

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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THE PROPOSED UNION STATION.

The new union station, a picture and drawing of which were presented in The Times yesterday, will be a structure of which Washington may be justly proud. In its noble proportions it will probably be the most magnificent building of its kind anywhere. Architecturally and in all other respects it will far surpass such world-famous depots as the Gare de Lyons in Paris and the great central station in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. There will be nothing to compare with it in this country. It will be a worthy type of the Greater Washington.

For years the Capital City's railway stations have been a reproach and a shame. The Pennsylvania depot, it is true, was quite an improvement on what had done service up till

that time, but even that did not come up to the requirements of what a city like this ought to have. As for the Baltimore and Ohio depot, the less said about it the better.

The Nation's Capital stands on the threshold of a new era in its development. Its renaissance began nearly thirty years ago when Alexander R. Shepherd undertook the herculean task to get it from out of the class of big straggling villages and develop it along the lines laid out by its founders. He gave the impetus to a work which but now bids fair to approach the full realization of his ideas.

The grand union station is a milestone in that development, and every friend of Washington will hail its coming with delight.

THE CINDERELLA OF METALS A BOON TO WOMEN

THE STORY of aluminum reads like a fairy tale. It is the Cinderella of the metals. Electricity is the fairy godmother that has released the progress from the dust and ashes—to be specific, from the clay—and clothed her in shining garments. Early in the century this was scarcely more than an alchemist's dream. Thirty years ago aluminum cost \$300 a pound. A pound now costs 60 cents, and its value is incalculable. To women it is one of the benign influences that are about to de-throne and transform her kingdom. The poets and novelists are captives of daring flights. Churning, milking, washing, and ironing are freely admitted into the most select society. There is no novelist averse to having his heroine wash china or silver. It is considered a rather good opportunity for the display of a neatly-turned wrist or dimpled elbow. But no imagination can illumine, nor has any idealization of the arts of domesticity ever made of the pots anything but drudgery. But at last pots and pans may hope for "the grace and glimmer of romance."

Use of aluminum for kitchen utensils has scarcely yet come to the knowledge of women, says a writer in the "New York Commercial Advertiser"; but of the place it is ultimately to fill there is no question. Everything is in its favor. It is so light—three and a half times lighter than copper—that the largest piece in action can be wielded by one woman. The muscular labor involved in cooking is not to be underestimated. Lack of strength has disfranchised many a good housewife. The heat receptivity of aluminum is considerably greater than that of copper, tin, and iron. Much less time is consequently consumed in cooking. In this case the saving in fuel counts more to the thrifty soul than the saving of other things that are thrusting themselves on feminine attention. This saving is further increased by the fact that aluminum does not tarnish. Copper requires eternal vigilance. The innocent egg will defile silver. Stout

doth corrupt tin. But one may boil pickles in vinegar without leaving a spot on the glistening inside of an aluminum kettle. It is agreeable to the mind to think of one's nourishment coming out of pots as pure as porcelain. For, hitherto, as some one has said, the cooking of the world has been done in poisonous utensils. While aluminum suffers no more from the effects of combustion than other metals, owing to its high polish, it is more easily cleaned. When electricity comes to be the fuel of the future there will be no longer those results of combustion that have disbarred the scullion from the companionship of the other servants. To the women who do their own work the uplifting of the kitchen sink, indeed, makes for sweetness and light. In addition to all this, aluminum does not rust, does not require soldering and is, practically, indestructible. Another advantage is, inasmuch as it does not tarnish and does not scorch, the same article may be used for a greater number of purposes, thus reducing the size of the kitchen battery.

Aluminum to the world of women almost deserves so great a phrase as epoch-making. Its projects are not aware of this or they would dignify its appearance by giving some artistic value to the kitchen ware they are producing. The color is agreeable, the forms are ugly in that thoughtless sort of way more exasperating than deliberate ugliness. The basest metals have been copied in form rather than copper, which makes some pretensions to good looks. Where ornament is attempted it is of that commonplace character found in the cheapest silver. The Metropolitan Museum could have furnished better models from the commonest layers of dead-and-zone half-civilized races. Unquestionably, in time, as in modern pottery, some one will realize the virtue that lies in graceful lines and pleasing forms, and aluminum pots and pans may touch the imagination and beguile the eye as their practical qualities beguile the mind and kindle gratitude in the heart.

HOW TO DO A PHOTOGRAPHIC TRICK

IF you have a camera and know how to use it you can have considerable pleasure and give your friends a pleasant evening by introducing to their notice a series of magic photographs.

