

GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

Interesting Information Concerning Armand Fallieres, Newly Elected President.

Armand Fallieres went through the law schools with no credit and was sent up to Paris to study law, says Vance Thompson, in Everybody's. A year of futile idleness in the Latin quarter failed to get him through his examinations and he went back to the south. A few years later he was admitted to the bar at Toulouse, but the old father predicted: "He will never amount to anything." A few local cases in which he pleaded showed that he had a kind of eloquence and the politicians took him up. From the fall of the second empire he went steadily up in the republican hierarchy. Mayor of Narbonne, deputy, minister, senator, his advance was uninterrupted; when M. Loubet became president he succeeded to the presidency of the senate. His entrance to the Elysee was the logical conclusion of a career which has not been without a kind of plain usefulness.

This good-natured, competent old man, with love for a good dinner and the wine of Languedoc, with his Gascon stories and loud roaring laughter, is a type of man that is good in French public life. That kind of a man never runs the risk of getting himself burned as a martyr or hated himself because of his concessions to political necessity are not liable to be of a bad sort. He brings into politics the same friendly give-and-take that makes him beloved by his neighbors.

Down in Gascony, M. Fallieres lives in Leauville. The house built by his father. There, dressed like a peasant, he comes and goes among his vines. His door is always open, his table always set. It is a large and patriarchal life. A coven of a score of his neighbors may come casually to the midday meal.

There is always room. And the repasts are always ample; two or three meats, a roast turkey, Gascon pies and cakes, the wine from his vineyard. It is life raised to the fifth power of simple enjoyment, broad in comfort and good fellowship. In Paris he lives in much the same way. For the last seven years he has inhabited the Luxembourg, by right of his presidency of the senate. Any morning of all these years you might have met him in the streets, for he combats his obesity by long walks. At eight o'clock it has been his custom to set out for the Luxembourg, an umbrella under his arm, an old felt hat on his head, his antique "polka-dot" scarf flapping under his chin, at a smart little pace he marched away to the Arc de Triomphe or the Parc Montsouris and back again—weighing quite as much as ever and with an appetite that promises more weight.

INDIAN EARTHQUAKE THEORY

Red Men Believe Center of Earth Is Filled with Compressed Hot Lava.

Maj. Cicero Newell tells why there are such things as earthquakes, tidal waves and volcanoes. The major learned these things from Dakota Indians, says the Seattle Times. "When I lived among the Dakotas," said he, "I found men who, like Buddha, gave seven years of their lives to prayer and fasting, that they might become more pure in the sight of God, or the Great Spirit, as they called that being. After they have proved themselves before their people by performing so-called miracles, such as holding their hands and arms in boiling water and not being burned, shot with poisoned arrows and not harmed, bitten by rattlesnakes and not poisoned, and many other tests that I have witnessed, they are accepted as holy or wise men. The Indians believe that they can get the word direct from God, or the Great Spirit, the same as the wise men and seers of old used to do. I have asked these intelligences to tell me about the cause of the earthquakes and tidal waves, and they explain it like this: "They say volcanoes are the safety valves of the earth. That the rim of the earth is gradually cooling. As it cools it contracts, making the pressure on the hot lava in the interior greater. At last something must give way, this rim must crack open, or the volcanoes must burst forth and emit this compressed lava.

"Sometimes it is relieved in one way, sometimes in another. Should the earth crack in midocean, where the crust of the ocean fill in and there is a great explosion as the water strikes this great bed of hot lava, large masses of the rim are thrown up and islands appear. Sometimes they stay on the surface of the ocean, sometimes they fall back and are again covered with water, but the upheaval so lifts the water that a great wave is started for the shore that carries death and destruction in its way.

"Many of the old safety valves in the earth are now closing up; only a few remain. The crust is becoming so thick that the cooling process is more slow."

Liked Prison.

Sir Alfred Reynolds, who has done a great deal for British unfortunates, says that when a young girl goes to prison for the first time it is for her a very dreadful thing. He tells of a case which came under his notice as a visiting justice. A young girl, when she found herself in the prison, was utterly overcome with shame and became hysterical. The matron consoled her by saying: "When her time came to be released the girl said to the matron: 'I've been so happy that I shan't mind coming back again.'"

