

A good deal of speculation has been indulged in as to the possibility of communicating with Mars, the planet which nearly resembles the earth. Assuming that Mars is inhabited by beings like ourselves, and under conditions resembling our own, various plans have been seriously proposed for attracting their attention. Among these schemes are illuminations of a large portion of the earth's surface, repeated with such regularity as to convey to the Martians the idea of design; pyrotechnic displays in set figures; sun flashes, searchlight signals, and, latest of all, Mr. Nikola Tesla's plan of artificial electric disturbances. The transmission to the earth in the form of thunder showers of electric disturbances in the sun Mr. Tesla regards as conclusive proof that waves of electricity are propagated through all space. It should not, then, be an impossible matter to create an artificial disturbance on the earth's surface which would produce sufficient effect upon Mars to arouse the attention of its intelligent inhabitants.

The feasibility of this and other schemes must, of course, depend upon the existence of beings on Mars not only with much the same organization as ourselves, but with intelligence equally developed, and possessed of like artificial aids to sight. Evidence of these conditions is not conclusive, though many observers deem the arguments in favor of their existence plausible. Certain bright points, or prominences, on Mars have seemed to some astronomers to be fires or lights artificially created by the Martians in order to attract the attention of the dwellers on other planets. More convincing still are the bright lines or streaks on the surface of Mars, which are thought to be canals, though the fact that they are not permanent, and at times appear to double, tends somewhat to invalidate the theory. For acceptance of the theory that they are artificial waterways must also involve belief that the construction of some of them is at once followed by so rapid a development of traffic that they have to be paralleled. Perhaps a more reasonable theory, and certainly one more calculated to endow the Martians with like intelligence with ourselves, is that they are clothes lines, the light reflected being, not that of water, but of clean linen. It would, beside, account fully for their lack of permanence, the lines being in use only on wash days; while the theory that they are controlled by government would explain their great length.

The doubt remains, however, whether the people on Mars, assuming them to exist, are at a stage of development nearly approximating our own, especially as respects sight and the aids thereto. Unless they are in nearly the same stage, the attempt to communicate with them must prove futile. Accepting the theory that civilization differs with the amount of solar heat received by different portions of a planet, it seems probable, as Mars is remote from the sun, that the Martians are far behind us in knowledge, and wholly ignorant of telescopes. The dwellers in our own frigid zone are, we know, greatly the inferiors of those in the temperate zones; and reasoning from that analogy, it is not unfair to assume that the Martians are so illy developed as to render any attempt at communication useless. Moreover, even if we could attract their attention by sun flashes or electric disturbance, and be quite certain that we had done so, how is communication to be carried any further? To create any useful communication, it would be necessary to so associate our signals with concrete things as to establish a comprehensible code of signs. But how could we impress upon the Martians the idea that so many sun flashes meant a canal, and so many a clothes line, and so satisfy our curiosity as to which of the two the bright streaks on this planet really are? Without scientific discoveries now undreamed of, the probability is that we should never get beyond an exchange of flashes.

A FORTUNATE HABIT.

Read This and It may Save You From Death Some Day.

Among the various instructions given for the guidance of persons in imminent danger of being struck down by a street car is one which urges the person in danger to seize the car and hang on to it, if it should be so near that escape is impossible. The value of this recommendation was shown recently in Baltimore. A fire engine was coming down a cross street while a trolley car was going at right angles. The motorman put on full power to speed his car rapidly, in order to cross the street before the fire engine. A tall locomotive engineer was standing in the middle of the track, watching the fire engine. He did not see the approaching car, nor did the motorman see him. Every one held his breath, expecting to see him dashed to pieces. The car was within 20 feet of him, going at full speed, when he realized his position. Instead of trying to rush off the track, he calmly reached out, took hold of the top of the dashboard, and swung himself up so as to gain a footing on the narrow ledge which runs around the front of the dashboard. His escape seemed to the bystanders almost miraculous, but he explained afterwards to a reporter that it was the rule among all locomotive engineers when they are on the track and a locomotive is advancing to jump upon the cowcatcher and hold on. He simply followed the same rule, and did not realize that he was in any danger whatever.

SOCIAL CRIMES.

The Ten Commandments do not cover the whole ground of modern immorality. Of course they tabulate certain grave elemental crimes, the infraction of which brings society to hopeless ruin; but they do not touch on vices like betting, gambling, drinking, extravagance—which yet are disastrous and pernicious enough—and they do not so much as brush the skirts of those misdemeanors we have called social crimes; which misdemeanors, however, are many and grievous, and fertile in pain and annoyance to those who suffer therefrom.