If you can "platter" well, it will add to the amusement, because you can then pose as a conjurer more effectively and at an evening party mystify your acquaintances.

We will imagine a number of friends gathered together waiting to be amused. You take a few sheets of plain white paper and after they have been examined request the holders to place them between the sheets of a blotting book, when you invite some lady to hold. You then take a wand, of course, the wand is a necessary adjunct to the conjurer as well as the professional conjurer, and waving it over the book, place it under your arm while you "patter" somewhat after this fashion:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we live in an age of psychical wonders. We have wireless telegraphy and mental telepathy; we have the Roentgen rays, which enable you to look through the human body and read the heart as if it were a book. But though Prof. Roentgen is a most wonderful person, he has never attempted to do what I shall endeavor to perform this evening. Will the holder of the book kindly place it on this chair. Thank you.

FOUR CENTURIES OF GOBELIN WORK

HOW many people know that the famous Gobelin tapestries are made today in Paris on the very same premises where for four centuries this beautiful art work has been done? The product, once reserved for royal use, is now controlled by the State. You will find the famous old place in the Rue des Gobelins. A ten-foot high wall shuts it off from the street, but on marble tablets set up at each side of the great gateway is an inscription in letters of gold announcing that this is where the tapestries are made. It was here that Gillis Gobelin in the fifteenth century built his home and began to make the wonderful fabrics that have ever since borne his name. In a large museum are preserved the specimens of tapestries of Gobelin manufacture dating from the time of Louis XIII to Louis XIV. But the workrooms them-

selves are the most interesting to the visitor. The looms are immense structures. Two massive pillars are fastened between the floor and the ceiling by means of bolts three inches across the head. These pillars hold in place two great steel cylinders between which the threads of the warp are stretched. In the wall behind the loom is fastened the design, and between the two is stationed the workman. His back is toward the copy, but that difficulty is overcome by means of a system of mirrors. One at his side reflects the design behind him, and one in front reflects the work as it progresses. Shuttle in hand, he must place each thread of the woof with the minutest care, judging its length with precision and drawing it neither too tight nor too loose, and beating it into place with a steel instrument like a fine-tooth comb. He progresses at the rate of about six square inches a day!

ESSENCE OF MELODRAMA

Patrons of the Academy of Music have been deluding themselves right along that they have been witnessing performances of Simon-pure melodrama in "Through the Breakers," "The Gambler's Daughter," "A Convict's Daughter," and a few of the other supposedly lurid stage stories of crime which have occupied the Academy this year.

Last night they found that they had been sadly mistaken. The audience at the Stair theatre confessed after the curtain had dropped for the final time that it had just discovered the real article in melodrama. A new play said to be of English origin and called "Dangerous Women"—that's almost sensational enough to attract a crowded house any night all by itself—was responsible for the thrills and the sensations and the goose-fleshy feelings which crept up and down the spinal column of the average spectator and made him feel eerie, to say the least.

It is a good thing that "Dangerous Women" is English; certainly no American devisor of melodramatics could conjure up so many situations which are positively bloodcurdling as has Mr. Sudamore, who is programmed as the author of the play. His work is in a class all by itself; it may be truthfully said to be the mother tincture of melodrama.

Of course, there's a heroine. Her name is Sylvia. And, too, there's a villainess. Her name is Cora Fay. She runs a gambling place, does Miss Fay. For some reason or other not made exactly clear during the early part of the show, while the audience is getting settled—strange things are soon to happen—Sylvia's father, years before, had been engaged to be married to the dangerous Miss Fay and had spurned her love in true melodramatic fashion. Naturally, Miss Fay was bound to even up the score, and when the sly-like Sylvia crossed her path she commenced to uncoil her stock of r-r-r-revenge.

After the audience is thrilled into a condition that it is quite prepared for anything which may happen, even to setting fire to the scenery or any other theatrical proceeding, Miss Fay endeavors to poison the fair heroine. She succeeds in getting the frail young creature to swallow some potion, which is supposed to put her to sleep for some little period, and then places the body in a coffin and hies it to a vault in the town cemetery.

A doctor who conducts an insane asylum for purposes of gain, and believes he can restore the dead by means of a discovery of his own, enters the vault at midnight—or, tearing open the lid of the coffin, injects a hyperdermic of his mysterious elixir of life, and presto! the dead sits up, looks around, shrieks for her lover, and gives the man of medicine a mighty lively chase around the vault.

