

In the American Magazines for July

Fatal Treasure Hunting in Egypt—The Builder of China's Wall—Indian Shorthand Writers.

FATAL TREASURE HUNTING IN EGYPT. A certain native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of a stable, and at once proceeded to work his way down the tunnel. This was the end of the man. His wife, however, had not returned two hours or so later, when she found the newly found tunnel after him. That down the end of the tunnel, in turn, three other members of the family went down into the tomb, and that was the end of them. A native official was then called, and, lighting his pipe with a candle, penetrated down the winding way, but he stated that he was not obliged to enter, but he stated that he was just able to see in the end of the tunnel the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overpowered by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and had climaxed various attempts at the rescue of the bodies. Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that the tomb should be regarded as sealed up. According to the natives, there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of the tomb, and the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had held each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.—A. E. P. Wetall, in Putnam's.

BUILDER OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. To superstitious notions Chin added the lust of her life being a blaze of Oriental magnificence. He built a wonderful palace, which has been described in annexes attached to it, having certain gorgeous annexes attached to it, extending over a distance of several hundred miles. In consequence of his life of luxury, he became more and more a prey to superstition, and at last he became a prophet in time he would be overthrown and destroyed by outside enemies. So he mobilized an army of three hundred thousand men to defend the Great Wall, and if necessary to fight in his behalf. His design evidently was to enclose his massive empire in a rampart which should have the shape of a horseshoe with the ends at the ocean shore. He did not plan to enclose the coast with a wall, doubtless considering that beside an ample protection to a country vast and densely populated, it is an ancient fossil, the largest fossil on the earth. But fossils are useful and truthful. It is a dividing line between two civilizations and between two eras. In spite of the fact that the herdsman of the north and the tiller of the south.—William Edgar Gell, in Harper's.

INDIAN SHORTHAND WRITERS. Probably the only tribe of real Indian shorthand writers in the world, who contribute and subscribe to the leading newspaper now being published in the interior of the Klamath region, are the Douglas river bands, living in the interior of British Columbia. Over two thousand of these natives have mastered the tribal shorthand, and have written a number of books and individuals in their curious journal, called the "Klamath Wawa." Bible, hymn and prayer books are likewise printed in this language. These natives have become members of the Church. The writer, recently returned to this region, obtained a series of characteristic photos, together with some interesting information in regard to these little known and remarkable Indian folk.

NO PINS IN CHINA. When you talk of the awakening of China, its adoption of Occidental ways and ideas, one class of business men will not agree with you—the manufacturers of pins. China frankly does not like the slender, sharp-pointed instruments considered so necessary by the Caucasian, frog, or hokoo eyes. He prefers loops, wags, or the Chinese pin, which is a simple, blunt, pointed instrument, made of a few very convoluted, does not appeal to the Chinese. If they have anything, it is the Chinese pin, which when our aboriginal ancestors were experimenting with common thorns, which were the pins of their ancestors. They do not know what hurry means. They are not so strongly inclined toward applying its definition.—Van Norden's Magazine.

A PLAY BY MEXICAN INDIANS. That night as we sat upon the patio veranda at the San Nicholas hacienda we became sensible of a plaintive chanting in the direction of the Indian village. We had heard it on our two previous evenings, before our excursion to Tepic, but, supposing it to be a vent to the musical inspiration of the natives, had not investigated it. This evening, however, it continued for an unusually long time, without variation, and in reply was made as to its meaning. Kaiser informed us that a rehearsal was in progress every night until midnight of a play to be given during the Christmas fiestas. This was indeed the case, and we all walked out to witness the performance.

