

Gen of Japhet and Born in Noah's Ark.

Who was the first Turk? He calls himself a grandson of Noah. Osmanli historians believe the more than eight human beings were in the ark. The additional person was the eldest son of Japhet, born during the flood, and his name was Turk they say. A descendant of Turk is the fourth generation, one Alindeje Khan, had two sons (twins), who were named Tatar-Khan and Mogul Khan.

Tatar was the father of the Turks; Mogul was the father of the Mongols. Turks and Mongols were thus closely connected by birth, and the wars which at once broke out between them and the reconciliations that speedily ensued had much of the nature of family quarrels.

The Turks were the more frequently triumphant, one Mongol throne after another yielding to their arms, without the cousins nursing greater animosity than is usually left behind by wrangles among kinsmen. Not till the Christian era was well advanced did the ethnological name of these children of Japhet appear in history. The Chinese chronicles, with characteristic difficulty in using the liquid letter "r," call the Turks "Tu-Kiue," in reference to an embassy which a Tu-Kiue king sent to the emperor of China in the year 559.

From the earliest times the Turks were warriors. They were the special guardians of the Great Wall of China. They fought with the forces of India, Iran, Myzantium, Arabia, Egypt at will. Mostly they fought because they loved to fight.

It was part of their creed long before the time of Mohammed that it was ignoble for a warrior to die in bed, while to be killed in battle was the surest way to win eternal reward. At first they had no religion. They then embraced Shamanism, an obscure Chinese form of worship comporting with their own ideas of warfare and punishment. Fire worship followed. Then soon after Mohammed's religion. "There is no God but God" began to spread; they became enthusiastic converts.

A central element in each of the religions adopted by the Tatars was that of obedience and reverence for authority. Rebellion was the worst crime. This brought two of the worst massacres in the history of the world. For fomenting a rebellion the inhabitants of the city of Herat, 1,000,000 people, were put to the sword in a week. For the same offence at Bagdad an immense pyramid of 90,000 freshly severed heads was erected.

When the ferocious Turks descended on western Asia they carried everything before them. By the 13th century they were masters of Asia Minor and were beginning to scan the lands across the Bosphorus in Europe. In the early 14th century the invasions of Europe began. The Turks conquered during that century all the Balkan peninsula, and only the warlike temper of the Huns, a people like them in many ways, prevented them from ravaging much of Europe.

In 1453, to the horror of Christendom, the Turks took Constantinople, the old seat of the Byzantium-Roman empire. This gave them a solid foothold on Europe, which no European nation has ever been able to shake. —Pittsburg Press.

The Limit of Laziness.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Avenue Baptist church said in the course of a brilliant after dinner speech in Cleveland: "Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled: "We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'" "Look here, super," said the stage manager one night, "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpont your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my lord.'" "The super pressed his hand to his brow. "More study! More study!" he groaned.

Paupers in England.

There were more paupers in England than ever at the end of January, 1909, despite old age pensions, the proportion in London being the highest since 1881, according to the government return just published. The total number of paupers in England and Wales was 850,460, of whom 288,821 were indoor. The proportion a thousand of population was 24.1, an increase of 2 from last year and of 3 in indoor paupers. The total in London was 125,225 a proportion of 27.8.

Japan gets a better price for its exported home-grown rice than it pays for the large quantity imported from China and home consumed.

WHEN GRANDPA PLAYS.

I don't know what makes Grandpa tired; he's hardly done a thing. Except to put some hammocks up and help us children swing. He only came an hour ago, and we've been here all day. He says we're most too much for him, and thinks he'll hardly stay. He just played drop-the-handkerchief and blind man's buff, but he says, 'My! we've got him out of breath and tired as he can be. He says it's most too much for him to play leap-frog and ball. But we have been here all day long, and we're not tired at all!

He started to play hide and seek, and first he had to blind. And then he ran with all his might to see who he could find. And Tommy Watkins beat him in from there behind a tree. Till Grandpa had to give it up and say, "All's out's in free!" And then he sat down on a stump and said he was tired to death. He had to hold his sides a while till he could catch his breath. He said he'd like to shake a tree and make some apples fall. But he's too tired, and we boys here are hardly tired at all!

