



**No Catastrophe Is Inevitable**  
By MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Sociologist, Philosopher and Dramatist

**P**ERHAPS it is not surprising that INSTINCT saves us from great dangers, habitual and immemorial; from the water, the fire, falls, shocks, animals. It evidently has had habitation with them—an ATAVIC EXPERIENCE therewith which explains its agility. But what is marvelous is the ease, the promptness with which it acquaints itself with the most complex and the most unwonted inventions of our intelligence. It suffices to show at once the mechanism, the usage and the end of the most unlooked for machine, however strange and useless it may be to our real and primitive needs, and it understands. Henceforth in time of need it will know the last secrets and the BEST MANIPULATION that intelligence can devise.

This is why, however novel, however recent or however formidable be the instrument, it may be affirmed that IN PRINCIPLE THERE IS NO INEVITABLE CATASTROPHE. The subconscious always, in point of fact, is at the top of all imaginable situations. Between the chops of the sea or on the mountain top, one can, one should await the decisive movement of instinct which has resources as inexhaustible as the universe or as nature.

Inequalities of instinct, which pertain rather to the promptness of the appeal than to the quality of the aid, manifest themselves at all accidents. Place two automobilists in two parallel dangers exactly identical, ONE WILL ESCAPE, THE OTHER BE BRUISED. In a carriage accident, of six persons three will act too intelligently, the other three will save themselves by actions that utterly are indefensible on the grounds of reason. Can the instinct be educated? This would require special study. In the interim it may be remarked that it seems probable that as we accustom ourselves to the habitual and systematic use of the material forces of nature, of all those enormous things which we term nature, WE INCREASE THE DISTANCE that instinct has to cover in coming to our aid. This distance, inappreciable among the savages, the simple, the humble, augments with every step taken by our education, our civilization.

I AM PERSUADED THAT WERE WE TO SURPRISE A PEASANT, A LABORER, IN THE SAME CATASTROPHE WITH HIS PROPRIETOR, HE WOULD HAVE TWO OR THREE CHANCES MORE OF EXTRICATING HIMSELF THEREFROM THAN THE MORE EDUCATED MAN.

**True Education of Children**

By the Lord Bishop of Ripon

**T**HE social tendencies of the time are developing more and more the social conscience.

It is felt that a wise and understanding people should make the best possible provision for the upbringing of the next generation.

The children of today will be the strength and in a great degree the directing force of the nation tomorrow.

Let us see to it that they are fitted for the high duties which will fall in their hands. The education problem needs intelligence and care in every direction.

**WE NEED TO CONSIDER THE RELATIONS OF BODILY HEALTH AND CONDITION TO STUDY AND WHOLESOME DEVELOPMENT.**

We need to consider how far general rules and regulations intended to foster effective education may in the end CRIPPLE AND HAMPEN IT.

We recognize that some code is probably necessary. Teachers are human and are not all equally gifted, and for the least capable, intelligent and original teachers the existence of certain regulations may be desirable and even needful.

But there are other teachers, and they are more numerous than the brains tight bound with red tape would suppose, whose real effective force is weakened and crippled by the tyrannous monotony of the time table.

When a general is in the field you will, if you are wise, give him as free a hand as possible—i. e., if "you" are possessed of average common sense.

A teacher is in a sense a general in the field. He has to deal with conditions which can hardly be anticipated by those who draw up CODES AND REGULATIONS. We know only too painfully how often the well meant rules by which he is bound are inflicting definite and lifelong injury on the children, yet he has no option. He must fulfill the prescribed routine, WHETHER APPROPRIATE OR NOT. Any attempt at originality or at a wise variation in methods is looked upon with suspicion. The theory in vogue is sometimes hostile to healthy freedom of method.

IS THE BEST TEACHER THE MAN WHO MOST SEDULOUSLY AND MOST PUNCTUALLY FULFILLS THE TIME TABLE OR THE MAN WHO TURNS OUT CHILDREN ABLE TO EXERCISE THEIR WILLS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF SWEET REASONABLENESS AND POSSESSED OF SOME WORTHY IDEALS OF LIFE AND DUTY?

**"Honesty Is the Best Politics"**

By Governor JOSEPH W. FOLK of Missouri

**T**HE man who violates the law is neither a Democrat nor a Republican. HE IS A RASCAL. And as such he ought to be prosecuted. Politicians today are beginning to realize that honesty is the best POLITICS, as well as the best POLICY. It is now generally conceded that a rascal is a rascal still, whether he calls himself a Republican or a Democrat.

PARTISANSHIP IS A GOOD THING SOMETIMES, BUT PATRIOTISM IS A GOOD THING ALL THE TIME.

