

Galveston's Sea Wall Which Saved the City

The Galveston sea wall was completed recently at a cost of several million dollars to protect the city from a storm such as that which destroyed it in 1900.

OCCUPYING the east end of an island some thirty miles long and from one to three miles wide, with its original ground surface less than five feet above the Gulf of Mexico, the City of Galveston is provided by nature with practically no protection against such furious storms as that which recently swept over the city...

The Galveston sea wall is one of the triumphs of reinforced concrete construction. It extends along the city's water front 17,593 feet (three and one-third miles), and its top is seventeen feet above mean low water of the gulf...

the driveway is on the new grade of the city, which is being extended across the island on a straight slope to a point eight feet above the waters of Galveston Bay.

The sea wall is built of concrete consisting of one part of cement, three parts of sand and six parts of crushed granite. Every three and one-half feet there were placed in the wall reinforced rods of corrugated steel...

That their city is now safe from any storms that may occur is the exultant cry of Galvestonians. It is true that the wind during the recent storm did not reach nearly so high a velocity as in the great storm of 1900...

SUICIDES IN NEW YORK

Increasing and There is More Misery Than in Milton's Hell. The rate of suicides in this city has increased tenfold in the last fifty years...

Whatever may be the cause of suicide, the fact, Dr. Devine said, was evidence of misery. The city at present has 1,000 suicides a year; last year's record was 77 in excess of that for any previous season.

Statistics also show that the age at which the greatest number of cases occur is from 50 to 60. Three men to one woman kill themselves.

There are more kinds of misery in New York, Dr. Devine declared, than Milton imagined in his "hell." Contrary to the idea that misery is a retribution for a man's or parents' misdeeds...

The complete uniformity is a most unfortunate breakdown of municipal government," Dr. Devine declared, and he said that the part of the police courts in it was "a miserable fiasco."

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Wisdom's Begonias. There is only one thing that can save our souls and save society, and that is "the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom."

Active Service. No life is rich which is not manifesting itself in active service. Life in every sphere will involve the privilege and opportunity of toil.

Curbing the Appetites. If the biceps require the dumb-bells, if the intellect require mathematics, logics and classics, so the appetites and desires require careful disciplining if the fullest life is to be obtained.

The Prophet. The prophet stands with his finger on the pulse of the times, and his words of soberness and truth like sweetening salt are cast into the very springs of royal power and influence.

Brotherhood. Nothing without brotherhood is worth while. Every man must do who will have no neighbor or brother. Everything that stands in the way of human peace and brotherhood must go.

Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God is more than a fine sentiment or a beautiful figure of speech. It is the realization of all our hopes and desires...

The Reign of God. The reign of God begins in the human heart by unselfishness, honesty and a hearty support of every enterprise that has for its end the betterment of social, economic and religious conditions.

Unrepented Repentance. For the many mistakes of the past we must have sincere regret, and for our sins sorrow, but if they have caused a "repentance not to be repented of" they have been mercifully forgiven us of God for Jesus Christ's sake.

Brighter Days. Look for a brighter sunrise from some hill to-morrow. Look for surprises in the coming days. Look for the great thing that shall yet make your whole being to feel the fellowship which it was made to entertain with the Infinite God.

Demand for Good Children. The time has come when the future demands as good children as we have race horses and pet dogs. The inspiration of the mother is all about her, and kindness and love can be molded into the daily duties in the household just as can the spirit of antagonism.

The Same Charge. Chumpleigh had just been fined \$10 for exceeding the speed limit. "Now, your honor," he said, "I desire to make charges against this policeman who brought me here."

Monkey and Goat. Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation.

Science and Invention

The lammagler, or bearded vulture of southern Europe, is known by the natives of the countries it inhabits as the "bone-breaker," from its habit of dropping bones upon rocks from great heights to crack them, enabling it to get at the marrow.

One of the results of the recent exploration of the Antarctic Continent is the discovery that that lone and distant land, with its burden of snow and ice, is able to furnish minerals of value to the civilized world.

