



Envoy of the Dalai Lama, the Ruler of Tibet, at the British Camp.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

Diagrams illustrating the Necessity of Ventilation.

In an article on "Why We Need Ventilation," in the Western Architect, Morris Ebersole says: "In its natural state, whether from the equator or the poles, the composition of air is almost invariable, with the exception of the amount of water vapor. Man was made to exist in this envelope of air surrounding the earth, and, therefore, his anatomy is affected one way or the other according to the composition of the air he breathes. The life-giving and vital principle of air is oxygen. This element revives, resuscitates, sustains and feeds, and the breathing organs are so minutely and beautifully proportioned that the least change or diminution of this element in the air inhaled is immediately evidenced by a feeling of discomfort or nausea—and unmistakable sign that something is wrong.

In these days, when so much of our lives is spent indoors, some provision must be made that the air we constantly breathe is not lacking in any of its healthful, natural qualities. Expired air differs from inspired air by just so much harmful ingredients as is the purpose of nature to eliminate from our systems. These eliminations and chemical changes in the composition of air in our lungs are constantly

WATER MICROPHONE.

A microphone, as you perhaps know, is a sort of telephone which greatly increases the intensity of sounds so that the noise made by a fly in walking



HOW THE MICROPHONE WORKS.

over the apparatus can be heard anywhere in a large room.

The microphone, like the telephone, is an electrical instrument, but the word microphone means merely an instrument which enables one to hear feeble sounds, and so the simple apparatus to be described may be called a microphone, though it has nothing to do with electricity. When water issues from a small orifice it forms a continuous, clear stream for a little distance and then breaks into drops which fall at pretty nearly equal intervals. But the interval between the drops depends on what vibrating bodies may be in the neighborhood, as may be shown by the following pretty experiment:

Connect one end of a rubber tube with the water faucet or with a vessel of water on a shelf and in the other end insert a glass medicine dropper. Hold the glass tube, pointing downward, over a vertical metal tube, the upper end of which is covered with sheet rubber tightly stretched. Hold the tube at such a height that the stream just falls to break into separate drops before it strikes the rubber.

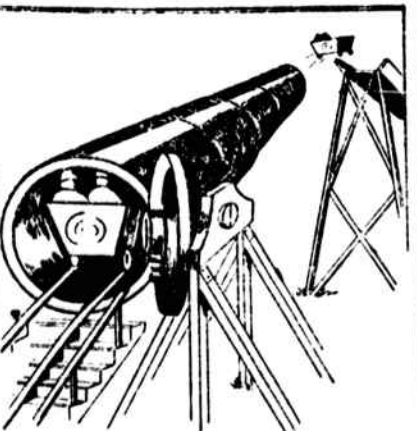
Now if you hold a watch near the glass tube from which the stream is falling on the watch and the water in falling on the rubber will keep time with the ticking of the watch and so magnify it. The effect will be very much increased if a paper or tin funnel is connected with the metal tube, as shown in the illustration.

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HUMAN CANNON BALLS.

Lovers of sensational experiences should find their ambitions gratified to the utmost in the late invention of a genius who promises to literally fire



THE HUMAN AMMUNITION CANNON.

them through the air from the mouth of a cannon.

The contrivance he has devised for this purpose is a mammoth metallic cannon of high bore, which he plans to mount upon a high trestle. Within the cannon are tracks upon which roll cars which are to be occupied by passengers. When these cars are loaded with their human freight they are to be violently propelled into midair, alighting at a distance on tracks on a some what lower trestle and continuing their progress down an incline to terra firma, which doubtless will be welcomed by the more than adventurous.

