

WOMEN ARE GROWING TALLER.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

TO-DAY.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Investigations conducted by a number of English physicians go to show that women as a class are growing taller, and the statement is seriously made that a hundred years from now, at the present rate of increase, women will be not only taller than their sisters of today, but they will be able literally to look down upon

Mere Man. Similarly, according to statisticians who deal with Europeans, man has fallen by at least three-fourths of an inch within the past 100 years; nor are there any signs that there is an upward tendency among the males. On the contrary, the average man of the future will appear squat, if not stunted, beside his Junonian sister.

AUTUMN.

'Tis now that spiders in the casement weave, Or launch their silken airships on the breeze; 'Tis now that honey ripeness feeds the bees Where vine-born amber sweets their prison cleave, And golden spheres their leafy heavens leave. The same wind whispers through the orchard trees That blew our swallows over southern seas, And stole the robin's vesper from our eve. The spirit of the year, like bacchant crowned, With lighted torch goes careless on his way; And soon bursts into flame the maple's spray, And vines are running fire along the ground. But softly, on October's blaring bound, How laugh the violet eyes of tender May! —Edith M. Thomas.

Presence of Mind

The curtain had fallen upon the first act, and Thomas Nash, whose attention had been divided between the stage and the girl who sat next to him, was able to devote all his attention to the latter. That, be it understood, as far as he dared; for she was a complete stranger to him. He could not speak to her, but was forced to content himself with little surreptitious glances aside, each of which gave him some further detail of her profile; her blue eyes, her slightly retroussed nose, her arched lips, and the whiteness of her neck and shoulders. There was a man with her, a man with a brown mustache, which Mr. Nash characterized unjustly as scrubby. But for the girl herself, he had nothing but appreciation.

The orchestra was about to commence the entr'acte, when a man in evening dress stepped before the footlights and spoke to the audience in a voice which cracked a little in his effort to suppress anxiety.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should feel much obliged if you would all leave the theater at once and quietly. There is no danger, but you must leave at once." He motioned to the leader of the orchestra to play.

Everywhere men and women stood up, quick anxiety in their faces, vague questioning in their eyes. In that moment Mr. Nash looked at his neighbor, and she did not hesitate to speak to him.

"What is it?" she said under her breath. "Fire?" "I suppose so," he answered nonchalantly, with the wish to pose as a hero in her eyes. "But don't be afraid. There is nothing to fear. I will help you if necessary. I have been in a theater fire before," he continued, flinging truth to the winds. "The great thing is to keep one's presence of mind."

And then the curtain swept forward, a vast sheet of flame burst from its under edge, and the man before the footlights threw up his arms and fell writhing before that scorching blast. Mr. Nash forgot his heroism, forgot the girl, forgot everything save the necessity of reaching the doors as soon as possible and at any cost. He turned and fought his way through the crowd, striking men in the face, flinging women on one side, his mind a panic fear. He felt two hands gripping his shoulders, but they scarcely retarded him, and he had more formidable obstacles to contend with. Cursing and thrusting, trampling upon the bodies of those who had fallen, he forced his way through, until at length he met the cool rush of air that was streaming in from the night outside, and found himself safe in the crowd on the opposite side of the street, panting and shaken, amazed and horrified at himself.

A sobbing voice near him called him by his senses. He looked round and saw the girl to whom he had spoken, shivering in her evening dress, but too hysterical with grief and fear to notice the cold.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried; "thank you! I should never have got through but for you."

Mr. Nash stared at her a moment, unable to realize the extent of his good fortune. He had fled in panic and had earned the reputation of a hero.

"That gentleman who was with you?" he queried. She pointed horror-struck to the blazing theater.

brave; and I will thank you and pray for you all the days of my life." Mr. Nash's heroism received a nasty shock. He looked about him desperately. But once again fortune befriended him, and he saw the very man, though much singed and blackened, coming toward him.

"Thank heaven you are safe!" said the newcomer with emotion. "Yes, yes!" she cried. "Thank heaven! And thank this gentleman, too. He saved me. He got me out of the building."

