

HOPE FOR WOMEN OF FIFTY

Time When She Should Be Philosophical and Prepared for Wise Old Age.

There are people today asking with all appearance of sincerity what a woman of fifty or more can do. Their confining work in the home, say these philosophers, is done. A common suggestion is that they be utilized in politics. This suggestion has its comical side, Miss Tarbell declares. A person who has nothing to do after fifty years of life in a business as many-sided and demanding as that of a woman can hardly be expected to be worth much in a business as complicated and uncertain as politics and for which she had no training. The notion that the woman's business is ended at fifty or sixty is fantastic in the extreme. It only ends there if she has been blind to the meaning of her own experiences; if she has never gone below the surface of her task—never seen in it anything but physical duties; has severed some of its intimate relations to the community, none of its obligations toward those who have left her, none of those toward the oncoming generations. If it ends there she has failed to realize, too, the tremendous importance to all those who belong in her circle or who touch it of what she makes of herself, for her personal achievement.

A woman of fifty or sixty who has succeeded has come to a point of sound philosophy and serenity which is of the utmost value in the mental and spiritual development of the group to which she belongs. Life at every one of its seven stages has its peculiar harrowing experiences—hope mingled with uncertainty in youth; fear and struggle characterize early manhood; disillusionment, the question whether it is worth while, all the years from forty to fifty, but resolute grappling with each period brings one out almost inevitably into a line serene certainty which cannot but have its effect on those who are younger. Ripe old age—cheerful, unafraid, and understanding—is one of the finest influences in the world. We hang Rembrandt's or Whistler's picture of his mother on our walls that we may feel its quieting hand, the sense of peace and achievement which the picture carries. We have no better illustration of the meaning of old age.—American Magazine.

TRIUMPH OF GERMAN CHEMIST

Dr. Van Bolton Has Succeeded in Making Diamonds From Illuminating Gas.

Dr. W. Van Bolton has been trying to grow diamonds. At a recent congress of the German Natural Society he described the decomposition of illuminating gas under the action of sodium amalgam, which precipitated the carbon in the form of black coal and, it seemed, of diamonds, but these were in too small quantity to permit of analysis. Dr. Bolton determined to obtain a greater quantity by making diamonds grow on some mother substance.

The Scientific American says he placed 50 grams of 14 per cent sodium amalgam in a long testing tube, and coated the upper layer with a diluted water-soluble solution, over which he spread amorphous diamond powder. The tube was kept at a temperature of 100 degrees centigrade in a water bath, after which a slow current of moistened illuminating gas was introduced. The amalgam was allowed to give off its mercury vapor for one month, when very little black carbon had been separated, but on the layer covered with diamond powder many particles of high brilliancy were found.

The contents of the tube were boiled in a platinum crucible with a mixture of fluoric and sulphuric acids. The microscope revealed that the amorphous powder had been converted into brilliant crystals, true diamonds, still too small, however, to allow of analysis.

New Use of the Banana.

There are now in Jamaica six factories manufacturing banana tips, chips, meal and flour, said James McC. Harris of Boston, who recently returned from Jamaica. "During the seasons at which the fruit is cheapest, all of these plants are run at their maximum capacity. The methods of drying the fruit are different in different plants, though all resort, I believe, to a hot air process. It takes about 600 to 800 pounds of the fruit to manufacture 100 pounds of meal. The banana tip is as palatable as the natural tip and resembles it closely in color. It has replaced the natural tip in many markets in which it has been introduced. The chips are sold primarily for breakfast foods, being made into a porridge. Several of the manufacturers, who deal in the European markets, ship the chips to their mills in these European cities and have it ground into meal there. Print mills, the same kind used for manufacturing meal from corn, are used."

Trust Father.

"Well, what do you think of things?" Inquired father as the two drove away from the station. "This economy ain't what I expected," complained mother. "I don't believe that mountain is half as high as the booklet claimed," declared sister. "That cannot stir up to the standard," was brother's comment. "Go slow, father," commented father. "By the moon and the stars, come up to the booklet, we won't kick."