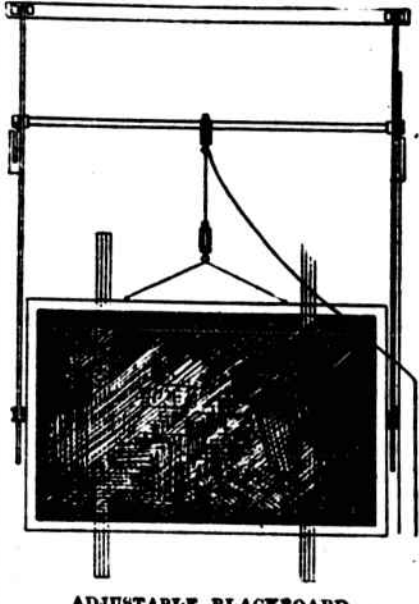
The bodies of the cars are to be so weighted that in their flight through the air they will maintain their upright position and the relative position of

the cannon's mouth and the secondary track are to be such that there will be no danger of the cars missing connection.

ADJUSTABLE BLACKBOARD.

Readily Made to Meet All Emergencies of the Schoolroom.

An ingenious German inventor has devised a blackboard that mechanically is perfectly adapted to all the emergencies of schoolroom use resulting from a great variety of work by individuals of considerable difference in stature. The board can be adjusted and fixed at any desired angle and raised or lowered vertically in slotted arms, or secured so as to permit of horizontal use, or it may be reversed as the service may require. The chief merit of the combination, however, is that the mechanism by which the numerous adjustments are made possible is simple enough to be comprehended by



ADJUSTABLE BLACKBOARD.

the youngest scholars, several movements being effected by means of a string, or cord, acting on two arms resting against the wall from which the board is supported.

Copper and "Copper."

The people of Vienna noticed recently that a man was prowling about the roof of a certain house. The energetic souls hurried off and summoned a policeman, when it turned out that the roof walker was engaged in stealing the telephone wires and lightning conductors for the sake of the copper.

Accidents and Disasters.

The loss of life from accidents and disasters in the United States last year was: Pipes, 1792; drowning, 2471; explosions, 736; falling buildings, etc., 474; steam railways, 469; electric rail-ways, 573; electricity, 156; mines, 788; cyclones and storms, 487; lightning, 129.

THE NEW REPUBLIC OF PANAMA.

This is the flag of the new Republic of Panama—blue and red stars on a white field, and blue and red squares—one more red, white, and blue banner.

Until last November Panama was one of the States forming the United States of Colombia. Becoming gravely dissatisfied with the way Colombia acted in regard to the isthmian canal and the United States' pending treaty with Colombia over the matter, the people of Panama rose in revolt and



set up a republic of their own. It was a bloodless revolution. Two days after the revolt our Government acknowledged the independence of Panama. All the leading European Governments have done the same thing, and now it is believed matters will be arranged so that work on the canal can be soon and resolutely pushed forward. The population of the new republic is only about as great as that of Rhode Island.

The isthmus has an average width of about forty miles and is about 200 miles long. It rains there almost incessantly during July, August and September.

Brave Deed of Aged Woman.

A Masardis (Me.) woman, aged sixty-five, saw a fire on the roof of the barn one day last week, where it came from a spark from the kitchen chimney. She got a ladder, crawled upon the barn roof, shinned along the pig-back on the ridge pole with a pair of water and quenched the fire.

PLUCK, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

FOUGHT 12, KILLING 12.

THE greatest personage in the annals of fencing, Jean-Louis, was the hero of fights so wonderful, says a London review, that were they not known to be authentic historical facts they might be thought exaggerated, even if read in one of Dumas' famous novels. Tals remarkable man was a mulatto. Born in the eighties of the eighteenth century, he entered the French army at the age of eight as enfant de troupe, and did not leave it till he was well over fifty. In 1814 the most astonishing combat of modern days took place. Jean-Louis was then about twenty-nine years of age. He had taken part in more than thirty engagements in Egypt, Italy, Prussia and Russia, and at the time of which I write found himself in Spain.

