

# Accomplished Women of the Eighties

"As Miss Darcy much grown since the spring" said Miss Bingley; "will she be as tall as I am?"

"I think she will. She is now about Miss Elizabeth Bennet's height, or rather taller."

"How I long to see her again! I never met with anybody who delighted me so much! Such a countenance, such manners, and so extremely accomplished for her age. Her performance on the pianoforte is exquisite."

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, "how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are."

"All young ladies accomplished! My dear Charles, what do you mean?"

"Yes, all of them, I think. They all paint tables, cover screens and net purses. I scarcely know any one who cannot do all this; and I am sure I never heard a young lady spoken of for the first time, without being informed that she was very accomplished."

"Your list of the common extent of accomplishment," said Darcy, "has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen; but I am very far from agreeing with you in your estimation of ladies in general. I cannot boast of knowing more than half a dozen in the whole range of my acquaintance, that are really accomplished."

"Nor I, I am sure," said Miss Bingley. "Then," observed Elizabeth, "you must comprehend a great deal in your idea of an accomplished woman."

"Yes, I do comprehend a great deal in it."

"Oh, certainly," cried his faithful assistant; "no one can be really esteemed accomplished who does not greatly surpass what is usually met with. A woman must have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and the modern languages, to deserve the word; and besides all this, she must possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, the tone of her voice, her address and expressions, or the word will be but half deserved."

"All this she must possess," added Darcy, "and to all she must yet add something more substantial in the improvement of her mind by extensive reading."

"I am no longer surprised at your knowing only six accomplished women. I rather wonder now at your knowing any."

"Are you so severe upon your own sex as to doubt the possibility of all this?"

"I never saw such a woman. I never saw such capacity, and taste, and application, and elegance, as your description, united."

Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley both cried out against the injustice of her implied doubt and were both protesting that they knew many women who answered this description, when Mr. Hurst called them to order, with bitter complaints of their inattention to what was going forward. As all conversation was thereby at an end, Elizabeth soon afterwards left the room.—Jane Austen, in "Pride and Prejudice."

## UPS AND DOWNS

A Jealous Husband — A Broken Elevator — A Quiet Wife.  
By Frederick Skerry

The hall-porter of Stafford Hall lived with his wife in the front basement, the windows of which afforded a sort of worm's-eye view of the world without, a world made up for the most part of lower extremities and as much above as might be, according to pedestrians' distance from the building or the variable length of skirts.

Living at such a level, they may be permitted a lively interest in the affairs of those in the house above, whose other members were so familiar. They were like stage hands in a theatre, seeing the actors and the scenery coming and going, helping with minor props, but seldom understanding the comedies or tragedies that were enacted out of their hearing.

Of the tenanted in the building, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes — number fifty-two — were regarded most favorably by the hall-porter and his wife. Though they agreed upon the general desirability of the Wilkeses, each had special and personal reasons for liking either the young couple.

The hall-porter respected Mr. Wilkes for quite a number of things and appreciated the liberal tips which came regularly from him. His wife liked Mrs. Wilkes because she was a "gentle little body" and most generous toward her discarded fiery. Their idea of an acceptable heaven was a house full of couples like the Wilkeses, quiet, happy, giving no trouble.

Stafford Hall boasted an automatic elevator, an early type and shaky that slid up and down on greasy guides with a creaking wire mesh, which — through no intent of its builder — entertained passengers with a leisurely scrutiny of each landing at the expense of seeming a moving menagerie themselves.

Once in a while, but not often enough to give tenants the impression that they were living in cheap flats without an elevator, something would go wrong in the complicated mass of drums and cables and gears which filled a special space at the foot of the stairs in the basement, a ponderous machine which made more wonderful the slender power cable and switch that could set it in motion.

When such an accident occurred the elevator would stop wherever it happened to be, and most of the tenants, at some time or other, had learned how it feels to be a canary imprisoned, suspended in a cage.

Because of the hall-porter's familiarity with the vagaries of the machinery, these frequent lapses were rarely of long duration, though, while they caused no great inconvenience to those on the lower floors, they did force into the homecomings of dwellers on the fourth, fifth and sixth a little extra and unwelcome exercise.

At any rate, walking up was preferable to being stuck between floors.

