

If you want something with which to resist electricity buy an elephant. Old Jumbo II at Buffalo walked off under 2200 volts.

There are different ways of rendering a navy invisible. Great Britain is experimenting with paint. Spain tried fighting, and it worked.

The Holland boat has one advantage over all the other submarine boats. It has demonstrated its ability to come up after going down.

According to a recent bulletin of the census office, there was one patent taken out in Connecticut in 1900 for each 100 persons. In 1890 the figures were one for each 796 persons.

Ontario has an abnormally low birth rate, lower than that of any European country, but not lower than that of some of the adjoining American states, notably Michigan and New Hampshire, the former being 18 in 1898 and the latter 19 in 1895.

The attempt to make all the people of Neuberg, Ger., go to bed at 10.30, on pain of 10 days in prison, has resulted in a window smashing and a general revolt. From which it is clear that one can't do everything he likes in Germany, even in so simple a matter as going to bed.

The Duchess of Sutherland and Andrew Carnegie are jointly interested in a technical school near Galspie, Scotland. Its purpose is the instruction of young men and women in the art of earning a comfortable livelihood in the handicrafts—spinning, weaving, dyeing, needlework, cooking, laundering, scientific dressmaking, poultry breeding and dairying.

Any one who is interested in the market value of fame may like to know that at a sale of photographs bearing the autographs of the subjects, Mr. Watterson, the editor, brought \$7.50 and General Miles \$2.50. Three dollars and a half appeared to be the military evaluation, for pictures of General Sherman and General Sheridan each sold for that sum. The photograph of the late William Florence, the actor, sold for \$4.50, that of Senator Blackburn for \$4, a crayon of George Washington for \$4.50, a photograph of "Buffalo Bill" for \$1.50, and one of General Boulanger for 25 cents, or 5 cents less than the current quotation of the "brav" general's fame, states Collier's Weekly.

The late Philip Armour was said to have incurred the disease which killed him by overwork. This preternatural activity is one of the prices of success, and one of the chief pleasures of the lives of successful business men. It is not merely the dollars that men of great wealth assume new responsibilities, but for the pleasure which they find in constant employment. Mr. Rockefeller is now said to be suffering the consequences of prolonged overwork. Able to employ the most famous chef, his dietary is limited to crackers and skimmed milk at blood heat. With the means to buy the most rapid automobile and the fastest horses, he is not allowed to ride for pleasure, but must walk a given distance every day. He cannot cruise about in his yacht nor indulge in other pleasures which his income of \$30,000,000 a year would enable him to do.

Signor Marconi, who is not prone to talking overmuch for publication, has announced that at St. John's, N. F., he has received communications by wireless telegraph from Cornwall, Eng.—a distance of nearly 2000 miles. This would be deemed incredible in the ordinary course of events, since the general public has become largely accustomed to discounting heavily the dreams and idealistic aspirations of enthusiastic inventors. But Marconi has used his utmost endeavor to escape this fatal classification. What he has accomplished in telegraphy without wires is a matter of scientific record, and the successful operation of his system of communication over distances of from 150 to 200 miles has become a recognized factor in maritime equipment and service. The lines of inquiry upon which he has been working are scarcely known even to himself, and none would venture to set bounds to their extension. But the actual overleaping of the Atlantic by a Marconi message is a startling expansion of what the scientific world had heretofore insisted upon classing as a sort of ingenious toy. Given the initial power to surmount the hitherto insuperable obstacle of distance and electrical invention will make short work of the remaining elements of the problem of wireless communication, observes the Philadelphia Record.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to please all with his charities.

Monte Carlo has a special cemetery for gambling victims who commit suicide. Since 1860 over 2000 graves have been dug there.

A woman cashier has defaulted. This should end all controversy over the question whether woman can really fill man's place or not.

An Illinois man after courting his cousin for 20 years began to fear that they might not be temperamentally fitted for each other, and so he committed suicide. She kept him guessing a good while.

After all, the world doesn't move very swiftly. James Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning jenny, was mobbed. Stage coach men tried to kill the engineer who piloted the first railroad train. Now the Anglo-American Telegraph company orders Marconi to get off the piece of earth it owns or stop trying to perfect an invention that may injure its cable traffic.

The new Siamese minister at Washington is to devote all his time to the diplomatic relations of his country with the United States. The old system under which he would have had to act as representative to England, Holland and Belgium has come to an end. This is very significant, as showing the serious way in which the Orientals now regard us as a world power, as compared with their attitude even a few years ago.

