

Canada seems to be getting a better neighbor all the time.

Occasionally a comet butts into view without first sending in its card.

It takes a man who doesn't work to talk eloquently about the dignity of labor.

Commander Peary wants the Stars and Stripes planted on the South Pole. It is a patriotic idea.

No matter what he says almost every man yearns for the time when he will be rich enough to do as he pleases.

Somebody has presented another medal to the Wright Brothers. Up to Jan. 25, ultimo, the brothers had two small kegs full of medals.

Trust in Providence is beautiful and blessed, but if you jump into holes with your eyes open and think Providence will pull you out you are a sucker.

One of the professors says woman's senses are less acute than those of man. He probably bases his decision on the fact that a woman can get along all winter with low shoes.

What a lucky thing it would be if a good constitutional lawyer could occasionally be induced to examine a bill before the Legislature wasted time and oratory in passing it.

A burglar stole diamonds worth \$500,000 from a woman's room in a New York hotel. We shall probably hear, now, how he overlooked \$50,000, 000,000 in cash which was lying on the dresser.

It appears that it was Rowland Hill who invented the adhesive postage stamp, but to our glory be it said it was an American government contractor who invented the non-adhesive postage stamp.

Dr. Felix Adler states that Americans are maniacs for work. It isn't so much wealth they desire as work, he thinks. Possibly this accounts for the existence of the Sons of Rest Society. It is the natural reaction.

If the mean man's championship is still open to challenge, the Brooklyn dairyman who was convicted the other day of selling adulterated milk to an orphan asylum certainly has claims upon the title that are worth considering.

An observant Frenchman who has been visiting in New York makes the just comment that Americans do not know how to economize in little things. "Saving five dollars may appeal to them, but saving five cents—no! We believe in France that saving five cents makes it possible for us to save five dollars; and this has made France a rich country."

A suggestion for household economy was given in a scientific lecture recently, when a professor of physics said that the ordinary stove used in most kitchens wastes in a day enough heat to keep food hot for a month. Anything that will cool the kitchen in summer or warm it in winter, whether or not it cooks the meals, will be welcomed by the cooks themselves.

"Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!" wrote Thomas Campbell a century ago. The appeal was heeded, and the great beech which stood near Ardwall House, Kirkcubright, Scotland, was not cut down. Now, however, it has been blown down, and another of the famous trees which have inspired poetry, or been glorified by tradition, is gone. The elm which suggested to George P. Morris his poem of similar sentiment was probably cut down years ago.

Helen continues to retain its popularity as a name for girls. Not long ago it was voted the favorite name by the students of a men's college and it has been discovered, as the result of a canvass of the names of the students in Smith College, that more than a hundred of the total of 1,600 bear that name. Mary, with less than ninety, comes next. Margaret, Ruth, Florence and Elizabeth follow in the same order. The good old-fashioned womanly names have fortunately displaced the fancy names of a generation or so ago.

Per million of population, the number of felonious homicides in 1909 was as follows: In Canada, 3; Germany, 5; England, 11; France, 13; Belgium, the most criminal country in Europe, 15; in the United States, 129. Owing to lax enforcement of law, and the mistaken policy of giving the criminal too many chances for escaping the penalty of his crime, only one out of seventy-four murderers in the United States is convicted. Political and personal influence and the maudlin sentiment that regards crime as disease and a murderer as a sick man to be cured, instead of a dangerous beast to be exterminated, permit the average murderer in America to escape with seven years in prison. Crime is crime. The sooner American prisons cease to be pleasant sanitariums for mental abnormal and become institutions for punishment of criminals by hard work and rigid discipline the better for our national reputation.

