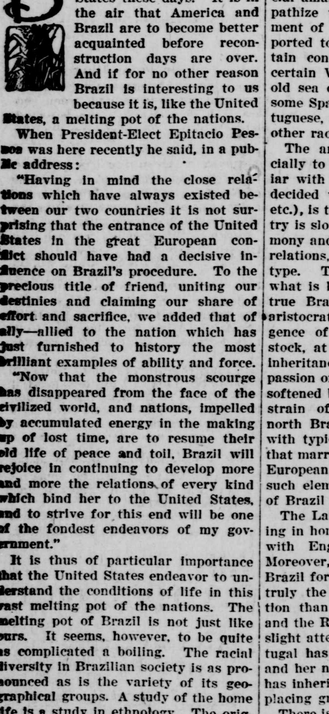
BRAZIL: Melting Pot Like the United States



RIO DE JANEIRO



PRESIDENT PESSOA, of BRAZIL

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LOADING COFFEE FOR THE U.S.

BRAZIL is of special interest to the people of the United States these days. It is in the air that America and Brazil are to become better acquainted before reconstruction days are over. And if for no other reason Brazil is interesting to us because it is, like the United States, a melting pot of the nations.

When President-Elect Epitacio Pessoa was here recently he said, in a public address:

"Having in mind the close relations which have always existed between our two countries it is not surprising that the entrance of the United States in the great European conflict should have had a decisive influence on Brazil's procedure. To the precious title of friend, uniting our destinies and claiming our share of effort and sacrifice, we added that of ally—allied to the nation which has just furnished to history the most brilliant examples of ability and force.

"Now that the monstrous scourge has disappeared from the face of the civilized world, and nations, impelled by accumulated energy in the making up of lost time, are to resume their old life of peace and toil, Brazil will rejoice in continuing to develop more and more the relations of every kind which bind her to the United States, and to strive for this end will be one of the fondest endeavors of my government."

It is thus of particular importance that the United States endeavor to understand the conditions of life in this vast melting pot of the nations. The melting pot of Brazil is not just like ours. It seems, however, to be quite as complicated a boiling. The racial diversity in Brazilian society is as pronounced as is the variety of its geographical groups. A study of the home life is a study in ethnology. The original Portuguese stock is found in all phases of transition from unadulterated purity through partial and complete mixtures with native Indian and negro and fusion with foreign nations—Italian, German, English, Spanish and American. The Brazil of today is a melting pot of races and nationalities as heterogeneous as it is distracting to the chance traveler, says Clayton S. Cooper in New York Sun.

On beginning to ask questions one finds himself entangled in an intricate maze of fusions between Portuguese and Brazilian-Portuguese, foreigners and Brazilian foreigners, Brazilians who are Brazilians and Brazilians who are ethnologically cabocios or mestizos, or sertaos; or Brazilians who locally or historically are Paulistas, German-Brazilians, Dutch-Brazilians, pure-blooded Indians, or sons and daughters of a half a dozen foreign races or nations, who are Brazilians because they were born in Brazil.

The visitor freshly landed and plunged suddenly into this diverting congeries of human, national and racial amalgamation, is inclined to sympathize with the probable enlightenment of Colonel Roosevelt, who is reported to have inquired of a sea captain concerning the population of a certain West Indian island, when the old sea dog replied: "Well, there are some Spanish, a few French, some Portuguese, a few Dutchmen and a dozen other races the Lord didn't intend."

The amazing wonder of all (especially to a North American less familiar with European races, and holding decided views concerning color lines, etc.), is the manner in which this country is slowly, and apparently with harmony and democratic social and racial relations, evolving a distinct Brazilian type. The salient characteristics of what is becoming to be known as the true Brazilian character include the aristocratic culture and high intelligence of the old family Portuguese stock, at once Latin and Moorish by inheritance, the exaltation, daring and passion of a vigorous aborigine's blood, softened by the affectionate, emotional strain of the African, especially in north Brazil—the whole shot through with typical modernity and enterprise that marriage and general contact with European races have afforded. With such elements, the national home life of Brazil is being compounded.

The Latin races are said to be lacking in homelike qualities, as compared with English or Teutonic peoples. Moreover, the Portuguese, who gave Brazil formative principles, were more truly the copyists of Roman civilization than any other European stock, and the Romans were famous for their slight attention to the home. Yet Portugal has been ever a land of homes and her new world Brazilian daughter has inherited her instinct. It is a land placing great emphasis on family life.