The young man shook hands with Nash warmly. "Sir," he said, "we must know more of each other; my sister owes you her life. My father and mother will be anxious to thank you themselves. I was knocked down in the first rush. I believe that my being so saved my life; for I crawled under the seats and got over into the pit, and so out that way. This is a terrible business. Let us get away at once and find a cab."

They hurried down a side street and found a four-wheeler not 100 yards away. As Mr. Nash sat in the cab opposite to his new-found friend, he became calm enough to realize the extent of his good fortune. The young man introduced himself as William Pearson, a name which Mr. Nash knew well as associated with one of the big industries of the city. He introduced also his sister Lucy, and Mr. Nash responded by giving his name and mentioning modestly the fact that he was a solicitor. They dropped him at his rooms with further thanks, an address, and a warm invitation to call upon the following day.

The Pearsons lived in a large house in the fashionable quarter of the town. On presenting himself at the door, Mr. Nash was ushered into the drawing room, which was filled with people, all talking excitedly. It was Mrs. Pearson's at-home day, and the tragedy of the previous evening had formed an absorbing subject of conversation. He became the center of attraction. Mr. Pearson, a stout man with a gray beard and honest eyes, came forward and



EVERYWHERE MEN AND WOMEN STOOD UP.

shook him warmly by the hand. Mrs. Pearson was voluble and enthusiastic. Lucy, looking pale from the effects of the shock, smiled wanly and made him sit beside her. Her brother recounted his exploit. All the guests poured questions upon him and were eager in their praises. In the midst of this adulation Mr. Nash did his best to bear himself with becoming modesty. In a pause in the buzz of praise, he smiled and spoke.

"I'm really very much obliged to you all," he said; "I don't deserve half the kind things you have said about me. All that was needed was a little presence of mind."

Mr. Nash became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Pearson's house. He came to be looked upon as a close friend of the family; and when the day came when he asked her to marry him, her eyes sparkled with happiness as she accepted. Mr. Pearson made no difficulty.

"I'm not looking for money with my girl," he said heartily. "She has enough for two. I'll see that you are comfortable; and I daresay even a solicitor can find a use for a little extra capital. I'm glad to know that my daughter is passing into the hands of a brave man. That is enough for me."

Mrs. Pearson said the same, and kissed him.

At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Nash made the customary speech.

"This is an occasion for presence of mind," he remarked humorously. "Of all qualities, it is the most to be desired. I cannot forget that it is the presence of mind that I owe my present happy position." The guests applauded. Lucy understood and looked at him with shining eyes. Surely Mr. Nash should be a happy man. He and his young wife are very fond of one another, and he knows that her love is based on respect for his heroic qualities. But there is a fly in the ointment. Deep within him, a still, small voice tells him at times of the panic in which he fled from that the-

ter, and he knows, though he tries to fight the knowledge, that should similar circumstances occur and should his wife wish to take advantage of his presence of mind, she will have to do so by keeping a tight hand on his shoulders.—J. Sackville Martin in the Sketch.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The physiological effects of high frequency currents are traced by two French experiments to increase of body temperature. This gives them value in arterio sclerosis, Bright's disease and other maladies and as a mild substitute for warm baths.

Magnetic observations of the extinct volcano called the Puy de Dome, in Central France, have brought out the curious fact that the mountain is magnetized not merely at certain points, but as a whole, the top of the dome acting as a south magnetic pole. Singularly enough, similar observations on the Kaiserstuhl, a mountain in Germany, indicate that it possesses a north magnetic pole at its summit.

The new satellite of Jupiter, discovered at the Greenwich Observatory last winter, proves to be a very interesting object, both on account of its great distance from the planet, more than 50,000,000 miles, and its retrograde motion. Prof. George Forbes suggests that this satellite may turn out to be the long-lost comet of Lexell, which was last seen in 1778, when it made a very close approach to Jupiter.

According to a report issued by the Canadian government the Dominion owns thirteen Marconi stations on the gulf and on the Atlantic seaboard. Three of these are what are known as "low-power" stations and cost \$1,000 each; the others are known as "high-power" stations, and cost \$2,000 each. The Marconi Company receives \$500 and \$700 per annum, respectively for operating them, retaining all the receipts.

