VIEWS OF A HEATHEN.

WONG CHIN FOO PICKS A FEW FLAWS IN OUR CIVILIZATION.

Chinese Appreciation of Modern Financiering—How Civilized People Drive Each Other to the Wall—American Politics—Old People—Motherhood.

The thing that takes my eye the most in western civilization is the way the American moguls make their money. There's nothing small about them in their grabbing desires, their ability to make millions upon nothing, and the remarkably civilized way they are allowed to do it takes the heathen's eye. If that financiering secret is introduced into China by a missionary like Count Mitkiewicz, of the Chinese banking syndicate, the entire empire will become willing converts in a single day. To such profitable enterprise even H. I. M. the emperor would join in. And then goodby to the Chinese laundries throughout the United States, and the now troublesome social and political problem of Chinese immigration would be a thing of the past.

THE MERCENARY AMERICANS.

To turn to more serious things, I confess I do not understand why, for a matter of mere existence, civilized people so crucily and persistently crowd each other to the wall. From day to day, even through the night under the electric blaze, they engage in a wild struggle for existence, when heaven has made the earth to give forth her abundance for their comforts without the necessity of their killing each other to get it. Yet they don't even allow their beasts of burden time to masticate their food properly. No wonder they fall by the roadside. Misery is desperate and crime rampant, and the few successful in their financial and social aims "drop off" just as they are all ready to enjoy life. Look at lower Broadway during business hours on any day, especially in and about Fulton street. Why, the intensity of the struggle for worldly existence as manifested there is simply enough to freeze the nerves of any contemplating heathen. Cui bono? What a life! Oh, superior beings! is there no more to-morrow? Is this the modern method of preparing for the future? No wonder your heart disease is common and your insane asylums are crowded. Has civilization so advanced that it perpetually makes men willing slaves in a mart of constant and cruel mental anguish?

Fashion, style and habit make it necessary for such terrible contentions, probably. I have seen here, in the most "civilized" part of the United States, a family of six, poor and almost dependent, will buy or hire an expensive music box called a piano, and place it in the parlor just for show, and just because other families, who are better off than they, have the same thing. The heathen prefers to have no piano, but have something good to eat and wear.

VIEW OF OUR POLITICS.

In politics, among the civilized American nation, it seems to me, everybody is boss in the matter of government and nobody is boss, after all, except in the matter of "boodle" business. Everybody wants the boodle, but only a few are getting it. As a rule, the fittest class lawyers rule. If the supply of these runs short a descent is made upon the saloons and liquor dives to occupy the positions of trust. Such men as the late Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Horace Greeley and other intellectual giants are left to die unrewarded by a grateful people. They are afraid such men may not be shrewd enough to plunder them quickly enough.

Now, where does all the money go that is consequent upon this outrageous "up-to-neck" taxation by this glorious republic? Certainly the salaries of its officials do not eat it up, as they are, with hardly an exception, the poorest paid officials in the world. Even a second grade mandarin of China gets a bigger salary than the president of the entire United States—at least twice the amount. And yet there are more officials in China by at least ten times than there are in the United States, and the taxation in that country is so light that the people hardly feel the loss, there being no taxation upon anything in many of the provinces except salt and land actually cultivated. Upon the latter there is only something less than 1-2 per cent. of the grains raised, and upon the former 1 percent. There is absolutely no tax upon homesteads or real estate not actually under cultivation, nor any personal property tax. Yet the imperial treasury of China is one of the richest in Asia. There is not a dollar of national debt except that owed to the Europeans some years ago, when the opium was forced upon the heathens for the heathens' good. Even that outrageous amount has been largely paid off by the economical heathen politicians.

PLACE FOR RICH YOUNG MEN.

If I were a young man, especially if I were handsome and had a generous "old men" at my back with a liberal pocketbook, I should prefer to live in America to any other place on earth. But I should take good care not to get old, for this is a country where old men and women invariably take a back seat. Sometimes they are not even allowed the comfort of any seat at all. It is only here that I find old men and women are servants of the healthful youth of either sex. It seems to be a common law among the people here to raise and support children as sumptuously as their means permit and continue to support them, even long after they are able to earn their own living. But when it comes to the old people's turn sentiment seems to dwindle down almost to zero. In society the young are the center of attraction. They are the blooming flowers. The old people are shut up in the kitchen behind the doors.

