

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Paris has 130 Russian girl-students, of whom nearly 100 are Jewish. The mission, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. reports 600 college organizations with 48,000 members.

Dr. H. K. Carroll reports the total church membership of the United States in 1931 to be 52,990,497.

Reports from the Holy Cross college, Worcester, Mass., and Notre Dame university, Indiana, show unusually heavy matriculation at those leading Roman Catholic colleges.

When Samuel Bradburn applied to John Wesley for assistance, Wesley gave him the Scriptural text, "Trust in the Lord" and covered the letters with a five pound note.

Takefer Schaebek, an Eskimo from the Aleutian Islands, plays center in the football eleven belonging to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.

The largest center of the Roman church in America is the archdiocese of New York, with an estimated Catholic population of 1,800,000.

THE CONSUMMATE TRIUMPH.

An Example of Heroic Struggle with Adversity in the Life of Sir James Paget.

Among the great names of the nineteenth century none shines more honorably than that of the famous English surgeon, Sir James Paget.

The surgeon, Sir James Paget, his tireless industry and perseverance, his patience and courage through the long years of poverty, his scorn of cheap cleverness, his love of wisdom, his tenderness to the poor and suffering, his loyalty to his friends and devotion to his family united in forming a character of rare strength and quality.

Yet to those who knew him best his real greatness was revealed, but when, old and helpless and suffering, he was fighting the last battle of his life.

He had won his way from obscurity to the first place in his profession. He had enjoyed an ideal home life, and counted some of the greatest personages of England among his friends.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

PLANTS THAT MADE HISTORY.

Potato Fungus Caused Famine in Ireland—Chowen Brought On Two Wars, Opium Another.

Rather more than 60 years ago a tiny fungus—itsself a plant—appeared in Ireland, and fastened itself on the potato.

It is relief occupied the whole attention of the British military, and when the famine was over a quarter of the whole population lay slain by the fungus.

And this potato disease acted in two distinct ways on history. It had an immediate effect in helping the repeal of the corn laws and throwing the country open to free trade.

In the second place, it had a great and unforeseen effect on another continent, for there then started a stream of emigration across the Atlantic which has steadily continued.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the English and the Dutch were rivals for the possession of a certain little island, Amboyna, in the East Indies, because of the cloves that grew upon it.

A sudden passion for tulips turned the heads of the usually placid Dutchmen in the seventeenth century, and the tulipomania is a well-recognized event in Dutch domestic history.

It was a time when the desire to possess an uncommon tulip was sufficient to drive men to most extreme lengths of speculation, to cause the ruin of noble houses, and to carry whole families to misery.

Among the great names of the nineteenth century none shines more honorably than that of the famous English surgeon, Sir James Paget.

The surgeon, Sir James Paget, his tireless industry and perseverance, his patience and courage through the long years of poverty, his scorn of cheap cleverness, his love of wisdom, his tenderness to the poor and suffering, his loyalty to his friends and devotion to his family united in forming a character of rare strength and quality.

Yet to those who knew him best his real greatness was revealed, but when, old and helpless and suffering, he was fighting the last battle of his life.

He had won his way from obscurity to the first place in his profession. He had enjoyed an ideal home life, and counted some of the greatest personages of England among his friends.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

Chang's life is his. His wife, whose love had been his inspiration for 30 years, faded gently away. One after another his friends, too, crossed the unseen river.

FIFTEEN MILLIONAIRES.

That is the Number That England Has, and Ireland But a Fifteenth That Many.

There are only 15 millionaires in Great Britain and one in Ireland—at least this would appear to be so from the official income tax returns lately issued, says the London Mail.

According to the returns these 15 persons make the sum total of the individuals in this country who enjoy incomes of over £50,000, and this is about the "millionaire" level.

It is true that there are 154 people with incomes of between £10,000 and £50,000, and, of course, a considerable number of these are just on the line across which they would be classed as millionaires.

To be an assessor of income tax one needs a heart of flint. To him the world is a Dantesque inferno, filled with dolorous complainings.

It is always: "The worst year I remember, sir," or "Hard times, very hard times," every year sees the nation "on its last financial legs."

Unfortunately the great majority of the smaller income people have no opportunity of pleading poverty. The tax man has access to the telling tale wages list.

Down the scale the numbers gradually increase until incomes between £100 and £200 there are no fewer than 122,454; while of smaller incomes not exempt from taxation there are 112,397.

There is one singular exception to this steady gradation. There are comparatively few incomes of between £200 and £300, the number being 1,889 in Great Britain, whereas the figures immediately above and below are 3,935 and 2,641.

There appears, indeed, to be a strange fatality about this particular size of income, for we find that it is rare, not only in the case of private persons, but also of firms, public companies and municipal corporations.

