

NOT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

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

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

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

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

Japan's New Art.

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

Distinction Without Difference.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons. "Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker.

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

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

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

"What's the matter with them?"

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

Perplexed Parent.

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

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

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

NIAGARA'S MIGHTY STRENGTH

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

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

Uses of Uranium.

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

Fiddle With a Brain.

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

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

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

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

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

Still There.

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

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

Her husband looked sadly and responded:

"No, my dear; you certainly haven't lost any of yours."—Harper's Bazar.

Too Swift.

Billy—If you'd have me I'd marry you in a minute.

Milly—In a minute? Why, the very idea! It takes at least three months to get a trousseau ready.

THEN HE UNDERSTOOD

REVELATION CAME SUDDENLY TO MAN OF WEALTH.

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

John Hull found the telegram at his office. As he read the words, the busy scene about him faded away, and he saw himself once more a little, ragged, frightened boy, who heard with terror the word "poorhouse" whispered by the neighbors. Then Aunt Rachel had come in. She had stood a moment looking at his mother's still face; then she had crossed the room and gathered the boy into her arms. "He isn't going to the poorhouse," she had said, quietly. "I am going to take care of him."

It was an odd "caretaking" in some ways. Aunt Rachel was an old maid, and knew nothing of a boy's heart. And yet—how good she had been—how good and patient! In the last ten years, although he had seen her only twice, there had been no word of reproach, only the same unchanging love and faith. A blur came over John Hull's eyes, and calling his secretary, he gave rapid orders. He was going to Aunt Rachel. He hoped she would know.

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

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

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

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

Alone in the April night John Hull faced himself.—Youth's Companion.

The Rostands Stood Treat.

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

Children's Deafness.

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

Her Version.

"I was talking with Harold last night and he says he has completely reformed since he has become engaged to you," said the elder lady as she reclined in a luxurious armchair.

"Yes," replied the young debutante, "he says I snatched him out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, back to the 400."—Harper's Bazar.

MORE THAN SHE COULD BEAR

Heart of Gentle Old Maid Was Touched, and Silly Quarrel Immediately Came to an End.

Two old ladies who had been loving friends for many years had a violent quarrel, and it began to look as if the wound would never heal. Neither one felt like taking the initiative, and indeed both were too sore to care to make up. Efforts of mutual friends were all in vain; representations to one that the other was suffering met only with the stubborn answer that she ought to suffer. They both insisted that they hoped the other would suffer more, and that she richly deserved it. Some thirteen months went by like this, and the one-time intimates saw each other only on state occasions, that is, at church each Sunday, where they sat side by side, too proud to change their pew because of what had happened. But they never pretended to notice that the other was there. On a recent Sabbath morning, however, Miss Sarah lapsed around involuntarily at sound of a sneeze beside her, and despite her will kept her gaze fixed on Miss Malinda. Then an awful revelation broke in on her mind. Malinda had come to church without a handkerchief! Miss Sarah did not know what the sufferings of a person about to be electrocuted might be, but she knew all about being at church without a handkerchief. Malinda merited electrocution, in Miss Sarah's opinion, but no crime was heinous enough to merit such agony as this. A drop slowly gathered on Malinda's pinched nose, and finally fell off, giving place to another. Miss Sarah could not bear it. She took out her own handkerchief surreptitiously, glad it was a big one. Next moment there was a smothered sound of tearing cloth and Malinda felt something pressed into her right hand. It was a half of the handkerchief, and it went to Malinda's eyes before it touched her needy nose. Then two wrinkled old hands groped for each other, and through the sermon Miss Sarah and Miss Malinda sat and clung to the newly found friend who had been lost.

Luxury of Balloon Travel.

A Zeppelin airship leaves the earth with none of the balloon's soaring motion. It is just like a Pullman train, started without perceptible jar and kept in motion upon a perfect road bed, perfect track and perfect wheels. At luncheon time individual tables are placed in position, and luncheon is served much as it is in the ordinary buffet dining car in America. There is soup, an entree, a toast—all piping hot—vegetables, salad, cheese and coffee. More of a dinner than luncheon and all served as though the chef and waiters had the conveniences of a great hotel at their command. The principles of the fireless cooker have been brought into service in preparing the food, the exhaust from the engines being made to supply heat.

The comforts are all those of a very modern hotel. The cabin is kept at an unvarying comfortable temperature by means of pipes that carry the exhaust heat from the engines. There is more room for action than in an ordinary chair car. In the lavatories are hot and cold water. There is a library with the daily papers and the best of books. There is a lounge for those who are willing to sleep away the hours of flight.—World's Work.

Sand and Gravel.

