

THE CONTROL OF MOROCCO

A Subject Which Is Straining Diplomatic Relations Among European Powers.

For a long time past the ambitions of the French, British and Spanish have clashed in Morocco. France desires to control northwestern Africa, but Spain has interests in Morocco, and the British have long objected to the extension of the boundaries of French Algeria to the west.

In these negotiations the sultan of Morocco was not consulted. Indeed, the announcement that the agreements had been made surprised the cabinets of Europe.

Last March France, in pursuance of the treaty, asked the sultan to agree to a plan under which he should deal with foreign powers through French agents. Before he had replied to the demand the German emperor visited Tangier and made a speech, in the course of which he said that he would always deal directly with the sultan, and would not allow any other power to act as an intermediary.

It is useless to predict the outcome of this refusal of Germany to recognize the right of the French to assume a protectorate over Morocco, but it is likely that the disagreement will be settled through ordinary diplomatic channels rather than by an appeal to force.

ENGLAND'S POOR-TAX BILL.

System of Providing for the Indigent of All Classes Is Expensive.

The operations of England's poor-tax bill, designed for the relief of the poor of all classes in England and Wales, as reported to the state department by United States Consul Swalm at Southampton, show that during the last half of 1904 there was expended "in maintenance" \$7,972,790; for "out relief," \$7,699,740; making a total of \$15,672,530, an increase of \$440,000, as compared with similar expenditures for the corresponding period of 1903.

On July 1, 1904, the number of persons in England and Wales in receipt of poor relief (excluding pauper lunatics) was 754,046, an increase of 24,304 over the number on the corresponding day in 1903.

"This plan," says Consul Swalm, "of maintaining the children of the poor—or such as may be in the poor-houses or 'unions'—in cottages and homes of that character, is happily finding a very general adoption, no less than 128 'unions' now maintaining the children away from the pauperizing effects of poorhouse associations. The county of London paid out 72 cents per head of its population for the half year on poor account."

CENTERS OF THE UNIVERSE

Marked in Several Countries by Sacred Stones Set Up by Natives.

When the Japs captured Mukden they found there the sacred black stone of the Manchu dynasty of Chinese. This, says the New York World, is the center of the universe, according to old Chinese superstition, and added veneration comes to Mukden from the graves of the emperors near by.

The Do-ring in Lhasa, Tibet, is another center of the universe, which, according to the Thibetan priests, is shaped exactly like the shoulder blade of a sheep. All distances are measured from it, and it is very sacred.

Another center is the Kaaba in Mecca, a dirty black stone set into the wall of the most sacred mosque and polished every year by the lips of thousands of worshippers. The Arabic word for stone, "Hajar," appears in Scriptural writings as a proper name. The Mecca pilgrimage is a "haj," and those who have taken it are known as "Hadjis."

Even so sane a people as the ancient Greeks came pretty near worshipping a stone—the "omphalos" or center of the earth at Delphi. The Romans set up a stone of great consequence in Rome, but for purposes of measurement, not worship, and so the "London stone" of to-day is used.

Easy. "How in the world could you remember that your wife wanted dark brown silk?" asked the friend. "O, I just kept my mind on the taste I have in my mouth this morning," replied the man who had been to a banquet the night before.—Detroit Tribune.

Baseball Fever. Manager—So your grandmother died yesterday. What were her last words? Office Boy—Don't get hurt in de crush on de bleachers.—N. Y. Times.

Obit 1906. Jimson—Why is Smiley wearing that black band around his leg? Grimson—His mother-in-law was barred yesterday.—N. Y. Times.

WOMAN OF 93 RUNS HOTEL

Is Hale and Hearty, Though Now Nearing the Century Milestone—Works About-House.

Concord, N. H.—Ninety-three years of age, and hale and hearty as any of her daughters, Mrs. Ira Abbott, of this city, has opened her summer hotel at York Beach, Me.

