HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS.

The way to make friends is as easy, As breathing the fresh morning air; It ain't by an art to be studied Alone by the men who can spare The time from their everyday labors, To ponder on classical lore; It never is taught in a college And it isn't a trick or a chore.

The way to make friends is to be one, To smile at the stranger you meet, To think cheerful thoughts and to speak

Aloud to the people you greet. To hold out your hand to a brother And cheerfully say "Howdy-do" In a way that he'll know that you mean it That's all that's expected of you.

Be honest in all of your dealings, Be true to your word and your home, And you will make friends, never doubt it Wherever you happen to roam. Condemn not the brother who falters, Nor fawn on the rich and the great; Speak kindly to all that approach you,

And give up all whining at fate. -Selected.

UPSTAGE.

"And I said to him: 'My deah boy, don't talk to me as if I were your wife! And don't imagine you're the only Twin Six in town!' And we settled it right then and there!" The full, pouting baby lips broadened into a reminiscent smile. The pink and white cheeks dimpled. Miss Marietta Malard, accent on the last syllable, laid her trump card on the table for the benefit of her listener, whose black eyes sparkled with gratifying inter-'And then he went out and

bought me a big——"
Just what the "big" was remained a question, for Miss Marietta halted as a girl slid into the chair next to hers and stretched out a hand to dust a film of powder from the face of her They formed a queer assortment, those mirrors, all shapes and sizes, propped against both sides of the rack that ran down the center of the long make-up table.

Into them gazed as many types as there are flowers of the field, and just two traits in common-all were slender as birch trees, all young as Eve before the serpent appeared. Except that to most the apple was no longer forbidden fruit.

At the moment there were some sixteen in various stages of the costume, largely imagination, which the prettiest chorus on Broadway wore in Scene I of "Good Night Cap." It was one of those musical melanges commonly known as girlie shows, and advertised in red splashes of poster as "A Bevy of Beauties All under Twen-The bloods of New York patronized the Summer Garden with a loyalty that brought them back at least once a week. It was the one theatre in town in which the chorus fraternized with the audience, tripping down a runway into the aisles to trill their the individuals occupying her particusyncopated love ditties into the ears of selected members; or swinging overhead on ropes of roses, bare knees

perilously near bald heads. On the night in question, one of early March, Miss Mariette Mallard's voluminous moleskin wrap was draped over the back of her chair and she pulled it round her with a pretty baby shiver as she scanned the girl who had just come in.

"Well," she observed, forgetting to go on with her story, "how is mamma's sparkler tonight?"

The girl bit her lip then turned with a grin that was not in her eyes and flashed under Miss Mariette's little nose the hand that had dusted the mirror. On its third finger blinked a diamond, the size and brilliance of which was breath taking.

Miss Mariette promptly turned her attention to the black-eyed one. "Gracie deah, suppose you had a block of ice like that-wouldn't you try to make your clothes live up to it?'

The black-eyed one giggled. "And I wouldn't be so upstage about it until

The object of their amusement set her teeth and turned back to the mirror, addressing the reflection: "I pay cash for my clothes. That's more than some people can say.

The black-eyed one giggled again. "They look it," she murmured sweetly. Miss Mariette indulged in a smile still more saccharine. "They look as if you paid nothing for them, my deah. Take my advice and pay cash to get rid of them." She gave a dismissing flourish of her small hand and patted her pale blonde ringlets.

The chorus girl of today buys her hats on Fifth Avenue and borrows her manner from the same thoroughfare. She never forgets that a lead awaits her if she's clever enough to look and act the part. Not that Miss Mallard had any ambitions in that direction. But she did try to live up to the moleskin cloak and the car that called for her every night. Only at unguarded moments did Second Avenue scratch through Fifth.

"You don't know how to manage him, my deah," she concluded, baby blue eyes fastened on the brilliant

The girl's lips opened, then shut ring came from-and they didn't believe her. Besides, if she tried to answer them she'd cry, and she'd die rather than let them see her do that! It was the same struggle she went through every night and two matinees a week, sometimes with bravado, more often in choking silence. They made her ashamed, those two, that for her the apple still hung high on the tree. If they wanted to think some man had given her the diamond, so much the better! It would make her seem pop-

ular and less a little fool.

She downed the tears by vigorous motion * * * She sprang up— She sprang upa kick of her heel sent her chair spinning—and ripping open the clasps of her one piece serge dress, she tossed it on the hook in the wall where hung a plain brown ulster and imitation seal turban-alley cat caught in the Again that disarming gleam.

rain, Miss Mariette had christened it. Then she gritted her teeth, pulled the chair back into place and slashed on make-up.