He only ran in under once when we were in the swing. And then he had to rest because he's tired as everything. And once he showed us how to climb a great, tall tree, but when he only got a few feet up he slid right down again in a flash. He said he used to climb a tree, oh, very, very tall. And sit across a branch way up and never tire at all. But now he's out of practice, and his legs won't stay around. The trunk and he feels safer when he stays down on the ground!

And sometimes when he goes back home and holds us by the hand. All wringing wet and out of breath, our Ma says: "Goodness, Lord! I think you are the youngest boy of all the boys in sight." But Grandpa rubs his legs and arms and limps and says, "Not quite!" And sometimes in the parlor, why, he says he was so strong. When he was just a boy they used to let him lift some things and do the hardest work, you know. But now us boys'll tire him out in just an hour or so!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

In the North Woods.

By Helen M. Palmer.

The short summer was hastening on in the breathless fashion of the north; it was still early in August and there had been no rain for weeks in Ange-La-Bale. The sun burned red like a ball of fire; the green woods and fields had taken on a livid, sickly hue under the smoke-tinged light, and a faint acrid smell was in the air. From dawn till dark the people tolled feverishly, gathering the premature harvest and fighting the forest fires that crept stealthily toward the village and the north and west.

Old men, women and girls—all turned into the fields to lend a hand. Grandpere Labelle swung his scythe bravely at the head of a line of moilers, boasting that he would show certe jeunesse how to lay a swath, while the young men laughed and applauded, yet each kept a jealous eye on the sweep of his neighbor's scythe; and the girls watched Jean or Pierre or Maxime—as the case might be—from under their lowered eyelids.

As to Roger Crewe, there was but one mind, not a man in the whole comite could do a bigger day's work than the young American who found time in the midst of his own labors to help save the threatened crops.

"I tink me," piped the impish little Elmire, resting upon her rake and following with her eyes the tall young man who pitched the hay so easily upon the towering load, "I tink me, M'sieu' Roger is mos' bes'-lookin' young feller the' is in Ange-La-Bale." "Chut!" whispered the other girls, reprovingly, "you don' lak' to have been hear you, I s'pose." "Ba ou! He's a man, now—lak' the res', ain' it?" persisted Elmire, mischievously; "don't mak' not'in' if he's surveyor for the beeg railroad, an' if heem carry bees head so high, he can not to see always who's p'ss been by." Toinette he can see hevery tam. Ba ou! But what will you? Toinette is very tall. How can one help to see Toinette?"

Quite unmoved apparently by the laughter that greeted this sally, the tall girl upon whom all eyes had turned, went steadily on with her work. A little in advance of the others she moved rapidly across the meadow, tossing the grass lightly from her fork and spreading it with a free sweep of her strong young arms. Yet the color rose in her pale, clear cheeks—she knew even better than Elmire. If it could have been otherwise! But what would you? The father was a good father, but he was very strict and hard to turn, and his talk was all of foreigners and heretiques. Made no difference that the mother tried to help her, telling—not once, but many times—how l'Americain had brought le petit Jean home safe when he was lost in the big snow storm and no one else could find him; how he had saved Adele and her children when the river rose and washed their house away. "Tiens les femmes!" was all that she could w'd, "I don' say M'sieu' Roger he ain' hall right. But a good Canayen, he's good enough for me. L'Americain, he can't come here on no house. An' he can't court ma g'ell!"

The forest fire that was eating its way through the great north woods drew daily a little nearer to the settlement; it was like a wild beast prowling on the outskirts on which one must keep a vigilant eye. Watching the smoke from his tiny porch as night began to fall, Roger saw it shift to the southward and suddenly recalled that that way lay the little Lac Garou where old Manon, the half-crazy ward of the village, lived perversely alone in a little cabin two or three miles from Ange-La-Bale. Grasping his stick, he set off at a rapid pace, reproaching himself that he had not thought of her sooner. Jean Bourcier her special protector had gone down the river for the day; and Toinette, whose tender care for the forlorn old woman had not escaped him, would be anxious, he knew.

