BABY INCUBATORS.

A PHYSICIAN TELLS OF THE CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION.

The Apparatus Is Very Simple and Inexpensive, but Attendance Is Costly—In Addition to Saving a Life, Each Incubation Contributes Useful Knowledge.

In sharp contrast to the lavish recklessness with which noble, splendid lives are often sacrificed to some futile, ignoble cause, is the infinite vigilance and care, the ingenuity and skill that are sometimes expended upon preserving and fanning into flame a little spark that has hardly attained the dignity of being called a life.

Doubtless most are familiar with the metal receptacle 4 by 2, standing on four legs about waist high, with a small water pipe and heating apparatus on one side and a cold air pipe and additional apparatus on the other known as the infant incubator. But perhaps few realize the patient skilled watching and the consequent expense necessary to the bringing forward of the little inmate, until it shall be able to take its place in the world as a real "live and kicking" baby.

At the first appearance upon life's stage of this speck of humanity "scarce half made up," it is swathed in a bundle of absorbent cotton and laid in its little nest, with nothing to distract its attention but a perfectly accurate thermometer, to which it, however, seems wholly indifferent. The glass lid is then almost closed. Experience has taught the physicians that it is better to leave it open a little space. A trained nurse at once takes her place by the side of this unique object and keeps constant guard over temperature, conditions of air, etc. Absolute quiet and a subdued light are among the requirements. The temperature may range from 90 to 98 degrees. In cases of low vitality it is kept at 98, and with the most robust is never allowed to go below 90 degrees. Then every hour the little charge must be fed. This is sometimes accomplished by means of a dropper, but more often a little rubber tube is passed through the mouth and esophagus into the stomach, and into this tube is slowly poured a dram, about a teaspoonful, of prepared food. Thus in the 24 hours about three ounces of food are absorbed. This food is made after a formula arranged by a most expert chemist and changes from day to day according to the development of the baby.

Every 36 hours the little gown of absorbent cotton is exchanged for a perfectly fresh one of the same material. The food and clothing of this embryo personage are not, therefore, great bills of expense, but its lodgings, its physician and nurses make up a pretty sum for its indulgent parents.

It will easily be seen that the only requirements for raising a baby in an incubator are a perfectly even, high temperature, pure air and a food the nearest approach possible to its natural food. But simple as this sounds it has taxed every resource of the best engineering and sanitary authorities, the finest bacteriologists and chemists in the country to arrive at the present state of advancement. An incubator as it is now perfected costs about $200. A few firms have them to rent, and as the demand for them is naturally small one may be rented at any time.

Dr. Rotch, who is responsible for many of the recent improvements of the incubator, has been very successful in its use. He insists upon having always two trained nurses, so that no moment may there be the risk of a change in conditions which might turn the scale the wrong way. This of itself means $50 a week, and the time of incubation is usually from two months to ten weeks. But the baby so saved comes in time to be quite the equal of his fellows who followed the good, old fashioned ways.

Hospitals cannot boast as great success from their experience with incubators, although several include one among their appliances. In the first place it is often a case where the tiny Mohammed must go to the mountain, and it is almost impossible to accomplish this without some little exposure. Then in most cases the child has not only premature birth to struggle with, but the worst factor of having come from ill conditioned, badly nourished and often intemperate parents. Besides, no nurse in a hospital, no score of nurses, can so arrange that one shall always have an eye on the thermometer; and the 50 or more full blown babies will not upon demand refrain their voices from weeping out of consideration for the sensitiveness of their delicate little comrade.

The hospital people are sometimes asked why they make so great an effort to save the lives of these poor little creatures who, at the best, must enter the race of life fearfully handicapped. Their argument, of course, is that the tiniest life in embryo has a right to its chance; but their interest is doubtless largely scientific. Physicians from Maine to California, from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, are constantly looking to these hospitals for the latest and best results of their researches and experiments, and by studying the treatment and watching the development of cases here, the incubating process included, they may be able to save many a life nearer home. Besides, who can foretell whether the tiny atom may not turn out a Lincoln or a Wagner as well as a commonplace Smith or Jones?—M. D. in Chicago Record.

Exhausted.

"Si Hubbard told me that he got a heap of work out of you when you was workin fer him," said the farmer.

"Waal, I allow he did," said the hired man.

