CHILDREN'S PAGE.

BANNER LEAD.

(An editorial by a ten-year-old.)

Now the bravest fellow wins in Banner Lead.

If you are so old that you have forgotten all about Banner Lead, I will explain it so you will know.

I will be the Leader. You will be the followers at first. Let's play!

We have all taken off our shoes, because I am going to do something that's hard to do when a felow's barefoot.

"I know a place where there are a lot of boards with nails sticking out of them.

Now I am walking on the nails and my feet are bare and the nails stick in and it hurts, but YOU have to follow the Leader.

Next you are the one to go ahead and do something fiercer and braver than I did.

I've walked on hot irons in a blacksmith shop with only my stockings on—because the Leader did it. And I have caught on trolley car steps for the same reason.

And I am sending this to the editor because I think that men and women play Banner Lead, too.

If a Frenchman crosses the English chanel in an airship, an American tries to cross the Atlantic in an airship.

If mamma gives a reception, Willie Jones' mamma tries to give a bigger one.

If Mr. Davis buys a piano, Mr. Adams buys an automobile, even if he has to mortgage his house to do so.

If Mrs. Scully gets a sealskin coat, Mrs. Russell buys one that's made of Russian sable, which costs more, my mamma says.

It looks to me like the little folks and the big folks are all playing Banner Lead, only the big folks don't call it that; they call it "keeping up appearances."

THE LOST CHILD.

I 'member when they cut my curls not very long ago,
Because they looked just like a girl's, and I'm a boy, you know;
I use dto wear 'em awful long, and one my Pa, he said,
It's time I had my curls cut off and wore short hair instead;
Because I'm big enough for that; and then they took the shears
And snipped my curls off one by one right close up to my ears,
But every time a curl came off, my mother, she just hid
Her face a little bit and cried. I wonder why she did?

And after 'while she picked up one and held it in her hand
With something shining in her eyes I didn't understand;
She petted it as if it was a little boy or girl,
And acted fond of it when it was nothing but a curl.
And after 'while they're all cut off and down there on the floor,
And I looked much more like a boy than I had been before;
Yet there was something in her eyes she tried and tried and tried
To brush away, but still it came. I wonder why she cried?

And after 'while I'm all trimmed off, and then my Pa, he said,
I'm not a baby any more, but I'm a boy instead.
And he is awful proud of me, and then my Ma, she smiled
And said we found a boy that day and lost a little child;
So I said I would hunt for him and bring him back, but then
She said she was afraid that he would not come back again;
And picked the curls I had all up from off the floor and hid
Them in her bureau drawer and cried. I wonder why she did?

—J. W. Foley, in Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MISER KING.

(By E. C. Webb.)

In a grim stone castle by the sea there lived a being who was a miser. All he thought of day after day was wealth, and each morning he marked from the calendar the number of days before the next year's taxes were due. And when at last the tax day arrived, and the heavy carts came trundling up to the palace gates full to the brim of golden pieces, he was so happy that he clapped his hands with glee and plunged his arms up to the elbow in the gold coins. Then he counted them all over one by one, stacked them in great piles on the table before him, and then carried them down to the huge vaults beneath the palace.

Now as the King never spent any of this money if he could possibly help it, it happened after a while that there was no gold left in the country, for every single coin of it was stored in his cellars. So the people told the King that they had no money left, and they wouldn't be able to pay any more taxes. But the King didn't like that idea a bit. And instead of saying, "Well, if you haven't any more gold, then you don't have to pay any more taxes, he answered, 'Well, if you haven't any gold, then you can pay me in jewels.'

So the people sighed and went back to their houses, and on the next day sent carloads of jewels to the palace gate. But after the King had kept up this plan for a few years the supply of jewels in the kingdom gave out. So the people came again to the palace, saying, "We have no more jewels, so we're afraid that after this we'll have to pay you in vegetables."

Now, the King didn't like this idea at all. He had no use for vegetables, for he knew he couldn't keep them stored up in his cellar for ever. So he got very cross indeed, and he said to the people, 'It's all nonsense, your offering me vegetables. Take the vegetables to the next kingdom and sell them, and bring me the gold.'

