

ENTIRE EARTH NOW EXPLORED.

Travels Have Made It Easier for the Spread of the Word.

The world is now explored. The last man is located. With the opening of Tibet, there is no longer a hermit nation. The church knows her task, and is confronted by an open world. A world-wide commerce is developing world-wide facilities for missionary undertakings. Livingstone was six months reaching the Zambesi from Cape Town. You can now make the journey by rail in four days. Railroads and steamboats are opening up the Dark Continent from four sides. China is operating 3,700 miles of railways, and has 1,600 miles under construction. The missionaries, long the advance agents of commerce, are now reinforced by commerce at many points. An English and German company, engaged in developing the phosphate beds of the Pacific islands, is cooperating heartily with the American board, affording the missionaries such facilities for transportation as to enable us to do away with the missionary vessel.—The Morning Star.

NAVAJOS A POLYGAMOUS TRIBE.

Plural Marriages There Are Not Interfered with by Uncle Sam.

It is commonly supposed that Uncle Sam strictly forbids polygamy within his dominions. This is a mistake. Polygamy has been practised from time immemorial by the Navajos, and they have no intention of giving up the practice. Nothing has ever been done by the government or by the Indian agents to discourage it. Not many of the braves have more than two wives, although some have been known to maintain a harem of 12. Two wives are almost as common as one. Being only human, sometimes they "scrap." Then the husband separates them, building for each a separate Hogan, located whenever possible on opposite sides of a butte or small mesa. Each is strictly forbidden to leave her side of the separating landmark. It is feared, however, that this prohibition is not always obeyed, and there are doubtless many hair-pulling scraps that no one but the jackrabbits and papposes witness.

Poetic Justice.

A certain couple in a New England village, each the parent of six children, recently had meted out to them a kind of poetic justice in which they failed to see the poetry. The woman, a widow, pleading that she had no home, and was therefore unable to care for her children, induced the local authorities to admit them to an orphan asylum. The man, a widower, pleading he had no housekeeper, and therefore no one to care for his children, induced the authorities to admit his six also. Thereupon being freed from all incumbrances, these two married. All went well for a few months, when the authorities, learning of the situation, promptly dispatched the 12 children back to their parents, and the woman, no longer able to represent herself as homeless or the man as without a housekeeper, they were forced to receive them.

Great Man Condemns Suicide.

"Napoleon's Writings and Sayings" is the title of a little book which has just been published in Paris. On the subject of suicide, Napoleon wrote at St. Helena, "Has a man the right to take his own life? Certainly, as soon as his death would be an injury to no one and his life a burden. When is life a burden? When it offers only tribulations, but as these may vanish at any moment there seems to be no moment in one's life when he has the right of self-destruction. There are not many men who have not felt at some time the impulse to end all through death, but a few days later there comes a change and the cause for self-inflicted death is gone, and the man who succumbs to the impulse on Monday, could he undo his work, would be sorry for it when the weekend came."

Are Women Less Honest Than Men?

"Are women less honest than men?" This palpitating question has become one of the great subjects of discussion in Paris, thanks to a symposium in La Revue. There is not one darest openly affirm that woman is dishonest. Anatole France, the master of contemporary French literature, questions whether man is so virtuous that he should desire to weigh himself in the balance against woman. And he speaks of masculine arrogance and ferocity and brutality. And so woman—according to the judgment of Paris—is not more dishonest than man. Whence sprang that legend that she was?

Improving.

"How is your son James getting on at college, Mr. Boggs?" asked the parson. "Fine," said Boggs. "He's getting more businesslike every day." "I am glad to hear that," said the clergyman. "How does the lad show?" "Well," said Boggs, "when he first went up and wanted money, he used to write asking for it. Now he draws up me at sight."—Lippincott's.

Horse Sense.

Customer—Why, I thought you called him "the colt." Ostler—Sure, yer honor, and that's the name he's had for the last 20 years, and he sticks to it like a respectable baste, the same as yourself.—Punch.

