CASTE A BARRIER IN INDIA

Snobbery Sifted Into Fanatical Religious Faith Pale Description of Social Conditions.

First of all caste is a question of birth, and there is no entry except by birth. A worker in a coal mine may become a part owner thereof, and his daughter marry a peer, and his grandson become a peer of England. No millions will enable the low caste Hindu to marry into a Brahman family or even to touch the hand, or throw his shadow on the food of a Brahman in India.

If a man is excommunicated by his caste fellows in India, no one of the caste will eat with him, accept water from his hands or marry him. His own wife will not touch him or speak with him. He is dead to his family. The barber even will not shave him,

or cut his hair, or his toe nails.

A Brahman clerk has been known to distribute legal documents by throwing them down at the end of the village street in which live his low caste brethren. Letter carriers have been known to refuse to enter the houses of, or to permit themselves to come into personal contact with those of a lower status than themselves.

If one could picture to oneself social snobbery lifted into a fanatical religious faith, it would be a pale description of the iron subdivisions of caste in India. There is no patriotism, and can be none, in a country thus divided against itself.—Scribner's Magazine.

WHERE WE NEED PROTECTION

Not Against the Autocrat, But the Outgrown Social Institution.

It is not the autocrat, but the outgrown social institution, against which speciety requires protection. Not the legislature or the executive, but the constitution and the prevailing judicial and administrative procedure, are in the way of progress: or rather, carry. ing the analysis one step farther, our difficulties are not so much with the constitution and procedure, as with our own reluctance to amend and modernis them. Knowledge and conviction have gone far ahead of existing mechanism and habit. The clash is none the less real because it is not between itwo distinct classes, between a ruling class and a revolting class, for example; but rather between our own selves of tradition and habit of the one hand, and ourselves of the present environment and new standards. These conflicts with cur own inherited trad tions and habits are perhaps the most exasperating and tragic of all.

Chinese and Vaccination. "Unless it is absolutely necessary I inever like to get a Chinaman started on the vaccination game because he never knows where to stop," said a missionary. "He fights against the initiation with all the stubbornness of his oriental nature, but once he becomes convinced of the efficacy of vaccine virus he goes on the principle that you can't get too much of a good thing and wants a dose of it for every ill that besets him. The Chinaman who has been once vaccinated wants it done all ever again every time he gets a bad headache. It is pretty tough on Chinese children whose parents have formed the vaccination habit. If the missionaries and doctors didn't watch out their little arms would be in a state of eruption half the time."

Little Willie Again.

"Pa!" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery.

Pa gave a bad imitation of a snore.

He was tired and did not wish to be disturbed.

T: -

"Pa!" came the little voice again.
"What is it, Willie?" replied his father, sleepily.
"Tum in here; I want to ast you

sumpin'," said the little voice.

Bo pa rose up from his downy and,
putting on his bath-robe and slippers,
marched into the nursery.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.
"Hay, pa," said little Willie, "if you was to feed the cow on soap would.
The give shaving-cream?"—Harper's

Mental Fag. "My brightest pupils," says a young tutor, "have occasional weeks of lankness which resist my most subthe methods, and I have come to the conclusion that they are suffering at such times from a form of mental indigestion. They have been taught enough and need rest before their minds will receive and stow away any more facts. A couple of days works wonders, and even one day is sometimes enough. But it is hard to make the mothers understand the importance of these holidays, and some of them begrudge the loss of even a few Bessense."

In Line.
Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, or
that is she told me to come to
you—she says you—
Pater—Quite so—I understand.

Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles? Buitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkins.— Brooklyn Life.

Surprise.

"Aren't you surprised at Lord Luvus for contracting such enormous

was for contracting such enormous status?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I'm not surprised at him; only his creditors."

QUEER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Flute Made From Bone of Defunct Enemy and Drum Cover From Skin of Leader.