In the matter of invitations now, what criminals some people are! They send you a friendly and informal invitation to dinner, worded so that you expect no one but the family as it is. You go in your tidiest home gown, but it is a home gown at the best, and you find an assemblage of eighteen, all pranked in festal array, whereby you are made to look like a dingy London Sparrow among humming birds and parakeets. Or contrariwise, you get a formal card presaging a "stately spread," and you find a shabby, little, irregular bunch of five, among whom one man is in his morning coat and the ladies are all "high up to the throat." The discrepancy between the form and the thing—the implied promise and the practical fulfillment—is one of the social crimes for which the perpetrator should be somehow made responsible. It may not be so bad as theft or murder, but it is bad enough in all conscience, and looms very large in that list of social crimes of which all good conformists do well to take heed.

Side by side with this crime is that other—delay in answering invitations—which makes the life of an intending hostess a veritable burden to her, and adds so infinitely to her difficulties. In spite of the request, in the corner, for an early answer—in spite of the general knowledge that this early answer is essential to the peace of mind of the hostess and the success of the dinner—the unconscious among the invited neglect this primal law of social morality, and keep back the answer for days—perhaps a week—for no good reason whatever. One of the most flagrant instances of this not uncommon social immorality was in the action of a certain lady, who neglected for a whole week to answer a dinner invitation. The intending hostess called; left a card with a penciled query: "Am I to have the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. — on the 18th?" The next morning came a curt and formal acceptance, without a word of apology for the delay. At 7 o'clock on the day of the dinner—which was for 8—a note was brought regretting unavoidable absence, as Mr. — had a bad cold. Now here was crime upon crime—a Felon upon Ossa of social misdemeanors, either of which ought to have been sufficient to insure ostracism up to a certain point. Another case, just as bad, was that of a young man who was engaged to dine with all due ceremony at a rather important dinner. At the eleventh hour he sent an excuse. The day was fine; he had an offer of a moonlight row on the river; the temptation was too strong for his social virtue to resist. He threw over his hostess and the dinner, and chose the moonlight instead. Needless to say he had his reward; and the doors of that special house were forever after closed against him.

Another social crime is the intrusion of comparative strangers on your privacy, indifferent to the fact that you have a day when you are at home to your world of acquaintances not taking rank as friends. These comparative strangers have no right to call on you at all. They have neither asked leave nor been requested; but suddenly, for their own convenience and to while away an unoccupied hour, they make an incursion out of calling time and not on your day of reception, and plant themselves there, like old and intimate friends. This, too, is a social misdemeanor that deserves both punishment and rebuke. Of the same class is neglect to return a formal visit which the one has prayed the other to make. When acquaintance has ripened into friendship, then the counting of visits, to and from, is an indignity and ridiculous. But while things are in the early stages, before the husk has been removed or the starch washed out, we have to be careful and exact; and a "blazer" in an evening party is not more out of place than the careless freedom of intimacy attempted with one who is only on the first line of an undeveloped acquaintance.

To intentionally overdress for a small and informal gathering is, again, a social crime meriting castigation. To intentionally underdress for a gorgeous affair of diamonds and orders, is the same crime turned round and showing the other side. The one man is an ostentatious kind of reproach which brings shame and confusion into the ranks of the entertainer—a reproach of poverty and meanness, of insufficiency and being below the mark, unpleasant enough to the one on whose head this special vial has been poured out. The other is in its essence an arrogant insult, as who should say: "You are not worth making a fuss about. Your best is only parallel with my second-rate, when all is said and done. I, in my older clothes, and by no means 'spiffy' in my get-up, am quite as good as you in your diamonds and orders and so I would have you understand." This was the verbal translation of that famous appearance, when a man of light and leading in his own way arrived at Mrs. B's grand evening party, in muddy boots and with trousers turned up over the ankles. On the same plane, as far as heinousness and social offense is concerned, is the sin of unpunctuality, which in its special essence is also an arrogant insult and the very soul of ill-breeding.

These are the chief of what we may call the circumstantial crimes of which those in society are guilty. The more spiritual misdemeanors are even worse. Chief of these spiritual immoralities is the habit of evil-speaking in general, and specially of evil-speaking against those from whom you have just this moment accepted hospitality. Those sneers at the dinner table, those glances at the music! those ill-natured jests to the disfavor of the host, of the hostess,