Sallie MacMahon, listed in chorus annals as Zara May, was one of those who merited the splashing announce-ment of the red posters. Her long mermaid hair, with its glisten of sunset on the sea; the same gold in the lashes that shaded her deep blue eyes; the transparent quality of her skin with the swift play of young blood un-der the surface gave to Sallie's beauty a luminous quality Sallie herself did not possess. Sallie was just a girl, with a facility for doing what she was told. The daughter of a Scotch father with somber eyes and an Irish mother with laughing ones, both of whom had sailed the misty river into unknown lands after a stormy sojourn together in this one, she had been left at fifteen to take care of one hand warring against a sense of

economy on the other. Sallie loved soft furs and clinging silks such as swept into the chorus side. dressing room nightly, but she had no desire to follow the tortuous path by which such luxuries are achieved. However, the fact that the Mallard girl and Grace assumed she had done so, did not at all disturb her. It was As the car sped round the corner, they their ridicule she feared, their jibes at halted abruptly and, like Lot's wife, her clothes. Speeding across the stone stood rooted where they stopped. her clothes. Speeding across the stone floor under the Summer Garden stage, she tried to bring a smile to her lips.

They merely quivered. There came the march of a military air and the girls filed up the wobbly wooden steps and through a trap door. Sallie brought the smile to her lips, fixed it as if it had been glued there. Her young elastic body rippled through the number under the changing lights. She loved the jazz, loved the stir of rhythm, and had it not been for the ache in her heart whenever she set foot in the theatre, she would have loved the work. She was nine-teen. Music was in her blood.

She danced through the varying scenes with swift changes of costume, hurried dabs of powder and little time to nurse her woes.

which the girls trooped down the runway and trilled to some not always embarrassed occupant of an aisle seat:

> "Oh-oh-oh-h-h-h-h-Won't you-smile at me?

Often as she swayed through it, it bule. never failed to give her a thrill. Like-wise she never failed to get what she demanded.

Tonight as she syncopated down the aisle a light shone from her deep eyes. Kindled by the smoldering defiance of earlier evening, it was utterly unconscious of seeking an object. But the gentleman in the particular seat that name yet!" was her territory could scarcely have been expected to know that. To him it constituted challenge.

"Oh-oh-oh-h-h-h-h-Won't you-smile at Me?" urged Sallie.

The man's lips parted. "You just bet I will!" came in a flash of white teeth.

It registered no definite impression of as somebody else!" the individuals occupying her particular aisle seat. They came and went, vague as shadows. But this man's re"Well, I can wait! See you tomorrow, "Oh!" sponse and his quick flashing smile Miss Zara May." with its personal note made her sudand pulling it over slender hips slip-ped her arms through the spangled ant "Good evening." shoulder straps. She and Grace were

can Beauty satin. Then both sat down Sallie was in the act of pinning on the alley cat.

"Do show him to us, my deah!" per-siflaged Miss Mallard. "Don't be so er-close, even if he is." Sallie jabbed the pin into her head. winced in pain and, with chin trembling and eyes closing on hot tears, hurried into the corridor, followed by the familiar titter. Blindly she made her way up the stairs to the stage en-

trance. Outside a blaze of darting lights proclaimed that Broadway was rubbing the sleep from her eyes and preparing to dance. As she stepped into the glare, Sallie brushed a hand across her eyes. Lined up at the curb was a row of taxis. The modern stage door Johnny no longer stands bouquet in per, she stepped into the car, throat ty. Johnny no longer stands bouquet in hand. He remains discreetly in his too full for speech. cab or car, and only when the lady of He gave a broad his choice emerges does he do like-

As Sallie moved toward the curb some one called "Good evening"—but that being a familiar method of address, she passed on without a glance. "I say," pleaded the voice, "won't you smile at me again?"

Sallie turned then. Descending from a big yellow car which, had she known more of auto aristocracy, would have stamped itself as of prohibitive peerage, was the man of the

aisle seat. "Wait, please!" he begged and his teeth gleamed as they had in the theatre. They were nice teeth in a boyish mouth, and upon Sallie they had a tight. She had told them where the disarming effect. In spite of an instinctive impulse to run, she hesitated. The talon scratches inflicted in the chorus dressing room were still bleeding and the smile of the man who had ceased to be a shadow was

He reached her, lifted his hat. "Come for a ride, won't you?" he asked. "Oh, I couldn't!" she answered

promptly. "Why not?"
"I—I just couldn't, that's all."

