

WHAT'S IN A SHOE?

Leather, of course, but There Are Lots of Other Things.

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Reading the Story of the Materials That Are Used in Turning Out Modern Footgear is Like Taking a Lesson in Commercial Geography.

What's in a shoe? Take a factory that tells how a shoe is made. Count on six different items of material, also different items of labor. That shows many of the things in a case. And there may be others.

Whence come the materials? When you look at a shoe you see the four corners of the globe pulled together in it. Begin with the bottom, or sole, made from the hide of a Texas steer, tanned in oak from Pennsylvania forests. And the heel is of South American dry hide tanned in leather bark.

It's a kidskin shoe you have? If you look at it, although you never can tell for sure, these days. The vamp is made of a goat of Brazil. It is tanned with chrome from New Caledonia, is blacked with logwood from Jamaica and glazed with glass from Austria.

The top is of a kid skin tanned in Nigeria, brought to Massachusetts and there retained and finished. The tongue is of sheep leather. The sheep grew in Argentina. The leather hides are of skins of sheep that grew in Australia. The skins were tanned in Sumatra, from Sicily.

Some of the leather is treated with "fat liquor," an emulsion made of cod oil from Labrador and acids from one of the new American chemical laboratories.

Yet only a few of the things that the tanner used in making the shoe have been mentioned. He also uses in his mystery of tanning "divalder" from the East Indies, valonia from Turkey, myrobolans from India and algarobilla from the land known where, said from Michigan, sawdust from Maine mills, egg yolk from Russia, blood from Chicago and degrass from France—and a few other things from a few other countries besides.

If there's any fellow under the sun, from an Eskimo to a Patagonian or from a Hottentot to a Korean, who has a hide or skin to sell, he can get his price for it if he will show it to a Yankee tanner, for the Yankee tanner is buying pelts everywhere.

The leather of which the shoe is made is fastened together with thread of Irish linen or Georgia cotton. The linings are of Egyptian or long fiber Sea Island cotton, tough and strong. The buttons are of bone, pearl or paper, American or European. The eyelets are of brass coated with celluloid.

The laces are made by the million in Massachusetts of steel. The same is true of the heel nails and of the shanks in the arches of the shoe. If a person prefers wool pegs that won't scratch hardwood floors in the heels of his shoes he may get them at a New Hampshire shop.

The welt may be of pliskin. The pig was killed in Parkersburg, and his pig was tanned in Massachusetts. His bristles were saved and made into brushes for cleaning the shoe.

Between the sole and the insole of the shoe is the "filler," a compound of rubber from Ceylon cut with naptha and mixed with ground cork from Portugal.

The insole perhaps is of good, black tanned leather. But it may be of fiber coated with a sheet of leather. But more likely it is of felt filled with shelling to make it stiff. Like the counter may be of leather. But more likely it is of leather bound or celluloid or scraps of leather pasted together with flour paste and compressed.

The felt is made from waste woolen perhaps old coats. The shank is from the tree of India, and the leather board is made down in Maine of felled, dead-leather, hump and juté from India, and other things.

Yet a few more things are used in the making of a shoe. The last, over which the shoe is fashioned, is of maple from Michigan. The patterns, by which the uppers are cut, are of paper board, made from old newspapers.

They are bound with brass. The brass is stripped from them after they become of silver, and it is used for brazing the steel dies with which leather is cut for several parts of the shoe. The lining is done in an electric flame or in a fire of Pennsylvania coal.

The snowy white lining is made from rotton of Dixie land. The top facing is of silk made in New Jersey mills, and the gold leaf on it may be truly a product of El Dorado.

The edges of the heels and soles are burnished with wax, which comes from Brazil, and the shoes are blacked with a blacking of which wax is a chief part. There are forty-seven other things in a shoe. But enough already has been told. What does a fellow expect these days of high prices? Enough already has been said to make a lesson in commercial geography incorporating the four corners of the globe, as well as a few things above and a few things below the globe, and it's all for the price of one pair of shoes.—Salem News

Remember This. "What do you think is the most difficult thing for a beginner to learn about golf?"

"To keep from talking about it all the time."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Publish your joys and conceal your griefs.

WINNING SUCCESS.

It Must Be a Continuous Performance, With No Interruptions.