WATER SUPPLY OF PANAMA

Elevated Reservoir Holding Vast Quantity Furnishes the City Plentifully.

Writes John F. Wallace in the Engineering Magazine: The system consisted of a main impounding reservoir, at an elevation of approximately 235 feet above the level of the sea, containing enough water to supply the city of Panama with 2,000,000 gallons daily, an average of the basis of 30,000 population, which was at least 50 per cent. in excess of the present number of inhabitants. This water was to be conducted to the immediate vicinity of Panama through a 16-inch main, and discharged into an auxiliary reservoir of 1,000,000 gallons capacity, situated at an elevation of approximately 150 feet above the sea level in the immediate vicinity of Panama, from which the water was conducted through a 20-inch pipe to a connection with the distributing system in the city.

Numerous delays occurred in the construction of this water supply system, due to the fact that the last shipment of 16-inch pipe for the water main did not arrive on the Isthmus until May, 1905—eight months after the requisition for it had been issued. The system was in final readiness for the delivery of water in the city of Panama at the close of June, 1905, although the auxiliary reservoir and the full local distribution would still require several months for completion.

Even in the United States it is rare indeed that a water supply of this magnitude is conceived, designed and executed in so short a time, and considering the delays in securing the material and especially the difficulty experienced in obtaining the proper quality and quantity of labor, the result of this particular installation was certainly gratifying. And the credit therefor is due to Mr. Carlotta E. Davis and his efficient staff of assistants.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN RIGHT.

Pet Phrase of a Store Clerk, Repeatedly Used, May Have Hit the Mark.

A clerk in a clothing store in southern New Hampshire, had an amusing habit of using, on all sorts of occasions, the expression, "That helps some." If a customer came in and found a suit of clothes of the right pattern, even though the price was too high for him to think of buying, the clerk would utter the consoling words, "That helps some." If the clothes were cheap enough, but were several sizes too large or too small, still he would remark, "That helps some."

One day a lady came into the store and asked to be allowed to see an assortment of neckties. The polite clerk spread out an array of these goods for her inspection, and while she was making her selection he noticed that she looked exceedingly sad and tearful. The clerk ventured some commonplace remark, which led the woman to explain that her burden was a very heavy one; that she was left with but little money and with several small children to support. "My husband," she said at last, "has gone to a better world."

GROWTH OF SOUTHWEST.

Great Increase in Population Shown in Texas and the Territories.

Southwestward the course of empire is taking its way. That region's expansion is greater since 1900 than it was prior thereto. Not only are Texas and its two territorial neighbors on the north keeping up their old gait, but Arkansas, Arizona and New Mexico are showing an increase not previously touched, says the Metropolitan.

From the Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and New Orleans gateways, by way of the many railroads which are extending their operations either by lengthening their main lines or by annexing branches running in all directions, there is a vast influx of people these days into the section between Missouri's and Kansas' southern border and the Gulf of Mexico and between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains and the Rio Grande.

Snail's Sense of Smell.

Emil Jung, a professor in the University of Geneva, says that snails perceive the odor of many substances, but only when not far away. In order to prove this it is necessary merely to dip a glass rod in a strongly smelling substance and bring it near the large tentacles of a snail in motion. If it is put close to these horns, the tentacles are violently drawn back. As the animal perceives the odor, it changes its course. Snails also smell by means of their skin. Contact is not necessary for the mere vicinity of a perfume causes an indentation of the skin.

Australian Rabbit Traps.

In two traps, set at a small water hole on an Australian ranch, 630 rabbits have been caught alive in one night. The traps used were ingenious devices which let the rabbits out, one by one, as fast as they are trapped, into a small yard made of portable wire fencing.

Russia's Naval Loss.

The total value of the Russian warships either sunk by the Japanese or captured by them in the recent war has been found by the Russian ministry of marine to amount to no less a sum than \$138,850,000.

OUR POULTRY IN ENGLAND

Only the Best Quality Desired. But That Fetches Good Prices.