What a muss the people of this country make of their love business! Are the understandings of the American youth obtuse? It frequently takes years of their valuable time to whisper ardent love to each other, and frequently, at the very last moment, they suddenly find out that they did not love each other at all. "They were simply trying to find out each other's peculiarities." Occasionally these courtings actually terminate in a marriage, but as a rule the love making business is then over. Therefore, the only next interesting thing between them is a quarrel and a divorce.

All American ladies like babies, but only few like to be their mothers. Even the richest babies will only have cows for their foster mothers. This is western civilization.—Wong Chin Foo in New York World.

Lotta's Good Taste.

"It isn't the men I care about," says Lotta, with a little snap of the eyes. "It's the women that I work to please. Any one can please the men—that's the easiest thing in the world. But it's quite a different matter to get the women to liking you. I like women best for my friends, too, and I have them in every city in the United States. I like to read books that women write, and, in short, to know all about them. No one knows better than I all the difficulties there are in the way of their success, and no one rejoices more than I when I hear of one's getting ahead. They give me my best inspiration.—Chicago News.

HABIT OF EARLY RISING.

How the Inalienable Rights of Boyhood Are Invaded—Other Bad Habits.

"Early rising," Dr. Selden said, "was one of the surest means by which insanity is acquired." He said this habit was originally formed or forced by our Puritan forefathers in New England. Probably many of us can remember the rude shocks by which we were awakened when youngsters early in the morning, and before our brains and bodies were sufficiently recuperated by sleep from the exhaustions and excitements of the previous day.

Some of us can remember that rousing old command, "Get up, now, right away, or you can't have any breakfast." There was a command, coupled with a threat, and applied in such a manner as to kindle in the heart of the sleeping lad (or rather boy) the fierce fires of a stubborn resistance. The inalienable rights of growing boyhood had been invaded, and the hot, burning passion of anger was excited in the heart of the boy at the very outset of another day's experience. When roused from sleep by such a startling injunction, the boyish victim remained "as mad as a March hare" all day. A peremptory command to get up when one's sleep is as yet unfinished is a command which grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, upsets all good intentions, and disturbs for an entire day the mental activities of a boy, just as a tornado disturbs and levels with advancing ruin a forest of mighty pines.

"Another habit, but a less pernicious one, is that of rising too late in the morning, while still another habit tending to bring on insanity is the habit of rousing one's self suddenly after a long night's sleep. After the brain has been in an anæmic condition for several hours, and after the mental processes have been practically suspended during that period, the resumption of mental activity should be very gradual. A person who wakens suddenly, shakes himself and jumps out of bed as if he was struck by lightning, will certainly injure his own brain if he continues that habit for a sufficient length of time. The sudden filling of the blood vessels by too sharp activity after waking will in time produce relaxation, or possibly rupture, in the walls of the cerebral vessels. A person should waken himself slowly, and should rest a short time after waking, indulging in some light, genial, mental operation, just enough to stimulate to normal activity the brain forces before he rises from the recumbent position.—Herald of Health.

Journey of the Human Jaw.

The noonday customers were dropping out one by one from a Sansom street restaurant, when a dyspeptic looking man who sat at the next table startled me by saying: "Have you any idea how many miles a man's jaw will travel in the course of his life, assuming that he lives to be 70 years of age?"

"Well, I never thought of it," answered a young man, who halted in his wild career of beefsteak. The dyspeptic man changed his seat and exposed a much soiled piece of paper with some figures on it, which he proceeded to explain:

"For the first ten years a child's jaw will go about 50 inches daily, or 200,750 inches altogether in a decade. From his 10th to his 20th year, what with chewing gum, food and tobacco, he will work his jaw for, say, four hours a day, at an average of one-half an inch per minute; that would make in a day 120 inches, or in ten years 438,000 inches. During this time he will talk about five hours a day, traversing about three-fourths of an inch a minute with his jaw; that would give in ten years 821,250 inches to be added to our former figures.

"For the next forty-five years he will spend sixty minutes a day in eating, when he will open his mouth half an inch a minute, and seven hours in talking, when he will average five-eighths of an inch; that is, when you figure it out, 5,008,025 inches.

"We now have our man 65 years old. For the last five years his jaw takes a rest. He will eat no more than thirty minutes a day at one-half inch a minute, or 27,375 inches, and in talking the distance traveled will not amount to more than 328,500 inches. Now for the total. If we add the various sums together we get 6,849,479 inches, and dividing by 63,360, the number of inches in a mile, you find that the maxillary journey is a distance of 107 miles and a fraction."

"That is certainly interesting," said the young man. "Have you ever calculated the same lip trip for a woman?"

