HOW CLIMATE AFFECTS BLONDES

Did the ancient highly civilized nations of the past die out because they were blonde and therefore unfitted for the regions in which they flourished? Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, a surgeon in the United States army, who has written a book on the subject, believes that this was the case. He maintains that too much light is injurious to white races through its actinic or chemical effects, from which the dark skin pigments of swarthy races protect them. Thus he explains why, by survival of the fittest, dark races are found in tropical lands, why Europeans have always failed to colonize the tropics and why blondes disappear when they migrate southward. Says a reviewer in the Edinburgh Medical Journal: "The blonde and intelligent rulers of regions suited better for more swarthy inhabitants have regularly in the course of ages died out, while their subjects, thoroughly acclimatized to their domicile, remain. Egypt has been the theater of immigration of intellectual races over and over again; in each case these disappeared and civilization decayed, though the native fellah survived and survives. 'There will,' the author predicts, 'never be another dark age, for the present Aryan conquerors rule it from London and are not colonizers.' While the blonde type of mankind requires for its evolution a cold, dark, northern country, the brunette of various degrees of intensity up to absolute blackness is alone adapted for lasting existence in most regions of the world."

There is too much sunshine in the United States and none of the races that have come to this country until recently is adapted to the climate, Dr. Woodruff thinks, except the Jews. All the rest are degenerating from excessive light. The lower Mediterranean races, however, are now flocking over, and if the blonde types die out as they did in Greece and Italy during the decadence of these two countries, United States history may repeat theirs, though Dr. Woodruff believes that the northern types may survive in sufficient numbers to prevent the destruction of the republic provided it takes warning and limits the franchise to the races represented by these types.

About seven centuries were required, according to Dr. Woodruff, for the climate of Greece to destroy its blondes. In 500 B. C., the period of its greatest literary glory, the decadence of the Greeks was already evident and shows itself to-day in their literature and art. Dr. Woodruff points out how ancient Greek statues exhibit many of the stigmata of degeneracy; even a famous head of Juno has arrested development of the jaw and is "the head of a dying race."—Chicago News.

SLAVERY IN OLD ILLINOIS

Some of the early laws for the regulation of slavery in what is now Illinois were curious and interesting. In Prof. N. Dwight Harris' book on the subject the author says that in 1803 it was found necessary to provide some legal status for the numerous indentured negroes. "Under the provisions of this code all male negroes under 15 years of age, either owned or acquired, must serve till the age of 35; women till 32. Children born to persons of color during the period of service could also be bound out—the boys for thirty years and the girls for twenty-eight. All slaves brought into the territory were obliged to serve the full term of their contracts."

Slaves were easily imposed upon. "Most of the settlers owned slaves and were anxious to get as much service out of them as possible. They registered them for periods of servitude far in excess of the legal limit, many being booked to serve from forty to sixty and even ninety-nine years. Ninian Edwards, the first governor of the territory, registered his slaves as follows: Rose, 23 years of age, for thirty-five years; Antony, 40 years old, for fifteen years; Maria, 15, for forty-five years; Jesse, 23, for thirty-five years. The ignorant negroes were deceived into believing that it was right to bind themselves for such long periods.

"Even at this early day kidnaping had begun. Negroes whose terms of service were about to expire were seized and carried off to the south and sold into servitude more wretched than before. The hiring of negroes to work in salt mines, legalized by statute in 1814, served as a pretext for holding slaves in other parts of the state. 'To roll a barrel of salt once a year or to put salt into a salt cellar was sufficient excuse,' says Gov. Flower, 'for any man to hire a slave and to raise a field of corn.'"

Wholesome food, sufficient clothing and lodgings were to be provided for each slave. The outfit for a servant was enumerated as follows: "A coat, waistcoat, a pair of breeches, one pair of shoes, two pairs of stockings, a hat and a blanket." No provision was made for a future increase and there was no penalty for failure to provide the original outfit. Lazy or indifferent servants might, on an order from the justice of the county be punished by whipping.

EASED MISS SOPHRONIA'S MIND

The Misses Malcolm were known to the little world of which Greenby was the center as "the two Malcolm girls," in spite of their gray hairs and sixty odd years. They were also known as the best housekeepers in all the region, and any lapse from the exquisite neatness of their domain seeming to the Misses Malcolm a terrible thing.

