

THE LOWER VIEW POINT.

I would not have trusted the bee with a sting.
Nor the gnat with a taste for meat;
I would not have hidden in brake and ling
The adder that haunts my feet;
I would not have bristled the hedge with thorns,
Nor poisoned the berries red;
I would not have fashioned the bullock's horns,
Nor riddled the night with dread.

I would not have burdened the sun with spots,
Nor put out the moon so quickly;
I would not set snails in the garden plots,
Nor scatter the weeds so thickly;
But knowing the world is God's, not mine,
I fancy the gnat and the bee,
The adder, the bush, and the horrid kine
Must wonder why God made me.
—London Daily Chronicle.

The Fighting Appell Family.

"Say, I got a chance to git some easy money," said Jackie Appell. The seven Appell brothers were seated in the office of Caesar, the fight promoter. He was the eldest of all the fighting Appells, while Jackie was the youngest.

"I'm going on the stage," Jackie added, pompously.

"Aw, gwan, youse talk like a fish!" shouted Abie, the crack featherweight. "They ain't none of us but me kin be on the stage, see? When I beat young Bob Fitzsimmons I'll be havin' a million offers, 'cause champagne gits 'em. But you ain't no champagne."

"He's foolish," said Miah, contemptuously. "They been kiddin' him."

Jackie took on an offended air. He growled at his larger relatives, who eyed him scornfully.

"Let him tell what it is he's tryin' to do," suggested Caesar, with tolerance.

"I s'pose nobody but youse guys knows nothin'?" bitterly demanded Jackie. "I got a regular job at Shiner's Bowery Theatre, beginnin' Monday matinee, an' meetin' all comers." "He's lose his nut complete," declared Morris, the middleweight.

The other Appells gazed at Jackie incredulously.

"Are you tryin' to kid us?" Monte Appell inquired, " 'cause your stuff wouldn't get a laugh in forty years. It's punk. Where'd you get that at, anyway?"

Jackie sullenly observed the sneering faces of his relatives. He had not removed his hat and overcoat upon entering the office, therefore hasty departure was easy. He got up.

"All the know-it-all Appells kin go chase 'emselvs fur all o' me!" he exclaimed. "Good night!"

The door noisily closed after him. "That kid's sick, I'm afraid," said Miah anxiously. "You don't s'pose now, that readin' about innatics and that has got him bug? 'Cause that talk he was shootin' ain't good sense."

The family, after earnest discussion of Jackie, decided that, angered at not having his name in the fight columns like his more famed brothers, Jackie had merely endeavored to impress them with his own importance. They separated, those individuals who lived by physical combat going to their training quarters, while Caesar went off to sign a couple of men for a preliminary at his next athletic entertainment.

It was on the next Monday night that Maw Appell asked Paw Appell where Jackie had gone. With sons so plentiful paw had not missed Jackie.

"Where, indeed, is it he has gone?" said he. "I do not see the boy again yet."

"He blows out wit' some guy wearin' a big hunk of ice this afternoon," Monte, who was not in active training at the time, furnished this news.

Paw Appell remarked that if the man wore diamonds it was all right.

"But no lead ones, you bet," said the proud parent.

Jackie Appell, gloom in his young heart, was in an unventilated dressing room at Shiner's Bowery Theatre, attended by a smashed nose, little eyed youth named Micked McGoogle. Messrs. Appell and McGoogle were slightly nervous, but they did not confess it. Outside the theatre two red lettered signs announced that Jackie Appell, "champion featherweight" (of what locality was prudently omitted), was meeting all comers twice daily for three rounds.

"It's findin' it," said the burlesque show's manager enthusiastically. "Stand these dubs off twice a day. We'll put a burdle up for any guy who looks tough game."

"And I get a hundred bucks an' fifty per cent. of everything after \$2000 business is did on the week."

"My boy," said the manager, "I see they can't trim you. Exactly. Our contract says if you're knocked out, only \$25 altogether. But we don't let you get knocked out. So you're safe."

Mr. McGoogle, aged seven-ten, and Jackie, who was then sixteen, considered it an excellent financial deal. In pink trunks, an American flag belt and fighting shoes, Jackie bowed to his second audience at 9.45 p. m.