of the guests, of the whole arrangement! How hateful they all are! and what a bad heart, if not a weak, feather-headed brain, they show! This indeed is one of the worst social crimes we know, coming as it does into the category of immoralities of a profounder nature than itself. All this group of faults needs the knife; and none are more common. And none are more contagious for the one part—more deep-seated for the other. The habit of ill-nature is like a cancer, that eats daily deeper and deeper into the flesh, poisoning the blood, and finally destroying the life, which here means truth and charity. We may attack types as vigorously as possible, but individuals should be sacred. Where the cap fits, so much worse for the head whereon it is set; where the individual falls into the ranks of the type, the lash cast round his shoulders is undirected by the design of the executioner. This is a very different thing from the personal ill-nature which permeates society and eddies round in poisonous eddies, smirching all on whom it falls—that dishonorable and dishonest treachery which smiles in the face and stabs at the back, which pretends friendship and practices hostility. Yet how many of this kind one knows in what is called the world! People of whose loyalty no one can be sure, disloyal indeed as they are all. Yet we are simple enough to think that we individually shall be exempt. Everyone else, but not we. The sugar given to us is pure, though that to others is poisoned through and through. When we come to the knowledge that we are just as badly as they, we are the more indignant, and cry, "Who would have thought it!" holding up our hands in horror at the treachery every one could see but we ourselves.

Cognate with this crime is that other—the betrayal of confidences—with its weaker shadow, the retailing of gossip and the repeating of conversations, quasi-confidential and not meant to be repeated. All these are different shades of the same thing; and a bad thing it is. More than half the mischief that takes place in society has its rise in this dishonorable chatter—now repeating things not meant to be scattered broadcast, now carrying from house to house that hideous ragbag of gossip; now more gravely breaking trust, and betraying positive confidences, to the infinite damage of all concerned. Is it not Horace who says that even a quarrel with your friend does not absolve you, his confidant, from the duty of keeping sacred his confidences? And if not a quarrel, where it is to be supposed there has been wrong on both sides—you naturally thinking the wrong done to you as big as a mountain, and yours done to him no heavier than a gossamer thread—then assuredly not for idleness; not for the desire to show your own importance and how you have been trusted; not for the baser love of destroying the prestige of others, that you may appear all the whiter and higher; not for any of the puerile motives which create that mean wretch, a gossip, are you justified in betraying what has been confided to your honor. The betrayer of confidences is a social criminal of the deepest dye; and though he does not come into the list of the Ten, he is in the index expurgatorius, together with his brother, the "Man of vainglorious tongue"—him of the bitter speech and ill-natured commentary.

Social crimes are that heedless speaking before strangers of religion, politics and people, by which we so often tumble fathoms deep into conversational bogs, and that ferret-eyed inquisitiveness which wants to know, you know, all and everything there is to know about all and every one within hail. This last is a common hotel fault, and the others are rather of the drawing room and the club. Of the mistakes made by the unvary about people are the efforts by which the culprit has sought his release from that coil wherein he did so wilfully entangle himself. "That ugly woman?"—"My wife?"—"No, that other?"—"My sister," is the norm of all the rest. For almost always these incautious blabbers speak in dispraise, not in praise, and so are flung over the rocks, with no hope of redemption. No man pities them, for when we come to think of it, it is an evil thing to fall foul of even the looks of an unoffending stranger, against whom you can have no kind of grudge. If she be homely to the extent of hideousness, what business is it of yours to say so? Can not you keep your opinion to yourself? Are you the edile sent out to arrange the world's standard of good looks, with leave and license to trounce all those who do not come up to the mark? Behind that homely mask—we will call it muzzle if you will—may hide a soul of purest loveliness. And this goes further in the long run than the most exquisite face that ever made your dreams like hours spent in Paradise, with a vacant mind or a corrupted heart.

As for religion or politics, he who introduces among strangers these vexed questions must be such an absolute idiot as to call forth pity rather than condemnation. It is one of the first things we are taught to avoid—one of the first practical lessons we receive while we are yet young and callow and ignorant of the precepts of worldly wisdom. In these days of multifarious shades of faith and passionate partisanship in politics, reticence is more and more imperative, and it behooves us to keep a calm sough indeed, if we would not come to humiliation. With excitable folk the bull's head is the proverbial rag to the bull. Discussion is impossible. Fury in attack and unbridled wrath in defence are like the clanging of sword and shield. And only fear of that helmeted and blue coated guardian of the public peace, stolidly marching outside, keeps the belligerents from fist-cuffs and mutual pummeling. Social crime as the discussion is, the combatants have sense enough not to let it broaden out into a legal misdemeanor; but at the best it is a sin which adds to its sinfulness the further disgrace of being a blunder.

ADVERTISING IN LONDON.

It is estimated that £4,000,000 is spent in advertisements and that something like 1,500,000,000 copies of newspapers are sold in London every year.

NOT IN IT.

Papa, said little Johnny, they're not in "it."  
What are not in it, my boy?  
Why the other twenty-four letters of the alphabet.