The return gives startling evidence of the large proportion of the burden which is borne by the comparatively poor man. Of incomes between £100 and £200 the gross amount assessed is £23,932,512; of the incomes between £200 and £300 the gross amount assessed is £24,215,614.

It is interesting to note that there are in Great Britain 85 firms with an income of over £50,000, but not one in Ireland; and that in Great Britain there are 656 public companies, and in Ireland 19, which have incomes of over £50,000.

How He and All His Children Came to Have Such Crooked Backs.

An English missionary in Africa, writing to the London Standard about the stories that the natives tell around their campfires, says that this one about the hyena never fails to bring out many grunts of satisfaction.

Long ago there lived a man named Nemi, who was very kind to all the animals. All through the winter, when food was scarce, he feasted them from his well-filled barn.

The sound of the great drum in Nemi's courtyard was the signal for the gathering of animals of almost every species. The elephant came with the buffalo, the lion and the antelope, the hyena and the rabbit—all for the time laying aside their mutual hatred for one another and joining in honoring Nemi with a chorus of praise as they partook of his bounty.

One day Nemi said to his wife: "I should like to put the affection of these animals to the test. I often wonder whether there is any real gratitude in their hearts for all my kindness, and whether, after my death, they will any longer hold me in honor. Let it be given out that Nemi is dead; then I will lie upon my mat, in front of my house, simulating a corpse ready for burial, and will see whether they will come to mourn over me." So it was reported that Nemi was dead, and soon from all directions the animals came to mourn over their benefactor.

Among them came the hyena, who, when he saw the corpse of Nemi, was seized with an overmastering desire to devour it. So after the other animals had all taken their departure he returned to the courtyard, and, with a growl of satisfaction, ran to the body, and was just about to commence his horrid feast, when Nemi sprang to his feet, and, seizing a heavy wooden pestle, hit the hyena such a blow on the back that it was almost bent double.

The hyena never fully recovered from the effects of the blow, and the deformity which bears record to his ingratitude and greed has been transmitted to all his children.

Scarcity of Female Servants. The scarcity of English female servants in London has led to the importation of many foreigners of the opposite sex fully trained for household work. This new field of labor gives the young foreigners, especially the Germans, a fresh chance of escaping proscription. Foreigners fitted for all kinds of domestic service are supplanting the girls all over London.

CIGAR IN A CHEESE.

Unusual Happening in a Paris Shop Which Precipitated a Remarkable Battle.

There was an extraordinary occurrence recently in a cheesemonger's shop in the Avenue Parmentier, Paris, relates Pearson's Weekly. One of the tradesman's customers, who had invited five friends to dinner, had purchased a large cheese, and when it was cut into the stump of a half-smoked cigar was found in the middle.

The host and his guests marched round in a body to the cheesemonger to demand an explanation and the return of the money or the substitution of another cheese, but the tradesman refused all three propositions, and even suggested that they ought to be satisfied, as they had not only the cheese, but half a cigar as well.

One of the guests then threatened to report the cheesemonger for selling tosecos without permission. High words followed, and at length the customer picked up the offending cheese and hurled it with correct aim at the dealer's head. A regular battle ensued. The shopkeeper was backed up by his wife and three assistants and the customer by his friends. The counter was piled with cheeses of various kinds, and these were converted at once into missiles, while the butter also came in handy.

The uproar attracted the attention of a policeman, who arrived just as a large Dutch cheese crashed through the window and caught him on the chest. When the officer had recovered his breath he separated the combatants and took them to the police station, where they were discharged with a caution.

LOBSTER CLIMBS TREES.

Island Sea Captures of the East India Islands That Are Fond of Coconut.

In the East Indian islands is found a curious lobster which climbs trees. Although it prefers a home on land it at times feels a longing for the water, where it goes to moult its gills; and here the eggs are laid, and the young are raised on the coast, where they have the benefit of salt air, always good for children. But most of their time is spent inland, living at the roots of trees where they have burrowed deep hollows which they carpet luxuriously with fibers stripped from coconuts.

They come out of these homes at night to climb the palm trees, for although it seems funny to us, their climbing is quite a serious business to them, since it is in this way that they secure the coconuts of which they are so fond and on which they live principally.

To get at the contents of the nut the lobster first tears away the fiber which covers the three "eyes." (You must all have noticed those black spots on one end of a coconut that make it look like the wild face of a monkey.) It hammers away with its claws at these spots or "eyes" until a hole is made, when it extracts the kernel by means of its smaller pincers. Sometimes after drilling through the perforated "eye" it grasps the nut in its claws and breaks it against a stone.

STUCK TO HIS EYEGGLASS.

The English Diplomat Were It, Even When He Was Captured in the Sea.

Recently a party from the embassies at Constantinople went to inspect the international lifeboat service on the Black sea coast. At one of the life-saving stations they thought they would like to test the conditions of life-boat work, so, clothing themselves in bathing costumes and cork jackets, they each took an ear in a lifeboat, to the huge delight of the Turkish boatmen.