WANTED TO SEE HOW IT WAS

Youngster's Idea Was to Emulate Feat of the Chickens.

Helen and Roger were staying with their grandparents. Although they were not exactly city children, yet there were enough new sights and sounds here to keep them busy asking questions and trying to find out for themselves. The hens fascinated them a good deal. At night they would peep into the henhouse and watch the row of cuddled-up chickens balanced on the roosting poles. "Aren't they funny?" said Roger, who was the younger, of the two. "They look as if their heads had been pushed down into their bodies." "I know it," said Helen. "But see their feet curled round the pole so tightly. I should think it would keep them awake, holding on so hard." When Helen asked her father how it was the hens did not get tired out holding so tightly to the poles, he said: "Why, they do not have to hold on. When they sit down their claws shut up by themselves, and they can't fall off if they want to, without first standing up."

Little Money for Inventors.

British Admiralty Niggardly in Its Rewards to Clever Workmen.

The lords of the British admiralty issued a circular to the officials of the various naval dockyards some time ago in which a system of payment for suggestions made by the workmen employed in all departments was introduced. This, it was hoped, would encourage the men, but the scheme is now practically defunct owing to the extraordinary parsimony of the admiralty officials. The workmen manifested keenness in applying their minds to mechanical appliances for saving labor and cost, but after waiting for months received a few paltry dollars as their rewards. Some of the inventions are valuable and will save the country large sums of money, but in no case has any man received more than \$25 for his ingenuity. The men complain that they have spent their spare time in patient study to receive in return grants which are ridiculous. As an instance of the admiralty's niggardliness one man submitted an invention which enables a diver in difficulties under water to attach another air pipe and cut the pipe which is entangled in wreckage. Until this ingenious device was submitted such a thing was thought impossible. The admiralty officials adopted the idea and awarded the clever inventor the sum of \$15.

Not for Them.

William Hanley, a well-known Duluth cruiser and timberman, tells a good story of Indians and the importance of personal publicity in a redskin. Hanley was in charge of a big drive on the St. Croix river, and in the vicinity of Taylor's falls a big jam occurred. Among the drivers were half a dozen Indians. They were good men on the river and held up their end with the white men. One day while inspecting the jam Hanley passed the six Indians. In a spirit of good nature he hailed the Indians and said: "Break that jam, boys, and I'll put your names in the paper." "Ugh!" responded one after a pause. "Six Indians dead in paper, but we no see it."

Woodman's Fight with Wolves.

Armed only with an ax, Joseph Frost of Kenosha had a terrible experience with two timber wolves recently near Garwood. He was returning from the bush, where he had been cutting wood, when two large wolves sprang at him. Using his ax freely, he managed to keep the animals at bay a few minutes, but when the battle seemed hopeless a Canadian Pacific railroad freight train passed and the animals ran into the bush. Torn clothes and a bloody ax showed the severe experience he had been through. Owing to a scarcity of rabbits the wolves this winter are very bold and appear more numerous than for several years past.—Winnipeg Cor. of St. Paul Dispatch.

Sterner Measures Necessary.

"Really," said Nervey, "I want you to be my wife. Come, now, don't say 'No.'" "Mr. Nervey," replied the heiress, "I wouldn't think of saying 'No' to you." "Ah!" "It wouldn't have any effect on you, so I think the best thing I can do is to yell for the police."

Responsibility.

First Little Girl (conversing at the school gate)—I can hemstitch and featherstitch and my mother lets me make things for baby. Second Little Girl—That's nothing. I'm let go by myself to draw beer.

A Name That Names.

"Why does Penryn call his coming novel 'A Scrap Book?'" "Because it is a story of married life."—Exchange.

FIELD OF HONOR COMMISSION.

Practices Seem Absurd To-Day, But Had Their Place in History.

