

# ROUND THE GLOBE

**There are forty-two triplets living in Ohio.**

**Paraguay is successfully growing coffee.**

**Baltimore anti noise crusaders want factory whistles silenced.**

**In Tibet the work of carpenters and masons is done by women.**

**Atlanta is to have a large interdenominational rescue mission.**

**An electrically driven machine to split kindling wood is a novelty.**

**Roast muskrat is being served as an epicurean delicacy in New York hotels.**

**In a good year France pays taxes on more than a thousand million gallons of wine.**

**Platinum for wedding rings is the latest Parisian fad. Platinum is costlier than gold.**

**Professor Hueppe of Berlin says Americans are coming to be a nation of dope fiends.**

**Statisticians say \$6,000,000 worth of golf balls are knocked about on American links annually.**

**Hospital nurses in Flatbush, N. Y., have been forbidden to amuse them selves with ragtime music.**

**Philadelphia reports that the diphtheria death rate of 1912 was 24 percent lower than that of 1911.**

**The pulp mills of Sweden require 72,800 tons of sulphur annually. Practically all of it comes from Stelley.**

**St. Agnes' light-house in England has been closed and the light extinguished after 230 years of continuous service.**

**During the last few years the price of raw produce of farms in the United States of America has risen by 36 percent.**

**St. Louis is being urged to adopt the plan of assessing benefited localities for the purchase and maintenance of parks.**

**Denmark has dropped its plan to enlarge the harbor of St. Thomas in the West Indies, owing to lack of financial support.**

**The most complete reference collection of drugs in the United States has been installed in the National museum, in Washington.**

**In 1900 31 per cent of the population of Washington was colored, while two years ago this percentage had been reduced to 28.5.**

**Hunters killed 2,650 deer in the Adirondacks last season, according to statistics collected by the New York state conservation committee.**

**Belgium has a capital punishment law for murder and sentences prisoners under it, but never can find any one to act as hangman.**

**Of the 5,000,000 inhabitants of London, more than 1,000,000 have to live on less than \$3 a week for each family, while more than 300,000 are in chronic poverty.**

**One of the unique sights of the streets of Port Elizabeth, in South Africa, is drydoyls of ostrich feathers on Saturdays when the weekly stockholders leave for Europe.**

**A German vacuum fec machine of convenient size for household use does away with the need of using dangerous acids and can be operated by one hand or a small electric motor.**

**The use of wood block paving in Paris is steadily extending until now most of the leading avenues and public places on both sides of the Seine are paved with that material.**

**A Delaware builder of high speed boats is mounting the rudders just forward of amidships to avoid interference with the propellers and to keep the craft from skidding on turns.**

**With good reason is Guatemala known as "the land of the six cent dollar." Its currency has steadily shrunk in value until now the Guatemalan dollar is worth about 6 cents in gold.**

**Of the million dollars spent by the city of Stockholm, Sweden, for its school system last year \$5,800 was for domestic science, \$17,600 for school lunches, \$5,400 for school physicians and \$2,400 for the dental clinic.**

**The French government is encouraging experiments with a new device to protect against hail, essentially a very large lightning rod of pure copper, which is claimed to afford atmospheric electricity so that hailstones cannot form.**

**The territory of Hawaii has now acquired for \$40,000 the 387 acre Palolo water rights. On Palolo hill a big reservoir, probably the highest in the region, will be built shortly, and the work of connecting the new supply with the city mains is to be rushed to an early completion.**

**The Germans are doing excellent work with cement, converting it into forms of every possible description and producing imitations of many classes of stones and tiles. The confidence of German builders in cement for all purposes seems to be boundless, and they are willing to erect lighter structures than architects in the United States.**

**When completed, the Laufenberg plant will be the largest hydro-electric power station in Switzerland. It is being built at Laufenberg, on the Rhine, where that river forms the boundary between Germany and Switzerland. About 50,000 horsepower will be developed by utilizing the fall of a cataract over one-half mile in length.**

