

There are indications of a long period of being good dawning for Central America.

Society has taken up the airplane craze. How's that for high society and high flyers?

Mars being 15,000,000 miles away its poles are discovered with ease by rocketing chair explorers.

How does it feel to be sprinkled with star dust? Halley's comet uses that kind of celestial confetti.

If one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, then one touch of summer now makes the whole coal bin.

The Indianapolis News says the Belgian navy is the smallest in the world. We thought Bohemia had a smaller one.

Oklahoma has reduced the Pullman berth to \$1.50. If Oklahoma has not yet adopted a State motto we suggest, "Dare and Do."

W. K. Vanderbilt's son, who has never made much of a racket in the world before, is now about to marry a female tennis champion.

Theodore Roosevelt expects to return to this country next June. Congress will probably make a strenuous effort to adjourn before that time.

A school for turning out model housewives has been started in Chicago. Already we can hear the hiss which such an institution will deliver to the divorce microbe.

Managers of lyceum bureaus should not neglect to get into early correspondence with President Zelaya. He ought to develop into a pretty fair attraction for the Chautauqua circuit.

The guillotine which was used in France during the reign of terror is offered for sale. In the event of its being purchased by a wealthy American it will be admitted free as a work of art?

Mrs. Pankhurst says American women are not serious enough. Don't know about that. Some of them become pretty serious when they have to keep the dinner waiting three-quarters of an hour over time.

It has been found that the skin of the brown rat is well-adapted for making gloves, purses, bookbindings, and similar things. Consequently skin-dealers in Calcutta advertise that they will buy ratskins in lots of from one hundred to ten thousand—a chance for the unemployed, a supply of good material for manufacture, and the extermination of a disease-bearing pest, all in one.

It has been remarked that the average American family wastes enough to maintain two French families in comfort, and in that there may not be much exaggeration. There can be no doubt that the cost of living here could be greatly reduced without any reduction of the standards of comfort or even of luxury, simply by the practice of economy, and economy means not parsimony or abstemiousness, but simply good management.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has decided to abandon the "Chautauqua salute"—the greeting of a speaker or the applauding of a sentiment by a general and concerted waving of handkerchiefs. The fact that it seemed a somewhat sentimental and not wholly spontaneous demonstration has frequently been urged against it, but the unanimous protest of physicians that it was unsanitary and dangerous has convinced the women that its continuance is inadvisable.

Colonel Mosby, rough-rider of the Confederacy, might be expected to enjoy the strategy of football, its hurtling onsets, swift deceptions, fierce encounters. But the old master of the foray and captain of guerrillas says football is murder. Also he sneers at athletes as "invincible in peace and invincible in war." There is something in what Mosby says. Men of inordinate muscle are of less use in this age than ever before. Yet we are near a worship of muscle, and there is a cult of brute strength. An instance of the same law of paradox, no doubt, that made the muscle-governed Middle Ages worshipful of mind and learning, of the priest and scribe. Bulging muscles do not connote health. Indeed, the muscle of a Jeffries or a Johnson is developed at the expense of vitality. As for endurance, the soldier who is not exceptionally muscular will outmarch, outlast and outfight the Samson. Strength is less and less the requirement of modern civilization. Skill and knowledge are more and more. The craftsman with the delicate, trained hands, the marksman with the discerning eye, they beat the mere strong man in peace pursuits and in war's game. Nevertheless, we come high reverencing strength for strength's sake, as they did in the days of decadent Rome. Perhaps the reason is that in proportion as a thing becomes useless, it grows ornamental. The orchid is rare and absolutely of no account, and hence it is valued. Much muscle contributes little to effectiveness in modern life, and hence it is highly esteemed.

