

CAPITALS MADE TO ORDER.

Australia Is to Follow the Examples of the United States and Russia.

The Australian commonwealth, taking a leaf from the history of the United States, has decided to build a new capital which shall be free from the influence of either of the great sections. It will build up and has selected a site not far from the pretty village of Dalgety, on the Snowy river.

An artificial capital, one created by fiat as a result of a compromise between rival sections or decreed by assumed political necessity is an experiment under the best circumstances and usually falls short of being a metropolis.

St. Petersburg, on the other hand, has far outstripped the old capital in population, having 1,313,300 inhabitants, to Moscow's 1,092,350 by the latest census.

Australia has one advantage which neither the United States nor Russia enjoyed when they created their artificial capitals. Its area is fixed and determined. The capital will always bear the same geographical relation to every Australian region that it will have in the beginning.

SUBWAY HURTS CABBIES.

Theater Trade That Once Went to New York Jesus Now Goes to Cars.

"You'd never guess the difference the subway has made in our business," said the oldtime night cab driver, according to the New York Sun.

"It used to be that a man in evening clothes, especially if accompanied by a woman wearing garments easily soiled, would hesitate before crowding into a surface car.

"Now it's different. After the theater the crowds walk to the restaurants for lunch, then they drift along to the subway entrance at Forty-second street and Broadway or at the Grand Central.

"Our greatest loss is in Brooklyn patrons. It used to be almost a sure thing that we'd get a bunch of Brooklyn people down as far as the Bridge at least.

"Now the subway takes them right to the Bridge entrance. Why, now one can go from Forty-second street clear to the outskirts of Brooklyn without going from under shelter if the weather is bad.

"It's going to be still worse for us when they get the subway running under the river."

Police man (to tramp)—I want your name and address. Tramp (sarcastically)—Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number One, the open air. If yer call on me don't trouble ter knock. But just walk in.—Scottsman.

SOME GOOD EATERS.

NEW ENGLAND APPETITES ARE NOT DELICATE.

Eighteen Eggs Fried Were Only an Appetizer and Far from the Record—Great Destroyers of Food.

The men who do the hard work and breathe the bracing air of down east have never been noted for delicacy or whimsicality of appetite; but some recent exhibitions of food destruction have excited the wonder of the natives and the admiration of visitors, says a Bangor (Me.) report.

The other night a tall, gaunt man wandered into a Bangor lunch room, and after scanning the bill of fare for some minutes, hesitatingly asked for some fried eggs. He ate what was set before him, and likened it so well that he ordered more, then more and more, and so on until he had consumed six orders.

As they serve fried eggs in that lunch room the six orders comprised 18 fried eggs, 12 slices of bread and six cups of coffee. When he had finished, the tall man, who was from Prince Edward Island, carelessly remarked that he was not feeling very well that night, and as he didn't fancy the boarding house grub he had come over to town to get something light to tempt his appetite.

The captain of a coasting schooner in the port of Bangor told his cook to buy a roast of beef, some beefsteak and some sliced ham, together with a cabbage and other vegetables and four dozen eggs. The cook did as he was ordered and served the roast beef for dinner.

The captain ate until the platter was as bare as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt could have made it, and then looked up expectantly and asked:

"Where's all the rest of that truck?" "What truck?" asked the bewildered cook.

"Steak an' other stuff," replied the captain.

"Why, I supposed you wanted those things for supper, or—"

"Supper be hanged!" roared the skipper. "Get something else for supper. When you buy grub for dinner cook it, an' don't be tryin' to starve me to death. I'm no vegetarian!"

Down in Calais they tell of a man who got up hungry the other morning and hunted around for something to eat. He boiled and ate 27 eggs, and finding that they were good fresh eggs fried and ate 19 more, winding up with a quart of mixed pickles and seven biscuits.

The smallest sailor man who ever sailed out of Bangor, Little Johnny Mills, was famed for his under-the-achiever. One day on board the schooner Ruth Darling he ate his own dinner and also the share of two other members of the crew who had gone ashore and failed to come back. Then as he sat on the rail smoking his pipe, Johnny astonished the cook by saying:

"It's poor grub and little of it ye have aboard of this one. It's close steerin' a man has to get a bit an' a sup."

"Why, Johnny, what more would you have on top o' that big billed dinner?" asked the cook.

