



ITALY RULED BY HER QUEEN.

Queen Elena, of Italy, in spite of her simple tastes and love for a bourgeois life, wields enormous political power.

The Queen, who was brought up in a glorified farmhouse, made her own dresses, cooked her own dinners and whom the Duchess of Aosta once called "My Cousin, the Shepherdess," practically directs the policy of Italy.

It is owing to Queen Elena that the Czar has at last decided to come to Rome. Members of the Russian police are already in Rome making arrangements for the imperial visit.

Italy's Balkan policy was parallel to that of Russia, and had she been a little more enterprising and diplomatic Montenegro and Serbia might have been in her pocket.

With Serbia and Montenegro on her side, Bulgaria and Albania friendly to Italian interests, and Russia favorable to Italy and opposed to Austria, Italy might practically have had the whole Balkan peninsula in her hands and might have secured any efforts of her neighbor and ally to dispossess her of it.

Her present Prime Minister is an opportunist and trimmer, never persistent for two consecutive weeks the same policy either at home or abroad. Another Crispin is wanted, and until he comes Italy must be content to lose all her advantages and obey the vacillating whims of a minister and the caprices of a queen.

On the other hand, Queen Elena is a motel mother, and her mental horizon is bounded by the nursery. She adores her husband and children.

FROM THE WOMEN'S WARDROBE

On very rare occasions you now see some old lady wearing a shawl, but, generally speaking, this once universal garment has become obsolete.

The trouble is that shawls are out of style, and it is easier to drive a camel through the eye of a needle than to get a woman to wear anything that is out of fashion.

cream, navy blue and gray are the preferred colorings. In cotton voiles (the possibilities in price and styles for making are almost endless. For instance, charming negligees may be made from this goods at 35 cents a yard, and for this sum one can get very pretty checks or stripes, as well as the plain goods.

Crepe albatross and crepe de Paris are smart equally attractive materials for this purpose. As to dimities and organdies, they were never prettier than they are now, but it must not be forgotten that the soft goods without dressing are more fashionable than the crisper, stiffer fabrics.

Mull in all cotton with a silk finish and silk mull, half cotton, half silk, make up into dainty frocks and are more serviceable, perhaps than their name would imply. They come in plain and Jacquard weaves. Bordered gingham are preferred to other effects and smart frocks for other girls' wear are made up from this variety.

Chambray is so highly merized that it resembles silk, and the colorings are so delicate that gowns fit to wear to a garden party may be fashioned from it.—Washington Star.

WOMAN A GREAT LINGUIST.

The record of being the world's greatest all-round linguist is claimed by Miss Mary E. S. Colton, a resident of Easthampton, Mass. She can speak and read forty foreign languages.

Prior to her appearance in the field as a candidate for linguistic honors, the record for the greatest number of languages spoken by any one person was thirty-three.

Miss Colton has mastered some of the most difficult tongues in the world. Among these are Chinese, Pali, Avestan, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Syrian, Assyrian, Arabic and Persian. She also speaks and reads Latin, Greek and all the modern European languages.

She studied languages at Yale and at Radcliffe, and latterly went into the Far East to add to her familiarity with its tongues. Recently she was in the mountains of Afghanistan, where the first articulate speech is supposed to have developed and where Sanscrit is believed to have originated and become the mother of all languages.—Philadelphia Press.

TRICK OF THE SHIRTWAIST.

The problem of how to put on a shirtwaist that buttons in the back and button it without the aid of a maid or other assistance has been solved by a New York girl. This is how she does it.

She puts the waist on the opening in front, without putting her arms through the armholes. Then she closes the neck and pins it evenly. Next she buttons down about three buttons and then turns the garment around in its proper place. Lifting the waist up about her neck she slips her arms through into the sleeves, pulls it down at the waist and by reaching up the back she very easily closes the remaining buttons.

GOVERNMENT TO RAISE ITS OWN HORSES AND MULES.

The following telegraph dispatch from Washington we find in the daily papers: "Officials at the War Department today informed Senator Curtis of Kansas that they proposed to establish at least three remount stations in the West for the breeding of army horses and mules. The department has had much difficulty in securing good horses and mules especially adapted for army purposes. One station will be established either in Kansas or Missouri, so as to have advantage of the Kansas City horse and mule markets. The others will be established in Texas, near Fort Worth, and in Montana. Senator Curtis recommended that the station near Kansas City be established at Fort Riley."

