

PAPEERS BY THE PEOPLE

DISCOURTESY TO THE CHINESE.

By Secretary of Commerce Strauss.

As the laws are framed it would appear that the purpose was rigidly to exclude persons of the Chinese race in general, and to admit only such persons of the race as fall within certain expressly stated exceptions—such as in other words, exclusion was the rule and admission the exception. I regard this feature of the present laws as unnecessary and fraught with irritating consequences. In the administration of laws so framed, notwithstanding the care taken to treat persons of the Chinese race lawfully entitled to admission with the same courtesy and consideration shown to other foreigners, it is impossible that persons who have to endure requirements and formalities peculiar to themselves should fail to take offense and to resent as a humiliation the manner in which by law they are distinguished from natives of other countries. Laws so framed can only be regarded as involving a discrimination on account of race, and it is needless to point out that discriminations on account of race, color, previous condition or religion are alike opposed to the principles of the republic and to the spirit of its institutions.

DEATH ROLL OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

By Railroad Commissioner Wood.

If I were to tell you that an earthquake had shaken down San Francisco and killed 100 persons, if I were to read a telegram that yellow fever had become epidemic in all Southern cities, if I should announce that war had been declared between Spain and the United States and 1,000 men killed in battle, your attention would be instantly attracted. But I am not so sure of persuading your practical interest when I present to you the solemn, disastrous fact of the railway death roll. During the eight years from 1897 to 1904, inclusive, there was a steady increase in the number of casualties. The total number of killed during that period was 62,213—as if a community as large as Salt Lake City had been wiped out by a sudden and terrible catastrophe—while 451,262 were injured—as if every man, woman and child in Buffalo had been maimed or otherwise hurt. If casualties continue to increase at the same rate for eight succeeding years, from 1905 to 1912, there will be 115,380 killed and 1,451,083 injured. That is, at this rate there are upward of 100,000 people in the United States under sentence of death, to be executed on the railway before the close of 1912, and a larger number are doomed to be maimed or otherwise

injured than the entire population of the District of Columbia, Delaware, Montana, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada, Alaska, Idaho and the Hawaiian Islands—Leslie's Weekly.

UNITY OF MANKIND IS ATTAINABLE.

By Annie Besant.

Intellectual, artistic, spiritual wealth increases in the sharing, each who shares adding to the store. This is the fundamental reason why progress towards peace and contentment must be towards intellectuality, artistic development and spiritual life, and not towards material splendor and the vulgarly of outer ostentation. These are the undeveloped; the others for the developed. And, inasmuch as the ignorant will copy the more advanced and the lowly the highly placed, the example must be set by those who lead the social and intellectual world.

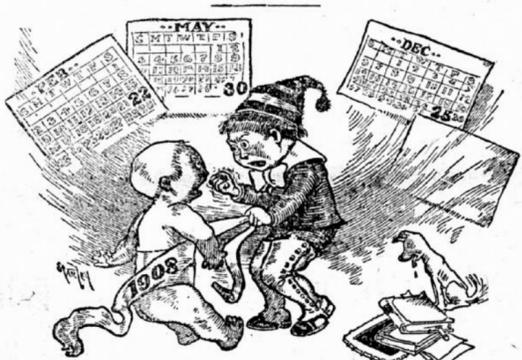
The dawn of the sixth race is yet afar in the future, and of that the keynote will be unity, not individualism; brotherhood, not combat; service, not oppression; spirit, not intellect. And the birthmark of the spirit is the longing to pour itself out in sacrifice, never asking what it can take, but only what it can give. The fundamental unity of mankind is the central truth of the coming race, and the nation which first grasps and practices that great conception will lead the future, humanity falling into line behind it. These who see it, who teach it, may fall for the moment, but in their failure is the seed of inevitable success.

CLEVER WOMEN TO SURPASS BEAUTY.

By Marcel Prevost.

If some antiquarian of a century or two ahead should run through the pages of our present day journals he probably would conclude that we are greatly concerned with feminine beauty. In his investigations he would find many magazines and journals illustrated with pictures of the "most beautiful woman in the world." He would find that continents have been drawn into the search for the most beautiful women. In Paris, and in all other cities which are under Parisian influence, beauty as such has ceased to be valued. Elegance, culture, rather than plastic beauty, count in present day society. A beautiful woman without other charming and elegant attributes does not count. A cultured, charming and clever woman, even if not beautiful, counts in accordance with her higher attributes. Tell some one that she is beautiful, but that she does not know how to dress or to do up her hair, and she will bear you a grudge all her life long.

