

AN INVALID WOMAN'S WORK.

Manages All the Business and Details of an Extensive Expressing Concern from Her Bed.

This is what one little woman, a sickly one at that, accomplished in an occupation which was certainly an odd one for a woman to undertake. She runs an express business, and runs it uncommonly well. Many men have run express businesses, and it is conceivable that some women could do so equally well, but this particular proprietor of horses and wagons manages her affairs largely from her sick bed. Here is a curious case, indeed. So situated, few women would have had courage enough to attempt more than the management of their medicine bottles, but that sort of life did not suit her energetic mind, whatever her body had to say about it, says the Washington Star.

This woman express manager inherited this business from her husband. He had made some money; at least she might have sold her horses and wagons and lived the life of a sofa invalid. But she knew something about her husband's affairs, and felt that she could run the business quite as well as it had been run in the past. Instead of selling, she bought. Her management was strict, and she watched details carefully. Her first thought was merely that she could keep the business at the same level as before; but she soon proved herself a better manager than her husband. Her patronage increased, and steadily her staff of workers increased. Her wagons rumbled through the streets and are known of all men, but few suspect that the surname painted across their great sides belongs to a frail little woman, who, as likely as not, is in the doctor's hands at the very moment.

Women are energetic and can attend to detail, but it is rare that one possesses the executive ability necessary to run a great business without being actually on the spot continually. Of course, this woman expressman has good subordinates, but it is not, with her, a case of some one else doing the work while she remains a picturesque head. She knows well exactly what goes on in her stables.

Besides ill-health, this woman has had to contend with organizations far larger than her own—with the great express companies of the country, four or five of which send wagons into her territory, and even with the street car company, which operates a trolley express almost past her door. Only acute management could enable her not only to hold her own, but to prosper, in the face of this rivalry. She does not expect ever to run an express business as large as those of some of her rivals, but as long as there is a comfortable annual increase in the amount of business done and the number of dollars on the fair side of the balance accounts, she is content to remain prosperously local.

Her success, he it added as a last word, has not had any special luck as an important factor. She has found herself "up against" misfortune more than once. A fire, an accident to her horses and other calamities have fallen to her share and made broads on her profits. She is so far from being a favorite of fortune that she might have posed as a "poor thing" if she hadn't made up her mind that she was going to be "master of her fate," and, incidentally, a good, paying business.

OLD AFRICAN GOLD FIELDS.

Vast Territory That Has Been Pounding the Yellow Ore Into Europe by the Millions.

The gold-bearing areas in the vast continent of Africa are apparently three in number, two of which date from the most remote times, says the Journal of the African Society. The first is found in the northeastern corner of the continent, including Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia; the second extends along the whole of the western shores from Morocco to the Volta, while the third occupies the enormous areas in the southern districts. Ghana, the old name possibly of Guinea, was famous among the ancients for its golden throne; Bantoku, for its golden stool; while Bowditch tells us that the king of Gaman, of which Bantoku was the capital, had steps of solid gold by which he ascended to his bed. The Atlantic were most prolific in the manufacture of ornaments made from gold, but were almost equaled by the people of Dagwumba, who inhabited a large territory to the northeast of the Ashanti country, ornaments being made in weight to the extent of more than 1,000 ounces. In fact, the whole of the states north and south of the great range of the Kong mountains were more or less well supplied with extensive deposits of the precious metal, the source apparently being the Kong range itself, the northern limits being the borders of the Niger. For centuries this vast territory poured into Europe millions of pounds worth of the precious metal, and coming down to Boreman's time, early in the eighteenth century, we find six distant areas in and about the Gold Coast supplying the yellow ore.

Baffa Land. Dr. Robert Bell, who has been making a study of the west coast of Baffa Land, reports that the island is 300,000 square miles in area and the second largest island in the world, being surpassed only by Greenland. — Geographical Journal.

FADS OF ROYALTIES.

Curious Whimsicalities of Some of the Reigning Monarchs of Europe.

