Darwinian Theory

An Error to Suppose It Has Been Finally Accepted by Scientific Men.

By L. H. Starkey.

EDWARD DOBSON assumes that "the evolutionary doctrine is no longer debatable except in minor phases."

It is an odd thing that the "evolutionary doctrine" (by which is probably meant the hypothesis of genetic evolution by natural selection), which may be called the Darwinian theory, is popularly supposed to be finally accepted by the scientific world.

There could be no graver error. Natural selection is at best a working hypothesis with a minimum of scientific evidence and a maximum of more or less ingenious but loose and unscientific reasoning.

John Girard says, speaking of Darwinism: "In spite of its great name, its success has throughout been popular rather than scientific, and as time went on it has lost ground among the class most qualified to judge. Evolutionists there are in plenty, but very few genuine Darwinists, and among these can by no means be reckoned all who adopt the title, for not a few of them, like Romanes and Weissman, profess doctrines which cannot be reconciled with those of Darwin himself."

Professor Huxley, an ardent exponent of Darwinism, could not unreservedly accept the theory, and a score or more of scientific men of the first rank could be named who "reject Darwinism altogether or admit it only with fatal reservations."

That higher forms of organic life have been evolved from lower is not disputed, but that all organic life has been so developed genetically from substantially the same form of germ plasm is very far from an accepted scientific fact. Apart from biological research, which cannot be conclusive, all we have to guide us are the fragmentary records of paleontology, which, when critically examined, certainly do not help the affirmative very much.

It is not possible without encroaching seriously upon your space to show the many obstacles to the acceptance of the theory in question, but generally speaking, the fossil records of organic life are fertile with evidences antagonistic to the hypothesis of genetic evolution, while the evidence required to support it is conspicuous at every turning point by its absence, and has to be supplied by the ingenious imagination of its advocates. As M. Fabre says (quoted by Girard): "Let us acknowledge that in truth we know nothing about anything as far as ultimate truths are concerned. Scientifically considered, nature is a riddle to which human curiosity can find no answer. Hypothesis, the ruins of theories are piled one on another; but truth ever escapes us. To learn how to remain in ignorance may well be the final lesson of wisdom."

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The Reasoning Powers of Animals

By Albert F. Shore,
Member American Association for Advancement of Science.

WHILE I do not discredit the reasoning power of elephants or beavers, however limited it may be, it does not demand expert observation to decide positively that at least animals of feline genus and some other carnivorous ones, as for instance the bear, are wholly destitute of reason. Why? In Central Park, New York, the reason is engraved in not only hard cement, but in the nose of a cinnamon bear. This animal is fenced in, but he can easily see freedom outside, and he has long ago made up his mind to secure his freedom by walking outside of this cruel inclosure. Seeing that the broad side of the fence would bar him, the bear made for the front corner; but, seeing this corner impregnable, he naturally turned toward the other unexplored corner quite undaunted. Of course, he is again disappointed, but since the first disappointment was forgotten by the shock of the second, he hopefully again returns to the said first corner, and so on, hour after hour, days, weeks, and year after year. Lions, tigers, leopards, etc., do exactly as does this bear; but I will say of this particular bear, that although he has worn deep holes in the cement floor in both corners of alternate hope and despair, his nose has become worn by his systematic swing of the head in spurning these really hopeless corners of escape. There is as yet no clear impression on the mind of this bear that his long search for freedom is really hopeless. But this undaunted bear can be convinced, as by cutting off his view of freedom without, and it would also teach us a lesson—that the difference between simple intuition and reasoning is enormously great.

What little reason exists in animals is so feeble, that the slightest intuitive activity on their part will easily hypnotize their reasoning powers. Imitation, as proved by the monkey or the parrot, and still more so by small children—just because they have a larger brain area—may become so extensive that almost all the product of reasoning minds may be faithfully memorized and imitated, although the minds engaged never themselves ever reason except to a negligible degree.

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The Brain and Drugs

By Dr. William Hanna Thomson.

NO sensible person believes that drugs do not affect the brain, and yet this doctrine seems to fit in with so many facts that some clear demonstration of its fallacy is much needed. It is the physician who should be asked what he has to say on the subject, because naturally he is the one best qualified to know whatever is known about both drugs and brain. Moreover, lately he has made great discoveries about the relations of the brain to the mind by observations, which he alone could make, of the effects of local injuries to brain matter caused by disease or by accident.