"Yaas. Fact is, I guess he jist about got it all."—Indianapolis Journal.

A greater number of men than [illegible] in life. [illegible] satisfactory explanation of this fact [illegible] offered.

POWDER FOR CANNON.

A Mixture That Will Burn Slowly Is Necessary For Big Ordnance.

The great trouble with powder in cannon was soon found to be that it exerted all its force too suddenly, so that all the strain came on one end of the gun. When gunpowder is set on fire, it turns suddenly into gas, and the gas needs about 300 times the space that the solid powder occupied. The explosion of ordinary gunpowder is so sudden that for a moment that part of the gun around the powder charge has to hold the big volume of gas squeezed down under enormous pressure until the shot can make a start to get out of the gun and make room for the gas. If, therefore, gunpowder could be made which would burn a little slower, so that it would not all be burned until the shot reached the muzzle, the gas would be more gradually formed and the strain be distributed all along the gun. Such a powder was first made in Germany and was first called cocoa powder, because it resembled in color and general appearance a cake of chocolate. Its method of manufacture was kept secret, but other countries analyzed the grains and soon learned to make it even better than Germany. It is made partly by changing the proportions of the ingredients, making them about 79 per cent saltpeter, 3 per cent sulphur and 18 per cent charcoal, but mainly by using an underburned charcoal, thus giving the powder its peculiar color. Thus there arose a division of gunpowder into quick and slow burning powders.

It was not alone necessary to make a powder which would burn more slowly, but if possible to make one burn so that more gas would be forming when the shot got near the muzzle than was forming when it started from the breech, because there is more room behind the shot when it nears the muzzle, and it therefore takes more gas to keep up the same pressure against its base.

To accomplish this and to make the grains lie so that there should be spaces evenly distributed among them to allow the flame to reach every grain at once, causing all of them to begin running together, grains were made of regular shapes, and each shape was tried to see how nearly it gave the desired results. Thus there have been used round grains, square grains, sphero-hexagonal grains, cylindrical grains and prismatic grains. Of course it is impossible to make a grain which will have more and more surface to burn the smaller it gets, so the best result which has thus far been obtained is only an approach to it, and this is obtained with a hexagonal prismatic grain about 1 inch high and 1⅛ inches in diameter, with a hole or several holes through it.—Lieutenant John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas.

Surgery In the Middle Ages.

In the middle of the twelfth century priests were the only doctors. By an edict of the council of Tours surgery was separated from medicine and the practice of the former forbidden to the clergy. The latter then employed their barbers to perform surgical operations. This arose from the fact of the monks having their heads shaved frequently and observing the dexterity acquired by the barbers in the use of edge tools. The knights of the razor, from cupping and bleeding, passed on to tooth drawing and finally to other operations requiring skill and deftness, if not much knowledge. They knew practically nothing of anatomy. It is said surgery was denied to the clergy by a canon of the church which forbade them to shed blood. This was considered the dark age of medicine, and somber indeed it must have been to the worthy citizen who, perhaps, placing himself in the hands of his barber for relief, might, at the same time that he was getting rid of a tumor, also part company with his head.—Exchange.

The Pull of a Fish.

"What I want," said an angler, "is a rigging of some sort to measure the pull of a fish. If a pound fish pulls 3 pounds 3 ounces, I want to know it, and if a 3 pound fish pulls only 3 pounds 6 ounces I want to know that too. A joker wrote to a sportsman's paper the other day to tell of an invention to measure the size of the fish that are lost. That is where this pull measure machine would be good too. It would have to be self registering, of course.

"Everybody laughs when any one says he lost a big one. I've lost fish of a size I never dared tell of just because of the bad name a fellow gets for telling of such things. I could tell of 6 and 7 pound trout in Canochogola lake up in the Adirondacks, but what's the use? Why, say, I've seen a trout"— Just then he remembered himself and began to talk about a grizzly king fly with a yellow tail.—New York Sun.

Controlled by Watches.

Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer, tells how he once controlled a race of savage cannibals while he was on the dark continent. He had a number of Waterbury watches, whose ticking completely nonplused the savages and caused them to regard him as a spirit. He made a practice of leaving one of these watches in a village where he had stopped. After awhile the watch, of course, ran down and stopped, and the cannibals said that the spirits had gone to overtake their master. When Du Chaillu returned to these villages, he always got the watch that he had left behind him and, unobserved, wound it up again. The natives heard the ticking continue, swore again that the explorer was a spirit and did their utmost to please him.

