

ONE TRUE AFFINITY

IS THAT EXISTING BETWEEN A BOY AND HIS DOG.

Are Natural Companions, and That Youngster Who Has Never Had a Four-Footed Chum Is to Be Fitted.

If there was ever a true affinity upon this old earth, it exists between a boy and a dog. The boy who does not just naturally love a dog is not normal—provided he has ever owned and associated with one. Nature has left something out of him which should be there. In these days of tabloid domestic economy, when families live in pigeonholes and city people almost forget what fields and woods look like, we have tried to eliminate the dog from his rightful place. His place is that of a faithful companion, vigilant guardian and chum who never has a grudge, never demands more than a bone and does not care whether his master is a prince or a pauper. We are trying to raise children without dogs. We are trying to cultivate in our boys and girls the virtues of love, patience, kindness and humanity without giving them dogs.

In the grist of a great city's news the other day was the story of a boy ten years old who had a dog. This animal had no pride of pedigree, but that didn't make the least difference. The boy had some bad companions and he played truant from school. In some way or other the boy's parents blamed the faithful dog. The boy was forced to give his pet to a neighbor and the boy's family moved far into another part of the city. The boy yearned for his dog. His little heart was broken and he cried day and night. One day this boy tied a few things into a package, took five dollars from his mother's dresser and went away. He walked far back to where his dog was, and two days later he was found playing with his four-footed friend.

Then the officers and the parents did a surprising thing. They locked up this little boy and took away his dog. And they wondered what they were going to do with the boy. And again the boy cried and was inconsolable. The parole officer said: "That boy is a proposition. When he has his dog he is a good boy, but he will not be separated. I expect that the dog will have to be returned to him."

The boy who will cling so tenaciously to his dog is not inherently bad. What possible harm can come from giving him back his chum? These must be strange parents who will deliberately deprive a child of ten years of his dearest treasure. The writer of this has deep sympathy for this bereaved youngster, for far back in the haze of his vanished youth there was a dog that he loved better even than the school teacher. That dog was ever at his heels and shared in all his boyhood joys and sorrows. If there is something that corresponds to a woodshed in heaven, we hope that that faithful old tail is still wagging lustily. Out of wearying responsibilities, grinding duties and the turmoil of manhood estate we take time to raise our voice against that unkind conspiracy which is trying to rob this ten-year-old boy of his dog.

Women of Brussels.

The length of life of an average woman, in Brussels, at least, is superior to the man. Statistics show that during the last two years the feminine element has predominated in the Brussels population. In 1908 there were only 7,848 boys in the Belgian capital between the ages of 10 and 15, and 7,993 girls of the same age. After 20 years the difference increases in favor of the woman, and while Brussels only possessed 9,383 males of 20 to 25 years and 9,181 of 25 to 30 the fairer half of the human race was represented by 11,791 and 10,893 respectively. The supremacy the feminine element keeps positively to the end, as far as Brussels is concerned. While Brussels is only 65 men of 85 or 90 years and ten nonagenarians only, she can count 184 women between the ages of 85 and 90, 35 of 95 years, and six of more than 95 years.

Good Health Habits.

Put the heaviest meal after the close of the day's work, and your ill health will not be traceable to your habits of eating nor to your food, provided you limit yourself to moderate meals. By eating a portion of meat with one of bread, and adding fresh vegetables and water, every need of the body can be supplied without overloading the stomach.

Meals, to do good and maintain the body, must be eaten deliberately and thoroughly masticated. On this account it would be well to use more extensively than is common in this country the plan of serving meals in courses.

Canadian Snowshoes.

The Canadian snowshoe consists of a flat frame of lanceolate form, from one to two feet in width and from three to five feet in length. It is wholly of wood, or is a long, narrow frame of pliable hickory, placed on edge, bent double with oval front and the two ends firmly fastened behind, filled with wicker work or upper surface with cross strips on the top surface to attach it to the foot. The broad surface prevents the foot from sinking in the snow. The Norwegian snowshoe is a thin board from five to ten feet long and three inches wide, with the fore end slightly curved upward.

