Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, 617 years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723 by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman, by the name of De Clieux, a captain of infantry, on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Clieux with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees were in turn sent to Santo Domingo, Guadeloupe and other neighboring islands.

The coffee trees is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state to a height of 14 to 18 feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree; and, when coffee is grown much below this it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production, and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced in the United States.—Success.

Wealth of the Ghetto.

Some weeks ago, when prices were at their lowest in Wall street, it was reported that money was being withdrawn from East Side savings banks for investment in stocks. The matter was grossly exaggerated, but, none the less, it served to call attention to the great financial resources of that section. It was the reverse of that picture of East Side wretchedness and poverty with which we have been made most familiar. Sordid and miserable as the Jewish quarter in truth is, it has, as well as other districts, its hoarded money reserves for the proverbial rainy day.

One evidence of this unregarded prosperity is the recent development of the banking business east of the Bowery. Ten years ago three or four banks were sufficient; now there are at least a dozen. Among them is one of the greatest savings institutions in the world, with surplus and deposits of $90,000,000—an aggregate which is increasing at the rate of $5,000,000 a year. Another bank, whose business is largely commercial, has increased its deposits in eight years from $470,000 to $7,500,000. This growth in East Side wealth has attracted the attention of several of our largest financial institutions, with the result that there is now in progress a "Wall street invasion" of the Ghetto. On Grand street alone six down-town banks and trust companies have opened branch offices since 1901. The whole section, from the standpoint of the pushing banker of today, is regarded as little less than an unworked gold mine. Here, confined within a little more than a single square mile, are 500,000 or 600,000 of the most acquisitive and saving people in the world.

The Jewish community, moreover, is self-sufficient—an economic entity. It is constantly turning its labor into gold, and the money, once within its own precincts, for the most part remains there. The Ghetto's manufacturing interests are extensive; its clothing industry alone, especially the production of women's garments, is said to be greater than that of any other city. There is a multitude of stores and shops to supply the quarter's every-day needs, the first floor of nearly every tenement house being used for business purposes. In all these varied activities the banking houses find abundant opportunities for profit, in savings deposits particularly. Every immigrant ship arriving at this port brings scores of new depositors. The merchants, the tailors, the pushcart men, the sweatshop workers—to all of these a bank book is an indispensable adjunct of household economy. Even the beggars have accounts.—New York Evening Post.

BEAUTY AND THE MAN

By KEITH GORDON.

In the long talks that those two excellent friends—Baird Dunham and Barbara Somers—had from time to time, about life, the world and the men and women therein, he had more than once confided to her that never could he fall in love with a woman who was no a beauty.

"I can't exactly explain how I feel about her," he said one day as they sat together in an art gallery, where his worshiping eyes returned ever and again to a pictured face of rare beauty that looked down upon them from the warm, red walls. "It isn't that I think they are the most fascinating. Wit and beauty are not too fond of each other's company. Besides, the most attractive woman I've ever known was ugly—so ugly that at first she made you gasp. After that—well, she was your criterion of charm. When you left her, things became stale and lifeless. All the color and sympathy went from the scene. You simply hungered for her."

He paused and turned towards his companion with a waiting, expectant look, as if he wanted to be sure that she understood, and she answered the unspoken question of his glance with a slow smile that did not betray, by so much as a flicker, the warm, reproachful woman wrath in her heart.

She had heard practically the same thing from him before, but today for the first time her patience gave way utterly. Apparantly, all sense of her womanhood had been sunk in her comradeship. Instead of rejoicing in this state of affairs, a feeling of injury—outrage—suddenly flared up in her heart.

Did he think that because her features were irregular and her complexion dull, she was a girl who did not need to be reckoned with? Did he suppose that she was less a woman because she was plain? Had he no idea of the sting in the remarks he was forever making about feminine beauty?

These were the questions she asked herself hotly, but her voice—that low, vibrant voice, that thrilled one with its rich difference from other voices—betrayed in its full evenness no trace of the resentment that surged within her.

"You are right," she agreed, with impersonal candor. "All women should be beautiful." There was a slight pause—a hesitation just marked enough to give force to the conclusion of her sentence. "Just as all men should be big and strong."

