

THE HUMAN FOOT.

It is Said to Be Changing and in Time May Become Toeless.

A London physician, Dr. R. Clement Lucas, says that if man keeps on wearing shoes and living under the present conditions he may eventually develop into a one-toed animal, or, more properly speaking, a toeless one.

A number of years ago Dr. Lucas pointed out that the gradual disappearance of the little toe was getting ahead of the textbook, for while it had already lost one of its extensor tendons in quite an appreciable percentage of cases, one of its flexor tendons was absent also. On the other hand, the great toe had undergone extraordinary developments because the inner side of the foot was the first to catch the center of gravity in transferring the weight of the body from one foot to the other in walking.

The horse, which was once a five-toed animal, now moves about solely on the nail of its big toe or consolidated toes. There is no doubt that man's internal organism has been much modified since he left off living with nature and began living on it. Intestines have changed noticeably. The foot itself has also changed. It is more compactly built now, for the toes of the savage races are widely separated and stuck out on different angles, the big toe especially being thrown far out and resembling the great toe of a baboon.—Exchange.

CULTIVATE SIDE VISION.

It Will Enable You to See in Several Directions at Once.

One of the most useful gifts one can have is a good side vision. By side vision is meant literally ability to see in several directions at once and to know what is going on in other directions besides that upon which the gaze may be fixed at the moment.

Just try the next time you are reading your paper in the train, for in stance, and you will understand clearly what is meant.

You can with little effort and while still reading follow the movements of those sitting opposite you and even those at your side.

With a little practice the range of your side vision can be extended behind you in each direction to an angle of forty-five degrees, and you can see clearly every movement that takes place on both sides simultaneously.

Now, just think what this means. The man in possession of a good side vision is not an easy one to take by surprise. In business he finds it all valuable asset, especially when talking with more than one person at a time.

He can guard against dangers from unexpected sources, and when crossing a roadway he can clearly see the traffic coming from either direction while still looking straight ahead.—London Answers.

Magdalen Islands.

In the center of the gulf of St. Lawrence the small group of Magdalen Islands are populated by 3,000 or 4,000 direct descendants of the Arcadians under Champlain and De Monts, who were driven out of New France, Nova Scotia, by the English. Since the first settlement in 1733 generations of the same families have raised stony crops in the valleys and fed sheep and cattle on the high conical hills which constitute a prominent feature of an island landscape. Year after year men have gone out on the waters of the gulf in search of the cod, mackerel and lobsters on which a livelihood depends. They are simple, primitive people, these natives of the Magdalen, laboring all the while under circumstances that are most discouraging. The archipelago contains twelve or thirteen distinct islands, including several grim rocks which are not inhabited and never will be.

Odd Tramway Literature.

The Liverpool tramway authorities have furnished two quaint additions to the literature of notices. Some years ago this notice was posted in the Liverpool cars: "Passengers are requested to pay no more pennies than the conductor in their presence punches holes in their tickets." This was criticized, and another effort was made and posted: "Passengers are requested to pay no more pennies than for which the conductor in their presence punches holes in their tickets." This too, was pronounced a failure, and the officials concluded that language had not yet been invented which would express what they felt. But don't you know exactly what the official notice meant?—London Standard.

Gender by Accident.

The hostess was so weary after an extraordinarily long call from a bore that when he at last rose to go she was almost incapable of coherent speech, and her verbs in consequence changed places in her final effort at hospitality. It ran as follows: "Oh, Mr. Peters, must you stay? Can't you go?"—London Opinion.

Ab Fool's Paradise.

A world in which there were no labor to be accomplished, no burdens to be borne, no storms to be endured, would be a world without true joy, sweetest pleasure or noble aspiration. It would be a fool's paradise.

The Egoist.

Young Hostess (giving her first dance to her sisters)—Glad, I'm so anxious. Do you think I shall enjoy myself? I do hope I shall.—London Punch.

A Misanthrope.

There is no use wanting sympathy for a man who can't be happy with good health, good meals and good weather.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cooking at the Top of a Chimney.