The people said it was a bother to go all the way to the next kingdom to sell vegetables, but the King said they must. Then they said they were afraid it would take them some time and the King said that was all the more reason for starting right away.

So the people set off with a long string of wagons full of vegetables, and the King sat down to wait for their return with as much patience as he could muster—which wasn't much. By the time they had gone two days he began to get very fidgety and he wandered round and round the palace, trying to think of a way to get hold of some gold. Suddenly in one of the corridors he came upon a beautiful maiden with long, golden curls.

Now, the King had spent so much of his time thinking of money that he didn't remember who she was, so he asked her what she meant by wearing out the stone corridors of the palace by walking on them. Then the beautiful maiden dropped a low courtesy, and replied:

If you please, sir, I'm your niece, and I'm walking here because I haven't anywhere else to walk.'

'Oh, yes,' said the King, remembering, 'You were left in my care, weren't you? And you've been eating three meals a day at my expense for years and years,' and he looked at her very disapprovingly. But all at once his disapproval melted away, and he smiled. He had a beautiful idea.

'My dear niece,' he said, 'go and put on your very best dress.'

'I'm sorry,' 'your majesty,' said the princess, 'but I haven't any dress except just this.

'Well, never mind,' said the King, 'go and—er—go—and—er—put a rose in your hair,' and he hurried off and sent swift messengers to the kings of all the neighboring countries, announcing that he had a princess for sale, and that she was to go to anyone who would pay her weight in diamonds.

As soon as the various kings and princes received their message they gathered together all their richest jewels and set off post-haste, for the fame of the beauty of the King's neice had spread in all the lands.

Now, the King had a great pair of scales made and set up in the palace yard, and when the kings and princes were assembled he sent for the princess and bade her stand on one side of the scales. Then the first King stepped forward and began to throw bags full of diamonds into the other side of the scales. He may have been an amiable king, but he was not very pretty, and at the sight of him the princess' heart became heavy. But, although he piled in the scales all the diamonds that he possessed, he was not able to outweigh the princess.

Then the next King stepped up, but when the princess looked at him and saw how enormously stout he was her heart grew no lighter, and although he threw in bag after bag of precious stones the scales did not waver.

Now her uncle was perfectly delighted when he discovered the weight of the princess, and while the rest of the kings and princes were trying in vain to make the scales tip, he stood by, rubbing his hands and chuckling with glee to see how much he was going to get for her.

At last all the kings had tried, and none had succeeded. Just as the princess was about to step from the scales a young knight rode into the courtyard. The princess turned and their eyes met. Immediately her heart gave such a bound that the scales almost lifted without any weight on the other side. Almost—but not quite.

The knight dismounted, and striding to the scales, threw in the jewel bag that he carried, and immediately the beam tipped and the princess was lifted from the ground.

To say that the miserly King was furious is to put it mildly. He was so angry that he couldn't speak for two weeks, and when he did speak it was to declare that from that time forward he resigned the crown and intended to go and live in a little hard stone cave, way up in the mountains, where he could think of his grievance to the end of time.

The people were not sorry to have him go, and the kingdom being thus left without a ruler the people made the young knight king, and he and the princess began their happy reign by returning to the people as a wedding present all the gold and jewels in the treasury.—Tribune.

WHAT I HEARD THEM SAY.

(From Our Dumb Animals.)

The dog and cat were sitting on the
hearth rug by the fire.
And the pet canary's cage was hanging
near,
And while I sat so quietly they thought
I was asleep.
They said these things so loudly I
could hear.
Said the cat: "'Tis really shocking
how I am mauled around
By the best brought-up children in
this town!
The little folks who live here, have no
feeling for their pets—
Now, would you like to be carried upside down?"

"Your woes, my dearest madam," the
dog politely said,
"Are very sad, I answer, so are mine.
My little master loves me—at least he
says he does—
And then forgets to feed me half the
time.
I run until I'm breathless, I try hard
to do my best,
(He always scolds and whips me when
I fail)
But tell me, dearest madam, pray how
would it suit you
To be sic'd and then held backward
by the tail?"