Perhaps wit is stimulated by a slight derangement of the nerves, and good things said on the field of battle are sometimes recorded. When "Bully Egan" fought Curran with pistols the bulky Egan complained that his opponent was as thin as a blade of grass. "Let my size be chalked out upon your body," said Curran, "and any hits outside of the line shall not count." It was not good form, however, to make a parade of magnanimity, and the corcombal practice of firing in the air or "dumb shooting" or "children's play" was strictly prohibited by the rules, of which 38 were drawn up by representatives of the five most eminent counties—Galway, Tipperary, Mayo, Sligo and Roscommon—in 1777. They met at the summer assizes at Clonmel and seem to have done their work very gravely and honestly, including a special rule for "simple, unpremeditated encounters with the small sword." There is a large element of absurdity about it all, no doubt, but even dueling has had its place as a rough, inefficient test of manhood.

ATTENTION A MOMENT, SMOKERS

More or Less Authentic Facts Are Put Forward in This Story.

The users of tobacco, it would appear, are subject to undreamed-of dangers. A French medical journal tells an interesting tale of a man who while smoking a pipe had a serious fall. Some time later a curious swelling appeared on his tongue, and this, after efforts had been vainly made to reduce it by common methods, was found to contain a fragment of the pipe that had been driven into it at the time of the fall. In another case an ulcer on the soft palate of a patient persisted for three years before it was investigated and found to contain a piece of a cigar holder. How this latter got there we are not informed, but it appears certain that if these persons had not been users of tobacco they would have escaped much discomfort. A word to the wise is sufficient.—Exchange.

A Borneo Parasite.

A famous rarity in the vegetable world of Borneo is the rafflesia, the buah pakmah of Malays. The plant is one of the most degraded of parasites, and so completely does it submerge itself in the tissues of its host that the only part which ever shows itself to the external world is the enormous flower. The diameter of the flower measures about two feet, the odor is repulsive and there is not one feature of beauty to recommend it to man. It appears, however, to hold an important place in the pharmacopoeia of the natives, which perhaps imagine that the plant, to which nature has given so uninviting an exterior must possess some hidden virtue in the way of compensation. Various species of rafflesia are known in Borneo, and oddly enough their hosts are invariably species of vine (clissus).

American Democracy.

Privy Councillor Zuntz, on his return to Berlin, after a three-months' visit to the United States, delivered a lecture before the students of the industrial high school of that city, in which he had much to say in praise of American students and of the college system under which they were trained. "Our students," he said, "can help themselves financially only by teaching. The American student has the advantage in this respect, because without losing caste or dignity, he can break or work, act as a waiter or porter, or do work at any trade. It is not an infrequent occurrence that a young man acts as a waiter at a gathering of people where he is received as an equal as soon as his mental duties have been performed."

Why They Don't Clap.

"Have you seen the next perfect woman, Maude Odell?" she asked. "No. You ought to see her. And if you want to be really amused, you ought to go and watch the men gazing at her wide-eyed, the men with their wives. They are taking in all her perfect points, but they are afraid to applaud her on account of their wives. That beautiful, next perfect woman leaves the stage nearly every time without a handclap on account of the wives."

How He Lost Out.

"It served me right," sighed the bachelor. "I ought to have remembered that women have no sense of humor."

What's Gnaung you now?

"What's gnaung you now?" queried the inquisitive friend. "Why, during leap year a pretty girl with an obese fortune proposed to me, and I said 'no,'" explained the bachelor, "thinking, of course, she would take it for granted that my 'no' meant 'yes,' but she simply let it go at that."

One Was Lacking.

"We thought you would be married by now," they told the girl. "The last time we saw you were with a fellow you seemed so fond of." "You did," she sighed. "I was. I still am awfully fond of him, but, you see, it takes two to get married."

What She Went For.

First Shopgirl—Miss Blank is going away. Second Shopgirl—Is she leaving for good? First Shopgirl—No, for better or worse.

MEASURE OF TRUE GREATNESS.

Success Never to Be Counted in Piles of Dollars.

