

DESERT OCEAN IN AFRICA

Sahara to Be Covered With Ships and Surrounded by Fertile Fields and Forests.

The project of converting the desert of Sahara into a vast inland sea, one-half the size of the Mediterranean, is again being agitated, chiefly by Prof. Gorchegov, a distinguished scientist. He believes he has worked out a satisfactory plan for the engineering work necessary, and is now urging that France add this to its other Northern Africa enterprises.

About one-fourth of the great desert is below the sea level, and by his plan of cutting a canal some 50 miles long to the north coast of Africa, the whole region would be covered with a sea from 10 to 60 fathoms deep and navigable by steamers, thus producing a flourishing traffic between French West Africa.

It is also argued that all the arid desert surrounding the desert would be rendered as fertile as Europe, and that millions of people, now leading a precarious existence, could support themselves in comfort.

Two objections are raised by other scientists. One is the possible damage which might be done to Europe by an alteration of climatic conditions on a large scale, and another the imagined possibility that the equilibrium of the earth would be affected by the displacement of so many billions of tons of water. Most savants, however, consider that such objections are exaggerated.

ARE WEDDED IN WHISPERS

Voiceless Oregon Couple Engage Clergyman Similarly Afflicted to Perform Marriage Ceremony.

The first wedding ceremony conducted in whispers, so far as is known, occurred at Vancouver, Wash., when a Portland dentist married a pretty young woman from that city, the wedding taking place at the home of Rev. Walter I. Eck, of St. Paul's English Lutheran church.

Mr. Eck was at the church, when two stylishly gowned young women appeared and informed him that his services would be necessary for the happiness of Miss Martha Frances Owens, who was to become the bride of Dr. Hugh Charles Smith, both of Portland. The witness was Miss Fay Forrest Gibson, also of Portland.

Two weeks ago, when ending a prayer in church, Rev. Mr. Eck suddenly lost his power of speech, and since then he has conversed in whispers.

Trying to recover his voice in vain, he whispered: "I can't talk; all I can do is whisper."

Touched by sympathy, the determined bride-to-be whispered back: "That will be all right. Just so long as it is quiet we don't care. We came over here to have a quiet wedding and you will do fine."

Going to the pastor, the two to be married answered in whispers the whispered questions asked by the voiceless pastor.

Queer Burial Customs.

The attempt made by thieves to plunder the grave of a famous Parisian actress reminds a writer in the Journal des Debats that the ancient custom of depositing valuables in tombs still prevails in France. But it is not only jewels and the like that are buried with the dead.

A few years ago it was the custom in La Vendee to put a polished stone within reach of the corpse. This was supposed to guide the dead on their new journey. In the district of Dinan a piece of consecrated bread was used for the same purpose. The people of the Bordeaux district place in the coffin a sprig of myrtle blessed at Easter. This is considered to insure entry into paradise.

On the borders of Brittany and Poitou a little pebble is placed on the tongue of the deceased. Without this it is thought he might plead his cause before the great tribunal with such volubility as would insure his condemnation without appeal.

Women Students in Berlin.

The educational statistics of Berlin show that the number of women students is increasing there. The theological department alone shows a falling off, there being only one woman registered, while there were several last year. Besides the 238 women who attend lectures without matriculation, there are 12 women in the school of jurisprudence, 173 medical students and 659 in the department of philosophy. There are in all about 1,115 women students, of whom the majority are in the philology and history departments. The record shows that many of the important professors have student daughters and that these do not, as a rule, aim to perfect themselves in the branches taught by their fathers. Among the representatives of the official class is the daughter of Dr. Reickes, mayor of Berlin, who has matriculated in the department for the study of German.

Getting the Value of Coal.

The scientific method of buying coal, not by weight, but by thermal value, is likely to be adopted by the St. Paul city government. The "B. T. U." system, it is called, the initials standing for British thermal units. The school board estimates that it will save six per cent, or \$2,600, on 9,000 tons, the year's consumption. Many railroads are buying their coal, not for what it weighs, but for what it can do.—Springfield Republican.