It was in that year which proved so disastrous to Napoleon. Jean-Louis' regiment had just arrived in Madrid, and was made up, like many others, of men of various nationalities. The first thing Napoleon did after a victory was to oblige his late enemy to serve under his flag. It thus happened that for five or six years there were Italians, Dutch, Saxons, Bavarians and Poles, who all fought for the French Empire.

As long as the conqueror was successful, the foreign legions accepted the servitude Napoleon imposed upon them; but the day his luck turned they were all possessed with one idea, which was to throw off the yoke and rid themselves of this terrible tyrant. In 1813, after his Russian campaign, Napoleon's glorious prestige had begun to be impaired, and discontent was very apparent in the ranks. When the news of the disaster of 1812-13 reached Spain the foreign legions no longer concealed their hatred of their French victors.

What had long been threatening happened. One night a quarrel sprang up between some Italian and French soldiers, which ended in each calling friends to their aid, with the result that in a short time there was a regular engagement of a hundred a side. Many men were wounded and the combatants were separated by means of a bayonet charge. The leaders of each side were arrested, and it was decided, in order to make an example of them to the army, that each side should produce fifteen men, who should fight until they were put hors de combat.

Jean-Louis, as the principal fencing master of his regiment, was chosen to fight Giacomo Ferrari, a fencing master of great renown in his own country. Ferrari was a most redoubtable adversary for any man to encounter. Six feet in height, possessed of great strength, he was a man of incontestable courage.

The thirty men were to fight in the presence of 30,000 witnesses. To the sound of the roll of drums two men march on to the fighting ground, which has been specially chosen on account of its slight natural elevation. One of these men is Giacomo Ferrari, the other is Jean-Louis. They are accompanied by two seconds. A deathlike silence has succeeded to the murmur of curiosity which greeted their arrival. Then a voice is heard to break the silence, the command "En garde!" is given.

The two masters Joli swords. In the first instant Ferrari attempts to rush Jean-Louis, but in vain. Every attack is met with a parry. He retires a little and tries what patience will do. He feints, makes a pretense to attack, retires again while Jean-Louis, very calm, remains on the defensive. Suddenly the Italian, with one of those savage yells common to fencers of his country, makes a little bound to one side, followed by an attack in the lower line delivered with lightning-like rapidity.

This is a Florentine rise which has often proved successful to him before, but at the same time a cry of rage rather than of pain is heard. Jean-Louis, with indescribable swiftness, has parried and riposted. His sword penetrates Ferrari's shoulder. "It is nothing," cries Ferrari, "I am not hurt." They continue the fight and Jean-Louis in his turn attacks and almost instantly pierces his opponent in the breast. Ferrari's sword drops from his hand. He drops heavily to the ground and is picked up dead. Jean-Louis wipes his blade and with the point on the ground waits.

His task has only just begun. Fourteen adversaries are there waiting eagerly for their opportunity to avenge their champion, whom they had until then thought invincible. After two minutes' rest Jean-Louis is ready. The second adversary stands before him. Their swords jolt. There is a sinister clash of steel. Jean-Louis lunges, a cry is heard, then a sigh. Jean-Louis has got back to a standing position and has another dead body before him.

The third adversary comes forward, and has to be held back in order to prevent him from springing at the French man before he has finished his short rest. The order to commence is given. The Italian has followed the mulatto's play attentively, and he thinks he has grasped his feints, surprises and modes of attack; but the result of his observation does not avail him much, as a few passes Jean-Louis' blade disappears into his body and he is carried away dying.

Ten more adversaries come forward one after the other, and the ten share the same fate as the first three. The thirteenth adversary is carried away insensible, and cheers in which sounds of something like terror can be heard read the air.

self-reliance; it needed, in fact, the aid of your E. backed by his iron constitution, to face the dangers and fatigues of such an undertaking. When he returned to England in the autumn of 1840 he brought with him such a collection of trophies as few believed could have fallen to one man's rifle. He was then twenty-eight, and with his long, luxuriant hair, thick, tawny beard and magnificent athletic frame fully satisfied the popular conception of the "Lion Hunter."

