EDISON ON

The Day Is Coming When It Will Rule the World

Thinks the Last Great War Is Over-Electricity Will Make Another Impossible.

Chauncey McGovern, in the New York Voice.

There will never be another great war. By 'great war' I mean a war between civilized nations lasting more than 30 days."

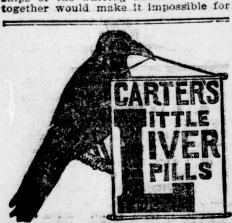
This declaration, made to me a few Mays ago by Thomas A. Edison, did hot contain any reference to the cazr's peace conference. "The conference at The Hague will o doubt have its good trician has firished his share of the results," said Mr. Edison, further, "but job." the one sure thing that is going to make war a permanent relic of the past by electricity. "That being so, we will see electricity taking another great part in making war impossible—for Electrical development is now so far Electrical development is now so far advanced, and by the time, say, that Germany and the United States would cities and throwing down torrents of dynamite and gunpowder upon the peotain to be so much further advanced, that the war apparatus which the electricians would turn out would make the war so terribly destructive of property and lives that for their mutual preservation each of the warring countries would rush to declare peace. In a word, electricity will within five Years make war so terrible that war will be impossible."

When I jumped off the one-car train which makes its last stop at the little mining town of Edison, to see the great nventor after whom the town is called, was worried as to whether or not I had brought along enough letters of introduction to get me through the long ine of office boys and assistants, and into the most famous laboratory in the world. But an introduction was not at all necessary. Mr. Edison, I learned, talks unreservedly to everyone who addresses him, no matter what the social standing or intellectual attainments of the stranger may be.

Near the station I asked a workman where I could find Mr. Edison, and was met with the surprising reply, "That's him over there—the fellow with his hands in his pants pockets." Walking along the roadway from the direction in which the workman pointed, I saw a man with an old faded suit of clothing, covered with patches of mud, a dingy derby hat (of a style which was fashionable ten years ago), and an unstarched shirt without collar or necktie, whistling gleefully as a 15-year-old schoolboy as he walked along briskly, his hands in his trousers pockets, and his eyes staying at the ground. The man's face had not been shaven for fully four days, apparently, and I was feeling confident that I had been misinformed as to his identity until I introduced myself and he shook my hand. There was no mistaking Mr. Edison after that. Although his words were as free from the atmosphere of selfimportance as his dress was unpretentious, I could not help saying every now and then to myself, "What a won-derful man Edison certainly is!" He seemed to know everything about all things-even down to little details; and when I expressed myself as being as-tonished that he should be familiar with, for instance, the workings of an educational law in which I happened to be interested, he replied, "Not at all; why, my dear young man, I take up two big newspapers every day, and don't put them aside until I have read every line through. You see, I've got to keep up with the times." The manner in which electricity will

make future great wars impossible is very clear in Mr. Edison's mind. "Not a month passes by now," he said, "but some inventor comes forward with electrically operated torpedoes which will be worked from any shore at small expense, and can send to the bottom of the ocean any battleships that show their noses in the neighborhood for the purpose of bombardment. The torpedo just invented by Axel Orling may not turn out to do this work as its inventor hopes it will, but at least we have the principle established, and so the rest will be easy." Orling, it will be remembered, is the young Swede who recently, before the King of Sweden, gave a successful demonstration of a torpedo sent out from the shore which, after attacking a hulk and sinking it, was brought back to the shore without the use of any wires or ropes. There is no risk of life to the user of the new torpedo, as it goes through the water and does the work without any crew. The damage that can be done is that

inflicted upon the enemy. But it is not this invention alone that cause war to become so terrible as to be impossible. "So many apparatuses," Mr. Edison went on, "are now being experimented upon to make electricity cheaper than coal or any other kind of power that before long all the great nations of the world will see that their war vessels and torpedo boats are equipped with electricity as a propelling power. As everybody knows, nearly one and a half times as much more speed can be given a warship by electricity than by steam, to say nothing of the great economy of space and weight on the vessels in doing away with coal. If it were not for the present disproportionately greater cost of electricity for motive power on warships it would have supplanted steam long before this time. The moment it is possible for all war vessels to be run by electricity, the very short time that would then be required for battleships of the warring nations to come



Positively cured by these

Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausca, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Dose. Small Pill. Small Price.

