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RELIGIOUS FIGURES.

More Than Half the World's Population Has Never Heard the Gospel Preached.

It is a surprising fact that, at the end of the nineteenth century, a time when civilization has extended into hitherto unknown countries to a far greater extent than was dreamed of a century ago, more than half of the inhabitants of the world are heathens.

According to the latest statistics, there are 143,000,000 Protestants, 98,000,000 followers of the Greek church, 230,000,000 Roman Catholics and 176,000,000 Mohammedans. The population of the world is said to be in the neighborhood of 1,500,000,000. Counting the adherents of the four great religions of the world, and allowing 53,000,000 for the thousand and one beliefs with comparatively small fol-

RELIGIOUS CHART.
(It Shows That Half the World Is Still Heathen.)

lowings, there is left a balance of 800,000,000 people who worship strange gods, or practice curious rites in lieu of religion; such people as are commonly called heathen, and for whose conversion thousands of dollars are collected each week among the churches of the civilized world.

The time of the millennium is still a great way off if it depends upon the spreading of the Gospel to nearly a thousand million unenlightened savages, for nine-tenths of the funds collected for missionary purposes are contributed by not one-tenth of the church membership.

Furthermore, the Signs of the Times has estimated that the average contribution of the members of the evangelical churches of the United States is less than one penny each, and of this 98 per cent. is spent at home and only two per cent. in the missionary field.

Ducks Thrive Without Water.

Ducks don't need water to thrive. There are many duck raising plants in this country where thousands of the fowl are bred each year for market, and where there is not even a puddle for them to flounder in. One of these farms is credited with an output of 20,000 ducks a year.

MY CAT AND I.

The wind blows shrill and the night is chill
And the black clouds hide the moon.
And the raindrops splash on the window sash
In a lazy, lonesome tune;
But the fire burns low, with a rosy glow,
As the sifting cinders die,
And we sit and dream in its cozy gleam—
My old gray cat and I.

The smoke-wreaths curl from my pipe and whirl
Aloft in the dusky gloom,
And the buzzing burr of the cat's soft purr
Hums low through the raftered room;
And the raging rout of the storm, without,
May scream in the chimney, high,
We're blithe to-night, by the fire's warm light—
My old gray cat and I.

The squire may stand by his hearth so grand,
In his palace rich and old,
But his haughty breast has a deep unrest,
For he fears for his bonds and gold;
No wealth have we, so our hearts are free,
And our cot is warm and dry,
We feel no care, in our easy chair—
My old gray cat and I.

From its well-worn hook, in the chimney's nook,
I take my fiddle down,
And snugly in, 'neath my grizzled chin,
I cuddle its breast of brown;
And the strain that rings from the crooning strings
Bids grief to the four winds fly,
While the sweet notes swell, we know so well—
My old gray cat and I.

For Puss, old chum, whate'er may come,
You're still a comrade true,
Through shine or rain you ne'er complain,
So here's good health to you;
The best of luck, my ancient buck,
While old Time hurries by;
Till this world ends we'll be fast friends—
My old gray cat and I.

—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Cheedle's Past

CHEEDLE has lately acquired a past. Out of his imagination he has built up a lurid conception of his sinful bachelor self which frightens him. The other day I tried to reassure him, quite unsuccessfully.

"My dear Cheedle," I said, "you have nothing whatever to reproach yourself with."

"Ah, if I could only believe that!" he sighed out. "But you know as well as I do what sort of a life I used to lead."

"Cloistral?" said I.

"Fiendish!" said he. "I was a devil of a fellow."

"Why, we used to call you a saint," I said.

"O, in irony, you mean?"

"No, in all sincerity. Of course we didn't let you know. We thought it might offend you."

"Now, my dear Wroughtnight," said he, "let me give you a word in season."

"Thanks. But—as the servant girls say—I never accept valuable presents from gentlemen."

"This young man's craving after an evil reputation is unhealthy in the extreme. You'll repent of it some day."

I was irritated. "It seems to me," said I, "that it is you who are doing the craving."

"I don't understand you," said he, sternly.

"You know you were a perfect Puritan."

"I don't deceive myself, old man."