CARELESSNESS IN HANDLING ICE. Scarcely another article of human consumption receives so much direct handling just before its use as does this food. Milk and water, tea and coffee are poured. Bread, meat and butter are cut. Bread, probably handled more than any other food on the list, has a hard crust which offers a rather unfavorable lodging place for germ life. Ice, on the contrary, washes the hands of every person who handles it, and affords an ever ready liquid medium for the immediate absorption of the hosts of bacteria which hands may carry. The carelessness of the handlers of ice, their utter disregard of the resting place where it may be used, and the fact that ice is a food, as real a food as meat. Whatever the cause, few substances which pass through the digestive processes of man receive such treatment. Its surface contaminated by the passage of men and horses in the cutting, its sides and base fouled by muddled platforms and smeared straw, covered with the filth of black ice cars and dust-sport freight stations, your attention is drawn to the fact that ice is a food, as real a food as meat. Just before it enters the ice chest. So far as the ice man is concerned, this is generally a hasty brush with a true-whisk broom well filled with the dust of the street and blackened with coal dust. According to the personal testimony of various ice men, not even the precaution of a momentary washing beneath the faucet is ordinarily taken.—Hollis Godfrey, in The Atlantic.

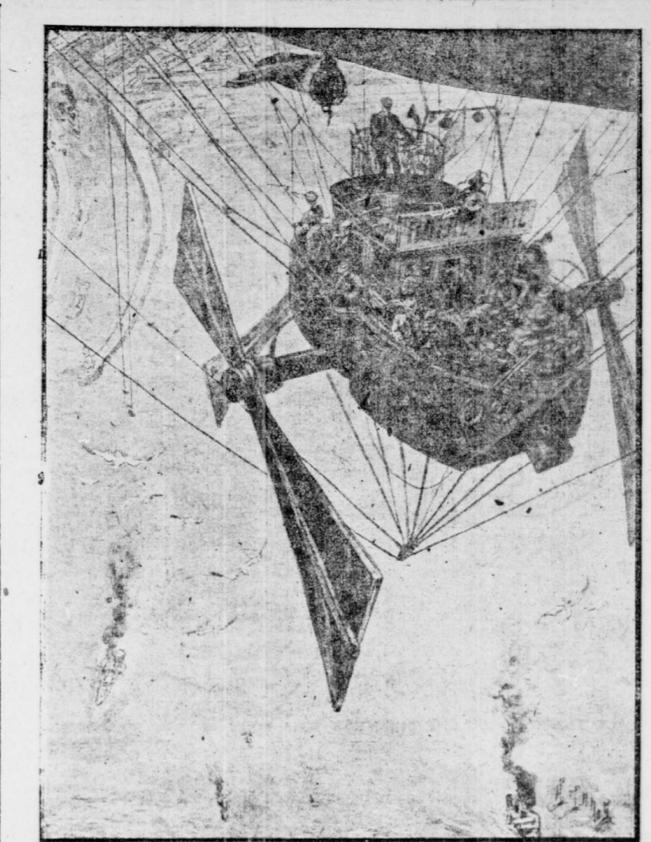
SUGAR INSTEAD OF ALCOHOL. The role and importance of sugar as a rapid reliever of fatigue is one which we are only just beginning to appreciate, and which goes surprisingly far already. It has been incorporated into the most hard-headed, cold-blooded, matter-of-fact diet on earth, the German army ration, especially the "forced march" emergency ration. No other food of its bulk can take its place. It is the belief of careful observers of human nature, particularly in the tropics, that the amount of sugar and sugar containing foods they are supplied with, the less alcohol and other stimulants they will crave. For instance, the United States government now buys the best and purest of candy by the ton and ships it to the Philippines, to be supplied to bayonets and messes, finding that its use diminishes the craving for native brandy; and it has long been a matter of thoughtful observation that the amount of drunkards in the "class" is in inverse ratio to the amount of sugar it consumes.—Success.

HOW IT HAPPENED. "Where'd you get the spring opened?" "Well, you see, I had no time to urserage." "I never knew one of those tips to pan out." "Neither did I, but I was playing it." "Put the money into this overcoat pocket."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OUTRAGES OF THE TELEPHONE.

