NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Dr. W. F. Rittman, Famous Chemical Discoverer.

So that the public may benefit from the chemical discoveries of Dr. Walter F. Rittman, chemical engineer in the United States bureau of mines, a company operated under the supervision of the secretary of the treasury may be organized for their manufacture. The discoveries, which are epoch making in their importance, are new processes for making gasoline and the manufacture of toluol and benzol from crude petroleum, both of which latter have heretofore been obtained from coal tar. Toluol and benzol are bases for dyestuffs and high explosives.

By the new gasoline process refiners of this country can increase their output 200 per cent. Gasoline is derived by the new process from the residuary oil after gasoline, and other products have been extracted by the old methods, and this oil has been considered practically useless and can be bought at 1 to 3 cents a gallon.

Dr. Rittman, the discoverer, is a native of Sandusky, O., and is only thirty-two years of age. He was educated at Ohio Northern college and later continued his studies in chemistry at Swarthmore college, where he later taught. In 1910 he became chemist of a Philadelphia gas company and in the fall of 1912 entered Columbia university. Last June he got his degree of Ph. D., and immediately afterward Dr. Rittman was appointed petroleum chemist for the United States bureau of mines. The principal laboratories of the bureau are at Pittsburgh, but as they proved insufficient in some ways for the tests he accepted an invitation from the chemistry department of Columbia university to work there. It was at Columbia that success crowned his work.

Crown Prince of Bulgaria.

Since war broke out in Europe there have been various rumors as to the attitude of Bulgaria toward the fighting powers. She would remain neutral. She would join the allies. She would fight with Germany. Recent events, however, point to the conclusion that should Bulgaria enter the fracas it would be with the idea of being in at the dismemberment of Turkey, should that event occur.

Bulgaria, which made such an extraordinary military record in the first

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PRINCE BORIS.

Balkan war that the world expected to see her enter Constantinople, emerged from the second Balkan war humiliated and almost destroyed. The king's name is Ferdinand, and Crown Prince Boris is his son.

Crown Prince Boris recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday. A short time ago it was rumored that he was to wed Princess Elizabeth of Roumania. But it seems that event is not to take place, at least not at present. Such an alliance would not please some of the powers. Boris is a veteran of the Balkan wars, where he fought so valiantly that he was a hero among his soldiers, his future subjects. Boris through his father is related to almost every other royal house in Europe.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

A Legend of Some Monkeys.

Prince Carl of Sweden and Norway, when starting out from Haidarabad, India, on a tiger hunt in 1883, was struck by the scenery around the city, where the undulating ground is strewed with huge blocks of stone, "as if they had been tossed hither and thither by nature in some capricous mood."

Some of the blocks are piled upon each other in such a manner as to cause a lively imagination to fancy them giants barring the way.

According to Indian folklore, these blocks were brought hither some 4,000 years ago in this manner:

The monkeys, which in the earliest times in great numbers inhabited the lands beyond the Himalayas, seized on the remarkable idea of building a bridge between the mainland and Ceylon, and, headed by their leaders, they left their settlements for the south, carrying with them from their mountains materials for their gigantic bridge. But the road became too long for them, and they were obliged on reaching the spot where Haidarabad now stands to throw their loads away, and here they lie today.

The Game of Totem.

This requires five or six players, although more may play. A top is made square in shape and one of the four letters, P T N A is put on each of the four sides of the top. These signify respectively; P, put one down; T, take one; N, nothing and A, all. Each player is given six counters, which may be beans, buttons, toothpicks or what you will. The one starting the game puts down one counter and twirls the top. If the top stops with the letter T on top, he takes that one; if at the letter N he gets nothing; if at A, all, but when P is turned, each player puts down one. The rest of the players in rotation proceed as the first one. The player who gets all the counters wins. Should the counters all get on the table together the player (proceeding in the usual manner) who first turns A wins.

Creating a Vacuum.

A vacuum can be created in a simple way by using two drinking glasses, a small candle end and a piece of blotting paper. The glasses must be the same size and of the thin glass kind. The candle end is lighted and put into one glass, the blotting paper is well dampened and placed on top of the glass, the other glass inverted and its rim placed exactly over the lower one and pressed down tightly. The candle will burn up all the oxygen in the glass and go out. The air in the glass being heated will expand and some of it will be forced out from under the moist paper, then as the portion remaining cools it will contract and draw the upper glass on the paper and create an airtight joint. The upper glass can be taken up and the lower will cling to it.