The champion of the Bronx Bricklayers' Union was his opponent.

"Why, he ain't no feather—he's a welter," protested Kid McGoogle.

"Are you runnin' my stage or am I, young fella?" coldly asked the manager.

Mr. McGoogle quieted. The bricklayer person obviously was not aware that in most sets of articles the La Blanche swing is barred. He used it effectively in the first round. In the second, well sponged and fanned by Mr. McGoogle, Jackie chased the

amateur around the ring, punctuating the trip with frequent wallops.

"Aw, mix it up! He's stollin'!" howled the gallery. "Make 'em fight! Go git him, kid!"

They clinched. "Can't hold 'n' hit," argued a voice. "Put your head on his chin, Jackie! Lock hold—that's the boy! Good kid!"

The bricklayer cravenly quit. It was Jackie's fight.

Fifty dollars was offered to "the man who stays three rounds." It will be seen that Jackie had taken on a large contract. At each show the contestants grew huskier in size. Kid McGoogle labored over his charge and Jackie panted out after the enemy each time, putting them out one by one. Protest was vain. The manager said that if no light men came then Jackie must meet what material was at hand.

"Or no pay," he finished. "What size they'll be by Sattiday," moaned McGoogle tearfully.

Jackie sighed. He had not been home since Monday, therefore he lacked the sage advice of his six shrewd brothers.

Saturday matinee a tall, thick boxer appeared. He was a bouncer in a concert hall on the Bowery.

"Gimme a ladder so's I kin reach up to his map," cried Jackie angrily.

"Well, if you lay down that let's us out," announced the manager coolly.

The big man couldn't find Jackie, who ran between his long legs, skillfully harrying him, under Kid McGoogle's coaching. Jackie introduced a Graco-Roman hold, which caused the other to bend down to see what he was doing, whereat Jackie hooked him with a hard jab to the stomach. The roars from the admiring audience would have prevented the management from giving a decision to the big man in any case, but as evil living had induced indigestion in the bouncer, the body blow settled him.

One show remained and Jackie could only wait and pray. It was clear that the treacherous manager was providing these enormous men in an effort to save paying the industrious Jackie.

That night a hefty two hundred pounder climbed on the stage, to emerge from the wings in red tights five minutes later.

"Mike O'Brien!" yelled the stage manager.

"O'Brien had a large hook nose. Kid McGoogle, seeing him, stared in wonder. It was Caesar Appell, who would do anything for money. The offer outside had tempted him.

Caesar's surprise equaled Jackie's, but he made no sign. At the first clinch Jackie agitatedly whispered his story. "Knock me out in the next," said Caesar; "don't worry."

With a vicious right swing to the jaw Jackie sent "Mike O'Brien" to the canvas. Unwilling and slow as the referee's count was, he did not rise, for Caesar would have stayed there all night. Wild bellows applauded Jackie, the marvelous young tiger.

At ten-thirty Jackie and Mr. McGoogle, keeping close to Caesar's large bulk, heard the latter demand his little brother's money. It was given and the percentage also, for Caesar would not be denied. Then he took the exhausted juvenile away. "Next time never hold out to the family," he gently rebuked, " 'cause them's your best friends."—New York Telegraph.

"OBLITERATIVE COLOR."

The Part It Plays in Animal Life and Defense.

Whales, lions, wolves, deer, hares, mice; partridges, quails, sandpipers, larks, sparrows; frogs, snakes, fishes, lizards, crabs; grasshoppers, slugs, caterpillars—all these animals, and many thousand more, crawl and crouch and swim about their business, hunting and eluding, under cover of this strange obliterative mask, the smooth and perfect balance between shades of color and degrees of illumination.

Nature, having thus visually unsubstantiated the bodies of animals, so that if seen at all they look flat and ghostly, does not stop there. From solid, shaded bodies they have been converted, as it were, into flat cards or canvases, and, to complete the illusion of obliteration, pictures of the background—veritable pictures of the more or less distant landscape—have been painted on these canvases. Such, in effect, are the elaborate markings of field and forest birds. This is the consummation of obliterative coloration; full obliterative shading in conjunction with a true picturing of such scenes, nearer or farther, as would appear straight beyond the animal were it transparent, or as would appear if there were no creature there at all. The animal has vanished and in his place stands a picture of the distance, with its numberless details!

