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THE BIRTHRATE IN CANADA

Large Number of Offspring to French There Excites Comment Among Scientific Authorities.

The large birthrate of French Canadians is receiving comment on account of the recent repeal of the law in which the province of Quebec gave 100 acres of forest land to each man who had 12 children, says American Medicine. The desire to be more populous has led the French Canadian government into several schemes, mostly to facilitate immigration, although, curiously enough, the flow of population has long been out of Canada into the United States, as though the north were overpopulated. It was this exodus which alarmed the Quebec authorities, who thereupon revived their traditional policy to stimulate the birthrate by rewarding a large family, actuated no doubt by a desire to make this part of Canada solidly French. It has been learned that the land grant was of no use to the father of such a large family, as he was anchored to his own farm and could not break a new one in the wilderness. The grants were consequently sold to lumber companies at ridiculously small rates, and the exodus of the younger element continues. It is now openly stated that it is no longer possible to support these large families. It was an easy matter formerly, for a large farm could be divided among the children, but later subdivisions have made the farms too small. Migrations were necessary, and the easiest way was toward the south, to get employment in the factories. A large birthrate, then, is no longer of use to Canada, and is, indeed, rapidly diminishing. It is also stated that the deathrate among the children has been inordinate, because it is not possible nowadays to give the proper care and attention to the infants, so that no matter what the number born it will never be possible to rear as many in one family as formerly. It is now recognized that Canada will not suffer for population if the present reduction of the birthrate does continue—her emigration will be less. Indeed, it is also recognized that density of population depends solely upon the ability to make a living, and the only way to increase it is to stimulate the productivity of a country—the present Canadian policy. He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, does more than he who brings infants into the world but cannot feed them.

BIG FAMILIES IN BRITAIN.

Scotchman Has High Record with Offspring Numbering 64—Many Have More Than 20.

In St. Botolph's church, Aldgate, England, there is a monument to the memory of Agnes, widow of William Bond, who bore him 16 children, eight boys and eight girls.

That was in the spacious sixteenth century, but it is noteworthy that John Gully, father of the late speaker of the commons, had 24 children. A year or two ago a Northampton shoemaker entered as his plea in the police court that he was the father of 32 children, of whom 27 were living; while 20 years ago Chester boasted of a couple who were "the happy father and delighted mother of 33 children," ten of them being alive in 1890.

But the record in family numbers belongs to Scotland. It is that of a Scotch weaver in the seventeenth century, whose wife bore him 62 children. Only 12 died in childhood, 46 sons and four daughters living to be 21 and upward. This almost incredible record is fully and absolutely authenticated. Sir John Bowes and three other gentlemen each adopted and reared ten of this prodigious family.

Writer Tells of the Convention of the Christian Police Association in 1883.

I was present at the great convention of policemen held at Oxford hall at Leeds, England, says a writer in the Christian Intelligencer. It was the annual conference of the International Christian Police association, established in 1883, which has now branches in connection with most of the police forces of the United Kingdom as well as in the colonies and dependencies, and some in the United States. Its object is the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of all policemen and their families by providing educational classes, social gatherings and meetings for the study of God's Word, and the culture of the spiritual life, and also the encouraging of total abstinence and purity of life. It also establishes orphanages and hospitals and actually does mission work among the heathen.

I was especially impressed with the remarks of Sergt. Wheeler of the Strand police station, London, who said: "A policeman's daily experience is not conducive to high standards of moral living. They are brought so constantly in contact with vice and crime, and they see so much of the artificiality and sham of human nature, that many of them are apt to lose all confidence in purity and truth. But a policeman can do more than lock a man up. He can arrest a man in his sins. Some time ago I saw a man trying to get into a house in the early morning—not his own house. He was too drunk to know the difference, and I took him to the lockup, but on the way I spoke to him about the folly of drink, and in his cell I knelt with him and prayed that God might give him power over his evil habits. When that man came out he hunted me up and told me that I had given him a new lease of life and that he had resolved never to touch liquor any more and to be an upright man. I lately visited him in his home, and his wife told me that the home which used to be a little corner of perdition because of the drunken habits of the husband was now a corner of paradise."