The Guildford gentleman's discovery that a tolerable tune can be played on a bicycle pump is not so wonderful, after all. Did not Richard) Strauss include a schoolmaster's cane in the orchestra for the performance of "Electra," and a new instrument called the heckelphone, which should be useful in electioneering? Buffalo horns, of course, have often been utilized for more or less musical purposes, and in the olden days fishes' shells and the shanks and shin bones of animals were made to give forth tunes of sorts. During the Maori war we discovered a native chief with a very tolerable flute fashioned out of the bone of a defunct enemy, but if any one has doubts as to the music that can be got out of hones. let him pay a visit to any English seaside resort in the coming summer. During one of the Servian campaigns some twenty years ago the troops marched to battle making hideous "music" out of old saucepans and kettles, and when John Ziska, the great Hussite leader, died, his skin was tanned and made into a drum cover in the hope that the resultant "music" would serve as a magical inspiration to the troops. Only a few years ago the Austrian bands each carried five or six "serpents" in the front rank. These instruments were in the form of a snake, the bell being shaped to represent its mouth, and painted blood-red inside, with huge white teeth and a wagging tongue, which moved up and down at ever step .--Tit-Bits.

IDEAS AS TO ADULTERATION

How Different Ages Change Opinions
—Hops Once Considered as
Harmful as Ale.

"Different ages have different ideas as to what constitutes adulteration," says a writer. "Most people nowadays regard the hop as a staple ingredient of beer, but in the seventeenth century the city of London petitioned parliament against its use in brewing, describing it as a 'wicked weed, which spoils the drink and endangers the lives of the people.' John Evelyn was a strong supporter of the anti-hop crusade. Hops, he declared, had 'transmuted our ale into beer and doubtless much altered our constitu-tions. He allowed that their use impaid the pleasure' with 'tormenting diseases and short life. He appealed to all lovel Englishmen to drink cider until this dangerous "drogue" was banished from the breweries. It was the ancients who above all delighted to 'fill up the glasses with treacle and ink and anything else that is pleasant to drink.' In order to prevent acidity, heighten the flavor or increase the durability of inferior kinds of wine, they put into the casks auch seasonings as sea water, turpens tine, pitch, tar, resin, vegetable ashes, gypsum, lime, almonds, parched salt, goats' milk, cedar cones, gall nuts and blazing pine torches -not to mention poisonous salts of lead. They were fond of mixing perfumed oils with their wine before they drank it. Even in the Homeric age it was considered that wine was improved by having goat milk cheese grated over it and being sprinkled with flour."

The Doors of Old South.

The restoration of the interior of the Old South meeting house is rapidly progressing. From many odd quarters parts of the old furnishings have been collected and placed in their original positions. The pulpit of 1857 is there, with the mahogany wineglass reading deak, but careful search and inquiry failed to locate the two mahogany doors which formed the entrance to the pulpit on each. side. These doors were of peculiar, curved shape and would be quite useless for any other purpose. This har given rise to the hope that they are still in existence and that with greater publicity of the need the one in whose possession they now are will be found.—Boston Transcript.

The Boy's Reason.

An old man, upon seeing a small bare-footed lad playing in the street of a western town one day, approached him and said: "Young man, why are you not attending school today? Some day, when you grow up, you will regret all this wasted time." "Well, I'll tell yer, mister," said the chap, with a long-drawn sigh, "me mudder's sick, me brother Jimmy broke his arm yesterday, and baby's cutting teeth, and me oldest sister's getting married, and, besides, there ain't any school ter-day, it's teachers' convention day, and dat's the reason I ain't at school ter-day."—National Monthly.

"It is a great honor for a statesman to have his portrait circulated before the gaze of posterity on our national currency," remarked the treasury of-

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum;
"and yet did yeu ever know anybody
to hold on to a dollar bill long enough
to know whose picture is on it?"

Keenly Observant.
"Do you think that college professor is correct in saying poverty will become chaelets!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "I note even now that it is very unfashionable."