At the present time there are placed on the London market quantities of American poultry at prices ranging from 14 to 18 cents per pound. Only the best quality are desired; roasting chickens should weigh three and a half to four pounds each, possibly five pounds. They should be properly graded as to weight and quality, care being taken that no old birds are sent, as this would prove fatal to the whole consignment. They should be wrapped in grease proof paper, packed 12 in a box, with the net weight marked on the end. A few capons might be sent, but no broilers.

In England the whitest flesh is considered best for table purposes. The home breeds are Dorkings, Old English Game and Scotch Greys, and the foreign varieties of La Fleche, Du Bresse and Houdan, all these being considered first-class. The ideal shape are long and deep in body, broad in breast, and have large wings. Unusually long in body or keel, it is impossible for it to carry the same amount of flesh.

Great Britain makes large imports of poultry, chiefly from Russia, Austria, Italy and France. Only the best class comes from France. Imports from other countries being medium to poor in quality, although showing some improvement of late years. The best market is London, and March, April and May are the best months. Transport from America is easy, with through rates from New York to London. Care should be taken to ship in the refrigerators on the steamers. There is no duty on poultry entering England, but all goods entering Central Market pay \$1.10 per ton, which includes packing in market. Five per cent. commission is charged. The best plan for selling American poultry would be to have an agent in London for the reason that the goods would then be placed all over the market, whereas if consigned to one firm there would not be the same opportunities for sale or profit.

Eggs could not be profitably shipped from America to England.

STRATAGEM OF SMUGGLERS

Italian Street Musicians Carried Ductile Goods in Their Accordions.

Smuggler's wit has invented a new stratagem in fraud. On both sides of the Franco-German border in the Alsace region are hundreds of Italians employed in the metallurgical establishments, and as it would be accepted as a maxim that wherever there are Italians there also are strolling accordion players, the presence of these pariahs excites no surprise on either side of the border. It occurred to an Italian with smuggling instincts that in this fact lay rich possibilities.

He had an accordion especially constructed with chambers for carrying cigars and brandy from the German side, and taking back expensive laces from the French side. The man is an accomplished player, and on Sundays he combined smuggling with amusements, playing bewitching dance airs over the border, to which companion accomplices capered expressively.

On the French side there was a confederate innkeeper, through whom contraband goods were exchanged. The traffic had gone on a long time unsuspected, and might have gone on indefinitely had not impunity at length raised up a fatal presumption. On a recent Sunday evening the smugglers actually emptied their loaded accordion in sight of the customers in the bar, and one of these, a retired French customs officer, promptly informed his colleagues.

WOMEN KNOW HOW TO DRIVE

Many Are Now Informed as to Handling of Horses and Car Be Trusted.

It is not many years ago that anything in the shape of a horse was supposed to be good enough for a woman, says Country Life in America. It was the popular idea among those who knew that given a good horse a woman could run it in less than a year. All this has changed among the intelligent women, however. Nowadays the women know how to handle a horse—that is those who use their brains and have watched the real horseman at his work, so this question of sex is not as important as it was at one time. Of course there are thousands of women who know little or nothing about the horse, but with the great number of horse shows all over the country their education is progressing fast, and it will not be long before almost any horse with a reasonable disposition can be safely trusted to a woman and be driven or ridden without damage. At the same time there are ladies' and men's horses, not due to the fact that the animals will be handled by the different sexes, but because they require different characteristics according to the persons in charge of them.

Nature's Balance.

Man has signed more than any other animal in trifling with nature's balance. Clover crops and the killing of hawks are, apparently, unrelated, yet the hawks eat the field mice, the field mice prey on the immature bees, and the bees fertilize the clover blossoms. The death of the hawks means an over-abundance of field mice and the consequent destruction of the bees.—Country Life in America.

ACTING OF THE AMATEUR.

Illustrative Instance of the Work of Ambitious But Incompetent Beginners.