Most people cherish a fad of some sort or other, and kings and queens, being but human and having more opportunity for indulging their little idiosyncrasies than ordinary mortals, are, according to London Tit-Bits, no exception to the general rule.

King Edward's pet fad comes out when he is exercising hospitality at his beloved Norfolk home. For very many years past every visitor to Sandringham had been weighed on arriving and on departing.

The queen's especial fad has a distinctness well in keeping with her personality. It is that of having her pocket money made perfectly clean, and Bright before she fingers it: Whenever a check is turned into hard cash for her use the coins are scrubbed in a bath of spittle of wine, water and soap, before being placed in her purse, and any change that may be tendered her when making purchases is taken charge of by the lady-in-waiting until it has been subjected to a like process of purification.

The particular fad of the handsome bon vivant who occupies the throne of Portugal is that of never having a drinking vessel refilled.

A fresh cup or a fresh glass is brought into use every time he wants a further supply of liquid refreshment, and, as his majesty is a copious drinker, as well as a good trenchman, it is no uncommon thing for four or five relays of these utensils to be placed beside him in the course of each meal.

There is no more masculine monarch in all Europe than the German emperor, yet his one fad is the singularly effeminate one of having all his boots lined with a special make of soft satin.

Every species of footwear made for the Kaiser, from dancing shoes to military riding boots, is so lined.

Moreover, the satin has always to be of the same shade—a particularly delicate tone of Prussian blue—and the Kaiser's bootmaker had a large order for hunting tops returned on his hands a year or two ago because their lining was a trifle darker than the precise tint favored by William II.

The emperor of Russia's faddiness is confined to his sleeping arrangements.

Wherever he may go he never sleeps between any sheets except those of a fine linen woven especially for the use of the royal family of Russia and having the imperial arms and cipher embroidered upon them.

Even during the historic visit to France, when the newly made Franco-Russian alliance was cemented and celebrated with all manner of pageants and popular rejoicings, this fad maintained its sway, and the first thing the czar's servants did on reaching French soil was to unmake the bed prepared for his use and make it up again with his own linen.

COURTSHIP AND SCIENCE.

George Had an Aching Void, But the Pretty School Teacher Reasoned Differently.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school-teacher, relates the New York Times, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, George. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round, like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established that fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, my dear, if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such a thing as a void, George. Nature abhors a vacuum; but, admitting that there can be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache to it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you, that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were hundreds of miles from me I would fly to you, I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, growing somewhat impatient, "I've got a fair balance in the savings bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, George, since you put it in that light, I—"

How Cities Grow. The calendar year 1931, according to a recent report of the United States geological survey, was the greatest in the history of the country in city building. Forty-two cities submitted reports to the department in response to inquiries, and these showed that the total number of permits issued in those cities was 85,571, as against 68,417 for 1930, a gain of 17,154, or 25.07 per cent. The value of the buildings erected on these permits in 1931 was \$372,173,031, compared with \$241,561,265 in 1930, a gain of \$130,611,766, or 54 per cent. — Chicago Chronicle.

That's What. He—Women are naturally thoughtless. She—Why naturally? "Because the first woman was only an afterthought." — Chicago Daily News.

LANGUAGE OF THE BOERS.

The Different Kinds of Dutch That Are Spoken by the Burghers of South Africa.

It seems a strange thing to say, but there are three Dutch languages in South Africa. The earliest Dutch settlers at the Cape were largely Dutch sailors and others, belonging to the lower orders of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other Dutch seaports. Their language was a Low Dutch dialect to begin with, and although the spring king of Dutch officials at the Cape did their best to preserve the language of the Netherlands, they could not prevent the dialect of the settlers from still further degenerating into a mere colloquial patois, says a Transvaal letter in the Scotsman. Its degeneration was doubtless largely brought about by domestic servants and slaves—Hottentots, Malays and Mozambique Kafirs—who spoke it very imperfectly, and introduced into it many strange words and idioms. This, then, is the genesis of what is variously known as "Cape Dutch," "Kitchen Dutch," "Patrol Dutch," "Afrikaans," and "Afrikaander Taal." Its basis is Dutch, but the nouns have lost their declensions and the verbs their conjugations, while grammatical gender and syntax generally have gone by the board. To the educated Hollander of to-day it is a literary atrocity, and he cannot away with it, but to the Afrikaander it is his mother tongue, the language of his home and his childhood, the exponent of all that he knows of humor and pathos. It is full of expressive idioms, pithy proverbs and pawkie expressions, like those so dear to the Lowland Scot; and yet it is not a language, for it has no literature.