The canary, all this time, had sat with
drooping head.
"My friends," she said, "my trouble
is not nice,
It is almost a shame to mention, in polite society.
But you never in your lives were
plagued with lice!
They never let me have some dust or
I could kill the peste.
They let me get as dirty as can be.
All my seed is gone, this long time, but
some I do not like.
And my water cup's a dreadful sight
to see."

Just then I sneezed, or coughed—at least
they knew I was awake—
And you'd not believe they'd ever said
a word!
But I pass along this story, which is
true, you must admit.
Of their troubles and vexations, which
I heard.
Now, little boys and girlies, there are
pets within your home—
A birdie, or a doggie, or a cat—
Please remember what I've told you, of
what I heard them say,
When the cat, and dog, and birdie, had
a chat.

—Ethelyn Dyer.

Guymon, Okla.

DON'T LOOK FOR FLAWS.

Don't look for the flaws as you go
through life,
And if you happen to find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for virtue behind them.
For the darkest night has a hint of
light,
Somewhere in its shadow hiding,
And 'tis better far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the moon abiding.

ELLA C. WILCOX.

FOR THE EXCEEDINGLY GAY.

She Wanted Tan, She Got It, Now She Pines to Be Rid Of It.

Now that young women have had their summer's fun and have come home as brown as a berry they suddenly begin t olose pride in the thick coat of tan they weer at such pains to acquire. If only it would go as easily as it came! But it won't.

er ones are lemon juice, buttermilk, sour cream, benzoin used in the water for washing the face and old cider or apple vinegar. This last remedy is supposed to be especially effective. It is an old southern remedy recommended by a darky mammy.

A still stronger bleach is a 5 or 10 per cent. solution of peroxide of hydrogen left on the darkened skin overnight. This is harmless used externally and is very effectual in most cases, although even this requires time and patience.

For deeper burns and tans it is sometimes necessary to combine with this even more strenuous treatment—that of rubbing off the outer skin with powdered pumice or fine white sand. It is well to soften this rough treatment with soothing cold cream rubbed in with the pumice or sand. This may be done alternate nights or once in three or four days and the peroxide applied between times.

Nothing is better for a burn than heavy double cream left on the face over night. The steaming, combined with copious doses of cold cream well rubbed in, will soon conquer the roughness. If the hands are tanned you can adopt the same measures suggested for the face, but in addition it is well to rub a mixture of almond oil and French chalk into them at night, wearing loose white kid gloves.

PRESS, PULPIT AND PLATFORM.

The necessities of the time are leading to mutual helpfulness, and the feeling to hurt one is to hurt the whole.—Prof. Ripper, at Barnsley.

There were many critics of Christian missions, said Bishop Welldon at Manchester, but generally their confidence was equalled only by their ignorance.

"This is an age of superficiality; few things are done well except self-advertisement," said Archdeacon Morgan, in the course of a sermon at Bangor Cathedral.

If there is one thing which the artistic soul abhors more than another it is the individual who insists upon discussing art with an absolutely untutored mind.—Lord Mayor of Sheffield, at Sheffield.

"Every man who will work ought to be able to earn a living wage that will enable him and as many children as he can bring into the world to live."—Rev. G. C. Ommanney, at St. Matthew's, Sheffield.

A regular use of the toothbrush and an intelligent system of dieting would develop future generations with just as perfect teeth as were to be found in earlier ages.—Mr. A. W. Gant, at the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

"Don't call the places the poor live in 'homes.' Call them hovels, call them hells, garrets or cellars where whole families are crowded together in a single rooms with no regard for the elementary principles of morality."—Canon Denton Thompson, at Sheffield.

ONCE A QUADRUPED.