There is always danger, in writing of a subject like Brazilian home life, for the narrator to overgeneralize. Home and family life is, like the civilization generally diverse, and it is necessary to decline the stratum of life one is talking about if an attempt is made to find universal characteristics. There is the home of the seringuero or rubber gatherer in the lonely fastness of the Amazon wilderness, and the tepee of the still savage Indian of the forest jungle. The fisher folk, a considerable clan scattered along the Brazilian coast from the extreme north to the Argentine boundary, have a life distinctive, bringing their hauls of fish ashore in frail looking boats and in light hearted talk and song sit about their rude huts at twilight to sup on a bit of farina, a drop of native whisky and some of the Brazilian dried beef—to the accompaniment of the violao.

Should one be just to the many sided home and social life of this gigantic country, he must needs write also of the occupations of the gaucho, or Brazilian cowboy, living his daring and picturesque existence apart on the southern interior plains; then there is the important section of Brazilian society best seen in its original home in the state of Minas—the fazendeiro, or caipira, as he is sometimes called, the country magnate whose wealth is his proud plantations, and who lives also more or less isolated with his family, constituting his own kingdom independent and free and hospitable as was any of our old southland planters, or any medieval baronial lord. It is this land holders class that makes a strong appeal to young and old Brazil alike.

This king of the land and horses and wide distances fascinates and calls forth something inherent in the Brazilian character. This country is first of all an agricultural domain of colossal area, and the fazendeiro still holds in his hand the nation's key. Of him one has said: "Such authority as he knows has vanished perhaps from the greater part of the world, but in Brazil it rules unquestioned, forming a powerful bond between the soil and its owner.

"In his powerful solitude the land owner indulges in his love of intellectual culture, he inclines toward philosophy; he possesses a certain natural eloquence. This Brazilian aristocracy enjoys political as well as social power. They form the structure, the framework of all party politics; they are its strength, its very life; it is they who govern and administer Brazil."

One is confronted here with the remnants of a feudal oligarchy, with the culture and refinement belonging to it in the middle ages of Europe, but with the striking difference that this older and influential Brazilian social order is being voluntarily changed and mixed with a complex variety of mass population, slowly but surely forming a democratic society, in which the spirit of republicanism and equality is stronger even than the spirit of the national religion.

Any concrete description of a home of the better class is a biography of the life and characteristics of the Brazilian woman—the wife and mother. Domestic existence is peculiarly her sphere of action and influence, and from this throne of home life she rules, and also shines.

Brazilian women are not only nice to look at and intelligent conversationalists; they are furthermore "the mothers of men." It is a land of large families, eight and ten children being no exceptional thing in a Brazilian home. The upbringing of children is not attended with any superfluous modern fads, and eugenics, twilight sleep, birth control, together with other reforms of our northern "efficiency" civilization, are as yet unknown.

The Trouble With Tommy

By WILL T. AMES

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The trouble with Tommy Ellis showed itself from the first day he went to school. It was a little school, and there were just fifty hooks on the walls of the boys' "entry," with fifty-one boys to hang their hats on them. Half a dozen of the new boys were younger and smaller than Tommy, who had reached the ripe age of seven; but Tommy it was who had to lay his cap on the floor in the corner because he let the other fellows grab while he held back. Tommy didn't like having to put his cap on the floor any better than the other boys. But somebody's had to go there, and so it was Tommy's.

It wasn't because he was slow or stupid that Tommy, from that time on, took the dust of his schoolmates and later on the choice of whatever was being given out in the way of favors or jobs or opportunities. On the contrary, Tommy was brighter and quicker and naturally more skillful and clever than the majority of boys. But he was utterly lacking in self-assertiveness.

The only occasion on which Tommy's hand went up in time to be recognized by the teacher, when she was showing off her pupils to visiting parents or committeemen, was when he was the only child in the room who knew the answer to the question. If one or two or a dozen of the others were prepared with the desired information they were all sure to beat Tommy to it.

There was a little girl whom Tommy worshiped in his secret soul. One day her hat blew off. She was the school beauty, so five boys put chase after the hat. Tommy, as usual, got started last, having been bumped out of his stride by another boy. It was a freak wind and of a sudden the hat shifted its course and came straight at Tommy and a mud puddle. Tommy headed it off and, all blushes, took a single step toward his inamorata. Then another boy grabbed the hat away from Tommy and himself bestowed it upon its owner, with the air of one having rescued it from the puddle instead of purloining it from the abashed Tommy's worshipful hand. The little girl, whose name was Annabelle Hester, smiled benignantly upon the other boy, whose name was Floyd Cushman, and never even gave Tommy a glance.

