

CATS AND BIRDS.

If cats in Massachusetts really kill as many as 700,000 birds in a season, as the state commissioners of fisheries and game estimate in their annual appeal to cat owners, there is surely justice and point in their appeal for the protection of birds from cats, for each insectivorous bird devours many thousands of insects, and the removal of so many birds means an increase of the insect population by untold millions. Never in the history of New England was the insect pest so burdensome and so menacing as it is now, and any agency which tends to make the pest still greater constitutes a public danger. The account of the state with the harmless, necessary cat is not, however, summarily closed by the statement of the commissioners. If cats catch wild insectivorous birds they also catch a good many birds that are not insectivorous, or but sparingly so, says Boston Transcript. Cats prey heavily, and probably, chiefly, so far as birds are concerned, on the English sparrow, which does more harm than it does good by driving away native birds; and, incidentally, cats prey on rats, mice and moles, thereby establishing an item of credit for themselves in the account. If we exterminated the cats altogether, we might lose at one end of the line more than we gained at the other.

To what extent are newspaper headlines responsible for the deterioration of English? The necessity to compress the plith of things into a few words leads to many strange corruptions. A word of any length necessarily suffers. An airplane becomes a "plane," a photograph a "photo," a telephone a "phone," and so on. "Big" is often used, because it is a little word, when it doesn't accurately convey the degree of size. Short, snappy words, in fact, are sprinkled all through the headlines of our papers, to the detriment of many words of dignity. These words have become so familiar to people's minds that they pass into speech and writing when the subeditor's excuse cannot be put forward, and the cinema threatens to make the evil more serious by adopting the same elliptic form for the catchwords that tell about the pictures.

One English town seems to have solved the problem of cheaper housing for the people by accepting a tender of a corporation to erect 24 cottages of concrete, with concrete stairways and composite floors, at \$1,750 per cottage, as compared with \$2,750 for a similar house made of brick. By the way, what has become of that alluring plan of Mr. Edison to pour concrete houses, asks New York World. New York is ready for that kind of pouring, if practicable and at reasonable rates.

The khaki is fast disappearing from the streets. Where before the soldier boys swarmed, especially toward the end of the week when they were on leave, now one is a lone mark in a crowd of civilians. With the usual American facility, the returned army is fast being absorbed into civil life, and the war will be soon over except for its scars.

It's not all chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms in Japan; Tokyo has her street car troubles, seeks a subway, and orders 200 surface cars for immediate relief; the telephone service is so crowded that departing subscribers sell their instruments through brokers; and worst of all the Japanese manufacturers of insect powder have combined.

England's ban on silk hosiery from the United States is not offensive unless it is based on vociferous coloring. Or, as one might say, "Who steals our trade steals trash, but he who pilfers our world-fame for taste takes that which not enricheth him but leaves us poor indeed."

That Washington employee of the treasury who planted \$65,000 in gold currency in his back yard seems to have taken too literally the advice to center all possible effort in the victory gardens this year. Secret service agents dug what he had sown.

The London clergyman who predicts the end of the world by January 1, 1920, will confer a great favor upon coal consumers by arranging, if possible, to have it take place before cold weather sets in.

Switzerland is marking up the rent of chalets equipped with secret subterranean chambers for fugitive emperors, field marshals, doktoradmirals, staatssekretars and other Huns who can't wait for the League of Nations.

One report says that people in Berlin are going barefooted. Another says that five or six million dollars a night is lost and won in gambling there. It must be the losers that go barefoot.

One way for a member of a state legislature to become momentarily conspicuous is to try to put up an eloquent plea against suffrage for women.

SCHOOL OF THRIFT.

The American people have not suffered to the extent of those in some of the countries that were parties to the war. They have not suffered as little Belgium has, nor as France, glorious France. Great Britain has encouraged and carried a heavier burden, and sustained greater losses of blood, life and treasure, than ever before in her long and eventful life as a nation. Germany has lost millions of men, heaped upon her people a burden of debt under which they must struggle throughout coming generations; that which possibly brings the keenest remorse, inexpressible contrition, is humiliation over the loss of national pride. Germany may not have repented, but has been abased. But Americans have been living and learning. Our millions of men and women have been learning lessons in the twin schools of thrift and economy, to which for many years past they had been giving little heed, says Knoxville Journal and Tribune. They have learned how to make more of their opportunities, they have learned more about saving and the avoidance of waste.