But how different the facts about these two subjects are from what most people imagine he shows by saying that drugs no more affect the brain than insanity does—that is, not at all!—except alcohol, which does injure the brain, though not at all on account of its mental effects, but for the very different reason that alcohol has a chemical affinity for the albumen and fats of the tissues. By this chemical action it slowly alters and damages brain tissue, but this result in no wise differs from similar alterations produced by alcohol in the tissues of the liver and of the kidneys. Tobacco is a powerful poison, and yet no autopsies can show the least difference between the brain of a life-long smoker and that of one who never lit a cigar. Likewise, the brain of an opium field is indistinguishable from any other brain, and so on for the rest.—Everybody's Magazine.

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Spirit of New Japan

By George Trumbull Ladd

IT has hitherto been uniquely characteristic of the New Japan that, where experience at home or criticism from abroad has revealed deficiencies and difficulties it has gone intelligently and deliberately about the work of supplying the deficiencies and of overcoming the difficulties. The fear of the wisest and best of her statesmen at the present time is not so much that Japan will not hold her own, businesswise, in the rivalries of commerce and trade; it is rather that she will be overwhelmed and degraded by absorbing the influences of the commercial spirit now rife in Great Britain, America and Germany. To safeguard, expand, elevate and extend to the whole nation, with its varid classes, that spirit which has characterized in the past their own best types of manhood, is with them their chief concern.—The Century.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

DIET OF WOMAN WHO SMOKES.

A London physician asserts that cigarette smoking is increasing among women to such an extent as to be causing a change in their diet. They now want spiced and highly seasoned dishes where they used to take creams and ices. — New York Tribune.

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria is planning to open a school for her blind subjects similar to the one of the Queen of Roumania, in Bucharest. She is described as a very benevolent woman and deeply interested in everything that promises amusement or comfort for the blind.

HOME ECONOMIES.

Miss Dora Eaton, of the department of home economics of Mills College, California, has been elected superintendent of the women's dormitory at Ohio State University. There is just now quite a demand for young women in colleges who are equipped for such positions with a working knowledge of the science of home economics.

LIBERTY TO WOMEN.

Siam has recently passed a law giving women the right to vote in certain cases. While this may seem an extraordinary step for an Oriental people the Siamese women themselves explain that it is the teaching of Buddhism. They point out that Buddhism preaches the equality of the sexes and gives equal education to boys and girls.

BLESSINGS.

She was the daughter of the village physician, a sunny curled darling of six, whose big blue eyes rested on the face of the Sunday-school teacher with an attention and intelligence most encouraging.

So when, after a discourse to the children on the beauty of appreciating their blessings, the teacher asked for an explanation of a blessing the doctor's little daughter rose and said:

"If my papa was to have a patient and she was to get well, and she was to pay my papa, and my papa was to give the money to my mamma, and my mamma was to buy me a new dress and take me down to the vacant lot and let me ride the great big fierce lion on the merry-go-round, that would be a blessing."—Woman's Home Companion.

AUTOMOBILE VEIL.

An automobile veil just imported from Paris had the new peacock tones formed in a novel way that was immediately copied by the Girl Who Could Do Things.

Two long veils, one a vivid emerald green, the other a bright navy blue, were joined together by the hem, which was hemstitched to the upper part.

The green chiffon was underneath and the blue on top, giving a charming shimmery blue green tone that was enhanced by the upper part, being two separate veils that could be quite pulled apart. The hem had the green folded on the inside of the blue. The ends were finished in narrow, separate hems. — New York Times.

THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE.

A girl who doesn't spend half her playtime in matching jig-saw puzzles is certainly out of touch with the times. There are few fashions in games which have taken such a grip upon the public.

You all know about it, of course? It is an elaboration of the old-fashioned puzzle blocks of childhood days. The matching of them is as hard to the grown-up girl as the simple little blocks were to her baby intellect.

Instead of being cut in squares and easy angles they are cut out by a jig-saw into tiny pieces that take on every curve known to geometry.