The lower atmosphere and the upper atmosphere are believed by Prof. J. Hann to be two very different gaseous mixtures. At the earth's surface the composition is: Nitrogen, 78.08; oxygen, 20.99; argon, 0.94; carbonic acid, 0.03; hydrogen, 0.01; neon, 0.0012; helium, 0.00015; krypton, 0.00010. At a height of twenty kilometers (12.43 miles) he finds the nitrogen increased to 84.34 per cent, with 15.19 of oxygen. At 100 kilometers, the hydrogen seems increased to 90.45 per cent, with 0.463 of helium and only 0.099 of nitrogen.

Although the aeroplane principle is preferred by nearly all the inventors who are now at work on the flying machine problem, there are a few who think that something may be accomplished with helices, or screw propellers, revolving about a vertical axis, and thus exerting a direct uplift. Paul Cornu, a Frenchman, has recently produced a machine on this plan, which he calls a helicopter, and which has proved itself capable of lifting him a few feet from the ground. The apparatus comprises two double-winged helices and two planes under the government of levers. The helices do the lifting, and the reaction upon the planes of the air set into spinning motion by the helices is expected to give the horizontal motion. A 24-horse-power motor furnishes the power.

Financial Poetry.

An unusual album was presented to Willis Clark, brother of Lewis Gaylord Clark, a poet, on one occasion, with a request for "some rhymes."

Mr. Clark was at the house of a farmer, and the man's daughter had turned an old account book into an autograph album in which were inscribed the names of her various friends and relatives below appropriate sentiments.

Mr. Clark saw his opportunity, and after turning over the leaves for a moment or two he took a pen and wrote the following verse:

This world's a scene as dark as  
Sly,  
Where hope is scarce worth  
Our joys are born so fleeting  
hence  
That they are dear at  
And yet to stay here many are  
willing.  
Although they may not have  
—London Graphic.

Think So!  
We know what Sherman said of war,  
I know a clerk  
Who claims that saying is by far  
More true of work.  
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE CO-OPERATIVE DRIFT.

Co-operation is in the air, tentative efforts after better social organization. The extremes are too far apart. Co-operation aims to bring about a larger degree of uniformity as well as unity and sympathy. Some of its advocates talk of it as something not far from communism, while as defined by others it is a mildly reformed neighborliness. It may cover our industrial efforts, our productive energies, or our methods of holding and sharing what has been produced.

The desirability of more co-operation in production is generally recognized, and radical men are working out its problems in a noiseless way. In Austria co-operative banks are reported to be just the thing for the people; in England co-operative stores fit the public pulse; but in this country neither of these methods of working together has been markedly successful. Our farm life always was co-operative, in the days when our fathers built their houses and reaped their crops by united effort; and today there are large industries, collateral to the farm, such as cheese-making, creameries and condensaries. The farm wife finds her knitting and her sewing carried over into factory life, but she finds her social life knitted together by rural telephones and free-delivery. Sound political economy insists on such a readjustment of our habits as the times require. Plainly we must co-operate much more intimately than when the whole population of the United States was under fifty millions. We are close to the hundred million mark, and in sight of an enormously increased population, which must be governed by a social life more fraternal than our own. Our cities do not foretoken the change, but suburbanism does. We are reaching out toward a more equally distributed people—a sort of universal suburban garden life. This is the ideal toward which we may fairly aim.

The efforts to establish co-operative colonies have not, so far, found a happy welcome in this land. None of them have outlasted a dozen years, unless operated by foreigners on a religious basis. Our training has unfitness for sufficient submission. Our education compels each boy to desire to be at the head. Why not be a good foot or a good heart? That is not comprehensible by one who has graduated from a school based on competition, where honors go only to leaders. The co-operative colony of Mr. Booth is less objectionable to American tastes. He proposes to take out whole families from the herding of city life, and give them individual and integral privileges in the country. One form of co-operation is so closely integrated with our civilization that it must always be accounted with—we mean the family. Mr. Booth recognizes this integer as essential in all large and broad efforts of a co-operative sort.

