

POPULAR SCIENCE

The statement that radium loses activity on heating has been tested by Dr. H. W. Schmidt, who finds that at 1300 degrees C. its effects are exactly as at ordinary temperature.

The making of false gems and the doctoring of others which are real, but slightly blemished, has become a profession, so widespread that in some countries the workers of entire towns do nothing else, says Popular Mechanics, which goes on to explain how rubies and pink topaz are manufactured.

Surrounded by an immense wall of ice 8 to 10 feet thick, a fire in a five-story building in Troy, N. Y., filled with bales of cotton waste, defied the efforts of the Fire Department to extinguish it for seventy-eight days, and on the last day took a combined force of fifteen streams of water to quench the flames.

Plans have often been made, says Cassier's Magazine, to develop the power of the tides, but in most cases these have failed of commercial success. Now however, a project is well advanced to harness the power of the tides on the coast of Maine. A company has bonded land on either side of Back Bay, in Portland, where it is anticipated a tidal power plant will be located capable of developing at least 25,000 horse-power, or enough to run all the electric cars, lights and engines in the city.

The third report of the gas-engine research committee of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in London records some experiments which are regarded as showing that the highest economy is obtained with comparatively low maximum temperature. The implication is that gas engines should be subjected not only to lower pressures, but to lower temperatures. Thus, it is said, many difficulties that arise in large engines where charges of rich gas are used might be avoided, and the maximum pressure kept down to quite reasonable limits. If constructed to work only with moderate pressures and temperatures, the whole of the working parts might be very much lightened.

Osmosis is the passage of a liquid, or a gas, through a membrane. Sometimes medicines are administered in this way. But how far we are from understanding the details of this subject as related to the human body is indicated by some recent experiments of Prof. Louis Kahlenberg. All attempts to introduce lithium salts into the system by absorption through the skin have failed, and yet the same salts make their way readily through the mucous membrane. When the feet are soaked in a solution of hydrochloric, or sulphuric, acid, an alkaline reaction quickly takes place internally. But citric acid refuses to act the same way, although both of these acids have a similar effect when taken through the digestive tract. Sulphuric acid, then, has quite a different physiological effect when it enters through the skin instead of through the mouth. Living membranes act differently with regard to osmosis from dead ones, and the same membranes which behave alike with regard to some substances behave very differently from one another with regard to other substances.

Her Face Spoke for Itself.



"Yes, my dear, though you'd never suspect it, I used to be a reigning belle."

"And why did you abdicate?"

"That is a strange question to ask me to my face."

A New Profession.

It is said that a boy has been placed in a chimpanzee's cage in the Copenhagen zoo, in order to entertain that society loving animal.

This mission of being a Little Brother to the Monkey Tribe is not one that would appeal to many boys.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Even Solomon, with all his wisdom, never succeeded in handing friendly advice to a woman.

Race horses and watches should go for all they are worth.

A TRICK OF MEMORY.

Memory is one of the most useful and least trustworthy of our faculties. "I mind it weel, but I hae ma doots o' ma mind!" said a canny Scotchman in the witness box. A wholesome charity for the mistakes of others was learned by a certain woman from her own experience. She was about to cross the continent for a three months' visit. On the day of her departure she went to the safety deposit vault where she kept her valuables, and said to the manager that she wanted to take her box, with its contents, to her lawyer's office for an hour. Could he arrange that for her? The manager assented, and wrapped the box in a newspaper, that it might make an inconspicuous bundle.

The day passed and the woman did not return. The next morning, inquiry revealed the fact that she had gone on her journey. The manager was curious enough to ask her lawyer if he knew anything about the box.

"She left here intending to take it directly to you," said the lawyer.

That was enough to justify a telegram, as soon as the woman had reached her destination, six days later. Telegram: "Where did you put your safety deposit box?" Answer: "In the vault where it belonged." Telegram: "It is not there. Return at once."

Another week passed in wretched suspense for everyone concerned. When the woman arrived, she was in a state of nervous rage, and ready to accuse the officials of every crime in the calendar. She declared she had driven straight from her lawyer to the vault. The manager had himself let her in, and talked with her. Her story was complete in all its details. But the

glowed in the deep blue of each fragrant messenger. But, gracious alive who wants to be that nowadays?

