THE CURSE OF DRINK

REV. DR. TALMAGE CALLS A HALT ON DISSIPATION.

An Eloquent and Picturesque Sermon on the Topic "The Song of the Drunkard"—The Power and the Evils of Intemperance in the Use of Liquor.

Our Washington Pulpit.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is from a most unusual standpoint, an arousing call to reformation from dissipated habits, and must do wide good. The text was Psalms lxix., 12. "I was the song of the drunkards."

Who said that? Was it David or was it Christ? It was both. These Messianic Psalms are like a telescope. Pull the instrument to a certain range, and it shows you an object near by. Pull it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both, each in his own time, the song of the drunkards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmody in which all subsequent ages have sobbed out their penitence, his enemies preferred to fetch up his old career and put into metric measures sins long before forgiven. Christ, who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholy song, because the better one is the more iniquity hates him. Of the best being whose voice ever moved the air or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said:

The byword of the passing throng
The ruler's scoff, the drunkard's song.

For practical and saving and warning and Christian purposes I will announce to you the characteristics of that well known cadence mentioned in my text. First I remark that the song of the drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the clapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the sighing of the wind across the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sinews of the tortoise across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly back as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage is the song of the drunkards. That tune was sung at least 4,243 years ago, when, the deluge past, Noah came out of the ark, and, as if disgusted with too much prevalence of water, he took to strong drink and staggered forth, for all ages the first known drunkard. He sounded the first note of the old music of inebriacy. An Arab author of A. D. 1310 wrote: "Noah, being come out of the ark, ordered each of his sons to build a house. Afterward they were occupied in sowing and in planting trees, the pippins and fruits of which they had found in the ark. The vine alone was wanting, and they could not discover it. Gabriel then informed them that the devil had desired it, and indeed had some right to it. Hereupon Noah summoned him to appear in the field and said to him: 'Oh, accursed! Why hast thou carried away the vine from me?' 'Because,' replied the devil, 'it belonged to me.' 'Shall I part it for you?' said Gabriel. 'I consent,' said Noah, 'and will leave him a fourth.' 'That is not sufficient for him,' said Gabriel. 'Well, I will take half,' replied Noah, 'and he shall take the other.' 'That is not sufficient yet,' responded Gabriel. 'He must have two-thirds and thou one, and when thy wine shall have boiled on the fire until two-thirds are gone the remainder shall be assigned for thy use.'" A fable that illustrates how the vine has been misappropriated.

It Is an Old Song.

Benhadad and thirty-two allied kings, rioting in a pavilion, took up the same bacchanal. Nabal was rendering that drunkards' song when his wife, beautiful Abigail, came back from her expedition to save her husband. Herod was singing that song when the daughter of Herodias wheeled in the dance before him. Belshazzar and a thousand lords renewed that song the night the handwriting came out on the plastering of the wall and the tramp of the besieging host was heard on the palace stairs. Ahasuerus sang that song when, after seven days of carousal, he ordered Vashti to come into the presence of the roaring guests without her veil on—a January storm trying to command a June morning. Oh, yes, the song of the drunkards is an old song. Oh, this old song! All the centuries have joined in. Among the first songs ever sung was the song of the drunkards.

It Is Expensive.

Again, this song of the drunkards is an expensive song. The costliest thing on earth is sin. The most expensive of all music is the song of the drunkards. This evil whets the knives of the assassins, cuts the most of the wounds of the hospital, makes necessary most of the almshouses, causes the most of the ravings of the insane asylum, and puts up most of the iron bars of the penitentiaries. It has its hand to-day on the throat of the American republic. It is the taskmaster of nations, and the human race crouches under its anathema. The song of the drunkards has for its accompaniment the clank of chains, the chattering teeth of poverty, the rattle of executioner's scaffold, the creaking door of the deserted home, the crash of shipwrecks and the groans of empires. The two billion twenty million dollars which rum costs this country in a year, in the destruction of grain and sugar, and the supporting of the paupers, and the invalids and the criminals which strong drink causes, is only a small part of what is paid for this expensive song of the drunkards.

It Is a Song of the Multitude.

Again, this song of the drunkards is a multitudinous song—not a solo, not a duet, not a quartet, not a sextet, but millions on millions are this hour singing it. Do not think that alcholism has this field all to itself. It has powerful rivals in the intoxicants of other nations—hasheesh and arrack and pulque and opium and quavo and mastic and wedro. Every nation, barbaric as well as civilized, has its pet intoxicant. This song of the drunkards is rendered in Chinese, Hindoo, Arabian, Assyrian, Persian, Mexican—yea, all the languages. All zones join it. No continent would be large enough for the choir gallery if all those who have this libretto in their hands should stand side by side to chant the international chorus. Other throngs are just learning the eight notes of this deathful music which is already mastered by the orchestra in full voice under the baton in full swing.