This is the first intimation we have had that such a scheme was on foot. We believe some other nations, particularly the French government, is engaged in raising the horses, or a part of them, needed for its own service. Why effect it will have upon our farmer breeders if the Government goes into the raising of its own mules and horses should be carefully considered. Might it not just as well go into the business of raising its own beef and pork, and curing the same for army supplies, its own corn and oats, and, in fact, all its own supplies, as to raise mules and horses?

But if the Government is going into the business of raising mules and horses we are pleased to see that Missouri is one of the States to be considered. No State in the Union produces such a fine class of mules and horses as Missouri. The Missouri mule has a world-wide reputation. In every war between nations it plays a conspicuous part. The high quality of the animals is universally commented upon. Her jacks and Jennets and mules have taken first premiums at all our great international shows at Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, etc. The adaptability of our climate, our rich nutritious grasses and grains, our pure, clear limestone water, all contribute their part to make the most perfect mule flesh in the world.

Our horses are of equal high quality. When the Government was looking for the best standard trotting bred coach stallion to put at the head of its herd of brood mares at Fort Collins, Col., at the Government experiment station there, for the purpose of creating a breed of American trotting bred coach horses, after advertising for the best bred, as well as best model of a stallion, where size, form, action, color, and all other good qualities were to be considered, the commission which was appointed by the Government to select such stallion, after examining and scaling the points of stallions in all parts of the United States, finally selected Carmon, a Missouri product, bred by the Colman Stock Farm of St. Louis, and was placed at the head of the Government farm, and his foals are giving the highest satisfaction. He is transmitting his own high qualities.

If, then, the United States Government intends to breed its own mules and horses, and wants them of the highest quality, Missouri is one of the States which should be selected.

We have the best jacks in the world to begin with, the finest mares to produce either mules or horses, the finest stallions to produce serviceable army horses—the best lands to raise them upon, either on the prairie or on that Ozark range of mountains that ever came out of the soil, and the purest waters are gushing out of the springs, and diseases that horses are sometimes subject to in other sections are almost unknown. Yes, come to Missouri if you want to produce the best of the world can furnish.

Malaria and Degeneration.

A bold and interesting generalization concerning the vast effects which malaria may have produced on the history of great and famous nations and peoples has recently appeared in England in the form of a book by W. H. Jones, supplemented with an introduction by Major Ronald Ross. It is suggested that the mosquito has been largely responsible for the decline of certain nations, as, for instance, Greece, in the character of whose people historians have recorded a great change during the fourth century before the Christian era. Major Ross's investigations suggest that malaria may have been introduced into Greece at that time. The conclusion is also drawn that malaria did not exist in Italy much before 200 B. C., and the suggestion is made that Hannibal's army introduced it. "Malaria," says Mr. Jones, "made the Greek weak and inefficient; it turned the stern Roman into a blood-thirsty brute—atra bills made its victims mad." The moral seems to be that nations, like individuals, should beware of mosquitoes.—Youth's Companion.

Where Sarsaparilla Comes From.

The druggists served his warm and thirsty patrons with icy sarsaparilla—called "sarsarella" in the vernacular. "Did you ever stop to think when this delicious stuff comes from?" he asked. "Sassafras, isn't it?" they hazarded. "Sassafras nothing," said the druggist. "Sarsaparilla is made of zarza roots, and zarza roots come from the Amazonian swamps of Brazil. "Fearful swamps they are. Smelly black mud—mosquitoes in millions—snakes and crabs—heat, poison, or child, fever.

"And here the natives camp for weeks at a time, gathering sarsaparilla roots for the summer sarsaparilla trade. The vine runs along the ground, the roots are located and half of them are taken; the remaining half is carefully covered with soil again, so that they will sprout for next year. "It is because sarsaparilla, like quinine, grows in fever soil that it is good for fever."—Los Angeles Times.

Passing of the Blonde. An alarmed writer in the Contemporary Review predicts that the blonde type of human is destined for early extinction, and that the brunette will inherit the earth. "Everywhere," he says, "the conclusion is the same—a dark type supersedes the fair." To this testimony is added the opinion of Professor Mason of the Smithsonian Institution, that in six short centuries a man or woman of light complexion will be hard to find.

Back in the shadows of man's very beginning the blonde type was exalted above the remote antiquity we find that light complexion was a gift of the gods, and all the heroes of Greek mythology were "fair as the morning and with the pink and gold of awakening day." The highest artistic conceptions of the Virgin Mary and her portraits, and most of the classic heroines of poetry and literature were blondes.—Kansas City Journal.

An Apropos Quotation.

A young woman of the official set in Washington at a public function found herself bored by the attentions of a fresh young man, the son of a Senator.

