

Paris now has a league against infant mortality. The members carefully watch the milk supply, and visit homes to give hygienic instruction.

Something new in the nature of aquatic sports is the shipbuilding race between private yards and the navy yard to see which can build the best battleships in the shortest time.

The trolley line has enormously increased the radius of urban existence, and makes its own field of effort, as it extends. It should be made as absolutely safe as it is swift and convenient.

English society and Government is founded on feudalistic notions. The nobleman on his estates is still almost as important a personage as he was in the days of chivalry. He is the grand patron of the neighborhood, with the immunities of a thousand years of feudalism, states the Kansas City Star.

What is the plural of metropolis? Euphony rebels against metropolises. An Australian paper solves the difficulty thus: "The mutual jealousy of Melbourne and Sydney prevents either of these fine cities becoming the Commonwealth capital. Why not, then, select one of the small metropolises of the States?" The innovation is not justified by any rules of grammar, and illustrates the inconvenience of pressing Greek words into English moulds, remarks the London Chronicle.

Fortunate indeed are the college athletes of this generation. In rowing, in baseball and in football, in sports and exercise of almost every imaginable kind, their opportunities are far more generous than those which were available to the students of earlier days. Both outdoors and indoors most of our institutions of learning provide handsomely for the physical culture of the young men and women who are seeking an education. Princeton is building a gymnasium which will cost \$250,000. American universities and colleges believe in sound bodies as well as sound minds, observes the New York Tribune.

The London Times deprecates the backward condition of electrical enterprise in Great Britain, as it has been made apparent through the report of a Committee on Legislation, appointed about a year ago by the Institution of Electrical Engineers. It says: "There are a few who rather glory in our backwardness, and try to persuade us that other nations have lost money by going ahead. But, however the fact may be explained or regarded, it is universally admitted. In the use of electricity for traction, for lighting and for the economical supply of power for manufacturing purposes we are far behind other nations. So much is this the case that when any demand arises for generating machinery and plant it is found that there has been no previous demand of such a kind as to produce manufacturers with the requisite appliances and experience. An electric railway or tramway company has to import machinery from America or Germany because it cannot be supplied at home, or, if supplied at all, is produced with extreme slowness. Things are, no doubt, improving in that respect, though it is not altogether agreeable to reflect that the improvement is largely due to American enterprise."

Motor vehicles of high horse power are destined to play a more conspicuous part in the busy world's affairs than the mere ministering to a taste for novel diversion. Their chief utility is as instruments of trade and commerce, and to the citizen of the future a private automobile for mere exercise at high speed may be rare a sight as a privately operated locomotive. In France, where this agency of transportation has been closely and carefully studied, there is a steadily increasing tendency to apply the new form of vehicle construction to practical uses. The French Government has recently arranged for the extensive employment of automobiles for transportation in the unutilized Sahara Desert. In Madagascar which is under French control, it is predicted that commercial affairs will be speedily revolutionized by the general introduction of motor vehicle transportation. In the Philippine United States mails are already delivered from town to town by strong and swift automobiles. Porto Ricans may now travel from Ponce to San Juan by motor vehicle for one-half the cost of former conveyance, and in much less time. It is in this field that the horseless carriage will vindicate its right to continued existence, observes the Philadelphia Record, rather than on the crowded highways of highly civilized communities.

THE OLD COUPLE.

Over the soft young grass
I saw the old couple pass.
Slowly they walked and stood
Close to the budding wood.
Surely it seemed they were stung
By the thought of how fair and young
The whole earth looked beside
A gray old bridegroom and bride.
Not for the flowering mold
Beneath them was centuries old;
The skies that smiled above
Were old as Eden and love;
And of all the forest trees
In the woodland families,
The oldest were most fair
And wore the happiest air.
The aged stars in the blue
In the beauty of spring were new.
And the aged hearts in the wood
By the spirit of spring were renewed.
Wetherald, in Good Housekeeping.