**The mayor of a small town in the Val de Loire, France, has been reprimanded for making too many appointments to the fire brigade. Out of 2,000 inhabitants 400 are firemen and are therefore exempt from military service. The authorities have reduced the brigade to twenty-five members. This method of gaining popularity is now favored by the mayor.**

**Dramatic Begging.**  
The begging of the blind in London where there has been a school of begging for some 1,000 years by saying "Christus Rex non Evangelium" is "That is 'Presente'" a dramatic act. London tragedians in one word have "out of a dirty shawdow in a lane there darts a beggarly youth pale as a tomb, emaciated as a wraith, with wild hair and outstretched bony arms. His eyelids are starting open, showing two opaque eyeballs, which are the knobs of white chalk. He is blind as a statue is blind. He is nearly naked. He turns toward you a face distorted with expectancy, as if it were you and you alone who could restore his sight. He seems as if he had been waiting for you in the lane for years. He is led by a convulsive girl, a more thing of rags, whose lined face is mantled with excitement and hope. There is no whining for money, no nasal pleading about the poor blind, she whispers to herself. "Help is at hand," and points first to the youth's dead eyes, and then to the sun. No one could pass this boy and girl unheeded. The onlooker feels that he is one of the dramatic personae and that without him in the act of giving alms the group of statuary is incomplete."

**The Pole Star.**  
Any clear night look at the dipper, or Great Bear, and in a direct line from the two first stars in the quadrilateral of this constellation measure with the eye about five times the distance between them in a straight line, and you will locate a faint star. This is the pole star. Astronomically speaking, there are no fixed stars. So called fixed stars are supposed to be the suns of other systems of worlds, themselves performing immense revolutions through the fields of space. However, of all the bodies which orbitate in the starry night, only one that remains motionless or seems motionless is the pole star. At any moment of the year, day or night, its position remains unaltered. All other stars, on the contrary, turn in twelve to four hours around their poles. For this reason it is the most important star to navigators in determining their course in a Christian titanic."

**Balfour and His Friend.**  
A J. Balfour is an abstracted, scholarly man, who has a hard time remembering names. Once Balfour was beaten for parliament by a Westminster constituency, but was immediately elected from a London constituency. Shortly after his defeat Balfour was walking with a friend in the lobby of the house of commons. A man came up to him and said:  
"How do you do, Mr. Balfour? I am glad to see you, sir. I trust you are in good health."  
"Excellent," replied Balfour warmly, "and I am charmed to see you looking so well. It is a real pleasure to meet you again, as it always has been."  
The two walked on.  
"Who was that man?" asked Balfour.  
"His name is Balfour, but I cannot remember him."  
"That," replied his friend, "is the man who beat you for the house of commons in Westminster."—Saturday Evening Post.

**Wealth of the Borgias.**  
A large proportion of the wealth of the Borgias appears to have come down to their descendant, the duke of Osuna, who figures in Disraeli's letters. In 1867 the duke was appointed Spanish ambassador at St. Petersburg. He accepted the post on condition that the government would distribute his salary among the poor of Madrid, as he could not condescend to draw money from the state. The duke was then described as "the wealthiest man in Europe." He could travel by coach from Madrid through France and Germany to Warsaw and sleep every night in one of his own castles.—London Chronicle.

**There Are Others.**  
James and John, traveling in a railway carriage from Belfast to Antrim, were discussing sensitive people in general, when James said to John:  
"I don't know how it comes, but I am very sensitive and often take things to myself that were never intended for me."  
"Oh, exclaimed John, "I know a chap who got six months for the same thing."—London Answers.

**Pleasant.**  
Family Cherub Miss Kitty, won't you please sound your head for me? Young Lady Visitor: Sound my head? What do you mean, dearie? Family Cherub—Can't you do it? Why, my mamma told papa you were rattle brained.—Baltimore American.

**Bobby's Bad Break.**  
Kloesman out calling—Why do you look at me so intently, little man? Bobby—I was looking to see if you was black. K—Black? Why should you think I was black? B—Cause I heard pa say you was awfully niggardly.—Boston Transcript.

**Man of Regular Habits.**  
Why is he a man of regular habits? Brown—Couldn't be more so. You can see him going into the saloon across the way every morning at precisely 8 o'clock.—Somerville Journal.