He gave her a curious, somewhat uzzled look. "Round the parkpuzzled look. 'I--I-no, thank you, I couldn't.' "Then let me drive you home."

"I-I don't live very far. I always "Well, ride it tonight. Please!"

Sallie looked up with eyes clouded ed at her. "How long have you been and a tremor on her lips. "It's nice of in the show business?" you to want to take me, but-"

"But I've been coming here every night this week trying to make you see me. And until tonight you never "Working, even knew I was alive. Don't you think you ought to be a little kind to a fellow who's as devoted as that?" Sallie looked down tracing a pat-

tern with the toe of her boot. "Please-I-thanks just the same," she brought out finally.

She took a step toward the curb, away from him. And just then came one of those feathery gusts that send whirling the wheel of fate. Miss Mariette Mallard and Grace issued from the stage door, their exchange of glances telling too plainly that they were still enjoying the laugh at her expense. At the curb waited a limousine quite overshadowed by the gorgeousness of the big yelherself, with a love of the beautiful on low touring car. They drew near,

still giggling.
Swift as a bird, Sallie veered back to him. Instantly the man was at her

"You can take me home"-it was breathless-"I'll let you do that!" head in the direction of the two girls.

events do not work out as planned comes in the nature of a disappointment. To a man, the same discovery adds zest to the determination to make them do so. The man in the yellow touring car was amazed to find that Sallie actually did permit him to drive least once—probably twice—possibly three times. He had even anticipated a cozy supper at which, across a table not too wide, he could drink deep of a pair of well-like blue eyes shaded with gold. But Sallie gave him her address, ten blocks from the theatre, and A number toward the end of Act II though he urged with all the mascuwas her favorite. It was the one in line dominance of which he was capable, she made him halt in front of a brownstone house sagging as if with the weight of its own years.

The man looked up the steep steps to where a flicker of gaslight sifted on to the broken mosaics of the vesti-

"Is there where you live?" he queried, still holding the hand by which he had helped her.

Sallie nodded, adding as she tried to withdraw the hand, "Thanks ever so much. "Here—just a minute!" He drew as the March wind. "her back. "You haven't told me your I'm an awful grafter."

"Zara May." "On the level name, I mean." "Oh"-she flashed him a smile-

'that one's good enough." "Peaches and cream would fit better." came in quick response. She jerked her hand away. "Good

night, Mr.-Mr.-"Patterson. Jimmie Fowler Patterson. You'll notice I'm not so stingy

Two emotions played havoc with denly realize that she had been sing- her dreams that night-exultation ing to the same smile every night that over the girls and fear. As through week. She wondered about him all her narrow rear window she watched through the performance. She was the patch of dull blue mellow into dull still wandering as Miss Mariette step- gray, she assured herself that tomorped into a short-waisted chiffon dress row she would do nothing more than

But of course she didn't. Not tomorrow-nor any other night that going to a party, and the latter morrow—nor any other night that emerged like a full blown rose, black found it waiting at the stage entrance. eyes dancing above a gown of Ameri- And that became every night.

In the chorus dressing room an auand took some of the make-up off their ra of new interest surrounded her. That car commanded respect. The impudent black eyes of Grace began to gaze critically at a certain framed likeness she had hitherto displayed with pride. His car wasn't a marker to the one that called for Sallie. Miss Mariette even restrained her inclination to persiflage until one evening some ten days later when Sallie came in after the final act and caught her hunched on the floor, back up, meowing with all her might while the alley cat reposed over one ear.

All the old wounds tore open. blood gushed to Sallie's head. grabbed the hat and slapped Miss Mariette's face, leaving the latter too startled to retaliate in kind. And when Mr. Patterson begged her as he He gave a broad grin. "Shall we

make it up the Drive and back to Rec-"I'd just rather ride if you don't mind."

veloping shadows of Riverside. The moon was up, a new crescent streaking its modest trail across the water. On the opposite shore the chain of

He stole a moment to turn and gaze.

"You're a winner!" he murmured. lost in the intoxication of speeding down blue silk cuffs matched by a soft motor and racing March wind. Never collar. His blue Persian tie was held had she experienced anything like it. in an immaculate four-in-hand by a

When they opened it was to meet a Sallie positively thrilling. ed to a higher level and before them, Hudson shimmered.
"What's this?" she asked, hand

the onward rush. "Lafayette Boulevard. You've been up here, haven't you?" No.

