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MALAYS NOT OF ONE RACE

Common Error, But Travelers Know That It Has No Foundation In Fact.

Take the Java Malay, be he Javanese, Soundanese or Madourese. Watch him climb a cocoanut palm; in less than no time he is at the top of the smooth trunk, fifty or sixty feet in height. Notice him in the street, squatting—his toes, like those of a monkey, prominent—on the edge of a step or pavement, note his sinuous movements! Is he not a man of nature all over? All the aboriginal inhabitants of the Malay archipelago are Malays, but in Java alone you find the calm, quiet Soundanese of West Java, the true Javanese of Middle Java—a much finer race—and the treacherous Madourese of Madoura and East Java. It is therefore evident that to talk about "Malays" is really incorrect. Anthropologically only is it really correct to term all these peoples Malays; one would not think of terming all white people Aryans. The term "Malay" merely refers to one of the great families of mankind. The Malay men folk, taking them as a whole, do not make as near so good an impression as their women. Contrary to what they really are, they look puny; they are also short, have shifty eyes, a broad nose, perhaps a mustache, seldom a beard; they are lazy, untrustworthy, will harbor revenge for years, are usually ugly. Being Moslems, they all wear a head covering, made of colored linen. The lower classes wear this carelessly, although the Malays of higher standing are very careful in arranging it, which they do very ingeniously. It looks incongruous to see a Malay with a "topee,' or helmet, above his usual head covering; nevertheless, this is general. A pair of cotton pants, a shirt, and a girdle of printed cloth, called a "sarong," form the average Malay's garb, and he is seldom without his "kris,' or dagger-like knife.—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

WOULD BE OF GREAT VALUE

Idea for a Laboratory of Safety Devices Has Been Put Forward by Employers of Labor.

Why not have a laboratory of safety devices is the question asked by many manufacturers who have been giving honest attention to the subject of preserving the health and physical well-being of their employes. With the many safety devices already offered, the average manufacturer is somewhat in the dark as to the appliances which best could befit his business.

With this idea in view, it is proposed that a staff of competent engineers be appointed whose sole duty it shall be to test the numerous appliances offered and decide whether they are fitted to the various industries they represent.

Fire prevention naturally would prove one of the biggest subjects to be taken under consideration. Many inventions have to do with hose, doors, shutters, etc., and under present conditions the only way for a factory owner to determine their value is to put them to a test—those tests oftimes being made under conditions where a great loss in human life results.

A Useful Dunce.

During the Civil war, General Sedgwick had on his staff a very dull lieutenant, who seemed never to be able to do anything without making mistakes. One day a friend asked the general:

"Why do you keep Jones on your staff? He seems a perfect dunce."

"Do you know," replied General Sedgwick, "Jones is one of the most useful members of my staff? Before I issue an order, I always have Jones read it. If he can tell what it means, I am sure there can be no chance that [illegible] will misunderstand it."—Youth's Companion.

Keats a Great Poet.

One of the highest of authorities declares the "Ode to a Nightingale" to be "one of the final masterpieces of human work in all time and for all ages." The same high authority refers to the odes to "Autumn" and to the "Grecian Urn" as being unequaled and unrivaled, the "triumphant accomplishment of the very utmost beauty possible to human words." In Keats' larger poems are passages that approach very near to poetic perfection. Keats died at twenty-six. And yet he lived long enough to have written some of the finest things in literature.

For Your Grinder.

Glycerin is a good lubricant for the meat or vegetables grinder, because it does not leave an unpleasant odor if brought in contact with the meat.

LEADERS ARE MEN OF ACTION

Having an Idea, They Have Impressed It on Their Fellows and the World Has Moved.

The nations are a series of short experiments. A nation may disintegrate inside of a century. It may flower inside of 30 years. It would be possible that a middle-western town like Cedar Rapids should tomorrow begin to put forth a group of heroes, who should overrun the earth with the charm and vigor of their ideas. A sudden quickening, mind catching flame from mind, and once again you would have the miracle of Plato's Athens, of Elizabeth's London.

If now and again some man had not decided to stop drifting and take hold of things and reshape them, there would have been no discovery, no invention, no art. He might have said, as many like to say: "Why not let my big idea rest quietly? There is time enough in the long future Why be in a hurry? Why so hot, little man? There is quiet sleep in the churchyard for the men that have gone before, and soon I too will be there." But, prevailing, he said:

"Now is the time, and the place is here, to bring my idea to action. I insist on being heard. Here is the plan We will not postpone it till next century. We will try it now."

It is our business to make our ideas prevail. We are not to go silent, nor to retire from activity, believing that our nation is long-lived, and that our thought has an eternity in which to come to pass. We must speak up. We must strike early and strike hard. The time is short. It is right to wish to get something done in our own lifetime.—Harper's Weekly.

REFLECTS LIFE OF SECTION

Homespun Language Well Described as Having Race-Old Distillation of Wisdom.

The life of every section is reflected in its speech. Why should it not be taught pride in the very archaisms it possesses? We have a storehouse on which we can never afford to turn the key. Take a lower Mississippi sentence that Clemens might have copied: "There's been a fray on the river—I don't know how the fraction began, but Dan and Bill feathered into the Joneses with their rifles." Agincourt bowmen would have understood "feathered into."

