



"Why was George Washington called first in the hearts of his countrymen?" "Because he was not first in the hearts of his countrywomen. He was his wife's second husband."

FASCINATION OF HIDDEN TREASURE

Hidden treasure has an irresistible attraction for the human race. On the slightest hint from seer or fortune-teller some one is sure to dig where the buried treasure is supposed to be, and disappointment does not discourage another attempt when another "tip" is received.

Take, for instance, that romantic unearthing of 200,000 coins in the bed of the River Dove in Staffordshire, seventy-two years ago.

Attracted by the digger's exclamation of astonishment and delight, his fellow-workman hurried up, and in a moment half-a-dozen men were scrambling and fighting for the treasure, feverishly filling their pockets, their hats, and beer cans with silver coins, which were worth their weight in gold.

Only two years later a few village boys were playing at marbles on Sunday afternoon in a field near Beaworth, in Hampshire, when one of them caught sight of a piece of lead projecting from a cart rut in a rough road that crossed the pasture.

Ultimately nearly 7,000 coins were recovered from this buried treasure chest, and they proved to be of the reigns of William I. and William II., and in a wonderful state of preservation.

A similar discovery was made near Wetherby in Yorkshire, when a heavy cart passing over a country road stuck fast in a rut, and on being released disclosed a number of silver coins which had escaped from the burst lid of a chest hidden under the roadway.

In the year of 1846 a most valuable deposit of treasure was revealed in the strangest fashion at Cuedale, near Preston, in Lancashire. Some laborers were digging near the banks of the River Ribble, when the pickaxe of one of them struck something harder than earth and more yielding than rock.

Similar fortune befel a couple of laborers who were digging in a ditch near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, when they unearched an ancient chest full of coins of the days of the Stuarts.

This is the kind of trick fortune loves to play on designing man. Not many years ago when the thatched roof of an ancient cottage near Ripon was removed a rich nest of five-guinea gold pieces was discovered hidden away under it.

Such a building as this to be satisfactory should be beautiful, that is, pleasing to the eye; and practical, that is,

adapted to daily use. To help us determine whether it is beautiful or not let us ask ourselves some definite questions. Is the building appropriate to its location? Does it fill the proper amount of space in the campus composition? Does it harmonize with nearby buildings in style, color, material, cornice line, etc.?

Finally, is it economical? Economy in art is a quality to which many of us are apt to give slight consideration. That unnecessary expenditure of effort or material is not only wasteful but inartistic is true of every art.

The questions as to this building, which I have put, relate to aesthetics, and, therefore, will be answered differently by different individuals, but this (building) committee believes that the discerning will be justified in answering them favorably.

This hall, however, was built primarily not to look at, but to use, so that an even more important question is whether its arrangements are convenient and its provisions adequate.

THE GREAT BEAR AND THE RISING SUN IN BATTLE ARRAY

For our goods. The United States needs new and large markets for the vast surplus productions. We have the cotton, oil, iron and grain to supply the world and Russia is our greatest competitor in at least two of these products—grain and oil.

Herein comes into play the astuteness of our adroit Mr. Hay—the greatest secretary of state since Seward, a disciple of Abraham Lincoln and a statesman of the calibre of Richelieu without the methods of Richelieu.

Germany and France are not likely to fight alongside for Russia as long as Alsace and Lorraine be remembered, and that is the only hope of a Russian combination.

It is not my purpose to discuss the actual events of the war—these are reported fully in the newspapers, are constantly changing and every intelligent reader will form his own conclusions thereupon.

I venture the opinion that should the Japanese capture Port Arthur the end of the war would be in sight.

Russia would have that long line of communication, the Trans-Siberian Railway, to protect (6,600 miles), not only against Japanese, but against Chinese and also the newly fired zeal for liberty of the hordes of robbers she had conquered on her march east.

Whatever happens, Japan will not be allowed to be hurt and her Rising Sun will be remembered almost until the wreck of ages by every soul that believes all religions are good, and the Great Bear will have been taught the lesson that a human being is really better than a dog.

