

LAW'S STERN GUARDIAN HANDY.

"Cap" Feared Stateamen Were on Verge of Physical Encounter.

A scene that was more than farcical occurred in the house of commons last session, according to London M. A. P. Two of the most respectable members of the house were seen with their coats off, and with a staid old policeman standing between them.

The two had been downstairs to wash their hands, and by some mischance had changed coats. They went into the house together. One of them, putting his hand into his coat pocket, pulled out an old briar pipe of very strong flavor. It was not his. He looked at the coat, also that of his neighbor, and, turning to his friend, said:

"Excuse me, but I think you have got on my coat."

"I beg your pardon, I have done nothing of the kind."

"I think," replied the other parliamentarian, "this is your pipe; and if you put your hand into the right-hand pocket of the coat you are wearing you will find a cigar case."

"Dear me," was the reply, "you certainly are right. What shall we do?"

"We cannot change in the house," observed the first member. "Let us go into the division lobby."

Here is where the policeman came in. Seeing the two facing one another, and at the same time taking off their coats, the policeman feared the worst. He rushed up, and placing a hand on the shoulder of each, said: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Not here, please."

SEEK ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.

War Chemists All Dream of Achieving a Perfect Power.

To achieve a perfect power is the dream of every war chemist of today, writes William George in the Technical World Magazine, for upon this uncertain stuff depends the destiny of nations. In spite of the Hague conferences and the amiable plaudits of peace envoys, Great Britain has her cordite and lyddite; France puts her trust in poison-gas; Germany has her Shimonoseki powder. In short, every war office has its own formula, but all are based on "nitro-compound" like gun-cotton. This is a high explosive, almost entirely smokeless, and enormously more powerful than ordinary gun-powder, long since relegated to the limbo of other days, just as gas has been superseded by electric light in the more peaceful walks of life.

Unfortunately the compound cannot be relied upon. The absolute requisite is stability—the insuring that the powder will endure without change any heat or climatic variation. An unstable explosive—the terror of every warship afloat, which stocks tons of it—looks like any other in the laboratory, and will shoot as well as the best, provided it is used before it has time to burn itself up. The trouble is that no chemist on earth knows when spontaneous combustion will take place through decomposition with the powder itself. Hence many terrible disasters of recent years in all navies.

On Cutting Sermons Short.

"It's a fact," remarked a well-known local minister of long experience the other day, "that a minister cannot be successful these days unless he holds his sermons down to reasonable brevity. These jokes you hear about long sermons aren't just jokes. The people of to-day won't put up with long sermons. I found that out a number of years ago in another city. I had noticed that the congregation had been gradually thinning out, and I began to preach sermons of not more than 30 minutes in length. The regular attendance at church increased fully one-half in less than two months. I think a minister should hold his sermons down, no matter how many good things he has to say, because he can then get a bigger audience and consequently accomplish more."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boiler Preservative.

A new Spanish composition for the preservation of steam boilers has just been placed on the market at Barcelona, which, as Consul General Ridgely says, appears to be an improvement on all previous inventions. It is claimed that by adding a certain quantity of the preparation—which is an odorless and colorless liquid—to the tanks from which the boilers are fed, all impurities in the water, and all matter which might adhere to the sides of the boiler are precipitated, leaving the water incolorous.

Thus, not only is the life and efficiency of the boiler increased, but there is great economy in fuel.

A Matter of Conscience.

A New York business man had been detected in picking pockets. "Your course was strange and reprehensible," said the court severely. "Why did you not stick to business?" "Your honor," responded the prisoner, "I found that to succeed in business I would have to resort to methods of which my conscience could not approve."

Considerate of Him.

"Here's a piece in his paper," said Wray Walker, "what says it's better to lie to a woman if de truth would make her unhappy?" "Dat's de way I feel," replied Thirty Tanks, "an' w'en a lady sez to me, 'You won't buy liquor wid dis?' I always say: 'No, ma'am.'"

AT THE TOMB OF THE MINGS.

Ancient Sepulcher Object of Interest to Travelers in China.

Every traveler in China goes to the tomb of the Mings if he stays more than a few days in Shanghai. The Chinese consider the Mings the greatest rulers of the ancient kingdom, and they rank second only to Confucius. The tomb is composed of two colossal figures facing each other, and elaborately carved in the style affected by Chinese artists centuries ago. Seen in Central Park or Versailles they would look grotesque enough, but standing as they do among bleak and lonely hills, outlined against the clear blue oriental sky, they have a rude grandeur and imposing simplicity which make them seem fit guardians of imperial dust.