It Is a Suggestive Song.

Again, the song of the drunkards is a suggestive song. You hear a nursery refrain, and right away you think of your childhood home, and brothers and sisters with whom you played, and mother, long since gone to rest. You hear a national air, and you think of the encampment of 1863, and the still night on the river bank, and the campfires that shook their reflections up and down the faces of the regiment. You hear an old church tune, and you are reminded of the revival scenes amid which you were brought to God. Nothing so brings up associations as a song sung or played upon instrument, and the drunkards' song is full of suggestion. As you hear it on the street quite late some night you begin to say to yourself: "I wonder if he has a mother? Is his wife waiting for him? Will his children be frightened when he enters the front door and staggers, whooping, up the stairs? What chance is there for that young man, started so early on the down grade? In what business will he succeed? How long before that man will run through his property? I wonder how he got so far astray? Can any influence be wielded to fetch him back? He must have got into bad company who led him off." So you soliloquize and guess about this man whose voice you hear on the street under the starlight.

There must be two, and still better if four, and still better if six, to give zest to the song of the drunkards. Those who have gone down could mention the name of at least one who helped them down. Generally it is some one who was a little higher up in social life or in financial resources. Our friend felt flattered to have an invitation from one of superior name. Each one drank not only when he felt like it, but when the other felt like it. Neither wanted to seem lacking in sociality when he was invited. So 100,000 men every year are treated into hell.

Effect of a Song.

There looms up in my memory one of the best and noblest friends I ever had. He had been for thirty years a consistent member of the church. I knew not that at about 21 years of age he had followed the sea and habits of inebriacy had been fixed upon him. But converted to God he began a new life. Yet it was a thirty years' war against the old appetite, but about this struggle I knew nothing until he was dead. While absent during my summer vacation I received a telegram announcing his death and asking me to come and officiate at his obsequies. I arrived at the moment the service was to begin, and had not much time to make inquiries about his last hours. In my remarks, without any limitations, I extolled his virtues while living and spoke of the heavenly raptures into which he had entered. Afterward I found that he had died of delirium tremens in the hospital—because he was so violent he could not be sufficiently restrained in his beautiful home. He had been seized in the street with violent pains of body and went into an apothecary store to get medical relief. Something there given him set on fire his old appetite for strong drink, and, utterly irresponsible, he went from liquor store to liquor store, until, a raving maniac, the officers of the law bound him and took him to the hospital, where he died. Some time after I said to the doctor in the hospital: "Of what did he die?" And the answer was: "Congestion of the brain." I said: "Doctor, I want to know the bottom facts, for I was his pastor, and he was one of the best friends I ever had. Was it delirium tremens?" And the doctor responded, "Yes." Did I regret that at his obsequies I had extolled his virtues and spoken of the heavenly joys upon which he had entered? No. I do not think that my friend was any more responsible for the mode of his taking off than a typhoid fever patient in delirium is responsible for leaping out of the fourth story window. But while we were heartbroken about his going away, I think that in the saloons, to those who heard of his membership of the church and the tragedy of his departure, he became, as did the David and the Christ of my text, the song of the drunkards.

Easily Learned.

Again, the song of the drunkards is easily learned. Anybody can learn it. In a little while you can touch the highest note of convivality or the lowest note of besottedness. Begin moderately, a sip here and a sip there. Begin with claret, go on with ale and wind up with cognac. First take the stimulant at a wedding, then take it at meals, then take it between meals, then all the time keep your pulse under its stealthy touch. In six months the dullest scholar in this Apollyonic music may become an expert. First it will be sounded in a hiccough. After awhile it will be heard in a silly ha, ha! Further on it will become a wild whoop. Then it will enable you to run up and down the five lines of the musical scale infernal. Then you will have mastered it—the song of the drunkards.