The term "obliterative coloration" truly fits the case, since these animals prove to be colored to disappear from view and not, as has hitherto been supposed, to look lifeless solid objects. Some writers, indeed, have mentioned the fact that animals blend into the varied ground behind them, but all have failed to see that this phenomenon could not exist without the aid of some profound principle in addition to the general resemblance of color and pattern.—From Gerald H. Thayer's "The Concealing Coloration of Animals," in the Century.

Several million dollars' worth of machinery for large modern sugar mills has lately been purchased in Formosa.

The average length of life of the Iceland is a little over sixty-one years.

Americans to Do Justice to the Memory of the Author of "The Raven"

Although Admittedly the Nation's Greatest Writer, Either in Prose or Poetry, He is Conceded to Have Exerted a Greater Influence on Foreign Literature Than Any Other of Our Writers to This Day—It is Only on the Hundredth Anniversary of His Birth in Boston, January 19, That Edgar Allan Poe is to Be Properly Honored by His Countrymen—Exercises Are Now Being Planned in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, Four Cities in Which He Did Most of His Writing—The University of Virginia, That Had the Glory of Graduating the Author of "The Raven," Will Also Fittingly Observe the Natal Day of the Poet Who Led the Saddest Life of Any of the Many Pitiful Cases Where Misery Has Been Wadded to Genius.

On the occasion of his centenary, January 19 of next year, Americans will do tardy justice to the memory of the loftiest and most poetical genius the new world has yet produced—Edgar Allan Poe.

Misunderstood during all his unhappy life, slandered after his death by a jealous contemporary, the matchless poet, author of "The Raven," is to be treated one hundred years after his birth to spontaneous honor at the hands of the countrymen whose letters he glorified.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Poe's birth has been a favorite project of the literary for several years. It was not without research that the actual date was determined. Poe's own statements, which in matters of this kind were prone to be inexact, are responsible for the confusion. When he entered West Point he gave his birth inaccuracy so as to come under the age limit. But the researches of Professor Woodberry have shown to a certainty that the date is January 19, 1809, a paragraph in a Boston paper of one month later proving it beyond a question.

Commemorative Exercises Planned.

Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, the four cities in which Poe did most of his literary work, will all see commemorative exercises held, and in the University of Virginia, whose most famed student Poe is, noted giants of literature will sound the praises of the greatest American poet.

In all the injustice done to men of genius the case of Poe is perhaps without a parallel. His gifts were undoubtedly his curse, for he never realized anything from them but woe. The frightful imagination that enabled him to write stories of horror that have never been equaled was trouble enough for any one man, but ordinarily they would have brought consolation in the admiration of his fellowmen, and financial rewards that would have enabled the writer and his wife to live in comfort.

"Passing Rich" on \$10 Per.

When at the very summit of his glory, as editor of the leading American magazine, his salary was only \$10 a week, a stipend at which many a stenographer would to-day scornfully turn up the nose. "The Raven," one of the most celebrated of all poems, brought only \$10 to the author, yet to-day the original manuscript is valued at \$10,000.

For a quarter of a century after the death of this master worker in letters the enemies of Poe had the ear of the world. The poet was scarcely cold in his grave before R. W. Griswold had published his slanderous biography, which reeked in every line with the hatred the biographer bore the critic who had so ruthlessly exposed the literary weakness of "His Poets and Poetry of America."

Poe and Griswold were friends, but the poet, as one of the most noted critics in the world, could not stifle his sense of honesty in commenting on his (Griswold's) work. He told what he thought about it. Griswold had his revenge richly after the death of the author of "The Raven," for the close relations of the two men, having been known to the world, led all to believe that what Griswold said of Poe must of necessity be correct.

Great Injustice Done Him.

It was not until many friends of Poe in life, many of those who knew his true life in many of the places mentioned by Griswold as scenes of incredible debauchery, began their campaign to clear his memory that the world saw the possibility that it had done the greatest of American literary geniuses tragic injustice.