THINGS WE'RE ASHAMED OF

Why is It That Women Always Seem to Have Something to Apologize For?

Isn't it queer the sort of things we are ashamed of? queries a western woman writer. How often do we hear people apologizing profusely because they happen to live in an unfashionable part of town. They will explain and explain ad nauseam how they came to be living in that house and how very awkward it is having that class of neighbors.

I have come to the conclusion it is little short of a crime not to live in the fashionable part of the city.

And then relations. Everybody seems to be ashamed of at least one relation. In most cases the only ones they are proud of are dead ones, a long time dead, and very remote relations at that. But the living relations always seem to be a cause of shame—they never will live in the right districts, build the right kind of house, bring up their children stylishly or indulge in the right kind of trade. Female relations will insist upon marrying undesirable husbands, and male relations always manage to acquire vulgar or dowdy wives.

One stylish lady is wont to sigh elegantly as she murmurs "poor dear George—peculiar wife, you know; I've tried, but I really can't include them in my social affairs, you know."

But of all the shameful shame producers the behavior of our babies is the shamiest.

Our babies always will dirty their pinnies, ask for candy, wipe jammy fingers on the visitor's coat, demand attention persistently and vociferously, knock over the tea cups, spread the cake crumbs all over the best carpet and perpetrate all the other hundred and one misdemeanors that the dear lambs are heir to. They all do it sometimes and they all do it always on the days we earnestly yearn for them to make a good impression.

So why are we ashamed of them for being normal? Why do we all explain at great length how Tommy never behaves like this on ordinary occasions and why do we persist in being mortified so poignantly?—Exchange.

HILL WANTED FAIR CHANCE

Wouldn't Race Train With Boat If Craft Was Going to Stick to River.

One day, the story runs, when Jim Hill was going in the railroad business and the Great Northern was not the fine system it is today, he was met in St. Paul by the head of a big steamboat company doing business on the Great Lakes.

"Jim," said the steamboat man, "I'll match one of my boats against one of your trains in a fair race for \$1,000 a side."

Mr. Hill hesitated. "I don't know," said he, "some of your boats are pretty fast."

"I'll race you upstream," added the steamboat man, as a further inducement.

"Oh!" exclaimed the other in a disgusted tone, "if you're going to stick to the river then you might as well give up the notion of any race. I thought you meant you'd bring your boat out on the prairie alongside the track and give me some show."

Protestantism in France.

According to an article in the Revue the number of Protestants in France is decreasing. They now number 700,000. The Lutherans, who numbered more than a quarter of a million in 1870, can now boast of a membership of only 80,000 in France. The Calvinists are the most numerous sect left, numbering over half a million. But they are losing ground. At the same time the political influence of the French Protestants is out of all proportion to their numbers. This the writer attributes to their superior system of education, and above all to their great wealth. Their wealth has, however, tended to sap their exclusiveness. They now pay less attention to their religion, and the result is, says the writer in the Revue, that Protestantism in France will in the near future be a thing of the past. This is a rather bold conclusion, and it would be interesting to know if this alleged decrease in the Huguenots is correct.—Westminster Gazette.

Herring on Maine Coast.

It is now fully evident that no more herring will be caught on the Maine coast until spring. There have been practically none landed within the last three weeks, but the recent snow will stop any that might be along this way.

It is a singular fact, but the herring are not found after there has been a good fall of snow. It is reasoned that the snow causes the feed to sink and so the small fish do not show themselves on the surface after it has fallen into the water.—Portland Press.

In Deep Mourning.

Patron—Walter, what is the matter with this establishment? This steak is burned black!
Walter—Yes, done. Mark or respect, sah. Our chef done died yesterday!—Puck.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

"He married the girl he first saw drying her hair in the back yard."
"Love at first sight, eh?"
"Not much." He never knew it was the same girl.—Judge's Library

WAS BEATEN BY 'SCATTERING'

Candidate for Office in Mississippi Loses to Fellow Trotted Out at Last Minute.

"One of the most amusing election stories I ever heard comes from Mississippi in the days just succeeding the Civil war," said F. A. Herold of Newark, Del., at the Raleigh. "It was one of the favorite stories of the late L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, who was one of the best story tellers of his day."

"Senator Beck of Kentucky, himself of no mean capacity in that line, pronounced Lamar the best story teller he ever knew. The story is this: In one of the small towns of that state lived a man with a chronic desire to hold office. Any office would do for him. He had been a candidate for office many times, but had always been defeated. Finally an opportunity arose for him, so it was thought. An office was to be filled by election, for which there was no announced candidate except this man. Under the constitution of the state a majority of all the votes cast was required to elect."

"On the evening of the election every one expected, of course, that this man would be elected. His friends were congratulating him that at last he had secured an office, and were jollifying over the event. It was suggested to him that he go over to the polls and ascertain what the vote was. He did so, but remained quite a while. When he returned in a crestfallen spirit, his friends asked him what the result was. He was silent for a moment, and then said that he had not been elected."

"How is that?" they asked. "There was no other candidate against you." "That's what I thought," he replied; "but at the last minute they trotted out a fellow named 'Scattering,' and he beat me to death. I won't run any more."—Washington Post.

PIGEONS FALL FROM GRACE

Drunken Orgy of Feathered Tribe Results From Accident to a Keg of Rum.

A heavy truck loaded with kegs of liquor was jolting across a line of car tracks when one of the kegs toppled and fell from the top of the pile into the street. It was thoroughly smashed, so the truckman whipped up his team and went his way with stopping. The rum flowed out over the street—one little dent in the paving collecting a visible puddle of it.

In a few minutes a pigeon came fluttering down to drink at the pool thus fortunately provided for thirsty birds. The initial taste was a surprise, but a second and a third soon followed and soon the pigeon tottered fluttering away, too overcome to fly. Other birds, seeing him there and anxious to wet their parching throats, followed their brother in his path of wicked intemperance.

Five minutes later a passerby was astonished to see a dozen pigeons in the gutter of the otherwise deserted street, some dancing drunkenly, others already sound asleep. A few feet away a hound of disreputable appearance was creeping up, slowly and a trifle unsteady, on his unsuspecting and bibulous quarry. As he was almost among the birds his feet went suddenly in several directions and he lay in the gutter among the pigeons, growing sleepily to himself, for he, too, was drunk.

American Girl Supreme.

The women seen in the German restaurants, while better groomed and better looking than the average English women, do not look anything like as chic as they do in America. Their clothes do not fit as well, and they seem to not possess the air of confidence or the vivacity and merriment of the American women—they appear to not be sure of themselves, not wholly accustomed to the new life. This contrast is very noticeable in Berlin, and much more so in other German cities. This is why a pretty up-to-date New York or Chicago girl never fails to become the center of attraction in Germany, and immediately she enters a restaurant she is the cynosure of all eyes.—National Food Magazine.

Dazed by Skyscrapers.

"Over in Europe they are rather dazed about American skyscrapers just now," said the woman who spent last summer in Denmark. "At least some of them are. When we began putting up those tall buildings Europeans made fun of us and predicted disasters.—We were sensitive about their ridicule at times, because we were not sure of the value of the experiment ourselves, but as we have gained confidence and soar recklessly from one gigantic, heaven-piercing structure to another still more daring, Europeans simply hold their breath as they look at our postcards and other pictures, which give them a faint idea of downtown New York."

Reform Movement.

Mrs. Benham—When we women get to running the government we'll do a thing or two.
Benham—Such as what?
Mrs. Benham—We'll make a man take out a hunter's license before he can look for a collar button, and in his application he will have to certify that he doesn't swear.

Without a Break.

"This wireless is a great thing."
"Yes, indeed. Now an actress going to Europe can quarrel with her manager all the way across."

TO MAKE CAMEMBERT CHEESE

Experiments Conducted by Agricultural Department in Attempt to Produce Equivalent.

For several years there have been conducted, under suggestions afforded by the department of agriculture, various experiments in this country, with a view to the manufacturing of an equivalent of the famous Camembert cheese.

