drawing the curtains carefully, starts to remove her clothing. Fearing that some of the other passengers may be able to penetrate with their inquisitive eyes both the dim illumination of the car and also the curtains, she becomes nervous with alarm."

Thoughts of train robbers likewise flit through her mind, and she hesitates again and again about turning in. Nature at last conquers and she removes a few more of her wraps, but still refrains from undressing and climbs beneath the blanket. Then comes the terrifying thought that someone might by mistake enter her berth, and really her mind is thrown into a state bordering upon hysterics. At last she quiets down and gradually falls into a troubled doze. Glad the night is over, she is awake at the first streak of dawn and hurriedly replaces a few garments she mustered up enough courage to remove.

Then she seeks the toilet compartment and awaits her turn at the wash-bowl. After fooling some time with the oddly arranged faucet she asks for instructions and proceeds with her primping. She always finds she has lost her comb or brush and usually forgets and leaves her engagement ring lying upon the sink. The soap is not the kind she is accustomed to, and between all these dreadful things and the horrid jolting of the train she is certainly relieved when destination is reached. After a few such experiences, however, she becomes accustomed to travel and rather likes it."

Loss from Typhoid.

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Force of Habit.

She had bought some dog biscuit for her husband's valuable St. Bernard. "I hope they will please you," she said. "They are not like mother used to make," he sighed.—Chicago Daily News.

WOMEN PREFERRED.

SUPPLANT MEN AS CASHIERS IN VARIOUS BUSINESSES.

Men Play the Races and Gamble in Other Ways Thereby Losing Confidence of Employers.

One of the reasons why there are three times as many women as men acting as cashiers is the growing disposition on the part of young men to bet on the races and to dabble in the bucket shops, says the Chicago Tribune.

This is what several employers declare and one of them continues: "Within ten years I have seen an almost incredible growth of interest in the race track. The time was when there was talk of poker, and roulette, and policy among men in Chicago. Now everything is horse racing. You hear the subject brought up on all sides where there is a chance group of shallow young men. They talk horse, of sties and dams, of jockeys and heavy tracks, of odds, and all that until it makes me sick of the whole business."

"Having a woman cashier, however, and employing several other women in almost equally responsible places, I have a sense of security that I never had when these positions were filled by men. At the same time not one of these women is under bond in surety companies. If my judgment of them has gone wrong and my cashier absconds, it will be my loss, of course; but at the same time I think it will be a breaking of the record for women's honesty in such positions in Chicago. I never have heard of one woman cashier who has played false with her charge."

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Letting Him Down.

Young Spoonamore—You sang that divinely. You ought to let your voice be heard in public. Miss de Muir—Horror! I should make a sad failure of it if I ever tried to sing before a cultivated audience.—Chicago Tribune.

LIFE IN DARK SIBERIA.

Curious Social Customs That Prevail in the Vast Country North of Asia.

"I have given you our relatives, thank heaven we can choose our friend," is the way the Russians regard their Siberian kinsmen. Anyone familiar with the oppressed, much-uniformed society of the large Russian cities hardly wonders at the air of patronizing tolerance the Russian accords his relatives across the Caucasus, says a traveler who has recently returned from a trip through Siberia, according to the Brooklyn Eagle.

The traveler in Siberia searching for the unusual and unconventional is satisfied. The scenery is different from any other in the world—bleak, desolate, depressing. To the native of the snow-swept plains it is restful in the extreme, for nature has given the Siberian no nerves. He is an odd mixture of filth, hospitality, dishonesty and friendliness.

The upper classes are much like well fed tame animals, lacking in all the savagery and picturesque of the peasant, and, therefore, very unsatisfactory to the curiosity seeker.

The alien finds them interesting—and annoying because of their systemless system of doing business. They have absolutely no idea of time. Any one except a Siberian paying a visit to a Russian bank is driven to desperation by the unending of the thousand yards of "red tape" that bind the drawing or depositing of money.

The process takes from one to two hours and the foreign patron is rendered frantic by the uniformed clerks who leisurely sip afternoon tea and daintily puff odorous Russian cigarettes while the excitable outsider stamps about, mentally cursing a system that knows no time.

On entering a shop a man must remove his hat, an officer meets with the courtesy of doffing his overcoat, but not overcoats. When calling upon the governor, even for business, one must wear approved afternoon dress. Fine feathers make fine birds in Siberia, as elsewhere.

Anyone acquainted with the customs of this country knows exactly to what class of society a Siberian belongs by his foot and head wear. Only an aristocrat is permitted to don a hat and kid boots; a middle class woman wears a scarf-face mantilla and calfskin shoes; the peasant's handkerchiefs on their heads and coarse heavy boots.

The homes of the wealthy and middle class are pretty and attractive in the front, but filthy in the rear. Of housekeeping they know nothing and are forced to hire a foreign industrialist, the use of peasants to do the work they will not do for themselves. Their habits are irregular and disorderly in the extreme. From eight to ten is the time for breakfast and partake of tea and bread. 12 o'clock sees the real breakfast served. Any time from seven to midnight is the proper hour for a heavy repast of soup, meat, vegetables, wine and vodka, the national beverage distilled from wheat. A meal a ways ends with glasses of hot brandy in the samovar instead of the black coffee of more conventional countries.

The hour for social calls is from 10 to 11 in the morning. Friends meeting in the street shake hands continually until, parting, no matter how many times a day they may see each other. Men always bow to the woman first, and on the more important holidays—Easter, Christmas and New Year—they are permitted to exchange kisses. Of sanitary laws they have never heard; a bath is an unending trouble. One night long unending wealth by exhibiting in Siberia the curiosity known as a bath-tub. He would have a constant flow of curious, wondering spectators.

