

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighths inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

QUEER STORIES

A baby born amid the floods at Alfortville, Paris, has been named Moses.

Attached to a tombstone in a Harlesden (England) undertaker's shop is a card which reads: "You may telephone from here."

A cent's worth of electricity, at the average price in this country, will raise ten tons twelve feet high with a crane in less than a minute.

No coal is mined in this country lower than a depth of 2,200 feet, while several English mines penetrate 3,500 feet down, and there are mines in Belgium four thousand feet deep. Eight-inch seams of coal are mined commercially abroad, while few veins less than fourteen inches thick are worked in this country.

A woman who likes to have flowers in her window but finds it impracticable to do so in the city has artificial ones painted on the glass. The windows are high up above the street and the flowers are in bright colors to enable them to be seen more easily. The apartment house in which the woman lives is on Broadway, and the effect of the art is very striking.—New York Sun.

Montreal is said to be in a bad sanitary condition. The water supply has been condemned in parliament, and the method of sewage disposal is far from satisfactory. A medical member of parliament declares that the Montreal water furnished on the cars of the Intercolonial railway, where alcoholic drinks are not allowed, is a distinctly dangerous beverage, containing "disease and death." Typhoid fever is prevalent in the city.

The number of automobiles owned by farmers is growing rapidly. Out of ten thousand autos in Iowa, five thousand are owned by farmers. Kansas farmers spent \$3,200,000 for automobiles during 1909, and \$2,750,000 in 1908. In one Nebraska town of eight hundred population, forty autos were sold last year to farmers near the town and retired farmers in the town. Careful estimate of the number of automobiles owned by farmers in the entire United States is 76,000.

Corn grows in 120 days from its planting time. Out in the great corn belt, during 1909, the corn farmers made the ground give up to them \$15,000,000 every day of those 120. In other words, every day from the time the corn farmers put the seed in the ground, \$15,000,000 were poured into their laps until a grand total of \$1,720,000,000 was rolled up! All the gold and silver in the whole United States to-day isn't equal to this corn crop of last year.—Travel Magazine.

No Force Required.

Capt. Pritchard has inherited all the quiet humor of the Celt. He was asked one day how he would make passengers obey the regulation order that, after midnight, none but members of the crew should be on deck.

"I should politely remind them that it was time to turn in," he said.

"And suppose they refused," persisted the questioner, "would you use force to compel them to retire?"

"Use force to gentlemen who merely wish to enjoy a fine night!" exclaimed the commander. "Never! I would merely give an order, 'Bo's'n, clean decks.'"—M. A. P.

When a woman goes to call upon another woman, the latter thinks she is bound, by courtesy, to tell her visitor some gossip before she leaves.

THE MAN AT THE PLOW HANDLES.



Just a thought in recognition of a fellow who seldom gets into the newspapers. He doesn't make much news. He knows mighty little about the "city ways" of making money. He has a fine liking for clean financial methods and a hearty scorn for all that is crooked. Perhaps it is his manner of living that makes him want to be honest. Let that man see a problem play, one of those things that serve to satisfy the jaded appetites of metropolitan people, and you'll find a splash of red on his tanned cheek and he will wonder how it is possible for women to be present. Tell him about bribery and stock jobbing and franchise stealing and a few of the thousand forms of gouging the public, and you will jar his faith in the natural goodness of humanity.

In the spring this type of good American citizen is following a plow. It is hard work. It puts a big ache in the neck and callouses on the hands. It destroys the complexion. It calls for brown overalls and perspiration. The man is happy in his work. He whistles as he trudges along in the furrow. He clucks to the horses, and finds joy in the freedom of his life. He doesn't go into raptures over green fields and singing brooks and songs of birds. They are a part of his environment. They are routine, but he loves them just the same.