Soon after his introduction he proceeded to regale her with a story of some adventure in which he had figured as hero. "Did you really do that?" she asked, not knowing what else to say. "I did it!" was the proud response, and he began forthwith another lengthy narrative, more startling even than the first. The young woman again politely expressed her surprise.

"Yes," said the hero, "that's what I did!" "A third story followed, with another 'I did it!' whereupon the girl remarked: "Do you know, you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost in the play." "Why?" "Don't you remember that Macbeth said to the ghost: 'Thou canst not say I did it!'—Lippincott's.

The Joy of Camping.

"This is the time of year when we should all go out and camp," says a writer in the current Harper's Weekly. "He knows this of a certainty who year by year has tried it and found it good. But experience makes perfect; and after several trials a man knows that camping with a party is a futile and stupid experience, and not unlike camping in evening clothes or near a town. If for any trally, physical, mental, or moral, one cannot camp alone—'mutteressen allein' as the Germans emphatically and quaintly phrase it—then one should take a boy and a dog along, for they have a way of absorbing themselves, tramping, exploring, swimming, fishing, or hunting all day, and only turn up hungry and sleepy after sunset."

Positions for Chinese Students.

Owing to the fact that students who have studied abroad upon their return to China have been found to be desirous of entering into official life in preference to the work of teaching in schools—which was the primary object of the Government in sending them abroad to study—the Ministry of Education has decided to make the posts of professors and instructors in the high schools, colleges and universities substantive official appointments to which are to be added high salaries. This, it is hoped, will divert a number of men who have graduated in foreign universities into the educational line, for with possession of good pay and a substantive official status the holders of professorships, etc. have the chance of being easily promoted to the higher grades of officialdom.—South China Post.

Change of Venue in Texas.

Down in Reeves county, Tex., a man named Riggs killed a friend named McCutcheon. He claimed Mac had hit him with a switch and in fear of his life he had shot him. A switch is not a deadly weapon in Reeves county, so Riggs got the case transferred to Tarrant county on a charge of venue. The records showed that in Tarrant county switches were used in schools and considered innocuous; and Riggs thought he was up against it and got the case transferred back to Reeves county. About this time Riggs's lawyer heard of El Paso county, where a hard word is considered a deadly weapon, and that the case transferred to that county. Riggs was tried last week and was acquitted.—Lordsburg Liberal.

Freak of a Kansas Storm.

A curious freak of the tornado took place on the Tucker farm, Mr. Tucker, who was lying in bed with a broken leg, could not run to a place of safety when the storm was seen coming. His wife gathered the three children and they all piled on the bed with Mr. Tucker, the wife saying that if all were killed they would all die together.

After the storm Mrs. Tucker found herself about fifty yards away, two little girls down in the bed of the creek, the little boy sitting on a pile of straw, all unhurt. Looking towards the house Mrs. Tucker saw all of it swept away except the floor. But the bed still stood where it did before the storm and her husband was still lying upon it without a scratch.—Smith County, Kansas, Pioneer.

Russian Farmers in Kansas Keep Their Money in Cans & Boots.