Dunham glanced at her quickly. For one startled moment he half thought—But no, Barbara was too good a fellow to give a man a fleck on the raw like that. It was a mere coincidence.

Dunham was but 5 feet 6, and, though he was well-knit and substantial, with a clean-bred look that was in itself a recommendation, he was a trifle sensitive on the score of the six additional inches in height that he felt should have been his.

"A man's appearance isn't of much consequence," he observed, somewhat stiffly. "His field is action. It is what he is, rather than how he looks."

There was more heat in his tone than he liked, but he wasn't able to suppress it. Somehow he didn't enjoy being made to feel that he was not at all like her ideal man—even though they were nothing but friends.

"Perhaps you are right," was the mild reply, and the conversation drifted to other and safer subjects. But there was a speculative look in Barbara's eyes for the rest of the afternoon, which would have told a careful observer that she was turning some plan in her mind.

Her usual hour of rest before dinner she spent lying at full length on the divan in her room, with her hands clasped under her head and her eyes fixed on the open fire, thinking.

So Baird could never love anyone but a beauty! She carefully refrained from asking herself why this should pique her particularly, since her plainness had never interfered with their friendship, and he spent far more time with her than with any of the pretty girls of their set. Still—

"Well, I don't care," she said aloud, as, glancing at the clock, she arose and began to roll up the masses of her dark hair, sticking the great shell pins in here and there with reckless indifference. "I'm tired of hearing him talk that way. He deserves to be punished. Beauty may be the greatest thing, but it isn't greater than all other things put together!

"A few weeks of Amy will be good for him," she soliloquised as she went on with her dressing. Then, when she was ready for dinner, she sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to a former schoolmate—the beauty of her class—urging her to make her a long promised visit.

In the course of a week or two the invitation had been accepted and Miss Averill arrived. That she was a beauty was a fact as self-evident as that the sky is blue (when it is so). It was a fact that admitted of no difference of opinion.

Her skin was like a la France rose, her eyes deeply blue, and her hair suggested mingled gold and copper. The curves of her gracious figure swirled and flowed in lines so graceful, so alluring, that even the most sluggish beholder was kindled into admiration.

"She's a beauty, all right," Barbara decided, as she kissed her in greeting and conducted her to her room, and, though she kept up her part of the animated talk about old times and old friends, her eyes feasted themselves upon Amy's loveliness. The latter's most ordinary movement was endowed with a grace that made Barbara half believe that beauty was the only thing after all. When other girls lifted their hands and removed their hatpins, it was an action scarce worthy of notice. But when Amy's arms went up with a languid grace and her rather large but beautifully molded hands, with their long, tapering fingers, drew forth a glittering pin and removed her hat, Barbara felt vaguely that she was witnessing a rite—that she was seeing a poem.

But after a few days of her companionship the glamor was always bedimmed. The eyes were feasted, to be sure, but the mind and heart were starved. One wearied of her rose-like fluttering color, and the amiable but unmeaning smile, and even of the very perfect rows of teeth that the smile exposed.

"I am going to have a friend with me for a month," Barbara had told Baird Dunham in preparation; "a girl that I particularly want you to meet. She's a raving beauty and as sweet as she can be."

If she had spoken all of her thoughts perhaps she might have added: "So sweet that at the end of a month you will want to kill her, or do something desperate and outrageous." But with a commendable self-restraint she banished this unruly idea to the dark chamber of unspoken thoughts.

In the weeks that followed she effaced herself, pushing Amy into Dunham's society in every possible way, but doing it so gradually and skillfully that he scarcely realized how little he was seeing of his friend and comrade. If she saw less of him, however, she saw more of Jack Lester, whose companionship was a grateful balm, because he was not forever talking about beauty, however much he may have admired it.

At first Baird haunted the house like a spirit, while his plans for Miss Averill's entertainment fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness. These plans, of course, always included Barbara, but with a masterly skill she withdrew from them more and more, until almost before Baird realized what had happened, he noticed that he and Miss Averill were usually alone. With Miss Averill's exquisite profile beside him, however, he was not in a mood to complain.