He slowed down, eyes mocking. "Honestly! I've never even heard "Good Lord!" he whistled and star- up town.

"About a year."
"Well, what have you been doing all

"Working, most of it." "But after working hours?"

"Oh, home right after the show. I'm pretty tired then." He gave another low whistle, still regarding her curiously, that puzzled, half skeptical expression creeping into his eyes.

"And Sundays?" "I visit the girls I used to work

with.' "Where?" "You mean where did I work?" He nodded, still with that curious measuring of her.

Brooklyn-in a department store. I was at the perfumery. And one day Miss Barton, Bessie Barton— ever hear of her?" "Rather! Peach of a voice-in 'Kiss

Me Again." "Yes. She was playing over there last year and she came in to buy some French extract—it's awfully expen-

"I know," He helped her in. With the sweet-est of smiles she turned, inclining her bought a big bottle—it was eighteighty an ounce-she asked me if I'd ever wanted to go on the stage. She said I was—" Sallie paused.
"Go on," he put it quickly.
beauty who didn't belong behind

counter. "How did you know?" came won-

To a woman, the discovery that deringly.

vents do not work out as planned "I don't need blinders to make me

see straight," he remarked succinctly. "Well you—you're right—that's what she did say—and told me she'd have her manager put me on if I wanted it. So I went with them--twenty-five a week. It was a lot more her home, and no farther. He had anthan I was getting at the store. And ticipated that run round the park at when she closed, they took me on at the Summer Garden.'

"And you still go round with the Brooklyn crow 1?' Some note in his voice put her on the defensive.

"They're my old friends—why shouldn't I?" He stared at her again. "Queer!"

he remarked to himself. They dashed up a hill. "I guess we'd better be going back," she sighed regretfully.

"What's the matter? Don't you "It-it's wonderful!" Luxuriously she nestled down, eyes half closing

again. "Then have a heart! I've been jitneying you from the theatre for two legs submitted for approval, and Salsolid weeks. Be a little sympathetic, won't you?"

"I think you're a sweetness." The laugh died down. "I guess we'd

better be going back." They swung round. "All right. But we'll stop at Arrowhead first.' "What's Arrowhead?"

Once more that swift quizzical look, then his head went back with a long chuckle. "By George, you are cute!" "What's so funny about my asking?" "It's called Arrowhead Inn, sweet-

"Now I guess you think you're not

hungry? "No-I am hungry." Her prompt and unexpected reply pleased him hugely.

"Right! There you are!" They were flying up a drive, round a grassplot and under a porte-cochere. Sallie saw a house girdled with glass that glowed, warm and allur-

She went into the hall while her host parked the car. A mirror on the wall reflected a face very different from the one she saw habitually in the jagged glass of the dressing table or the mottled one above her washstand. Its eyes were glistening, red lips were laughing, and at the corner a dimple danced. The blood surged underneath the smooth skin and went singing

through every vein. Mr. James Fowler Patterson refused the first table offered, selecting one close against the window with an intimate little lamp shedding its blush over the cloth. Sallie had never felt so important, not even the night after her stage debut, for then she had been conscious solely of the fact that she was dancing with no skirt on before

a lot of people. The head waiter helped her out of the ulster. Mr. Patterson then seated himself, and for the first time Sal-

His hair, parted at the side and brushed straight from his forehead, gave evidence of having been in boyhood the color affectionately known as "carrots." But frequent use of water mind."

They spun up Broadway, through
Seventy-Second Street and into the enmotoring could promote more than one coat of tan. Above them, gray eyes not so young as they might have been searched a world with which they

jewels laid on the plush of the night.

Sallie nestled into the deep leatherSallie's gaze settled not on his feaSallie's gaze settled not on his feaSallie's gaze settled not on his feaside. A sharp wind lifted the curls tures but on his clothes. Patch pock-from under the despised turban and ets slanted across the coat. The waistsent them flying across the man's face. | coat was high and of the same dark | yet." blue material threaded with a hairline of white. From the sleeves she Sallie scarcely heard him. She was thought rather too short, he shook swift turn of road, the houses mount- picked up the menu, she noticed that his hands were wide and muscular

kind of awe. He turned back and as | should be. he did so his glance fell on her hand.