THE URCHIN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST 1908.



Small Boy (to youthful year)—Say, kid, wot you mean by puttin' all the main holidays at the end of the weeks, where they won't do a feller no good? 'N with Christmas on a Friday, we won't have but one week out of school.

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS.

Some Details of the Making of the Andes Photographs.

The Andes photographs of Mars were made with a large planetary camera which carries with it an amplifying lens, says E. C. Silpher in the Century. The camera was fastened to the lower end of the large telescope of eighteen-inch lens and each of the many little images shown on the plates was taken separately. The telescope was adjusted so that the planet was in the center of the camera field; then the plate holder was placed in the carrier of the planetary camera and set in position for the first image, the slide then being drawn from the plate holder. A bulb in the right hand opened the shutter of the camera, allowing the light from the planet to fall on the sensitive plate. Then a bulb in the left hand shifted the plate a quarter of an inch for the succeeding image and so on through the entire series of images taken on one plate. Sometimes the plate was arranged to shift from right to left and sometimes in a vertical direction. Inasmuch as the photographs were made at night, virtually no light except that from Mars reached the plate, and the latter was not impinged by one exposure from receiving other sensitive impressions. About half an hour was consumed in taking the sixty images on some of the plates and eight or ten plates were exposed in one night's work. In all about 10,000 negative images were taken.

As the best "seeing" occurs in "flashes," the successive images on the same negative may differ somewhat in wealth of finer detail; to the skilled eye all show the larger canals with remarkable clearness, though the more delicate details are lost in reproduction. Of the 10,000 separate images of the planet none is destitute of canals and in some cases as many as twenty-five or thirty canals have been counted in a single image. Several of the previously observed double canals show their duality on the plates taken during the intervals of best atmospheric conditions.

Those spirits on the hunt for "sensations" in Constantinople will wish to "take in" the derisives. The whirlwind clan have a convenient convention on the Grand Rue, where their circumnavigations may be witnessed at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening for the admission of 10 cents. This weird performance personifies the solar system

and is exactly ordered in all its phases. After preliminary circuits of the ring in single file to the discordant accompaniment of flute and tambourine the robed and turbaned derisives commence their turning. With arms outstretched, the right palm upward to beseech blessings, the left depressed to signify mercy bestowed, the head is bent upon the right shoulder. The rapier revolving upon the right heel is effected by employing the left toes as motive power. As the circling accelerates, the long white skirts dilate until they stand out stiff after the manner of the attenuated garment of the premiere danseuse. Very little space is allotted to each priest, and it seems strange that there are no collisions. The dance ceases in an hour or so with the men exhausted.—Travel Magazine.

Giants Not Long Lived. Giants are not long lived, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine. "Of nearly 100 names recorded I have been able to find the ages at death of only eighteen, as follows:

- Lewis Wilkins 29
- The Giant Constantine 28
- Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant 22
- Cornelius McGrath 23
- James Toller 24
- Thomas Hasler 25
- The Minnesota Giant 18
- The Norfolk Giant 43
- Patrick Cotter 29
- Clerk in Bank of England 45
- C. Munster 32
- J. Winckelmeier 22
- The Kentucky Giant 22
- Lady Aama 18
- S. Botic 37
- Peter Tuchan 29
- The Peruvian Giant 39
- Antonius of Syria 25

"This makes an average longevity of barely twenty-eight years, or only a third as many years as they had inclusive. A giant living to a good old age is a thing unheard of."

What Dropped. "I heard you let something drop in the kitchen, just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being served. "Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently.—Charity.

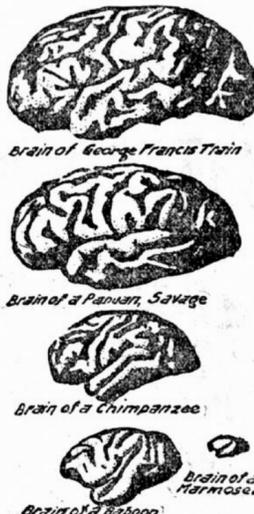
An Index. Knicker—What is their social standing? Bocker—Do they call it a barn, stable or garage?—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF BRAINS.

Man's Intellectual Superiority Explained by Dr. Edward Spitzka. A work that scientists in all parts of the civilized world have been awaiting with eagerness has just been issued under the imprint of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. It is a study of brains, by Dr. Edward Spitzka, professor of general anatomy in Jefferson Medical College, formerly demonstrator of anatomy in Columbia University, and an authority of world-wide recognition upon scientific study of the brain.

Omitting the scientific terminology, some of the most important of Dr. Spitzka's statements may be thus expressed: The white matter of the callosum, or band connecting the hemispheres of the cerebrum, in great measure determines the quality of human intellect. The cerebrum is that portion of the brain which lies in front of the skull, and is generally accepted as the seat of the mind. Heretofore the quantity of the gray matter of the brain was supposed to determine the fitness and usefulness of the brain.

The fibers of the callosum are the telephone wires connecting and associating the brain centers. Disease or injury in these is attended by profound weak-mindedness or downright idiosyncrasy. Contrast of the brain of Dr. Joseph Ledy with that of Prof. E. D. Cope shows that it is possible not only to differentiate between the learned and the



ignorant, but that abstractive reasoning produces one kind of a brain, while observation and concrete philosophy produces another form. Such abnormalities as left-handedness, partial deafness and defects of vision leave their indelible imprints upon the brain.

The brains of various kinds of thinkers show specialized developments; thus musicians' brains are richly convoluted in the auditory association area.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is 1,400 grammes. The average weight of a woman's brain is 1,200 grammes. The brain of Cuvier, the naturalist, weighed 1,830 grammes, that of Turgenyev, the novelist, 2,012 grammes, and that of Daniel Webster, 1,807 grammes.

Smallness of the occipital arc (the curvature at the back of the head) signifies superiority of brain development. This measurement in centimeters, the metric divisors of a 90-degree arc are as follows:

Average man	20.8
Average woman	21.7
Drang-outing	22.2
Chimpanzee	24.2

(Concerning the question of weight, Dr. Spitzka says: "The fruitful investigations of many anatomists have resulted in the tabulation of thousands of brain weights drawn from all the social and intellectual classes, among which more than 100 are of men of intellectual eminence.

"Men of the kind who never remain steadily employed and who usually fall to even learn a trade stand lowest in the scale. Above them come the mechanics and trade workers, the clerks, the ordinary business men and common school teachers.

"Highest of all we find men of decided mental abilities; the geniuses of the pencil, brush and sculptor's chisel, the mathematicians, scholars and statesmen."—Philadelphia North American.

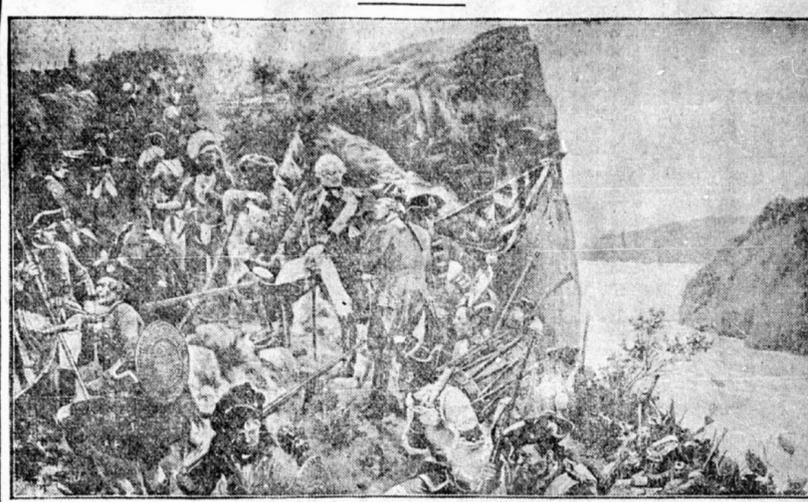
Willis is Barking. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of the novelist, emigrated to Australia and died in Sydney at the age of 51. He represented a constituency in the parliament of New South Wales for six years. Once when he was addressing the house in Sydney he was again and again snappishly interrupted by a member named Willis. At last Mr. Dickens stopped to remark: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase, 'Barkis is willer.' Under present circumstances I am strongly tempted to reverse it and say, 'Willis is barking.' The house laughed and the interruptions ceased.

Stuck to His Word. "Of course Dubley's married. Didn't you know that?" "No, why, he said he wouldn't marry the best woman on earth."

With Four Eyes. Fishes have been discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair does duty above water and the other below, the fish thus being able to see equally well in two elements.

Putting Him Next. "Papa, what is a hardship?" "An armored cruiser, son."—Houston Post.

THE MOVEMENT TO PRESERVE THE FAMOUS CANADIAN BATTLEFIELD.



GENERAL WOLFE LEADING THE FAMOUS NIGHT ATTACK ON QUEBEC, SEPTEMBER 12, 1759.

In celebration of the tercentenary of the first settlement of Canada, it is proposed to rescue the famous battlefield of Quebec from neglect and turn it into a national park. It was on the Plains of Abraham, on September 13, 1759, that General Wolfe defeated Montcalm, and died in the moment of victory. At midnight on the 12th, Wolfe, with 1,500 men in a flotilla, dropped down the river and landed at the foot of the rocky heights below Quebec. During the voyage Wolfe reported to his officers Gray's "Eloxy in a Country Churchyard," and as he finished he said: "Gentlemen, I would

rather have composed that poem than take Quebec." Reinforcements marched up the right bank of the river and were ferried across, making Wolfe's full strength 4,500 men, with two guns. The ascent of the heights is one of the most daring feats in our military annals. The British had almost reached the summit before they were challenged by a French sentry, and on a Highland officer answering "La France," the troops were allowed to pass. At 9 o'clock the battle began, and ended in the total defeat of the French and the death of General Montcalm.

AS TO GIRLS.

I like my freedom, I admit. My pipe and chat with some old crony. But still I'm not opposed a bit To matrimony.

A blessed and a holy state—I know that cannot be disputed. As for myself, I merely wait Until I'm suited.

Show me the girl who's to my mind (They are not scattered round so thickly). But show her to me and you'll find Me acting quickly.

I do not ask for beauty rare Or for a bearing proud and stately. For intellect I do not care So very greatly.

If she's not absolutely plain And if in her the virtues mingle In fair proportion I'll remain No longer single.

Yes, such girls are—some perfect gems—Sweet girls, with dispositions sunny. The trouble, though, I find with them's They have no money. —Chicago News.

A Final Argument

"What a pity you can't come with me, Gwen. I did so want to go to Homburg."

"Dearest, I would with pleasure, but I really can't"—and my cousin, Gwen Randall, looked deprecatingly across at me. "To tell the truth, Nell, my plans are rather unsettled just now."

When a widow, and moreover, a young and pretty widow, tells you her plans are rather unsettled, there is only one further question to be asked.

"Who is it, Gwen?"

She laughed a little consciously, and then she blushed. "Sir Richard Morton."

"Won't you find the daughter rather handsome?" I asked—for I knew Norma Morton fairly well.

"Why should I?" asked Gwen. "Isn't she nice? How old is she, by the way?"

"She is barely eighteen and dreadfully spoiled, and has grown up with 'views' on every sort of subject. Have you never met her?" I added in much astonishment.

Gwen shook her head. "No—not often. I have seen her once or twice, and she seemed a pretty little thing. I really hardly noticed her. I am not over fond of girls of that age, and they are very easily put in their place, but I hope we shall be friends if I should—"

"Settle your plans," I said, laughing. "Well, I know Norma pretty well, and I honestly think you will have your work cut out."

"I don't think so," said Gwen. "I should be a delightful stepmother—although, of course, I shouldn't stand any nonsense. If there was any trouble I should send her back to school or let her live with her aunt. But why shouldn't we get on?"

"Well," I said, doubtfully, as I rose to go, "I don't see really why you should not; but it will depend a good deal on what you call nonsense. I think, Gwen, from what I know of Sir Richard's daughter, he really is in need of a protector, and he could not have a better one—for you, at any rate, will make him happy."

"Papa is really a great responsibility," said Norma Morton, puckering up her pretty forehead.

"Great," I agreed, "and you really ought to write a book on the Reformation of Fathers."

"Do you think so?" said Norma eagerly. "Yes, I believe I could; in fact, I am writing a book now—no, not on fathers," she added—"just explaining my views on the simple life and—"

"What is it called?" "I haven't thought of a title yet. I think I shall call it—"

"Back to the Land," I suggested. "No," she said seriously, "I think that has been done already—and I want to be original."

"There is nothing very original about the simple life," I began; "Adam and Eve were—"

"Don't be silly!" said Norma, severely. "I am going to point out in my book the uselessness of wasting money,

the vulgarity of giving pretentious dinners, and the value of true economy, the—"

"Doesn't your father agree with your views?" I interrupted, to spare myself a further list of headings.

"Papa? My dear, he's awful! a mere bon vivant. He eats four courses for dinner."

"Moderate man! My father has seven."

"And he seemed quite vexed when I changed it to two."

"What did he say?" "I never repeat that sort of thing," said Norma sedately. "I mean to change things gradually. I sent cook away yesterday and one of the housemaids, and I am shutting up several of the larger bedrooms, as I don't mean to entertain, excepting, of course, my monthly debating society. I give them tea, at least we call it tea."

"Nice and cheap," I murmured. "Yes, we only have wholemeal bread and milk, and there are apples if any one wants them—apples are both wholesome and nourishing."

"And usually sour or woolly, too." "If they are sour, they can be baked."

"Aren't you going to entertain at The Towers this summer?" I presently asked.

"No," said Norma. "It is to be a real rest for papa and for me. I shall take my debating society down for the day next month."

"Isn't Gwen coming?" I asked. "I thought she said your father had asked her. My cousin, Gwen Randall," I added in answer to a puzzled look.

"No," said Norma. "Papa did say something about it, but to tell the truth, Nell, I am not going to have her. I know I ought not to say so to you; but she is not at all my style."

"No," I agreed, looking at the severe little expression and the hideously unbecoming dressed hair and out-of-taste dress. "I don't think she really is your style."

"So why have her?" asked Norma simply. "I told papa I did not care."

"The men, I thought, seemed a little embarrassed by his open-handed cordiality and good-fellowship. He himself evidently wanted to forget the present, and to live only in the memory of those wonderful ranch days—that free, hardy, adventurous life upon the plains. It all came back to him with a rush when he found himself alone with these heroes of the rope and the stirrup.

"How much more keen his appreciation was, and how much quicker his memory than theirs! He was constantly recalling to their minds incidents which they had forgotten, and the names of horses and dogs that had escaped them. His subsequent life, instead of making dim the memory of his ranch days, seemed to have made it more vivid by contrast.

"When they had gone, I said to the President, 'I think your affection for those men is very beautiful.' "How could I help it?" he said. "Still, few men in your station could or would go back and renew such friendships."

"Then I pity them," he replied. He said afterward that his ranch life had been the making of him. It had built him up and hardened him physically, and had opened his eyes to the wealth of many character among the plainmen and cattlemen."

Hatched. One afternoon three small children were popping corn, taking turns at the popper.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Dorothy, clapping her hands gleefully, "every one of my corns hatched out!" —Chicago News.

Wary. "He keeps putting off the wedding day and putting it off!" "Yes? Perhaps he has been married before." —Houston Post.

A LEGITIMATE APPLICATION.

Miss Estabrook's system of philosophy is so satisfying to her that she likes to acquaint others with it. So, however, does she find so ready and sympathetic an acceptance of her point of view as she encountered the other day in an adherent of a well-known peripatetic school of philosophers. She was taking her regular four-mile-a-day exercise along a country road, when she met a tramp to whom, earlier in the day, she had given a quarter. The benevolent lady called after him:

"Just a moment, there, my man, if you please?"

The tramp paused doubtfully. "I merely wished to state that in granting your request just now I am wholly free from the common delusion that any real harm could result to you, even supposing that you are actually in want and unable, by your own conscientious effort, to extricate yourself from apparent deprivation of good, knowing, as I do know, that an absolute justice, insuring the individual's welfare, reigns throughout the cosmos."

The tramp stared, round-eyed, open-mouthed.

"Nor do I cherish any obsolete notion of myself as a 'Lady Bountiful.' My actual motive in giving the quarter should properly be classed as 'selfish.' Not having as yet quite fully overcome my foolishly sympathetic temperament, I should undoubtedly—if I had not given the money—have been annoyed for some time afterward by mental pictures of you as suffering for food. In short, I did what I did simply to make myself slightly more comfortable."

"That is all, I merely wished to explain my motive," added Miss Estabrook; for the tramp lingered, gazing with glistening eyes at the countenance of his benefactress, where the lines, with merciless accuracy, reflected her habitual painstakingness.

"Yes, ma'am, an' I ketch on all right now," he said, eagerly, in his eyes now absent expression as Miss Estabrook is becoming accustomed to see in the eyes of relatives and friends to whom she conscientiously expounds her philosophy. "An' I'm interested in them outside workin' of your mind! But say, ma'am, you'd sure oughter think a little mite more about them feelin's of yourn. I bet you'd feel downright comfortable all through, for once in yer life, if you'd jest make this quarter dollar."

Not Certain About That. Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various ailments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influenza awful bad. The next thing was the rheumatism. Since then I had neuralgia, nervous headache, and throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other little troubles that I can't remember."

It would be an interesting list, I'd say, sympathizing neighbor. "Why don't you take an inventory?" "I'm not certain but what I did," answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever many things. I'll try it if you think it'd help me, but unless it's very bad I just know it won't stay on my namick."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Was Smooth. That convict I was talking to, the visitor at the prison, "seems to be a smooth kind of man." "Doubtless," replied the warden. "I see, he was lamed when he got out."—Baltimore American.