TO SLEEP CORRECTLY AN ART

There is a good deal more in the art of sleeping correctly than one might suppose.

A comfortable night's rest depends upon a soft bed for one thing. The bed should be soft enough to yield to every muscle of the body.

A feather bed was not without its advantages. Indeed, in these days, feather beds would do a great deal toward banishing insomnia.

There are many people whose nerves are so delicate that the body cannot rest comfortably at night in the ordinary bed. Each nerve seems strained, and the slightest movement wakens the sleeper.

Feather beds for invalids are good things; also for brain workers, and for all who get very tired every day.

The trouble with the feather bed, the great objection to it, is that it is difficult to renovate it. The second objection is its heating qualities.

But if the restless sleeper will get a thin bed of feathers or of down and will keep it well shaken up and will sleep in a moderately cool room, then the first step toward the banishing of insomnia will be taken.

There is no one general rule to be laid down on the pillow question. Brain workers and all full-blooded people should sleep with the head high.

Those who have been sleeping with the head flat should try the plan of lifting it gradually. At first the neck will be uncomfortable, but soon it will be a habit to sleep with the head raised.

If you are a light sleeper, and most people at some time or other have trouble getting to sleep, you may try the pillow cure. This calls for soft pillows, of two sizes.

"Place a small pillow under it, twist and turn the corners of your pillow, and keep on until your head is perfectly supported. Then fall asleep and you will sleep until morning."

A great many women and men, too, sleep better sitting up in a chair than in a bed. "The reason," said a physician, "is that the neck is supported better when they are sleeping in that way."

But before she goes to sleep the woman who wants to be pretty will compose her features. She will try to think of pleasant things. The woman who goes to sleep worrying will wake up during the night.

Here is another rule for the woman who wants to sleep soundly and wake up pretty: Don't go to bed until you are sleepy. The rule of going to bed at 10 o'clock, whether you are sleepy or not, makes many an insomnia patient out of an otherwise healthy person.

A woman afflicted with insomnia went to a physician for a cure. "I go to bed every night at 10 o'clock," she said, "and I waken at 2. From that time until 6 I lie awake. Then I sleep an hour very heavily."

"Try going to bed at 12 o'clock for a while," said the physician. A week later the woman came to his office with beaming face and bright eyes.

"I have tried your remedy," said she "and it worked. I go to sleep at 12 and sleep like a top until 7. I find that I did not need more than seven hours' sleep."

"That," said the physician, "has cured half the insomnia patients in this country. There are people who need nine hours' sleep a night, and others that do not need over seven. It is all a matter of personal idiosyncrasy."

Prepare yourself slowly and comfortably for bed. Do not go to bed until you are sleepy. And then make yourself perfectly easy. Those rules for getting a good night's rest.

The woman who counts sheep jumping over a wall in the hope of getting sleep will find relief in this way. The man who says the alphabet, the nervous woman who cannot keep her mind off the house, and the head of the family whose affairs disturb him to the point of distraction—all of these will find that sleep is not so far away if only they know how to woo it hither.

AMUSING BROWN BRUIN

The brown or black bear of California is the most cowardly animal that roams the hills. He is a worse thief than the northern wolverine, and at the same time better natured than half the farm dogs the hunter chances upon.

But don't be misled into picking a fight with either of our small bears, unless you are well armed, for the black or the brown bear (one and the same animal under variations of pelage) will fight ferociously when cornered.

Good natured as is either of these smaller bears, which weigh from 400 to 500 pounds apiece, it is best to know how to hunt them before attempting it.

As with most big game, the best way to hunt them for sport is alone, armed with a reliable rifle and a good knife; though there is seldom occasion for using the latter if the hunter keeps cool. If one is hunting for hides, or to rid a section of undesirable bear neighbors, a well trained little dog is probably the best ally.