The Drunken Sailor's fate having been satisfactorily settled, what shall be done with the telephone fiend? This distressing problem is agitating more than one long suffering soul. The fiend is petticoated, rarely tussled, who holds you up until you are ready to hurl anathemas upon the very inventor. Where is the specialist who will conquer this disease of the wire-disease that is working such wholesale havoc, rifting husbandly purselets, stealing Time bodily, breaking the needed rest of invalids from their quarters, robbing the world of the other end of all surety of peace? For all else seem we to have found a quietus, but for the "caller up" at any old time or place no remedy seems forthcoming.

CANCER DISEASE OF HIGHLY DEVELOPED CIVILIZATION. Spread out a map of the world, and mark the countries that are the most advanced in material wellbeing, in education, government, sanitation and other essentials of modern civilization; those are the countries that suffer most from the cancer plagues. In the United States, Asia or Africa, but enlightened Europe; in the western, not Mexico, Honduras or Panama, but the United States and Canada—these are the countries most grievously afflicted. No savage tribe is soberly temperate, and in fact, the most violently those peoples that have reached the highest points in civilization. And not only this, but it apparently bears heaviest upon the most sanitary and enlightened part of these countries. In Europe the nations that suffer most are not Russia or Hungary or Italy or Spain, but Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, and, above all, England. In London the greatest mortality is found, not in the East End, but in Hampstead, Marylebone and Chelsea, which include the city's wealthiest parts. Similarly in New York, the Russian Jews and Italians who so largely populate the crowded tenement sections are comparatively immune, but in the more sanitary parts of the town are favorite breeding places. Where diseases of known contagion, like tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria and pneumonia, are common, it is difficult to find a less strong foothold than in other more salubrious sections; as by some mysterious and inexorable law of compensation it finds its way mainly into the homes of the prosperous and enlightened.—Burton J. Hendrick, in McClure's.



LICENSED TO FLY—THE MAIL DIRIGIBLE OF THE FUTURE. Our artist imagines the "cross-Channel" passage of the future, and shows a royal mail dirigible. It may seem a very early date at which to fix the coming of such vessels, yet aerial navigation is progressing at such a rate that none can call the date impossible. Already the Aero Club of France has issued a circular stating that "brevets de pilote aviateur" (licenses for flying machines) have been granted to Messrs. Wilbur Wright, Henry Farman, Delagrange, Bleriot, Santos-Dumont, Etnault-Pelterie and Captain Farcy; and at the same time Mr. Sandon Perkins, lecturing before the Liverpool Geographical Society, has stated his belief that the North Pole will be reached by aeroplane, and that he hopes to head an aeroplane expedition next year.

RIDICULOUS SCHOOL SYSTEM IN IRELAND.

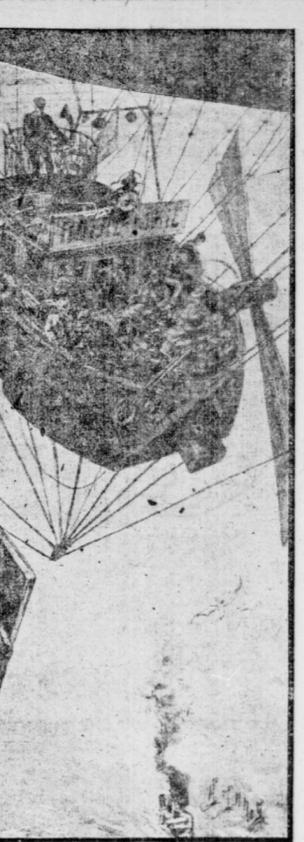
parties concerned with education to work apart, rather than to pull together, and the results are quite in accord with the methods employed to obtain them. The Irish board of education appears to be an enlightened body. At the hands of this board a truly liberal education might be dispensed, but, unfortunately, its hands are tied. Above it are a government and treasury which disregard nearly all of its suggestions and refuse all its requisitions, save for whose work it is held responsible, although they are not under its control. This control is in the hands of a local school manager, who is neither appointed by the board nor responsible to its members or to any one. Yet he it is who appoints the teacher, pays his salary from funds received from the board, dismisses whatever teacher he pleases, and gives or withholds his reasons as best pleases him.