There was once a man who said to his friends, "I wish I could die for my country." That man was subsequently brought to his knees and confessed to his part in a plan which showed he bribed an entire municipal assembly to pass a franchise bill which he was back of. PATRIOTISM was on his lips. TREASON WAS IN HIS HEART. The greatest impediment to good government is the INDIFFERENCE of citizens with regard to their duty as such. I refer SPECIALLY to politics.

**Turns the Hair Dark.**

Remarkable Effect of X Rays on Color of the Hair.

Heightened pigmentation of the hair is among the occasional effects of exposure of the Roentgen rays. At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences Dr. A. Lambert and Dr. H. Marquet reported certain observations bearing upon the matter. One of themselves having made frequent applications of the rays for a period of ten years noticed that the hair of his head and of his beard, previously almost completely white, had progressively become so pigmented that it was of a darker hue than it had been originally and the change had been observed by other persons.

In a subsequent instance these gentlemen had seen a similar effect. It was that of a man fifty-five years old who was under treatment with the rays for lupus of the cheek. At first he lost the hair near the ear of the affected side, but its place was taken by a new growth of hair, and near the ear the new hairs were almost completely black. This blackness gradually shaded off as the distance from the ear increased, but the pigmentation was discernible even in parts far removed. Finally the corresponding half of the man's mustache became darker than the other half and without any previous falling out of the hairs.

Lambert and Marquet add that in other cases they have observed a deepening of the color of light hair under the influence of the Roentgen rays. They do not pretend to explain the mechanism of this action. It is to be presumed that the effect is witnessed only in hairy parts directly subjected to the radiation, but no specific information is given as to the circumstances of the application. —New York Medical Journal.

**Audible Railway Signal.**

New Electric System Promises to Displace Semaphores.

The Great Western railway, England, has successfully experimented with and just installed on a branch line a method of audible signaling as a substitute for the familiar semaphore system which, it is believed, will be entirely displaced in course of time. The new system is electrically worked and is declared to be simplicity itself. The engine as it travels along the line comes into contact with an apparatus, fixed to the track, which is worked from the signal box and sets in motion a form of mechanism on the engine. Instead of the engineer having to look out for his signals, they declare themselves to his ear unmistakably. "Line clear" is expressed by the blowing of a whistle, which continues until the engineer with his own hand turns it off.

Both bell and whistle are fixed inside the engine cab, close by the engineer as he stands by his lever, and should afford a more telling means of notification than a dial on which signs appear. The substitution of audible for visible signals would relieve engineers of the strain of perpetually looking out for any particular signal or lamp. The apparatus is so constructed that if anything went wrong anywhere the whistle signal would operate. The chief value of the audible signals would be found in foggy weather, and the new system is therefore of particular importance in a country so fog afflicted as England is.

**A Handy Metallic Ladder.**

Only those who have had the experience of going up or down a rope ladder know how trying it is. It would be almost impossible for any nervous person to attempt it without falling.



LADDER USED AS FIRE ESCAPE.

Being light in weight, the ladder naturally swings to and fro, especially if the end is not secured to something. Generally it is not possible to do this.

A ladder which theoretically seems to be far superior to a rope ladder has recently been patented by a Brooklyn mechanic. The accompanying illustration clearly shows its construction. It is a series of alternate hand holds and steps made out of wire rods bent to shape. An additional advantage lies in the fact that this ladder is made in sections. At the top of each section is a threaded opening to receive a corresponding threaded extension at the end of the section above. In this way the ladder can be made any desired length very quickly.

**Night For Medical Treatment.**

Medical treatment is much more effective by night than in the daytime according to a French physician, Dr. Lauffer. In an address recently delivered before the Societe Therapeutique de Paris he called attention to the fact that disease is most active at night and that, notwithstanding this, we give most of our treatment, whether by drugs or otherwise, by day. This he regarded as a mistake.

**Giant Magnets.**

The Operation of Lifting Monster Loads With Them.

The peculiar properties of an electric current often lead one to fancy that it may perchance be endowed with the spirit of intelligence, so mysterious are its inner workings.

A most curious use of electricity is the adoption of lifting magnets in machine shop and mill practice. An electro magnet in its simplest form consists of a piece of soft iron wound with a large number of turns of insulated copper wire. When an electric current passes through the windings of wire the electric forces are converted into magnetic forces and the coil of wire and core of soft iron assume all the characteristics of a common steel magnet.

The operation of lifting magnets is quite simple. The magnet is attached to the crane hook, and the ends of the wire forming the coil are connected directly with the dynamo. The crane is then swung so that the magnet is suspended directly over the metal to be removed. The magnet is then lowered until it comes in contact with the object, the current is turned on, the hoist is raised and the mass of metal to be moved clings to the magnet.