"Oh, well," replied Johnny, as he rolled his eyes aloft. "Oh, well, I'm thinkin' I could get away right now with a good hunk o' mutton an' a few prattles, an' a plate o' puddin' an' a bit o' loaf o' rye bread an'—an' half a gallon o' ale—O—"

Long-Range Electricity. From the Victoria falls to Witwatersrand, a distance of 700 miles, engineers propose to carry electrical power to mine South African gold. They are convinced the plan will be commercially successful, especially as the dry climate is most favorable, while there is no ice in the rivers to interfere with the working of the turbines and no snow to break down the transmission lines.

Chance for the Church. A missionary in southwestern Oregon, apologizing for the infrequency of his letters, explains: "My days have been spent in the saddle, and at night I am either too tired to write or else I have no place or opportunity to write at all. Last Thursday I made 55 miles on horseback, over a rough trail. Solid virgin forests for 40 miles and not a dwelling place to stop. I am now on the northern end of Lake Klamath, Klamath county, the most southern country in Oregon. It is a lumber and logging country. The church is unknown here. God is not thought of and Sunday is like other days. The church has a great open door in these regions."

Wanted It at Once. "I disown you," cried the angry parent. "I shall cut you off with a shilling."

"Yes, sir," replied the erring son meekly, "and might I have that shilling now?"—Life.

Accommodating. "Very sorry—all my daughters are already engaged."

"Ah, well, never mind; I'll call again next time there's a vacancy."—Sphere.

Bather a Different Thing. "Now, Mr. Green, where are you going?" "Are you training for a race?"

"No!" shouted Mr. Green in return. "I'm racing for a train!"—Puck.

CALIFORNIA COFFEE CLUBS.

Scheme for Cutting Down the Saloon Business Has Been Successful.

Some time ago the California town of San Diego started a coffee club to afford a place of entertainment and recreation where no intoxicating liquors or cigars or tobacco in any form should be sold, and the success of the enterprise has been in every way satisfactory and gratifying, reports the New York Times. A private company started the institution, and it was provided that no profits should be divided whatever accrued being continuously capitalized with the view of establishing other houses of like kind. A second one has been opened in the same city, and there are similar places in Los Angeles, Santa Clara, Petaluma and Bakersfield. They are all successful, financially and socially. In Los Angeles the two club rooms are visited by from 1,000 to 1,500 persons daily. It costs about \$2,000 to launch a club, but once going it pays its own way and prospers, becoming in time the parent of others. It is estimated that the saloon business has been cut down one half in the towns named.

It is possible that California has found out an expedient for the promotion of temperance more efficient than the one which Maine thought she had discovered a generation or so ago, but which in late years does not seem to work with its pristine smoothness. At any rate the initial success of the Pacific coast experiments is gratifying and promising, giving sign that it may not be unworthy of trial elsewhere.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUS MAN.

He Is the Fellow Who Imagines Others Are Always Thinking About Him.

In every large work there is usually one man who has forever lurking about his person the idea that others are "doing him," that his associates or his competitors are continually putting the knife in his back. He sees visions and dreams dreams; is suspicious of everyone.

Usually the trouble is that he is tricky himself, and naturally thinks others are—fears he is being trapped at his own game. Sometimes the trouble is supersensitiveness or over-consciousness. I once knew a man who was afflicted that way, says a writer in the Business Men's Magazine. He told me his experience, and told me how he overcame his weakness. He said: "I used to imagine everybody was thinking and talking about me, but one day a great light dawned; I found that I was simply thinking and talking about myself. Others were attending to their own business and giving me no thought. I was haunting myself."

There is much in the idea. Attend to your own business. Smother suspicions; do not nurse them. You think Jones and Smith are working up a conspiracy against you, when in fact they may be planning a goose hunt—don't let yourself be the goose in the case.

WORLD'S DRUG STORE.

Region in California Where Mineral Products Abound in Fabulous Quantities.

The drug store of the universe is Death valley, California, whose mysterious and forbidding 30,000 acres of borax, nitrate of soda, and salt and deposits of unfathomable value are promised a stampede of moneyseekers during the present autumn. The entire region seems to be a vast chemical laboratory, wherein nature has compounded and stored millions of tons of crude drugs.

Fabulous quantities of galena are piled up in the recesses of the valley, one vein recently discovered being 30 feet wide, and containing ore that runs from 40 to 75 per cent. in lead. Many such ledges in silver have been found, and numerous tests have shown the ore to be worth from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a ton. The nitre wealth of the valley is enormous and, if marketed at current rates, would bring, as estimated, \$1,000,000,000. One expert said if this field could be operated it would supersede Chili as a producer of this staple. The stretches of borax look like snow fields, and are most hazardous to cross, for under the thin shell of salts lie fathomless depths of poisonous waters. All human life is maintained at great peril in this acid, chemically charged atmosphere, and under a temperature which ranges in summer from 115 to 140 degrees.

