

GERMANS CHEATED IN BEER

Short Measure Costs the Thirsty \$12,500,000 a Year, Says a Munich Statistician.

A Munich statistician estimates that Germans last year were swindled out of \$12,500,000 worth of beer, all through getting short measure, and this it seems has been going on systematically for years.

The discovery arose out of the prosecution in the courts of Munich, where beer drinkers forger at the original front of a big beerhall proprietor and his staff of waiters who were accused of habitually serving short measure with intent and malice aforethought.

The prosecution alleged that the brewery which stood behind the beerhall made \$52,500 a year extra profit by giving false measure.

The case resulted in a conviction, but the defendants brought scores of witnesses to prove that in Munich, Berlin, Leipzig and other German cities, and also in Vienna, short measure was always served.

"No German in his life," said one witness, "has ever drunk an honest measure of beer."

Needless to say this last revelation has made a painful impression.—New York Sun.

HOW THE BURGLAR BREAKS IN

Window is His Usual Point of Entrance, and Early Morning His Best Time.

Nearly all burglars get in, not through the door, which the householder is so careful to bolt and chain, but through the window. In London in one year 357 burglars got in through windows, only 85 entered through doors, 15 through fanlights and 11 by "breaking out." False keys were used 25 times. The favorite hours are two to six in the morning.

The householder falls into his soundest sleep about an hour after dozing off, and is least likely to hear a burglar, say, between one and three o'clock. But the policeman on duty since ten o'clock, must be growing tired by cock-crows, and that seems why the burglar selects the later hours.

Measuring Meteor's Speed.

An interesting use has been found in astronomy for the bicycle wheel. By fitting such a wheel with a series of opaque screens placed at regular intervals and then rotating it with the aid of a small motor at the rate of from 30 to 50 turns in a minute before the camera used to photograph meteors, one investigator has succeeded in measuring the velocity of the meteor's flight.

The Spice of Life.

Those gray-uniformed special policemen in the Subway have a way of performing their duties coolly and automatically, as if their souls—if any—were elsewhere. But there is one of them, at the Fourteenth street station, who takes some pleasure in his job.

"Watch your step! Watch your step!" became too much for him one day last week as he stood by the side door of an express train teaching passengers the way they should go. So he rearranged it thus: "Watch your step, ladies. Watch your step, gentlemen. Ladies and gentlemen, watch your pocketbooks!"

Healthy Sailors.

The health of the navy was better in 1909 than in any other year previous of the last decade, and the death rate was the lowest ever recorded for that arm of the fighting services, according to the annual report of the surgeon general of the navy.

The recorded death rate was 5 per 1,000. The percentage of sick from disease and injuries was 4.03, as compared with the 10-year average of 5.218. The surgeon general recommends that the entire personnel under 50 years of age be vaccinated against typhoid fever.

More Up-to-Date.

De Style—Old Dromey doesn't build castles in the air any more. Gumbusta—is that so?

De Style—He builds aeroplanes stations in the air now.—Judge's Library

Between Office Boys.

"How'll you get off for the opening game?" You killed your grandmother last season.

"I'd get off to go to grandfather's wedding. What's the matter with the old man getting married again?"

HE SAW ALL THE REAL SIGHTS

Wonderful Things Uncle Timrod Witnessed in the City Did Not Include Museums.

"Well, Uncle Timrod," says the nephew after breakfast, "I wish I could take you around to see the sights of the city today, but I've got a lot of important business on hand; so I'll have to let you run around by yourself. Here's a list of the museums, city hall, public buildings, parks and things like that, with directions how to get to each one."

That evening Uncle Timrod comes home weary, but satisfied.

"Well," asked the nephew, "did you have any trouble finding your way around?"

"No; I got on fine," says Uncle Timrod, contentedly.

"And did you think the public buildings and museums and parks were as fine as you expected?"

"Well, Jimmy, I tell you. I got so interested in seein' sights that I never got to one o' them places. I seen a machine in a window that pulls taffy, an' a whole lot o' fancy knives in another, an' one place I seen a clock that tells th' time anywhere on earth, an' I seen a whole window full o' canary birds an' pape, an' I looked into a barber shop that had wimmen barbers, an' I seen the fire engines run an' the patrol wagon comes an' takes a feller to jail, an' a street car run into an automobile, an' a 'lectric train whisin' round an' round in another window, an' nigh onto 50 barrels o' apples in front of a store, an' a compass in a window, an' a place whur they cut oysters open for ye—an I et a dozen right there, an' a feller paintin' pictures in a window an' sellin' 'em frames an' all for a dollar an' two bits apiece, an'—Oh, laws! I can't begin to tell ye all th' sights I seen. I'm clean tuckered out, an' my neck hurts because I watched two fellers washin' windows 'way up 19 floors 'om th' ground. I counted it three times. Twicet I made it 19 an' oncet 20, so I guess I'm on th' safe side. Yep, I certainly have been seein' th' sights, Jimmy."—Judge.