One of the most important industries in the United States of which comparatively little is written is the production of sand and gravel. In 1911, according to a report by E. F. Burchard, just issued by the United States geological survey, the production of sand and gravel amounted to 68,846,959 short tons, valued at \$21,153,583. The production of sand of all kinds was 40,258,977 tons, valued at \$14,458,500, and that of gravel was 26,587,982 tons valued at \$6,720,083. The production of glass sand was valued at \$1,457,735, an increase over the figures of 1910; the sand used for building in 1911 was valued at \$7,719,286, a slight decrease as compared with 1910. This was accounted for by less activity in 1911 in the building trade, including that of concrete construction. The production of molding sand in 1911 was valued at \$3,132,469, a marked decrease as compared with 1910. The production of all other sands in 1911, such as sand for grinding and polishing, fire sand, engine sand and filtration sand, was valued at \$2,043,012, an increase of over a million dollars in value as compared with 1910.

Imagination.

That imagination often lights the way to discoveries that would never be made by matter-of-fact plodding has proved true over and over again. Illustrations of this in the history of chemical science are as numerous as in other fields of discovery. In this connection the Journal of the American Medical Association calls to mind that oxygen was merely a principle to Lavoisier in 1777, and that when, a century later, it was produced in liquefied form "the metaphor had become a reality." When Harvey was writing of the blood he wondered whether there might not be motion, as it were, in a circle, the Journal says "he expressed in metaphoric language what only later became the fact of the circulation which was given visible demonstration by Malpighi," and adds, "the fabric of progress is woven from the fabric of dreams to a greater extent than the practical man is wont to realize or is willing to admit."

COAL EXPORTS BIG

Important Factor in Trade of the United States.

Product Has Taken Leading Place in Nation's Commercial Advancement Within Last Twenty Years—Canada Best Customer.

Washington.—Coal is rapidly becoming an important factor in the export trade of the United States. The value of the coal sent to foreign countries last year was \$52,500,000, against \$21,000,000 in 1902 and \$8,333,000 in 1892, having thus increased over 500 per cent in the last twenty years and 150 per cent in the last decade.

Even these larger figures of more than \$50,000,000 worth of coal sent to foreign countries in the fiscal year 1912 do not include the value of that passing out of the country in the form of "bunker," or fuel coal, laden on vessels engaged in the foreign trade, which aggregated nearly \$23,000,000 in value, making a total of more than \$75,000,000 as the value of the coal passing out of the United States in the fiscal year 1912. The quantity sent to foreign countries in 1912 was, according to figures compiled by the statistical division of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, 17,500,000 tons, against 7,000,000 in 1902 and 2,500,000 in 1892.

Thus the quantity exported in 1912 is seven times as much as in 1892 and the value more than six times as much in 1912 as in 1892.

Coke exports also show a decided growth, the value in 1892 having been but \$12,000 and in 1912 practically \$3,000,000. A comparison of the quantity and value of coal placed for fuel purposes on board vessels engaged in foreign trade in 1912 can only be made with comparatively recent years, the figures of bunker coal laden vessels in 1912 being 7,093,212 tons, valued at \$22,802,876, against 6,003,794 tons, valued at \$19,717,778 in the fiscal year of 1909, the earliest date for which complete figures of bunker coal movements are available.

The fact that the coal sent to foreign countries has increased 150 per cent, both in quantity and value, during the last ten years, that the total value of exports to foreign countries plus the value of that leaving the country as bunker coal now aggregates more than \$75,000,000 suggests that the total value of the coal passing out of the United States in a single year will soon reach the hundred million dollar line.

The movement of coal out of the United States is confined to comparatively few countries. Of the 2,979,102 tons of anthracite coal exported in the fiscal year 1912 all except 56,571 tons went to Canada, and of the 14,709,847 tons of bituminous coal exported in that year 10,671,982 tons went to Canada, 1,121,580 tons to Cuba, 692,534 tons to other West Indies and Bermuda, 511,802 tons to Panama, 344,712 tons to Mexico and less than 1,500,000 tons to all other countries.

While the total exports of coal to other parts of the world is at the present time small, the growth in the movements to certain European and South American countries has been rapid. The quantity of bituminous coal exported to Italy has grown from 43,641 tons in 1907 to 276,467 tons in 1912; to France, from 4,037 tons in 1907 to 43,222 tons in 1912; to Argentina, from 9,827 tons in 1907 to 156,792 tons in 1912; to Brazil, from 1,610 tons in 1907 to 307,125 tons in 1912, and to French territory in Africa, from 500 tons in 1907 to 102,498 tons in 1912. The total exports of bituminous coal to all Europe grew from 87,512 tons in 1907 to 404,905 tons in 1912, and to South America, from 65,906 tons in 1907 to 580,161 tons in 1912.

