celluloid or other "washable" material. While this is, of course, an improvement upon the use of Bibles which are often disgustingly filthy from years of use, it would be far better to do away with the practice entirely, for it is manifestly a survival from a period of general ignorance and superstition. It may well be doubted whether "kissing the book" ever deterred anyone from committing the crime of perjury. It having long been the practice to permit witnesses to make affirmation in any mode which they may declare to be binding upon their consciences, in confirmation of the truthfulness of the testimony which they are about to give, it is entirely proper that the use—or rather the misuse—of the Holy Scriptures for the purpose referred to should be abolished by legal enactment in every state of the Union.—Albany Law Journal.

THE MAN IN THE ENGINE ROOM.

In the ships of Paul Jones, and Nelson, and Hull the sailors were the men that swarmed up into the rigging and unfurled the canvas that made the vessels go. In time of battle some of them continued to attend to that duty and others manned the guns. On a modern man-of-war the work of fighting the ship and that of propelling it are divided among two different classes of men. The men on deck are gunners. The real sailors—those who handle the motive power as the seamen of the Constitution broke out their studding sails and warped on their kedges when they were edging their ship out of the teeth of the British fleet—are down below in stuffy little compartments, pouring oil on bearings and listening to the jangling of bells from the bridge.

The man in the engine room has little of the fun or glory of a modern sea fight. He hears the booming of near and distant guns, but he does not know how the battle is going. The ship may be a helpless wreck, and the next minute may be his last, but that is none of his affair. The engines must keep moving, and they must respond instantly to the will of the ship's brain in the conning tower or the battle is lost.

And it is not alone the great machinery that turns the screws that has to be looked after. The whole ship is one maze of complicated enginery. It is steered by steam; its turrets are turned by steam directly, or indirectly through electric, pneumatic or hydraulic power; its great guns are loaded by steam; it is lighted by electricity, which is supplied by dynamos, run by steam; it is ventilated by steam—steam is the source of all its activities.

Let the engines cease to work and the ship would die. It would drift like a log on the water; its guns would be silent; its interior would be swathed in darkness; and suffocation would drive its crew from its lower compartments to the deck. But the machinist stands there—the grimy, faithful physician, with his hand on the ship's pulse to see that its heart does not stop beating. Down in his steel dungeon, with none of the inspiration of the battle, he listens for the signals—"Slow," "Half speed ahead," "Reverse," "Full speed astern"—and upon his vigilance depends the success or failure of the captain's plan of attack. A lever turned right may mean an enemy's ship rammed and sunk; turned wrong, it may mean the battle lost.

It takes unusual qualities to succeed in the engine room of a man-of-war—sober, unflinching devotion to duty, the courage to face varied and abhorrent forms of death, coolness that nothing can disturb, and an inexhaustible fertility of resource. Happily for us, these are qualities in which America is rich. —New York Journal.

MUNICIPAL POINTS FROM GERMANY.

Extracts from an article on "Municipal Activities in Germany," by Frank S. Hoffman in The Outlook.

We often speak of the old and overcrowded cities of Europe as though they were at least at a standstill and had little or nothing of the progressive spirit of the New World. As a matter of fact, one sees now so few indications of antiquity in some of them that I fear before another generation passes away one will see of it almost nothing at all. In many German cities acres upon acres of densely populated areas have been demolished by the government in making way for wide streets and stately buildings. Hamburg, since the terrible experience with the cholera, has been transformed aesthetically. It has grown faster than Boston and it is "more attractive than Paris." Cologne has already doubled in population during the last ten years. Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia in 1860; now it is half a million larger. Other German cities have kept pace with our own —always excepting Chicago.

It is an honor in Germany to be elected to the Gemeinde or Stadtrath, and the title is much coveted by scholars and professional men as well as merchants and other men of affairs. In Berlin several of the university professors are on the council, among them the celebrated Prof. Virchow. No salaries are paid to the councilors, and a penalty is attached to a refusal to serve, although there is no occasion to inflict it. The council selects the mayor. It designates the mayor's expert associates, who are the heads of the various departments; raises the means for carrying on the government, and represents in general the standards and aspirations of the community—the whole authority of the community being in its hands.

The mayor of a German city is the most highly trained expert in municipal affairs that can be secured. He is sometimes selected because of his success in managing other smaller cities. A mayor expects to hold his office for life, as do also his expert associates. The salary of a mayor varies from $7,500, as in Berlin, down to about $2,500. There is no lack of excellent material, and the position is much sought after for the social eminence it gives its possessor.

The German conception of city government recognizes no limit whatever to its functions. To the German mind a municipality is a great family. It organizes for business and social ends, and the government it selects is the means for the accomplishment of those ends. It is bound to do everything it can to promote the welfare of its members. For this reason it does not hesitate to engage in any kind of business in which the public have a direct interest.

Of course it provides for education, and education includes technical education. Besides the schools for architecture and commerce and similar pursuits, there are in Prussia alone 35 schools for painters and decorators, nine for shoemakers, 20 for bakers, six for butchers, and so on. The editor of a well-known London paper, in commenting recently on some of these facts, concluded his article by saying: "What other nations have to fear is not the military strength of Germany, but its industrial development. Its technical schools are turning out a magnificent industrial army, and in this sphere of knowledge the countries that compete with it must quickly improve their skill if they are not to see the decline of their prosperity."

Almost all German cities now own and operate their own waterworks, which usually yield from ten to fifteen per cent. annual profit. About two-thirds of the larger German cities own and operate their gasworks, and one city at least, Berlin, has succeeded in making its drainage system, which is probably the best in the world, a self-supporting and profitable investment. The sewage farms supported by it, which cost the city some 30,000,000 marks, will in a short time earn money enough to

pay back all that has been invested in them, and then yield to the city a large annual profit.