What an unfortunate thing that the idea should be dinned into the ear of youth everywhere that it is a disgrace to fail—that is, to fail to make money, to accumulate property. It is not a disgrace to fail; but it is a disgrace not to do one's level best to succeed. "Not failure, but low aim is crime." Multitudes of poor people to-day who are not known outside of their own little communities are really great successes when measured by all that makes true greatness—their heroic endeavors, their brave battle for years with obstacles, playing a losing game with heretism. Their great patience and wonderful self-control under the criticism of those who do not understand them are evidence that they have succeeded. The possession of a noble character is the greatest evidence in the world that one has succeeded. On the other hand, if a man has gotten a fortune, but has left his manhood on the way to it; if he has bartered his good name in the process of getting it, he is still a failure, no matter how much money he may have accumulated. A clean record is the greatest kind of a success. And how few men who make big fortunes manage to save their good name, to keep their record clean!—Success Magazine.

UNSUNG HEROES OF THE DEEP.

Life-Savers Succeed or Fail Without the Applause of the World.

The life-saver is never a demonstrative fellow and rarely communicative; also, he lacks imagination. You can argue with Capt. Jim by the hour that his life is a hazardous one and of exceeding interest to those engaged in more peaceful pursuits, but in vain. Only the details of his daily duties, which are many and arduous, seem to appeal to him; the romantic side, the perilous side, he sees not at all. He will talk by the hour of life-buoys and life-lines, or night signals and wireless telegraphy, of searchlights and motor lifeboats; but of himself, who is the life and power of it all, nothing, says the Circle Magazine. The government report is the sole history of our unpretending "heroes of peace," and a very dry history it is. Of nearly 20,000 wrecks and rescues, not a word is printed, save a bare record of the time, place, lives and property saved. In every instance a small band of men went out to a mortal struggle, sometimes right up to the verge of death. A few went over the verge, so simply and quietly that their names remain unhonored and unsung. They battled alone, far away from towns and cities, and the applause of watching crowds.

Bright as the Fire.

When Crewe hall was burning, the late Lord Crewe, father of the present earl, displayed a humorous equanimity which St. James' Budget deems worthy of preservation in print. When the historic mansion, with its works of art, rare manuscripts, armor and other treasures, was blazing away, Lord Crewe ordered a footman to place a table on the lawn and bring him an inkstand and some telegraph forms. He then sat down and composedly wrote this telegram to Street, the Royal Academician: "Dear Street, Crewe is burning; come and build it up again." To his sister he sent another message by wire: "You always used to say this was a cold house; you wouldn't say so if you could see it now."—Youth's Companion.

John D.'s Simple Tastes.

Mr. Rockefeller is democratic in all his habits and tastes. In cold weather he wears a paper waistcoat, as he believes that paper more than anything else will keep the chest and stomach warm. He also wears old-fashioned woolen gloves, and when he is seen outdoors on a winter's day he looks more like an old Yankee farmer than the richest man in the world. He also takes great care of his stomach, and always did. When he is at work on any puzzling problem he eats sparingly, and recently, when downtown at his desk in No. 26 Broadway, he would eat nothing more than a 15-cent meal. This is not so much for economy, however, as for the good of his health, and many will admit that Mr. Rockefeller pursues the proper course in abstaining from heavy meals.

Athletic Aristocracy.

The Italian and Austro-Hungarian newspapers are full of accounts of a remarkable society cycle race in which Countess Iloana Bethlen, beat the beautiful and athletic Princess Letitia, Duchess d'Aosta, a fervent devotee of the wheel, as well as Signora Harato, the most famous professional woman cyclist in Italy. The latter, it is said, was promised \$5,000 by a well-known firm of cyclist manufacturers provided she came in first. Signora Harato, however, was beaten by both her titled rivals. The winner of the race was, of course, the youngest of the ladies. She is the daughter of the well-known Count Andrea Bethlen.

A Despicable Wretch.

"That man has no conscience." "Why do you think so?" "He cheated me fearfully in a horse trade in which I supposed I was easily getting the better end of the bargain."

GOOD WORK AMONG FILIPINOS.