Mrs. Abbott is perhaps the only active hotel proprietor in the United States who can make 93 marks on a slate and say truthfully that each one represents a year of her life. She is so strong and her faculties are so well retained that she doesn't like to be called "old." Her activity is something that has been the marvel of her friends for years.

Last year Mrs. Abbott did the cooking and washing for her hotel. The work consisted of caring for tableware and bedding for ten roomers and about 20 boarders. She never complained of the work, in fact seemed to like it.

Mrs. Abbott was born in Stewartstown, N. H., October 14, 1812, and when 15 years of age came to Concord. Her husband died in 1870. She had seven children, of whom two survive. One is Mrs. Laura T. Boker, aged 73 years, and the other, Mrs. Jennie A. Speed, who is 65. She has several great-grandchildren.

Her health is extraordinary, her hearing and sight excellent, and on the whole she is regarded as an ideal of the "ripe old age."

ROWS A RACE WITH DEATH

Boy Binds Companion's Wound with Twig, Then Pulls 17 Miles to Secure Help.

St. Paul, Minn.—George Bohn, aged 14, of this city, rowed a 17-mile race with death on the Minnesota river. Temporary victory is his, and if Matthew C. Taylor lives he will owe his life to the boy.

Alone with his companion, who was bleeding to death from a severed artery in the leg, Bohn bound a willow twig about the limb, partly stopping the flow of blood, placed his unconscious companion in a boat, and rowed three hours on a dark night down the river to Fort Snelling. Arriving early the other morning, almost exhausted, young Bohn tied his boat to the bank and staggered up the bluff to the post hospital, where he secured two physicians to attend Taylor. The latter was taken to the fort hospital, where the artery was tied up. He is in a precarious condition, physicians fearing he cannot survive the loss of blood.

Young Bohn and Taylor went up the Minnesota river on a fishing and hunting trip. They stopped 17 miles from Fort Snelling to pitch their tent for the night. While whittling a tent stake Taylor cut himself with his hunting knife. The blood flowed so fast that he soon became unconscious.

THIEF FOOLS RUBE'S DOGS

Chooses Chase by Letter, Comes Back to Relieve Owner of Cash and Valuables.

Jenkintown, Pa.—James Helk, a farmer near this place, has had much trouble in the last few weeks with thieves at his henery and spring-house. Catching a negro recently in the act of forcing an entrance into his springhouse he grabbed him and gave him his choice of going to jail or having the dogs set upon him. The negro accepted the latter offer.

Helk promised to give the prisoner 200 yards' start, confident that the dogs would overtake him. As it was dark and the farmer could not see far the negro was to yell when he reached the specified limit. Mr. Helk waited patiently for the negro to yell, but when he did not he let the dogs go.

Just as the faint yelps of the animals were dying away in the distance Helk was confronted by the negro, who had run down the road a short distance and then climbing a fence returned while the dogs were seeking him. Before Helk could speak the negro held him up in true wild west fashion, and relieved him of something over ten dollars, and got away before the astonished farmer could call help.

MAN HYPNOTIZES HIMSELF.

Stone Mason Becomes Helpless Whenever He Gazes on an Artificial Light.

Oil City, Pa.—Andrew Weidie, a stone mason, who has been studying hypnotism for a year, was sent to a sanitarium recently, as the result of peculiar hallucinations which have puzzled physicians. Weidie was arrested at an electric light plant, where his sudden appearance surprised the employes. He stood rigid, gazing at an arc light above his head, and the plant had to be shut down before he could be removed. He appears to be hypnotized by artificial light, being perfectly rational during the day.

His wife stated that recently when she lighted lamps in the house her husband would gaze intently at the flame and afterward would appear to be in a trance. Weidie is conscious of his own irresponsibility, and has destroyed all his books relating to hypnotism.

Medical men say the case is of peculiar interest, as his condition is due to self-hypnotism.

A King in Leading Strings. King Alfonso's mother is worried about his forthcoming trip to Paris. She writes to the president of France that he has had so little experience that she is afraid he may "be carried away and get adrift." If Alfonso should get adrift in Paris there might be some trouble in getting him home.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE.