one fleet to keep out of the way of the other for any length of time, as Cervera did with Sampson and Schley, so that all the naval battles would have to be fought within a month of the time war was declared. Of course that would mean that electricity would stop the sea war at the end of that time, as there could be no more ships left to fight. Anyhow the terrific loss of ships and lives that would be cer-tain within 30 days after the outbreak of the war would stir up the public so that the war would be brought to an

abrupt termination. "And it is not for propelling purposes alone that electricity is to figure so enormously in the navy of the near future. Added to that and its present uses for telephoning from compartment to compartment on ships, for lighting, for cooling (by electric fans), for locating the enemy's ships (by the range-finder or by the electric searchlight), there will be the turning of the vessel's turrets by electricity, the firing of its guns and the discharging of its tor-pedoes by the same force, instead of by steam and gunpowder, as today. It requires no prophet to tell this-it is only a matter of the government's appropriating the necessary funds to cover the cost of equipment. The elec-

Mr. Edison thinks that the question of aerial navigation will be soon solved think of the havoc electric flying madynamite and gunpowder upon the peo-ple below, helpless to defend themselves from the aerial machine! Of course, no government would dare to keep up a war when its enemy could work such destruction as this among its people. "The fact that so many hundreds of new sorts of air ships are invented lack, usually, a sufficiency of animal every day is convincing evidence that spirits, and a consciousness of their the minds of the geniuses are at work infirmity reacts upon them by producupon the matter, and it is more than likely that many of the already designed air ships would actually navigate the air if the inventors could only come. command the required financial back-

Someone out west claims to have invented an electric gun-one that shoots out electricity instead of dynamite. Mr. Edison does not think the idea a feasible one; but the electric sword, invented by an Austrian, he considers among the probabilities. In the blade of an ordinary steel sword is inlaid a copper wire, connected with the hilt, which is insulated by hard rubber. In the hilt is concealed a small electric battery of special design. When the sword is in use as a weapon of death by the soldier, he keeps his thumb pressed against a button, which sends an electric shock through the blade, instantly killing the person struck. In defending the fort of the future, distressing weakness. Mr. Edison thinks that electricity can be made to play another important part which has not been thought of before. Around the tops of the walls and across the face of the fort could be stretched rows of electric wires. When the current was turned on, every man who attempted to scale that fort would be killed instantly by the "live wires," so that the fort would be impregnable until artillery could be brought up to batter it down.

"Then there is the wonderful part that wireless telegraphy would take in putting a speedy end to the war if it were declared," Mr. Edison continued. "One great reason that wars are so long nowadays is the fact that war vessels and armies get out of telegraphic reach of the person directing their movements. This means that they ·lose a great deal of time in waiting for orders and in locating the enemy. With wireless telegraphy all this time would be saved. The opposing ships would come together sooner, the opposing armies would come together sooner also, the fights would be over sooner, and

the war would be over sooner." In all branches of the land forces, by the time another great war is likely to be declared, Mr. Edison thinks that the use of electricity will be very extensive. In the artillery, for instance, he believes that the hauling of cannon will soon be done by some sort of electric motor. The same will be true of the transportation departmenthorses will give way to electric mo-

But the future of electricity will not reach its climax in ending the era of great wars. As soon as someone perfects apparatus for generating electricity so cheaply that it will drive steam out of the market—and Mr. Edison thinks that the time is near at handthere will be a complete revolution in the commerce of the world.

"The day is coming when we all will ing the clocks, rocking the cradle. And then"—with a twinkle in his eye— "electricity will rule the world; for isn't it true that 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world'?"

INCREASE OF INSANITY

In the United States-Multiplied Hundredfold.

There is another more material reason for the recent introduction of insane characters into the theater, and for their greater frequency and participation in real life. It has been remarked that insane persons have multiplied a hundredfold with civilization, to such an extent that where a few years ago one madhouse was enough, now five and six are needed. Taking, for example, the statistics of the most progressive country in the world, those of the United States, furnished by its invaluable census report, we see that the number of insane persons, which was 15,610 in 1850, 24,042 in 1860, and 37,-432 in 1870, rose in 1880 to 91,994; while the population, from 23,191,876 in 1850, increased to 38,558,371 in 1870, to 50,155,-783 in 1880-that is, while the population doubled in a little more than 30 years, the insane increased sixfold; so, in the last decade the increase in population was 30 per cent, and that of insane 155 - Cesare Lombroso, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for May.