Know Nothing of Banking, Nor Do They Want to Learn. "A large portion of the population of Ellis County is made up of Russians who have no working knowledge of our banking system or disposition to learn anything about it," said a Hayes City, (Kan.) banker. "They do their own banking. Their strong box consists of a tin can or an old boot and their safety deposit vault is a hole under the barn or in the cellar. When they want to buy something they pay the cash for it. When they sell something they demand the cash, and hide it. "It is a conservative estimate to say that more than half of the actual cash of this country is hidden," he continued. "Our deposits consist chiefly from the Russians. Comparatively few of the Russians do any banking business. We have conducted a campaign among them for years, and some of the younger element are beginning to patronize us. But the old timers are still holding out and probably will continue to do so for the rest of their lives. "Perhaps 70 per cent. of the people of Ellis County are Russians. More strictly speaking, they are German-Russians. Originally they went from Germany to Russia, and later came here. They are a sturdy, honest people, industrious, very religious, and great money savers. As debt payers they are celebrated. They never hide behind the Statute of Limitation. If a Russian buys a horse or a farm he is just as sure to pay for it as he lives. Mortgages are only used as protection in case of death. Ninety per cent. of the Russians own their own farms, and they work them to the very limit. Wheat is the principal crop of this section and the Russians are the great wheat raisers of the bread belt. No sooner do they reap one crop than they go to plowing for the next. It is a common thing right now to see one branch of a family running a header, and another the plow in the same field. Everybody works, including father. Even the women and children take to the fields during the busy season. The only rest a Russian gets is on Sunday and religious holidays. No contingency ever arises to prevent a Russian from remembering the Sabbath day and keeping it holy. The same is true of religious holidays, and the Russians have many of them during the busy summer months. It was thirty-two years ago that the first Russian colony settled in Ellis County. Since then they have multiplied like guinea pigs. It is estimated that the average family contains eleven members. And from time to time, as the older settlers get in financial shape, they send word back to Russia for relatives and friends and the colony keeps increasing right along. More than twenty families have been brought over this year. Money is advanced to pay the expenses of the immigrant and his family to this country. He is compelled to repay his benefactor in work. When this debt is wiped off the state he buys a farm on "tick." Any Russian can buy a farm that way. His friend lends him enough to get started, and in a few years, usually four or five, he pays for his farm and has money in the tin can. Then he is ready, himself, to send to Russia for a relative or friend. One secret of the money making ability of the Russians is that they raise enough children to do the work. They employ no outside labor to speak of except in harvest time, and then not very much. Again they are not very frugal, but very plain living and dressers. They only wear enough to hide their bodies in summer and to keep warm in the winter. Fewer socks, per capita, are worn here than any place in America. A Russian cannot understand why socks and boots are both necessary. Neither are they inclined to recreation. An amusement concern would start to death among them. A street party is in progress here this week. The Russians do not patronize it. Their children are deprived of the delight of riding on the merry-go-round or of riding on the Ferris wheel. They can get enough riding in the harvest fields on real horses and wagons, so the old folks say. The Russian has one trait that is repugnant to Americans, and that is their treatment of the daughters. No Russian girl gets a share of her parent's property. It all goes to the boys. As a rule the family hangs together like beeswax. When a boy gets married or is deemed competent to start out for himself the old man sets aside a quarter-section of land for him. This is repeated to the other boys as they get old enough to branch out for themselves. But up until that time the father keeps all the money and feeds them. The girls are always provided with good homes and plenty to wear, such as it is, but they never get any farm. After the old man still has land left he divides it up among the boys in his will. The only show the girls have is to get married. That's what they are for. So the parents aver. They marry young. The records show that 75 per cent. of the Russian brides are under eighteen years of age. One little Russian mother, who is now only twenty years old, has four children.

GANNED THUNDER.

Dynamite in the Making, As Seen At a Great Plant. So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerine, a capital of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons. It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagara into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey downward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draught ale and piped onto the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerine expert into one of those big caddis. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses. At the bottom is a molten, sulfurous fluid. Glancing cautiously at the thermometer, the guide tells you that the writhing mass is nitroglycerine. It is being fused with nitric and sulphuric acids, and you are casually informed, as the expert sends a cooling stream through the pipes, that it is very necessary to keep the temperature below eighty degrees. Once above the eighty-degree dead line, so to say, the treacherous liquid might instantly voice itself in such a deafening explosion as those in close proximity may never hear but once. Let the composition be quiescent for but a few seconds, and its stillness suddenly becomes that of death, in consequence of which extreme vigilance is practised in keeping it constantly agitated as well as properly tempered. Around you are other houses, at uniform distances apart, and connected by a series of narrow-gauge tracks, wherein workmen are railroading nitroglycerine from here and pulp cotton from there, to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatine. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerine house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the composition is carefully hurried. Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbon, its red cross, Hercules, Judson and giant powder, fornicate or what you order. It develops the nasal virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatine in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death is curbed and sleeping, circles you in galleons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn, in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

A ROLLING PLANT.

California Cactus Which Blooms Around the Desert for Months. Curious among vegetable growths and one which is seldom seen of men is the rootless cactus of the California desert, says the Technical World. This plant, a round, compact growth, rolls about the level floor of the desert for some eight or nine months of the year, tossed hither and yon by the winds which blow with ferocity over all the California's sand flat during those months. At the coming of the rains, or rather the cloudbursts, which sweep the desert in its springtime, this cactus takes root wherever it happens to have been dropped by the last wind of which it was the plaything and immediately begins to put out all around its small shoots, which in turn become cacti, exactly like the parent plant. The young growths increase in size rapidly, sucking the moisture both from the parent plant and from the surrounding earth. The roots do not penetrate the soil deeply, but spread often over a circle whose radius is not less than ten feet. These roots, too, are small, but practically innumerable, and they get every bit of moisture and plant food to be had in the territory they cover. It is often said that the palmy days of travel by river are over, but this remark applies only temporarily to certain streams that do not at this time afford the necessary conditions. Taking the world as a whole, there is more journeying by water than ever before. The figures for last year's passenger traffic on the lakes show that 7,500,000 passengers were carried out of Detroit by boat, 1,900,000 from Chicago, 530,000 from Milwaukee, over 400,000 each from Port Huron, Grand Haven, and Marquette, with smaller ports getting a proportionate share. One feature to be noted is the exceptional safety of lake travel. Not a life was lost among the 7,500,000 persons who left Detroit by boat, and passenger casualties were few anywhere on the lakes. The vessels have increased in size until they are almost in the class of ocean liners. They offer roomy berths, cabins, and promenade decks, with good fare on various plans, and the public comfort and enjoyment are carefully studied. Between some of the chief lake cities excursion steamers of the largest size run daily during the heated period as a means of refreshment to the crowded population, keeping in motion on the water as long a time as possible.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Maxim Gorky has written a new drama which is about to be published in a St. Petersburg magazine previous to a stage production. It is entitled, "The Lowest of the Low," and is a tragedy of grief.

