

Science AND Invention

A work by F. W. Theobald on the mosquitoes of the world, prepared to aid medical men in identifying the kinds suspected of spreading disease, describes 300 species, 136 being new. Most of these species are found in and around towns, or are pests known to travelers and traders.

The so-called "waiting mice" of China and Japan have been supposed to owe their dancing peculiarity to a disease of the inner ear. After thorough examination of the ears of these remarkable animals, Dr. K. Kishi reaches the conclusion that the organs are perfectly healthy, and that the dancing is an effect of centuries of confinement of the race in small cages.

It would seem to be a very simple matter to dry potatoes, but in Germany, where potatoes are now extensively used for making alcohol and for feeding cattle, a prize of 30,000 marks, about \$7,000, has been offered to the inventor of the best method of drying potatoes on a large scale. The cost of transportation is enormously reduced by drying, as may be seen from the fact that three and a half tons of fresh potatoes yield only one ton of dried ones. In consequence of the recent developments in the use of potatoes, German farmers have gone extensively into the raising of them.

When a person slumbers so soundly that he can with difficulty be awakened, we are accustomed to say he is in a "deep sleep." An attempt to measure the depth of sleep, in his sense, has recently been made by Dr. Sante de Sanctis, in Rome, with the aid of a specially designed instrument which prods the sleeper with a more or less sharp point. The doctor has drawn curves showing the relative depth of sleep in different subjects, and in the same subject after being allowed to sleep for different lengths of time. It appears that there are certain times during sleep when waking becomes easier, and a practical application of this result of the experiments is suggested in the adjustment of the time of morning rising to a natural period of minimum in the depth of each sleeper's sleep.

Surra, an animal disease of the Philippines, is pointed out by Dr. C. W. Stiles as a matter of great military importance. It seems to have been quite recently introduced from India, and is due to a microscopic parasite, which lives in the blood and is probably transmitted by biting flies. It is a wet-weather disease, reported to be invariably fatal to horses and mules. It occurs also in camels, elephants, dogs and cats, and more rarely in ruminants, but is not yet known in birds. It is closely allied to the tsetse-fly disease of Africa, and to dreaded maladies of Europe and South America. The chief symptoms are intermittent or relapsing fever, eruption, anemia, emaciation, ravenous appetite, great thirst, and more or less paralysis. The introduction of the disease into new localities is to be guarded against as a serious calamity.

Since the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, when the enormous mass of dust thrown into the air was noticed to fall over a radius of more than 1,100 miles, increasing attention has been given to falls of dust. From a study of the great dust storm of March 9 to 12 of last year, Professors Hellmann and Meinardus have concluded that the fine sand was swept by the gale from the desert region of southern Algeria, and fell in succession in Algeria, Tunis, Sicily, Italy, the Alps, Austro-Hungary, Germany, Denmark and European Russia. In Sicily and Italy the dry dust was seen, elsewhere it was made perceptible by rain. It is estimated that 1,300,000 tons of dust was transported by the wind, and that two-thirds of it fell to the south of the Alps. A sandstorm of the present year in the British Isles is supposed to have had its origin in the Sahara.

Men Who Build a Sky Scrapper.

Laborers	206
Carpenters	106
Concrete layers	36
Riggers and riveters	154
Stone masons	15
Tile layers	31
Electricians	31
Plumbers	21
Blacksmiths	21
Painters	21
Teamsters	21
Roofers	30
Sheet metal workers	29
Welding workers	29
Boiler and engine erectors	21
Mill chute workers	14
Stationary engineers and firemen	10

Total 970
—Philadelphia North American.

Shoes that Were Not Mates.

Clerk—So you want to exchange these shoes because they aren't mates?
Mrs. Hogan—Oh do. First OI put was on me left foot an' twor made fer the right; an' thin OI put was on me right foot, an' twor made fer the left.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Produce-Sharing Bohemians.

Seventy-eight profit-sharing schemes, involving 55,536 work people, were in operation last year in this country.

In buying a watch or a locket for a girl, remember this nice distinction: The watch must be the smallest you can get, and the locket must be the largest. On the dumbbells, the one who is best is the one who is best by visiting in the worst

OLD FAVORITES

The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baidric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke glow,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blinding shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,

The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the
glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shots of flame on midnight's pall
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the sea! on ocean wave

Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the belled sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but fails before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

HE PUNCHED THE BEAR.