Then, about the middle of the fourth week, his soaring spirit suddenly touched earth. He was guilty of a brutal, heretical thought. Right in the middle of a long afternoon that they were to spend together he was seized by a great weariness. For the life of him he could think of nothing to say. He was bored!

He stared at the beautiful Miss Averill with a sort of stupefied wonder It seemed incredible that the society of so exquisite a creature could be so uncommonly like muggy weather. It seemed an age since he had had a good bracing talk with Barbara. Now that he thought of it, Barbara must be seeing a great deal of that Lester chap. Vaguely, as if he had happened them in a dream, he recalled having met them together several times lately.

"I don't believe you are thinking of me at all!" pouted Miss Averill. "I've spoken to you twice and you haven't even heard me. It isn't nice of you."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Dunham, trying to call his roving thoughts together and insisting upon hearing the remark he had inadvertently missed.

"I asked you if you didn't think the Waldorf is lovely? I think it's just sweet."

"Yes," assented he, recklessly, "that expresses it sweetly. It's just sweet," and he cast about in his mind for some excuse by which the hours that stretched before them might be shortened. He felt precisely as he had once in his childhood, when he had surreptitiously bought and eaten six charlotte russes.

Miss Averill confided to Barbara that night that she didn't like Mr. Dunham so well as she thought she did.

"He's so dull! Don't you think so?" she demanded.

"There have been times when he seemed so," Barbara confessed airily. Then she wondered if Baird's ears were aflame? Three days later, the radiant Miss Averill's visit came to an end. Soon afterward, Dunham dropped in to see Barbara, quite in his old manner.

"Ah, this is good," he said, gloatingly, as he sank into the depths of his favorite chair. There's so much talk to make up," he went on in genial enjoyment, "that I scarcely know where to begin."

Barbara turned her head to one side and surveyed him with half-closed eyes.

"We might begin with feminine beauty," she suggested, helpfully. "There's so much to be said about it."

A pause followed in which several new ideas entered Dunham's mind. Then he demanded, not without a conscious sense of guilt:

"Just what do you mean?"

He leaned forward and studied her face, and though she flushed under his keen scrutiny, her eyes looked back at him—proud, unwavering and a bit defiant.

"I certainly admire beauty," he began softly. "But I take back what I have said about falling in love with one. You see, little girl, I'm so used to you that the beauties bore me."

"Really," she scoffed, "for a worshipper of the fair!"

But a pair of strong arms were about her, and a rueful voice pleaded:

"Scold me some other time, dearest."

WEAK AND NERVOUS

Thousands of Lives Made Miserable by a Trouble Easily Overcome.

Thousands of people throughout this country suffer continually from nervousness—their blood is poor and watery, their nerves unstrung and jaded. They are pale, weak, often troubled with headaches and dizziness, are exhausted with the slightest exertion, and often feel as though life were a burden. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new health and strength, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills make new, rich red blood, strengthen the nerves, and bring health, strength and happiness to those who use them. Mr. D. W. Daley, Crystal City, Manitoba, proves the truth of this. He says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. Before using them I was weak and nervous; my blood was poor; I was pale and suffered from pains in the region of the heart. Now after the use of eight boxes of the pills my nerves are strong; my blood is pure and rich; I have a good color and my heart action is regular. I think there is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for these troubles."

This is the verdict of all people who have given the pills a fair trial, and those who are sick can obtain new health and strength through the use of this medicine. Do not waste money and further endanger your health by taking any substitute. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around every box. If you cannot get the pills from your dealer they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The Queen and the Dog

Queen Alexandra, who has just commenced her yearly visit to the land of her girlhood, is devotedly fond of dogs, and has had all sorts, sizes and breeds. She possesses great skill in training them, and the pets which she has about her are all capable of wonderful tricks. But there was one dog upon which her Majesty confesses that in vain she used to cast longing eyes. It was a famous performing dog named "Minos," and it was the rage of a society entertainer. Invitation cards at great London houses used to bear the strange announcement, "To meet the dog Minos." The following story of this remarkable creature is often told by her Majesty: Upon one occasion, when bidden to carry a handkerchief to the most beautiful lady in the room, the rascally courtier sprang up to Queen Victoria, and laid it at her feet. Her Majesty laughed heartily, flicked the dog in the face with her own handkerchief, and bade him do his duty honestly. Thereupon the dog picked up the handkerchief, and, in great humility, approached our present Queen, lay down, and placed the handkerchief before her.—St. James' Gazette.