When the load reaches the desired point it may be dropped without first lowering the magnet or it may be lowered, the current shut off and the material deposited gently. The crane operator needs no help to load or unload, and the work can be done in half the time with a saving of from three to four men. —New York Herald.

**The Blouse.**

Its Name Came Originally From Pelusium, In Egypt.

The environs of Pelusium, in lower Egypt, in ages past stood foremost among sunny lands where the culture of indigo and the manufacture of fabrics died with it were the principal industries. In the middle ages, when the Crusaders landed on the coast of Egypt and entered Pelusium, where Port Said is now situated, they purchased quantities of the blue material, which they cast over their panoply of war. Afterward the same material was made in France and became the fabric of which the working garment of the male peasant was made and is to this day.

The name of the locality was given the fabric, and this was retained by the French production, but contracted to Pelouse, which later on was changed to blouse (pronounced bluze). The smock worn by English male peasants is a similar garment and, though it is not written in history that the blouse crossed the channel soon after its entry into France, it would seem probable from the fact that in other times the smock was now and then called a "blowse."

This, fair ladies, is the origin of the garment of our warmest affection, to which we have loyally clung for years in spite of many ruthless detractors and will continue to do so notwithstanding the fact that, whether called "bluze" or "blowse," it is not of aristocratic lineage.

**Lauder and Wordsworth.**

Walter Savage Lauder was an intemperate person in words and hated Wordsworth. Were there ever more contemptuous words than these of Lauder in reference to Wordsworth? "Pastiness and flatness are the qualities of a pancake and thus far he attained his end. Let him place the accessories on the table lest what is insipid and clammy grow into duller accretion and moister viscosity the more I masticate it." In Lauder's letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson he writes: "We must now descend to Wordsworth. He often gave an opinion on authors which he never had read, Plato for instance. He speaks contemptuously of the Scotch. I praised a line of Scott's on the dog of a traveler lost in the snow (if I remember) on Skiddaw. He said it was the only good one in the poem and began instantly to recite a whole poem of his own on the same subject."

**Buttons.**

Buttons are certainly as ancient as the siege of Troy, in the ninth century before our era, for, both in that unfortunate city and at Mycenae, Dr. Schliemann discovered objects of gold, silver and bronze which could have had no other use than that of buttons. In mediaeval times the clothing of the common people was generally fastened with wooden pegs of the type and form of those resorted to in emergencies by the country boy of the present day. Buttons covered with cloth were prohibited by George I. in 1720 to encourage the manufacture of metal buttons.

**Suspicious.**

"Mother," says the doubting wife, "I do not believe Henry is all that he should be."  
"What is wrong with him now, Agnes? A short time ago you were complaining that he stayed out too late of nights. Is he staying out later than ever?"  
"No. He spends every evening at home now, and really that looks to me as though he had something on his conscience." —Life.

**Incredulous, but Cheerful.**

Father (at head of stairs)—Ethel, what time is it? Ethel (in drawing room)—It's a quarter past 10, father. Father—All right. Don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast.—Stray Stories.

**Wagner's Opera.**

"Die Meistersinger," was sung for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera House Jan. 2, 1890.

**Humor and Philosophy**

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

**Pert Paragraphs.**

A barefaced lie isn't nearly so dangerous as a two faced lie.

The man who wins is his own excuse for occupying the earth.

It always looks so foolish to see another fellow suffering with the tooth-ache.

We don't notice other people's faults so much when they are paying close attention to our virtues.

The world is growing better, but not at such a rapid rate that it is likely to yearn to support you and your family just out of the goodness of its heart.

A new hair ribbon is as dear to a little girl's heart as his big automobile is to her dad.

If the man in the moon isn't a high liver, he looks it.

Learning to smoke seems to make a small boy able to swear harder.

Most women insist on having their own way and then get mad at some man because he did not restrain them.

**Those College Boys.**

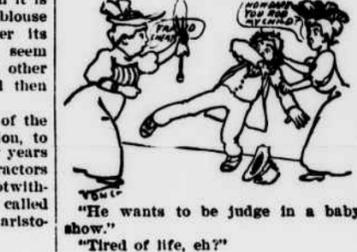
There's nothing so happy, so gay and so free as boys who are trying to make a degree. They shout till their throats are as rough as a file and ogle and stare at the ladies meanwhile.

On work they are short as a mother made pie; For football and gym work they constantly sigh; They don't give a rap for the way the world goes; They think that it lies at the tips of their toes.

A chemical test of our varsity boys Most likely would show big percentage of noise. Together with nerve to put up a good front, And come out all right when they're doing their stunt.

They swagger and boast with an infinite gall And think that the world will respond to their call; They spend all the dollars their daddies can send And learn how it is for themselves at the end.

