

SPENDS MILLIONS ON HORSES

Germany Leads the World in Importation—Chiefly for Draught Purposes.

From some statistics published recently by M. Ruan, the German minister of agriculture, the land of the Kaiser leads the world in the matter of importing horses. In case of war the Germans are bound that they will be in possession of a liberal supply of horses. For the last three years there has been a slight decrease, the cause being that home breeders are doing well. In 1906 Germany imported 119,000 horses at a cost of \$20,000,000. Most of the imports were made for draught purposes; light draught horses numbered 43,500 and were of the value of \$4,500,000. The heavy draught horses numbered 48,500 and were of the value of \$10,000,000. Supplies of the former class were drawn principally from Russia, which sent 30,225 head; then came the Netherlands, with 9,024, Austria and Hungary accounted for 2,525, Denmark for 467, and the rest were drawn from France and Belgium. The heaviest of the draught horses were mainly supplied from Belgium, 20,000 being imported at an average price of \$310. Denmark delivered 16,309, France 5,847, Austria and Hungary 2,369, Russia 2,051, the Netherlands 644 and England only 125. In 1908 Germany imported 267 half-bred steers at an average cost of \$1,020, most of them being from Belgium. Saddle horses are put down as numbering 6,562, of which Austria supplied 2,946, against 1,227 from England. These latter figures include the thoroughbreds. The favorite market for cheap horses for Germany has been Russia, which country supplied 16,538 at an average cost of \$75.

LEFT AND RIGHT TELEPHONES

"Hello" Girl's Little Hint May Prove of Value to You in the Future.

"Right-handed people invariably put a telephone receiver up to their left ear and left-handed people to their right," said one of the telephone "hello" girls. "We girls get to be psychologists in a small way by talking over the telephone every day. It is impossible to keep from sining up and classifying the people on the other end of the wire, simply on a basis of what they say and how they say it. There are almost as many ways of talking into a telephone as there are kinds of people who use the telephone. But it is, nevertheless, rather easy to classify them. One thing I have noticed is that the vast majority of people, being right-handed, hold the receiver in their left hand. The left ear, by long practice, thus becomes more acute and well trained. Consequently, when for any reason, a man or woman takes the receiver in his or her right hand, it is comparatively easy to sense it at my end. The man is apt to speak nervously and disjointedly, to talk too loud and to ask me to frequently repeat, showing that his ear—his wrong ear—is not serving him with such fidelity and accuracy as his more accustomed left. I had great difficulty in hearing a woman once, and so I asked: 'You are left-handed, aren't you?' 'Yes,' she gasped. 'Then don't hold the telephone quite so close to your mouth and put the receiver against your other ear.' She did, and we were able to hear each other perfectly."

Title of "Esquire"

Esquire dated back to the days when the Greeks and Romans were in the heyday of their existence. The armor bearers who served as attendants of the knights by way of body-guard were called esquires. Later, in England the king created esquires by placing collars about their necks and bestowing upon them pairs of silver spurs. The title has never lapsed in that country. There are now legally esquires by heritage, by creation, or by virtue of the holding of some office.

In this country the title has come into general use simply by courtesy, but it must be admitted that it is a very flimsy excuse for its adoption. In England there is a disposition to use it as applying to men not engaged in trade.

Fancy Grapes Tied by Baby Ribbon. The eastern shipments of "clusterettes," the new grape pack sent out this year by the California Fruit Exchange, utilized \$3,600 worth of fancy baby ribbon, which if stretched in one piece would cover a distance of 25 miles.

The experiment proved a success, and the growers sending grapes east packed with fancy ribbon received much larger prices than those whose consignments went in the ordinary manner. Clusterettes go in the natural form in large bunches as picked from the vine, packed in specially constructed crates so the berries will not be crushed.—Sacramento correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

A Case of "Laboratory Cholera." The Russian medical journal the Trach published in July last the following interesting details of a case of cholera contracted in the course of laboratory work. A lady student working in a laboratory in St. Petersburg was investigating the agglutination characters of a cholera vibrio isolated from a sample of water taken from a manufactory in the city. By accident some of the contents of a pipette entered her mouth. In spite of immediate efforts to disinfest the mouth a typical attack of cholera followed. Fortunately the patient recovered.

