

Anyway, there are too many wild animals in Africa.

There is a hint that Tuff's new horse will be supplied with reinforced concrete ribs.

George Ade is now a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters! Gee!

To be a good conversationalist is well, but to be a good conversationalist's en-er is better.

The river in Mammoth cave threatens to fall in line with the rest of Kentucky and go dry.

Coming down to a fine point, everybody will agree we should have civil service in taking the census.

A bachelor should be handled with care. Tax him and you virtually give him a license to remain single.

You may not bank on the judgment of a volatile, light-hearted man, but isn't he agreeable to have around?

Aunt Hetty Green has as good as promised her daughter that when she dies she will not take her money with her.

With one hundred thousand bachelors in the State of Texas, what becomes of the theory that every Jack has his Jill?

The Methodist, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches of Parkton, S. D., are talking of combining. This shows almost more than human intelligence.

"It is surprising how many grown people there are who can't spell," remarks the Atchison Globe. And they are not all spelling reformers, either.

When King Edward and Emperor William met in Berlin each kissed the other on the cheek. The cable does not report that anybody was moved to tears.

Suits against big corporations resemble the storm clouds on the great plains; they are very large and black and emit great thunders, but nothing ever happens.

Hetty Green's son-in-law is reported to be troubled somewhat by rheumatism, but there is no likelihood that he will be bothered much by gout if he lives with his mother-in-law.

A Kansas woman wants a divorce because her husband compelled her to put on a pair of his trousers and work in the field. He should at least have permitted her to have new trousers.

Texas has a new law which provides that people who desire to get married in that state must give ten days' notice of the fact. But what if they don't know it themselves so long before?

Tourists with money have so carefully avoided Bandit Rainsull's neighborhood that he has been reduced to accepting the governorship of a province. To be sure there are taxes, yet a governor is handicapped where a bandit is not.

The Cleveland Leader tells a good story, illustrative of business success, about a Swedish miner in the West who was noted for always striking pay dirt. His fellows thought that there must be some secret to this unusual success, and questioned him as to how he always succeeded in finding the spot where the gold cropped out. "Well, Ay, don't know of Ay can tell anything 'bout dat," answered Ole. "Ay only know dat Ay must keep on diggin'!"

The Earl of Leicester, who died recently, was known as the "first farmer of England." On the great estates which he inherited from his father were first introduced methods of scientific farming which have greatly benefited English agriculture. They include the four-course rotation in crops, turnips, barley, clover, wheat and the livestock shows. The earl was interesting not only as a farmer, but as an example of longevity in a long-lived family. No less than one hundred and fifty-seven years separated the birth of the father and the death of the son, and the son married his second wife one hundred years after the father married his first. The father of the earl who has recently died headed a deputation from Norfolk to urge George III. to acknowledge the independence of the American colonies. He died at the age of ninety, the son at the age of eighty-seven.

A certain philosopher declares that a woman is known by her mouth. Not by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips, and the lines and dimples that gather about this important feature. He is supported in his theory by physiologists, who all endeavor to impress us with the fact that no woman with the small red-lipped, "cupid-bow" mouth, so praised in song and poetry, was ever intellectual or generous of heart; and it is consoling to those whose mouths are not in accordance with the lines of beauty laid down by the poets to be told that a "wide, straight mouth with strong white teeth" denotes the woman of superior intelligence, goodness of heart, strength of mind and a thousand and one other sterling qualities, which we all like to think we possess, says the New York Weekly. It is the fashion at present to hold the lips very slightly apart. This is supposed to give that innocent, wistful, wonderful expression which was the peculiar property of the beauties of old-fashioned novels, but which bicycle riding and kindred modern amusements have caused to vanish.