The latest suggestion toward "making over" a climate deals with that of eastern Canada, which many people think would be improved if it were made milder. R. T. Elliott, a Canadian engineer, thinks such a change could be brought about by closing Belle Isle straits. Among the results, in his opinion, would be that Montreal would become an open port during the whole year, the banks of the St. Lawrence would be in perpetual bloom of flowers and shrubbery, and, incidentally, people all the world over would long to live there. As an engineering problem there seems no reason to doubt that the straits could be closed, although at an expense which Canada might not care to assume just at this time. Whether the seasons would be so greatly changed is another matter, not conclusively settled by theoretical probabilities.

Bolshevism may be a bad road to a good end, but the end is not that first proclaimed by the proletarian dictators in the intoxication of their early successes. In fact, the goal that they now announce as their own is strangely similar to that toward which the democracies have been moving for years by a surer, better, pleasanter road, and one not beset by robbers and assassins.

No wonder the Englishman counts the American a bluffer—the Yankee billion is a thousand times smaller than the British billion. Over here it is a thousand million, over there it is a million million, "bimillion," a million raised to the second power. But the difference is really immaterial when it is considered that America is furnishing the hard cash.

The British public, according to an American author just returned from London, has adopted "up against it," "some bird" and other American slang expressions. Perhaps as one result of the war the language of Broadway will be understood in Piccadilly and Pall Mall as it already is more or less on the Paris boulevards.

A proclamation has been issued urging the Turks to massacre the Greeks, the Armenians being now no longer available, probably. The invitation is another strong argument, why the Turk in Europe should cease to exist. He is incompatible with modern civilization's safety.

A manufacturer told the ways and means committee in congress of the discovery in America since the war cut off German importations, of a glass that is practically unbreakable. This may be another reason why so few of the glasses these days have handles on them.

The war has bestowed two propulsive thoughts that will live as good morals, good ethics and good philosophy. One is, where duty beckons, "Over the top!" The other, in every task or obligation that falls to you, "Make your quota."

A Washington doctor says the disease of the lounge lizard is "larditis," and told the Medico Psychological association in Philadelphia that the victim can be cured in half an hour—or, we presume, the length of time it takes to wake him up and move the lounge.

Our philology is a little rusty, but we are convinced that the "Washoo-yoo" of Mr. Garner's male gorilla is only a simian variant of "Oh, you goo-goo."

The king and queen of Belgium will visit the United States this fall. Let's begin right now to figure out how we can show that royal couple the time of their lives.

There is no positive evidence to show whether it is the original Villa who is now operating in Mexico or some one who has taken on the firm name along with the ill will.

THE CHANGING WORLD.

Things are moving and we are going somewhere and nobody seems to know where. But the tendencies are already set at work which will bring on a climax in another generation, says Ohio State Journal. In a very few years this old world will be greatly changed and the change will come about through much anxiety and tribulation. The social situation is already beginning to be torn to tatters. Religion, education, industry, trade, society will all go into the melting pot, there to burn out all forms of selfish purpose and to change the social conflict into a common brotherhood. It doesn't look like it now. There is an awful belligerence between capital and labor, rich and poor, religious and wicked, faith and unbelief, and much of it is so intense that it may awaken bloody strife. That is not unlooked for in the age just ahead of us. Already people are beginning to show that they don't care much for one another; and there are grades of feeling and habit that are subject to clash any time. Anyone can see it who has sense enough to open his eyes. The papers are full of it; so is society, trade, education and politics. There is nothing that can save us but the grace of God, and that grace will not come when the spirit is not ready for it.

One of the courses given by the federal board for vocational education to soldiers disabled in the war that opens up a promising future is that of business management. The nature of this work is such as to require not only very special training but the possession of certain personal qualifications. This necessitates a very careful survey of the applicants for this course, in order to insure their making good. Sound judgment needed in adjusting the relationships of the workers to the work itself are essential to success. The board is supervising the training of men in this course. Physical handicaps are not necessarily hindrances to success in the business manager's job. A high-grade intelligence is the chief requisite.

It is difficult even yet to reckon the extent of the problem of re-educating the disabled soldier, but from the experience thus far gained the federal board for vocational education is convinced that the American soldier is more interested in the offered retraining than any foreign soldier has been. Perhaps this is due to the liberality of the provisions made in our country. Judging from the experience of our allies about 5 per cent of any given group of wounded men will be given retraining. That would give 10,000 men to be retrained out of the 200,000 wounded, but the board estimates an even larger percentage among American soldiers, as it anticipates that there will be 15,000 or even 20,000 men who will ask for re-education and placement.

Now that the Atlantic ocean has been hopped there doesn't seem to be much more that can be expected in the way of scientific triumphs until someone invents a full-dress shirt that won't explode just at the moment when the wearer is trying his best to appear important.