One day the hall-porter, carrying a couple of the morning papers that he had salvaged from dust-bins, came into his kitchen for dinner.

"Pretty quiet now," he observed, soaping his hands at the sink. "So many gone away." Then, through the muffling web of the roller towel, the Wilkeses had the Dickens of a row this morning.

"No! The Wilkeses!" His wife turned her hot face from the gas stove. "How do you know?"

"How do I know? I heard them. I was in fifty-three, cleaning out that kitchen sink, and I couldn't help hearing them."

"Money, I suppose," she grunted, a watchful eye on the stew. "It generally is."

"No, it wasn't that. He's jealous — as much as told her she was deceiving him."

"Who? Her? He's crazy. Now it is some woman about here — But her! He's crazy."

"Of course! He's wrong. I know all about it. You see, last night when I'm putting out the hall light she comes in, and just then out comes that chap — the fellow with the cane — that's here every night to see that Miss De Courcy in twenty-four. Well, Wilkes happens to come home right on her heels, you might say, and meets her."

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This huge magnet is used for extracting tiny metal splinters from injured optics and is said to be the most powerful in the world. It has the pull of ten horses.

## Animals in the Bible

We are told that two of each known species of animal were taken aboard Noah's Ark at the time of the deluge. Of all the animals of the earth, however, but few are described by name in the Bible. There are at least 217 different references to animals in the Scriptures. Only 13 species are mentioned, despite that weird collection that must have been gathered aboard the Ark. Thirty-one such references are general, in the sense that they are simply called beasts. The rest refer directly to certain species.

The lion, in all ages the king of beasts, is mentioned 23 times. Cattle are referred to 25 times, sheep 24 times, horses 13 times, dogs 13 times, and oxen 11 times. Thus, aside from the lion, man's domestic animals preponderate in the Bible.

Wolves and bulls are named nine times each; foxes seven times, hares, leopards, camels and hinds six times each; cattle, goats and asses four times each; kids three times; and cows and swine once each.

Among reptiles, in the lower class of the animal kingdom, serpents are mentioned as such 13 times; while specifically adders are named six times and aspids five times. The lowly worm is remembered ten times.

In the insect class spiders are mentioned three times, ants twice, and the goat once.—Jasper B. Sinclair in "Our Dumb Animals."

## Sounds of Night in the Jungle

It was early spring in the tropics. The final period of pipe and fiddle had not yet arrived, so that there was no hum from the underworld. The dawn of sap and the spread of petals were no less silent than the myriad creatures which I knew, slumbered or hunted on every side. It was as if I had slipped back one dimension in space and walked in a shadow world. But these shadows were not all colorless. Although the light was strained almost barren by the moon mountains, yet the glow from the distant lava and craters still kept something of color, and the green of the leaves, great and small, showed as a rich dark olive. The afternoon's rain had left each one filmed with clear water, and this struck back the light as polished silver. There was no temperate illumination. The trail ahead was either black or a solid sheet of light. Here and there in the jungle on each side, where a tree had fallen, or a flue of clear space led moonwards, the effect was of cold electric light seen through trees in city parks. When such a shaft struck down upon us it surpassed simile. I have seen old paintings in Belgian cathedrals of celestial light which now seem less imaginary.

At last the silence was broken, and like the first breath of the trade-wind which mounds the Mazarin surface, the mirth of clouds was either black or clean again — or so it seemed. My Northern mind, stored with sounds of memory, never instinctively accepted a new voice of the jungle for what it was. Each had to go through a reference clearing house of sorts. Any strange wail or scream striking suddenly upon my ear instantly crystallized some vision of the past—some circumstance or adventure fraught with similar sound. Then, appreciably as a second thought, came the keen concentration of every sense to identify this new sound, to hear it again, to fix it in mind with its character and meaning. Perhaps at some distant place and time, it may in turn flash into consciousness — a memory-stimulus induced by some sound of the future.

I stood in a patch of moonlight, listening to the baying of a blood, nor so I thought; that musical wailing which links man's companion wolf-wards. I turned to the Indian at my elbow, full of hopeful expectation. With his quiet smile he whispered, "Kunama," and I knew that I had a frog of size and voice well in keeping with these mighty jungles. I could hear the giant tree frog of Guiana sprang high near the roof of the jungle, clutching the leaves with its vacuum-cupped toes. The moonlight would make him ghostly—a pastel frog; but in the day he flaunted splashes of azure and green on his scarlet body.