SELF-DENIAL OF MOTHERS

Called On to Make Sacrifices That Should Come Back a Hundredfold to Bless Them.

The story of a mother's sacrifices is a pretty big one to exhaust in a moment. Once there was a senator who came to a public platform with the opening remark: "The subject assigned to me is 'The Immortality of the Soul,' the time, three minutes." To break right into the middle of this question, then, are a mother's self-denials sacrifices? The answer lies in the way she looks at it. It rests also in the way the world views it and in the way her children see it.

Now, the world will tell you, perhaps, that she owes it to her children to give up everything within reason (and without it) to those who are her responsibility; that it is without question a sacrifice; and there the world will stop. After this superficial summing up on the part of the world, it may be just as well that it should step out and leave the floor to children and their mothers.

It is undeniable that women have gone through fire and water for children, and it is pitifully true that in many instances their very own children have never known it. Women have practiced self-effacement with a blind devotion that meant the final undoing of those whom they would have helped. This, then, is sacrifice—im-mortal sacrifice.

And then there is a holy thing not quite self-sacrifice, because it has escaped that futile quality. It is devotion that is not blind, but in its security has demanded something in return for what it gives. It saves those who otherwise might have been its victims.

Mother love that is strong in its insistence upon some return calls out a just response and brings up men and women instead of weaklings and dependents.

Long days of home-making that might have drifted into drudgery, and longer nights of weary nursing that might have become slavery are appreciated the stronger woman by the appreciation she has called forth. The host of big things she has relinquished, and all the little things she has passed on to others, have come back a hundredfold to bless her. So a mother sees it; this is what sacrifice means to a devoted woman. She would assure you there is no such thing.

Woman Won World's Admiration.

The ex-queen of Naples, Emperor Francis Joseph's sister-in-law, is the only woman who has received the Russian Cross of St. George, which is only conferred for acts of conspicuous bravery under fire, and the ex-queen received it in recognition of the courage she displayed in connection with the magnificent defense of Gaeta against the armies of Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel. One day during the siege a bomb fell into the room where King Francis and Queen Sophia were dining. King Francis retreated to the cellar, trembling with fright. Queen Sophia rose from the table and walked to a looking glass that hung on the wall and, noticing that her hair was whitened by the plaster dust raised by the bursting bomb, said, quite calmly: "What a pity it is that powder is no longer fashionable! I must keep it so while the garrison is being reviewed." Queen Sophia conducted the entire defense of Gaeta, which was so magnificent that the garrison was permitted to march out with all the honors of war. Every day she visited the ramparts and encouraged officers and men. She sighted the guns and her example shamed those who were disposed to surrender into an appearance of courage.

Student of Human Nature.

Once upon a time, when Senator Robert Taylor of Tennessee was "fiddling" Taylor, and on a lecture tour, he picked up an old railroad man who was on the bum and transported him north from Louisiana, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World. The bum was an interesting fellow and the governor enjoyed his conversation immensely. While the train was rolling along between Lake Charles and Alexandria, on a branch of the Texas railroad, it entered a thick pine forest. All of a sudden it stopped. A lone flagman's shanty was the only sign of human habitation. A passenger on the train grabbed a small handbag and got off the train.

"Governor," said Senator Taylor's bum friend, "a man that gets off at a place like this is guilty of something."

Better Left Unsaid.

Little Jane had been learning about germs and other scientific things at school, and the fact that kissing was regarded by medical men as a dangerous pastime had been impressed upon her young mind.

"Papa," she said, in her grave fashion, nodding at him across the table, "wasn't you afraid to kiss mamma when you were first engaged?" "Oh, no," replied papa blithely. "mamma was quite good looking, then."

Approximately.

"She says you are crazy." "She does?" "She didn't use those words exactly." "Can't you tell me what she said, approximately?" "She said you are in love with her." —Houston Post.

ROMANCE ALL GONE

DEFINITE END PUT TO PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE.

Exploration of Previously Unknown Portions of the Earth Has for the Most Part Left People Sadly Disillusioned.

A young English officer, equipped scientifically for his task, has just gone around that big black spot on the map, Lake Tchad, and also has explored thoroughly the lake and its islands. He has added to human knowledge, as he has added to human gratitude, as he has planted a cold, hard and uninteresting fact where a stimulating mystery so long dwelt.

That Peary had a place among the great lakes, larger than Erie but smaller than Huron, a magnificent expanse of water, hidden from the white world by the great wilderness of Africa. The unfeeling Englishman has cut it down from 14,000 square miles to less than 2,000, even in the rainy season, and he says that its average depth is not more than five feet—in fact, that it is only a huge swamp, far from pleasant to the eye. Thus another illusion of middle-aged and elderly people takes wings.

Whenever a new geographical fact is ascertained there is loud acclaim. But ought we to congratulate ourselves because all the world is being mapped, measured, classified and strewed with empty tin cans and old newspapers? Now that Peary has been to the north pole it is not nearly so fascinating a place as it used to be. The English, if they can reach the south pole, may have it and be welcome to it. We have taken the gift off one pole, and that is enough for us.

Fifteen or eighteen years ago there was a peak in the interior of New Guinea a full half mile higher than Mount Everest, and freestone travelers loved to dwell upon its magnificence, but unromantic Germans in spectacles, and probably pudgy, too, have proved that so far from being higher than Mount Everest it is only half as high. We do not thank them.

The great charm of the South Seas lay in the vague, misty color of doubt that overlung them. Any day a bold New England skipper in his sailing bark might happen upon a fine island inhabited by a gentler grown race. The chance has passed forever. We know all the islands, and we are selling clothes and rum on every one of them.

Darkest Africa was far more interesting to most men than an Africa strung with railroad and telegraph lines and dotted with tame lions. Cannot the explorers leave us a few corners of the earth where fancy may roam and romance have its hiding place?

Robbing the Sick.

Better than London, better than Paris, better than Berlin, better than any other large city in the world, New York looks well after its sick poor. There are free hospitals and dispensaries by the score. Even in the luxurious private hospitals there are free beds. There are free institutions for the care of contagious diseases, free vaccination, free diphtheria serum. There are funds for the care of tuberculous patients without means.

Yet with all this public and private charity, the hospitals and dispensaries are constantly taxed to their capacity. A large proportion of the metropolitan population, self-respecting and self-supporting, is able to care for itself in times of health. With illness, however, with the stoppage of wages that generally ensues, it often becomes entirely impossible to supply medical care and attention. It is for such persons as these that the city's dispensaries are intended.

An investigation at Bellevue has shown that frequently persons of means go there for treatment. Undoubtedly this is true at many other institutions. Dr. Brannan has asked the board of estimate to pay an investigator to detect such cases. His request should be granted. Persons with means to pay for medical care who patronize dispensaries are robbing the sick. They should by all means be exposed.—New York World.

Diamonds on the Feet.

The diamond garter has been a fad for many years, but recently Berlin women have decided the garter is not worth the trouble and expense, now that the sheath gowns have gone out of vogue. To have large diamond earrings was all very well, and rings on dainty hands will always be in fashion, but what more could the fastidious woman ask than a sparkling band of diamonds around her ankle? First one of the women in the kaiser's court started it. And others were willing to emulate her, and now when there is a dance the crilet of gems on the ankle inevitably calls attention to a small foot and a shapely ankle. But the one drawback to these ornaments is that sometimes they become loose and are lost. But the plain gold band is used to take the place of the bejeweled crilet, and women risk wearing those in the streets.

Philosophers on School Board.

Americus, Ga., hadn't had a snow since 1895, so when the white flakes began to fall there the other day the schools were dismissed so that the children might enjoy the visit of the beautiful. The school authorities acted wisely in this instance. Where snow falls only once in 15 years it has educational value as an object lesson in natural phenomena.—Chattanooga Times.

SOLDIERS UNDER TWO FLAGS

How the Call of Adventure Under Foreign Colors Has Brightened History.