And so it was. At twenty Tommy was holding down the worst possible job in the gift of the superintendent of the one-horse interurban trolley company, a job which no one else would take, and which necessitated his getting up at an unconscionable hour in the morning, and walking a mile after taking the last car into the barn at night, with all his leisure time in the middle of the day—and what use can a young fellow make of the hours from ten till three?

The use that Tommy made of them was to think, hopelessly and with a sinking heart, about that same Annabelle Hester whose hat he saved from being muddied when he was a little boy. Annabelle was a stenographer in town now, but she still lived in the suburban village, and very often rode out on the car on which Tommy collected the fares.

She was always friendly and nice to Tommy, and now and then he ventured to talk to her a little, but only now and then, because Tommy fancied Annabelle seemed a little nervous and ill at ease at such times, perhaps as though she didn't just care about getting too intimate with a conductor. Another reason was that Floyd Cushman, who was in college now, and going to be a lawyer, rode out with Annabelle whenever he came back to the village, which was pretty often, and quite took possession of her. Yes, Tommy felt altogether "out of it" with Annabelle.

Then the war came. Tommy went as a buck private and came back as one. He wasn't, it appeared, of non-com material, though an intelligent, studious and conscientious soldier. Floyd Cushman, jamming his way in the attention of his superiors at Plattsburg and later in France, attained to a captaincy before he met his finish above Verdun.

When Tommy was demobilized they gave him back his old run, and it was the third evening that he saw Annabelle Hester. The girl had climbed to the platform of the car and was on the point of entering when she glanced up and saw Tommy. She went white, then rosy. "Why, Tommy—Tommy Ellis!" she exclaimed. "When on earth did you get back? I didn't—I never heard—" Annabelle was becoming inarticulate.

Tommy Ellis had been through what no man can go through and still be quite as he was before. Much of his old self-consciousness was gone.

"Annabelle," he said in a manly, direct way. "I'm dreadfully sorry about Floyd. I'm the only one you know who was there when it happened. All the way back I was thinking you'd want to know, and that the first thing I'd do would be to tell you. If you'll let me know when, I'll get off and come over to your house and tell you."

"Do, Tommy; come tomorrow in your off-time. I'm going to be home. And I do want to hear—everything." Tommy didn't notice the odd, studying look the girl gave him. But he promised to go; and next day he went.

Tommy told Annabelle about the speed and rush of the great movement when the Americans cleaned out the Verdun salient; how most of the doughboys were racing to get in touch with the enemy, but now and then coming unexpectedly on the deadly machine gun nests of the rear guard; how Captain Cushman, commanding Tommy's own platoon because of a shortage of lieutenants, had stormed one of these enemy positions and had been shot leading his men across an open field. "He died bravely, Miss Annabelle," said Tommy, in conclusion. "I wish he could have lived to come back." And then, after a little, the new Tommy asserted himself enough to venture—"to you."

Annabelle looked straight at Tommy. "As a soldier," she asked, "do you think it was necessary for Captain Cushman to lose his life at that time and place? Do you think those Huns could have been driven out without a frontal attack? Was it good leadership to do what he did?"

"Why, Miss Annabelle," exclaimed Tommy, taken wholly by surprise by this questioning, "what—what makes you doubt it?"

"Because," replied the girl, "I know all about it. You are not the only person I have seen who was there. Sergeant Fanton of your squad is my cousin. He told me about it. It was a mad, blundering, headstrong piece of thoughtless bravado, and it cost many lives besides his. Tommy Ellis, I know something else. I know you didn't like Floyd Cushman. I know he always treated you contemptuously. Then why did you, when he was struck down, leave the cover Fanton had ordered you to take, and go out there into that rain of bullets in a dear, wonderful, foolish, crazy attempt to save him and bring him back to the rocks? I know all about it, I tell you! But why did you do it—what made you?"

"Why—why—why, Annabelle. There wasn't anything else to do—when I thought of you, waiting for him to come back."

"But, Tommy! I wasn't waiting for Floyd to come back. You dear, self-effacing, modest, morbid old Tommy—I was waiting for you. And I've always been waiting for you all my mortal life. Tommy Ellis, are you going to live the rest of your existence in the old way, letting everything go for want of enough cruelty or wickedness or—gumption—or whatever it is to reach out and grab? Or are you going to grab—me?" Annabelle was laughing and crying at once. But she cried altogether, and shuddered as she sobbed: "And you almost threw your life away!"