"Whew, what a stone!" "Yes," replied Sallie, "it used to be

ny mother's." He stared. After which a knowing twinkle touched his eyes and a laugh, equally knowing, his lips. He said

nothing. "Honestly it was," Sallie protested. His stare probed her-then came a born yesterday—not quite," he an-

nounced. "Please—please believe me!" Tears saying "sir" to his father, though, bestarted to Sallie's eyes.

hind his back, he usually referred to "Your mother owned a stone like him as "pater" or "the governor." that, and you had to work in a depart-

ment store? "It does sound funny. But it's true! We never had any money after my father died. Nor before either. "mother," or sometimes "mater."
He just saved and saved, and then when he was gone mother just spent the abbreviations "pa" and "ma" began and spent. She went crazy spending, to be generally used. They came from She said he never gave us enough to eat when he was alive and she going to make the best of it now that he was dead. So she went to the savings bank and took out every cent and had a wonderful time-for awhile. Hats and dresses and movies every night. She was awfully pretty-

"I believe it," came vehemently. "And she never did have a decent calls his father "dad." As for "mama," thing to wear while my father was liv- it is as obsolete as "papa," and matering. Then one day she came home with this ring. 'Baby,' she said—she always called me her baby—'there's not much left, and before it's all gone which these abbreviations have not I want to be sure you're fixed. If I put it in the bank I'll take it out again, so this way we'll always have something we can hock if we need to." He chuckled then. "An did you ever need to?"

"Often." Unwittingly, perhaps, his gaze shifted from the diamond to her dress and hat. She needed no intuition to interpret that look. Experience had taught her exactly what it meant. And where defiance had met the girls in the dressing room, a wave of shame

now swept over her. Gazing at him in his immaculate National, and Guards' Brigade, win-perfection, her fingers twitched to toss ner of the Waterloo, are among the 25 the alley cat out of the window. Yet British champion dogs to be modeled she could not apologize for it. She could not explain that, being her father's daughter, she was bainking such of her earnings as could be spared against the day when the sapphire sparkle would fade from her eyes.

As the bushboy shook out the glist-ening white napkin and placed it across her knees, she felt an absurd inclination to slide under the table.

Mr. Patterson's attention, however, had turned to the silver dish of frogs' lie's discomfort vanished in the thrill of a new experience, though she wish-She laughed, a ringing laugh free ed he had ordered a nice thick steak. as the March wind. "You must think When they were once more on the When they were once more on the Drive he leaned over, quickly freeing

one hand, and gave hers a squeeze. "You're an adorable infant!" he make of you, but you've got me going!"

Sallie looked up a little uncertainly. "My right name is Sallie MacMahon." she stammered. "I don't care what it is" came ten-

derly. "My name for you is the same as your mother's-Baby!" (Concluded next week).

School to Save Human Life.

Flat dwellers in New York are now to be blessed in the erection of a bacteriology building in which the public will be shown how to prevent disease. A museum with models will demonstrate how to eradicate rats and flies, how to ditch to do away with malarial mosquitoes, and how to indulge in home pasteurizing of milk. Also the sanitary handling of food and the proper kind of plumbing that should be installed in the public safety

will be shown. Truly New York is a wonder city. Medically there is nothing like it in the world. Your millionaire pays ten thousand dollars for an operation from skilled hands that perform the same operation on the needy free of charge. For the poor the city is a medical and

surgical paradise. Forward looking men, of course, have now come to see that prevention is becoming more and more necessary in the practice of medicine. In the old days doctors were taught how to cure disease. Now they are being taught how to prevent it. It is high time the national and State governments rec-New York's lead.

A Matter of Speed.

"Talking about dinners," said the retired salesman, "I remember one I had when I was on the road. I went into the best restaurant in the town

with some fellow salesmen. "We ordered the finest thing in dinners. Then the bill came round and we couldn't decide who was to pay. Everybody offered, and so did I." "Awkward for you all," agreed one

of the listeners, skeptically. "Yes," continued the salesman, "and, as we couldn't settle the matter, I proposed we should blindfold the waiter and the one he caught must pay."
"Good idea," said another listener.

"Who did he catch?"
"I don't know," replied the salesman, briefly, "but he hasn't caught me

Not Bad Cook But Bad Stomach.

The word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, but it will not be fair for many people to lay the blame on the cook if they Gradually its turmoil soothed her own. She closed her eyes.

It all initiated active four-in-haid by a pie to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas dinner with little apness, the perfection of detail, were to petite and end it with distress or nauseo It may not be fair for any to do thatlet us hope so for the sake of the cook!