At a turn in the trail we squatted and waited for what the jungle might send of sight or sound. And in whisper Nuppe told me of the big frog kunama and its ways. It never came to the ground, or even descended part way down the trees; and by some unknown method of distillation it made little pools of its own in deep hollows and there lived.—William Beebe, in "Jungle Peace."

## ELOQUENCE OF WORDS

By words we have it in our power to make such combinations as we cannot possibly do otherwise; by this power of combining we are able, by the addition of well-chosen circumstances, to give a new life and force to the simple object: in painting we may represent any fine figure we please; but we can never give it those enlivening touches which it may receive from words. To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man winged; but what painting can furnish anything so grand as the addition of one word, "the angel of the Lord"—Burke.

## Mahogany Used as Fuel

In the interior of the Republic of Panama one often sees valuable mahogany being used as fuel in the bonfires, or charcoal burners, doing the cooking for the villagers and planters. Mahogany is cheap and makes the best charcoal, but the Canal Zone authorities are planning to introduce other fuel so as to save the valuable timber.



Hungry Diner—"Waiter, will the griddle cakes be long?"  
Waiter—"No sir, round."

## GROWING IN DARKNESS

Kind hearts are gardens,  
Kind thoughts are roots,  
Kind words are blossoms,  
Kind deeds are fruits;  
Love is the sunshine  
That warms into life,  
For only in darkness  
Grow hatred and strife.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



FRED PERLEY IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN BECAUSE WHEN HE WENT TO THE STATION TO MEET HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW HE GOT HER SUITCASE DOWN ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF A CAR WHILE TAKING CHARGE OF HER TRUNK CHECK, AND IN THE EXCITEMENT OF PURSUING THE CAR WHICH SUDDENLY STARTED OFF AND DISAPPEARED WITH THE SUITCASE HE LOST THE TRUNK CHECK.

## The Spelling-Bee

The scene recalled to the elders the evenings of their youth, so slight were the changes the years had wrought in the room. The plaster of the walls was but little more broken, the desks and seats but little more scarred by the knives of a succeeding generation. The rusty stove and battered pipe roared and crackled as of yore, and there were the familiar odors of old unpainted woods and musty books, and the lingering mixed fragrance of the pie, cake, doughnuts, apples and chess of cold dinners, all dissipated for the instant by the influx of fresh outer air brought with each new arrival, and then settling to resumption of their sway.

The exercises began with the choosing of sides by the schoolmaster and Sam Lovell, and the choice of Solon Briggs to put out words, which part he performed to his great satisfaction, not always suffering himself to be confined to the spelling-book for words, but sometimes making excursions into his own wonderful vocabulary, as when he gave out "superbustro," which no one could spell, to Solon's satisfaction. Joseph Hill was at no loss for words to him, but was troubled in his choice of the right way. However, he had reason to be proud of the proficiency of his children, and was much comforted thereby.

Then some big boys and some little boys recited "Carabianca," "Marco Borraris," and other district-school favorites, some delivered in bold, strident voices, others in abashed and trembling, but all in an unvarying staccato which, according to the popular idea, constituted the principal difference between poetry and prose.

Then the smoldering fire was made safe in a covering of ashes, the candles were blown out, and the company dispersed. In the best of humor, each side taking its "spelling-down" with jokes and laughter—From "Sam Lovell's Boy," by Rowland E. Robinson.

## Animals Jumpers Ticks and Lice On Sheep

Among the larger sand animals, I doubt if any can perform a longer broad jump than the horse. Horses have been known to jump from thirty-three to thirty-seven feet, though they cannot repeat it until they regain equilibrium and take another run.

But a kangaroo, though thirty feet in about the limit of his jump, can rebound instantly for another thirty—and keep it up until he tries. And the kangaroo has relatives who almost equal him in bounding over the ground—the wallaby, the kangaroo rat, and the bandicoot.

The most graceful jumpers are the sheep, goat and antelope. For accuracy in landing on any spot big enough to hold their four hoofs, they are unbeatable. These fearless and sure-footed animals, such as the African kipspringer, usually place all four feet together when they make the spring, and in the same position. Their sense of balance and judgment of distance are well nigh perfect.