Thinner Than a Rail.

Spending every day as much energy as you make, and if the balance goes a little further, well, you get thinner. Not wise to go that way longer. Better use Ferrozone, you will digest more—a little gain the first week, but the gain keeps growing. Not quite so thin! Keep right on, only don't use Ferrozone too long, or you will get too fat. Then your blood will be rich, your heart strong, you won't puff so much, you won't get tired quickly. Fat, blood, strength, you have them all with Ferrozone. Sold by all druggists.

The world's average daily production of electrolytic copper is about 883 short tons, of which 86.5 per cent is supplied by the United States.

RAISED ON

LACTATED FOOD

The Healthiest, Plumpest and Happiest Babies are Fed Daily on LACTATED FOOD.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

CLAP HANDS FOR A LIVING

Peculiar Institution in Vogue in France.

Important Influence of the Claque System—Precaution Taken Upon First Nights.

For many years past a peculiar institution has been in vogue in France which wields an important influence in the theatrical world. The institution consists of a body of men who devote themselves to securing the success of a public performance or production by bestowing upon it preconcerted applause, and thus giving the public, who are not in the secret, a false notion of the impression it has made. Doubtless some readers have heard of these men, who are known as "The Claque," but probably few are aware that a similar institution has been established on this side of the channel also.

Two years ago the management of two of the leading variety theaters introduced the claque system, having found it absolutely necessary when they employed foreign artists, especially acrobats. On each Monday evening the chief of the claquers, who supplies both halls, pays a personal visit to each performer to inquire what special acts he or she wishes to have applauded. The fee ranges from 10s 6d to £2 2s per week, according to the work required. For 10s 6d the artiste will receive one call before the curtain at the finish of the show; £1 1s pays for three, while special turns, who can afford £2 2s, receive five calls nightly.

NOT PREVALENT HERE.

The claquers themselves are mostly unpaid workers, who see the entertainment free, on condition that they use their hands at a signal from the leader. The signal consists of a sharp clap, which sounds through the theater like the violent slamming of a door in a gale of wind, so that the claquers, no matter in what part of the theater they may be, easily recognize it and commence to applaud. On Saturday night the chief claquer again visits the artiste to collect his dues and receive instructions for the following week.

Beyond the claque system introduced at the aforementioned halls, it may be said that there is no regular organized claque in this country—at any rate, not such as exists in Paris. At the same time, at many of the theaters in the metropolis, precautions are taken on first nights, which have precisely the same effect as the claque. It is, of course, important that a good impression should be created on the first night, and the public worked up, so to speak, to recognize the best points in the piece. But after the first night the claque is usually dispensed with.

ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENTS.

In Paris, however, the claque is regarded as of more importance, and the chief as a man on whom a certain amount of the success of the piece depends. He is engaged in the same way as the other officials of the theater, and receives a fixed salary, varying from 300 to 500 francs per month For this sum he is expected to take with him into the theater at each performance a certain number of men with big, strong hands and intelligent enough to clap vigorously when they are given the signal by their leader.

The chef de claque attends the last two or three rehearsals of a new play, makes notes in conjunction with the author and manager, and arranges the points at which the applause, laughter or tears must be forthcoming. He then proceeds to give instructions to his men, the main body of whom usually form a solid mass in the center of the pit.

It is the duty of this body to clap their hands and applaud at the given signal, while other members of the claque are placed in various other parts of the theater and laugh, weep or shout "Encore!" according to the requirements of the piece. More artistic developments of the French claquers are the sangloteure, a female who sobs hysterically; the pameuse, who faints, and the moucheur, a well-dressed gentleman, who blows his nose with tact at affecting passages.

CLAQUERS WELL-TO-DO MEN.

