

THEY CAN NOT COUGH

Boarders in Albuquerque, N. M., Must Be Careful.

They May Be Classed as "Lungers" and Refused Accommodations—A Town of Health Seekers.

There are many private boarding houses in Albuquerque, N. M., but in the best of them no invalids are allowed to stay. If a boarder coughs at the table during meal time he will be politely requested to leave at once and he may never be invited to return. The landlady will tell him she is very sorry, but that the other boarders object to the coughing and that she must keep up the reputation of her house, which is that "lungers" or invalids are not accommodated there, says the Kansas City Times. The most of the invalids who go to New Mexico in search of health are sufferers from consumption and are known by the slang term "lungers." The knowledge that first-class boarding houses enforced this rule against coughing helps many of them along toward recovery, because it puts them on their guard and they are thereby enabled to restrain themselves from such useless and needless racking of the lungs. Physicians say that consumption really does not have to cough as much as they do. It becomes a habit to them and is harmful.

An ordinance against spitting on the sidewalk is also rigidly enforced because of the fear of contracting the dreaded tuberculosis. There are two public libraries in the city, but many people will not patronize them because they fear the germs of disease are carried in the leaves of books on its shelves. The fear of contracting the disease is always at the ears of all the people.

Almost all of the people in the city went there for their health or because some member of their family had to go. The city of Albuquerque is a new town. It is separate and distinct from the old Mexican town of the same name which lies west of the American town. The old town is a collection of adobe houses with narrow, irregular streets that wind in and around the dwellings with no system. In the center of the town facing the square is the old church of San Felipe built 300 years ago. There are numerous saloons in the old town, but all of them sell American drinks and no mecal, the favorite Mexican drink, can be obtained there. Tourists invariably ask for it. A single track horse car line connects the old and new towns. The old town also boasts of the Bernardo county courthouse and the county jail.

The new town is an American city one and a half miles square. It supports two daily papers and the people and the customers are as distinctly American as if they were a thousand miles away from the old town. Its commercial club has a fine building, three stories high, in which are modern club rooms. There are numerous hotels and two banks, one of which carries more than \$1,750,000 in deposits. The population is only about 10,000, but the heavy deposits are made by mining companies operating near the city.

It is said of the climate that the sun shines every day in the year. Even in the rainy season there is always a daily break in the clouds, through which the sun's rays burst brightly. There is no rain of consequence for six months of the year, and as the soil is sand there is dust everywhere. When the wind blows strongly there are sand storms which are very disagreeable to a newcomer, but which are looked upon philosophically by the people who have lived there awhile.

The north and south streets are named after the principal means of support of the town. The main street is called Railroad avenue. Other streets are Gold avenue, Silver avenue, Lead avenue, Coal avenue and Copper avenue. To the west of the city rise the craters of three extinct volcanoes, but the inhabitants never give them a thought except to point them out to a newcomer or a visitor. They do not even emit smoke or steam. The Rio Grande separates them from the town. North and east of the city lies a chain of mountains called the San Diaz. They are 12 miles away and a broad mesa, or table land, stretches between them and the town.

No vegetation grows thereabouts without irrigation and the ditches, known by the Mexican name of Acequia, can be seen yet in and about the town. Most of the water now used is piped through mains laid under the streets. A green lawn may be had, but it must be covered with an inch or two of water every day. Some people will not try to grow grass because it makes their houses too damp. Cottonwood trees are about the only species grown. No roots ever protrude above the ground, as they grow straight down in search of water, which is usually found six or eight feet below the surface. Despite these difficulties in growing green things, the city, when viewed from the Highlands, a suburb east of the city, appears to be a grove of verdure. The city has one small park, where everything is green, and work is now progressing on another. It is being made in a gravel bed, to which all the soil will have to be carried.

The Head Throb.
"Miss Thimble—What's this I hear about Jack putting his arm round you?"
"Miss Fettle—He didn't do anything of the kind."
"Well, as far round, then, as he could."—Tit-Bits.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Sweet peas, lilies, clove, pink and aromatic flowers, such as lavender, are best for the sick room. Hyacinths and tuberoses are probably the worst.