"Violets? Dear me! Don't get those," said the florist with a prescient glance like an up-to-date Sybil with a fat bank account. "They're way out of style. No one ever buys violets any more! They're too little, too modest," she pointed to a few meager bouquets that looked very modest indeed, drooping on their wilted stems.

"They're not half showy enough, not quite correct," she beamed, with definite finality, "and one might just as well be out of the world as out of the style, you know. Of course they're sweet and pretty and fragrant, and all that," she said, giving them a vigorous shake, as though they needed a course in gymnastics. "But who wants anything like that, indeed?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes some men, the old-fashioned kind, that wear silk hats and say 'thank you,' occasionally buy them, and then, too, when a girl is in mourning and can't wear anything else, there is a slight demand, but to send violets to a girl!"—she held up her hands in horror.

"Why, I am sure she'd give them to the cook."

"Well, what do they like?" I asked.

For answer I was treated to a glance that would have been a credit to an emigrant inspector.

"Like?" echoed sharp-eyed Sybil. "Why, anything that stands out, shows off; lets everybody know that you're wearing them, speaks for themselves; that's what they want."

She swept by a bower of roses, dusky with velvet beauty, and pointed to a great patch of gaudy orchids.

"There! there!" she exclaimed. "That's the kind that makes the hit; just look at them. There won't be one left after the ball to-night. Of course, I'll have to fall back on the roses to

FRENCH MAKE MONEY REARING ANGORA RABBITS.



COMBING THE HAIR, PICKING IT, AND PACKING FOR MARKET.

Thrifty French men and women make tidy sums of money rearing Angora rabbits, and selling their hair or fleece, which is woven into a superior quality of cloth much like silk, and is worn next the skin by those afflicted with rheumatism, who say they derive beneficial results. The better the animal is nourished and cared for, the longer, finer and thicker is the hair. The rabbits are also consumed for food. It is said that with proper care each rabbit may be made to yield a net profit of three dollars a year, and the occupation is very pleasant.

records of the deposit company did not substantiate it. That cast doubt enough on it so that it seemed worth while to look up the cabman who had driven the woman on that fateful day.

He was found. He remembered the circumstance well.

Had he any recollection of stopping anywhere else? Scratching his grizzled head, he slowly retraced the course, and then said, "Why, yes! We stopped at the bakeshop on the corner of 3d street, and you went in."

Here was the clew. A hasty visit to the bakery revealed the newspaper bundle tucked away on a high shelf, with its precious contents undisturbed. There it had stood for a fortnight, while a woman and a half-dozen men were staying awake by night and fretting by day, accusing each other of lying and stealing, all because one woman's intention got ahead of her performance and imprinted a lie on the tablets of her memory.—Youth's Companion.

NO LONGER LOVED.

Violets Purchased Only by Old-Fashioned Men Who Say "Thank You."

If a straw may show which way the wind blows, says a well-known newspaper writer, then a violet may also serve as a vane to indicate the passing zephyrs of society.

In the present vanishing of the violet, there is no better indicator of this radical change between the woman our fathers used to call "mother" as she stitched and sewed and smiled upon her little brood, supremely happy with the bouquet of violets that sometimes graced her gown, and the smart, up-to-date Mrs. B.

Formerly when flowers were distinctly emblematic, deep with esoteric meaning, there was no greater compliment than to be presented with a bunch of violets. Poets the world over, since Adam delved and Eve went violeting, have rhapsodized over the womanly significance of its quiet fragrance. From first reader ditties about the "moosey dell where the humble violets grow," to Napoleon's eloquent tribute as he plucked it as the springtime emblem of his return from Elba, and also of Josephine's devotion, everywhere from garret to throne, it has nodded its lowly head, with a success undreamed of by haughty garden beauties. Modesty, sweetness, innate gentility—these

help out, but it'll be those bright ones there," she pointed to a crimson blot staining some snow-white hyacinths in the case beyond. "You know," she confided, "I do believe some girls would wear sunflowers if they were only fashionable. Those chrysanthemums and bright flowers do make an awful hit, and as for orchids"—I followed her forefinger trying to find some mythical meaning other than a loud plea for dollars and cents. "Those, of course, are most expensive, and therefore best of all."