To Keep Works of Watch Clean. Open the front case of watch and with a soft match, cut chisel-shape at the end, rub a little vasoline all round seat of the case where the lid fits. Close the front, open the back and treat in the same way. Only a very small quantity is required, just enough to grease it thoroughly all round. This will make your case dust and water proof at those points. At the end of two or three months open the case and if much dirt has collected, take a match, cut in the same way, and scrape it all off clean and give it another coating of the vasoline. This is the only known plan to keep a watch clean where the cases do not fit perfectly close.—National Magazine.

Brown's Triumph. Smith—Brown told me some time ago that he had been aching to fight Green for more than a year.

Jones—Well, they actually fought one day last week.

"So?" and the result?"

"Brown is still aching."—Chicago Daily News.

KANSAS WHEAT BELT

REGION IN WHICH ARE MANY HOMES OF CULTURE.

The Only Real Work of the Year Is During the Harvest Season—Farmers Generally Are Students.

There are homes on the wheat ranches where culture reigns. Books, pictures, music, pianos and newspapers keep the inhabitants in touch with the best things of life, says the Kansas City Star. The onerous toll of the wheat harvest is mostly imaginary. The only real work of the year is during the week of harvest. Turning the soil with a riding plow is not hard, as farm work goes. Planting the wheat with a drill is easy. Waiting for it to grow is not such degrading labor. Men who raise three crops of alfalfa a year work harder all summer than do the wheat harvesters. The harvest hands are softened, weakened products of enervating city life, and that is why the work seems hard. The harvest season is a godsend to these men. The outlet to the country for a season of recreating toil soothes the nerves of a fermenting element the city breeds and harbors.

The farmers of the wheat belt, on the whole, seem to be about the happiest agriculturists to be found. The rapid growth of the western countries into the gigantic wheat-producing section that it now is has offered ample opportunity for all the farmers of managing ability to build up moderate fortunes and acquire large tracts of land. These they have adorned with splendid homes, orchards and shade trees, and have stocked with fine cattle and good breeds of all domestic stock. The wheat belt is also "the greatest grass land on the earth." That is, native grass grows there in profusion, and it makes the best grazing of any grass crop. All these things have enabled the progressive farmers to surround themselves with everything that goes to make rural life delightful.

These wide-awake farmers are students of everything that comes into their lives. At a glance they can tell which of two steers will gain a pound the quicker and on a given ration, and this same faculty makes them judges of human character as well. They know what kind of men they are dealing with and treat them accordingly. Many a man who came to the harvest like a tramp, a man used to a cultured home, but fallen from grace and "down on his luck," has been singled out by the farmer or his wife as one fit for better things. Such a man is treated as one of the family. His story is learned if he wishes to tell it. When the harvest is over he is given steady work. The bond that throws people together of an equal plane of thought becomes established.

Cases of this kind can be related in every household in the wheat belt. Said one farmer's wife—she traced her ancestry to Ethan Allen and other historic names of colonial days and was herself a college graduate: "One of the most interesting things of the harvest is the character of the men. Last year a young man worked for us who, we readily saw, was of good breeding and came from a respectable home. His hand got sore in the harvest and I dressed it and doctored him the best I could. It got worse, and one day I asked him what was the matter with it. He said, 'The blood does not circulate in it.' Then he rolled up his sleeve and showed a scar that was frightful. He had been in some scrape and had received a bad cut, which had been sewed up by a surgeon. His hand got well and he worked for us nearly a year. One time he was sick for several weeks and I said to him: 'John, why don't you write to your folks? I know that you have a home and that your parents are worrying about you.' He took my advice and wrote two letters. A while later he said to us: 'I'm going to leave you. I will eat dinner with my folks to-morrow in Golden, Col.' Well dressed and feeling good, with \$250 in his pocket, he bade us good-by. We soon received a letter from his mother, thanking us for what we had done for her son."

When the men who have accumulated much land in the wheat country die and divide their holdings, the land will be in smaller tracts and so thickly settled that the local market will supply all the labor needed in the harvest. That will mark the end of the summer migration.