The American may be pardoned for yielding to the lure of adventure in foreign wars, and those two whose recent execution in Nicaragua belonged to a large and noble company of soldiers of fortune who fought, sometimes for pure love of fighting, sometimes for revenge, but more often for love of liberty and very rarely for pure love of gain. Not all the heroes of history have been those who fought under their own flag. The Dutch government took a deservedly prominent part in the recent celebration of the Hudson-Fulton centennial, but Hudson was an Englishman who sailed under the flag of Holland, and while he was not a soldier of fortune in the belligerent sense of the word, he was one of the world's greatest adventurers who won his fame under a foreign standard.

Christopher Columbus was an Italian, who discovered—or rediscovered—a continent and planted on the sands of the western world the banner of Spain. Apparently, indubitable and exhaustive researches by Minnesota historians and scientists have proved that Columbus came here centuries after the Scandinavians discovered America, whose very name was derived from that of an Italian. Chinese Gordon's sobriquet indicates his career, and the history of the orient is replete with instances of Europeans who roste to power, while American colonial history bears on its pages the names of Lafayette, Pulaski, Steuben, Kosciuszko and others who fought for human freedom under an alien flag. Garibaldi fought under three flags, those of Italy, France and Uruguay; and in connection with the South American revolutions it is not particularly anomalous that one of the national heroes of the Argentine republic is O'Higgins, while one of the great African war heroes of Spain was O'Donnell, the apostrophe in whose names are self-explanatory. When the roster of all the world's armies of conquest and defense, of dominion and discovery, of exploration and expansion, is scanned, it is found that more than one flag floated over many a hero, and that detection under a foreign banner is not self-confessed outlawry, worthy of execration and punishment.

Neon and Electric Waves.

It has recently been discovered that the rare atmospheric gas neon readily becomes luminous under the influence of electric waves, and it is suggested that the property may afford a means of visually reading wireless telegraph messages. Prof. W. L. Dudley experimented with a tube of neon during an Atlantic voyage in July, and found that the gas glowed beautifully in response to the waves sent out from the wireless apparatus of the ship, but the received waves were apparently too weak to affect it sensibly. Further experiment may result in the discovery of a means of utilizing this property of neon as a detector of received signals. At present it is employed to measure the length of electric waves sent out. The length of those tested by Prof. Dudley was about 800 feet.

Victim of a Soft Heart.

The victim looked at the occupant of cell No. 49 through eyes that were dim with tears, and passed a few more fragrant blossoms between the iron bars.

"You poor unfortunate!" she exclaimed. "So you were brought to this, through sympathy for another. Tell me all about it. Perhaps something can be done to set you free."

"Well, mum, 'twas this way," explained the convict. "When me and my mate cracked the crib we found the bank watchman asleep an' we tied an' gagged him. It was him as arterwards identified me."

"Yes; and the sympathy for another?" asked the visitor.

"It was fer him, mum. My mate wanted to stick a knife in him. If I hadn't been a fool an' done it I wouldn't be here talkin' ter you now." —Boston Traveler.

A Fatal Superstition.

A peculiar case illustrative of the fell power of superstition is reported from Oodnababba, Australia. The death occurred a short time ago of an aborigine, "Navy Tom," a black of fine physique, whose portrait appears on the cover of Mr. Foster Fraser's work, "Quaint Subjects of the King." This native was comparatively intelligent and civilized, having been in the employment of whites for many years, and physically he was about the finest type in the northwest, yet he died because another black, an enemy, pointed a bone at him. No amount of reasoning or ridicule on the part of the whites could save him. Once a black has been "boned," he simply wastes away; neither eats nor sleeps properly, and the end soon comes. Aborigines are fatalists, and "Navy Tom" was no exception.

Bride's Fire Baptism.

An alarming accident under most unusual circumstances occurred at a wedding ceremony which took place at St. Mark's church, London, Eng., just recently. Miss J. Robinson and Mr. W. Bliss, the newly-married pair, were in the vestry, signing the register. Suddenly the bride's veil burst into flames, from the fire in the grate. With extraordinary presence of mind, and amid the screams of horror-stricken witnesses, the bridegroom seized the bride and rolled her on the mat, and succeeded in saving her from serious injury.

