

WOMAN'S PLACE IN COMMUNITY

Dr. Edward Everett Hale on Their Work and Influence.

In his Monthly Talk in the Woman's Home Companion, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says:

Will you please to remember that the bottom rock of American success is the habit or determination that every place, village, town, neighborhood, or whatever you call it, shall have home rule. If I and Mr. Goodchild want to have a road and a bridge which shall go back to the rhododendron swamp, we build the road and we build the bridge with such help as we can get from Mrs. Tucker or from Mr. Champlin, and we do not write to a sub-prefect, who writes to a prefect, who writes to an assistant commandant, who writes to an intendant, who writes to the secretary of engineers, who sends word to us from the seat of government whether we may build it. Life where you stand expresses the foundation principle, the subsoil, the hard pan, the bed rock of American life.

Now, a very queer thing has developed in the evolution of this principle. It has proved that where the men of the country have been too busy, or have thought they were, to attend to their own affairs, the women have been able to attend to them better than the men do.

Take this business which I have referred to, of a neighborhood library, feeding a region of not more than four or five thousand people. The affairs of that library, if they are well conducted, are conducted by the women of the neighborhood. They know what their children want; they know what their husbands need. And it is very fortunate for the neighborhood and the library that they can harness the horses and can drive themselves to the meetings of trustees and select the books and tell Miss Dorcas how many she may buy.

The Gentle Rebuff.

Robert W. Heberd, New York's commissioner of charities, concluded an address at a recent philanthropic dinner in this way:

"Yes, immeasurable are the rebuffs that the helpers of the poor, the seekers after charity for their suffering brothers, undergo.

"A friend of mine, a Methodist minister in a small western town, told me the other day of his last rebuff, a not unkind one.

"Entering the office of the local weekly the minister said to the editor:

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud a man to make his sufferings known.

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing up his eye shade, "I'm the only chap in the village who answers that description. What's this gentleman's name?"

"I regret," said the minister, "that I'm not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be me," said the editor. "It is me. It's me, sure. Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work."

Most Dangerous Animal.

"What is the most dangerous of all the wild animals that I have encountered?" The rhinoceros," said John R. Brailey, one of the big-game hunters of the world.

"In equatorial Africa you will find the rhinoceros almost everywhere. In the high land and in the low land, in the open country and in the brush. You will find him when you least expect him, and most often when stalking through his habitat, wholly unconscious of his presence, you suddenly hear his 'chug, chug.' Then 'God help you if you are not provided with a rifle of large caliber and carrying steel bullets. Your only chance is to do a swift sidestep, and even then you have only three shots that will count—the brain, the neck, and heart shot. When he is charging head on it is impossible for you to reach either one."

Fortune to Child and Dog.

Romeo and Juliette are two of the most interesting personages in Paris. Juliette is the only daughter and Romeo the favorite dog of an eccentric but very wealthy widow who died a couple of years ago. By her will Miss Cleary left her fortune to be invested in government bonds, the income derived therefrom to be divided equally between her little daughter and her bull terrier Romeo. Romeo and Juliette, fortunately, are the greatest friends, the dog invariably taking his meals at his little mistress' table.

What's in a Name?

"Pop," asked little Tommy, looking up from his book, "is a Mohammedan stronger than other men?"

"Not necessarily, boy," replied his father. "Why do you ask?"

"Then why," demanded logical Tommy, "do they call him a muscle man?"

His Difficulty.

"You wrong me," said Plodding Pete, "when you say I ain't willin' to work. I'm jes' dyin' to work."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"I'm too conscientious. Whenever I git a job I'm so anxious to fill it well dat I gits stage fright."

Effort vs. Effect.

"He writes excellent verse."

"Why, he told me all of his efforts were 'corious'."

"That's what makes them funny."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW DOES THE HEN KNOW HOW?

Conduct of Biddy Might Give a Pointer to Some Men.

