

# Metchnikoff On Women

Superiority in Affairs of the Heart the Final Test

By Julius Go'dburg

I am sure that very few will agree with Prof. Metchnikoff's comments on the relative merits, superiority, or inferiority of the male sex to the female. Statements have been advanced by champions of the sex that woman has been excluded from all higher intellectual occupations, so that her mind has become atrophied, her capabilities blunted, or her talents stagnated. It seems to me that this should not enter into the question at issue. I cannot see what relation this bears to the question of the superiority or inferiority of either sex to the other. It is, as it always must be, that broad humanitarianism, unselfishness, love and charity make for the superior man or woman, and woman in this regard carries off the palm. She rules the world, and she does so because she is superior. It is not true in any sense that man has done anything to materially further the advancement of the home. He is entirely passive there. Nor has he any place whatever in that home when compared with the divine qualities that motherhood carries. The home is the arch of civilization and progress, and woman is its keystone.

In making a comparison of the sexes there is but one important consideration, and that is the qualities of the heart. When the professor states that "women are superior to men in affairs of the heart, and that is a great deal," he states the case plainly and absolutely for her. With her strength of mind and intelligence, with her goodness of heart, she must be classed as the superior to man. What advantage would there be to this world and its progress in civilization and morality, if the qualities of the heart did not have precedence? Of course, it is important to possess genius, but man, with his genius for doing many things, lacks the goodness of heart and spirituality to become woman's equal. When the question at issue here is that of the superior man or woman, we must conceive that it is the qualities of the heart that make for humanity and civilization, and that she decides the question. Woman may lack genius, but never humanitarianism.

If it is true, as is said of woman, that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," what more can be said for her?

Woman's work in the home as wife and mother is doing more for civilization and mankind than our greatest geniuses in art, science and invention. Of course, superior attributes in man's recognized field of endeavor are evidence of the superior man, but it is the heart qualities that largely indicate the superior being. How stupid to say because a man is a great craftsman or a genius in his work, that he is the superior being? Since when do we measure humanitarianism and civilization by such standards?

# Farm Boys in England

In a book "England and the English," by Fred M. Hueffer, he speaks of conditions in the rural districts as follows:

"With the spread of education, with the increase of communication, there has come not the deterioration but the betterment of the conditions of life in the country, but the simple abandonment of the land. It is, I think, a truism to any one who knows the country . . . that there are whole stretches of territory in England where a really full-witted or alert youth of between sixteen and thirty will absolutely not be found. I visited lately eighteen farms of my own neighborhood, covering a space of about four miles by two miles, and on this amount of ground only five boys found employment. Four of these were below the average intelligence, and had at school not passed the fourth standard; the fifth was so stupid that he could not be trusted to do more than drive the milk cart to and from the station. And of all the farm laborers' families that I know well—some forty-six in number—only two have youths at home, and one of these has 'something the matter with his legs.' Of one hundred and twelve other families that I know in a nodding way, not more than five have boys at work in the fields. Making a rough calculation of the figures as they have presented themselves to me, I find that just over 5 percent of the country-born boys I have known have stayed of their own free choice on the land."

Mr. H. also says that all the old amusements of the countryside—the fairs, the May-day celebrations, the cricket clubs and the like—are dying out, with no effort on the part of the rustics to retain them. Into the cities troop the cleverest of the farm boys; what the author calls the "Anglo-Saxon-Teutonic-Industrial-commercialism that is Modernity" has taken them into its grip.

# Human Imperfection

By Charles G. Ames, D. D.

HERE is no perfect church, no perfect book, no perfect inspiration, no perfect knowledge; and all for the reason that there are no perfect human beings or institutions. All our organizations, whether we set them up in the name of liberty and justice, in the name of truth and righteousness, in the name of religion or of God, are composed of defective members, and cannot help sharing the imperfections of their parts. It is well to know it, fair to admit it; and it is no misfortune to see things as they are.

But now let us frankly recognize the value and uses of things imperfect. There are no perfect marriages, because there are no perfect men and women; no perfect societies, because no perfect people to be associated.

We must not look for perfection in what now is. We must work toward it, leaving the things that are behind and reaching toward the things that are before. The anarchist, finding nothing wholly good, seeks to destroy everything; the wise man, finding the same, seeks to improve everything.