Joys of the Campfire.

There is an impalpable, invisible, softly stepping delight in the campfire which escapes analysis. Enumerate all its charms and still there is something missing in your catalogue. Any one who has witnessed a real campfire and participated in its fun as well as seriousness will never forget it.

The huge fire shooting up its tongue of flame into the darkness of the night, the perfect shower of golden rain, the company of happy boys and the great dark background of piny woods, the weird light over all, the singing, the yells, the stories, the fun and the serious word at the close are happy experiences long to be remembered.—From Kephart's "Camping and Woodcraft."

Boy Scout Pointer.

If your legs are feeling tired and your feet ache very much, you are generally able to remove your boots before you lie down to have a rest.

Sometimes, however, as is the case with soldiers on active service, there is no chance of taking the boots off.

When in this plight, the best remedy is to lie flat on your back with your legs up against a wall or tree at right angles to your body for five or ten minutes. This helps the flow of blood back to the lungs to be purified.

Should you happen to be in a country where no sort of upright is available, another chap's legs will do; you can support each other.

A Valuable Dog.

A dog known as Old Shep, belonging in Silver Grove, Ky., can be seen each night, when the Ohio river is at a normal stage, placing the government signal lamps on the ends of the various dykes in that vicinity. His master is employed by the government to take care of these signals, and every evening at sundown he stands on the banks while his valuable dog picks up lantern after lantern in his mouth and places it in position. As may be inferred, Old Shep is a great favorite with steamboat men all along the Ohio.

Japanese Children's Pets.

Japanese children have pets as well as their western brothers and sisters. Tiny rabbits and an odd kind of cat with white fur, black and yellow spots and no tail, divide their affections. In many houses are also found aquariums stocked with beautiful and rarely colored fish. The katydid is likewise a great pet.

The Jolly Miller.

There was a jolly miller once
Went skating on the Dee.
The ice was thin and he fell in—
No fish so wet as he.
"Oh, dear!" he cried. "I did not know
The ice was quite so slim;
A bathing suit instead of skates
Were better for a swim!"

The Prize Egg

An Easter Story

THE shops all along the main street were full of Easter suggestions. One confectioner's window was entirely filled with chocolate covered eggs of all sizes, and a large placard announced:

"Each egg in this window contains a valuable and unique prize. All eggs are the same price, 25 cents. Each egg will open on Easter morning."

Passersby paused to look and read the notice, and not a few entered the shop to purchase.

Presently a winsome looking girl and a very tall young man paused in front of the window. He looked inquiringly at her, and she smiled; then they went in, coming out again in a few minutes carrying a small box.

That evening at the girl's home they opened the package and examined the egg.

"Shall we break it," she questioned, "or wait until Easter and see what happens?"

"Oh, let's wait!" he answered. "I don't suppose it will have anything worth while inside, and it may not even open, though of course that could be chemically arranged."

The egg was again put in its box and laid away where the girl promised it would remain until the arrival of the man on Easter morning.

Easter dawned fair and beautiful, and while it was quite early the man arrived to find the girl anxiously awaiting him.

They opened the box with care and gently laid the egg on the table. The surface of chocolate was as smooth as when purchased.

For half an hour they watched it closely and were about to give up when the girl noticed a faint crack across the top. Very slowly it spread—in fact, almost imperceptibly—until, quite without realizing how it happened or when, the two halves of the egg lay on the table and between them a small object wrapped in tissue paper. Very gingerly she tore off the paper and cried in disgust when she saw only a dirty old silver dollar.

"Still," he exclaimed practically, "a dollar is a dollar, no matter how old it is." He took it from her and looked at it closely, feeling it all over; when the eagle opened, and the face of a woman smiled up at him.

"Oh!" Suddenly he raised it to his lips, kissing it passionately.

The girl's expression instantly changed from sweet winsomeness to a jealous fury, and she snatched the dollar from him.

"How dare you kiss that woman when you say you love me!" She fairly hissed the words, and her angry eyes devoured the lovely features of the almost faded picture.

He took it gently from her, holding it tenderly in his hand, while he put his arm around her, and there was wonder in his voice when he spoke.