Women's Club Responsible for Amelioration of Conditions.

The Philippine Women's club, the first of its kind in the Philippines, is struggling to supplement its work of supplying sterilized milk to sickly, ill-fed infants by establishing a small maternity hospital and a training class for maternity nurses. This club was due to a suggestion from Miss Concepcion Felix, who was at the time a student of law and who in the course of her studies became interested in the woman movement in the western countries. This was in the summer of 1905, and Miss Felix's suggestion was so enthusiastically received that a club with a membership of several hundred native women was quickly formed.

Having determined to establish a center for the distribution of pure milk, the club gave a garden party in the palace grounds for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. More than \$2,500 was cleared at this entertainment and the sterilizing apparatus was imported from Paris. A building was contributed by Dr. Doherty and the work begun under the personal supervision of a number of well-known Filipino physicians.

At present the number of children cared for is between 50 and 75. The sterilizing department is said to be a little model of its kind.

SPEED CONTESTS WITH BULLS.

Form of Sport That is Extremely Popular in Burma.

A form of sport very popular in Burma is bull racing. These contests are largely attended by the natives, who bet considerable sums of money on the result. A native sportsman who owns one of these bulls, values it at \$12,000, and it is said to bring him in an annual income of from \$5,000 to \$7,000.

In Hagenback's famous zoo in Hamburg, Germany, are to be found several specimens of giant tortoises from the Galapagos islands. These monsters weigh several hundred pounds each, and have become quite tame. Frequently the German youngsters utilize them in races. The riders mount upon the backs of their ungainly steeds, and holding before the animal's mouths a head of lettuce attached to a rod, urge them on to greater speed until the end of the course is reached.—Sunday Magazine.

Sneezing as an Art.

"Yesterday," said the pretty girl, "I met a sneezing teacher. I don't mean a teacher who sneezes, but a person who teaches other people how to sneeze. I had always understood that New York attracts instructors in every art known to modern education, but a professor of sneezing struck me as a decided novelty. The professor argues that he is a very useful member of society. Nobody, he claims, can prevent sneezing, no matter how many formulas and medicaments may be absorbed. But though a sneeze may not be avoided it may be cultivated, and from a stertorous snort it may be modified into a gentle, melodious trill. For anybody who is likely to startle the neighborhood with frequent sneezes the experiment is well worth while."

Some Birds That Don't Migrate.

"It is a curious thing," said Prof. Henry Bird, an ornithologist of Rye, N. Y., at the Rennet, "that birds of European origin do not adopt the migratory habits of our native birds. The English sparrow never seems to get wise to the advantages of going south in winter to avoid the rigors of a northern climate, though he might get the tip from our wild fowl or the robin family. Of late years we have had in Westchester county the startling, also an English importation, and I notice that this newcomer follows out the exact ways of his predecessor, the sparrow, in that he stays constantly in one place, regardless of the seasons."—Baltimore American.

Insects with X-Ray Sights.

A German scientist has discovered that many insects, such as moths and butterflies, have X-ray sight. This means that the eyes of these insects can see with something similar to X-rays objects invisible to human eyes unless aided by a fluoroscope. If ordinary sunlight has enough of the X-rays in it for the butterflies to see clearly, the world must be a strange sight to them. This scientist believes that they can see through the clothes and flesh of human beings and behold us walking about in our skeletal clad in a translucent covering of flesh.

A Flat Child.

"I was a flat child," he said. "I was born and brought up in a New York flat. I have never known what it is to live anywhere else." She looked him over. He was six feet two in his stocking feet and broad in proportion. He not only filled the chair he sat in, but he seemed in his great health and strength and bigness to fill the flat. "You are not like those little flat dogs, are you?" she said. "Those little long dogs that are born under a chifferon to fit a flat, those Dachshunds?"

His Game.

When he had stepped on her feet for about the sixth time she stopped dancing. "I will sit down now," she said quietly. "I see that you prefer football."

WESLEY CALLED A VAGABOND.