The recent experience of Count Zepelin's huge airship in beating about Munich, unable to land because of the storm which was raging, emphasizes the need of harbors for such vessels, and the German government has offered a competition for plans for harbors.

In a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burr and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from that goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace.

KALAMAZOO IS NOW CLEAN. Mrs. Crane the Improvement League That Effected Reformation. Kalamazoo is a city of only about 30,000 inhabitants, yet in many respects it has attained to such correct civic department as indicates careful bringing up by hand by the Improvement League that the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane organized.

SHEEP NONSENSE

Teacher—What are heavenly bodies? Jimmie—Good dead people. "Did his widow succeed in breaking his will?" "Yes, long before he died."

West End—Do you believe in the principle that money talks? Murray—Well, it says good-bye to me frequently.—Town Topics.

Miss Wabash—How delightfully your sister plays? Miss Waldo—Why, my dear, that's the man in the back parlor turning the piano.—Life.

"What is a chauffeur, Hans?" "A chauffeur is a man who is smart enough to run an auto, but too smart to own one!"—Kansas City Journal.

Johnny—They're makingshinglesout o' cement nowdays. Dickey—I don't mind that so much, but if I may ever get a pair o' cement slippers I go in to run away!

"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown? "Oh!" replied Fog, who had been practicing upon roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."

"How do you recognize an infant industry?" "Like most infants," answered Senator Sorghum, "it is recognized by the amount of noise it makes when it wants to be noticed."

Friend—I understand, Mrs. Stern, that your daughter has married since we last met. Miss Stern—Yes and been divorced. Friend—Ah! And who is the happy man?—Boston Transcript.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of a colicidene." "Why er—why—me fadder and me mudder was both married on de same day."—Harper's Weekly.

"What, Heinrich, drinking again? I thought you intended to quit." "Ach! dot is so, yes. But in der words of der saying, 'Der ghost was viding, but der meat was feeble.'"—Boston Transcript.

Gus—What did you think of our amateur theatricals, Miss Mamie? Rather a rare entertainment, was it not? Miss Mamie—Well—er—yes; it wasn't very well done, to be sure.—Harper's Bazar.

"You want a speedy car, of course?" "You bet." "I pointed at a hill climber?" "Oh, I don't keer to go af-r-r-pedestrians to that extent. Just gimme a machine that will get 'em on the flat."—Pittsburg Post.

"What is the difference between color and dislocation?" "Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be color." "I see." "And to come back by a different route would be dislocation."—Louisville Courier Journal.

DeAuber—There is a life-size portrait I pointed of Huffman, but he refused to accept it. Brushfield—it seemed to be a good likeness of him. What was the trouble? DeAuber—it's only about half as big as he thinks he is.—Chicago Daily News.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding-house any more." "You have lunch, I suppose?" "No, luncheon." "Well, that's the same thing." "Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon a light lunch."—Puck.

"You can't make a man a gentleman by calling him one," said the moralist. "True," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "but nine times out of a possible ten you can please him and thereby carry your point, and that is more to the purpose."

Bridget—Sure, now, yes don't make ter say er livin' in a family phere there aint no cat. Who kin ye blame things on? Ann—The childer. Bridget—Oh, it's foolin' ye a-e! Ann—They aren't her own childer; they're the master's.—New York Weekly.

"Did you hear about the red, white and blue wedding this morning?" "No—what about it?" "The bride was in red, the bridegroom thought he had led the ring at home and turned white, and the bride's father, who had all the bills to pay, looked exceedingly blue."