"You kept your misdeeds pretty dark, anyhow. Nobody ever found you out in anything worse than a Sunday at Manhattan beach. Of course, you sometimes left actresses' photographs lying about. But we know where you bought 'em."

He sighed. "Old man, I'd like to see you give up that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"You know. The sort of thing I used to go in for."

"You mean cigarettes and photographs?"

He sighed again. It was a diplomatic evasion.

"Marriage," said he sententiously, "opens a man's eyes. He sees things in a new light. He realizes how wrong certain things are that he once delighted in. To have a tender, trusting woman committed to his daily care—"

"O, I say!" I exclaimed.

"You don't understand," said he. "You have no responsibilities."

"Look here, Cheedle, don't be an ass!" I shouted.

"You remember Balaam's ass, Phil?"

"No. I think he must have been before my time."

In spite of himself he laughed. At once the conversation became rational. He was taking me home to dinner. Within sight of the house he said:

"I am so glad you get on so well with my wife, Phil. If the subject of my—my past ever crops up be a true friend, won't you?"

I promised. And a few days later I redeemed my promise amply. I met Mrs. Cheedle on Fifth avenue, and she joined for some Astoria tea. It is not my fault if Mrs. Cheedle thinks that tea at the Waldorf-Astoria at five p. m. is rather dissipated.

"I am going to scold you, Mr. Wroughtnight," said she, "for your good. I think you are leading a useless life."

"It is useful to me," I replied meekly. "In fact, I don't quite see how I could get on without it."

"You waste so much of your time."

"As time is of no value to me that is not a great extravagance."

"You keep bad hours. You smoke a great deal, too."

"I confess it."

"You go to music halls."

"Alas!"

"You belong to too many clubs."

"But I only frequent the others."

"You know too many people."

"There are too many people. I'm afraid."

"You attend race meetings. You—"

"I certainly begin to believe I'm in a bad way," said I. "I had not thought of it before. Thank you, Mrs. Cheedle. But you must not be too hard on me. All men are not like your husband, you know."

"Why don't you get married, too?"

"Marriage would not alter me," said I, gloomily.

"It has altered Josie."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cheedle. It has not altered him in the least."

She grew pale. "What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I know him so well, you see."

She half arose. "You mean to tell me—"

"A saint, Mrs. Cheedle," I cried, earnestly, "an angel in trousers."

"Don't be absurd," she said, laughing.

"I assure you, Mrs. Cheedle," said I, "that a more innocent man than your husband does not walk this earth."

Extraordinary as it may appear, she was greatly annoyed. "Nonsense!" she said, sharply.

"There is no more vice in him than in a kitten," said I. "He was always like that."

"Of course, you are his friend. You would be sure to say so. It's loyal and nice of you, but I—you can't deceive me."

Evidently no man is a saint to the woman who loves him!

"I have no wish to do so," said I. "There is no need."

"My dear Mr. Wroughtnight," said she, with thinly veiled impatience, "do you honestly maintain that Josie is any better, morally, than the average man?"

"Incalculably better," said I.

"Then you are mistaken."

"Really, I think not. We used to call him the Saint."

"The Saint! How absurd!"

"It was a saying among us: 'As innocent as Cheedle!'"

"Nonsense!" she said, again, flashing angrily. "I don't believe it!"

I bowed and was silent.

"All men are more or less alike," said she.

I did not reply.

"Oh, was I rude? I beg your pardon. Do be nice, Mr. Wroughtnight."

"You asked my opinion of Joseph Saunders Cheedle. I gave it," said I, honestly.

"But you may be mistaken, Mr. Wroughtnight."

"Of course," said I, "I admit that. If you don't mind, Mrs. Cheedle, we will change the subject."

She looked at me gloomily for some seconds. I don't think I ever spent a duller afternoon. I saw Cheedle a day or two later. His manner was repelling.

"Good God, man!" he cried. "What have you been saying to my wife?"

"How should I know?" I rejoined, stung to exasperation.

"Were you drunk?"

"Of course I was. Why ass?"

"I beg your pardon, old chap. But, really, her attitude toward me is unbearable lately. You know that photograph of Lottie?"