COUNTS PRICE OF PROGRESS

Writer Considers Race Has Paid Highly for Development of Past Century.

What, then, let us ask, has been the price of this century of unprecedent progress? To begin with, we have grown distrustful of enthusiasm, and have become somewhat cynical and superficially withal. We skim the surface of life, without time to make our impressions our own. We are on the way to become a spiritually impoverished people, somewhat lacking in the generous qualities which can sustain a great friendship or a splendid dream. We are ultra-sophisticated, yet easily deluded. In the place of rest, appreciation, we have acquired, unrest. We are like men who, while following the chase, have forgotten what is the quarry. If it is happiness we are pursuing, who knows but what she has doubled on her tracks and is now behind us! Yet we strain breathlessly forward, never pausing to ask, "To what purpose?"

Having become coqs in the great machine that we ourselves have built, how are we to snatch opportunity for thought, for contemplation, for the leisurely savoring of life, amid the ceaseless whirring of the wheels? Is mediocrity to be the price the race must pay for its civilization? The modern schedule leaves no time for the secretion of those by-products of the soul which give joy and distinction to life. If the race continues to cut itself off more and more from this sustaining communion, where at last will we turn for leaders, or even for men?—W. C. Roberts, in Craftsman.

SUNSHINE NOT GOOD FOR ALL

Blonde Races Fall to Thrive in Climate Like That of the American Northwest.

Charles E. Woodruff of Mania, P. I., discusses in the Medical Record the physical degeneration that is found to occur in north European races when they settle in the dry, bright atmosphere of the American northwest. Although the first generation does well, the second one is feeble, easily attacked by tuberculosis and other chronic diseases, and the families die out in a few generations. The brunette races do well in bright sunshine, because they are accustomed to it, while the blondes are made nervous by it. But it is the northern blonde races that give us the strong brains that we need to perpetuate our nation, and these do not come from the brunette races of the south. It is important for us to preserve these blonde types, and to that end it is necessary that physicians should advise them to keep from the influences that injure them. The best Aryan blood is being wasted from our nation at present. Scandinavian colonization is impossible in the tropics. The average brain weight and intelligence increase as we go north in Europe, and this brain weight does count. We should favor the emigration of these northern races and preserve them as far as possible. Western and southern Alaska furnish a climate that is congenial to them. As a health resort for neurotics it is also of value, the cool, damp air being helpful and quieting to the nervous system.

Cats as Human Food.

The Brussels correspondent of the New York Herald (Paris edition) notes that in Brussels cat is considered a delicious food in some classes. Workmen in breweries fatten cats and turn them into a stew.

Edward Toppel, who wrote learnedly about the cat of his "History of Four-footed Beasts" was published in 1807—was of the opinion that the flesh of cats can seldom be free from poison, "by reason of their daily food, eating rats and mice, wrens and other birds which feed on poison, and above all the brain of a cat is most poisonous, for it being above measure dry, stoppeth the animal spirits, that they cannot pass into the ventricle, by reason whereof memory faileth, and the infected person walleth into a Phrenzie." But Toppel was prejudiced against the cat. The people of Saru, who lived the natural life when Capt. Cook visited them, preferred cats to sheep and goats. In Germany many a cat has been sold for hare, and fugged cat has been relished there by foreign sojourners. The handsome daughter of a landlady far up in the Canton Vaud told us as a matter of course that when the snow was deep and communion was cut off, they all ate cats.

Suffragette Papers.

Great Britain has three papers and first-class magazines devoted to woman suffrage. Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Russia, Finland, Iceland, France, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Hungary and Poland have each a woman suffrage paper and a few of them more than one.

Belgium has a woman's paper which advocates the enfranchisement of women, though this is not its chief object. In these publications 12 languages are represented and in each case the paper is edited and managed by women. In the United States there are seven woman suffrage papers, and the International Woman Suffrage Alliance has a monthly paper published at Rotterdam.—American Suffragette.