The Farmers' Tribune it is which has closely watched the barnyard queen and has printed its observations, together with some engaging bits of sageness:

"A person who has watched the big biddy playing the chicken game on top of 13 unripe eggs has seen her sit constantly for four days, being off only a few minutes at a time to get a bit to eat, and sometimes not coming off at all for three days. The third day he has seen her turn the eggs with her bill, and thereafter turn them every every night and morning up to the eighteenth day. She will rush out after the morning sun has got things warm, and eat a splendid long breakfast on the morning of the fifth day. The amateur seeing this for the first time will get anxious, fearing the eggs will cool off. Of course they will. She knows it, all right.

Possibly this was not meant to be the occasion of much that is serious. Yet somehow it gives us confidence in the scheme of things, and also makes us feel that we ourselves need not hesitate so much about taking a vacation; very likely the world would toddle along "all right" without us for a day.—Collier's Weekly.

WOULD DIE WHERE HE PLEASD.

Overbearing Star Met His Match in Western Actor.

Once when Macready was performing at the theater at Mobile, Ala., his manner at rehearsal displeased one of the actors, a native American of pure western type. This Claudius in "Hamlet," resolved to "get even" with the star for many supposed offenses, and in this way he carried out his purpose. When in the last scene Hamlet stabbed the usurper, he reeled forward, and, after a most spasmodic finish, stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered freely:

"Die further up the stage, sir."

The monarch lay insensibly, upon which in a still louder voice, the Hamlet growled:

"Die further up the stage, sir."

Hereupon the Claudius, sitting up, observed:

"I believe I'm king here, and I'll die where I please."

The tragedy concluded without more ado.

Iron Eaters.

"The first time I ever swallowed a tack," said a carpet-layer, "I jumped to my feet and tremulously asked the way to the hospital.

"What's the matter?" my mate, an old hand, asked.

"I've swallowed a tack," said I. "Good gracious, what will become of me?"

"The old hand sat back on the carpet he was laying and laughed.

"Why, kid," said he, "it's nothing to swallow a tack. Every professional carpet-layer swallows half a dozen or so daily. It's a thing that causes no inconvenience. If it did, I'd know it. I bet I've swallowed a hundred-weight of tacks in my life."

"And I'm sure," the carpet-layer concluded, "my mate was telling the truth, for since then I've swallowed half a hundredweight myself."

He gulped.

"Hang it," he said, "there goes one now."

No Mistake.

A New York produce commission house which prides itself on filling all orders correctly received a letter from a New Jersey customer, recently, saying:

Gentlemen—This is the first time we ever knew you to make a mistake in our order. You are well aware that we buy the very best country eggs. The last you sent are too poor for our trade. What shall we do with them?

The fair fame of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

Gentlemen—We are sorry to hear that our last shipment did not suit you. There was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order and find that it reads as follows: "Rush 50 crates eggs. We want them bad."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Naming Boys.

"Whatever you do, never name a boy after yourself," was a saying of Uncle Lufe Hum of Columbia, and it is a wise conclusion for more reasons than one.

In after years the father and son are referred to as "Big John," or "Ragged John," "Little John So and So" or "Old Tom and Young Tom," and "Big Dick," "Little Peel Head" and the like. In the family the youngster is generally called "brother," "babe," "buss," "Dock Cad" or "Maunch," and the like, while the old gentleman is dubbed "the old man," or "dad," "pap," or "paw." Just as well give your boy a nickname at the start as to name him after yourself.

Not Well Healed, Either.

"Clarence," said the indulgent relative, "your reckless ways and your careless requests for money discourage and disgust me. Have you no soul?"

"Nary a one, Aunt Hepsey," answered the scapegrace nephew, with a scowl. "Haven't I told you I am on my uppers?"