His success is, of course, well known and recorded in the early fifties. As the younger son (second) of a Scottish baronet, with sixteen children, his fortune was slender. He resigned his commission in the army so that for him everything had depended on the success of his venture.

His share of profits from his book alone reached in the first year \$5000, and by the sale of ivory, ostrich feathers, and the exhibition of his trophies, he made large sums of money. But the free, wild life of a hunter left its mark on his whole after existence, and in Port Augustus, where he finally settled down, with his museum of South African trophies and various collections and curios, he continued, as far as the Scottish climate permitted, to live as he had lived in his wagon in Africa—a rude and comfortless life which it was his lot to share with him till the end. He continued to sleep on the same narrow camp bed he used in his wanderings, and on it he died in 1866, in the full prime of life, his splendid hair untouched by time and all his strong white teeth save one intact, and that one was discolored with dreadful difficulty. I think, some two or three years before he died. It was a somewhat extraordinary performance. Having suffered excruciating torment from it, my father ordered the village surgeon to extract it. Dr. Tolmie, who then represented all the dental skill of the district, a young man of most unassuming proportions, shrank from the experiment, and, after being persuaded, several times gave up the attempt as hopeless, but my father sat patient, urging and encouraging him to renewed efforts, and at last, after a tussle lasting three hours, the refractory molar yielded. It was, as it appears, carefully preserved by him, for one Christmas I found it along with a cutting pipe in my stocking as a charm against toothache from which I had suffered at the time. I was then very little, but it must have greatly impressed me since I remember it so well.

SAVED BY A PAPER BAG.

A common four sack—a paper bag—and the use of his wits saved Chris Hansen, a hunter, from drowning at San Luis, California. The Quiver fell from his hand. Hansen had been accustomed to spend the early morning hours shooting on the bay. One morning, while he was returning in a skiff from the hunting grounds, his shotgun, which was lying in the bottom of the boat, was accidentally discharged. The full contents of the barrel passed through the bottom of the skiff and tore a large, jagged hole. In a few minutes the boat began to settle, and the man's most desperate efforts could not stop the incoming water. He grasped the oars and, snatching a tough paper bag which he used for carrying his game, began to tie them together as a float to assist him to reach shore. When he had finished his task he jumped into the water. The boat sank a moment later. Hansen could not swim well, and he found the oars but little support. He was beginning to lose courage when he noticed that a portion of the sack used in tying the oars together had become filled with air. He snatched it up, and held the open end toward the breeze until it filled with wind. Hansen used his improvised life-preserver to assist in keeping him afloat and easily remained on the surface of the water. The tide and the use of his legs gradually propelled him toward the shore, and the drifting man soon got a foothold.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.

It is said that Sir Mortimer Durand, the negotiator of the "Durand Agreement" with the astute Abdur Rahman, Khan of Kabul, for six years British Minister at the Court of the Shah, for more than three years Ambassador at Madrid, and now the British Ambassador at Washington, is promoter of his success as a sportsman than as a diplomat. It is estimated that he has taken on with him to Washington many of his Indian shooting trophies. Chief among these are an enormous head and skin of a Bengal tiger, the story of whose death he often tells. As the jungle was too thick for elephants to be used, Sir Mortimer was armed with both an Empire rifle and an eight-bore. The latter weapon he had never used, and when the tiger came on he expected to have dropped him dead by the steady aim he took with it. But the brute rushed on for thirty yards at full gallop, and Sir Mortimer thought he had missed him. From his coil of vantage in the fork of a tree he fired with the Empire rifle into the brute's back, and this time he fell. When the tiger was skinned, it was found that the eight-bore bullet had raked it from the chest to the end of its body. It was evidently well endowed with the feline capacity for surviving.

WOLF ATTACKS KEEPER.