WHITE HOUSE SENSATION

The sensation of a recent White House garden party was the puffing of cigarettes by an Austrian woman, the first to ever smoke at a White House function; that is, the first to ever smoke at a White House function within the memory of living witnesses. Dolly Madison, the beautiful Dolly, whose fame has delighted two continents, probably smoked a pipe there; at any rate, she rubbed snuff which is ten times worse.

LIKES UNCLE SAM'S LAUNDRY

Heinrich Wollheim, a representative of the Imperial Bank of Germany, who came to Washington to inspect the operations of the bill-washing machine in use at the bureau of engraving and printing, has expressed his entire satisfaction with the device. He will return to Germany within a few days, and will submit a report to the Reichsbank of Berlin, recommending the purchase of one or more of the machines for use in Germany.

Islandic Ponies.

Islandic ponies, which are being impressed into the service of the Swiss army, aroused the admiration of the great traveler, Mme. Ida Pfeiffer. "In spite of scanty food," she wrote, "they have marvelous powers of endurance. They can travel from 35 to 40 miles per diem for several consecutive days. They know by instinct the dangerous spots in the stony wastes and in the moors and swamps. On approaching these places they bend their heads toward the earth and look sharply round on all sides. If they cannot discover an firm resting place for their feet they stop at once, and cannot be urged forward without many blows."

LITERATURE FOR ALL MOODS

That is What Librarians Are Expected to Select for Their Exactng Patrons.

Infinite are the requirements and profound the judgment of librarians. The other day a little girl who does the family marketing rushed into a branch library with the announcement that the sewing society was going to meet at her mother's house that afternoon and wouldn't the librarian please send around a book suitable for the elocutionists of the circle to read aloud while the others worked. The young woman appealed to sent the sequel to a particularly charming story that had beguiled the tedium of that same circle on a previous afternoon. In a short while the little girl returned the book.

"Ma says this ain't the kind of a story they need today," she said. "They ain't workin' on baby clothes and shirtwaists today. They're darnin' men's socks and mendin' shirts, and they want something suitable."

There was a consultation of librarians. Just what kind of literature would fit the mental attitude of women engaged in darning socks and mending shirts was a question hitherto unconsidered. They decided on a woman's rights pamphlet called "The Eternal Warfare." Apparently it suited, for the child did not bring it back.

TWENTY WORDS IN THE LEAD

Cleveland Lawyer's New Stenographer Kept Well Ahead of Him When He Dictated.

A Cleveland corporation lawyer has a new stenographer—the second new one in a week. Strange to say, he didn't discharge the first one because she was incompetent, but because she was too good. Let him tell it.

"This girl came to me well recommended, and when I dictated a test letter, I found her extremely rapid and accurate. So I employed her on the spot. She fell right in with the work, and I decided that I had found a treasure. But on the third day she gave me a shock.

"I was dictating an opinion in a complicated infringement suit, and it was very important that it should be accurate in every word and phrase. This was the third draft I had written, in fact. At one place I interrupted myself and said to the stenographer:

"Am I speaking too fast for you, Miss Jackson? Are you getting my words down correctly?"

"Oh, I'm getting them all right," she answered, smiling. "And you don't speak nearly as fast as I can take. I'm about twenty words ahead of you now!"

"There's such a thing as being too good."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ivory Smuggling.

Ivory smuggling is looked upon as a very serious crime in British East Africa, and this is only as it should be, for, in order to secure the ivory, the traders have to kill great numbers of elephants. The game preservation laws, particularly as regards elephants, are most severe, and woe betide the man who is caught breaking the game regulations or in possession of illicit spoils of the chase.

The smuggling of ivory, therefore, says the World Wide Magazine, is treated in the same manner as smuggling gems and clothing into the United States, illicit diamond buying in South Africa, or other forms of smuggling in England. The rigid laws, however, do not prevent the Arabs and Indians from indulging in an illegal trade in ivory on a large scale.

Charm of Walking.

"In Europe whole families go off for tramps together; in England, every Saturday half-holiday sees loaded trains of walking parties starting out of London, making for Epping Forest, or Burnham beeches, for the hills of Surrey or the river banks. Not to walk on a holiday is the exceptional thing. A club of people meeting for regular walks finds it possible to have a delightful interchange of conversation amid the pure joyousness of the open air and beautiful woodlands. This community of thought and interest is, after all, the finest thing society has to give us."—Suburban Life Magazine.

Where the Weight Fell.

Among the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a push of heredity which made him, at five years of age, a preacher. His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlor, while a taller chair, with a bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would harangue these wooden auditors by the hour.

"Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?"

"No, papa," wittily replied the boy-preacher; "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs."

Proper Yellow Feeling.

One of John Quincy Adams' clients, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, found that he could not get his counsel to leave his fishing boat except long enough to write a note to the judge, which read: "Dear Judge: For the sake of old Isaac Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting, and I can't leave." And the judge, having read the note, announced to the court: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."