The disease, dyspepsia, indicates a bad far into the star-eyed night, a stretch of wooded walk, through which the glad he wasn't a dude.

stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach He proceeded to order with the we know nothing else equal to Hood's Sarcasual ease of one who knows the saparilla. This digestive and tonic medigrasping his coat sleeve as if to stop chef's best dishes. Sallie pulled off cine helps the stomach, gives it vigor and her gloves, crossed her arms on the tone, relieves dyspepsia, creates an appetable, leaned forward to listen with a tite, and makes eating the pleasure it

> The biliousness and constipation found It riveted there, then slowly traveled in so many cases of dyspepsia are gently upward accompanied by the same low and thoroughly relieved by Hood's Pills, whistle he had emitted as they drove which act in perfect harmony with Hood's

ARE JUST "PA" AND "MA" NOW

Modern Children Lack Oldtime Dignified Titles for Their Parents, Declares a London Writer.

When I was a small boy, forty years ago, children almost without exception faint flash of resentment. "I wasn't addressed their parents as "papa" and "mamma." When a boy grew older and went to school he frequently took to hind his back, he usually referred to

At the same time he gave up saying "mamma," which he considered childish, and took to calling his mother "mother," or sometimes "mater."

America, where they had already been in use for many years. Some children used "daddy" instead

of "papa," and after a time "papa" went out altogether, and was replaced by "dad" with those of older growth. Today "dad" is almost universal. Even the little shaver of four or five

familias is now known universally as "mum." The only part of the kingdom in

found favor is Scotland, where the more formal "father" and "mother" swers.

TO BE MODELED IN BRONZE

Winners of British Dog-Racing Contests Will Have Memories Preserved by American Sculptor.

Captain Cuttle, winner of the Derby; Music Hall, winner of the Grand in bronze by the American sculptor, Herbert Haseltine. The King's Labrador retriever, a champion of his class and declared at one show to be the best dog of the year, has already been

modeled. Haseltine is an inspired sculptor of the horse, says an art critic. Besides achieving a perfection of detail that delights the most fastidious owner, he has the gift of imparting the animal's character to his studies. Horses talk with their ears, and in each of Mr. Haseltine's models the set of the ears most common to his subject is careful-

ly reproduced. That other animals can and do inspire him he has shown in bull-fight whispered. "Don't know just what to sculpture. One study of his shows a proud, powerful beast with fight in every line.

Historical Error.

The new stamp for Christopher and Nevis, two Leeward isles in the West Indies discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1493 and now British sessions, shows the discoverer looking through a new spy-glass, remarks

the London Daily Mail. The "Bulletin" of the French Astronomical society expresses indignation at what it terms this latest example of the general ignorance of matters astronomical, for, of course, Christopher Columbus died more than a century before Zachariah Haussen, maker of spectacles, made some one else's fortune by devising the telescope.

His children, playing with some of his lenses, had found that when two lenses were placed at a certain distance apart the weathercock, away on the top of the neighboring church steeple, could be seen through them as distinctly as if it had been brought nearer.

Copper and Calcium.

It is reported that Professor Hartley of Dublin has photographed, in ordinary air, spectroscopic lines, due, among other things, to copper and calcium. It is believed that they arise from fine dust consisting of these substances, projected into the atmosphere by road vehicles and by smoke and ognized the necessity of following the sparks of trolley wires. It is from the latter that copper is supposed to come. The quantity of copper thus found is excessively slight. Indeed, it is only the delicacy of the tests that renders it appreciable. Lines due to lead, carbon, iron, manganese, nickel and magnesium have also been detected, but the quantity of these substances is even less than that of the calcium and copper, the lines of which are always prominent in the spectra.

Rare Edition of Bible.

The only known copy of the first Protestant Bible printed in Latin has recently come into the possession of the public library at Cambridge, Mass., says Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is valued at \$100,000 by the library authorities, which seems reasonable in view of some book transactions. The printing of this edition was done in 1527, at Cologne, by Peter Quentel, who shortly before had printed an edition of the New Testament for Tyndale. The text is in black letter, with numerous woodcuts by Anthony of Worms, some of which had been used in the Grenville edition of Tyndale's English New Testament, published in

Good Indications of Oil in Bolivia. A company has been organized recently for the purpose of exploiting the petroleum deposits said to exist near Cochabamba, Bolivia. It is reported that numerous indications of petroleum have been found in the vicinity of Cercado and of Quillacollo, including readily inflammable gases emanating from two wells in the locality. Favorable reports on this section have been previously made by reputable geologists.