

GLASGOW BLESSED.

PANGS OF POVERTY NEVER FELT THERE.

Corporations, Trusts and Monopolies Are Almost Unknown—Make Everybody Feel Happy the Motto—Public Ownership Successful.

NOTABLE municipal scheme has been started in Glasgow, where the municipal authorities have erected a series of lodging houses, which combine comfort and cleanliness with cheapness, says the Boston Transcript.

When the municipality had provided comfortable quarters for that great mass of the poor dependent upon lodging-houses for shelter, it was found that there was still one class for whom to provision had been made—viz, the widows and widowers with children who are compelled to be absent from some during the day and have no means of assuring themselves of the care of their children during this period. To supply this want a "family home" has been erected, which, both in arrangement and management, stands alone in the history of modern municipal enterprises.

FEW ARE FREE.

Some Pet Fancies or Horrors of Eminent People of Both Hemispheres.

Most men are ashamed of their superstitions because they hate to be laughed at, yet we have known many to make fun of the weaknesses of others merely to keep their own courage up, says the New York Press. Nearly all of the greatest men in history were the victims of a silly superstition. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew armies, fled at the sight of a cat.

"Breaks In" New Shoes.

J. E. Barnett, a Chicagoan arrested for theft, said that his occupation was "breaking in" new shoes for second-hand dealers. In this way very poor stock is made to look as if it were good enough to stand considerable wear.

Where Will You Get the Money?

A pleasant "guess" is to name how many dollar bills would be required to weigh as much as a \$29 gold piece. Answers fluctuate between 300 and the lowest and 1,000; the correct number being thirty-four.

Some Things Are Better Left Unsaid.

He: "How are you? Keeping strong?" She: "No; only just managing to keep up on my grave." He: "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."—Judy.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

How the People Understand the Roentgen Ray.

Last week I was assisting at a large bazaar by holding a small Roentgen ray gallery, comprising a Crookes tube, glowing, etc., says a letter in London Lancet. As I in my temporary role of curator encountered many gems of exquisite unconscious humor, I venture to forward you a specimen or two as showing how a new-born scientific discovery is "understood of the people."

When the Days Were Short.

When the earth was young, says Dr. Hall, the eminent British astronomer, it turned on its axis so rapidly that it made one complete revolution once in every three hours. The earth was liquid then, and it spun around at that fearful speed probably for thousands of years. The sun caused ever-increasing tides on the surface of the great liquid planet, and at last it burst in two.

Great Mental Calculators.

Jeremiah Buxton, who was examined by the Royal Society of London, toward the middle of the last century, could find mentally in five hours the exact number of cubic eighths of an inch in a body measuring 23,145,789 yards by 5,642,732 yards by 54,965 yards, but could not write his own name.

Never Serves Butter.

One of the leading enterers of New York—a man who has probably spread as many fashionable dinners as any other man on the continent—was recently questioned about the use of bread and butter plates at table. He said: "I never serve butter—absolutely never. I do not own a butter plate. I never—this is irrevocable—serve butter on any dinner or supper which I stand sponsor for. Why should I? Everything is accompanied by its own sauce or relish, always sufficiently rich, and butter is unnecessary as the traditional fifth cart wheel. It is never used at the private tables of those New York families who live correctly. Occasionally I have a protest. I did not long ago, after a dinner on which I pride myself each year. One of the guests, a man, came to me to give an order, saying at the same time that he had recently dined here and was much disappointed. Of course, I urged an explicit statement, and he finally told me that first there was no butter—to which I pleaded guilty but explained that my rule in that particular was invariable."

Ducking Scolding Women.

That the practice of immersing noisy women in ponds or streams was in full swing at the close of the seventeenth century is evident from the "Chamberlain's Roll" for the City of London, issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The ducking-stool provided, with the new chair for it, and the apparatus bought for branding felons on the face, are among the entries.



Is the earth drying up? It is a startling question; and, what is yet more startling, the answer given by science is undoubtedly affirmative. Not that there is any occasion for alarm. The terrestrial water supply is adequate for a long time to come. It is not in our day that the fountains of the deep will fail; neither we nor our children, nor our children's children, are likely to suffer from a general water famine.