"My dear boy," came the slow, sad reply, "life is short."—Philadelphia News.

Carrying a "Lucky Piece."

Two ladies met on Woodward avenue. As they stopped to speak one of them dropped her pocketbook and the money in it rolled out on the sidewalk.

"Too bad," said the other as she assisted her friend to restore the contents; "it's such bad luck to drop money unless it belongs to some one else."

"I don't mind," answered the owner of the pocketbook, "because you see I carry a lucky piece."

This habit of carrying a piece of money for luck has become something more than a superstition since it is a practice common among all classes.

"I wouldn't take $100 for that sixpence," said a staid business man recently. "I found it in my mother's purse when she died and I have always kept it as a souvenir."

He did not say that it brought him luck or that he had any superstition connected with it, but he unconsciously valued it as a charm. There is a piece of bone that is taken from a a fish, called a sheep's head, which shows plainly the imprint of the letter "L." Theatrical people value this very highly as a lucky piece.

The Scotch have a fashion of handing back a trifling bit of coin when a payment is made. This is called a lucky penny, and is always carefully treasured.

It is almost impossible to find a pocketbook that does not have some trifling charm in it to bring back to its owner. It may be a coin, a stone, a chicken's wishbone, a child's first tooth or a smooth sixpence, but it is expected to accomplish some or all of these missions: Keep off disease; avert the evil eye; protect the person carrying it from bodily harm; bring prosperity in business, love, courtship and marriage; thwart the evil designs of enemies; insure a safe journey and perform many other apparent miracles.—Detroit Free Press.

How Steamship Clerks Acquire Books.

"You wonder how I am so well posted in the current literature of the day," said a clerk in one of the large steamship lines. "Well, I will tell you: Every steamer that arrives I board as soon as she reaches the dock. When the passengers have gone we—that is, the clerks—gather up the books left behind or purposely cast away by the passengers. They read all the latest English, French and German books on the voyage, and we take care of them after. Yes; I have carried off of one steamship fifty first class novels that cost from one to five shillings on the other side, and couldn't be bought here for twice that. Sometimes the stewards get them and sell them to book dealers; but more frequently they resell them to passengers who want something to pass away the time."—New York Star.

VACCINE VIRUS.

HOW THE BOARD OF HEALTH PREPARES AND DISTRIBUTES IT.

Visit to the Stable in New York City Where Unfortunate Calves Are Made Benefactors of Humanity Against Their Wills—Modus Operandi.

The loft extends about twenty-five feet on Mott street and runs back about eighty feet, and is divided longitudinally into a stable for the calves and an operating room. Ranged along the northern part of the stable are twenty tiny stalls, and back of these are the cribs whence the animals take their food. And it is good food that the calves get, for the better condition the calf is in the better the vaccine will be and the less likely are injurious effects to follow when it is used on a human being. This stable is in charge of a competent groom, who devotes himself to the care of the animals, watching any change in their condition and treating them accordingly. He, too, sees that they are given all the hay and Indian meal they can digest. At the south of this stable is the operating room, the torture chamber of the animals when they are subjected to the lancet of the vaccinator. At the side next to the stable is the bench upon which the animal is stretched when undergoing operation, and about the room are shelves upon which lie hundreds of goose quills, treated with virus, drying so as to be ready for use. This room is airy and well ventilated.

The board of health does not buy its own calves. Mr. Young, the proprietor of the stable, has an arrangement by which he purchases the animals, and after they have been vaccinated he sells them again, charging the health board the difference between the buying and selling price and a commission on the transaction. They all come from the big stockyard, where the men know about what the doctors want, and take much trouble to pick out the particularly healthy animals. Then they are brought to the lower floor of the stable, where the veterinary surgeon assigned to the vaccination bureau makes a careful examination of the animal. The animal, if pronounced in fit condition, is trotted up stairs and given one of the little stalls in the top story. There he is allowed to remain until he has fed well and is feeling as though he had at last found comfortable quarters. Then he is hauled out by his nose and tail to the operating room. There he is held quietly until one of the attendants buckles a strap around his left hind leg. This strap, attached to a pulley rope, is given a strong pull by an attendant, and up goes the calf on the vaccinating table with a thud and a snort of decided displeasure. But his struggles are utterly useless, for by this time a heavy band is buckled over his nose and neck and forelegs. Then he is at the mercy of the surgeon.