"Violets," she shook her head, "beautiful and fragrant and tenderly sincere, if you like, but old-fashioned, dreadfully old-fashioned, and not even to be considered, you know."

Story of a War Trophy.

Bose Garth, of Clinton, probably made the first corn sheller used in Missouri. Fifty years ago, in 1858, he devised one from water oak plank and tennypenny nails. He used it on his farm until 1861, when Price's men came through there, saw it was a good thing and took it down to Jackson's mill, where it was used to shell the corn which was ground into meal for Confederate soldiers. The old corn sheller was lost track of for a number of years by its maker, but afterward he was informed that it was being preserved at Washington among other curious trophies captured from the South.—Clinton Democrat.

Still Bitter.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?"

"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife, indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

In Guarded Tones.

Richun—Money talks, you know. Poorun—Yes, I know; but when it converses with me it never speaks above a whisper.—Illustrated Bits.

After an affecting scene at a play the men all blow their noses vigorously, and the women pat their eyes. A man's way of crying is to blow his nose.



"I understand the new magazine has a high standard." "Indeed it has. It went up yesterday."—Atlanta Constitution.

Redd—What kind of a machine have you got now? Greene—A runabout; it will run about a block, and then stop.—Yonkers Statesman.

Authoress—I'm very happy in my married life. I find my husband such a help. Friend—Indeed! Does he cook, or write?—Fleegende Blaetter.

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." "Did they?" "Did they! Six of them recognized it at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's marriet again." "Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three weddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—London Tit-Bits.

"Is your husband voracious in his appetite, madam?" "I can't say as he is, doctor. He'll eat anything and everything as long as there's anything to eat."—Baltimore American.

He—If you refuse me I shall go out and hang myself to the lamp-post in front of your house. She—Now, George, you know father said he wouldn't have you hanging around here.—Life.

"Ever seen Congress in session?" "No," replied Farmer Coboss, "but I know how it looks. I hev a hired man who kin git as busy doing nothin' as anything on earth."—Washington Herald.

Mr. Newlywed—But, my love, why are you weeping? Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John! John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has on her traveling gown.—Harper's Weekly.

"I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding." "You're looking for a husband, ma'am, not a man."—The Jewish Ledger.

Hi Tragerdy—Yes, we opened in Oshkosh. Lowe Comerdy—And what did your audience think of your "Hamlet"? Hi Tragerdy—Wey—er—he went out before I had a chance to ask him.—Philadelphia Press.

"Cheer up, old man," said the consoling friend. "You know love laughs at locksmiths." "Yes, I know," replied the dejected lover. "But her father ain't a locksmith; he's a boilermaker."—Detroit Free Press.

He—So your father thought I wanted to marry you for your money. What did you say? She—I persuaded him that you didn't, and then he said if that was the case you didn't have any sense.—The Jewish Ledger.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?" "No, mamma! I ast Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it for candy, an' he gave me permission."—Denver News.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk." "You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life I couldn't walk."—The Catholic News.

Nell—He doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl. Belle—Why, I saw him typing your shoestring. Nell—Yes; but he tied it in a double knot, so it couldn't come untied again.—Philadelphia Record.

"What you want is a stenographer who is rapid and absolutely accurate." "Well," answered Mr. Bilgins, "rapidity is all right, but as to accuracy—well, I don't want to be held down strictly to my own ideas of grammar."—Washington Star.

Miss Cutting—I see by the paper that all the swell set was at the Assembly ball last night. Miss McBluff—Yes; I expected to be there, but was prevented.—Miss Cutting—The idea! I hope the doorkeeper wasn't rough with you, dear.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Tommy—Do you believe it is fortunate to be the seventh son? Mickey—Naw! I'm the seventh son. Tommy—But the fortune tellers say the seventh son has all kinds of luck handed down to him. Mickey—Hub! All I have handed down to me is me six brothers' old clothes.—Chicago News.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel. Second Gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir. First Gentleman—And I told you that I had just got married, and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard. Second Gentleman (haughtily)—I remember, sir. First Gentleman (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight, let me know.—Human Life.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Deposits in the postal savings banks of Japan now exceed \$45,000,000.