"Strange and improbable as it seems, that is my mother's photograph."

"How curious!" she murmured from his shoulder.

"You see how thin and worn the dollar is," he continued. "That is because my father carried it for ten years, and then one day absentmindedly he spent it. He never knew where or how, but it was gone, and he was never able to find a trace of it, though I don't believe he has ever given up trying. * * * I think mother felt it until she saw how it worried father; then she made light of it by saying she wondered whose husband was carrying her picture now. * * * How glad they will be!" He raised the eagle to look once more into the beautiful tender eyes that, so the girl thought at the moment, were exactly like his.

"I thought I would be afraid of her," the girl said slowly, "but I won't be unless she has changed. Has she?"

"Only to become more beautiful. This was taken before I was born. * * * You will change that way some day, dear, and I shall watch you as my father watched her. You do love me, I know it now," he said with conviction, "for you were jealous when I kissed the picture, and you couldn't be unless you cared."

Once more she gazed upon the picture; then, closing the dollar, she slipped it into his vest pocket.

"Take it to her, dear,"—she hesitated—"and tell her it came out of a prize egg, but that a girl who hopes some day to be loved as much as she is sends it, and"—

"Then," he interrupted, "you're going to say yes today?"

"I'm still in doubt about lots of things, but I do love you, and I want a beautiful mother to love me, and"—

"You darling!" He lifted her off her feet for a second and crushed her to him.

As he put her down they both noticed the egg had closed, and only a faint crack showed where it had been split.

"Yes, it's a strange egg," he said in answer to her questioning, "but what I said about the action of chemicals accounts for the closing as well as the opening. But whatever it is it has served its purpose here in giving me the prize."

In the Garden.

"She, supposing him to be the gardener"—
Dead is our Christ and our hearts cry
"Where?"
We would be true to the loved and fair.
Still we peer in the tomb behind thee.
Ah! Not there!
But as of old in the open air,
Out in the garden, Lord, we find thee.
—Mary Eleanor Roberts in Lippincott's.

Wasn't She Right?

The lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now, name something," she said, "that is very dangerous to get near to and that has horns."

"I know, teacher, I know!" called little Annie Jones.

"Well, Annie, what is it?"

"An automobile."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Exception.

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher pompously, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the plain citizen. "Have you ever chased the last car on a rainy night?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Even.

"He lavished pearls upon her."

"Yes."

"Yet her affection was not genuine."

"Neither were the pearls."—Washington Star.

He Balked.

Skinum—I want to interest you in a mining proposition. It's a good thing.

Flubdub—Perhaps it is, but I'm not.—Judge.

WOMEN RARELY STAMMER.

And This Is a Fact That Puzzles the Medical Experts.

Have you ever known a woman who stammered? It is very doubtful.

The fact that those afflicted with stammering are a hundred men to one woman is one of the most curious things in the science of pathology. Even the specialists in nervous troubles are utterly at a loss to account for this peculiarity. One eminent specialist says that in all his vast experience he has only known one woman to suffer from stammering. Stammering is a nervous affliction of the organs of speech, and the victim is usually a person of highly strung temperament. Where there is not any real reason for this trouble, the cause usually lies in the mind—that is, the stammerer stammers because he fears he will stammer.

Now, women are much more prone to nervous disorders, and this makes their immunity from the trouble all the more remarkable. For some mysterious reason their nervousness affects the organs of speech only in very rare cases. Stammering is said by some medical authorities not to be due at all to any defect in the organs of speech, but to come under the head of a bad functional disease.

Another peculiarity is that a person who may stammer badly in ordinary conversation can sing excellently and without hesitation.—London Answers.

LAUNCHING A VESSEL.

A Matter of Mathematics, With a Vast Amount of Calculation.

The launching of a vessel is primarily a matter of mathematics. In a ship of immense size it calls for a vast amount of calculation before the first step is taken in the actual work.

In the first place, the specific gravity of the vessel must be figured out so as to allow for the various strains to which the hull is subjected on its slanting journey into the water, with its sudden plunge as the bow drops from the ways.

An enormous amount of data must be collected to fix this center of gravity. The weight of all the material that has gone into the vessel up to the time of the launching, the distribution of this weight, the weight of chains and anchors and other material placed on board preparatory to the launch must all be considered.

