

Have they given up trying to swim the channel since Heriot flew it?

There will be no war in Crete. The photographers and correspondents were too busy on airships.

Probably when the north pole is really discovered it will be by a congressional committee investigating the ice supply.

The men of Australia outnumber the women by 247,000. Here is a show for the 100,000 superfluous women in Massachusetts.

No American style has been as bad as that peach basket affair the former khah used to wear while he was still on the job.

If the latest fashion edict among women that "hats and shoes must match" is carried out, where will mere man walk?

In war there is a reasonable chance that some of the participants will escape death or injury. In automobile racing, it seems, there isn't.

According to the statement of a New York burglar, there is no money in burglary. Another of the pernicious effects of the high cost of living.

They had an earthquake down in Panama, but the Gatun dam did not slide, and no man with a good position was shaken loose from his job.

Young Cudahy, of Omaha, has been kidnapped again, and the expense to his father is likely to be greater than in the first instance. The young man is engaged to be married.

Fruit, it is said, retards the hardening of the tissues and thus conduces to the preservation of youthfulness. Yet age is itself a lemon handed out by life to youth and beauty.

The inmates of Sing Sing make public their need of more tenor voices to assist in the church services. Sing Sing's death of singers suggests the proper disposal of the next grand opera star that murders his notes.

A novel law point has been raised by a man in Connecticut who has sued one of his neighbors for a stinging administered by the latter's bees. Curiosity is now rampant to see if the bee-owners will also be stung.

According to recent advices from the Thaw camp, Evelyn is playing a game for a stake of \$600,000, which she expects Harry's people to put up. In little Evelyn's case the business instinct and the artistic temperament seem to go together.

Surgeons as well as spectators and players are interested in modern football. A report from two doctors who have had medical charge of a university team for three years says that more serious injuries are received in practice than during the actual game. One remedy would be to make a rule forbidding practice.

Grand Army veterans are interested in the organization of a post of their order in Oldham, in Lancashire, England, where twenty former Union soldiers have petitioned for a charter. This will be the first G. A. R. post in Europe, although there are six outside the limits of the United States—four in Canada, one in Peru and one in Honolulu. According to the latest report of the Pension Commissioner, about five thousand pensioners, or about half of one per cent, reside in foreign countries.

The Chicago husband who hid his wife's clothes in order to prevent her spending his hard-earned savings in a vacation tour must be a brave man. Few husbands would dare take such extreme measures in such a case. Of course the fact that he was supporting a \$30-a-month apartment on a \$15-a-week salary somewhat justifies him, but still he is daring to the point of boldness. What is a husband for, anyway, but to earn money for the purpose of supporting a wife in comfort and providing her with any fool thing she happens to desire.

Certain astronomers have lately been talking and writing with much seriousness of the possibility of communicating with the inhabitants of Mars. They have no doubt that the planet is inhabited. An American in Germany has lately indulged in some admirable "fooling" on the subject in a communication to Science. He writes that "It is well known, even among astronomers," that as the orbit of the earth passes between the sun and Mars, the dark side of the earth must at regular intervals be turned toward Mars. He suggests that as a hole through the earth would permit the passage of the light of the sun at such times, messages might be sent to Mars by the Morse code, if proper apparatus were adjusted for intercepting the rays of light. The correspondent admits that such a hole would have to be several miles in diameter, but says that many of the details are already settled, "including the spot where such an opening might best be made in the interests of mankind generally." He leaves us to conjecture whether the spot is under the residence of the Kaiser or the Sultan, or under the observatories of the sensational astronomers.

