

HEREDITY SHOWN AT SCHOOL

Deductions From the Study of the Records of Three Generations Published.

Berlin.—Do children inherit their mental gifts or shortcomings from parents or grandparents? The question is discussed in an article published in the German Umschau by Dr. W. Peters.

With characteristic German thoroughness the author has visited most of the state primary schools in Germany and Austria with the object of gaining information on this point by comparing the school reports of parents and grandparents, where available, with those of the present day school child.

When both parents had good to average school records to their credit, 76 per cent. of their offspring produced the same, while the rest, 24 per cent., fell in various degrees below the average.

When one parent had a good and the other a poor record, 59 per cent. of their children furnished good reports and 41 per cent. inferior ones.

When both parents were distinctly below the average, only 33 per cent. of their progeny turned out well and 67 per cent. badly.

The dependence of children on their parents in this respect seems, therefore, to be fairly well proved. Dr. Peters, however, also found that when parents were equal those children whose grandparents were above the average were the best scholars, and vice versa.

Generally speaking, the children's records followed those of the mother more closely than those of the father. Wherever the father, however, possessed distinctly better abilities than the mother the children without exception tended to favor the male parent.

From this Dr. Peters concludes that the greater intellectual faculties exercise a stronger hereditary influence on the offspring than the lesser ones.

A curious point in the statistical tables prepared by Dr. Peters from his material is that for reading and writing the marks gained by children corresponded closely to those of the parents; for arithmetic, less so; for grammar, again less, and least of all for "Scripture."

BEHEADING IS LONG AFFAIR

Victim is First Fed—Not Until He Voluntarily Bows His Head Does the Axe Fall.

Paris.—An execution in Siam is an extraordinary business, according to a correspondent of the Chronicle Médicale. The doomed man, awakened at dawn, is led in chains to the temple, where candles are lit around him. He is exhorted to think of nothing, to dissociate his mind from mundane affairs and is given the best meal of his life, the menu being carefully chosen according to the social status of the criminal.

There are two executioners. One is hidden in some brushwood, while the other, dressed in vivid red, conducts the criminal to the place of sacrifice, bidding him be seated on a banana leaf, in order to be entirely separated from the earth. The condemned man is then put into position, awaiting the axe. Earth is put in his ears. For two hours or more nothing happens. Siamese law demands that the criminal shall bow his head voluntarily to the axe. This he does finally from sheer exhaustion, and immediately headman No. 2 rushes from his hiding place and does the rest. The executioners are then sprayed with holy water and otherwise purified from contact with the victim's soul.

FIGURED CLOSE IN FINING HER

Woman is Assessed \$3 for Making Five Inch Error in a Guess at Auto Trial.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. Josephine McMichael in municipal court paid \$3 because of an error of five inches in judgment of distance revealed after the judge, the lawyers and spectators all had puzzled their brains in figuring out an arithmetical problem. She was charged with driving her car within ten feet of a street car discharging passengers.

The spot where the automobile stood was agreed to easily enough. The street then was measured and allowance made for the "overhang" of the street car and the width of the automobile, and it was found that the automobile was just nine feet seven inches from the street car.

DYING MAN IS MARRIED

German, Suddenly Stricken, Sends for Girl—Ceremony Is Performed in Hospital.

Berlin.—A pathetic marriage ceremony took place in a Budapest hospital. A German singer named Erdos, who was appearing in the Hungarian capital, was suddenly taken ill a few days ago. He telegraphed to his sweetheart in Frankfurt to come and arrived in Budapest. They were married immediately in the hospital ward, and Erdos died an hour after the ceremony.

Dog Keeps Watch for Master. Philadelphia.—Thinking that Oswald Seaber, the young master, was still in the Northwest General hospital, Gypsy, a French poodle, kept constant vigil outside the institution for four weeks.

GET ROBUST WHEN CIVILIZED

Ishi, "the Uncontaminated," Now Too Heavy to Get Own Food—Would Starve in Woods.