Enemies said that he starved and beat his wife in order to hasten her death, so that by studying her pangs he might get material for exact description. Yet her mother, Mrs. Clemm, who lived with the pair during their married life and who knew how deeply the poet loved her, bore indignant witness to the slander of these stories, and responded with a hundred others in rebuttal, showing the man's affection, the care he had for his wife, of how he cooked her meals in her illness, when poverty had brought them near actual starvation.

Mrs. Clemm showed that it was the death of his wife that overthrew Poe's reason and became the direct cause of the fits of drunkenness that finally resulted in his death.

Women who knew him spoke of the peculiarly chivalric manner in which he treated the gentler sex, and his man friends told of his reserve and modesty and the unaffected humility as to his own deserts as a writer.

Poe lived and died a mystery to himself, to his friends and to the

world. His life was a romance, his death a tragedy and his fame immortal. Never before has so much genius been allied to such misery. The most interesting and picturesque figure in American literature, his strange and romantic life possessing an incredible fascination for those who have sought to follow it from the time the poet began his wanderings as a writer, it is no wonder that the approaching centenary has been the occasion for reviving a renewed life for the Poe cult.

Those who go back to investigate find that, after leaving Boston, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, of Richmond, Va., which accounts for the fact that, though a Northerner born, he always had such close understanding of the South and sympathy for it.

How He Left West Point.

In 1829, when he was twenty, is found his name for the first time on the flyleaf of a volume of poems, "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane," etc. The University of Virginia had been his alma mater; then he went to West Point, but the move was a mistake, and after spending a few months there he asked his guardian to permit him to resign. The later peremptory refusing, Poe took his own means of ending a regime that had become painful to him, and by neglecting all his studies finally got himself into such disgrace that he was cashiered.

Thrown on his own resources, he took up literature as a means of livelihood, and wrote in rapid succession his wonderful stories of mystery, of which "Marie Roget," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," "Black Cat," "Pit and the Pendulum," especially astonished the world. In New York he contributed to the New York Quarterly Review a series of searching criticisms, then he went to Philadelphia to assume charge of the Gentleman's Magazine.

His romance with Sarah Helen Whitman is one of the most famed chapters of his life. He worshipped this brilliant woman, and her loyalty to him is proved by the vigor with which, after his death, she hastened to reply to every one of the slanders directed against his memory. Almost alone for a long time she bore the burden of battle against the detractors of Poe, and her work is now bearing fruit in the changed attitude of the public mind to him.

Baltimore, in whose streets Poe was found senseless in October, 1849, was first to publicly honor his memory, and a statue erected there in 1875 was the first memorial to his memory.

Other honors are certain to be the outgrowth of the centenary, for the United States, having finally found its great poet, will now proceed to make atonement.—Washington Star.

STRUCTURE OF THE BRAIN.

Enormous Number of Cells and Fibres Connecting Them.

According to Dr. Edward A. Ayres (in Harper's Monthly) the human brain is composed of microscopic dimensions. Each has a diameter of from 1-1400 to 1-3000 of an inch. Their number is variously estimated at from 612,000,000 to 9,200,000,000! Even 1,000,000 is a quantity almost beyond comprehension. Connecting with many of the cells are delicate fibres which extend to other cells. Besides, there are telegraph wires, the nerves, which run down to or come from other parts of the body.

One set of nerves proceeds from the skin. These are so close together that there is no point on the surface of the body which can be touched with the finest needle without sending a report to headquarters. To every square foot of skin there are about 10,000 of these "tactile" nerves, and it is estimated that the body has sixteen square feet of surface. There are nerves also from the special sense organs—the eyes, nose and ears. These convey their messages much more quickly than do the nerves of the skin. Still a third set of nerves extends to the tips of the various muscles and conveys the orders needed for the various voluntary movements. These are called the motor nerves. Many of the duties performed by such organs as the heart and stomach are regulated by other nerve centres than the brain. The subordinate centres, called ganglia, work independently of the brain. Ordinarily a person is unconscious of their operations and he cannot control them by his will.