Yet the good cause is carried forward, as all human affairs are, by such imperfect agencies and instruments as the Lord happens to have on hand at each stage of proceedings. This may explain why even we are permitted to bear a part. The exceeding greatness of his power is shown by the good work done with such poor tools. Heavenly strength is made perfect in earthly weakness.

# British and German Physique

By Arnold White

TEN millions of our people inhabit dwellings inferior to the kennels provided for the hounds in a well-managed hunt. The results of living in dwellings unfit for human habitation and the prevalence of a dietary scale from which English meat, bread and milk are excluded are fatal to successful rivalry with a virile and healthy race where agriculture is fostered for strategic reasons.

Having spent hours in watching the arrival of the early morning trains in Berlin and Hamburg, I am appalled with the contrast between the vigorous and well-set-up, broad-chested and healthy-looking clerks, brawny shopmen and stalwart laborers on the other side of the North Sea and the champagne-shouldered, cow-locked, pigeon-chested, lack-luster trainees of men of the same classes landed at Liverpool street, Victoria and Charing Cross.—London World.

# IT HAS BEGUN.



—Cartoon by G. Williams, in the Indianapolis News.

# ELECTRICAL SHOCKS TO DESTROY EVERY WARSHIP AFLOAT

Lewis Nixon Says Currents Flashed Through Air Is Battle Method of Future—No Danger From Airships—Destruction So Terrible That Nations Will Be Forced to International Peace.

New York City. — Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder, graduate of the United States Naval Academy and for several years one of the chief constructors of the American navy, flouts the theory that the airship in any of its forms will become a formidable war machine.

Instead, Mr. Nixon believes that the death-dealing terror of the war of the future will be the electric shock.

This conclusion has been forced upon his judgment by a careful study of the subject of new war agencies and by closely watching the manoeuvres of the Wright aeroplane as it sailed up the Hudson and circled the representatives of the world's greatest navies.

In Mr. Nixon's opinion warships can guard against the danger of explosives that might be dropped upon them by airships by specially prepared armor. He believes, though, that sooner or later there will be perfected a gun or some other piece of mechanism for hurling a thunderbolt that will shock to death every man aboard a warship, irrespective of its protection.

"I am convinced," said Mr. Nixon to a reporter, "that the thing could be done now, but the mechanism is so crude that the thunderbolt, or electric impulse, would kill the man who should release it, as well as the enemy. It is possible, of course, that some foreign nation already has perfected the necessary machine with which to hurl this deadly bolt. I hope, however, that it has not been done. When the principle is mastered the result will make war so horribly destructive that the human race, through the sheer force of nature's first law—self-preservation—will abolish war."

"The aeroplane is mainly interesting now on account of the fact of what may grow from it. Possibly we shall see them like swarms of giant locusts flying over and beyond armies, to occupy positions and to cut off communications.

"For purposes of observation they will be of great use. The helicopter, owing to its smaller dimensions, seems best adapted to such uses, especially to be carried on men-of-war."

"Insofar as I can see, the dirigible, which will combine much that the aeroplane is now proving out, is the ship of the future."

"Count Zeppelin has already crossed

# STARVING ESKIMO SLAYS HIS CHILD.

St. John's, N. F.—Tragedy in the icy wastes of the Far North formed the burden of the news brought to this port by the Hudson Bay Company's steamer Adventure, which arrived with the crew of the lost Dundee whaler Paradox. In the story of an Eskimo, driven to cannibalism by starvation, who ate his child and shot several neighbors who attempted summary punishment.

The Paradox, one of the fleet of Dundee whalers, met the fate of her companion ship, the Snowdrop, which was crunched in the merciless jaws of the ice floes off Baffin Land early in August a year ago. The crew, with scanty provisions, made their perilous way over the broken ice toward the mainland and were picked up by the Hudson Bay Company's steamer Pellican, which took them to Fort Churchill, where they remained until the arrival of the Adventure on her regular fall trip. The Adventure also brought several missionaries, surveyors and prospectors from the Northwest country.