BOOKS LOVED BY THE BLIND

Taste of the Sightless Is for Pages That Glow With Color and Action.

Literary favorites of the blind might by some be thought to be limited chiefly to works of a contemplative, introspective character, treating of that inner life with which the sightless are perforce so familiar. What one might ask, have they to do with light and color, with visible shapes and outlines, with stir and movement, as noted by the sense of seeing?

And yet the blind, even those born blind, habitually use the vocabulary of their more fortunate neighbors, and the verb "to see" is by no means excluded from their phraseology.

Thus it results that their taste in books is rather for the objective, the pages that glow with color and are alive with action, than for the intensely subjective.

The works circulated among the blind of New York state by the state library at Albany form an instructive list in this regard. From the current report we learn that Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" is the best-read book of the lot; Mrs. Wiggins' "Rebecca" stories are almost equally popular; Owen Wister's "The Virginian" is a prime favorite; and so is Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," as might not have been expected.

The very last on the list of 31 is "David Copperfield," which is far outdistanced by certain works of the nonfiction class.

In the list of periodicals printed for the blind it is to be noted with regret that no fewer than four styles of typography are used—New York point, American Braille, English Braille and Moon—while a fifth, line letter, is used in many of their books.

Not in Chicago.

A Chicago man was dilating to a party of eastern drummers on "the western spirit" plus Chicago as essentials to success. To illustrate he delved into his own early history, which had been rather turbulent.

"Why, at one time I was out of work for six months at a stretch," he said, "but I never lost my nerve, and I got there."

"Six months at a stretch," repeated a skeptical listener. "What on earth did you ever do for sustenance?"

"Sustenance! Great Scott, we never had any of that in those days," replied the advocate of the Windy City. "Why, I used to feel satisfied if I got enough to eat."

Sturdy Iceland Horses.

The use of Iceland horses is spreading in Denmark, especially in Jutland; they are excellent farm horses, being hardy and resistant to fatigue. The Iceland horse is small, stoutly built and strong. They are bred without selection and live in an almost wild state. There are about 48,000 of these horses in Iceland, from 3,000 to 4,000 are exported yearly, to Denmark and to England and Scotland.

Noted Woman Sculptor.

Mlle. Jane Poupelet is one of the three women sculptors who have been awarded a bourse de voyage or traveling scholarship by the French government. She was awarded a bronze medal at the Paris exposition in 1900 and her work is beginning to be well known in France, where it appears regularly in the Salons.

BACK TO HIS AUTOMOBILE

Senator Oliver's Experience in Discarding the Luxury Proves Very Far From Satisfactory.

No more will George T. Oliver, United States senator from Pennsylvania, endeavor to mix with the common people.

Senator Oliver's determination to return to the luxury of an automobile is due to his discovery that all men look alike to the motorman of street cars in Washington. Senator Oliver's auto had not come to take him home, and he stood in the street stamping his feet in the snow and impatiently waiting for a car. Presently one came bowling down the street at top speed. He commanded the motorman to stop by raising his hand, and never dreaming that his senatorial mandate would be ignored, prepared to get aboard.

The car slowed down just sufficiently to deceive the senator, but the motorman was merely reducing speed a bit to get around a curve. Senator Oliver grasped the handle of the car, was promptly yanked off his feet, and the street was in a fair way of being swept of its snow by the immaculate clothing of the indignant senator when that individual came to the conclusion that he could not get aboard the car without inviting the legislature of Pennsylvania to name a successor to the late George T. Oliver. He released his hold on the handle, slid along the slippery pavement for a few feet, and delivered himself of a few choice remarks which would have shocked the parliamentary feeling of Vice-President Sherman.

"Do you know whom you passed?" a passenger asked the conductor. "I suppose 'twas a senator, but his nicker don't look any bigger than any one else's when the car is late. This is one place where we can give the best of them the go-by, see."—Washington Times.

BIGGEST DAM IN THE WORLD

Reservoir to Cover 56.4 Square Miles and Hold 80,000,000,000 Cubic Feet of Water.