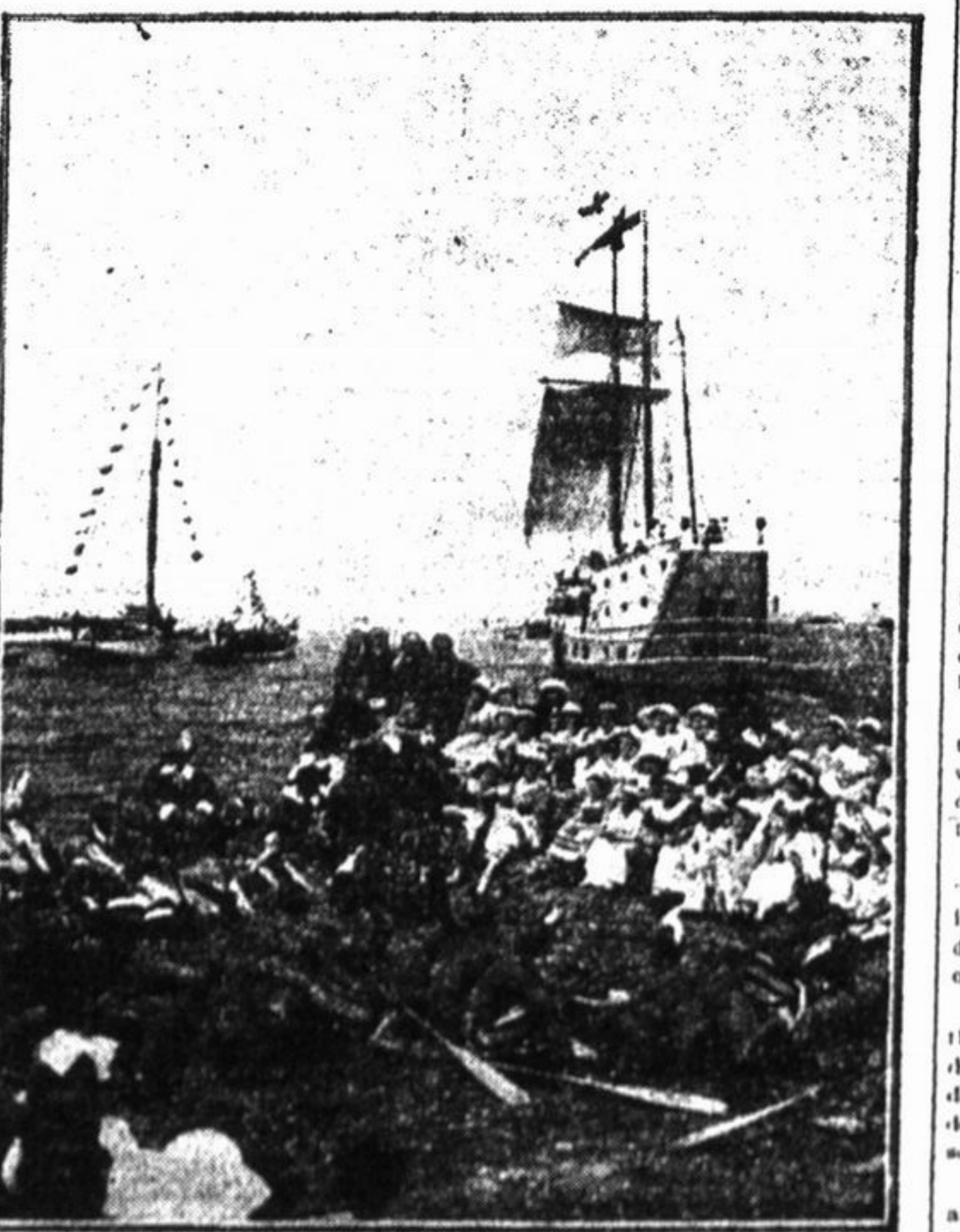
Stranger—Zum Donnerstetter, now you have cut my chin a second time! If you can't shave be than that you will lose all your customers pretty quick. Barber's Apprentice—Not at all! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers: I only shave strangers!—London Tit-Bits.

Street Car Driver—Me and that off horse has been working for the company for twelve years nor Passenger—That? The company must think a great deal of you both. Street Car Driver—Wall, I dunno; last week the two of us was taken sick, and they got a doctor for the horse and docked me. Gid-up there now, Botany!—New York Tribune.

The Cause of the Feud. First Fair One—Let me see. Who is the oldest person in the Bible? Second Fair One—You're down in your family Bible, aren't you?—Brooklyn Citizen.

No man ever fell in love with a sufragist; when you find a man married to a sufragist, he fell in love with her before she became one. After all, is there any one in the world more stupid than the man who comes in at the wrong time?