CO-OPERATION AT ROCHDALE

Humble Start of Business in England That Amounts Now to \$500,000,000.

About sixty years ago a few poor workmen in Rochdale, Eng., formed a little co-operative society and started a store which was kept open evenings by the members, who took turns in serving as storekeepers.

They were earnest, hard headed and practical idealists, says the Twentieth Century Magazine. Yet it is doubtful if the most sanguine of their number in those early days conceived how great would be the movement that should materialize out of what was inaugurated in so humble a way.

From that little beginning has grown one of the most successful enterprises of its kind. Great wholesale societies, enormous warehouses, stores, factories and shops and a fleet of ocean steamers are but a few visible results and valuable assets of this great fraternal federation of workers. In the presidential inaugural address delivered by W. R. Rae at the last congress of the Co-operative union the speaker, after referring to the fact that the last year had been a very trying one throughout England owing to the extreme business depression that prevailed throughout the realm, continued:

"But even in the face of the natural shrinkage in trade the figures for the year, so far as co-operative trading is concerned, are very favorable. During the year 1908 the business done by our societies exceeds that of 1907 by nearly £2,000,000, having risen from £195,717,699 to £197,559,654, and the membership by nearly 100,000, from 2,434,985 to 2,516,194."

Mr. Rae also held that the co-operators "have an entry into and some influence on the life of nearly 2,000,000 homes, or between one-fourth and one-fifth the whole community."

A Strange Custom of Alaska.

Perhaps the most interesting archaeological discovery made on the north coast of Alaska has a relation to the present methods of personal decoration now used by the natives of Alaska, the most significant feature of which is the wearing of lip buttons, or labels, by the men. The present custom is that when a boy is 14 or 16 years of age holes are pierced in his lower lip, one below each corner of the mouth. A small wooden plug is at first inserted to keep the hole from growing together, and month by month a bigger and bigger plug is used, till finally the openings are half an inch in diameter. At this point the young man begins to wear stone or ivory plugs. The ornaments are put in from the inside ordinarily as one might insert a button into a shirt front. Usually the two buttons worn are each of a different sort, while sometimes only one of the holes is filled, and in summer men are occasionally met with who wear no buttons at all. When a visitor is approaching, however, the ornaments are always inserted, for one does not feel dressed without them. In preparing for sleep they are usually removed.—Harper's Magazine.

Compulsory Buying of Bibles.

The first Bible printed in Scotland was issued complete in 1579. In the same year, by act of parliament, every gentleman, householder and others "worth thrie hundred merkis of ylerlie rent or above," and every yeoman and burgh with £500, had to provide, under a penalty of £10, "a Bible and psalme buke in vulgare language in thair housis for the better instruction of thame selfis and thair fameljis in the knowledge of God."

To see that the provisions of the above act were carried into effect, the following year a searcher was appointed with power to visit the houses of those signified by the act "and to require the sight of thair Psalme bukis and Bybills." In a footnote it is added: "The privy council had in 1575 commanded and charged the prebendaris and Heildisemen of every parochin aswell to Burgh as Landwart to contribute and collect £5 for the purchase of a Bible to be placed in every parish kirk."

France's Big War Fund.

At the present time, and for the future, as well, there is lying at the Bank of France, in Paris, a reserve gold store of £160,000,000, which is, in fact, upon one correspondent, "looked upon as a war fund, besides which the twenty millions of Germany look very small." But the German "Kriegsschatz," or emergency war chest fund, only amounts to six millions sterling, and it is lying not in the Reichsbank, at Berlin, but in the vaults of the Julius tower, in the fortress of Spandau, near the capital, against the coming of Germany's next evil day. It has been lying there as a dead fund ever since Germany received from France her war indemnity of £250,000,000, from which it was taken.

Twelve Million Telephones.

It is reported that there are now in this country 12,000,000 telephones, or one for every two houses in the country. This does not mean that one-half of the residences in the country contain an instrument, since many business houses have a large number but the figures are instructive and illuminating. Practically everybody who is anybody in the cities or towns and villages has a telephone, while those in the country districts are legion. The astonishing fact is that each of these phones is used on an average of six times a day. The total number of calls in a year runs up into the billions and is not appreciable by the human mind.