When cousin Palmer Malcolm, a reckless western relative, died, the Malcolm girls started for the Missouri town on four hours' notice, although they had entertained thirty-two "Harvest Gleaners" the night before, too.

To Miss Sophronia, the elder, was allotted by mutual consent the task of putting the lower rooms in order, so far as possible, while Miss Eudora attended to their bedrooms and their simple packing.

When they were at last seated in the train, after a two miles' jolting ride in the old coach, Miss Eudora noticed that Miss Sophronia's face wore a troubled and anxious look. As cousin Palmer Malcolm had been a great trial to the family, Miss Eudora felt that his death could not be the cause of her sister's worry, and after a few moments of silence she decided to probe the matter. At that very moment Miss Sophronia spoke.

"Eudora," and her tone was one of distress, "I let Mrs. Goodwin go up to the spare room just before supper last night to get the measures of our quilt and bolster-spread, and the bell rang while she was measuring, and she hurried down, leaving the quilt on one of the chairs and two of the curtain shades up to the top. She told me, and I forgot it. Suppose the house caught on fire while we're gone, and the neighbors went in and saw that quilt on a chair, and all, what would they think of us?"

"Now, Sophronia, you ought to have trusted me, and not worried," said Miss Eudora, calmly. "Something led me to open that spare room door the last thing, and when I saw what a fix 'twas in, and knew I hadn't another minute, I just locked the door and put the key in my pocket, for the thought of fire came to me just as it did to you."

Miss Sophronia's face cleared.

"I'm so thankful," she said simply. "I shouldn't have had one mite of pleasure or comfort in the journey or the funeral if that door had been left unlocked."—Youth's Companion.

STURDY MINERS OF BUTTE

Probably nowhere in the world is there such a forceful, virile body of workers as are the miners of Butte. There are no graybeards. They are social rebels; not that they chant the Carmagnole to the waving of the black flag of anarchy, but in the sense that back in the well-ordered civilization of the east they rebelled against poverty and pushed on to the frontier, big-muscled, red-blooded, determined to sail the ship of their destiny into pleasanter places than their boyhood knew. From the copper mines of Berehaven, in the County Cork, from the coal mines of Tipperary, from the tin mines of Cornwall and from wherever in Western Europe men go down into the bowels of the earth for treasure, the sturdy young men of the mines came to America, says Tom Watson's Magazine. At the Atlantic seaboard they heard the story of Mr. Baer and his partnership with God in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, of the company store and the company shack, with its yellow fever paint by way of decoration.

In company with their American brothers they started across the continent to the Hocking Valley of Ohio, thence to the copper peninsula of Michigan, to the coal mines of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, on to the gold and silver lodes of Colorado and Utah, and finally to the miner's paradise of Butte, where eight hours is the day's work and $105 the monthly wage.

Beyond, the Butte miner has his eyes fixed on Alaska. Butte is but a way station on the road to Cape Nome.

Butte has a public library and churches that rank well with similar institutions in any American city. They are well patronized by the miners. It has beautiful and costly public building, hotels, business blocks and private residences.

Butte is rightly called the Gibraltar of trades unionism. Every conceivable occupation is organized, from the pin boys in the bowling alleys and the shoeblacks on the streets to the reporters on the daily papers, all are organized. Wages are high. Plumbers get $8 a day and printers $6.50 for a seven and a half hour day.

It is the proud boast of Butte that the greatest mining camp on earth has never had a boom.

Nucleus of Masonic Home.

Willard A. Van Brunt of Horicon, grand chancellor of Wisconsin consistory Masons, has presented to the consistory the Egerton farm of 319 acres in Waukesha county. He designs it to serve as the "corner stone" of a Masonic home, which will be the first of the kind to be owned by consistory Masons. The gift is valued at $75,000 and it came as a complete surprise to the rank and file of the order, only the officers having known of Mr. Van Brunt's intention. Dr. Miller, head of the Wisconsin consistory, has appointed a committee to formulate plans for the institution.

A PRAYER.

These are the gifts I ask,
Of Thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discomfort that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.
—Henry Van Dyke.