It is not an easy journey the tourist must take if he wishes to pay his respects to the stone giants, nor is it a trip advisable for a woman to undertake, as it lies through a region where hatred of the "white devils" is considered as much a part of the Chinaman's religion as the worship of his ancestors. A donkey and a guide are necessary, and it is also wise to get a party of sightseers together for the excursion if possible, and to go well armed, for once a foolhardy traveler started forth alone from the hotel on the Rubbling Well road, Shanghai, to visit the tomb of the Mings, and he was never heard of again. There are many places in the purlieus of Shanghai even where it is imprudent for a white man to venture alone in broad daylight. An extra donkey is also needed to carry provisions as well as the cameras, for most tourists want a picture of the towering images which have so successfully withstood the wear of the centuries.

DID YEAR'S WORK IN A NIGHT.

College Man Who Proved the Worthlessness of Examinations.

Some college professors insist that the examination system is a failure and they can cite instances which they believe bear out their side of the case. One of these faculty men, a recent graduate from a large university, said:

"When I was in college there was a man of great capacity who had neglected one course from his freshman year when he got a condition. When it came down to his senior year he had to make it up, but he let it go until the very last set of examinations. Then he had to get it off or lose his degree."

"This man knew so little of German, the course in which he was deficient, that he could not even read the printed words with ease, let alone understand them. But he passed the examination."

"He went to a man in his class who was proficient in German armed with sets of examination papers in that course for about six years back. They picked out the recurrent questions until finally they saw that there were enough which were included in the various papers of each year to insure a passing percentage."

"This man, who as I said was of great capacity, then proceeded to memorize a correct answer to each of these questions, so that he would recognize it even if it were not worded exactly as the one on a previous paper."

"With this sort of work, which took him about all night, he went into the examination and passed off a year's work triumphantly."

A Peculiar Name.

There is a post hamlet in Cass county, Missouri, with nothing peculiar about it except its name, and that is Peculiar. Its origin, according to local tradition, was as follows:

When the settlement had become sufficiently populous to need a post office, one of the prominent citizens sent a petition to Washington to have one established. In due course the petition was granted, and he was asked to suggest a name that would please the people. He replied: "The people are not particular so long as the name is peculiar."

Thereupon the post office was christened Peculiar, and the name has never been changed.—Sunday Magazine.

A Blessing, Not a Blow.

"Here's a good one," said the telegraph operator. "A dear old minister came yesterday and sent this telegram to a conference that had assigned him to a charge: 'Acts 20:32. He explained that the citation was: 'And now, brethren, I commend you to God.'"

"Well, the careless operator at the other end handed the message to the conference so that it read: 'Acts 23:2.' That text, the bewildered conference found on reference to its Bible, reads: 'And the high priest Ananias commanded them who stood by to smite him on the mouth.'"

The Wonderful Astrologers.

Zadkiel, the London astrologer, in his forecast for February, said: "The conjunction of Venus with Saturn is unfortunate for the fair sex, especially in Portugal."

Raphael, another of London's leading astrologers, made this prediction: "Uranus on the meridian in eastern Europe is evil for the ruling powers, and some officials are in danger of disgrace or assassination." The guesses of our astrologers sometimes miss by very narrow margins.

COMMON ORIGIN OF ALL LIFE.

Biologists of To-day Now Are Inclined to That Belief.

Biologists having failed to prove any case of spontaneous generation, Prof. Svante Arrhenius is attracted by the idea that all life has had a common origin and has spread from the single source to many worlds. The discovery of the pressure of light has added probability to panspermia, which teaches that life germs are conveyed through interstellar space. At the railway speed 37 miles an hour, a body would occupy 150 years in going from the earth to Mars and seven thousand million years in traversing the distance to the nearest fixed star, but with the pressure of radiation as motive power the journeys might be reduced to 30 days and nine thousand years respectively. Even these seem long intervals for germs and spores to survive the dryness, cold and light. Recent investigations indicate, however, that some germs are proof against any cold, that the action of light is oxidation and is absent in a vacuum, that the loss of vitality in the cold of space would be one thousand million times less rapid than at 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and that desiccation would be no greater, in millions of years than in one day, at 50 degrees. Hence it may be that interstellar space is traversed at enormous speed by living germs that develop life on reaching favorable planets.

BEAR TRAP SET FOR OFFICERS.

Surprise for Deputy Marshals in the Tennessee Mountains.

The gaping jaws of a bear trap is what confronted Deputy United States Marshal John Blankenship, Deputy Marshal George Sharp and others when they made a raid, the other night into the mountains of Blount county.

