

NIAGARA'S MIGHTY STRENGTH

Hard to Estimate Power That Has Been Wasted Since Hennepin First Described the Falls.

In the autumn of 1678 a Franciscan friar, Hennepin, set out alone—the first solitary figure of the expedition, a gray priest—from the gray rock of Quebec, in a birch canoe, carrying with him the "furniture of a portable altar." Along the way up the St. Lawrence he stopped to minister to the habitants, too few and too poor to support a priest, saying mass, exhorting and baptizing. Early in November he arrived at the mission at Fort Frontenac, which he had two or three years before helped La Salle to establish in the wilds. Soon La Salle's lieutenant appeared with most of the men, and while some were dispatched in canoes to Lake Michigan to gather the buffalo flocks against the coming of the ship whose keel had not yet been laid, the rest (La Motte, Hennepin and sixteen men) embarked for the river by which the upper lakes empty into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, that is, the Niagara. To this priest, Hennepin, we owe the first description and picture of Niagara, probably now more familiar to the world than any other natural feature of this continent. He has somewhat magnified the height of these falls, but they are impressive enough to acquit him of falsification and powerful enough to run virtually all the manufacturing plants in the United States, if they could be gathered within reach. As it is, less than four per cent. of the water that overflows from the four upper Great Lakes into the lower lake once known as Lake Frontenac and now as Ontario, is diverted for utilitarian purposes, and yet it supplies the American and the Canadian almost equally between the two shores over 300,000 horsepower. What the conversion of the strength of this Titan, for ages entirely wasted and for a century after Hennepin only a scenic wonder, means or may mean to industry in the future is intimated in some statistics furnished by a recent writer on the Great Lakes showing the relative cost per month of a certain unit of power in a number of representative American cities.—John Finley, in Scribner's.

Uses of Uranium.

There is considerable popular interest in uranium in the United States on account of its connection with radium. Very little uranium is mined in this country, except as it is incidentally taken out in mining carnotite for vanadium, according to the United States geological survey. In 1911 the uranium mined amounted to about twenty-one and two-tenths tons. A few hundred pounds of pitchblende was mined from the German mine, at Central City, Colo., but this material was not sold, as it was said to have been used in experimental work. The extraction of radium has been attempted in the United States by several persons and firms. Some of these have given up their efforts, but others are still at work. Uranium is employed principally for making yellow glass, for yellow glazes on pottery, and in a less degree as a chemical reagent. Yellow glass made with uranium oxide is known as "leucopagene." Direct light shining through it gives a yellow color and indirect light a greenish yellow. Some of the firms which have attempted to use uranium in the manufacture of steel have abandoned such experiments, the claim being made that it apparently imparts about the same properties as tungsten, and is very much more expensive.

Fiddle With a Brain.

The latest invention is a violin that plays itself. People who have heard it say that it possesses the delicacy of touch and sweetness of tone of a finished player, Pearson's Weekly states.

Really the mechanical violin consists of three instruments. The bow is a circular hoop of horsehair which travels around continually. Standing on end inside the hoop are three violins.

Along the neck of the instruments stretch a row of uncanny fingers that run up and down the strings just like real fingers. The violins stand back about an inch from the moving hoop of horsehair, against which they are pushed at the right moment when the note is struck.

The hardest tunes to play present no difficulties to this marvelous fiddle. It is not likely to replace the human player in the orchestra for some time, at least, as the cheapest kind costs \$2,000.

Like most machines, however, it lacks one thing; it cannot tune itself. When any of the notes get flat the strings have to be tightened by mere man in almost the same way as an ordinary violin.

Still There. Robert had still received a whipping from his mother, who afterward angrily burst in upon his father as he was quietly reading the evening paper.

"I don't know where that child got his vile temper from," she exclaimed, throwing down a book; "not from me, I'm sure."

Her husband looked sadly and responded: "My dear, you certainly haven't lost any of yours."—Harper's Bazar.

Too Swift. Billy—if you'd have me I'd marry you in a minute.

Will you in a minute? Why, the very idea! It takes at least three months to get a trousseau ready.

TOO ELABORATE A SYSTEM

Mr. Spiegelhausen's Idea of Postal Cards, However, Worked Very Well for a Time.

Mr. Spiegelhausen found it hard to remember at home certain things he had thought of in business hours, and conversely matters that occurred to him at night would escape his mind before he reached the office next morning. After trying various unsuccessful methods of memory cultivation, he hit on the plan of writing postal cards to himself and addressing them to the other place from which ever he happened to be in at the moment. Thus the last mail would bring to the house one or more cards with such a memo. scrawled upon it: "Remind Mrs. S. to give my coat to cleaner," and vice versa the first mail downtown would remind him: "See J. T. W. in re. thousand lot umbrella canes." For a time this served the purpose, but presently his precise and farsighted mind began to anticipate and work more and more in advance, so that on a Monday night he would mail a card from home saying: "Be sure to send card from office tomorrow to remind yourself of dinner engagement Tuesday." Then he got to jotting down appointments on postal cards a whole week ahead, sending other cards to warn himself when to drop them in the letter box, and finally his harassed brain refused to work any longer on such a strain. One evening his wife asked him whether he had thought to attend to the season tickets for the opera, and he replied with a sheepish attempt at laughter: "I suppose that was on the pile of cards on my desk this morning. I saw the postman bring them but I forgot to turn them over and see what they said."