In the peasants' "trunks" the traveler finds more comfort, I submit, than his wildest dreams ever pictured. They are the most ignorant, the dirtiest and laziest people on earth.

CARE OF CHICAGO CHILDREN.

Provision of the City for the Offspring of Parents Incompetent to Raise Them.

Parental incompetency is the most hopeless incompetency on earth. It is something that cannot be cured or even made much less, yet its consequences reach into the very heart of the nation. It seems a little odd that Chicago, whose crop of crime has been greater than was ever harvested in any other city, should have been first to recognize this truth, says the Reader Magazine.

Yet so it was. Upon the pages of history the supposedly great corrupt and mercenary city is set down as the first municipality that gave to her children a court of justice, in which all their little crimes and heartaches are kept strictly within the limits of childhood. Chicago's juvenile court had been a permanent and accepted feature of the city's life for three years when New York was still sandwiching the hearings of her bad boys and wayward girls in between notorious criminal cases. When Chicago's boys were "brought into court," New York's boys were "arrested," and while boys and girls in Chicago were "detained" in good homes, New York's children were still thrown into jail in company with all sorts of evil-minded grown-up criminals.

Views of Life. "I'm very sorry," said the dear girl, "but your views of life are such that I can't ever think of accepting them as my own."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young man with an open-faced smile, "practice makes perfect, you know, and I may be able to satisfy you in time."

Whereupon he focused his camera and proceeded to take another view.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Death and Number Thirteen.

Pawmuck has four uncracking establishments, each of which is No. 13 upon its street. One of the "funeral parlors" is conducted by a man named Berry, which, if not spelled the same way, sounds exactly like "bury." In one of these establishments a young man by the name of Coffin secured a position some years ago. His first work was in connection with 13 victims of a sleighing party run into by a train while crossing the railroad track near the city. And yet there are some people, otherwise of sound sense, who say there is nothing fatal in the No. 13.—Providence Journal.

PROSPEROUS CROOKS.

COUNTERFEITERS THRIVE ON MAKING SMALL COINS.

Thousands of Bad Pennies Put Into Circulation at a Profit—Spurious Postage Stamps on the Market.

One would naturally think that the profit from the counterfeiting of pennies would be so small that no one would engage in the work, yet this business is one of the chief annoyances of the government secret service. It is stated that in one month 10,365 bad pennies were found in New York treasury, evidence that some corners have directed their attention to it. The manufacture of a penny costs the government one-fifth of a cent. The counterfeiter does it as cheaply or at a little lower figure. Almost any copper disk of the proper size will pass muster, so that the imitation of this coin is easier and the passing of it attended with less risk than making and "serving the queen" in larger denominations. But penny counterfeiting has the drawback to the criminal of smaller returns and the penalty attached is just as heavy if he is convicted. The government does a big business in pennies in the east, but has much less demand for them from the west. Over 1,000,000 one-cent pieces are sorted out in an average year to the New York sub-treasury. One man will count 60,000 a day, throwing out the bad ones. One day's record of bad coppers discovered by one handler of cents was 1,250.

Counterfeiting stamps, chiefly of the two-cent denomination, figures next after the manufacture of spurious pennies in the "notion" branch of the bad money business. Some stamp-counterfeiting has been notably successful. Kendig and Jacobs, two famous crooks, are believed to have sold \$200,000 worth of bad stamps before the secret service men ran them to earth. Then it was through branch into the field of paper money that these men came to grief. They went from two-cent stamps to bills of large denominations. They were caught in time to prevent the completion of a scheme that involved putting into circulation \$1,000,000 in bad money, and their work was so skilful that detection of their paper was difficult.

Besides the burning out of pennies and stamps a third oddity of modern counterfeiting is the manufacture of good dollars that are bad. This is the counterfeiters' dream, out a silver dollar that contains as much if not more silver than the coin approved by Uncle Sam and placed in circulation from his mint. There is still a profit for the counterfeiter, because the value of silver in a silver dollar ranges somewhere between 75 and 80 cents according to the market, it has been reported. The balance in value lies in Uncle Sam's credit.

The counterfeiter takes the Mexican silver dollar, melts it and remolds it with Uncle Sam's flat forged thereon. Chairman developed this scheme. Mexican dollars circulate extensively through the oriental empire. Some of the "heaten" evolved the notion of taking this collateral out of a bear market and replacing par value from a little manipulation of the silver and a little outlandish theory.

By the secret service men checked this operation, before the profits became extensive.

From the careful statistics they have collected the secret service men estimate that any man can make more money working at \$150 a day of his time, than through the most successful career he may hope for as a counterfeiter. The best of them, calculating the years involved in this business, the time out of that spent in jail, and the value received which has been actually returned in labor of the highest order, have had less average prosperity than have had less money to spend year in and year out, their investment of time and skill than the poorest paid clerk in a department store.

To secure this small return they have devoted brains and talent that would have furnished them a generous income in almost any kind of business. Notorious counterfeitters, whom the secret service men have placed behind the bars, have always insisted that there was no real profit in counterfeiting for the criminal.

There is an ex-newsman in Washington who is chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs in the United States. This is Chief Wilkie, head of the secret service. And it is a "secret" service. His men perform miracles; they do work which Conan Doyle could credit to Sherlock Holmes to the increase of that great character's reputation, but he never hears much about it. They receive from three to seven dollars a day and expenses. They collect information after fashion simply marvelous. But no one will ever know how it is done, because that would defeat their ends. In recent cases it has developed that they could pry their hands on the secret figures of private bank accounts, that they could produce a schedule of the contents of a suspect's safety deposit box.

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