

OUR MANY ENTERPRISES

We Make \$500,000,000 a Year
Out of Nothing.

TO ACCOMPLISH THIS

We Turn Sawdust into Sugar and Alcohol—We Make Greeting Cards, Pine Needles—Derive Perfumery From Street Offal and a Heavenly Azurine From Old Hoofs.

The value of products annually manufactured out of materials which thirty years ago were thrown away, as waste today amounts to fully \$500,000,000—a sum equal to nearly seven times the annual production of gold in the United States.

Sawdust was for years looked upon as an absolute waste material, says Moody's Magazine, and was either dumped into a stream, if flowing water or thrown into a heap where it could be conveniently disposed of. During the last few years a process has been discovered which has given sawdust a value greater than that of solid lumber.

By the use of hydraulic pressure and intense heat the particles are formed into a solid mass capable of being moulded into any shape and of receiving a brilliant polish. The only materials used are sawdust, slum and glue.

Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of sawdust with ivory waste, waterglass and glue. In Norway acetic acid, wood naphtha, tar and alcohol are produced on a commercial scale out of sawdust.

Factories have been erected in this country and in Europe for converting pine needles into forest wool. This is used for mattresses and furniture, for manufacture in hygienic articles and for such things as underclothes and chest protectors.

The principal use of sawdust seems destined to be in the production of sugar and of alcohol. It is practically pure cellulose and easily convertible into these products.

For many years bituminous coal operators threw away slack as waste. Later it sold for five cents a ton. Today it commands at the mine 75 cents a ton, or within five cents a ton of the price of run up mine coal.

The increase is due to demand coming from makers of cement. Formerly they bought lump coal and pulverized it. Finally one of them experimented with slack and found it satisfactory and cheaper. He is said to use 140 tons of slack daily.

Each large packing establishment now has its long list of by-products. The products of the gray brain matter of calves are employed in affections of the nervous system, such as nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, St. Vitus' dance, mental disorder and insanity.

The blood of the slaughtered animal is coagulated and manufactured into buttons and is also utilized in the production of albumen for the use of the calico printer, the sugar refiner, the tanner and others.

The bones are used for a score of different purposes, being manufactured into knife and toothbrush handles, chessmen, combs, backs of brushes, mouthpieces of pipes and various other articles. Black hoofs are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for gold extraction, and are also ground up to make fertilizer for horists, grape growers and others.

Among the other articles manufactured out of the former waste products of the abattoir are glue, flypaper, sandpaper, gelatine, isinglass, curled hair, bristles, wool felt, hair felt, laundry soap, soap powders, glycerine, ammonia, bone meal, poultry food, meat's foot oil and a score of other products. The annual value of the by-products of the packing industry, much of which are manufactured out of what was considered a waste material thirty years ago, is approximately \$500,000,000.

Prior to 1860 cottonseed was usually hauled to a remote place to rot or dumped into a stream of flowing water. Out of this product, then deemed a nuisance, there was manufactured in 1909 by-products having a value of more than \$42,000,000.

More than a score of products are today manufactured out of cottonseed, including butter, paper, fertilizer, cotton batting, cattle feed, soap, lard, cottonseed, crude oil and salad oils.

John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil company, is authority for the statement that for the last ten years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of the manufacture of by-products. The company could throw into the ocean every drop of refined oil as fast as it was manufactured, and would still be able to pay handsome dividends to its stockholders simply through the sale of its by-products.

The choicest perfumes which are placed upon the market are obtained from oils and ethers extracted from flowers, but there are many other oils which are artificially made out of bad smelling elements. Oil of pineapple is best made by the action of putrid cheese or sugar or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid.

The essential flavoring substance of the vanilla bean as well as other essences are manufactured out of coal tar and the oil of cloves.

ENGLAND'S MANY YACHT CLUBS

The Most Exclusive Is the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.

There are forty-three yacht clubs in Great Britain, most of them established at ports on the English coast. Several important ones belong in Scotland and Ireland, the oldest one of them all—the Royal Cork—having its headquarters at Queenstown. This one was founded in 1720.

The chief of all the British clubs is the Royal Yacht Squadron, founded in 1812, with headquarters at Cowes. It is the most exclusive institution in England, no one, until quite recently, being admitted a member of it without the approval of King Edward.