In the lowermost and back part of the skull is the cerebellum or small brain. Among its duties is making other parts of the body co-operate for given purpose, like keeping one's balance. Something also has been learned about the localities in the larger and upper brain in which different classes of work are performed. Phrenologists have made rather extravagant and inaccurate statements about "bumps," but, after all, there is some truth in the later stories of such discoveries. One way in which the truth can be learned is to compare the human brain with those of animals. It is a catfish, for instance, about half the brain is devoted to the sense of taste. Another method is noticing the effects of an injury to a brain by accident, and a third employs experiments on animals while they are chloroformed. If one part of the brain is exposed and touched with a delicate electric instrument, a certain muscle will contract. If another is touched another responds. With the knowledge thus secured the surgical profession is sometimes enabled to perform operations on man which would otherwise be impossible.

Penknives are tempered at 470 degrees.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano near Pozzuoli, has opened a new crater 250 feet from the ancient one. It is emitting a voluminous column of sulphurous gases. The activity of Solfatara always is supposed to coincide with the inactivity of Vesuvius.

The International Committee on atomic weights has recently announced the changes in the list of elements for 1908. These are, with one exception, practically the same as those announced for 1907. The only notable change is the addition to the list of a new element, dysprosium, whose atomic weight is given as 162.5.

It is reported that a student of the Electro-Technical Institute of St. Petersburg, named Freudenberg, has invented an apparatus for exploding mines by wireless telegraphy. Numerous experiments already made are said to have proved remarkably successful. The apparatus is also claimed to be suited for directing Whitehead torpedoes at long ranges.

In Denmark only the inter-provincial, the inter-communal and the international telephones are worked by the State, while the local telephones are worked by private limited companies, under concessions.

The staff of Greenwich Observatory announce that they have discovered an eighth satellite of Jupiter. During an examination of photographic plates of Jupiter, Mr. Melotte, one of the assistant astronomers, discovered a faint marking occupying slightly different positions on the different plates. The satellite has a retrograde motion.

Remarkable expansion has taken place in the Indian manganese industry, statistics showing that while the total quantity of manganese ore shipped through the Kidderpore Docks during the whole of the year 1906 was 14,587 tons, the shipments up to the end of October last year amounted to 40,349 tons. The Carnegie Steel Company, of Pittsburgh, has acquired large manganese properties in India, and it is expected that these figures will be yet further increased.

Training a Beagle.

With regard to the training of a beagle, he has to be treated on quite a different plan from the setter and pointer. In their cases a great deal of work of training is to conquer natural propensities, whereas with the beagle you encourage him to go on and do all he can in seeking and chasing when down. Young dogs are usually put down with an older one, and a very few lessons suffice. It comes as natural to a beagle to run scent as for a terrier to kill rats, and if there is no apparent inclination one lesson usually provokes it. The less one interferes with a beagle running a line the better for the dog, so long as he is not pottering in one well tested place, but casting all about when he has lost the trail.—Field and Stream.

Olives in Carolina.

It has been the generally accepted belief that olives were first grown in America by the Mission Fathers, of California, but the first olives in America were planted on the coast of South Carolina long before colonial times. During the American Revolution there was a ten-acre bearing olive grove on the south shore of Port Royal entrance. When the Civil War commenced some of these trees were living. At its close only the stumps remained. It is supposed that soldiers had camped there and cut the trees down for firewood. The surrounding woods is said to be full of wild olive trees, the birds having carried the seeds from the ancient trees. The old olive grove was on the "Foot Point" plantation.—Philadelphia Grit.

A Cave of Nature's Jewels.

By proclamation of the President the Jewel Cave National Monument has been established in the Black Hills National Forest in South Dakota. This formation is, in some respects, unique. It was explored in 1900, and consists of a series of chambers, connected by passages and galleries, the walls of which are encrusted with beautiful calcite crystals. It is situated in a canon, on a limestone plateau, 6000 feet above sea level. It is believed to have been the channel for the waters of a now extinct geyser.—Youth's Companion.

Never Bankrupt.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I had paid all I owed."—London Opinion.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone erected by a widow for her loving husband, bearing this inscription: Rest in peace—until we meet again.