"The one you thought was Lottie's, you mean. The photographer fooled you, Cheedle."

"Are you going to drag up that old, stupid argument again? Anyhow, the wife got hold of it. 'Who is this?' said she. 'My cousin—in Australia,' I replied. 'In tights?' said she. 'A fancy costume,' I said. 'Joseph Saunders Cheedle,' said she, 'are you a milksop or a hypocrite?' I did not like to plunge on either alternative. 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Your friends will tell you,' said she. So I came to you."

"She asked me about your past the other day," I mumbled. "And I told her you hadn't got one. You haven't, you know. Photographs at 50 cents apiece are not a past."

"I can see you overdid it," he growled.

And, afer all, perhaps I did.—N. Y. World.

GOOD TIP FOR A SHOWMAN.

It Is Over a Century Old, But It's Odd Enough in Spite of Its Old Age.

In the matter of aerostation we seem to have made little advance for over a century. The subjoined extract from the Publick Intelligencer, of April 12, 1786, shows that the balloonists of those days had quite ambitious ideas on the subject of aerial navigation. Unfortunately nothing is known of the success of the adventure with the "four harnessed tame eagles, capable of flying in every direction at their master's will."

"New FISH BALLOON, at the PANTHEON, ready for ascension, and to be steered in the air by four live eagles.

"It is now universally admitted that every attempt to steer balloons in the air, by any power of mechanism, will always prove fruitless, as there is no possibility of finding a point d'appui, or point of resistance. Mr. Uncles, though convinced of this truth, is nevertheless ambitious as an Englishman of meriting the name of the first aerial charioteer; instead, therefore, of making use of ineffectual sails, oars, wings, etc., he is determined to comply living force, combat the wind and guide himself through the regions of the sky; with this intention he has just finished a vast fish-formed balloon, to which is suspended a splendid triumphal car elegantly ornamented with projecting accommodations for four harnessed eagles, perfectly tame, and capable of flying in every direction at their master's will. Mr. Uncles, who also flatters himself to render his balloon stationary, intends to make his grand ascension in it after Easter. Till then his new and magnificent spectacle will be exhibited in the grand salon of the Pantheon every day, Sundays excepted, from 10 to 6 o'clock."

"Admittance One Shilling Only."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.

They Prepare Many Medicines, and Some of Them Are Very Bitter Decoctions.

The taking of a first dose of Chinese medicine is an ordeal which can be better imagined than described. It is invariably a bitter decoction, says Lippincott's. If the patient prefers, the herbs are given him in square pasteboard boxes holding about a pint each, and he "cooks" them at home. A Chinese prescription contains from ten to sixteen varieties of herbs, flowers, nuts, gums, barks and roots. More than 3,000 species are classified and used as medicine, but of these only some 600 are in general use. Whether the patient takes the remedies at the sanitarium or at home, he is requested to present himself every day before the doctor for another pulse examination, so that every change in his condition may be noted and the prescription may be varied accordingly. The Chinese are clever chemists in the line of pharmaceutical preparations, and prepare many medicines for their own use in the form of pills and powders; but these are employed by the Chinese physicians in treating the ailments of white people only to a limited extent. The reason given is that the simple, hot decoctions of the fresh root or plant are the best form, because the most readily assimilated into the system.

YOUNG ROCKEFELLER

Made a Railway Director at the Age of Twenty-Three.

He Is a Youngster Fresh from College, an Athlete and a Conscientious Worker—American Type of "Guinea Pig."

Young John D. Rockefeller is now a Lackawanna director, says the New York World.

At 23 years of age, without previous experience in railroad management or important personal holdings of the stock of the road, he sits in conference with men grave and gray, like Samuel Sloan, as his father's representative.

Without the influence of the senior Rockefeller he might have achieved a seat on an important railroad directorate in 15 or 20 years of strenuous effort.

Young Mr. Rockefeller is a type of a new development in American finance.

In London they call a man who, because of family influence rather than his personal attainments, is elected a member of financial boards and sits silent at their meetings a "guinea pig," because a bright, new-minted golden guinea is paid to each director present.