THIS WAITER WAS SATISFIED

Old Negro Receives One Dollar for Every Cent He Collected From & Wealthy Man.

"The shrewd waiter will accept a tip, no matter how small it is, and pretend that he is satisfied," said a hotel manager yesterday. "When I hear of persons giving extraordinarily small tips it reminds mo of an old negro waiter we used to have at Palm Beach a few years ago. His name was Winfield Scott.

"A wealthy but eccentric New Yorker arrived at the hotel early in the season, and Scott took charge of his table. He took his three meals at the same hours each day. At the end of the first he solemnly handed the waiter one cent. Scott was wise, so he bowed and showed his teeth and said: 'Thank vuh, suh.' The next meal the same thing happened," and so on to the end of three months, when the visitor was about to leave. Scott waited on him with the greatest punctiliousness at every meal and never hinted that the tip he got was not perfectly satisfactory.

"After he had finished his last meal the visitor said to the waiter: 'Scott, how long have I been here?'

"Jes' 90 days, suh,' was the answer.
"I have given you something after
every meal, haven't I?"
"'Yes, suh.'

"Scott told him. 'Have you got all those pennies?' the visitor asked.
"Scott said he had, and the visitor told him to bring them. Scott returned with a bag of pennies and

handed them over.
"'I'll take them,' said the man.
'Now this is yours,' and he handed
over to the waiter \$90."

DOCTOR'S FEE IN JAPAN

Physician Receives a Present of as Much as Patient Can Afford.

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity in Japan: "When the twin enemies poverty and disease invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even if it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," remarked a recent lecturer on "Life in Japan," "a doctor will not only give his time and medicine free to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide over his dire necessities. Every physician is his own dispense, and there are very few apothecaries' shops in the empire."

"When even a rich man calls in a doctor he does not expect that he will receive a bill for medical services; in fact no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all modern practices are in vogue there. The strict honesty of the people does not make it necessary for the doctor to ask a fee. When he has finished his visits to the patient a present is made to him, just as much as the patient can afford. The doctor smiles, bows, thanks his patient, and the transaction is settled.

Quartz Mills In Alaska. Alaska has produced more than 200 million dollars in gold since 1868. So far only placer gold has been mined. except at Treadwell; but new quarts mining has assumed first importance, and quartz mills are going into Alaska in great numbers. For more than a decade the trail to the interior was lined with weary men carrying their packs and stumbling along over rocky ledges now found to contain more gold than the distant placers. As the great quartz mines in the Sierra Neyadas succeeded the placer camps of California, so the quartz mines of Valdez are succeeding the famous placers of the interior. There is no healthier, happier nor more promising prospect for a young man of energy than the quartz ledges of Alaska.

Chauffeur as Critic.

"Dramatic critics could take a lesson from taxicab drivers in the art of damning a play," said a western man. "In addition to their capability they have a peculiar opportunity for exercising their talent. The other night I told a chauffeur who had driven us to a certain theater that he might call for us and take us home.

"'Very well,' said he. 'About what time? At the end of the second act?" "'Why at the end of the second

act?' I asked.
"I guess the rest of the play is no good,' said he. 'Anyhow, a good part of the audience goes home then.'"

New York Sun.

Rushing for Trains.

Mrs. Charles Whitney, who lives in Overbrook and whose husband comes to town every morning, called the maid yesterday with rather excited.

direction.
"Oh, Barah!" she said, "I hadn't noticed how late it is. Go upstairs and tell Mr. Whitney to hurry or hall miss his train."

"I have called him," Sarah answered proudly, "and he says, ma'am, that if I puts the grapefruit just outside the door and the chops on the top step and the rolls and coffee on the landing he can catch the \$:10 train."

Well illustrated.
"Sometimes a virtue can be exaggerated until it becomes a vice," said the carpest adviser.

