

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

M. Col, of Paris, has discovered that a substance similar to rubber may be obtained from the Japanese spindle tree. The announcement was made to the Academie des Sciences.

In Japan they have a very simple way of collecting butterflies alive. They strew trees with phosphorous and saccharine matter, and then the butterflies in the night time are attracted, stick fast and are taken off.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences M. Berthelot stated that he had found in a metallic box, covered with inscriptions and dated from 700 B. C., that a portion of one of its characters was made of an alloy of platinum.

A Glasgow citizen, who desires to be anonymous, has placed at Maj. Ross' disposal a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of one year's trial of exterminating mosquitoes in a certain region in Africa, with a view of showing in how far they are responsible for the prevalence of malaria.

In New Jersey alone last year there was \$20,000,000 capital invested in the silk business, and almost as much in Pennsylvania; 44,250 operatives were employed in the two states, drawing \$13,500,000 in wages, and in the whole country there were nearly 64,000 operatives who earned more than \$30,000,000.

It is said that the trials of the flying machine which has been under construction for some time by Denny Bros. have been satisfactory, showing that the principle is in all right, but the motive power is inadequate. The machine is 40 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and the weight, including that of the two acrobats, is about 300 pounds.

Several methods of preserving the natural color of pressed flowers have been suggested, but the best, it is said, is that used in the New York botanical garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two, they are laid in papers placed in the sun, and this is repeated until the drying is complete. This preserves the colors perfectly.

BY-INDUSTRY AT THE MORGUE

One Woman in Black Who Makes a Business of Smelling Smelling Salts to Visitors.

The man in the doorway crooked his finger at the wily little woman in black, who sat on the curbing just outside the morgue, says the New York Sun.

"See her?" he asked. "The curiosity seeker thus addressed said: 'Yes. What about her?'"

"She's a genius, that's what about her," said the man. "She has hit upon a most peculiar calling, and I'll bet she will make money out of it, too. She has laid in a supply of smelling salts and rests out the bottles at the rate of ten cents an hour to people visiting this institution. There are five different parties in here now, and each person is provided with smelling salts rented from this enterprising old lady."

"I am glad she hit upon the plan. I had been thinking for a good many months in a vague sort of way that some such preventive of fainting ought to be supplied to tenderfeet that come spying around down here, but I never even perfected the project in my own mind, much less put it into execution. But it was different with the old lady."

"What first suggested the scheme was her own experience when she came down here to look for a friend who had disappeared. She got so weak and nervous that she declared she would surely die if she didn't get a whiff of lavender salts. She didn't get the salts because we had none about the place, neither did she die, but when she recovered she started in business."

"The lady's profits vary, of course, with the attendance at the morgue. Some days she earns quite a decent salary. Take Tuesday, for instance. For some reason, which I have never been able to discover, Tuesday is the public's favorite day for doing the morgue."

The curiosity seeker looked doubtfully at the woman on the curbing. "I wonder," she said, "if it'd better rent a bottle, too?"

"Going in?" asked the man. "Yes," said she. "I think so."

"Then get a bottle, by all means," was the reply. "It will cost but a dime, and will save you no end of nervous chills."

Filtered Water in Bamboo Stems. Mr. R. H. Yapp, an English naturalist who has recently explored the mountain ranges of the Malay peninsula, reports the hitherto little known fact that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints—are stored with large quantities of naturally filtered water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency. Mr. Yapp also discovered two species of ferns, growing on trees, whose thick, fleshy stems are filled with galleries tunneled by ants, the ferns thus forming living nests for the ants.—Nature.

Another Royal Ceremony. It is not likely that the duke of Cornwall and York will be created prince of Wales until after the king's coronation next year. This distinction used to be conferred with a ceremony, which (says one of our London correspondents) will probably be revived in 1902. Strutt, in his "Customs," summarizes the ceremony as follows: "The prince is presented before the king in princely robes, who putteth about his neck a sword bend-wise, a cap and coronet on his head, a ring on his middle finger, a verge of gold in his hand, and his letters-patent after they are read."—Sheffield Telegraph.

MERELY WANTED PIG'S FEET.