The tropical seas contain a greater percentage of salt than those of the more northern latitudes.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The diamond, so long the hardest known substance, now has two rivals, the silicide and the dioxide of titanium—products of Herl Moissan's electric furnace—being claimed to be as hard.

An incandescent lamp in its green shade will, when turned upward toward the ceiling, spread a soft and pleasantly diffused light, plenty strong enough for a room where no one is reading. When the lamp is so used no shadows are cast.

Science so far has failed to furnish any explanation of the mystery of seedless fruits. They are not the outcome of the work of man. Man perpetuates them; he does no more. The seedless orange was found in a state of seedlessness.

A Belgian engineer has been commissioned by the committee for the international exhibition at Brussels in 1910 to erect a tower at Ixelles, which will be much higher than the Eiffel tower. The cost is estimated at \$240,000.

A movement has been started in the scientific world favoring the adoption of the word Kelvin to designate the commercial unit of electrical energy at present known as the kilowatt-hour, as a recognition of the services of the late Lord Kelvin to electrical science.

Milking by machinery, introduced last year on a large dairy farm near Nottingham, Eng., has proved highly successful. The machine is a Scotch invention and is operated by a gas engine. The entire plant is worked by a man and a boy, who milk seventy cows within one and a half hours. The proprietor says the saving in cost of labor will pay for the machine in less than two years, to say nothing of the gain in cleanliness compared with handwork.

Rabies is a far more common disease than is generally admitted; so that Dr. E. C. Schroeder, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, urges constant observation of dogs and their muzzling in public places. Recent progress has greatly lessened its effects, for, since Negri's discovery in 1903 of the distinguishing micro-organisms in the nerve cells, the disease is early recognizable, and the Pasteur treatment is effective in curing it. The mortality of sixty and eighty per cent. in untreated bites on hands and head has been reduced to 0.75 and 1.25 per cent.

THE DECEITFUL FARMER.

His Outrageous Traffic in Watered Stock.

We might well cease our railing at Rockefeller; the farmer is the real monopolist. We might as well quit hammering Harriman and cussing Carnegie until we can squeeze the water out of the farm produce. For the farmer is caught with the goods, and science tells us the exact proportion of the water in his "truck."

For example, beef is 76.5 per cent. water, mutton 75, lamb 63.9, and pork 60.9. Such a watering of stock is enough to make a traction monopolist look like a droughthead in the desert. Milk is 77 to 88 per cent. water, and cream 32.2 to 48, and this is even before it has come in contact with the pump. Potatoes, our old reliable spuds, are 76.7 per cent. water, yams 79.6, carrots, 85.7, cabbage 89.6, turnips 90, spinach 90.6, mushrooms 93.7, and cucumbers 96. What comfort is there for a vegetarian in such figures as these?

And even the stalwart onion, the Goliath of the grocery, is 89.1 per cent. water! Only a smelt more than 10 per cent. of real onion!

Fruits are 85 to 90 per cent. water, and early spring strawberries are nearly all water, and sour water at that! Even the great American hen has seemingly been corrupted by our modern methods, and eggs are 55.7 per cent. water.

And is this water capitalised? It is! Look at your grocery bills and behold! At the sight of them we are almost ready to sing a new "Marsellaise," to cry, "Conspuez le farmer! A bas his watered stock!" But we refrain. Secretary Wilson tells us that the farmer's boy insists on coming to the city. Let the deluded victim come. Let him hasten to his undoing. Let us send our boy out to run the farm, and the next generation shall see our revenge!—Milwaukee Journal.

The Real Reason.

That midsummer days are the longest in the year is because heat expands;

—that criminals weigh less than moral men, is because they're lighter fingered;

—that a man swears at a dull razor, is because the pesky thing lost its temper first;

—that roses are referred to as "blushing," is because they are properly ashamed of the prices they bring;

—that a wave is called a swell, is because it arrives at the shore in great style and goes away broke;

—that the army of unemployed is not decreasing is because its members want too many afternoons off a week;

—that the present-day aero clubs are considered so exclusive, is because the members necessarily all move in the upper circles.—Warwick James Price, in The Bohemian.