To cook a potato pie at the top of a chimney 300 feet high by means of the heat generated in the fire below would seem an impossible task, yet such a feat was on one occasion accomplished by John Faulkner, a famous Lancashire steeplejack. The incident was the outcome of a wager between Faulkner and the manager of a Manchester gas works, who doubted John's statement regarding the excessive heat. A large iron kettle was procured, and this, being filled with the necessary ingredients—sixty-six pounds in weight—was hoisted to the summit of the huge chimney stack. Faulkner placed the receptacle on the outer and coolest side of the brickwork, but despite this the contents were found to be thoroughly cooked in one hour and twenty minutes, or ten minutes less than the stipulated time. Faulkner won his wager, and the pie, which, it was said, was slightly burned at the bottom, was afterward distributed among the poor of the district.—London Answers.

Our Denatured Food.

Were we a gastronomic nation we should insist on having French or German bread, with crisp, tasty crust, refusing the soggy loaves made of bleached, bolted flour robbed of nutritious phosphates and sources of flavor, refusing also the machine polished rice deprived of its nutritious outer parts, in which lies the delicate flavor of this cereal, leaving it pretty to look at, but as one of the government agricultural experts, David Fairchild, has forcibly expressed it, "as tasteless as the paste that a wallpaper hanger brushes on his rolls of wall paper." We should exclude the chemically greened teas dumped into our groceries because not wanted in any other country. We should protest against the peaches and other fruits, formerly brought into our markets, soft, sun-ripened, luscious, but now offered to us hard, unripe, flavorless.—Century.

Tea Drinking in Siam.

Tea is to be found in every tent and dwelling in Siam. There is always a kettle on the fire filled with tea and prepared for drinking, which is done by adding milk, butter and salt. This is their way of fixing this beverage and is said to be pleasant after one becomes accustomed to it. A peculiar mode of hospitality is shown by these people in reference to their tea. It is always at the disposal of every stranger and traveler. He need not ask for it. Neither is it expected that he should, but he must have his own cup. This is imperative, and accordingly every one carries a cup with him at all times. Some of these utensils are marvels of workmanship and are highly valued. They are generally made of some fine grained wood and often times are lined with silver and gold.

Temperature of Volcanoes.

Scientists have secured an accurate measurement of the temperature of boiling lava in a crater. The experiment was a very dangerous one, and it was considered a triumph of precaution no lives were sacrificed in making the test. The crater of Kilauea, in Hawaii, was selected for examination. The work progressed very slowly. For a long time it was impossible to obtain results, but after several thermometers had been destroyed a pyrometer was substituted to advantage. The temperature recorded was 1,010 degrees C. Iron is the same as 1,850 degrees F. Iron is still unmelting at this heat, but gold, silver and copper become a molten mass at a lower temperature.—Harper's Weekly.

A "Cassimist."

The "duffer" at golf becomes so used to finding himself in all kinds of out of the way places that he hits every ball in the confident expectation of getting into difficulties with it. Such a player was he who speaks thus in the St. Louis Post Dispatch: "Is this your ball over here?" "Is it in a hole?" "Yes." "A deep hole?" "Yes." "With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?" "Then it's my ball, all right."

Drinking Horns.

Drinking horns were beloved of the early Saxons, who always took their meals in this manner. Many of the old drinking horns were fashioned from the horns of the rhinoceros under the belief that "it sweats at the approach of poison." Hence, according to this superstition, the drinker would be in a position to tell at once whether an enemy had been tampering with his beverage.—London Globe.

Getting It Straight.

"What did you say to your wife that night when you got home at 11:30?" "Nothing." "Do you mean to say?" "I mean to say that by the time I could get a word in it was no longer last night, but this morning."—Boston Transcript.

An Inherited Weakness.

"Your daughter is improving," said a music teacher, "but when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely." "Just like her father," said the mother. "He made his money in the grocery business."

Served Them Right.

He—They have dropped their anchor. She—(on her first trip)—Serve them right. It has been hanging over the side all day long.