COURTING MADE FINANCIALLY

SAFE. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The young Hebrews of Peoria, Ill., above the age of 20 have formed a protective club, the sole object of which is to protect the members and to reimburse those who fail in their matrimonial conquests. Yesterday officers were elected as follows: President, Ben Finkel; vice-president, Nicholas Lindwinoski; secretary and treasurer, Alexander Jacobson. Already twenty members have been secured and their membership fees make a fund of \$100. The members are in earnest. They will secure a charter and will conduct the affairs of the organization on the lines of other protective orders. The money secured by the membership fee of \$5 will be put out at interest, and when any member loses in the matrimonial lottery he will be reimbursed

Eminent Men Who Have Been Painfully Bashful.

Even Lord Chesterfield Was Shy Once -A Malady That Should Be Cured.

[Philadelphia Evening Post.]

One of the deadliest foes to wordly success is shyness. No young man who is afflicted with this trait-call it shamefacedness, mauvaise honte, or what you will-can ever hope, unless he conquers it, to rise to high position in any profession, except possibly in the medical.

This unhappy disposition is not only a source of much misery to its victim, but, as I have said above, it is also one of the most insurmountable bars to success in life. Shy persons are generally persons of a quiet, amilable disposition, and they often have a fine taste and excellent moral feelings. They shrink from so-

and from rencontres with ciety their fellow-men through an excessive delicacy of organism, which makes the bustle of life, and even its customary courtesies, unpleasant to them. They ing still greater embarrassment, so that the more they keep out of society the more unfitted for it do they be-

Should some chance throw such man into company, and you succeed by dint of great effort in having a little playful converse with him, yet if on the next day you encounter him on the street and expect a frank recognition, you will be frozen by a chilling and distant bow. You infer that he is cold and haughty, when, in fact, he may be modest and warm-hearted.

He passed you with a rigid greeting simply because he could not address you without an embarrassment not only painful in itself, but which would leave him in a state of self-humiliation doubling or trebling his pain. The seeming assumption of superiority is, in reality, only a confession of the most

don and jesting humor of the celebratpolitical economist, Archbishop Whate- feel." ly, would for a moment dream that he was ever afflicted with the wretched infirmity of which we are speaking? Yet he himself tells us that in his youth he suffered all the agonies of ex-

orgasm," of whom Charles Lamb tells, their way to the pinnacles of who, "with a face that would have the profession under obstacles as great scared away the Levites, the Jocos, as any which he (Wirt) had to en-Risusque faster than the Loves fled counter. The result was that by perthat he had been a wit in his youth. Vet the witty and mirth-provoking diner-out, who in after life so easily set the table in a roar, tells us in ail seriousness that in his youth he was diffident to general society. Writing in 1809, to the hostess of the Holland House upon the probable effects on him of a residence in the country, he says: "I shall take myself again to sly tricks, pull about my watch-chain, and become, as I was before, your abomination."

Even Lord Chesterfield, the accomplished courtier and man of the world, the polished mirror of manners, whose name is a synonym for self-possession, ease and savoir faire, tells us that when first introduced into good company, with all the awkwardness and rust of Cambridge about him, he was nearly frightened out of his wits. "I was determined," he says, "to be what use electricity for almost everything in thought civil; I made fine low bows, the home—sweeping the carpets, wind- and placed myself below everybody. If I saw people whisper, I was sure it was of me, and I thought myself the sole object of either the ridicule or the censure of the whole company, who, heaven knows, did not trouble their heads about me."

Robert Chambers, in one of his excellent essays, tells of a kindly Scottish peer who, owing to his constitutional shyness, was disliked by his acquaintances. To equals and inferiors, to neighbors and tenants he appeared a freezing aristocrat. When, in his youth, the king of England was spending an evening at his father's house, and the children of the family were ordered to be prepared for a formal in-troduction to His Majesty, the father was mortified by the absence of his eldest son. He had secretely stolen away from home at an early hour to avoid the dreaded ceremony.