One of the secretaries of the British embassy is never seen without an eyeglass, and is said even to sleep with it. On this occasion he was faithful to his eyeglass and solemnly embarked in a cork jacket and eyeglass. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finally the boat was capsized and righted again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a howl of surprise came from the Turks, for the secretary's head appeared, with the eyeglass firmly fixed in its proper position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

ONLY A LITTLE CLIP.

An Ingenious Device for Holding Paper, Which Has Become Very Popular.

A short time ago someone put on the market an ingenious device for holding sheets of paper together. It took the place of the pin, says the New York Press. By "short time" is meant a matter of some five or six years. Today there are more than 20 different kinds of clips, selling from 50 cents per 1,000 to 25 cents per 100, and considerable capital is invested in their manufacture. The same general principle is followed in all, and it is assumed that each improvement is patented. Corporations have been formed to make nothing but clips, and competition is lively. The original patentee will no doubt become a millionaire, though he may make only one cent on each 1,000 sold. It is the simple, dirt-cheap invention that brings the big returns—something so inexpensive that all the millions of us want it.

Uncle Sam's Salt-Water Farm.

For 30 years the United States commission of fish and fisheries has been making a study of Uncle Sam's salt-water farm, its products and the men who work it.

SHOWN IN SMOKING.

Characteristics of Men Revealed by Their Manners.

The Filling of a Pipe or the Carrying of a Cigar in the Mouth as an Index to Temperament or Habits.

Cigarology is the title of a new art, the rules of which have been formulated after years of study by a European psychologist. Its object is to reveal character, and the claim is made that in no other way can the character of a stranger be more readily discovered than by observing the manner in which he smokes. The reason is because in society all persons conform more or less to long-established rules, and thus there is very little difference between one person and another, says the New York Herald.

No rules, however, have been laid down as to the manner in which a man shall smoke, and, as no two men smoke in exactly the same manner, it is possible, says the inventor of this new art, to learn the character of every smoker whom one may meet.

Here are the rules to be observed, and they apply to all persons, whether they smoke pipes, cigars or cigarettes.

The man who holds his pipe carelessly in the corner of his mouth, letting it hang down, is a nonchalant, indolent person, and, on the other hand, the man who grasps it so firmly between his teeth that marks are left on the amber mouthpiece is nervous and high-strung.

Many smokers carry their cigars in the upper left-hand pockets of their vests, and the sole reason why they do so is because they want to have them at hand whenever they feel a desire to smoke. They may have a dozen cigar cases, yet they will not use them, simply because it takes a little longer to open a case and take a cigar out of it than it does to take a cigar from the vest pocket. In other words, these men are disinclined at any time to make any gesture which is not absolutely necessary.

Of a quite different type are those who bite off the end of the cigar with their teeth. Frugal and deathly may-care fellows they are, and woe to him who loans them any money except on the best security. Cigars, the ends of which are bitten off in this manner, are very likely to unroll, and time must be spent in arranging them; moreover, very often they cannot be arranged and must be thrown away, all of which, it is claimed, is convincing proof that men who act thus set no value on time or money.

Fastidious men, after lighting their cigars, hold them, not only between their teeth and their lips, but also with two, three, four or even with all the fingers on the left hand, and, after smoking for awhile, they remove them from their mouths and examine the lighted ends carefully to see if everything is in order, and especially if the fire is burning steadily and evenly. Men who act thus never waste any words and are generally shrewd and prudent. As a rule, they are worthy of confidence, which cannot be said of those who send forth the smoke from the two corners of their mouths in two divergent jets, since they are eccentric and unreliable.

Men who are quick tempered or of a lively temperament hardly touch the tip of the cigar with their teeth, and after two or three puffs they take it from the mouth and hold it in the hand. In other matters they act similarly; that is, they do everything by fits and starts and find it impossible to adhere very long to any fixed course of action.

Absent-minded men, on the other hand, frequently let the cigar go out, and, if they are not very choice in their taste, try to light it again. Akin to them are the men who, after smoking for awhile, let the cigar go out and then throw it away—an infallible sign, according to the inventor of "cigarology" of a mind which may be very intuitive, but which is certainly not able to reason well or logically. They, however, are admirable persons when compared with those who at any time have the misfortune to place the lighted end of a cigar in their mouth. The mere fact that they commit such a blunder is said to be evidence of extreme thoughtlessness, and for this reason sensible persons are cautioned not to have anything to do with them.

A cigar tilted upward in the direction of the nose is said to be an unerring token of an energetic and impatient character, and, on the contrary, a cigar which is held in the opposite direction—namely, inclined toward the chin—is said to betoken melancholy and the habit of indulging in day dreams. Finally, a cigar which is held steadily in a horizontal direction is an index of sang-froid, indifference and very often of unscrupulousness and want of character.