In the presence of a big crowd of visitors at the Zoological Park, Washington, D. C., a prairie wolf and a keeper fought a long and vicious battle. The beast lacerated the man's arms and hands in an effort to reach his throat, and was beaten off just in time to save his victim's life. Women screamed and fainted, and the enraged wolf threw the keeper to the ground and stood over him, snarling and tearing the man's flesh with his pointed fangs. The wolf has been known to the Zoo officials for a long time as having all of the treachery and none of the cowardice of his tribe.

THE LION HUNTER.

Appros of the new edition of Gordon Cummings' "Lion Hunter," his daughter, Eleanor G. C. Nakeska, writes to the Saturday Review to point out that few of the readers of her father's adventures realize how young he was at the time of those early hunting exploits:

He was only twenty-three years old when he started on his first expedition into the interior of South Africa. And, indeed, it required enormous nerve and

News of Interest TO AFRO-AMERICANS

Whipping Post Revised.

At Lexington, Ky., Police Judge John J. Riley revived the old whipping post regime when he sentenced Simon Pearce, a fifteen-year-old lad, to be whipped in the public square.

Searce had struck a small boy. The court decided that the boy's mother take him to the public square and give him twenty lashes with a buggy whip. The mother, in the presence of a large crowd, administered the punishment as directed. This is the first time such an incident has been witnessed in Kentucky since the war.

Race Trouble in Ohio.

A dispatch from Canton, Ohio, the late President McKinley's home town, says: Clifford Boylan, 24 years old, is believed to be dying at the hospital, and Wm H. Harrier and Daniel Fitzgerald were shot and cut and bruised as the result of a fight between Negroes and white men after a ball game. Seventeen Negroes were arrested, their confinement being necessary, the authorities stated, for the suppression of possible violence by Boylan's friends, who were greatly incensed over the injuries. Policemen were instructed to arrest every Negro that appeared on the scene of the trouble.

Forcing Negroes to Marry.

The matrimonial crusade inaugurated by Judge Jim Burch among the Negroes of Augusta, Ga., is about to be the cause of a grand jury investigation, with the magistrate as the subject.

It is alleged that Judge Burch had no authority to issue warrants for the arrests of the Negroes living together and not married, and that having issued the warrants he had no right to dismiss the cases when the parties married. The matter will be brought to the attention of the next session of the grand jury and the whole matter sifted. It is claimed that this sort of work is a city court affair, and that the magistrate was encroaching on another's legal preserves.

Whether Judge Burch had any legal rights in the matter at all or not, there is no doubt about the fact that Negroes are getting married as they never did before, and they are even sacrificing household goods to get the money that is necessary for the official costs in the matrimonial ceremony. A prominent pawnbroker says that the Negroes are putting up clothes, furniture, tools and anything that they can get their hands on to pay for the license and the fee for tying the knot.

Address by the President.

In his Memorial Day address at Gettysburg, Pa., President Roosevelt said among other things: "The place where we now are has won a double distinction. Here was fought one of the great battles of all times, and here was spoken one of the few speeches which shall last through the ages. As long as this republic endures or its history is known, so long shall the memory of the battle of Gettysburg likewise endure and be known; and as long as the English tongue is understood, so long shall Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech thrill the hearts of mankind.

The civil war was a great war for righteousness; a war waged for the noblest ideals, but waged also in thoroughgoing, practical fashion. It was one of the few wars which mean in their successful outcome, a lift toward better things for the nations of mankind. Some wars have meant the triumph of order over anarchy and licentiousness masquerading as liberty; some wars have meant the triumph of liberty over tyranny masquerading as order; but this victorious war of ours meant the triumph of both liberty and order, the triumph of orderly liberty, the bestowal of civil rights upon the freed slaves and at the same time stern insistence on the supremacy of the national law throughout the length and breadth of the land. The war left to us all, as fellow-countrymen, as brothers, the right to rejoice that the Union has been restored in indelible shape in a country where slavery no longer mocks the boast of freedom, and also the right to rejoice with exultant pride in the courage, the self-sacrifice, and the devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray."