Co-operative home-making has had many unfortunate illustrations. The dreams have not been few, but they have invariably failed of any large realization. It will be necessary to make American character entirely over before we shall yield the individual family life. We have brought along with us, in our instincts, certain great historical summations, and one of these is that the family constitutes a unit by itself. The governing principle with Americans must continue to be a cautious advance along the whole line. In the broadest sense of the word we are intensely individualistic, both by heredity and by conditions. These conditions are always undergoing more or less change, while heredity modifies its determining course. Our public school system and common system were all devices of socialism tolerable to our fathers, as they are to us. Our schools, however, are only just now becoming a national system. In the same way our roads are only at this moment becoming a matter of united interest and effort.

Religious co-operation is naturally a part of the general drift. It is not because of spiritual decadence that we care less and less for our own organic form of religious life. To convert the world to our views of this life and of the life unseen hardly enters a rational mind. It is one of the inconceivables that our fathers should have put forth strenuous efforts to lead all nations to one viewpoint of God and eternity. To us this would seem as undesirable as impossible. It would be far better to create an inter-racial and inter-religious brotherhood. Small cliques and insignificant sects do not any longer multiply. This is an industrial age, and such a movement would be inconsistent with economy. Religion is held to be less valuable as an exercise of emotion; but, as a force productive of stronger and wiser men, it holds its ground.—From The Christian Register.

IMITATING RUSSIAN SABLE.

Less Expensive Furs Are Pointed to Produce Substitutes.

Russian sable and silver fox being beyond the acquisition of any but the richest women, furriers have gone to extraordinary pains to produce substitutes in what are known to the trade as pointed sable and royal Sitka fox.

The pointing is a delicate and tedious piece of work. According to Fur News only the softest and whitest of badger hair can be used and the hairs are taken either singly or doubly, the ends touched with the requisite amount of the specially prepared glue and carefully inserted in the skin.

Properly to point a royal Sitka fox two days labor of an expert is required. The white hairs must not only be carefully inserted in the skin, but must give the character and show design noticeable in the natural skins.

Whale Caught in Salmon Trap.

Dynamite is being used to kill a snub-nose whale which entered the salmon trap of W. A. Lowman, at Small-pox Bay, San Juan Island, on Monday. The mammal entered the trap with a young calf and in attempting to drive it out the calf was killed with a rifle shot. The body sank and the calf refused to desert its offspring. The whale viciously attacks every boat that approaches.

Things the Trapper Would Like to Know.

How to tell a fox track from a dog's track when there are about a thousand dogs to one fox in this part of the country.  
How to chop a notch in a log four or five inches under water without getting most of the water up your sleeves or in your face.  
How to tell where mink run when you can see no signs or tracks.  
How to set traps for and catch mink where there isn't any.  
How to pick an honest fur firm from among the thousands who advertise without first giving them a chance to "skin" you in order to find them out.  
How to set traps for fox in cattle paths without catching a farmer's hogs or dog.—Fur News.

A Budding Philologist.

Bobbie, aged five, saw a cow grazing in his mother's flower garden and shouted, "Scat! scat!" The cow didn't seem to be much intimidated and calmly ate on. Three-year-old Mary, dancing with excitement, exclaimed: "Tell him to 'scow' Wobbie, tell him to 'scow'!"—The Delinquent.

LIBRARIAN'S GREAT MEMORY: STORIES OF A. R. SPOTFORD.

Interesting stories are told of the late Alsworth Spofford, who was the librarian of Congress for nearly 40 years and had been employed in the library since 1861.

The late Archbishop Chappelle and Spofford were close friends; although at different poles in the matter of religion. One day a number of years ago the archbishop found the librarian hurriedly browsing in his accustomed manner through a new work by the French philosopher, Ernest Renan.

Archbishop Chappelle, a courtly and affable Frenchman, waited until Spofford had tossed away the Renan volume. The archbishop himself had read the Renan book with great care as soon as it issued from the press and was thoroughly familiar with it.