Within the last 15 or 20 years nearly all of the central streets of the leading German cities have been furnished with smooth new pavements, and are thoroughly cleaned once every 24 hours at least, in the night or early morning. The prevailing practice is to make the removal of garbage also a municipal function.

AMONG THE BARBARISMS.

That clear-headed and proctical thinker, Harriet Martineau, wrote in 1855 the following remarkable prediction:

Before any effectual social renovation can take place, we must efface the abuse which has grown up out of the transition from the feudal to the more modern state, the abuse of land being held as private property; whereas, in feudal times land was held in trust, inasmuch as every landholder was charged with the subsistence of all who lived within his bounds. The old practice of man holding man as property is nearly exploded among civilized nations, and the analogous barbarism of man holding the surface of the globe as property cannot long survive. The idea of this being a barbarism is now fairly formed, admitted and established among some of the best minds of the time; and the result is, as in all such cases, ultimately secure.

CALLING NAMES.

The growing tendency of the well-to-do citizens of the United States, and of their army of satellites, to class all who differ with them on the great social problems as anarchists and socialists is much to be lamented. Doubtless only a small proportion of those who so flippantly use those terms to describe their neighbors and fellow citizens have the remotest idea of what anarchism or socialism really means. When using such terms they wish to be offensive only, and there is about the same amount of intelligence displayed when using them, or less, even, than by those persons who describe the great adversary as a man with horse's hoofs and bull's horns. who feasts on live coals and washes them down with libations of liquid sulphur in a fiery state.—"Free Banking a National Right," by James B. Dilworth.

ALASKAN MOSQUITOES.

Those who have not visited Alaska in the summer time can form no conception of the sufferings inflicted by these pests. . . . For the first few days, and until we were more or less accustomed to the annoyance, conversation, sleep, and even eating were quite out of the question. I have camped out after a hard day's work, famished with hunger, and yet unable to raise a mouthful to my lips, owing to the persistent onslaughts of these pests, who are, indeed, one of the greatest curses of this northern land. A Yukon mosquito will torture a dog to death in a few hours, and frequently drive bear and deer into the water. . . . An Irish miner who occupies the tent we had seen, was lying prone on the ground, face downward, his supper untouched beside him. The man had been here only two hours; but his hands and features were swollen to twice their natural size, for he had come unprovided with mosquito netting, of which we were fortunately able to spare him a piece.—Harry de Windt.

Wedged in among currency, Hawaiian annexation, civil service repeal and several hundred other bills, of more or less problematic value to the country, there will be considered, during the present session of congress, a bill appropriating $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 for the beginning of a canal, or a system of canals, to connect the great lakes with the Atlantic — a project otherwise known as that of the "deep waterway to the sea." Nothing tangible will result from its discussion at this session, for its opponents are mighty. One indirect result, however, will be that its discussion in congress will bring it again, by way of the press, before the people and will advance it thereby one little step on the road to final realization—a goal toward which it has wearily trudged since 1792.—The Cosmopolitan.

Lake Superior has 31,200 square miles of water surface and 15,000 miles of shore line. Two hundred rivers empty into it. Its greatest depth is 1,008 feet, and the temperature of its water never rises above 45 degrees Fahrenheit. It is the third deepest fresh-water lake known. Lake Baikal, in Siberia, is the deepest, and then comes Lake Crater, in Oregon, which is 2,000 feet deep. Traces of a prehistoric water level are found at Duluth 438 feet above the present level of Lake Superior, and the southern extremity of Lake Michigan's basin is gradually sinking, it is claimed; but only at the rate of six inches in 100 years, so that New York need not hope to be freed from its rival, Chicago, for many a day yet.—The Cosmopolitan.

In contending that the disaster to the Maine delayed instead of hastened an impending crisis, the Review of Reviews points out that we had sent our warships to the vicinity of Cuba in the middle of January, apparently with the intention of pressing an ultimatum at a very early day, and thus describes the state of mind of the American public:

The whole country—always excepting Wall street and that peculiar element of educated persons who are apparently never able to understand things until they have receded into historical perspective—was ready for action on grounds of humanity.

How many of our readers know a fact stated by the Times-Herald not long ago, that Chicago appropriates this year only $323,528 for cleaning the streets, although in 1875, when there were not a fifth as many people here and the city area was corresponding small, the appropriation was $235,000? New York appropriates this year $3,000,000 and Philadelphia $1,003,820. Apparently we don't very seriously object to dirt in Chicago. The streets of Philadelphia seem like a gentleman's private grounds in comparison.—The Cause.

"I can't help being a little bit afraid of the dark," remarked the small boy, apologetically. "That is very silly," replied his father. "You will outgrow it when you are older and more sensible." "Of course. It won't be so long before I'm big, and then I'll be like you and mother and not be afraid of anything except spilling salt and seeing the new moon over my left shoulder."—Washington Star.

Not long since, a certain Mr. Wilkes, in order to acquire possession of a lot on the corner of Wall and Broad streets, New York, practically covered it with one dollar bills 82 deep. Two hundred years ago Dutch cows grazed there. Did the cows enrich the soil? or was it the teeming multitudes and the gigantic enterprises of the American people that enriched it?—Hamilton (Ont.) Templar.

Apparently.—"Congress isn't afraid of Spain." "Oh, no! Congress isn't afraid of anybody except Speaker Reed."—Puck.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each toothpoint goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to the toad.
—Rudyard Kipling.