**What She Quotes.**  
During the courtship a girl quotes poetry to a man. After marrying him she quotes what he used to say to her before they faced the parson.—Chicago News.

**Nature knows no pause in progress and development and attacks her course to all functions.**

## A BURGLAR EPISODE

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

I was educated for a trained nurse. One of the doctors who recommended me was Alexis Fisher. I stood first on his list of nurses, and I have known him to pay me what I would be earning in order to have me disengaged when he expected to need me for a special case.

One day Dr. Fisher sent me to nurse a nervous old lady who was very ill. She was very rich, and although the doctor was as diligent with a poor patient as with a rich one, he made his income out of the latter, never charging those whom he knew were very poor. He told me that my patient, Miss Bartow, must not meet with any shock, for there was a heart complication in her case, and even the violent slamming of a door might cause her death. Imagine my horror at having burglars in the house with my patient. About midnight I was going from her room to my own when a dazzling light was flashed in my eyes. I was impelled to run somewhere, but the memory of it was my duty to prevent any one causing Miss Bartow's death prevented me.

I stood still while this was passing through my mind and when I had nerved myself walked toward where I had seen the light, near the head of the staircase. I leaped over the banister and waited. In another moment the light was flashed again. Then I said:  
"There is a sick lady up here at the point of death. Stay downstairs, and I will go down and turn over what valuables I can find."  
"All right," said a man's voice.  
"Come down."  
He flashed his light on me, and I went down the stairs, feeling that he might shoot me as I walked, or stab me when I reached him. He went down into the dining room, and there he lit the gas. I saw a short, thick set man masked who said to me:  
"Now, what have you got?"  
Miss Bartow had been used to taking the silver upstairs and I had not been able to quiet her before settling for the night until I had brought it up to her and put it in a closet in her room, where she was used to keeping it. Had it been in any other room I would have turned it over to the burglar at once. As it was, I was obliged to plan to gain time. I opened the sideboard as though I expected to find it there, then told the burglar that it was upstairs in the sick chamber.

He didn't believe me and, placing the cold muzzle of a revolver on my ear said that if I didn't produce some valuables he would kill me. I was so terrified that I "gave him" what got some jewelry at once, but since Miss Bartow had both silver and jewelry in her room I could do nothing. Finally desperation steeled me, and I retorted what I had said, telling him that to remove anything from that room would inform the sick woman that there was a burglar in the house and that she would die.

"Go and get it," he said, but at once reconsidered. "Where's your telephone?" he asked.  
"In there," I said and pointed to an instrument in the hall. He went to it and looked at it, then ordered me to bring him the valuables, saying that if I was not back in four minutes he would get them himself and kill every one in the room.

A great hope sprang up in my breast. Miss Bartow, who was very timid, had always had a telephone instrument beside her bed. I had begged her to permit me to move it into the closet, and when the doctor commanded she consented. I told the burglar that I would bring him the valuables if he would only go away on getting them and went upstairs. He followed me with a flashlight. I had gone into the room, but could not very well follow me further without going in with me.

I went straight to the closet, shut the door and called "Police" several times, giving the location.

As I came out Miss Bartow, who had been asleep, awakened and asked for water. I went out and found the burglar waiting at the door. He heard the call for water, but, seeing me empty handed, seemed to be in doubt whether to order me back, so in the water he himself or let me get the water. Perhaps he preferred not to make a disturbance, perhaps he believed my story about the invalid's condition. He ordered me to "hurry up," and going into the bathroom, I drew a glass of water and took it into the sick room.

I dreaded for my patient the coming of the police, and the disturbance, and what would follow. I must take an awful risk. Going out into the hall, I beckoned the man to follow me a short distance from the sick room and said:  
"There's a telephone in the closet in there, and I have called the police."  
He went down the stairs three or four steps at a time and out of the house. When the police arrived I told them of the invalid and that the burglar had flown.