KING OSCAR A GENIAL HOST

Swedish Monarch "Kicks" a Newspaper Man Who Boards His Yacht for an Interview.

Although the people of Norway have decided to cut away from Sweden, they have little against King Oscar as a democratic individual. He is a tall, erect, handsome old gentleman, courtly and kind in manner, and is, perhaps the most approachable monarch. Several years ago, while aboard his yacht Drott in northern waters, a party on a passing steamer asked permission to go aboard, says a writer in Success Magazine. It was courteously granted.

King Oscar, in greeting his visitors, said: "I fear I cannot show you such a yacht as you have shown me this morning, but she is comfortable enough for an old gentleman, and I have spent 22 happy summers on her."

To a journalist in the party the king granted a few minutes' conversation, and his first question, in perfect English, was: "You have a great many of my countrymen in your northwest territory. What sort of citizens do they make?"

"The best we have, your majesty."

Smiling, and thinking for a few moments, he remarked: "Is that the truth, or is it a newspaper man's diplomatic answer?"

Not long ago King Oscar was sitting in the smoking-room of a Wiesbaden hotel, where a group of gentlemen were discussing the question of the hour—strikes, socialism, communism, the revolutionary tendencies of the time, etc. One of the party, expatiating upon his pet theories with considerable vehemence, wound up with the remark: "The days of monarchies are numbered."

King Oscar looked up and smiled.

"Evidently you don't agree with me," resumed the speaker; "but can you give me any good reason for thinking otherwise?"

"Only one—I am the king of Sweden," he replied.

WHAT MAKES LIGHTNING?

A Thing We Do Not Understand as Well as We Thought—Plan for Weather Bureau.

We are apt to believe greatly in the progress made in electrical research, and to joy in our ability to handle the strange forces of nature—until a "thunder storm" wrecks a house with a bolt whose "spark gap" is a thousand feet, and the voltage of which is estimated at 100,000,000. The lightning rod, to all intents and purposes, is today the identical instrument invented by Franklin. The Electrical World publishes the following on the subject: "We have rather come to the opinion that the chief trouble with the lightning arrester question is still lack of knowledge regarding the thing which is to be arrested. We all assume, and probably correctly, that lightning, being in the nature of a condensed discharge, is essentially oscillatory in its nature. The virtual capacity involved and hence the frequency is an unknown quantity, like the potential concerned in the discharge. It is certain that lightning flashes sweep over very great distances ranging from a few hundred feet up to several thousand, but the voltage from which these prodigious striking distances result cannot yet be evaluated.

"Present devices for the protection of apparatus and lines against lightning are based on the conception of lightning as a rapid oscillatory discharge. It is possible, however, that some lightning at least may have a pretty slow period, or may be damped into virtually a single rush, of a sort which cannot readily be choked back. Certainly lightning is of an immensely variable character, so that generalizations regarding it are altogether unsafe. The trouble with the experimental study of lightning is the comparative rarity of lightning itself at any one station, a rarity that for practical purposes is increased nearly three-fold by the shortness during the lightning season, of the hours of darkness during which a photographic method could be applied. It strikes us that the damage done annually by lightning is sufficient to justify the weather bureau in undertaking some such systematic investigation of the subject as might lead to better preventive measures. There is just the sort of persistent attention required that it is extremely difficult to obtain save with professional observers who can be on the watch without being called off by other duties. With work intelligently distributed among the various stations a few years would see the accumulation of a great deal of valuable information without any very great expense. If the work led to the prevention of even a small percentage of the damage annually done by lightning it would pay merely as a matter of business. It is particularly a matter for the government to take up on account of the public nature of the service, and the comparatively small opportunities of any single private observer or group of observers."