Outcome of Splendid Work for Neglected Children in New York City.

On April 16 an event of peculiar and significant interest occurred in New York—the farewell service of the New York Juvenile Asylum.

The asylum, states Youth's Companion, was founded in 1861, and in the half-century and more of its existence 29,000 neglected children have been cared for within its walls. It is a noble record. What it has meant to the city of New York and to the whole country no human calculation can ever measure. In a message sent to it four years ago, President Roosevelt wrote: "I want to tell you that some of the highest and best men I know, in professional, commercial and public life, have come from your institution and others like it."

Yet magnificent though their work has been, the age of the great asylums is passing, and their disappearance reveals the deepened insight of modern philanthropy. Half a century ago an institution that fed and clothed neglected children, that cared for them when they were ill and equipped them in some fashion to earn their own living, was regarded as giving them all that the largest demand could require. Those great rights of childhood, freedom, opportunity for individual development, above all, the need of "mothering," few had considered, and none supposed attainable for these forlorn waifs of life.

Yet these are precisely the things which the larger charity of the day is making beautifully possible. The removal from the Juvenile Asylum of New York to the Children's Village of Dobb's Ferry is one step in the process. Instead of huge, unhome-like buildings, there are cottages, each with its own garden, its own family circle; above all—name of blessed promise—its own housemother. So at last the little lonely ones of earth are entering their kingdom.

ORIGIN OF SOME SLANG.

According to the Statement of an Imaginative Genius Which Sounds Reasonable.

"Here's where I butt in," said the goat, making for the children, according to the New York Sun.

"I'm getting it in the neck," grumbled the bull, as Ursus gave him another twist.

"Come off your perch," growled tabby, making another spring at the cage. "I'm in the soup," gasped the oyster, as he dropped to the bottom of the plate.

"You're a bird," said the fox, as he gobbled up another hen. "Don't try to string me," said the rattler to the black snake, colling himself into a plumping.

"It's a lead pipe cinch," said the rat, gnawing his way through another piece of pipe. "I've got the drop on you," shrieked the hawk, as he landed on another chicken.

"Things are coming my way," said the bear, dodging another bullet. "My goose is cooked," said the wild gander, dropping to the ground with a broken wing.

"Quit your kidding," exclaimed the fish, as the bait dropped into the water. "Those fellows are nutty," said the rabbit, pointing to the squirrel family eating lunch.

"Stuck again," cried the fly, alighting on the sticky paper. "I can see my finish," murmured the lamb as he entered the slaughter pen.

PREFER NIGHT TRAVEL.

Left to Their Own Inclination Hogs Make Their Journeys During the Cool of the Night.

The Arizona Republican says the hogs were corn fed and exceptionally fat. They were started for town during the day, but by the time they reached a point a little less than a mile from home many of them were unable to continue the journey, and the march was stopped. During the cool of the evening they were taken back home.

A hog is a foolish thing, and in going a few miles many frequently take unnecessary steps, thus making the distance much longer than it really is. This partly accounts for their becoming so hot such a short way from their starting point. They were allowed to spend the night at home, but the next night the trail was taken up again.

This time after dark, or rather after sundown, for it was almost as light as day, from the moon. The hogs seemed to be delighted with the new order of things, and the way they capered to town was a caution. It was almost all the drivers could do to keep up with them. They gave no trouble whatever and reached the shipping yards in the shape.

Caustic Comment. "Your old friend Barnes Torner made his debut in vaudeville last night," said the first actor.

"Yes, it was a monologue, wasn't it?" asked the other.

"Not exactly. He intended it to be, but the audience chimed in with a few choice remarks before it got fairly started."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When Philosophers Meet. "What's the difference between being married and being in jail?" asked the Pöblich philosopher.

"There's a heap of difference," replied the sage of Plunkville. "A man in jail kills some time off for good behavior."—Chicago Sun.