OLD COLONIAL DAYS REVIVED.



LANDING OF THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA REPRODUCED.

Two hundred and twenty-one years ago a little band of Huguenots came to a new land and anchored their vessel close to a rocky spit of what is now New Rochelle, and a short time ago the descendants of these men and women celebrated the anniversary of their ancestors' arrival with elaborate pageantry.

Chief Engineer Burgess of the Honduras National Railway, giving advice to engineers working in the tropics, says emphatically: "Don't get lost!" He adds that a man should no more think of going into a tropical forest without a compass than of going alone to sea without one.

The women grew nervous in this glare of the limelight of publicity, but under Mrs. Crane's direction the arrangements progressed. It was Col. Waring's New York system that was to be introduced. The "white wings" were uniformed and all equipped with new brooms and little carts.

Dr. G. C. Simpson proposes a new theory of the origin of the electricity of rain in thunderstorms. In such storms ascending air-currents carry up large amounts of moisture which accumulates at the top of the currents. There it grows into drops, which gradually become large enough to break.

Chumpleigh had just been fined \$10 for exceeding the speed limit. "Now, your honor," he said, "I desire to make charges against this policeman who brought me here."

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation.

Sociologist—Do you have much trouble keeping down expenses? The Toilet—Not so much as keeping up the revenue.—Milwaukee Journal.

Even a very tall man may not come near to your expectations.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day; Better the lowly dead were done, And kept the humble way.

The happiest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breast That found the common daylight sweet, And left to heaven the rest.

The Telegram

"Odd hand, my last," remarked one of the bridge-players. He was a good-looking fair man, with an eyeglass, who was not too much absorbed in his game to find time to glance at the girl in white who sat on the sofa at right angles to the card table.

"What a good game!" said one of the men, as they rose. He stifled a yawn, looking at the clock. "Yes," replied the man with the eyeglass, absently. "Good game." He was looking towards the sofa.

The girl in white smiled demurely. "No, thank you, dear," she replied prettily. She did not look bored. They moved into the hall where there was a keen but silent competition between the sailor and the man with the eyeglass.

"Naval or military?" whispered one of the bridge-players in his hostess' ear. She frowned at him as he handed her a candle. "Don't let George sit up all night," she remarked, generally. "Come, Evie."

The soldier pressed the girl's hand with an earnest good-night. The sailor said nothing, but looked at her with those strangely far-seeing eyes of his. "Good-night," she said softly and impartially to them both.



SEEK HAD A GREAT DEAL TO SAY.

her arm in the girl's, and they walked together to the foot of the white staircase. But she suddenly remembered a message to be given, and turned back into the hall again.

"I? Oh, no." He looked at her for one puzzled moment, and her eyes fell before his. She looked very young and pretty. The sailor laid the telegram on the mantelpiece, behind the looking-glass clock.

the soldier was coming downstairs, and the woman was coming downstairs, and the man was coming downstairs.

spick-and-span, and well brushed. The sailor left the hall. They drank their healths that evening at dinner, and everyone said how pleased they were.

George nodded, being a silent man. Behind them, in the hall, the sailor was putting a piece of paper, lying unnoticed behind the clock, into the fire. It looked like a telegram.

Artful Young Barney Kehoe. Will ye be for the Gap o' Dunloe, I dunno? Oh! I'm glad o' that same!

Now, then, whisper! Mayhap When ye come on the Gap Ye'll be seein' a lass On this side o' the pass That'll ax for the toll.

Well, ye'll pay her the tax An' ye'll wink an' ye'll ax: "Would ye marry young Barney Kehoe?"

There is so. Sure, the hills are so bare There's no scenery there Like the kind that ye find On this side, d'ye mind?

Not dead to it. The new teacher was beginning the arithmetic lesson, says the London News.

"Now, boys, listen to me. Suppose John has five oranges and James gave him eleven more. Then if John handed seven to George, how many would he have left?"

Quarrelling is always expensive, but some people never realize it until they take the account to court to have it tabulated.