Of course, the audience is filled to the fullest measure with excitement, and the curtain descends upon a perfect Babel of cheers, yells, stamping of feet, whistling, and every other conceivable sort of racket which is intended to convey the idea of melodramatic appreciation. This cemetery is but a single instance of many scenes which are quite as thrilling and creepy and entirely away from the cut-and-dried style of melodrama.

"Dangerous Women" is certainly the best thing of its kind which ever came to Washington. Ask anybody who was at the Academy last night.

PINKIE PANKIE POO.

It is a sad commentary on the present condition of the drama, when our most prominent actresses must have their engagements heralded by newspaper articles on their pet dogs. The loss of stage jewelry which was some time ago so popular with actresses—and prima donnas in particular—has been relegated to the extreme rear by the up-to-date press agent, who writes about the pet pooch of the ladies of the drama. Edward Corbett did much to incite interest in Elsie de Wolfe's performance of "The Ways of the World" by his clever interview with Miss de Wolfe's Mexican dog, Fauve, and when Mrs. Pat Campbell arrived on these shores the first thing her press agent did was to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Corbett and interview Pinkie Pankie Poo, presented to the actress by the King of Belgium. The Campbell hot atmosphere purveyor certainly had an advantage over his esteemed contemporary in that Mrs. Campbell's dog possessed a much more effective name—for advertising purposes—than Miss de Wolfe's, "Just think! Pinkie Pankie Poo! Fauvette is a nice, sweet, chocolate-caramelish sort of a name, but Pinkie Poo is infinitely better—and especially for advertising purposes.



PAULINE HARICE, Of the Chase Musical Comedy Company.

hotels most of all. They are so hospitable.

"But," the interviewer ventured, "I thought about eight of them refused to receive you."

"And eight papers gave me a column of space apiece on the strength of it," Pinkie Pankie Poo continued. "And eight papers multiplied by one column equals—but I'm not much good as a multiplier. I'm more of a success as an 'ad.'"

"I can't say much for the intelligence of your dogs. They haven't the strenuous grip on life that we have in England. I hear you have forty sausage factories here to our one across the pond."

"Do I take myself seriously? Oh, dear, yes. We have a mission in life. Mrs. Pat and I. Her's is to enlighten the public, while mine is to bring the people here to be entertained. Those eight hotels helped me a lot. The fact that I look more like a cross between a dipodomys rat and a leather duster whose better nature has been warped by cruel circumstances has helped a lot more."

"People from Kansas City, Mo., to Pompton, N. J., read all about me, and that makes them anxious, of course, to see what brand of high art a woman who will own such a beast can hand out."

"The King of Belgium? Oh, yes. He gave me to her, you know. He said in making the gift: 'Mrs. Pat, ever you marry again and keep this dog with you your husband will not only gain a wife, but something to boot.'"

"Now, you'll excuse me, I know. There are some reporters coming to see Mrs. Pat, and I must be on deck when they arrive. I'm never out of her arms, you know."

Mary Manning will, after all, fill her engagement with Manager Frank McKee and play a short spring season with Kyrie Bellef as a co-star, but the play will not be "Camille." Instead, "The Lady of Lyons" will be presented. Miss Manning spent Monday in New York and completed arrangements for beginning the tour at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on May 13.

HOW W. E. D. STOKES MADE SENOR PALMA PRESIDENT OF CUBA

By WILLIAM WIRT MILLS.

WHEN the history of Cuba Libre is written it may or may not contain the story of an impromptu dinner at the Union League Club, in New York, on the evening of July 6, 1894, but if it does not the chronicler will have missed an important turning point in the history of the Pearl of the Antilles.

It was on that rainy July evening that W. E. D. Stokes essayed the role of president-maker and brought about the combination of influences that has made Gen. Thomas Estrada Palma the president-elect of the Cuban Republic. The romance of his early life made Mr. Stokes an ardent supporter of the Cuban patriots, and this has saved him from being merely a rich man. While he courted and won the beautiful daughter of Ricardo de Acosta, Mr. Stokes' sympathies and his wealth became enlisted in the Cuban cause; and his labors in the Cuban League of America and in the Junta established in this city, culminating in his uniting of the most stable elements in Cuba in the support of General Palma, have given him a place in the history of that tyrant-ridden island.

The war over, the work of the Junta ended, General Palma, the quiet little man who has represented the patriots in

this country without a blunder, resumed his work as school teacher in Centre Valley, N. Y. When Mr. Stokes suggested to him that, having been president of the ill-fated Cuban Republic of 1895, he should be the chief executive of the new nation that the United States was about to launch, he begged to be allowed to live out his life with his pupils in his quiet country retreat.