Undoubtedly Mr. Rockefeller will be in time a valuable member of financial boards, for he has ability and a serious purpose; but that does not prevent a certain incongruity in his election.

The directors of American corporations meet at varying intervals, and each director present receives as his fee a coin of gold, sometimes ten dollars, sometimes only five dollars.

Bank directors meet weekly to consider commercial paper. The full boards of railroads come together less often, because many of the members live at distant points. In these cases a meeting of the full board may come only once a month; but there is usually an executive committee, composed of a few of the more active members living near at hand, who meet more frequently—once a week or even oftener. The presiding officer of this smaller meeting is called the chairman of the board, and each member receives

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.
(Elected Railway Director at the Age of Twenty-Three.)

the same fee as for a full board meeting. Then there is a large and increasing number of local corporations, the "industrials" and the street car lines, whose directors meet as often as those of the banks.

It is obvious that a young fellow fresh from college can, by a wealthy father or uncle, be put in a position to add agreeably to his income by attending board meetings.

To receive ten dollars, or even five dollars, for a meeting which may last only a few minutes is pretty good luck for a young fellow just out of college.

It has been estimated that Chauncey M. Depew receives $500 a month in fees for attending meetings of boards or of executive committees. This may easily be the case, as several meetings might be attended in the same day, each occupying but a short time.

In Dr. Depew's case, many of the boards meet in the same building. Without quitting the vast roof of the Grand Central station, New York, he can attend the meetings of a good many different lines of important railroads.

In the case of a young fellow from college, a seat in a board room is merely continuing his education. From the lecture room of the gray and spectacled professor of ethics he enters the room where, sitting silent in a great padded chair, he can hear the master minds of the century discuss its greatest problems—finance, transportation, production.

Young Rockefeller is a graduate of Brown university. He is quiet, simple, straightforward, of medium height, like his father, but more strongly built. He has developed his muscles in the gymnasium and on the football field. He is fond of horseback riding. He does not drink or smoke; unquestionably he does not gamble.

Mr. Rockefeller teaches a Sunday-school class, as his father did at one time. He worships at Dr. Faunce's Fifth Avenue Baptist church. He plays the violin, but seldom attends public musical performances.

The Lackawanna is a road which would commend itself to a religious investor. It runs fewer Sunday trains in proportion than any other great line—usually upon the plea of a pretty well defined public necessity.

Young Rockefeller is already well versed in the business of the Standard Oil trust. He is an employe in the New York office and he keeps office hours, working side by side with other young men who have no hope of inheriting fortunes, and he asks no odds of them.

It is likely that Mr. Rockefeller's election to the Lackawanna directorate will be followed by similar distinctions conferred by the Standard Oil trust, the Brooklyn Union Gas company, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, the steel trust and other important bodies in which his father has large financial interests.

Awkward Tombstone Inscription.

A man, recently left a widower, when arranging for his late wife's tombstone, gave orders that the lettering should be of a stated size. At the bottom of the stone he wished to have the words: "Lord, she was Thine." The stonemason said he was afraid there would not be room for the words, but the bereaved widower insisted, and the carving was put in hand. The correctness of the mason's view was justified, for when the stone was finished at the foot of the tablet were the words: "Lord, she was thin."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE LIGHT ARTIST.

An Important Factor Nowadays in the Designing of Houses for the Wealthy.

As people are gradually coming to realize that hot and badly ventilated rooms mean debility and eventual sickness, the "ventilation engineer" has taken his place on the staff on which the architect relies for the carrying out of his designs in dwelling construction. Side by side with this improvement in the hygienic conditions of the interior of houses has arisen a new conception of the aesthetic possibilities of artificial light, and in the erection of the modern houses of the wealthy classes the "light artist" has become a very important personage. A well-known light designer talks entertainingly on the subject. He compares light with happiness, which is all a matter of contrast, and must be treated accordingly. He tells how Alma Tadema, in London, has a small door to his atrium, in order that its size may be the more felt on entering; so must the degree of light be graduated throughout the building. On entering a dimly-lit hall from the dark it appears brilliant; but this, again, must be eclipsed by the light of the reception rooms. So there should be, as in a good photograph, light and dark portions, and semi-tones. For a room fit equally throughout gives a flat effect, and is neither artistic nor restful. It should not be forgotten that the pupil of the human eye has considerable power of expansion and contraction, and in the presence of a bright light an involuntary contraction takes place. Reading under such conditions is destructive to the eye. Frost your lamp, and though you get actually ten per cent. less light, you get apparently more, for it is diffused. Thus the secret of a restful light is the illumination of a large surface with an absence of dazzling blotches. In a room thus lit the weakest eyes can read in comfort.