"The other day," says a writer in the American Magazine, "a famous author was telling me how he felt when his first story was accepted. He said that within a few minutes the thought flashed across his mind that he could not stop, but must go on. One good story must be followed by another and another and another, else his reputation would die, and he would be humiliated. He said that the feeling was not exactly comfortable; that the prospect was in a way terrible. 'Being successful,' he said, 'is not easy. The successful man advertises to the world that he can do certain things well, and he must go on making good or back off the map. It's a great sensation, a great experience, worth almost anything, but it isn't a snap!'"

"It is the same way in business. The salesman who sets a high mark has to go right out and beat that mark or suffer by comparison with his own record. He can't sit down in a rocking chair and devote the rest of his life to receiving congratulations. "Have you ever sat in a restaurant and compared your job with that of a waiter? Try it some time. No matter what your work is, I am sure you will see the point if you watch the waiter and think how exactly his job typifies yours. Take, for example, the job of an editor. An editor's job is exactly like that of a waiter. He has to go and get something good and bring it in. And after he has brought it in he has to go right out and get something more and bring that in. The minute he sits down or stops to talk unnecessarily with the guests, he ceases to give a good service to his guests. Then the guests who praised him a moment ago begin to growl. And so almost immediately, he has turned from a good servant into a poor one. "This fits any line of human activity. A continuous performance is what is wanted. Nothing else counts."

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 instance, 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 to find you in each direction to an angle of forty-five degrees and you can see clearly even 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 be surprised in business. He looks in a 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

The Yugoslavs. Why do we write Yugoslavs when south Slavs would do much better? The word simply means south Slavs, its first half being the universal Slav term for "south." It is not written as pronounced, or, rather, it is written as a German would pronounce it. Our phonetic transliteration should be "Yugo Slavs," a form which is often used. But "south Slavs" indicates much more intelligibly the great racial unit of some 15,000,000 souls that occupies the whole southwest corner of the dual monarchy abutting on the Adriatic.—London Chronicle

To Face the Music. According to James Fenimore Cooper, who said that he looked the matter up, the phrase "to face the music" originated among actors who when they went on to play their parts had really to face the music. Another suggestion, which Cooper did not approve, was that it originated in the old time straining days, when the millmen were bound to appear armed and equipped facing the music.

Buttons Made From Yeast. Buttons are now made from the spent yeast which collects in the vats of breweries. It is dyed, grained and pressed into any shape, and it has the great advantage over horn and bone that it grips as in a vise any metal part—a shank, for instance—that is pressed into it.

Which Is Yours? The remuneration received for services rendered has many names. The laborer calls it "pay," the skilled mechanic, "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a lawyer "fees" and a burglar "swag"—London Answers.

The Untired Horse. Mother—My dear, what is the matter with the horse? Isn't he walking lame? Small Boy—I know what's the matter, pop. One of his hind tires has come off.—Baltimore American.

Similarity. "You say Grafter makes you think of a corkscrew. Why so?" "Like a corkscrew, he has a pull, but it's on account of his crookedness."—Exchange.

He Was Not College Bred

By ELINOR MARSH.

She had been graduated from a woman's college in June and had gone to a seaside resort in July. One morning as she sat on the piazza a young man alighted from a depot car and ascended the steps of the hotel. He was met at the door by his mother, and there was a loud embrace.

"During the day the college graduate was introduced to the new-comer. There was the usual conversation about nothing by way of beginning.

"Are you fond of the seashore?" she asked.

"Not especially. Are you?"

"No, I dislike it. Mother loves it and brings me to it every year. Thank heaven, this is the last season she can drag me here. Next season I shall be at work."

"At a profession?"

"I shall teach."

"I perceive that you wear a Phi Beta key."

"Yes, I have just been honored. I was given it when I was graduated in June."

"Do you approve of the present system of education?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"What is your objection?"

"The first year of college during the last century gives the student time to learn that is, if he tries to learn it. I believe in one's studying from the beginning one subject better a good college than an ordinary city graduate who knows a little of everything and is not well educated in one subject."

"A university education is the foundation. The specialties come later."

"That takes too much time. I shall be twenty-six years old before getting my profession and thirty or thirty-five before establishing an income on which to support a family. At thirty-five I begin to go downhill physically."

"I take it you are not a university graduate."

"No, I am not."

"And you are fitted for nothing?"

"Oh, yes. I would make a good janitor. I know how to clean up. I can make a bed. I can ride a horse to water and put on his harness."