San Francisco, Cal.—Civilization has not agreed with Ishi, the uncontaminated aborigine, who was captured in the wilds of Plumas county more than a year ago and cared for at the Affiliated colleges. Since he has been at this institution Ishi has taken on weight at such a rapid rate that his guardians have decided that he must go back to the simple life for a time or soon become seriously ill as the result of his long contact with ease and plenty.

It is hardly probable that Ishi will appreciate the return to the light diet of his uncontaminated days. Then he used to subsist on scant meals of acorns with perhaps a few snails or grasshoppers as luxuries. In his present condition Ishi would find it hard work to root for acorns and almost impossible to run down the elusive grasshopper on his native heath. In fact, he has become so stout that he probably will have some difficulty in capturing the less footed snail.

They have had a good deal of amusement out of Ishi at the Affiliated colleges, and, on the other hand, the uncontaminated one has enjoyed his dallying with the conventional life. But, on the whole, the experience will not have benefited him if he is to return to his wilds permanently.

Heavy and slow moving Ishi, if he is thrown back to the forests, will meet a fate similar to that of the faithful fish famed in story and verse. The faithful fish was captured by an angler who became so interested in it that he kept the thing in a little glass globe. Later he forgot to replenish the water, which evaporated finally. But the fish continued to live without it. For more than a year the fish lived absolutely without water, and, according to the voracious chroniclers, used to follow its master everywhere. One day the master, accompanied by the fish, walked to a nearby creek. The man disrobed and plunged into the water. The faithful fish also plunged into the water, and being unused to that element, was drowned.

From all accounts Ishi has been carried as far away from the aboriginal as the fish from the water, and a sudden reversion to the old life might be fatal to the last of the Yanla. It is much easier to become "contaminated" by civilization than it is to become "uncontaminated" once "contamination" has run its course.

SOME OF CUPID'S FREAKS

Pastor Dalton of Kansas City, Mo., Discusses Developments of His School of Matrimony.

Kansas City, Mo.—Money, comfort, fresh air, good things to eat—such things are not sufficient to tempt marriageable American women away from the cities. Most of them prefer to be married to city men, even if they are poorer providers.

That conclusion has been reached by the Rev. William J. Dalton, pastor of the Annunciation Catholic church here after reading the letters of 6,542 persons who desire to marry and have written to him for help. Father Dalton attracted attention a few months ago through a "school of matrimony" he established in connection with his church to encourage marriage among the young people of his parish.

"The only women who express a willingness to become wives of farmers are elderly women who find themselves alone in the world," Father Dalton said. "But the farmers who ask for wives are younger men and they do not marry such women. One man who wrote to me owns three big farms; another has 650 acres of fine farm land and a third farmer showed me that he had \$75,000 in the bank. Can you tell me why it is that a woman will not give a proposition like that a minute's consideration, but will choose instead some struggling bank clerk in the city who lives from hand to mouth?"

HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T TALK

As a Result Wife Left Him and Sued for Support—Silent from Monday Until Saturday.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Declaring that she could not live with a man who would not talk to her, Mrs. Anna Foerst explained in the Central police court why she had left her husband's home. "He would not say a word to me," she declared, "from Monday morning to Saturday night." Mrs. Foerst appeared against her husband, Howard Foerst of East Cambria street, charging him with nonsupport.

At the hearing it developed that the woman had left her husband's home, although he declared his willingness to provide for her. Mrs. Foerst said her husband first found fault with the meals she prepared, and finally became so morose that he refused to speak to her for a whole week. This was more than she could stand.

Foerst was held in \$300 bail and allowed to sign his own bond.

Blain With Wheelbarrow.

Milan, Italy.—A live man was bound to a wheelbarrow with a sailor's scarf and belt and both were then hurled from the pier head into the sea at Savona. This new and barbarous form of murder was discovered by a party of bathers who chanced to see the body and the barrow at the bottom of the sea in twenty feet of water. The police were promptly informed, but so far they have found no clew to the identity either of the victim or of his murderer.