UNCLE HEWITT'S HIGHWAYMAN

By LULU LINTON.

DOWN the path toward the barn trudged Uncle Hewitt, his lantern casting splashes of light out into the darkness of that hour which comes just before daybreak.

The wagon had been loaded with produce the night before, so that when he had harnessed old Bets he would be ready to start on his drive of twenty miles to the city. He was congratulating himself upon his early start when the kitchen door opened with a creak, and Aunt Mandy called in cautious tones, "Hewitt, O Hewitt, you'll be careful on the way home, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be careful!" he called back, cheerily.

"And don't forget to put your money in the sack and pin it inside your vest with that safety-pin I gave you."

"I won't forget," he answered, still walking on.

The kitchen door closed, then opened quickly with a decided squeak, and Aunt Mandy called, in an exaggerated stage whisper, "Hewitt, O Hewitt!" and the whisper reached him down the length of the yard. "What do you want?" he asked, a trifle crossly, for he did not like to be detained.

"Are you sure you've got the pistol?"

"Yes, I'm just as sure of it as I've been every time I've started to the city for the last fifteen years, and just as sure I won't have any use for it, and I'll say right now that this is the last time I ever intend to carry the old thing along."

He shut the yard gate with a bang that put a stop to all further warnings from the kitchen door.

Out upon the road he started old Bets at a brisk trot, meaning to cover a good part of the drive before the sun came up.

His lantern cast shadows upon each side of the familiar road, making it look strange and ghostly.

"'Tain't much wonder Mandy worries and feels uneasy about me," he mused. "As many trips as I make before day and after night, it does seem a bit risky, and always coming home with money, too, but as for that highwayman of hers that she's always conjuring up, that's too ridiculous for any use. I guess the day's past for highwaymen in this civilized country, leastways round about here," and he chuckled as he thought of the many times he had listened to his wife's admonition from the crack of the kitchen door.

The sun rose upon a glorious autumn morning, and Uncle Hewitt jogged into the city in time for early market. The load of produce sold unusually well, and by a little after noon Uncle Hewitt was ready for the return trip.

After he had passed the city limits, he stopped old Bets by the roadside, and put the proceeds of his sales into the little bag stitched by Aunt Mandy's careful fingers for this purpose. He pinned the bag inside his vest with the safety-pin, and then started again on the homeward trip.

When about half-way home he saw in the road just ahead of him a dapper young man, who walked with a slight limp. As Uncle Hewitt drew up even with him, the stranger looked up and asked, with a pleasant smile, "Could you give a fellow a lift for a few miles?"

"Well, now, I reckon I can, if you think that riding behind old Bets will be any quicker way of getting over the road than walking," Uncle Hewitt responded.

"It may not be any quicker, but it will certainly be easier for one who is slightly crippled, and I'm sure I am very grateful to you."

"This ain't a stylish rig," Uncle Hewitt said as he moved over to make room on the seat for his passenger. "It's just my market wagon, but it's a good one, and has hauled many a paying load for me."

The young man proved a good listener, and as Uncle Hewitt liked nothing better than a good listener, he waxed eloquent in his descriptions of the market business and the management of a paying truck-farm.

The young man asked such very intelligent questions at such opportune times that Uncle Hewitt's heart warmed toward him, and he was soon telling him with the utmost freedom of his success of the day, of the early selling out, and of the round sum the produce had brought him.

The talk continued on various lines of farm-work, until in the midst of a dissertation on the value of rotten wood used as a fertilizer to start sweet-potato beds properly, Uncle Hewitt was interrupted by the young man exclaiming, "Oh, what is that? Over there, just beyond that big tree! Look quick!"

Uncle Hewitt looked, but saw nothing unusual. When he turned again toward his companion he saw something very unusual—the muzzle of a shining revolver confronting him!

The young man was smiling, and said, pleasantly, "I was out looking for game, and I am very lucky in finding you on one of your most successful days. No, you needn't make any disturbance. I happen to know that the country is not thickly settled just here, and you cannot obtain help. Just hand me the proceeds for to-day, please, and you may keep your watch and other valuables."

Uncle Hewitt started to open his mouth, but the look in the young man's eyes and a little click near his own eyes caused him to open his vest instead, and hand over the little bag containing the precious funds.