"Do you consider such menial duties of value? Do you expect to represent your fellow citizens in congress or in any such field?"

"I am not ambitious to go to congress. I am a poor debater, and congress seems to me to be not much more than a debating society."

"But I do not understand how a person of your freedom, unless you have a fortune and desire to live a life of ease, should not wish for a field in which to rise to eminence."

"I have no fortune, nor do I desire to live an aimless life."

"I perceive that we are built on different lines. I chose to go to college and, fortunately, possessed the means to pay my way. I propose to teach, that is, if I can find a position. What that may lead to I do not know. My student women have been teachers."

"Your ambition is evidently for yourself."

"Whom else should I be ambitious for?"

"Well, there are the poor out country."

"The poor should be cared for by the state. As for our country, if I were a man I should fight for it. But I admit I should not care to sit all day knitting socks for some wounded soldier."

"Suppose every other woman should desire to do Red Cross work for the same reason?"

"This seemed to puzzle the young lady and instead of getting out of the corner into which she had been forced she started in a new path.

"How much more noble the man who fights in the trenches than one knitting socks! He wears a cross or a medal of honor. He is made a commander instead of one to be commended. He hears the plaudits of the people and his soldiers."

"The young man brought the argument to a reticent and absurd termination at the moment his mother entered the room, and after a few minutes' conversation with her son he followed her to the piano.

COOLNESS OF LOUIS BOTHA.

His Nerve in Dealing With a Savage Zulu Chieftain.

A story of the cool daring of General Louis Botha, whose name is so intimately associated with dramatic episodes in the history of South Africa, appears in his biography written by Harold Spender. It happened one winter when young Botha had taken sheep for pasturage across the Drakensberg mountains and down to the warmer coast lands, which were still in the grip of the Zulus.

One tranquil day a young native rushed into Botha's camp. He breathlessly warned the young Boer to fly and save his life. Mapele was "out," the most bloodthirsty of all the ruffianly gangs that were then ravaging Zululand was the well mounted and well armed gang of Mapele. Only an hour or two before, said the native, he had cut the throat of a missionary at the old mission station, about six miles from Botha's camp. The native himself had just left the body of the unfortunate man lying still and warm on his own dining room table.

Botha had little time to make up his mind, but one thing was clear—he could not desert his sheep. Most of them belonged to his brothers. So he began to prepare to face the raiders looking at his handiwork, he found to his dismay that he had only one cartridge left. Scarcely had he discovered the fact when a troop of Zulu horsemen appeared about a quarter of a mile away over a rise of ground in extended order and charged toward the wagon, waving their rifles over their heads and shouting like demons possessed.

Louis Botha rose and very deliberately mounted the box seat of his wagon. He held his rifle in a conspicuous place next him. Then he proceeded, with an outward calm very foreign to his own inner feelings, to light a match and apply it slowly to his pipe.

Throwing away the match and looking up, he found that the native horsemen had drawn rein in a cloud of dust within a few yards of the front of the wagon.

A few seconds of dead silence followed, the natives gazing at Botha and eyeing him with a steady gaze of surprise. Then Mapele advanced and said that his men were very hungry and wanted something to eat.

Botha gravely demurred at this stormy way of approach and coolly bargained with the invader of his peace. At last he agreed to give them one sheep on the strict condition that they should withdraw some distance from his camp and not disturb him again. The condition was accepted, and so ended an incident that Botha has always described as one of the most disturbing in his whole life.

One Inning, Six Hits, No Runs. Can six hits be made in a half inning without the side making the hits scoring a run?

This question was put to the Chicago News, whose expert says "Yes" and explains.

The first man up triples and is thrown out at the plate. The second man triples and is also nailed at the home run. The third, fourth and fifth batsmen single, filling the sacks. The sixth man drives the ball between second and third, and the leather hits the runner coming from second. The man, but is out, retiring the side, and the man who hit him gets a base rap. This makes six consecutive safe raps, without one run being scored.

We Label Everything as Pure. The word pure is a curious example of the striving of people after perfection. We have pure olive oil, pure candy and pure reading matter. Everything that we know is likely to be adulterated we take pains to label "pure." We never call pure the things we know to be pure, but only those things about which there is an element of doubt. Only in one particular do we vary from this rule. If some kind friend tells us the truth about ourselves we are very likely to refer to that as pure nonsense.—Woman's Home Companion.