When his Majesty was Prince of Wales he officiated as commodore, but on his accession to the throne he relinquished the position. The club, however, still retains its character for exclusiveness, and according to Baily's Magazine, no candidate can hope to secure election unless possessed of considerable social influence.

The ballot is so severe that the "pulling" of extremely well known sportsmen frequently takes place, much to the chagrin of their proposers. On one occasion a certain royal personage is said to have been so annoyed at finding one of his nominees blackballed that he promptly tendered his own resignation.

Among those who have belonged to the club for at least thirty years are the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Fife and the Marquis of Ormonde. Of those who have joined more recently the best known are perhaps the Earl of Dunraven and Marquis of Zetland. The list of yachts registered to fly the squadron burgee includes such universally famous ones as the Meteor, belonging to the German emperor, the Valkyrie of Lord Brassey, and the Valkyrie of Lord Dunraven. On election all members pay an entrance fee of £105, while the annual subscription is £16.

The yacht club next in importance is the Royal Thames, established in 1823. The membership (which is limited to 1,000) includes the Emperor of Russia, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, Lord Brassey and Sir Donald Currie.

The uniform of the R. A. Y. C. is unique in its way. It consists of a plain blue cloth dress coat and white waistcoat, each with special buttons, and either blue cloth or white duck trousers, according to the season. In undress a short blue jacket is worn in place of the tail coat.

The annual subscription is eight guineas, except in the case of members owning yachts of not less than nine tons. Thames measurements. For these latter the yearly dues are reduced to six guineas.

Another old established yacht club is the Royal Western Yacht Club of England. Membership is restricted to 500, and no one can be elected if the ballot shows him to have received one black ball against five whites. The clubhouse, which is at Plymouth, contains a number of valuable pictures and souvenirs.

The Isle of Wight being the chief yachting center in Great Britain, the Royal Victoria Yacht Club has its headquarters appropriately enough at Ryde. It was established at this port in 1844 for the encouragement of yachting among gentlemen owning property on the island.

By its constitution membership is still confined to persons coming under this heading. Admission to temporary membership, however, may be extended to yacht owners who belong to other recognized clubs.

Although it was established at so comparatively recent date as 1875, the Royal Southampton Club is recognized as a leader.

Membership is open to both ladies and gentlemen, the proportion of the former being large.

The Irish House of Commons.

The Irish House of Commons sat for the last time on June 10, 1800. It was the duty of Lord Castlereagh to move the third reading of the union bill, and he discharged the duty with the utmost apparent equanimity.

Other members were not so composed, and to conceal their emotion hurriedly left the room. The speaker, who hated the measure, rose to put the fatal question. He held up the bill for a moment in silence, and looked, according to a spectator's account on the scene, steadily round on the last agony of the expiring parliament.

"He at length repeated in an emphatic tone, 'As many as are of opinion that this bill do pass say aye; the contrary say no.' The affirmative was loud and indistinct. Another momentary pause ensued. Again his lips seemed to decline their office.

At length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice, 'The ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced—for an instant he stood statue-like, then indignantly with disgust, flung the bill upon the table and sank in his chair with an exhausted spirit.—London Chronicle.

Successful Ostrich Farming.

Consul General William H. Michael of Calcutta is sanguine of great success in ostrich farming in certain parts of the United States. Its development in India is also promising. It is found sufficiently profitable to warrant doubt extend largely in this country.

THE PROPOSAL

Having made up my mind to it I was as enthusiastic as my friends said I had been slow before. If my deliberation had been characteristic, my ardor, once it was aroused, was not less natural. I assure you, for the saddles, mother says, have always been a cautious race, but steady and devoted when once they have imposed a cause.

And it is hereditary, I suppose, that never to this day have I seen anything remarkable in the fact that it took me ten years to make up my mind to propose to Sally.

It did not take me ten years to know that she was pretty, and good, and charming; but it did take me ten years to be sure that I wanted to marry her—that I admit.

Now, I haven't told a soul before—not a living soul—and if I open my lips now it's because I am tired of hearing people titter when I approach, and because I think it's about time that some one knew the truth of the whole matter.