Excited Hunter Forgot His Gun and Resorted to Fisticuffs.

The overland train we caught at Florence, says the World's Work, was filled with vacation seekers picked up all the way from Boston to Denver, most of them on their way to California, though one hunter of big game with whom we talked had come up from New Orleans to go into the Idaho Mountains from Missoula, ambitious to kill a grizzly. A whole party were exultingly going back to their last year's camp.

"Finest spot in the world," said one—which was not quite true, because that spot we found later, many miles from Meeker, whither he was headed. He went on:

"No mosquitoes; air's too thin for 'em! Plenty of elbow room! There's a million camps in these mountains, near the railroad; ladies, kids an' all that. Nice enough; they have a bully time. But we like room! Trout! An' deer! An'—say, 'Billy,' tell 'em about the bear!"

"Billy" wouldn't. He blushed. Amid the unchecked laughter that rang through the smoking room he could not save his face. We were mounting the continental divide to the Tennessee Pass. Outside the Arkansas valley our jagged bed and all the wonders of red and orange and purple cliffs made a foreground for vistas, dissolving as we rounded curves, of mountain behind mountain sloping gently skyward or soaring in sheer perpendicular lines to the clouds. East to the Atlantic the Arkansas hurried; beyond the watershed 10,000 feet high, toward which we climbed, we should burst from the long tunnel to run beside the Eagle and the Grand, whose waters reach the Pacific.

"Billy" found an Indian's trail—didn't you, 'Billy?' good-naturedly jeered the one they called "Perk."

"You see, he thought it was an Indian's, a bare-footed Indian's," said he expansively to the room in general, "but it was a bear's"—he said it "bear's." "Billy" was death on bears. He used to tell us how his uncle killed a grizzly out Oregon way with a lead pencil—eh, 'Billy?' So 'Billy' took a Winchester an' chased his invisible, but trembling quarry—let me see—six weeks, I think it was.

"Three days," said "Billy."
"At last," went on the story, "we went out together and beat up a neck of woods where 'Billy' said the bear had his nest; he said it was a grizzly with fourteen rattles. 'Billy' himself sat waiting at the upper end. And we did start the beast. We caught a glimpse of him now and then—like a black pig scuttling through the brush. "He shot out of the bushes into 'Billy's' open like a waddling skyrocket, and not seeing 'Billy' he set up and looked back. But 'Billy' His eyes bulged out like marbles. I tell you, gentlemen, his hair rose so fast his hat went up like a clay pigeon from a trap. He dropped his gun and in two strides he waded into that bear hades

bent for kaiser. Excited? He kicked, he punched; he kicked again. His uncle with the lead pencil and the grizzly was nothing to "Billy" barehanded manning that scared, black, half-grown cub. It wasn't ten seconds before the bear found the mill too hot—he was no prize fighter—and while "Billy" chased him into the woods, "rocking" him with everything he could reach, we rolled on the ground and laughed. When we came up to 'Billy' he was sitting on the grass with his legs stuck out in front looking at the rifle—he had picked it up. And crying!"

"Most of that's a lie," said "Billy," according to the New York Tribune, "but I guess I did forget the gun," and, brightening a little, "I handed him a couple of good ones, though." And we all joined the mighty laugh that went up.

PROUD OF HIS WORK.

His Early Manual Labor Gave the Noted Arrister Much Satisfaction.

The late D. W. Richardson, in an address to working men, declared that work, manual work, and that, too, of a resolute kind, is absolutely necessary for every man. He spoke also of the importance of doing one's work, not merely to get it done, but with a feeling of pride in doing it well. In this connection he said:

I was invited not many years ago to a lecture at St. Andrew's University, and to listen in the evening to a lecture by another man, like myself, an outsider. I was not personally acquainted with this other man, but I knew that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered one of the most able and learned, as well as one of the wisest, men in that country. He chose for his subject "Self-Culture," and for an hour held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. For my own part, I could not realize that the hour had fled.