CHILDREN OF ERIN HAVE POOR INSTRUCTION.

Small wonder then that that of the 6,500 schools 5,000 consist of only one room each, not much larger than the average Irish cottage. Small wonder, too, that while the average number of pupils enrolled for each school is 125, the average attendance is 82, fluctuating with weather and

Main Requisite for Teacher Is "Pull" with Manager—Amazing Inertia of Officials.

Here in the land of the free we may smile at occasional allusions to the "little red schoolhouse." In our present day school systems, grown at mention of the revival of the birch rod, grumble about matters of ventilation and general education; but we disregard the obviousness of comparison and compare our own public school system with that of Ireland, the startling difference calls up that line of the American rural bard: Just tarry in hell a while. It is doubtless putting it a bit strongly to compare the public schools of Erin's Isle with the devil's dominion, yet a glance at the difference between the conditions of Ireland and America, which is negatively brought out in a story on the schools here in this month's "Outlook" by Myra Kelly, suggests a contrast almost if not quite as strong as that of the couplet quoted. The freedom with which they run their school affairs, without regard to boards or government, led the writer to comment on the glaring inconsistencies of the system, and remark to an eminent Irish educator that such a condition would never be tolerated in America. "Perhaps not," replied he, "but you know America is a free country, while in Ireland we do as we please." This nice discrimination is quite apparent in the school work, which is a red-tape system tied into a Gordian knot that no political Alexander has yet appeared able to sever. The system, if it may be dignified by such a name, seems to consist in an unwritten agreement of all



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AGREWSOME MEMORIAL OF FALLEN SOLDIERS.

The church of Soferino contains this singular arrangement of the skulls of very many of those who fell at the battle of Soferino, in June of 1859, when the allied French and Sardinian armies, under Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel, defeated the Austrians, under Francis Joseph. The allies lost some eighteen thousand men, the Austrians some twenty thousand.

SOURCES OF SUPPLY OF TEACHERS.

The teachers have for years been recruited from the ranks of the infirm, the ignorant and the incompetent. Decayed gentility, precocious peasantry, the "spilled priest"—the young man who begins his ecclesiastical training and stops it short of ordination—the incompetent relative and the black sheep. These have got their appointments through philanthropy or interest, and through national inertia they have kept them.

PUPILS' HEALTH NEGLECTED.

"This same amazing aloofness," continues Miss Kelly, "of one government official from another obtained in the question of school health. The is, of course, the business of the manager and teachers, but they relegate it to the health officer of the district. For him to inspect the school would be contrary to etiquette, so when an epidemic breaks out he turns drowsily in his official chair and closes the school, and the children, thoroughly impregnated, retire to their homes and fight it out with fate and a constitution built on potatoes, starchy bread and a climate so damp and enervating as to be world famous."

AN ENGLISH TEMPERANCE MOVE.

Plan to Restore the Public House to Its Traditional Use. A great movement to restore the English public house to its traditional use as a place of ease, recreation and refreshment has been initiated in England. Lord Salisbury, the ex-Lord Chancellor, presided over a gathering of peers, Members of Parliament, clergy and others, at which it was decided to establish a True Temperance Association. The aim of the movement, says "The London Express," is to associate the moderate people all over the country who dissent from the extreme and destructive proposals of puritanical teetotalers. In a reasonable and sane policy of temperance licensed houses by rendering them more like the Continental resorts, where the ordinary man feels no shame in sitting with his wife and children—and of thus reducing drunkards.

THE VANITY OF CRIMINALS.