An Estimate Reversed.

It was a hot afternoon—a very hot August afternoon. The passersby walked with great deliberation. Some of them carried umbrellas. Others carried their coats or hats. There were not many of them altogether. Randall Clark, in his cool gray serge, his canvas shoes and his light straw hat, passed his fellow pedestrians with a somewhat jaunty stride. He didn't carry an umbrella and he didn't carry his coat. In fact, he felt the heat but little. He had experienced some rough service under a much more ardent sun, and, in marked contrast to the people sweltering about him, he kept his mind off the temperature and permitted no thermometer reading to increase his personal warmth.

He walked along idly, and yet with a certain briskness of gait that seemed to indicate an object in view. But he had no object beyond the desire to secure a chance to exercise his thoughts without fear of distractions. This was a favorite occupation of Randall's. He found he could think to much better advantage when strolling along. Just now he was thinking hard on the matrimonial problem. For seven-and-twenty years he had escaped this worryment. Now he was its victim.

That he was in love admitted of little question; but he felt he had himself well in hand and with power to withdraw from temptation if need be. The question was, should he withdraw, or should he continue to bask in the stinging flame of Miss Emily Tabor's eyes, and presently, when opportunity came, put his fate to the momentous test?

He told himself that Emily Tabor was a beautiful girl, a refined and highly intelligent girl, a girl of charming tastes and many accomplishments. But did she have a heart, and was it the sort of heart that is quick in sympathy and faithful in love? Was it, in fact, a pulsing, human heart, or was it merely an anatomical necessity? Randall feared it was of the latter genus. She was so cold, so statuesque, so perfect—such a calm and almost imperious product of the school of finishing which her social class so greatly admired.

Randall doubted if he could be happy with her. She was his ideal in everything save human sympathies. These he feared she was quite lacking.

He took a coin from his pocket and held it between his thumb and forefinger as he strode along.

"Heads, I go; tails, I stay," he said and flipped the coin into the air. He caught it in his open palm.

"Break up the ice," she said. "Crush it as small as possible and make a compress out of it." He did as she told him and she put the ice to the child's head and pressed wet cloths to its face and tiny wrists.

"Wouldn't it be well to run for a doctor?" asked Randall.

And he wondered at himself for deferring to her opinion.

"No," she answered, without looking around. "I want you here. I think I'm quite competent to handle the case. I've had some experience in practical nursing, you know." But he didn't know. "Pull down the shade a little," she commanded. "And now take off my hat, please."

He was lucky enough to grasp the proper hat pins and a moment later tenderly laid the mass of gauze and ribbons on the table.

There was a short period of silence. Randall stood a little back of the girl and looked down at her as she knelt by the child. Then the stillness was broken by a querulous cry from the child.

"The dear is coming around nicely," said the girl. "What a pretty baby it is! There, there, sweetheart, everything is all right. Raise the shade, please, Mr. Clark."

When Randall turned back she had risen with the babe in her arms, its head pillowed on her breast. Then she walked slowly up and down the apartment humming a little lullaby, and presently as she sang the babe looked up in her face and smiled.

"Isn't it a dear?" murmured the girl with her face bent close to the child's. "Mamma," cooed the little one and put up its tiny hand and touched her cheek.

And Randall Clark, standing back a little, thought he had never seen a picture that would compare with it. And his heart swelled in his breast.

"Is there anything I can do?" he softly asked.

"Look at the pillow," she answered, "and see if there are any initials on the slip."

He bent over the lace-trimmed case and scanned it closely.

"The letters are 'L. R. I think,' he said. "They are a little obscure. If they are not 'L. R.' they are 'S. B.' or perhaps 'Y. P.' There are so many curlycuts about them, you know."

The girl paused a moment and considered.

"How stupid!" she suddenly cried. "Why didn't I guess it before? It's Lydia Robbins's little boy, of course. Why, he's just the image of Lydia."

"Iddy, iddy," cooed the babe.