These claquers, it should be mentioned, are by no means men in destitute circumstances who become professional applauders in order to gain a few francs. Many of the claquers in the state theaters of Paris are eminently respectable men who like to enjoy a play without having to pay for their seats. They include doctors, advocates, pupils of the Conservatoire and shopkeepers who assemble every evening at a cafe in the neighborhood of the theater about 10 minutes before the performance starts, answer to their names as the chief calls them out and receive a metal ticket on which the number of their seat is engraved.

The position of the chef de claque at some of the theaters is much coveted, as may be gathered from the fact that a man often has to pay a certain sum if he wishes to occupy it. He has a properly drawn up agreement with his manager, stating what sum he pays for his position; the length of time he is allowed to hold it and the number of seats which are given to him each day. The chief, however, does not always give these seats to his claquers. If they are expensive seats he will often sell them at a reduced price, thus making a good profit.

In addition to his fixed salary and the profits on seats, the chef de claque is often paid as much as 100 to 300 francs per month by artists themselves, in order to applaud their appearance on the stage and shout for an encore. In fact, there are many instances on record of chefs dying rich men. Two in particular, named Auguste and Porcher, both of the opera, died immensely rich. The former, in fact, was rich enough, before he became chef de claque at the opera, to pay 80,000 francs for the position.—Tit-Bits.

The Raising of Squabs.

As an industry, squab raising requires less capital and less work in proportion to the returns than any other business of similar character, says the Washington Post. In the first place, experience has taught that the common pigeons of the streets and alleys are not only the healthiest and best breeders, but that they also produce the best squabs, young birds that are easily fattened and that are strong and hardy. The high-priced and fancy breeds of pigeons, such as Pouters, Tumblers, Fantails, Duchesses, Antwerps, Dragoons, Runts, Silver Duns, etc., do not compare with the scrub pigeon for the purposes of squab production, so that at the outset the person contemplating entering the business is relieved of the necessity of spending a large sum of money for fancy birds.

As for a place in which to breed pigeons, an extensive structure is not a necessity, nor is it even desirable, the only requisites being that the structure should be warm in winter and not too hot in summer, free from dampness, and, if possible, with a southern exposure; also that it should be free from rats and mice. For this purpose nothing is better than an empty garret, well provided with light and the floor covered with gravel or cinders. All cracks should be made tight in order to prevent drafts in winter time. This last condition is much to be desired if squabs are to be raised in the winter season, which is the time when they are dearest, and consequently bring the best prices.

The most interesting and important part of the business is at the time the young are hatched out. Unlike chickens and turkeys, the feeding of the young pigeons is attended to by the parent birds, thus saving the person engaged in squab raising a great deal of trouble, which in chicken raising must be attended to. It seems that the pigeon has never reached that stage of thorough domestication where the young birds have to be fed artificially; but, like the wild birds of the forest, the pigeon is one of the few domesticated fowls that attend to the feeding of their young with what squab raisers call "soft food," or "pigeon's milk," until they are old enough to shift for themselves. Thus the troublesome part of the work of chicken raising is absent in pigeon culture.

The young birds begin to eat grain in about a week after they are hatched ,and then it is that the squab raiser should see to it that they are kept stuffed with grain and never hungry. The parent birds connot be depended on to look after the welfare of their progeny after the "soft food" period is passed. They have a curious habit of stuffing one and starving the other, fighting the starved bird off and feeding its share to the favorite.

The Model Guest.

A really fine specimen of the guest who does his best has a spirit which cannot be broken by weather or weariness. He can manage to talk to anyone, even if he should discover with a shock that he is sitting next to his worst enemy. He knows how to come into any discussion and how to keep out of it. He does not seek his own amusement, yet he never fails to show that he is amused. He is tolerant of every opinion, and though he may have many convictions of his own, and may state them so as to do them justice, he never tries to proselytize.

His visit is not a mission, and he never for a moment fancies himself on the hustings, in a debating society, a pulpit or a court of justice. Above all, he has a good opinion of himself. Good wine needs no bush. He has no desire to boast, but he is certain that he will not be slighted. If his hostess assigns to him a dull job he is sure it is because she thought he could do it well, and if he feels it to be really below his powers he takes her mistake into account not while he is under her roof, but when he next receives her kind invitation. He is not plagued by that craving of the oversensitive to be like their company, nor does he belong to that race of born dissenters who would always rather be different.