RATHER A PECULIAR HOBBY

Chief Executive of New York Said to Have a Marked Fondness for Pigs.

"Pigs to pigs" with Mayor Gaynor of New York. They are his favorite animals, on foot. Besides raising quite a number himself at his farm Deep Wells, at St. James, L. I., he always displays an interest in pigs raised by his neighbors.

He insists on them raising pigs. The piglets folk of St. James hear from him (and he uses just as sharp language in his neighborly conversation as he does in writing letters to pig catchers, etc.) and hear from him often until they annex a few "port-cups" as a side line. Several denizens of that locale admit they keep a few pigs just to keep peace in the village.

Once a boy did him a really good turn and he desired to show his appreciation of the act. Of course the boy got a pig for his reward. When the mayor goes for his jaunt through the countryside he calls on all the farmers who raise pigs. The others do not receive a visit from him.

Whenever he hears that a pig is ill, no matter if it is six miles away, he goes to see that pig. And he usually prescribes some home remedy for the animal. He has been known to walk ten miles on the hottest day to visit his hapless pig.

When the mayor visits his country place at the end of each week during the summer there is always a group of villagers on hand to greet him. As he goes among them shaking their hands, instead of inquiring about their health, he says: "How are your pigs?"—New York Herald.

NOT OF THE SUPERNATURAL

German Paper Gives Simple Explanation of Circulated Story Concerning the Pope.

An extraordinary story about Pius X. was recently told by a preacher in one of the churches at Innsbruck. He said that while the pope was engaged in prayer he fell into an ecstasy and rose several feet in the air. Cases of levitation—the technical word for the phenomenon—are, of course, recorded in the lives of many of the saints. If a writer in "Das Neue Jahrbuch," a journal of markedly anti-papal tendencies, is to be believed, the tale has a very simple explanation. Pius X. it appears, was working in his study, and happened to require a book from a shelf which was beyond his reach. He climbed on a chair to get it. A servant in an ante-room, from motives of curiosity, not perhaps unshared with piety, happened to look through the keyhole to see what the pope did when he was alone. To his amazement he saw the white-robed figure of the pontiff floating a couple of feet above the floor. The fact was that between him and Pius X. stood a desk which hid the chair on which the pope was standing. It never occurred to the servant that so great a person as the pope would resort to so simple an expedient to get a book. Obviously he would summon a cardinal or a chamberlain to his aid. Hence he jumped to the conclusion that he was witnessing a supernatural phenomenon.—Manchester Guardian.

Berlin Prohibits Horse Cabs.

While in most of the large cities of civilized countries the taxicab reigns practically supreme, Berlin is the first metropolis to pass a law prohibiting horse-drawn cabs from carrying fares within its jurisdiction. Such an ordinance was put in force recently and the few remaining cabbies were given notice of the death of their trade. Provision was made for the instructing of the cabbies as chauffeurs, and \$150 was given as compensation for their loss of trade. This gives the taxicab drivers a monopoly, but, as the city authorities have stringent regulations covering the tolls and other matters, no trouble is expected from that source. Coincident with this news comes the information from London that a society has been formed for the relief of indigent cab drivers who are now unable to reap a living owing to the horse-drawn taxicab have made on their fares.

The Sleeping Bishop.

Mad C. Goodwin was defending a clergyman who had gone wrong. "I don't condemn his offense," said the bishop. "But I want you to be sorry for him. Don't cackle and rejoice over his downfall. We are all human." Then, in his usual and thrilling voice, the famous comedian resumed: "I know a very beautiful actress who died one Sunday evening at a bishop's. After dinner the bishop, as he helped her to put on her cloak, stooped—stooped in more ways than one—and imparted a kiss on her white shoulder. "She turned and, looking at him disbelievingly, she said: "Remember, sir, if I am an actress, I am a holy, too."

An Escape.

"It's useless to urge me to marry you when I say no I mean no." "Always," invariably. "And can nothing ever break your determination when once you make up your mind?" "Absolutely nothing." "Well, I wouldn't care to marry a girl like that, anyhow."—Boston Transcript.