ELECTROCUTED BIRDS.

Copper Conductors Make Attractive-Looking Perches, But Prove Deadly When Utilized.

If birds only knew better they wouldn't do their love-making on electric transmission wires. The imprudence of that procedure has been frequently proved, notably last year in the case of two owls and the two eagles which were cremated on the lines of a long-distance transmission circuit in California. It will be remembered that by a strange element of selectiveness in the action of the current the owls were unusually favored, being killed without the slightest disfigurement and falling to the ground with hardly a feather ruffled, while the greater part of the two eagles went up in blue smoke, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A similar fate has befallen a pair of fowls which sought the shelter of a power house in Canada for their evening roost. The power company which supplies the city of Three Rivers generates its current 16 miles away and transmits it to the city at a pressure of 12,000 volts. A few evenings ago the city lights suddenly went out. The lights soon started up again, and there was no further trouble. The following day the electrician went on a tour of inspection. Entering the substation at Three Rivers, he noticed in a pronounced form the smell of a badly conducted restaurant. Looking around, he found the cause of the previous night's interruption. A window had been broken in the station, and through this two chickens had slipped inside and roosted on the bare copper conductors. As Chanticleer kissed Birdie "good night" he completed the circuit, the lovers were electrocuted, and the lights were put out.

TORTOISES BURNED ALIVE.

The Reptiles Are Cruelly Tortured in the Process of Shelling Them.

London humanitarians have received another shock, and as a result, several humane societies of England have raised their voices in a protest against the manufacture and use of combs, hairpins, cigar and cigarette cases, and other dainty articles made from tortoise shell. They have discovered that the procuring of the mottled shell is attended with considerable pain to the original possessors of the precious material.

The societies are making an effort to discountenance the use of all articles made from the shell until more merciful measures for its production prevail.

The largest part of the shells which come to our markets are procured in several groups of islands near Ceylon. The animals are caught by the natives and their shells taken from them.

The shelling of tortoise is not as simple as the shelling of green pease, and for severity it sounds much harsher than the plucking of feathers from live birds for the adornment of feminine vanity.

After being caught, they are induced by rather warm persuasive measure to come out of their covering. They are first semi-boiled over a red ember fire until the flesh that secures the shell to the body is softened. The animal is then shelled clean, and though the suffering must be intense, one rarely dies, but in a few months grows another shell, of which it is deprived in the same manner.

Some Curious Horseshoes.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied around the ankle with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a halfpenny a pair. In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horn. In the valley of the Upper Oxus the antlers of the mountain deer are used for the same purpose, the shoes being fastened with horn pins. In the Soudan the horses are shod with socks made of camel's skin. In Australia horseshoes are made of cowhide. A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained, and the shoes thus made are durable and impenetrable by moisture.

LOUBET'S HOME LIFE.

New President of France Is a Typical French Bourgeois.

His Wife Said to Be a Good Woman, Fond of Household Duties, Stout and Gray, and Speaking Very Bad French.

President Loubet is a typical French bourgeois, with a taste for the classics. He cultivates his mind incessantly, but has made little change in his mode of living. His table has oftener the old-fashioned garlic-spiced dishes of the Meridional, whence he sprung, than the new-fangled Parisian confections. His guests of late have been more frequently academicians than politicians, and he has said since his election to the presidency:

"I am too fixed in my habits to change now. I shall be Emile Loubet at the Elysee, as I always have been. The dignity of the presidency cannot be enhanced by any adventitious aids."