Everywhere you go, to a dinner, for an afternoon in the country, to a hotel, on a steamer, it matters not where, if you don't play puzzles you are behind the times and you are quickly counted out.

It makes little difference how well you may talk or sing, play the piano or dance. You are not wanted for those amusements. The rest of the world is matching blocks, and you must either do it or sit alone.

How any one can help doing it is a question. It is the most fascinating, irritating, time-compelling pastime of the day. At summer hotels you could see little tables all around the secluded corners over which were bent the heads of five or six people, or the tables, when deserted, bore the placard in capital letters, underscored: "Please don't touch."

None there were so unkind or so curious who would blow a breath on these little blocks of wood or jar the table by as much as a finger touch. They knew the secret. That puzzle was not finished.

On the steamers coming home from Europe the passengers were at the work most of the time. All the tables available were used for puzzles, and the most careless steward learned not to dust tables on which lay unfinished puzzles.

These jig-sawed puzzles were invented by a New England girl some time before Christmas. She cut out the tiny blocks with a jig saw, and that gave the name to the original puzzles. First the block of wood was painted exactly after a famous picture, but to make the game more difficult no copy of the picture is sold with the puzzle.

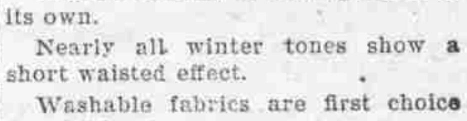
At once Boston took up the pastime and made it the fashionable indoor sport of New England. As soon as summer began the resorts from Bar Harbor to Atlantic Beach caught the enthusiasm. By this time four firms were making this girl's jig-saw puzzles in an eighth of the time and therefore sold them at a much smaller price.

By August the thing was in full swing, and even the ocean liners had to buy them by the dozens to satisfy the demand. Outgoing and incoming passengers carried a jig-saw puzzle in every grip.

Those who have been bitten by the madness have gone in for making their own puzzles. Clever men and women have bought jig saws and are turning out these puzzles slowly for the amusement of their own crowd. It is said this part of the game is as fascinating as the matching of the pieces, but there are not many who can do it.

The shops are delighted with this sudden and spreading craze for the puzzles, for they sell them at excellent prices—anywhere from fifty cents to $3.

Among the most popular pictures that are being matched together by pieces of wood are "The Field Officer," which most people are familiar with, as it is the well known picture by Detaille, the war correspondent; the "Wild West," "Mohammedan Scouts," "Girl With Apples," "In Holland," "The Pilots," "Hans," "The Fruit Girl," "Love Letters" and the "Christy Girl."—New York Times.


PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Taupe is the ruling shade in hats.

The fur felt hat is coming again to its own.

Nearly all winter tones show a short waisted effect.

Washable fabrics are first choice for children's wear.

Crepe de chine is one of the principal fabrics of the year.

The big Pierrot ruffle has completely fallen from grace at all the smart watering places abroad.

Huge mercury wings, bowknots and enormous flowers are among the new garnitures for the coiffure.

Fashion authorities declare that the high pompadour is doomed, and that side puffs, with a parted front and low knot at the back, will come in its place.

A long empire stole is made up of three rows of long ostrich barbs, separated by marabout and with long tab ends of the same kind and lined with marabout.

High colors are taboo. There is a softness and richness about the entire range of fashionable hues which is intensified by the rich materials in which they appear.

All shades of yellow are fashionable, particularly the brilliant, transparent ones. Black is and will be immensely popular. Combined with the new dusky blue it is most lovely.

Filet band embroideries are shown in numbers for trimmings. Perhaps the greatest novelty is the square-meshed string filet, which is coarse indeed, and is embroidered in coarse crewels.

The newest material to enter the field of millinery is cashmere, the newest trimmings soutache and kindred braids, silk crepes and similar satin-finish fabrics, which lend themselves gracefully to draping.

Swanskins are the new idea of Parisian modistes not only for covering crowns of hats, but also for making the entire hat. They are natural skins, tanned, and some are used in boa effects for banding purposes.