But the latter does not vaccinate at once. He lathers the inside of the calf's hind legs and then carefully shaves away all the hair. Then the animal is allowed to go back to his stall and rest awhile until the vaccinator has arranged his virus and his vaccine "spades." These are long points of bone and are used on the calves because they will hold more of the virus than the ordinary quill. Because they are big and hold more than sufficient virus to vaccinate an infant they are kept exclusively for the animals. After a rest of an hour or so the calf is trotted out of his stall again and again tossed over on its side upon the vaccinating board. Then the real work begins. The doctor takes a big six bladed lancet and holding the knives together cuts the shaven skin of the animals as to just pierce the outer layer. Then the operator uses his lancet at right angles with the original cuts and so abrades the skin that it will readily receive the virus from the "spade." But the "spade" is not used at first. The work begins thus: All the blood is carefully cleaned away from the abrasion and then a quill holding a small amount of virus is rubbed upon the spot. Then comes the "spade," which holds about four times as much virus as the ordinary quill. The virus from this is rubbed in carefully and then the calf is led back to his stall. As a rule four abrasions are made upon the shaved skin of the animal.

According to the statements of the physician in charge of the vaccine stable, the calves show no evil effects from the vaccination. Their appetite is unimpaired, in fact they eat more than they did before the operation and show none of that lassitude infants and adults often do after vaccination. Their allowance of food is increased. In this way the calves are treated for about seven days when the virus has done its work, and again the animal is placed upon the operating board and then the important business of collecting the virus begins. For doing this the quills and "spades" are prepared for the reception of the virus. The quills which are taken from Russian geese are purchasable from an importer named De Young, who charges the health department $10 a thousand for them. They are tied up in bundles of 100, and sent to the vaccine stables, where men cut them into convenient lengths, and scrape the ends so that they will hold the virus. The animal is placed upon the operating board as before and the roughened end of the quill used to take the vaccine. Then comes the drying process, and subsequently the treated quills are put into hermetically sealed jars and stored in an ice closet. They are then ready to be used on the most delicate skin for the prevention of smallpox.

When the board of health has finished with the calves, they are ordered by Mr. Young to the stock yards, where they are either sold or slaughtered. As the calves used are principally the healthiest that come into the market, the former fate generally awaits them, but farmers are somewhat shy of vaccinated calves and will not give so much for them as they will for those which have not been treated.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Oakland's Real Estate Boom.

The Oakland real estate boom has, in a great measure, subsided, but the people up there came very near going crazy while the thing lasted. In the height of the boom it was fashionable to sell tide lands, and very frequently the lots sold were and are covered at high tide. A stranger from the east purchased two fifty foot lots, without ever having seen them, and shortly afterward he had a chance to sell them again. Calling upon the agents who had sold them, he said:

"I would like to see those lots I bought the other day, as I have an opportunity to sell them."

"Have you ever seen those lots?" asked the agent.

"Never."

"Well," said the real estate man, "it is now just 2:30, high tide. Those lots are covered by water, and if you will come around at exactly 3:15 they will be uncovered and you can see them."—Los Angeles Tribune.

What the War Taught.

The idea that the southern white man can't work the cotton fields in person has long since been exploded. The southern white found out during the war that he could stand a great deal more wind, weather, sunshine and exposure than was popularly believed. The Caucasian can stand as much as any other member of the human race.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

COSTLY COFFINS FOR DOGS.

Canine Pets Buried in the Cemetery—A Parrot's Casket in a Woman's Parlor.

Asked about the truth of the report that he had recently interred a dog in one of the public cemeteries, a Broadway undertaker said:

"I was consulted a week or so ago about burying a dog, but the party has not ordered a coffin yet. I have furnished coffins, however, for quite a number of dogs, and once a coffin for a parrot. The highest priced casket I ever supplied for a dog cost $150. A New York lady was the mourner. It was of solid rosewood, carved, silver plate and everything first class. I don't remember just what kind of a dog it was. Its name was on the plate.

"There is no ceremony about a dog's funeral. If the owner believes his dog has a soul, he is very likely to keep the belief to himself, and if he didn't it would probably be rather difficult to get any minister to say prayers over the four footed pet. The dog is simply put into a child's casket of fitting size, and conveyed in a hearse wagon to a cemetery. There the human mourners are in waiting, and there are some quite striking exhibitions of grief over the departed animal, whose bark has been hushed, as it were, on the waters of oblivion.

"Do the cemetery authorities object to such interments?"

"Certainly not. At least I have not heard of their objecting, even if they had a legal right to do so. The dogs are interred in the private burial lots of the owners.