Slangy Young Man Tries to Be Smart and Is Paid Out in His Own Kind.

"Slang may sometimes be used under very embarrassing conditions," remarked a bachelor who had spent his life in boarding houses, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and I have frequently had occasion to observe some very unhappy results on account of the use of the vernacular of the gutter. I know what Hugo said about slang, and its great force in conveying ideas, and all that sort of thing, but this does not alter my opinion of slang one iota. Slang is an abomination; that is, until the words become so universally used that they find a place in the dictionary, or can be used in print without quotations. But I had in mind an incident that amused me very much last winter in a boarding house in Prytanis street. There was a dandified fellow scarcely out of his teens, who prided himself on being the first always in picking up the latest in the way of slang. One night during the dinner hour he had been particularly loquacious, and in fact had converted himself into a conversational Gattling gun, if I may say it. With an air of self-sufficiency, and much dignity, he turned to a gentleman sitting by him and said: 'I will thank you for the Tribby's.' The point landed, and he succeeded in confusing his friend, who did not understand at first. But the joke was quickly shifted, for the gentleman to whom he had addressed the remark turned to him and said with frigid politeness: 'O, excuse me, you mean the Cinderellas,' and as he said this he passed his friend the pigs' feet, and I never heard the young fellow use slang again while at my boarding house. In fact, he never seemed to recover from the shock, and generally ate his meals in silence."

HE HAD TRAVELED.

And Had Seen About All There is to Be Seen in This World.

"Have you spent all of your life right here in this place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas, relates Lippincott's.

"Not by a darned sight," was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part of the time, but, la, I hev traveled fur an' wide."

"Ever been abroad?"

"Well, not eggactly to say abroad, unless you call it goin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersburg. I been over that twice in a half forty year. It's thirty-six an' a half mile to Petersburg, an' I been furder than that, fer my ole woman an' me went clean to Hogback Ridge on our weddin' tower, an' that's forty-one mile from here. Then I been over in Pettis county to see my wife's folks twice, an' that's twenty-odd mile from here. Then I been over in Rocky Hill ez menny ez four times, an' that's eighteen ez. Ez I say, I been here most of the time, but then I've traveled fur an' wide all the same. I've seen the big four-story mill over to Petersburg an' the engine kyars over to Peaville. I rid three miles on 'em an' it's all I want of the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an' a feller that could eat fire and dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once, an' a horse-race fer a purse of \$65. Yes, wir, I been fur an' wide, an' I reckon I been the biggest part of what there is to see in this world, an' I don't lot on doin' no more gaddin' about."

A LITTLE LAPSE.

Young Bride Goes Forth in Gorgeous Garb But One Thing is Lacking.

Being a pretty bride, which creates a correct impression that Detroit has her, she liked to dress and see that the gifts of nature did not lose through her neglect to properly adorn them. Of course they went to another city in celebration of the nuptials, for the custom seems as exacting as the requirements of fashion, says the Detroit Free Press.

Man like, he had some business to attend to, and it was arranged just when she should leave the hotel to meet him, what street she should walk along, for the distance was a short one, and where they should join each other.

Speaking after the manner of men, she dressed to the limit, and it was a charming figure that went tripping from the ladies' entrance of the hotel. She could see that she was the magnet for all eyes as she passed down the crowded thoroughfare, but thought that some looked at her in a rather curious way. But why not? She had on her best, she looked her best, and she felt her best, a combination not to be beaten. Yet she rather wondered.

"Here you are, my dear," was her husband's greeting, "and on the tick of the watch. What a punctual little—" and then he gave her that same incomprehensible look.

"What is it, Fred?" she inquired, nervously.

"Where's your hat?" and she almost swooned when she found that she had left that triumph of millinery art at the hotel and only had a white veil tied over her brow.

On the Contrary. Chicago Man—To be perfectly candid, politics are rotten with you, and I suppose they are with you. Boston Man—On the contrary, politics are rotten, with you.—Puck.

UNCONSCIOUS SUICIDE.

According to This Account a Man Can Take His Own Life Without Knowing It.