Much has been said of late of the danger of having flies around and of the best ways of poisoning them or otherwise disposing of them. A writer in McClure's contributes to the discussion by some very pertinent remarks on the shame of having flies. "What he says applies both to the country as a whole and to individual households, England, he tells us, is now almost without flies, and that because of the clean-up work of the last fifty years. "If we had no decaying organic matter we should have no flies," he says, and as England has systematically undertaken to remove and destroy such matter the fly problem for her is solved. As for the households, it is almost an identical proposition to say that a house has many flies or that it has many smells. The fly has one supreme motive in life, and that is to move toward the strongest smell. He enters the house because there are more smells inside the kitchen than out, and once in, he frequents the kitchen because there are more smells there than in the parlor. A number of devices for getting rid of flies, based either on their attraction toward smells or their attraction toward light of certain intensities, are described in this article, and prospective house builders would do well to consider them and have provision made for some of them in their kitchens or other rooms. A useful hint as to killing flies with no other apparatus than the human hand is also given. Most people who have hit at flies know that a swift approach is successful where a slow blow is not. If one brings the hand slowly toward the fly he will stay, and if one then drops the middle finger quietly upon him he will not be able to detect it coming. The work of keeping the fly from hatching is partly a civic and partly a private duty. In both cases being a work of cleanliness. The work of getting the flies, when once hatched, away from the homes is a private duty. Apparently methods for all these tasks are available, and have but to be applied to succeed. Every time we are reminded that a fly can easily carry six million germs, most of them gathered in the barnyard or the garbage bucket, we get a fresh hint to busy ourselves at once.

years. "If we had no decaying organic matter we should have no flies," he says, and as England has systematically undertaken to remove and destroy such matter the fly problem for her is solved. As for the households, it is almost an identical proposition to say that a house has many flies or that it has many smells. The fly has one supreme motive in life, and that is to move toward the strongest smell. He enters the house because there are more smells inside the kitchen than out, and once in, he frequents the kitchen because there are more smells there than in the parlor. A number of devices for getting rid of flies, based either on their attraction toward smells or their attraction toward light of certain intensities, are described in this article, and prospective house builders would do well to consider them and have provision made for some of them in their kitchens or other rooms. A useful hint as to killing flies with no other apparatus than the human hand is also given. Most people who have hit at flies know that a swift approach is successful where a slow blow is not. If one brings the hand slowly toward the fly he will stay, and if one then drops the middle finger quietly upon him he will not be able to detect it coming. The work of keeping the fly from hatching is partly a civic and partly a private duty. In both cases being a work of cleanliness. The work of getting the flies, when once hatched, away from the homes is a private duty. Apparently methods for all these tasks are available, and have but to be applied to succeed. Every time we are reminded that a fly can easily carry six million germs, most of them gathered in the barnyard or the garbage bucket, we get a fresh hint to busy ourselves at once.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS. By Clarence L. Cullen.

Did you ever know a fat woman who didn't say: "Why, when I was married I only weighed 110 pounds?" The tie that binds a good many married couples is thus summed up by themselves: "Oh, I'm used to having him (or her) around." Few of the new school suffragettes get it so bad that they refuse to listen when you murmur pretty things about their eyes or their hats. Another unfailing sign of a "touch" in men who tell you that she considers you better looking now than in that photograph you had taken before you were married. A lot of married men are holding their breaths and waiting to see how their wives are going to look when they get their hair fixed to wear those new foot and a half shakos.

There's a certain type of woman who, having not much of anything else to do, likes to imagine herself the martyred party of what the spinster lady writers call a "loveless marriage." The male bully is classified and tabbed; but when a woman is habitually rude, brusque and downright insulting, it's said of her that "she has such a candid way with her, don't you think?"

Did you ever feel sort of wistful with yourself when you picked up an English novel and read how the husbands and wives of the nifty class over there only meet occasionally at the week-end parties and the like? The Ways of Treating "Stars." The English actor, Macready, according to Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's recent book, "The Bancrofts' Recollections of Sixty Years," was once playing "Hamlet" in the United States. During rehearsals he had found fault so severely with the local favorite, who took the part of the king, that his majesty determined to revenge himself upon the great tragedian at the performance by reeling, when stabbed by Hamlet, to the center of the stage, instead of remaining at the back, and falling dead upon the very spot which Macready had reserved for his own end.

The plan was carried out. Macready, on his part, groaned and prompted: "Die farther up the stage, sir! What are you doing down here, sir? Get up and die elsewhere, sir!" To the amazement of the audience, the king sat bolt upright on the stage. "Mr. Macready," he said, "you have had your way at rehearsal, but I am king now, and I guess I shall die where I please." William Terriss accommodated himself to similar conditions with superior grace and humor. In rehearsal the duel in "The Corsican Brothers," he said to Irving: "Don't you think, governor, a few rays of the moon might fall on me? Nature, at least, is impartial."

