

END OF THE EARTH.

The Latest Figuring Puts It Only Two Million Years Away.

Scientists tell us that life on the earth began about 2,000,000 years ago. It has generally been accepted that life will last for 95,000,000 years.

Ninety-five million years is a fairly long time. None of us who are alive today need worry about what will take place 95,000,000 years hence. Even the most altruistic can scarcely be inspired by love for an inconceivably remote posterity.

But the French savants are also getting disturbing. Here comes one, M. Verroust, who says that the earth will permanently freeze within the next 2,000,000 years and that life will perish. This is bringing the tragedy near or home. We would gladly accept the older reckoning.

Verroust places mankind of today about midway between the beginning and the end. He computes that in the future life will exist as long as it has already existed. He specifies only one forty-eighth as long a life as those who have studied in the past.

There is only one consolation to be derived from the Verroust reckoning. As far as the influence of today is concerned, 2,000,000 years is as good as 95,000,000. In either event those who are comfortably laboring today cannot expect to be lovingly remembered when the cataclysm of ice makes the earth a barren wilderness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HIS TWO TENSE MOMENTS.

One Was a Ninth Inning and the Other at a Dinner Table.

I heard a prominent Cambridge man tell of the two most tense moments of his life yesterday. But the tension in each case was different.

"I doubt if I ever shall forget either occasion," he said reflectively. "They were big moments.

"The first was when I was in college. I was captain of the football team that year. We came to the end of the ninth. We needed one run to tie the score and another to win the game. Two men were down and two on the sacks when I came to bat. And for once in my career I did it. I lined out a three-bagger, right over the railroad track. When I felt it go—well, that was one occasion.

"And the other?" He chuckled, but a slow flush crept over his cheeks. "It was thirty years ago, soon after I left college. I went over to see a girl I thought was pretty nice and to meet her folks for the first time. I went on a Sunday. All the men were away. And they had duck for dinner." He stopped. "Ever carve a duck?" he asked meaningly. "No, neither had I before. Nor have I since." His flush deepened. "I never even went to see that girl again," he added plaintively.—Boston Journal.

Men and Oaks.

Once as I was botanizing under an oak I found among a number of other plants of similar height ones that were dark in color with tightly closed leaves and a stalk that was very straight and stiff. When I touched it, it said to me in firm tones: "Let me alone. I am not for your collection, like other plants to which nature has given only a single year of life. I am a little oak."

So it is with a man whose influence is to last for hundreds of years. As a child, as a youth, often even as a full grown man—any, his whole life long—he goes about among his fellows, looking like them and seemingly as unimportant. But let him alone. He will not die. Time will come and bring those who know how to value him.—Schopenhauer.

View From Mount Rigi.

The mountain of the Rigi in Switzerland, commands a panorama of 400 miles in circumference, which includes the lovely lake of Lucerne, and is unsurpassed for beauty. The Rigi was known to only a few travelers in the eighteenth century, but after the peace of 1815 it became a resort for the curious, the first dwelling having been erected in 1814. Now many hotels are in a flourishing condition, and it is popular even in winter. There is a little chapel, with its walls covered with votive tablets, for many have been the victims in the ice gorges of this lofty peak.

Pipefish.

The pipefish take care of their young in a manner that is entirely peculiar. The newly laid eggs are taken care of by the male, which has a sort of fold on each side of its body. Beneath the "flaps" he keeps the eggs until the young are hatched and sufficiently grown to take care of themselves. While in the "flap" they are fed by the mother, upon whom falls the duty of foraging around for food.

No Postmortem Touch.

"Loan me \$5 until Thursday, old man. If I live till then I'll surely pay you."

"All right. But if you succumb don't send anybody around to touch me for the funeral expenses."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

One For the Witness.

Lawyer (Secretly)—Are you telling the truth? Badgered Witness (wearily)—As much of it as you will let me.—Detroit Free Press.

Contradictory.

This is the note the cook left: Dear Madam—I am leaving, but beg to remain, yours, Sarah Briggs.—Lippincott's.

The future belongs to him who knows how to wait.—Russian Proverb.

French Dueling Methods.

