

Training Husband

Begin Task Early—Be Courageous and Philosophic

By MRS. LEONARD MARSHALL.



HUSBANDS are what we make them. If a husband is properly trained in the way he should go, he will become quite an endurable male specimen of humanity.

The great point is to start from the first. Unfortunately, the young wife is fond and foolish, and the moon of honey is very sweet. Edwin is such a darling just at the outset that she is blind to all the faults which are going to make her life miserable later on. If Angelina knew, she would treat her dear lord like an antagonist; she would lay in wait for the opportune moment to come, and pour balm over the wounds she had inflicted. No man loves the submissive slave. It is the struggle for the mastery, the taming of the tigris that charms him, for man is a born hunter, and the pursuit of the elusive prey is dearer to him than the dove that never will take wing!

The husband spoiled in the first months of his married life rapidly becomes demoralized. He is, metaphorically speaking, in slippers. He is a hero, too, for he knows how that little wife of his adores him!

Vanity (men are vain than women) works havoc with his reason. His sense of possession becomes unendurable even to the blind little mate who has sworn to love, honor and obey.

The remedy is the thing, and it takes a dose of courage and philosophy to administer it.

The first step is to be on the alert. The husband will presently begin about the housewifely virtues of his sainted mother. She never allowed her servant to leave a room dusty; her pie-crust, and so forth. Do not, my dear woman, allow this secret sorrow to prey upon your soul.

Tell him firmly that he can go home and eat his sainted mother's pie-crust, and that as to the dust, you will speak to the servant, and that is the best you can do! There may—there will be—a row, but stand your ground; your first battle is decisive. Use those subtle arts we are versed in to make the man understand that women are felicitous—if you stroke the right way, life is harmonious; if not, the results are deplorable.

Do not be too eternally sweet, neither should you smother him with "duddy dears." Blow hot and cold by turns, treat him to every caprice, keep him on the rack to know what you will do next and he will adore you, because he will not have had the opportunity of developing those despotic instincts which are growing in his heart.

He will come to you and tell you that he needs fresh air (you do not, of course), and thinks of going with a friend for a spin in the country on Sunday. You, poor, foolish child, will tell him that you are sure it will do him good. Result—you can sit at home and spin for every Sunday while the fine weather lasts. Edwin is going back to his boon companions and the joys of his bachelorhood, with the added bliss of a nice little woman at home to cook the supper and darn the stockings.

I once knew a resolute little woman who went down for a week to the seaside the second time her husband left her in solitary splendor at home. Then, again, the first—the very first time Edwin bullies you about the dinner in the presence of the servant, pay her a month's wages next day! "Why, my dear, where is Jane? Is she ill?" "No, Edwin; but as I could not live in the house with a servant who heard me insulted and would henceforward question my authority, I have dismissed her from my service." Tableau.

The mere man can always be made to feel through his pocket—money appeals to him when nothing else will.

Love's Law Rules World

By DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS

Whenever we find a great effect we pass instantly to the inquiry: "What great cause produced it?" For example, here is the rapid growth of Christianity. It began a golden dot on the map; now its banners wave over two continents. It began with the Christ on Mount Olivet; in 40 days it numbered 3,000, in 100 years a half million, and now it rules the minds and hearts of 600,000,000. So wonderful is the effect that we cast about for a cause equally powerful. The proverb runs, no golden conduct from leaden motives. Once Philistinism offered men the ethics of mud; the old world philosophies offered leaden motive and iron penalties; occasional teachers, like Buddha, spoke with a silver tone, but golden conduct began with the golden rule. That law of love that fell from Christ's lips, was interpreted by Christ's life, enforced by his death, and made powerful by his living presence, alone can furnish an adequate explanation of the virtues of Christianity.

Now, despite the pessimism of some in high places, many of our greatest industrial leaders are making the law of Christ to be the golden rod with which they are laying out their lives. Let us believe that our brother men are just as anxious to fulfill the law of Christ as you and I are, and are more successful in their plans. Despite what has been said, most lawyers are not the hired tools of evil clients.

Most of the industrial leaders are not corrupt grafters. One swallow does not make a spring—no—that is true; but neither does one red bough showing disease in the leaf in June argue winter on a summer's day. Last week I read the account of a meeting of the directors of a railroad system. These rich men decided not to reduce the wages of the engineers, conductors, switchmen, flagmen, but those rather to cut the dividends on their stock to three per cent.