It is probable that at lunar midday the heat on the moon's surface is something like 750 degrees Fahrenheit; while at midnight it falls to 320 degrees of frost.

Besides the skylark, a number of other birds sing as they fly. Among these are the titlark, woodlark, water peeper, sedge warbler, willow warbler and whin chat.

The highest magnifying power obtained with the object glass of a microscope enables the eye to distinguish one two hundred and four million seven hundred thousandths part of an inch.

Charles T. Schoen, of pressed steel car fame, announces that the pressed steel car wheel has demonstrated its utility by a severe test in actual service, and the new plant projected for the manufacture of the wheels will have an initial capacity of 400 wheels per day.

A new species of violet has been discovered by Miss Lillie Angell, of Milton Place, Orange, and Charles Louis Pollard, curator of plants at the Smithsonian Institution, has named the species *Viola angellae*, after the discoverer. The leaves attain large dimensions.

At Egg Rock, Lynn, England, a bell was hung 50 feet below a buoy moored in 15 fathoms of water, and the bell was struck by electricity from the Egg Rock light station power house. A person on a ship hears the signal by placing a rod in contact with the hull of the ship, and the first experiments show that the signals can thus be heard at a distance of five miles or more.

MUSIC FOR THE CORONATION.

Prize Offered for March to Be Played When England's King is Crowned.

In the temporary absence of Sir Frederick Bridge, from London he has been employing his time with Sir Walter Parratt, master of the king's music, in making a preliminary selection among the 150 or so of scores that have been submitted for the prize of 50 guineas offered by the Worshipful Company of Musicians for a coronation march, and it is expected that the work of the fortunate winner will be performed at the great ceremony in June.

At present very little has been done, however, with regard to the selection of music for the stately rite, though it may be pointed out that certain hymns and canticles have established themselves as a part of the office. This is notably the case with the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus," which appears in the service of the Liber Regalis of Richard II, or even earlier, though it has had some curious variations of rendering at the different coronations. At that of Charles I, the form used was a rather more archaic translation than the second one, to be found in the ordination service, in common meter. In the coronation order of James II, the hymn appears in Bishop Cosin's couplet form, exactly as it stands in the ordination service now, and familiar to all churchgoers at Whitaunder to an ancient plain song.

Both at the coronations of William and Mary and Queen Victoria several verbal variations were introduced, and at the latter the extremely singular choice of Pelham Humphrey's "Grand Chant" was made for the "tune" to which it was sung. Its place in the service is before the anointing, and the sovereign kneels at the fald stool while it is being rendered. Even older is the Te Deum in the service, which is to be found in an eleventh century manuscript at Cambridge, representing probably the office used for William the Conqueror, though in the earliest services it came at the commencement, whereas in later ceremonies it appears before the enthronization and homage.

At Queen Victoria's coronation, says the London Telegraph, no fewer than five anthems were sung, but with the exception of "Zadok, the Priest," which has always been sung since the coronation of Charles I, and the eighteenth Psalm since that of James II, it would seem that some latitude has been permitted in this matter, and the last solemnity concluded with the "Hallelujah" chorus. Owing to the great length of the service, especially when a queen consort is crowned also, it is hoped probable that some reduction in this number will be made when the office is finally drawn up in all its details.

Not Ready to Makeup.
They had been having a discussion concerning the necessity or otherwise of purchasing a new silk dress in order to be on a level with the De Monneys next door. Banks had vetoed her purchase on the ground of extravagance and want of funds, and his wife was much put out.

"Dinner ready, my dear?" he asked, in his most conciliatory manner, her face had been like a stale thunderstorm ever since the disagreement, and Banks wanted to change it.

"Yes," answered Mrs. B., shortly. "Must try again," said Banks to himself. Then, aloud: "Ah, I'm glad of that, my love. I have what the poets would call 'an aching void,' Sarah."

"You often suffer from headache," he returned, in a cutting tone. Banks drew his chair up to the table with unnecessary noise, and remained from further attempts at conciliation for the rest of the day.—Stray Stories.

LASTS BUT TEN YEARS

The Stage Life of an Actor Rarely Exceeds a Decade.