In the posse were the two deputies mentioned and Deputy Revenue Collector J. S. Remine. They left this city and went to the North Carolina line, and there located a distillery alleged to have been burned and operated by "Uncle Sam" Burchfield. It was in the fastness of the mountain, and as the officers were just on the point of leaping from the roof into the little house Messrs. Blankenship and Sharp spied the bear trap, and crawled back.

They were both on the point of leaping down at the same time, and had they done so they would have been instantly caught in the trap. The trap is said to have been one of the largest ever seen in the mountains of East Tennessee.

Burchfield had escaped, but it is said that he will be arrested; but the officers in quest of him will look out in the future for man traps as well as bear traps.—Knoxville Sentinel.

Done and To Do.

"If I ever see again a certain party what was in here the other night, me and him comes to blows," said the waiter in the New York restaurant. "He puts away 35 cents' worth, hands me half a dollar, and says: 'Keep the change.'"

"A 15-cent tip!" I say to myself. "Well, well, things is looking up!" "So I helps him out with his overcoat and bows him out most polite. I hands the half a dollar across the desk and the boss jingles it on the counter. 'Phony,' he says, 'and you'll have to make good.'"

"Wouldn't that give you a headache? The guy makes me pay for his feed and then cheats me out of the biggest tip I'd got in a week. But never mind. I'll shake it in here for the first half-ounce that comes in here for a meal and hands me a bill, and he goes with a phony half dollar in his pants."

Wanted Sport.

Some years ago Jude's was a noted concert hall in Dublin, and late in the evening the fun was generally fast and furious.

A young Englishman, bent on seeing life, went there one evening, but expressed himself disappointed with the slowness of the place to a Hibernian friend he met there.

"Would you really like to see a row?" said Pat.

"Yes," said the Englishman.

Pat filled a tumbler with cold water and threw it across the table into his face, saying: "Now hit the man next to you, and we'll have some grand sport."

Cleaner Streets for Berlin.

Any improvement in the methods of street cleaning is a step in the interests of public health, and is therefore of importance to all who are compelled to spend their days in the big cities. A hearty welcome is therefore assured to the new motor cleanser which has just made its appearance in the streets of Berlin. The machine has powerful water jets in front and under its center, while at the back is fitted a rotary brush. As the car proceeds the street is flushed and brushed, being left clean and comparatively dry when it has passed through.—London Graphic.

No Argument Coming on That.

The American Hebrew has this to say about one Samuel Findovits who brought his 80-year-old father from Europe in the steerage, while he came as second cabin passenger on the same steamer: "It is hardly to be supposed that so despicable a person can be sensitive to public ridicule, yet, both for his own debase and a horrible example, he should be held up to the contempt of the community."

MODERN MAN NOT A WONDER.

Shows Little Advancement Over Prototype of Ancient Days.

Alfred Russel Wallace, the well-known English scientist, says that modern man is not superior to the man of ancient times. He writes: "The general idea that our enormous advances in science and command over nature serves as demonstration of our mental superiority to the men of earlier ages is totally unfounded. The evidence of history and of the earliest monuments alike goes to indicate that our intellectual and moral nature has not advanced in any perceptible degree. In the second place, we find that the supposed great mental inferiority of savages is equally unfounded. The more they are sympathetically studied the more they are found to resemble ourselves in their inherent intellectual powers."

Even the so long despised Australian, almost the lowest in material progress, yet show by their complex language, their elaborate social regulations, and often by an innate nobility of character, indications of a very similar inner nature to our own. If they possess fewer philosophers and moralists, they are also free from so large a proportion of unbalanced minds—idiots and lunatics—as we possess.

On the other hand, we find in the higher Pacific types men who, though savages as regards material progress, are yet generally admitted to be—physically, intellectually and morally—our equals, if not our superiors."

WIND-ENGINE DRIVES DYNAMO.

Recent Experiment in England Has Proved Complete Success.

"The old-fashioned four-arm windmill for the purpose of grinding corn has now become almost extinct in this country" (England), says Chambers' Journal, "but the circular type of wind engine is obtaining an extended use for the operation of small machines about a farm and for the provision of private water supplies. A new use has also been found for this prime mover in the form of providing power for private electric-lighting installations, and at least one successful example of this application of wind power is in operation. The earliest attempt to use a windmill for this purpose was made by Mr. George Cadbury some 12 years ago; and although this plant was very badly proportioned, owing to the lack of previous experience the lighting was on one occasion kept up for six weeks without a break. Excellent results have been obtained in a later installation by means of the knowledge gained from Mr. Cadbury's experiments, and a plant erected three years later for lighting a large mansion in Yorkshire has given the utmost satisfaction to the owner. In this instance a circular wind-engine 30 feet in diameter drives a suitable dynamo, the electric current generated being stored in a battery of accumulators until required. The plant is looked after by a gardener, who devotes about four hours a week to this duty, the windmill being left running for many hours at a time without any attention whatever."