He has an enormous burden on his broad shoulders. He feeds the world. He is the brother of life itself. He toils long hours. His primary object in working is his own welfare. But he feeds the world. He makes existence possible. He is the head of the procession in which are marching the doctor, the lawyer, the banker, the idler. He is the fountainhead of wealth and prosperity. He is the creditor of humanity. It is well to remember with gratefulness this man in overalls, who follows the plow and whistles as the brown earth reveals its richness and prepares to bring forth the fruits of the field.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A cent's worth of electricity, at the average price in this country, will raise ten tons twelve feet high with a crane in less than a minute.

A French chemist has advanced the theory that the odors from vegetation disseminated through the air diminish the actinic powers of the solar radiations sufficiently to affect photography.

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In a paper read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers at Manchester, England, recently, the maximum output of the five power-stations at Niagara Falls was stated at 320,000 horse-power, distributed over a distance of 150 miles. This distance will soon be increased to 250 miles, and then, said the authors of the paper, such a system of distribution will be in operation as would, if it were installed in England, supply the whole country with the electrical energy it required, from one central station.

Recent experiments by Dr. W. von Oechelhauser, in Germany, have resulted in the production from the decomposition of ordinary coal-gas in a vertical retort of a gas possessing a lifting power of about one kilogram (two and one-fifth pounds) per cubic meter. The lifting power of lighting-gas has been calculated at seven-tenths of a kilogram per cubic meter. Compared with hydrogen, the new gas has a lifting power of in the proportion of 1,000 to 1,050. A balloon of 1,000 cubic meters filled with the new gas would lift 660 pounds more than the same balloon filled with ordinary gas.

The effect of chemistry on civilization, says Dr. Maximilian Toch, has been greater than that of any other science. "Engineering made but little progress until steel and cement, two chemical products, were cheapened, simplified, and made universal." Medicine owes to chemistry the discovery of synthetic drugs, and of anesthetics, and the progress that has been made in the study of metabolism. The twentieth century promises even to outstrip the nineteenth in chemical progress, which will lie in the direction of controlling foodstuffs, applying the raw materials in the earth, and refining of metals.

Practically all the important infirmaries and hospitals in England have their own electric generating stations, and the size of the installations, says the London Times, would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with unusual care,

owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a public supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on account of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, telephoning and other purposes, and many hospitals have laundries operated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

A Nice Calculation.

Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be sold for two popular concerts. They wanted tickets for both nights, but alas! those for the second evening were all gone. This was the more popular entertainment of the two.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We did want to go, didn't we, and we wanted to go both nights."

"You couldn't give us two tickets for each night?" inquired the other, of the clerk.

"No, ma'am."

"You haven't two seats anywhere for the second night?"

"No, ma'am. Couldn't give you nose-room."

A great resolution beamed upon her gentle face.

"Then," said she firmly, "give me four tickets for the first night. We will make them do."

"Why, sister," quavered the other, "are you going to invite somebody?"

"No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights—" She paused, bewildered, quite out of her calculation. Then a happy thought struck her, and she added, "We'll go twice the first night."

Turned Round.

It was the first time Bobby had ever been away from home without his mother, and he had gone with some reluctance to visit his city cousins. At the end of three days, instead of the expected week, he returned to his family, accompanied by a letter which stated that the little fellow was so homesick they were really afraid to keep him longer.

"What made you homesick, Bobby?" asked his mother at the confidential bedtime hour.

"I wasn't," zactly," said Bobby, "but the sun sets in the wrong place there, mother, over in the east, by our barn, and it scared me so I thought I'd better come home and see if everything was right here—and 'tis!"

New York theater managers estimate that the nightly attendance at the city's places of amusement is 2,600 more than it was one year ago.

Why is it that married women never wear as much false hair as unmarried women?

The stuff used to kill a smell is usually worse than the smell.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Andrew Carnegie was on board a ferryboat at Norfolk on the day the President visited that port. Something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass and said: "I guess it must be attracted by that steel magnet over there."

Mr. Kajones, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee. "Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly. "George is my holding company—that's all."

Recently a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners: "This is Whistler's mother."