A certain English nobleman was so shy that his own servants were instructed to avoid as far as possible meeting him on stair-cases and in passages. He was deemed proud and aristocratic, when it is altogether probable that he was one of those sensitive, shy men to whom greetings are all his life and kept him in obscurity intolerable, and from whom a "Good Morning" is wrung like gold from a

miser. But shyer than any of the men we have named, one of the oddest men in respect that ever lived was the brilliant essayist and critic, William Hazlitt. Strange to say, his great dread of visiting his friends was that of encountering the servants in the hall, and as there was no way of reaching the drawing-room without running the gauntlet, Hazlitt never entered a friend's house without writhing under the feelings engender-

ed during his passage to it. But how, if possible, can this distressing weakness, so fatal to worldly advancement and usefulness, be overcome? It must be gratifying to know that even in its extremest forms it can be and has been overcome by persistent effort. Sydney Smith conquered it. After much suffering he discovered, he says, that all men were not solely occupied in observing him as all young people are apt to think of themselves, and that shamming was of no use, the world being very clear-sighted and soon estimating a man at his just val-"This cured me, and I determined to be natural, and let the world find me out.'

Whately reached the same result by sheer force of will: "I said to myself, most substantial results

SHYNESS A FOE SLEEPLESSNESS.

nied sleep, soon became raving Heart and Nerve Pills.

tive to body and mind. refreshing slumber.

They renew the worn out nervous men and women. tissues and restore the equilibrium Mr. Chas. Tighe, a well-known done me more than I can tell you." of the deranged nerve centres, then resident of Mount Forest, Ont., Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills "nature's sweet restorer" comes, says:

and sleep is peaceful as a babe's. of way, but whose rest is broken I got at Yeoman's drug store last & Co., Toronto, Ont.

The practical conclusion is that and in a few minutes fall asleep— whatever, and I can assure you it to know no dream or waking until is a bad state to be in, as I went we to body and mind.

morning—then to bound out of to my work feeling weak and nervous. all over this land who are tossing good spirits, ready for each and on sleepless pillows night after every duty that the day may denight, or who pace the bedroom mand-that seems a good deal to they have relieved every one of my floor, with nerves unhinged, and to expect as the result of using any troubles. My heart is all right; I whose eye sleep will not come, to remedy, but it is just what Milburn's sleep well and go to my work whom Milburn's Heart and Nerve Heart and Nerve Pills have been strong and refreshed. They have Pills offer the blessing of sound doing and can do for nervous, irri- restored my nervous system to

Those, too, who sleep in a kind burn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. MILBURN

Like the other wants of the into by fearful dreams, nightmares, November, I was very excitable. body, the necessity of sleep is im- sinking and smothering sensations, The slightest trouble set me tremwho wake in the morning as tired bling allover, and it would be a long Sleep is necessary to repair the and unrefreshed as when they went time before I could calm myself. system and make it fit for action. to bed, can have their old, peace- My heart often beat so fast that I In olden times those who were ful, undisturbed, refreshing sleep felt as if I would smother, and my condemned to death by being de- back again by using Milburn's nervous system was so completely unstrung that I could hardly sleep

To be able to lie down at night at all. Some nights I got no sleep

table, run-down, weak, sleepless health and vigor, and I appreciate the remarkable good they have

are sold by all druggists, or sent by "Until I commenced using Mil-mail on receipt of price, 50c. a box,

MEART and NERVE PILLS

why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there was any progress made, any success to be hoped for; but, since there is not, I will die quietly without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost and find that I must be awkward as a bear all my life in spite of it. I will endeavor to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured. From this time I not only got rid of the personal sufferings of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy Not only men of delicate mould are and natural manner, careless in the shy, but men of good bodlly and ment- extreme, rough and awkward-for al strength also have been tormented smoothness and grace are quite out of with shyness. Who that has read of my way—and, of course, tutorially the frank and open manner, the aban-pedantic, but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good ed theologian, logician, rhetorician and will toward all men which I really

William Wirt was cheered and encouraged by his friend, Benjamin Edwards, who, to overcome his shyness, endeavored to raise his self-estimate treme shyness for many years, and by reminding him of his natural ad-"was driven to utter despair." vantages, and showing him that Dorvantages, and showing him that Dor-A confession of such a weakness by such a man affects us as judicrously as that of the Quaker "of the old Foxian mired and envied, were making the face of Dis at Enna," confessed sistent effort Wirt at last overcame his self-consciousness, and became so selfreliant that he even dared to grapple with the giant of the bar, "Glendower"

> Chesterfield suffered for some time like a criminal at the bar, and would certainly have renounced all polite company whatever if he had not been so convinced of the absolute necessity of forming his manners upon those of the best social circles that he determined to persevere and suffer anything or everything rather than not compass that point.