Kant readily accepts the doctrine that man was originally a four-footed animal, which, pari passu with its unique development of rationality and of the social instincts, assumed the upright attitude. His promptness in making the views of Moscati his own certainly indicates a general predisposition to evolutionary ways of thinking; and, if we had no other expressions of Kant's dealing with the subject more directly, it would be not unnatural to construe this assertion of the descent of civilized man from quadrupedal ancestors as equivalent to an assertion of the mutability of species. Yet the latter doctrine, it must be noted is nowhere expressed or directly implied in the review of Moscati; and it will presently become clear that Kant would not have regarded it as a legitimate inference from any of his admissions about the earlier condition of humanity. From the time of publication of this review to the end of his life Kant seems to have remained what may be called an anthropological evolutionist; but he deliberately refused to make the transition from this position to a general biological evolutionism.—Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy, of the John Hopkins University, in the Popular Science Monthly.

SUPPORTS A MILLION.

The automobile industry provides the means of livelihood for a million people, says Leslie's Weekly. First, there are the vast plants which have employed thousands of skilled builders in their construction. There are the plants devoted to making machinery for making the parts that enter into the motor car. There are the thousands upon thousands of skilled artisans employed in the making of the parts. There are thousands of salesmen engaged in the plan of distribution. Imagine yourself awakening tomorrow morning and finding the wheels of the motor-car industry stopped—stopped—not to start again. Imagine also several hundred thousand workmen suddenly cut off from the means of sustenance. Imagine then, the result to the tradesman, the merchant, the butcher, the grocer, the dry goods, the clothing and the shoe man, as well as the hundred and one others with whom these wages are spent, to say nothing of the stopping of the circulation of the cash beyond those points.

IMMUNITY OF THE HEDGEHOG.

The curious immunity of the hedgehog to take snake poison has often been the subject of scientific investigation. And some recent experiments show that it is also comparatively immune to the toxins of diphtheria and tetanus. The question, therefore, arises, does the hedgehog possess separate anti-toxins for all these various poisons. Such a number of separate anti-toxins existing at the same time in the blood of one animal seems highly improbable. That they should be formed to order on the advent of the corresponding toxin is still more unlikely. A more probable suggestion is the existence in the blood of the hedgehog of one powerful anti-toxin which is able to neutralize a number of different poisons. The hedgehog is apparently more resistent than most animals to cyanic poisons, but not to others.

Many a man hesitates to put his best foot forward for fear of stubbing his toe.

GREAT PATCHING.

Limb and Eye Grafting Tricks of the Doctors of the Future.

As a simple matter of fact, when old Cartwright came to the end the great research institute which he had founded had just begun the wonderful work in surgical grafting which now makes it possible—if no longer legal—to prolong human life indefinitely. It is, to be sure, true that in his ninety-sixth year, his right arm being entirely crippled with rheumatism, he found a lusty young emigrant to whom a hundred thousand dollars was full recompense for the loss of everything below his right elbow. But that was one of the first cases of limb grafting on the human subject and, although it was on the whole successful, it had some curious and embarrassing results. The muscles of that new and illiterate right arm had to be trained to write. Once the trick had been mastered and bank cashiers had become familiar with the revised signature the new right hand showed an alarming willingness to sign checks, which required constant watchfulness on the part of its present owner. Heretofore Cartwright had been distinguished by a suave and cautious diplomacy in dealing with those who attacked him. Now, when provocation offered, the bellicose right fist doubled itself up threateningly, and Cartwright earned a new reputation as a man of domineering, not to say, violent manner.

It is also truthfully recorded that when the sight of Cartwright's left eye became obscured, the cornea of a rabbit cleared the world for him. Otherwise he died as he was born—so far as his physical make-up is concerned—except for the cellular changes which, in the natural course of life, make a man over every seven years.—From "The Great Gift of Work," in December Technical World Magazine.

GRASSHOPPERS AND WATER MADE HILL RAILROAD KING.

HERE'S A COAT-OF-ARMS FOR YOU, JIM.

Grasshoppers made James J. Hill the biggest railroad king in America and at the same time brought him the major part of his reputed wealth of $100,000,000.