Miss Bartow got up again, but not for long. She died shortly after the burglar episode and left me \$50,000. Dr. Fisher was so well pleased with my handling of the case that he asked me to become his permanent partner. I accepted his offer and was glad to leave my work as nurse.

### Value of Walking.

Walking, if properly and regularly followed, would become not only a restorer of health to many who at the present time are on the road to disease, but also a source of pleasure. Let the arms swing if you feel like it and the limbs too. Open the nostrils and fill the lungs, and the movements will send a gentle electric vibration through the entire body, the result of which is the awakening of new life. Never take the lazy gait, as it soon makes one tired and produces languor. A little perspiration on the home stretch may prove to be a blessing not only in bringing an increased supply of oxygen into the blood and putting the pulse of health on the cheek. Perhaps the best time to walk is in the early morning. The air is then the most highly charged with the life giving oxygen and the freest from dust and smoke, which rise later in the day. At this time also the mind is liable to be free from worry and anxiety, hence in the best condition to drink in the blessings of freshness for us on every hand. Health.

### Why Do Scotsmen Succeed?

"Johnny dear," said the visitor.  
John MacTart turned around, while the family cat rescued her tail from his grubby paw.  
"Now that you are going to school," continued the visitor, "I want to ask you a little question. How many miles would you get if I gave you twenty to be divided between you and Andrew MacDonald?"  
Johnny thoughtfully rubbed the point of his nose where the cat had scratched him.  
"I dunken," he said.  
"Come, come," said his elder. "How's that?"  
"Well, ma'am," said Johnny, "ye see it's a' according. If ye gie me them when we're both here we'd hae ten apiece. If Andrew was here and I wasna I'd only hae about five, but if I were to get them when Andrew wasna here I'd dunken whether he'd hae any at a'."—London Tit Bits.

### Romance of Radium.

The story of radium is one of nature's masterpieces of science. The alchemists spent lifetimes in trying to change base metals into gold when for untold eons nature had already been turning a relatively common metal, uranium, into radium, 170,000 times as costly as gold. The alchemists' wild, old dream was more than fulfilled, but at the same time nature was endowing the radium itself with the property of ceaseless change and according to some, decrease that the transmutation should proceed until the radium became converted into lead, worth a few pennies a pound. It is true that it would take an ounce of radium 2,000 years to form half an ounce of lead, but this, only makes the value more striking, for we first learned of the existence of radium when of lead there was enough and to spare.—Dr. W. S. Lazarus-Barlow.

### Mark Twain's Egg Order.

Mark Twain once lived at the Players' club in New York. The egg cups they use there easily hold two eggs, but not three. One morning a new waiter came to take the breakfast order. Clemens said:  
"Boy, put three soft eggs in that cup for me."  
By and by the waiter returned, bringing the breakfast. Clemens looked at the egg portion and asked:  
"Boy, what was my order?"  
"Three soft eggs broken in the cup, Mr. Clemens."  
"And you've filled that order, have you?"  
"Yes, Mr. Clemens."  
"Boy, you are trifling with the truth. I've been trying all winter to get three eggs into that cup."—Bookman.

### Derelicts at Sea.

The wooden vessel in the most dangerous of derelicts, for she may drift about the seas for months. Among the board of trade records one reads of the Panny E. Wolstein, which was abandoned on Oct. 15, 1881 and traveled about 4,000 miles before she was last seen, in December, 1893. And there was the William L. White, which was abandoned near Maree in 1888, eighty miles from New York, and tossed about the north Atlantic for months, during which she was recognized by some forty vessels. She at last went ashore off the Hebrides Jan. 23, 1889.

### A Good Memory.

A man went into a store the other day carrying a tin bucket. "The fellow claimed that when I sold it to him I guaranteed it for ten years," said the dealer. "He hadn't had it but six years, and it was all battered up. He wanted a new one. I went and got him one without a word. I had no desire to argue with a man who had a memory like that."—Kansas City Times.

### The Gossip.

"You seem to know a great deal about Mrs. Wombat's affairs. I didn't know that you moved in the same circle."  
"We have the same landlady," said the other lady guardedly.—Pittsburgh Post.