Several weeks ago attention was called to the "remarkable" action of a New York Judge in asking a number of eminent corporation lawyers to agree to act occasionally as counsel for poor, friendless and bewildered prisoners in criminal cases. The decline of criminal law, frequent failures of justice, the greed and incompetence of inferior attorneys who are "assigned" to defend poor prisoners had combined to prompt the court's appeal to the lawyers of the bar. The appeal elicited sneering comment in certain quarters, but public-spirited lawyers and editors ventured to commend it. The first fruit of the experiment would seem to justify it abundantly. Samuel Untermyer was assigned, for the statutory fee of \$600, to defend an Italian murderer who had been indicted for the murder of her husband. His handling of the case was so able, efficient and masterly that, instead of the conviction expected by Jerome, the jury in ten minutes returned a verdict of acquittal. The foreman of the jury cordially thanked the attorney and told him that if more men of his caliber were induced to defend poor, alienated and helpless prisoners fewer innocent persons would suffer cruel injustices. There was nothing technical or sophistical about the Untermyer defense. He made no attempt to defeat the law. He simply endeavored to bring out the facts, to prevent browbeating and juggling. The testimony established a plea of self-defense beyond all reasonable doubt. It may be added that Mr. Untermyer turned over his fee to the acquitted woman, after spending about \$1,000 of his own money on the case. The practice of the criminal law used to be deemed worthy of the greatest lawyers, and it is worthy of them today. There is more money in corporation business, in civil and commercial law, but what sort of a civilization is that which holds life and liberty cheap, which is not interested in justice and right? The New York judge has done well to appeal to the traditions of happier legal days, and his example should be followed in other cities. It should also stimulate the demand for radical legal reform in the interest of the individual as well as of the body politic.

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LONDON'S OLDEST NEWSBOY.

"Old Ben" a Familiar Figure on a Bustling Thoroughfare.

Eighty years of age, yet hearty, Ben Witherden, one of the familiar characters of London, claims to be the oldest "newsy" in the world, Henri Chevalier says in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

For forty years his pile of papers has been arranged every morning in the Edgware road, just north of the Marble Arch corner of Hyde Park, and Witherden declares he feels fit for a centenarian record.

All sorts and conditions of men are among his customers. Lords and ladies, doctors and lawyers, nurses and policemen, all take a kindly interest in the picturesque figure whose absence from the pavement would create a noticeable vacancy. No London "cog" would allow the old peddler of papers to suffer by undue competition along that stretch of sidewalk.

But modern conditions are developing contrary to the desires of the ancient "newsy." When he started selling papers there was no rush like there is now. If he served people with their papers by lunch time they were quite content. But nowadays if he doesn't let them have their news before breakfast time there is no end of a row, and he soon would get passed up as a "has been."

But he doesn't let them catch him like that. Summer and winter, rain, hail or shine, he is out at his work. Lots of good luck comes his way from time to time. A nearby shopkeeper gave him a chair and stores it for him over night. Charitably disposed customers see that his clothes are warm and plentiful. The respectable silk hat he sports adorned the head of some West End notable not so long ago. When it is wet the door-way behind him offers deep shelter, from which the proprietor refrains from driving him. Altogether "Old Ben" is as merry a newsboy as the youngest member of that noisy tribe.

Everything is noisier to-day than when he first began to sell papers. Lumbering omnibuses and horsed vehicles were all the traffic that disturbed the route to the heights of Cricklewood and Hendon. Now snorting motorbuses thunder along with loads of suburban residents from villas erected on the green fields. The world grows swifter and more strenuous, while Old Ben Witherden would have it resume its olden pace, more in keeping with his advancing years.

Get Too Familiar.

A story told of Justice Brewer concerns a trip he made to his old home in Kansas, accompanied by Mrs. Brewer. In Washington a Justice of the Supreme Court is spoken of as "Mr. Justice," and that is the title Mrs. Brewer always has heard. When they reached Chicago, however, the "Mr." was dropped and the jurist was referred to as "Justice Brewer." At Omaha some old friends called him "David J.," and when they crossed the Kansas line some former neighbors referred to him as "David."

"Let's go home," suggested Mrs. Brewer.

"Why?" asked the Justice.

"Because, dear," Mrs. Brewer replied, "I am afraid if we go any further they will be calling you 'David.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Animosity in the Suburbs.

Citizen—How's your friend, Back lot?

Subbubs (haughtily)—Pardon me, but you've made a mistake.

Citizen—Don't be silly! Why, you were telling me only last week how you coaxed a servant girl away from him.

Subbubs—Yes, but he's got her now.—Philadelphia Press.

They Have To.

"There is one class of men more than another they say very soon go down hill."

"Who are they?"

"Mountain climbers."—Baltimore American.

Looked Like a Record.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—What are you going to do with that porous plaster, John?

Mr. Crimmonbeak—I'm going to see what tune it will play on the pianola!—Yonkers Statesman.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE NATION'S FARMS.