"Insensibly it grew easier to me, and I began not to bow so ridiculously low, and to answer questions without great hesitation or stammering. I got more courage soon afterward, and was intrepid enough to go up to a fine woman and tell her that I thought it a warm day. She answered me very civilly that she thought so, too; upon which the conversation ceased upon my part for some time, till she, goodnaturedly resuming it, spoke to me thus: "I see your embarrassment, I am sure that the few words you said to me cost you a great deal; but do not be discouraged for that reason and avoid good company. We see that you desire to please, and that is the main point; you want only the is not always recognized. manner, and you think that you want it still more than you do. You must can profess good breeding, and if you will be my novice I will present you

to my acquaintance as such." Let the young man who suffers from shyness—who is kept in the background by nervous timidity—take courage from these examples. Let him force himself into society and the bustle and uproar of the world at all hazards, and school himself to take part in its affairs. Let him keep in mind that so far is he from being the focus of all eyes in society, so far are his fellowmen from watching all his movements, that they are only too profoundly indifferent to him; and banishing all thought of them, as they do him, let him be himself, and he may rely upon it that the malady which has poisoned will disappear. Better still, his extreme nervousness and exquisite sensitiveness to impressions, once mastered and conand deserve success, which stimulates energy and sustains perseverance.

He Fooled the Surgeons. All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. 25 cents a box.

WHILE WAITING IN THE PARLOR. "Are your papa and mamma high church people, Kitty?" "No, ma'am. It's just one-story."

For sale by W. T. Strong & Co.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affeet the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil-a pulmonic, of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses

William George Jordan Says It Is "Hurry."

Courtesy Dignity and Poise.

[Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.] The first sermon in the world was preached at the creation. It was a divine protest against hurry. It was a planned, scheduled and completed were followed by-rest. Whether we accept the story as literal or as figurative, as the account of successive days or ages comprising millions of years, matters little if we but learn the lesson.

Nature is very un-American. Nature never hurries. Every phase of her working shows plan, calmness, reliability, and the absence of hurry. Hurry always implies lack of definite method, confusion, impatience of slow growth. The Tower of Babel, the world's first sky-scraper, was a failure because of hurry. They mistook their arrogant ambition for inspiration. They had too many builders-and no architect. They thought to make up the lack of a head by a superfluity of hands. This is a characteristic of hurry. Hurry seeks ever to make energy a substitute for a clearly-defined plan-the result is ever as hopeless as trying to transform a hobby-horse into

a steed by brisk driving. Hurry is a counterfeit of haste. Haste has an ideal, a distinct aim to be realized by the quickest, direct methods. Haste has a single compass upon which it relies for direction and in harmony with which its course is determined. Hurry says: "I must move faster. I three compasses; I will have them different; I will be guided by all of them. One of them will probably be right." Hurry never realizes that slow, careful foundation work is the quickest in the end.

Hurry has ruined more Americans than has any other word in the vocabulary of life. Hurry is the scourge of America. It is both a cause and a result of our high-pressure civilization. Hurry adroitly assumes so many masquerades of disguise that its identity

Hurry always pays the highest price for everything, and, usually, the goods go through your novitiate before you are not delivered. In the race for wealth men often sacrifice time, energy, health, home, happiness and honor-everything that money cannot buy, the very things that money can never bring back. Hurry is a phantom of paradoxes. Business men, in their de-sire to provide for the future happiness of their family, often sacrifice the present happiness of wife and family on the altar of hurry. They forget that their place in the home should be something greater than being merely

'the man that pays the bills. We hear too much of a wife's duties to a husband and too little of the other side of the question. "The wife," they tell us, "should meet her husband with a smile and a kiss, should tactfully watch his moods and be ever sweet-ness and sunshine." Why this con-tinual swinging of the censer of devotion to the man of business? should a woman have to look up with timid glance at the face of her hus-band, to "size up his mood"? Has not to impressions, once mastered and controlled, may be made in some departments of effort—as in public speaking, ments of effort—as in public speaking, for example—a source of power. It is certain anxious diffidence which, kept in check, makes one take pains to win in check, makes one take pains to win the certain anxious success, which stimulates the certain anxious diffidence which, kept in check, makes one take pains to win the certain anxious diffidence which the certain anxious diffid dren, that wifely love may make her seek to solve in secret? Is man, then, the weaker sex that he must be pampered and treated as tenderly as a boil trying to keep from contact with the world?