HIS GREAT MISTAKE

FATE OF EMBEZZLER WHO DISREPUTED WHEN OVERTAKEN BY GARBED WISE ADVICE.

Urged to Confess His Fault, the Culprit Fled, to Be Overtaken by Retribution When All Seemed to Be Going Well.

"All sorts of criminals come to us and confess their crimes," said the Sky Pilot, "and ask our advice, but they don't always take it. They would be better off if they did. There is one case I will tell you of. A man came one day perfectly white, all to pieces, shut the door behind him, looked all around the room, then asked in a whisper if there was any one about who could hear what he had to tell me. I assured him that there was no one in the house besides myself but my sister, and she was in the dining-room. The door was shut behind me.

"The man then told me his story. He said he had robbed the bankers who were his employers of \$7,000 and lost the money in speculation. He begged to know what to do. I don't think I have ever seen a man nearer the verge of nervous prostration.

"I advised him to go to his employers and own up. I thought they would give him another chance, let him earn the money, and repay them. He went away after promising me he would follow my advice.

"My sister came in and asked to know what he had confessed. I never repeat these confessions, so I remained silent until day after day passed. I heard nothing from him and she begged me so hard I told her the story. You know how women are. They never let you alone until they have had their way.

"All this happened in Cleveland, O., by the way.

"After about two years my sister, who never forgets a name or face, brought me a paper with an account of a man who had shot himself in Denver. He was running a restaurant out there, a very successful one, it seemed. He had gone to bed one night when two men came to his restaurant, above which he ran a hotel with rooms to rent. The men were from his old home, Cleveland. The boy went upstairs to tell the proprietor that the men wanted to see him.

"The boy no sooner left the room than the proprietor took the pistol he always kept ready, they said, near him and blew out his brains.

"He was the man who had confessed to me. He had gone out there and started this business and was succeeding beautifully, but when these two men sent word that they were from Cleveland, he immediately jumped to the conclusion that they were detectives sent out by his old employers to look him up and arrest him.

"The men were amazed. They had simply heard that he was from their home and wanted to see him, thinking he might, perhaps, give them more comfortable quarters for that reason. "Now, you see, if that man had done as I told him to do, confessed to his employers and begged their mercy, he might have been alive to-day."

McEwen's Decision.

Not long ago Justice McEwen sat on a cow case; that is, a case involving money due one man for boarding the cow of another. The wrangle was as to what the board was worth.

As to attorney called three or four liverymen and got their testimony on the cost of boarding a horse. Of course, the opposing counsel objected and declared such testimony to be incompetent, on the ground that the cost of boarding a horse is not the same as the cost of boarding a cow.

This the other attorney conceded, but he explained that he was going to follow up the testimony of the liverymen with expert testimony to show how much less, if any, it costs to keep a cow than a horse.

"Oh, if you are going to work on that plan," put in McEwen in judicial tones, "you might as well start in with elephants and work down to cows by gradual stages."—Cleveland Ledger.

The Yell a Habit.

A delegation of peddlers and representatives of peddlers has appeared before the council judiciary committee to urge the repeal of the anti-noise ordinance. These peddlers honestly believe that they can't do business without yelling. As a matter of fact, they have never tried. There is good reason to think that when they try they will find their business is as good as ever. If some peddlers had to stop yelling and others didn't, the result would be unfair competition, but when all stop together none is any the worse off. It was pointed out at the council hearing that no Greek peddlers were complaining of the ordinance, the reason being that the Greeks used more progressive methods than yelling and found them profitable.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Advertise.

"You've got to advertise if you want people to know you're on earth," the gorilla said. "It's the lion's roar that makes him the king of beasts. The person who makes a big noise gets to the front." The rabbit pondered these words and was convinced. Some time later he rose on his hind legs in a thicket and screamed. A coyote, learning of the rabbit's whereabouts by his noise, hopped onto him and ate him. Moral—If you haven't the goods don't make any noise at all.—Kansas City Times.