RECORD OF CRIMINAL LIVES

Book Which Would Be Condemned Today Read by Men and Women a Few Generations Ago.

One of the scarce books which has to be sold at an approaching auction sale in this city bears this fascinating title: "The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals, Who Have Been Condemned and Executed; for Murder, Highway, House-Breakers, Street Robberies, Coining or Other Offenses; from 1720 to the Present Time." The "present time" referred to in this title was only the year 1735, so that the whole period covered by these thrilling and numerous criminal lives was only 15 years. It must have been a great time for criminals, for between the covers of the book are the stories of Jack Sheppard, Kennedy the Pirate, Jonathan Wild, Mrs. Griffin, Edward Burnsworth, William Barwick and several other quite celebrated criminals. Cheer up! Those were worse times than ours for criminality—and those were the days, too, when men and women were hanged for burglary, counterfeiting, sheep stealing, and even poaching and smuggling. An odd thing about that time, too, was that hundreds of books were printed which contained full and harrowing details of murder and robbery, and that almost everybody, including clergymen and delicate ladies, read these books eagerly as fast as they came out. The oldest public libraries in New England contain, in the book collections which were spread before the youth of the community, many such criminal lives.—New York Mail.

Muscles and Brain.

Experiments conducted by Mosso of Turin indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, in the opinion of this authority, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every ten seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent, other things being equal, it is.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Was Not Popular in 1753.

A description of a model country rector's household in an issue of the London World for 1753 shows that tea-drinking was then far from general: "His only article of luxury is tea, but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth."

A few years prior to this the Female Spectator declared that the tea table "costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse; it is the utter destruction of all economy, the base of good house wifery, and the source of idleness."

Blind Potatoes.

Everyone knows, of course, that potatoes have eyes, but it may be news that they are sometimes afflicted with blindness. A recent publication of an English agricultural authority makes the assertion that some potatoes are afflicted with blindness, and says the disease is so called on account of its completely destroying the eyes of tubers, making them worthless for seed.

THEN HE UNDERSTOOD

REVELATION CAME SUDDENLY TO MAN OF WEALTH.

Plain Old Countrywoman Had Possessed Something Greater Than the Riches He Had Spent His Life in Gathering.

John Hull found the telegram at his office. As he read the words, the busy scene about him faded away, and he saw himself once more a little, ragged, frightened boy, who heard with terror the word "poorhouse" whispered by the neighbors. Then Aunt Rachel had come in. She had stood a moment looking at his mother's still face; then she had crossed the room and gathered the boy into her arms. "He isn't going to the poorhouse," she had said, quietly. "I am going to take care of him." It was an odd "caretaking" in some ways. Aunt Rachel was an old maid, and knew nothing of a boy's heart. And yet—how good she had been—how good and patient! In the last ten years, although he had seen her only twice, there had been no word of reproach, only the same unchanging love and faith. A blur came over John Hull's eyes, and calling his secretary, he gave rapid orders. He was going to Aunt Rachel. He hoped she would know.

Nine hours later he was alone with Aunt Rachel. As he looked at the great peace of the small, worn face, a strange feeling swept across him. He never saw a look like that in Wall Street! This little, plain, old countrywoman had possessed something greater than riches!

Later, they brought him her papers and letters. They were very few, but among them were her account books, and John Hull realized that in those careful figures he was reading the story of her life. He was amazed to know how tiny her income had been. And of what she had had, a tenth had gone to her church, a fifth to her missionary society, and nearly all the rest for a boy who was not even related to her.

And he had thought her life pitifully poor and narrow! Now in his hour of vision he saw that his was the poor and barren life—with its careless and spasmodic giving, its absorption in "the game." He understood at last the generous and unselfish investment of this life and all its possessions. And suddenly there came to him the memory of a hot summer Sunday of his boyhood, and of the minister's voice as he read his text: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Could that be said of the uses he had made of his own life?

The Rostands Stood Treat.

All the stories now arriving from Cambu, where the family of Edmond Rostand is sojourning, have the character of the heroic legend. The family of Rostand, now more united than ever, was to attend a cinematograph performance at Cambu. At nine o'clock in the evening the hall had long been filled with people, but the show did not begin. The audience began to exhibit strong signs of impatience. The proprietor came to the front and announced that the Rostands having retained three places, the show could not decently begin before their arrival. The audience was of a quite different mind. It took the announcement in bad temper, and some moments later when the illustrious tardy ones came in, making a sensational entry, they were received with murmurs and with exclamations far from complimentary. Mme. Rostand frowned, but Maurice Rostand called the proprietor, and giving him a fist full of louis, said: "Fill the jaws of these fellows with champagne." This was done. The entire audience drank excellent champagne. The murmurs of disapprobation died away and the family received a warm ovation.—Le Cri de Paris.