THOUGHT HE GAVE THE SIGN

But Old Gentleman Naturally Was Indignant at Mistake of Drug Clerk.

A well-dressed old man walked into a corner drug store the other day, mopped his brow with a handkerchief and took a seat at the soda fountain. The clerk faced him expectantly.

"I am very thirsty," he remarked as he drummed on the counter. "I don't know what I want. Well, I believe I will take a phosphate," he concluded, still drumming on the marble with his fingers. The clerk smiled, picked up a stein and went to the rear of the store. He came back, set it in front of the old man and rang up 15 cents out of the half dollar which was given him. The old man, without looking in the stein, thirstily raised it to his lips and took a long draught. Then he quickly set the stein down, sputtered a moment and then exploded between his coughs.

"What do you mean? I never took a drop of liquor, sir, in my life. But I know it, sir, the rotten stuff, when I smell it, I'll not stand for it, sir. I called for a cherry phosphate. What do you mean, sir, by giving me whiskey?" And the old man stopped for breath as he glared at the amazed clerk.

"Well, I—I er—I guess I made a mistake. I thought you wanted it for medicine," stammered the clerk.

"Sir, I am a teetotaler. I wouldn't touch the stuff for love nor money." And the old man marched out indignantly.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" exclaimed the clerk to a man at the counter who had been served a stein in the same way, but who made no kick. "That old duffer came in here and certainly gave me the correct high sign. And he drank nearly half of it, too." The clerk laughed as he looked into the stein.—Kansas City Journal.

OBJECT TO THE CHICKENS

Residents of Summer Place Allege That Their Early Morning Rest Is Disturbed.

The dwellers in the residential section of Hastings-on-the-Hudson have become much excited over discussions of the question. Is it proper and right to maintain a poultry farm on a village plot? Since the days have lengthened and the sun rises early and the windows are kept open wide all night, it is maintained by those on the negative side of the discussion, restful sleep is out of the question after 4 o'clock in the morning. A petition setting forth all the arguments from the moral, economic and social points of view against chicken raising inside of village limits has been circulated, and has the names of all who do not own chickens. One of the signers said the whole trouble was brought on the community by the importation of a bantam rooster. What this fellow lacks in size he makes up in volume and shrillness of voice and in the seal with which he indulges his talent for crowing in the early hours of the day. He is keyed too high, and his owner should feed him chalk every night. The petition describes in detail the annoyance of being roused out of a sound sleep by a loud cock-a-doodle-oo and the horror of lying awake to listen for the next summons from the other roosters. One particularly loud-voiced Leghorn was found dead beside his coop a few days ago. It is said on of the neighbors, at the risk of being shot, broke the rooster's neck. It took only a few days for the owner to get another lusty-junged bird, and now there is some feeling!

Bitterness in an Epitaph.

Mason and Dixon's line is fast becoming a memory, but here and there are to be found evidences of the once bitter hatred which prevailed in the days of the Civil war. George W. Kerdoiff, who before entering the insurance business spent much time in the south, tells this story of an epitaph rudely carved on a block of sandstone yet to be seen in a Louisiana parish: "When the slogan of the south was 'On to Washington,' and the youth of the Confederacy had shouldered their muskets for the front, leaving only the older folks and women and children at home, a band of Union soldiers came into Louisiana. Sighting the enemy, the aged men, assisted by the women, gathered together their scant supply of firearms and planned resistance. As the Federal forces came up a narrow lane, the southerners opened fire with such deadly effect that the invaders retreated, leaving one of their number dead upon the field of battle. The victors buried the fallen foe, and over his grave, to this day, one may read the roughly chiseled epitaph: 'The Yankee bands with bloody hands came southward to divide our lands. This lonely and deserted spot is all this—our old Yankee got.'—Kansas City Journal.

Too Fast.

"I don't believe in forcing schools for children," said Gov. Woodrow Wilson at a dinner in Trenton. "A child that knows at four as much as ordinarily it would know at eight, is, to my mind, about as tasteful an object as Calhoun Clay's watch. "That's a fine watch you've got there, Calhoun," said a friend. "Is it a good goer?" "A good goer" said Calhoun Clay. "Well, you bet your life it's a good goer. Why, it can do an hour in half the time!"