WORK OF THE BAYONETS.

What Is Meant by the Order "Throw Yourself on Their Bayonets."

It is a phrase merely to those of us who do not know war at first hand: "Then the men threw themselves on the bayonets of the enemy." It sounds desperate and dramatic, but this account in Blackwood's Magazine by a naval sublieutenant at Fort Arthur shows what it really means.

For 30 long minutes a hand-to-hand struggle had continued. Men threw grenades in each other's faces. Half-demented Samurai flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites that held the traverse in the trench. Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past? Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlook the mechanical appliances that make war easy. They thrust to come to grips, and to grips they came.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honorable comrades!" he shouted. "Those who come behind will do the rest." His men heard him; his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies the whole pack of the war-dogs had surged over them. The trench was won.

NEW BUSINESS FOR WOMEN

Deserted Philadelphia Wife Contracts to Clean Boilers of Steamships.

Women, especially widows, drift into strange lines of work to make a living for themselves, but there are few who have chosen a stranger occupation than a Mrs. Harris, of this city, states the Philadelphia Record.

Last winter, when, deserted by her husband, she found that she must earn a living for herself and children or become dependent upon relatives who could ill afford to provide for her. Her husband had kept a large force of men busy in the boiler cleaning business. His principal patrons were steamboat owners and captains. Mrs. Harris took charge of her absent husband's office, in search of clues to his whereabouts, and in the mail she found many orders to clean steamship boilers.

The work was urgent; there was no time to waste, so she called her husband's employes together and told them she was going to continue the business, and asked their loyal cooperation, which they were glad to give, inasmuch as they knew their own livelihood in a measure depended upon her success. She made one of the men foreman, and then proceeded to the wharf, where she met the captain of a big steamship, and, after closing a contract, set her men to work. The plucky young woman, after several months in business, says she never had so much money in her life.

TRY GUESSING DISTANCES.

Interesting Pastime for the Young Folks When Time Hangs Heavily.

Almost everyone knows that the head of an ordinary horse is as long as a barrel, but not many persons would have thought it so without measuring. When you have a rainy day or a dull evening try a distance guessing contest, suggests the Washington Star. Let each player have pencil and paper and write down the list of things to be measured. All have a voice in making up the lists. Some one suggests height of the table. All then write "height of table," and each puts opposite his guess of the height in feet and inches. In the same way other objects are selected and the distances guessed—width of door, dimensions of room, length and height of mantelpiece, distance around a circular stand, distance around Claire's neck or Jack's head, dimensions of books and boxes, height of chairs, pictures and vases.

Finally the papers are signed and exchanged, and some one with tape line or rule measures the various distances. The best guess for each object is marked by a cross, the poorest by a cipher. It will be amusing to see how wild some of the guesses are.

Squirrels Take Care of Themselves. "Squirrels need no protection from dogs," said Attorney Harry Sloan, Janesville. "In fact, in the park at Madison I have seen them tease dogs for the sport of it. They will scamper into the street, take a tantalizing position and let a dog get nearly to them. Then they make for the nearest tree. They ascend the tree just far enough to be beyond the dog. They seem to know by instinct just how far the dog can jump and they stay just beyond his reach. They used to build fences around the park to protect the squirrels from the dogs, but it was soon discovered that they needed no protection and that they enjoy being chased by their canine enemies."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Long Drive for Sheep. Without losing a single animal, seven shepherds recently drove a flock of 14,000 sheep from Manama, in Queensland, to Narrabri, in New South Wales, a distance of 900 miles.—Sydney Bulletin.

COLORS AND MOSQUITOES.

Experiments Show That the Insects Are Able to Distinguish Between Hues.

A young girl was talking about mosquitoes. She had spent the summer in a place where they were numerous, relates the New York Herald.

"But I noticed," she said, "that when I wore a yellow dress I didn't get a single bite."

"Did you notice that?" said the young scientist. And then he went on eagerly: "I am glad you noticed that, for it is a verification of certain experiments that we have made."