Some Interesting Particulars of the Theatrical Career and the Varying Conditions Which Influence It.

A new crop of stage people is harvested in the United States every ten years. Each decade marks the beginning of a new epoch in theatrical history.

This fact, says the Chicago Tribune, does not apply so aptly to stars and stage people who dominate in the profession, for the life of these, so far as the public is concerned, is usually somewhat longer. But with the rank and file—those who never rise higher than the level of minor roles—ten years is about the limit of endurance. After having served before the public for that length of time without doing anything sufficiently meritorious or novel to attract unusual attention the actor or actress, as a rule, passes away, and a new crop is harvested among the many anxious recruits on the waiting list to fill the depleted ranks.

Men who deal in the talents of stage people to the extent of reaping financial returns from their labors are better qualified to "size up" the situation than others, and their experience teaches that few ordinary people of the theatrical profession remain longer than ten years in the business. They either achieve distinction—although this is the exception rather than the rule—or else drop into other lines after having been convinced by experience that the stage, so far as they are directly concerned, offers practically no opportunities for advancement. For this reason the rank and file of the profession is constantly changing, and the popular idea "once an actor always an actor" is easily disproved.

It is the office of the theatrical agent—the man who mediates between the stage people and managers—that presents the truest phase of stage life. In this little clearing house, where talent is the standard of consideration, the mask is removed, and everything goes for just what it is worth. By reason of this fact those who manage the affairs of stage people are better able to judge of the vagaries and allurements of the profession than persons on the outside, and in their opinion ten years is the average life of the person who chooses the stage as a profession.

This condition is more evident among specialty people than among those who adhere to the beaten paths of legitimate drama. The latter field is less exhausting, because it is less original than the former, and changes from one line to another are more easily brought about. The stock and trade of men and women on the variety stage is originally, and when this endeavor has been exhausted the resources of the person cease unless he has succeeded in building up a reputation which he can live on after he ceases to be a drawing card with the public.

The theatrical agent is brought into touch with both sides of the shifting life of the stage. He meets an enthusiastic "raw recruit" one minute, and the next turns to face an actor or actress who has outlived his or her stage usefulness and is searching diligently for an engagement. The agent's life is, in fact, a better drama than the average stage production, and he has enough comedy thrown in to relieve the monotony. And there is a good deal of comedy done a theatrical exchange, and comedy goes.

The sole business of the theatrical exchange is to supply attractions to managers for every kind of show, and as most specialty people are under contract with one agent or another during the season this is done with as much system as prevails in a well-regulated banking institution. Whole programs are made up by the agent as a manager is required to do but one thing—sign a check covering the cost. The price of complete performances ranges from \$190 to \$1,150, not including transportation expenses, which the manager is required to pay.

Individual acts are naturally rated according to the ability and popularity of individual actors. Specialty people draw much higher salaries than those engaged in legitimate work, but even so that they are admittedly underpaid considering the character of some of their acts. For instance, a woman will stand against a board and allow a man to hem-in her body with sharp knives, thrown a distance of 15 feet for \$20 a day (list price), and two knobby comedians will beat-and-batter themselves unmercifully for \$65 a day (list price). This is a sample of the salaries paid to men and women who appear on the variety stage, yet the market is overstocked with them all the time.

Setting Her Right.
"Oh, George," exclaimed the fair maid with the lemon-tinted bangs, as she accepted the bouquet, "what lovely flowers! And they look as if they had just been gathered, too. See, there is a little dew on them."

"Now wouldn't that jar the filling out of one's back molars?" exclaimed George. "My dear girl, I paid 30 cents in good hard coin for those buds, and I beg to assure you there isn't a cent due on them."—Chicago Daily News.

Make Better Than the Grammar.
Mr. Bloddy—My boy, Bennie, is getting to be a good artist.
Mr. Spatts—Is he?
"He drew a picture of a hen which was so true to nature that when I threw it in my waste basket it laid there."—Stray Stories.

POLYGAMY DYING OUT.

A Multiplicity of Wives is Becoming Distasteful to the Women of Turkey.