It is easy to draw a historical contrast between the past and present position of women in the body politic and society. Our sisters who are dissatisfied with their lot may find some comfort in comparing their own status with that of their grandmothers, great-grandmothers and remoter ancestors. The comfort will lie not in rejoicing over the limitations of the women of the past generations, but in the evidence afforded of the great progress made by the sex. But there is a closer and contemporary companion picture which conveys the same lesson. A Tokio newspaper has recently questioned

the Japanese commercial commissioners on their return from a tour of investigation in the United States as to what displeased them most among the conditions they encountered on their trip. Among the answers were the following: "Extreme respect paid to women." "Presumptuous attitude of women over men and the mingling of boys among girls in schools." "Too much respect for women." "Unreasonable egotism on the part of women." "Too much pride on the part of women." "To salute any kind of woman." "Unnatural gestures and phrasology of women in talking." These replies were given by some of the most enlightened and progressive men of Japan. Japan has made great progress along many lines, but the notion of the inferiority of women still persists. Her chief duty among them is obedience—obedience to her father before marriage, to her husband after marriage, and to her son if she is a widow. She must bow low before her masculine masters. She cannot walk beside her husband on terms of equality, but must follow humbly in the rear. She must carry his packages and perform all the little services which American gallantry prescribes as the part of the male. It is true that these customs, which from our standpoint would be called loutish, never prevailed in American or European society; nevertheless, the notion of the duty of obedience of women is essentially as old as man himself. In our modern social life the conditions are practically reversed. It is the man who must be obedient; and it may come to be the same in politics if the present trend continues.

MONKEY CAPTURES BURGLAR.

Felted Him with Crookery and Grapple with Him and Chase Arrest. After a lengthy sojourn in Madagascar, M. Louis Charriot returned to Paris, recently and took up his residence at 43 Rue des Sevignes, the Paris edition of the New York Herald says. He had brought with him, in addition to a number of curios and tapestries, a large monkey named Ernest, which he kept as a pet in his apartment.

While M. Charriot was absent yesterday afternoon a burglar entered the apartment by means of a skeleton key. He was busy making a parcel of a number of objects of value, when the monkey Ernest, who had been hiding in a corner of the dining room, suddenly began to pelt him with a perfect hail of plates, cups, saucers, ash trays, an inkstand and other portable objects at hand.

The burglar first hesitated, and then made a dash at Ernest with a heavy cane. The monkey wisely beat a retreat and climbed on to the top of the buffet. The intruder got a chair to reach the monkey and was about to strike when the monkey jumped at him and, amid a terrible noise of breaking plates and overturned furniture, monkey and man fell together to the floor.

The noise immediately attracted the neighbors and the burglar was quickly overpowered. He turned out to be an erstwhile convict named Georges Reiel. Thanks to the monkey the burglar was caught, but the material damage done in the apartment is almost as great as if the burglar had quietly carried the goods away.

WIPED OUT BY SMALLPOX.

Only One Survivor in a Russian VII.

Details of the wiping out of an entire Russian village by smallpox have just reached St. Petersburg, says a New York Press correspondent. The village is named Volskaya, and is situated in the island of Sachalin. Until a few weeks ago its population was 1,100. Sanitation, as in most Russian villages, was conspicuously absent, and when the disease first appeared a few months ago no one was troubled about it. Smallpox in Russia is frequently called the "holy sickness," and no attempt was made at vaccination.

Sick and healthy children were habitually bathed together, that being believed an efficacious treatment, and after the local priest died the bodies remained unburied. Thus the epidemic raged unchecked and entire families from grandfather to grandchild, were stricken. Finally a sanitary commission was sent from the mainland, but could accomplish nothing. It has been decided to burn to the ground this "village of death," as it is popularly called. Of the 1,100 inhabitants only one remains, a man of 72, named Vassilief. The disease spared him, but he has become a maniac.