If it hadn't been for the grasshoppers Jim Hill might to-day be selling coal and wood in his little store down on the levee at St. Paul, Minn.

The grasshoppers did their work along in '75-6-7, when countless billions of them ate the farmers of the west and northwest out of their houses and homes; not a crop was raised; the country was literally eaten up by the swarming grasshoppers, and Jim Hill was "just a-sawing wood" in St. Paul.

The St. Paul & Pacific railroad had no freight to carry, the grasshoppers having beaten it to everything on the farms, and the railroad couldn't pay the interest on its bonds, miles upon miles of rails were stretched out throughout the great northwest. It grew to be the Great Northern and the Northern Pacifc; Morgan got his finger in the rich pickings and everybody waxed fat and prosperous except those on the outside, of course. A new set of millionaires was made.

Oceans of water were poured into the venture until Hill once remarked that the whole of Lake Michigan was held by Dutch capitalists.

Hill, with Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, and George Stephen, afterwards Lord Mountstephen, got it into their heads that the grasshoppers couldn't go on forever; that some day the farms would again be loading freight cars with wheat and then those old rusty rails would be valuable.

Stephen went over to Holland and for 40 cents got an option upon all of the bonds owned over there at about 30 cents on the dollar.

With three more canny Scotchmen they raised $283,000 and then one night every last grasshopper took wings and flew away. Nobody has ever learned to where they went or why they went; the next morning a person couldn't have found one with a search warrant and a magnifying glass.

Hill got busy taking farmers back to their deserted farms. He couldn't get enough cars to haul them back in time for that year's crop, and in the fall he couldn't get enough cars to cary their crops to the market.

"In four years," writes John Moody and George Kibbe Turner in the December McClure's, "their investment was worth $40,000,000."

Year by year their pile grew, in it. To-day all that water is paying huge dividends, and the canny coal-and-wood dealer of the St. Paul levee is the undisputed boss of over 2,000 miles of rails, earning every year nearly $200,000,000.

The grasshoppers' part was to bankrupt the old St. Paul & Pacific, otherwise Hill could never have gotten possession of it with his then very limited financial backing, and their limited just after Hill had obtained the options was, to say the least, very accommodating to the American "empire builder."

But still Hill doesn't like the grasshoppers. He has a man employed whose chief duty it is to tell the farmers along the Hill roads how to keep out the grasshoppers and their cousins the locusts.

OUT OF NEW NOVELS.

Little Sentences Jotted Down at the Fiction Shelves.

"Call a big house a shooting box and you impress the world at once."—"A Winter's Comedy," by Halliwell Sutcliffe.

"Whenever you find a man talking rot you may know he is perfectly happy."—"Fraser and Gold," by Dion Clayton Calthrop.

"Sometimes I wonder there isn't a place like Whiteley's where one could hire a young man to be engaged to by the week, only to keep mothers quiet."—"According to Maria," by Mrs. John Lane.

"Women will go far in certain moods, far beyond their own fears and nearer to the dictates of temper than a man would dare. Let the stress be great enough, and the kindest of them will become as the most cruel, the gentlest as one actually criminal."—"The Girl With the Red Hair," by Max Pemberton.

"It is the last love that makes a fool of the woman, and the first love that makes a man look as foolish as he is."—"Tower of Ivory," by Gertrude Atherton.

"When a girl starts rising above her position there is no stopping her. Talk of ambitious men! Why, they don't dream of the pinnacles to which ambitious women aspire!"—"The Fall of a Saint," by Eric Clement Scott.

TYPEWRITER BY MAIL.

How the Franking Privilege Is Abused In the U. S.

Senator Benejamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina, had a typewriter. The government had purchased it for his official use, and he was in the habit of taking it to his home in South Carolina during the recess of congress, to aid him in getting out his official correspondence.

Senator Tillman's typewriter reached Washington on the last return trip January 5, 1909. It came into the central post office with one of those mysterious things, a congressional frank, attached to it. In other words, Senator Tillman's name was written across a piece of paper, which was expected to pass current for any quantity of postage stamps that might otherwise have been required.