"There, did you here that?" cried Emily Tabor. "Isn't he sweet and bright?"

"M-m-mamma," gurgled the little fellow with a great display of red gums and scattered white teeth.

The girl bent quickly and kissed him, whereat he gurgled again, and, launching out wildly, caught a tress of the beautiful brown hair in his chubby fist.

dall briskly asserted as he settled himself in an easy chair.

She let the loose strands of her glorious brown hair brush the baby's dimpled cheek.

DIDN'T MISS AN ISSUE.

But the Editor Had to Print His Paper on Cheap Handkerchiefs.

A rare thing in the newspaper line was shown to a Herald reporter by Mr. F. F. Powers, the local commercial agent of the Central of Georgia Railway. To speak by the card, it would be well to call the periodical a "news-cloth" instead of a newspaper, for the printing had been done on a cotton handkerchief, and why the handkerchief was used instead of the usual white paper is an interesting story which Mr. Powers relates.

During the winter of 1881 Mr. Powers was at Dead Rapids, S. D. The winter was one of the coldest in the history of the State, the blizzard raging for months, completely tearing up railroad traffic and keeping the folks a good deal indoors. Fuel and provisions ran low, especially the former, and wood sold as high as \$25 per cord.

At Dell Rapids a paper was published, The Exponent, and it had an editor who was a hustler. He boasted that blizzard or no blizzard his paper should not miss an issue. The frigid weather knocked railroad traffic in the head, as stated, so it was with difficulty that the editor received the paper to print his publication on.

Finally there came a day when the store of white paper gave out, so he went to printing on wrapping paper, but that also was exhausted in time. The editor was not to be daunted. He decided that he would try cloth, so he purchased about a couple of hundred cotton handkerchiefs and ran them through the press. As the result The Exponent came out printed on the handkerchiefs, perhaps the only periodical that was ever published that way.

—Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

Uncle Sam's "Kissing Palm." Employees of the Agricultural Department solemnly swear that there is a "kissing palm" in the greenhouses of the department, and assert that, despite vigilance, it is impossible to keep young couples from throwing arms about each other's necks and kissing whenever they come within a radius of five feet of this wonderful plant.

It has remained for the department which unearthed the "kissing bug," the "cigarette bug" and the mosquito-devouring dragon fly to bring to this country this strangest of all plants.

Officially the palm is known as the palmetto osculari. It resembles in some respects a gigantic fern. It was brought to this country about a year ago from the wilds of Australia.

The story goes that as women clerks in the department visiting the greenhouse came within the influence of the palm, gardeners and other employees were astonished to see them throwing their arms about the necks of their friends and imprinting on their lips smacks which could be heard all over the greenhouse.

Secretary Wilson was incredulous, and at the invitation of Professor Ritte visited the greenhouse. He had hardly stepped inside when he could hardly resist kissing a young woman near by.

Aged Authors.

The Bookman has been getting together a list of authors who accomplished their most important work after reaching the age of fifty. Samuel Richardson, for instance, attained his success after passing that age. The first part of "Pamela" was written in two months of the winter of 1739-40, and published the latter year. Boswell had passed fifty when the work that made him immortal, "Life of Dr. Johnson," was published. After achieving this success he lived for only four years, and died sadly and ingloriously. Cervantes was fifty-eight when, in spite of his miseries, he found the opportunity for completing the first part of "Don Quixote." Daniel Defoe was fifty-eight years of age when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," and at the same period of life John Locke produced his essay on the human understanding. Milton was fifty-nine when "Paradise Lost" was published. Samuel Johnson was sixty-eight when he began to write his "Lives of the Poets," which has been called the most masculine and massive body of criticism in the language.

Strength of Newgate Prison.