One of the most terrible railroad strikes ever precipitated in this country was due to the fact that in 1893 a railroad magnate in the time of panic cut the wages of his workmen a third at a single stroke, while he insisted that his dividends should remain at ten per cent. Capital was everything. Workmen, cold, hungry and starving, were nothing. The dollar must have its ten per cent; the soul can have what is left, if a crust remains. That selfishness of capitalist leaders is passing as surely as gladiatorial games have gone. The new Christian regime is on. That action of these railroad directors, under the lead of a noble president, publishes the whole story.



WOMAN IS CERTAINLY DEAD

FALSE TEETH OF MRS. GUNNESS FOUND IN ASHES OF HOME.

Prosecutor Smith Will Demand Death for Lamphere—Asserts He is Ready for the Trial.

Laporte, Ind. — If anything additional were needed to prove the contention of Sheriff Smelter and Prosecutor Smith that Mrs. Bella Gunness, at whose door are laid an even dozen deaths, is dead, it was supplied Tuesday, when Louis Schultz, the expert miner, found in the ashes of the Gunness house the upper and lower bridges, containing the false teeth of the woman.

The lower set of teeth fitted exactly with the description and diagram furnished by Dr. L. P. Norton, the dentist, who built the bridge, and who identified the teeth positively as those of Mrs. Gunness. In view of the unmitigated evidence, Prosecutor Smith stated that he would probably render an official finding that the burned adult female body was that of Mrs. Gunness. The grand jury continued its labors all day, ten witnesses being examined. Prosecutor Smith is of the opinion that the entire week may be consumed before the grand jury is ready to make its report.

There is little expectation that the trial of Lamphere will take place this spring, although State Attorney Smith made the statement that he will be ready for trial next week. "I am ready to go to trial now," was the statement of Mr. Smith. "I believe I will bring Lamphere to trial the first of next week, unless the defense forces a postponement, and I am positive that he will hang. Our evidence against him is too strong for any jury to question his guilt and I am more than confident that a life sentence will not serve the ends of justice in his case."

Laporte, Ind. — The autopsy on the remains of the seven unidentified dead, exhumed from Mrs. Gunness' private burial ground, was completed Monday evening and revealed the astounding fact, according to the reports of Dr. F. T. Wilcox and George R. Osborne, that one of the seven was a female.

BAD FLOOD AT MELLEN, WIS.

People Driven from Homes and City Power House Swamped.

Ashland, Wis.—A violent rainstorm swept over the northern part of Wisconsin, at Mellen, Ashland county, the dam went out Monday morning. Hundreds of people were driven from their homes in the darkness by the flood, and cows and other stock were killed. The bridges went out. The power house was flooded and the dynamo destroyed. Communication between the two parts of Mellen, where the city schools and mills are shut down and the city will be in darkness for several days on account of damage to the lighting plant. Families are camped on the surrounding hills.

DECIDES FOR ROOSEVELT.

Court Declares President Had Right to Dismiss a Negro Soldier.

New York. — The right of President Roosevelt summarily to dismiss a negro soldier of the Twenty-fifth Infantry for alleged participation in the riot at Brownsville, Tex., was sustained Friday by Judge Hough in the United States district court.

Oscar W. Field, the soldier, sued the government to recover \$122 as wages from the date of his dismissal to the expiration of his enlistment. District Attorney Stinson contended that the president had a right to dismiss the soldier. Judge Hough sustained this contention and directed a judgment in favor of the government.

Rest Freight Rate Increases.

Chicago. — Deliberations of commercial organizations, representing the east and middle west of this country, Friday in conference at the Congress hotel took decisive action to prevent the proposed increase in freight rates by the railroads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio river. As a result of the day's work the leaders among the business men feel that the move of the railroads to saddle an additional \$100,000,000 in freight charges on the shippers of the territory described has been checked.

Battle with Constable's Posses.

Cincinnati.—In a battle Tuesday between anti-liquor posses from Smith to C. V. Dill's court, Reading, and Charles Jones and his four sons, barricaded in their home between Reading and Pleasant Run, four men were shot, and it is believed, one of them will die. The victims were Charles Jones and his son, Charles, Jr., who was seriously wounded, and Joseph H. Bodd, and Henry Bodd, deputy constables. Revolvers and repeating rifles were used by the combatants. The officers went to replenish a horse.

Evans on General Navy Board.

Washington.—Secretary McCall has detailed Admiral Rodgers to head the duty with the general board of the navy which has to do with the preparation of plans for naval campaigns, for use in time of war.

Girl Killed in a Runaway.

Northampton, Mass.—In a runaway accident Monday night Miss Ethel Burroughs of Summerville, a member of the senior class at Smith college, was thrown from a carriage and instantly killed.