The young man bowed politely; then, as he climbed from the wagon, he said, "I wish to thank you for your kindness, and in return let me give you a bit of advice. Don't make it a custom to take in strange passengers and give them your confidence. Good-by, Mr. Hayseed!"

And he started back toward the city with no sign of a limp.

That appellation of "Mr. Hayseed" was the last straw added to Uncle Hewitt's blazing temper. It was bad enough to lose so much of one's hard earnings, but to be ridiculed afterward was intolerable. He allowed old Bets to plod on, but he reached down, and groping under the seat, brought out the old horse-pistol, and slipping out over the tail-board of the wagon, he started in pursuit of his former passenger. The rattle of the wagon and the thud of old Bets' feet drowned the sound of his approach as he gained on the fellow. He came up behind him, and shouted suddenly:

"Halt! Throw up your hands, or you'll be a-limping in earnest in about a second!"

Turning suddenly, the young man felt the cold touch of the pistol against his forehead, and taken so completely by surprise, he obeyed orders fully as promptly as had his victim of a few moments earlier. The old pistol was certainly a formidable-looking weapon, and the persistency with which Uncle Hewitt pressed it to his forehead was terrifying, to say the least.

"I'll take your revolver first," Uncle Hewitt said, firmly, "and you needn't make any resistance, for I know how to use this old-fashioned kind all right." The shining revolver was transferred without delay from the young man's pocket to Uncle Hewitt's pocket.

"Now I'll trouble you for that little sack of mine," and the sack changed pockets. Then, with a twinkle of his eyes, Uncle Hewitt said:

"Thank you for your kindness. You may keep your watch; it's a bit slow." He raised the shining revolver on a level with the young man's eyes and, with his finger on the trigger, asked:

"Shall I try this thing, to see if it is in working order?"

The young man's face grew ashy white. "For heaven's sake, don't!" he pleaded.

"Oh, that's all right, I won't. I just wanted to know if it would work. Mine won't. It hasn't been loaded for more than ten years, and it couldn't be loaded, for the insides is out of repair. I just carry it to satisfy my wife, but hereafter I'll feel the need of a good one. I'll be more generous with you than you were with me; I'll exchange weapons. I want to keep this shiny pistol as a little souvenir of our pleasant acquaintance. Good-by, Mr. Bunco!"

Uncle Hewitt started on a clumsy run down the road, overtook the slow-moving wagon, climbed in over the tail-board and chirruped to old Bets, who had not missed him. The young man, when he had looked dazedly after the wagon, threw the heavy old pistol as far as he could send it into the bushes by the roadside.

Aunt Mandy listened with wide eyes to the story of Uncle Hewitt's adventure, and at its close she said in somewhat shaky tones, into which there crept a distinct note of satisfaction, however:

"Hewitt, you know I always warned you to be careful, and I always told you there was danger of meeting a highwayman. Maybe you'll pay more heed to my warnings after this."

"Highwayman! He wasn't none of them highwaymen like you've always been warning me about!" snorted Uncle Hewitt. "Didn't I tell you he was dressed like a gentleman, and was just as pleasant as pie? And as for your warnings, I guess I proved I'm able to take care of myself." Then he added, triumphantly, "I told you I'd never carry that old horse-pistol with me again, and I won't."—Youth's Companion.

Woman.

Nations differ in nothing more than in their women.

You will never know what a woman is unless you suffer very much.

Women do not love Napoleons; they love mere middle-class mediocrities.

Men who want to found empires do not want the higher development of woman.

You will in vain search history for a great man who has not been influenced by a great woman.

In America the woman governs the man absolutely. In a certain sense the last man that came to America was Christopher Columbus.

The American woman lives for what she calls "a good time." Her interest is not man nor what is noblest in man—paternity. Her ambition is to study spiritualism, then Buddhism, then wireless telegraphy, and then the novels of Marie Corelli.—Dr. Emil Reich, in a London Lecture.

More than 524,500 acres of the soil of India are devoted to the raising of tea.

GOOD ROADS.

Merely Common Sense.