There is nothing in Chicago that a visitor cannot buy. Or, to be exact, there is nothing in Chicago that

some obliging gentleman wearing a large checked suit is not willing to sell to the visitor at a bargain. The latest bargains put before bucolic strangers are to be found in its collection of public parks. It seems strange that the parks were not put on the market before, along with the skyscrapers, the stock yards, the bronze lions at the entrance to the Art Institute and the glided Diana on the tower of the towering Ward Building. But it seems they were overlooked until an Iowa cattle raiser was seen gazing with enjoyment at the broad acres and the lagoons of Sherman Park, whereupon it was thought to convince him that a park in the city was just what every farmer ought to own. It would cost only \$1,500—careful questioning having developed that to be the amount of the stranger's roll—but, much to the disgust of the prospective purchaser, some meddlesome policeman came along and spoiled the deal by arresting the real estate agent. Beyond doubt some other Western cattle raiser, learning of this latest outrage upon the prerogative of an American citizen to buy what he wants, will feel impelled to get even by going on with a few hundred dollars and purchasing Lincoln Park or the Lake Shore drive so quietly that the police will not know anything about it. Prosperity in the cattle business and prosperity in the confidence industry appear to be one and inseparable if only they are retarded from the interference of a paternalistic government.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

Only about one woman out of fifty cares for a genuinely clever man, and that one out of fifty usually looks like a wind-tossed bird's nest.

When she can't possibly pick any other physical flaw in the pretty woman whose looks you praise she says: "But have you noticed her perfectly enormous feet?"

If you want to see piety exemplified study the saintly expression of countenance your wife assumes when she goes to church on a Sunday morning and you stay at home reading the papers.

The man whom your wife is always holding up to you as a superior example generally is an invertebrate male who is perpetually apologizing to a hatched faced spouse for things he hasn't done.

When you see her kiss and tug her departing female caller, and then, when the caller has gone, turn to you with a wry face and say, "Thank heaven, she's gone!" doesn't it sort of get you to guessing?

If some wives only understood that they merely held their husbands by the brittle thrall of everyday habit, instead of by the enduring leash of love, they'd be a heap more solicitous for their future welfare.

No husband who likes peace is going to observe to his wife, while she's engaged in sizzling her hair with the curling irons, that it's funny all women's hair isn't naturally wavy like that of a girl he once knew.

A borax-bauling burro of the desert has it forty ways on the gelatine spined male bled, who, after committing indiscretions with his eyes wide open, blabs about them to his wife through what he calls a stricken conscience.

The young woman whose ideal of manly beauty is the 'impossibly lovely' lummox who illustrates the clothing ads of the House of Spokenheimer in the magazines generally marries something about as handsome as a string of dead catfish.

INK.

Why That of Violet Color is Used by Many Persons.

A business man who uses violet writing ink in his office, and who is something of a reckless punster, on being once asked why he did not use black ink for his correspondence, replied with an abandoned chuckle that he wished his correspondence to be "in violet." His real reason, as is that of most persons who prefer this color, is a practical one. Violet ink, unless the flow is unusually free, dries almost immediately upon being put to paper, and thus saves the bother of blotting. Moreover, it stands out well on paper of any color, even its own, since, being a strong mineral ink, if it catches the light in the latter case and renders it distinct. Green ink has properties similar to those of violet, and while it does not dry so rapidly, it is always distinct and strong. For these reasons violet and green inks often are preferred to black or blue-black writing fluid.

Writers who are inclined to nervousness, and especially those whose thoughts run so fast ahead of their scribbling speed that they are frequently obliged to stop and reread what they have written, should use a strong colored ink in preference to a pale-black ink, even when the latter dries afterward to a deeper black, as so many good black inks do. The paleness of the first impression on the paper is an annoyance to nervous writers; there seems something ineffectual about the appearance of the writing to them, sub-conscious though it be, and any added discomfort of the kind tends to interrupt and impair the flow of thought. Red ink is used properly for emphasis, ruled lines and ornamental purposes only; reading of much writing in red ink, especially on white paper, is bad for the eyes and aggravating. When one realizes, as those persons do who are obliged to read letters from cranks of all classes, that the use of colored inks and papers is one of the most frequent indications of a disordered mind, it is not strange that the ordinary black ink of commerce continues to hold chief place in written correspondence—to say nothing of its being the cheapest.

After putting his best foot forward many a man has had his leg pulled.

Lots of men know how they could get rich if other men wouldn't but in

LONDON IMPROVING.