**The Inference.**



**Business on Hand.**

Many people are going about with a cheerful smile and a light head as though wholly unaware of the fact that the serious business of electing a congressman is before them this fall. They go to watering places, also to butter-milking places and several other places that might be mentioned, giving no thought to the serious business of self government to which they must soon attend.

Apparently, as far as they are concerned, any old dub will do for a congressman, but the roar they put up when congress meets and does not pass a bill to pension their mothers-in-law is calculated to make people a block away think that some one is trying the horn of his new auto on the natives. Eternal vigilance may be the price of liberty, but a careful search of their clothes would not disclose the price.

**Chance of a Lifetime.**

"Her daughter is going to marry the landlord."  
"I suppose she is greatly pleased."  
"Oh, tickled to death."  
"He must be a great catch?"  
"Oh, it isn't that. She has rented from him for eight years and she is just dying to serve a term as his mother-in-law."

**Couldn't Do It.**

"Now," said young Sapied grandly, "I never talk scandal."  
"No," murmured Miss D. Mure softly. "It would be so unbecoming, you know, as you always talk about yourself."

**Scenery Didn't Count.**

"Were the places you visited attractive?"  
"Yes, indeed. They have the loveliest lot of souvenir postals that you ever saw."

**The Afterclap.**

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and he marries merry Mary. While the organ plays above. In the fall he sits and wonders As the leaves begin to turn Where he's going to get the money For the coal they'll need to burn.

**Queer.**

"How odd it is."  
"What?"  
"Billy is beginning to play even."

**Pessimism.**

[Rondeau redouble.]

'T'S pretty hard to get along today; The world is getting rotten, don't you think? I've heard a lot of people lately say That everything is going on the blink. And so it's up to me to spill some ink On pessimism. That's the proper lay, For themes are scarce. I say it with a wink— It's pretty hard to get along today.

"It didn't always seem to be that way. Life used to be a radiant, rosy pink. And now it looks to me like dappled gray. The world is getting rotten, don't you think?"

"Dame Fortune's given me the rinky dink. It's twenty-three for mine; me to the hay. Now, honest, wouldn't that drive you to drink?" I've heard a lot of people lately say.

They've said it; yes. But is it true? Nay, nay! To Fortune! Come and let your glasses clink! Why, what a shine idea to convey— That everything is going on the blink!

This is the last time that I'll ever tinker with a rhyme like this. Hooray! Hooray! It's done—except this last—this missing link— Has't ever done a rondeau redouble? It's pretty hard! —Franklin P. Adams in Judge.

**Anticipated Pleasure.**



What He Needed to Know. As the ocean liner was entering the narrow channel the president of the steamship company, a nervous, fussy individual, came up to the pilot, a whiskered old salt who had spent most of his many years on the sea. "I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel," suggested the resident.

The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied, "None." "You don't!" said the magnate. "Then why on earth are you in charge of that wheel? What do you know?" "I know where the bad places ain't," replied the old pilot.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Practical Man.**

The country clergyman was in his garden attending to his creepers when he noticed that a boy standing in the road was watching his every movement with great interest. "Well, my boy," he said, "you'd no doubt like to learn gardening — you seem so interested in what I am doing." "Tain't that," replied the boy. "I am waiting to hear what a clergyman says when he hits his finger with the hammer." —Pele Mele.

**Words Versus Actions.**

DeForem (time, 11 p. m.)—I believe in the chap who has plenty of push and go in his make-up.

Miss Cuttings (yawning)—So do I. But I'm afraid I'll have to get papa to give you a push in order to start you going.—Town Topics.

**Her Desire.**

"John, is it true that money talks?" "That's what they say, dear." "Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I'm getting mighty lonesome for some of that conversation." —Houston Post.

**Found Out.**

"Young man, what's this sediment at the bottom of the milk jar?" "That's the cream, ma'am. Our cream is so rich and heavy that it won't float. It sinks. How many quarts this morning, ma'am?" —Chicago Tribune.

**His Thoughts Were of Her.**

She—Father consents to our marriage, but he wishes us to wait four years. Oh, Carlo, don't look like that. You will be still young at that time! He—My treasure, I was not thinking of myself.—Il Motto per Eldere.

**The March of Progress.**

"I flatter myself that my latest story does something toward bringing the art of fiction up to date." "How so?" "It begins with the divorce of the hero and heroine." —Judge.

**A Feminine Discrepancy.**

"How time flies! Who would think my little Emily was almost ten years old?" "Yes, I can remember when she was born, just fourteen years ago." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Remarkable Work.**

"May's husband is quite a bright fellow, isn't he?" "He's nothing less than a genius. Why, he made her people like him from the very start." —Punch.