The war helped some. Annabelle helped a great deal more. Tommy got a better run next day. Last month he beat out three candidates for assistant division superintendent. If you push Tommy now you'll get pushed back.

Fish Plentiful in Chile.

Along the coast of Chile, many sections of which are practically uninhabited at present, graves of the aborigines are found in great numbers, and they invariably contain implements for sea fishing. From prehistoric times the coast of Chile has been noted for its diverse and extensive fisheries. The fishes are so plentiful that sea birds by the millions, feeding on them, are found along the coast, and the numerous guano islands indicate the great length of time the birds frequented these waters. With methods similar to those used in other countries, the fishing industry could be revolutionized and established on a very large scale. The present methods in Chile are no more advanced than they were thousands of years ago. The need is felt by the Chileans themselves. The lack of sea food was recently the subject of a demand from the laborers to the government.

Busy Week for Charles.

Charles was being buttoned into a clean white suit one Sunday morning after a giddy week. "Well," he mused, "this has been some exciting week. Monday we went to the zoo; Wednesday I lost a tooth; Thursday was Gladys' birthday; Friday I was sick; yesterday I had my hair cut, and now here I am rushing off to Sunday school."

Battles on Sundays.

The date of the battle of Salamanca was Sunday, July 2, 1812; Vimiero, Feuntes d'Onor, Orthez, Toulouse and Vittoria were also contested on what were known as "Wellington's Red Sundays." Waterloo was won on a Sunday and the greatest attack on Cronje's trenches at Paardeberg was made on a Sunday—Feb. 18, 1900.

IDEAL COUNTRY OF DELIGHT

Isle of Utilla Seems to Have Been Appropriately Designated "Lazy Man's Paradise."

Worth while seems life on the Isle of Utilla. Its place on the map would be hard to find, but it's worth discovering. Away off in the Southern sea, never heard from before and but little known, it comes to the knowledge of the Pan-American union that here have Americans found a home that others enjoy when they are dead. "We call it a lazy man's paradise," says the message from this land of delight, "not that the inhabitants are necessarily indolent, but simply because a large amount of labor is superfluous. Nature provides for nearly all our wants here as in most tropical countries. Farming is our principal occupation, yet there is not a plow on the island. Frost is unknown and extreme heat is never experienced. Ninety degrees in the shade would be an unusually high temperature. Our grade schools are of high standard, attendance being compulsory ten months in the year. American text books exclusively are used and social life could not be distinguished from that of the United States. Utilla is one of the Bay islands, a string of six verdant keys in the bay of Honduras, an arm of the Caribbean sea, which was discovered by Columbus in 1502. They were then thickly populated by native Indians, who became slaves. The islands now are inhabited wholly by English-speaking people. The first family to settle there was that of Joseph Cooper, who found upon landing two lonely American young men, Samuel and Joshua Warren by name. A few years later came Mark G. Morgan, an American from Philadelphia. The descendants of these men now inhabit the islands. These pioneers were the Puritan stock, all seafarers imbued with the spirit of adventure, who though filled with wanderlust, found conditions on the island so ideal that they planted their stakes deep and said: "Alabama—here we rest." Of the principal exports, 110,000,000 coconuts are sent yearly to the United States. There are fourteen Methodist churches and six of the Seventh Day Adventists on the islands with more than 700 members and 300 children to their Sunday schools.—Ohio State Journal.

Education Via the "Movies."

Moving pictures offer such advantages for many educational purposes that it seems quite in order to expect entire text books to be replaced by reels of film. In a recent London exhibition Maj. E. D. Maddick of the Royal College of Surgeons showed a human skeleton slowly turning before the audience, and gradually disintegrating, dropping bone after bone until reduced to the spinal column alone. Rebuilding followed. One by one the bones were reassembled until the structure was again complete, and in this way the various elements of the human anatomy were so brought to notice as to give a lasting impression of their peculiar features and their relation to the whole. It is suggested that the series of views may be so extended as to include movements of limbs and joints in both health and disease. The record value of the pictures has been already recognized, and they will doubtless be instruments of increasing usefulness to surgeon, investigator and teacher.

Stoves of an Age Gone By.