Manchuria already receives 1,000 cable messages a day from Japan. The doubling of the cables is probable.

John Burns is said to have the best working library of any member of the English House of Parliament.

Belgium is now importing yearly about \$1,500,000 worth of automobiles, motor-cycles and bicycles. The imports have quadrupled in four years.

In the last eight years the three great iron countries have produced 310,300,000 tons of pig iron, of which over half has come out of the United States.

In the Slavonic section of the New York public library there are 8,527 volumes and a very large proportion of the Russian readers select books of social and governmental subjects.

There are now not far from 60,000 miles of railroad under block signal operation, nearly 10,000 miles of which have been added within a year and a half. All of this mileage is distributed among eighty-four different systems.

Emigration to Canada from the United States in January and February increased 61 per cent, while foreign emigrants arriving at Canadian ports decreased 26 per cent. Over 1,000 American settlers reached Saskatchewan on March 19.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has been nominated as an honorary steward of the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London. Lord Tennyson is the president of the society. Rudyard Kipling, who will preside at the dinner, has asked Mrs. Wiggin to respond to a toast.

An Eskimo will devour greedily twenty pounds of meat a day. A Russian Tartar will eat in twenty-four hours forty pounds. Captain Cochrane mentions a Tartar who consumed in that time the hind quarters of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for drink. Three of his tribe—the Yakuti—think nothing of polishing off a reindeer at a meal.—New York Press.

President Fouse, of the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company, calls attention in his annual address to the vast extent of the life insurance business in this country, by comparing it with the banking business. The 6,544 national and 11,852 State, private and savings banks and trust companies have an aggregate capital and surplus of \$3,000,000,000, and deposits of \$13,000,000,000. Ninety-three insurance companies have admitted assets of over \$3,000,000,000 and insurance in force amounting to \$14,000,000,000.

There is a possibility that the Episcopal church will soon have three brothers as members of the bishopric. The Right Reverend Dr. William Paret, bishop of Maryland, because of advancing years and failing strength, has asked his diocese to elect a coadjutor and has called a special convention to choose the priest to be elevated to the episcopate. Several clergymen have been mentioned for the honor, among them being the Rev. Dr. Arthur B. Kinsolving, rector of St. Paul's church, Baltimore, who is said to stand a good chance of election. One of Dr. Kinsolving's brothers is bishop of Texas and another is the head of the diocese of Southern Brazil.

In a recent trial a San Francisco judge made arithmetic a test of mental soundness. But if this test had been applied to certain great men they would have been declared imbeciles. Dean Stanley, for one, would have been set down as hopeless had he been judged by his incapacity to do a sum in simple addition or multiplication. Had Keble, writer of famous hymns, depended upon his arithmetic Oxford would not long have known him. When bursar he found, to his horror, that certain accounts came out nearly \$10,000 to the bad. In vain did the learned and pious men of the college go over the figures with him. Not until an expert was summoned was it discovered that Keble, in casting up a column, had added the date of the year to the college's debts.

"I know where \$3,000,000 in cash lies concealed," said a New York lawyer. "This vast sum lies concealed in the inside vest pocket of the 30,000 automobilists of New York State. Each man carries \$100 of it in one crisp note, ready to be paid out in a fine, if he should be arrested for speeding. Fines, though, don't appear to stop speeding," he continued. "Perhaps the rich automobilist regards them much as the Sazian wood thief did. The thief was arrested. The magistrate said to him, 'You are brought up on the charge of stealing wood. This charge has been proved against you. But you are old and poor and you shall be let off this time. Only don't do it again.' 'Non-sense!' retorted the thief. 'Let us not have any false sentimentality here. I steal my wood, I pay my fine, and there's an end of it.'"