A dam larger than any now built or building in the world is to be constructed, in connection with a mammoth irrigation enterprise which will soon be undertaken in the presidency of Madras, British India, known as the Cauvery reservoir project.

The project includes the construction of a huge masonry dam across the Cauvery river, for impounding the flood waters during the monsoon seasons, and the construction of a system of canals through large sections of the unirrigated deltaic region in order to distribute the flow.

There are now under irrigation in the Cauvery deltaic systems 1,003,000 acres, and the crop area will be increased by the new works about 473,000 acres.

The dam will be 6,352 feet in length and 202 feet from the lowest level of its foundations to the roadway on top and 206 feet to the top of its parapets. The height from the average level of the river bed to the roadway will be 173 feet, and the full level of the reservoir will be six feet less. In masonry it will contain 35,500,000 cubic feet.

The next three dams in size are the Assouan, in Egypt, with 19,000,000 cubic feet of masonry; the Croton in New York, 23,100,000, and the Olive Bridge dam in New York, 23,000,000.

It is estimated that 12 years will be required to complete the Cauvery dam, and that the cost, including the canals, \$12,491,555. The area submerged by the impounded waters under the new project will be 54.6 square miles, and the effective capacity of the reservoir 80,000,000,000 cubic feet.

Londoners Foreigners in Scotland.

It came as a great shock to me to find that in Scotland the Londoner is regarded as a foreigner. I argued the point with my friends in Aberdeen, but all to no purpose. Nor was this the only shock I received. The people do not dress like Harry Lauder, and the corkscrew curls he affects is quite new. I experienced great difficulty in providing myself with a stick of the Lauder pattern, and then found that the best people do not carry them.

Also, they speak a strange language down there—one that does not resemble in the least the anemic Scots tongue we heard in "What Every Woman Knows." This other is a broader, stronger, more formidable language altogether, as I realized when the guard on the train sat beside me and talked for twenty miles and I understood not a word.—London Graphic.

The Height of Accuracy.

C. D. Gibson was talking at his studio, in West Thirty-first street, about the historical accuracy of Alma Tadema's paintings.

"They do say," Mr. Gibson declared, "that Alma Tadema once painted a picture of an Assyrian bath wherein every bath towel was marked 'Nebuchadnessar' in the corner in cuneiform characters."

Early Precedent.

The three witches were preparing their broth.

"You are funny people," said Macbeth, "to set up your kitchen out here on the blasted heath and prepare your supper in the rain."

"That's all right, Mac," replied the first witch. "We are conjurers and don't believe in home cooking."

OLD WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

How William Cullen Bryant Informed His Mother That He Had Been Married.

The following letter from William Cullen Bryant to his mother indicates that the author of "Thanatopsis" and the immortal lines "To a Water-fowl" could enjoy his joke on occasion:

"Dear Mother: I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

"Early on the evening of the 11th day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in the village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another.

At last came a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered.

We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished, most of us sat down.

The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistic expressions, which I was too much frightened to remember; but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady by the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and whom I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world.—Prof. Chubb, in "Stories of Authors."

WHERE THERE IS NO BREAD

This Staple Food is Never Seen in a Village Not Far From Vienna.

There are regions wherein the poorer classes of peasantry eat little or no bread. Baked loaves of bread are practically unknown in many parts of southern Austria and Italy and throughout the agricultural district of Rumania.

It is said that in the village of the Obersteiermark, not far from Vienna, bread is never seen, the staple food being sters, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk, at dinner with broth or fried lard, and with milk again for supper. This dish is also known as haiden and takes the place of bread not only in the Austrian district named, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol.

In northern Italy the peasants affect a substitute for bread called polenta, a porridge made of boiled potatoes. Potatoes is not, however, allowed to "granulate" like Scotch porridge or like the Austrian sters, but is boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as it is hot, and is in every sense the Italian's daily bread.

A variation of polenta, called mamaliga, is said to be the favorite food of the poorer classes of Rumania. Mamaliga is like polenta, in that it is made of boiled grain, but it is unlike the latter in one important respect—the grains are not allowed to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct, after the fashion of oatmeal porridge.—Tit-Bits.

Coke.