Swimmers' Cramp. In drowning accidents where expert swimmers suddenly lose all control of their powers, the usual explanation of cramps is beginning to be looked upon as insufficient. It has been noticed that persons having disease of the middle ear, who have already shown symptoms of vertigo, are especially liable to such accidents, and as the semicircular canals are the organs of direction, it is suggested that even a slight hemorrhage in this delicate structure from a blow by the waves would result in utter helplessness. Persons with ears not perfectly sound are therefore warned against swimming in rough water.

Carried by You. Joy is a prize unthought, and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unthought. No getting into heaven, as a place, will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the willing up out of the central depths of eternal springs that hide the waters there.—Horace Bushnell.

MINE IS A CRYSTAL PALACE

The First Silver Mine in Colorado Is Now a Picturesque Marvel.

Away up on the top of McClelland mountain, a dozen miles from Georgetown, and at an altitude of 13,000 feet above sea level, is one of the most picturesque bits of scenery to be found in the whole of Colorado. It is a perpetual palace of ice, formed by nature in the abandoned tunnel of what was the first silver mine ever discovered in this state. The ice crystals, formed by the percolation of water cold of a high altitude, have taken all sorts of weird and peculiar forms. There are bears and elephants and turtles and other animals, birds and human figures galore. At one point in the tunnel a grim white figure, with arm upraised and knife in hand, seems to be pursuing the figure of a girl, whose long, flowing hair is fluttering in the wind as she runs, and the whole is pictured with such apparent fidelity that one is reminded irresistibly of rocks carved by the ancient Aztecs in regions further south.

The history of this tunnel is coincident with the discovery of silver in Colorado. Early in April, 1859, placer gold was discovered in Clear Creek canyon, near the present site of Idaho Springs, and for several years thereafter the sluice boxes of the miners dotted every available bar for miles up and down the little stream. At first the Clear Creek prospectors hunted gold only, the existence of silver being unknown. On September 14, 1864, however, Gov. Robert W. Steele, with two companions, discovered the outcrop of what was afterward called the Johnson lode, and a little investigation showed that it assayed from \$200 to \$500 in silver per ton. The resulting excitement flooded every hill in the vicinity with an army of picks and shovels and the future of the Clear Creek district became assured.

A number of years ago, however, the old Johnson lode, after a production of millions in silver, was practically abandoned by its owners as worked out. Then the ice crystals began to form from percolation. It is always cold on the mountain top. The temperature goes away below freezing every night of the year, and zero weather is constant for months at a time. Season by season the ice becomes more beautiful and enchanting, though the crystal palace is absolutely unknown as yet by the casual tourist. At present an electric railway, running from Silver Plume to the top of McClelland mountain, is under construction, and it is expected that by next year the old Johnson mine will be thrown open to those hardier tourists who are willing to brave the altitude for the sake of a new sensation.

WHAT MEN WANT TO KNOW

Presented by a Woman Who Propounds a Few Questions for Her Sex.

"Men," she said, according to an exchange, "are continually asking in the newspapers the questions:

"Why does a woman always want to know if her hat is on straight?"

"Why does she sharpen pencils with her husband's razor?"

"Why will she ruin a \$50 gown in a struggle to save two cents at a bargain counter?"

"I think it is about time we women should retaliate on the men with some questions like these:

"Why does a man when he finishes with a newspaper always throw it in a heap on the floor, instead of folding it up neatly?"

"Why, when sent to look for something in the bureau or closet, does he always return and say 'It isn't there'?"

"Why, when a pretty girl praises another man's looks, does he sneer and say the girl is soft?"

"Why is his Sunday morning headache always due to what he ate, not to what he drank, on Saturday night?"

"Why, as he laughs at women, does he fail to perceive that women find much of the ludicrous in him?"

A Naval Family. Thomas Oliver Selfridge entered the navy in 1818 and was a rear admiral when he died. Since 1818 there has always been a Selfridge among the officers of the navy—generally more than one. Seven Selfridges in all appear on the general navy register.

Capt. James Russell Selfridge, ordnance officer at the Charlestown navy yard, who has just died, was one of them. He was a son of the first admiral and a brother of the living Admiral Selfridge.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Conscription in Argentina.

There are reasons that induce men to leave Argentina as soon as they have managed to save the necessary passage-money. The military laws of the republic help to some extent, for as conscription has lost Germany and France thousands of promising subjects, so has it deprived Argentina of thousands of settlers who have taken their Argentina-born children out of reach of a law that has more terrors than attractions for the people.

Won by Waiting.

The luncheon service had been particularly slow, but none the less did Uncle Harry leave a quarter by his plate for the waiter. Wherefore small Reginald asked:

"Why did you give the man money, uncle?"