"Is not your posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory."—Hutchinson.

A ROYAL FLUTE PLAYER.

Frederick the Great Used to Move His Auditors to Tears.

Abdul Hamid used to amuse himself while he was enjoying life at Yildiz Kiosk by strumming "Il Trovatore" on the piano. George III. was fond of the piano, the melodies of Handel and about the delectation of his choruses for the delectation of his court, but the world has seen no royal musician since Frederick the Great played his last tune on his flute. It seems that the king excelled in adagio movements, into which he infused a warmth and tenderness of feeling that would hardly have been expected from the conqueror of Rossbach and the friend of Voltaire. "It is difficult to listen to his performances without weeping," says one musician. One reason why he preferred adagios was that he was somewhat short of breath, which made him eschew orchestral accompaniments for the more delicate assistance of the clavier when he was practicing.

Toward the end of the Seven Years' war he sat down to play in a quartet and at the finish cried enthusiastically, "It is as sweet as sugar!" His companions were not so sure, for Frederick had lost a tooth, and his fingers had stiffened with gout. Finally in 1778 he had to give up his flute playing, and "I have lost my best friend" was the wall of the disconsolate monarch.—Paris Journal des Debats.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

Darkened Rooms Are Too Suggestive of Darkened Lives.

Fresh air enthusiasts are familiar enough to most of us, but war-bearers of enthusiasm for light. Darkened parlors, darkened bedrooms, darkened sickrooms are too common, says the Christian Herald. Sir B. W. Richardson, the London scientist and physician, declared that when the professors of healing enter a sickroom their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation, "More light! More light!"

The light of the sun is God's own microbe killer, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victim to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it in everywhere. Let the light in more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spoiled cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.

An Up to Date Fable.

A lion once invited a fox to visit him in his cave. "I should be glad to call," said the fox, "but I have observed that all the tracks are pointed toward your door, and there are none leading away." "Pooh!" said the lion. "That phenomenon may be attributed to the great esteem in which I am held by my guests. I treat them so well that when they leave they walk backward for a long distance to show their respect for me. You will meet a most delightful and distinguished company when you call."

"If you will give me the names and addresses of a few of the survivors," answered the fox. "I will call and see if their reports are satisfactory. If so I will accept your invitation." Moral: Avoid invitations to wedding anniversaries and whist parties.—Pearson's Weekly.

Forests of Africa.

One of the great natural treasures of Africa is the immense extra-tropical forest that extends almost unbroken from the extreme southern end along the eastern highlands to the equator. There are gaps in it, and the trees change in kind somewhat with change of altitude, but upon the whole it has the same character throughout. The altitude above the sea changes regularly with decrease of latitude. Near the cape the forest grows at sea level; in Natal and the Transvaal its altitude increases to 8,000, 4,000 and 5,000 feet, and on approaching the equator it rises to 7,000 feet and finally to 10,000 feet. In the equatorial highlands the growth is very vigorous, and the forest is enriched with the pencil cedar of Abyssinia.—Youth's Companion.

Taking Care of the Heart.

A physician writes: "Life would be prolonged by a little more attention to the heart, by paying a little respect to the most faithful servant we ever have. Much good might be done also if parents would teach their children the danger of overtaxing the heart. They should teach them to stop and rest a few moments during their play when they begin to feel the violent throbbing of their hearts against the chest wall."

Serious Complication. "I know how to sympathize with you, Mrs. Polhemus," said Mrs. Lapsing. "My left eye was affected once just as yours is, and I had an awful time with it. The doctor said the trouble was that the subjunctive was granulated."—Chicago Tribune.

Consistency.

Maud—Where are you going? Beatrice—Out to buy a birthday present for Belle Maud—Mercy! I dislike that girl so much I had forgotten her utterly. Get something for me to give her, too, will you?—Harper's Bazar.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.—Marlowe.

Blind Arabs of the Desert.