Of all the planets of the solar system Mars bears the closest resemblance to the world on which we dwell this is conceded. Further, it is in every way probable that Mars is, or has been, covered with vegetation; there is much reason to believe that it is even now, like our own orb, a theater of life.

Change Now Progressing.

They are still subsiding, though the

from the melting ice caps still descend in floods at certain seasons, making a system of irrigation possible; and it is a well known fact that the telescope reveals what appears to be a network of canals all over the planet's disk. The moon, being much smaller, has reached a still more advanced stage. Water is as essential to the life of a world as blood to the life of a man; and the moon is like a dried and shriveled mummy, dead for ages. Its almost airless sky—if sky it can be called—is without cloud or rain; the basins of its lakes and the beds of its ancient seas are empty; its parched rocks are unclothed with verdure, and appear like a ragged mass of hardened slag.

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an atmosphere so slight that we cannot detect it. And owing to this thinness of air there will be few clouds, and little if any rain; even the winds will subside into insignificance. At the poles, however, and on the heights, snow will still fall, and on the snow will still fall, or at any rate frost will be deposited in large quantities; and the melting of the ice caps thus formed will furnish the whole available supply of water. The streams from this source, which will be fairly abundant in season of flood, will be carefully guided through an intricate system of canals and stungly hoarded in huge reservoirs, whence it will be drawn for irrigation and other necessary uses. Gold and silver will not be half so precious as this beautiful, transparent liquid of which we are so lavish; wealth will be measured in cubic feet of water, and a spring or fountain will be more valuable than any mine. Nor can this be called a mere fancy picture. To all appearances it is exactly the state of affairs which obtains on Mars at the present time.

The whole ocean bed, therefore, will be like a vast valley of the Nile—fertile, indeed, but rendered so only by incessant care and the highest engineering skill; while above and around it will be a chill Sahara, a desolate and deadly waste, unvet with showers, unprotected by any veil of cloud, its impotent atmosphere scarcely sufficient to drift its abounding dust. All over it will be scattered the unvisited remains of the cities that we know, and its plains will be furrowed with the half obliterated channels of our great rivers. It will have but one re-



ours or not his smaller size, by causing him to cool more quickly, would necessarily age him faster. "But as a planet grows old its oceans, in all probability, dry up, the water retreating through cracks and cavities into its interior. Water thus converts it into solid substance, and little of this is ever released. The world now is in a transition state, and probably is near that stage of evolution most favorable to the existence and development of intelligent beings. In the remote past the conditions were incompatible with life; in the remote future life will again become impossible, and the lack of water will presumably be the prime cause of its final disappearance. Let us now endeavor to trace the series of changes by which this will be brought about, and their progressive influence upon man and human institutions. Only the drained fields of what is now the bed of the ocean will be suitable for occupation by the human race. Even there little water will remain, though in the lowest depths a few intensely saline lakes will linger, their waters more intolerable than those of the Dead Sea. Just as the waters will have become scant, so the air will have become thin. Such apparently is the case on Mars to-day; and the moon has no air at all, or has

remaining use—it will have become the cemetery of the world, both the old and the new. The great valley below, which is to us the bottom of the sea, will be densely crowded with a population which will admit of no increase. How the people of that late and declining age will solve the difficult problems that will confront them it is hardly possible even to conjecture, but meet them they must, or perish. A highly paternal form of government would seem to be inevitable, for the water must be parcelled out with the utmost wisdom and impartiality, and no waste can be tolerated. Navigation, of course, will be a thing of the past; even the fishes will become almost or quite extinct. More than this, man will doubtless have suffered actual physical modifications, gradually brought about by the changes in his environment. Some of these will be due to atmospheric changes, for the air, besides being much diminished, will almost surely be impoverished in its most vital element. It is a very suggestive fact that to-day the proportion of oxygen is only about one part in five; we are pretty safe in assuming that the proportion was once considerably greater. Oxygen is an extremely active element, eagerly entering into combinations of various kinds which lock it up in solid or fluid form. Nitrogen, on the con-

trary, is remarkably inert, entering into combination with reluctance, and freeing itself with extraordinary facility; its compounds are notably unstable, often to the extent of being violently explosive, and it is as useless for the maintenance of life as ashes to feed a fire.

On our Earth. We conclude, therefore, that the atmosphere, with its becomes less in volume and density, will at the same time deteriorate in quality, and the lungs of man must needs accommodate themselves to the change by gradually enlarging their capacity. Thus the very constitution and aspect of the human race will in the course of ages suffer marked alteration. And what will be the final outcome? It is a disheartening picture. Even the scanty supply of water which we have thus far assumed, must at length begin to fail; it will no longer be sufficient for the entire population. Unavoidably some must perish. There is no imaginable alternative; and who shall it be? It is impossible to conceive of any other solution than a struggle for bare existence fiercer than anything which history records—a conflict in which the strongest and most unscrupulous will constantly prevail. Such a condition of things means, of course, a rapid reversion to savagery; and that, in turn, will hasten the end, for the elaborate system of works necessary to make this decadent world habitable can be maintained only by a strong and wise government under a high civilization. If this fails, the last degenerate remnant of the race will soon be extinguished—the sooner the better, when that sad stage is reached. And what next? A last poor mother earth, dry and shrunken with age, the bloom of flowers and leaf quite faded from her cheeks, her face scarred and pitted with the tombs of all her offspring, will lie a dead and silent as the ghostly moon.

ON MARRYING A POOR MAN.

Words of Encouragement for the Girl Who Does It.

"I have been young and now am old," said one of the charming middle-aged women of the period, whose looks belie the baptismal register and who rather enjoy arrogating to themselves the wisdom and experience of age, says the New York Journal. "And I have reached that period of life," she continued, "when I can look back and see results and note how seldom those who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, as the saying is, have the silver fork when they are grown up. When I look back and remember where were the jeunesse d'oree of my youth—the men whose lives and positions above all others seemed particularly enviable and desirable—and then look about me now and see how few of those men who were called men of pleasure in those days have attained an honorable and useful middle-age, I feel that I can preach a sermon to my boys and their friends with object lessons that ought to make it very impressive. Some are poor, having spent health and substance, like the prodigal, in riotous living. Even those who have apparently not suffered in purse or health, are a set of discontented, base, weary worldlings, who go over the same treadmill of fashionable existence year by year without pleasure or profit. Another thing I have noticed from my vantage ground of experience is that, if only as a purely worldly maxim, honesty certainly is the best policy. Many brilliant men I have seen who have destroyed their prospects by the crooked ways in which he sought to better himself financially, politically and even socially, whereas, if he had walked honorably before all men, he would have gained the world's good opinion and in many instances the very things he coveted. And finally there are the young married couple of my youth. In nine cases out of ten those of my friends who married poor young men and who gave up the luxury of their homes to prove veritable helpmeets to the men of their choice are now almost without exception prosperous and in many cases wealthy, while those men and girls who married for money are, as a rule, greatly in want of it. 'Be good and you will be happy' is the old maxim and certainly it seems true from a materialistic as well as from a religious point of view."

High Tides Affect Wells.

The high-water marks of several extraordinary high tides have been kept at Easton Point, St. Michael's and Oxford. What is known as the "centennial tide" of September, 1876, has held the record of the highest water mark, and still holds it, although last Thursday morning's (Oct. 1) tide was within an inch of the centennial mark. The recent flood had a singular effect on the flow of the artesian wells on Tilghman's Island. These wells average 400 feet in depth, and many of them have a surface overflow, which increased fully double in velocity and more in volume when the tide was at its highest. It has been noticed before that any unusual high tide is perceptible in the effect it has on the flow of the wells.

A Cheap Meal.

During the past few years, Mr. Lee Jones, honorable secretary of the Liverpool Food association, has labored untiringly to rid the seaport of underfeeding and starvation, and every day he feeds some thousands of school children. Each child is given one pint of thick soup and one slice of jam and bread. For this they pay one-half penny—one farthing defrays the cost of the food, and the other farthing pays the working expenses. The meal provided are, we are informed, practically vegetarian. Mr. Lee Jones conceived and began the scheme, and in view of the anticipated development of the association, he has been appointed honorable director.