Montelimar, in the Midi, takes the elevation of its late mayor to the highest position in the state with little enthusiasm. Frederick Denis, whose sister is Mme. Loubet, owns an ironmongery store in the little town, his father having come there as a tramp from Picardy, finding employment in a nailsmith's shop. Mme. Loubet grew up in this shop, where her father prospered, leaving a fortune of 300,000 francs to her brothers. This was long after she had married M. Loubet, who proposed for her when she was only 18.

Frederick Denis, describing the new president, said:

"Emile Loubet was always up at six o'clock and retired punctually at 11. He is simply a good fellow, and an honest one. His father was a plain peasant, who lived by the sweat of his brow on the family farm, where Emile was born, at Marsanne, four miles from here. His mother lives there. Though 86 years old, she has a clear eye, and is a good walker. She still wants to do everything for herself.

"Emile has passed through every grade of civil authority from municipal

MME. LOUBET.
(Wife of the President of the French Republic.)

councilor to president. The only regret we have is we won't see him as often as formerly. I have no political ambitions. An ironmonger I am, an ironmonger I shall remain, and I have to work hard for my living.

"Emile must keep to the rules and order of the economy which have brought him to his high position, or he will soon be ruined. I doubt if he can spend much money in excess of his official income. He has a son and daughter. The former is his private secretary, the latter is Marguerite, aged 27, wife of M. Soubeyran de St. Pierre, a magistrate of Marseilles."

The president's mother, seen at her farm, exclaimed: "O, my poor Emile. As it was, I saw but little of him. Now that he has gone higher still I shall no longer see him at all."

She is a typical old peasant woman, with a sunburnt face of the texture of parchment, but with a fine expression withal. A bright gleam in her eyes is noticeable, as also in her son's.

"You must be happy, madame."

Mme. Loubet raised her eyes to the sky with an expression denoting she is not so happy as might be imagined. Then she asked, did I know her husband? continuing: "He was bien brave homme. I have happiness thinking my son resembles him. I am well aware I shall no longer see Emile. It is like that in life. We bring up our children, and when they are grown up they cease to occupy themselves with us."

She was evidently worried, and every fresh attempt to get her to talk about Emile only produced fresh rhapsodies about her husband.

The president's wife is more retiring even than himself. She was content with his position as president of the senate, because it entailed no public parade, and they could live quiet as they liked. She has sent for her daughter from Marseilles to help her in taking up her new station. She is stout and gray haired, dresses richly but without an attempt to follow the fashion. She is motherly, with the soft manner of the south, speaking anything but the best French. Under her sway Elysee palace will revert to the bourgeois style of Grevy's, which will be more appropriate than the nickel state affected by Felix Faure.

King Acts as Matchmaker.

Every Siamese girl who reaches a certain age without marriage is ticketed and labeled and placed in a privileged class, under the special care of the king, who binds himself to find husbands for them all. His method is delightfully simple. A prisoner in any of the Siamese jails may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the ineligible class. Whether he is already married or not is not of great consequence, for in Siam it is not necessary to draw the line at one wife.

Fleas in French Theaters.

All Paris theaters except the new Opera Comique are full of fleas, according to Francisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic, who ought to know. He suggests that managers drive sheep into the auditorium before the performances to attract the pests, a method that is said to have some success in Spanish hotels.

Prussia's Landing Building a Failure.

Prussia's new landtag building at Berlin is a failure, the acoustic properties of the representatives' hall being so bad that speakers cannot be heard even in the front seats.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

Dr. Marie J. Mergler Made Dean of the Northwestern University Woman's Medical School.

Dr. Marie J. Mergler, of Chicago, one of the foremost of the women physicians and surgeons of the country, has just been made dean of the Northwestern university woman's medical school. Mrs. Mergler is the first woman to hold that high position at Northwestern. She succeeds Dr. I. N. Danforth, who has been given the honorary title of dean emeritus in recognition of his long and eminent services to the school. Dr. Mergler has a wide professional reputation. She believes that in some branches of medical study the best results are not obtained in a coeducational

DR. MARIE J. MERGLER.
(Dean of Northwestern University Woman's Medical School.)