THE farm actually the corner stone of the country, or is that merely the wind of the stump orator? Let us glance at Secretary Wilson's annual report and see. The gain in the value of farm products in a single year is \$89,000,000. The total value of these products for 1909 is \$8,760,000,000, which is just double what that value was eleven years ago. The eye observes these stupendous figures, but the dazed mind utterly refuses to take them in. Corn is king, without a rival or pretender. The value of this one crop for 1909 is no less than \$1,720,000,000. Secretary Wilson editorializes to the extent of translating this figure into intelligible terms. The 1909 corn crop is nearly as valuable as the clothing and personal adornments of 76,000,000 people (consumers of 1900). To pay for it would require all the gold and silver in the country. You could exchange it for Dreadnaughts at the rate of two ships a day. It surpasses the average of the last five years by nearly one-third. But other crops have been doing very nicely, thank you. Cotton stands at \$850,000,000, wheat at \$725,000,000, hay at \$665,000,000, and so on, and so on.—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

ECCLIESIASTICAL DEMAGOGUES.

EAN MATTHEWS has been stirring up things in a series of addresses at Chautauqua, N. Y. Among other subjects that have received his attention has been that of ministerial demagogues.

The ministry should be the last place in the world in which to find demagogism. It is detestable enough anywhere, but especially so in the church, and the strictures of the scholarly dean are none too severe upon those ecclesiastical mountebanks who for the sake of personal gain will be disloyal to the best that is in the advance movements of the church to-day. Happily the number of such clerical slysters is relatively small.

Yet Prof. Matthews, we apprehend, will not find all the ministerial demagogues in the ranks of the professed ultra-conservatives. In fact, there is quite as great a temptation to pose as a progressive liberal and a discoverer of new truth which is not truth at all. The spirit in both cases is the same selfish masquerading in order to win cheap applause and passing fame.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

YOUTHFUL SNOBISHNESS.

PARENTS and others interested in the welfare of the public schools will find interest in the article on "High School Fraternities" in Everybody's Magazine. It calls attention in a way that is none the less pointed for being so humorous to a serious menace to the public school system. When, a few years ago, imitation of the Greek-letter society of the colleges was introduced by the high schools, it was feared by experienced observers that mischief might

A CASE OF INCOMPATIBILITY.

The former resident of Bushby had been gathering facts in regard to his old friends and neighbors from Lemuel Howe. "What's this I hear about Maria Hixon's marrying Homer Rawles?" he inquired. "Somebody told me they were married six months, and then separated on account of incompatibility. I always thought Maria was the gentlest creature in the world."

"So she was, and is," said Mr. Howe. "but she had a habit that had ought to have warned her not to marry a man in Homer's line of business. You know he was night watchman at the mill."

"The old resident nodded, but did not speak to break the narrative.

"Well, sir, Maria had always had the habit of changing round the furniture every few days. Living alone as she did, 'twas kind of company for her. The women folks had always noticed it, but us men hadn't taken any thought about it."

"Of course, when she was married she kept right on at home, having a good house, and Homer having always bached it in the boarding house."

"His hours as watchman were from 10 at night to 7 in the morning, so he used to go to bed along about 2:30 or 3 in the afternoon to get his sleep; and Maria'd set a nice lunch out for him and go to bed at the natural bedtime, long about 9. So she was always in her first sound nap when Homer got up, and scarcely ever waked."

"But from time to time he'd hit on something unexpected when he was crawling round quiet as he could. He'd just get a map of the house in his mind when Maria'd change things all round. You know yourself that bumps are hard to bear, and that bureau edges and table corners and chair rockers bruise considerable."

"Homer, he talked and argued, and got mad, and finally he said he'd get him a pocket lantern and keep it on the light-stand by the bed."

"All went well for a few nights, and then it struck Maria one afternoon how pretty the light-stand would look in the log by the nantlepiece—an she moved it, lantern an' all, never thinking."

"That night Homer reached out for the lantern, missed it, reached farther, and struck Maria's work basket and a big vase of daisies, and they all went."

"I don't know there was much said, but I guess what was said hit Maria as sharp a rap as her wooden darning-egg bit Homer, and they agreed then and there to separate."

"As Homer says, if that isn't incompatibility, what is?"

"They agreed to be good friends—apart—and no talk about it. Homer's bruises are healed, and Maria's bought a new tip-over table, and she's trying it all over the house. Homer gets there for Sunday dinners and some odd meals, and they both are taking on flesh."

We suppose it is said of all of us by some one: "He reminds me of Uriah Heep."

PROTECT THE COAL MINER.