Taking Two Weeks Off.

Teacher—How many weeks in the year, Tommy Timkins?

Tommy—Only 50 this year.

Teacher—You know very well that there are 52.

Tommy—No'm; not this year. Pa says he's going to take two weeks off.—Roxbury Gazette.

TRYING TO GET EVEN.

Clock and Watch Makers Get Into the Bicycle Trade.

Clock and watch makers who found their regular business falling off on account of the bicycle craze are now making up for it in the manufacture and sale of cyclometers. Competition is exceedingly lively among the rival makers, to the great benefit of the rider.

Three or four years ago there were only a few makes of cyclometers, and they were very heavy and costly. Now cyclometers are made as small as a silver quarter, weigh almost nothing and can be purchased at a trifling cost. Many dealers add a cyclometer to the equipment of the bicycle as an inducement to the purchaser, and as a result bicycles without cyclometers are the exception.

Cycling has brought many blessings in its train, and one of the greatest of these is the neat little register which records accurately the distance traversed by the cyclist. It is practically a 10,000 mile tapeline in a compact and convenient form. It is a great satisfaction for the rider to see the miles roll up on the dial as he spins along. The present cyclometers are very simple in construction, and as a rule perform their duty without error, but too much must not be expected of what is merely a mechanical contrivance. A rider can hardly expect his cyclometer to measure the distance between two points accurately if he wabbles from one side of the road to the other. In this way a beginner's cyclometer might record a mile while he has been pursuing his sinuous course for only half that distance.

Cyclometers are made for wheels of a given diameter, and if a 26 inch cyclometer be fitted to a 28 inch wheel the figures will not be accurate enough to be valuable. For the same reason if the front tire be soft an appreciable error in the measurement will occur, because of the lessened diameter of the bicycle wheel. If the tire sinks in a quarter of an inch under the weight of the rider, the error in a mile ride would amount to 14 yards. Thus the accuracy of a cyclometer measurement varies perceptibly, according to the hardness of the tire. However, the average bicycle rider is not an engineer or surveyor, and the popularity of the cyclometer is in no way endangered because of this slight variation from the truth, a failing to which the cyclometer is often driven by the scorcher eager for a huge mileage record.

So long as the variation is on the cyclist's side the cyclometer's future is safe. At any rate, the demand for the device is lively, and the makers are retrenching their losses incurred by the encroachment of the bicycle upon the watch trade.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Appellate Courts.

Appellate courts can know nothing of the real trial as it did occur, yet they are not deterred from granting new trials and practically co-operating with unscrupulous attorneys for the escape of men guilty of the most wicked murders. Appellate courts too frequently seem to think that superior knowledge of the law is shown not by affirming the action of the trial court, but by standing in antagonism to it and by criticising its action.

It is like the case of the bold, open critic, who frequently gets credit for superior knowledge by the audacity of his criticism, when, in fact, he knows nothing of the subject. Appellate courts are very often made up of men wanting in knowledge of the most elementary principles of the criminal law, for they have never either studied or practiced it. With this want of knowledge of the very law they are seeking to administer, they try the case not on its merits, to determine the guilt or innocence of the man, but they try it by some technical rule which has really no relation to the guilt or innocence of the accused.—North American Review.

The Rulers of England.

Kings have governed England for 698 years, queens for 120 and protectors for 11 years. The average reign of the kings has been 23½ years, of the queens 30 years, the average reign of all the sovereigns being between 23 and 24 years. The average reign of the kings of the Angevin dynasty—30¼ years—is greater than that of any other reigning family, although the average reign of the house of Brunswick very nearly approaches it. The average of the Yorkist kings—8 years—is the least of all. Four sovereigns of England have been of the Norman dynasty, and reigned 88 years; eight were Angevins or Plantagenets and reigned 245 years; three were of the house of Lancaster and reigned 62 years; three of that of York and reigned 24 years; five were Tudors and reigned 99 years, and there have been six sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, which has existed now for 181 years.

Enterprising.

Irate Business Man (white with anger at being disturbed)—You book agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my indignation.

Book Agent (jumping with enthusiasm)—Then, sir, you are in luck. I have here the very thing you need—a dictionary of the English language, containing all the words and slang phrases known, and only 5 shillings. Take it, and you will never be at a loss to express yourself again.—London Tit Bits.