"Spofford," he said chaffingly to the nervous, jerky old librarian, "why do you waste your own and the government's valuable time in such an unsatisfactory, impossible pursuit?"

"Explain that, sir, explain it," said the old gentleman, wheedling in his quick, marionette-like way upon the archbishop.

"I mean," said the archbishop, "picking up a book that it took Renan about 30 years to write and professing, yes, sir, professing, to find out the meaning of it, say, within the space of 10 minutes while standing first on one leg and then the other and flickering over its pages."

"Tush, tush, sir, I know every line of the book, every line of it, sir," replied the librarian. "One does not have to be a mole, sir, and bury himself in the ground to read a book, like you religionists."

With a smile the archbishop picked up the discarded Renan volume, opened it at random, and asked Spofford what the Frenchman had to say with reference to a certain doctrinal subject.

To the archbishop's everlasting astonishment Spofford repeated in French and almost word for word Renan's views as to the matter about which Chappelle had inquired. Carrying the matter further, the archbishop, in the manner of an examiner, took the librarian smack through the difficult volume, only to find at the end of the test that the librarian, who had only picked up the book a little while before, in wandering through the aisles, had every part of the book as pat as if he'd been poring over it in a study for days and weeks.

Once the late Senator George Vest, of Missouri, got into a discussion with a southern friend as to the production of cotton in the South immediately before and after the Civil War. The discussion took place in the Senator's rooms, and he had no books of reference from which to ascertain the exact facts.

"I'll call up Spofford and ask him; he'll know," said the Senator, and he went to the telephone. He asked his question: "How much cotton did this country produce in the year 1859 and in the year 1860?" And Spofford named the two amounts in bales without leaving the 'phone. Not only that, but he named the number of bales exported each year and the number of bales kept at home for domestic consumption.

On the following day, when he went to the Capitol, Senator Vest looked into a book of reference and found that the cotton figures Spofford had given him in that offhand fashion over the 'phone were correct to a bale.

Concrete Made Prosperity.

The Allentown, Pa., Chamber of Commerce has issued a book showing the growth and industrial importance of the town, in which it is stated that within a radius of six miles there are eighteen cement mills, employing 12,000 men, whose output for '08 was 13,000,000 barrels of Portland cement about 36 per cent of the total product of the United States.

The rank of the Portland cement producing States has shown little change in the last two years. Pennsylvania is still the leading State by a large margin, New Jersey is second, Indiana third, Michigan fourth and Kansas fifth. None of the remaining States produced as much as 3,000,000 barrels during the year, and the five States named contribute almost three-fourths of the total production.—Cement Age.

New Game Bird.

A new species of the pheasant has been seen in this locality of late and it is attracting many sportsmen to this neighborhood. It is said to be a far handsomer bird than the Mongolian pheasant, and those who claim to know say it is a Japanese pheasant.

When a careful watch was kept to examine the bird it was found that the head and neck were of steel blue, reflecting brown, green and purple in different lights. The back and wings exhibit a fine mixture of orange, red, black, brown and yellow. The breast is red, each feather magnified with black and reflecting different colored tints. It has a large tail, probably one and one-half feet in length. It is always alone and never seems to mingle with birds of the Mongolian species.—Manchester correspondence Rochester Herald.

Woman Shoplifter Baffles Cleverest Detectives.

Something new in shoplifting is baffling private detectives in Denver's large department stores. The false arm is playing a part in a scheme which has probably been responsible for serious losses to Denver merchants, and now a careful lookout is being kept for the attractive woman in the loose coat, but of one sleeve of which hangs an artificial member.

Store detectives say the recent acquisition to Denver's circle of shoplifters is not a criminal looking woman and is the last face in a crowd toward

NEW SHOPLIFTING SCHEME.

The death of Ira D. Sankey recalls the story told by him to a Tribune reporter many years ago to illustrate the fact that some people are beyond the power of the evangelist and remain unmoved in the presence of the greatest demonstration. "A newspaper man told me," Sankey said, "that he had sneaked in at the great women's meeting which we held in Madison Square Garden, from which we endeavored to exclude all men. He got into the top gallery, and from there looked down, and was enthusiastic in his description of the ten thousand women singing and waving handkerchiefs in unison. I asked him what impressed him most at the meeting, and the reporter said, 'Seeing ten thousand bonnets, and no two alike.'"—New York Tribune.