The housebreaker who undertakes to raze the famous London prison, Newgate, to the ground will have all his work cut out. Lieutenant Colonel Milman, who has been governor since 1886, is of opinion that it is the strongest built prison in the country. On one occasion, when a doorway had to be pierced through one of the inner walls, the work occupied nearly three weeks; indeed, so stout are the walls that they are almost strong enough to resist modern artillery. In the gloomy prison Colonel Milman has attended no fewer than twenty-five executions in sixteen years.

Poor, But Honest.

A writer on natural history, imbued with the usual fallacy that men should imitate the lower animals, points out the example set by lobsters. The young lobster naturally comes to the top of the water, but the very moment he reaches the age of discretion he sinks back to his ancestral home. In short, the young lobster, like the good young man, always "settles down" when he should.—London Globe.

The Passing of the Athletic Girl

By Belle M. Sherman.

THE day of the athletic girl is over. I can hear my golf friend say, "What nonsense!" But it is not nonsense. Even the most sceptical, if they will take the trouble to go through the shops or turn the leaves of the fashion magazines, will soon become convinced.

The girl who, in her common-sense shoes and microbe-proof skirt, has held the centre of the stage so long, to the delight of the physical culturist and dress reformer, is fading into the files and a creature of laces and chiffons, ruffles and furbelows, is advancing to the footlights.

The only wonder is that the athletic girl lasted as long as she did. She stood her ground bravely in spite of the powerful opposition of the shopkeeper and the prospective husband. Weary of the struggle, she now gracefully retires like a politic woman, conscious of, yet not acknowledging her defeat, and gives place to the summer girl of 1902.

The girl we have with us this year is the antipode of her predecessor. To be in the fashion, to wear the costumes designed for this season, no girl can afford to be an athlete. It was all very well, when a short skirt and tailor made shirt waist in the evening at the summer resort was the hall-mark of smartness, for a girl to have a healthy coat of tan on face, throat and forearms; but to-day, when Dame Fashion, who is a tyrannical jade at her best, steps in and commands the sheerest of laces, the most diaphanous of materials, tan or sunburn is an impossibility.

What need had the merchant to stock his shops with all the fripperies supposed to be so dear to the feminine heart, if these same dear girls never gave the tempting display a second glance? The athletic fad was not good for trade. The woman's tailor, skirtmaker and shoemaker were the only ones benefited. In the course of events the merchant was sure to rebel.

Then the modiste had a cause for grievance. Where was her living to come from if this athletic craze continued? Of what use was it to design "dreams" for non-appreciative customers? The "new woman" was her bug-bear and she was driven to distraction.

The whole army of purveyors to women, in Paris, London and Berlin, were in despair. They would be bankrupt if the girl of the period continued to be satisfied with tweed skirts, heavy shoes and shirt waists. Something must be done.

To the relief of the shopkeeper came the "Du Barry" and "Dolly Varden" craze. No sooner had these two plays caught popular fancy than the shops were filled with Du Barry scarfs and hats and Dolly Varden foulards and organdies. Sunburn and tan, short skirts and heavy shoes lost their attractions, and the girls lost their hearts to the frivolities (as far as gawing was concerned) of these two stage heroines.

Of course no girl could dress as Du Barry or Dolly Varden were she a fright with freckles and sunburn. So, after many visits to the complexion doctors, the twentieth century summer girl has emerged from her chrysalis a veritable butterfly.

Nothing so completely shows the trend of fashion as the radical changes which have taken place in shoes and shirt waists. From the low, common-sense heel and round toe shoe we have returned to the pointed toe and Louis XV. heel. Fancy has run riot in the fashion of heels. This return to the unhealthy Louis XV. heel is to be regretted by people of common-sense.

Even the show windows of the haberdasher shops that cater to women display a most elaborate collection of the once severely made shirt waist. These bodices are works of art, made as they are of the sheerest lawns and organdies and profusely trimmed with fine laces. Perhaps nothing so indicates the decline of the athletic fad as this new departure in shirt waists.