The most skillful way is to adopt the modern theory and give the intoxicant to your children, saying to yourself, "They will in after life meet the intoxicants everywhere, and they must get used to seeing them and tasting them and controlling their appetites." That is the best way of teaching them the song of the drunkards. Keep up that mode of education, and if you have four boys at least three of them will learn the drunkards' song and lie down in a drunkards' grave, and if I ever laid a wager I would lay a wager that the fourth will lie down with the other three. Or if the education of the children in this music should be neglected, it is not too late to begin at 21 years of age. The young man will find plenty of young men who drink. They are in every circle to be found. Surely, my boy, you are not a coward and afraid of it? Surely you are not going to be hindered by sumptuary laws or the prejudices of your old father and mother? They are behind the times. Take something. Take it often. The earlier you begin to learn the song of the drunkards the easier it is, but none of you are too old to learn. You can begin at 50 or 60, under prescription of a doctor for aids to digestion or breaking up of infirmities, and close life by rendering the song of the drunkards so well that all pandemonium will encore the performance and want it again and again.

Furthermore, the last characteristic of the drunkards' song is so tremendous that I can hardly bring myself to mention it. Once start that tune, and you keep it up. You have known a hundred men destroyed of strong drink. You cannot mention five who get fully started on that road and stopped. I have been at a concert which went on for two hours and a half, and many people got up and left because it was too long. But 95 per cent. of those who are singing the drunkards' song will to the last breath of their lungs and the last beat of their hearts keep on rendering it, and the galleries of earth and heaven and hell will stay filled with the astounded spectators.

A Word for Prevention.

This sermon is not so much for cure as for prevention. Stop before you start. If you will forgive the solecism. The clock of St. Paul's Cathedral struck 13 one midnight, and so saved the life of a sentinel. The soldier was arrested and tried for falling asleep at his post one midnight. But he declared that he was awake at midnight, and in proof that he was awake he said that he had heard the unusual occurrence of the clock striking 13 instead of 12. He was laughed to scorn and sentenced to death. But three or four persons, hearing of the case, came up in time to swear that they, too, heard the clock strike 13 that same midnight, and so the man's life was spared. My hearer, if you go on and thoroughly learn the drunkards' song, perhaps in the deep midnight of your soul there may sound something that will yet effect your moral and eternal rescue. But it is a risky "perhaps." It is exceptional. Go ahead on that wrong road, and the clock will more probably strike the 12 that closes your day of opportunity than that it will strike 13, the sound of your deliverance.

Short Sermons.

Womanhood.—Let woman have every advantage of the higher education and culture, but let all these advantages be employed to make her more womanly. Anything that is calculated to diminish the power of the delicate feminine quality which refines and purifies is not an advantage; it is a positive detriment, not alone to woman but to the race. The womanly element has been a saving influence of mankind.—Rabbi David Philipson, Hebrew, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Intensity.—How intense is modern civilization! How rapidly does it consume the nerve and deplete the brain! In the city men go down ere the life course is half run. Those alone can hope for leadership who have spent their youth in the open air, hardening the muscles, compacting the nerve, developing great blood vessels and arteries, through which the blood can run in rich, free currents, and be glorified in fine thinking.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Religion of the People.—In Europe and Asia, governments have been imposed upon the people by the ruling classes. In our land, government has grown up from the will of the people, and is the product of popular thought, popular development of the people themselves. So the religion of the New World, when it rises, must be a religion that has sprung from the hearts of the people; one that expresses American thought, American civilization and American spirit.—Rev. A. L. Hudson, Unitarian, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Almighty Dollar.—This is the age of money. The idol is the almighty dollar. Get wealth, no matter how, only so you get it, is the cry. It is power and it conceals a multitude of faults. Children are absorbing the evil estimate of greatness, and are preferring it to education, and even character. The rich are being stunted by it, and the poor are being made mad by it. The world needs to see that life is more than wealth.—Rev. Lee S. McCallester, Universalist, Detroit, Mich.

Moral Law.—In ceasing to do evil men cannot justify themselves by the deeds of the law. It is Christ alone that makes that possible. This does not divorce morality from religion. Religion is necessarily moral, but morality is not religion. The great moral force in the Christian religion is faith in God and in his Christ, and love to man begotten of that faith. The great wrong for which man is punished is forgetting Christ. It is the rejection of his offer of salvation.—W. R. Bingham, Presbyterian, Oxford, Pa.

Liberal Christians.—A man can make no mistake in having an honest reverence for the word of God, that has done so much for humanity. He can make no mistake in entertaining a deep and sincere reverence for the Christian church, that has done so much for the world. He can make no mistake when he looks back and reveres the prophets who have spoken down and through the past a word of inspiration and of hope for the uplifting and the redemption of his soul.—Rev. J. A. Milburn, Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind.