Intensive.

"This is such a quiet neighborhood. Don't you ever sit out on your front steps?"

"No. There is an amateur photographer across the street."—Chicago Record.

He Whistled.

He—Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last?

She (sweetly)—Oh, yes; he will fetch your hat if you whistle!—Boston Globe.

RUSSIAN LODGING HOUSES.

Wherein They Differ From Those of Other Countries.

In apartment houses in Russia the lodgings which open on the courtyard rent for a lower price, says a writer in Lippincott's, because the entrance is through a porte cochere, or, at night, through a wicket therein. This is an unobjectionable, rather an aristocratic, arrangement in a private house, but elsewhere the courtyard may contain too many stables, workshops or even a large number of cows to supply dairy shops, which profess to deal in Finnish—that is to say, in pure country—butter, cream and milk. In this case also the winter's supply of wood for the great house is sure to be stacked in piles a couple of stories high so close to the less desirable lodgings that the prefect of the town was obliged to issue an order protecting the poorer inhabitants and regulating the position of the wood piles at a proper distance from the building for light and air.

Our researches revealed the fact that very few "furnished" lodgings provided either towels, bed linen, coverlets or pillows, or anything, in fact, beyond the bare bedsteads and furniture. Of course we were aware theoretically that this is a reminiscence of the days when every landed proprietor traveled accompanied by an entire housekeeping outfit and staff of servants when he undertook those long carriage journeys which preceded the days of railways and which are still compulsory in some parts of the empire. Nevertheless, in practice, we were not prepared to accept this beyond towels, and we protested that no traveler should be obliged to drag such bulky objects about with him in these days of improved transit facilities. The logic of this argument was not very strong on our side, it is true, but most travelers will agree with us nevertheless. The Russian lodging house people, in return, seemed to regard us with amazement and pity because we did not possess these things and declined to purchase them. Their idea must have been that we were accustomed to sleep in our clothes, like their own peasants.

In some cases they were willing to provide the bed furnishings for a consideration, but they regarded one towel a week and one change of linen a month as ample.

ART IN ST. PETER'S.

There Are Few Pictures or Frescoes In the Great Cathedral.

Nothing perhaps is more striking as one becomes better acquainted with St. Peter's than the constant variety of detail. The vast building produces at first sight an impression of harmony, and there appears to be a remarkable uniformity of style in all the objects one sees.

There are no oil paintings to speak of in the church and but few frescoes. The great altar pieces are almost exclusively fine mosaic copies of famous pictures which are preserved elsewhere. Of these reproductions the best is generally considered to be that of Guercino's "St. Petronilla" at the end of the right aisle of the tribune. Desbrosses praises these mosaic altar pieces extravagantly, and even expresses the opinion that they are probably superior in point of color to the originals, from which they are copied. In execution they are certainly wonderful, and many a stranger looks at them and passes on believing them to be oil paintings.

They possess the quality of being imperishable and beyond all influence of climate or dampness, and they are masterpieces of mechanical workmanship. But many will think them hard and unsympathetic in outline and decidedly crude in color. Much wit has been manufactured by the critics at the expense of Guido Reni's "Michael," for instance, and as many sharp things could be said about a good many other works of the same kind in the church. Yet, on the whole, they do not destroy the general harmony. Big as they are, when they are seen from a little distance, they sink into mere insignificant patches of color, all but lost in the deep richness of the whole.—Marion Crawford in Century.

The Glacier of the Dead Plain.

The finest scenery in this part of our journey, at the west end of the famous Bernese oberland, was that of the glacier of the great Dead plain. We did not see it until we were on its edge and the white expanse spread before us. It fills a kind of elliptical hollow, some two miles long by a mile wide. Once on its smooth, large surface the external world is shut out by a ring of low mountain wall. Not a trace of human activity can be seen in any direction. The largeness, simplicity and seclusion of this strange snowfield make it unique. We traversed its [illegible] diameter. The snow fortunately remained hard throughout the hour of our passage, thanks to a cool breeze and a [illegible] sun. The surface was beautifully dimpled and perfectly clean.—"A Thousand Miles Through the Alps," by Sir W. M. Conway, in Scribner's.

"Bulls" Not Irish.