"I see exactly what you're comin' at," replied Tarantula Tim. "Whereas four aces is a blessin' an' greatly to be admired, five of 'ess kin create untold dissension."

HOW TO READ SHAKESPEARE

Suggested Trains of Thought Ought to Rise Above Reader's Version of Author.

You talk about reading Shakespeare. using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of Shakespeare is one thing and Coleridge's or Schlegel's reading of him is another. The saturation point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind, which can only take up a little, as for the great one, which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought, and feeling ought always to rise above-not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may

I think most readers of Shakespeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folks, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities where we, dull as we are now, may sail in vast circles round the largest compass of earthly intelligence.

NEW KIND OF SPEED FIEND

Explains to Guileless Friend How He Happened to Be Arrested Six Times.

A few weeks ago a man who "was tired of motoring" sold his machine to a guileless friend.

Yesterday the purchaser approached the man from whom he had bought the car with a troubled expression on his face, and in the tone of one who has determined to do a disagreeable duty, and do it at once.

"Look here, Jack," he began, "you're a friend of mine, and I—I don't want to make any attacks on your veracity. But you told me that you had been arrested six times in that automobile you sold me.

"Now, I've tried my best, and I can't get her up to five miles an hour. Would you mind telling me how you happened to be arrested?"

The purchaser had no small amount of sarcasm in his voice by this time, but his friend's answer came readily:

"Certainly," said the man who had got rid of the motor car, "that's all right. I was arrested six times. It was for obstructing the highway."

From the Blue Bird.

In Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" little Tyltyl goes to some far-off heavenly place to learn that love abides with him at home. There he meets Mother Love. He says he wishes to stay with her always, where she looks so beautiful to him. She answers. But it's just the same thing; I am down below, we are all down below.

You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once and for all, how to see me when you see me down below.

Do you understand, Tyltyl, dear?

You believe yourself in

dear? . . . You believe yourself in heaven; but heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other. . . There are not two mothers, and you have no other. . . . Every child has only one; and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and to know how to look.

The Highest Kite Flights, The art of flying kites is carried to its greatest perfection at the large aerological observatories, and the best records of altitudes up to date have been made at Mount Weather. Va., and Lindenberg, Germany. The former station is 525 meters above sea level, the latter only 120, a circumstance that should be remembered in comparing the records made in the two places. The following list of the highest flights, recently published by Dr. Assmann, gives the altitude above the ground, not above sea level: 1, Mount Weather, 6,740 meters: 2 Lindenberg, 6,660 meters; 3, Mount Weather, 6,519 meters; 4, Mount, Weather, 6,484 meters; 5, Lindenberg, 6,380 meters; 6, Mount Weather, 6,379 meters.

Mortification Weil Earned.
An Englishman, alone with Richardson, the novelist, said to him: "I am happy to pay my respects to the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' for at Paris, and at The Hague, and in fact, at every piace I have visited, it is much admired."

Richardson appeared not to netice the compliment, but, when all the company were assembled, addressed the gentleman with: "Sir, I think you were saying semething about 'Sir. Charles Grandison."

"No, sir," he replied. "I do not remember ever to have heard it mentioned."—From Arvine's Cyclopedia of Aneodotes.

Land of the Free. Btranger—Se this is a real, Hve

burg, eh?
Citizen (of Geingsome)—You just
bet it is! Why, we've already collected a fat fund to encourage aviation
parties to land here!

Stranger—Clever idea—what inducements are you offering?
Citizen—Free landage, free gasoline and the freedom of the city!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

COBB WENT OUT OF HIS LINE

Fake Stories Are Accepted, But When Writer Sends in a True One Me

Years ago Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous writer, was a correspondent for various out-of-town papers while working in Paducah, Ky. Not a great deal of genuine news for out-of-town consumption is manufactured at Paducah. As Mr. Cobb needed the money, there was a period during which it appeared that Paducah had become the news center of the middle west. Not a day passed that some estounding story was not printed under a Paducah date. "We stood for them," said the former telegraph editor of a St. Louis paper, "because they were so good, even though we knew they were fakes. But one day the boss called me in: 'Who is this man Cobb at Paducah?' he asked.