"Polygamy is fast dying out among the Turks, and not on account of any change in moral standards, but because of the attitude of the women themselves. Formerly a man's four or five wives dwelt amicably under one roof, but now every wife demands a home of her own, and the impossibility of supporting so many homes is compelling the average Turk to limit his harem to one wife."

This new proof of the civilizing influence of woman, says the Chicago Tribune, was given recently by Miss Florence A. Fensham, dean of the American college for girls at Constantinople, in a talk before the League for Political Education in New York on "The Outlook for the Woman of the Orient."

Another statement that seemed novel to many of the audience was: "The Turks as a race are of fair complexion, with blue eyes, and are delightful people to know. They are truthful, honest, and hospitable in a high degree. In these respects the mass of the Turks—those of the upper and middle class—differs greatly from the government; but a nation must be judged, not by its highest nor its lowest, but by the great class between."

"There is a general impression abroad that Turkish women are shut up behind the lattice windows of the harem, and have little freedom to go about. This is far from correct. The Bosporus steamers are crowded with them; they loiter on every hand in the narrow streets of Constantinople. Valled they must be, but veiled they go about with a freedom greater than that assured any European woman, for to molest a Moslem woman means death to a Turk, and serious consequences to a foreigner."

"It is an acknowledged fact that the women of Turkey control most of the government appointments. To quote from a work recently published by one long resident of the country: 'The women hold ultimate sway over the conduct of the men. The tangled intrigues for place and power, which center in the harem, form the key to many vicissitudes of Turkish history.'"

Even the dress of the women of the harem, said Miss Fensham, shows their growing independence. A few years ago every woman wrapped herself before going out in an upper garment that completely enshrouded her head and was not to be removed until she was again in the house. Now all the younger women have adopted a looser head covering, that they drop at will when on the Bosporus steamers for a pleasure trip or resting elsewhere. Several edicts were issued by the sultan against the innovation, but after a few months of obedience the women would quietly resume their new headdresses until another edict banished it for a time. At last he became wearied of the struggle, and the modern fashion has become a settled thing.

GRIZZLY'S DRAMATIC DEATH.

The Gray Terror of the Idaho Hills Will No Longer Deal Death and Destruction.

Big Foot, the gray terror of the Idaho hills, is dead at last. The grizzly closed his career with an orgy that included the killing of about 30 horses in one week, and the ranchers throughout the wide region where he operated are rejoicing that he will not rob them any more.

When Tom Hopper, the veteran hunter of Spokane, arrived in Lewiston with a party of amateurs, including D. G. Holbrook, a South Dakota drummer, and announced that they were going after Big Foot the natives, on Tom's account, reckoned there'd be something 'doin'."

As nearly as they could find out Big Foot was about 40 miles from Lewiston in an untraveled wilderness. There were three feet of snow on the ground all the way, but that did not deter them. They wandered about for five days before the dogs got on to his track. Then they made camps and the dogs trailed Big Foot up to a hole among some rocks on a high ridge overlooking a tributary of the Snake river.

Big Foot was so surprised by the sudden attack of the dogs that he started to run. The dogs kept at his heels and the race continued until the hunters were far behind and cursing their luck that their magnificent quarry was out of range.

But Big Foot changed his route. Making a detour of the top of a ridge, he raced at top speed down the other side, noting little of what was ahead of him.

Right below him was the camp and Holbrook and another member of the party were there. Holbrook saw the great brute coming like a cyclone and grabbing his Winchester he fired. It was a lucky shot. The grizzly rolled over dead with a bullet in his heart. Fifteen dead horses were found within two miles of the point where the bear had made his den, says the New York World. The animal was skinned and the hide is to be mounted.

Comforts of Home.
"Mrs. Bright—I don't understand, Henry, about this wireless telegraphy. How would I know when I was going to get a message; and how would I be able to know what it was, if I did get it; and how would I know anything about it?"
Henry (looking at her over his paper)—Good Lord!—Smart Set.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Little Outlooks."Papa says the man that weds me must have money, Mr. Swifter." Swifter—"Of course he must. Did he say how much he expected to contribute?"—N. Y. Times.

"Man outside says he's writin' to see 'the colonel,' an' nuther one calls you 'governor.'" "The gee-whillikins! Have I got to run for office in spite of myself?"—Atlanta Constitution.