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "Thus it is with us—we go to bed well and get up stone dead!"

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

If oil is spilled upon a carpet, immediately scatter cornmeal over it and the oil will be absorbed. Oil that has soaked into a carpet may be taken out by laying a thick piece of blotting paper over it and pressing with a hot flatiron. Repeat the operation, using a fresh piece of paper each time.

AN IMPRESSION.

A wind swept sky,
The waste of moorland stretching to the west,
The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—
A sea gull's cry.

Washed by the tide,
The rocks lie sullen in the waning light;
The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white,
Dissatisfied.

Above, around,
Thunderous calm of drought that kills and sears;
Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears—
No conscious sound.

Only the stir
Of some small insect life within the land;
The lapping of the waves upon the sand.
A corncrake's whir.

Upon the hill
The gorse seems thirsting for the rain; afar,
Low poised on the horizon line, one star
Shines, lonely still.
—May Bateman in Temple Bar.

WHAT THEY EAT IN EGYPT.

Kabob and Green Cakes Form an Epicurean Meal For Five Cents.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, a clever writer on the New York Mail and Express, says that every country has its own little delicacies, and the British soldiers who pour into Egypt undoubtedly buy from the street hawkers the green cakes, and possibly the kabobs, for which the land of the Nile is famous.

The kabob is broiled meat, but is broiled in so ridiculous a fashion as to be really funny. The peddler uses a little charcoal furnace, something like those in use by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a small but hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace is a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches, the hawker takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it over the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected, and, with a little salt or salt and spice, makes a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done. The cooking is very rapid. What with the heat of the fire and the thinness of the meat, it is thoroughly done in two or three minutes.

The green cakes are nothing more or less than small wheaten cakes mixed with chopped green leaves of various kinds salted and baked in a slow oven. They are pale yellow, yellow gray and brownish gray, with irregular splashes of green on both the upper and lower surfaces. They are said to be very nourishing, and they are certainly very appetizing and palatable when fresh from the oven. Almost any kind of green leaf which is used as human food serves for making a green cake. The humble cabbage and the aristocratic petit pois vert, the watermelon rind and the celery top, the string bean and even the asparagus tip have been used for the purpose. In addition to the nutritious leaf there is nearly always a flavoring leaf. The commonest is parsley, and after this comes fennel, fenugreek, [illegible] and laurel.

The green cake of the market varies from 2 to 4 inches [illegible], but is rarely more than a quarter of an inch thick. About one-half are made by bakers and one-half by the women of the working classes.

Rastus' Birthday.

In the northern part of Georgia I came upon a negro cabin. As I approached, it became evident that some extraordinary commotion was going on within. In fact, shouts and yells of terror succeeded one another so rapidly that I hastened to see what could be the trouble.

As I drew rein before the door half a dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cart wheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway, and in answer to my inquiries gave me the following explanation of the mystery:

"Yer see, sah, dis is 'Rastus' birfday," indicating the one whose joyful antics I have just mentioned. "Now, I'se powerful hard up jes' at presen' an didn't have no money ter celebrate in de usual way. An it jes' bruk me all up ter see dem res' habin jes' as much fun on 'Rastus' birfday as 'Rastus was habin hisself. [illegible] times bein so hard, de only way I could see was ter gib der rest all a lickin, so dat kinder raises 'Rastus up ober de odders."

A quarter flung to Rastus proved a [illegible] that raised him still higher and drew the tears of the others in an instant. Happier children than these same [illegible] as I rode away, a moment [illegible] would be hard to find.—Youth's Companion.

Aunty Kruger.

Mrs. Kruger, the wife of President [illegible] of the Transvaal, who is an [illegible] homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed, and always takes a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and donning a white apron, she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of $25,000,000, but it's "Aunty" Kruger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of $2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

His Proper Sphere.

Author—Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist.

Author's Wife—What makes you think that, Horace?

Author—Well, every book I write becomes a drug in the market.—London Answers.

His Little Scheme.

"How is this, Florence? Here is a guitar in place of your mandolin."

"Yes, mother. Paul Davis took my mandolin in mistake for his guitar. He will return it tonight when he comes for his guitar."—Detroit Free Press.

EASY SONG WRITING.

ANY ONE CAN BE A COMPOSER WITHOUT KNOWING A NOTE.