The term "sublime port" which has stood so long for the center of the ruling power in Turkey, is merely the French translation of "hahi meah," or "superior door," and is the name of the building containing the offices where the Council of the Ministers holds its meetings, under the presidency of the grand vizier. Every government building in Turkey is known as a "door," because it is supposed to be always open to those seeking justice. Although the sublime ports is still the diplomatic term for the government of Turkey, the real power has recently been in the hands of a group of men immediately surrounding the Sultan at Yildiz Kiosk, who are for the most part foreigners. This is re-named by the Young Turks, who aim at establishing, in the words of one of their number, "a responsible Turkish ministry instead of cosmopolitan cliques of adventurers."

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Dominion of Canada contains nearly 3,740,000 square miles.

More than half of France's tobacco imports come from the United States.

A ready speaker will utter about 7,500 words an hour in making an address.

A large Baptist church at Santa Rosa, Cal., was built from the wood of a single California redwood tree.

Fireworks were originated in the thirteenth century by the Florentines, and later were popularized in Rome.

The estimated world production of lead in 1907 was 944,910 metric tons, as compared with 908,174 tons in 1906.

The 350,000,000-odd tons of coal mined in the United States each year, if piled together, would make a cube having sides 714 yards long.

Tobacco was successfully grown under government supervision in Ireland last year; but as the crop has not yet been marketed, the financial result will not be known for some time.

A Louisiana man has invented a machine for measuring and recording the measurements of lumber. Planks passed through it engage a roller attached to a registering device on the side.

French scientists are studying a peculiar movement of the sands along the northern coasts of France, Belgium and Holland. A fine sand originating on the coast of Normandy has been found as far away as Denmark.

After lying buried for three centuries, a firkin containing one hundred-weight of butter has been dug up in Fallowherne bog, County Tyrone, Ireland, by a farmer. The hoops and staves of the firkin, which was twelve feet under ground, collapsed when lifted up, but the butter, of pale yellow color, is in a perfect state of preservation.

About three hundred specimens of the steinbock are under protection on the southern slope of Monte Rosa, but, apart from that, the animal is nearly extinct in the Alps. It breeds slowly, and the efforts of the government in its behalf have helped little. In two places private herds have lately been established, and it is hoped thus to prevent the extinction of the steinbock.

Many excellent voices are ruined, according to a communication which Dr. Weiss has made to the French Academie de Medicine, by practicing in too small a room. A public singer must throw every intonation of his voice a distance of thirty or forty yards, he says, but a student practicing in a small room is only able to throw it a yard or two, and the consequence is that the voice, instead of expanding, becomes telescoped.

Laliche, the French dramatist, was once asked to support as a candidate for the academy a certain literary mendicant, but he hesitated for a long time, and yielded only when he was told that if the ambitious author should fail to be elected he would die of it. Failure, nevertheless, did come, and the following year, when a second vacancy occurred, Laliche's vote was once more solicited in the man's behalf. "No," shouted Laliche in vehement indignation, "I will not vote for a man who does not keep his word. He did not die."

William Redmond, the Irish leader in the British House of Commons, recently in a genial mood and in playful allusion to the titles of nobility and knighthood recently conferred, asked whether, "as a matter of general convenience and in order that honorable members might know how to address their colleagues with becoming respect, it could be arranged that honorable gentlemen who had received for at least one month after the conferment of the title." No minister was bold enough to answer.

Australia, the land of oddities, animal, vegetable and mineral, has few more curious creatures than the giant cranes—often five and six feet in height, with beautiful blue-gray plumage—which are called native companions. These huge birds mate for life, and, as mates, are singularly and touchingly devoted to one another. Among their practices, that of dancing together, is the most remarkable. To and fro, and up and down, beneath a scraggy tree near a creek or water hole, a pair of these curious birds may be seen in the hour of dawn footing it gravely in a sort of grotesque minuet.

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