But, alas! conscience and talent do not always go together. There are some high-pricipled guests who are terrible bores. In their solicitude to be agreeable they never stop talking, but pursue their garrulous ideal like a dog following a carriage. To every interruption they give immediate momentary attention and run breathless on.—London Outlook.

Grandma's Fan.

"Tell you the story of that old fan!"
And grandma blushed a rosy red,
Took off her glasses, smiled a sweet smile
And like a shy schoolgirl hung her head.

'Twas an odd conceit of satin white,
With figures quaint of dresden rare,
While in its folds some mem'ries sweet
Of "Auld Lang Syne" lay hidden there.

Gradma caressed it and seemed to forget
From youth to age's mystic span
Memory waved the landmarks of time
From the dear old face as she toyed with the fan.

"Girls did not flirt in my day," she said,
Love was a sacrament, the holiest given,
And when from Love's lips the secret was told,
Two souls were united for earth and for heaven.

"'Twas my first ball, and when grandpa came
He gave me that fan—'twas a dream of bliss,
For quickly behind its beautiful folds
He gave something else—a lover's first kiss."

"Why, grandma, you're blushing, after these years!"
With a radiant smile she said: "Little Miss,
A woman's no woman, if ever too old
To forget her first ball, or her lover's first kiss."

—Kate Thyson Marr.

Packing Blue Ribbon Tea

Each chest of Blue Ribbon Tea is lined with lead — the tea poured in and a sheet of lead placed on top and soldered down. No air or moisture can possibly reach

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

The taste and aroma are retained absolutely unimpaired. The richness, delicacy and creamy taste are all there to cheer and solace every moment if you want.

301

Black Mixed Ceylon Green — Forty Cents Should be Fifty — Ask for the Red Label

THE HOT WATER CURE; A WORD OF CAUTION

Simple But Potent Remedy in a Variety of Ailments.

The internal use of hot water for drinking, for flushing the colon, for injections into the rectum, vagina, etc., constitute a very potent remedy for many diseased conditions. Scarcely too much can be said in favor of hot water as a remedy. It soothes the inflamed mucous surfaces, and by reflex action through the nervous system it reaches distant parts. No better sedative has ever been devised than hot water injections in the rectum. It quiets the whole nervous system, allays many forms of irritation and congestion very promptly. Water taken into the stomach produces the same beneficial effect. It is altogether the best remedy for biliousness, sick headache and many forms of mucous derangement of the stomach. There are no powders or pills, tinctures or elixirs that can equal hot water in a large number of ailments from which people suffer.

But after all this has been said, we believe some caution is necessary in the use of hot water. Its potency as a remedy does not give anyone license to use it indiscriminately. Many people dispise a remedy so common and cheap as hot water. Even after they have learned the value of hot water they hold it in a sort of contempt, so much so that they regard it as absolutely harmless. Such is not the case, however. The continued use of hot water after the necessity of it has gone by is harmful. Like many other useful remedies, the use of hot water can be abused. A continual flushing of the colon, month after month, year after year, constitutes a very bad habit and cannot fail to do harm. We believe that the continual drinking of hot water before meals is not only unnecessary in many cases, but it produces an abnormal condition of the stomach.

No matter how good a remedy is, the continued use of it becomes harmful. The people understand this well enough when the remedy is a drug, but a great many regard hot water as such an innocent remedy that they have no idea that its continual use, like the use of any drug, will finally become an injury.

We hope none of our readers will construe what we have been saying as an argument against hot water. On the contrary, we wish to leave the impression that hot water is a very potent remedy, a very useful remedy, and if properly used would take the place of at least half of the drugging going on in the world. It is because hot water is a potent remedy that we wish to raise this warning. The potency of any remedy depends upon its power to bring about changes in the body. A remedy that has little or no effect upon the body can never become a potent remedy. But the effect of hot water, especially taken into the rectum as an injection, is positive and far-reaching. Therefore it should not be continued beyond the necessity for which it was used. It should be the object of all treatment to bring the body into a normal condition. This can never be accomplished until the remedy is discontinued, however simple or innocent the remedy may be.