As he entered the path that gave the shortest cut to the pond, he saw that the fire was racing with him. In the g'oom of the forest it showed plainly, a thread of rosy light from which sprang at intervals sharp, sword-like tongues of flame that leaped forward before the wind. He hastened his pace to a run, rejoicing in his strength, and in a shorter time than he had thought possible a little rise gave him a glimpse of the cabin; it was lighted by a lurid glow and flames were darting from the roof. Bending close to the earth, he crashed through the underbrush, following the sound of voices that rose above the crackling of branches, and emerged upon a little clearing.

Toinette on her knees, her arms locked about the old woman's wiry, writhing form, was struggling to hold her back. "Come with me, ma mere, come with me!" she urged in eager, coaxing tones; but Manon struck at her blindly with shrill cries of anger and strained fiercely toward the burning cabin on which her eyes were fixed. The girl gave a deep sigh of relief and let her tired arms fall as her burden was taken from her.

The fire was closing in; there was plainly but one way of escape open to them—the pond—and in order to reach it now they must make a wide detour. Toinette, familiar with the forest, led the way fearlessly and Roger followed, holding Manon in his arms. A raft moored to the bank was quickly loosed and pushed out into the cool darkness that still brooded over the little lake. The flames were racing around the shores as if to circle them with a wall of fire.

They were not alone on the pond; other panic-stricken creatures had taken refuge there also. Foxes, coon, squirrels and chipmunks had gathered on the shore, crawling far out on the overhanging branches that dipped into the floor, and clinging there until the pursuing flames forced them into the pond.

"We shall be like Noah," said the young man, smiling, and Toinette smiled back at him. They were very tired and drenched to the skin; a broad, red mark across the man's cheek and temple showed where a flying brand had struck.

For a long time they did not speak, and when at last Toinette, vaguely oppressed, lifted her lids she dropped them again before the ardor of his eyes.

To return to the village by skirting the line of the fire seemed impossible, the way would be long, and it was plain that old Manon, who was still bent upon returning to her cabin, would have to be carried by main force. Steadily creeping forward, they had almost escaped from the ruined forest, when suddenly voices rang out in the silence, unbroken since Manon had ceased her wailing.

"It is my father," said Toinette, listening; "they are searching for us."

Jean Bourcier reached them first of all, pushing through the underbrush. "We should have died, Manon and I, without him," Toinette whispered in her father's ear, as he took her in his arms.

"C'est bien, ma fille, tha's hall right," he faltered, and turning to Roger he would have caught his hand, but the young man drew back.

"Tiens! La jeunesse! It must always have its way!" Jean brought out at last in his deep, sighing voice, and lifting his daughter's hand, he placed it in Roger's and clasped his own above it, folding them both in his strong grasp.—The Delineator.

The Hogs Had Plenty of Time. A Norfolk farmer riding through the Welsh mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the inquiring farmer.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and fatten them on corn. It saves a lot of time?"

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer, "but, bless your heart, what's time to a hawg?"—White's Class Advertising.

Tablet for Key. By an act of congress Baltimore is to have at last a memorial to Francis Scott Key, a Marylander, and the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," a handsome tablet having been ordered to be put on the flagstaff at Fort McHenry. The tablet will be in the shape of a shield, and made of bronze.

The Farmers of the Future

Give the Boys a Chance—Everywhere They Are Showing What They Can Do

By L. C. Brown



WANT to take my hat off to the five thousand Indiana boys who belong to county corn clubs in that state. These boys show the mettle which makes the sort of farmers who do things. No one questions the value and importance of the work of these five thousand boys; and when such sturdy, manly fellows, without any scientific training, can go out and plant and cultivate corn and get a yield of from 75 to 100 bushels an acre, we need have no fear of the permanency of agriculture in Indiana. While college experimenters and scientific farmers are doing their utmost to get increased yields, these boys are showing us how to do things and get results. They have the capacity to absorb practical knowledge. They are capable of growth along lines which mean the most good for the agricultural interests of the state, and for this reason they should be given every opportunity to mingle and work with progressive men. Not all farmer boys will have an opportunity to take a four-year course at college, yet many of them can attend the "short course," and most of them no doubt can attend institutes and corn shows and learn what other men and boys are doing. Indiana, Illinois and Missouri boys have the energy and they have the temperament to do great things. Now, give them the opportunity. Let them work out these hard crop problems in a practical way. Give them a chance to show their worth.