WORTH QUOTE.

Mr. Eddie Fox says: "Were Hamlet alive, he would not object to my portrayal of him." This was the problem of Hamlet's insanity, as reported by the Washington Herald. A thing that makes a man proud as proud of himself as he can be, confesses the New York Press, is to be asked to subscribe for the stock of some corporation when he has a red cent. The railroad demand for higher freight rates is not based on the showing of dull times, says the New York Mail. It is the feeling of "the boom" as well as of the consequent depression. "Speed mania," insists the Baltimore News, is responsible for most automobile accidents, and the wonder is that in the light of so many shocking catastrophes it can claim so many devotees. Contends the Washington Post: The motor car is not at fault. The blame is on the man, not on his machine. Out of "speed mania" is born recklessness, indifference to the rights of pedestrians, foolishness in braving desperate chances. These are but warning symptoms of death to somebody. But the motor car is not at fault. "What they call 'honor' is a mighty curious thing," observes Uncle Jerry Peebles, in the Chicago Tribune. "I know a man who would cheerfully starve himself to pay a gambler's debt, and he still owes the preacher that married him twenty-seven years ago."

The people as a whole must rise to their opportunity, asserts the Springfield Union, or the splendid advantages which this nation enjoys will be sacrificed to the superior foresight of our industrial rivals. And wise forestry laws lie at the base of any policy of successful waterways development. It is not easy to be generous toward a competitor, when, for instance, he gets some of one's best milk and vegetable customers, but, nevertheless, keep still about him. A check at a rival always comes back with a bounce, moralizes the American Cultivator, even if the other fellow does nothing. The Paraguayans are not buying our farm tools and machines very briskly at present, and there's a reason for it. "Hardly anything in the shape of cultivated land is to be found in Paraguay," writes our correspondent at Asuncion. "The bulk of the country's products come from scattered patches of land where from seed time to harvest everything is left to nature. The use of implements is slowly making headway, and at some future time Paraguay will be a good customer for American agricultural machinery."

Dr. J. H. Clarke, writing in London Chronicle, says: "I hold to the maxim 'Die and let die.' If any one chooses the fresh-air method of departing this life by all means let him take it, but let him respect the right of other people to choose their own method for themselves. Fresh air has its victims no less than foul. The tubercle bacillus does not enjoy fresh air. It is true, but there are plenty of other bacilli which rejoice in it. If consumptives thrive out of the doors, the subjects of bronchitis are generally only safe when they stay in."

Fifty years ago General Sam Houston of Texas introduced in the senate a resolution directing the committee on foreign relations to inquire and report as to "the expediency of the government of the United States declaring and maintaining an efficient protectorate over the States of Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras and San Salvador, in such form and to such an extent as shall be necessary to secure to the people of said States the blessings of good and stable republican government." The senate laid this resolution on the table. Every native-born American inherits an intuitive knowledge of real pumpkin pie. He cannot escape the exercise of this mysterious faculty if he would. It is bound up in the very roots of his being, along with love of home and mother, music, the Washington Post. If the coal trust, the ice trust, the oil trust and all the other trusts are wise, they will see that there is no pumpkin-pie trust. The public is a patient man, and will bear many a burden. But there is a limit that cannot be passed. The marked tendency toward an increase in the wages of labor is the most satisfactory and encouraging feature of the era of prosperity. There is no doubt of the reality of this movement, says the Boston Post. It is felt and manifested in all sections of the country and in all branches of industry. No-supper, it is not due to violent agitation on the part of labor, but to a recognition of the right of employees to a more nearly equal share in the gains of production. And for this reason it is the more gratifying.

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