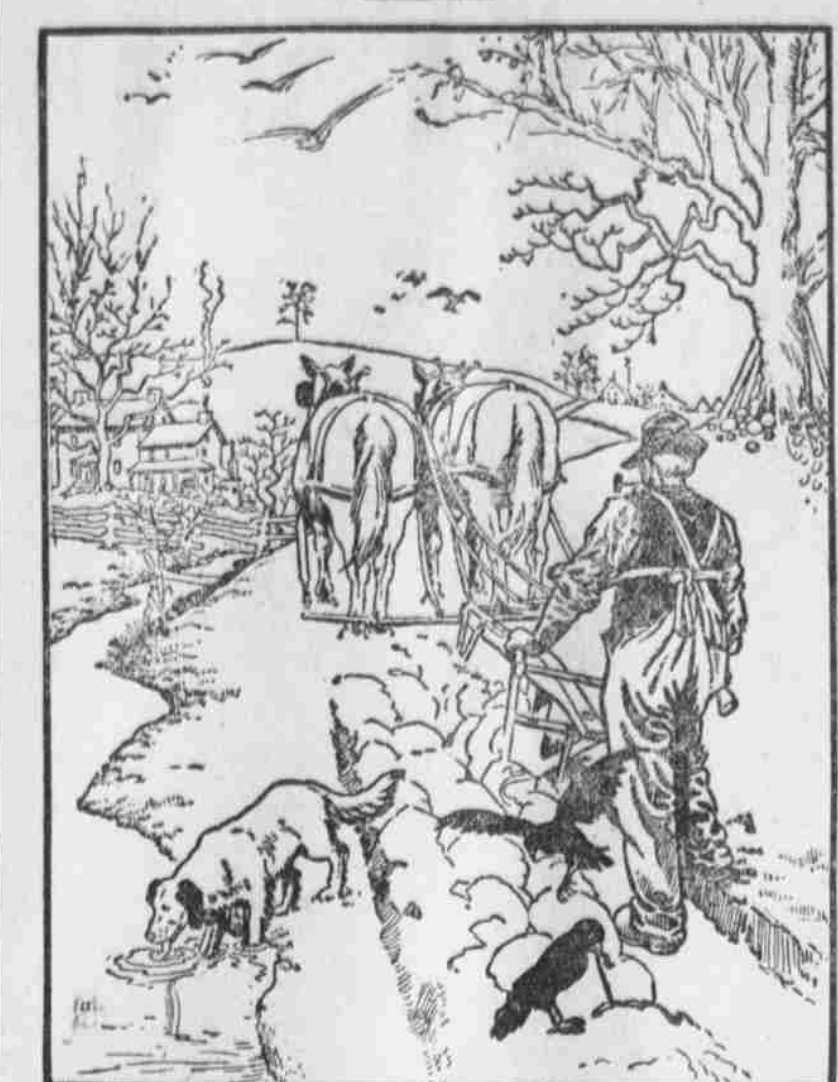
A Financial Joke.

"I want to go home quick, my wife has presented me with a fine boy," said a waiter in the Cafe Martin last Saturday to the head waiter. "Sure thing! Beat it, quick! My, but you're lucky," replied the head waiter. It is the rule at the Cafe Martin that when a son is born in the family of any employe \$100 is given to the father and \$50 for a girl. With his face wreathed in smiles, the waiter returned to the restaurant in the afternoon carrying a big baby boy. In the restaurant were John B. Martin and his brother, Louis, Mark A. Mayer and Julian Kaufman. These four retired to the private office of the cafe, with the waiter and the baby, and set about celebrating. Wine was opened and glasses filled. Then while Louis Martin held the baby his brother John rose, and lifting the glass spoke solemn truths on the honor and responsibility of being the father of such a magnificent boy and gave the waiter a \$100 bill. Mayer added a \$100 bill.

The toast was drunk. The waiter and the baby departed. They had been gone only a few minutes when a little Frenchwoman excitedly entered. "Where is that waiter?" she demanded. "He has gone," was the reply. "He said he only wanted to borrow my 4-months-old baby for a few minutes, and he has been gone an hour and a half. Oh, where is my baby?" She said the waiter had boarded with her a week and had borrowed the baby to show a friend.—New York World.

Never forget a friend—especially if he owes you.

THE MAN AT THE PLOW HANDLES.