Well, as I was saying, I had made up my mind and I went to see Sally. I was full of the subject. Never before I felt so much of a man before. I was, don't you know, lifted up. I was nervous, of course. All men are at such times, I suppose, and I don't know how I managed to get into the house.

Well, Sally came down, as pretty and charming as ever, and with a rose in her hair. She wore her gray robe, you know.

"A thing—de oh she had made for Mrs. Gale's reception with the V. and an lace. I had never seen her look so—her hair—her hair!"

"Sally, I have something very important to say to you."

"Well, Sally came down to see me, as pretty as ever, and with a rose in her hair. She wore her gray robe, you know."

"Oh, I know; you came to tell me about Miss's pupils. Elaine told me yesterday. Are you going to give me one of them? I think you might."

"Oh, no! It wasn't that I came to tell you; though—of course, you shall have one if you like. It was to tell you."

"It was to tell you, Sally," I said, "that you might have all of them—all seven—Miss's too."

I wish you wouldn't laugh at me. How else could I put it—after what she had said to me! I thought it rather clever of me—rather neat, you know—to turn the phrase into what she might call its larger sense, and so seize victory from defeat. But even then she did not understand.

She burst out laughing.

"Oh, I should like one," she said, "but what would I do with all seven, and Miss's?"

And she went on laughing at the notion until I was quite—oh, quite discomfited, you know.

"Sally, I said, 'you persist in misconstruing my attentions.'"

"Why," she replied, "I thought you offered me all seven and Miss's."

"So I did, Sally, in a way," I said.

"Oh," she said, "then it was an Indian gift, was it?"

"An Indian gift?" I repeated, perplexed.

"Yes; a gift with a string to it. And what is the string, Freddie. Do tell me! I want to know!"

Well—would you believe it?—right then an idea struck me! Another idea! I suppose it was love that put so many new ideas into my head. Oh, it must have been love, I said.

"Yes, there is a string to my gift, Sally; I am the string!"

"You!" she repeated.

"I!" I said.

"The string," said Sally.

"The string!" said I. And then passionately: "Oh, Sally! Don't you comprehend me? Have you never heard the old, old saying: 'Love me, love my dog?'"

She was pink all over, and I would have taken her in my arms—I really would—had she not said to me:

"Well, I have already told you Freddie, that I might take one of the puppies, but not all of you!"

She said, she said those very words to me, and I was—oh, I was crushed, don't you know. But I rose to the occasion. I would not let her see my despair. I would not let her, at all hazards, to assert my weakness, and so, with an air that—if I do say it—was quite, quite in the old-time manner, don't you know, I said:

"My dear Sally, you have told me that you accept one of the puppies, is that true; but you have not told me which one."

I think I smiled. Oh, I am sure I smiled as I said those words, and I know I bowed slightly. But I shall never, never smile again, for she said:

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least which one you give me, Freddie; they're all such dear little wabblers. But since you are so kind" And then she blushed.

"I would like one that I could call Blay."

APPLYING MEDICAL GYMNASTICS

Sufferers from Locomotor Ataxia Have Special Apparatus.

Had Charles Dickens lived in this age of medical wonders he might not have had his Lady Tipton trying to hide the waywardness of her limbs by an assumption of playful shyness of Countess Popham, wandering off at tangent when he desired to walk through a doorway. Instead, his character would have gone to a school of medical gymnastics and defied the novelist to find fault with their gait.

Such a school is to be founded in Philadelphia. Were the afflictions of the patients subject for laughter, it might cause amusement to watch them going through their queer exercises on the old looking machines in the clinical rooms.

One of the most interesting of the apparatus is a stairway on which have been cut grooves for the feet of the individual who in condemned by fate and the physicians to tread the steps of this treadmill. The stairway, intended to bring back to those afflicted with locomotor ataxia the lost coordination of motion, has steps of a uniform height, in each of which are cutouts for the feet of the patient. He walks up and down this odd stairway to support himself by the hand rails. He is compelled to place his feet in the cutouts as he exercises, and in time, it is said, regains the power of making his feet do as his mind dictates. Instead of the pedic extremities "wandering wildly on" on excursions of their own, after the Lady Tipton or Countess Popham style.