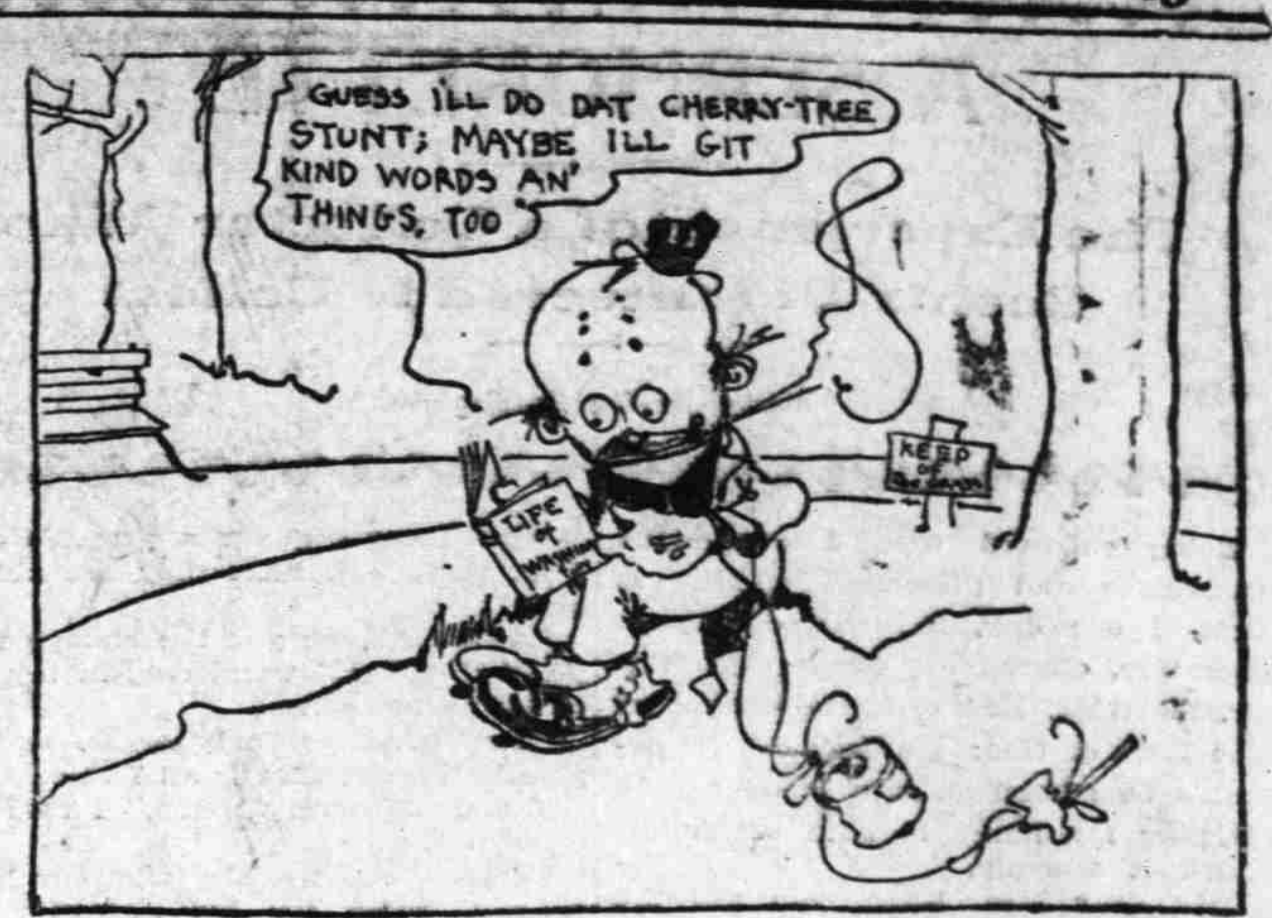
As has been said, a black or brown bear seldom keeps one address long, but likely most of them just now are down among the oaks, where the fallen acorns afford them an easy living.