Several night police reporters of the Chicago morning papers sat in their den at Central station one night recently, discussing a mysterious suicide which they had written up earlier in the evening. One of the reporters, who has been on the "job" a dozen years, was laughed to scorn by the others when he asserted that it was possible for a person to commit suicide unconsciously or accidentally, says the Chicago Tribune.

Such remarks as "smoke up" and "your pipe is out" were hurled at him from all sides of the room. Any one who has never listened to the gentle, insinuating repartee of the night police "gang" has lived in vain. They fight one another as if deadly enemies in the gathering of news, torment each other with vicious sallies of wit when one is "scopped," but when the clock strikes four and the night's work is done there is no kinder heart for his fellow man than that which beats in the breast of the night police reporter.

"You fellows can make all the fun you want to," said the reporter who caused the outbreak of hilarity, "but I tell you again that a person can commit suicide unconsciously or by accident. I'll prove it to you by relating a little story in which I was the central figure. My paper called me into the office one night some years ago and the city editor told me to catch the first train for Des Moines. There had been a mysterious murder committed in a small town near there and the local correspondent was up against the real thing. I was there two or three days, and it was while returning to Chicago that I had the strangest experience of my life.

"On account of long years at night work it is hard for me to change my sleeping hours, and when I occasionally take a flyer out of town I never ride in the sleeper. On the night I was coming back from Des Moines I was in the smoking car. A day or two before that there had been a train holdup somewhere in Missouri, and as I fell into a doze about two o'clock in the morning I was thinking what would I do if robbers should attack the train. I always carry a revolver in my hip pocket, but I removed it to the outside pocket of my overcoat just as I dozed off. At a station further back two rough-looking men got on the train and came into the smoker. They sat a few seats in front."

"I don't know how long I had slept, but it couldn't have been more than half an hour when I dreamed that the two men in front of me were train bandits. In my dream I saw them masked and each had two big revolvers. They were walking down the aisle of the car making the terrified passengers hand over their valuables.

"As they drew near to me I reached into my pocket where the revolver lay. Mind you, this was a dream. I pretended to be asleep, and just as they got to my seat I pulled the gun out and tried to discharge it at them. Something seemed to be wrong with the trigger, and I pulled until I thought the blood would burst in my veins.

"I was aroused from my troubled dream by the brakeman opening the door of the smoker and shouting out the name of the next station. As I awakened I saw I was leaning forward with my head resting on something cold pressing against my temple. It was the muzzle of my revolver. In my dream I had taken it from my pocket and was trying to send a bullet through my own head when the brakeman's shout aroused me. My fingers were not on the trigger, but were twined around the guard, and to that fact I owe my life. It was a double action pistol, and if my fingers had ever pressed the trigger I would have been brought home in a box.

"What would have been the general verdict if I had killed myself in the manner which I have described? Everybody would have said that I committed suicide."

Painters Mixed in Their Flaws. The cleaning of the frescoes at Westminster abbey has called attention to the fact that in the picture of the pilgrim fathers there the good ship Mayflower is flying the union flag that first came into existence in 1800, says a London newspaper. This anachronism is not uncommon in naval pictures. In the collection of all paintings of sea fights at the British Royal United Service institution there are many pictures of battles fought before 1800 in which the British ships fly the union flag to-day. The explanation of this anticipation of history is that some years ago, when the older pictures were cleaned and restored, the restorer "corrected" the flags by painting in St. Patrick's red cross over the white St. Andrew's cross of Scotland.—London Mail.

Trade Outside. Which are the finest vessels going to the far east? They are those which fly the German flag. Which are the largest and finest ships going to Australia? The same answer. In a short time we shall find American passenger steamers entering into the competition for the far eastern passenger trade via Ruez. How are existing English companies going to meet it? On the principle they have met previous competition, viz: "We are such-and-such a line; if you don't care to travel by our ships and accept those rules and regulations we have laid down, then stay away and go by the foreigner." If they do then it will be a continuance of a suicidal policy.—Ceylon Standard.

SLAVES TO MORPHINE

Many Physicians in the United States Take the Drug.

Story of a Chicago Victim of the Habit Whose Wife Played a Trick Upon Him and Cured Him of His Trouble.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., makes the broad assertion that ten per cent. of the physicians in the United States are victims of the morphine habit, says an eastern exchange.