The athletic girl is not the creature of mystery and romance that her sister of chiffons and ruffles, ribbons and laces is. She would be out of place on a veranda, lying in a hammock of a summer's evening, or out in a rowboat on the lake under the moon's rays, and therefore to-day, under the new regime, she is relegated to the shelf and in a short time will be forgotten.

A wail has been sent up from landlords of summer hotels that they could get no men. This dearth was blamed on the athletic girl. It was said that there was nothing to attract a man to a summer hotel where there were no pretty girls to fall in love with. A man is never so happy as when he is miserably in love. The athletic girl had no time for love-making, therefore there was no attraction for the men.—Collier's Weekly.

The Real Hobo: What He is and How He Lives

By Charles Ely Adams.

TWO facts about the hobo may serve to dispel a popular error. First, he is, within certain bounds, a patron of literature. There are very many exceptions to the general rule of illiteracy. Second, he spends a very respectable amount of his time in the use of water, soap and towels. Aside from the question of special fitness a man is the creature of his opportunities, and this truth in its scope runs to the last far reaches of Hobo-dom. The dweller in this realm when in the harness obtains but a slight acquaintance with leisure. He rises early, and, as he must work, on an average, ten hours a day, he must have more than eight hours' sleep. It is true that even this schedule leaves him a few hours to himself on working days; but the fact remains that after supper most of the men retire to the bunk tents to lie on their beds and smoke and talk. Some play cards; others, disposed to be exclusive, arrange their blankets for a comfortable reclining position and read books and belated newspapers by the flickering light of a candle fastened at the head of the bunk. Sunday, of course, is the hobo's day of freedom, and he appropriates the time to avocations of his own inclination. He bathes, shaves, oils his shoes, boils his underclothes, sews on buttons, takes stitches where needed, gossips, writes letters to absent "pardners" and reads.

As may be supposed trashy novels predominate among the books of the hobo's selection. However, as a counterbalance to themes which are altogether trivial and voluble, he relishes the polemics of the famous agnostics, being especially affected by their sensationalism and eloquence. On his tramps from camp to camp, the hobo addicted to reading burdens himself with a volume or two which, when he has finished, he exchanges with fellow-travelers of similar propensity. A box of old magazines provided by one contractor for the use of his employees proved to be greatly appreciated by the men, the demand for the periodicals being quite extensive and constant. The amount of general information thus acquired by the reading hobo would surprise those genteel personages of glorious opportunities and cultivation who look upon him as an outlandish, cloddish piece of humanity. The existence of a world more polite than he has ever seen, the developments of popular science, inventions and events of national importance, the recurring crises in European diplomacy—all these chiefly through the medium of the newspapers he is aware of and can discuss with a readiness which would do credit to an even more alert mind.

Faulty Grading in Our Public Schools

By William J. Shearer.

WHAT the marked differences in children, in classes, and in teachers are not properly provided for, either in the amount and character of the work required, or in the time to be spent upon the work, is readily seen when we consider the usual method of grading and promoting. The course of study for the graded school is divided arbitrarily into a number of grades, generally a year apart, and the work for each grade is laid out for the bright, the slow, or the average.

Many schools grade the work for the bright. In this case all the rest are dragged over far more work than they can understand. Therefore, many soon become discouraged and drop out of school.

Though not generally acknowledged, yet, in reality, the courses of study in most schools are graded for the slower pupils. This is certainly an injustice to the large majority of pupils who can and should go forward more rapidly. Not only is the progress of all kept down to the pace of the slower ones, but worse than this, the majority of the pupils are drilled into habits of inattention and idleness. So long has this continued that many teachers have come to believe that pupils do not differ materially in their ability to cover the course. However, there are thousands of earnest teachers who realize the great injury done to the pupils by such a method of stifling talent.

But by far the largest number of schools are supposed to be graded for the "average pupil." At first sight this looks reasonable. But, in truth, can anything be more absurd than the idea of neglecting the ever-present individual pupil of flesh and blood, of soul and life and infinite possibilities, in the attempt to reach all, by shaping the work for the mythical "average pupil?"