The moment a man ceases to grow he begins to diminish. Such is the conclusion at which a German physician has arrived, after several months' careful study of the subject of human height. Men, so it is asserted, begin to grow smaller in their 35th year, and women a little before they are 40. Men, however, stop growing when they are 30, and for five or six years their stature remains stationary. Then it decreases, at first very slowly, but afterward more rapidly.

Where did it come from. No tree grows anywhere on the coast of western or northern Alaska, and yet these shores for thousands of miles and the islands of Bering sea are strewn with immense quantities of driftwood in places piled high on the beach bearing testimony to the work of the rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel and material for houses, boats and sleds. It would seem that nature provides for the necessities of the human race under all circumstances and conditions.

The bureau of animal industry has in the last few years won a high place in the scientific world, and from all the civilized countries comes light praise for what it has accomplished and for the impetus it has given to investigation along similar lines. "Veterinarians, agriculturists and the consumers of meats the world over owe much to the American bureau," said a distinguished scientist from Europe recently, who had come to the United States to study the methods of this department. "It is far above any other institution of the kind in the world, and our debt to it cannot be overestimated. Its officers are the most enthusiastic and devoted scientists I ever met, and richly deserve the applause of humanity for what they have already done and what they are doing."

A writer in the Westminster Review remarks that the attitude of England toward Russia has been "vacillating, absurd, and without result," and that the object of British diplomacy has apparently been to thwart important Russian schemes, in order to obtain unimportant advantages for Great Britain. There is much truth in this view. Russia has been for many years, to the British "man in the street," whose views must ultimately come to be those of the British government, a kind of bogey, always plotting something to the detriment of England. For example, the aim of British diplomacy was for a long time to cut Russia off from the ice-free port on the Pacific which was a most legitimate requirement of Russian expansion, and the natural terminus of the trans-Siberian road, which, without such a port, would lose much of its usefulness. Now, in spite of Great Britain, though more at the expense of American than of British trade, Russia has acquired such a port in the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li, and the British opposition has been not only unavailing but irritating. It is certainly not good diplomacy to incur at the same time enmity and defeat.

## A QUEER BLUNDER.

The morning sun brightened the gilt letters on the sign above the entrance to the staunch old warehouse, but its radiance was lost on the young man with keen, gray eyes who stood at the office door and hesitated before he turned the knob. In that brief moment he tried to recall the directions that Emily Quarles had given him. "Father is peculiar," she had said. "You must know him before you can appreciate him." And Spencer Grant wondered how long it would be before this appreciative stage could be reached. He hadn't met this peculiar father, and here he was standing on the doormat of his office mustering up courage to go in and ask him for his daughter.

What else had Emily said? "Do not contradict father. Do just what he tells you to do. Let him have his own way. If he busters and fumes, wait quietly. He will soon cool down. Father's gruff manner is largely assumed. If you have tact, you will discover the way to handle him. Tell him truthfully, if you have a chance, how we met at Aunt Stanhope's, and that as soon as we were quite assured that we were all in all to each other, which, you must add, came to both of us as a complete surprise, I sent you directly to him. I will prepare him as far as I think judicious for your coming. Keep up a stout heart and guard your temper."

Spencer turned the knob and went in. There were several clerks writing in the outer office, but they did not look up as he passed along the narrow space before the high railing to the door marked "private." He knocked at this door, and a gruff voice bade him come in. Spencer summed up all his resolution and entered.

A sharp-featured old man, with heavy eyebrows was seated at a desk, with his bushy gray head bent above a handful of papers.

"Sit down," he said, without looking up. Spencer obeyed, and after a little the old man raised his head, glanced at the clock, and then gave the young man a long, searching glance. As he did so he drew a letter toward him and glanced at a page of it. Again he stared at Spencer.

"Well," he said abruptly, "you are exactly on time. You were to be here precisely at 10. This argues well for your early training. You have made a good impression on me to start with."

Spencer murmured his pleasure at this favorable comment, but the old man interrupted him.

"Your father says here that you resemble him. He writes that the resemblance is so strong that I couldn't help but know who you were if I chanced to meet you anywhere. I don't agree with him, though there is a family resemblance. You are much better looking than he ever dreamed of being."

"Did my father say that?" inquired Spencer hastily. He knew the thing was quite impossible. Emily's father was laboring under some queer delusion. But he didn't mean to contradict him.