Somebody interested in antiquities has asked in print whether soapstone stoves are now purchasable, and although the question will puzzle most of those who read it even to know what such a stove looks like, it will remind others, of an older generation, that the soapstone stove has not so very long vanished. People used such stoves, and burnt wood in them, no longer ago than the time when mansard roofs were admired; and as some mansard roofs still remain in American cities so, doubtless, do some soapstone stoves. Most of them, however, are gone, like the earlier cast-iron stoves that had neither door nor stove pipe, but backed up against a fireplace in the next room and both took in fuel and sent out smoke through a hole into the fireplace. In fact, it would take a sizable book to describe and picture the family tree of the modern kitchen stove and basement furnace.—Christian Science Monitor.

Hotel's Famous "Royal Suite."

On the wall of the so-called "royal suite" in the old Revere house, Boston, Mass., hung a decorated shield bearing the names of distinguished guests: Jenny Lind, 1850; Daniel Webster, 1850; prince of Wales, 1860; Patti, 1860; Parepa, 1865; Christine Nilsson, 1870; Grand Duke Alexis, 1871; King Kalakaua, 1875 and Emperor Dom Pedro, 1876. But, even if the hotel had remained in operation, the present prince of Wales, coming to Boston, would hardly have gone there for his temporary dwelling place. For a good many years the old hotel has stood as a survival, in a part of the city where distinguished travelers were no longer among the common sights; and now it goes out of business. But, in its time, it was proud of that "royal suite."

First Safety Bicycles.

The first of the safety bicycles was put on the market in 1880. In this the high front wheel was reduced and the rear wheel was about two-thirds the height of the front one. The machines with wheels of the same size appeared in 1885. Bicycling began to be popular about 1891, and the "craze" reached its height about 1895, when wheels had become low enough in price to be within the means of the multitude.

Violent Deaths in India.

Snake bites caused 23,918 deaths in British India in 1917, nearly 300 more than in 1916. There were 2,170 persons killed by wild animals, 102 less than in 1916. Tigers got 1,069; leopards, 339; wolves and bears, 280; elephants and hyenas, 89. Of the 456 set down to "other animals," 89 are assigned to pigs and 199 to crocodiles.

Can You Afford That Bad Back?

Nowadays, to be half crippled with a lame, aching back is mighty expensive. If you suffer with constant backache, feel lame, weak and all-played out; have dizzy, nervous spells and fits of "blues"—look to your kidneys. You can't do a full day's work without well kidneys and a sound, strong, back. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. *Doan's* have helped thousands of workers. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Virginia Case



J. F. Thomas, 27 Roxbury St., Clifton Forge, Va., says: "I had too much uric acid in my system and I was in a pretty bad way. I finally got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and after using them three days I noticed a great change. I kept on getting better and in about five weeks I was attending to my business as usual. The rheumatic pains had left and my kidneys became normal."

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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Caused by

Acid-Stomach

Millions of people—in fact about 9 out of 10—suffer more or less from indigestion, acute or chronic. Nearly every case is caused by Acid-Stomach.

There are other stomach disorders which also are sure signs of Acid-Stomach—belching, heartburn, bloat after eating, food repeating, sour, gassy stomach. There are many ailments which, while they do not cause much distress in the stomach itself, are, nevertheless, traceable to an acid-stomach. Among these are nervousness, biliousness, cirrhosis of the liver, rheumatism, impoverished blood, weakness, insomnia, melancholia and a long train of physical and mental miseries that keep the victims in miserable health year after year.

The right thing to do is to attack these ailments at their source—get rid of the acid-stomach. A wonderful modern remedy called EATONIC now makes it easy to do this.

One of hundreds of thousands of grateful users of EATONIC writes: "I have been troubled with intestinal indigestion for about nine years and have spent quite a sum for medicine, but without relief. After using EATONIC for a few days the gas and pains in my bowels disappeared. EATONIC is just the remedy I needed."

We have thousands of letters telling of these marvelous benefits. Try EATONIC and you, too, will be just as enthusiastic in its praise.

Your druggist has EATONIC. Get a big 50c box from him today. He will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

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FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

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A New York lawyer did some legal work for an Arizona mining man. The fee was fifty dollars. Instead of taking cash he took shares in a mine whose stock was then selling for a few cents a share.

A few years later he sold the stock for $39,000. Today it is worth $50,000.