The lecture ended at 7 o'clock, and at 8 I found myself seated at dinner by the side of the lecturer, at the house of one of the university professors. In the course of the dinner I made some reference to the hall in which the exercises of the day had been held, how good it was for sound, and what a fine structure to look upon.

"And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?" I asked my new friend.

"Immensely," I replied. "The man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages."

"Well, that is pleasant to hear," he said, "for the walls are my ain daein'." He had the Scottish accent when he was in earnest.

"Fortunate man," I replied, "to have the means to build so fine a place," for I thought, naturally enough, that being a rich man, he had built this hall at his own expense, and presented it to the university.

"Fortunate, truly," he answered, "but not in that sense. What I mean is, that I laid every one of those stones with my ain hand. I was a working mason, and the builder of the hall gave me the job of laying the inside stone work; and I never had any job in my life in which I took so much pride and so much pleasure."

While this man was working with his hands he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, went to the bar, and became a man honored throughout the country. We applauded his brilliant lecture; but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which echoed our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one.

The New Dialect.

Perhaps the tendency of some people to turn every part of speech into a verb is a sign of an active nature, but it is an unfortunate tendency. The Baltimore American publishes an amusing rebuke to one gully of the habit which will please purists and may do others some good.

"We had a delightful time last week," said the city cousin, who was describing the joys of metropolitan life. "One evening we trolleyed out to a suburban home and ping-ponged until nearly midnight, and next day we autombilled to the country club and golfed until dark."

"Well, we had a pretty good time last week, too," ventured the country cousin, with a sarcastic smile. "One day we buggied over to Uncle Josiah's, and we boys got out in the back lot and baseballed all the afternoon, and after we had dined some of the men cideder and tobaccod a while."

Dangerous Criminals.

"Why," said a lady, reproachfully, to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland!" Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by the Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression:

She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro, and watching the fireflies flitting about through the shrubbery. Suddenly she turned to her companion and said, in a musing tone: "I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the haymows sometimes and set them afire?"

Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantry, but the young lady looked, surprised.

"Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed, 'Work of Fire-Bugs!' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really?"

Faster Destruction Wanted.

Wigg—I see the automobile is to be introduced into modern warfare.

Wagg—What's the matter? Isn't the Gatling gun considered deadly enough?
—Philadelphia Record.

When a baby is named for a poor man, there is no higher compliment.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Economy and Matrimony.

THAT admirable exponent of certain modern ideas, Dorothy Dix, has been explaining the reason why many modern men and maidens—particularly the men—do not marry. She says that with the well-to-do classes in general it is "an open question whether the marriage that will require the crucifixion of their tastes and the daily and hourly sacrifice of their comforts will return sufficient dividends in happiness to make it a paying investment." She also points out the obvious fact that an income which will support one person in luxury will not double itself by magic when there are two people living on it, and consequently one of both of the persons concerned will have to alter in taste or go unsatisfied. She also says, "No one would undervalue the beauty and sacredness of love, but it is a cold fact that it is not enough capital on which to get married." Then she goes on to talk about starvation and shabby clothes, and the sacrifice of the tastes and habits of a lifetime, and so on.

This expression of opinion undoubtedly agrees with the feelings of a good many modern young people, married and unmarried, but it would be a considerable mistake to suppose that it represents the mind of any large percentage of the population of this country, even of the well-to-do and intelligent classes. It is absurd to talk of starvation and privation in connection with a couple living on the ordinary income of a clerk or professional man. The only question is whether they are willing to cut their coats according to their cloth, and take in the comfort of each other's society and the pleasure of bringing up their children, the recreation which they used to get out of their amusements. If they are not willing to do this, it is quite true that they would better not get married. The country can do without that kind of married people.—Washington Times.

Training for Home Life.

IT is the old conventionality that the business of woman is always to make a home for man, and that man's sphere lies always outside the home, that causes much of modern woman's discontent, and against which she protests.

The purpose of all training, she insists, is to push the boy out into the world and to keep the girl in, and it is from this inequality and injustice that she demands emancipation.

The view is a mistaken one, however, the final object in the education of both sexes being the same—to fit them for living at home.