THE coal report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics for 1908 contains much of special interest in view of the disaster at Cherry. The appalling fact that from 1898 to 1907 the fatalities among the coal miners of the United States and Canada totaled 18,138 is almost beyond belief.

The increase in accidents in Illinois with each succeeding year demonstrates the need of stricter laws. Here is the roll for three years back:

Table with columns: Year, Killed, Injured. 1906: 155, 480. 1907: 165, 636. 1908: 183, 819.

The rapid rise in the casualty roll might reasonably have been expected to result in close investigation of conditions and the enactment of necessary laws to safeguard the miners. Yet nothing was done until the last session of the Legislature, and even when the Legislature had acted, Gov. Deneen was so little interested in protecting coal miners that he delayed almost four months before appointing the authorized commission.

Extensive use of concrete and better regulation of drilling, charging and firing will go a long way toward reducing future casualty lists. Steps to that end should be taken forthwith.—Chicago Journal.

DOCTORS AND THEIR DUES.

EW communities ever realize how much they owe the doctors—and few people who do realize how much they owe ever pay up. If every doctor could collect his full fee for all the work he does each could have his own automobile and town and country houses. But the doctor goes along his own way and uncomplainingly bears the sorrows, burdens and distress of a large part of the population. He knows that he is "a very present help in time of trouble"; he knows that he is performing a very real and practical service to humanity, and that is one of the greatest rewards of a profession that receives more honor and appreciation than it does material compensation.—Baltimore Sun.

EDISON'S EARLY DREAM.

Trolley "Vision" Came to Inventor Much Less than 42 Years Ago.

Some of the big builders, the kind who erect New York skyscrapers, told me they didn't believe a cement house could be poured. Impracticable! A dream!

I told Edison what some of the New York builders had said, but the news didn't seem to irritate him, says Allen L. Benson in Munsey's.

"Those fellows couldn't be expected to understand how I am doing this," he replied. "They have no imagination. They make me think of the fellows who told me there was nothing in the electric trolley. After I had worked on the trolley for some time, spent \$42,000 on my experiments, and got the idea where I thought it could be made commercially successful, I went before the Edison Electric Light Company, of which I was a large stockholder, and made this proposition: 'I have spent and I will turn over all my trolley patents to the company.'

"I will remember the meeting. It was held at the corner of Broad and Wall streets in New York, in the building in which are now the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. The directors were some of the most prominent men in New York. There was just one man on the board besides myself who thought there was anything to the trolley. He was Henry Villard. He was in favor of accepting my proposition. All the others said the trolley was a dream, and they rejected my offer. Spencer Trask, by the way, was one of the men, and I guess he is making more money out of electric railroads to-day than any other one man in the country."

"So, you see, it doesn't bother me much to have men say that something I am trying to do can't be done. I have never paid any attention to it, and I shall not pay any attention to it now. I'll pour a house about the beginning of the year, and by next spring others will be pouring houses all over the world. More than that, this new kind of construction will ultimately go far toward doing away with the use of lumber in building."

Mexican Houses of Gold.

For hundreds of years the barefooted and empty-stomached poor of Guanajuato, Mexico, have been living in houses of gold, says Success Magazine. They were not Fifth Avenue mansions copied from Florence and Siena, but just plain windowless huts made out of adobe or the mud of the Guanajuato gold district. A hundred of these huts had to be torn down to permit the construction of a railroad, and some man got the idea of analyzing the debris. The houses have now yielded \$50,000 in gold to the possessors, and many a poor Guanajuatano who last year did not know where his next cigarette was coming from now nests in the prospect of sombrero and pulque and hot tamales for life. New houses are being put up, but they are not mansions of gold. The latest building material in Guanajuato is plain, unsterilized common or garden mud.

A STATE EGG BUSINESS.

Eggs warranted fresh are now being furnished to the households of southern Australia by the government. For this purpose egg collecting circles are formed, each of fifteen persons. They are supplied with books, rubber stamps and cardboard cases. Each egg has its brand, so that its origin can be traced. In actual operation the egg-carrying cases arriving by road or rail from distances up to 300 miles contain so small a percentage of cracked or broken eggs that the loss is negligible. The testing at the receiving depots is by electric light. A bad egg is discovered immediately after it arrives and is not allowed to pass on to the consumer, while the sender is promptly warned.

Each egg goes through the hands of the grader, who weeds out all under two ounces in weight. These lightweight eggs go to make egg pulp. The few cracked ones, of course, after being tested for quality, are sold to the confectioners. The system is run on co-operative lines. The consumer has to pay something more for guaranteed grade eggs—the increase in price does not exceed a penny a dozen—and the surplus is handed back to the egg producers on a proportional basis.