The Rev. S. J. Du Toit, ex-superintendent of education in the Transvaal, ex-freebooter and speculator, told his friends at the Pearl about 12 years ago, when he was in the heyday of his fortune, that he had vowed that if God gave him great wealth he would devote it to the translation and publication of the whole Bible in "Afrikaans" as a thank-offering. He was then on his way to London to float some more companies, and to set about the performance of his vow; but, alas! a slump followed the boom, as it usually does, and Mr. Du Toit's fortune, which was all in scrip, melted away like snow in June, and so it came about that there is no Bible in the Afrikaander "Taal," although it is spoken by more than a quarter of a million people. Such a Bible will never be published, for the Dutch predikants have always set their faces like flint against the proposal, and the ordinary Boer feels that he requires a language more dignified wherein to conduct his devotions.

The second of the three Dutch languages referred to might be called "ecclesiastical Dutch," or if you like, "African Dutch." It is the language of Holland as that language was written about 200 years ago. It is the language of the Dutch Bible, and very much resembles our own authorized version in its simplicity and directness of style. It is the language of the Dutch psalm and Gesang books, and of the devotional works of old Dutch divines, which make up the balance of the Dutch farmers' literature. In it are also written many tracts and a few devotional works by living ministers of the Dutch Reformed church. To the Boer wherever you find him it is the language of his church, and of his religion, and, according to the teaching of Mr. Bosman, inseparably bound up with them. This is the Dutch language which the leaders of the Dutch Afrikaander party are determined to preserve. It is never spoken by Afrikaanders among themselves, however, and it is never written grammatically by them in their correspondence. The Boer has no fear that his "Huis-taal," Cape Dutch, will die out, but he fears that his children will forget or neglect to learn the language of his church and of his forefathers.

The third Dutch language might be called modern literary, or "High Dutch"—that is, the language written and spoken by educated Hollanders of to-day. It is florid, involved in construction, and very artificial in style, as compared with the language of the Dutch Bible. Its pronunciation has also changed considerably in the interval, and even an educated Dutch-speaking Afrikaander listening to a voluble Hollander can hardly make head or tail of what he is saying. It is nevertheless the language which Dr. Leyds, Dr. Jorison, Dr. Maussvelt and the whole Hollander fraction in the Transvaal had been forcing upon the burghers as their "Landstaal" for the last 20 years. Their overbearing policy and the contempt that they never concealed for the simple Dutch of Cape Afrikaander alienated the sympathy and support that they might have obtained from the ministers of the Dutch Reformed church, and somehow or other they utterly failed to evoke among young Afrikaanders any enthusiasm or liking for modern Dutch literature. The educated Afrikaander had been taught English, and there he found all the literature that he wanted. This fact accounts for the fierce determination with which Dr. Maussvelt and his clique strove to keep Afrikaander teachers out of Transvaal schools, and filled every vacancy as it occurred by an imported pedagogue if possible. This ostracism provoked the wrath of the young Afrikaander party.

Money in Guano. Over \$200,000 is to be spent on hydraulic mountings for the barbettes guns of the battleship King Edward VII, now building at Devonport.—N. Y. Sun.

Taking Turns. Mrs. Towe—I don't like this young man, you're engaged to. Mrs. Uda Towe—Well, mamma, I'll let you pick out the next one yourself. —Puck.

VERY VALUABLE CHINA.

Chinese and Japanese Ware That Will Bring Its Weight in Gold from Connoisseurs.