Meanwhile "young Cuba"—the hot-heads and the adventurers—centered their hopes on Gen. Bartholomeo Maso, while the stabler element sought to place the reins of government in the hands of the aged warrior, Gen. Maximo Gomez, the commander-in-chief of the Cuban armies. The election of Maso appeared assured, and Cuba's future seemed fraught with strife and disaster.

It was at this juncture that W. E. D. Stokes, true to his love for Cuba, thought the romance that had inked it had been shattered, made the stroke that delivered Cuba of Maso and that has put Palma at the head of the new nation. In one of the private dining rooms at the Union League Club Mr. Stokes brought together the old companions in arms, Gomez and Palma. They had labored and suffered in the same cause for more than three decades, but they had not met for seven years. In that

time the dream of their lives had been realized—Cuba was free, though still a toddler child, its steps guided by the United States.

The two old men greeted each other as only those of Southern blood can. They lived over again the hopes and fears of all those years of struggle, and as their hearts kindled with the joy of victory—of freedom for their people—their entertainer, Mr. Stokes, accomplished the purpose of the dinner.

The great old fighter Gomez, reminded by Mr. Stokes of the difficulties and perils awaiting the new republic, turned to General Palma, and in tones that brooked no refusal exhorted him to give up again his dearly loved repose and take the helm of state. The general wept as he pictured Cuba's need, and his old comrade, yielding to his entreaties, pledged the remaining years of his life to Cuba's service. Gomez returned to Cuba the next day to swing his following for Palma.

No campaign manager could have been more alert than Mr. Stokes in the days that followed, and so sweeping was the tide that set in for Palma that the adherents of General Maso refrained from going to the polls, and the school teacher of Centre Valley is now president-elect of the Cuban Republic that is soon to be of the world.

A Generous Welcome.

The "Cleveland Plain Dealer" thus extends the hand of welcome to Sir Philip Burne-Jones:

The artist Burne-Jones says that every town has his characteristic as well as every man his characteristic architecture and conduct.

Mr. Burne-Jones, which, when you come to think of it, is quite a warm name, claims to have picked up this idea while nosing around London and Paris and Vienna, as well as Rome and Venice. He says New York has its characteristic smell, and he expects to find one in Boston. And it will be just like those Bostonians to turn up their noses at it when he mentions it to them.

Now, if Mr. Burne-Jones will prolong his trip as far as Cleveland, for, of course, he will have to see Niagara, we will be glad to have him take as many sniffs of our atmosphere as he has room to put away. And then a little later we will lead him gently down to the festive Cuyahoga, and show him a good place on the dock to sit and let his feet dangle over, and then leave him to make such odorous deductions as he sees fit.

THE BATTLE AGAINST CONSUMPTION

WITH renewed interest in the medical battle against consumption experts have devoted themselves to find a remedy. One of the foremost in the field of physiological and bacteriological research is Dr. Robert Maguire, physician to the Brompton Hospital, London, and he is admittedly one of the greatest authorities of the day on tuberculosis.

In the course of his researches it occurred to him that as certain antiseptics produced remarkably good effects, even with a limited use, because doses had to be so mild as not to irritate the stomach, if one could be found that could be injected into the blood so as directly to attack the germ of the disease—the tubercle bacillus—a great benefit would result. After a long period devoted to experimenting, he chose formaldehyde, one of a group of very active germicides, notable for the fact that a solution of one hundred and seventy thousand parts has been demonstrated to be fatal to the consumption germ.

He then began injecting this into patients in various strengths, beginning, however, with the mild solution mentioned and increasing the strength gradually, and the results, it is said, have been marvelous, cavities in the lungs taking on healthy action and the morbid process being completely arrested. It is affirmed that these remarkable metamorphoses have taken place in six weeks' time from the beginning of the treatment—thus practically through cures have been achieved in what have been regarded as hopeless cases.

A bank clerk is instanced as an example of the action of this solution. His case was considered as absolutely beyond medical attention. He was in the last stages of the disease. Dr. Maguire treated him, and to the surprise of his relatives and friends in two months from the initial inoculation he was passed by another medical man for insurance as a first-class life. It is asserted by Dr. Maguire that the injection of the drug is painless, and that the hypodermic needle must be inserted near the elbow.

ONLY COWARDS RESORT TO LIES. LIES. THEY ARE NEVER JUSTIFIABLE. By MARION HARLAND.