When the center of gravity is fixed the successful shipbuilder knows just how to build his launching ways and just where to strengthen them. He knows then by a little calculation how long each part of the vessel will be subjected to certain strains and how best to prepare for them. He can figure almost to the second how long the ship will be in sliding into the water.—Exchange.

Getting Even.

The belle of the little town was getting married, and among the spectators was the reporter of the local newspaper. He was a miserable man. He had wanted to marry the bride, but the other man had cut him out. But he got even. This is what he wrote:

"The bride was radiant in a beautiful lavender silk frock, orange blossoms and veil and long, long white gloves, size 9 and split at the thumbs.

"The groom was as straight as a suit made by the best tailor could make him and as red in the face as was to be expected from boots two sizes too small and a fifteen inch collar round a seventeen inch neck. Fortunately before the ceremony was over his collar stud broke and saved him from choking to death."—London Answers.

The Key of Death.

The "key of death" is apparently a large key which is shown among the weapons at the arsenal at Venice. It was invented by Tibaldo, who, disappointed in love, designed this instrument for the destruction of his rival. The key is so constructed that the handle may be turned around, revealing a small spring, which being pressed a very fine needle is driven with considerable force from the other end. This needle is so very fine that the flesh closes over the wound immediately, leaving no mark, but the death of the victim from poison is almost instantaneous.

A LILY FAIR ON EASTER DAY

DANCING IN CHURCH.

Forms a Part of the Easter Services in the Cathedral of Seville.

This cathedral at Seville has the distinction of being the only church in Christendom where dancing forms any part of any ceremony or service. Here a dance called the "Dance of the Seises," is performed before the high altar during holy week. It is in imitation of the dance of the Israelites before the Ark of the Covenant, and even in Spain is of very ancient origin. Imagine the cathedral on such an occasion crowded with people, seated and standing. In front of all the others are several rows of priests and church dignitaries, all in gorgeous vestments, who inclose a fair sized open place before the high altar. A piece of carpet covers the marble floor, on either side of which stands a row of boys from eight to twelve years of age, dressed like Spanish gentlemen of the middle ages, with white stockings and a large plume in the hat. At a signal from a priest, the soft music of violins breaks the profound silence of the church and the boys proceed to execute several pretty and graceful figures. Later they join in a gentle and harmonious song, which in the obscurity of the vast cathedral sounds like a choir of angels, and finally they accompany dance and song with their castanets.

Two centuries and over ago an archbishop of Seville desired to put an end to this ceremony, thinking it, unbecoming the church and the Master in heaven. But the people of Seville thought otherwise and were determined not to give it up without a struggle. The case was finally appealed to Rome. The pope of that day, thinking to appease the people of Seville and at the same time put an end to the dancing, gave his permission for the ceremony to be continued on condition that the dance should be given up as soon as the suits, which the boys then had, were worn out. What resulted? The suits have never been worn out. From time to time they have been skillfully repaired with a piece here and a piece there, and now, after two centuries, the suits are still as good as new, and the dance is still given.

NATURE herself gives to humanity her choicest treasure when she clothes the world with grass and flowers at Eastertide. This awakening brings a promise of beauty to last for many months. All mankind hails with joy the dawning of the Easter morn. New hopes arise in the deep, hidden springs of the heart, new joys lend brightness to the eye and color to the cheek. And new love radiates the entire being, working its wondrous miracles upon whomsoever it descends. The highest type of love is the unselfish, sacrificing variety, and to attain this unalloyed quality—we must give.

Easter Influence in Greece.

The influence of the church is strongly felt by the common people of Greece. They keep its long fasts religiously and for fifty days before Easter eat neither meat, fish, butter nor eggs, but live on figs, olives, bread and wine. On the Friday before Easter funeral services are held for Christ in all the churches, and at the close of the services the congregations go out to bury Him. Brass bands play slow music as at military funerals, and the procession carries black banners, crosses and other emblems of mourning, while great multitudes follow bearing candles.

Why the Lily Means Easter.

The lily is typical of Easter because of its whiteness and personification of purity. In its natural state it blooms about Easter time in France, its native home.

Easter Day.

The brook has found its voice again,
The lark has found the blue,
The crocus bud has found the sun,
The sun has found the dew,
The butterfly has found its light,
The grass the green of May,
And Christmas all and joyous lies
On holy Easter day.