Drunkenness is Not Now So Marked a Feature of the Streets. There is one thing about the streets of London that strikes one this year of grace as being the harbinger of a London both greater and more glorious for the years that are yet to be, writes a correspondent. Only a few years ago and the streets of this world-metropolis had a far different look to the reveler of the habits and usages of the English people. One need not to look for evidences of drunkenness; they were brutally common and brutally obtrusive. The streets told the story of poverty's crime against itself, the common London woman being as brazen and as shameless in her drunkenness as the common London man. The saddest sight in all this universe surely is a woman reeling at the bar of some public house, brutally drunk, with a baby at the breast, and this sight in this largest city of Christendom has puzzled the rest of the world for many, many years.

But London has changed and is changing. The streets tell the story.

A new order of things is gradually revealing itself and the outward signs of this new order are to be seen in the comparative absence of that which a few years ago was painfully common—the typical Cockney in his cups. On all hands one hears the word that the social habits of England among high and low are changing, and certainly the superficial evidence of the streets bears interest to this. The seeming alarming physical decadence of England and her recession in many industrial lines from her former supremacy have at last alarmed and pushed forward, says John Ball into a reformer's mood, and he is evidently taking hold of himself with vigor and doing penance for his sins.

A friend of the writer said the other day, "Time was when the public house was the only public place available for the business man to retire and discuss any business matter with a client; now we do not think of this, for the multiplication of cafes, restaurants, and every imaginable place where one can chat indefinitely and get what one wants renders the old custom unnecessary."

England, with its concentrated life, its pervasive religiousness and its vast training in commerce and industrialism, may yet overtake itself and regain much of its surrendered ascendancy.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Stage Hypnotism.

Stage hypnotism ought not to be permitted, for an entirely wrong idea is given and there is no beneficial effect. But hypnotic suggestion is a boon to many.—Rev. C. F. Winbigler, Baptist, Washington.

Will Power.

Manhood is measured by the amount of will power possessed by each individual, and that a man without this power is of little force in the world.—Bishop J. H. Vincent, Methodist, Indianapolis.

Bright With Hope.

It is our business to have hope for the future and not become pessimistic by living in the past. The world is not growing worse. We must be bright with hope.—Rev. A. B. Meldrum, Presbyterian, Cleveland.

Commercialism.

The commercialism of to-day crowds out the character of Christ, just as the commercialism of His time crowded from the public inn the parents of Christ.—Rev. A. A. Wood, Congregationalist, Quincy, Mass.

The Worth While.

To grow is one of the laws of life. To have a larger comprehension of life, to have a higher ideal for one's life, to rise to the call of duty—this is worth while.—Rev. W. B. Beauchamp, Methodist Episcopal, Louisville.

Endless Life.

It takes a bit of real courage these days to prove by personal action that there is just one thing nobler than making a living, and that is making a life that will live after the funeral is over.—Rev. J. H. Hobbs, Episcopalian, Utica, N. Y.

Church Literature.

Through church literature the peoples of remote corners of the earth are being made citizens of the world. Sordid lives are being transformed by the gift of ideals of heroism, integrity and devotion.—Rev. Robert Gordon, Baptist, Milwaukee.

Serving Mankind.

Be yourself, and be your best self. Make it your ambition to be of service to men in any adverse condition you may be placed. You cannot be of service to man without being of service to God.—Rev. W. H. Falkner, Episcopalian, Boston.

Social Righteousness.

The church may help to raise the standard of social righteousness. Jesus began His ministry by arraigning the social and ethical standards of His time, and by inspiring men to live above them.—Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, Unitarian, Brooklyn.

Heart buoyancy.

We need to have something of the buoyancy and joyousness of life, healthful, normal life in our souls, and until one brings himself under the influence of ideals of truth and of beauty and of duty and of God and of all those things that make up the invisible religious environment, he can never know what elasticity of step means or buoyancy of heart means.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

Fear.

Four clips men's wings and prevents them from rising. It puts out their eyes and prevents their seeing good. It prevents them from doing anything. Men are afraid of disease, of defect, of exposure. Haunted by fear the garden of man's soul is turned into a graveyard, and the stones placed in that garden so that man may build himself a throne are made to bear epithets and become headstones for graves.—Rev. Nell McPherson, Presbyterian, Indianapolis.

Some people can't enjoy a pleasant day, they are so fearful that it is a "weather breeder."

HE HAD AN ABSENT PART.

Recruit Glad to Start Toward Stage Glory as "Carlos, the Fiddler."

"The son of a wealthy old friend of mine, being stage struck, joined with a 10-20-30 opera company. I met him loafing and strutting about a hotel in Duluth, Minn.," said the veteran actor to a representative of the New York Telegraph.

"Come over to the opera house and see the show," said he.

"I went, but I saw no signs of this young man on the stage, nor was his name on the program. Afterward I met him in the lobby of the hotel.

"I did not recognize any of the characters as you," I remarked. "What part are you playing?"

"Why, I am playing the part of Carlos, the Fiddler," said he.

"There was no such part."

"Oh, yes there was. Didn't you notice how they talked about him? In the first act, in order to get the chorus off stage, didn't the sous-brette put her hands over her eyes, look up L. & E. and say: 'Oh, girls, Carlos the Fiddler is going to have a dance on the green; let us hushen or we will miss it?'" Then burst into song and skip off? You let them die.

"Then again, in the second act, when the bell is tolled without, don't the prima donna say: 'Think that bell! That bell can stand an awful lot, harkling for who is pulling the rope but Carlos the Fiddler?'"

"That is true, young man, but they only talk about you. You do not show yourself on the stage during the whole performance."

"I am aware of that, but you must remember I am as yet a raw recruit, still I feel I am on my way to fame and glory, though the path may be strewn with thorns."

"Oh, if the hope and optimism of youth could be with us in our later years," sighed the veteran actor.



Fool—I woke up last night with a start. I dreamed that my watch was gone. Drows—Well, was it? Fool—No, but it was going.

An English lecturer on chemistry said, "One drop of poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man."

"And does your husband still think you're an angel?" "Oh, yes! At least he seems to think I don't need any new clothes."—Pick-Me-Up.

Knecker—Wouldn't you like to wake up and find yourself famous? Bocker—'I'd rather be so famous I wouldn't have to wake up.—New York Sun.

Tom—What was that sentence the choir repeated so often during the litany? Laura—As near as I could make out it was "We are all miserable sinners."

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. Kate—Indeed? What happened between you? Clara—Oh, he dared up one day and went out.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," quoted the pessimist. "Yes," rejoined the optimist, "but it's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with."

Loafer the First—I thought this yer unemployed fund was for charity. Loafer the Second—So it is, isn't it? Loafer the First—It ain't. It means work.—The Sketch.

"I can not tell a lie," declared the eminent magnate. "You don't have to," urged his eminent counsel. "Just say that your mind is a blank on that subject."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What are the names of that young couple next door?" "We won't be able to find out for several weeks. They've just been married, and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pettie."

Suburbanite (to visitor)—Oh, how are you? Come right in. Don't mind the dog. Visitor—But won't he bite? Suburbanite—That's just what I want to see. I only bought that watch dog this morning.

"So you have named your little girl 'Investigation'?" "Yes." "Isn't that a queer name?" "Well, we read every day of some rich man courting investigation and we shall want our daughter to marry well."

The Artist's Wife (in a whisper)—"There's someone knocking, Jack. Shall I open the door?" The Artist—No; it's Jabber's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—Life.

"All writers are not impractical, are they?" "Oh, no. One man will write a joke and sell it for fifty cents. Another will write a comic opera around it and draw \$20,000 in royalties."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

O'Brien—Oh, but my daughter's the smart girl. She set two men fightin' for her hand. Landers—And she married the winner? O'Brien—Begorry, no! She married the one she could lick easiest.—Boston Transcript.

"Give women the credit she deserves," the suffragette cried, "and where would man be?" "If she got all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse," sneered a coarse person in the rear of the hall.—Stray Stories.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?" "A financial genius, my child, is 'a man who can spend money that he has never had, and which the people who think they are getting it will never see.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

What She Wanted to See. English Clergyman—And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

The American—You bet, I'll rattle them off these sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GREAT WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

By Andrew Carnegie.

Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millions who laugh are rare. The deplorable family quarrels which so often afflict the rich generally have their rise in sordid differences about money. The most miserable of men as old age approaches are those who have made money-getting their god; like flow on the wheel, these unfortunates fondly believed they were really driving it, only to find when tired and craving rest that it is impossible for them to get off, and they are lost—plenty to retire upon but nothing to retire to, and so they end as they began, striving to add to their useless hoards, passing into nothingness, leaving their money behind for heirs to quarrel over.