It is surprising to discover how very differently people who have played acts all their lives deport themselves before the footlights. Writes Richard Mansfield, in Atlantic. I was acquainted with a lady in London who had been the wife of a peer of the realm, who at one time had been a reigning beauty, and who came to me, longing for a new experience, and imploring me to give her an opportunity to appear upon the stage. In a weak moment I consented, and, as I was producing a play, I cast her for a part which I thought she would admirably suit—that of a society woman. What that woman did and didn't do on the stage passes all belief. She became entangled in her train, she could neither sit down nor stand up, she shouted, she could not be persuaded to remain at a respectful distance, she insisted upon shrieking into the actor's ears, and she committed all the untrained country wench. But because everybody is acting in private life, everybody thinks he can act upon the stage, and there is no profession that has so many critics. Every individual in the audience is a critic, and knows all about the art of acting. But acting is not a teach people how to act, acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting is acting acting.

SHE WOULD SPANK DARLING

Five-Year-Old Was Pumping in the Questions Too Fast for Mother.

They were strolling through one of the uptown parks, plainly mother and daughter, the latter a child between five and six years of age. The daughter evidently is learning the letters, and has the regular order of the alphabet well in her little mind, relates the New York Sun.

Passing under a big oak tree, the mother stopped and picked up a handful of acorns with their caps that had fallen from the tree.

"Look, Kathie," she said to the child, "you can take these home for cups and saucers for doily."

"What are they, mamma?" cried the delighted child.

"Acorns," said the mother.

"Why not B-acorns?" said the interested little one.

"Because they grow on that oak tree," said the wise mother.

"Then why not O-acorns?" queried the deep thinking little one.

"I'll spank you, darling, when we get home if you ask me any more such foolish questions," answered the affectionate mother.

NORWAY EXPORTS SEAWEED

An Industry That Has Surpassed Fishing and Agriculture in That Country.

Seaweed selling is the price of certain Norwegian prosperity. The gathering of seaweed in southwestern Norway has assumed the proportions of a large industry, which has surpassed fishing and agriculture in fortune building. Farmers collect the apparently worthless growth, burn it, and use the ashes to representatives of various manufacturing industries in their countries. These ashes contain valuable chemical properties, including iodine. Oil debts have been paid and small farms that were isolated and surrounded by unproductive land have had their boundaries and clearing of draining of marshes and clearing of rocky wastes that have not been utilized or productive since the stone age. Twenty years ago there was not a mowing machine in the district, while now there are mowers, hay rakes, harrows, and other modern machinery on nearly every farm. Modern dwellings and barns for grain and stock have replaced the ancient huts. The transformation has been so great that farming in this locality has become veritable American.

Taking the First Step.

The Bashful—Ah! I am so happy. I wouldn't let myself even hope that you would accept me.

The Girl—Well, you see a fortune teller told me yesterday that my second marriage would make me happy and wealthy, and you know, of course, I had to get my first marriage over with.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Modern Sunday.

Mamma (returning from church)—Why, Willie, take your wheel into the back yard. You must not play in the front yard on Sunday.

Willie (protestingly)—But, mamma, isn't it Sunday in the back yard too?—Lippincott's.

Two Forms of Courage.

Tom—I can't imagine anything more difficult than to tell a girl that you love her. I tell you it takes courage.

Dick—Yes, but think of the courage it takes to tell a girl that you don't love her after you've once told her that you did.—Stray Stories.

Evenly Bad Tempered.

Mrs. Whyte—Is your husband even tempered?

Mrs. Browne—Well, yes, I suppose so. Sometimes he's even bad tempered.—Somerville Journal.

Pity 'Tis

We have most of our generous impulses at the times when we have's means to put them into execution. N. Y. Press.

KNIFE CURE FOR SNORING.

Operation on the Soft Palate, Says This Authority, Will Remove Cause.

A long-time reader begs for a cure of the snoring habit. "Yes," he says, "I am a snorer from way back, and what that means any member of my family can tell, as all have had to suffer through it many a sleepless night. If you know something against snoring please hasten to my rescue." Well, no man knows when he snores, because he is in deep sleep and slumber profound, says the New York Press. If his habit of stertorous breathing is an affliction to his family let him call in the household surgeon and have both his soft palate and uvula removed. For, be it understood, snoring is breathing in such a manner as to cause a vibration of the organs mentioned. If thy throat offend thee, pluck it out!