The Adventure's report of the cannibalism says the Eskimo's fishing and hunting season had been a failure, and, driven mad by hunger, he cut the throat of one of his children and then ate the little victim. When the man's neighbors learned of the crime they attacked him, according to the primitive law of their race. The outcast beat off all assaults, shot several of the attacking party and escaped into the wilderness of ice.

# EXPERTS TO ADVISE PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg. — The Pittsburg Civic Commission, fathered by Andrew Carnegie and H. C. Frick, announces that soon there will arrive in Pittsburg one of the most important and high priced trios of experts to be had in the country for the purpose of giving advice on Pittsburg's bad street car system, her river front and on plans for laying out the \$500,000 park which Frick has given the city of Pittsburg through his daughter Helen. Those who have been employed to come at a salary of \$800 a day ago are Blon J. Arnold, of Chicago; James R. Freeman, of Providence; and Frederick Law Olmstead, of Boston.

Mr. Arnold, who is an expert on street railways, will do his best to

figure out a way in which the transportation facilities of Pittsburg can be bettered. It is conceded that the street car service is about the worst in the country. Mr. Freeman is the hydraulic engineer whom President Taft is said to have paid \$500 daily for making the trip to Panama, and he will take up the matter of Pittsburg's water frontage and suggest ways and means of saving the city millions yearly lost through the rivers' overflow. Mr. Olmstead will tell the people of Pittsburg how they can best beautify the park land given them by Frick. It is understood that Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick share equally the \$800 a day paid to this trio of experts.

Nearly All Animals in Canadian Buffalo Herd Escape. Calgary, Alberta. — Word was brought here by a man named Edwards that the Canadian buffalo park at Wainwright, Alberta, had been destroyed by the prairie fire which has been burning in that section.

As the fire burned the fence surrounding the parks the herds of buffalo, estimated at 800 animals, and a large herd of elk escaped. Many of the animals were killed.

The fire caused a financial loss that will run into millions.



# GROWN UP PEOPLE.

Margie's mother was sowing some seeds and explaining how they would come up plants.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Margie, "they go to bed babies and get up grown people." — Philadelphia Record.

# A TURTLE DAY.

I want to tell you about an experience I had last spring when I had the turtle fever and was very anxious to find some turtles myself. I started out one morning carrying a net over my shoulder in search of them. I walked all around a little lake where turtles would most likely live, but not a trace could I find. I was about to give up when I remembered a little pond near the lake where I had often seen turtles. I walked cautiously around the edge and then my heart gave a leap, for there in the bottom of the pond, right near the shore, was a turtle. Now every one knows that these reptiles dive into the mud at the least noise, and it requires a cautious and quick movement to get one, so I thought it best to catch it with my hand. Slowly I reached toward it and then made a grab. But ouch! such a slimy, horrid creature I held. Not like the ordinary water turtle at all, but a soft spongy shell and a big head that twisted around and tried to bite me. I never had such an unpleasant surprise.

more, even though the victim be a bird. Life is given to all creatures of the air, the waters and the land by our Creator, and not one should be held lightly. Therefore, when children kill birds for the mere sake of killing them are committing very grievous sin. And to capture and cage them is even more wicked, for a bird in a cage is the same as a child in a prison, removed from all that it holds dear in life. Every boy and girl who reads this should try to imagine himself and herself kidnaped by some great monster, with whom he and she had no connection whatever, and carried away from home and friends and locked in a great iron cage, just large enough to admit of the prisoner having a few feet in which to jump about and get exercise, to depend on forgetful monsters for food and water, to have his or her prison hung in cold or hot places, to be neglected and starved, and again overfed. When they have fancied themselves in this unhappy captivity the boy and girl will have some sort of idea of the unhappy lot of an imprisoned bird.

Now, the world had birds to fly and to sing before man was created. Birds are as much a part of the beautiful earth as are the flowers and trees. There are so many kinds of birds that to just read over the names of a few of the varieties will rouse

# BLIND DUKE.



When I am out at play  
Duke jumps and frisks about—  
Runs when he sees me run—  
Barks when he hears me shout!  
And when I trudge to school  
Across the grassy fields  
Who should it be but Duke  
Galumphing at my heels!

—Written for the Washington Star by Marietta M. Andrews.

dropped the turtle, you may be sure, but after so much labor I was determined not to go home empty handed. So I tried to take him home in a handkerchief, but his ugly head first peered out from one corner and then from the other. He frightened me so that I dropped him, handkerchief and all, into the pond. For a long time after that I did not try to go "turtling." — Beniah Frances Pach, in the New York Tribune.

# ON THE MERRICK ROAD.

Life on the Merrick road, which leads along the south shore of Long Island, on a sunny Sunday afternoon is a very exciting thing. At sunrise the "honk" of the first automobiles wakes the slumbering resident, and from that time on till late at night there is an endless procession of vehicles going to and fro. There is everything from a \$10,000 French car to a bicycle.

At half-past 4 on Sunday afternoon a bus full of fellows, who evidently had been on an excursion further down the island, came lumbering along the Merrick road. The occupants, all very much intoxicated, were quarreling among themselves. A couple of them were half asleep. A small boy, a brother of one of the men, sat on the steps, paying no attention to his comrades. The dispute became more and more heated. One of the sleepers woke up, but, in spite of the efforts of the rest, the other man could not be aroused. At last, full of anger and alcohol, the company fell upon him and beat him until he jumped out and ran up the road, where a free for all fight followed. Numbers being against him, he soon fell down in the road, when four of the men kicked him in the head. At this a few of the assailants became faint-hearted and ran off, breaking down hedges, trampling over flower beds and arousing all the dogs in the neighborhood.

By this time a policeman and a fireman arrived and arrested four of the chief offenders. Three they let go, taking the drunkenest man to the Board of Health office for the night and to Mineola jail. The one who had been kicked was taken to a doctor, where he had his head tied up. The road in the wake of the wagon was strewn with sausages, beer bottles and tin cans. The town officials arrested fifteen automobiles for fast driving. This was an exciting Sunday for Freeport. — Harriet T. Mamford, in the New York Tribune.

# LOVE THE BIRDS.

The birds of different countries and climes make a most interesting study, and the more we learn of our little feathered kinfolk of the air the more will we love them and hold their life and liberty dear. To destroy the life of a bird for the purpose of mere killing—to display one's marksmanship—is a simply murder, and nothing

any boy's and girl's interest, and they will at once desire to learn something about each of these varieties, and of others that will come under their notice when the subject has been taken up. The tropical countries are richer in variety than are the northern countries. And the birds are larger and more beautifully feathered in the tropics. Many of them have most curious habits, and form a never-ending source of enjoyment to read and study about.

A list of the names of different families of birds, so to speak, is given here, birds that are most interesting to know about. They are the night-gale, the robin, the song thrush, the owl, the nuthatch, the skylark, the magpie, the trogon, the racket-tailed motmot, the hoopoe, the bee-eater, the hornbill (many varieties), the laughing jackass, kingfisher, the cuckoo, the mountain parrot, the cockatoo, the kaka, the kea, the swift, the morepork, the nightjar, the hummingbird, the pelican, the cormorant, the frigatebird, the gannet, the screamer, the pocard, the sheldrake, the secretarybird, the vulture, the kite, the osprey and the eagle.

The above list includes birds of all countries, and it will be a pleasure for the young reader to sort them, arranging them in their climatic order. Then study them singly, thus becoming intimate with our feathered kin all over the world. — Mary Graham, in the Hartford Post.

# Breton Birthday Party.

A birthday party of 147 men, women and children, all the direct descendants of an old lady 100 years of age, gathered upon the 100th birthday of Mrs. Anne le Cleach in the little village of Guilvinec in Finistère this week.

The old lady, who is a widow now, was married at fifteen. She had fourteen children, six of whom are still alive. Mrs. le Cleach's oldest granddaughter has herself been a grandmother for seven years. The whole family form rather more than a third of the inhabitants of their village and Mrs. le Cleach, who enjoys the best of health, knows every one of them by sight and name. — London Evening Standard.

# Concealed Men Never Popular.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself is seldom pleased with others; and they, in return, are not disposed to like him. — La Rochefoucauld.

# Invisible Forces.

All great forces are invisible and silent; only their effects are seen. The power of a true life, who can measure it?

In Chile there are regions where there are so many Germans that the native servants learn their language.