On the Way.

"That humorist says there are only eight real jokes in the world." "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "warily, 'why doesn't he occasionally write one of them?'"

THE KILLING LUST IN HUMANS

Man is Easily the Most Bloodthirsty of All the Animals of the World.

In New Liskeard recently an owl perched itself on the peak of a business block as the crimson streaks of the dawn appeared, and wrapped in its muff of feathers, settled itself in comfort to enjoy the drowsy hours of daylight. It was the picture of comfort and pretty as a picture, cozy, warm in the winter's cold, inoffensive and harmless.

But the owl was in a fool's paradise. It had lain down with the tiger. It was in the midst of the wolves. The bushy little ball of feathers had fallen unawares into the haunts of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the world's animals.

The sleeping bird was no sooner descried than the human wolves set up a yelp. Men hurried off for their killing machines, and in a few minutes a battery of riflemen were at work pumping death into the spark of life in the bundle of feathers. After a while one of them hit it, and then the heroes were satisfied. They went home with their guns, and the boys exhibited the carcass.

Poor dead little bit of useless cartoon! The boys' eyes sparkled with excitement.

There is a deal of the savage left in the human.—Cobalt Citizen.

WAS NOT A GOOD SUBSTITUTE

Whisky Drinker's Experiment with Odorous Vegetable Brought "Call" from Employer.

Elihu Root, at the annual dinner of the International Young Men's Christian association in New York last month, said that evil courses were more difficult to conceal than men generally believed.

"Take the case," said Mr. Root, with a smile, "of old John Bodewin. John was a lawyer's confidential clerk, and he had the pernicious habit of going to a neighboring saloon every morning at 11 and taking a small glass of whisky. He was not proud of this habit; hence, after the whisky, he always took a clove.

"But one morning it happened that there were no cloves on the bar, and John, having considered the matter, swallowed a small raw onion from the free lunch tray. That would destroy the tell-tale whisky odor, no doubt, as well as the clove had always done, and, so thinking, he returned to his desk.

"It was a double desk. At it he and his employer sat face to face. John, on his return, was soon aware that his employer noticed something. The man's nostrils quivered and he shifted, and finally, with a grimace of disgust, he broke out:

"Look here, John, I've stood whisky and clove for 19 years, but I draw the line at whisky and onion."

A Soldier Yarn.

Sir William Arbuckle is a capital speaker, a quality which has made him exceedingly popular at society dinners. He once told an amusing story, at an annual South African dinner, about Sir Harry Smith, who, in days gone by, was commandant and governor at the Cape. The supply from home, and necessities of all kinds for the soldiers, was generally sadly deficient, and the men were often in a pitiable plight in the way of clothing. There was, consequently, much discontent. So Sir Harry had them on parade, said some pleasant things to them, complimented them on their soldierly appearance, told them what splendid fellows they were, talked of the service they had seen together, and so forth. When he had finished, an old sergeant stepped forward, saluted, and remarked: "Thank you Sir 'Arry, beg pardon, Sir 'Arry, but we don't want no gammon, we want boots."

Festival at Crystal Palace.

For three months next year the Crystal Palace at London, England, will regain much of its old popularity, for it is to be the scene of a great "Festival of Empire." A great feature will be a pageant of the history of London, in which 15,000 performers will take part. The life of the colonies will be presented in a series of exhibitions, lectures, spectacular views and pictures, and each colony is being asked to select 200 persons to take part in the first series of pageant scenes, and while they are in London they will be the guests of the National Patriotic society, which will make all provisions for their entertainment.

Will Settle Controversy.

Lake Chad, in the desert of Sahara, will be investigated by an expedition which is soon to set out. Recent explorers have signally failed to agree as to the shape and size of this sheet of water. Apparently the lake is divided into two by a belt of islands and ready swamp land, but whereas the maps of the French explorers show an open channel across this belt, a late expedition has declared it impassable.

