

Science AND Invention

The aurora borealis, as lately seen in the early afternoon by an English observer, appeared as a black arch with black streamers against a blue sky. The sun was shining brightly, and some bright white clouds were being driven rapidly in front of the aurora.

By means of a new system of printing called "callitopy," the ordinary typewriting machine can be employed for making the matrix from which printing types are cast. By special devices the difficulty of bringing the ends of the lines into vertical adjustment and of making corrections has, it is asserted, been successfully overcome.

A rise of body temperature from 98.4 degrees F.—the normal—to 107 degrees is speedily followed by death. Drs. Halliburton and Mott find that cell-globulin coagulates at the latter temperature, and they conclude that the fatal results of high fever are due to coagulation of this protoid in the cells of the nerve centers and other parts of the body.

To eye strain, usually unsuspected, Dr. George M. Gould attributes much of human misery. He finds evidence that it was indirectly responsible for the opium habit of De Quincy, caused the morbid condition and breakdowns of Carlyle, and gave Browning his headaches and vertigo. Printing books in white ink on black paper is a suggested means for lessening eye strain.

According to W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton University, there is special cruelty in the manner of killing birds in Florida for use on women's hats. The hunters take advantage of the devotion of the parent bird to their young by lying in wait near the nests, before the young birds are able to fly, knowing that their cries will bring back the parents again and again, in spite of the disturbance made by the slaughterers. With Flobert rifles the devoted birds are picked off at a distance of only ten or twelve feet.

Reptiles and amphibians are attracted to water from such distances that Dr. F. Werner, of Vienna, supposes they must be endowed with a special sense. Sight is found to be the most acute of their ordinary senses, but alligators and crocodiles see a man not more than ten times their own length, frogs see about fifteen or twenty times their own length, fishes not more than half their own length, and snakes only one-fourth or one-eighth of their own length. Most reptiles and amphibians are totally deaf. None are entirely without taste; and the snake's tongue rapidly vibrating the air, seems to feel objects without actually touching them.

Some fifteen years ago a Virginia gentleman purchased in Alexandria, Egypt, from a native who had found it in the wall of a building broken during a conflagration, what appeared to be a mass of corroded copper weighing twenty pounds. It was kept as a hearth ornament, until recently it was found to consist of about 500 Roman coins, struck in the days of the early Caesars. Professor Dunnington, of the University of Virginia, finds that the coins contain one part of silver to four of copper, but when dipped in acid a part of the copper disappears, leaving a silvery surface, which "wears" as a white metal. He believes the coins passed for silver. The mass had become encrusted with a double skin of malachite and of red oxide of copper, and remarkable changes had gone on within, although the lettering and the dates remained legible.

GETS ROYALTY FROM KIPLING.

Bright American Boy Suggested a Series of Stories to English Author.

Mr. Doubleday, who is one of the American publishers of the books of Rudyard Kipling, has a small son who is bound to make his mark in the business world. When in America Mr. Kipling was a frequent visitor at the Doubleday home and the small boy's admiration quickly grew to devotion. He watched with the most fervent interest every step of progress in a book of Mr. Kipling's as it went through the publishing house, and he had a moment of real ecstasy when he held in his hand the first finished volume. One day he came to his father with an eager, questioning face.

"Papa," he asked, "don't you believe Mr. Kipling is going to write any more children's stories, something like the 'Jungle Book,' you know?"

"Don't know, my son," answered Mr. Doubleday, "but I wish he would."

"I've been thinking of something," said the boy slowly, "and I've been writing a letter about it to Mr. Kipling. I think he could make great stories out of 'Where the Camel Got His Hump' and about 'What the Elephant Put in His Trunk,' don't you?"

"Do you mind if I send him the letter?"

"Not at all. Mr. Kipling will be delighted to hear from you."

"And now, papa, I want to make a business proposition. If Mr. Kipling should write some of these stories I have asked him to and if you should publish them and they should sell like hot cakes, would you be willing to pay me 1 per cent royalty for thinking up new plots?"

"I shall be most happy to, my boy."

"And draw up a regular contract as you do with authors?"

"Most certainly."

"And advance me 5 cents now off my royalties to mail a letter to Mr. Kipling?"

Mr. Doubleday gravely laid a nickel in the boy's hand.

The contract was drawn up that afternoon.

One month later came a cordial letter from the famous author to say that the suggestions were fine, exactly what he wanted, and that already he was at work on the first story.

Last Christmas Master Doubleday received his first check, the royalties of 1 per cent on the "Just So Stories." It amounted to \$300.

WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.

No Place in All the World So Good as Cairo to Study Them.

In no other city of the Orient has one so good an opportunity to study the women of the east as in Cairo. In this, the "smelting pot" of the Moslem races, Persians, Arabs, Turks and Greeks, together with a half dozen other races, dwell side by side, mixing with the native Egyptians. Women of all these races are on parade every afternoon on the Mousky or Mohammed-All street, the shopping street for the rich residents. All these women walk abroad heavily veiled, each one closely accompanied by a eunuch. In these afternoon promenades—for shopping is with them mainly an excuse for a sort of half-freedom—they show by their eyes, which are the only parts of their faces not hidden by their veils, that they would not be averse to a little flirtation, but the alert, scowling eunuch keeps them moving on. The masculine acquaintance of the Mohammedan woman of Cairo is limited to her husband and her attendant eunuch.

The promenade is their one glimpse of freedom. Otherwise they dream their lives away in vacuity. None of them can read. Education is not permitted to eastern women. They have no part, practically, in the Mohammedan religion, which is a man's faith. This ignorance and vacuity of life belongs to all classes, high and low. Their life is an animal one. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the women of the Orient are usually better and finer physical specimens than their men. They have nothing to do but cultivate their bodies.

The Copts are exceptions. They are Christians, and, while the men hem their women about to an extent unknown in the west, they are still free as eagles as compared to the Moslem women. Even among the Copts, however, there is a certain amount of polygamy.

If the life of the aristocratic woman is one of vacuity, that of the low caste woman is one of absolute slavery. They are made burden bearers from the age of 10 or 12. They, too, are fine animals.

I have often watched a group of these women sitting at rest along the river banks. There they sat, staring at nothing and doubtless thinking of the same thing. As is usual in Egypt, the flies were thick and venomous. I myself had to keep a small horse hair wisp busy warding them from my head and eyes. But there these women sat with the flies swarming over their eyes, their lips, their throats, and never so much as lifted a hand. A cow or horse would have lashed out vigorously, but they made no move.

"What is the use?"—that was their thought, if they thought of the matter at all—"They would only come back again."

High and low, rich and poor, their lot is one of legal slavery. Marriage is a purchase. The market price of girls has been falling steadily, until, in the lower classes, a girl without exceptional charms is a drug on the market. Fifty dollars, or even less, will purchase a good animal, sound in wind and limb. I was much amused by a talk which I held with a young Arab of fashion, a man of exceptional intelligence. He was about to be married. His father had just bought him a wife, whom he had seen for the first time. He was tremendously elated over the fact that she was a large, fine specimen of a woman, and was correspondingly grateful to his father for the liberality of the gift.

No Risk to the Dentist.

Dentist—Will you take gas?

Patient—Is there any risk?

Dentist—Not for me. You'll have to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

Tunnels Dug by Apts.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

TO WORKING GIRLS



FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—Miss JANE PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

Love.

He—You passed me without speaking to me.

She—Oh, I must have been thinking about you.—Detroit Free Press.

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Nature's Dressmaking.

Coakley—Did you ever notice that the average poet in describing a winter landscape always speaks of its "mantle of snow?"

Joakley—Naturally. The mantle of snow is the land's cape.—Stray Stories.

Quite the Proper Thing.

"Gladys," said Chumley to his manish sister, "I've done so much for you you should write me a testimonial."

"A testimonial?"

"Yes; you might say: 'Dear brother, once I was a timid, delicate girl, but since using your collars, shirts and ties I have become a new woman.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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Treats Her Like An Angel.

Ethel—She's sorry enough that she married him, I'll wager.

Mabel—The idea! How can you say that? He thinks her a perfect angel, and treats her—

Ethel—As though she really were one. He doesn't buy her anything to wear.—Tit-Bits.

For bronchial troubles try Pilo's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Rubbing It In.

Weaver—Who was the fellow who just stopped you?

Deaver—That was my old barber.

"Does he usually stop you on the street?"

"No, but he knows I'm shaving myself now, and he just wanted to gloat over me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and it is such a relief."—ATYMER L. HUNT, 1000 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



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