

If the Stock Markets Were Closed

By Charles A. Conant.



SUPPOSE for a moment that the stock markets of the world were closed, that it was no longer possible to learn that railroads were paying dividends, what their stocks were worth, how industrial enterprises were faring—whether they were loaded up with surplus goods or had orders ahead. Suppose that the information afforded by public quotations on the stock and produce exchanges were wiped from the slate of human knowledge. How would the average man, how even would a man with the intelligence and foresight of a Pierpont Morgan, determine how new capital should be invested? He would have no guide except the most isolated facts gathered here and there and at great trouble and expense. A greater misdirection of capital and energy would result than has been possible since the organization of modern economic machinery. Mr. Morgan or any other capitalist might be expending millions of dollars in building new railroads or cotton mills when there was no necessity for them, while a hundred other industries beneficial to the public were stagnant for the lack of capital. There would be no safe guide as to whether the world needed more railroads and fewer cotton mills, or more cotton mills and fewer railroads. Great sums would be wasted in bootless enterprises, which would prove unprofitable and carry down their owners to ruin. All the capital represented, all the labor, thought, foresight and inventive genius involved in them, would be sacrificed to the lack of an effective public organ for pointing out the direction in which capital was needed.—The Atlantic.

The Nervous Strain in One Type of Conversation

By S. M. Crothers.



ONE very serious drawback to our pleasure in conversation with a too well informed person is the nervous strain that is involved. We are always wondering what will happen when he comes to the end of his resources. After listening to one who discourses with surprising accuracy upon any particular topic we feel a delicacy in changing the subject. It seems a mean trick, like suddenly removing the chair on which a guest is about to sit down for the evening. With one who is interested in a great many things he knows little about there is no such difficulty. If he has passed the first flush of youth it no longer embarrasses him to be caught now and then in a mistake; indeed your correction is welcomed as an agreeable interruption, and serves as a starting point for a new series of observations. The pleasure of conversation is enhanced if one feels assured not only of wide margins of ignorance, but also of the absence of any uncanny quickness of mind. I should not like to be neighbor to a wit. It would be like being in proximity to a live wire. A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse. There are certain minds whose processes convey the impression of alternating currents of high voltage on a wire that is not quite large enough for them. From such I would withdraw myself. One is freed from all such apprehensions in the companionship of people who make no pretensions to any kind of cleverness. "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." What cheerful sounds! The crackling of the dry thorns and the merry bubbling of the pot!—Atlantic Monthly.

An Undesirable Quality.



MUCH unhappiness springs from self-consciousness, and the undue importance given mere emotions. The wallings over hopeless lives and lost lovers and blighted careers and unrealized ambitions go on forever, and we read of people cutting short their existence in an agony of misplaced self-pity! Of course all these romantic agonies are misreadings of the relative importance of the individual and the world. They spring from the great mistake of not realizing one's personal unimportance and the transitory character of almost all disappointments. If people could be induced to look clearly and impartially at their own position in the midst of the world, at its greatness and interest and at their insignificance, a great deal of society's wasted feeling in sorrow and disappointment would be saved. Let us look at the matter fairly. What right have we above all others to expect our ambition to be speedily gratified? What right have we to expect fame or happiness beyond the common share? Does not the world abound with cleverer and wiser and worthier persons? We are of limited importance, to ourselves and to the world. Even the greatest of men drop away from the front of life's march and are scarcely missed. Last year they may have had a power that could bear influence in every part of the world. This year they may be old gentlemen toddling about a garden in retirement. What then are we of the rank and file that we should set up as persons of consideration whose lot the world ought to understand and appreciate? The truth is that we are quite unimportant and had much better feel our insignificant relation to the whole. If we once fairly and squarely consider this question aright, we shall see that there is nothing worth striving for in this world in comparison with the common aims of being good men, clean of life, straight in our dealings, tender in our consideration for others, simple in our pleasures and hopes. You cannot afford to waste time and attention on your own importance. Once begin to think too sedulously of that, and you will think of little else. It will warp your nature and spoil your manners. The man or woman who is possessed by a feeling of self-importance is never fully at ease, and never a really desirable companion, being quick to resent supposed slights, whereas the people who do not worry themselves with thoughts about themselves will be natural and dignified, with an unconscious elevation of spirit that makes their presence desired by all who know them.—Waverley Magazine.