"No monument that I am aware of has been erected to a dog, but the owner fixes some way of telling where the animal is buried. The average price paid for a dog's casket is from $50 to $75, and the plates with name are usually silver, and sometimes plated. Pointers and setters are the dogs mostly favored with such luxurious burial, and ladies are in the majority of those who bestow the costly post mortem honors on their canine friends.

"The casket for the parrot of which I have spoken," he added, "was really an exquisite work of art, and the cost of manufacture alone was over $200. It was one foot ten inches in length, of solid rosewood, hand carved and hand polished, and the mountings of solid silver, while the linings were of the richest quality. Beneath the outer cover was a plate glass covering, through which the dead bird, which had been carefully embalmed, could be gazed upon by its devoted mistress."

The reporter was shown a photograph of the casket, and it appeared to be fit for a deceased princeling. The parrot has not been interred, but the lady keeps the casket, with the remains, in her parlor, and it is to be buried with her when she dies. She has said that the bird saved the lives of herself and her late husband, in India, by giving timely warning of the presence of robbers.

A woman recently attempted to have a pet dog interred in Riverside park, but being denied that privilege she caused the body to be weighted and sunk in the river near the park.—New York Sun.

How Burglars Have Their Tools Made.

P. J. Jennings, an east side engineer and machinist, tells an interesting story about his dealings with a burglar. He was sitting in his office one day a few months ago when two men entered with a design they wanted made of steel. He took the job and turned it out according to order. The men came next day, and after chatting pleasantly about the boodle aldermen and other matters of popular interest in the city, paid their bill and went away. Several other designs were brought him by the two men, and he got to know them quite well. He did not learn their business, however, but it is such a common thing to deal with men whom one knows only by sight that Mr. Jennings never bothered his head about it.

But he found out who the men were after all.

One day they called to have him make half a dozen eight inch steel screws. He promised them for 5 o'clock, but the men did not come. He did not see them the next day or the next. On the third day one of Pinkerton's detectives dropped in upon him in the afternoon, carrying a handsachel. He opened it and threw a lot of curiously shaped pieces of steel on the table.

"Were these made in your shop, Mr. Jennings?" casually remarked the detective.

"Yes, that's our work."

"Who did you make them for?"

"Now you've got me—it's more than I can tell. I never had any reason to inquire, and the men didn't bother about telling me."

"But you are sure you made that steel work here?"

"Yes, oh yes; I'm sure enough of that."

Two days later Mr. Jennings was subpœnaed by the prosecution as a witness against two men who had attempted to crack the safe in a bank in Ellenville, Ulster county. He met a Harlem machinist and an iron worker from down town at the court house in Kingston. Pinkerton's men opened wide their eyes when he took the pieces of steel that each had shaped, and, putting them together, showed what a perfect sectional jimmy they made.—New York Star.

Cost of Fencing in England.

Professor Scott, in his recent book on "Farm and Fence," estimates that for every acre of inclosed land in the United Kingdom there is over £1 invested in fences; and that the annual maintenance of these fences costs something like three shillings per acre. Taking these figures in the aggregate, as applied to the 25,000,000 acres of inclosed land in the United Kingdom, he shows the total capital sunk in fences to be nearly £50,000,000, and the annual maintenance and repair of these fences to cost at least £6,250,000. There is no denying, he thinks, that many existing fences might be dispensed with to the great advantage of agriculture, quite apart from the expense of maintaining them. He also points out that the extended introduction of a cheap and durable system of wire fencing renders possible still further economy in the matter of fences, referring more especially to barb wire fences, in which fewer lines of wire make an equally efficient fence, and that with only one-half to one-fourth the number of posts which it is considered necessary to use in plain wire fencing or in post or rail fences.—London Times.

Coming Metal for Heavy Guns.

"Aluminum bronze" is expected to be the coming metal for heavy guns. In a paper read before the Naval institute at Annapolis, Alfred H. Cowles will argue that guns can be made of this alloy that will have a much higher tensile strength and ductility than the finest quality of mild steel forgings; that it would be impossible to burst a gun cast from this alloy with four times the powder pressure now used in the "built up" steel gun; and finally, that the plants required for producing aluminum bronze and casting guns therefrom would not require more than one-third as great an outlay as plants for the construction of built up guns.

Mr. Cowles also estimates that guns can be cast from aluminum bronze at 20 per cent. less cost than the forged guns of steel, while 60 per cent. of this cost will be capital stored away in the metal of the gun, which metal can be remelted and used an indefinite number of times.—Boston Transcript.

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