In the tongue of the Appalachians storm is tempest, gay is gamesome, strong is sur-vigorous, the air is the element, agriculture is tilth and husbandry, medicine is physick. The people speak in metaphor as readily as the Tudors. One can hear in the Great Smokies, as in Marlowe, of cowards whose blood is snow-broth and heroes bold as brass.

To become ashamed of speech with a colloquial flavor is to become ashamed of the very speech that is primitive thews and muscles. The homespun language has a past; in it beats the heart of democratic feeling, and its sayings and phrases have a race-old distillation of wisdom.—New York Post.

Whistler Did Not Care.

One day the late James McNeill Whistler, the famous artist, went into a London hat shop. He stood there bareheaded, as the clerk had taken his hat to another part of the shop to match it. As he leaned idly against the counter, a man rushed up to him, took off his hat, thrust it into Whistler's face, and exclaimed in anger: "Look here, I want you to understand that I know something about hats, and I insist that this hat doesn't fit me!"

Whistler looked at the man with interest; then he smiled politely. "Please put the hat on," he said, and the angry man did so. Whistler looked him over critically from head to foot; then in his peculiar, drawling manner, he said:

"Quite right, quite right, sir, it does not fit. Neither does your coat; and furthermore, your waistcoat is too large, and your trousers are a horrible color."

After Whistler went out, it took the proprietor half an hour to convince the man that it was not one of the clerks who had insulted him.—Youth's Companion.

Creosote and Decay.

It is estimated by the Canadian authorities that every year some 600,000 telegraph and telephone poles have to be replaced because of their decay. It is estimated that creosote treatment would save upward of 260,000 poles per year.

If the world owes every man a living, the millionaires must be preferred creditors.—Chicago News.

TECHNICALITY ONCE OF USE

Undoubtedly Served Good Purpose When Criminal Laws Were So Unreasonably Severe.

You remember the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice." The "quality of mercy" has failed. The learned Daniel of judgment has refused the plea to "wrest once the law to your authority." Shylock is whetting his knife for the pound of flesh. And then —"Tarry a little, there is something else. The bond doth give thee here no jot of blood"—a technicality. All through the English law of the period I am discussing, English criminal lawyers, with the connivance of humane English judges, were playing the part of Portia, inventing ingenious excuses by which humanity might triumph over barbarism. Here is a man indicted for stealing a sheep—penalty, death. The proof was that he stole a ewe, but the statute used the word "ewe" as well as "sheep," and the prisoner escaped. He had not stolen a sheep.

In 1827, an indictment read that the jurors "on their oath," instead of "on their oaths," charged a man with a crime and for this reason the indictment was found defective and on this technicality the prisoner was discharged.

That these technicalities were in their own time undesirable substitutes for the law reform must be admitted. But they had a reason for existence, due to the barbarous condition of the criminal law.—World's Work.

OYSTER NOT GOOD FOR ALL

Many Stomachs to Which It Is Not a Welcome Visitor, According to Physician.

It is popularly supposed that the oyster digests himself in the human stomach owing to the great size of the liver, which is crushed as mastication begins and is thought to digest the mollusk itself. As the oyster, moreover, contains some ten per cent of extremely assimilation protein, together with phosphorized fats and glycogen, it has always been freely administered to convalescents, while dyspeptic bons vivants have never hesitated to eat it abundantly.

Doctor Pron expresses the opinion that the oyster may be allowed, therefore, to those dyspeptics whose gastric functions are deficient, in anorexia, gastric atony, ulcer and incipient cancer, and to convalescents from acute disease, as it is likely to improve the appetite and to excite the stomach to increased motor and chemical activity.

But to the large number of dyspeptics whose stomachs are hyperacid or hypersensitive Doctor Pron would forbid the oyster as well as all other stimulating foods. In many of these dyspeptics the gastric secretion is already sufficient, and it is unnecessary and unwise to increase it.

What Came Up.

An Englishman was driving around County Tipperary one warm day, when he came across a farmer setting potatoes. Thinking to have a joke with him, he began:

"Well, Pat, what are you planting?"

"Praties, sir," said Pat.

"Do you think potatoes will come up?" asked the Englishman.

"Of course," said Pat.

"Why, I set onions last year in our garden, and carrots came up," said the Englishman.

"Oh," said Pat. "I set an acre of turnips last year in that field over there, and do you know what came up?"

"No," replied the Englishman.

"Mike Murphy's old black donkey, and ate them all," answered Pat.

Mean Insinuation.

She was a plump widow with two charming daughters. She had been a "relic" just a year, and was beginning to wear her "weeds" lightly. All the same when the new curate called upon her she sighed:

"Ah, I feel the loss of my poor, dear husband very much. I never have any appetite for anything now."

The curate was all sympathy, and in the endeavor to cheer her by pointing out what a comfort to her her daughters must be, replied:

"I can quite understand that, but you are solaced in—"

"S-i-r-r!" interrupted the indignant lady, "allow me to inform you that I am not laced in at all."

Buried in Snow for Weeks.

Reno, Nev.—Caught in a blizzard, R. D. Hawley, an eastern banker, and three companions in a tent were buried under 12 feet of snow for a week. When the storm was over they dug themselves out.