Long Distance Lecturing. A pretentious person said to the burgess of a country village.

"How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?"

"Very well, sir, very well indeed" answered the burgess. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this village, sir."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Save Some Money. Every one should try to live within his income and also to put away a little of his salary for use on a stormy day. Don't watch the other fellow and learn how much he is spending; watch yourself and ascertain where you can benefit. It is time enough to increase your living expenses when your salary is advanced, when it is also time to add to your bank account.

Good Advice. "The man I marry," she said, "must think I am the only girl in the world."

"Don't worry about that," her married friend replied. "He will think it, all right. Just put in your time trying to find out how to make him keep on thinking it."—Chicago Herald.

Getting Through the Shell. "A man may have a rough exterior, but a kindly heart."

"Yes," commented Senator Orsulik, "but that kind of man is usually like an oyster. He has to be handled very rough to get any good out of him."—Washington Star.

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime.—Beaconsfield.

AN EMIGRANT ROMANCE

By SADIE OLCOTT.

Why should story tellers rack their brains for themes when romances are happening every day under their noses? Here, like a flower peeping from under a heap of rubbish, is a romance extracted from the most unromantic thing in the world, an emigrant ship, and only remains for the story teller to put it in form. It is not a tale of young lovers. In the conventional story romance ends with marriage. Nature knows no such division. Conceivably, an old fruit tree bearing shortly before it is cut down a single bit of fruit into which the tree's vitality has been concentrated and you have the kind of romance you are about to get.

Forty years ago Alex Petrof, a Russian, came to America, purchased a farm, married, raised a family and prospered. His wife died, and one by one his children left him to marry and raise children of their own. For ten years he worked his farm alone, and then it occurred to him to relieve his solitude by revisiting his former home in Russia. He did so, but failed to find the diversion he had expected.

The place he had left as a village had grown to a city, and the friends of his youth who had not gone elsewhere were in the churchyard. Disappointed, he turned his face again toward his desolate home in America.

Martha Bichof, a widow living in Moscow with her daughters, had a son in America. Her daughters had been with her since their birth, but her one son had left her when he was a boy, and she pined to spend the few years that remained to her when he might occasionally see him. At last she could resist the temptation to go to America no longer and embarked in the steamer of one of the mammoth vessels sailing every few days from Genoa.

Now it happened. This is a short sentence, an incomplete sentence, yet how much there is in it! What would all the story tellers do if the two words were blotted out from the world's going? It happened that Alex Petrof and Martha Bichof were passengers on the same ship. One day they sat side by side and fell to talking. Petrof joined with the mother in her expectations at meeting her boy, and Mrs. Bichof grieved with the old man when he spoke of his return to his lonely farm. They met frequently on the voyage and on reaching port parted with mutual regret.

In New York harbor, where they landed, is Ellis Island, a danger point for emigrants more to be dreaded than a side-wind back of the ocean. Here they must satisfy the officials that they will not be a burden upon the United States. Petrof had no trouble in doing so, and his departure. Mrs. Bichof sent for her son, who lived in one of the sections of New York. He came, and for a brief period the mother and her boy enjoyed their reunion, and the prospect of at least living on the same continent. But the young man failed to satisfy the authorities, that he could support his mother. He had a large family of his own and was, at the time out of employment, had no one else on whom to depend. The decree went forth that Martha Bichof must be deported to her native land.

Alex Petrof, in the turmoil of the metropolis, was alone as much or more alone than he would be when he returned to his farm. In years he had met but one person of his own generation to give him one spark of sympathy—the woman he had met on the steamer. She had shown him a paper bearing his son's address to ask how she might find him. This address Petrof remembered.

One evening there was a rap at the door of young Bichof, and upon its being opened there stood Petrof.

"Is Martha here?" he asked. He remembered only the widow's first name.

"No, and she will not be here. She is to be deported."

Petrof went into the house, and his host told him that there was no hope of his mother remaining, since there was no one to support her.

"Yes, there is one," said the old man after a long pause.

"Who?"

"I. If your mother will marry me and go to live with me on my farm she need not go back to Russia."

In half an hour the two men were on the boat speeding for Ellis Island. They found the poor woman trembling at her fate. Her eyes lighted as she saw her companion of the voyage.