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It cleans, brightens, is harmless to paint and varnish. Economical and efficient. One cake will wash your car twelve to fifteen times. Keep it looking new and clean. Used by some of the largest garages in New York City. Sent direct from our factory to you. Price 50 cents, postpaid. AUTO-WASH CO., 300 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE ONLY INTERNAL REMEDY

Sent by mail prepaid, 50c and $1.00 a box.

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One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. K, Boston."



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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.



HANDS RUFF? Mystic Cream

—that's the stuff! Takes the *burn* out of *sunburn*. At your druggist's or by mail 35c a jar.

MYSTIC CREAM CO., Middletown, N.Y.

Worse Than Lobster and Cream.

Speaking of foods that disagree, the following is taken from an English menu: "Special today. Boiled Rabbi and Pork."

How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Crowd at Leipzig Fair.

Attendance at the Leipzig (Germany) spring fair totaled 100,000, making a new record.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping. Adv.

Widows and spinsters naturally oppose men who do not propose.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Attractions of Old Warsaw

A visitor to Warsaw who has enjoyed the advantage of a Polish cicerone points to the mistake, made by visitors in a hurry, of confining their attention to the new quarters of the city. Warsaw is not Cracow, of course, but off the beaten track she has many curious churches, many old houses, and many quaint streets to offer for inspection. In this period of renaissance for Poland Warsaw is considering the best means of showing her art treasures to advantage. It is probable that the large modern museum, with plenty of light but with little or no charm, will be adopted by the civic authorities. There are many who plead the advantages of the old houses as much more effective frames to old pictures and curios than the uncompromising aspect of white walls and the glare of skylights. Each type of museum has its own advantages, and Warsaw will have to make her own choice.

Australian Pearls.

The pearls that come from the coast of Australia are of many shapes and colors, and in the trade have names to distinguish them. Pearls under ten grains are sold by the ounce, above that by the grain. Color has a deal to do with the value. The white pearls go mostly to Europe and the yellow ones to India.

Unnecessary Noise.

A man reports that he has succeeded inventing a noiseless typewriting machine. If the report be true, let us rejoice. It is a great stride forward. Any invention that stops or lessens any of the noises of this noisy world is distinctly an achievement.

We suppose that street cars, for instance, will one day become obsolete, but the chances are that they will last for some time yet. And this being the case, why is it that some genius does not invent a way to muffle the infernal, nerve-wracking and diabolical noise that a street car makes? They crash and hammer their way over our streets, and when they round a curve they emit a wail like the wail of a lost soul.—Los Angeles Times.

Growth of Canning Industry.

The canning industry has within a few years grown to colossal proportions. It is an art that dates back a little more than 100 years. We owe this art of preserving foods through rendering them sterile by means of heat and maintaining them in that condition in hermetically sealed containers, to a Frenchman, Nicholas Appere, who began his experiments in canning in 1795 at Chalmons sur Marne. He worked and experimented for 15 years and in 1810 had practically perfected his system.

The first canning in the United States was for the preservation of sea foods. It was not until the decade following the Civil war that the superiority of canned foods over those which were preserved by salting, drying and pickling became recognized. Today the United States is the largest producer and consumer of canned foods.

Jolly Little Chipmunk.

The place the chipmunk fills is small and inconsequent but his sylvan "chirrup" plays a minor strain in the wordless diapason which the mighty blue soul of nature is forever singing in her forests; solemn and consoling to heal earth's scars; jubilant and glad for the free of heart. Intonating ever some clear sweet note of mystic melody for those who listen, to awaken a dreaming bliss or to thrill an untried liber into quivering life.

THE BENEFICENT BAT.

The government of the United States has discovered that the bat, instead of being useless and worthless, as is generally thought, is really most valuable. He is the inveterate enemy of all insects that fly at night. In recent investigations bats shot in the evening after flying for 12 minutes were found with stomachs so gorged with mosquitoes, gnats and small flies that it was difficult to see how they could eat any more.

Origin of Family Names

That the origin of family names can be readily traced is shown by a recent book published by an English scholar, in which he has successfully traced more than 6,000 names. He reaches the conclusion that fully half of them are based on occupation or locality. Thus, "Crook" more likely became the name of a man who lived near the bend of a river rather than a person of crooked body or morals. Also "Wilder" meant not a wild man, but one who lived in the wilderness. Such names as Bishop, Pope, Priest, Lord and other religious terms are derived from names that characters bore in the old church festivals and pageants. Long after the Norman conquest the baptismal name was, strictly speaking, the only true name.

To save the miners' time a canteen has been installed 500 feet below ground in a coal mine in Europe.

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