WHERE FLEET RESTS

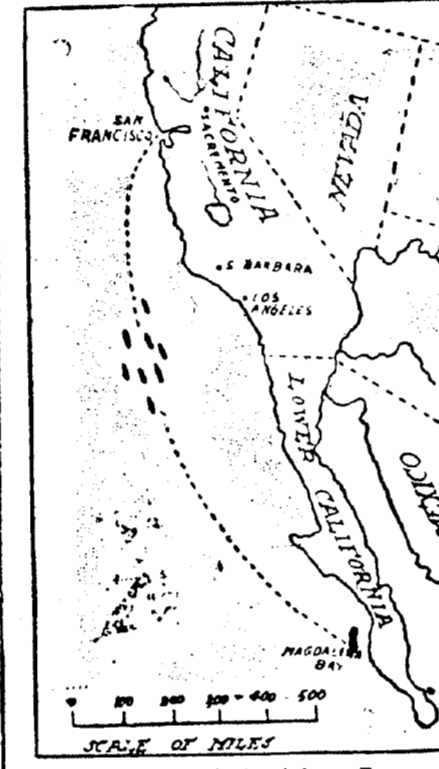
MAGDALENA BAY, LOWER CALIFORNIA, IN DREARY WASTE.

Anchorage and Strategic Facilities Excellent, But Shores Desolate—Ships to Engage in Target Practice.

Washington—Uncle Sam's greatest armada in history, numbering 53 ships of war—19 battleships, 17 cruisers and 17 auxiliaries—is now assembled for target practice in the magnificent port at Magdalena bay, Lower California's grim harbor of tragedy and romance, which has been leased by Mexico to the United States for three years as a coaling station.

Admiral Evans' fleet, which passed around the Horn, sailed from Callao on February 29, and arrived in fine condition at Magdalena bay on March 12. It was the longest lap on the eventful voyage, a distance of 3,102 nautical miles. There are no wireless telegraph stations on the coast of South and Central America, and no communication by this means. The vessels were not heard from until they reached the bay. The torpedo squadron will arrive April 6. The men will there engage in the usual spring target practice.

Magdalena bay is the only deep-water harbor and perfect shelter from storm on the long, barren coast of



Southern California. It is one of the few great harbors on the Pacific coast, and compares favorably with the best in the world. Located in the vast solitudes of a forbidding and unproductive coast, it is of such proportions that it could handle the traffic of New York and Liverpool without congestion.

The bay proper, exclusive of shallows, lagoons and tributary inlets, is 17 miles long and 12 miles wide on the side of the five-fathom line, the depth of 30 feet, which would be safe anchorage for the biggest ships. There are 100 square miles of this safe anchorage ground, ranging in depth from 30 to 120 feet. In the village of Magdalena there are ordinarily 25 houses and 50 inhabitants, and to-day the place is a community.

With only one entrance, safe and wide, but easily defended, the great natural harbor of Lower California is declared by naval experts to be the finest station in the world for a naval base. The right to use it as a coaling station and for the rendezvous of the United States navy was a concession secured by Secretary of State Root from the Mexican government during his recent trip.

Should the United States acquire Magdalena bay, as has been recently proposed, she would have the facilities for one of the greatest coaling stations on the Pacific coast. Located at a point between Panama and San Diego, it might be of great strategic value.

First visited by Europeans in the days of the Conquistador Cortes in various centuries the gathering place of voyagers from the Spanish main, galleons from the Philippines, buccaniers from England and the Netherlands, American filibusters and whalers from New England ports, it was less than 40 years ago the favored property of a powerful Boston and New York syndicate presided over by Gen. John A. Logan. In the hands he buried the surplus riches of many a treasure ship.

In 1847 Lower California passed into the hands of the United States. Upon the outbreak of the Mexican war Admiral Selfridge landed a body of marines and two companies of New York volunteers and took possession of the country with but slight opposition. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, however, restored the territory to Mexico, despite the avowed intention of President Polk and his cabinet for its retention.

Few of the natives on the California peninsula care to risk a journey through the arid regions reaching down to Magdalena bay for thirst marks the wilderness with skeletons of those who have died crying for water.

Although the great bay is large enough to accommodate all the navies of the world and is heedless of their presence, yet it counts an incoming sail an event. The explanation is thirst. For every man who has ever visited this superb, ill-starred bay has felt the want of water.

RETIRED MATADOR A SAILOR.

Left Spain When He Lost His Reputation as a Bullfighter.

One man who has killed more bulls and probably seen more of gore and death in the bull ring than any other man who has ever visited the Pacific coast is Senor Gaviao, a Spanish matador of distinction, now a common sailor on board the big Kosmos liner Alexandria, which arrived in port today, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Gaviao was signed at one of the South American ports, where for some time past he had been making a living as a longshoreman. Not pleased with the work he quit to come north.

The man is past the prime of life, but still has the whipcord muscle of the athlete and the quick, sure movement so necessary to the man whose occupation is to gamble daily with death.

There is said to be a romance about his quitting the ring, in the way of a love passion the man conceived for a high born Spanish lady, who rejected his advances. He is also reported to have quit the ring and his native land on account of losing his nerve at a critical time when killing an infuriated bull, taking to his heels in a panic, thus losing his prestige. Gaviao maintains a silence over his exploits.

HAS HIS OWN PRIVATE THEATER.

Man with Money, Who Wants to See Shows, Built One for the Purpose.

There is a town in Pennsylvania, not far from Harrisburg, but off the beaten track, which boasts of a theater, which for luxury of accommodation would be hard to equal. The theater has all sorts of modern conveniences of a kind that could hardly be expected in a city under a million of inhabitants. This particular city had at the last census about 10,000 inhabitants.

The reason for being of this theater, which gets all the regular road attractions of high class, is that there is in the town an exceedingly wealthy man who wants to see shows without leaving home. He is worth about \$10,000,000.

He has lived in and about the place all his life, making money out of lumber and manufactures. When he had enough to retire on he didn't want to have to go anywhere else to see shows, and as the theater the place boasted was a very dinky one he had one built.

He runs the theater himself at a considerable loss every year, but he gets what he wants. The theater people like the place, too, because it's so very different from the average show house in the small town.

Planting Cocoanuts in Samoa.

E. G. Simion, a cocoanut planter of Samoa who is in Seattle, declares that the German government is saving the world from a possible cocoanut famine by having the old and dead trees in the domain under its jurisdiction replaced by young and healthy trees each year. According to Simion, there is no immediate danger of the cocoanut supply becoming exhausted, but the market for the commodity is growing better each year. The recent large foreign experiments in the cultivation of copra, from the dried kernel of the cocoanut, from which cocoanut oil is made, it is said by Simion to also be an important reason why new trees should be planted. The planter declares that the United States is neglecting its holdings in Samoa, while the various foreign powers are taking advantage of every opportunity to make money on the island.—Seattle Times.

Paper from Grass.

Esparto is not an agricultural product, and it seems fitting that the leading export of the Tripolitan people should be a product of their own arid land, wild and incapable of cultivation. Since 1868, when the first shipload of esparto was sent to England, vessels have borne away thousands of tons yearly to that country. You or I pick up a heavy looking novel perchance and marvel at its lightness, and the reader of some London newspaper peruses its columns and then casts aside the finished product of the esparto picker.

In 1901, which was an average year, 215,155 camel loads came into the coast towns, nearly 134,000 passed through the gateway of the Suk-el-Halfa, the total export of the country amounting to about 33,000 tons. That from the town of Tripoli, 16,690 tons, brought £75,500, which was over a fourth of the amount of her total exports.—Harper's Magazine.

Minstrel Joke.

"Yess, Mistah Banks," said the fat end man, "mah sistah Jane thought a powahful lot ob her little mouse terrier. Why, you know she liked dat dog so much she put his picture in her watchcase."

"And you mean to say, Mr. Bones," responded the middle-man solemnly, "that your sister thought so much of the little mouse terrier that she placed his picture in her watchcase? What did she do that for?"

"Why, kase she wanted to make him a watchdog. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Pink, the great tenor, will sing that touching ballad, 'Bob Evans at the Bat.'"

Polite Amenities.

He (brusquely)—I cannot understand why so many foolish women are so fond of dogs.

She (sweetly)—Nor I, that so many foolish women atack so to cura.

WOMAN ALSO WANTED TO KNOW.

Proved She Could Ask Questions as Well as Answer Them.

It happened at a well-known savings bank, says the Philadelphia Ledger. An aggressive-looking woman called in to open an account. The clerk put her through the usual string of questions, name, age, residence and family name. "Any brothers?"

"Yes, four," was the reply, and the clerk recorded the genealogies of the four.

"Sisters?" proceeded the clerk.

"Seven," answered the woman wearily, and was forced to relate the life histories of the seven sisters.

When the clerk had at length written down the residence of the seventh sister, the woman straightened up.

"Now, look here, young man. I'm a busy woman, and you've kept me here answering your questions before your bank will condescend to take my money. Now I'll ask you a few. How many times has the president of this bank failed to be indicted?"

The clerk dropped his pen dumb-founded.

"How many times has he been in jail?" the Amazon continued.

The bank clerk still stared in amazement.

"How long since the last cashier absconded?" Here the woman flung her questions so rapidly the clerk could not get in a word edgewise.

The inquirer paused a moment for breath, and the clerk pulled himself together. "Madam, I assure you, our cashier is a Sunday school superintendent," he replied, crushingly.

"Oh, is he?" exclaimed the woman. "Why didn't you tell me that before? Then I don't open any account in this bank." "Good-day," and the Amazon stalked out.

KNEW NAUGHT OF LIMITATIONS.

Girl Evidently What Might Be Called a "Two-Speed Singer."

There was "no halfway work" about Abner Riggs' praise for anything he approved. Consequently, the person who asked him about his niece's musical ability was prepared for an enthusiastic answer.

"That girl is chock-full o' music," announced Mr. Riggs, "chock-full and running over with it. In my opinion she will be the greatest musician that's ever come out of New England, if not of these United States."

"Sings like a bird, plays the piano, melodeon, pipe organ, banjo and guitar. Most anything that can be played that girl plays it—right off, as you might say. Lately she's taken up the fiddle and cornet, and she's doing fine work with both of 'em."

"She must be remarkably gifted," said the listener. "Is her voice soprano or contralto?"

"Either," said Mr. Riggs promptly. "Just according to what's wanted and the nature of the song; she's got both qualities. And as for playing—well now, I tell you, that girl can set more music out of an iron spoon and a tin dipper than most could out of the best harmonica that was ever made!" —Youth's Companion.

The Groundhog Story.

February 2, or Candlemas day, was a favorite holiday, marked by public gaiety and ceremonies in Europe during the middle ages. It is still marked there by the closing of banks and offices, but not otherwise, outside of the reading of church services. In the church calendar it is known as the Feast of Purification of the Virgin, and was first instituted by Pope Sergius about the year 684 A. D. The popular name of the day is derived from the early custom of lighting up the churches with candles and carrying these in procession on this festival.

As to the weather superstition that gives to Candlemas the name of "groundhog day," that is a world-wide fable. In Germany it is the badger that breaks his winter nap on this day to essay the thankless task of weather prophecy; in France and Switzerland it is the marmot, in England the hedgehog.—The Housekeeper.

A Misunderstanding.

"This is the chicken salad," said the caterer's boy, as he delivered the package. "I guess it was your husband that ordered it sent, ma'am."

"Yes," said little Mrs. Bridey. "Here's your money. Now, how do you make it?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about that, ma'am."

"You don't? Why, my husband told me if I paid you you'd give me the receipt."

The Resemblance.

Mrs. Knox—Mr. Nesbitt met Nell Browne for the first time to-day and he mistook her for you.

Miss Mugley—The idea! That was strange.

Miss Knox—Oh, I don't know! Haven't you heard about Nell? She got her face poisoned in some way and she looks a sight.—Philadelphia Press.

Then He Catches It.

Towne—Luschnan is troubled a great deal by his wife's insomnia.

Browne—I didn't know that before.

Towne—Yes, she usually has a severe attack of it every night when he comes in late, and then the trouble begins.

Domestic Pleasantries.

"I am at a loss what to say!" shrieked the angry Mrs. Haktawker.

"Your loss is my gain," muttered her unhappy husband.—Houston Post.

DEATH STATISTICS FOR 1905.

White Scourge Still Claims a Large Percentage of Victims.