The lamented John A. Morris was a mighty snorer. On board his steam yacht Cora he built a snoring room in which he hermetically sealed himself for the afternoon nap. This room was walled with a material that was a non-conductor of sound and the old gentleman could snore, strike kypors and rend bowdizers to his heart's content without disturbing a soul.

At the paternal home of the Morris on Throck's neck John A. Morris imitated the snoring room in the Cora to a large extent. At some little distance from the south side of the house he erected a room of glass. The foundations were of steel and there were sundry and certain appliances for deadening sound. In this apartment the sage slept. If our long-time reader can sleep on his face, so that when the soft palate and uvula in a state of relaxation do not interfere with the breathing apparatus, he will make no noise during the night. If he were to sleep on one side or the other with his mouth shut and could avoid disturbance of the aura there would be dead silence also. But the trouble in New York's peculiar atmosphere is that a person's nasal cavity fills with mucus about bedtime and breathing through the nose is an utter impossibility.

MANY LEARNED IMMIGRANTS

Among Last Year's Arrivals Were Twelve Thousand Professional Men.

Last year more than 12,000 professional men were among the immigrants who arrived in this country. There were 193 physicians from England, 180 from Germany, 61 from Scandinavia, 196 from Italy and 94 under the designation Hebrew.

There were 141 English lawyers, 21 Scotch lawyers, 39 South American lawyers, 40 from France and 70 from Cuba.

There were 1,157 artists, of whom 446 were from England, 180 from Germany, 116 from Italy, 63 from France, 25 from Russia and 4 from Ireland.

Some 1,525 musicians came to the United States as immigrants last year, of whom 342 were Hebrews, 327 Germans, 96 English, 278 Italians and 49 Poles.

In all 2,256 teachers came to the United States, of whom 322 were Hebrews, 365 French, 23 English, 146 Irish and 474 German.

There were 545 architects, 1,473 clergymen, 1,583 engineers, of whom 645 were Englishmen and 810 painters and sculptors. Of this last number 138 were Italians, 179 German, 131 French, 141 English and 17 Scotch. One was described as "African, black."

There were 14 Chinese teachers and 10 Chinese actors. There were also, though there is nothing to corroborate the government's statement in this regard, three Chinese musicians.

MARSHALL FIELD'S ADVICE.

Embodied in His Words to Young Man Who Tried to Sell Him Bonds.

A young bond salesman for a New York house interviewed the late Marshall Field in the spring of 1905 with a view to selling him a number of Pennsylvania railroad guaranteed bonds, yielding a little less than four per cent. "Young man," said Mr. Field, "relates World's Work, 'you are only wasting my time and yours. I like your bonds. When the trustees of my estate come to investing the interest on my investment I hope they will buy that kind of bonds, but I am a business man, and do not care to put a large part of my surplus in a fully developed property any more than I should care to buy out a business enterprise that seemed to me to have reached the limit of its growth, no matter how solid it might be. Your bonds are too good for me.' Mr. Field it will be noted, invested his surplus on the same principle upon which he built up his business, namely, to put the money where it has a chance to grow.

Immigrants to Hawaii.

The number and nationality of labor immigrants to Hawaii from 1852 to 1905 were as follows: Koreans, 6,908; Chinese, 44,494; Japanese, 111,137; South Sea Islanders, 2,438; Norwegians, 615; Germans, 1,279; Italians, 84; Austrians, 372; Portuguese, 11,440; Porto Ricans, 5,000; negroes, 209; white Americans, 160; Russians, 119; total, 184,187.

King and Mystic Number.

George III. was wondering how the apple got into the dumpling.

"That's easy," replied the court, "but how do you suppose the 20 got tacked onto your III?"

Where? The answer to the question was given by the N. Y. Sun.

TRUE FRIEND OF "BUMS."

Evangelist Who Devoted His Life to Men of His Former Station.