FOUND IN OLD CORNERSTONE

Odd Things That Show the Progress That Has Been Made in Seventy-Five Years.

An interesting service took place a few days ago at Portsmouth, N. H., in connection with the opening of the receptacle that was in the cornerstone of the old church, which was sold, when it was voted to build a new edifice uptown. It was a picture of three-quarters of a century ago that was brought before the minds of the people as they took out the articles one by one.

Among them was a copy of Zion's Herald dated October 25, 1826. There was a quantity of British and American coins of that date and earlier, as well as some from other countries. A history of the church, records of prominent families connected with the society and a sketch of Portsmouth and its shipping were found. One of the oddest things taken out was a paper containing "directions for making and taking emetic."

At first such a document strikes one as humorous, but there is in it a forceful commentary on the wonderful changes that have taken place in three-quarters of a century. When it is realized that medical knowledge was in such a state at that time that directions of this kind were considered of sufficient importance to be placed in the cornerstone of a church building, the great progress of these years is eloquently emphasized.

Printed prayers were evidently in much favor, for the receptacle contained three prayers, two of them "for the success of the church." Another side light on the change that the years bring—this one in the ethical realm—is furnished by a lottery ticket. It is one bearing the inscription: "Union Canal Lottery Ticket, 141750, Portsmouth, 1826." It is safe to say that there will be no lottery ticket in the new cornerstone!

KEEP UP GOOD OLD CUSTOM

People of English Village Continue Ceremonies That Date Back to the Thirteenth Century.

The annual custom of horn dancing, said to date from the time of the Druids, was observed a few days at Abbots Bromley, Staffordshire. Villagers paraded the parish decked in fantastic robes. Some carried reindeer antlers, one rode a hobby horse, and others played accordions and triangles. The principal residences in the district were visited.

The mayor of the old Yorkshire borough of Richmond presented a bottle of wine to Arthur Edward Sayer of Harley Hill, Scotton, the farmer bringing the first boll of newly threshed wheat into Richmond market recently. The custom, an ancient one, was revived by Mr. William Ness Walker some years ago when he was mayor.

Maintaining a custom dating back to the thirteenth century, the mayor, corporation and town officials of Tiverton went through the formality of proclaiming the people's right to the town leat, a stream of water, last week. The seven miles course of the stream was followed, the procession being headed by a number of men armed with picks, shovels, saws, hammers and crowbars with which to remove any obstruction which might be found in the stream. The balliff proclaimed the people's right to the leat, and then there was the customary scramble for new pennies and buns.—London Mail

Metallography.

Metallography, or the study of the biography of structural metals, is the new science now being studied by six eminent scientists from as many different countries, who are diverting their lives to the safeguarding of human life through removing the defects in steel rails, girder beams and all manner of construction. According to H. H. Howe, the American member of the committee, the study has so far advanced that it is now possible to tell by what method every step in the construction of a piece of steel was accomplished. It is done by sawing off a cross section of the rail or girder, polishing the end to a mirror-like brightness, treating it with strong acid and observing the effect through the microscope. Overheating in the furnaces, overcarbonization, too rapid or too slow cooling and other errors in manufacture are easily detected. Mr. Howe says that the method would be successful in the study of a piece of iron cast 2,000 years ago.

Origin of Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree is supposed to date from long before the Christian era, instead of from comparatively recent times in Germany, as is commonly thought. It is said that at festivals to celebrate the winter solstice in ancient Egypt a palm tree was used as a symbol of the completion of the year. The palm tree was said to put out a spray a month, and the tree used at such celebrations must have 12 shoots or branches to typify the year that had just come to an end.

Screens for Cyclists.