A chamois or a mountain goat will think nothing of leaping across a yawning chasm or upward several times its own height to a tiny rocky perch, only a few inches wide, where the slightest miscalculation would mean a plunge into an abyss.

The jerboa, not much bigger than a mouse but with tremendously powerful hind legs for its size, is a marvelous jumper. He can clear a pine tree at a leap, and like the kangaroo, he can instantly repeat it on an incredible distance.

Our American bullfrog though he is by no means as fast in a series of leaps as the jerboa, can accomplish ten feet in the broad jump—and five feet in the high jump!

It is not commonly known that mice jump well, but a tiny one of the Canadian species easily leaps five feet high, considering its size, a remarkable feat.

Dogs of the greyhound family make great jumps, both horizontally and vertically; also, the Doberman-pinscher is quite a jumper; but the average run of dogs, unless specially trained, do not show up particularly well in such a test. Experience shows that four feet is a very good performance in the high jump, for the average dog. I know that dogs often get over higher barriers, by leaping up part way then scrambling over the top.—L. E. Banks in "Our Dumb Animals."

## Dizzy Descent

A Pennsylvania farmer who got dizzy whenever he looked down from a height, and who transmitted this peculiarity to no less than 17 of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, is reported by Miss Mary Lou Heaton, of the University of Wyoming, to the Eugenics Research Association, as a part of that society's collection of human pedigrees interesting for studies of heredity and eugenics. All seven children of the original sufferer experienced this dizzy feeling. Miss Heaton reports, one wavy even ride in a high carriage because it made her dizzy to look down two or three feet to the ground. Five of the seven children married and four of these added to the family a total of 13 grandchildren, eight of whom suffered from the same kind of dizziness as their grandfather. One boy of this generation is so susceptible that he cannot watch another person walking near the edge of any high place. Another boy so far conquered his defect that he became an aviator during the war, but continual dizziness forced him to quit this activity as soon as his great-grandfather to the family. Two of these, both girls, are dizzy victims of a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour and a service ceiling of 12,000 feet.

This machine, it was said, would be the forerunner of a fleet of similar craft which would carry two pilots and 1,000 pounds of mail. Each machine would have a cruising radius of 1,000 miles with full load.

Operation of the fleet of new planes would bring a complete and radical change of air mail schedules, halving the times between all points on the Empire routes, the Ministry said. The new planes would not carry passengers, but would be used exclusively for mail.

## Cost of Living Drop Slows Up in U.S.

Washington.—The cost of living in the United States fell 2.5 per cent. between December, 1929, and December, 1931, according to the recent semi-annual survey made in 22 cities by the bureau of labor statistics.

The decrease for the second six months of the year, however, did not keep pace with that of the first. The cost of living was just 3 per cent. lower in December, 1931, than in the preceding June.

The index number for the cost of living for December, 1931, was 145.3 based on the cost in 1913 as 100.

"The energy, optimism and restlessness make the American impatient of precedent and of old things or surroundings,"—James Truslow Adams.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained urgency; while others, it may be much less gifted, make their way and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity and self-control.—Samuel Smiles.

## New Robot Writes Things Seen By Electric Eye

New York.—Another robot, this time the photo-electric "penman," was described to the annual meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers here.

This new automaton is a brother of the now well established "electric eye." It was devised to keep pace with the almost lightning fast speed of the "eye," which hitherto has been able to "see" faster than engineering devices could record them.

The Penman is a combination of photo-electric cells and galvanometers hooked up with balanced beams of light.

It writes with a pen on paper the things "seen" by the photo-electric eyes.

An artificial thunder cloud which hangs continuously over high just outside the door of a Purdue University laboratory helps protect Chicago from lightning damage.

The assistance is through discovery of better ways to ward off lightning, and was explained to the institute at a symposium showing what Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia have done to clip lightning's wings.

This artificial thunder cloud is a mattress of parallel electric wires. It creates in the atmosphere all about the same kind of induction tension caused by a big thunder cloud. But Purdue's tame cloud is geared low enough to be harmless.

"When every country has set up tariff barriers there will be no trade,"—Sir Ronald Lindsay.