Gigantic fortunes, in the nature of things must be fewer and harder to build up in the future than in the past. Most great enterprises are now in the corporate form. The writer knows but one man now in active business who is likely to have an exceptionally large estate, and the foundation of that was laid more than half a century ago by the purchase of timber lands which have increased enormously in value. Meanwhile, our immediate duty is to distribute surplus wealth to the best of our abilities in such forms as we believe best calculated to improve existing conditions. We must all learn the great truth that only competence is desirable, almost necessary, wealth non-essential, and when it does come it is only a sacred trust to be administered only for the general good.

VACCINATION FOR TYPHOID.

By Dr. J. C. Torrey.

Typhoid fever is one of these distinctively human infectious diseases for which preventive vaccinations have been attempted. The results are of general interest because of the widespread prevalence of this fever. Pfeiffer and Kolle reported in 1896 the phenomena following the injection into man of the bacillus typhosus killed by heat. Their most important observation was that these injections imparted to the blood of human beings specific bacteria-killing properties, just as they protected guinea pigs against fatal doses of the bacillus.

Taking advantage of the almost certain epidemics of typhoid fever in military camps, Sir E. A. Wright instituted an extensive test of anti-typhoid vaccine among the British soldiers in the Boer war. The vaccine consisted of cultures of the typhoid germ grown in broth for several weeks and then sterilized by heat and an

POPULAR SCIENCE

Japan has thirty-two time piece factories, which turn out annually goods valued at nearly \$800,000, the latest figures being 200,792 standing clocks, 441,755 hanging clocks and 25,339 watches.

Prof. Louis Agassiz, many years ago, first announced that the ice sheet, or glacial flow, at the northwest of Maine could not have been less than a mile deep; while later geologists have confirmed his statement, adding the more recent conclusion that the ice was of that thickness at least over the larger part of New England.

From calculations made by Prof. H. C. Wilson, which are quoted in Nature, there seems reason to suppose that the conditions under which Halley's comet will return to us in 1910 will be much the same as those under which it appeared in 1066. It was then one of the grandest objects which ever appeared in the heavens, and made a tremendous impression upon the medieval world.

A great deal of attention has recently been given to the cultivation of rubber, on account of the continually increasing demand for it. Prof. Francis E. Lloyd points out that "the inevitable struggle of man with nature" has already manifested itself in this new field. Already a considerable number of parasitic enemies have been discovered, "whose energies appear to be largely concentrated upon cultivated rubber trees." It is another problem for science to deal with.

The growing industry of extracting aluminum has stimulated the search for water power in the British Isles, because the extraction of aluminum is so expensive that only low cost power can be economically employed. In this respect Scotland, with its mountains, is coming to the front. The water power plant at the falls of Foyers, in Scotland, has hitherto been the largest in Great Britain; but now a still larger plant, at Kinlochewe, utilizing the rainfall over a tract of 55 square miles, is about to be put into operation for the production of aluminum. Its nine hydraulic turbines, each of 3,200 brake horse power, are the largest water wheels in the British Isles.

Prof. Edward L. Nichols, in his address as retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, used these suggestive sentences: "With the development of the doctrine of energy has come the conviction of an end of the world, inevitable, as the death of the individual is inevitably to be regarded as necessary beyond human control." Prof. Nichols then went on to say that biologists are beginning to intimate the possibility, remote but thinkable, of a considerable extension of the term of bodily life, and that it is equally conceivable that the human race may so modify and control conditions as greatly to prolong its career. The means to this latter end, he indicated, are the checking of wastefulness affecting animals, the soil, the forests, and the streams; the solution of the problem presented by the gradual exhaustion of nature's supplies of coal and petroleum, and the search for ways to utilize, in the form of mechanical energy, the radiation of the sun.

Don't stay up all night because you can't learn it all in one day.

antiseptic. Thousands of soldiers were treated with standardized amounts of this vaccine. As to whether the results justified the trouble and disagreeable effects of the treatment there is great diversity of opinion. The statistics of the British war office were considered unfavorable, and the prophylactic inoculations have been officially discontinued. Wright has claimed that the general results were favorable, and in this opinion he is supported by the majority of the medical men who followed the experiments.