After Amateur Performances.—She—"Wasn't she natural in the sleeping scene?" Her Husband—"Very. She couldn't have been more natural unless she snored."—Town and Country.

Mr. Frye—"What made you run out when that dog bit your employer yesterday?" Office Boy—"The dog belonged to a customer. If anybody was going to be sworn at, it would be me."—Boston Transcript.

Our Children.—Nurse—"You dreadful children! Where have you been?" Young Hospital—"Oh, nurse, we've been trying to drown those dear little ducks, but they will come to the top!"—Punch.

Seclusion.—"I have decided to spend my vacation at Newport." "At Newport? Why, man, I thought you wanted seclusion." "I do, and I'll be secluded all right. I don't happen to be recognized in the Newport set."—Baltimore News.

Hopful Woman.—"Woman is naturally more hopeful than man." "Yes; there's my wife, for instance; for years past every time she has had occasion to buy fish she has asked the dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'no.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Lady," began the dusty wayfarer, "could you help a poor sufferer of Mont Pelee?" "Mont Pelee?" echoed the housewife; "why, you are no resident of Martinique." "I know dat, mum, but I am a sufferer just de same. Half de things kind ladies had saved for me dey sent down dere."—Philadelphia Record.

MACHINE-MADE SLEEP.

Clockwork Devices Are Taking the Place of Narcotics as Restorers of Nature.

The wear and tear of modern life make sleep more difficult to woo every year. The want has brought the supply, and a number of sleep machines are on the market, says the London Mail.

The most complicated of these mechanical sleep-producers is the "vibrating coronet," just invented by Dr. GaiFFE, of Paris. It consists of three bands of metal encircling the head. A branch strip extends to either of the eye-holes, and by aid of a spring, greatly vibrates against it.

This is used to induce sleep by the celebrated Dr. Bertillon, of Paris. Several other devices now on the market are known as "shuttles." One of these, made by M. Mathieu, of Paris, has done its work already in the clinics of Europe. It is a compact mahogany box, five inches high, four inches wide, and 3½ inches deep, from the top of which projects a pivot penetrating the centers of two horizontal, rectangular panels of ebony, eight inches long and one inch high.

Inside the box is clockwork, which causes a series of ebony panels to revolve. Each is studded on both sides by a horizontal row of bright circular mirrors, the size of a shilling, and maintains a velocity of one revolution a second.

To induce sleep by aid of this mechanism the room is darkened, and bright rays of light from a lamp or gas jet are reflected from the mirrors.

The patient, by concentrating his gaze upon the revolving panels, soon becomes fascinated by the vibrating glitter. The monotony of the stimulus soon fatigues the eyes, which unconsciously close in sleep. The "fascinator" is quite a different sleep-producer. It is manufactured by M. Verdin, an instrument maker of Paris, and is used with success in the celebrated Hospital Salpetriere, of the French capital. It is a helmet similar to that of the vibrating coronet.

When adjusted to the head it is tied by two straps. A plate of steel, four inches wide by one inch high, rests horizontally across the forehead, from the center of this metallic strip protrudes a small tube of steel, into whose end may be inserted a very flexible wire tipped with a glistening silver-plated ball about the size of a grape.

By properly bending the wire the ball may be fixed at any desired angle above and very near the eyes, and the effect is the same as that of the glittering mirrors.

The phenomenon of eye fatigue is experienced by many who cannot long observe the rapidly shifting panorama of scenery moving before a railway window without falling asleep before their journey's end. The breeze from an electric fan if directed against the eyelids have this same soothing effect.

Cared for Their Own Drunkards.
Lord Archery inebriated 50 ants, 25 from one nest and 25 from another, and put them all into the nest from which one had been taken. The inhabitants at once took the helpless strangers, and threw them into the water, while those who were citizens of the nest were carried tenderly away into remote corners to recover from their festivity at leisure.—Science.

So Thoughtful of Him.
Stranger—What statue is that being erected on the square?
Citizen—That, sir, is the statue of the Hon. J. Mortimer Biggerton.
"One of the benefactors of the town, I suppose?"
"Yes, indeed. He paid for the statue before he died."—Chicago Daily News.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

To every four new books issued in this country one new edition of some older book is published.