That a man's profession or trade may, in many instances, be learned from the manner in which he smokes, the inventor of "cigarology" maintains, and as proof of the truth of this statement he points out that politicians, as a rule, jealously guard a cigar between their lips and smoke it until it burns their nose and mustache, both of which acts are to be expected from men who are as a class rather selfish and greedy. By similar reasoning he claims that persons who gnaw and roll with their lips the end of a cigar until it becomes a shapeless lump are extremely suspicious and rarely put complete trust in anyone.

NAPOLEON'S MAGIC TABLE.

Wonderful Piece of Furniture Which Was the Pride of the French Emperor.

Napoleon's magic table is one of the greatest curiosities from the time of the great emperor, who had it in his study at the castle of St. Cloud. After the death of Napoleon it was bought in London by Baron Rehausen, Swedish ambassador to the court of St. James at that time. It is now owned through inheritance by one of the foremost families of the Swedish nobility, says the Strand Magazine. Inside the drawer of the table is pasted an old slip on which is printed a description, which in modern English reads as follows: "The Emperor Napoleon was highly delighted with this extraordinary work of art. It formed the surface of one of the tables in his study, and was always shown to all foreigners of distinction who visited the imperial court. It is a painting whose resemblance to what it represents is the most elusive ever produced by the genius of man. One may look at this strange production of art in different lights—the pieces of money, the fragments of broken glass, the pen-knife, water and cards retain an equally illusive appearance as the observer moves round the table—but it requires a very minute examination to discover all the truly magical wonders it possesses." In these times, when relics of Napoleon I. are eagerly sought for, the present whereabouts of this masterpiece should certainly interest all connoisseurs.

Second-Hand Food Barred. Leavings of Rich Men's Banquets Must Not Be Eaten by the Poor of Paris.

"What is one man's meat is another's poison" is a proverb just now borne out in literal fact by the police raid upon the arretiquins of Paris, reports a London paper.

The arretiquins are the keepers of small restaurants at the market, whose supplies are provided from the broken remains of repasts at different fashionable restaurants.

The proprietor takes each morning a tour of the fashionable quarters and by paying a small amount to the maitre d'hotel he has the privilege of selecting a menu for his house from what is left of a swell dinner the day before. This he serves up to his customers for two cents and the latter have the privilege of eating what the aristocrats had set before them.

The elegance of the courses, however, is outweighed by their unwholesome effects. So many maladies are laid at the door of these second-hand feasts that the police have undertaken to protect the public stomach from possible indiscretions. The arretiquins will soon be a picturesque feature of the past, for as their licenses expire they will fade from existence.

MODERN SURGERY.

Everything Depends Upon the Cleanliness and Experience of the Operator.

Your modern surgeon, of note, is a "sterile" man. The operating room, almost hermetically sealed and at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit, is purified daily by means of a hose throwing a solution of mercuric iodine over ceiling, walls and floors. The surgeon arrives in an anteroom in his civilian's garb. He is required to be clean shaven, like a monk, says the New York Press. His clothes are removed. Two attendants in the sterilizing room hand him a white duck gown reaching from collar to heel and a pair of the same material, which covers tightly every part of his head except eyes, nose and mouth. The sleeves of the gown reach to his elbows. He increases his hands in the thinnest finest sterilized rubber gloves. These garments are handed to him in sterilized tongs. There has been no human contact. Thus equipped, he is prepared to saw and slice.

INVENTOR OF THE BATON.

How It Caused the Death of the Man Who First Introduced the Hand Leader's Wand.

The inventor of the baton has been discovered. According to the investigations of a Frenchman the credit belongs to Lully, the composer, who eventually had cause to regret his invention.

Before he adopted the baton, conductors were in the habit of pounding on the floor with their feet or clapping their hands to mark the time. Lully found it wearisome to keep his foot constantly in motion, and so used a stick to strike the floor and beat time. He used a pole six feet long.

One day he brought down the pole with such force that it struck his foot and made a deep wound. He paid no attention to the matter. The wound grew worse and ultimately caused his death.

After his time conductors tried more and more to improve the baton and it was ultimately brought to its present form.

Tall Men in Indiana.

A record of the height of Indiana soldiers in the civil war shows that out of 118,354 there were 15,047 5 feet 10 inches high, 8,706 5 feet 11 inches, 6,679 6 feet high, 2,614 6 feet 1 inch, 1,357 6 feet two inches, 406 6 feet 3 inches, and 336 over 6 feet 3 inches. Commenting on these statistics, Dr. Gould, actuary of the United States sanitary commission, writes: "It is evident from our statistics that the Indiana men are the tallest of all natives of the United States and these latter the tallest of all civilized countries."