In fact, it is and always has been the conviction of mankind that the life of both women and men should be lived at home, and accordingly the aim of parents is to prepare their sons and daughters to properly discharge their duties toward the home. Their desire is to see both happily settled in homes of their own, but recognizing the difference between the sexes, and the greater share of responsibility assigned by nature to the man, they give the boy the training necessary to enable him to found and maintain the home, and to the girl the training to carry it on.

If the aim of the parents is a mistaken one, it is at least implied impartially to both sexes, so that there can be no valid claim of injustice on the part of either.

If, as the great majority of the world believes, the first duty of woman is to the home, the training of the man contemplates also the same duty for him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why Negro Education Fails.

ONE of the reasons why education as applied to the black race in the United States is a practical failure is because the purpose of education is ridiculously misconceived by many, perhaps most, of those who attend the schools which Northern philanthropy has established in various places in the South. Nine young negroes out of ten who go in for education do it with the notion that education will enable them to live without work. For the same reason the ranks of the black ministry throughout the South are always full, being recruited from the product of the schools, which put forth each year a large number of persons "educated" to a point where they despise manual labor and are eager to catch at any chance which promises them an easy and semi-idle life. The religious and moral status of these self-elected spiritual leaders of the race may be judged from the fact that a few months ago there were fifty-nine black preachers in the Georgia State penitentiaries.—Portland Oregonian.

Are Babies Becoming Extinct?

THERE is little baby in city life to-day for babies. Landlords prefer to let houses to families that have no children to do damage to the property and annoy the neighbors. Apartment houses are generally closed against the little ones. Dogs may be accepted, but no children. The applicant for a place as janitor, steward, coachman, or any of a dozen other places of domestic service may be allowed to have a wife and perhaps bring her with him for service, but the mahogany doors will not swing open to servants' children. The poor widow who is forced to make the living for herself and little ones finds them a barrier wherever she turns.

A MAN WITH "PINTS."

Old Farmer Found Drummer Was Well Informed.

The drummer who had missed the early morning train came into the tiny X99 Junction station waiting room and glanced about him. Drummers always glance about when they come to stations, big or little. They do it because it is a habit, the same as winking one eye knowingly, poking a crooked thumb over the shoulder or when one says about once every half minute during a casual talk on crops, weather and so on: "Don't chaw know?" These are hard things to get rid of. So is the drummer.

But this was not an ordinary drummer—at least he so impressed the seclude old gentleman who was busy studying a time table by the window. The old gentleman got up, went to the drummer and held out the time table, asking:

"If a train got to Pulaaki about 7 in the mornin' would that give me time to visit Elder Spriggins, who lives just outside the town, before the other train came along?"

There was mourning at the end of the finger that pointed out Pulaaki. There was hair in the ears of the old man and a misty veil on his glasses looked over his eagle-like beak. There was also a curious dip to his straw hat—not unlike the swirl of the busy college man out for a rague vacation—500 panama or not. The drummer was one of those chaps of ready speech and quick response and he answered, in a pleasant tone:

"If you get to Pulaaki on that early train you certainly will have plenty of time to visit Elder Spriggins and enjoy his hospitality before the next train comes along." Then the speaker beamed an amiable smile. But the old ranger never bated a wink of the eye nor puckered a risible muscle.

"And if the way is clear for real good slippin' long the rails at a two-orty Flory Temple gait, do you really think a pusson could reach Carthage before sundown and in time to help

All too often, every day, do the customs of city life turn the children of the poor from a blessing into a curse and an insupportable burden. All too often are parents that love their children as dearly as the rich love their own, forced by harsh necessity to place them in institutions or desert them, and when the cause is sifted to the bottom the fault is found to be less with the parents than with the senseless and heartless customs and conditions put upon them by those who easily could, if they would, change it all.

And the most pitiful part of it, from the broader view point is that the world is suffering a lack of development of its best material for future manhood and womanhood. It is to the children of the poor that the world has ever looked for the best in the future. If the children of the city's poor are discriminated against, must it not be said, too, that the children of the city's rich are being eliminated? The decrees of society render it inconvenient and unfashionable to have children, and most of the great mansions know them not.—Des Moines News.

Work Does Not Shorten Life.