Irish Grand Jury Dealt Hardly with Founder of Methodism.

The Irish Year-Book for 1908, just issued at Dublin, contains a bit of history concerning John and Charles Wesley that is not generally known to Methodists. This account notes that John Wesley arrived in Dublin on a Sunday in August, 1747. He had been preceded by a lay preacher earlier in the same year, who had gathered a society numbering almost 200. These Wesley describes as "strong in faith." Of the Irish he writes, "So civil a people in general I never saw either in Europe or America." Charles Wesley and other preachers followed him and the Methodist song writer heard his own tunes sung and whistled as he went.

Cork city was disturbed in 1748 by the advent of the new preachers. A local ballad singer gains temporary notoriety as a riot leader. Subsequently the grand jury declared: "We find and present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill-fame, a vagabond and a common disturber of his majesty's peace and we pray that he may be transported."

The movement had spread to Ulster in 1750. At Limerick, in 1752, John Wesley presided over the first conference of the preachers. John Wesley died in 1791, having made more than two score cross-channel journeys and having spent six years of his life in Ireland, as well as presiding at all the conferences from 1754 to 1778. Notwithstanding the steady stream of emigration the Methodist church in Ireland has 250 ministers, 358 Sunday schools, with a total of more than 24,000 pupils and about 65,000 members.

NOT ENTIRELY TO HIS LIKING.

Guide's Objection to Bear Too Much Alive for Comfort.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, at a luncheon in her honor in Philadelphia, marvelled at the American hotel manager's dislike of the dog. "No one objects to a nice little dog abroad," she said, "but over here they fear a dog as much as Pete Wilson feared—"

But that is a story, a bear story, and I must begin at the beginning.

"A party of easterners went bear hunting in California. Pete Wilson led the party, and day and night he boasted of his skill as a bear killer. They got no bear on the hunt, and Pete groined terribly. "This is good enough grub," he would say, as he pitched into a cold can of preserved meat, "but the finest meal in the world, in my opinion, is a bear steak, grilled to a turn over a log fire. "Glimme a bear," Pete growled one day. "Glimme a good bear brile. I'm gettin' sick of this canned stuff." "Look out!" cried a neighbor. "There's a bear right behind you, man!" "Pete gave one look. It was a bear, sure enough. He turned very pale, and bounded off into the woods. "We thought you liked bear?" they said sarcastically to him on his return. "So I do," said Pete, "but that feller wasn't well enough done."

Patriot.

That Kentuckians have a very high regard for their native state is illustrated by this anecdote told by one of them: Once a Kentuckian died. So a near relative went to the local tombstone artist to arrange about an inscription on the deceased's tombstone. After due cogitation the near relative said: "Carve on it: 'He's gone to a better place.'" "I'll carve 'he's gone to heaven,' if you want me to," remarked the tombstone artist, "but, as for that other inscription—there's no better place than Kentucky!"

Women of the Future.

Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer in one of the February magazines says that women, like negroes, proud of their emancipation, have been trying to do the things that men do, rushing into already overcrowded professions, in order to be indifferent seconds. She thinks it is now time to stop, and that women and negroes should stick to the things they did in the past. She wants to know why pounding a typewriter should be considered more intellectual work than beating an omelet. As women adjust themselves to the new conditions the despised home will take on a new dignity.

Will Reform The Turks.

Princess Fatma el Melmed, wife of a Turkish prince, is busy in forming a league of Turkish women, the members of which are to pledge themselves not to marry men who take more than one wife. She was smuggled out of the harem several years ago, went to Berlin and studied the woman question. She was cast off by her husband and father and had a hard time to support herself, but when she was nearly starved to death the revolution broke out and she was allowed to return to her own country.

Bound to Be a Success.

Smiley—I see the women of Suburbia have adopted a sure method of securing a circulating library. Banks—How is that? Smiley—Why, they've made a rule that every time a woman says a mean thing about any of her neighbors she has to contribute a cent to the library fund.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.