

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Sixty languages are spoken in Russia. Saccharine, an artificial product, is 550 times sweeter than sugar.

There is a growing demand for American pearls. Those taken from the western waters last season were valued at \$500,000.

It is said that there is 25 per cent more nourishment in sugar than any other food that can be purchased for the same money except wheat flour and corn.

The Bell Memorial Association at Bradford, Ont., announces that the former home of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell will be acquired as a public park in addition to the erection of a memorial monument to cost \$25,000. This monument will be unveiled in 1919.

Through the death of her father the Countess of Bathurst has become the sole owner of the Morning Post of London. She was the only daughter of Lord Glenski and since the death of her mother she did the honors of her father's house, both in London and in Scotland. During the war in South Africa she was with her husband while he was in command of the island of St. Helena.

The Austrian government intends to electrify its mountain railways and has been studying the question of hydro-electric plants in Scandinavia. According to a report recently made to the government, Norway has a total water power of 28,000,000 horse power, Sweden 10,000,000 horse power and Finland 4,000,000 horse power. The plants of these countries now in use or building have a total capacity of 500,000 horse power.

George Ade says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history." Then without any pause the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"—Lippincott's.

According to the government's geological experts, we waste 200,000,000 tons of coal every year in this country, owing to improper mining methods. Through working the lower beds of the coal first, the mining of the adjacent higher beds becomes impracticable. Again, much coal is left as pillars to support the roof of the mine. We are using what is best and cheapest, and this neglect and wastefulness will cost succeeding generations more for their coal. We leave underground almost one-half of our supply; in Vancouver, British Columbia, 98 per cent is mined.—Review of Reviews.

The first horses of the western plains were probably brought there by the Spaniards. In 1545, almost fifty years before Jamestown was settled, Coronado, the Spanish captain, was roaming about the plains of New Mexico; and he tells of the dogs used by the Indians to haul their plunder on log-poles, indicating that they had no horses at that date. In 1716 the Spanish again worked their way eastward across the plains, and their letters tell of the astonishment of the Indians at seeing the horses they had with them. The expedition was constantly losing horses, and there is little doubt that the first droves of western horses originated from these strays.—McClure's.

Since 1877 there has been only one year in which the German national debt has not been increased. It is now, according to recent official statements, \$1,013,000,000, or a little more than the French indemnity. The debt has been doubled since 1895. For the last eight years, government publications again admit, expenditures have exceeded receipts by \$171,000,000, or an average of \$53,000,000 a year. The national debt has already cost the country in interest and administrative expenses about \$280,000,000 and yet Germany could have kept out of debt altogether, as Prof. Schanz has recently shown, if the revenues had only been increased by about \$12,000,000 yearly.—Atlanti.

Queen Maud of Norway keeps a scrap-book bearing the inscription on the cover, "Things We Have Not Said and Done," in which she has pasted newspaper cuttings giving stories about herself and her husband which tend to her foundation only in the imagination of enterprising journalists. It is said, too, that among the German crown prince's most treasured possessions is a scrap-book containing over 1,000 pages of adverse newspaper criticism. The first 500 pages are inscribed with a gold-lettered heading: "I hope I am not like this!" while some of the most outspoken comments are accompanied by marginal notes in the prince's own handwriting, such as: "The enemy's voice is no less interesting than the friend's!" etc.—The Bits.

The production of petroleum has been a national industry for just half a century. Previous to this there was sporadic production of petroleum without any definite market. The industry really began when Kier and Ferris, merchants of Pittsburgh, perfected a lamp with a suitable glass chimney by which petroleum was made capable of yielding a steady light far brighter than any other artificial illumination known at the time. In this half century 1,806,908,403 barrels of petroleum, or 240,219,675 tons, has been produced, worth a little less than \$2,000,000,000. New petroleum fields have been found and developed more rapidly than the rate of production in the older fields has decreased, so that the rate of production has shown a rapid increase from 500,000 barrels in 1860 to 190,000,000 barrels in 1907. We produce almost as much oil as milk.—Review of Reviews.

Sympathy with a Sling to It.
Weeks—The true American always saves the under dog in the fight.
Wise—Yes, and then gives him a swift kick for being chump enough to get into it.—Boston Transcript.

PREVENTING THE ENORMOUS FIRE LOSS.

By C. M. Goddard.

The total fire loss in the United States for the past thirty-three years amounts to the sum of \$4,500,000,000, with an average loss for the last five years of \$252,000,000 each year.

The annual number of fires in American cities averages forty for each 10,000 of population, as compared with eight for each 10,000 of population in European cities. Chicago has a population of 2,000,000 and an annual fire loss of nearly \$5,000,000.

It is well to consider how to "conserve our natural resources," but it is equally important to conserve our created resources. School children should be taught the results of carelessness with fire; railroads should be compelled to refrain from sending out sparks to destroy the property of others; safety matches should everywhere replace the more convenient but dangerous powder match; the common practice of placing ashes in wooden barrels and boxes, as evidenced by the weekly display along our curbsides, should be prohibited by ordinance. If equal care were taken to keep our cellars and back yards clean and presentable, as is taken to polish the shining metal work of our fire engines and their equipment, it would do far more to prevent fire losses.

GIRL'S DUTY TO APPEAR ATTRACTIVE.

By Rev. Philip Cone Fletcher.

If I were a young woman I would try to be winsome. Beauty is a duty. Young women ought to strive to appear to the very best advantage, mentally, physically and morally. If by the use of the powder puff, the paint brush and the brow pencil you can make yourself more winsome, you have my consent to use them freely. It is all right to supplement the works of God. To be ugly in an age like this is but little short of a sin against God and self. I take the position that lovers should be sincere and honest with each other. Deceptive courtship means a miserable

marriage. No woman can be happy with the man who has lied to win her. No man can honor and cherish the woman who caught him as the spider catches the unsuspecting fly.

There are several fallacies about love that ought to be corrected. One is that the first love is the only true love. The first love may be a true love, but it need not be the only true love. Another fallacy is that love is blind. Love can see beauties where the world sees deformities. It is also a mistake to suppose that one can love truly but once. It is likewise false that "true love never runs smooth." What kind does run smooth, then? And an error equally as great as the others is the one which says "true love can never die." Love will die if it is not fed.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE JAP.

By Prof. Kiyokichi Sano.

Americans are very complimentary to the Japanese and give them credit for a deep, underlying subtlety which they really do not possess. An American merchant who had been living many years in Japan, representing a big New York firm, said: "In business, if you find the Japanese tricky, it is your own fault. When you deal with them rightly and justly the little Japs are your best friends, and they will go with you through fire and water. But if you spoil their hearts everything goes wrong."

"Sense of honor" to the Japanese mind is as fuel to the steam engine. If it is kindled with the fire of ambition or humiliation his life has no value to him whatever, on the battlefield or at the office desk. That is why a Japanese soldier will climb into an enemy's fort amid a shower of shell and will not show his back to the foe even in the face of the most galling fire. In the school and family in Japan they do not use the rod. A reference to a sense of honor and shame awakens the timid mind and spurs on the brave. It is entirely different with the Chinese. The Chinese will go to war or take a dangerous task willingly and stoically. They are born fatalists and not cowards, except as material gain, official distinction or luxury makes them so.

WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
"We've heard from old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the water's blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea,
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sang and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."
—Rev. Minot Judson Savage.

The Trifler

"I want to know," said the Trifler,
"I just want to know how long he is going to be—that's all."

He seated himself comfortably as he spoke—there is to say, as comfortably as the imitations of office furniture permitted—in the only armchair in the room, and, crossing his legs, directed a gracious smile at the Typist, who sat with the fingers of one dainty hand poised impatiently over the keys of the typewriter at the other side of the table which divided them.

"I am sorry I cannot tell you," replied the Typist, gazing pointedly at a heap of unanswered letters before her. "I do not know how long Mr. Calthrop will be exactly."

"Ah," observed the Trifler in a meditative tone, "there are so very few things—there are not—so very few things in the world that anybody does seem to know 'exactly.' Perhaps it is never struck you how difficult it is to acquire exact knowledge of almost anything?"

"No," said the Typist, "it never has." "I thought it probably hadn't," admitted the Trifler affably. "Yet, take quite a common illustration. If you ask a passerby the time, he will either tell you off-hand, or he will glance at his watch—if he is a polite person—and tell you that it is about half-past 3, say, or twenty minutes to 6—as the case may be—whereas, in point of fact, it never is within five minutes of the time he asserts. His watch is wrong, or he hasn't taken the trouble to count the divisions on the dial between each five minutes. What a wonderful thing that typewriter of yours is!"

"This typewriter?" She looked up at him with mild surprise. "Why, it is quite an ordinary one."
"I suppose so," agreed the Trifler, a little regretfully. "And you really can write with it?"

"Well, I should not be here if I could not," retorted the Typist; "should I?" "I don't know," said the Trifler. "I'm here, and I can't."
"Oh, that's quite different. Besides"—she glanced at him defiantly—"what are you here for?"

"For the matter of that," replied the Trifler, meeting her glance with unflinching composure, "what are you here for?"

The Typist colored violently, and her eyes dropped in front of her. "I think that is rather an impertinent question," she said, in a low tone. The Trifler gave an audible sigh.

"It seemed to me rather a pertinent one," he remarked, in a disappointed voice. "Of course, you know what I'm here for?"

"To see Mr. Calthrop—you told me. But he's not in—I told you."
"It doesn't matter at all," rejoined the Trifler affably. "I'll wait. I have nothing to do for the next hour or so, and this is—er"—he gazed round the room with expansive appreciation—"an extraordinarily comfortable office."

"Haven't you—better go?" asked the Typist in a low tone.
"Go? Before seeing Calthrop? Why, he would never forgive me," protested

the Trifler. "I couldn't really dream of going yet. Besides—"

"I don't see that there is any 'besides' to keep you here," said the Typist.

"They say love is blind," murmured the Trifler, with an air of philosophic abstraction.

"I don't understand you!" said the Typist, drawing herself up.

"I am not in the least surprised at that," said the Trifler amiably. "Very few people do. It has long been my fate to be misunderstood. Yet, I hoped—the Typist looked at the Trifler a little uneasily. "I hoped," he repeated—"by the way, there is no harm in hoping, is there?" he broke off to inquire.

"None that I am aware of," she replied, with her chin in the air.

"Well, then, I hoped you did," he explained, in Italian.

"Hoped—I—did?" She affected an admirable bewilderment. "Hoped I did what?"

The Trifler spread out his hands with a gentle deprecating gesture.

"You compel me to be explicit," he expostulated. "It's so much less embarrassing to approach these—er—preliminaries in the elliptical manner. Except," he added as an afterthought, "when you have a typewriter handy!"

"I have no wish to compel you to be anything," retorted the Typist. "And it is quite time I returned to my work; so if you will kindly allow me, Mr. Calveing—She made him a little

ironical bow, and was in the act of sweeping past, when the Trifler, with incredible dexterity, caught her by the wrists and drew her back sideways so that she faced him involuntarily.

"How dare you?" cried the Typist, struggling to free herself.

"I am a man of simply extraordinary courage," he explained. "Now, look here—look at me—look me straight in the eyes; you know it—and you have known it, you obstinate, willful girl, for months past! I love you. Oh, yes, I love you—there isn't the least mistake about that whatever. But what I want to know is whether you love me? And I have come here to-day for the purpose of finding out. And—and I believe—he gave a low chuckle—"I believe I have found out! Tell me—have I?"

"Oh, let me go! I don't know what you have found out, or what you haven't!" pleaded the Typist, her cloak of dignity falling suddenly from her and leaving her defenceless and exposed to the arrows of the one great enemy whom never girl vanquished yet. "Let me go—please!"

"I thought so," murmured the Trifler. "You do."
"Then I can't tell you till you do," he remarked judiciously. "I'm very sorry."

"Oh—well, then, if you must—if you insist—"

"I insist," said the Trifler, firmly.

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EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHO SUPPORTS THE FAMILY?

In thirty States of the Union a mother has no ownership in her own children, and the husband can collect every dollar of their earnings. Is the wife who brings up a family of children, under such conditions as these, not a self-supporting member of the community? Who supports the family, anyway? In the days of our grandfathers the husband paid for a barrel of flour and the wife made that flour into bread. Converting raw material into a manufactured product is usually more expensive than the raw material itself. The cash value of the wife's contribution to the bread might have been more than the value contributed by the husband to provide the flour. Would she, then, not be as self-supporting as her husband?

All this balderdash about the necessity of economic independence for women is a pretty poor tribute to the intellectual ability of the female reformers who are responsible for so much trouble and unhappiness. Is the woman who draws a salary from the mere man who employs her in his office more independent than the wife who is comfortably cared for by her husband? Or can the wage earner of either sex be considered as economically independent?

There is no sex to brain power of itself. And in this free country there is no more obstacle to a woman attaining economic independence than there is to a man. Stop arguing, sisters. There is no room for argument. Time flies and opportunity flees. If economic independence is your sole object, roll up your sleeves and dig in.—Chicago Journal.

DEATH BY VIOLENCE.

EARLY 11,000 persons committed suicide in this country last year. This is probably the largest number of suicides in any single year in the history of the country, statistics showing a marked and steady increase in late years in the number of cases of self-destruction. Other deaths due to personal violence numbered 8,952, which, with the 100 cases of lynching reported, make a total of 19,954 cases of death by personal violence in a single year. These are startling figures.

Of the illegal hangings or lynchings, the South contributed ninety-seven and the North three. California had one case and Illinois two. There were ninety-two legal executions in the country, thirty-six of which were in the North and fifty-six in the South. Two persons executed were Chinese, forty-four were blacks and forty-six were whites. Of the suicides, 634 arose from business losses and failures, and of this number thirty-one were bankers and brokers. Among professional men, physicians furnished the largest number of suicides. Seven thousand, eight hundred sixty-four males and

2,988 females destroyed themselves, a ratio of nearly three males to one female.

These figures that tell of the violent deaths of 20,000 people yearly, because of crime or inability to cope successfully with the controlling forces of life, ought to awaken profound and sober thought and lead to serious inquiry as to the best possible way to end this needless and wanton waste of human life.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

WATCH CANADA.

THE Canadian Northwest the railroads are laying out new towns by wholesale along their new lines. On the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Canadian Pacific 220 new villages will be platted within the next few months. The railroad authorities believe that to locate such trading places and railway stations not more than eight or ten miles apart, along their extensions westward and northward, will facilitate the settling of the farming country between and promote the development of the entire territory. It is expected that settlers from the United States will furnish a large part of the population required to fill up a great region, far north of the boundary. Canada has seen immigration from this country rise to 60,000 a year, with signs of a still heavier movement, and the plans of the Canadian railroad companies are on a generous scale, accordingly. It is solid, enduring, fruitful growth which will add immensely to the productiveness and wealth of America, on both sides of the international frontier. The Dominion is moving forward at a great rate, in all of the vital elements of national life and progress. Its future will surely far outrun all that its past has known. As we have said before, "Watch Canada."—Cleveland Leader.

THE use of common waterways has always proven a prolific cause of international wrangling. The joint navigation of such waters, the joint control of water power, the regulation of fishing rights and the determination of the use of water in navigable streams having their rise in jurisdiction and their outflow in another have led to interminable dispute. Later inventions, especially the use of water power for the development of electrical energy, have only served to increase the possibilities of dissension. There has been a continuous unsettled waterways debate between the United States and Great Britain from the time of the colonies. It is therefore of most happy augury for the future that a treaty has been successfully negotiated by Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce providing for amicable adjustment by a joint high commission of all future waterway and boundary difficulties.—Philadelphia Record.

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APPLES' PLACE IN STORY.

Greeks Knew of the Fruit and Mythology Has Reference to It.

The apple is mentioned in fable and history more than any other fruit. It played a part in the downfall of man, for had not Eve been tempted by Satan, who, in the guise of a serpent, offered the first woman fruit from the tree of knowledge, an apple tree, and had not Eve yielded the father and mother of the world would not have been driven from the Garden of Eden, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Greeks knew the apple, and many of their fables are stories on the luscious fruit. According to Homer the apple was one of the causes of the Trojan war.

Homer says that at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, two immortals, all of the gods were invited except Eris, or Discord. Enraged at her exclusion the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "For the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus and Minerva each claimed the apple. The decision was left with Paris, a beautiful shepherd. Minerva promised him glory and renown in war if he would yield her the prize; Juno promised power and riches, and Venus assured him the fairest of women for a wife. Paris decided in favor of Venus.

Under the protection of the goddess Paris was hospitably received by Menelaus, king of Sparta. Helen, the fairest of her sex, was the wife of Menelaus, but Paris, aided by Venus, persuaded her to elope with him and carried her off to Troy. Paris was the son of Priam, king of the Trojans, and was welcomed by his father and court.

The Greeks gathered an army, and in a siege that lasted for years finally succeeded in entering the city by a stratagem and totally destroyed it. The story of the siege and of the subsequent adventures of one of the besieged are the themes of two of the greatest poems and antiquity, Homer's "Iliad" and Virgil's "Aeneid."

The search for the golden apples of the Hesperides was the most difficult of all the twelve adventures of Hercules. The apples were the ones that Juno had received at her wedding from the goddess of the earth and which she had entrusted to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperis. After various adventures in his search for the apples Hercules found Atlas, a giant, who held the sky on his shoulders, and Atlas promised to get the apples if Hercules would support the sky while he was gone. Atlas secured the apples for Hercules, took up his burden reluctantly and let Hercules return with the apples, his task completed.

Atlanta, said the Greeks, was a maiden whom the gods had warned must not marry. Terrified by the oracle, she fled the society of men, and to persistent suitors who found her volunteered to marry the man who bested her in a foot race if he would pay with his life if he lost. Suitors ran and lost until Hippomenes volunteered to try. Venus heard his prayer, and from her temple, in her own island of Cyprus, brought three golden apples, which she gave to the young suitor, with instructions how to use them.

For a time the two racers ran evenly. Then Atlanta forged ahead. Hippomenes threw an apple in front of her. She stooped to pick up the prize and in stooping lost ground. She doubled her efforts and soon overtook Hippomenes. Again he threw an apple to one side, and again the girl fell be-

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WANTED THEM DEAD.

"How will you have your frogs' legs, sir?"
"With the kick taken out."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Those Family Neckties.

"What did your wife give you for Christmas?"
"A necktie," answered Sirius Barker.
"And I suppose you have done something to make her Christmas merry?"
"Yes. She ought to have some good laughs when she sees me wearing it."
—Washington Star.