ALIE is a mean thing, no matter how you take it. Most of the people who tell lies do not call them by that name. Fibs, equivocations, evasions, taradiddles, romance—there are a number of well-sounding titles.

Even when a lie is called a lie it has some nice little phrase connected with it that, so to speak, removes the curse. "A lie in time saves nine," says one. "Lie unto others as you would that they should lie unto you," says another. "The well-told lie never goes into details," advises a third.

With such an array of epigrams to support it, one feels very old-fashioned and behind the times in criticizing an order of fiction that seems to be in such good and regular standing as a part of speech. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a lie is a mean thing.

In the first place it is not an easy thing to keep going. There are two or three proverbs that are a bit out of date, perhaps, but yet apply in this connection. One is a rhyme:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive."  
The other is something like it: "A liar should have a good memory."

This is quite true. A credible succession of lies is hard to keep up. The liar must be very clever who is not found tripping sooner or later. It is really far less of a mental strain to tell the truth than to lie. So as a labor-saving institution the truth has an advantage over a lie.

It also saves the feelings of the hearer. For, just because it is so difficult to tell a lie that will, as it were, hold water, the majority of untrue stories are bound to be disproved sooner or later. And such disproof has a very unpleasant effect upon the person who has been un-deceived. Quite unjustly, it shakes his faith in the truth of humanity at large.

and very justly and naturally, it gives a killing blow to his confidence in the truth. And that means disagreeable complications all around. It means that even when the friend who has lied tells the truth he will not be believed, and it thus opens the way for all kinds of misunderstandings and hard feelings. So a lie is an inconvenient thing for all concerned.

Moreover, a lie is almost always a cowardly thing. The person who tells it is afraid of the consequences of truth telling. Perhaps he is a coward on his own account and is not willing to take his punishment for the thing he has done. So he lies to cover it up. That is probably the meanest sort of cowardice, and the only kind of lie that is meaner is the one which throws the blame on an innocent person.

The kind of lie that is told to shield a friend is perhaps a little more open to justification, but even here there is a cowardice of a sort. Only the liar is a coward for his friend instead of for himself, and that may be a degree less abject than the cowardice that is afraid for the sake of its own skin. But it is a pretty ticklish thing to lie for a friend. There is always the possibility that he may not be a coward and would rather suffer for the truth than shelter himself behind a lie. There are such persons even in this day and generation.

The lie of convention has possibly more excuse than any other, and yet even here there is sometimes place for evasion that will not be untruth. A lie consists in the intention to deceive, but even so, there are grades in the degrees of deceit. Yet it one must lie to stand in with society it is better worth while to lose one's place in such society than to hold it on those terms. No liar has a place in that kingdom of heaven which is made up of the people whose respect and regard are worth having.

Fear of Insanity Often Causes the Disease.

IT is related of Lord Byron that to the last hour of his life he was in terror of losing his mental balance, and in the course of his career he consulted several brain specialists with a view to warding off this terrible contingency. The strange fear in question formed the base of the poet's existence.

Other men besides the creator of "Child Harold" have been thus haunted. A man who carries on a prosperous business in London, and whose robust health and cheery mind would seem to indicate a thoroughly easy mind, told a writer in "Tit-Bits" recently that he often lies awake at night, wondering whether his reason is about to desert him. He is quite unable to account for this extraordinary and morbid tendency; but the fact remains that, endeavor as he will, he cannot banish it for any length of time. Even during the storm and stress of business hours this fear will come back to him with startling persistence. Not a vestige of insanity has ever visited his family, and the mystery is therefore all the more inexplicable.

Charles Dickens tells a thrilling tale of an individual who formed the belief that at the age of forty he would lose his wits; and, sure enough, the theory was justified by results probably brought about by the constant horror of the recurring idea. A case in real life which recalls this story comes from Paris, where a man was lately conveyed to a private asylum suffering from acute melancholia, brought about, so the physicians declared, by the importance he had attached to the statement of a chiromancer who predicted that he would lose his reason towards middle age. This shocking prophecy weighed upon the unfortunate gentleman's mind to such an extent that he soon developed insomnia and other ills, followed by intense melancholic depression. He now lies at the sanatorium, where hopes are retained of his speedy recovery, but the case is sad enough in all conscience.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic instances in literature was that in connection with Charles Lamb and his sister. Their devotion to each other and their mutual sacrifices made on each other's behalf have been described as beautiful in the extreme. One of the biographers of the great writer describes how both Lamb and his sister lived in perpetual fear of

madness, and one of the most touching passages in the book is that in which the biographer recounts how the sister, with tears in her eyes, besought her brother to promise that should her brain succumb he would at once have her taken to the asylum. Unfortunately, as almost every one knows, in this case the poor woman's hourly dread was unhappily realized and Charles Lamb was called upon to keep the promise he had so pathetically made.