Now, the congressional frank is anything but a mysterious instrument when properly viewed. It was given by a lenient public to its legislative servants for certain specified purposes: To send parts of the Congressional Record, speeches and public documents to those persons who want them; to send government seeds out in small quantities to a member's constituents; and for the conduct of official correspondence, when such official letters do not weigh more than two ounces.

Senator Tillman's typewriter paused in the Washington post office. It was viewed by various under-officials of the service, and finally by the postmaster at Washington himself. It was plain that it was a typewriter. That was the trouble with it. It could not pass as "part of the Congressional Record," nor as a public document, a package of seeds or official correspondence weighing less than two ounces. So Senator Tillman was notified that the post office had one typewriter directed to him, and held for the payment of postage charges. Said typewriter was not properly entitled to the franking privileges.—From "Campaign at Public Expense," in December Technical World Magazine.

FROM THE PRISON.

(Thinkbinks" in the Mirror. Published by Stillwater, Minn., Prison Inmates).

Ruth Thunder, an Indian woman, is suing Frank Thunder, in Soux City, for a divorce claiming that so much Thunder makes things too thunderation unpleasant.

A man may be smart and still be successful, but when he gets so smart that it hurts him there is no chance of saving him from making a fool of himself.

About the time you think you have the world by the tail, the world imagines it has a kick coming and then you wonder how you lost your grip and took such a tumble.

Some men play small, but they always play according to size.

Jack Frost will soon be nosing around to court the fair "Lady Summer," but let us hope she will pull down the blinds and not allow such familiarity. Jack has no business tormenting the fair lady anyway.

The long and narrow path may be monotonous, but it is far better than the crooked one.

When a man wants really good fishing he can always get satisfaction in railway folders or some other man's stories.

A woman may make up her hair to suit the fashion, or according to her purse, or, indeed, to please her husband, but when she makes up her mind you may be sure it is to please herself.

THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME

There was a man—a careful man—
Who hold the human race:
"To stay at home's the wisest home,
For home's the safest place."
He would not venture on the sea
For fear of storm and wreck;
Nor would he ride a bike rest he
Should break his blessed neck.

On pleasure trips he never went;
"O, no!" with visage grim
Quoth he; "a railway accident
Might rob me of a limb."
At motor cars his frown was black.
"From one of those,' he said,
"I might be thrown with sudden crack
And dislocate my head."

He never fished for dace or bream,
Or went where trout abound,
Lest he should stumble in the stream
And be discovered drowned.
He had no horns of stag or deer
Above his mantel shelf,
And shrank from shooting grouse for fear
That he would shoot himself.

"Sweet home's the softest place,'" he said,
"I will not go away."
And so he went to bed
To spend a holiday.
And there, to comfort him inside,
One afternoon for tea
He ate a pie of pork; and died
At 40. . . . R. I. P.

Facts About Mexico

Area—767 thousand square miles. Population 19,000,000.

Silver production, nearly $50,000,000 annually.

Gold production, near $20,000,000 annually.

Value of yearly exports, about $125,000,000.

Capitalization of banks, about $100,000,000.

Miles of railroad, about 15,000 miles.

Republic of Mexico declared independent Feb. 24, 1821.

Independence proclaimed Dec. 2, 1822.

Recognized by United States in 1823.

First constitution proclaimed Oct. 4, 1824.

Present constitution adopted Feb. 5, 1857.

Republic consists of 25 States, 1 territory and a federal district.

The republic of Mexico was declared independent Feb. 24, 1821; established as an empire, under Iturbide, in 1822, and proclaimed a republic by Santa Ana, Dec. 2, 1822. Iturbide abdicated March 20, 1823. The Mexican flag, green, white and red, was adopted. The first constitution was formulated in 1823 and 1824 and was proclaimed Oct. 4, 1824. Guadalupe Victoria was elected the first president.

The Texas revolution of 1836 was successful and the Mexican war established the annexation of Texas to the United States.