Above Her Business.

The tall man came into her little blue kitchen and looked over the shelves which were just beneath the level of his head, but above hers. He ran his finger over one shelf, then showed it to her. It was pretty black. "You are a nice housekeeper," he said. "This kitchen wasn't made for tall people," she explained falteringly. "It was made for little ones."

NEVER COLLECTED HIS FEE

Amateur Effort of Young Lawyer Went Unrewarded, But Perhaps There's a Reason.

William Henry Marlatt went into the practice of the law before he was admitted to the bar but the lawyer's union has never objected to him on that account. It was in the summer of '93, after his graduation from the Yale law school and before he had been admitted to practice in this state, that he found a man in jail in Lebanon, O., who was playing checkers with his nose because of a conflict between himself and the statute relating to horse stealing. Marlatt discovered some irregularity in the commitment papers and started habeas corpus proceedings which set his man at liberty.

They walked out of the courthouse into the street, where the man asked the young lawyer to state the amount of his fee, which information was furnished him without delay. The man hadn't the money with him, having been in jail, but he said he'd send it at once.

"My best advice to you," said the lawyer, "is to hotfoot it out of town as fast as ever you can before the sheriff gets after you with a new set of papers."

"Mr. Marlatt," replied the man, "if God lets me live until Saturday night I'll see that you get that money." And he started down the street on a run.

They never arrested the fellow, but Marlatt is certain sure God didn't let him live, because he never sent the money. He just started off on a run and for anybody knows he ran himself to death. However, Mr. Marlatt recalls his first experience at the bar with mingled emotions as he mentions the fee he earned but never got.—Cleveland Leader.

WHALE WAS TOWING THE DORY

Monster Caught in the Trawl Line While Engaged in Stealing the Captain's Fish.

Capt. William O'Donnell of the fishing schooner Lucy D. Winsor was hauling trawls several miles off Race Point when his dory began to act strangely, says the Boston Herald.

The boat stood on its stern, then tilted by the head and started out to sea at tremendous speed. The captain was experiencing a new sensation, and it made him a trifle anxious, because there was no clew to the mysterious power that was rapidly taking him off soundings.

With added momentum the dory forged away from the schooner, and its occupant, who admits he was scared, cast off the trawl and crouched in the stern of the boat so the bow would not be dragged under water. But the trawl caught, and two minutes after the dory was flying through the waves at such a rate that water began to slop over the sides.

The dory was rapidly leaving the schooner, when the tension on the line relaxed and the dory presently stopped. The captain hauled in the trawl and found the hook stripped of fish as a result of the speed at which they had been dragged through the water. Near the end of the gear, however, was found the head of a dead cod, its body having been bitten off. That is what makes Capt. O'Donnell believe a whale gave him the terrifying ride out Cape Cod way. He thinks the whale nipped the cod and some of the keen hooks scratched its head and sides and dug into the skin until the whale had towed the dory a long way seaward.

Well Identified.

A severe looking woman moved up to the window at the Citizen Savings & Trust Company with a small check to be cashed. The teller said she'd have to be identified and she suggested that he call up the man who had drawn the check and have him describe her.

The teller decided to take the chance, and called the man on the phone at his elbow.

"Oh, it's probably all right," came the word over the phone. "Wait, I'll describe her for you and you can see if it's the same woman." She had on a faded brown dress and painted just a little bit, but a sharp nose and spectacles, and is about as pretty as Kermit Roosevelt. Oh, yes, and she wore a big brooch with a shower of imitation stones in it.

The teller looked the woman over and cashed the check. She hadn't heard the other end of his telephone conversation and went her way smiling.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To See by Wire.

"To see at a distance, as we now hear, by means of the telephone, is the claim for the invention made by the Anderson brothers," says a Copenhagen letter in a Paris paper. The patents are for "an apparatus for the transmission of pictures by wire, showing color and motion." The brothers could not obtain money in their own country to defray the expenses of preparing working models and procuring patents, but they were helped by a Parisian concern, which paid \$8,000 francs for all the rights and has agreed to pay also eight per cent on the earnings resulting from the invention.