CLAIM LOUIS XVII. DESCENT

Party in France with Sincere But Not Numerous Adherents—Queen Known as Madeleine.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Marie Antoinette mass was said in the humble but ancient church of St. Denis at La Chapelle, France, in the presence of the "king and queen of France and the dauphin."

The royal personages were a quiet looking gentleman apparently about 40 years of age, a lady, very simply dressed, and a little boy with long fair curls, whom she held by the hand. A small number of elderly ladies and gentlemen received their majesties and bowed low when they alighted from a motor car.

The king of France in question is the descendant of Naundorff, who alleged that he was Louis XVII., son of Louis XVI., having been saved from the Temple prison, and not, as most historians believe, done to death in boyhood, another child having been substituted for the real dauphin. The present king of France de jure is in deadly earnest about his divine right to the throne, and his followers, who style themselves the only real legitimist party in France, are, though not very numerous, equally sincere and devoted to the cause. It is, however, rather a platonic devotion, and the party has yet made no apparent attempt to bring about a revolution in order to set the king upon his rightful throne. After the religious service the congregation, numbering about a dozen persons, bent knees and kissed hands while bowing low to the queen and the dauphin. The king's name is Jean, and he is therefore John III. of France. The queen is styled usually Princess Madeleine, and the boy Prince Henry of Bourbon, dauphin of France.

BEAUTIFUL MUSKOKA LAKES

Hunted Indian Tribes Once Lived Along Shores of Canadian Waters—Derivation of Names.

Long ago, there lived along the shore of three fairy lakes in northern Ontario a portion of the ill-fated tribe of Huron Indians, who, with their allies, the Algonquins, were so mercilessly pursued by the vengeful Iroquois, relates Four-Track News. From one of their great chiefs, Musquodou, the lakes received their name, "Muskoka," and the signification "starry sky" is as well deserved as if they lay under the blue heavens of the Italian wonderland. In almost every country is found a little group of lakes which poets and writers have immortalized. The lonely grandeur of the deep Scotch lochs, the quiet beauty of the English lake country, the fairy Killarney, Lucerne, the lake of the four forest cantons, the Italian lakes, reflecting in their clear depths flower-bedecked villas and quaint villages, have been celebrated for ages, but their beauties, separate or combined, are equaled by those of this little clover-leaf group, Lakes Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau with their 500 islands nesting in their placid depths.

ALGERIA SAUERKRAUT MINE

This Feature and Flying Turtles Give the Country Fame Which No Other Has Acquired.

In Algeria, where they have flying turtles, they have likewise a mine of sauerkraut which the natives are working and eating with such enthusiasm that it is believed they will be speaking with a German accent presently; in which case the interest of the kaiser in the northern tier of African states will be so considerable before the year is out that we may expect what are called representations to the French government, says the Brooklyn Eagle. We keep on discovering things as we grow older, but we have never discovered, outside of Algeria, a way to develop the delicious concoction known as sauerkraut without putting it to decay in barrels. Now that cabbage has developed a way of growing itself in the dark, fermenting unbeknownst and packing itself for use, the St. Louis sauerkraut trust may well view with alarm and fly to congress to get its infant industry protected. Indeed, Algeria herself may have to take measures. If not, she will invite a Teutonic invasion in comparison to which the encroachments in Manchuria will be as Sunday excursions out of Philadelphia. Seated beside a cave of sauerkraut with fragrant herrings, pigs feet, bologna sissidge, leberwurst, onions, liquefied Limburger cheese and pumpnickel spread over the earth at his feet, and a keg of beer within reach, Hansel would need only Gretel singing beside him in the wilderness, for wilderness were paradise now. Why would Hansel continue to grind a living out of the colder soil of Germany when balmy Algeria beckoned? If Algeria fails to take measures we shall hear the warble of saengerbunds and gemischterchen in Philippeopolis and Gerryville, shall observe the consumption of raw hams under the very nose of Islam, and discover announcements of Milwaukee's famous soothing sirup in Layhouat and Twat. Along of this finding of the sauerkraut mine changes in political geography may be impending.