And here the effort of the story teller form breaks down. Never was offer of marriage made in a form more widely diverse from the conventional proposal laid down in printed romances. The son took his mother aside and told her of Petrof's proposition. While mother and son conferred the would be groom stood making pretense of looking at a family of Russians who were eating sausages. In a few minutes Bichof returned and said his mother accepted the offer. In vain the romance constructor casts about for some stretch of the facts to give story form to the reception by the lover of the news that he was to be made happy. Yet why try? He probably said, "That is good!"

Upon Petrof's promising the authorities that he would be responsible for Martha Bichof's support they at once gave her permission to go where she liked. With her affianced husband and her son she went to the latter's house, where the marriage ceremony was performed, and after a brief visit the bride and groom started for Petrof's farm.

The Curious Water Bear.

They say a camel goes eight days without water. The arctican water bear goes six months without it sometimes. But he doesn't do so voluntarily. In fact, to every outward appearance he dies during the drought. This little creature, microscopic in size, is an inhabitant of water troughs and similar places where moss is apt to grow. When it rains he is as happy as a clam in high water, but when there is no rain his sacklike body and four pairs of stubby legs dry up, and the closest examination under the microscope fails to show any sign of life. But it must be only an exaggerated form of hibernation, for when the rain comes again he wakes up and starts in enjoying himself.

Which suggests the wonderful power of clinging to life shown by some creatures. The four legs and tail of a salamander, one of the small lizards, have been cut off as many as eight times, only to grow out perfectly after each operation.—Kansas City Star.

Harriman's Dream.

George Kennan, in an article in Asia, the magazine published by the American Asiatic association, says that if he had lived E. H. Harriman probably would have built a railroad through Alaska across Bering strait and over eastern Siberia to a connection with the Siberian railway. He had his plans well along when he died. This would have made it possible to go by rail from Boston or Quebec to Petrograd.

The first thing that suggests itself in that connection is what would have been the effect of such a railroad upon the world war? And Mr. Kennan answers it by saying that if it had been possible to reach Petrograd in that way in 1911, over a road built and equipped in the American way there might have been no war.

Weighting Common Air. The weight of air has often been tested by compressing it in receptacles by the air pump. That it really has weight when so compressed is shown by the fact that the weight of the vessels is increased slightly by filling them with compressed air and that such vessels become specifically "lighter" as soon as the air contained in them is exhausted.

Many elaborate experiments on the weight of air have proved that one cubic foot weighs 530 grains, or something less than one, and a quarter ounce. The above experiment on the weight of air is supposed to be made at the surface of the earth, with the temperature at 50 degrees F. Heated air or air at high elevation is lighter.

Feeding the Snails. In France, where there is a big demand for snails, the small farms yield a handsome profit. As many as 500,000 first quality snails, the price of which in normal times averages about \$1.50 a thousand can be reared on an acre of land, says the London Times.

They need be fed only once a day, preferably in the evening, and, though extremely voracious, are by no means fastidious. After a fall of rain, which seems to sharpen their appetites, a bed of 100,000 snails will soon demolish a barrel load of cabbages. They are fed not only on green stuffs, but on green weeds or bean soaked in wine, a diet which is supposed to impart a special flavor.

Cut Glass is Fragile. Cut glass probably would break more easily than uncut pattern glass. The pattern in cut glass is cut by means of grinding wheels. Uncut glass patterns are usually molded. The angles in cut glass are better defined and sharper. The cutter also may, in some cases, drive his wheel a little deeper than in other spots. Obviously the glass at such points would be thinner and more fragile.

His Excuse. "Why did you snatch this lady's purse?"

"My wife told me when I left home in the morning to get her a recipe for a new salad dressing, and I thought sure I'd find one in her pocketbook, judge."—Exchange.

The Saving Sort. McTavish—Have ye a light, Donald? Donald Aye, but it's out.—Boston Transcript.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Enlarged Glands. When children have enlarged glands in the neck or elsewhere they should always be placed under the care of a physician.

Very often well meaning mothers make local applications that do more harm than good because they hasten the softening that is so much to be dreaded. What is true of applications is also true of handling or rubbing all tuberculous processes and glandular swellings should be kept as quiet as possible. For that reason if the swelling occurs on some part of the body where there is much movement, such as the groin, the patient should either remain in bed or the part affected should be made immovable by means of splints and bandages. An open air life and nourishing food are essential.

For everything possible must be done to maintain the general health. The enemy as yet has gained only a local footing. The fight must be to prevent the disease from becoming general and constitutional.