Sometimes it is necessary to use a remedy for months, possibly for years, but sooner or later the remedy must be discontinued or else the remedy itself will become a sort of disease. Of course, there are incurable conditions in which the remedy must be kept up and never left off, the abnormal condition which the remedy produces being much more desirable than the abnormal condition produced by the disease.—Medical Talk.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time. 36

The new typhoid fever antitoxin is produced by injecting it to animals the poison of typhoid bacilli extracted by crushing them in liquid air.

Great Difference in Corn Cares.

Many are destructive to the flesh and dangerous to use, but the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor removes corns, warts and bunions without pain in 24 hours. No pain, no failure. "Putnam's" cures.

Ten years ago eighty railroads issued weekly reports of earnings. Now but 55 publish such figures, 25 roads having disappeared by consolidation.

HARD AND SOFT CORNS cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

The public printing at Washington costs $6,000,000 a year.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A REALLY RICH MAN

Persons With Millions Often Have Great Financial Anxiety.

In one of the New York Clubs a few evenings ago a casual reference to "rich men" started the question, "What constitutes a rich man?" The discussion gradually resolved itself into an exchange of definitions, and it is worthy of note that as many different opinions of what constitutes a rich man were expressed as there were people present to express them.

Naturally, the first definitions were those which shaped themselves in round figures from a hundred thousand dollars to a million, but it was quickly evident that what these figures mean depends wholly upon the point of view. For a man with nothing but the fruits of his current labor to depend upon, even so modest a sum as $100,000 seems a comfortable competence, the attainment of which would entitle one of modest tastes to consider himself rich. But there are a great many men with much more than this who are at all times torn with anxiety of a financial character, and who to make their capital useful, feel under the necessity of risking losses which would be crippling, if not ruinous. The same conditions might and often do apply to much larger sums. A great many men who are warranted in assuming that their wealth is tangible in amounts which twenty-five years ago would have been spoken of as "princely fortunes" are at no time free from the harrowing anxiety of imminent bankruptcy through inability to maintain the normal relation between assets and liabilities.

Again, a great deal of wealth is so invested as to leave its possessor poor, in that they have therefrom no incomes to live on. Securities may or may not confer wealth upon their possessors, according to circumstances. The same is true of land and of improved real estate.

Some of the poorest men in New York are those who have to pay interest and taxes on property which does not earn carrying charges, and the future of which is so indeterminate that they cannot finance its improvement. In business many men of great prominence and whose transactions are conducted on an immense scale are not properly to be classed among the rich men, since their large assets are always trembling in the balance, and may be doubled or swept away as a result of a single season of bad trade and declining prices. Obviously rich and poor are relative terms.

Wealth is also largely a matter of sentiment. Many men have thought themselves very rich when in point of fact they were extremely poor, and many men have believed themselves poor when in truth they were extremely rich. This may come from misinformation as to actual conditions or from the point of view. Sharp transitions are not infrequent in human experience. A man may have today everything he had yesterday in unchanged physical condition, but yesterday he may have been in a position to convert his assets into money at a valuation, while today he could scarcely give them away. Something has occurred, meanwhile, to change the popular estimate of the desirability of his possessions. Corners sometimes break so suddenly that the millionaires of one month are bankrupts the next.

It is scarcely probable that any answer to the question, When is a man rich? which might be made by us would be less vulnerable to attack than were those offered in the club room discussion to which we have alluded. It is, however, a question which is likely to be of sufficient interest to our readers to call out a varied and instructive diversity of individual and class opinion. With this in view we ask it, and leave the answer to whomsoever may have views on the subject which he and the editor agree are worth expressing.—New York Times.

Citric acid added to sea water precipitates the salt, making a harmless mineral water. Seven ounces of citric acid will supply a shipwrecked man with this marine lemonade for a week.

Striking resemblance has been pointed out between the remarkable ancient ruins at Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, and antiquities in Cornwall, England.

It isn't so much what the college graduate is going to be as what he is.

Miss Caroline L. Gresheim, a clerk in the civil service department at Washington, has been detailed to inspect the postoffices of the Unted States and interpret the civil service regulations.

Fully 2,500 persons committed suicide in Russia every year.