The Arabs have a saying to the effect that "when you travel through the country of the blind be blind yourself." and, though, like all proverbs, it is doubtless not intended to be taken literally, still the malady of blindness among the tribes that inhabit the oases of the Sahara, that the traveler may almost stop and ask himself if he is indeed come to that country of the blind. The prevalence of eye disease is due perhaps to the intense dazzling brilliancy of the desert sun and to that complete absence of shade which must be endured by the wandering Saharan. The Arabs are normally very kind and respectful to the aged or infirm, and a blind man or woman will seldom lack an escort of one or more children to pilot them safely along the roads, and who, if they are still young and active enough to work, will assist them in hoisting their load of sticks or barley upon their backs and see them safely home to the humble dwelling that shelters them.—Wide World Magazine.

Jumping Jack Tars.

The rhythmic jumping of 350 blue-jackets saved H. M. S. Commonwealth from the fate of the Montagu when she ran aground in a dangerous place. The battleship Montagu was abandoned as a hopeless wreck off the Cornish coast, but her sister ship, the Commonwealth, was safely got off by the muscular exertion of her crew. The Commonwealth ran on to an uncharted rock when returning from target practice and was badly damaged. She was nicely balanced in her lodgment, however, that it was decided after reversing the engines had failed to extricate her to try the experiment of mustering all the available hands on the extreme aft and setting them to jump in unison. The regular jumping of twenty-five tons of solidly built seamen had the effect of making the huge vessel rock seaward until she gradually floated off with the rising tide. In fifteen minutes she was afloat and saved.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Liar's Mound.

Dyaks, natives of Borneo, are extremely truthful. So discernful, indeed, do the Dyaks consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such conduct is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie so that the future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it. The persons deceived start the "tugong bulu" the liar's mound, by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another. Every passerby contributes to it and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is. The Dyaks consider the adding to any tugong bulu they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment.

She Was Buried Alive.

Lady Catherine Wyndham, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, wife of Mr. William Wyndham and mother of the first Earl of Egremont, died in 1705 as supposed at Orchard Wyndham, and was buried in a vault beneath the Church of St. Decuman's, near Watchet. The sexton went down into the vault at night, opened the coffin and endeavored to force a ring off her finger. Lady Catherine awoke from her trance, got up and lighted herself home with a lantern which the sexton had left behind in the vault when he fled in terror. A few months after she presented her husband with twins, one of whom became Sir Charles Wyndham and Earl of Egremont.—London Truth.

Homeopathy.

Homeopathy is a theory of medicine promulgated by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann (1755-1843) of Leipzig in 1810. It asserts that any disease should be treated by medicines in minute doses that would produce in a healthy patient symptoms similar to those manifested by the disease requiring treatment. This is the principle of "like diseases are cured by like remedies" (Latin, similia similibus curantur) and is based on the theory that two similarly diseased conditions cannot co-exist in the same organ at the same time.

Anything to Make Talk.

"Some of these arguments about politics" said Senator Sorghum, "remind me of debates we used to have in the society I joined when I was a boy." "I suppose you talked a great deal on impractical lines?" "We did. We spent almost one entire winter discussing the question, 'Which makes the best ear muff, a corn fritter or a buckwheat cake?'"—Washington Star.

Not the Same.

"You seem to think it's pretty well settled," said Miss Passy, "that I'd marry him if he proposed." "Yes," promptly replied Miss Knox. "The idea! So you think a girl should be ready to say 'yes' to any man who asked her?" "No, I don't say that a girl should."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Practical View.

"He's nothing but a hypocrite isn't it disgusting for a man to use his religion as a cloak?" "Yes, and what's more, it's foolish for religion such as his is necessarily so flimsy that he's liable to catch cold in it."—Exchange.

Good Advice.

Merchant—Well—the truth is my business is hardly worth advertising. Hustling Canvaser—Then advertise it for sale.

HISTORIC FIRST NIGHTS.

Red Letter Events in the Dramatic History of France.

Perhaps the most striking events in the artistic history of France have been the first performances of some of the great French plays. In a few cases also these occasions have marked the beginning of new epochs in the social history of the country, so close is the connection between the social development of the people and its expression on the stage. Unless I am mistaken, there have been but six unforgettable first nights since theaters were established in Paris.