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Crullers Made of Raised Dough.—Set what is called a sponge over night, just as for bread. Use a pint of warm water and a large half-cupful of yeast. When the mixture is light add half a cupful of butter or sweet lard, a large cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of nutmeg. Stir in two beaten eggs, add flour until sufficiently stiff, knead it well and set away to rise. Then roll the dough out into half-inch thickness and cut into any forms desirable. The twist is pretty. Drop into hot lard, being sure to have quite a deep vessel of lard, as the turning of the cakes is liable to spatter up in the gas.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT:

THE NEXT MORNING.

Bobbie says he is growing to be a man;
But I think he is dreadfully slow.
Father marked it up on the wall last night,
Just how tall he was. Do you know

That he hasn't grown, not the tiniest bit?
For, as soon as we got out of bed,
We tried, and just where it was last night
Was the mark, right on top of his head.
—Margaret Erskine.

WHEN TODDLES WAS A FAIRY.

"Come, Tottie, le's go into the yard an' play fairy!" cried Toddles to his little sister. The morning was warm and bright, just like summer, though it was the first of October. Everywhere the leaves were turning red and yellow and brown, painting the landscape to look just like a great autumn picture in the parlor of Toddles' and Tottie's home.

"Who'll be fairy this time?" asked Tottie, gay in the happy anticipation of playing a game dear to her and her brother. "Who'll be fairy, bruver?"

"I'll be fairy, Tottie, for the las' time we played you was fairy, an' you got upon the carriage shed for the clouds. I'll climb up the elm tree what has all the limbs a-growing out of its sides. It's so easy to climb."

"All right," agreed Tottie. And away the two ran into the big fenced back yard, where there were a great many splendid trees of spreading limbs, just the sort of place for the game of "fairy."

"Now, I'll lie down on this bed of leaves," said Tottie, dropping on the ground, which was strewn with leaves of brilliant colors that had fallen from the trees. "An' I'll play I'm a poor lady what is very, very sick, an' lying in a hovel. An' I'll play my little boy and girl have goned to their grandmother's for some bread to keep me from starving, an' that a great wolf meets them on the road an' is about to eat 'em up when you—who's the fairy—comes flying from the clouds an' tells me of my little childern's danger. You touch me with a wand and it makes me well, an' I jump up an' get into a chariot what you've brought wif you, an' away we fly like the win' and save my childern."

"Oh, yes, that'll be lots of fun!" declared Toddles. Then he climbed into the tree that Tottie had lain down under, the elm tree with the many low-growing branches. Once perched on a spreading limb—about six feet from the ground—Toddles said: "I'm all ready now, Tottie. Le's begin."

"Well, I'll play I'm calling to my little boy an' girl. Come, Ethel Grace an' Harry James, mamma wants a drink of water! Oh, what?—are my dear chil-dern goned? Oh, what will I do?—I'm so very, very ill!" And Tottie stretched herself and moaned as if lying on a bed of sickness. "Oh, my chil-dern! What will become of them? S'pose a wolf should catch them and eat them up? Oh, what can I do to save them!"

Again Tottie groaned aloud and turned on her bed of leaves.

"Now play I heard you and am coming," called Toddles from above. "All right," said Tottie, in a very healthy voice.

"Ah, good woman, here am I," called Toddles in a high falsetto voice. "I can save thou and you little chil-dern. They are now being followed by a great wolf what means to de-vour them, clothes and all, even to their hair."

"Oh, oh, oh, good fairy, save my little chil-dern!" wailed Tottie in a very weak voice.

"Oh, you oughn't to have called me a fairy yet, for you aren't s'posed to know who I am till I tell you," cried Toddles impatiently. "Now, play 'at you don't know who I am. Just play 'at you call out and ask me."

"Oh, all right, bruver," said Tottie. Then she assumed her weak voice again: "Oh, kind person, who are you?"

"I'm a fairy from the clouds," explained Toddles in the high falsetto voice. "And if thou will go with me we can overtake your little chil-dern before the wolf gets them."

"But I am so ill that I can't rise from my bed of rags," said Tottie, writhing as if in pain.

"Ah, I'll make you well," said Toddles, pulling a little sprig from the tree bough to use as a wand. "I'll wave my wand over you and make you strong again. Here! One, two, three!" And Toddles waved the little branch above Tottie's head. But in his eagnerness to wave it well—as he thought a real fairy would do were she waving a wand—the little fellow leant too far out from the bough supporting him and lost his balance. Down he fell with a bump on the ground below that made him give forth a shriek like a Comanche Indian.