A dull head thinks of no better way to show himself wise than by inspecting everything in his way.—Sir P. Sidney.

SHE WRECKED THE HOUSE.

HOME-COMING WELCOME OF A GENTLEMAN AND FAMILY.

The Chief of the Mexican Central Railroad Went Away on a Long Trip, Leaving Mrs. Wellman in Charge of the House.—The Ruin He Found on His Return.

Several weeks ago President A. A. Robinson, of the Mexican Central Railroad started on a long trip through the Southwest, taking his wife and family with him. Not wishing to leave their house, which was one of the handsomest in Topeka, Kan., to the care of the servants alone, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson invited Mrs. Ida Wellman, a friend of many years' standing, to occupy it during their absence. Mrs. Wellman promptly accepted the invitation.

"And you are to feel perfectly free in it, Ida," said Mrs. Robinson, as she bade the vice-mistress of the mansion good-by. "If you want to entertain, by all means do so. Everything here is at your disposal. You are to act just as if the house were your own."

This is exactly what Mrs. Wellman did, with the result that the Robinson house is now probably one of the most extraordinary dwelling places in the country. Very shortly after the departure of the owners, Mrs. Wellman began to develop ideas of her own hitherto latent. First she turned her attention to the parlor, which was carpeted with a very handsome carpet of floral design. This failed to coincide with her idea of the fitness of things. She went down town for two carpet men. To them she proceeded to expound her theories.

"Flowers were never meant to be trodden on. They should not be put in a carpet. Being there, we have two remedies. Either we can cut the flowers out and give them a chance to grow, or take the carpet up and fix it where it won't be trodden on under foot. Go to work."

But the carpet men didn't like the job, and they said so.

IN GREAT WRATH

Mrs. Wellman dismissed them and sent for three carpenters, who, under her supervision, took up the flower-strewn carpet and nailed it firmly to the ceiling.

"Where," said Mrs. Wellman, triumphantly, "I don't think anybody will tread on it unless the human fly comes around this way."

In the big Robinson library hang the Robinson ancestors done in oils, a half dozen of them. To these Mrs. Wellman next turned her attention. Reform was necessary, and she was just the woman to bring it about. She sent for a frame maker and an impecunious painter of signs, and set to work to bring those ancestors up to the mark.

"Now there's the great-great-grandfather," said she to the framer. "From all I hear of him he was a piratical old scawag. He ought to have been behind the bars. Maybe he was for all I know. Any way, we'll put him there now. I want a strong iron grating made to cover the whole front of the picture."

It was done as ordered. "And old Andrew Robinson," she continued, turning to the painter. "Just look what that fool of an artist has made of him. I want that nose painted the reddest red you've got in your box."

So the ancient Andrew was decorated with a brocades that fairly threw a gleam over the rest of the portraits. Another ancestor appealed to the censor as possessing potentialities of beauty if he were shaven, so his beautiful Van Dyke beard disappeared under a blob of paint. Still another didn't appeal to her at all, and a few broad splashes of black relegated him to an "obscurity denser than antiquity itself. Not one of the lot escaped free. Here it was an eyebrow, there a lock of hair, that had to be changed. The progenitors of the Robinson family looked like a collection of

TEA-STORE CHROMOS

when Mrs. Wellman got through with them.

While this was going on nobody outside knew anything about it, but soon after there was a public scandal. It arose from Mrs. Wellman's scheme for morning bathing. At her orders the guest chamber was fitted out with a hanging bath tub swung over the bed which could be filled and overturned by a mechanical device operated from her at. Still another didn't appeal to her at all, and a few broad splashes of black relegated him to an "obscurity denser than antiquity itself. Not one of the lot escaped free. Here it was an eyebrow, there a lock of hair, that had to be changed. The progenitors of the Robinson family looked like a collection of

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"In time I shall have my watercess and ducks fresh from the brook," said she.

When the waterworks man came up to complain of the waste consequent upon a steady flow, she turned the hose on him, on the principle of "like cures like." Being threatened with arrest, she finally gave over her watercess and duck scheme and started in upon the servants. The cook she ordered to wear bloomers and the second girl was to take bicycle lessons, so that she could wait on table on the wheel. When they gave notice, she promptly raised their wages \$5 a month each, and pro-

mised to forego her ideas about bloomers and bicycles if they would learn to play the banjo, so that they could serenade her at night, in company with the coachman, who was learning the cornet.