The first occurred in 1637, when Corneille's "Cid" took the capital by storm. Forty years later Racine's "Andromache" created a similar sensation. On the eve of the revolution, in 1784, Beaumarchais' "Marriage of Figaro" was received with such delirious enthusiasm that three people were killed in the rush for seats. In 1830 Victor Hugo, in spite of the determined opposition of a large body of reactionaries, set all Paris in an uproar with his "Hernani."

These names should be borne in mind: Corneille, Racine, Beaumarchais and Victor Hugo. Three of them at least have no superiors in the history of French literature. Each has one amazing dramatic triumph to his credit. The other two of the six great first nights were the 28th of December, 1807, and the 7th of February, 1910. The occasions were respectively the performances of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Chanteclair," both by Edmond Rostand.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

PICTURESQUE MOORS.

They Range in Color From Black to Caucasian Fairness.

Imagine a thin, tall, bearded, clean cut individual, black hair and eyes, his complexion ranging in color from that of the negro to Caucasian fairness, dressed in richly embroidered undergarments, over which gracefully fall the folds of a finely woven talk or jellaba, his stockings feet shod into yellow slippers, on his shaved head a red fez, about which is wound a spotless white turban, and you have a type of the town Moroccan—the Moor.

The coarse brown jellaba of camel's or goat's hair, sometimes handed down through several generations; occasionally sandals and a small, tight fitting wooden cap make up the costume of the countryman, although one finds him often barefoot and bareheaded, head shaved, save for the little cue which characterizes the Berber and Kabyle, who believe that at the last day this will be used as a sort of handle with which they will be hauled up to heaven.

He is often a nomadic trader and arranges his journey so as to be at the town on certain market days, and at these times one may see these men, with their goods on heavy draft camels or overloaded donkeys, steadily trudging their way over the rough caravan trails. They earn their bare existence, indeed, which may be swept away in a moment by mountain brigands or the town robbers, who often sit in high places.—Charles W. Furlong in Outing Magazine.

Catching Wild Ducks in England.

A novel method of capturing wild ducks is used in England. On small lakes where the ducks are apt to stop for a short time a few tame ducks are kept as decoys, and a well trained dog and some wire netting do the rest. The dog is trained to act like a fox, and the wild ducks congregate in large numbers to frighten it away from a screen over which it runs back and forth. The ducks keep up a constant quacking, and the dog retreats, being pursued until the trapped fowl are caught in the network, with a portion dropped over the opening to prevent their escape. At certain seasons of the year thousands of wild ducks frequent the fen districts, and these traps have been used very successfully to provide game for some of the large preserves.—Harper's.

Contrary to Fact.

The phrenologist was examining the bumps on Sambo's head. "Curiosity and acquisitiveness abnormally large." Sambo rolled his eyeballs and showed two rows of white ivory. "Impatience, causality and conscientiousness small, which with your weak mouth indicates—" "Don't you be so shu' 'bout me habbin' a weak mouf. I kin crack nuts in ma teef."—Satire.

A Pardonable Paradox.

"That young son-in-law of mine," said Mr. Cumrox, "says I'm unreasonable. And maybe he's right." "What's the trouble?" "Before their marriage I objected to his attentions to my daughter. Now I'm objecting to his inattention."—Washington Star.

Not a Monotonous Life.

Mrs. Hoyle—Don't you find married life monotonous? Mrs. Doyle—Not a bit of it. My husband is a most original man, and I am always looking forward to see what kind of a lie he will tell when he comes home at night.—New York Press.

Why He Liked Them.

Wife—Do you like those beautiful suspenders I embroidered for you, dear? Hubby—Yes, darling. They don't show when I am dressed.—Milwaukee News.

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

BULLETS IN BATTLE.

Death Wounds and Flesh Wounds and the Feeling When Struck.