Dr. Crothers is the chairman of a medical committee which has for the last ten years been investigating the use of alcohol, opium and morphine. He has collected endless statistics, and out of them and the evidence he has gathered he has formed some interesting conclusions. The most significant of them all is his statement that the morphia needle is as well known to many physicians as is the most innocent implement in their instrument case.

There is a way, it is said, by means of which it is possible to learn whether your doctor is a devotee of the little needle. The test is the result of much study on the part of this committee on opium inebriates. If the doctor uses morphine he is likely to be susceptible of great extremes of emotion. At times he will be very talkative and sensitive to his surroundings. Again, he will be silent, indifferent, irritable or violent in his impulses and talk. He is not inconstant in his love for the drug and still do well in his profession. It is possible for him to make a clear diagnosis. He may be able to deliver a good lecture or conduct a successful clinic, but after these exercises the impaired memory appears, and he is to all intents and purposes insane.

One Chicago doctor who has been taking morphia for three years recently went to his wife and asked her with tears in his eyes to help him stop using the stuff.

"My business is going to the dogs," he told her, "I am not enjoying the happy home life that we were once, and I must pull up."

"To stop will be too much of a drain on you," his wife said. "I would advise you to continue the use of morphia and to do the best work you can under the circumstances."

The doctor continued to roll up his sleeve every day and inject the needle with the morphia. He did this for three weeks before he found that the old pleasurable sensations came no more. He told his wife about it, and then she confessed that she had been filling the needle with water instead of morphia, and that the doctor was unconsciously breaking himself of the habit.

Chicago doctors who have discontinued the use of the drug say that they use the needle without anything in it as a mental relief after they have broken the chain of the drug habit.

Besides the use of morphine, Dr. Crothers estimates that many doctors use opium without detection. The use of this drug is not so widespread among doctors as the use of morphine, for several reasons. One of them is that the price of opium is much higher. No doctor in Chicago is known to the lever police as a habitue of a smoking den. Those who use opium do so with the assistance of a needle. It is not an easy to detect users of opium as it is to find users of morphine. The face gets a lividity that nothing else gives, not even excessive use of liquor. The victim is always serenely somnolent and meditative. Memory fails after awhile and the ethical sense degenerates, but a man may use opium much longer without discovery than he can use morphine.

An Odd Enterprise. A man who makes a living by catering to one of the little vanities of human nature has his place in the basement of one of the office buildings on lower Broadway, and deals in labeled trunks and traveling bags—that is, service abroad and that bear the labels of foreign hotels. A man going to Europe, if he proceeds judiciously, can off his return get twice what he paid for his bag or trunk at starting. The enterprising Yankee who conducts this queer traffic meets the passengers of incoming steamers. He sizes up his people with an accuracy born of long experience, knowing instinctively who it is that has probably exhausted his funds on his trip on the other side and who will be very willing to accept a good price for his belabeled traveling apparatuses. With equal skill he "gets next" to people who have not traveled abroad, but who wish to make a show of having done so, with the aid of a liberally belabeled trunk.—N. Y. Times.

Indian's Salvation Work. The attitude of our government toward the Indian, in allowing him in idleness to follow his own untrammelled will on the reservation, is a relic of the old French and Spanish discoverers. Are these wards of the government never to have homes, but be always condemned to tribal relations? Are they never to know the mental uplifting of a wife's hands, but be always fated to burden-bearing squaw life? Some day a statesman will arise and point the way for these aboriginal Americans to become men and women among us, and truly citizens of our states. Until that time—until Indians are alienated from their savage surroundings—their treatment is a proposition not reached by any pink-tea standard of ethics.—National Magazine.

IN THE WORLD OF FASHION

Notes of the Modes for Those Who Help Construct Their Own Costumes.

Golf capes are longer, being almost three-quarter length. They are in the Oxford grays and dark blues, and have the hoods and facing down the sides of plaid. Long raglan coats of black silk, alpaca and grass linen will be used for traveling. Some are semi-fitted, others only three-quarter length.