"When I had satisfied his thirst for knowledge, he told me to fire Cobb. 'I know all the stories he has written are fake,' said he, 'but I can't standfor that one he sent us yesterday. I like some sanity even in a fake story. It must sound as though it might, possibly, under certain conditions, be partly true.'

"So," said the ex-telegraph editor,
"I fired Cobb. He made no protest
about getting fired in a letter he wrote
me. 'It served me right for getting
out of my line,' said he. 'That was
the only story I ever sent you that
was wholly true.'"— Cleveland
Leader.

WORLD'S BIGGEST BABY FARM

Wonderful Foundling Asylum in Moscow Started Originally by Empress Catherine II.

The biggest baby farm in the world. known locally as the "home of the playing card babies," is situated in Moscow. This wonderful foundling asylum was started originally by the Empress Catherine II., and is maintained, oddly, by a tax on playing cards. In all some 14,000 babies pass through the institution every year. The asylum, which is under the patronage of the royalty, consists of an institution standing in a hollow square round a garden, with lovely trees and lawns, where the children play. A great feature of this asylum is that all the servants there wear the red livery of the royal family, and its accounts are audited and kept by the Russian treasury department. Children of all sizes from wee babies are tended here, and they have the best attention and good, wholesome food. About fifty bables are received here every day, and after a sojourn of a month nurses take them to their own homes.

The Blue Rose.

A nurseryman at Painesville, Ohio, has developed a blue rose. This has heen a quest of floriculturists so the new rambler is a triumph of science. The green rose and the black rose are interesting freaks, but they are not beautiful. The blue rose, however, should be lustrous. It should have about it that velvet glow which makes the spell of roses. In the minds of poets and mystics the blue rose has long shed a fragrance over the garden of dreams. It was said that whoever had been aroused by the wild sweetness of the perfume of the blue rose would never rest again until he had found the far clear heights on which this rose is blown. It was said that the blue rose cast a small over all who touched it, and that life was never again the same. Well, the blue rose will at last be common among men, but the dreamer will still lift his face to the stars.—Los Angeles Times.

His Probable Fate.

"Waal, some ways I'd like to an' some ways I guess I wouldn't," said honest Farmer Bentover, when the suave dispenser of encyclopedias had paused in his siren song. "Ye see, if I was to sign for that 'ere evelonedee in forty-seven parts, includin' the index an' appendicitis, I'm sorter afraid I'd hev to work so hard to pay for it thet I'd be too tired to enjoy readin' it: while if I read it at my leesure ma I'd ort to in order to git the good of it, I wouldn't hev time to earn the price. So, all things considered, I guess I'll hev to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the northwest, don't it?"

Many Dogs In France. There are more dogs in France than most countries. Thus it appears that to one thousand inhabitants there are 75 dogs in France and only 28 in England, 31 in Germany and 11 in Sweden. Still, hydrophobia is extremely rare in the department of the Seine, the last case observed dating back to the year 1905. Doctor Martel says this good state of things has been brought about by the law for killing not only every mad dog, but also for killing every dog any mad dog may have bitten or played with. But since this law cannot work out to perfection the French also exterminate all stray dogs.

Fewer Fogs in London.
"Twenty years ago there were 55 foggy days in London during the winter months, whereas in 1909-10 there were only 11 during the same period. The fog fiend has been scotched, if not killed," said Sir James Crichten-Browne at the annual dinner of the Sanitary Inspectors' association. The reduction in the number of fogs he attributed chiefly to improved sanitation.

WAITING IS HARD TO DO

Most of the Chagrin and Remorse We Get for Ourselves Is Due to Impatience.