The Historic Bird.

"Speaking of Christmas turkeys," said Sir Thomas Lipton in the Cedric's smoking room, "reminds me of a Piccadilly club. A Devonshire man sent this club, about Christmas, a fine large swan in a hamper. The hamper was addressed to the secretary, who notified the club members of the treat that was in store, and a special swan dinner was arranged for the 23d. The swan came on at this dinner looking magnificent—erect and stately on a great silver-gilt salver. But tough! It was so tough you couldn't have carved the gravy. All perceived that they had been hoaxed. A few days later the sender of the swan dropped in at the club.

"Got my swan all right, I hope?" he said to the secretary.

"Yes; and a nice trick you played on us," was the reply.

"Trick? What do you mean?"

"Why, we boiled that swan for 15 hours, and when it came on the table it was tougher than a block of granite."

"Good gracious! Did you have my swan cooked?"

"Yes; of course."

"The other was in despair."

"Why, that bird was historic," he groaned. "I sent him up to be stuffed and preserved. He had been in my family for 200 years. He had eaten out of the hand of King Charles I."

He isuffed.

"What do you want for Christmas, father?"

"Going to gimme a useful gift, as usual, I s'pose?"

"Surely you do not object to a useful gift?"

"Not at all. Make it a ton of coal."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No one can avoid giving at least one third of his time to bores.

PARADISE FOR WOMEN.

In Colorado the Sexes Are on Equal Terms, Even in Matters of the Earnings.

NOT SO IN OTHER STATES.

Laws Based on the Code Napoleon—Where Modifications of Statutes Are Necessary.

Colorado is a veritable paradise for women. This pleasing statement is made in an article by Rheta Cudde Dorr in Hampton's Magazine. In this progressive age women's rights are approaching realization. In Colorado it would be difficult to find the smallest legal inequality between men and women.

"Louisiana," Mrs. Dorr says, "is possibly the last state in the Union a well-informed woman would choose for a residence. The laws of Louisiana were based, not on the English common law, which holds women in scant enough regard, but on the code Napoleon, which regards women merely as a working, breeding, domestic animal."

"The husband absolutely controls his wife's property and her earnings in Texas, Tennessee, Louisiana, California, Arizona, North Dakota, South Dakota and Idaho. He has virtual control—that is to say, the wife's rights are merely provisional—in Alabama, New Mexico and Missouri."

"Women to control their own business property must be registered as traders on their own account in these states: Georgia, Montana, Nevada, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Oregon and Virginia."

"What is the legal status of the American mother? When the club women began the study of their position before the law, they were amazed to find, in all but ten of the states and territories, that they had absolutely no control over the destinies of their own children."

"In Pennsylvania if a woman supports her children, or has money to contribute to their support, she has joint guardianship. Under somewhat similar circumstances Rhode Island women have the same right."

"In all the other states and territories children belong to their fathers. They can be given away, or willed away from the mother. That this almost never happens is due largely to the fact that, as a rule, no one except the mother of a child is especially keen to possess it."

HOW SPOOLS ARE MADE.

White Birch Is the Wood Used and It Must Be Saved Early.

Few persons realize the great care necessary in the production of timber for the manufacture of the common spool used in the stores on which thread is wound.

The green logs are brought to the mill during the fall or winter in four-foot lengths, and are first sawed lengthwise into bars, or "squares." These bars are made four feet long whenever possible, and are square in cross sections of various sizes, depending on the size of the spool desired.

The bars must all be sawed before the 1st of June, preferably before the 1st of May, in order to prevent staining. Round logs with the bark on begin to stain as soon as warm weather sets in, usually about the middle of May.

By the middle of June the three-foot bolts are usually stained throughout their entire length, and by the 1st of August four-foot bolts are entirely stained. Soon after this white streaks begin to appear in the wood, and it loses its strength. Whole stems left in the wood stain for only two or three feet at both ends, but the rest of the material is not so clean and white as when winter-sawed during the first season. Best results are obtained by sawing the wood while it is frozen.

With clear white birch of the best quality, particularly free from large knots and red hearts, two cords of round logs yield 1,000 board feet of spool bars, the New York Herald says. With the ordinary run of material, however, it takes from one and one-half to three cords to make 1,000 feet of bars.