The possessor of cups or saucers with a five-clawed green dragon burned upon it or a bowl with a decoration consisting of a 16-petaled chrysanthemum can sell the fragile ware for its weight in purest gold. But, however richly decorated the piece of porcelain may otherwise be, unless the dragon has five claws and the chrysanthemum 16 petals, no more and no less, it has no value in one particular respect, says the Chicago Chronicle.

A green dragon with five claws is the crest of the Chinese emperor, and is the only porcelain manufactured for his special use that is permitted to bear that device. Indeed, in China the severest penalties are enforced against anyone ever found with such porcelain in his possession.

For a similar reason search through all the bric-a-brac stores in the United States for a little cup with a 16-petaled chrysanthemum on it, and the chance are a thousand to one you will be disappointed. Cups, bowls and saucers you will, of course, find in plenty with chrysanthemums on them but on close inspection you will discover the flower may have almost any number of petals but 16.

As a five-claw dragon is the crest of the Chinese emperor so a 16-petaled chrysanthemum is that of his imperial majesty of Japan and porcelain so decorated is also for his use only. To prevent any of this porcelain reaching the outside market, the greatest precautions are taken both in the factory and at the palace. All pieces not in use or rejected at the factory as imperfect are at once destroyed by officers appointed for that purpose. But in spite of penalties and precautions a few pieces of both occasionally escape official vigilance, and these are likely to be found in the most unexpected places. Here, for instance, is the story of a five-clawed green dragon saucer which was picked up at a sale for less than two cents.

A few years ago a curio hunter had in a job lot at an auction on account of an old pistol which was offered with several other apparently worthless objects. But in the lot was a saucer with a single green dragon on the inside surface. It was rather a quaint-looking piece, but, as the curio hunter explained subsequently, he was not particularly interested in porcelain, and at the time would have readily made it a present to anyone for the asking. He figured that it cost him less than two cents.

In a year or two the owner decided to dispose of his curios by auction. As his collection was well known, many people came to inspect it before sale. He was then not a little surprised to be asked by an apparently much interested person whether the saucer would be included in the sale, as it was not entered on the catalogue. The saucer had been entirely overlooked, but it was finally decided to include it in the sale, though it was not supposed the piece would bring ten cents.

So, after the important numbers had been disposed of the auctioneer put up the saucer, with a few preliminary facetious remarks. He asked if anyone would bid five cents for the saucer. Then came a bid of 25 cents, capped by another of 50 cents, and between two competitors the price rose briskly to \$19. At \$20 it was finally knocked down, to the astonishment of all the uninitiated present. But the two bidders happened to know the value of a five-claw dragon when they saw one, at any rate on a saucer. The subsequent history of the saucer, too, was not uneventful. In a year or two it was again sold at auction, and was then bought by a dealer at a big advance on the \$23. By him it was taken east and resold into one of the finest collections, where it now reposes in a handsome glass case.

Tortoises Chubb for Grapes. Tortoises are known to be able to live for a long time without food. It was also believed hitherto that they were rigid vegetarians. This belief, however, has been rudely dispelled by the discovery that they are very fond of grapes. The proprietor of a vineyard in Algiers had noticed for some time serious deprivations going on in his plantation. The watchman he had engaged reported that mysterious noises were heard in the place at night, and consequently refused to stop any longer on the spot. But the master determined to inquire into the matter for himself, and, much to his surprise, he found a large number of tortoises climbing up the vines with an alertness of which tortoises are ordinarily thought to be incapable, and making the most of the good things which the gods had provided for them.—Nature.

Not Omnivorous. Harvard Hasbeen—Madam, I ain't had anything to eat for 24 hours, and— Mrs. Goodart—Poor fellow! There's an old coat of my husband's hanging on that line over there and you—

Patent Waiters. "Mary, what are you sitting out on that cold porch for? Don't you know it's 11 o'clock?" "George and I are looking for the new comet, ma."