President and People.

The Sentiment of the American Citizen For the Impersonal Executive. By Henry Loomis Nelson.



THE President is an object of curiosity, but he is also the most distinguished man in the country. Crowds, it is true, flock at railway stations to see other men, and there is a catholic and democratic indiscriminate in the popular eagerness to behold with the eye of sense those who are in the newspapers. The attraction may be a prize fighter, or a soldier, or a prince, or a jester, or an anarchist, but the President is something different. He is an idea. He is the eidolon of the Government. The people go to see him not only from curiosity, not only "to be able to say that I've seen him," as the phrase goes; there is also an element of patriotism in their feeling for him; they want to pay him respect. An absence of the critical spirit or mood, usually so characteristic of the American attitude toward individuals, is noticeable among the groups of people who are waiting in the White House in anticipation of seeing the President. There is unmitigated, unqualified pleasure from the anticipation. There is absolute joy from the touch of his right hand, the common property of the Nation. There is nearly always awkwardness in their greeting of him. Proud as they have been in the thought of coming into actual personal contact with the head of the Government, and proud as they will afterward be of the honor of their visit, many of the President's callers shake his hand in visible trepidation, and are eager to pass on, dreading apparently lest he speak in such a way as to require a response. Even the pert, who are determined to address him, are clearly embarrassed, and rarely say precisely what they intended. To the mass of American citizens who are represented in these visiting bodies—neighborhood excursionists, temperance, Masonic, commercial travelers, and other flocks of citizenship—the office of President is impressive—still the most impressive of American institutions. The American may entirely disapprove of his President and his policy; may even believe the lies that are told concerning his personal habits; may on the street, at his office, or in his shop, or even at home, deride him, and express contempt for his political opinions; may go so far as to look upon him as an enemy of the country, for the American partisan is extravagant and even hysterical; but when he is in the presence of the President he seems tongue-tied, as if he were before what they call in monarchies "our august ruler." Thus we catch a glimpse of the true sentiment of the private American citizens for the impersonal President.—The Century.



AN ODD SHIRT WAIST.

An odd shirt waist which is sure to appeal to the girl who loves things original is made of linen, with stitched linen straps in a contrasting color as the trimming. The waist itself is severely plain, but across the bust and half way below it and the waist line there are five slashes just large enough for a stitched linen band to be run through. A shirt waist made in this unique style was of mercerized linen, with the stitched straps in light blue linen, each strap finished with a narrow blue cotton fringe. The straps were fastened at the neck and shoulders of the waist, and then were drawn through the two slashes. The upper part of the sleeve was slashed in the same way as the front of the waist, and one strap was used as the decoration.—Woman's Home Companion.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

She was trying to buy a hat, but with the usual uncertainty of mind as to the kind she wanted, or whether she wanted a hat at all. After trying on nearly every model in the shop she pounced with glee on one she had overlooked. "Here's something pretty!" she said. "Why did you not show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer, she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?" The friend distinctly smiled. "It makes you look a hundred, and it is very dowdy," she said. The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted at this juncture; "perhaps I won't risk it, after all." A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you've quite done with my hat," it said, very bitterly, "I should rather like to put it on."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

WHAT THE FACE INDICATES.

The oblong face has the highest standing for physical beauty. People with this face have keen perception and are very imaginative, but are not usually highly intellectual, although they are often talented. The possessor of the oval face is also self-reliant and indefatigable, besides being constant in her friendship. The round-faced woman is affable, impulsive and often fickle. Unlike her oval-faced sister, she does not possess the quality of perseverance, liking ease too much to succeed in anything that calls for hard work and sacrifice of comfort. The pyriform, or pear-shaped face, usually goes with the high, broad forehead and is an indication of intellectuality. The features are delicate and clearly defined. The neck is slender. The woman with this type of face is usually tall and her chest is narrow, and she is lacking in physical endurance.—American Queen.

DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

The Duchess of Beaufort, whose husband holds the hereditary right of holding the Queen's crown, was the widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyl when she married the Duke, at that time Marquis of Worcester, and who had long been looked upon as a confirmed bachelor. The Duchess, nee Miss Louise Harford, daughter of Mr. William Henry Harford, of Oldow, Gloucester, is immensely popular in her husband's country home, and great were the rejoicings when, a little while ago, the much-wished-for son and heir arrived, so that the title Marquis of Worcester, which the Duke only dropped in 1899, when he succeeded to the Dukedom, has not long been in abeyance, says Woman's Life. The young Duchess is a most daring horsewoman, and it is said that hers was a romance of the hunting field, where her prowess and courage are particularly noteworthy. The birth of the little Marquis of Worcester made a great difference in the prospects of Mr. Somerset, son of Lady Henry Somerset, who till then was regarded as the future Duke.

THE LADY OF THE LARIAT.

There is a woman in Arizona who can rope a wild horse with a lariat as well as any man on the ranches. She is the only expert feminine lariat thrower in the United States, and is the wife of Arizona's gentleman cowboy, Grant W. Chamberlain. Mrs. Chamberlain can handle a rope with a dexterity that has made her famous through the entire regions of the West. She is a wonderful horsewoman and a skillful general in a round-up. Born in Michigan, Mrs. Chamberlain has spent the last eight years in the West. Her husband has been coaching her in the work for years, but some of her most remarkable swings she invented herself. Using a fifty-yard rope, Mrs. Chamberlain can capture a racing broncho with astounding certainty and ease. In a stampede she is as cool as the best, and few are quicker and surer with the rope than she. She dresses for her work in a blouse and bloomers and rides astride. Such dexterity as hers would be impossible in skirts. She takes exercises that would astonish the usual beauty-seeker who swings a two-pound dumb-bell. With her fifty-yard rope, Mrs. Cham-

berlain, standing well poised, throws circles back of her, in front, over or at the side, the spinning rope being started with a small circle which gradually enlarges as the rope is paid out. She next holds the circling rope, first in her right hand, then upon the wrist and forearm, then on the left hand, wrist and arm. This is called the "shifting circles act," and is one of the most difficult known. Then encircled by the spinning rope, the woman leaps into and out of the revolving loop without marring the curve. An instant's hesitancy, a single move, would send the fifty yards of rope out in a horizontal line and cause it to collapse in an instant.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



BOUDOIR CHAT.

Medicine as a profession for women is growing in popularity in London. Women now holding medical degrees in Great Britain number more than 500. The Maple Club of Skagway was occupied the past winter with the history of Alaska, lightened by novels, accounts of travel and stories relating to the life of the country. Mme. Loubet, wife of the French President, believes in co-education. Recently at a society of French mothers she brought down upon herself severe criticism by advocating American methods of training girls. Berlin has few clubs outside of housewives' associations. Lately there has been established there a society for the improvement of the dress of women. It is said that some really beautiful "reformed" gowns have been designed for the society. Miss Laura Miriam Cornelius, a full-blood Oneida, who lives on an Indian reservation in Wisconsin, is making a book of the traditions and legends of her tribe. She also contemplates a novel dealing with the history of the Oneidas, and has made a grammar and dictionary of her native tongue. In the opinion of a physician who has been a close observer of the effect of athletics upon women, hand ball is one of the best physical exercises. It is better than tennis, with its "high reach," and again it is much better than golf. It brings many muscles into moderate exercise, and does not tax a few only, as do some of the other popular forms of athletics. A non-clubwoman thus writes: "So many such organizations are merely selfish social sets, affording opportunity for display and petty social bickerings, with feeble attempts at self-improvement—which they need, to be sure, quite badly enough to excuse their spending their efforts on themselves for awhile possibly. I feel that I have not time for such things." Lady Wilfrid Laurier is the only woman who has ever spoken in the Parliament House of Canada. At a reception given in the House by the Speaker some one noticed Lady Laurier standing at the foot of the throne, and there arose a demand for a speech from her. The call was only half-meant at first, but at length grew so insistent that Lady Laurier was obliged to comply.

THE MAN WITH ONE EYE.

The man in the moon made a wonderful spoon. On a night when all were sleeping, To drink the cloud whey from the wide milky way, And he set all the little stars weeping;

A CURIOUS WATER WHEEL.