Nearly all the important accessories of the automobile are adaptable to the bicycle. One of these is the wind-screen, which is affixed to the handlebar. It consists of two pieces capable of being adjusted as required to shut off the wind and dust. Bicyclists in Europe are fast adopting this contrivance, and it is predicted that before long it will be in more or less constant use.—Harper's Weekly.

RIGHT USE OF ADJECTIVES

Some Authors Employ Them Lavishly, Others Sparingly but With No Loss of Strength.

Did Cobbett say: "When a man comes to his adjectives, I tremble for him," or did he tremble at the thought of a writer using the word "It"? The only book by Cobbett now on hand is his "Tour in Scotland," in which he says dreadful things against potatoes and about the praise of brose, oatcakes and oatmeal, a book delightful by reason of its vituperation, as when he described the Globe newspaper as "that rumble tumble of filth and beastly ignorance" and Denman as the "dirty bill of indictment drawer" for the Broughams and the Greys. Probably the saying is in Cobbett's English grammar. We were reminded of it by reading about John Walter, the founder of the London Times. That journal was at first printed logographically; that is, a number of words and phrases were cast entire, to save compositors the trouble of collecting type. Thus these phrases were on a single block: "Dreadful robbery," "atrocious outrage," "fearful calamity," "interesting female." There are writers today who always join the same adjective to certain nouns, just as it is easy to fall into the trick of characterizing a person or qualifying a thing by applying three adjectives, as the Irish lady was described in her epitaph as "bland, passionate and deeply religious." They say that Kinglake, writing "The Invasion of the Crimea," worked for a number of hours and left spaces for adjectives. He then rode on horseback, meditated the fitting adjectives, and on his return inserted them. Was it not Daudet who said that the adjective should never be the legitimate wife of the substantive? Look through "Gulliver's Travels," mark the sobriety in the use of words, and note the strength and authority thus gained. Lafcadio Hearn's description of the Windward Islands is in striking contrast—the style is as lush as the tropical vegetation; the reader should don colored spectacles. Yet with a few adjectives Poe and Coleridge could work wonders, and Walt Whitman was often fortunate, as when he spoke of the "gorgeous, indolent sun;" the sun "so calm and haughty;" "mad, naked summer night."—Philly Hale, in Boston Herald.

Says Chinese Are Heroic.

C. H. Chu, evidently a Chinese student of Columbia university, New York, writes the New York Sun to contradict certain statements that have appeared in newspapers since the Titanic disaster, to the effect that among Chinese in similar circumstances the rule is "men first." Mr. Chu asserts that "the teachings of Confucius all favor self-sacrifice, the helping of others than yourself. Confucius says that a man who in peril steals his own life instead of dying under duty's call is less than a man. "There is nothing in Confucianism," continues Mr. Chu, "justifying any man who saves himself by letting a woman or a child lose life. "The experience in China is that many, many times the noble rule is followed: 'Women and children first.' Sometimes of course the men neglect the higher law, and are severely blamed by the people in general if they do."

New Process for Making Rubber.

In a lecture before the Society of Chemical Industry in London, Prof. W. H. Perkin of Manchester University described a process for the production of rubber in the laboratory which has been widely commented upon in technical and other papers in the United Kingdom. It was stated by the lecturer that the synthetic production of rubber offers the probability of a profit at a price of 60 cents per pound, with a possibility of its production at 24 cents per pound by loss.

There has been rivalry between England and Germany in the effort to make synthetic rubber, and priority of discovery is claimed by each country. It was contended by Professor Perkin that the English had anticipated the Germans by about three months.

A Sea Mowing Machine.

The first sea mowing machine has been launched at San Diego. It will be used for cutting the millions of tons of kelp and seaweed that grow along the coast. A gasoline launch has been fitted with a horizontal jack shaft revolving at right angles to the keel. Two vertical shafts are fitted with four-foot blades that revolve at high speed ten feet below the surface. The mowed kelp floats ashore, is taken out and dried, and later is hauled to a factory to be converted into fertilizer.

Horra, Mamma.