CANTON--CHRISTMAS ABOARD SHIP

The Funny Things One Sees in Smiling Round the World

By MARSHALL P. WILDER

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Canton, in spite of its dirt, in spite of its myriad and insistent smells, is fascinating. Beside the ordinary sights of street life that are like a landscape of the East, there is a tall and stately pagoda to be seen, the "How-I" pagoda, your guide will tell you. Another, known as the "Preston" pagoda, built in the year 1400, stands at the point of the citadel, the culminating point of the city wall, the ramparts of which are decorated with grotesque little cannon of a bygone age, resting in worn-out and rotting wooden gun carriages.

Another sight of Canton is Examination hall, an institution peculiarly Chinese. Here are 7,500 cells in rows, the four open to the air. They are only four feet by three, and their only furniture a couple of boards, laid crosswise, one for a seat and the other for a writing desk.

Here the civil service examinations take place for the whole province. Students who wish to compete enter a hall, where they remain for three days and nights, absolutely alone, and guarded by soldiers to see that they have no communication with each other, and no outside contact.

The examination lasts nine days altogether, in groups of three, with intervals of three days in between, during which they go outside. It is exceedingly arduous for them, is not room for comfortable sleep, and the tests are very severe.

It is, however, the ambition of every man to pass this examination if he can. Some old students have been known to go there every three years for months without passing. Out of perhaps 6,000 or 7,000 never more than 300 pass, generally much less.

A man who passes is then eligible for any magistracy office in the provincial government, and if he is still more ambitious and can pass the examination at Peking, as well, he is eligible for metropolitan offices.

So that in China education is the only patent of nobility. In this respect it is one of the most democratic countries in the world, for a man may rise from the lowest rank to a high position.

Only three castes are prohibited from competing for the examinations, barbers, actors and chiropodists, who are prohibited from most things, as well as their descendants for three generations.

The good ship Prinz Eitel Friedrich bore us bravely from Hong-Kong on our way to Hongkong, and also furnished an experience the like of which we had known neither before nor since. I refer to our Christmas dinner, which we ate amid surroundings so truly novel as to seem to us now almost as the passing of a dream.

The Eitel Friedrich was not merely a good, staunch ship; she was a magnificent appointed steamer—in short, a floating palace, and the dinner was a royal affair.



The Five-Story Pagoda.

mer which we ate—each smallest component part—had been sent to Canton free—was laid in at Bremen before the steamer sailed. The splendid tree, a big green fir, had been cut in Japan and lay strapped to the lower deck, lest some sudden cataclysm of the elements might roll it overboard and be lost. It was proved to be the most enjoyable part of our Christmas feast.

It was understood before leaving Hong-Kong that the most important part of the festivities, and the present, must be purchased there; so a pool was formed and the presents—lacking books, and purchased by a member detailed for the purpose—were handed up the ship's side in packages on the end of sticks, or hanging from strings, or small but sturdy nets, so that the lottery effect was maintained and no one could know what his neighbor held. This method, however, provoked a hearty laugh and much curiosity as to the ultimate fate of the gifts, each one being securely wrapped until the eventful day should appear.

The 24th of December dawned—not

as we should say in America, close and cold—but "muggy" and hot. Clothing, even of the thinnest sort, seemed superfluous; exertion, even the mildest, sent little streams of moisture trickling down towards one's shirt collar. But, never mind. It was Christmas—less, old Christmas eve, and if we were 6,000 miles—more or less—away from home, we were not going to have any less pleasure and happiness out of the occasion. So we donned our bravest attire and, summoned by the bugle, made our way with the rest of the passengers, also in full dress, to the dining saloon. Here a scene of marvellous beauty burst upon our eyes; but don't ask me to describe that table. Running the whole length of the gorgeous saloon it was decorated and twined and bowered with potted plants and vines, garlands and flags, the whole being set off by a most ingenious and beautiful arrangement of electric lights, that peeped out from every leaf and gold and dish as though some fairy wand had thrown them into glittering wonder. Little Swiss chalets, set amid masses of cotton and spangled icicles, gleamed with lights in every window; candles, as down through little ice-cages, lit up with fiery gleams; the hearts of Christmas roses sent out flashes of beauty, while at the head of the table was a snowman of life-like size and proportion, whose smile was as broad as his ample form.

Truly a wonderful sight. And the dinner, and many Christmas dinners, but this was absolutely

unique. The cuisine of the German steamers is world-famed, and justly so. The celebrated F. & O. has starved you to death in the most highly genteel manner. The insular exclusiveness of this ancient institution, like that of the most overrated Chinese, has sprung the same, and I bled the pocket of the wayfarer for nearly half a century, while the chilly halcyon of its officers has sent many a passenger to his grave with a frigid heart. Rudyard Kipling says that if you want a favor of one of these magisterial men, you must do it on your head before the chief officer and wave your feet supplicatingly in the air.