Charles Sumner once said: "The road and the schoolmaster are the two most important agents in advancing civilization." Common sense teaches that the difference between good and bad roads is equivalent to the difference between profit and loss. It teaches that good roads have a money value to the whole people as well as a political and social value, and leaving out convenience, comfort, social and refined influences which good roads always enhance, and looking at them only from the "almighty dollar" side, they are found to pay handsome dividends each year. People generally have come to realize that road building is a public matter; common sense decleares it to be a function of government.

Sand-Clay Roads.

Almost every community is favored with an abundance of stone, gravel, sand or clay, and by the proper management a desirable road can be constructed with either one of these. As there is a wide difference in the character of the materials great care should always be exercised in selecting only the best—such as contains sufficient toughness and cementing qualities as will form a surface sufficiently hard and durable to endure the volume of traffic, and at the same time make the road less impervious to water, which is its worst enemy.

In successful road building too much attention cannot be given to the proper drainage, surfacing and rolling; and in doing this work the use of the latest improved machinery is very necessary in the construction of any kind of a road if the best results are to be obtained. Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well, is an adage that might aptly be applied in connection with this question. This rule is not always adopted, however, but it is far better to build permanent highways so that they will need little or no repairs for a long time to come. In some localities conditions are such that a good stone road may be built at a cost ranging from $2000 to $3000 per mile, but in others $5000 or $10,000 are expended; while good sand-clay roads can be built from $200 to $500 per mile.

There are many phases of the question of road improvement of which much might be said, but at present the writer wishes to direct attention more particularly to the improvement of the common roads by the sand-claw method, which is quite inexpensive. When sand abounds in such quantity as to render travel on the roads difficult, an application of clay may be made to good advantage, and where clay is equally objectionable sand may be similarly applied and with equally as beneficial results.—Progressive Farmer.

Government Aid to Public Roads.

Following is a resolution introduced by Maj. W. A. Graham, of North Carolina, and adopted by the Farmers' National Congress, recently in session at Richmond:

"Whereas, the National Government wisely makes appropriations for the improvement of our harbors, rivers and lines of railroad transportation, to promote the commerce of the nation by affording markets for selling the products of the people and for purchasing the needed goods of other nations; the same wise policy could be promoted and extended by appropriations to establish and improve the public roads in the respective States in order that the farmer may be enabled at least cost to place his productions at the places of distribution. If the domestic and foreign commerce is advanced by appropriating to harbors, rivers and extended or 'through' lines of domestic transportation, it will be benefited in an increased manner by appropriations to the public roads or highways, so as to enable the producer to reach the markets of his section at reasonable cost. There can be no valid reason why benefits that are extended to the buyer and seller should be denied the farmer; therefore be it

"Resolved 1. That his Excellency, the President of the United States, is most respectfully petitioned to recommend to Congress in his message some system of appropriations to improve the public roads in the States.

"2. That Congress is earnestly petitioned and urged to enact a law, or laws, making adequate provision for the betterment of the public roads by sufficient appropriations to the purpose.

"3. That a copy of this paper be sent by the President of this Congress to His Excellency, the President of the United States, and also the presiding officer of each House of Congress, with request to present them for consideration to the body over which he presides."

Portable Wireless Telegraphy.

Portable wireless telegraph stations are now manufactured in Germany of such light weight that carts or wagons are no longer needed for their transportation, the parts being carried by men. While, with stations moved by wagons, the air conductors are attached to balloons or kites, with portable stations they are attached to steel masts. These masts, three in number, can be pushed together like a telescope and are then about twelve and one-half feet long, but can easily be pulled out to a length of thirty-three feet. The electric energy required is furnished by so-called "tread dynamos," mounted upon a sort of stationary bicycle, with a light seat for the man, who keeps the machinery going with his feet. The electric energy can also be supplied with a portable storage battery.

WARRIORS [...]

How the Jap Soldiers Enter Into Their Sports After the War.

The first anniversary of the victory of the Yalu was celebrated by General Kuroki's men in a most remarkable manner, which, says a London Times correspondent who was with the First Japanese Army, involved work nearly as hard as that required to win the victory. Not being able to go to Japan, they brought Japan to Manchuria. A whole corps that had been in the field for more than a year set out to create in a bare valley, overlooked by bare hillsides an illusion of Japan at springtide, all green and park-like.