The Fresh Air Treatment.

Most of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a heading pelt and asks you if you are in a hurry—and of all the irritable individuals he is the very worst of the objectionable species. Mr. Ellis is one of these pests, and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans, the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various sorts—pictures, wardrobes and china. And there was his old friend Hills begrimed, weary and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What, Hills," exclaimed Mr. Ellis, "are you moving?" "Not at all—not at all," snapped Hills, with elaborate sarcasm. "I am taking my furniture out for a ride!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

How the News Spread.

New Arrival at the Suburban Tavern.—Part of the roof of the old brewery in the city fell in a while ago and hurt three men. First Lounger in the Second.—Hear that? Old brewery in the city fell in a nearly killed three men. Second Lounger to Third.—Gosh! Th' old brewery down in th' city just tumbled down an' killed three men. Third Lounger to Fourth.—Gee whiz! Th' old brewery in th' city's collapsed an' squashed four men's' death. When the first newspaper containing the correct account of the accident reached them, however, the most they could make out of it was one man hurt.—Bohemian.

Their Yell.

A young man stepped into a prominent drug store in Philadelphia and asked for a two-cent stamp. When this was procured he placed it on the letter upside down and went out and mailed it.

The next morning he did the same thing. So finally the druggist got curious. The day after when the young fellow stepped in he asked: "Why do you always stamp your letters upside down?"

"Oh, I belong to a correspondence school up the state and that's our yell."

THEY "PASSED THE BUTTER."

Brakeman's Happy Inspiration Met with Deserved Success.

"When I was connected with a certain western railway," says a prominent official of an eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation. He decided to spend his time in a trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes."

"He went to Denver, and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time, and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat."

Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows: 'Please Pass the Butter, Thomas J. Meochin, Brakeman, S. S. & T. Ry.'—Harper's Weekly.

WARNINGS FOR FLAT HUNTERS.

Tenants of Building Get Even with Miserly Agent.

There is an apartment house in The Bronx whose agent's idea of thrift and economy is "spend not a penny to-day that can be saved until to-morrow." He buys but one load of coal at a time for this apartment house, and never orders a second load until the first is all gone. Then it takes the coal dealer 12 to 24 hours to deliver. Meantime the tenants burn gas and shiver. The agent also instructs the janitor to be extremely saving in the use of coal, in the furnace and in the boiler. The result is that some days the so-called hot water is only warm and on other days it is entirely cold.

The tenants have grown tired of this routine and several of them have moved out since the winter set in. Others are posting notices in the hall for the benefit of flat hunters. Two samples are as follows: "No, we don't furnish hot and cold water. We furnish two kinds of cold water."

"Six days in the week shall thou have steam heat, and on the seventh day thou shalt burn gas or freeze, as pleasest thee most."—New York Press.

Hymn Singing Out of Style.

"The other morning," remarked the old-fashioned man, "I had to put the question to myself as to whether people ever sang hymns any more in New York outside of church. It came about through my hearing a woman singing 'Lead, Kindly Light,' the words and melody of which came floating down to my room through an airshaft. When I heard it I was reminded of the fact that in the five years I've lived here I never heard any one singing a hymn before in our apartment house, or anywhere else, so far as that goes, save in church or on the street corner by the Salvation Army. And yet, although I never go to vaudeville performances, I am kept thoroughly informed, through the medium of that same airshaft, as to what is the latest thing in popularity. Old-fashioned hymn-singing, like old-fashioned homes, are out of date, I guess."

About Babies.

"Babies are creatures of habit. Half the trouble of child-rearing is caused by allowing them to become creatures of bad habits instead of good ones. You deserve a gold medal, my dear young lady, for your management of Marjorie."

"Well, her papa deserves one, too!" cried Marjorie's mother proudly. "He had every bit as much to do with her management as I had."

"No, I had to do with the theory, you with the practice."

"Well," said the doctor, "both theory and practice are needed for the successful management of children. You have combined both, and the consequence is you are rearing a fine child, and I most heartily congratulate you on the way you have reared Marjorie during her first and her second year."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

New Chinese Army.

The Rev. Ng Poon Chow, the Chinese editor, who addressed the Inter-denominational Missionary conference in Calvary church last night, aroused the risibilities of his audience by a well meant comment on the new army which his country is now developing. "China," said the learned Oriental, "is raising a standing army of one million men."