"For waiting," came the answer. "You ought to have divided 'ween us; we did the waiting," said small Reginald.—Lippincott's Magazine.

HUNTING BIG EGGS.

HOW THE COLLECTOR GETS AND PRESERVES HIS SPECIMENS.

It Is Necessary to Have Outfits as Extensive as Those of Hunters of Big Game—Some Particulars.

Those who think deer or mountain lion hunting to be hard work ought to try hunting hawks' nests for awhile and get a taste of the really strenuous life. Hawks nest all over the world, from the equator to the far north; they make up one of the largest and most widely known of any of the bird families. To them belong the great bald eagles and the tiny sparrow hawks everyone knows. But their habits are all different, so that methods which will result in the finding of one hawk's nest, says the Los Angeles Times, will take the hunter directly by the nose of another species. The little sparrow hawk lays its eggs in a hollow tree, while the eagle builds a bulky nest of all sorts of sticks and places it in the very lap of the highest available tree.

The hawk hunter—who, by the way, calls himself an "oologist"—takes with him as much of an outfit as would a deer hunter. First of all, he wears a suit of duck or khaki, lemon, or, preferably, forest green in color, and instead of the usual heavy shoes of a hunter, light leather creations which yield to every movement of the foot and cling as tenaciously to the bark of trees as would the barefoot. To aid him in climbing still further, he carries a pair of the "climbers" used by telephone and telegraph linemen. Added to this is a tin box having straps on each end so that it may be easily carried, and in which the eggs are carefully packed in cotton.

Entering the forest or the cliff-walled canyon, the modern hawker strikes out carefully, treading as silently as any deer hunter, searching the skies frequently with a field glass for the great birds he seeks. Hawks, eagles and most of the owls nest in early spring, from the first of February to the end of May, so that the collector must be ahead early in order to get eggs in which incubation has not commenced. He scans the tops of trees or such likely places as he knows and, finding some great bulk of sticks looming darkly against the sun, he lays down his paraphernalia and ascends the tree. If the hawk be one of the large species known as buzzard hawks, a rap on the trunk of the tree will usually send the nesting bird in screaming flight from her home. With the smaller hawks this test does not apply, but the experienced hawker rarely climbs to a nest from which no bird can be induced to fly.

Once secured and brought safely home, the next thing for the "oologist" to do is to preserve the eggs. This he does by drilling a small hole in one side of the egg and removing the contents by means of a blowpipe. Instruments are manufactured for this purpose, and many are of intricate make for use when the eggs are valuable and so far incubated as to be unsavable with the unaided blowpipe. When the eggs are emptied of their contents, they are thoroughly dried with hot air and then laid carefully away in trays of cornmeal to become entirely dry in case the air has left any drops of moisture. In a day or two they are placed in their final nest of cotton in the drawer of a cabinet where many other hawks' eggs have preceded them. Each collection is catalogued, and the eggs are marked with a known symbol, so that not only may each set be distinguished from all the others, but each species may also be known by a glance at the egg and without reference to the printed catalogue.

Many thousands of dollars' worth of hawks' and other birds' eggs pass annually through the mails of this country. They are sent in exchange between collectors living in widely separated parts of America, and many come from Europe, where the study of birds' eggs and the sport of collecting them have been developed to a much greater extent than here.

A rare merit found only in the northern part of Canada during the breeding season lays an egg worth \$15 to its fortunate finder; and not only this, but the merita usually lays some three to five eggs in every nest, so that a "set" (as the full number of eggs laid by a bird is called) may be worth a neat sum to the hawker who finds it. But it is not for money that most of these men who have taken up this kind of sport go out; many of them are independently rich, others are in lucrative positions, but they take it up as a means of getting out into the world of the wild, and bring home the eggs as souvenirs of their trips. In time this has grown to be a regular study, until now almost all the large museums have a department devoted exclusively to the study of the eggs of birds, living and extinct.

An Exceptional Occupation. This, a Parisian actor who formerly made a good income in his profession is now, earning his living as a cab driver. He has taken this step to spite his divorced wife. Wherever he went she put a Ben on his salary. The actor found that the only occupation in which his wife was helpless against him was cab driving, because he drew no wages and had to pay for the hire of the cab. He says he is making a good living and is quite happy.

Getting His Shape. Molly—I hear your brother is wearing corsets, now?

"Cholly—Oh, yes; he's trying to get in shape for the winter afternoon tea.—Yunkers Statesman.