A Calendar Shower.

"I'm going to have a fire sale of calendars of 1910," said the woman. "All my friends sent me calendars. Every one of them, and I have a good many. It was worse than the butter dishes I got when I was married, and never any butter to go in them."

TALE OF A LOST UMBRELLA

Two People at Least Who Failed to See Any Humor in the Situation.

It was a train coming through southern Wisconsin. On board was one of those impromptu comedy crowds from the tall grass that hadn't any idea it was funny. One woman suddenly descended on her husband with the thrilling inquiry:

"Where is that umbrella of mine?"

"I dunno," growled the husband.

"Well, you had it last."

"Didn't neither."

"You did, too, and you've got to git busy findin' it. I bet it's up forred there where we was a-settin' before we come back hyer."

More growls from the husband, who was sleepy.

"You got 'help me hunt it, anyway."

She took him and went forward, peering under the seats. All up and down the aisle they went, searching vainly. The more uncomfortable the stooping made her the madder and worse excited the woman got and the worse her husband growled.

Finally she began poking under the seats to see if she could touch the umbrella in some recess beyond her vision.

A girl with a blue feather in her hat, who had been timidly watching the performance and showing a blushing tendency to interrupt, could contain herself no longer.

"What's that you're poking under the seat with—isn't that the lost umbrella?" she asked.

The woman straightened up, gave one look at the tightly grasped instrument, and snapped out: "Yes, it is!"

She said it just as if it had been the fault of the girl with the blue feather in her hat.

FOOTWEAR CAUSE OF WOE

Popular Pump Is Rough on Silk Stockings, But Girls will Wear Them.

The bachelor maid twisted her pretty foot around and looked ruefully at the heel of her silk stocking, just above the top of her patent leather pump.

"What do I care about airships?" she exclaimed mournfully, "or wireless telegraph improvements or deep-sea navigation? What women most need is some kind of an invention that will keep pumps from cutting through stockings just above the heel. That would meet a real human need. I paid \$3 for those stockings and this is the second time I have worn them. One pump has cut a long gash, as you see, and it is useless to mend it. The same kind of a gash would be cut through the mending silk in a few hours.

"Why not abandon the wearing of pumps? Oh, horrors, no! They are the most adorable footwear on earth. No sane woman would be willing to surrender them. I will wear cheaper stockings if I must, but give up pumps, never! Surely there must be enough ingenuity in the whole world to rise to this demand. I believe a manufacturer who would devise some means, either on the pump or in the stockings, to obviate this difficulty would wax rich."

Bachelor cousin had a brilliant idea.

"Couldn't some leader of fashion make it the style to leave an open space in all stockings, just above the heel, so there would be nothing to cut away?"

"Except the skin! Wretch!"

American Banks Needed Abroad.

Germany and England have chains of banks in foreign countries which afford important facilities to their compatriots interested in the foreign trade as well as to the native business interests in their respective spheres of activity.

The lack of such facilities represents a serious handicap to American export trade and the intercourse between the foreign nations and American commerce. In many of the most important territories, which by the mere reason of geographical position are within the natural scope of American export activity, every dollar that changes hands between Americans and their foreign connections yields a tribute to German and British banks.—American Industries.

A Gibe.

William Mitchell Lewis, of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, was talking in Racine about the improvements in motor cars that the last decade has witnessed.

"I remember the time," said Mr. Lewis, "when it was a common sight, as you drove along a country road, to see a motorist kneeling in the dust beside his car, pulsing over a great heap of cog-wheels, screws, tiny springs, and other delicate pieces of machinery."

"I know a man who knelt beside a scrap-heap composed of his car's innards when a pretty farm girl stopped beside him, put her hand to her head, and said frankly:

"You, sir?"

The Cynic and the Curio.

Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth collector, was showing his beautiful collection of Louis Seize furniture to some ladies.

"I believe in collecting nothing," said Mr. McWade, standing among his treasures of obei, tapestry and pale, delicately carved wood—"nothing that is not intrinsically beautiful. Too many collections remind me of cynic's definition of a curio.