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building. When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind it. He sent for Dan and inquired: "Where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That old thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells with keen enjoyment of the experience of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient, and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him again if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine. "But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician. "But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."

Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen in suburban Philadelphia. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse from the vicinity of which it had emerged. A woman opened the door. "I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now I am quite willing to pay whatever the value—" But she checked him with this joyous exclamation: "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir; thank you."

THE COMET HUNTER.

His Emotions When He Finds a New Wanderer in Space.

The process of comet hunting is perhaps the most fascinating branch of practical astronomy. If there still lives among us moderns one only survivor of the traditional astronomer, one patient, expectant lover of the skies, seek him among the comet hunters, for to-day, as of old, you will find him perched on some tower scanning the heavens from dusk to dawn, sleepless, almost hopeless of success, yet ever supported by the thought that perhaps he, too, may add his chapter to the story celestial. Let us follow him at his work. Suddenly he sights a faint patch of hazy light, is for an instant uncertain, yet trusts that his eye deceives him not. Another minute and a larger telescope has made him sure. It is there. He hurries to his library and consults Herschel's catalogue of known nebulae. He finds the place in the book; down the page runs his eager finger. There is nothing recorded at that exact spot on the sky. It must be a comet. Yet even Herschel's careful scrutiny was not so very infrequently at fault. As yet there is no certainty. He must apply the final test.

The larger telescope is now brought into play. If this is truly a comet it must be following some appointed orbit in space. It must be changing its position with reference to the stars. Probably half an hour will serve to settle the question to an experienced eye. The minutes pass. Is there motion or is there not? He thinks there is. Now he is almost sure there is. Yes. No man could remain impassive. His pipe goes out; he forgets to smoke. Another quarter hour makes assurance doubly sure. Success is his.

But now he is seized with a new fear. Is he the first or has some other anticipated the discovery? There is another tireless comet hunter who lives in Vienna. Perhaps even now word is on the telegraphic cables.

There is need of haste. The astronomer runs to the telephone, calls long distance and asks for the Harvard college observatory, which is the central distributing station for announcing new discoveries. They tell him calmly that they have heard nothing; that the discovery will be at once verified and made known by cable and telegram in every observatory throughout the world before morning. Our astronomer goes to shut up his telescopes. He will work no more to-night, but he sways a little as he crosses the room.—Prof. Harold Jacoby in Harper's Weekly.

THE WORK CURE.

The famous Harvard geologist, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who died about four years ago, was a man of singularly wide range and vivacity of conversation. In a single hour, says a correspondent of the New York Nation, he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of the fossil Coniferae, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him, and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not overbusy. "No," he replied. "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home, and ever since I've been trying to work it off."

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion—apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity.

After a moment's thought, the professor said, in substance: "Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners. Possibly you'll know more about men than you do now."

The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahre.

AS TO MAKING OUR OWN SHOES.

If Price Go Much Higher We May Be Driven To This Extremity.

Shoes are apparently to be beyond the reach of most of us; luxuries that we can only hope to receive at Christmas time. The prospect causes quite a flutter of anticipation. We might adopt the silk bags worn by Tribby, or the admirably simple sandals worn by Mr. Duncan. Either of these we could make ourselves. It would be rather agreeable work of a rainy afternoon. Real sandals, too, are surely simple to contrive; the children might be started to work on these. The New York Evening Sun says there is nothing at all appalling in the possible scarcity of shoes. Our feet may become practicable appendages. We may in time be able to walk, really walk, sixty miles a day as the Japanese do. That will simplify one's summer plans. With the ability to walk, traveling becomes as easy and usual as staying at home.