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HOW PUSH BALL IS PLAYED

Mammoth Sphere Six Feet in Diameter Is Used—Is Inflated with Compressed Air.

Push ball is played on a grid-iron field or floor 120 yards long by 50 wide, with goal posts at either end 20 feet apart and connected by a cross bar seven feet from the ground, says the National Magazine. The mammoth ball, almost globular in shape, should measure six feet in diameter and weigh between 46 and 50 pounds. It is usually inflated with compressed air. The ball is placed in the middle of the field and the teams line up as follows: Five forwards on the 40-yard line, two left and two right wings on the 20-yard line and two goal keepers on the goal line—11 men each. At the sound of the referee's whistle both sides plunge at full speed upon the ball. And then the fun begins. If the ball is caught fairly between the two human battering rams there is a rebound from its elastic sides that sends the players sprawling like tenpins. It does not take long, however, for the entire 22 men to get around the sphere, put their shoulders to the wheel, so to speak, and push for every ounce of energy in them. The heavier, stronger team will, of course, have the advantage, but some trick plays have been invented which lend variety to the game and redeem it from being a featureless contest of mere brawn and muscle.

BRAIN SIZE MEANINGLESS.

Large Skull and Heavy Batch of Gray Matter Are Not Indications of Intellectual Growth, Says Expert.

Two of the most eminent anthropologists of Germany, Prof. Loewenfeld and Eyerich, have been examining into the prevailing belief that a large skull and heavy brain are indications of superior intellectual power, and find absolutely nothing in support of this tradition. They have based their investigations on careful studies of 935 soldiers of the ordinary class, 300 one-year volunteers, gentlemen's sons of superior education, 312 pupils of national schools and 207 examinations of brains of the dead. There are weakly endowed natures with fine brain capacity; on the other hand, some of the brightest of the one-year volunteers had heads rather less than the normal size. No matter what way they went to work to get results in favor of the earlier impressions, they were confronted with defeat. No such rule can be said to exist. It is as irregular and as unscientific to say that a big-brained or big-headed man is intellectual as to say that he is tall or short or addicted to any particular habit.

Couldn't Be.

A city man was showing a country cousin through the Metropolitan museum. "See that bunch of old Egyptian coins over there, Reub?" he said, pointing at one of the showcases; "well, every one of those coins is over 3,000 years old." "Quit yer kiddin'," retorted the countryman. "Why, it's only 1905 now!"

May Yet Save Niagara.

What shall Niagara do to be saved from withering into extinction? As the children of Israel crossed dry shod over the Red sea, so every American now living may some day expect to walk on dry rocks from shore to shore where now flows the most famous falls of the continent. Dr. Clark, New York's state geologist, calculates that when 80,000 cubic feet have been subtracted from the river the American falls will have dried away. Power hunters have already located sites for the plants that will drain away 88,400 feet of the river, thus providing certain doom for the American splendor, unless swift action be taken to save it from harness and humiliation and from advertising to the world that "we are ready to coin into dollars every good and beautiful thing earth affords."

Not the Same Thing.

"So all your daughters have married foreign nobility?" remarked Old Friend, loftily. "Not by a darn sight!" blurted Old Millions, who was tired of paying bills. "They married foreign titles. That's all!"—Detroit Free Press.

Consideration.

"Mr. Juggins says he's a self-made man." "Very considerate of him," rejoined Miss Cayenne, "to take care to relieve his friends of all responsibility."—Washington Star

The Scafarog.

They listened to the seashell's tale. They watched the sea birds circling flight. They echoed back the boatman's hail. They fed the tide of mimic fright. They clambered o'er the rocky height. They hid in caves where waters roar; Their voices rose in shrill delight. Where roll the breakers on the shore. Their childhood passed, they pierced the veil. That distance hung before their sight. Soft foreign breezes filled their sail. Of tropic storms they knew the might. The sun by day, the stars by night. Were guides for them the oceans o'er; The beacon flashed its welcome light. Where roll the breakers on the shore. Their rugged strength began to fail. Ears were less keen and eyes less bright; And they no longer o'er the rail Watched home and kindred fade from sight. They waited for the coming night. With simple faith 'twould soon be o'er; Their weary frames rest on the height. Where roll the breakers on the shore! Prince, with thy funeral train bedight. And royal dirge, what hast thou more Than these they laid with a simple rite. Where roll the breakers on the shore!