"Yes, he did," chuckled the old man, with a grim smile. "Fathers with but one child are apt to be asses." Then his tone changed. "What can you do? Can you write shorthand? Do you understand typewriting? Can you compose a good letter? Can you spell?"

"I think," said Spencer quietly, "that I can best answer that by saying that I have a pretty thorough business training that was picked up in four years of practical work. I've been hard at it, in fact, ever since I left college."

"Your father doesn't make any such claim," said the old man, referring again to the letter. "All he says is 'Try him.' I will. I've made a place for you. I am going to indulge in the luxury of a private secretary. Ha, ha, ha! Here, take these letters. See what answers they need. Answer 'em. That's your little side room there. Leave the door open—I may want to call you."

Spencer smilingly took the letters and without a trace of hesitation went into the little room assigned him. He found the conveniences he needed, and with his amused smile deepening he went at his task.

Presently he heard the outer door of the office open and shut, and a moment later the following dialogue came to him through the half-closed door: "So you have come," growled the old man.

"Yes, sir," said a mild voice with a little quaver in it.

"Well," said the old man with a dangerous rising inflection, "I want to tell you that it can never be!"

"But I don't see what your daughter has to do with it. She is nothing to me, sir."

"Spoken like a sensible youth. I thought I'd convince you. There, there, let the whole thing drop."

"And you positively refuse to give me a trial?"

"Confound you, there you go again! Do you take me for an idiot?"

"I—I wouldn't go as far as that, sir. You don't seem to understand that I was led to believe you would give me an opportunity to show my worth. I am greatly disappointed, sir."

"Heavens, man, are we going over all that again?"

"Try me for a month, sir."

"Not for a minute!"

"For a week."

"Leave the room, sir! Go, sir! Go to the idiot asylum and marry somebody in your own mental class."

"I'm going, sir. My father will be greatly surprised at your unreasonable treatment."

"Your father! Who cares for your father? Why doesn't he keep his weak-minded children at home?"

"Good day, sir."

The door closed with a sharp bang, and there was a brief silence.

I wonder what the deuce he meant by saying he'd tell his father?" Spencer heard the old man mutter. "Who's his father? Well, whoever he is, his son shall never marry my daughter. What in the world could she have seen in such an unbalanced fellow?"

His heavy step sounded on the floor, and when Spencer looked up the old man was gazing down at him from the doorway. His face was very red and his white hair still bristled with indignation.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, "how are we coming on?"

"Very well, sir," replied Spencer.

"I'll lay these replies upon your desk in a few moments."

"Good," said the old man.

"By the way," said Spencer, "what do you want to say to Van Annam & Co.? They make an offer for your stock of cochineal, you know."

"Accept it and tell them we'll ship the stuff tomorrow."

"I wouldn't do that," said the secretary.

"Eh?" cried the astonished old man.

"You don't seem to know that there is a corner forming in dyestuffs," said Spencer, with a slight smile. "Wait a minute, and I will telephone for the latest quotations."

He arose as he spoke and stepped into the outer office and entered the telephone box.

"It is just as I supposed," he said, as he rejoined the old man. "Cochineal jumped 34 percent at the opening of the market this morning."

The old man turned and went back to his desk without a word. A moment later he looked in again.

"That means \$2735 to the good," he said. "Guess you'll earn your salary all right." Then he slowly added, "And I guess I'm getting old."

The sound of an opening door drew his attention. A radiant vision appeared in the doorway. It was Emily.

"Well, papa?" she cried, as she stepped forward.

The old man's lips tightened. "I sent him packing," he said rapidly. "A most reprehensible young fellow. You didn't know him, my dear."

Before she could indignantly reply an astonishing apparition appeared in the doorway of the inner room. It was Spencer—it was Spencer, bare-headed, with a pen in one hand and a bundle of letters in the other. As he caught her eye he put his finger to his lips, shook his head at her over the old man's shoulder, and drew back.

"Oh, father," was all Emily could say.

"Don't feel bad, my child," said the old man, with a little tenderness in his tone. "You'll soon forget him." He lowered his voice. "I've got a young fellow inside there—he jerked his thumb toward the inner door—who is just the man for you. Smart, splendid family, good looking, bright as a new dollar. Saved me \$2735 this very morning! Hadn't been at work 20 minutes. Wait a little, and I'll introduce him."

"Let me have a look at him!" cried Emily, as she darted to the door.