The production of coke in beehive ovens and retorts in the United States in 1909 was 39,315,065 short tons, worth \$89,965,483, against 26,033,518 tons, worth \$62,483,983 in 1908. The increase was 51.02 per cent. in quantity and 43.92 per cent. in value. Notwithstanding this increase the output was still 1,463,499 short tons and \$21,573,643 below the high record made in 1907, which was 40,779,564 short tons, valued at \$111,539,128. The 1909 increase over 1908 was mainly made in the last half of that year.

The average price a ton was \$2.40 in 1908, against \$2.29 in 1909, while in 1907 the average price was \$2.74 a ton. Coke made in the by-product ovens is the more profitable. At the close of 1909 there were 949 of them under construction. Their product in 1909 averaged in price \$3.27 a ton, against \$2.10 for the output of the beehive ovens.

Will Train Servants.

Mrs. Mary Gray of Newark and other New Jersey women are interested in a state-wide movement to solve the servant question. The plan proposed is to provide better servants by providing cooking and training schools, and these will be started in the cities where girls may learn every branch of housework. Girls who are educated simply by going the rounds of the homes in any community, can not be expected to be properly educated. Servants will be classified under the new plan and when proficient will be given diplomas.

Resents the Criticism.

Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, in commenting upon the statement of Lady Sarah Wilson that American women do not take an interest in politics, said that she had seen only the crust of society while visiting here, and that she could not judge American women from those she had met. She said that American women do take a healthy, normal interest in politics, as do their English sisters.

CHINESE COMPANY FINANCE

President Declares Himself Unworthy to Fill Position and Police Break Up Meeting.

Chinese company finance appears to differ from the English. At a shareholders' meeting of the Anhui railway and mining corporation the other day the hall was decorated with shrubs and emblems such as the dragon and phoenix.

The president's first announcement was that he proposed to elect another president, as he felt himself too stupid and incompetent to discharge his duties any longer—showing a distinct advance on the ordinary system, under which this proposal generally emanates from the shareholders.

A letter was then read from the vice-president to the effect that he was ill, but hoped the meeting would keep on sitting until he came. (Applause.)

What the financial position may be of the shares of the company we do not know, or the amount (if any) of the dividend, but both are probably low, as the meeting became disturbed and had to be brought to a close by a detachment of police and 30 soldiers.

(Note by our stock exchange expert.—Buy Chinese railways wherever obtainable; they appear to be honestly conducted.)—Black and White.

A PROPER PERSPECTIVE

An Italian Figures That Mankind, After All, Is Only a Wee Part of the World.

How little mankind signifies in the scheme of nature is shown by a rather morose calculation of the Italian Professor Zuccarini, who has figured out, among other things, that estimating the world's population as 1 1/2 billion the whole human race at present living could stand comfortably shoulder to shoulder in an area of 500 square miles.

Taking the number of generations in the past 8,000 years as 200, the room taken up by them all on the above plan would only be half the size of Germany, or for the sake of comparison less than the area of the state of Colorado. To bury all the people on earth would need a graveyard little larger than that area.

If the dust left by each body be estimated at one-tenth cubic yard, which is a liberal estimate, it would cover only 40 square miles to a depth of about three feet. This certainly seems insignificant compared with the great coral reefs and other immense deposits built up by the shells of tiny infusoria.

Credit, Yes; Money, No.

James J. Hill does not like to give money to people who know little of business. The widow of a former friend came to him one day. She wanted a small loan with which to open a boarding house.

"Sorry, Mrs. Blank," said busy Mr. Hill, "but I can't let you have any money. Go and start your boarding house."

"But I can't without money, Mr. Hill. I must pay rent and buy furniture and many things."

"Nothing of the kind, Mrs. Blank," said Mr. Hill. "Go and get a good house; get a bill for six months' rent; furnish the house. Send bills to me. I'll pay 'em. Sorry I can't let you have any money. Good day, and good luck to you."—The Sunday Magazine.

Gave Overshoes as Alms.

Mayor William F. Connors of Lynn, Mass., came close to obeying the Scriptural injunction concerning charity to the very letter when he took off a pair of rubbers and gave them to an old man. The mayor was hurrying home for luncheon, when the old man asked him for 50 cents.

The mayor said: "I haven't it. What do you want it for?"

"I need a pair of rubbers," said the old man. The mayor saw that the man's shoes were full of holes.

"Here, take mine," said he, peeling off the footgear. They were an excellent fit, and the beggar departed loud in his praises.

Great Concrete Bridge.

There was recently opened for traffic at Auckland, New Zealand, a reinforced concrete bridge, which contains the largest masonry arch in existence. The structure consists of nine approach spans of from 43 to 81 feet, and a great central arch of 320 feet. The latter is hinged at the abutments and at the center.