Withal, Mrs. Wellman was enjoying life immensely, but it disturbed her soul to think that the chickens, horses, and dogs about the place were not faring as well as she. They ought to have all the comforts of home, too, she decided; so she employed a force of carpenters and had stables put

IN THE READING ROOM

and a row of sanitary hencoops in the conservatory, as a preparation for entertaining the live stock in style. Her ideas expanded with time. One morning she confided to the coachman that she didn't believe in the prevailing fashion of arranging furniture. A graceful abandon was what suited her, she said. With the aid of two other men, hired for the purpose, he transported all the down stairs furniture to the upper hall at the head of the big stairway. By way of attaining her graceful abandon, Mrs. Wellman slid the bulky articles down the stairs and dropped the small ones over the banisters. The result was a brilliant success, particularly as regards such furniture as was fitted with glass doors. The Robinson front hall looked like a railway wreck in full bloom when Mrs. Wellman had finished.

It was just when she had worked out these to her own satisfaction and was about to enter upon work at her scheme of removing the second floor and substituting a hanging garden that the Robinsons returned. Rumors of something wrong had reached them. They went direct to the house, where they were greeted by Mrs. Wellman, who was superintending the unloading of two dozen filters just arrived from New York. "Come right in," she cried hospitably. "I've had a glorious time. I'm sure you'll like the arrangements. There are a few bills for carpenter work and such things, but you won't mind those when you see what I've done."

They didn't. All thoughts of bills or anything else were forgotten when they beheld the wreck of their parlor, the ruin in the front hall, the remains of irrigation in the dining room, and their fiery-nosed ancestor looking out over a vista of improved stables and sanitary chicken coops. What they said has not transpired, but Mrs. Wellman declared indignantly that she would go home where she was appreciated. The Robinsons are now in a boarding house waiting for their home to be made inhabitable. Mrs. Wellman is in the insane asylum.

ANTITOXIN.

Favorable Report on Its Use in the London Hospitals.

The report of the London Board of Metropolitan Asylums shows the results obtained in six hospitals in which antitoxin has been employed in the treatment of diphtheria. In 1894, before antitoxin was employed, there were 3042 cases of diphtheria in the six hospitals, and 902 of the patients representing a mortality of 29.6 per cent. In 1895 there were 3529 cases and 796 deaths representing a mortality of 22.5 per cent., or of 7.1 per cent. below that of the previous year. The reduction, the report says, must be fairly set down to the use of antitoxin, for there was no other change in the treatment. The average severity of the disease was about the same in the two years, while the proportion of juvenile patients, to whom the disease is most fatal, was somewhat larger in 1895 than in 1894. But these figures do not tell the whole tale, for the new drug was not used in all the cases, which came under treatment, but, as a rule, only in the severer cases. The lives preserved, therefore, were just those which were most likely to be lost. The results at the Northern hospital in postcardinal cases were more favorable still. In 1895 there were 119 cases and four deaths. In the three previous years there had been an aggregate of 119 cases and seventy-five deaths. The reduction in 1895 is ascribed by the medical superintendent wholly to the use of antitoxin, which caused the recovery of cases which would formerly have been regarded as hopeless. In order, however, to secure the full effect of the drug, it is necessary that it should be employed at an early stage of the disease. So administered, it served in 1895 to reduce mortality from 22.5 to 4.6 per cent, in cases which came under treatment on the first day of the disease, and from 27 per cent. to 14.8 in cases which came under treatment on the second day. In laryngeal and tracheotomy cases it has also been markedly efficacious.

SUGAR IN TOBACCO.

Three Kinds Discovered Heretofore Unknown to Chemists.

The last number of the "New Bulletin" (English) contains some particulars of a very interesting problem, which some years ago was submitted by the Treasury to the Kew authority.

The question was: Does natural sugar occur in tobacco? and in the investigation of this point some striking facts have been brought to light. The Treasury authorities were, of course, chiefly interested from a fiscal point of view, the duty on tobacco (other than cigars) being 4s 6d, except in the case of "sweetened" tobacco, which is charged at 4s 10d, but cigarettes made of the sweetened article are not allowed to be imported at all. Before this investigation it was generally admitted that tobacco did not contain more than a trace of saccharine matter.

On the advice of Prof. Church, Dr. Hugo Miller was called in, the latter making a thorough examination of the question. Commercial samples of bright Virginia tobacco, undoubtedly free from adulteration, were found to contain as much as 15.2 per cent. of saccharine matter. Sun-dried leaves of nicotiana tabacum, grown at Kew, contained 6.2 per cent. and those of the same species grown at Ewell railway station as much as 9 per cent. Dr. Miller finds the saccharine matter to be optically inactive when tested by the polariscope. He is of the opinion that neither cane sugar nor glucose is present in the saccharine matter, but that it is composed of at least three sugar-like substances, probably hitherto unknown.