### Helpfulness.

Mrs. Brough—Are your children being brought up to help themselves? Mrs. Gotham—Are they? Why, I can't keep a particle of jam in the house more than a day!—Youkers Statesman.

### Foolish Worry.

Fools: people begin, as soon as to day's tasks are done, to worry about the work they will have to do tomorrow.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Transformation

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

I was a telegraph operator for the Central Pacific railroad in one of the important stations when one day I received an order to go out for a few days to G., a station some twenty miles from where I was working, and take the place of an operator there who was ill. G. was merely a place for the stopping of trains.

The day after I went to work at G., station I noticed a rough man looking at me. It seemed to me that he was saying to himself, "With that girl alone a man who wanted to control the station would have an easy time of it." But I was aware that my imagination was highly stimulated, and I was in a condition to fancy that any man who cast an eye on me was about to murder me. Nevertheless after this man had gone I took a revolver out of the drawer of my operating table and hung it around my waist, under my dress skirt, with a string, and in order that I might get at it easily I made a rip in a seam of my skirt.

As to using it I was in a singular state of mind. Unless I was threatened with death or something worse it didn't seem to me that I could possibly use it. But in this event I knew I could. I had read accounts of how train robbers acted toward station agents they desired to control, and in no instance had they injured him. Engineers and express messengers they had always shot to kill. What I expected in case I was interfered with was that I would simply be removed from the operating table, but not hurt, so long as I made no resistance.

But train robbers were not the only danger I feared. I conjured up every conceivable injury from a mouse to a madman and invented methods of resistance, some of which, especially as to the madman, were very ingenious. But in no case did I dream of making the slightest opposition unless in defense of my own self.

The sending of a woman to such a place was very reprehensible in the management, for it was simply an invitation to any gang who might have possible intentions to rob a train to make it easy for themselves by putting the operator out of commission and regulating the movement of trains themselves, provided they were able to work the wires, and in this case the invitation was accepted. One after noon in broad daylight, but when there was no one except myself in the station, two masked men entered and before I could touch the operating key ordered me away from it. I went to the other end of the little telegraph office and was directed to sit down in a chair there. I was too frightened to consider what they said to each other, but one of them sat down at the table in a way that convinced me that he understood telegraphing. The other waited a few moments, then said something to his companion and went out.

By this time I had regained some of my equanimity. The man sitting at the table presented his back to me. If I had been a man doubtless he would not have taken any such risk. And as it was as soon as his pal had gone out he turned and looked at me, showing by his expression that he was wondering if I could communicate in any way with the outside world. There seemed to be no possibility of my doing so, and I suppose I looked as I felt—that I was bordering on a state of collapse.

I have often since been surprised at the rapidity with which I regained my thinking power. The first great re-storative was a consciousness that, beside a woman and the men bent on some crime with which I was connected only as an operator, I was safe. Panny E. Wolstein, which was abandoned on Oct. 15, 1881 and traveled about 4,000 miles before she was last seen, in December, 1893. And there was the William L. White, which was abandoned near Maree in 1888, eighty miles from New York, and tossed about the north Atlantic for months, during which she was recognized by some forty vessels. She at last went ashore off the Hebrides Jan. 23, 1889.

Presently he began to click the key, and I read a message notifying the express that was nearly due that the road was clear. At this a marvelous change came over me. I pictured a conductor or an engineer, an express messenger or an all shot to death, and an express car robbed. The loss of treasure did not move me, but the sight I conjured up of these men lying weltering in their blood made a lion of me. I took no thought for myself or the frightful danger I ran. Seizing the revolver under my skirt, I whipped it out and cocked it. The man, hearing a click, turned instantly grasping a revolver he had laid on the table. There was not an instant for consideration. My own life and the lives of others shut out the horror of my deed. I fired without aim, only in his direction, but the bullet pierced his brain. He fell, and in another moment I had sent the words: "Train robber here! Keep away!"

That was the last of consciousness for me. I was aroused by a woman who had come into the station to make an inquiry. The robber must have carried away the body of the man I had killed, for it was not there. They had not waited for the express to come.