Try These on Your Tongue. A London paper recently offered a series of prizes for the best "tongue twisting" sentences. The prize-winning contributions are: The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms. Two tons totally tried to trot to Tedbury. Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared strictly six strictly silky snakes. Susan shooed shoes and socks; socks and shoes shined Susan. She sewed shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shooed Susan. A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock. Oliver Ogletorph ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Ogletorph ogled an owl and an oyster?

Paternal Approval. "Do you think your daughter will develop fine musical taste?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Strius Barker. "The way she objects to playing those 'Easy Pieces for Beginners' encourages me to hope that she will."—Washington Star.

Editorial

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HORSES AND AUTOMOBILES.

ALTHOUGH no monarch, however precariously his tenure may be in these uncertain days of kingship, has recently offered his kingdom for a horse, the old reliable animal is still an indispensable adjunct to human welfare. Only a few years ago the mechanist who had become enamored of automobiles predicted that the horse was doomed to extinction at an early date. He said the same thing when bicycles came into use. But the horse is still doing business, and the bicycle has gone so completely out of general use as to make people wonder what they ever saw in it.

Our horse population, taken over the fifteen years in which the automobile may be said to have been an effective competitor, has risen almost continuously, and especially in the past seven years. There were 1,837,818 horses in the United States in 1895, with an average value of \$26 a head. There are now, according to the figures of the fiscal year just closed, 20,640,000, with a total value of \$1,974,042,000, or an average of \$95 a head. In the same period the horse's pelt has not risen, but the number, has nearly doubled in number, or from 2,332,108 in 1895 to 4,663,000 in 1909, and more than doubled in value, as the average mule which was worth \$47 in 1895 is now worth \$107. If the automobile were going to exterminate the horse, such figures as these would be impossible.—Wall Street Journal.

ABANDONED FARMS IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is worried at present over not only a decrease in its farm population, but a shrinkage in the number of acres under cultivation. It has 1,600,000 acres less under cultivation now than ten years ago. A commission which investigated the subject ascribes this situation to the impossibility of ownership by the tenant, leading to slack methods which render farming unprofitable, and recommending giving the tenant a chance to purchase, or at least the benefit of enhanced value due to better care and more scientific tillage.

Land in England has become too valuable to return a profit by farming methods prevailing in the United States, and the commission plans to rejuvenate English agriculture by a multiplicity of small farms well situated and soil properly cultivated. England must always depend upon outside sources for a large portion of its food supply, but it could be made to produce everything needed except grains and meat, and the amount of these produced at home could be greatly increased if all the arable land were under plow.—Omaha Bee.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

HE approach of the new school year brings out the announcement that several of the leading colleges and universities are adopting the policy of ridding their classrooms of non-acquainted students. The Chicago University alone has dropped one hundred students because of failure to make satisfactory records in scholarship. As we understand it, the student who makes honest effort to make his grades, and makes progress, even though slow in advancement, will be given proper encouragement to continue his work. Any other course would be brutal, but the smart Alec who goes to college just because "pa" is rich and

ELECTRIC POWER FROM SUN.

Generator Gathers Solar Electricity and Makes It Do Work.

Innumerable reasons might be given for belief that there is no heat in the sun, but the strongest is based upon the experiences of aeronauts. They always remark that at great altitudes the thermometer ceases to mark any variation of temperature. Certainly a man so high in the air that the earth is barely discernible is nearer to the sun than we are. If the heat be in the sun itself, why does he not feel it more strongly than those on the earth's surface? The intensity of heat is always to ascend into the atmosphere when it is derived from combustion on the surface of the earth, or from radiation within it. The flame of a candle points vertically upward when the air is still. Notice a room in which there is a hot stove. Is not the upper part of the room vastly hotter than near the floor? The effort of heat is to depart from its source with a rapidity proportionate to the intensity of combustion. This is a repellant force, at the same time. From its being associated with positive electricity, it is attracted to the upper atmosphere by its negative electricity, which is always associated with cold.

The diffusion of heat, laterally or downward, is inconsiderable, as is manifested in a room where there is an open fire, the fire emitting little heat below the grate and parts of the room being imperfectly heated.