Strikes that tie up the necessities of ordinary daily life are not going to win popular support. Life is strenuous enough just now, as it is. To add to its burdens and discomforts is simply going to add to the general public wrath.

The appalling rise in cost of food in Paris, months after the war is over, is giving the people over there, as are conditions slightly similar over here, a very interesting and puzzling problem regarding the relationship of cause and effect.

The yeomanettes will soon be but a beautiful memory. And it will remain more or less a secret how homes will be improved by the military discipline so many feminine members of the military and naval forces underwent during the war.

It is but natural for energetic and resourceful America to take it for granted that if the old Monroe doctrine happens to be lost or mislaid it will be an easy matter to make a new one.

One of the advantages of being a mere doughboy instead of a general is that if you're a doughboy you need not be ashamed to admit you are homesick.

If some of the girls seem to be a bit stoop shouldered, they may be loaded down with a string of new-fangled beads.

Former members of Austrian royalty, reaching Switzerland, were hissed. Only a few years ago they might have been yodeled.

This deep silence means that the former American bolsheviks are thinking up alibis.

WILL DEVELOP CLAY FIELDS

Company With Large Capital Formed to Control Product Found in Two English Counties.

The fact that an amalgamation with a capital of \$10,000,000 has been formed to control the richest and best clay fields in Devon and Cornwall, where alone china-clay exists in Great Britain, recalls the story of one of the most interesting and historic industries in the country.

China-clay is the fine, white clay used in making the porcelain articles we are handling every day. Its great virtue lies in the fact that it is of a pure, or nearly pure, white, both before and after being fired, making it of great value in the manufacture of porcelain. It is also used to a great extent by papermakers, and in less quantity in the making of some chemical products.

Technically, china-clay is known as kaolin, derived from Kaoling—"high ridge"—the name of hills in China where the clay was first discovered and used in the manufacture of porcelain. Jesuit missionaries introduced it to Europe, and in the middle of the eighteenth century the clay was discovered in Cornwall and later in Devonshire.

The total output represents nearly half a million tons per annum. Kaolin, by the way, is also found in France and America.

LITERAL



Clara—I suppose the brightest moment in your life was when Jack proposed.
Corie—Brightest? There wasn't a particle of light in the room.—Pearson's Weekly.

HIS DISAPPROVAL

"I hain't got no use for gents that abuse their wives," virtuously said a citizen of Straddle Ridge. "Just about every time I manage to get enough flour and bacon and the like ahead to feed my family a couple or three days, and am feeling that I can take it easy for a spell, some feller whips his wife. Yur she comes over to my house with the children, and they stay and moan and sigh and eat up everything on the place and I've got to go to work agin. I'm plumb sick and tired of it."—Kansas City Star.

DRIVING UP.

"We want you to make a speech at our dry banquet."
"Please excuse me."
"Why, you were always available before."
"I know, but since things went dry I've lost the idea that I could make a speech."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WOULDN'T STAND IT.

Free Verse Writer—Ah, father, poets are born, not made.
Father (angrily)—See here, son! Write all that darn rot ya want, but don't you go blamin' mother an' me for it. We won't stand it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

REDNESS.

"He is what they call 'a parlor socialist,' isn't he?"
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne.
"Not a regular 'red'?"
"No. He's what I should call a pale pink, and liable to fade at that."

THE MOSQUITOES' MISSION.

Eric—Everything on earth has its mission.
Horace—How about mosquitoes?
Eric—They make us think more kindly of flies.

CRUSHED HIM.

"I'll say this for prohibition."
"What?"
"It certainly gave the bar-fly an awful swat."

AVIATORS. ANNOY BIG BIRDS

Airships Flying Across the Andes Naturally Resented by the Condors as an Intrusion.

The Andes are becoming quite blasé to crossings and the condors are understood to be highly annoyed at the constant invasion of their private residences at 15,000 feet or so of altitude. Since Jorge Newbery met the fate of the courageous pioneer there have been several successful crossings. The name of the former will always be connected with the Cordillera with the same melancholy celebrity that attaches to the death of Lord Francis Douglas and Mr. Hadow on the Matterhorn.

The most recent disturber of the wild mountain solitudes is a Chilean military aviator, Lieut. Armando Cortinez, who descended at Mendoza after leaving the military school ground of Lo Espejo, near Santiago de Chile. He broke his propeller in landing and was obliged to wait for spare parts and a mechanic.

As he went up merely to attempt an altitude flight and had no leave to cross the frontier chain, the lieutenant will be put under arrest on his return, while being given all credit for his plucky achievement. Discipline is discipline.—Buenos Aires Standard.

TOMMIES LIKE FRENCH NAMES

Have Conferred Many of Them on the Young Britishers of Both Sexes.

French Christian names for British children have become much more common in the last year. This, of course, is because of the fancy our Tommies in France have taken to some of the prettier French names. Pierre and Jules are by far the most common names in France for boys, and after them Louis, Marcel, Raoul, Lucien, Etienne and Germaine, any one of which given to the newly arrived son and heir of a British Tommy always serves to remind him of the part played in the greatest war in history.

It is a curious fact, however, that our Tommies are much more inclined to call their girl babies by French names than they are their sons. Madeleine, Marie and Yvonne are becoming quite common. Among other pretty French names for girls are Collette, Hortense, Ninon, Julienne and Celine.

This war, by the way, has peculiarly over others, and that is that the number of babies burdened with real war names, as in the Boer war, are remarkably few. In the Boer war "Buller" and "Kitchener" were very common.—Pearson's Weekly.

A CUP OF TEA.

An amusing incident occurred during the plenary session of the peace conference. The general secretary of the conference had decided, wisely no doubt, not to open the buffet to the plenipotentiaries until the end of the sitting. All was going well and the order was being rigorously carried out, when who should come in for a cup of tea but Lloyd George!

In the presence of so important a personage the barman grew weak-kneed and served the cup that cheep. Thereupon in flocked the members of the conference, highly indignant at having been refused a privilege so arbitrarily accorded to the British premier. Among the malcontents, M. Politis, the Greek foreign minister, could be heard vindicating the claims of small nations in language not purely Hellenic.

DODGING RABIES.

If you see a dog rushing straight ahead, with a fixed stare, dodge it. That animal is probably suffering from rabies. Keep well on one side or the other and he will pass harmlessly by. Cross his line of vision, however, and he will make a grab at you.

GOOD REASON.

Waiter—I'm going away for a week and get married.
Guest—Why didn't you get married during your vacation?
Waiter—Because I didn't want to spoil it.

FIRST AID.

"Alcohol ruins the health."
"Yes," answered Uncle Bill Boffletop; "but a man who gets careless with alcohol now is liable to need a lawyer worse than he does a doctor."

HIGH AND LOW EXPLOSIVES

Modern Guns Develop Both in "Work of Destruction—But Comports for Blasting.

Illustrating the differences between low and high explosives, Prof. J. Young mentions that the low explosives are substances that burn regularly in layers until consumed, the rate being only a few centimeters per second. Such materials are suitable for propellants in guns and rifles, driving forward the shells filled with more destructive compounds, and the time of combustion can be regulated for different lengths of gun by varying the size of grains or pieces of the explosive. High explosives detonate at a rate ranging from 3,000 to 10,000 meters per second. A wave of vibration set up by shock or sudden heating, or both, runs through the substance, decomposing each molecule into its elements. True detonation takes place only in definite chemical compounds, such as nitroglycerin, trinitrotoluene, and the like, but in a porous mixture with a slower burning substance, an almost instantaneous combustion is produced, this rapid action being usually called deflagration. These mixtures are of the class mostly used in blasting. They are less shattering than pure compounds, their rate of detonation being somewhat less.

ABATING SMOKES



"Have you ever tried any of those abating devices in your factory?" asked the New Yorker.
"None thing," replied the Birmingham man. "The sign stands once stop giving out cigarettes, Yankers substance."

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER

The oldest of all newspapers appears in Peking, where the Jesuits' association has passed a resolution asking their European confreres to devote more attention to Chinese affairs. The Peking Gazette, founded in A. D. 1690, was for a long time the only journal allowed to be published in China, but within the last 50 years a number of others have been established. "Ly Chao," a Chinese mandarin, in an appreciation of the journalism of his native country, says that in no other country do newspapers treated so respectfully in China, where all the children are trained to venerate anything in the shape of printed matter.—London Daily News.

NOT SO BAE.

"Just had the pleasure of being introduced to a most interesting man."
"Do you call that a pleasure?"
"Oh, yes. He's a regular bae. Why, she confided to me that abominable alimony article doesn't even make cigarette ends when posing before the camera."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ENTIRE NEW EAST.

"I see Yorkie Haman played a turn engagement in Plainville last week."
"Yapp."
"Has the same company he had last year?"
"Nope. Didn't even have same with."—Kansas City Journal.

THE MUFFINER.

"Ah! she's right. My honey, I've suffered from muffins."
"And don't you take anything from it?" her friend asked. "You're healthy enough."
"Oh," she replied, "my husband has it—not I."—London Tit-Bits.

MILED BY HIS WIFE.

Jones—I know now that my wife led to me before we were engaged.
Brown—What do you mean?
Jones—When I asked her to marry me she said she was engaged to a doctor.