Batiste embroideries are employed extensively, as are linen appliques. An entire gown of cut-out batiste stitched to fancy net with a white silk flat braid made an exquisite gown. This cut-out batiste, edged with cord and stitching, is considered among the sweetest novelties. One of the fuk-length cloaks affected by the ultra-fashionable was entirely made of this novelty, over a foundation of white silk. The effect was stunning, says a fashion authority.

How smart is the tailored jacket which comes home with inner-vest attachments of white cloth, finely embroidered, with narrow lines of silver on black. The attachment is very narrow; it is sometimes attached to another waistcoat, also joined to the jacket front. There is no gold used on the white cloth, only silver, and very little of that. A mere line of argent is more acceptable than heavy rows of braiding.

Empire coats of white satin, covered with black Chantilly lace, will be worn for summer driving. The stylish garment is caught at the bust with a rosette of black satin ribbon falling in long ends. Circular capes for the same purpose are of black lace and silk elaborately trimmed with chiffon, laces and ribbons. Most of them are laced with white satin.

A picturesque boudoir gown of pale blue soie de chine broadly striped with satin and festooned with flowers applied in ivory lace. A fichu of white chiffon is drawn round the shoulders, the ends forming a vest and crossed by two deftly tied bows of white silk. The gown opens in front toward the foot to show a petticoat of white chiffon, which in its turn is ornamented with the same floral festoons of lace that adorn the blue silk.

For millinery uses and for trimming handsome summer gowns, capes and fichus great use is made of point Azabe and point de Venise laces. Some of the designs are of rather substantial quality, resembling guipure, and some in widths from two to ten inches. There are also edgings, insertions and appliqued pieces to match.

Some of the most lovely frocks this season are composed of gray crepe de chine or some such soft fabric, inserted with medallions of black Chantilly lace. This lace certainly holds its own as a trimming both for young and old, and on a white lawn blouse proves a very chic finish to an otherwise plain garment. These medallions have appeared on some of the best muslins, and extremely useful they are in the matter of the frock for demi-toilet.

The dotted foulard scarf as a hat trimming is becoming a bit wearisome, but the Persian-bordered kerchiefs are undeniably smart and as the accompaniment of the tailor-made gown for morning or country wear it has a certain charm. A large silk handkerchief is tied round the high crown, the ends passed through the brim in front and tied in a large butterfly bow, the brim being turned back right off the face. With these hats, which are turned back from the forehead, the hair requires to be pulled well forward and turned back in a puff, only a stray curl or two appearing on the forehead.

Salad for Hot Weather. Something Refreshing for a Tired Palate When Nothing Else Will Taste Good.

A fruit salad, crisp and cold from its resting place on the ice, will refresh a tired palate as nothing else will on a hot day, and it may be served at luncheon or be used as the salad course at dinner, says Sallie Joy White, in Woman's Home Companion. For a banana salad, take a large and perfect banana, turn back a strip of the peel, and carefully scoop out the pulp with a small spoon. If you can get the short, thick variety of bananas in either red or yellow—preferably the former—you will find it best for the purpose; but failing in these—and they are difficult to procure—you must make the ordinary yellow plantain banana serve the purpose. To fill the space left by the removal of the pulp—for the banana peels are to be the salad dishes—prepare a mixture of thinly sliced bananas, some shredded orange and stoned cherries, and a few kernels of English walnuts blanched and broken into small pieces; all these ingredients must be mixed in a bowl with a generous supply of mayonnaise or boiled dressing, after which the cases are filled with salad, laid on crisp lettuce leaves and set on the ice until serving time. This salad should be prepared only a short time before serving—just long enough to permit it to become chilled.

Spanish Rice. A slice of bacon, cut into small bits, a small onion, chopped fine but not minced, four medium-sized tomatoes, one cupful of cold boiled rice. Put the bacon and onion in a frying pan, brown, being careful not to burn, add peeled tomatoes, then the rice, season highly with pepper, adding salt to taste. The Spanish cooks add a chilla pepper. This recipe makes enough for six persons, and it is a nice dish for the left-over. String beans may be used in place of rice.—Housekeeper.

CHEAP ELECTRICITY.

Chicago Chemist Discovers Process of Making It Direct from Coal.