In Japan carp swarm up cataracts—in fables. When they reach the top they become beautiful dragons. That is the national example of the reward for perseverance which takes the place of the story of Robert Bruce and the spider.

One of the brigades, as its part in the battle of deception, built both the carp and the waterfall. For more, than a mile, and then up the steep slope which was the scene of their composition, they brought pine boughs to form the sides of the channels, the overhanging verdure of crags and of rocky islets. The foaming torrent was made by bolts of cotton that laid in waves that half-submerged the leaping fish, seventy-five feet long, which had cotton crescents for its scales. A mile away the illusion was excellent, especially if you half-closed your Occidental eyes, which are always seeing scaffolding and the prompter's box.

You had to do the same with the dragon-fly on the next hill—a dragon-fly with wings fifty feet long and beaten-out ration-meat tins for its gigantic eyes. You had to do the same in order to realize the Big Lion (properly spelled with capitals). The holes of his nostrils, some fifteen feet wide, were made with matting. Their fleshy part was soldiers' red blankets, for he was a fierce Japanese lion, just now in a red fury. His mane was made of evergreens on the summit of a rocky escarpment. Five hundred yards away more evergreens were formed into a lashing tail.

General Fujii, the chief, and the other members of the staff entered into the plan of the effects and the organization of the fete with the same gusto with which they have outmaneuvred the Russians on many fields. Young forests of pines and of wild cherry trees were literally transplanted, and walks and arbors set among them. A gentle slope was leveled for the approach to the altar. Beyond it a statue of General Kuroki, on horseback—a good imitation of bronze—looked down on the scene, with a hanging iris garden at his feet. From the altar led two avenues—even provided with conduits where they crossed gullies—leveled with as much care as if they were meant for a generation's traffic instead of a day's merrymaking.

One of the avenues led into the little village of Piau-chi-tun, which had been Kuroki's headquarters since the Battle of Mukden. It had a garlanded bridge, a huge evergreen arch, and what takes the place of an arch in Japan, a torii, which in this instance was formed of Chinese matting covered with cotton cloth. Lining both avenues were alternate pine and cherry trees, and set between them transparencies made by soldier artists. Venerable Fujiyama, the most painted mountain the world, was there, of course, and scenes both at home and at the front.

On the plain, out of the earth of the dreary kaoliang fields, whose never-ending stubble is as the sands of the desert, had sprung little Japanese gardens, such as you see from one end of Japan to the other. Miniature lakes were set in miniature landscapes, and a fountain played among the beds of imitation iris.

The night before the fete millions of imitation paper flowers, which had been fashioned in the leisure hours of camp with the skilfulness of Parisian shop-girls, were brought in great baskets and fastened to the twigs of the transplanted trees.

The strangest part of it all is that it is as natural for the soldiers of the Japanese army to do these things as it is for them to fight. That same skill which was devoted to making waterfalls and paper flowers, that trick of ready improvisation which brought Japan to Manchuria, was turned the next day into scouting the dead spaces in front of the enemy's works and to desperate charges in the night.

Japanese Companies.

Japan has three banks paying dividends of twelve per cent., two paying ten per cent., two paying nine per cent., three paying eight per cent., and five paying from two to seven per cent. Of her many railways, docks, electric lighting and gas companies, one (Osaka Electric Light Company), is paying twenty per cent., four are paying fifteen per cent., eight are paying twelve per cent., and the others range from three per cent. to ten per cent. Not a single one fails to pay some dividend. Of her cotton spinning, fire and life insurance, sugar refining, engine works, brewing, hotel and miscellaneous companies there are three (cotton spinning) pay thirty-six per cent., one pays thirty per cent., two pay twenty per cent., three pay seventeen per cent., seven pay sixteen per cent., three pay fifteen per cent., four pay twelve per cent., and the rest pay six to ten per cent. It is remarkable that only seven of the eighty-seven companies on the Japanese official list are non-dividend payers. The Bank of Japan has a reserve fund of $8,675,000, and the Yokohama Specie Bank follows with a $5,200,000 reserve. Stock companies of all kinds are evidently profitable propositions in the Land of the Rising Sun.

The British Government will reimburse the naval officers for the money they spent in entertaining the French fleet at Portsmouth.