From these simple facts I am forced to conclude that the sun, if it had any calorific rays, could not possibly send them to the earth below it through a space of 92,000,000 miles, having, as scientists declare, a temperature of minus 142 degrees centigrade. Then, too, if the sun possessed heat, and could force it downward to the earth, there could be no clouds, as the particles of atmosphere known as clouds would be so expanded and attenuated by the absorbed heat that they could never attain definite shape. On the proven hypothesis that the sun is a magnet, it cannot be an incandescent body, since magnetism is destroyed by heat. The moon, we know, is a reflector of light without the emission of any accompanying heat. If we thus get our nocturnal light unaccompanied by heat, why should we insist upon violating the well established laws of heat in its radiations and declare the sun to be an incandescent body, continually in active combustion, requiring inconceivable masses of fuel of some kind to maintain it, and surrounded on all sides by an immensely of ethereal space of so low a temperature that any radiation of heat from the sun must necessarily be absorbed and neutralized as soon as it should leave the body of the sun? Why, if heat comes from the sun, is it as cold on the top of a mountain in the tropics as in the frigid zone? Now I have come to the point where I must explain where the seeming heat in the sun's rays comes from, if not from the sun itself.

WHY HARD TIMES DON'T LAST.

THE chief reason why this country has emerged so promptly from the slough of financial and industrial depression is found in the latest report of the Department of Agriculture. The value of this year's farm products, as estimated by Secretary Wilson is \$3,000,000,000, an increase of 5 per cent over the great record of 1908. The corn crop will reach 3,161,174,000 bushels, the spring and winter wheat crops will total 653,500,000 bushels and there will be 822,932,000 bushels of oats, 183,923,000 bushels of barley, 31,928,000 bushels of rye and 11,250,000 bales of cotton, not to mention the immense aggregate of the lesser crops.

These figures are almost too stupendous to permit a proper realization of what they mean. Farm methods are becoming more scientific, and therefore more efficient every year; the average acre will soon be producing what the average five acres used to produce, and there seems to be no limit set upon the possibilities of developing and increasing the productivity of the soil. The country's potential agricultural resources are beyond comprehension. Add to them the untold wealth of our mines and our fisheries, and it is easy to see why actual hard times cannot last for long.—Ohio State Journal.

TAXATION OF DEADLY WEAPONS.

CONGRESSMAN SISSON of Mississippi introduced a revenue proposition of merit that might have prevailed had it been advanced earlier in the session. Much can be said in its favor. It proposed a tax upon every deadly weapon and every cartridge manufactured in this country. This is the practical way of securing the revenue, and on the theory that the consumer always pays the tax, the burden would be widely distributed. The schedule calls for a specific tax of \$2 on pistols, dirk knives, sword canes, stiletos, brass or metallic knuckles, and similar weapons, with the addition of 25 per cent ad valorem. On cartridges of 22-caliber or under it proposes a tax of one-eighth of a cent on each cartridge, and on cartridges over 22-caliber the rate proposed is one-fifth of 1 cent each. Weapons or cartridges sold to the Federal government or to the various State governments for the militia are exempted from the tax.—Manchester Union.

LOW POWER GENERATOR.

It comes from electricity. Light is the omnipotent force. What is light? Who is there that knows? We understand that the Creator, in directing that light first of all should be made, intended to constitute a force superior to all other forces. Light, then, is the great source of terrestrial electricity, magnetism and heat. Whatever moves is matter. The human mind can conceive of nothing else. Neither can it conceive of motion without associating it with the idea of an object to be moved. Hence, light, which moves, is matter. Light thrown upon the sun is reflected to the earth with a velocity of 186,000 miles per second and requires about 8 1/2 minutes to reach the earth. Whatever may be the composition of the space intervening between the earth and the sun, it must be matter, as nature abhors a vacuum. Give it its most attenuated form and call it ether, it is still matter. Light passing through this with marvelous speed must produce every where enormous friction, and with it electricity and magnetism. Electricity, by the junction of its opposite polarities, gives heat, and also imparts magnetism to all substances that are capable of being influenced with it. It is electricity, then, that causes heat, and not, as has been thought for ages, direct radiation from the sun.