Just a thought in recognition of a fellow who seldom gets into the newspapers. He doesn't make much news. He knows mighty little about the "city ways" of making money. He has a fine liking for clean financial methods and a hearty scorn for all that is crooked. Perhaps it is his manner of living that makes him want to be honest. Let that man see a problem play, one of those things that serve to satisfy the jaded appetites of metropolitan people, and you'll find a splash of red on his tanned cheek and he will wonder how it is possible for women to be present. Tell him about bribery and stock jobbing and franchise stealing and a few of the thousand forms of gouging the public, and you will jar his faith in the natural goodness of humanity.

In the spring this type of good American citizen is following a plow. It is hard work. It puts a big ache in the neck and callouses on the hands. It destroys the complexion. It calls for brown overalls and perspiration. The man is happy in his work. He whistles as he trudges along in the furrow. He chucks to the horses, and finds joy in the freedom of his life. He doesn't go into raptures over green fields and singing brooks and songs of birds. They are a part of his environment. They are routine, but he loves them just the same.

He has an enormous burden on his broad shoulders. He feeds the world. He is the brother of life itself. He toils long hours. His primary object in working is his own welfare. But he feeds the world. He makes existence possible. He is the head of the procession in which are marching the doctor, the lawyer, the banker, the idler. He is the fountainhead of wealth and prosperity. He is the creditor of humanity. It is well to remember with gratefulness this man in overalls, who follows the plow and whistles as the brown earth reveals its richness and prepares to bring forth the fruits of the field.

POPULAR SCIENCE advertisement with logo.

A cent's worth of electricity, at the average price in this country, will raise ten tons twelve feet high with a crane in less than a minute.

A French chemist has advanced the theory that the odors from vegetation disseminated through the air diminish the actinic powers of the solar radiations sufficiently to affect photography.

No coal is mined in this country lower than a depth of 2,200 feet, while several English mines penetrate 3,500 feet, and there are mines in Belgium 4,000 feet deep. Eight inch seams of coal are mined commercially abroad, while few veins less than fourteen inches thick are worked in this country.

In a paper read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers at Manchester, England, recently, the maximum output of the five power-stations at Niagara Falls was stated at 320,000 horse-power, distributed over a distance of 150 miles. This distance will soon be increased to 250 miles, and then, said the authors of the paper, such a system of distribution will be in operation as would, if it were installed in England, supply the whole country with the electrical energy it required, from one central station.

Recent experiments by Dr. W. von Oeehelhauser, in Germany, have resulted in the production from the decomposition of ordinary coal-gas in vertical retorts of a gas possessing a lifting power of about one kilogram (two and one-fifth pounds) per cubic meter. The lifting power of lighting-gas has been calculated at seven-tenths of a kilogram per cubic meter. Compared with hydrogen, the new gas has a lifting power of in the proportion of 1,000 to 1,050. A balloon of 1,000 cubic meters filled with the new gas would lift 660 pounds more than the same balloon filled with ordinary gas.

The effect of chemistry on civilization, says Dr. Maximilian Toch, has been greater than that of any other science. "Engineering made but little progress until steel and cement, two chemical products, were cheapened, simplified, and made universal." Medicine owes to chemistry the discovery of synthetic drugs, and of anesthetics, and the progress that has been made in the study of metabolism. The twentieth century promises even to outstrip the nineteenth in chemical progress, which will lie in the direction of controlling foodstuffs, applying the raw materials in the earth, and refining of metals.

Practically all the important infrastructures and hospitals in England have their own electric generating stations, and the size of the installations, says the London Times, would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with unusual care, owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a public supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on account of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, telephoning and other purposes, and many hospitals have laundries operated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

The stuff used to kill a smell is usually worse than the smell.

TRUE WORTH.

True worth is in being, not seeming—In doing each day that goes by. Some little good—not in the dreaming Of great things to do by and by. For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kindly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—We can not do wrong and feel right. Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—

For justice avenges each slight. The air for the wing of the sparrow, The bush for the robin and wren, But always the path that is narrow And straight for the children of men.—Alice Cary.