It consists of two separate ribs, connected by cross struts, with a floor resting on slender columns built up from the ribs. Provision is made for a 24-foot roadway and two six-foot sidewalks.—Scientific American.

Matter of Breathing.

Teachers will be interested in the experiments of Dr. Noble, connected with the New York schools. He finds that many boys are vicious looking and bad because they do not breathe properly. One boy who swooned at his teacher and frequently played truant, after a course in breathing lessons became a bright, upright-looking boy and fond of school.

Much More Worth Inspecting.

"Johnny, you have been fighting, I can tell it by the look in your eye."

"Yes, mother, and you ought to see the look in the other boy's eye."—Stray Stories.

LUGGAGE "TOO EMOTIONAL"

Why the Drummer Had to Pay in Advance at a Hotel in Staunton, Va.

Representative Carter Glass of Lynchburg, Va., tells the following story and says that every word of it is true:

"I stopped off at Staunton one night not so very long ago and it was about midnight when I alighted from the C. & O. train. With the exception of a couple of negroes and a big red-faced drummer I was the only passenger to get off. There wasn't any bus at the station and we—the drummer and I—had to hoof it to the hotel (there was only one). When we got there we woke up the night clerk who was also porter and bell-hop, and after I registered I stuck the pen back in the half potato on the desk. My newly made acquaintance, the drummer, had registered before me and was ragging with the night clerk.

"I'll have to ask you to pay in advance," remarked the clerk to the drummer.

"Isn't my luggage good enough security?" replied the traveling man, who had never traveled in Virginia before.

"I am afraid, old man, it is a little too emotional," answered the clerk with a yawn.

"Emotional?" questioned the tired guest.

"Sure, emotional. It's easily moved," explained the clerk.

"Well, that drummer had to pay his bill in advance. The clerk must have sized me up right away for an honest man, for my grip wasn't as big as this salesman's and I didn't have to settle until I was ready to check out the next morning."

LAKE LASTS FIVE MONTHS

During Rest of the Year the Balkan Peasants Raise Crops on its Bed.

On the route from Gravosa, a Dalmatian port on the Adriatic, to Mostar, former capital of Herzegovina, is situated a lake of remarkable character and behavior—and of almost equally remarkable name. An English woman, Maude M. Holbach, writing of her travels through those two Balkan states lately assigned to the empire of Francis Joseph, Bosnia and Herzegovina, has thus described Lake Popovopolje:

For more than an hour we journeyed along the shores of a desolate mountain lake, shut in by barren mountains, which the guide book told us bears the unpronounceable name of Popovopolje, and is only a lake during five months of the year. It dries up in summer so completely that the ground can be cultivated. The inhabitants of its banks must have a similar experience to the dwellers in the villages along the Nile, who are accustomed to go about on dry land half the year and the other half by boat.

This lake puzzled us not a little when first we saw it, for the trees growing here and there out of the water plainly showed inundation; and on the other hand, the primitive little canoes here and there on its banks showed that the inundation, if such, was expected and prepared for.

The waters are said to escape in summer through underground courses, and in proof of this a special kind of fish is found in this lake which could not otherwise get there.—Youth's Companion.

Why Capitol Burn.

Pennsylvania has had a capitol burn. Only a few weeks ago the Missouri Capitol was burned, involving the destruction of a great mass of extremely valuable historical material. A few years ago the Wisconsin Capitol was destroyed by fire, and there also were consumed historical records of the greatest interest. Now the New York Capitol has been fire-swept and the State Library, which included one of the most valuable historical collections in the country, has been destroyed. State capitols ought to be among the safest of structures. They are very expensive, and yet they seem to be rather subject to fires, and fires started therein burn with astonishing rapidity. We fear there is too much political contract work in them.—Philadelphia Record.

Missed Opportunity.

People who think it impossible to get something for nothing in New York are mistaken. An advertisement in a commercial paper a day or so ago announced the desire on the part of an oil company to give away several thousand five-gallon oil cans and the wooden cases containing them to any one who would take them away from the piers in New York and Brooklyn, where they are stored. Critical New Yorkers were inclined to think it an April fool joke, but it was not.

Knew More Than All of Them.

The Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?

The Witness—Yes, sir; more than half of them.

The Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?

The Witness—Swear, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together.

Went for the Same Reason.

"What makes the crowd gather so over there?"

"Oh, vulgar curiosity. Let's go over.—From the Silent Partner.