A very good proportion of men are "bums." Why, comes within that huge question of the mystery of souls. Some, no doubt, are born bums, some acquire bunniness and others have it thrust upon them, says The Reader. In a civilization as commercial, individualistic and aggressive as our own, the last class is a large and pitiable one. But perhaps any bum is pitiable—pitiable because of deficient will or energy, inherited appetite or feeble cerebration, wasted strength in childhood or a luckless beginning. But no man, however consummate his bunniness, likes to be without friends. One may go further and say that no man deserves to be without friends. One of those who realized this to superlative degree was the Rev. Samuel Hopkins Hadley, for 20 years the superintendent of the Jerry McAuley mission in New York. Mr. Hadley was himself, at one time, a "bum," though he came of a good family and had received an education. Liquor was the cause with him, as it is with the major part of all such unfortunates. But he was saved by a revelation of Divine power and kindness, or, in the language of the old-time Protestant, he experienced conversion. He reformed, and spent his life in helping beaten and broken men. His impulse to reformation came while he was in a low saloon. Suddenly, about him, as about Saul, "a great light shone," and he knew that God was a fact and His beneficence available even for the most abject. His life of unwavering devotion to the wanderers and drunkards, the thieves and despairing, was evidence to the reality of this vision. "My poor bums! My poor bums!" was his plaint in the days when he lay fainting death.

OUR NEW PACIFIC TRADE.

Great Steamers and Cargoes of the Present Contrasted with Those of Early Days.

If you would be impressed by a final proof that the dreamers of yesterday are the builders of today, you should see one of the J. Hill's new steamers sailing for Japan and China and Manila, and then recall the kind of liners that were on the Pacific a few years ago, writes Ralph D. Paine, in Outlook. The Minnesota and Dakota swallows 20,000 tons of cargo, which is the burden of 500 freight cars. They carry 3,000 passengers when the Hata are full. Their tonnage is 22,000, or 2,000 tons greater than any other vessel in the Pacific trade. And looking for a further back-water, one finds that the Minnesota is almost 20 times larger than the far-famed clipper of the age of sail, whose Titanic she is to the commerce of the Pacific.

A century ago a Salem bark of only 200 tons (a hundred of her like could be stowed in the holds of the Minnesota or Dakota) made one of the first voyages around the Horn to the new northwest coast. She mounted eight guns and her cargo consisted of "bread-cloth, blanket, blanket powder, muskets, watches, tools, beads and looking glasses," for trading with the painted natives.

On a recent voyage the Minnesota carried to the Orient 70 locomotives, more than a hundred railway cars, 1,000 kegs of wire nails and half a million dollars' worth of hardware, machinery, flour and other products of the mills, the mines, the farms and the factories that, even from the far-away Atlantic coast, seek new outlets toward the setting sun.

"HIS TRANSPARENCY."

Title Which Would Not Be the Least Unfitting to President Roosevelt.

In Bermuda last winter I met a Catholic priest, writes John Burroughs, in Atlantic, who had sat on the platform at some place in New England very near the president while he was speaking, and who said, "The man had not spoken three minutes before I loved him, and had anyone tried to molest him, I could have torn him to pieces." It is the quality in the man that instantly inspires such a liking as this in strangers that will, I am sure, safeguard him in all public places.

I once heard him say that he did not like to be addressed as "His Excellency," he added laughingly, "They might just as well call me His Transparency, for all I care." It is this transparency, this direct, out-and-out, unequivocal character of him that is one source of his popularity. The people do love transparency—all of them but the politicians.

A friend of his one day took him to task for some mistake he had made in one of his appointments.

"My dear sir," replied the president, "where you know of one mistake I have made, I know of ten." How such a snarl must make the politicians shiver!

Old Help Best.

An Englishman who is a large employer of labor has been investigating the arguments of those who say the workingman under modern conditions becomes at an early age a "louse." He has kept a record of all accidents that have incapacitated men for three days and upward. To people engaged in his employment he is from 15 to 85 years of age, and he has more than 300 accidents during the year. He says: "I would much rather employ an exceptionally dangerous old man over 50 than to one of your age."