Children's Deafness.

Dr. Helen Macmurchy of Toronto says that deafness is more frequent among school children than is usually supposed. She calls attention to the fact that in a perfectly quiet room the average normal hearing distance for a whisper is about 25 feet, and that a child that can hear a whisper at only five yards will not lose much education on account of this degree of impairment. Those who can hear a whisper only from three to five yards, she says, should sit on the front seats, and those who can hear a whisper from one to three yards need special help and should be placed in smaller classes, with a teacher who will speak slowly and distinctly, and will take special, individual interest in such pupils. She advocates the teaching of lip reading to those who are yet more defective. There is no doubt that many children suffer from unrecognized slight deafness. Such children should not only be aided to hear, but to speak plainly.

Her Version.

"I was talking with Harold last night and he says he has completely reformed since he has become engaged to you," said the elder lady as she reclined in a luxurious armchair. "Yes," replied the young debutante. "He says I snatched him out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, back to the 400."—Harper's Bazar.

MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Too Often Time Is Wasted Considering Difficulties Instead of Performing Allotted Task.

When a hard thing is to be done the natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going ahead and doing it.

And here we make one of the most common mistakes in our lives.

When one is confronted by a severe task of duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties.

Never mind how hard it may seem, nothing can be tolerated in the mind except the consideration of ways of accomplishing it.

The secret of accomplishment lies in the answer of the urchin who was asked if he thought he would get the woodchuck for which he was energetically digging: "Get him? Why, man, I've got to get him; the minister's coming to dinner and there ain't no meat in the house!"

It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be deaf to the self which insists upon dwelling upon difficulties, and at once to bring into action the self that is determined to succeed.

Most persons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of it beforehand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterward.

NEW IN THE TEXTBOOK LINE

Italian Meant Well, But His Knowledge of American Schoolbooks Was Small.

One morning, just as a teacher up in Harlem was entering her school, she was met in the hall by an Italian leading his little daughter by the hand.

"She wan' go school," said he politely, indicating the little girl. He pushed the child forward. "She wan' go school," he repeated, with many bows. "She has book," pointing to the book under the girl's arm, "an' she wan' go school."

"I see," said the teacher. "You have brought her all prepared. Can she read?"

The only response from the father was a shake of his head and a reiterated, "She wan' go school."

Whereupon the teacher took the book and looked at it. It was old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a social directory of the year 1909.

Floral Death Legends.

"By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death-flowers, from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner, the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the Daneweed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle; and, if cut on a certain day in the year, it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason, is called Danewort and Dane's blood."

What Alaskan Dogs Eat.

Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or corn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw food, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.

Will the Films Stop War?

The cinematograph as an institution has come to life since the last important war. It remains to be seen how a battle, or the awful fringes of a battle, will look upon the screen. For assuredly films will come into play. Soldiers have always said—and correspondents have in a measure agreed with them—that the truth of war cannot be told. How if the truth of war were now to be seen?

The late Colonel Stanley has photographs (daguerotypes) of the dead and wounded taken after the Crimean engagements, but they were too horrible for exhibition. He showed them, long afterwards, to those who could bear it, sometimes to those who could not—and they will never forget them.

Her Fervor.

"So you have won the American heiress, after all," observed the friend. "Yes," fervently replied the foreign nobleman, "she is mine—a gold mine."

NOT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Not Kind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day," said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the going age. I should say about sixteen or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods."

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond are Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth didn't come true."

I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and told me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it was the only thing to do.

"I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. She had grown thin instead of fat. She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed to me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls."—Topeka Capital.

Japan's New Art.

While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, her navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a cartoon carried photographs of his own work. These strongly resembled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his pleasure. This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to an exposition at Tokyo.

Distinction Without Differences.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons.

"Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker."

"One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to lurch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zig-zagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips.

"Who's that?" one passerby asked another.

"That's Gobsa Golde and his chauffeur," the other answered.

"What's the matter with them?"

"Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again."—Detroit Free Press.

Perplexed Parent.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front.

"Why, sir," replied the hearty individual, "that should require no effort."

"No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my son wants me to buy him an aeroplane."

MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Got Wealthy Through Shady Deals in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eye and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daff, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artists \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibilities."

This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor.

Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer.

Savage studied the applicant keenly.

"So you want to play the part of Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?"

"I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and trying to look real brave.

"Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?"

"I am," said Wheat.

"You don't look like an actor," said the colonel.

"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to have to be one."

That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know.

What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them—yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither. Here are the words:

Opusculum, tobaccoconing, nobby, node, futtock, galimatias, fadde, duvet, dziggetal, dwale, periotic, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, beckett, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, aoudad, incondite, inly, kelp, jorum, rundlet, rupertrina, caddis, fissle, cal-car, flinder, hoppel, horary, thorp, ustative, woof, arcolith, gauze.

All of them in the diction. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme.

The Countess Szescheny, nee Gladys Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities," she said, "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheese.

Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheese that cost \$24,744,000.