Since then neither the road nor the express company has been able to do enough for me, and I am considered a heroine, but I shall never recover from the horror I experienced in killing a man.

### Value of a Laugh.

The value of a good natured laugh may be rated low by some people, but many writers have attested its worth in no measured terms.

It is not surprising that Charles Lamb should have said, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," but from the lips of the somber Carlyle one is scarcely prepared to hear, "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether or irrevocably sad."

It was Longfellow Terrell who boldly stated that "what was talked of as the golden chain of love was nothing more than a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment reaching from earth to Olympus."

"I am persuaded," wrote Laurence Sterne, "that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to his fragment of life."

Last of all may be cited the verdict of Oliver Wendell Holmes, given with his own inimitable humor. "The riotous shout of a laugh, I take it, is the mob law of the features, and propriety the magistrate who reads the riot act."—St. Louis Republic.

**When Jenny Lind Saw Niagara.**  
A piece of verse by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward records an incident which happened when Jenny Lind was visiting America. After the Swedish nightingale had won the hearts of a vast public and not only praise of the singer, but friendship for the noble woman had grown strong among the Americans it was asked:  
How honor her? By what fair sight or way?  
Show her Niagara on a rainbow day.  
So she is shown among a curious multitude approaching this marvel of marvels—the voice of the waters, the voice of the woman, meeting as it were in happy praise of God. She gazed awestruck and sank on her knees in prayer. The people prayed with her and those who were not moved by the majestic splendor of nature to worship the Infinite yet, as Mrs. Ward says, for many a day thereafter thought of God and of Jenny Lind kneeling humbly there.—Christian Science Monitor.

**Manly Climate.**  
The American visitor wandered down into sunny Cornwall. Seeing some particularly large chrysantheums in a garden, he knocked at the cottage door and exclaimed to the grower:  
"Fine flowers these. Guess I'd like to know how you grow 'em."  
"Oh, climate," replied the yokel.  
"And then great cabbagees—what makes them grow?"  
"Just climate," declared the Corn wall man seriously.  
"I'm away in New York about all we grow is skyscrapers. Only last year a fifty story building sprang up like a mushroom. It grew up so quick that it had no stairs or lift."  
And the yokel stared aghast.  
"How—how do you get to the top then?"  
"Oh, climate it—just climate it!"—London Answers.

**Strange Meals in Disraeli's Novels.**  
Some of the meals in Disraeli's novels are of a decidedly barbaric nature. Not many of us nowadays would care to sit through the dinner described in "Venetia," which opened with "an ample tureen of potato royal, with a boned duck swimming in its center. Then came a huge roast pigeon, flanked on one side by a leg of mutton and on the other by a boned veal. To these succeeded a grand battalia of greens in which the bodies of chickens, plump cocks combs and savory balls and well bedewed with one of those rich sauces of civet, anchovy and sweet herbs, technically termed a leaure." The repast closed with a dish of oyster leaves and a pompetone of larks."—London Standard.

**A Diary Difficulty.**  
"Diaries sometimes are dangerous things," said a lawyer. "They make terrible revelations. I know a man who said to his wife:  
"Don't you think, Maria, that with the New Year's advent it would be a good thing for us to keep a diary?"  
"Yes, perhaps, Maria answered, "but if we registered all our family quarrels in the volume I'm afraid most people would mistake it for a scrap book."—Washington Star.

**Neither Acceptable.**  
Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim? Her father—No. He appears to be capable of nothing. Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George? Her father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.—London Stray Stories.

**The Small Boy Again.**  
"Bobby, do you see that bright star overhead, at the top of the big cross?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, that's Deneb. It is nearly three quadrillions of miles away."  
"Hub! Then how do you know its name is Deneb?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Poetic License.**  
"Pop, do poets bite like dogs?"  
"Certainly not, child. What makes you ask such a question?"  
"Then, why do they have to have a license?"—Baltimore American.

**Pride.**  
Professor of Voice Culture—You have a promising contralto voice. High Society (airily)—But, professor, I'd rather sing soprano, for it's much higher toned.—Judge.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear.—Marcus Aurelius.