The Home-Coming

There had been a thunderstorm, but the lowering black clouds had rumbled suddenly off, and now, out to the west, the sun was setting amid a riotous wealth of crimson and gold. From the cottage chimneys the thin blue smoke wavered up in misty spirals. The rain had filled the air with a sense of freshness, and the uneven roadway was speckled with puddles which reflected the clear blue of the sky. Talking and laughing, the villagers were lounging about with the easy aimlessness begot of the knowledge that the day's work was over and done with.

Down the straggling village street came a young girl dressed in thin, shoddy clothes. As she threaded her way down the sodden road her bearing was by turns shrinking and bold. It was as if she had made up her mind to some resolve, and intended to carry it out however much her soul might innately rebel at the idea.

As she passed down the street the villagers turned to look after her. Outside the inn, a group of men laughed noisily as she passed, and only laughed the louder at the look of defiant scorn she cast at them.

Two slatternly women, conversing familiarly with each other across the width of the road, stopped their talk abruptly to stare at her as she nervously stepped past them.

"Old Bennett's gal, ain't she?" asked one. "That's'er—the 'ussy' was the answer. 'Come 'om agen, I s'pose.' 'Run away, didn't she? Went to London, or something?' 'That's it. Went play-actin'—so she wrote to'er father. Fine play-actin'.

"I'll be bound," she laughed sneeringly, significantly. "What did old Bennett say to that, eh?" "Said she was no more 's daughter. No more she 'ad call to be, after runnin' away, and disgracin' the family like that."

They gazed speculatively after the thin figure in the shabby frock. Then their eyes met and they added knowingly at each other. "Quite the lady!" laughed one shrilly.

Meanwhile, with the women's words ringing in her ears, the girl kept dejectedly on her way. At the gate of a cottage garden she saw one of her father's old cronies—one who had often danced her on his knee in the years that were past.

"Good evening, Mr. Abram," she ventured timidly. He stared at the sound of her voice, muttered something into his beard and started to enter his house.

Slowly the girl's eyes filled. Two great tears trembled on the lashes of her blue eyes, overbalanced, and rolled dolorously down her pale cheeks. She took three or four hurried steps, then a few in which hesitation was apparent. Finally, she stood still and glanced back uncertainly. Then a look of determination again came into her face, and she continued on her road.

Old Bennett lived on the Common, and a turn in the road brought her to the cottage into her view. She drew in her breath in a sharp, hissing sob at sight of it, and her pace grew quicker.

A little knot of people she had once known as friends stood gossiping at the corner of the Common. She walking past them with eyes averted, and no one spoke a word of greeting.

Again the girl wavered. Then through her tears she saw the cottage, and hurried on.

She stepped softly, grief-like, through the gate, and passed along the path, her heart beating wildly. Footsteps rang out over the stone floor within and a boy opened the door. He stood amazed to see the girl and eyed her apprehensively. Beyond, through the half-open door of an inner room, her eager, straining eyes caught a glimpse of an old man starting up from his chair in vague alarm.

The boy turned without a word and to the old man. "Is Bess," he told him stamptly. "Bess!" she heard the old man cry joyously, and something clattered to the floor, as if he had been dropped.

Then—"Bess, ye say!" in a harsher tone. He came slowly to the door. "So, 'tis you!" he said. "You want to come back to us, eh?" She nodded her head humbly. "And do you think we'll have you?"

RUSSIAN SPIES IN NEW YORK.

If a Russian Jew dwelling in a tenement house in New York spends his evenings in a public library reading the history of his fatherland or poring over books on democracy or socialism, the secret police of the Czar of Russia will know about it sooner or later. The name, age, sex, address and occupation of the library reader will, in the course of routine business, be inscribed on the official records at St. Petersburg, together with a description of the listed person's physical appearance.