In the production of this cheese much depends on two species of microscopic fungi or molds known to scientists as Penicillium camemberti and Oldium lactis. Both species have been artificially propagated and furnished to the experiment stations.

The manufacture of the cheese begins with fresh whole milk heated to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Later on the cheeses are inoculated with cultures of these molds.

The cheeses are shaped in galvanized iron hoops, and afterward treated with salt rubbed on the outside. They are then transferred to the first ripening room, the air of which must be quite saturated with moisture, and maintained at a temperature of from 60 to 62 degrees. From this time on they are treated daily. During the second week they are wrapped in tin-foil or parchment paper, after which they are sent to the second ripening room, the temperature of which is slightly lower than that of the first room. In the second room the cheeses remain one or two weeks, when they reach the best condition for consumption.—Harper's Weekly.

ERYOPS LIVED AEONS AGO

Specialized Member of Ancient Amphibians Found in the Wichita Basin in Texas.

A primitive amphibian, a specimen of the eryops, which roamed through the great coal swamps millions of years ago, has been placed on exhibition in a glass case in the hall of fossil reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It was found in the Wichita Basin, Texas, and has been prepared by A. Hermann of the museum staff.

According to the scientists, the eryops is a comparatively large and specialized member of the ancient amphibians, and skeletons of the reptile have been found in the upper beds of the coal formation of Pennsylvania, but more abundant traces of the specimens have been found in the red shales which overlie the coal regions of Texas.

This type of animal once lorded it over the denizens of forests and morasses of the coal period, a sort of gigantic tadpole, with wide flat head, no neck and a heavy fattened tail.

The eryops is the largest and best known of the Permian amphibians in America. It lived before the advent of the mammoth or mastodon.

Just a Man!

In the long line of cabs and automobiles in front of a big New York hotel was one car around which a few idlers had gathered. Something was wrong. Prone upon the ground lay an animal of some kind. A dear old lady happened along. She saw the little knot of people and put up her glasses to observe the cause. Then she saw the brown fur of the thing on the icy asphalt.

"Poor creature, poor creature!" said she aloud in her compassion. "Is its leg broken?" She pushed close to the prostrate figure in the brown fur. It moved. The dear old lady took a closer look. Then she made a sound approximating a ladylike snort. It was the chauffeur of one of the taxicabs, clad in his brown fuzzy coat, in the usual attitude of fatness, tinkering the under part of his machine with a monkey wrench.

The dear old lady, all her sympathy curdled, hurried on.

Big Bags of British Hunters.

The shooting in Great Britain for 1911 is over as far as grouse are concerned. The heaviest one-day bag obtained in Scotland was that of Lord Dalkeith and his party on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roanfield moor, in Roxburghshire, when eight guns killed 2,523 birds.

In England the best one-day bag was that of the Duc de Luynes and five other guns on Lord Strathmore's Wemmertill moors in the Upper Lunedale district of Durham; 1,599 birds were killed during four drives in stormy weather.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Upper Wharfedale moors in Yorkshire 14,918 birds were killed in twenty-two days, all by driving, and there were usually nine guns out. The best bag was obtained on August 18th, when the King was included in the party, and nine guns killed 1,580 birds on the Barden and Rylstone moors.

Self-Denial.

Dan Reed, the head coach of the Cornell football team, was talking at a banquet at an Ithaca hotel about a football failure.

"He'd have been a good man," said Reed, "but he wouldn't train. It wasn't in him to train. In fact, the only kind of self-denial he was ever known to practice was to look out of his study window at his 'frat' house and tell the duns he was not at home."

Perfectly Lovely.

Mrs. Benham—It will be a great thing when women vote and hold office.
Benham—Yes; it will be perfectly lovely if a man runs against his mother-in-law, and she beats him.

PANG TRIPLETS BROUGHT

Ohio Man Bemoaning Because Infant Has a Tooth—Means Another Mouth to Feed.

Sympathy of all the fond papas in this city went out to Arthur Vander-sall of Akron, Ohio, whose wife presented triplets to him, one of whom had a perfectly formed tooth. They were able to appreciate his great sorrow in being deprived later of the chance to say "Baby's got a tooth," an announcement invariably followed by an individual celebration on the part of the proud parent. To be robbed of the opportunity of making the speech which every married man rehearses for weeks seemed too much for one man to bear, and many of the local dealers in coohee-coohee-coo talk sent messages of condolence to him.

"It's a hard blow," said one young man, who was around collecting liquid samples by way of celebrating the arrival of his baby's first task. "The fact that he has two more chances to make the speech will help alleviate his grief, but just think of the bun he could have organized if all three broke into the ivory game at the same time. I've been expecting my baby's tooth for weeks, and in order that I might be in proper shape to do it justice I have been dieting on salt pork."

"Aside from the misfortune of being robbed of the greatest joy in a married man's life, just think of the hard luck of having a baby born with a tooth these times, with all sorts of food bringing prohibitive prices," was the way another sympathizer put it. "Yes, it's a boy, the other members of the delegation being girls. While his sisters will be content with milk for a year at least, he will have to have steak and chops from the start in order to exercise that tooth. That youngster will be demanding evening clothes before he is six months old."

"Beats all the way nature favors these Ohio babies," complained a man who hasn't any teeth. Here's a youngster arrives all ready to tackle a beefsteak dinner, while I have to be content with gruel. I've been drinking my meals for years. Bet a dollar, if you investigate, you will find that the first thing he said was 'I accept the nomination.' All Ohio babies do that."

MAKE BOOKS FOR THE BLIND

Movement to Establish a System of Uniform Type Incorporated at Washington.

Washington.—An organization known as the National Library for the Blind has been incorporated here to carry on a movement to establish a universal type for blind readers and to distribute books among them.

Literature for the blind, now published at a rate of less than 50 books a year, is made less useful to them because it is now printed in at least five different styles of type. There is now no method of circulating books for the blind.

The national library aims to have all books for blind readers printed in type which shall be universally understood and to establish traveling libraries. The library will also buy and copy sheet music for blind students and assist them in new means of livelihood by transcribing books and music for the library.

Thomas Nelson Page is president of the library and Etta Josselyn Giffin is its director. Mrs. Champ Clark is national chairman of the membership committee and Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts, president of the Congressional club, is national chairman of the publicity committee.

The library has been incorporated with 500 charter members.

TO STUDY COST OF LIVING

New York Official Introduces Plan for Creation of an International Board.

New York.—Calvin Tomkins, commissioner of docks and ferries, introduced a resolution at the Chamber of Commerce favoring an international commission on the cost of living. Among the reasons he advanced for this commission are the following:

"The questions growing out of the increasing cost of living are not merely theoretical and for the future—they are practical and confront the business and financial world of today. If they are not solved promptly the perils of business, resulting from unstable prices, wages and interest rates, will continue to increase and dissatisfaction and discontent grow until most serious consequences may result—industrially, financially and politically.

"The world is entitled to a stable purchasing power of money and wages, if such is possible. Civilization and progress depend largely upon stability and certainty. If monetary stability is impossible, the world is entitled to know by what means, if any, the evils of wide price and wage fluctuations can be lessened. "An international and scientific commission of experts should investigate the facts, study the causes and suggest possible remedies."

"Ten Years for Twenty-Cent Theft."
New York.—Maurice McGrath, of 92 Chambers street, was sentenced this afternoon by Judge O'Sullivan in general sessions to serve ten years in Sing Sing for a robbery that netted the prisoner just twenty cents. The prisoner had served several terms in prison and it was on account of his criminal record that the severe penalty was imposed.

ODD SOCIETY DANCES

Philadelphia's Elite Perform Daring Numbers at Cotillion.

Mrs. Jackson Fouraud Uses Snake—New York Entertainment Includes All Kinds of Terpaich-orian Varieties.

New York.—If elite and exclusive Philadelphia society people could have seen their two favorite cotillion leaders, Charles Gilpin and George Lee Thompson, the recently divorced husband of the beautiful Julie Phillips, escort Nance Gwyn, the actress, Titian haired and from Australia, to an entertainment given by Mrs. Jackson Fouraud a short time ago, they would have opened wide their eyes.

But if they could have seen Miss Gwyn dance the dance of the seven veils a little later they might have gotten their eyelashes tangled up with their eyebrows. Miss Gwyn's alluring figure and her startling Salome dance were both more or less revealed at a Soiree de la danse excentrique (quoted from the program) given by Mrs. Fouraud. Everybody was in masquerade costume.

Mrs. Fouraud arrayed as "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and in pearls that would clothe a baby and ransom a king, received her guests at the staircase landing. The program included La Marzuka Russe, danced by M. Agrioff and M. Maurice; the Hawaiian Kuu, danced by natives; Le Whirl, by Kathleen Clifford and Harry Plicer and La Harem slide, by the whole company.

A native Igorrote in his native costume, mostly beads, electrified the company in La Danse des Igorrotes. Mrs. Fouraud herself appeared in La Danse de Cobra, and with M. Agrioff danced Le Marlona, and Nance Gwyn did the La Tango Argentino.

But this was too much like a hymn at Christmas to suit Miss Gwyn. The company cheered her as she started her greatest dance, and veil by veil, unwound the seven veils. The last veil was just whirling in the wind of Chopin's music when Miss Gwyn espied a reporter. With a shriek she fled into the dining room.

Garbed like another Helen in the classic robes of Greece, Mrs. Fouraud delighted the company when she danced Le Marlona with M. Agrioff. A little later Mrs. Fouraud twined round her neck a twelve foot living cobra and danced and danced. Frankly the guests were afraid of the cobra, even if Mrs. Fouraud was not. They backed away from its emerald eyes and its darting freckle tongue.

But when the lady of the house patted the cobra on the head and told it to behave they drew near and asked questions.

"It's as gentle as a powder puff," exclaimed Mrs. Fouraud.

MAN 71 TO WED WOMAN 38

Professor H. F. Fisk of Northwestern University and a Former Pupil to Marry in Spring.

Evanston, Ill.—Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, member of the faculty of Northwestern university, and Miss Carie Sargent, formerly a student in one of his classes, are to be married next spring.

Dr. Fisk is 71 years old and his fiancée is 33 years his junior. The romance began several years ago, when Miss Sargent was a pupil listening daily to Dr. Fisk's lectures.

Dr. Fisk has been an instructor in Northwestern university for nearly 40 years and is one of the best known educators in the west. He is a graduate of Wesleyan university. In 1873 he became principal of the Evanston academy, which position he held until 1904, when he resigned. Since then he has been principal emeritus of the academy and professor of pedagogy in the university.

Dr. Fisk's first wife was Miss Anna Green, whom he married in 1856. They had two daughters, the elder being the wife of Prof. Charles Zuehlke and Miss Nell Fisk. Mrs. Fisk died in 1908.

Miss Sargent was a student of Dr. Fisk, first in the academy, from which she was graduated in 1891, and later in his classes in pedagogy in the university, from which she graduated in 1895. She is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa sorority. In 1897 she became a member of the faculty of the academy.

She resigned, giving as her reason that she "wished to take care of her mother during her declining years."

Father Asks Prison for Son.

New York.—Mercy will not temper the justice to be meted out to Timothy McMahon, a youthful criminal, for obtaining money on the name of his father, the father, Joseph M. McMahon, a police lieutenant, can prevent. McMahon, the younger pleaded guilty to the charge and the district attorney asked that he be sent to the Elmira reformatory rather than to state's prison, when Timothy faced the court for sentence. Then, up rose McMahon, the elder.

"I am the boy's father," he said, "and I don't agree with the district attorney that he should be given any mercy. He is a wayward, incorrigible boy and I want the court to send him to Sing Sing, where he will have plenty of time to figure out the sorrow he has occasioned me in my declining years."

The presiding justice withheld decision on the unjust request.