THE report of the census bureau, which declares that since 1810 the median of American longevity has increased 7.4 years, points to many vital conclusions. Among these, it proves that with the introduction and enormous patronage of the railroads, steamboats, electric cars and all other means of rapid transit, we have reached and safely passed that stage in mechanical development when the attendant loss of human life is at the maximum. It also speaks eloquently of the progress in the science of medicine and surgery, the improvement and increase in the number of hospitals and public places of refuge. It shows the triumph of law and order, the approximate perfection of our police system and the growth of all these safeguards with which society surrounds itself.

But above these things, it gives the lie to the blatant alarmist who all these years has harrowed us with his cry that the ceaseless commercial activity of the day, the rush for fortune and fame, are burning the candle of longevity at both ends. We have been ponderously warned that the American race was so rapidly consuming its vital energy that each of us would soon be, at the age of 50, a tottering wreck, mentally and physically incapable. But the triumph over the world in commercial, scientific and economic progress, we are now told on indisputable authority, has not been achieved at such a sacrifice. It seems that the harder we work, the lustier we wax, and the longer we live. Anteus-like, we rise after each fall with added vigor and accumulated aggression.—Detroit Journal.

The Men Who Break Down.

WHEN a man standing at the head of a vast business breaks down the papers begin to talk of the enormous pressure of modern life, especially in the lines of finance and industrial activity. There are railway presidents who stand a great amount of business strain, but they waste none of their energies, and are temperate, as all men of great affairs must be, if they would hold their own in these busy days.

While a great business involves large responsibilities, a strong man at the head of it will be found to have selected capable assistants, often younger men with great power of resisting strain. The railway president, bank president or head of a trust, has his staff; his business systematized, and a large part of his work is done by his corporation consists in his ability to pick good men for responsible places.

When one comes to look over the list of men broken down in business it is among those having small business that the greater number will be found. The man in a small way rarely can afford to have capable assistants; he must "do it all himself," and hence worry and over-doing. There is more of a chance for brain fog in a small shop or agency than in a big business.—Mexican Herald.

Honor the School Teachers.

THE Gloucester school teacher who has retired from her work after forty-two years teaching in the schools of that place, during which she was absent but twice should be looked upon with profound respect. An American humorist has said that a good teacher "should be made a brigadier general and have a horse and wagon to do his riding around in," and the sentiment is that of all who understand what one who presides over a room in a school building endures. A large proportion of teachers become broken in health by the nervous strain after five or six years, and physicians regard teachers of experience as among the hardest patients to help permanently because the attack of any illness finds so little of reserve strength to oppose it. The world respects its teachers, but its honor and applause goes to those who do unusual deeds, or acts requiring impulsive courage. It is, however, the regular work of carefully trained and kindly people that upholds the intellectual and spiritual life of mankind, and none perform deeds of more lasting value than the quiet toilers between the blackboards and the desks.—Boston Transcript.

gentleman's eyes twinkled, says the Pittsburg Bulletin, as he drew from his pocketbook a small sheet of note-paper.

"I sent the boy a toy monkey that plays all kinds of pranks when it's wound up," said he, chuckling. "Sent it to him for his birthday. Now you listen to this letter of thanks I got from him to-day. He's just 8 years old:

"Dear Uncle Ned, I am delighted with the monkey, thank you. He makes me think of you very often. And whenever mamma winds him up and he begins to jump, mamma and I feel as if we were back at your home where all those toys are, and mamma says, 'That's your Uncle Ned all over.' Good-by from your grateful Hal."

"I folded," said the old gentleman, as he looked up the letter, "that I shall be more careful what I send him for his next birthday."

World's Shortest Street.

It is the shortest in Paris, and it is believed in the world. It is named Rue des Deges. It consists only of fourteen stairs, has no shops, no doors, and no dwelling houses opening onto it. No carriages or carts can drive up or down it, and the greater part of one side of it is devoted to an array of posters. Yet the authorities have taken the trouble to give this thoroughfare a name.

Too Much for the Barber.

"You can't guy that fellow," said the barber, as the bald-headed customer left the shop.

"Did you try it?" asked "next."

"Yes. When he got into my chair I asked him if he wanted a hair cut, and he said he didn't care if I cut both of them."—Indianapolis News.

There is very little difference between a good person and a bad one. Get well acquainted with a good man, and you will find much to condemn, and an intimate acquaintance with a bad man will result in the discovery of much to commend.