This curious fact is merely one indication of the thoroughness of the Russian government's spy system in New York, a system which Vladimir Bourtsief, the scholar and historian of the Russian revolutionary movement, has come to the United States to expose.

According to Bourtsief and the leaders of the movement with whom he is working, New York harbors many secret agents of the home government, whose business it is to keep the police informed of the revolutionary activities in America, and especially to cable information whenever a revolutionist leaves New York for a visit to St. Petersburg. His departure is known in St. Petersburg before his ship is half way across the Atlantic, and if he ventures to cross the Russian border some pretext is found for arresting him. It is optional with each spy what ostensible occupation he shall have. He may push a peddler's cart, or keep a shop, or print books, or have a job in some city department. Anything will do so long as his neighbors do not suspect him and admit him to membership in one or more of the many little organizations of the revolutionists.

Although he has worked against the Russian government all his life, Bourtsief, the greatest of spy hunters, has belonged to no organization since 1870, when the Narodnaya Vola, of which he had been the founder, disbanded. Since then he has worked as a "free lance" revolutionist, writing many books and papers, allying himself first with one group and then another to accomplish a certain object, and always trusted and admired by the workers from whose societies he has held himself aloof. He is recognized as the scholar and the historian of the movement.

One of the chief activities of the revolutionists is smuggling their literature into Russia. Much of it is taken across the border by men who live near the line, on the Austrian side, and whose business takes them back and forth frequently. They will conceal a consignment of pamphlets in their carts, under a load of merchandise. Then at a convenient and safe place the books will be unloaded and buried in the ground, to await the arrival of the man charged with the responsibility of distributing them.—Montreal Herald and Star.

he went on sternly. "You ran away from your home, remember. We wasn't unkind to you, was we?" She shook her head, and looked up at him, her lips trembling pitiously.

"There was nothin' in reason that you wanted that you didn't have. And yet you ran away. You forgot love, Bess; you forgot duty; you forgot them that never forget you—you forgot everything. You're no daughter of mine!"

"Father!" he cried in supplication. "Aye, and now you've 'ad your fling, Bess, you wants to come back. And how do I know that we can take you away, never carin' whether your mother's heart was broke or not. You crept away in the dark like a thief. You went away on your own, as you calls it. I know what London is. It's a cruel place, lass, a terrible cruel place."

He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. "Oh, why did ye do it, Bess?" he asked, his voice breaking helplessly.

He stood looking sadly at her. Then a gleam of hope shot across his face. With sudden force he seized her by the wrist and swung her toward the setting sun.

The lingering rays lighted up the wan cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes of the girl. With fierce, questioning look, the father stood gazing at his daughter.

She met his stare unflinchingly; blue eyes looked into gray without a tremor. His grasp on his wrist was hurting her, but still she looked straight into his eyes.

The seconds seemed drawn into minutes, but still the gray eyes searched the blue, as if they would draw every secret from them.

The old man's expression began to relax. By degrees content crept into the gray eyes. A great spring of yearning love was surging in his heart. "Father!" she whispered.

He drew in his breath with a hiss at the word. His hand fell from her wrist and hung indeterminate at his side.

"Father!" she whispered again. Of a sudden his shoulders squared and he hung wide the door.

"Come in!" he cried, a new note in his voice. He thrust out his hands to her. "Come in . . . my daughter!"—O. Morton Howard in Pall Mall Gazette.

NEW FUELS IN USE.

Our Increasing Employment of Gases and Oils Under Boilers.

During the past half of the last century it was solid fuel only that was employed for the generation of heat and power, but the last half of the century has seen the advent of liquid and gaseous fuels, which under certain conditions proved themselves of the greatest value, the Scientific American says. And certain processes are now largely dependent upon their use, this being due to the ease of application which has meant economy in labor and greatest facility for converting the heat into work. As an example of the ease of application making a fuel of poor calorific value more effective in use than coal of high quality, one may instance such manufactures as those of glass, where in the heating by solid fuel the necessary temperature had to be imparted to the mass of raw material through the walls of a thick fire clay retort, of difficulty of application here being dependent upon the fact that the crucible had to be heated to a very high temperature to get the necessary fusing point of the glass mixture, and that maintaining this for a considerable period meant a big expenditure in fuel and great wear and tear to the furnace and containing vessel.