Hugo Jones Patents a Battery for Which He Claims Great Possibilities—Inventor Explains Interesting Process.

The problem of the direct transformation of coal into electricity without the medium of the steam engine and the dynamo—that will of the wisp that has so long and successfully eluded the chemists and electrical engineers—has at last been solved by Assistant City Chemist Hugo Jones, of Chicago, and his invention, a coal-consuming battery, has been patented, bearing date June 23, 1901.

Mr. Jones is a German by birth, a graduate of the Real gymnasium, Rawlitz, Germany; the University of Breslau and the University of Chicago, from which he has the degree of B. S. Speaking of the effect of his invention, Mr. Jones said: "The shortcomings of the steam engine have long been recognized by engineers. The waste of heat energy in producing steam from coal and converting it into power is over 90 per cent. in some engines; even with the best it does not fall below 80 per cent. Accordingly inventors have tried to build a battery that would do this work, but so far none have succeeded in overcoming all of the difficulties of this puzzling problem. In my battery the electrical energy is produced by the oxidation of lead and of ferrous chloride. The oxidizer is effected by nitric acid, which after decomposition is again regenerated by being brought in contact with the air. The nitric acid, therefore, is not used up. The lead and the sulphur dioxide are obtained by heating sulphate of lead with powdered coal in a retort, the proportion of these being 19 parts of sulphate of lead to one part of powdered coal. The retort is heated by coal ordinarily, though gas, gasoline or oil may be used. In the battery the lead and the sulphur dioxide, after having been utilized for the production of electricity, combine to form sulphate of lead.

This can again be broken up by heating with coal, and can once more be used for generating electricity. It is to be understood, however, that the battery is still in an experimental stage."

Student in the University of Chicago Wins in Novel Contest with a Cook.

Students and professors at the University of Chicago held a "poetry-quoting" contest at the home of Prof. Starr the other night. Dr. Starr thinks that poetry contests should be promoted as much as athletic competitions. He has two students in his class who are noted rivals in quoting poetry, and for three hours they vied with each other in giving passages from ancient and modern poets. Prof. Starr was the umpire.

Nelson C. Field, editor of a newspaper in Glenwood Springs, Kan., was the winner of the unique contest by defeating Miss Lina Matlocks, professor of English in Washburn college, Topeka, Kan. Mr. Field won the contest by a score of 7 points to 3. Each contestant was permitted to select five poems, either American or foreign, and then each poet was taken up in turn and the contestants alternately quoted from his poems until one could quote no more. The contestant who first failed to respond with a quotation in his turn lost the point. Editor Field won on seven points out of ten, defeating Miss Matlocks on two points of her own choosing.

The poets selected by the contestants were Goldsmith, Byron, Whitman, Lowell, Emerson, Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning, Wordsworth and Whittier. In the contest over the poet Browning the contestants consumed more than an hour hurling bits of verse at each other.

STUDYING NATURE'S CAPRICES

Prof. Starr, of Chicago University, Seeks Information on Abnormal Hands and Feet.

Prof. Frederick Starr, the anthropologist of the University of Chicago, wants to discover why some people have more or less than the normal number of fingers and toes, and is seeking human illustrations of these abnormal extremities. Prof. Starr has appealed to the members of his class for addresses of all friends and acquaintances having a superfluity of fingers and toes, with the intention of getting descriptions of the extra members, and, if possible, photographs and drawings of the hands or feet.

Prof. Starr said he was dissatisfied with the two theories usually given for extra fingers and toes. The first theory rejected is dichotomy, or the tendency of parts to split. The second theory is the atavistic, or the belief that the extra fingers or toes are the recurrence of a lost trait. He said this theory was unsatisfactory because it made the inquirer go back through the mammals and the reptiles to the fishes for original examples.

Healthy Cities. St. Paul and Minneapolis, it is said, have the lowest death rates of any cities in the United States. St. Paul, with a population of 163,632, has a death rate of 10.70, while Minneapolis, with a population of 202,718, has a death rate of 11.08 per 1,000 inhabitants.

Lowlands of Australia. Australia's general elevation above sea level is 790 feet, only, the mean of the whole world being 2,290 feet.