Here is what the "short course" at Madison, Wis., did for a bright German boy. While at Madison he learned how to raise oats so that it would make good seed. So when he went back home he told his father that it would pay to clean their seed thoroughly and keep their fields clean. The weed seeds were cleaned out of their seed oats and the field was gone over twice and all weeds pulled up. The oats were carefully shucked and carefully graded before they were offered for sale. The whole crop of 1,400 bushels was sold at 75 cents a bushel for seed. That was three years ago. That boy set the pace for the boys in his county, and now many of them are growing seed crops, which they are selling at from 10 cents to 25 cents above the market price.—New York Tribune.

Women in Industry

She Is There to Stay, and She Needs the Suffrage

By Katharine Houghton Hepburn

IF women's health is injured by their present conditions of work, then for the good of the race something must be done about it. Either women must be forced out of industry or special legislation must be enacted to protect women workers. Women have gone out of the home into the factory because their work has gone out of the domestic system into the factory system. They have simply followed their work, and any attempt to force women workers back into the home would necessarily be accompanied by the forcing of industry back into the old-fashioned domestic methods of production. This is obviously impossible. If we cannot force women out of industry, then, as existing conditions are disastrous to their health, we must enact special legislation to improve these conditions.

Now, one of the best ways of improving the conditions under which any class works is to give that class the suffrage. Legislators make the laws regulating the conditions of work and hours in factories, and legislators, naturally, pay most attention to the interests of those who elect them. If the workers are women and are therefore in need of special legislation for the protection of their health, one of the surest ways of securing that legislation is to make the legislators dependent on the votes of women as well as men for continuance of office.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, in upholding the constitutionality of the Oregon law limiting the hours of women laundry workers to ten hours a day, said: "Her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in mind not only her own health, but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man." Justice Brewer believes in woman suffrage as a potent factor in securing such legislation.

Love and Life

By Elbert Hubbard

THEY say that love is blind. Love, perhaps, is shortsighted, or inclined to strabismus, or sees things all out of their true proportions, magnifying pleasant little ways into seraphic virtues, but love is not really blind. The bandage is never so tight but that it can peep. Then, look you, the virtues you behold in the beloved you really make your own.

The only kind of love that is really blind and deaf is platonic love. Platonic love hasn't the slightest idea of where it is going, or what is going to happen, and so there are surprises and shocks in store for it. The other kind, with eyes a-peep, is better. I know a man who has tried both. Love is progressive. All things sleep, or become something else. And often they become something else by dying. Behold the eternal paradox! The love that evolves into a higher form is the better kind. Nature is intent on evolution, yet of the myriad of spores that cover the earth, most of them are doomed to death, and of the countless rays sent out by the sun, the number that fall athwart this planet are infinitesimal. Disappointed love, or love that is "lost," often affects the individual for the highest good. Love is for the lover, just as work is for the worker. Love in its essence is a spiritual emotion, and its office seems to be an interchange of thought and feeling; but sometimes, thwarted in its object, it becomes universal, transforms itself into sympathy, and, embracing a world, goes out to and blesses all mankind. The love you give away is the only love you keep.—New York American.

One Way of Putting It.

She—The Swellingtons called on us last week, you know. He—Yes. She—Don't you think it is about time we should retaliate?—New York Journal.

Promising.

"So you think you will let your son Josh study law?" "Yep," answered farmer Cornstossel. "Josh will make a good lawyer. He's got what I call a legal mind." "What is that?" "He kin find a good excuse for doin' about anything that suits his particular convenience."—Washington Star.

Calcutta is to have a steel water tank costing \$2,500,000.