Many of the duels in France end without bloodshed. When the offense is not very serious it is agreed beforehand that the words of command shall be given so rapidly that the duelist will not have time to take good aim. Sometimes three shots are exchanged without a hit, and then the seconds step in and "honor is satisfied."

At the word "Fire!" the pistol is raised instantly, and it must be discharged not later than the word "Three!" so the speed with which these words are given regulates the time in which it is possible to take aim. Therefore the speed with which they are spoken is agreed on beforehand, this depending upon the seriousness of the duel. The words are timed with a metronome. If the encounter be very serious this is set at the lowest speed, eighty beats a minute, which gives time for taking accurate aim. A speed of 140 beats a minute allows no time for aiming, and, therefore, is used when seconds think the duel should be made as little dangerous as possible.—Philadelphia Record.

Sensation of Drowning.

This is how a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette describes the escape from drowning:

"I and a party of friends had rowed far out into the bay. We all plunged into the sea and swam about. I went farther than my friends, and I imagine I got tired. I went deep down and came up again, and I remember the look of the sky. Then I went down again, and I distinctly heard a sound of most lovely singing. I imagine this was from my ears. I had not the very slightest feeling of suffocation or fear. Only I thought that my husband, who was not with us, would be so grieved. The music became louder and more beautiful, and I saw a dazzling light. The next thing I felt was agony. My friends had missed me, and as I came up for the last time they saw my head. I was helped into the boat, and then came the terrible agony as I was brought back to life. The lungs filling again was torture."

You're Being Talked About.

We do not wish to alarm you unduly, but do you know that you are being criticized? It may be that you do not care, either because you are so abandoned and so bent upon an evil course as to be lost to all sense of shame or because you are so immaculately virtuous as to leave not a single vulnerable point of attack for the slanderous tongue. The fact remains that uncomplimentary things are being said about you, things that do not at all agree with your estimate of yourself. Not one of your friends but objects to something about you. Maybe you do care. If so we are sorry for you, because you cannot stop it. It would be a good thing for you to mend your ways, but don't expect to stop the talk in that way. Figure your life out the very best way you can and then expect your neighbors and friends to disapprove in all possible combinations and permutations.—Life.

Early Earrings.

The earring is not a modern invention, for more than twenty centuries ago the daughter of Aristotle wore golden hoops. The philosopher's daughter's earrings were found in her tomb near Chalchic, in Yucatan, by exploring archaeologists, and certainly modern workmanship cannot produce their equal. In each golden hoop swung a tiny dove, with precious stones for eyes and bands of minute gems to give the color of the iridescent breast and wings. The feathers were of granulated gold, and the tail feathers were so marvellously wrought and adjusted that they acted like a balance, as in a living bird, so that the exquisite miniature creature, whenever the wearer moved or laughed or tossed her head, would move and balance themselves upon their pendant perches.

Message of the Telephone.

There is nothing in the sound of the shrill little telephone bell to warn us of the import of its message. More of the pity. It may be that bore whose telephone conversation begins: "Well, what do you know today?" It may be your lawyer to say you've inherited a million. Hence the arrangement of the instrument. It knows its voice will never willfully go unanswered so long as the element of chance lies concealed within it.—American Magazine.

Corn in Kansas.

The earliest mention of corn in Kansas is found in the account of Coronado's expedition in 1541-2. Professor Williston found charred corn in the ruins of prehistoric Indian pueblos in Scott county, estimated by him to be at least two and a half centuries old.

How It Was Managed.

"Did you do as I told you, Willie?" inquired the mother, "and not ask Mrs. Winters for pie a second time?" "Yes'm," said Willie proudly. "I didn't have to ask more than once; I got the first piece without asking."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Good Practice.

Dr. Rustler—How is your practice? Dr. Grassler—First rate; it couldn't be better. I had more than 1,200 patients last year and didn't lose a single cent.—Toledo Blade.

Incomplete Information.

"We are now exactly a thousand feet above the level of the sea." "What sea?" "The guidebook doesn't say."—Bon Vivant.

Beyond his power the bravest cannot fight.—Homer.