Montgomery, the famous hymn-writer, required but a single afternoon to prepare one of his magnificent paraphrases of the Psalms.
Dr. Maurice Bloomfield, of the Johns Hopkins University, has sailed for Europe. His trip will be a sort of expedition to gather the last materials for a "Vedic Concordance," on which he has been engaged for many years.

Pittsfield, Mass., which called itself the "gem city of the Berkshires," has been the home at various times of many literary celebrities, among them being Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne and Herman Melville. On East street stands the house in which Longfellow wrote "The Clock on the Stairs."

Rev. James D. Corrothers, of Red Bank, N. J., is a rising young poet whose verse resembles that of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. His ancestors were Indian, negro and Anglo-Saxon. He was blacking shoes in this city when discovered by Henry Demarest Lloyd, who helped him to an education. Mr. Corrothers believes the poets should have the right to perform marriage ceremonies, being most truly the high priests of men—and needing the fees.

The accumulation of books and newspapers even in comparatively small libraries is enormous. A library like the British Museum or the Library of Congress must, by its very constitution, seek to be complete, and completeness in a city library involves excessive rent charges for storage. For large libraries, as for small, the pressing question is what not to buy, what not to preserve.

HEAT TWO MILES DOWN.

Interesting Scientific Facts Regarding the Earth's Interior Recently Made Known.

In his latest work, "The Earth's Beginning," Sir Robert Ball, the distinguished British astronomer, gives details of a remarkable experiment which was made a few years ago at Schladebach, about 15 miles from Leipzig, Germany. The experiment

says a London paper, was undertaken in making a search for coal and borings were made to a greater depth than ever had been reached before. From the surface of the ground, where the hole was about six inches in diameter, to the lowest point, where it was about the size of one's little finger, was one mile and 117 yards. Capt. Huysen, who bored this wonderful hole, is not only a highly successful mining engineer. He has done much valuable scientific work and he rightly deemed that this unprecedented boring presented exceptional opportunities for study of the earth's internal temperature. Sir Robert Ball says:

"The study of the internal heat of the earth may be said to begin below the level of 100 feet, and the results that were obtained in the great boring are extremely accordant. The deeper the hole the hotter the rocks, and Capt. Huysen found that for each 66 feet in descent the temperature increased one degree Fahrenheit. It was part of Capt. Huysen's scheme to obtain careful readings of his thermometer at intervals of 100 feet from the surface to the bottom of the hole. A study of these readings shows that the increase of 80 degrees in a mile takes place uniformly at the rate of one degree for each 66 feet of depth. As the temperature increases uniformly from the surface down to the lowest point which our thermometers have reached, it would be unreasonable to suppose that the rate of increase would be found to suffer some abrupt change if it were possible to go a little deeper.

"As the temperature rises 80 degrees in the first mile, and as the rate of increase is shown by the observations to be quite as large at the bottom of the hole as it is at the top, we certainly shall not make any very great mistake if we venture to assume that in the second mile the temperature would also increase to an extent which will not be far from 80 degrees. This inference from the observations leads to the remarkable conclusion that at a depth of two miles the temperature of the earth must be, we will not say exactly, but at all events not very far from 160 degrees higher than at the level of constant temperature, about 100 feet down. Thus we draw the important inference that if the oceans having been removed, we were then to remove from the earth's surface a rind two miles thick we should transform the earth into a globe, which, while it still retained appreciably the same size, would have such a temperature that even the coolest spot were as hot as boiling water."

Sir Robert discusses the loss of heat which has been going on for many thousands of years, not only through the periods of human history, but during the overwhelming spaces of time which geological research has revealed. He declares that "there is no known or, indeed, conceivable source of energy from which an equivalent can be restored, and it follows that the earth must have less internal heat now than it had at any earlier period. No doubt the process of cooling is excessively slow. The earth has less internal heat at present than it had 100 years ago, but I do not suppose that even in 1,000 years, or perhaps in 10,000 years, there would be any appreciable decline in the quantity of heat, so far as any obvious manifestations of that heat are concerned."