"We made these experiments in a gauze tent, and their object was to ascertain the effect on mosquitoes of colors."

"We placed in the tent boxes lined with cloth of different hues, and we found that the little pests crowded frantically into the dark blue box, while the yellow box they would not under any circumstances enter."

"The experiments extended over several weeks. We had in the tent stone vessels for the mosquitoes to breed in. We discovered that, next to the dark blue, the mosquitoes sought the dark red box. After the dark red came brown, then scarlet, then black, then slate gray, then olive green, then violet, then pearl gray, then white."

"Thus we proved that mosquitoes notice colors, and we formulated two helpful hints for the inhabitants of mosquito-ridden districts."

"The first hint is to wear yellow to escape mosquito bites and to use yellow netting for bed canopies and window screens."

"The second hint is to use a blue-lined box if you want to trap mosquitoes. With this box, in an infested region, you could easily catch and destroy thousands of the insects daily."

SWEAT-SHOP AND FACTORY

Progress of "Machine Civilization" Relegating Unsanitary Workrooms.

We need not rely upon the poets and poetical historians for knowledge of what the "handicraft" civilization meant. We can study it, writes David Graham Phillips in the Reader Magazine, as it survives practically unchanged in the miserable hovels of Bohemian and Italian and Spanish peasants, where men and beasts rot together in conditions of sanitation that would not long be tolerated in any place where the "machine civilization" has inaugurated its high and ever higher moral and physical standards. We need not go so far from home. To get a picture of a prosperous handicraft city of the middle ages, go to New York's east side, where are the fast-disappearing sweatshops that were transplanted from "handicraft" neighborhoods of Europe. The poets have it otherwise; and so do the historians who like to paint alluring pictures for their readers—and hate to grub for facts. But there is the grisly truth. Contrast the average sweatshop with the average factory. No; contrast the best sweatshop with the worst factory.

"WITTENBERG EXPRESS."

Droll Conveyance Bearing That Dignified Name in the German Town.

Not many years ago, on the highroads about Wittenburg, in Germany, travelers frequently met an old woman trudging slowly along, pushing before her a light wheelbarrow loaded with bundles and parcels, writes Gerrish Eldredge, in "Queer Carriers," in St. Nicholas. The old woman was at least 60, but she was so cheerful and uncomplaining that the people had no hesitation in employing her. She had many knick-knacks and parcels to carry to and from the city, into which, three or four times a week, she pushed her barrow, which folks called the "Wittenberg express." This plucky old woman walked with her express wheelbarrow at least ten miles each trip, and her earnings, a small fee for each parcel, served to support herself and her two invalid daughters, who could do only a little sewing. The old woman would allow no one to pity her; she liked the work, she said, and was only sorry that as she grew older she could not make such frequent trips for her earnings were helping herself and her children.

As to Bones.

Somebody said, "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat." Yet many persons remove the bone before cooking the meat, thereby losing the marrow juices. Li Hung Chang had his chickens cooked with their heads and feet on. Our butchers deprive us of the heads, legs and wing tips, after charging them on the bill. They are welcome to the heads and legs, but the wing tips are a delicacy. The Chinese in Mott street stew the heads and legs in chop suey. Some egiures eat the head of a cod in preference to any other part. Some wise people in this city make bags of the skins of chicken's necks and stuff them with a kind of hash. When baked brown and crisp they are delicious.—New York Press.

Unresponsive.

"So you prefer a horse to an automobile?" "Yes," answered the irascible man. "A horse doesn't treat threats and blows with the silent contempt that an automobile displays."—Washington Star.

Arranged in Advance.

Nell—I've decided to marry your cousin Jack. Belle—The idea! Why, Jack never said a word to me about— "Oh, Jack doesn't know it yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEN EGGS WERE COSTLY

In Early Days in San Francisco Were Worth Their Weight in Gold.