William Cowper, the poet, may also be cited as another literary luminary whose life was frequently rendered well-nigh unbearable through a haunting dread that he was doomed to insanity. To such an extent did the fear dominate him that on one occasion, at least, he not only contemplated the idea of suicide but actually set about its fulfillment. He ordered his coachman to drive him to the river with the set purpose of ending his life there. The servant, quite unmindful of his great master's intentions, proceeded to carry out his command, but fortunately for Cowper and English literature the river was never reached. The poet deemed this an intervention of Providence, relinquished his intention, and in his deep remorse penned the beautiful hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way."

A youthful city clerk resigned his situation a few years ago merely because he was unable to devote his attention to his work in consequence of overwhelming dread of doing something which would point to insanity. An excellent bookkeeper and a thoroughly competent secretary, but possessed by the fear of madness, he was unable to continue in the office. The poor fellow died a year later of consumption, declaring in his last moments that he was glad to die, rather than risk further possibilities of becoming insane.

Specialists declare that this awful apprehension is brought about by dwelling too frequently on any fixed idea. The brain becomes highly sensitive as the result of such concentration, and the door is at once opened for the entry of morbid fears, chief among which is the fear of madness. It comes about that the dread of insanity in too many cases precedes the same, and people who find themselves stricken with this misgiving should fight it.

SAHARA FORMERLY A SEA

M. CHEVALIER, known for his interesting botanical explorations in the French Sudan, has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences certain curious facts which seem to point to the immersion of the Sahara in comparatively recent geological times. There have been found in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, on the southern edge of the desert, the fossil remains of two marine forms of animals which are still living on the coasts of Senegambia. The presence of a fossil sea-urchin at Zau Saghair, discovered some time ago, is to be associated with these more recent finds of marine forms in the desert. This evidence is important as a contribution to the much-disputed question as to whether the Saharan lands were formerly under the waters of the Atlantic.

The very strongest of testimony is accumulating in favor of the hypothesis of the former submergence of the Sahara. These facts are among the latest contributions to our knowledge of the desert, which is quite well known now when we compare with the present accumulation of facts the meagre information that was accessible only thirty years ago.

It will be remembered that about that

time some Englishman proposed to dig a canal on the northwest coast of Africa south of Morocco, to admit the waters of the Atlantic into the desert. It was argued that a great inland sea would thus be created in the desert and that vessels from Europe and America might steam through this canal and touch at ports along the rich western Sudan. Of course, the project was based upon the notion that a large part of the Sahara lay below the level of the sea.

But we now know that the mean elevations of the Sahara is far above sea level. It is supposed that the average height of the desert above the surface of the Atlantic is about 1,500 feet. No part of the desert is known to be below sea level, except in certain limited areas along its northern border and near the Nile. The lowest part of the region which it was proposed to submerge is in the district of El Juf, which is 500 feet above sea level. No way is known at present of artificially introducing the waters of the Atlantic into the Sahara, except by means of a man-of-war, with the words "Maine" and "5,500 tons." The spoon would therefore appear to have belonged to the ill-fated Maine, sunk in Havana harbor in the spring of 1898, and it needed four years for the ocean currents to wash this tiny object ashore on the coast of Southern Sweden.—Chicago Journal.

World's Greatest Dam.

New York's Croton dam, the largest ever undertaken by man, is 200 feet thick at the bottom, 300 feet high from the base of the foundation, 150 feet high above the ground and 1,000 feet long. It is located three miles from Peekskill, the top of the dam being 216 feet above tidewater and 190 feet above the reservoir in Central Park. The storage capacity is 30,000,000 gallons. Work has been in progress eight years and will continue three years longer. The estimated cost of the dam was \$4,150,573, but \$1,000,000 will be required.

A Spoon From the "Maine."

A curious find has just been made at Saurisham, in Sweden. At low water a sailor discovered among the stones on the beach of Massaknaby there, a teaspoon of brass. After cleaning it he found engraved on the inside the picture of a man-of-war, with the words "Maine" and "5,500 tons." The spoon would therefore appear to have belonged to the ill-fated Maine, sunk in Havana harbor in the spring of 1898, and it needed four years for the ocean currents to wash this tiny object ashore on the coast of Southern Sweden.—Chicago Journal.