At this point it is learned that the Chinese are to step in and make shoes at prices so low as to cause general consternation. Surely it does not mean that they will follow our ideas of what a shoe should be, a rather smart casing which bears no relation whatever to the shape of the human foot. They must mean that for these paltry sums they can make their own satin slippers of boatlike cut, which have the air of being most comfortable and sane. The beauty of them is undeniable. A pair of green silk ones embroidered with small black chrysanthemums and worn by a chamberman in Vancouver have been remembered admiringly by the writer for years. What if shoes should become an interesting part of the wardrobe? We might embroider our own. Chinese shoes would be followed by those curious raised rain shoes they wear, lifting one just the necessary three inches out of the mud. With our streets in their present unspeakable condition such prospects make one impatient for these desirable changes to take place at once.

For the Mother.

If a child be taught nothing else about the use of its body it should at least be taught poise in standing, walking and sitting, and correct poise is merely a matter of getting the weight on the balls of the feet and raising the chest. Even young children throw their weight on the heels, and that this eventually becomes a habit may be seen by observing men and women upon the streets.

Several Scenes.

"There will be a balcony scene in this play."

"I dare say," said the cynical manager, "and there'll probably be a scene in the gallery and parquet, too, if you ever try to put it on."

How good a yawn tastes at about 10 o'clock in the evening, just before going to bed!

When a man does not believe in an idea, he refers to it as a menace.



"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "No, she takes it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jones (at the ball, to Mrs. Catterson)—How beautifully your daughter sits out her dances.—Life.

"You used to be an awful spend-thrift." "Yep. But I ain't any longer." "Ah! Reformed?" "No—I spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

"Who was the greatest financier ever known?" "Noah; because he floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation."—Tit-Bits.

"I never dare to look down when I'm standing on a high place," said Mrs. Lapsling. "It always gives me an attack of verdigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancée to me.—Brooklyn Life.

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"How did you enjoy the musicale?" "Oh, I applauded at the wrong time, as usual. Thought the orchestra tuning up was a classical number."—Kansas City Journal.

"I want to look at some dresses suitable for automobiling," said the lady. "Yes, ma'am," replied the polite clerk; "these walking skirts are the thing."—Yonkers Statesman.

Pedestrian—How far is it to Alder-shot? Let me see. Well, as the crow flies—Footsore Tommy—Never mind 'ow the beggar flies; 'ow far is it as the beggar 'ops?—Punch.

Caller—How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stayer. Hostess—My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer, all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into the house. Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you ever find it desirable to oppose your wife?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "I always feel less likely to annoy Henrietta if I can avoid being her partner in a bridge game."—Washington Star.

"Father," said Little Rollo, "what is a happy medium?" "I suppose, my son, that it is one who can earn several hundred dollars a day by making tables and chairs move around the room."—Washington Star.

"Meg!" No answer. "Maggie!" he called softly. Complete silence. "Madge!" Not a sound. "Margaret!" Then he whistled softly before making his final effort. "Marguerite!" And a flute-like voice replied in the distance—"Yes, darling!"

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath. Physician—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—Boston Globe.

"Yes," admitted the modest young man. "I have broken off the engagement. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and I've come to the conclusion that a girl who can love an idiot like me must be wanting in both taste and intelligence!"

Father-in-Law—I suppose you are aware, Henry, that the check for \$10,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect. Groom—Oh, yes, sir! and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a question.—Boston Transcript.

Irate Woman—These photographs of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory, and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like a baboon! Photographer—Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him taken.

"I have a good position to offer a worthy college graduate. I presume you have some fine young man in your senior class?" "Sure," said the professor. "What are your requirements? Would a football player suit you, or do you prefer a mandolin expert?"—Washington Herald.

Proud "Autumn" Father—Bless me, it's really marvelous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles. The "Fed-up" Friend—Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humor.—The Sketch.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon." "That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Sunday Post.

"Well," said a traveler in the train one evening, "speaking of long lives, my dear aunt died at the age of one hundred and six." "That's nothing," said a drummer. "I had a grandmother who died at two hundred and twenty-three." "Do you want us to believe that a relation of yours died at two hundred and twenty-three? It is not only improbable, but utterly impossible," snapped the first. "Not at all. She died at two hundred and twenty-three Broad street."