school, and so it is better to have separate schools for men and women. In the faculty, however, she would have the ablest instructors, whichever their sex. Under the direction of the new dean the course will be changed from two semesters, from October to June, to four semesters of three months each. The new arrangement will be put in operation in July, and each student will be required to attend three semesters of each year. The summer semester is instituted especially to give clinical work to students from smaller cities and vacation laboratory work to teachers. The attendance hereafter will be restricted to 100, who will be chosen from the candidates making the best showing in the competitive examination. Dr. Mergler is now professor of gynecology at Northwestern and at the postgraduate school and is attending surgeon at the Woman's hospital. She received her medical education in the institution of which she is now dean, being graduated in 1879. The following year she took postgraduate work at the University of Zurich. On her return she was appointed a lecturer in the Woman's medical college. In 1882 she was on the attending staff of the Cook County hospital. For 12 years she has been a member of the attending staff of the Woman's hospital, and was on the staff of the Wesley hospital from 1886 to 1896. From 1895 to 1897 she was head physician and surgeon at Mary Thompson hospital.

RUSSIA'S SEASICK NAVY.

The Men Are Big Enough, But They Are Unable to Navigate in Rough Weather.

Any man who believes in the Russian navy should keep his eyes off the Russian bluejacket. A real sailorman has fingers bent up like fishhooks, from the lifelong habit of gripping things. The Russian sailor carries his hands like a soldier and cannot possibly be "handy." A sailor's gait ashore has a slight roll. This arises from the need at sea of keeping up the windward side of a rolling ship. And the rolling gait marks one of a sailor's finest qualities—balance. Unless the body poises and balances to meet every motion of a ship the result is seasickness, says London Answers.

Now, the Russian bluejacket does not roll in his gait ashore, but marches. Neither has he any sense of balancing at sea, and seasickness in the Russian fleet is a source of actual weakness and danger. The Black sea squadron can only be put to sea in the three calmest months of summer, and the so-called maneuvers takes place ashore on the Kenal peninsula, consisting merely of battalion drill.

One more trait of the real sailor is his self-reliance, which makes him fit for facing emergencies single handed. But the Russian bluejacket has none of this. He is not a machine in himself, but only a little bit of a machine which cannot work without the other bits. He is huge in stature—a giant compared with our men—but in his winter overcoat it is impossible to distinguish him from a soldier. Unhandy, seasick and reliant only on drill discipline, he is utterly unfit for active service.

A TERROR TO SNAKES.

The Secretary Bird of Africa Kills and Eats the Most Poisonous Reptiles.

The secretary bird, a native of Africa, and also found in some of the West Indian islands, is the king of snake destroyers, the lordliest bird that walks. It is about four feet from tip to tip, as swift on foot as on the wing. It is a wonderful boxer and as quick as the mongoose itself. It likes to play with reptiles, to get them thoroughly roused and then to swallow them at leisure. It has a long neck, slender body, strong legs and a powerful beak. Its color is clear light gray along the sides of the head and throat, wings a brown black, thighs and abdomen black, breast and tail coverts white. The core and bare skin about the eyes are yellow and the legs and feet dull flesh color. The bunch of feathers behind its ears gives it its name. The South Africans have domesticated it and made much of its virtues. It eats all sorts of things, as stomach analysis shows. This was found in one stomach: Eleven lizards, 11 tortoises, three snakes the size of a man's arm and several handfuls of assorted insects. When it is ready for a bout it walks around the snake and plays on the reptile's nerves of irritation. When the snake strikes the secretary bird does a side step and receives the blow on its powerful wing. After a few strikes the reptile is tired. Then the bird nabs it by the back of the neck and shakes the life out of it. If it is particularly tough he flies up with it a few hundred feet and drops it kerplunk in a way that is always fatal. Then he eats it.

NO ENNUI AT GUAM.

There Will Be Plenty of Games and Books to Interest Our Marines While There.

Officers and members of the marine corps probably will not be troubled greatly with ennui at their far-away post in the middle of the Pacific. The novelty of life at the isolated little government station will keep them contented for several months. There will be many things to see and hear. To guard against discontent and weariness of spirit the government will have care for the amusement of its servants practically cut off, as they will be, from communication with home and country. Of course there will be swimming and boating, but the sports which the men enjoyed at home they will also enjoy at the island of Guam. For outdoor sports the government will see that there is a supply of balls and bats, footballs and tennis racquets and balls. During the long days when the weather outside is inclement and there are no drills the men will be able to play checkers, chess, cards and other indoor games. Col. Percival C. Pope has secured a great supply of such outfits, says the Boston Transcript.