PROFIT FROM PATENT OFFICE

It is the Only Government Department That Does Not Cause Loss to Uncle Sam.

The patent office is the one department of the government which actually yields a profit—something over \$80,000 for the last fiscal year, during which the fees amounted to \$1,837,000. The records show 62,000 applications for mechanical appliances, on which 35,000 patents were issued.

Inasmuch as the past year shows an increase of 4,000 applications, it is evident that invention, instead of growing less, is on the contrary, steadily increasing, and while many patents are secured on which the inventors realize little or nothing, yet fortunes are now and will continue to be made from new and practical ideas.

In most cases the cause of failure to realize expectations will be found, says Popular Mechanics, in the natural tendency of an inventor to magnify the possibilities and minimize the difficulties of selling his invention. While an occasional "find" is made by some one working along a line in which he is poorly informed, hundreds waste time and money developing some device which when finished proves to be either old or without demand.

If the inventor would have his attorney make a search of the records before instead of after completing his invention he would save money and be able to work out his ideas along different lines from those already protected by patents.

CHICKENS CAUSE RACE WAR

Sensational Issue Raised on Account of Crowding Proclivities of Southern Fowls.

A sectional issue has arisen in our town," said the New Jersey commuter. "Before it is settled I am afraid the civil war will be fought all over again. Anyhow our southern friends are sure to indulge in some fire-eating language."

"A resident of our village, who detook to raise chickens, receives crate of fowls from a South Carolina farm. When the neighbors learned where the chickens came from raised a row. 'If you must keep 'em,' they said, 'get northern 'em. They don't grow nearly so southern chickens. There is som' about the climate down there 'em makes a chicken crow four times often as a chicken brought up in any other part of the country.'

"That peculiarity of southern chickens was news to the amateur poultryman. He noticed, however, that his chickens really did crow more persistently and more vigorously than any other chickens he ever knew, and when an experienced poultier assured him that they always would, because southern chickens always do, he sold them and bought New Jersey chickens instead. Now he is in hot water with the southern families in our town, and heaven only knows how the squabble will terminate."

Expressing Political Convictions. Some old time politicians were not content with wearing ribbons as an outward and visible sign of their convictions. "In those days," writes a follower of Pitt who bore the soothing name of James Bland Burges, "men had the courage of their convictions, and would have made molley their garb to distinguish themselves from their opponents. To belong to the Constitutional club was a very simple affair—no balloting or fees beyond cost of costume."

"A gentleman desirous of becoming a member wrote his name in the club book and hurried to the tailor to be measured for a dark blue frock with a broad orange velvet cape and large yellow buttons, round each of which was inscribed "Constitutional Club." The waistcoat was of blue kerseymere with yellow buttons, bordered all round with orange colored silk, and the breeches of white kerseymere with yellow buttons. In point of taste, we certainly beat the blue and buff of our opponents."—London Chronicle.

"Raining Cats and Dogs"

In reply to a query by a correspondent in "Symons' Meteorological Magazine," as to the origin of the above term, B. T. Rowsell writes the following explanation of it as given in Dr. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable": "A perversion of the word catadupe (a waterfall). It is raining catadupes or cataclysms." Mr. Ford ingeniously, though not with much probability, suggests the Greek kata doras (contrary to experience), i. e., in an unusual manner. Dean Swift, describing a fall of rain, says the kennels were overflowed and that

"Dead puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud; Drowned cats and turp tops come tumbling down the flood."

Tender-Hearted Policemen.

Policemen are not, as a rule, sentimental, nor are they generally looked upon as tender-hearted, but Denver seems to have a force made up of men who combine both qualities. On Christmas day, following a long established custom, they provided, out of their own pockets, turkey dinners for all the widows and orphans of members of the department.

A Valid Reason.

The Count—Val! Economise? The Countess—Yes. Father says we are living beyond his means.—Lippincott's Magazine.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Levee Leu Monday Evening 29 Janvier 1910