"Good morning," she said to Spencer.

"Good morning," answered that smiling youth, with an eloquent grimace.

Emily turned to her astonished parent.

"He'll do," she said. "Come out here, sir," and they came forward hand in hand.

"Bless my soul!" cried the paralyzed father.

"You are quite right, papa," said Emily. "He is just the man for me. In fact, I've thought so for some time, and yet I don't believe you really know who he is. You are getting reckless, daddy. Tell him who you are, Spencer."

"I am Spencer Grant, of Spencer Grant & Co., importers of dyestuffs and druggists' supplies, and entirely at Mr. Richard Quarles' service."

"Spencer Grant & Co.!" gasped the old man, as a look of horror came over his face. "Then who was the other fellow?"

"I'm afraid," said Spencer gently, "that it was the highly recommended son of your old friend."

"Awful!" growled the old man. "I was right when I said fathers with one

child are asses. How can I explain?"

"Suppose you leave the explanation to your new secretary?" said Emily.

"Let me suggest," said Spencer, with a happy smile, "that you leave it to the junior member of the new firm of Quarles & Grant."

—And then the grim old man chuckled. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## CAPTAIN COOK AND CANNIBALS

Portion of His Viscera Said to Have Been Eaten by Mistake.

A new version of the alleged cannibalism on the body of Captain Cook, who discovered the Hawaiian Islands, has been brought to light by the superintendent of public works, James Boyd. Captain Cook was killed in 1778 near Kealahakua bay, on the Kona coast of the island of Hawaii. The British government erected a monument to his memory near the place where he was buried. According to accepted accounts, parts of Cook's body were eaten by the natives who killed him, in the ferocity of the passions engendered by the dispute which led to his death.

Superintendent Boyd, who is part Hawaiian, and well versed in Hawaiian traditions, recently visited Kona and met many old Hawaiians, who received the tale of Captain Cook's death from eye-witnesses. Boyd gathered from them a well-connected account, which varies considerably from that which has been accepted by the historians.

After the death of Captain Cook, who had been regarded by the natives as a god, it was decided to make an offering of his body to the gods. The viscera was taken out and placed in a calabash, to be offered to one of the powerful gods of the sea of Hawaiian theology, the viscera being considered a higher and better offering than any other part of the body. The remainder of the body was to be offered to another but less powerful god. While the viscera was in the calabash, awaiting a suitable time for the sacrifice, it was found by children, who, mistaking it for the viscera of a pig, which was considered a great delicacy, built a fire and cooked and ate most of it. The remainder of the body, as all accounts substantially agree, was afterward returned to Cook's successor in command of his vessel.

Natives who gave this account to Mr. Boyd showed him the place where the calabash containing the viscera was hidden when it was found by the children. The part of Kona where Captain Cook was killed, though densely populated and a very important part of the islands at the time of Cook's death, soon ceased to be important by the removal of the King's residence to La Haina, and afterward to Honolulu, as Kamehameha the Great advanced with his conquest of the islands. It has remained ever since the place least influenced by alien immigration, and today more than anywhere else the Hawaiians of Kona retain their primitive habits of living, industries and pagan beliefs, and some vestiges of the old practices. On this account Mr. Boyd thinks this account of the affair worthy of belief.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Loss By Fire and Loss by the Drink Curse — Money Spent For Liquor in Two Years Equals Fire Losses of Twenty-five Years.

In a recent number of Leslie's Weekly there appears a contribution in which the losses by fire in the United States are intelligently discussed from the standpoint of the statistician. It appears that during the past twenty-six years fire losses have reached a total of \$2,890,714,021, and that the uninsured losses aggregate about \$1,100,000,000. The losses of the present year slightly exceed \$150,000,000.

Commenting upon this the New York Journal of Commerce says: "It is clear that the enormous fire waste is a serious tax on the resources of the United States, and it is strange that public opinion is so dull regarding this waste. No other nation could stand such a drain and no other nation would."

These figures present a valuable comparison by means of which it is possible to appreciate with some degree of exactness the enormous losses caused by the drink traffic. The people of the United States pass over the bars of the saloons and hotels in only a little more than two years time a sum of money equal to the aggregate fire losses of the country for more than a quarter of a century. Every dollar, every cent, of that enormous sum is just as really lost as if the man who parts with it should burn it up. Indeed, when all the facts of the case are considered he is vastly worse off than if he had lost by fire property to the value of the amount which he spends for drink, for he would be infinitely the gainer in the transaction if when he has put his money in the liquor seller's hands that worthy should refuse to carry out his part of the contract and should withhold the liquor that has been paid for.