If a bear could be persuaded to play football, he would make swiftest line buckler ever on a gridiron, judging by the way he goes through a tangle of undergrowth, and the way a bear of any species will attend to a dog that dares to follow him alone into such a retreat is certainly scandalous.

OUR SENATORIAL LIGHTNING SKETCH. By Ryan Walker.



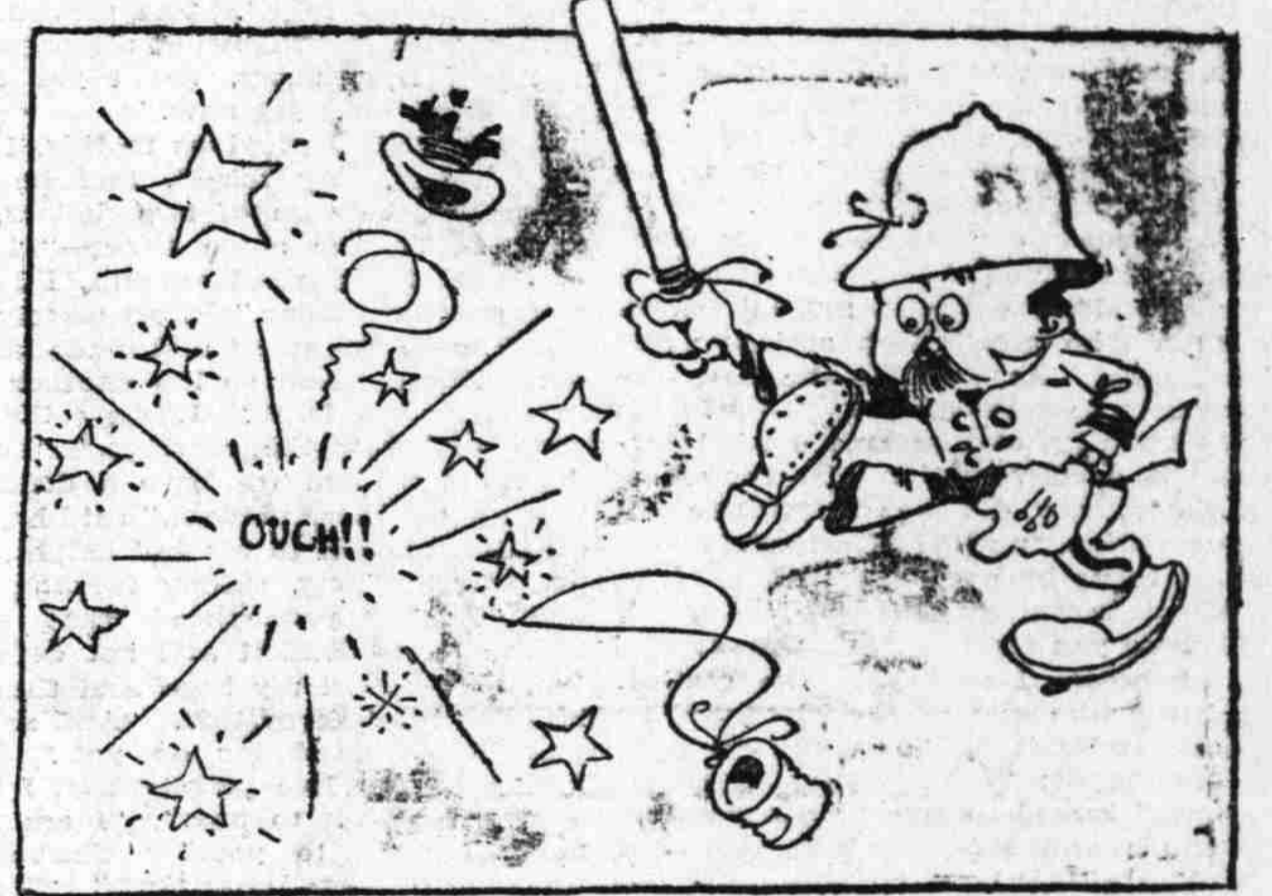
Senators Allison, Alger and Addison



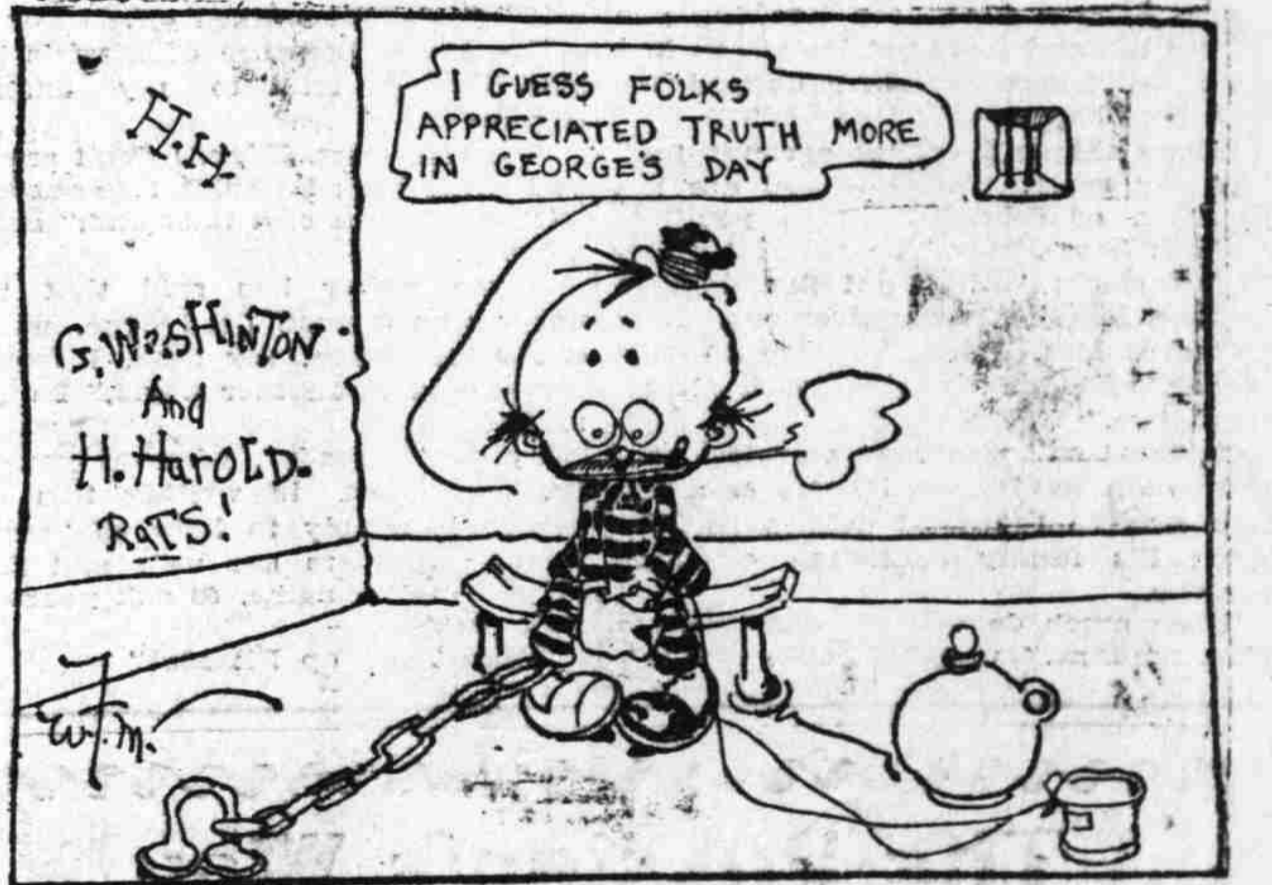
ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



"Why George, how did you ever get cut up this way?" "I cannot tell a lie sir, I cut down a cherry tree with my little hatchet and the darned old thing fell on me."