The sawing of the logs into such small bars makes much sawdust waste, and half a cord of sawdust has actually come from a single cord of bolts.

Immediately after sawing the green bars are stacked in open piles out of doors, but under cover. The air has free access to them, and they usually season for several months.

When it is desired to use them they are put into a dry kiln to complete the seasoning. It is essential that seasoning should be thorough, since the slightest change in the size of the spool after manufacture makes it impossible for the delicately adjusted machines now in use in the cotton mills to wind the thread upon it.

The bars are first cut into short pieces the exact length of the spool desired and these are then put through a lathe which turns out the spool. In many cases these lathes are entirely automatic. The best of them work with great speed and accuracy and turn out spools at the rate of one a second.

At this stage the spools are rough and must be smoothed off so that the thread may not be cut and broken in winding. This smoothing is done by rolling for half an hour or more together with several balls of wax and paraffin in a large hollow cylinder. This is the general process by which the ordinary sewing spools are made and they are then sorted, culled and shipped.

The very large spools, however, must be made in three pieces. A cylindrical piece several inches long and threaded at each end serves as the body of the spool, and the beads are cylindrical disks, which are screwed

onto the body piece and glued. The spool is then completed by being turned on a lathe and is smoothed and polished with sandpaper.

The largest of these three-piece spools holds 12,000 yards of the thread, and between them and the smallest, that holds only twenty yards, there is every possible gradation in size and shape.

FORMATION OF ANCHOR ICE. Frequently Found Sticking to Objects at Bottom of Streams.

It is well known that not only is ice lighter than water, but water very near the freezing point is lighter than that which is somewhat less cold. This forms an exception to the general rule that water, like most other substances always contracts with the cold, and it is well for us that it is so, says the Los Angeles Herald, for if contraction continued uniformly up to the freezing point water just about to freeze would sink to the bottom. Ice would form from below upward and our streams would be frozen solid. As it is water on the point of freezing expands, becomes lighter, rises to the top and freezes there.

In spite of all this, however, what is called "anchor ice" is an apparent exception to the rule. This is a spongy collection of ice crystals that stick to objects at the bottom of streams and sometimes form masses of considerable size. Recent experiments by Dr. Lokhtine, a Russian physician, throw considerable light on the formation of this kind of ice. His experiments, which were performed on the River Neva, showed that if water well freed from ice crystals were enclosed in a water tight vessel and lowered to the bottom of the stream anchor ice never formed inside, though it often clung to the outside of the vessel. If the vessel, however, were filled with ordinary river water objects within it soon became covered with the spongy mass. This shows that the crystals that make up the "anchor ice" are already floating in the swift current of cold rivers and that they are merely deposited on objects against or around which the water flows.

The crystals, it has been found, all ways form at the surface of the water, as they ought, but owing to the swiftness of the current they are whirled away before they adhere together to form a covering. The "anchor ice" always forms on the up stream side of obstacles, which shows that the crystals must come down with the current. The author recommends that the formation of surface ice be favored in Russian rivers by retarding the current, so that the occurrence of the troublesome "anchor ice" may be prevented.

KOREAN DUELS.

Fighting is probably nowhere a wholly lost art, although in some countries it is so modified that it is nearly a harmless amusement. One recalls the "wax bullets" of the French duels. Another illustration is given in a book called "Things Korean," by Dr. H. N. Allen. It seems that in that country, unless the battle be between a gentleman and his wife, the prime requisites for a fight is the presence of peace-makers.

Two men may begin a wordy battle, separated it may be by the width of the road, across which space they proceed to describe their grievances. They are polite, and the man who has the floor keeps it till either his arguments or his breath fails. They are splendid talkers, and this discussion is maintained in loud tones, so that all the wayfarers and the neighbors may hear.

Soon an interested crowd assembles and their presence naturally lends inspiration to the performers, who redouble their efforts, till one of them may finally wind up a severe tirade addressed to the crowd regarding the quality of the ancestors of a person who could conduct himself as his opponent has done.

This will cause the other man to start across the road for the maligner of his progenitors, and then the self-appointed peace-maker will step out from the crowd and attempt to restrain the valiant one, who, finding himself in firm hands, will struggle with well-feligned earnestness to get at his antagonist, who by this time is himself struggling in the hands of his own peace-maker.

Should one of these men actually wish to get at his enemy, he can simply jump out of his loose garments, which will be left in the peace-maker's hands. Sometimes this happens accidentally, and an unintentional encounter is precip