Hannah Elias Wins Court Case.

At New York, Hannah Elias, a colored woman, was discharged in court on motion of Assistant Attorney Rand, acting for District Attorney Jerome, at the conclusion of the testimony of John R. Platt, the aged millionaire, who caused her arrest for extortion. Old man Platt proved a dissembling witness. To questions bearing directly on the charges, on which the woman's arrest had been made, he answered repeatedly: "I don't know."

His helpless and his apparently unreliable memory surprised those who attended his examination. He did not remember whether he had given the woman large sums of money during the past ten years, as charged, and did not remember signing certain of the papers in connection with his charges against her. The ordeal was a trying one for the aged man and his replies became scarcely audible toward the last. As soon as he had left the witness chair, Assistant District Attorney Rand said:

"Your honor, I think the parties to this miserable scandal ought to be allowed to glow in their own grins. There is no evidence before you that will possibly serve to hold this woman in a charge of extortion. I recommend that she be discharged."

The magistrate thereupon discharged the woman.

Several thousand persons, among them hundreds of colored citizens, attracted by the case, thronged the

building and stood crowded in the streets outside. The old man, trembling, and apparently dazed was assisted out and the crowd booed and hissed.

Platt in his testimony said he first met Hannah Elias about fifteen years ago. Some time later he again met the woman at Third Avenue massage establishment through an advertisement and had kept up the acquaintance since. His relation with her had been of a tender character and he had bought for her a house and had given her large sums of money.

The aged witness then appeared to become very much confused and to several subsequent questions he replied that he could not remember and referred the questioner to his attorney. Platt would not give a direct answer to a question as to whether he had paid the woman more than \$600,000 since January, 1896, but did remember that he gave her \$7,500 last month. This payment was made because Hannah Elias told him she was being sued and would have to go to court and expose him unless the money was paid.

Doubt of Alexander's Guilt.

An Atlanta dispatch says: application will soon be made to President Roosevelt for a pardon for James H. Alexander, the colored valet of Paymaster P. C. Stevens, of the United States army, who in 1902 was sentenced to three years on the charge of robbing Major Stevens of \$5,000 of government money. The petition will be prepared by S. C. Crane, Alexander's attorney.

The charge against Alexander and evidence has been developed which shows considerable doubt of Alexander's guilt. Half of the money was returned soon after it was missed, and there has been no definite evidence since to show where the rest went.

The robbery occurred in 1901, and Alexander was sentenced on March 17, 1902, to three years in the federal prison and a fine of \$1,000. He was not sent to the federal prison, however, until January, 1904, having spent the time between November, 1901, and January, 1904, in the Fulton county jail.

Just before he went to the federal prison Attorney Crane appealed to the circuit court of appeals to have the time spent by Alexander in the county jail credited to him on his three-year sentence. The appeal was to have been heard next fall.

Lately an investigation of the charge against Alexander led to a doubt of his guilt, and also to a friendly interest in assisting in getting his pardon.

To get the pardon, however, it will first be necessary to have the appeal dismissed, and this will be done at once by Attorney Crane. The application for a pardon, which is now being drawn up, will be forwarded at once to President Roosevelt. It is very likely now that Alexander will be pardoned.

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KEBUFF WAS CUTTING ONE.

Fitting Retort of "Mad Poet" to an Ungentlemanly Remark.

Many stories are told of McDonald Clarke, known fifty years ago in New York as the "mad poet," which show that he had a vein of great shrewdness, such as is often possessed by people who are counted insane.

One day he was seated at a table in a New York hotel quietly eating his simple dinner when two young men took their seats at the same table. McDonald Clarke was a well known figure, and the young men at once recognized him though he did not know them.