It was clear that if the fuel could be gasified and the clean flame made to play directly on to the surface of the mixture to be fused, instead of having to impart the heat through the walls of the containing vessel, an enormous economy would be obtained, and this is now done by the utilization of producer gas and regeneration in the continuous tank process. In the same way liquid fuel, as soon as methods could be found for its proper combustion, presented such wonderful economies and advantages for marine work that, in spite of its being dearer than coal, it at once found a place in both the navy and merchant marine. The possibility of being able to store it below the level of the boiler in the ballast tanks instead of having, as in coal bunkers, to have the storage above that level, at once gave it increased space in the important part of the vessel, and, what was of much

DECEMBER AND MAY.

Mating of the Old and the Young is Now Becoming the Fashion.

What does it matter how old a man is or what the age of a woman is if they wish to marry? What have years to do with love and that felicity that comes from the tying of the nuptial knot? Dr. Johnson's wife was more than twenty years his senior, and Shakespeare's spouse was old enough to be his mother. They were happy, and why should not those who follow their example in these days also find conjugal joys?

It is getting to be the fashion nowadays, this mating of December and May, the New York Telegraph says. Recently a wealthy woman of Hartford made plans for marrying a school-boy from New Haven. She was about 70 and he about 20, and her children and grandchildren, when they learned about it, went to the courts and said she was crazy. But the judges knew otherwise, and set her free and let her continue mistress of her own fortune.

Then there was the lady of a noted American family who lived in her mansion on the Hudson. For 63 years she had lived alone, and then she married her hostler, aged 24. What of that? Shall a woman who has lived nearly threescore years and ten and still is an old maid continue so until her death?

Mme. Francoise Mantaiselo, 57 years old, and Arthur Springer, 23 years old, have taken out a license to marry in this city. Speaking for the lady and himself, Master Springer made this statement: "It is no one's business except ours to say 'no.' The boy is right; he can carry his step-grandmother if he wishes, and not even the law can say him nay."

Bogus Fur in England.

The London Chamber of Commerce, through its fur and skin trade section, has issued a warning to furriers, drapers and others throughout the United Kingdom in regard to common "misdescriptions" of furs, Daily Consular and Trade Reports says.

The following is a list of the most common misdescriptions included in the list:

- "Real Russian sable" — American sable.
"Sable"—fitch, dyed.
"Beaver"—goat, dyed.
"Fox"—hare, dyed.
"Lamb or broadtail"—kidda.
"Mink, sable or skunk"—marmoset, dyed.
"Sable"—mink, dyed.
"Mink or sable"—musquash, dyed.
"Seal, electric seal, Red river seal and Hudson seal"—musquash, pulled and dyed, or nutria, pulled and dyed, or rabbit, sheared and dyed.
"Beaver and otter"—nutria, pulled, natural.
"Beaver"—opossum, sheared and dyed.
"Seal"—otter, pulled and dyed.
"Sable or French sable"—rabbit, dyed.
"Ermine"—rabbit, white.
"Chinchilla"—rabbit, white, dyed.
"Skunk"—wallaby, dyed.
"Fox"—white hare.
In addition, white hairs are inserted in foxes and sables to make "silver foxes."

Bliss for Her.

Miss Sweet—Poor Belle's in trouble. She's had proposals from two men and she doesn't know which to accept.

Miss Elder—Goodness mercy! You don't call that trouble.—Boston Transcript.

Making Him Comfortable.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining-room?" "Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."

Fair Office Exchange.

Stenog—Oh, Frank, will you please sharpen my pencil? Clerk—Yes, if you'll please sew on this button.—Boston Herald.