A KNOT FOR SOLOMON.

Legal Point Which Might Puzzle Even That Wise King.

If the wise King Solomon could be again invested with his robes of state and be permitted to hear evidence and render judgment in certain vexatious cases which puzzle modern Solons from time to time, he, too, might find his proverbial wisdom put to a severe test. The latest in the line of freak cases is one reported from Europe. A rich banker did in Warsaw recently, and in his will stipulated that his fortune should go to the first of his three nieces who should marry. Each one of the blooming damsels promptly set out in quest of a husband. Several days later each returned, and that is where the real trouble began for the judges; for each had a certificate from a notary affirming that she had been married at a certain hour that morning, and all three ceremonies were performed at the same moment of time.

She Catches His Fancy.

Sometimes a man is only interested in himself. The girl who finds out this trait in him and shows eager interest in all he says about himself may be assured of at least one devoted follower. What he likes to eat, his favorite games, his favorite books, his favorite mode of exercise, what he thinks of any subject under the sun; all of these are of much more importance to that especial young man than any of the girl's likes or dislikes, and he will be her sworn companion if she hangs upon his words with interest and finds him right in his views.—Exchange.

Manipulation of the Fan.

It is one thing to own a fan and another to know how to use it. The smart girl has a fan for every house frock, but only the clever young woman understands the subtle art of handling it tactfully. Fanish women can make a fan talk. They understand the meaning of a long, sweeping stroke, a delicate flutter and a sharp click. They know how to open a fan with a graceful flirt and to close it with a soft swish. In the days of our grandmothers young women studied very carefully the manipulation of the fan. It was taught in every boarding school and understood by every belle.

Germany's Silent Soldier.

Von Moltke, Germany's great soldier, was most laconic. His intimates knew almost to a word in what language the toasts allotted to him would be proposed. The health of his royal master would be submitted in four words or twice as many, because, as he reasoned, his hearers knew as much about the sovereign as he did. There was once a bet over a toast which he was to propose. The man who made it wagered that Von Moltke would discharge his task in eight words, or, at the outside nine. He lost. The old soldier tacked on the word "gentleman" at the end of his sentence, and that made ten.

Bore On Too Heavily.

"This won't go for only one stamp," said the village postmaster to old Uncle Kiah, as the latter handed him a bulky and much-sealed missive. "Whuf for? Whats de maddah wid dat?" "Too heavy," replied the postmaster, balancing it on his hand. "Umph! I tote dat boy so when he was a-writin' of it. I tote him he was writin' too heavy a han', but he kep' on a-bearin' down an' a-bearin' down on the pen, lak a load o' hay. I'll take it back, sah, an' mek him writ wid a pencil. I ain't gwine spen' no mo' two cents jes' for his pighead address."—Northland Weekly.

Human Adverb.

The late Robert G. Ingersoll was a conspicuous figure one night at a gathering in honor of a rising Western politician. This man, who had just been appointed to a high salaried position, had also just been made a thirty-third degree Mason, and on this particular occasion his political followers had given him an elaborate banquet, at which he was presented with a massive gold watch. Ingersoll, in speaking, said: "Mr. Maloney is truly a human adverb, for you now see in him expressed time, place, degree and manna."

Too Much Athletics.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell says too much importance is attached to college athletics. In a letter to the senior class of Pennsylvania, he says: "You have lost out of college life that which it were better to have kept. We played hard in my college days, but we talked of our sports less than you do. You, I fear, care too little for your intellectual athletes. Athletic sports are meant, as I see them, to insure that the body shall be made and kept sound."