Although my theory, when finally worked out, satisfied me admirably, it was not until I had completed my generator and proved it that I felt justified in speaking of what seemed to be a ruthless uprooting of all preconceived ideas. Believing that the sun's rays produced electricity, I evolved a simple apparatus for utilizing it, and I did this so successfully that it is possible to store in a battery the electricity from the rays of light.—New York World.

A Wild Animal Farm. M. P. Kendrick, of Denver, Colo., has a farm equipped for the rearing and sale of wild beasts. The enterprise bears the title of the Kendrick Pheasants and Wild Game Associa-

LONESOME IN TOWN.

The gray light dies; the fog shuts down; The street lamp flares and sputters; The rain sighs through the huddled town And mumbles in the gutters.

The snoring trolley grumbles past, Its snapping wires glows; Again where you pale light is cast The hackman's horses doze.

In vain the bargain windows wink, The passers-by are few; The grim walls stretch away, and shrink In dull electric blue.

But oh, far over hills and dells, The crows come to the lane, With steaming flanks and fog-dotted bells Atinkle in the rain. —Youth's Companion.

The Anniversary

She was a true, lovin' woman, who had dreamed, as most of us do, of the fumbly little hands, the snuggly little face, of our very own, and the crown of motherhood had been denied her. In the minute I stood there silent I understood, and my heart ached for her. Disappointment had changed her world, and the days and weeks of lonely brooding, while he was away, had changed her, too. Droppin' down by the couch, I put my arms about her, and did my best to comfort her.

"I know, missus," I whispered, when she had grown quiet. "But it's wrong to grieve. There's many worse troubles than yours. You have your husband—"

It grew out of the novel exhibit at the City Park in Denver, which Mr. Kendrick maintained entirely at his own expense, because of his love for wild game. Many thousands of dollars yearly went to the development of Mr. Kendrick's hobby. What was a fancy has become a substantial business institution. For the first few years only animals native to North America will be reared but eventually lions, tigers, and even elephants will be bred. The farm is now stocked with deer, elk, antelope, bears, mountain goats, etc., and 16 acres of ground are utilized in the venture. Mr. Kendrick says that it does not cost any more to produce a pound of buffalo or elk than it does of cattle or sheep. Buffalo meat sells at from 50 cents to \$1 a pound, elk meat bringing nearly as much. The association will not lack a market at these prices if zoological parks and game preserves do not take the entire output. The United States government is taking great interest in Mr. Kendrick's farm. It will co-operate with him in telling him how to cure or prevent any disease with which he is not familiar.—Success Magazine.

English Lavender Town. One of the minor harvests that promise well is that of the lavender fields. I have seen some flourishing crops in the Hitchin neighborhood to-day, says a writer in the London Daily Mail.

Comparatively few know an important lavender-growing section, yet it has grown the sweet old herb (which the Romans called lavandula) when they used it to scent their baths, has distilled the flowers and sent their extract into all parts of the world for more than a century. The Hitchin district has less rain and more sunshine than the London area during the month which has just closed, and consequently the long, trim rows of lavender plants in their dusky green look strong and healthy. They are beginning to show their flower buds, and there is every likelihood of an abundant yield at cutting time, which will be from three to four weeks hence.

At cutting time people come in from miles around to inhale the sweetness of the fields, and when the distilling begins the fragrance of lavender is borne on the wind two miles or more from the town. The flowers are put into the still with the fresh bloom of their maturity on them, and from six pounds of such flowers about half an ounce of oil is extracted.

Supplied. Mrs. Crimshaw—"It is said that human hair to the weight of 207,414 pounds was shipped last year from Hongkong to the United States." Mr. Crimshaw—"Well, I see you got yours!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The rest of that day, until the usual hour of his homecoming, passed like a dream. The difference in the misused you'd hardly credit. She seemed another woman altogether. Now that her mind was given to it, nothing must go amiss. His favorite dishes must be cooked; there must be flowers on the table, his slippers must be in the fender; everything must be just as he liked it.