Why is this little girl crying? Because her mamma will not let her put molasses and feathers on the baby's face. What a bad mamma! The little girl who says "horra" had a mamma must enjoy herself. Pappas are nicer than mamma. No little girl ever marries a mamma, and perhaps that is why the mamma are so bad to the little girls. Next time, when mamma goes out of the room slap the horrid baby, and then you can tell your mamma that you are the colic.

Wastes Diplomacy.

Mrs. Knicker says your husband rags when he gets the bills? Mrs. Bocker says, though I always place the blame down just as the waiters do at Harper's Bazar.

CLEANEST CITY IN WORLD

Traveler Says That Aix-les-Bains in Southern France, Well Deserves This Distinction.

I have found the cleanest city in the world. Very properly, it is the world's oldest watering place, for water means cleanliness. It dates back over twenty centuries. It is a little city of not more than 8,000 inhabitants, though this number is quadrupled during the height of the summer season, when all the world pays tribute to the remarkable efficacy of its salubrious warm baths. For the worn out, overworked American these baths have a peculiar fascination. Year after year the visitors from the United States include men of affairs, many notable in financial, business and professional circles. It is surprising that the rush of overworked Americans to this famous health resort, which has been so long a favorite resting place for titled Europeans, is not much greater. I am writing of Aix-les-Bains, or, as it is commonly called, Aix, says John A. Slesicher in Leslie's.

Aix is in southern France, near the Swiss border. The snow capped peaks of the Swiss Alps, rising above and all around it, give to the clean little city a picturesqueness and a seclusion all its own. Two warm springs, gushing from the mountain at the rate of a million gallons daily, form the reason for the existence of Aix. These waters possess radio-activity, and their chemical elements, including chiefly sulphuretted hydrogen, render them most efficacious for gout, rheumatism and similar physical ills, the result of overwork, a sedentary life, lack of exercise and a too liberal diet.

The famous springs of Aix belong to the state. Its center of attraction is the bathing pavilion—a massive granite structure, with an imposing front and lofty wrought iron doors. It stands at the head of one of the principal streets and contains abundant accommodations for all the visitors, and the baths are of the greatest variety. The thermal waters are used only externally. The peculiarity of the bath at Aix is that it combines the douche with massage. I know of no other resort that gives anything exclusively of this kind, and no other springs, I am told, have the same chemical and radio activities that have made the water of Aix so efficacious for over twenty centuries, or since 125 years before the Christian era.

The Raggicker Bird.

The trumpeter bird is the raggicker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards, and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame. On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrels with the strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and the feeble and walking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night. The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of the reptile, and the protector of the flocks."

Paul Jones a Strategist.

Probably most of those persons who read the account of the dedication of the Paul Jones statue at Washington think of that daring sea-fighter as a man of strenuous action, a sort of sea knight. Paul Jones was, indeed, all of that, and he was a great deal more, concedes the Boston Transcript. He was a thinker, who thought deeply on naval strategy and naval organization, and so far as our service is concerned, his designation as the "father of the American navy" is correct. Save toward the close of his life, and then under most unfavorable conditions, he never had a chance to put his ideas of strategy into action. The Russian navy, with which he served in the war against the Turks, was a poor school and one unwilling to learn from a great instructor.

The Wisdom of Johnny.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time, I won't ask for anything to eat." "All right," said his mother. "Get your hat." Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out: "There's lots of pie and cake in this house." The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added: "But what's that to me?"

Couldn't Be Possible.

"Seems to me your town is overrun with flies," asserted the visitor in Plunkville. "Can't be," declared the loyal citizen. "No flies would dare hang around Plunkville with the daily paper full of distiches against them."

Why It Was Hard.

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work." "Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle." "So it was; but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."

NEED OF FRESH FOOD SHOWN

Scientific Name Given to Disease Which Afflicted Members of Polar Expedition Party.