"But the new comet isn't due for several nights." "Well, we are in no hurry, ma." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Percentage of Death. Taking the world as a whole 25 per cent. of the people die before they reach the age of 17.—Medical Journal.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Australia supplies \$25,000,000 worth of wool a year. An average Briton has no strong as two Hindus.

Some of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

The standard of height in the British army is greater than in any other army in the world.

There are 65 steamers on the Swiss lakes. The largest can transport 1,200 passengers.

The average French person uses six pounds of soap in a year; the average English person uses ten pounds.

Mexico has more Indians than any other American country. In all, they number about 3,000,000. The Argentine Republic has also over 3,000,000 Indians.

Women school teachers in Roumania have been recommended by the minister of public instruction to wear the picturesque Wallachian peasant costume.

A novel type of storage battery car, which in English tests has run 100 miles on a single charge, has motors that, when traveling down hill, are reversed and become generators for restoring the battery charge.

A number of Japanese-owned vessels and their tonnage showed a further increase in 1931. Under the Japanese flag there are now 999 steam vessels of 577,660 tons and 3,565 sailing vessels of 326,618 tons, making a total of 4,534 vessels of 904,278 tons.

Geryville, in South Algeria, was infested recently with a cloud of locusts. Gardens and plantations were covered with a fluttering gray-brown pall of destructive insects. The major in command of the garrison called out the band and directed them to play up forlornly and march against the foe! The locusts, with one accord cleared away to a leek-and-celery neighborhood.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

Some of the Primary Qualities Which Are Necessary to Obtain That Standing.

Assuming, then, that good citizenship necessarily implies service of some sort to the state, the country, or the public, it must be understood, of course, that such service may vary widely in amount or in degree. The man and woman who have a family of children, educate them, bring them up honorably and well, teaching them to love their country, are good citizens, and deserve all of the respect, writes Henry Cabot Lodge, in Success. The man who, in order to care for his family and give his children a fair start in life, labors honestly and diligently at his trade, profession or business, and who casts his vote at all elections, adds to the strength as well as to the material prosperity of the country, and thus fulfills some of the primary and most important duties of good citizenship. Indeed, it may be said, in passing, that he who labors in any way, who has any intellectual interest, who employs his leisure for any public end—even the man who works purely for selfish objects—has one great element of good citizenship to his credit; for there is nobody else so detrimental in a country like ours as the mere idler, who passes his time in constant uncertainty as to how he shall get rid of the next day or the next hour of that brief life which, however short, in some cases, from every point of view, too long for him.

Bearing a family, casting a vote, leading a decent life and working honestly for a livelihood are, however, primary and simple qualities in meritorious citizenship. They are the foundation stones, no doubt, but good citizenship, in its true sense, rises much higher, and demands much more than these. Here, again, it becomes necessary to define one's meaning and get rid of generalities. All men who do good work have ideals at which they aim, dreams of what they hope to accomplish, and all, especially those who succeed most fully, fall far short of their ideals, for self-satisfaction usually halts the advance and puts an end to achievement. But to come short of one's ideal is not defeat. "Not failure, but low aim, is crime." The ideal cannot be set too high, and then any progress toward it is a victory, and the life work is not barren of results. This is as true of citizenship as of any other great field of human effort. The ideal cannot be set too high, provided it is compassed by constant sense and clear reason and does not topple over into eccentricity. But in order to possess an ideal, which must be at once sane and lofty, it is essential to have a standard, and that standard must be clear and sharply defined, not misty or confused. For example, if we wish to teach our children that loyalty to the nation and to the union of states is a fundamental quality of any American citizenship worthy to be called good, we must not set up a monument to a man, no matter how eminent, who won all his fame in an unsuccessful effort to wreck liberty.

Prehistoric Pygmies in Europe. Prof. Thilenius has discovered in the museum at Breslau the bones of a number of persons, both male and female, belonging, as he believes, to a race of dwarfs, of pygmies, whose stature ranged from four feet eight inches to five feet. Prof. Kollmann, of Basel, has described, from similar remains, an ancient Swiss race of dwarfs, and relics of other little people have been found at Colmar, in Alsace, and at Worms, on the Rhine. They have been assigned to a very early time, but Prof. Thilenius thinks some of the Silesian pygmies, whose bodies are at Breslau, may have lived as late as the time of the Roman and Slavic invasions.—Youth's Companion.