After a pause, in which he allowed his auditors to grasp the extent of his statement, he added with an inimitable Mongolian lisp: "China has never had a standing army. It has always been either a running army or a sitting army."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Anti-Monopoly Crusade.

"Uncle Jephtha—The railroad is selling tickets to Chicago for four dollars. They can't afford to do it at that price. Uncle Steve—No; that's what Hiram said. He went an' bought nine tickets an' didn't use one of 'em. Said if he had money enough he'd keep on buyin' tickets till he'd busted up the hull railroad monopoly. He's got it in for the trusts, hi has.—Puck.

DRUG DEADLY TO ITS USERS.

Egyptian Authorities Seek to Prevent Importation of Hashish.

Consul Edward I. Nathan of Patras, Greece, writes about the Greek preparation and exportation of hashish: "Hashish, that strange drug which has given our language its word 'assassin'—a man so frenzied by the drug that he accomplishes murder—is used by the Persians, Turks and Egyptians in a manner akin to the use of opium by the Chinese. It is the product of a plant grown in large quantities in the Peloponnesus (southern Greece) in the district about Tripolitza. The plant grows to a height of about four feet and its branches are thickly covered with small leaves and studded with tiny seeds."

"The entire plant, stalk and branches, is cut within a few inches of the root and laid out in the sun to dry. The branches are then rubbed to separate the seeds and these in turn are ground into a fine powder, which constitutes the drug. The drug has the power of inducing sleep and producing pleasant and fantastic dreams. Continued use of hashish renders its devotees wild and reckless and results in a complete wreck of their mental and physical constitution."

"For this reason the Egyptian government has prohibited the importation of the drug and recently entered into a convention with Greece to prevent its exportation from there to Egypt, where the consumers of hashish are very numerous. The drug is practically never used in Greece, but is now exported to the various parts in England, Austria, France, and Italy, and from there much, no doubt, ultimately finds its way to Egypt."

SHOWS THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

Labor-Saving Devices That Would Astonish Our Forefathers.

When McCormick built his first hundred reapers in 1845 he paid 4 1/2 cents for bolts. That was in the mythical age of hand labor. To-day 50 bolts are made for a cent. So with guard-fingers, McCormick paid 24 cents each when James K. Polk was in the White House. Now there is a ferocious machine, which, with the least possible assistance from one man, cuts out 1,300 guard-fingers in ten hours, at a labor cost of one cent for six. Also, while exploring one of the Chicago factories, I came upon a herd of cud-chewing machines that were crunching out chain links at the rate of 50,000,000 a year. Near by were four smaller and more irritable automata, which were biting off pieces of wire and showing them into linchpins at a speed of 400,000 bits a day.

"Take out your watch and time this man," said Superintendent Brooks of the McCormick plant. "See how long he is in boring five holes in that great casting."

"Exactly six minutes," I answered. "Well, that's progress," observed Brooks. "Before we bought that machine it was a matter of four hours to bore those holes."

In one of his five twine mills—a monstrous bedlam of noise and a wilderness of fuzz, which is by far the largest of its sort in the world—there is enough twine twisted in a single day to make a girdle around the earth.—Everybody's Magazine.

What He Wanted.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore's book, entitled, "With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics," tells that the vessel on which the voyage was made was prevented from landing its distinguished passengers at Colon on the day of arrival because of a technical violation of the quarantine law of the Isthmus of Panama. Finally the order was issued permitting the vessel to come up to the dock.

A pilot on shore was wiggling signals to the pilot on the "congressional junketeer" when Speaker Cannon caught sight of the strange performance. He was standing on the deck with Representative Moore at the time, and this question was addressed to the author-congressman: "What in — does that — fool want?"

"I suppose," was Mr. Moore's answer, "he is a member of the Panama congress and he is trying to catch your eye. He probably wants recognition."

More Marriages in England.

Many interesting details as to the marriages which took place in England and Wales during 1906 are given in the registrar-general's detailed report for that year. There were more of them than in the previous year, but the increase was not conspicuous in the case of widowers, while there was no increase at all in that of widows. As already recorded, the birth rate was abnormally low, while the death rate was higher for the year.

The marriage rate shows an increase of 0.3 over 1905, but was 0.2 below the average for the ten years, 1896-1905.

The birth rate was the lowest ever recorded, being 0.1 less than in 1905 and 1.6 lower than the decennial average.

Squaring Himself.

The distiller who had made his fortune in the inland town had just moved to the big city.

"It looks kind o' mean to come here to spend my money," he said; "but I can't. Here's where they consume four-fifths of my product."

Thus reflecting, he began to entertain lavishly.