In their hurry to attain some ambition, to gratify the dream of a life, men often throw honor, truth, generos-ity to the winds. Politicians dare to stand by and see a city poisoned with foul water until they "see where they come in" on a waterworks appropriation. If it be necessary to poison an army-that, too, is but an incident in the hurry for wealth.

This is the age of the hothouse. The element of natural growth is pushed to one side, and the hothouse and the force-pump are substituted. Nature looks on tolerantly as she says: far you may go, but no farther, my foolish children."

The educational system of today is a monumental institution dedicated to hurry. The children are forced to go through a series of studies that sweep the circle of all human wisdom. They are given everything that the ambiti-

ous ignorance of the age can force into their minds; they are taught every-thing but the essentials—how to use their senses and how to think. Their minds become congested by a great mass of undigested facts, and still the cruel, barbarous forcing goes on. watch it until it seems you cannot stand it a moment longer, and you instinctively put out your hand and say: "Stop! This modern slaughter of the innocents must not go on!" Education smiles suavely, waves her hand complacently toward her thousands of The Counterfeit of Haste-It Destroys and says: "Who are you that dares speak a word against our sacred school system?" Education is in a hurry. Because she fails in fifteen years to do what half the time should accomplish by better methods, she should not be too boastful. Incompetence is not always a reason for pride. And they hurry the children into a hundred text divine object lesson of perfect law, books, then into ill-health, then into the perfect plan, perfect order, perfect colleges, then into a diploma, then into method. Six days of work carefully life-with a dazed mind untrained and unfitted for the duties of living.

Hurry is the death-blow to calmness, to dignity, to poise. The old-time courtesy went out when the new-time hurry came in. Hurry is the father of dyspepsia. In the rush of our national life, the bolting of food has become a national vice. The words "Quick national vice. The words "Quick lunches" might properly be placed on thousands of headstones in our cemeteries. Man forgets that he is the only animal that dines; the others merely feed. Why does man abrogate his right to dine and go to the end of the line with the mere feeders? self-respecting stomach rebels, and expresses its indignation by indigestion. Then man has to go through life with a little bottle of pepsin tablets in his vest pocket. He is but another victim to hurry. Hurry means the breakdown of the nerves. It is the royal road to nervous prostration.

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth—the newer and greater, and higher and nobler the work, the slower is its growth, surer is its lasting success. Mush-rooms attain their full power in a night; oaks require decades. A fad lives its life in a few weeks; a philosophy lives through generations and centuries. If you are sure you are right, do not let the voice of the world, or of friends, or of family, swerve you for a moment from your purpose. Accept slow growth if it must be slow, and know the results must come, as you would accept the night—with absolute assurance that the heavy-leaded moment must bring the morning.

Let us as individuals banish the word "hurry" from our lives. Let us care for nothing so much that we would pay honor and self-respect as the price of hurrying it. Let us cultivate calmness, restfulness, poise, sweetness-doing our best, bearing all things as bravely as we can; living our life undisturbed by the prosperity of the wicked or the malice of the envious. Let us not be impatient, chafing at delay, fretting over failure, wearying over results, and weakening under opposition. Let us ever turn our face toward the future with confidence and trust, with the calmness of a life in harmony with itself, true to its ideals, and slowly and constantly progressing toward their realization.

Let us see that cowardly word Hurry in all its most degenerating phases, let us see that it ever kills truth; loyalty, thoroughness; , and let us determine that day by day we will seek more and more to substitute for it the calmness and repose of a true life, nobly lived .-William George Jordan.

AROUND THE WORLD

Enough Bicycles in Use to Completely Circle the Globe.

Ithis estimated that there are now in use throughout the world about 14 .-000,000 bicycles. What this number of wheels means may be realized per-haps when it is said that if they were put in line, allowing a space of nine feet for each machine, they would almost reach entirely round the world at the center, or the point of the greatest circumference.

To be exact, it would take 14,590,814 bicycles to encircle the earth, allowing nine feet for each machine. It would a difficult to ascertain an absolutely correct estimate of the number of bicycles in use, but it is likely that 14.000.500 is something below the actual number.

A Good Report.

"My mother was troubled with rhumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She has taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now she is almost entirely well. She cannot speak too highly of this great medicine." Mrs. John Farr, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, constipation.

Tailors make wedding suits and lawyers make divorce suits