A device that is still more curious is a tongs arrangement, consisting of a block of wood, on which are mounted on springs a number of pins similar to those used in bowling alleys. Each pin is lettered or numbered, and the patient sits in front of this apparatus, and, upon the order of the nurse or attendant, kicks a certain pin either with the right or left foot as ordered. The tendency of the spastic limbs is to attack the G pin when ordered to punish that marked A, or to inflict a jolt on B when it is the turn of the D pin to be kicked. Also, the left leg refuses to obey orders, and the right insists on taking up the kicking out of its turn, while the left will try to kick when it is the right's turn. In time, however, according to the originators of this method of restoring lost coordination, the telegraph apparatus from the brain gets into working order again, and the feet have to obey the will of their owner.

Locomotor ataxia is a hardening of the spinal cord. One of the most troublesome symptoms, outside of sharp, shooting pains, is the ataxic gait, a staggering walk. In mild cases the patient loses control over motion and staggers while walking; in severe cases he can't walk at all and has to stay in bed. It is the mild cases that these medical gymnastic machines are designed to cure. Other methods employed for the same purpose are the teaching of the patient to stand in a correct upright position without swaying or tumbling, the training of the afflicted one to walk a straight line or on certain patterns, and to step over books, blocks or bottles placed on the floor without knocking any of them down. After the patient has gained a certain amount of control over the movements the exercises are made more difficult by being done with closed eyes.

Those Extended Fingers.

A social philosopher has discovered that an act very commonly regarded as an affection of gentility, as found in the manner of holding a drinking glass when drinking from it, is not an affection at all, but really an unconscious, automatic act.

This supposed affection consists in extending the third and fourth fingers of the hand clear of the glass when it is lifted and tipped forward with its brim to the lips while the glass is held there in the act of drinking. No doubt it would commonly be considered that people do this for the sake of greater elegance, or at least for an instinctive desire to give to the hand such an appearance, which it would not possess if they closed the entire hand around the glass—if they clutched it, so to speak, a manner of holding that would seem to savor of rudeness.

But this observer says that really people hold those two fingers clear of the glass in drinking because that is the way that is most convenient. If he says, a person should grasp the glass with the whole hand—closed—angrily around it he would find that the act of tipping the glass so held required more muscular effort, for the muscles extending from all the fingers would then be called into use.

Whereas if the person drinking holds the glass between the thumb and the first two fingers he not only relieves entirely the tension on the muscles of the two other fingers, but also in a way he pivots the glass and makes it easier to tip on that account.

This philosopher concedes that the act may be exaggerated; that fingers thus extended might even be seen raised and extended more than was really comfortable for the better display of rings adorning them, and he concedes that sometimes when we see our fingers thus raised as we lift our glass, in clear view of all, we may seek to crook the fingers in attitudes or curves of greater grace, and so he concedes that in some cases the raising of the fingers in lifting the glass may show affectations in some measure, but his point is that its original intention and its practice by the many, the elevation of these two fingers is not an affection, but an act of common sense and automatic.

THE PSEUDONYM

The soldier had asked the widow to marry him and she had refused.

"The proper thing for him to do now, would be to bid me a fond farewell and get marching orders," mused the widow, with a smile of chastened humor; but the soldier didn't see it in that light, as he sat bolt-upright in the only decent chair in the widow's parlor.

"May I speak?" he asked, his keen gray eyes upon her face.

"If you don't mind," acquiesced the widow meekly. "It's what I'd prefer."

"May I ask questions?" said the soldier.

"If that's the only form of speech you can rise to, you may."

The widow's face was flushed, but she was quiet.

"You say you won't marry me?" the soldier went on importantly.

"To be quite precise," corrected the widow, "I said I could not."

"Have you anything against me?"

"No."

"Could you ever imagine liking me well enough to be my wife?"

"I might," admitted the widow, "if I tried."

"Are you willing to try?" The soldier was warming to his work.

"Certainly not!" cried the widow.

"That is—most certainly not!"

"In your refusal in any way due to your late husband?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," she said hurriedly. "My late—he had nothing to do with it."

"Did any trait in your late husband's character lead you to refuse?"

"No," she said, "he was a good man."

"You are a widow?"

"Yes, I am."

"How long have you been a widow?"

"Ten years."

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