THAT ABODE OF THE PAST

John Galsworthy's Charming Picture of an Old Disused Southern Landmark.

"Yes, sub—here we are at that old time place!" And our dark driver drew up his little victoria gently, writes John Galsworthy in Scribner's. Through the open doorway, into a dim cavern of ruined house, we passed. The mildew and dirt, the dark, denuded darkness of that old hostel, rotting down with damp and time!

And our guide, the tall, thin, gray haired dame, who came forward with such native ease, and moved before us, touching this fungused wall, that rusting stairway and telling, as it were, no one, in her soft, slow speech, things that any one could see—what a strange and fitting figure.

Before the smell of the deserted, cooling rooms, before that old creature leading us on and on, negligent of all our questions and talking to the air, as though we were not, we felt such discomfort that we soon made to go out again into such freshness as there was on that day of dismal heat. Then realizing, it seemed, that she was losing us, our guide turned; for the first time looking in our faces, she smiled, and said in her sweet, weak voice, like the sound from the strings of a spinnet long unplayed on: "Don't you want to see the dome room, an' all the other rooms right here, of this old place?"

Again those words! We had not the hearts to disappoint her. And as we followed on and on, along the moldering corridors and rooms where the black peeling papers hung like stalactites, the dominance of our senses gradually dropped from us, and with our souls we saw its soul—the soul of this old time place; this mustering house of the old south, bereft of all but ghosts, and the gray pigeons niched in the rotting gallery round a narrow courtyard open to the sky.

"This is the dome room, sub and lady; right over the slave market it is. Here they did the business of the state—sure; see their face up there in the roof—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Davis, Lee—there they are! All gone—now! Yes, sub!"

KEPT WARM BY ELECTRICITY

Ingenuous Device Employed for Babies' Crib in Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

In the Presbyterian hospital, New York, there is an interesting instance of the application of electricity in the nursery for the benefit of the incubator babies. Here, says the Edison Monthly the problem is to provide plenty of fresh air and at the same time sufficient warmth for the babies, and this has been solved by a simple but effective form of crib warmer.

The sides of the bassinet in which the baby lies are covered with asbestos boards and beneath is an electric heater or foot warmer, with cable couplings and switch which allows the current to be regulated. In a warm-air chamber between the bassinet and the foot-warmer is a partition, so constructed with reference to the baby's position in the crib that the heat is reflected to the lower end of the bassinet. The child's feet are thus kept warm, while a lower temperature is maintained at the head.

Beauty and Utility.

For the seventeenth time in three years the microscopic South American state has undergone a change of administration, and the new potentate, President Casper, the three hundred and second, had summoned an artist, and was ordering new designs for all the official uniforms. "I want something striking," he declared—"something showy, even. My people are impressed by such things. I have here some sketches I made myself. Look them over, and be guided by these ideas as far as possible." The artist examined them carefully.

They were gorgeous affairs. Green coats vied with crimson vests in brilliancy, orange-colored trousers with scarlet of Cambridge blue. All the colors of the rainbow were there. "Ah!" he said, turning the pages. "This is evidently for the navy, this is for the army, this for—the what is this for, with the long plume on the three-cornered hat, the bright yellow stream, trimmed with purple and—?" "That," explained the president, bravely, "is for the secret police!"

When Portugal Was Great.

The announcement that Portugal is to be linked up by "wireless" with "all the Portuguese colonies" is a reminder of the vanished greatness of what was once the leading colonizing empire in the world. From Lisbon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries went out marines through the unknown and uncharted oceans to Africa, India and the New World to the west, and planted the flag of Portugal in every corner of the globe. But in Africa alone has Portugal maintained its hold of colonies of any magnitude. In India are little bits of Portuguese territory. Noya Goa, southeast of Bombay, being the capital of all Portuguese colonies east of Cape of Good Hope; while as far east as China the island of Macao, in the Canton river, first colonized nearly 400 years ago, still owns the sovereignty of the government at Lisbon.