ABILITY AS CAPITAL.

Chances for Smart Young Men of Small Means Are Not Altogether Lackluster.

To the young man who imagines that the consolidation of industry and the conducting of his own on a big scale have shut the door on a big opportunity in the face of the man without capital, the recently adopted policy of a great insurance company is commended, says the Minneapolis Journal.

This great corporation, trust, if you please, has discovered that money is helpless without brains. New rival companies have recently taken away from it some of its best executive and managerial ability. It has felt the loss so keenly that it is now entering into long-time contracts with its most important employees.

The mere man of money, without particular ability or special business training of some kind, is absolutely dependent on men who know how to do things. Some men inherit money, some men inherit brains, a few inherit both.

Take the mediocre capitalist by accident. He is absolutely unable to enter into any profitable business unless he can establish some kind of an alliance, either through a corporation, a partnership, or employment, with some experienced, shrewd, energetic man who knows all about some business. Otherwise Mr. Moneybags will have to get along on three or four per cent. net income from an investment which requires no more intelligence on his part than the picking out of some absolutely safe investment, such as government bonds.

It is not only the man with knowledge, but without means, who is looking for an opening. The man with means, but without knowledge, is also looking for an opening. These two kinds of men are meeting every day to their mutual good. Practical knowledge is just as much capital as good yellow coin. The worker with such knowledge gets two kinds of income. One represents dividends on his knowledge capital, another represents pay for the work he does which requires no special preparation. Thus men may acquire capital by saving money or by accumulating useful knowledge and experience. A young mining engineer only six weeks out of Leland Stanford university is drawing a larger salary, it is said, than all the other mining engineers in California together. That man probably inherited a good supply of brains, but he was capitalized himself by his years of hard work in the engineering college.

Viewed in this light the great accumulation of wealth in the United States means more opportunity. American capitalists are "plungers." Looking at their money is no sport for them. They are not idlers. They want to be in the thick of the fascinating industrial fray. To win they need allies. They match money against knowledge.

AMERICAN TIP TAKERS.

Once Sturdy Independence That Is Rapidly Wearing Off in Our Cities.

Firmly established in the tip system is American cities, it gives the countryman a distinct shock to go back to his native hills and find the fingers of natives closing eagerly on gratuities. He does not mind tipping a French or Italian, or even an English waiter, but when a pretty schoolgirl whose people have lived on the soil for generations, but who has turned herself into a waitress in the summer hotel, either to help through college or to set up a piano at home, takes a tip as naturally as if she had been born to it, a good American is likely to be sore that the principles of his country are being undermined and that there is no such idea as equality left, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The most shocking case so far as the preservation of American mores goes, was recently encountered on the observation car that runs across the Crawford notch. The writer was passing through for the first time, conscious that many of the famous points were all Greek to him. He asked a question or two when a fine athletic brakeman stepped forward with information. He attached himself to the questioner's party, and thereafter not so much as a waterfall was missed. It was plainly a case of working the travelers for a tip, and the work was beautifully done. The brakeman knew everything and imparted information worth more to the recipients than the tip which followed, so there was no complaint on that score. But here was a big, husky American, who very likely was entitled to belong to all the societies of wondrous things which have been invented yet, who had intelligence enough to speak in town meetings or to be a selectman of his town eagerly perverting the gracious American spirit of obligations for a putty half dollar. By the time we have as many show places as England, we shall have developed the show place manner and the born courier who would rather "coo," to quote Flipper in "The Runaway Girl," than work. Environment is mightier than principle and constant dropping will wear away the sturdiest independence.

The Obstacle. Music Teacher—I try to make of your son, ze little Thomas, a grande musician, but he must help. I am 'traid he does not practice. Mrs. Woodly. No, his father gives him ten cents a day not to.—Philadelphia Press.