In an address lately given before the Zoological Society of France, Dr. Jacques Liouville, the physician and naturalist who accompanied the Pourquo-Pas on her antarctic expedition, stated the chief physical troubles with which the crew had to contend were three in number, all, in his opinion, springing from the lack of fresh food. He therefore terms this polar malady "the disease of conserved food." The malady comprised symptoms of scurvy, polar anaemia and severe frost bites or chilblains, which frequently bled constantly. The underlying cause of all the affections is an alteration in the chemical composition of the blood—or "dyscrasia." The heart functioned badly, and the patients suffered from terrible shortness of breath, frequent drowsiness, and oedema of the lower extremities. They were easily exhausted and unable to march, while the slightest movement brought on intense palpitation. However, all these morbid symptoms disappeared within ten days when fresh meat was obtainable, and did not appear again after the fresh wild celery obtained at Tierra del Fuego had been enjoyed for some time. Dr. Liouville took a just pride in the fact that this was the first polar expedition which ever restored all its members to their homes in a state of perfect health. He had three surgical cases to handle. Recovery was highly satisfactory, which he ascribes partly to the entire absence of pathogenic bacteria and partly to the fact that there was not a trace of alcoholism in the patients.—Scientific American.

CHORUS GIRLS WANTED EGGS

Incessant Demand Caused Irritated Chef to Come Forward With Indignant Protest.

The hauling of a theatrical company was in charge of Agent Lindsey, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He contracted to take complete charge of a good-sized operatic company for three days, furnishing sleeper and meals en route. The contract was a good one, and Mr. Lindsey determined to make the occasion memorable. "I will set the best table you can find in the state," said he to the theatrical agent. "I will guarantee there will not be a single complaint."

So he bought all the steaks and chops and lobsters and shell fish and all that sort of thing that he could find in the market and planted them in an ice box and hired a relay of chefs and undertook to feed those chorus ladies out of slenderness. There were forty persons in the company. At the first luncheon thirty-six of them ordered eggs.

"Got to order moah aigs by wire, Mr. Lindsey," reported the chef. "These heah chorus girls certainly do have the aig habit."

For dinner that night thirty-eight of the company ordered eggs in some style. The chef wired ahead for more eggs. At breakfast the next morning the entire company of forty wanted eggs, and not one of them wanted those eggs as any other one wanted them. At luncheon thirty-two demanded more eggs. That night the first pair to reach the diner asked for eggs. The chef walked right in and made the speech: "Nevah mine orderin' no moah aigs," said he. "They ain't no moah aigs. You-all must think we cabbies a hen on this car."

One of the Knox Knocks.

Philander C. Knox, the secretary of state, received one day in his office a bunch of high-browed newspaper correspondents. In the number was William Hoster, who stepped to the front with a copy of his paper in which was one of his dispatches under big, black headlines. The dispatch dealt with the affair of the department of state, and ran along glibly as if the writer had enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Knox regarding the whole matter.

"What do you think of this article?" asked Hoster, exhibiting no modesty as he handed the paper to the secretary of state.

"After looking this over," said Mr. Knox graciously, "I must say, Mr. Hoster, you are the mentor of Washington correspondents."

At this Hoster took on the aspect of a balloon and looked exceedingly pleased until Knox added softly: "Mare's-nester?—Popular Magazine."

The Raw Recruit.

F. M. King enlisted in the Spanish-American war and was sent to Jefferson barracks. He was strolling through the company streets smoking a cigar when an officer approached. King saluted.

"Look here," said the officer, "don't you know better than to salute an officer when you have a cigar in your mouth? How long have you been here?"

"Three days," replied King. "You are excused this time," said the officer, "but don't let me catch you doing that again."

In a short time King met the same officer and walked by without saluting.

"Why didn't you salute?" demanded the officer, stopping him. "Well, you just told me not to salute when I had a cigar in my mouth," replied the raw recruit.

But he spent three days in the kitchen peeling potatoes for this offense.—Atchison Champion.