Fountain Pen Improvement.

Small panes of glass are set into the side of a new fountain pen so the quantity of ink it holds can be seen readily.

SHAKO TO BE RESTORED

British War Office Revives Historic Old Headdress in the Service.

The war office has at last definitely decided to adopt the shako for the full dress headgear of infantry of the line in place of the heavy and clumsy helmet.

The pattern to be adopted differs slightly from that worn for so many years by our infantry and will be much lower in the crown, approximating more to the kepi of the French infantry. The new headdress is extremely light to wear and will be of a uniform pattern throughout the service. It will be worn only by the infantry and the royal artillery. The royal engineers, the army service corps, the royal army medical corps and other branches of the service will continue to wear the helmet until the new pattern can be provided for them.

The white helmet is also to be retained for the Indian service, and for the present the khaki helmet for the colonial service is not to be discarded.

Some new shakos are already manufactured, and it is proposed to send a soldier wearing one of them to Buckingham palace in order that it may be examined by the king, who will have the opportunity of comparing it with the present pattern helmet.

Large numbers of the new shako are to be manufactured immediately, and it is hoped that the whole of the infantry at home may be equipped with them not later than the end of next year.

It will not be necessary to apply to parliament for a supplementary estimate for the issue of the shako, since the war office has funds in hand out of which the cost can be met.

No decision has been arrived at yet as to the troops which shall first receive the new headdress, but a beginning will probably be made with those at Aldershot, and not in Ireland, as has been announced.

It is proposed that only the royal regiments shall wear a plume with the shako, though of course the plumes worn by the Scottish regiments that now have this head dress will not be interfered with.—Pall Mall Gazette.

RESERVED FOR THE EMPEROR

Fish of Remarkable Delicacy Had Place Only on the Tables of the Highest.

Now that China is a republic it would be interesting to know what has become of the sacred fish which in the days of the empire could be eaten only by the emperor of China and his folk and the emperor of Russia and his folk.

This fish is an exquisite delicacy so delicious and rare that it has been reserved for royal palates from time immemorial. The fishermen whose duty it was to take it from the only stream in which it has been known to exist—a small river lying between Russian and Chinese domains—have had orders to let none of it be diverted from its noble destiny. Whether the fishermen themselves ever yielded to what one can imagine as an overmastering passion and indulged in a secret midnight repast of the glorious little fish of course none can say. But certain it is that the ordinary Chinaman would have turned shudderingly away from a banquet in which the prohibited fish was an item, no matter how his mouth watered for the dainty.

One of the things which makes the fish such a rarity is that it breeds only once a year, a very extraordinary condition among fishes. The Chinese—the nobles, at least—have been a nation of epicures, and there are no greater delicacies to be found anywhere than those which appeared on the tables of the emperor and his courtiers.

The Mystery of Fishing.

Fishing is more full of mystery than a dime novel. For instance, here are a few questions about it that the wisest fisherman on earth can not answer:

When two men, using the same sort of bait, tackle, etc., fish in just the same way, side by side, from the same boat, why will one of them sometimes make a good catch, while the other catches nothing? Why will a certain bait prove irresistible to the fish one day and be scorned by them on another day that is just like the first? Why do fish seem ravenously hungry one minute and be sulkily and motionless on the bottom the next minute? Why will there be hundreds of one sort of fish in a certain locality one day and why will they all be replaced by a totally different fish the next day? There are a hundred other unanswerable fish questions. But most unanswerable of all is the question why they are so easily caught by one man while another and perhaps more expert fisherman, sitting close beside the lucky fisher, won't get so much as a bite?

Dogs as Scouts of Burden.

A memory of the times when dogs worked for a living in England is seen in the "dog cart," which originally was literally drawn by dogs, and, until prohibited in 1839 by act of parliament, was the workman's usual means of taking a run into the country. Strong half-bred mastiffs were usually employed, and these thought nothing of conveying their masters 50 or 60 miles in a day with no more sustenance than bread soaked in beer.