Criminologists speak of the bragging vanity of the criminal. It is true of erotic offenders, perhaps. But the thief will tell of the number of times he has fooled the police merely by way of self-justification. He admits the premise that he was a fool ever to become a criminal, and he recounts his triumphs only to indicate to you that he is not an absolute idiot. Also criminologists point out the childish vanity of the criminal who becks his person with jewels when he is prosperous. In this the criminal is no valuer than his honest brother. But he can safely boast of the only sort of property that he can safely possess, and that is the fact that he is in the old days when they were the driven force of the criminal world, and he is usually too much of a bank depositor, and he is usually too much of a spender, to carry a roll of cash; but he finds that if he is arrested and can show some handsome diamond ornaments and a valuing a good lawyer and a bondsman, and will have a fighting chance for acquittal at his trial. But always, be it understood, the crook is being into the windows of the House of Representatives with wistful eyes. "A Adams, with more than a million dollars earned in a few years, was a possible policy gambling, which robbed children their pennies and caused starvation in tenement houses, found himself an enforced hermit in a crowded city. From his family did not live with him. In a suite of rooms at the Ansonia, for a Japanese servant who had no personal human association, sometimes he got it off false pretences from chance acquaintances. But he would shortly be identified, and again there would only utter loneliness for him. He shot himself dead.—Charles Somerville, in Everybody's.

THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

Strange have been the historical vicissitudes of the Antarctic Continent. A fragment of geographic fancy evolved by Orellanus in 1570, the molasses of 1770. Reconstituted by an American sealer, N. B. P. Resuscitated by a French definite location under Wilkes's daring and those of Dr. Ross, Enderby and Kemp. Ross that the continent was theoretically and scientifically reconstructed by the great physicists, Carpenter and Murray. Slowly evolving its tangible shape through the series of the Norwegian Drayak, the Scotsman Bruce, the British Geadale, the Frenchman Charcot, the Norwegian Larsen and the Englishman Scott,

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Moreover, while the regulations admit of no student younger than three years, one who seemed hardly two out in the chair next the master. There was quiet and a generally occupied air in the room, when the peace was suddenly shattered by the voice of the schoolmistress, who called wildly: "John! John! For the love of heaven, will you look? The child's catin' chalk!" John was the schoolmaster. He seized the child with a practiced hand, inserted a practiced finger into the breathing apparatus, and while tears streamed down the faces of the schoolmistress and nine of the children, he labored energetically until the chalk was reclaimed.

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"They do not," said he proudly. "I'm teaching them the natural conditions in the present day school system of Ireland, and under such a regime the Irish youth forced to receive his instruction. Such teachers as those in Ireland are beginning to be recognized as encumbering timber in some of the more enlightened localities, and in such localities conditions are beginning to be improved. Yet in many towns and villages medieval prejudices, ancient superstitions, and religious bigotry still shut out the light of learning, and unless the germ of enlightenment is injected into the sluggish body of Irish educational progress the country promises to continue in comparative ignorance for many years to come.

Another of the forces of teaching in these schools seems to be the Gaelic revival. The educators of the country rant to the truth and the cause of the Gaelic literature, but it seems concealed beyond finding to the pupil, and moreover, as the educators refuse to translate it into English, it is difficult for others to share their enthusiasm. At one of these Gaelic sessions a group of twelve or fourteen children were gathered around a wild specimen of mankind. He roared unintelligible sounds at the children, and they roared back at him, with no books, no individual instruction, no guide except the belching of their instructor. After the lesson, as he and the writer went out into the dampness, he said: "Did you see how I got it out of them? I'll get a good sum out of that lot, come examinations. Three shillings a pass I get, and I think one way or another I'll make them all pass."

"I'll lose three shillings, that's all; and what I've spent on books for them, and copy books. But they'll pass because I teach them the natural method. The child in its cradle imitates the sounds it hears about it; but does it understand those sounds?" No. "But those children," said his companion, "are beyond cradle age. They imitate the sounds you make—most clearly and distinctly they imitate them—but don't they understand?"