School Literature.—Secularism is negative and dogmatic; theosophy is vague and so broad as to have no convictions, and what it does have are negative. This is a free country. If a few people want to mystify themselves and call it progress, and a few others want to indulge the illusion that they have abolished God, nobody will be found to deny their privilege. But when they attempt to tell us what literature shall not be read or studied in our public schools, because, forsooth, they have put it on their new index expurgatorius, and to dictate a new basis for moral principles, and to say that Christian ethics shall no longer be recognized, they have undertaken a large task. But their arrogance and intolerance becomes ridiculous.—Rev. A. B. Storms, Methodist, Detroit, Mich.

Knew Too Much.

Justice Pratt often said that there were too many law books. Meeting a young law student who had just offered himself for the admission examination, Justice Pratt asked him what he had read in preparation for the ordeal. The youthful limb of the law named about all the elementary treatises from Blackstone's "Commentaries" to date. Besides these, he had studied the codes, read Woolsey's "Political Science," Lieber's "Code of Political Ethics," and, he said, "all the leading cases cited." "My heavens, boy!" exclaimed Justice Pratt, "you've read enough to ruin your chances as a lawyer for life."

Linnaeus and Cuvier were the fathers of ornithology, each classifying the birds, according to structure and peculiarities, into six orders.

You can make lots of headway sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not.—Life.

A GOOD BACKING FOR ARMOR.

Cellulose Raises Our Cruisers Above Their Class as Battleships.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers held its fourth general meeting at New York. There was a good representation of the membership of more than 500 present, and applications from forty persons who desire to become members were received.

Henry W. Cramp's paper on American corn-pith cellulose, aside from the technical information, with which the architects and engineers were chiefly concerned, had the popular interest that attaches to any additional method for the protection of human life at sea. He explained the origin and the manufacture of the new product, as well as the invention of its application to warships, and recited the rapid advancement made by Americans in the last year over the French discoverers of the material and its uses, and showed how the American product is bound to supersede the foreign.

"American corn-pith cellulose is an entirely new product," he said, "manufactured from the pith of the cornstalk, or Indian maize, into a granular form, and packed under pressure into the cofferdams of a vessel, where it acts as a perfect water excluder and is non-combustible." When a shot pierces the vessel's side at or near the water line where the cellulose belt is laid the cellulose expands as it is wet by the inflowing water and completely chokes the hole. Our Navy Department was quick to take up the device.

"Thus in the Columbia, the New York and the Olympia," Mr. Cramp said, "there are protective decks of ample strength to keep out the shells of any vessel they are likely to engage, while their stability is protected by belts of cellulose several feet thick along the edges of these decks. The English armored cruiser Blake, for example, has no such protection to her stability, and would not have the same chances as the above-named vessels of our navy in a sustained engagement. For protection in the comprehensive sense, the cellulose belt of three feet may be said to be about as efficient as a six-inch belt of steel, so that we can protect our stability, when we have a good protective deck back of it to defend the vitals of the ship, with 100 tons of cellulose to an extent equivalent to that derived from, say, 1,000 tons of armor."

Philadelphia manufactured the first cellulose used in the American navy, making it out of the husks of cocoanut, and furnished an article superior to the French, but during the last year the department directed its attention to the corn-pith product, which has been found to possess superior qualities. The department tested the two products by building and firing into two steel cofferdams filled respectively, one with 832½ pounds of cocoa cellulose, corresponding to a density of 7.7 pounds to the cubic foot, and one with 702 pounds of corn-pith cellulose, corresponding to a density of 6.5 pounds to the cubic foot. The first drop of water appeared at the far end of the shot hole through the cocoa dam in ten minutes, and pretty soon the water flowed through at the rate of half a gallon a minute. Through the hole in the other dam no water had come at the end of half an hour, nor was the cellulose at the mouth of the hole in the rear damp. The tests led to the provision in the contracts for the Kentucky and the Kearsarge, and Nos. 7, 8 and 9, that their cofferdams be packed with corn-pith cellulose. It is about $100 a ton cheaper than the cocoa cellulose, and that fact, with the difference in density, makes it cost about two-thirds the amount per cubic foot packed.

Mr. Cramp said: "Our cruisers of the Baltimore type, if they are provided with a cellulose belt, would be warranted in engaging many of the second-class ironclads of other powers; without it they are liable to be sunk by a well-directed machine gun fire. This product of American farms affords a cheap and ready means of vastly increased efficiency of our cruisers, and the unarmored sides of all our vessels should have these belts without delay. This discovery and application of cellulose is of as vital importance to our navy as the development of the Harveyized armor and smokeless powder. This follows from the fact that, without adding very much to the cost of our vessels, we can greatly increase the efficiency of them all by making their sides automatically resist the inflow of water; and as our cruisers carry heavier batteries than similar vessels of other nations, they would, when so protected, be able to give battle to ships far heavier than themselves."

Druggists Up to Date.

Druggists keep about as close watch of the season as any people in the world. When the spring days appear and ladies are thinking of putting away their furs the drug store windows suddenly fill with moth balls, powders and preparations warranted to knock the spots off a moth at forty rods. When the sun gets up a little higher the moth balls disappear and tan and freckle lotions and preventives for mosquito and fly annoyances take the public eye. When the blazing heat of summer is with us, cool soda with pure fruit syrup signs nestle up against corn remedies and root beer packages. The fall comes on and then the cough lozenge is hatched. Alongside it are sure cures for la grippe, colds, influenza and toothache, while hot soda steams and sizzles at your asking.

Turnips or Philosophy.

When the little company of New England Transcendentalists were at Brook Farm, engaged in their unsuccessful experiment of living in a community of mutual helpfulness, they soon lost heart. They had expected to work six hours a day and spend the other six in study and intellectual conversation, and the scheme proved impossible. Practically, they could not make both ends meet; and they were men of a sufficiently delicate organization to require the refinements rather than the hardships of life.

They had many visitors at the Hive, who reported the workers as not always in a cheerful frame of mind. One looked sunburned and very thin, and owned that milking cows on a frosty morning was a chilling sort of business.

But the only persistently cheerful remark came from George Ripley, one of the finest scholars and best-equipped writers of the time, who, just before going there, had published certain essays on Descartes' philosophy.

In the autumn of 1841, a clergyman, went to make a call at Brook farm, where he found only a few of the members present. Mr. Ripley, however, was discovered in the turnip-field with two or three others, throwing vegetables into the cart.

As his friends approached, he went forward to meet them.

"Doctor Francis," said he, "it is really kind of you to come such a distance to see an old fellow. You perceive I am occupied with the philosophy of de cart!" (Descartes.)

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

A London paper says the shilling edition of William Watson's Armenian sonnets "has gone like wildfire." Within a week of publication, ten thousand copies were sold.

Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" has at last caught the attention of the American public, and during the first week in February the publishers were unable to supply the demand. Its English success is still unabated.

The young poets of Paris have elected as successor to Paul Verlaine in poetical sovereignty Stephane Mallarme, translator of poems of Poe and author of "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," whose portrait by Whistler is a masterpiece.

Since Alfred Austin was appointed poet laureate several thousand copies of his works have been sold; but the curious fact is noted that many more copies of his prose works than of his books of verse have had purchasers.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, contributes to one of the March magazines a biographical sketch of Alexandre Dumas the elder. The article is a succession of anecdotes of the novelist, presenting him in a very picturesque light. An account of the Bohemians and "sponges" who took advantage of his prodigality is included.

"Perhaps," says the London Bookman, "it is not generally known—certainly it cannot be known to the writer of an article in the January Blackwood—that Mr. Thomas Hardy endeavored to withdraw his novel of 'Jude the Obscure' from Harper's Magazine, actually requesting that firm of publishers to cancel the contract. But it was found to be impracticable to do this."

Paul Meurice has undertaken the editing of Victor Hugo's correspondence. Victor Hugo was as punctual as Mr. Gladstone in answering communications addressed to him. No subject, from Paris drainage to the Romanic movement and French politics, came amiss to him. His letters will prove an invaluable memorial of his time. Among his manuscripts has also been found an unpublished melodrama.

Mme. Stepniak has announced her intention to prepare a record of the life and work of her husband. It has been arranged that Prince Krapotkine shall edit and arrange the Russian section of the Memoir, and Prof. York Powell, Mr. Edward Garnett and Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, will contribute chapters, respectively, on "Stepniak as a Critic," "Stepniak as a Political Writer" and "Stepniak in Italy."

Joke by Holmes.

At the time of the Peace Jubilee, Dr. C. R. Porter, of Boston, returned to his office one day, and found the slate in the hall covered with Latin words and signed O. W. Holmes. He immediately got down his dictionary, and with much effort discovered that he had been to the Peace Jubilee, had soiled his boots so thoroughly with dirt that he did not like to go down town in such a plight, and had stopped and asked Mr. Porter's servant for a footbrush that he might clean up his boots; and he had dignified this rather menial performance by writing it all out in Latin and leaving it on the slate.