Metchnikoff has placed the great weight of his judgment in favor of the utility of a continued trial of the prophylactic. According to Wright, the most exact data are those in regard to the army men isolated at the siege of Ladysmith, and here there were only one-eighth as many cases among the vaccinated as among the unvaccinated, with the mortality very much lower in the former. Wright has found that especially good protection is afforded by two successive vaccinations. He now injects subcutaneously in the first dose about 1,000,000 dead typhoid bacilli and in the second, given approximately a week later, 2,000,000.—Harper's.

GRAVE DANGER OF THE TOO-FOND MOTHER.

By Edith Shackleton.

When a woman declares: "I am completely bound up in my children," or, "I have no interests outside my home," a chorus of commendation of these calumnious confessions arises. This overdeveloped maternal instinct, with its almost invariable accompaniment of snobishness, is just as dangerous to the nation's welfare as the overdeveloped self-preservative instinct that impels men of the Rockefeller type to seize and hold everything that happens to be knocking around, and there is no place for either of them in the true democracy.

The havoc that can be wrought by a single specimen of the fond mother is instanced in history, and has inspired at least one great novel. All the misery and tragedy in "Trilby" came through a fond mother of the malignant type. This specimen said she was acting for the good of her child. To make this statement is one of the creature's habits, though she really has not the faintest notion of what really is the "good of her child."

The approved methods of dealing with the fond mother nuisance are educational rather than destructive. It is possible that none is just redemption. Even an active one may be led into ways of grace by being set to consider her offspring. Let her carefully note their resemblance to her husband's sisters (whom she possibly loathes) or to her own great-uncle, who disgraced the family a generation ago. Let her consider how much of them resembles no one else at all. Then she will begin to realize how small a share is her own; that her child is a member of the human family; not a gift, but a serious charge. When old English was new, by the way, the word "fond" meant foolish.

ONE OF OUR FIRST ANCESTORS.



THE MAN OF LA CHAPELLE-AUX-SAINES.

It is not the artist's intention to depict merely a type of prehistoric man, but the actual man whose skull was found recently in the Department of Corzeze. Taking the bones of his skull, and recognizing to the full the laws of anatomy, Mr. Kupka has covered the bones with the muscles necessary to them; and still bound by the rules of anatomy, has given the face the expression it must have worn. The remarkable prominence of the superciliary arches, the width of the nose and its flatness, the absence of chin, are all evident in the skull. The man must have been about 50 years of age, was 1 meter 60 in height (about 6 feet 3 3/4 inches), and could not assume the upright position of the superior races, although his knee-cap, unlike that of the monkey, was in front, and he was more upright than the ape. His legs were short; he obtained his food irregularly and with difficulty; and could not have been fat. The illustration shows him emerging from the cave that gave him shelter, in which he died, and in which his precious remains were found. With the aid of Mr. Marcellin Boule, Mr. Kupka has reconstructed the scenery in which this ferocious ancestor of ours lived. Our drawing can fairly claim to be the first that has shown with any scientific certainty prehistoric man in his habit as he lived. We reproduce it by arrangement with "L'Illustration" of Paris, to whom the credit of the reproduction is due.—Illustrated London News.

FLOATING SLUM OF CANTON.

Where the Poor of a Great Chinese City Live.

Stand beside the Imperial custom house at Canton and let the eye range down the river toward Hong Kong. As far as the sight can reach lie boats, boats and again boats. There are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions have been born, have lived and died. They are the dwellings of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes and the other burdens of the ordinary citizen. The Tankia (which means boat-dwellers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order, and indeed they have many customs peculiar to themselves which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place. In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to work in factories; but the men's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her Western sister. Of course as against this low rate of pay the standard of living is correspondingly different. The homes which make up these vast floating slums are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 or 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for \$20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the Tankia effect only savings impossible to the shore dweller.—Lady's Realm.

Humorous Footpad.

Christian Girl—So you were held up, eh? Why didn't you ask the highwayman to spare you? Living Skeleton—I did and he said, "You are spare enough."