At 6 o'clock she went upstairs to dress. As I put on my best apron I heard her quietly sing. When she called me to see how she looked, I stood as if I were dumb, because, for some reason, I couldn't say a word. The white silk dress fitted her perfectly; her eyes were shining, the smile on her lips had given a new expression to her face. She looked a happy, blushing bride. "Shall I do, Lizette?" she said, with a playful coquetry. "Oh, ma'am, you look beautiful!" I exclaimed. "You think he'll know me?" she said.

"You'll see," I answered, laughingly. From behind my back I held out the spray of flowers I had got from the shop with the others downstairs. "I want you to wear this, ma'am," I said. "Let me fasten it in your gown!" "A bunch of rosemary!" she cried. "For remembrance, ma'am." "Thank you, Lizette," she said quietly, present my hand, and smiling happily, she went down the stairs. "When you want dinner served, you'll please ring, ma'am, I said, as I turned for the kitchen. "It's nearly 7. In ten minutes he'll be here!"

As the clock struck I stood with the kitchen door open, waiting for the sound of his key in the lock. In the dining room I knew she, too, was listening. For five, ten, fifteen minutes we sat there, quietly waiting. He did not come. I stole along the hall, and softly opening the vestibule door, looked out along the road. There was no sign of him. Backwards and forwards from kitchen to door, I went a dozen times, until the clock struck 8. And then I went slowly back, and, sitting by the kitchen table, sobbed like a child. The dinner was spoiled. All our little planning was wasted. He was not coming.

How long I sat there I couldn't say, but presently I looked up, and there was the misssus, standing in the doorway. Her face had gone white as drawn again; the dull look had come back into her eyes. She didn't cry, I think she couldn't. "We've been a little foolish, Lizette," she said, with a queer, harsh laugh. "You see, he has quite forgotten!"

For the life of me, I couldn't find words to say to her. "Poor, sentimental Liz!" she cried. "I'm afraid, after all, you don't know much of men." And with that she turned and went back again.

Nine o'clock struck, and she still sat in the dining room, brooding an' miserable. Ten came, and with a heavy heart, I cleared away the meal. Eleven, and I had heard no sound of her. When the half-hour chimed, I took my alarm clock, and, after winding it, crept to the dining room to say good-night. Quietly I opened the door, and looked in, to find her stretched on the hearthrug, with one arm under her head, asleep.

Gently closing the door again, I stole back to the kitchen, and sat down to wait. A few minutes before 12, his key grated in the door, and at the sound I shot up, with my hand pressed to my breast. I heard him bolt the outer door. I stood there shaking while he hung his coat on a hat on the stand, and crossed to the dining room. "Mary!"

I caught his cry, and the door shut behind him. Then—I am not ashamed to own it—I stole quickly along the hall, and listened. His shout must have aroused her, for I heard her whisper, as if dazed: "Ned!" "Mary!" he cried; and I think he must have stooped to raise her up. "What on earth—"

And then he stopped, as if the meaning of her dress and the set-out table had come to him; and for quite a spell I heard no sound, until came the pitiful outburst of choking sobs she could no longer hold back. "My poor girl!" he said. "I did not think you cared any longer! You have been waiting for me all this time! I—What a blind fool I have been!"

"I wanted you to come—to tell you I'm sorry!" she said. "Ned, I am ashamed! Will you forgive—and let us be as we were—always?" "Mary!" he cried. And I stole quietly upstairs to my room, smiling an' dabbling the silly tears from my face.—London Answers.

The National Game. No doubt the best cure for pessimism is Robinson Crusoe's device of making a list of all one's blessings, and then comparing the two. A simpler calculation was that of the youth in the following story, taken from the Kansas City Journal: "Every rain-storm," complained the pessimistic boy, "means a postponed game." "And every postponed game," answered the optimistic boy, "means a double-header."

A Natural Conclusion. "That farmer is a funny old rooster, isn't he, papa." "How dare you call that old gentleman a rooster?" "Well, he said he went to bed with the chickens."—Houston Post.

Dull Best Then. "One needs a pretty sharp point to bore with, doesn't he?" "Yes, unless it's on a joke."—Kansas City Times.

Was in the man who buys a return ticket when he wanders from his own track.

Men seldom envy a man whose wife is so homely that he isn't jealous of her.

There is nothing new under the sun—not even in love or politics.