Microbes Devour Sewage.

A novel disposition of sewage is made at Exeter, England. The method consists of four tanks, a fourth of the sewage passing into each. Light and air are excluded from the tanks; putrefaction and decomposition are rapidly set up; the microbes multiply and the solid portions of the sewage are consumed and the outflow from the tanks is nothing but slightly colored water, which, after passing through filters, loses all color and taste. No chemical is used, and no attention to the tanks of any sort is needed. Each filter bed automatically cleanses itself by being out of use for a short time.

India Ink.

India ink is made by some secret process which is closely guarded by its inventors, the Chinese.

After a man has made a pleasant allusion to the days when he courted his wife, there isn't anything she will refuse to do for him.

HANDS TELL A STORY.

Palmistry Will Reveal Many Secrets of Character.

"A person has but to open his hand and he opens the history of his life to a person well versed in palmistry," said a professor of the art. "The palm reveals more of a person's true character and disposition than could be learned in a life-long friendship. A person's peculiarities are written there as plainly as if in a book; each line is full of meaning. Chronic diseases as well as acute ailments leave their marks upon the palm. I have known instances where diseases that have nonplussed learned doctors have been correctly diagnosed by persons knowing nothing of medicine or physiology, who formed their opinion from the appearance and condition of the hand alone. The moisture, color and condition of the cuticle and nails are just as important to the palmist in determining disease and condition of the system as the lines upon the hand.

"Malformations of the body are reflected in the hand. So far is this true that Rice, the promoter of so many spectacular productions, selects his chorus girls who are to appear in tights by looking at their hands, and that his system is not a faulty one is evidenced by the appearance of the girls on the stage. I have never known a case where the hand of a criminal or thief has not shown just what he was. In examining the hands of people who come to me just for the sport of the thing I have frequently seen the line of the thief well developed in hands whose owners are away up in the social world. Naturally, I watch with interest the careers of such people, but only in one instance have I ever discovered a proof of what the palm revealed. I have no doubt the thief existed in the life of the others just as in this man's life, but undiscovered.

"The case I refer to was a bright society man of Gotham who moved in the best circles. About three years after I examined his hand a theft of tens of thousands of dollars from a bank in which he was employed was hushed up, but not before rumor had given it to the winds among his friends.

"So firm is my faith in the psychometry of the hand that I believe suspicious characters could be judged by a well-informed palmist so that crimes could be prevented by the detection of such parties. Bankers selecting their clerks and business men their trusted men would have a test for honesty as sure as any acid in the requirements of chemistry. The life of the street car 'spotter' would be at an end, for none but honest men would obtain positions. If the science of palmistry develops in coming years as it has in the past ten, the time may not be very far distant when every well regulated business house will have a palmist in its employ as it now has a typewriter."

Washington as Fireman.

Some interesting little stories are told of George Washington in connection with the "Friendship Fire Company," organized in 1774, in his home, Alexandria.

At first the company consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of osnaburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the Congress of 1774 at Philadelphia, he examined the fire-engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress in 1775, he bought from a man named Gibbs a small fourth-class engine, for the sum of eighty pounds ten shillings, and just before he set out for Boston Heights to become commander-in-chief, he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship Company.

During his younger days he always attended fires in Alexandria and helped to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King street at the time, followed by his servant, who was also on horseback.

Washington saw that the Friendship engine was insufficiently manned, and riding up to a group of well-dressed gentlemen standing near the scene of action, he called out authoritatively:

"Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters."

After which he leaped off his horse, and, seizing the brakes, was followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a shaking up as it had not had for many a day.

Standard for Light Wanted.

A subcommittee of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, appointed in 1893 to investigate the subject of a suitable standard of light for photometric purposes, has recently issued a preliminary report. Of all the standards thus far used it finds the candle the least reliable. It is also evident from the bolometric curves that naked flames are subject to sudden and rapidly recurring fluctuations that may be almost entirely eliminated by the use of a properly constructed chimney. It seems likely that many of the difficulties which are unavoidable with flame standards may be overcome by the adoption of a standard consisting of some surface electrically heated to a standard temperature. With this object the results of the committee's experiments on incandescent carbon will be looked forward to.

He squandered $10 for roses, you see—
Her joy in the gift was immense;
But little she dreamed that his dinner would be
Three buckwheats that cost him ten cents.
—Chicago Record.

It costs as much to be popular as to send a 16-year-old daughter away to boarding school.