There will be men who do not care for sports and games. For such as these there will be a well-stocked library. The government has provided a large stock of books. In addition, there are many thousand volumes of books and periodicals given privately. Some time ago Col. Pope made a request through the papers for donations of books and light reading matter. The response was immediate, and so generous that Col. Pope now requests that no more be sent to the navy yard, as it will be impossible to take them to Guam. From Boston and vicinity came over 4,000 volumes and periodicals, and New York sent almost as many more.

SNOW SLIDE IN ROCKIES.

When Railway Men of All Stations Risk Their Lives to Open the Roads.

There has never been a better time to round out one's experience of life in the Rocky mountains than during the past winter. After having seen the grandeur and beauty of the mountains in summer storms and sunshine many times, it was my good fortune to get into the midst of drifts and "slides" in the heart of the mountains of Colorado, to see the worst of it, and slip through the great snow trap west of Leadville on one of the few trains that succeeded in getting over the range, says a writer in Harper's Weekly.

There is all the difference in the world between a drift and a "slide." A rotary snow plow will merrily bore its way through almost any drift, but a "slide" brings down a mass of rocks and trees with it, and these must be removed with ax, pick and shovel. With the thermometer at 22 degrees below zero, 300 men—engineers, firemen, section men and common laborers—worked for five days, sometimes as much as 36 hours without sleep, all cheerfully risking their lives in the simple performance of duty—a commonplace courage, but all the more genuine for that—and finally, after losing four or five of their number, cleared the track for five blockaded trains. These passed through in the midst of a howling blizzard, and, after various mishaps, the east-bound trains reached the eastern slope of the mountains. Then came two feet of snow, blizzard after blizzard, and the blockade was once more established.

EDUCATION IN SPAIN.

From the Following Account It Would Seem Its Chief Feature Is Its Absence.

A contributor to the Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement describes in a few pages the farcial system of secondary education in Spain. The schools in question are the so-called provincial institutes, where boys between the ages of ten and sixteen are instructed and examined in 35 subjects, seven of which have been added to the list by a recent decree of the minister of education—viz.: Political economy, common law, history of Spain, literature, history of art, bookkeeping, and industrial and agricultural technics. The minister also recommends visits to the museums, but, as the writer remarks, in nine times out of ten, where the institutes are situated, the only museums are the churches with their wax images. The boys work from three to four and a half hours a day, and the newspapers are in a rage over such outrageous disregard for the life and health of the Spanish youth. The deplorable condition of elementary education in the kingdom may be inferred from the status of the common school teachers as depicted in a recent number of the Padagogische Zeitung. Out of 23,000 teachers, in round numbers, included in the last census, nearly 3,000 were receiving $30 or less annually, 5,000 were paid from $30 to $100, and the salary of only 1,000 amounted to more than $250. But the worst of it is that thousands of these poor men and women were not even paid the pittance to which their contracts entitled them.

Sensitive Clock.

A Lewiston (Me.) merchant has in his store an old-fashioned clock which is peculiarly sensitive. It sometimes stops, and if anyone steps into the store or goes by, it will start again, and if a horse steps on a certain spot in the street it will start. A man who happened to notice it, and who had one like it himself, said that his would not run after he had started his furnace in the fall. In the spring, after he ceased to keep a fire, it would run all right.

Spain's Only Naval Victory.

Only once in their history as a nation have the Spaniards achieved a naval victory. That was at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when, with the aid of Venetians and Genoese, they annihilated the Turkish fleet.

French Divorce Laws.

France has now a law by which marriage may be dissolved without the applicants. The [illegible] court devotes Th[illegible]sd[illegible] decrees. On o[illegible] da[illegible] couples were divorced [illegible] of four hours, an aver[illegible] one divorce a minute. [illegible] belonged to the work [illegible] which divorces were [illegible] the passage of the law.

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