You Suggest the Idea, and the Song Is Written While You Wait—Salaried Poets Are In Attendance to Furnish the Words. Your Name Goes on the Sheet.

Do you want to be known as a composer of music? It is the easiest thing in the world.

You may not know one note from another, but that doesn't matter. A few days ago a representative of The Examiner went to visit a local musician of repute. Before the musician stood a superb young woman. She was whistling. Her ripe, red lips had on them a most tempting pucker. She whistled a few notes and stopped. Then the musician, who was armed with a sheet of music score paper and a lead pencil, made hieroglyphics on the lines and spaces on the sheet. This was repeated several times.

"There," said the girl, "that is all."

A sardonic smile glittered for an instant on the musician's face and was gone. He stepped to a piano and played the melody as it had been whistled to him, at the same time improvising an accompaniment.

"Well?" said the girl interrogatively.

She had not the faintest idea of harmony or counterpoint. She could not sing.

"I must change it some," said the musician.

"Oh, yes, I expected that," said she. "I furnish the musical idea and you do the back work."

Once more there was a glimmer of fear in the musician's eyes. He requested the girl to call again in a few days. "I will have one of our poets write words for it," said he, "and when you come again you can see how you like it. You will see how they go together."

"Of course my name will go on the sheet when it is published?"

"Certainly. Do you want to be known as the author of the words?"

The girl blushed rather painfully. The heightened color made her look rather more superb. She was a tall, willowy brunette, with glowing black eyes and a rich olive complexion, on which her blush played prettily. Her attire was fashionable and the fit was perfect. Altogether she was what Tite Barnacle would have called "a well groomed young woman." Her ears and hands were small and aristocratic. Her manner, now that she had stopped puckering her lips to whistle, was a little haughty. Evidently she had not previously thought about the words of the song. The Mephistophelean suggestion of the musician was tempting. His bait was literary as well as musical distinction. She took it all, musical and literary, bait, hook and line, with a little gasp. It has been said that "it is just as well to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," and she adopted that view with little hesitation. When the music sheet comes out, with a sentimental title, this [illegible] brunette will be heralded as [illegible] composer and poetess.

This is not an uncommon occurrence in San Francisco, so it was said by those who ought to know. A local music publisher put out a list of about 500 San Francisco compositions last year, and, according to the head of the firm, very few appeared as they were originally conceived. What appeared to be odd about the episode first mentioned was the perfection of the facilities furnished for taking down a musical composition. The musician wrote on his music score paper with the speed and certainty of a stenographer. In fact, he was for the time a musical amanuensis. When the girl had left him, he became the poor composer in fact.

George W. Hetzel comes in contact with many people who have musical ideas without musical knowledge. He literally takes notes as they reveal their ideas. Being a composer, he is versed in the knowledge necessary to make these ideas practicable. He is compelled to cast the tune for the range of voice for which it is best adapted. People whistle, sing, play the banjo and thump the piano at him. Then he turns the idea into a musical composition. Hugo V. Schlam of the musical publishing firm of Broder & Schlam furnished some amusing facts. Mr Schlam says that only popular songs, which are in the range of ordinary singers, and dance tunes are composed on the plan here indicated. It is not difficult for any person with a musical idea to get a song, words and music, credited to him. When the composition is ready for publication it has little resemblance to the idea of the reputed author. Very likely the originator has a little story that he desires to have "worked up" into a song, but the words are beyond him or her, and a paid poet has to do this work. Well to do people, in the financial sense, and often poorer people are willing to assume authorship with very little claim to it. Variety singers sometimes adopt this method of gaining fame.

An odd case was mentioned by Mr. Schlam. An elderly bachelor resides in San Francisco, who, early in life, lost his childish sweetheart. She fell over a cliff into the ocean. Her body was never recovered. He was so shocked by the occurrence which he witnessed, having just been playing with the little girl, that he has never married. His melancholy has increased with the flight of years. Recently he caused a song—based on this early experience, the music and words of which were composed for him—to be published. His name is on the cover of the music sheet as composer.

One explanation of such phenomena is that music is published very cheaply. The cost of 100 copies is only about $2 if the cover of the music is plain. There were 60,000 musical compositions turned out from American presses last year. Hardly more than a dozen songs were popular successes. This need not deter the [illegible] who can [illegible] find [illegible] "while you wait."—San Francisco Examiner.