They were not gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and it occurred to them that they might have some sport with the poor poet. Consequently one of them said in an unnecessarily clear tone:

"I have seen almost everything and everybody in New York except McDonald Clarke. I have a great admiration for his poems and I would give a great deal to see the man."

When he passed the mad poet leaned forward and said with evident gratification:

"Sir, I am McDonald Clarke, whom you say you wish to see."

The young man stared at him with much rudeness for a moment, and then drawing a quarter from his pocket he laid it on the poet's plate saying, "That's for the sight!"

Clarke looked at the coin for an instant, and then placing it in his pocket, he took out a "York shilling," 12 1/2 cents. This he handed to the young man, saying gravely, "Children half price."

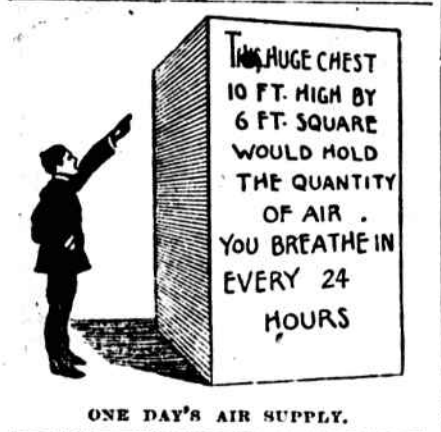
NOBLEMAN LIVES IN CAVE.

Wealthy Man Carries Love of Solitude to Excess.

One of the most remarkable noble men in all Europe is probably Count Russell, whose love of solitude is carried to such an extent that he lives in a series of caves placed high upon the snowy Vignemale in the Pyrenees.

The Count has a house in Pau and is a man of wealth—a Frenchman of Irish extraction. He does not, however, care for social functions, and so he conceived the original notion of retiring from the French government the whole of the Vignemale mountain from 8,000 feet to its summit, 11,000 feet. For this he pays the nominal rent of one franc (20 cents) a year. While the caves were already in existence, the Count has considerably "improved" them by means of niches and divanettes, carried up on mules.

The Count formerly slept in under-snowdrifts, wrapped in his pinkish-silpichit hair, and took his breakfast of the eggs both French and Swiss. He ate his food on a chair. The cave are quite comfortable, but he has furnished his beds with, and the Count frequently sends his friends who come to visit him in Pau.



ONE DAY'S AIR SUPPLY.

going on. Nature has provided that man should eliminate such things as are harmful to him—when elimination ceases life ceases—and these waste products are in themselves poisonous and dangerous to health if we take them again into our systems.

In expired air the amount of carbon dioxide—an inert, suffocating gas—is increased, and the amount of oxygen is proportionately diminished. Man cannot live in an atmosphere in which the oxygen is too rare; or, in other words, too highly diluted with nitrogen. Nitrogen is not poisonous, but it cannot sustain life, and it acts as a diluent to the oxygen, which if present in the pure undiluted state would cause a more rapid combustion than the delicate tissues of our lungs could bear. Again, other complex poisonous products are exhaled in the breath, which of themselves would rapidly cause decay and disease.

For these reasons, and living in confined places as we do, most of our lives, in which space we breathe and have our being, it is only the pressure in the inexorable laws of nature which drives us to think of ventilation and to make provision for it.

Good Outlook For United States.

Admiral Bowles, who retired from the Construction Department of the Navy to take general charge of the shipbuilding plant, near Quincy, Mass., and must be conceded to know something about the business he has been in for twenty-five years, at a meeting of the Master Builders' and Traders' Association of Quincy, expressed his belief that the United States will be building the ships of the world in the near future.

Mice Dislike Peppermint.

There are many objections to the use of poisonous articles to keep mice out of a house, and a hint may be useful to those who are troubled with these little pests. Mice have a great antipathy to the smell of peppermint, and a little oil of peppermint placed around their haunts and holes will successfully keep them away.

THE FAMOUS SNOW-CLAD SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.



MT. FUJIYAMA FROM TAGANOURA.