WE WIN BY FOREIGN BLOOD

So Says Ex-Oxford Athlete Who Wants England to Copy the Plan of Sweden.

W. Beach Thomas, an Oxford graduate and former athlete, in reviewing the Olympic games in the Daily Mail says: "One can understand American supremacy. The winners are mostly Englishmen, Scotchmen, or, above all, Irishmen, at one remove from the old country. One conspicuous victory was won by an ex-Swede."

"A vast population, recruited by the best red blood, as the Americans boast, from virile Europe, a population specially devoted to the narrowest form of athletics and possessed almost of a mania for competition, is likely to produce a fine team. It did produce an incomparable team. The inclusion of Indians, Hawaiians and one Anglo-Russian father added to the total of mara."

"The Swedes are a better standard of comparison. Their athletes are a delight to the eyes. They were none of them specialists, but were all gymnasts in a wide sense, as well as athletes in a wide sense. The nation has used the Olympic games as a test of the physical training in which the whole nation has been brought up. By a quiet, methodical and really national movement they have vastly increased the nation's virility. The people at large can drill, row, swim, run, throw and play."

"The question for England is whether we cannot direct our national talent for athletics so that our teams may at least have some esprit de corps, in which the defeated Olympic team was grievously deficient, and so that athletic skill with a chance of representing the nation may become a really healthy ambition among the rich and poor in town and village. Such an ideal is realized already in Sweden, Denmark and Finland, and is being discussed in France and Germany."

FIND A USE FOR SWEEPINGS

Street Refuse Makes Good Fertilizer If It Is Quite Free From Oil.

The United States department of agriculture has been conducting elaborate experiments to ascertain the value of street sweepings as a fertilizer. J. J. Skinner and J. H. Beattie of the bureau of soils tried samples collected in various ways upon wheat, corn and radishes and found that hand sweepings were best, but not nearly so good as well-rotted stable manure; that machine sweepings were about one-third as good as hand and that decomposed sweepings were almost useless.

The reason for this was that the sweepings contained much lubricating oil. The experimenters made tests of sweepings from which the oil had been extracted and found that both hand and machine sweepings produced as good results as stable manure, while the decomposed sweepings were not far behind.

The department issues a bulletin warning farmers and gardeners that sweepings from which the oil has not been extracted will eventually impair the productiveness of soil, unless through drainage the oily material is drained off or changed.

The Whale's Song.

Whales are rarely thought of as vocalists, yet according to Miss A. D. Cameron in "The New North," they really have a distinctive song of their own.

A certain Captain Kelly was the first to notice that whales sing. One Sunday, while officers from three whaling ships were "gamming" over their afternoon walrus meat, Kelly started up with "I hear a howl!" There was much chaffing about "Kelly's band," but Kelly weighed anchor, and went to find the band-wagon. Every sail followed him, with the result that three whales were bagged.

Among howlers, this singing is a call that the leader of the school, as he forces a passage through Bering sea, makes in order to notify those that follow that the straits are clear of ice.

Walruses and seals and all true mammals that have lungs and live in the water have a bark that sounds strange enough as it comes up from hidden depths. Every lookout from the mast-head notices that, when one whale is struck, the whole school is "galled" or stampeded at the very impact of the harpoon; they have heard the death song.

The sound that the howler makes is like the long-drawn-out "hoo-hoo-oo-oo!" of the boat-owl. A whaler says that the cry begins on F, and may rise to A, B, or even C before slipping back to F again. He assures us that with the humpback the tone is much finer, and sounds across the water like the note from the H string of a violin.

Strindberg Net at Home.

In an appreciative article upon the late August Strindberg, which appears in Harper's weekly, James Huneker describes his interview with the Swedish writer. He traveled from New York in the hope of meeting him. It was a chilly night in June when his friends threw gravel at Strindberg's window and bawled at him. Presently a tremendous head on a tremendous pair of shoulders came into view. A volley of words, a verbal broadside, and the window crashed down again. "After the laughter had died away I innocently asked what he had said as he retired," writes this author. "He told you to go to h— and never bother him again," he was informed.