In "Serving the Republic" General Nelson A. Miles says that, like every other soldier who has seen much active service, he is often asked how it feels to be wounded. He himself was wounded four times and twice almost fatally, so he is able to speak from experience. He says:

"One is often asked how it seems to be wounded in battle. The flight of a bullet is quicker than thought and has passed through a flesh wound before one realizes that he has been struck. I have seen bodies of men dead on the field of battle where the brain had been pierced and death had been instantaneous. They would remain in every position of the 'mortal arm,' with an anxious look, a frown or a smile on their cold and rigid faces."

"My wounds received at Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg and Petersburg were flesh wounds and disabled me but a short time. While riding down the line at Chancellorsville one of the enemy's bullets struck my metallic belt plate with great force. This caused a slight deviation as it entered the body. The result was an instant deadly sickening sensation. My sword dropped from my right hand, my scabbard and belt dropped to the left. I was completely paralyzed below the waist. My horse seemed to realize what had occurred. He stopped, turned and walked slowly back, I holding to the pommel of the saddle with my hands. We soon reached a group of soldiers, who took me off and, placing me in a basket, carried me to the Chancellorsville House and pulled a dead man off a couch to make room for me."

TOOK HIS TIME.

Bill Gave the Old Man a Long Walk For the Backlog.

Skinner Norwood was born in a little Nova Scotia town. During the long winter evenings young Bill used to be out in front of the big open fireplace, and just about the time he had got warm and comfortable and a trifle drowsy Norwood senior would make up his mind the fire was getting low and send his son out into the snow to bring in a backlog from the wood pile. Eventually these nocturnal pilgrimages got on young Bill's nerves, and one night when his father sent him out after the backlog the son continued on past the wood pile and across country to the nearest seaport, where he shipped on a whaler.

Nine years later Bill came back. It was a bitter winter night, and the snow was falling. Bill snaked up to the window and looked into the old sitting room. The fire was burning in the old fireplace, and Bill's father and mother were seated in front of it. He noticed that the fire was a trifle low. So he went to the wood pile, selected a big backlog, carried it into the house and stood for a moment by the fire with the log on his shoulder.

"Father," said Bill, "I've brought in that backlog you sent me after." The old man never budged an inch. Instead he spat into the fire and retorted testily:

"Set it on the fire. You've been a long while gittin' it!"—Saturday Evening Post.

The Drug Clerk's Caller.

"A man came in yesterday and wanted something we didn't have. He had been looking into the window, and he must have thought this was a book store just because we were advertising some novels and stationery and dictionaries and a lot of that left over junk. Well, anyhow, he came to me and he says, says he, 'I want Lincoln's Gettysburg address.'"

"Look for it yourself, sir," says I politely, like we're taught to do. "There's a directory over there in the corner. But I don't think you'll find it. These directories only have the subscribers' city addresses."

"Well, say, that fellow was so mad he wouldn't wait. Called me ignorant and all kinds of things. But that just shows you what us drug clerks have got to put up with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coal Bin Measurements.

A solid cubic foot of anthracite coal weighs ninety-three pounds. When broken for use it weighs about fifty-four pounds. Bituminous coal when broken up for use weighs about fifty pounds. The consequent rule for the approximate measurement of coal in a bin or box is to multiply the length in feet by the height in feet and again by the breadth in feet and this result by fifty four for anthracite coal or by fifty four bituminous coal. The result will equal the number of pounds, and to find the number of tons divide by 2,000.—Popu Mr Mechanics.

The Obliging Friend.

"You know that Griggs and I both love you. Can't you make a choice to-day?" "A choice, indeed! When I do make a choice you can rest assured that it will not interest you!" "Thanks! I'll tell Griggs."—Exchange.

Good-Little Boy.

Mrs. Scant—Will you have another slice of cake, Robb? Robbie—No, thank you; mother said I must refuse a second piece, 'cause you mightn't have it to spare.—Judge.

Better Days.

Ethel (of her fiancé)—Poor Fred has seen better days. Kitty—Yes; he used to be engaged to me.—Boston Transcript.

Where law ends tyranny begins.—William Pitt.