Hollow a large cork and insert a straw about five inches long through the bottom. Another piece of straw is fixed to the other end with the help of sealing wax, after boring a small hole in the centre of the cork to connect the second piece of straw with the first (A). After closing the two ends of the piece of straw holes are bored next to them on the opposite sides, into which small pieces of straw are fastened with sealing wax (B-B), says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Three pieces of thread fastened to the rim of the cork at equal distances connect with a button suspended by a thread running through its centre (see illustration). The water wheel is now ready, and if you let a small stream of water run into the cork the water will run through the straw and set the apparatus into quick motion. If it appears too hard to join the pieces of straw with sealing wax little corks can

be used, as shown in the centre figure of our illustration. Should straw be too fragile metal tubes can be substituted. The end of the tube going through the bottom of the cork is cut and bent (as shown in C of centre illustration) and suspended from a thin wire, around which the whole wheel turns. Instead of two, four side tubes can be used, and by bending the ends carefully the job of joining smaller tubes can be avoided. Suspend the apparatus over the table after the lamp is lighted. Pour hot alcohol into the corks, light the small stream coming from the small tubes, then extinguish the lamp and a miniature rain of fire will fall on the pudding or cake placed under the wheel.

THE KING'S HORSE.

Once upon a time there was a king who had no sons, but one daughter. It was a great disappointment not to have a son, but those who cast the horoscope of the daughter told him that his daughter would be a great blessing to the kingdom while she lived, and at her death would bequeath untold riches. As this story was widely known the princess had many admirers who sought betrothal with her. And the king was greatly distressed as to choice of the right one. When she was grown she was very beautiful—so beautiful that myriads of pilgrims came to the temple to beg for the gift of beauty and to burn incense. This brought prosperity, and thus the prophecy of her birth was fulfilled. But the king could no longer delay the betrothal of his daughter, as so many princes desired her that the kingdom was continually in trouble with other kingdoms. One day the princess' father was out hunting, when a powerful king surprised him and carried him away captive to a far-away kingdom. The prime minister and privy councilors met and issued an edict saying the hand of the princess would be given to the man who rescued the king. High up in the clouds was a demigod who loved the princess, but since she was a mortal woman could not wed her, but when this trouble came he entered the body of the king's favorite horse, which broke away from the grooms, went straight to the king and brought him back. But the prime minister, being horrified when the horse brought back the king, ordered the horse to be killed at once. But the king who had carried away the father of the princess was very powerful, and came again and again against the king. And it was finally decided by the king and his councilors that it was best to

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

A ponce parasol, with lace insets is ultra smart. A Chantilly bolero, with ruffles like revers, is very smart. Velvet pansies make one of the pretty Leghorn hat trimmings. Narrow point de Venise applique edges chiffon ruffles effectively. A straight-across effect on hats, either in flowers or foliage, is noted. Leghorn and chip are the prime favorites for midsummer large hats. Cherries, black and red, are among the very attractive hat trimmings. High girdles that end in sash ends at the back are among the latest ideas. Egyptian and Bulgarian embroideries are equally smart on suits of linen and cloth. Ring nets are among the prettiest foundations for lace and silk applique work. Lovely ribbon scrolls filled in ripple effect are a sensation in imported costumes. One Marie Antoinette wreath is often placed upon the front brim of a picture hat. June roses are used in true form and they are among the prettiest of embroideries. Red shoes, parasol and hat trimming are a vivid finish to a white frock for country wear. Silk fringe a good inch in width figures in long rows on a pink parasol fresh from Paris. Wreaths are among the loveliest garnitures, and may be embroidered in silk, in ribbon or set on an applique. Four big buttons in some instances catch together the lower parts of some sleeves—voluminous ones, of course. Ribbons are still run through laces. Baby widths through beadings and the edges of wide laces, and even broad sash ribbons through some very open laces. Fancy handkerchiefs are developing to a marked extent. The latest idea is an all-over checked gray, green tint or blue. It is quite as novel to shape a big sleeve down to a funnel-shape cuff as it is to have the cuff in a separate piece.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



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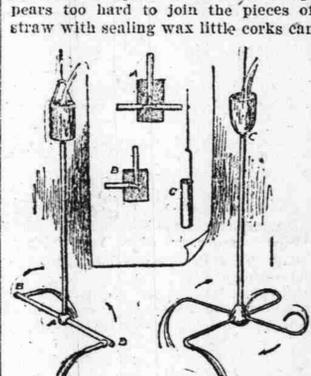


THE MAN WITH ONE EYE. The man in the sun made a frosted snow bun. And declared it far sweeter than whey. At which the moon cried till it left him one eye. As he's been ever since to this day. —New York Tribune.