PACKAGES IN PORTUGAL.

Messengers Carry Them, as Stores Do Not Use Delivery Wagons.

Light delivery in Portugal is done almost entirely by men and women. Delivery wagons, such as are used in American cities, are unknown here. Some of the large department stores are now using motor trucks, but none has introduced a special parcel carrier.

Lisbon and Oporto, the only large cities in the republic, are built on hills, and most of the streets are very steep, attaining a grade of 17 per cent. They are paved with stone and generally are in good condition. The roads immediately about these cities are fair and the grades are easy. County highways are a mixture of very good and very bad. They are not kept up as they should be and for short distances are apt to be extremely rough.

Nearly all articles such as are delivered in the United States from a light wagon or motor vehicle are sold here by men and women, who go through the streets crying their wares. Fish, towels, vegetables, bread, oil, fruit, etc., are all carried on the head or shoulders of the vendor. Delivery of goods from small shops is made by boys or by the "galego," who is found at every street corner. These men also transport pianos, furniture and other articles of a similar character.—Continental Report.

MILITARY MESSAGES.

Some That Were Made Famous by Their Pith and Brevity.

Of famous military messages there are scores, beginning with the never to be forgotten "Veni, vidi, vici" of Cæsar and that equally famous dispatch of Commodore Perry. "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but both were beaten for brevity by General Sir Robert Boyd, who while covering for his troops, wrote to the agent in England: "This is a knock: Dispatch: 'Brownie, beef, Boyd.' Brownie sent the stores with the reply, 'Boyd, beef, Brownie.'"

And this in turn recalls the story of Peter de Droux, the celebrated fighting bishop of Beauvais, who, being taken in arms by Richard Coeur de Lion, was imprisoned and fettered. Pope Celestine III remonstrated in behalf of the prelate, and in reply the king sent the bishop's helmet and armor to Rome with this terse dispatch taken from Genesis xxxvii, 32: "Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." The pope declined further intercession and replied that the coat the king had sent did not belong to a son of the church, but of the camp, and the prisoner, therefore, was at Richard's mercy.—Detroit Free Press.

Every Woman a Nurse.

Every woman, or at least almost every woman, has at one time or another of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid—in other words, every woman is a nurse. Every day sanitary knowledge or the knowledge of nursing, or, in other words, of how to put the constitution to such a state as that it will have no disease or that it can recover from disease, takes a higher place. It is recognized as the knowledge which every one ought to have—distinct from medical knowledge, which only a professional can have.

If, then, every woman must at some time or other in her life become a nurse—namely, have charge of somebody's health—how immense and how valuable would be the product of her united experience? Every woman would think how to nurse.—Florence Nightingale.

Values in Exhaust Steam.

A common error among plant owners is to ascribe undue economy to the heat that may be carried in water resulting from the condensation of steam. They conversely greatly underestimate the heat carried in exhaust steam. As a matter of fact, the heat in a pound of water at 212 degrees is only 180 British thermal units reckoned above the freezing point, whereas in a pound of steam at the same temperature the heat units number 1,150. Hence if this steam is condensed in a radiator it gives out 970 heat units, and the drip will contain 180 heat units.—Engineering Magazine.

His Experiment.

An Irishman went into a hardware store to buy a looking glass. The shopman brought him some to choose from. "Put left one on the counter and walking back a few feet, closed his eyes.

"What are you closing your eyes for?" asked the shopkeeper. "Bedad," said Pat, "I want to see how I look when I'm sleeping."—Chicago News.

On Time.

"Is this train running on time?" "I should say so," answered the conductor. "It can't run any other way. The company has had to get so many extensions of credit that the whole place is now running on time."—Washington Star.

Making Sure.

"I will show my love not by words, but by deeds." "I think, dear, you had better show the deeds to our lawyer."—Baltimore American.

Ought to Be Warm.

"Waiter, this pudding is quite cold." "Impossible, sir. This is the fifth time it has been warmed since morning."—Paris Journal Amusant.

An archer is known by his aim, not by his arrows.—Old Saying.

Millet's Difficulties.