Washington—Death statistics for 1905 in 15 states, made public by the census bureau, show that by far the greatest scourge of the country is tuberculosis, with an average of 159 deaths per 100,000 of population. However, this is a decrease of 10 since 1905. Colorado and California were the states with the highest mortality records from the white plague, with South Dakota and Michigan the two lowest.

The death rate for suicide apparently showed a large increase from 1902 to 1905, but 1906 statistics exhibit a marked decrease, being 5,853. Of this number 4,521 were males. The entire number of violent deaths was 49,552—about 120.9 per 100,000. Railway accidents were responsible for 7,090 lives, and 183 persons were killed in automobile accidents.

The entire death rate of the states and cities in which statistics were collected was 16.1 per 1,000 of population. The annual average rate during the same period for England and Wales was 16; for Scotland, 16.9; Ireland, 17.6; Germany, 19.9; and France, 19.6. Comparing these figures with previous records, it appears that the world has now reached an era of low mortality. Several foreign countries formerly had as high a death rate as 25 per 1,000.

The death rate among negroes was more than 60 per cent. higher than that for whites. In the section examined, being 28.1 per 1,000.

NOT YET READY TO BURY.

Mourners and Flowers Out of Place in Wrong House.

York, Pa.—When the relatives began dropping in to see him Solomon Schmeck of Cross Roads, this county, at first thought that a surprise party was in store for him. But he noticed that the women were attired in mourning and carried flowers.

All appeared very much startled at sight of him.

"How are you?" anxiously inquired his brother, David Schmeck, who had driven up with his wife from Red Lion.

"Never felt better in my life," he declared, which threw the company into greater embarrassment.

It then developed that his numerous relatives all through the county had been informed of his death, and were calling to attend his funeral, which they understood was to have taken place in the afternoon.

The mistake was explained a little later, when investigation developed that Benjamin, another brother, living in Wrightsville, had died suddenly, and was to be buried. The discovery was, however, made too late for the relatives to be in at the genuine obsequies.

MICE EAT UP CERTIFICATE.

Soldier's Widow Almost Kept from Getting Pension.

Union Hill, N. J.—Several hungry little mice, which found nourishment in a well-seasoned marriage certificate, almost robbed Mrs. Phoebe Lawless, a soldier's widow, of a pension she sought for six years. If it had not been for government officials who found the record of her marriage to the soldier, who died in 1902, Mrs. Lawless would not be receiving \$12 a month, nor would she have \$900 in back pension in the banks.

When her soldier husband died, Mrs. Lawless searched high and low for her marriage certificate. It was not until a few days ago that the remnants of it were found under an old bureau. Everything was devoured except the signature of the witnesses.

Then the United States commissioner of Jersey City found the record of the marriage and Elsie H. Youmans, 94 years old, who had attended the wedding, Mrs. Lawless has purchased a mouse trap.

TRAMPS PURLOIN NEW TOWN.

Carry Off Domicile and Whole Place Disappears in Few Days.

Imperial Junction, Cal.—A whole town in Coachella valley has just been stolen and carried off bodily, presumably by hobos.

Recently Messrs. Gilliam of Thermal, Hambricht of Los Angeles and Wilson of Bradlyville decided to establish a new town in the valley at the base of a mountain spur known as Coral Reef. Sunday a large party from Thermal, Coachella and Indio, visited the town site and had a picnic, and then, with due ceremonies, Gilliam erected a henhouse and moved in. This was all there was of the town of Coral Reef.

Gilliam went to Thermal, and upon his return he discovered that the entire town had been stolen during his absence. Tent, equipment, tools, town maps, everything, had been carried away.

To Wear Starched Collars.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Firemen must wear starched collars. This is the edict of the fire committee of the council. Heretofore the firemen have been wearing blue flannel shirts. The new order has caused a sensation, as the firemen are anxious to know why they would be required to wear starched collars, which also involves the need of donning "boiled shirts."

They claim that they will not have time to exchange their dress suit for the undress when they are called into action, and "boiled shirts" and stiff collars are not needed in fighting fires.