The serving of the Christmas dinner was truly gorgeous. The procession of waiters reached from the dining table to the kitchen, and each course was brought in with as much pomp as though it were a banquet to Old King Cole as we see it pictured in the children's holiday books.

The oysters, the soup, the fish, each served in its separate procession, and the turkey—oh, that turkey! borne aloft on a platter, accompanied by all the "trimmings," each with a separate server; while the gravy—words fail me. How shall I describe the gravy-bearer? A youth with solemn brow and stately step, who bore aloft upon one hand the dish of gravy, as though it were an offering to royalty. In the matter of style he certainly was all to the gravy!

With the dessert and coffee song and merriment came forth. Every conceivable Christmas good and Carol—not omitting the good old "Tannenbaum" of the Vaterland, which these German officers sing with a volume that made the dishes dance—was sung. And then, the tree!

This gorgeous piece of upholstery reached from the floor up into the which lantern, which is the nautical name for the open dome which rises far up almost out of sight from the saloon. Every year the decorations are brought out from their storied place and hung upon the tree, and most gorgeous are they to behold, glittering with electric lights and swaying to and fro with every motion of the vessel.

The distribution of presents was a jolly affair, and the evening's festivity. Some people got their own presents that they had bought in contributing to the pool, but they enjoyed them less. I cannot believe it was a handsome silver spoon, engraved with Chinese characters similar to those on the case which was presented to me by Mrs. Y. and I have no appetite for something to that effect.

The next day we arrived at Singapore, and it was an indescribable feelings that I stepped, shrouded in a glare of tropic sunlight, saying to myself, "Christmas day! It is impossible—I cannot believe it." It was indeed so. But it was, and I smiled as I said to a friend: "Well, were certainly in for a hot old time, all right, if nothing else!"

How Is Julia on Spitting Wood?

Miss Julia Chapman was a set of silver knives, forks and spoons in a board-sawing contest given by a medicine show in Stetson hall Wednesday evening. She went through her board before any of her competitors had got

started.—Fossils (Gre.) Journal.

FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.

John A. Enders, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argyl, Pa., cured for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were the sufferers showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills.

"The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away and since then have had no kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

AMENITIES.



"And you call yourself honest? Huh!"

"Sir, I keep the commandments." "That must be because you've got an idea that they belong to somebody else."

Not Such a Fool.

John was a Chinese. He had been employed as a cook in a family in San Francisco. During many years he never failed to be at his post of duty. One morning, however, his family was assembled for breakfast, but John was nowhere to be seen, nor did he send word what had happened to him. After several weeks he re-appeared with the symptoms of a severe cold still clinging to him. The master of the house greeted him by saying: "Well, John, we were wondering what had happened to you; but I see you have caught cold." John indignantly protested, saying: "Oh, no, sir; me no catches cold; me no such fool; coldie come to me."

Too Much of a "Drawing Card."

"Dear William," wrote the old man to the youth at college, "I'm so glad to hear that you are such a 'drawing card' that I know it long before you do. However, your 'drawing in' draws, but that's one kind which I must draw the line on here and now, and that is the sort that draws on me for \$50 when I'm least expected. You put Greek and Latin in yer letters, sometimes, fer good measure. I suppose that's the sort that when you draw on me it's allus in plain United States. I want you to go through all right, but I don't want you to bill me for more than a livin' chance to rest up. I'm tired!"

His Quick Recovery.

"I was so glad," said Oldcastle, "to see Dr. Goodlight in the pulpit again last Sunday. He had such a time of it. Dear me, it must be perfectly dreadful to have one's appendix removed. I read it so that I don't know what I should do if I had to undergo an operation. They said, when the doctor went to the hospital, that he wouldn't be out again for a month or more."

"I think it" replied her hostess as she started the diamond-studded phonograph, "but I guess he recuperated a good deal faster than they expected."

De Organ's Busted.

In a little church in Maryland, not far from Washington, the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arm of an industrious Irishman.

During a recent service there the clock got stuck, and to cap the climax, during the confusion that ensued, the organ suddenly stopped.

"The situation was not greatly relieved when I saw the organ rolling out into the auditorium a hoarse whisper: 'Sing, all you! Sing like the devil! De organ's busted.'—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

FIT THE GROCER

Write Me the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. In Cleveland a grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee, and must say that I was almost wrecked by my nerves. Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast, and did not feel like attending to my store duties."

"One day my wife suggested that I should try Postum, so I bought a box. Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared, and today I am all right, and I would advise everyone afflicted in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee. It is a Real Food. Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."