"Hens' eggs were worth their weight in gold," writes Thomas E. Parish in one of his stories of the very early days in San Francisco, says the Chicago Daily News. "A couple of young men recently landed from Tennessee dropped into Aldrich's for breakfast one morning. Not being aware of the rarity and consequent price of eggs in California and having five dollars still left with which to pay for breakfast for two, they calmly ordered their usual breakfast of eggs and toast. When the bill was presented the young gentlemen saw, to their consternation, that the amount was ten dollars. They had only five. What was to be done?"

"After a consultation together it was decided that one of them should remain while the other went out to look for Col. Gift, an old-time friend whom they knew to be in the city. The colonel was soon found, who, after hearing the story of his young friend and asking who was with him, inquired what they had for breakfast. 'Eggs,' was the reply.

"'Eggs! Eggs!' exclaimed the colonel. 'Did you not know, you blanket-blank fool, that hens lay gold in California?' 'I did not, but I do,' said our young friend. 'Well,' continued the colonel, kindly handing over a \$50 gold slug, 'take this and remember after this that you are not in Tennessee, where eggs are given away.'"

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

Chances of Matrimony for Women Ranging in Years from Twenty to Sixty.

"At present your chance of marrying," said the statistician to the young girl, "is five in six. It would be easier, in fact, for you to marry than to remain single."

She looked pleased, relates the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Thank you," she said. "Do you speak with authority?" "With the greatest authority," he answered, "for I have collected marriage statistics for seven years. My researches show that, from 20 to 27, a girl of ordinary good looks can marry almost anyone. Five bachelors out of six are ready to propose to her."

"The matrimonial chances of a maiden lady of 50 are only two in 10,000. Those of a maiden lady of 40 are two in 1,000. Those of a maiden lady of 30 are two in 100."

"Maiden ladies, up to the age of 60, incline to think that men desire to marry them."

At 60, as a matter of fact, a maiden lady has no chance of marriage at all unless she is enormously rich—not one chance in a million, in a billion, in a trillion."

The Underground Ocean.

The Brazilian government, convinced of the existence of immense supplies of underground water within its territories, proposes to organize a division of hydrology similar to that of the United States geological survey. Drilling outfits have already been purchased in this country. The colonial office of Bermuda has sought American expert advice in regard to obtaining a supply of water from underground sources in those islands, and there is a similar movement in Peru, where it is thought that water drawn from beneath the deserts may serve to irrigate the nearly rainless area along the coast. It is also pointed out that Arabia may be irrigated in this manner, as investigation has shown the existence of great underground water-beds there, one of which is said to extend 800 miles across the peninsula from the Hedjaz north-easterly toward the Euphrates.—Youth's Companion.

Gas-Driven Ships.

A German engineer holds out the prospect that in the future we shall travel by gas-ships, vessels which will have coal-gas producers on board and will utilize the gas in a special type of marine motor. The Engineer reprints a paper recently read by the inventor, E. Capitaine, at Frankfurt. He has followed out a new line in this latest development, starting from the original free flight piston—Otto Langen—engine, and substituting for the ordinary atmospheric pressure that of air compressed to three atmospheres as the agent for effecting the return stroke of the piston, which at the same time is made to do the duty of compressing the gas and air mixture up to the igniting point.—London Telegraph.

Ten Pearls in an Oyster.

When serving a customer with oysters Mrs. Althrop, wife of a Kettering fishmonger, had the good fortune to open one containing no fewer than ten pearls. Her attention was called to the remarkable contents of the oyster, which was one of a consignment from Liverpool, by a pearl falling out, and she consequently laid the bivalve aside, and served others to the customer. An examination then revealed nine other pearls. The find was submitted to two local jewelers, who pronounced them to be pearls of excellent quality. They vary in size from a large pea to a little larger than a pin's head.—London Tit-Bits.

Sarcastic Customer.

Rough Barber—Do you often knead the skin of your face? "Mangled Customer"—O, occasionally, but you seem to need it so much worse than I do that you might as well take the rest of it while you're about it.—Baltimore American.