Two of Millet's famous pictures, the "Bower" and the "Blinders," were produced in a damp studio, ineffectually warmed by a tiny stove. In order to keep warm he would work with his feet in big wooden shoes stuffed with straw, himself enveloped in a heavy horse cloth with a hole in the center, through which he put his head. In these pictures Millet had simply sought to express with all his might one of the phases of man's unceasing combat with nature. But "political" parties drew their conclusions. The "labor" party declared that these pictures protested against the misery of the laborer, while official critics said that the artist sought to set class against class. At this time Millet willingly painted a signboard for a Parisian tradesman. But then he painted it so well in the end it figured in an exhibition of his works in the School of Fine Arts.

Nickel in Soapmaking.

It will probably be news to the average abolitionist that the metal nickel is used in making his soap. And further, perhaps, he will be glad to learn that although the nickel, finely ground, is mixed with the other soap ingredients, the finished product contains none of it. This is so because the nickel acts as what the chemists call a catalyst—that is, its presence causes certain desirable changes to occur, although it takes no part in the chemical reaction. Offensive oils and those too thin for satisfactory use, when mixed with finely divided nickel and subjected to the action of a current of hydrogen, become deodorized and harder and suitable for the soap maker's use. Cottonseed oil, for example, after the nickel-hydrogen treatment, makes a satisfactory soap.—New York Post.

"Come Ye to the Waters."

Julian Grande, who recently returned to England from Bible lands, has had some interesting things to say about Damascus. The pride of the district lies still in its rivers. Abana and Pharpar, but this does not hinder the citizens from polluting them with the refuse of the streets, making the water quite undrinkable in summer. Water is brought from a distance and sold in the streets at about a farthing a quart, and to buy a cupful of cold water and give it to "one of those little ones" is a typical act of eastern charity. Pious Moslems will buy water and then gather the thirsty children round them, using almost the very words of Isaiah—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Hamletic Review.

Force of Habit.

There is at Princeton an instructor in mathematics who was country bred, a fact that is frequently betrayed by some homely saying of his. One day an undergraduate had performed some peculiarly useless and complicated process in arriving at the solution of a problem when the instructor said: "This reminds me of a colt once owned by an old friend of mine down east. This colt was put out to pasture after having been fed from its birth in a box stall and watered at a trough in the yard. The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day the colt would swim the stream to go up to the barn for a drink of water."—Harper's Magazine.

Oxford Terms.

A Rhodes scholar of Denver, speaking of Oxford, said: "Oxford is a funny place. Magdalen is pronounced Maudlin there. 'Full term' means three-quarters of a term. 'General admission' day is the day, not when you enter, but when you leave. An 'ordinary degree' is one obtained by a special examination. An 'inspector of arts' is not an inspector, but a student.

Confused by these things, a new Rhodes scholar said.

"How queer, by jingo! How queer it all is! And if I go to the Oxford depot and ask for a ticket by train to London will they give me a passage by steamer to Marseilles?"—Exchange.

The Great Violin Makers.

Antonio Stradivari, the famous violin maker of Cremona, lived 1640-1737. He was the pupil of Nicholas Amati and carried the Cremona type of violin to its highest perfection. The Amati, Nicholas and his sons, Jerome and Antonio, rank next to Stradivari if not with him. The Tyrolean makers, Jakob Stainer, 1621-83, and Matthias Klotz and his sons made violins that stand very high in the estimation of connoisseurs. Villanove of Paris is the most celebrated modern maker.

Not the Head.

The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the shop. "Are you head of the firm?" asked the man with the sample case, who had just come in. "No, sir," remarked the young man, with a smile. "I'm only the best of the head."—London Tit-Bits.

No, He Wasn't Excited.

Miss Rose—Was Gilbert excited when he proposed? Miss Violet—Well, we were in his car and he ran it backward for more than a mile without noticing it.—Chicago News.

A Tough Case.

"I'm in a bad way. I lie awake nights thinking about my work. Then when I'm at work I keep going to sleep."—Pittsburgh Post.

Conspicuous by Absence.

The bridegroom is of little importance in a wedding, but let him fall to show up, and his stock suddenly rises in value.—Minneapolis Journal.

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