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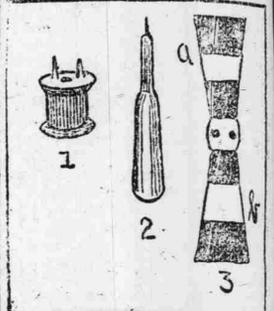
Once upon a time there was a king who had no sons, but one daughter. It was a great disappointment not to have a son, but those who cast the horoscope of the daughter told him that his daughter would be a great blessing to the kingdom while she lived, and at her death would bequeath untold riches. As this story was widely known the princess had many admirers who sought betrothal with her. And the king was greatly distressed as to choice of the right one. When she was grown she was very beautiful—so beautiful that myriads of pilgrims came to the temple to beg for the gift of beauty and to burn incense. This brought prosperity, and thus the prophecy of her birth was fulfilled. But the king could no longer delay the betrothal of his daughter, as so many princes desired her that the kingdom was continually in trouble with other kingdoms. One day the princess' father was out hunting, when a powerful king surprised him and carried him away captive to a far-away kingdom. The prime minister and privy councilors met and issued an edict saying the hand of the princess would be given to the man who rescued the king. High up in the clouds was a demigod who loved the princess, but since she was a mortal woman could not wed her, but when this trouble came he entered the body of the king's favorite horse, which broke away from the grooms, went straight to the king and brought him back. But the prime minister, being horrified when the horse brought back the king, ordered the horse to be killed at once. But the king who had carried away the father of the princess was very powerful, and came again and again against the king. And it was finally decided by the king and his councilors that it was best to

ing, and you can't always tell which side should be upward until you try it. In one case, the air makes it fly away; in the other case it makes it stay more firmly on the spool. The effect is much better if the flyer is painted in bright colors.—Brooklyn Eagle.

betroth the princess to the son of his enemy, for the good of the kingdom. The princess protested, but her protestations were of no avail. When the hour came for the wedding she resisted, weeping, struggling valiantly with her attendants. A servant hearing the outcry, came into the courtyard dragging with him the skin of a horse, which he was about to cut into strings. But the soul of the demigod lover in the skin of the horse broke and he wrapped the skin around the princess and she became the first cocoon. In the silk-growing district of China every year when the silk worms begin to call for food—that is, when they come out of their shells—you will see the little children playing with the horses. This is to win the favor of the silkworm goddess, by reminding her of her faithful lover.—Washington Star.

THE FLYING WHIRLIGIG.

Any boy can make this pretty and amusing toy, and have plenty of fun with it. All he needs is an empty spool, a piece of card-board and a piece of pine wood. File the heads off two pins, and drive the pins into the end of the spool.



as shown in drawing No. 1. Out of the pine wood make a handle, as shown in No. 2, the small part of it being trimmed to fit loosely in the hole through the spool. This part should be exactly the same length as the spool, so that when the spool is placed on it the top of the handle will be flush with the top of the spool. Drive a headless pin, also, in the top of the handle. Now take the piece of card-board and out of it cut a figure shaped like No. 3, making three holes in the middle part of it; an awl or a darning needle may be used to make the holes. Bend the edges marked "a" and "b" in opposite directions, and you have everything ready for giving the whirligig a "fly." To do this, place the spool on the handle and wind a piece of twine around the spool; then put the card-board on top, letting the three pins pass through the holes in its middle part.

Now, for the "fly." Take the handle in your left hand and hold it upright. Then, with a quick movement of your right hand, jerk the twine from the spool, just as you would from a top in spinning it, and away will go the card-board figure making a very graceful flight through the air. If the "flyer" does not fly at the first trial, take it off the spool and put it on again with the other side of it down next the spool. In other words, just reverse the flyer, for its action depends on the way it strikes the air in revolving.



Giant Locomotives.

Two locomotives, the largest in Europe, have just been turned out at Basle, Switzerland. The boilers are twice the ordinary size, give a force of 1600 horse power and a speed of over seventy-five miles an hour. In Paris a youth has been arrested who attempted to kill his father in order that, as a widow's son, he might escape conscription.