A minute's consideration of the facts will show that this is the proper way of looking at the matter. In the case of the property destroyed by fire the loss lies not in the fact that certain material objects have been destroyed. It would be perfectly possible that such destruction should take place without any real loss to anybody. The loss lies in the fact that a citizen, or certain citizens, have been obliged to part with their possessions without valuable return for them. The parallel between loss by fire and loss by drink, this principle being kept in mind, becomes clear. The man who has spent the value of a house for drink has just as really lost his money as if his house had been burned, for not a cent of his expenditure has been back to him the slightest valuable return.

These facts present an astounding marvel. Well may the words of the Journal of Commerce be quoted: "It is strange that public opinion is so dull regarding this waste."—The New Voice.

## Alcoholism in Germany.

A Society for the Suppression of Alcoholism met recently in Breslau to consider the drink question in Germany, and found that it had distinct cause for encouragement in its tremendous undertaking. American usage are as usual, and German customs of drinking up hold as the proper ones to be introduced in this country that it is something of a shock for them to learn that the per capita consumption of alcohol in Germany is ten quarts every year, or five glasses of gin a day for every man, woman or child. The empire, it appears, spends \$750,000,000 a year on drink, as against \$3,000,000,000 for food. In the light of these statistics, the desirability of "German beer gardens" in our American cities is open to much question.

As a matter of fact, although there may be much less drunkenness in a beer-consuming country the dulling effect of the drink upon the intellect and the physique are too patent for discussion. A Munich employer of many skilled workmen, in speaking last summer of the difficulties of competing with foreign labor, even North German concerns, laid stress upon the cheapness of Munich beer as one of his greatest handicaps. "If we were on equal terms in every other respect," he said, "the fact that my men's brains and bodies are sodden with beer, day and night, would put me behind in the race."

The society in question denounced its own Government for introducing alcohol into its colonies. One-third of the German imports into Tongoland and one-seventh of those into German East Africa, it appears, consists of alcohol.—New York Post.

## Alcohol Does Not Heat.

Since alcohol contains no nitrogen it cannot, of course, take any part in the building up of wasted or worn-out tissue. That alcohol is almost completely burned up when taken in quantity of a half ounce or a little more at a time, and that its burning is attended by the production of heat is also proved by exact methods of experimentation. In spite, however, of the fact that it is burned and heat is thus produced, the temperature of the body is raised for only a few moments and then falls below the normal. These phenomena are due to one of two causes, or both of them, namely, alcohol produces a temporary dilatation of the surface vessels and thus increases heat radiation sufficiently to more than compensate for the increased production of heat, if more heat is really produced; or, the narcotic effects of the alcohol diminish the heat produced by lessening chemical change. It is quite certain, however, that the first cause given is entirely responsible for the fall of temperature. Recent experiments have been made upon this same point, and the conclusions drawn therefrom differ from those above, which are universally accepted by physicians to be true, but these conclusions were based upon a misinterpretation of results. We may say, therefore, without fear of successful contradiction, that alcohol is not a source of bodily heat.

## The Crusade in Brief.

There has been a growing agitation in favor of temperance in France in recent years.

Wherever the liquor trade is sanctioned by law its followers will be found to be sticklers for the law.

In the Canadian Parliament a resolution is to be introduced asking for the passage of a prohibitory liquor law.

From the smallest patch on earth you can see the stars; from the grog shop you can see the workhouse and the prison.

A great pledge signing campaign for Ontario, Canada, is being organized by the temperance forces of the country.

In 1900 the cost of elementary education in England was \$8,873,817. The amount spent in strong drink was \$160,891,718.

In 1898 there were 177,000 drink shops in Belgium, one for every thirty-five inhabitants. These figures do not include hotels, restaurants or small grocers.

Recently a schooner left Boston harbor for the west coast of Africa with a cargo of rum and gin valued at over \$10,000. It will take a good many more such contributions to counterbalance the curse of that cargo.

The Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Georgia, recently in convention at Macon, adopted a report recommending that persons who engage in the manufacture or sale of liquors after joining a lodge shall be expelled.

A writer in the New York Sun says: "I venture to say that a man with sand and power to break policemen for failure to enforce the law would close the saloons so quick that reformers, ministers and every one else would be surprised."