The French-English-Spanish intervention in 1861, during the presidency of Juarez, brought about the second empire. The war brought out Porfirio Diaz as a Republican leader. The army of intervention captured the City of Mexico in May, 1863, Juarez and Diaz retiring to San Luis Potosi and establishing the Republican capital. In April, 1864, Archduke Maximilian was proclaimed Emperor of Mexico, and reigned two years.

In 1866 the French withdrew from Mexico. Juarez and Diaz reorganized the army of the republic and advanced on the City of Mexico. The city was captured on May 15, 1867, and Maximilian surrendered. He was court-martialed, sentenced to death and executed on June 19, 1867. Juarez was elected president in August, and re-elected in 1871. He died July 18, 1872, and Tejada, president of the Supreme Court, completed the term.

The constituitonal amendments of September, 1873, led to a revolution headed by Iglesias. Diaz was made commander-in-chief of the army and defeated the revolutionists. He was proclaimed provisional president in November, 18[illegible] and was elected president at the elections in April, 1877, to hold office until November, 1880. He declined re-election and in 1880 Gonzales was elected president. Diaz was again elected in 1[illegible] and was re-elected in 1888, 1892, 1896, 1900, 1904 and 1908.

The republic of Mexico consists of [illegible] States, 1 territory and 1 federal district. The national capital is the city of Mexico. The State Governemnts, like of the federal Government, are divided into three parts; the executive or Governor, the Legislature and the judiciary. Governor and Legislature are elected by the people and the judiciary is appointed.

Mexico abounds in mineral resources. In 1907, Mexico led the world in the production of silver, producing nearly $40,000,000. In the same year, gold to the value of $18,000,000 was produced, giving the country sixth rank among gold producing nations of the world. Iron, copper, lead, quicksilver, zinc, cobalt and nickel also are mined extensively. The value of exports last year amounted to nearly $125,000,000. The aggregate capital of Mexican banks is about $100,000,000. The building of railroads is progressing rapidly. In 1876 Mexico had 367 miles of railroad, and this has increased by 1908 to nearly 15,000 miles.

Quit Suitors Who Love Drink Better Than They Love You, Says Cynthia Grey.

(By Cyntha Grey.)

Let me read you a letter which came to my desk to-day—you girls who have sweethearts who "drink occassionally." And listen to my reply to it, too, for it will answer your letters to me as well.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a young woman, twenty-five years old, and have been well educated and raised. I am engaged to a man who is dissipated, and in fact drunk nearly every day of his life, and my parents are so much opposed to him that they will not allow him to call to see me at our home. In order to see him I am obliged to arrange to meet him at some other place in the city, which I do several times each day, as I am under such a spell that for some reason I yearn to be with him all the time. My friends claim that I am being injured by associating with him. What do you think? And what should I do? Shall I yield to my parents, or shall I have my own way? Kindly advise me. ANNIE.

A.—Your parents are wiser than you. They love you and have your interests at heart. They know just what your life would be with this man, who does not love you well enough now to give up his bad habits for you. Picture to yourself the loneliness, the heart-break, the humiliation and utter misery that is always—always—the lot of a drunkard's wife. And the humiliation would extend to your little innocent children, which would hurt you far more than your own personal grief. They would be pointed out as "drunkard's children" by their school mates. They would be ashamed of father, and worse still, they would possibly inherit father's weakness, and your mother-heart would ache with more dreadful agony than it had ever known before.

Now, my dear girl, this word-picture is not overdrawn. It is one of the commonest things in this world—the distress and desolation of a drunkard's wife. Look about you, with eyes wide open, and you will find the proof every day. And this I must add—for it's just as true as truth itself: The man who will not forsake drink for his sweetheart, will never forsake it for his wife.

A BUOYANT SAFE.

A buoyant safe that in case of disaster will float to the surface as the ship equipped with its sinks, has been devised by four mechanics in the navy yard at Bremerton, Wash. The safe consists of a large cylinder of steel which is divided into two compartments, the upper containing an air chamber and the lower [illegible] as a receptacle for money and [illegible].

Money makes a man laugh.—Talmudeen.