Tottie, hearing the noise of his falling, leaped up in time to save herself from being in the way of his fall, and stood laughing at the poor fairy whose wings had failed in their duty.

"Oh, you looked so funny, bruver!" said Tottie, between laughs.

"Well, you needn't giggle over it," said Toddles, sitting up and rubbing his bruised head. "It didn't feel good to fall like that. If the limbs hadn't a-caught me as I came down I might 'ave broke my arm or maybe my leg or something. But if you're going to giggle I won't play any more. I'll let the wolf eat up your little chil-dern, so I will." And Toddles got up in a very indignant frame of mind and shook the dry leaves and dust from his head and clothes.

"Oh, I'll not giggle any more," promised Tottie, coming to her brother's side and helping to dust him off. "Come, le's keep on playin' till we've got my little chil-dern away from the big wolf. An' if we don't hurry up about it we'll be too late."

"All right," said Toddles, again in a good humor. "Play 'at I'm down from the clouds already, an' that you're well and that we've got into my chariot—what is pulled through the clouds by elk—and are off for the woods where your little chil-dern are being followed by the wolf."

Then, with Tottie beside him, holding to his arm, Toddles called to his elk to be off, and away they ran, pretending the chariot was carrying them like the wind through the air. And just as they had rescued the little play children from the big play wolf they heard their mother's voice calling to them: "Come, dearies, Freddie and Mary are here to play with you for an hour. Come, you may serve luncheon to them on the lawn."

Then the chariot, the elk, the fairy and even the two little children were forgotten, and Toddles and Tottie ran in the house as fast as they could go to greet their little playfellows, Freddy and Mary, who had come from across the street to pay them a visit.—Washington Star.

SELF-SACRIFICE OF CHINESE CHILDREN.

One of the teachers, Mrs. Chang, had promised to take her little girl to Pekin in vacation to visit her older sister; one can imagine the child's excitement at the prospect of her first railroad journey and first sight of wonderful Pekin. A few days before vacation she came to her mother and said: "If you will send the money it would take for my railroad fare to Pekin and back to the famine sufferers I'll stay in the school and you go alone." And the child cheerfully stayed two weeks with the school cook and two or three other children. Surely that was an "offering of sweet smelling savor."

That reminds me of a little sacrifice on the part of the school as a whole. Sunday afternoon I had spoken of the famine, but did not in any way suggest that the girls contribute. That evening a deputation came to my study, saying that all the girls would like to give up white flour and meat until vacation and send the money saved to the famine sufferers. The time was about three weeks, the saving amounted to $12 (Mexican), and I sent that sum, increased by $16 from the teachers.—Grace Newton, in Woman's Work.

A BOY'S IDEA.

It was a little boy, a little English boy, in whose brain the first idea of the safety pin was born. His father being a blacksmith and not very rich, the boy had to act as nursemaid to his baby brother. The baby often cried, and his small nurse, noticing that the cries were generally caused by pins that pricked, tried to bend the pins so that they would do their work without puncturing the child.

The plan was not an immediate success, but the boy's father, seeing the worth of the idea, set to work and ultimately turned out the safety pin.—New York Tribune.

CONFIDENT OF THE FUTURE.

Mary, five years old, and Stella, who was about the same age, were talking about their future dreams.

"When I grow up," said Mary, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mother with four children," said Stella.

"Well, when they come to my school I'm going to whip them, whip them, whip them!"

"You mean thing!" said Stella, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"—Delineator.

THE POLITE BOY.

James was going home from school one day with some other big boys. He saw an old woman with a large basket in her hand. James gave her his arm and helped her across the crowded street. The other boys laughed at him and asked him how much she paid him for his services.

"Her pleasant smile and grateful 'Thank you' were worth more to me than money," said James.

The boys who laughed at him were so ashamed they said no more.—Jennie Kane, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

An Elastic Compliment.

Could anything exceed the politeness of the Irish cabby? An old lady called for a cab and said to the driver:

"Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm a very old lady, you see."

"Begorrah, ma'am," was his reply, "no matter what age ye are [illegible] look it."—Tit-Bits.