Wait! Is there anything in the world so hard to do? And is there anything so necessary to learn? Most of the chagrin and remorse we get for ourselves is due to impatience. If we had waited the clouds would have passed, if we had waited the fatal word would not have been spoken, if we had waited love would have turned again.

To wait does not mean to be idle or indecisive. It means, time your effort! What is impossible now may be easy at six o'clock. About four-fifths of any success is the ingredient of time. To know when, is fully as important as to know how.

Wait for the boy to grow! What you cannot lead him to at ten he will come to at twenty.

The best things in the world grow.

They mature and ripen. You can build a house in a few days, but it takes a tree years to be complete; and a tree is more wonderful than a house.

The higher the grade of your thought and feeling, the more you need to learn to wait. In education, in government and in religion especially we have to reckon with what Emerson calls "The slow maturing of the human mind."

the human mind."

I read somewhere the whimsy saying of a wise woman, that there were three things that amused her: The first was climbing trees to shake down the fruit, which if left alone would fall by and of itself; the second was going to war to kill men, who in a few years would all die naturally, and the third was that men should run after women, when, if the men would wait, the women would run after them.—Dr. Frank Crane

HATED ADVERSE CRITICISM

Actor Retorts to Critic's Opinion With

Story.

The late Frank Worthing, the well-known actor, was the subject of a recent discussion at the Pen and Pencil

club in Philadelphia. A dramatic critic said:

"Worthing, though a superb actor, hated adverse criticism—hyper-criticism he always called, it. To some adverse criticism of mine he retorted cone winter night at the Majestic, with

a George Washington story.

"He said I reminded him in my critical remarks of a Scot named Saund-

ers.

"'Saunders,' said an American, 'did you ever read the history of America?'

"'Aw/el, I canna say I hev,' Saunders replied.

"Then I'll lend you the book, said the American. 'I'd like you to read about George Washington.'

"'What about him?' Saunders inquired coldly.
"'George Washington,' said the

American, 'was celebrated in history as the boy who couldn't tell a lie.'
"Could he no'?" said Saunders.
"Man, there's no muckle to boast about in that. He couldna lie, ye say?
Noo we Scot's hae a higher standard o' veracity. We can lie, but we won't!"

When Paleness Was Plety. In the days of the Puritans the stocks were not unknown as a penalty for looking too healthy. Ruddiness of complexion was a crime when a gaunt visage was regarded as an outward sign of sanctity. Doctor Echard, writing in the early eighteenth century, remarks: "Then it was they would scarcely let a round faced man go to heaven. If he had but a little blood in his cheeks his condition was accounted dangerous, and, I will assure you, a very honest man of sanguine complexion, if he chanced to come nigh an official zealot's house, might be set in the stocks, only for looking fresh on a frosty morning." Few of the January faces to be seen in a London street, however, would run any risk of draw-

ing down this penalty.

Botany Bay. Sir Joseph Banks was the man who invented the once familiar phrase "Botany Bay." He was the botanist attached to the expedition of Captain Cook, the "Australian Columbus." Landing at this bay, close to the present city of Sydney, he found such an abundance of strange plants and flowers that he associated the word "botany" with it for all time. For a long time Botany Bay and Australia were evnonymous in England. Sydney has spread out to the historic bay, and you can travel by tram car to "Botany." It was Sir Joseph Banks who made the kangaroo and other Australian animals known to science.

Positively Rude!
Because she wanted everybody else to know as well as she knew that she had small feet the woman who had effered to lend rubbers to a friend, added apologetically: "But they are so big I don't suppose you can keep

"Oh, I guess I can," said the friend serenely. "I have big feet, too." Since then the woman with small feet has refused to see her friend, even when she brought the rubbers home.

them on."

Values.

Mrs. Scrappington—A clergyman receives \$5 or \$10 for marrying a couple, and by and by a lawyer is paid \$100 for getting a divorce for them—

Mr. Scrappington—Well, it's worth that much more, ain't it?—Punch.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS