

## MALLETS AND MULTIPLICATION

### McBriarity Won the Wager. But the Question is Still Debatable.

McBriarity, the carpenter's helper, walked up to the shop foreman with a broken mallet.

"Boss," he said, "give me another mallet. I've busted the head off of this one."

The foreman grunted, and, procuring another mallet, he gave it to McBriarity, at the same time cautioning him to be more careful, as mallets cost money.

In a few minutes McBriarity returned, this time with the handle of the mallet broken.

"Great Scott, man!" commented the foreman. "Why don't you get a real job somewhere and go to work? You are too strong for this business. You are too strong for this business. You are too strong for this business."

"You ought to get a position on the athletic team handling records. You're wasting your talents doing carpenter work. That makes three mallets you've broken in less than an hour."

"Two, boss!" corrected McBriarity. "How many times have you been to me with mallets?" asked the foreman.

"Three times," replied McBriarity. "Well, then," retorted the foreman, "you've broken three mallets."

"But I've only had two," persisted McBriarity. "You gave me one when I started in to work, and then you gave me another when I broke the first one; so I don't see how I could break three when I had only two."

"You broke the two I gave you," said the foreman, with some heat, "and then you took the two broken ones and made a new mallet out of the broken parts, did you not?"

"Yes," replied McBriarity cautiously. "Well, how many mallets does that make?" asked the foreman.

"Two," replied McBriarity. "Fine headwork," growled the foreman. "You broke the two mallets I gave you, did you not?"

"Yes," said McBriarity. "I did." "Well, what did you do after that?" asked the foreman.

"Made another one out of the two broken ones," said McBriarity. "Did you use it?" cross-questioned the foreman.

"Sure, I did," replied McBriarity. "I used it until it broke."

"Well, then, you used three mallets," persisted the foreman.

"Certainly," asserted McBriarity. "And you broke 'em all," insisted the foreman.

"Yes; but you only gave two mallets, so I don't see how I could have broken three," answered McBriarity.

"Well, we'll put it another way," said the foreman. "You broke the two mallets I gave you. What did you do after that?"

"I made another mallet out of the broken parts of the two broken ones," replied McBriarity.

"And you used it?" persisted the foreman.

"Sure," replied McBriarity. "You acknowledge that you used three mallets, do you?" asked the foreman.

"Certainly," answered McBriarity. "How many mallets have you now?" asked the foreman.

"None," replied McBriarity. "Well, then," said the foreman, with finality, "if you used three mallets and have none left you must have broken them all; and if you broke all you used, you must have broken exactly three mallets."

"But, see here, boss. How could I break three mallets when you gave me only two?" insisted McBriarity.

"Thunder and tenpenny nails!" howled the foreman. "Here, take this mallet and get back to your work. You will drive me mad with your arguing."

McBriarity took the mallet and went back to his bench. Inside of fifteen minutes he strolled up to the foreman with the mallet in his hand, but this time it was unbroken.

"Boss," he said, "I've been thinking this thing over, and I've come to the conclusion that you are right."

"Sure, I'm right," answered the foreman, "for I've changed my mind. You broke two mallets."

"No," replied McBriarity, "I broke three."

"Now, look here, Mac," said the foreman, "how many mallets have I given you since you started to work?"

"Three," replied McBriarity. "How many have you now?"

"One," replied McBriarity. "Well, then, take one from three. How many does that leave?" asked the foreman.

"Two," replied McBriarity.

"Well, that's how many you broke," said the foreman. "You couldn't break more mallets than you had."

"But I made one mallet out of the broken ones. Add that to the two which you gave me and which I broke and it makes three mallets. Three mallets plus the one I now have makes four mallets I've had. Four mallets I've had minus one I have now leaves three mallets which I haven't because I broke them. It's as plain as the nose on your face that I have broken three mallets."

"Don't get personal," said the foreman. "I gave you a total of three mallets and you still have one, so you broke the difference between one and three, which is two."

"Your arithmetic may be all right, but it doesn't bear out the facts," said McBriarity. "I think I can prove it to you that I am right. You gave me a mallet when I started in to work."

"Yes," replied the foreman.

"Well, that's mallet number one," said McBriarity. "Then you gave me another when I broke the first one."

"Yes," assented the foreman.

"That was mallet number two. I broke that one also, and then I made a new mallet out of the broken parts of the two broken ones. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, that's right," replied the foreman.

"Well, that was mallet number three, wasn't it?" asked McBriarity.

"Sure," replied the foreman.

"Where is it now?" asked McBriarity.

"Broken like the other two," answered the foreman.

"Well, if mallet number three is broken the number of broken mallets is three," asserted McBriarity triumphantly.

The foreman scratched his head in perplexity, but suddenly brightening, he said:

"I'll bet you five dollars that you can't bring me three broken mallets."

For a moment McBriarity was staggered. Then, quickly recovering, he said:

"All right," said the foreman. "I'll believe I'll take that bet."

"All right," said the foreman. "I'll believe I'll take that bet."

McBriarity walked over to his bench. In a few moments he returned, carrying three broken mallets.

The foreman gazed at them in astonishment.

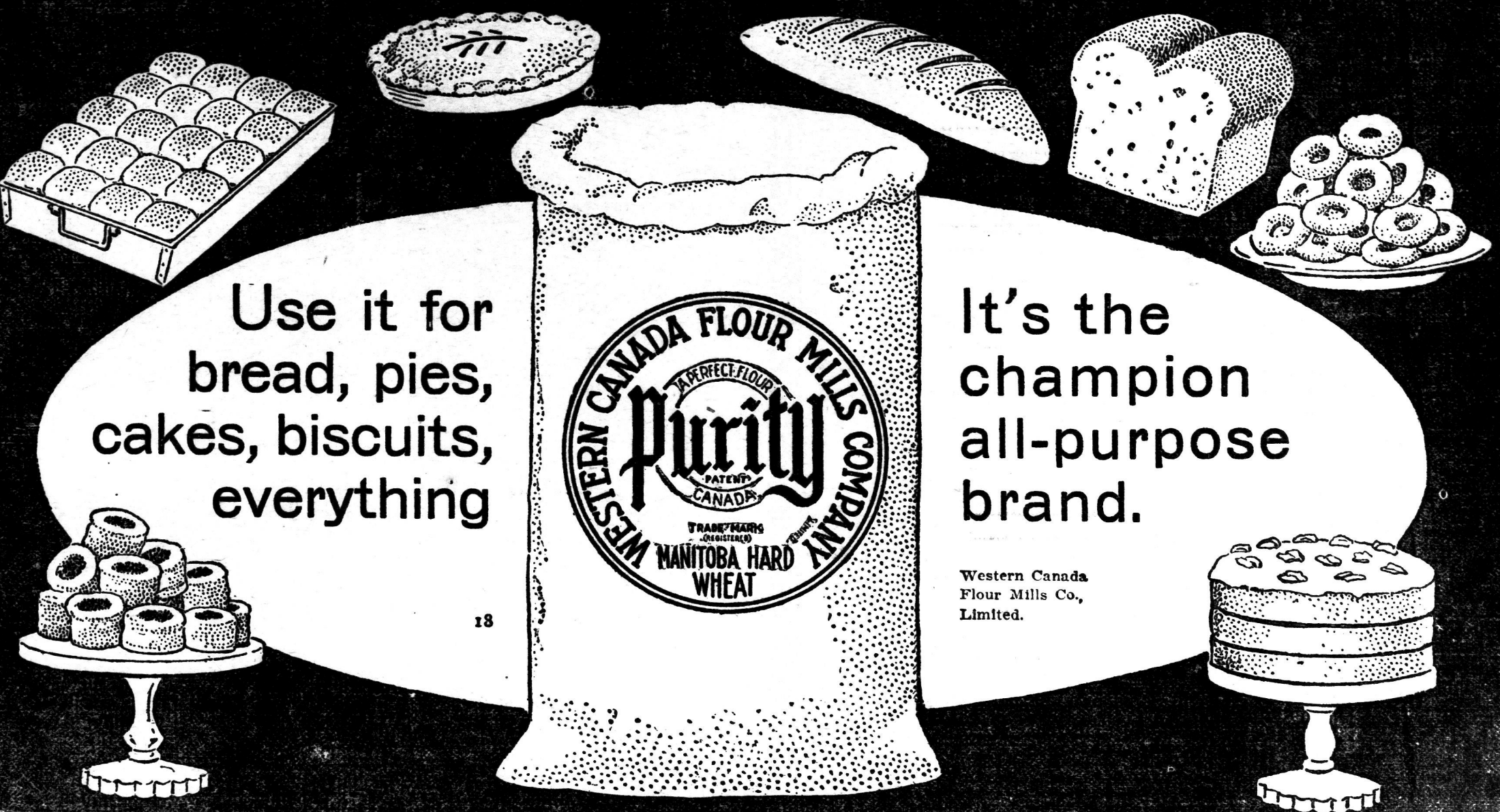
"I can't understand this thing," he said. "You broke only two mallets, yet here are three broken parts of three."

"Sure," replied McBriarity. "The third mallet is mallet number four. I broke it to win the bet."

### SIMPLE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

An interesting experiment illustrating electro-chemical action can be tried by any one. Prepare a few ounces of mercury into a flat glass or porcelain dish; pour over the mercury half an inch of water containing a pinch of salt or a few drops of acid; immerse the negative wire from a dry battery in the mercury. Now touch the water only with the positive wire and note the activity that at once is manifest. Try this experiment with dirty mercury and note the instantaneous brightening and cleaning of the mercury. Place the positive pole in the mercury and the negative in the water, and the mercury soon becomes foul. Restore the wires to their original position and note that the mercury clears at once. Grind the mercury in a small mortar with some sulphur or oil, and it becomes foul. Now return the fouled mercury to the dish and apply the current as at first. Note the clearing of the mercury and see how quickly the detached globules coalesce. Then remove the mercury and add a pinch of bichloride of mercury to the water; immerse both wires and note how quickly there is a deposition of mercury on the cathode or negative wire. In this simple experiment is the germ of the electrolytic system for the recovery of precious metals. While the theory of electro-chemical action has been known for many decades, it is only within the last few years that the methods and machines for making a practical use of the theoretical knowledge have been devised.—E. E. Carey, in the Engineering Magazine.

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## A WORD FOR THE NEW WOMAN

### The Cynical Fears of a Timid Masculine Critic Are Shorn of Effect by the Facts of Her Achievement.

A certain man who is something of a cynic in regard to the other sex, freeing his mind in regard to the feminist movement of the present, angrily inquired: "What has the 'privilege of work' done for woman, anyway? It's made her a poor copy of a man; made her masculine, aggressive; made her a temptress and tempted, and unwilling to accept her true relationships of wife and mother; made her selfish and mercenary. It has enabled her to drive men out of their employments, and make tramps of them."

"Look at those English 'suffragettes'! Fifty years ago do you suppose women would have dared to kick up such a row? They wouldn't have thought of it. Their men would have shut down on them mighty sudden. I dare say American women will be copying their methods before long."

Well, "it is to laugh" when a man gets excited over the woman question, so his audience laughed and declined to argue the matter, which, however, abode with at least one of those present.

What has "the privilege of work" done for women?

Do you know, it seems, as this man implied, that it has developed a new type, one not yet quite firmly established—it takes some time to fix a new variation as permanent in character. Even in the plant world, much longer in the human realm, it has produced, or is tending to produce, a self-reliant, independent, interested woman who is not, as charged, unwomanly, but is developing some long-dormant qualities of her womanhood.

Through our very Christianity, which is of Oriental origin, woman for more than two thousand years has been trained in Oriental ideas as to her proper relationship to man. All through the Old Testament and underlying the apostolic teaching, the Oriental idea of woman's subservience to man has been Christ's address to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" conveys the same thought of woman's inferiority. The economic system can get out of the Scriptures, toward being anything but a toy, a burden or a drudge, is practically nil. In the 20th century, her power to work is doing something toward giving mankind a new concept of her.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, the unmarried woman of 25 was an "old maid," a social and economic nonentity. She could give her life and energies to the service of a family who pitied her because she was single, and a community that wondered why she happened not to be married. She never was credited with having declined the honor because the man did not come up to her standards, and she was often admonished of the dangers of being "too particular." No matter how noble and self-sacrificing her nature, no matter how much she did for others, she was caricatured as an angular, flat-chested, prim, cork-screw-ringed old poke, superfluous because she couldn't have Mrs. on her visiting card. How many women married to escape this mingled pity and censure, merging their personality into that of men who regarded and valued them chiefly as burden-bearers, there are no records to tell.

If "the privilege of work" has done nothing else for woman, it has relieved her of the idea of marriage as the sole aim and object of her existence, and any kind of a husband better than no husband at all. It has taught her higher views of the relationship, and its responsibilities, and provided her a means of escape if she feels herself unfitted or unwilling to assume them.

It is true that the public realized that the mere fact of being a woman and able to bear children, does not imply that she will make a capable wife and a good mother, any more than being a man necessitates the possession of those qualities essential to fatherhood. It is generally men who are most insistent on the "maternal

instinct" as an inevitable characteristic of woman. Much they know about it! Thousands of women lack it, even while pretending to its possession because men expect it in them.

The "privilege of work" has taken woman out of the home and set her in other fields. The burdens of living fall heavier upon man in consequence. Time was when an old maid sister or dependent relative saved him the wage of cook, housemaid and laundress. At present, "the superfluous female," once barely worth her board and clothes, is not only self-supporting, but has a bank account. She is a factor in business life, is respected in society, and though man clings to his prehistoric idea that she is secretly plotting and unhappy because she hasn't husband and children, she could, if she chose—enlighten his ignorance by telling him "the truth"—that she doesn't wish either. This may seem to substantiate the charge that woman is becoming more masculine. Not so. It is simply that she is becoming cognizant of the undeveloped side of her nature. She will marry a man she loves and respects and who is congenial, just as truly as she ever would, but she will not marry an inferior simply for the sake of being married.

Instead of being "old" at 25, she feels she is just come into her prime of power at 35. Instead of being broken down and haggard at 50, she keeps her figure. Her varied interests keep her alive, mentally, her thoughts not

### Deadly Consumption Starts From Catarrh

THOUSANDS THINK CATARRH IS COLD, NEGLECT IT AND DIE.

Last year forty per cent of all deaths were from consumption. These people all had catarrh in the first place, but neglected it.

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being bound in the shallows of the commonplace. Not being physically dragged out, she keeps young in heart and appearance.

Many people find it difficult to believe that a woman can really love her work—love work for work's sake—if it is outside her home. But if she says she loves her home, with all its tasks and worries and cares of house-keeping, the statement is accepted as a matter of course. That is because we believe it is normal for a woman to love to work for husband and children, but abnormal for her to work for the joy of achievement as personal to herself.

As for the business woman in the role of temptress and tempted, the idea makes the business woman smile. Oh, these susceptible men! Experience in life brings knowledge. It is the ignorant girl, untrained at home, who is tempted most easily. And if a man is attracted by a neatly-dressed, well-groomed girl in his office, and mentally contracts with the unkempt woman in crimping-pins and kimono who poured the maternal coffee, is the one who has a little personal pride to be called "a temptress." Isn't it, as a rule, the man who holds out the temptation and practically forces his attentions upon her? Of course, if she wasn't there—he would seek her elsewhere.

The charge that women have taken "the privilege of work" from men, so that the latter cannot find employment, cannot afford to marry, cannot support their families, is unwarranted by the facts. There has been no period in the history of the nation, unless possibly during the civil war, when men were more needed and work more plentiful than now. Manufacturers are asking for men. Out in the country, farmers complain they cannot employ their acreage to its highest productive capacity for lack of men to help till and gather their crops. Labor has a corner on the market.

When a man says he cannot afford to marry, he means that he will not give up his bachelor freedom and luxuries, or that he has some dependent women or women to maintain. If he cannot support his family, he should blame the beef trust and the Standard Oil and railroad monopolies; it would be a savas reasonable case of one complaining that because women are stenographers and bookkeepers and saleswomen their earning capacity is reduced. The woman he would otherwise have to support are supporting themselves. How does that hurt him, or limit his producing energy?

### 300,000 BRITISH BOYS PLAYING AT WAR

Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts—  
The Origin and Aims of  
the Movement.

Three hundred thousand boys are playing at warfare this spring in England, under the tutelage of wise old Gen. Baden-Powell, who started this movement about two years ago. Some day, say the greybeards, these boys may form the backbone of the British army, when the Kaiser makes his attack; but of that the boys need little; they are in the game for the fun and exercise, plus what they learn from it. Their general title is "Boy Scouts."

To become a first-class scout and gain the whole scout's badge, a boy must pass the following tests—in addition to those for second-class scout—before a court of honor:

1. Point out the direction of different points of the compass from where he stands.

2. Make a journey alone of not less than 15 miles from point to point by walking, riding, boat or bicycle.

3. Describe or show the proper means for saving life in case of one—selected by the court—of the following accidents: Fire, drowning, runaway horses, sewer gas, breaking ice, or bandage an injured patient, or revive apparently drowned person.

4. Be able to read and write.

5. Have at least something in the savings bank.

6. Show that he has brought a recruit to the Boy Scouts, and has taught him to tie the principal knots.

7. Lay and light a fire, using not

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These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in numerous of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known to women, Orange Lily is a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 35c, sufficient for ten days' treatment to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps. MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. Orange Lily is recommended and sold in London by Anderson & Nelles.

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### HAD REASONS A-PLENTY.

Bishop Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, always stood as a strong opponent of the inconsiderable, and often inconsistent, salaries that are paid the pastor by some congregations amply able to pay more liberally. He told the following personal reminiscence at a recent conference:

"I once knew an excellent young man who married shortly after he entered the ministry. He was on a small salary, but he seemed contented and happy."

"Some twelve or fifteen years went by after I last saw him, and I had rather lost sight of him—forgotten him, as we all do sometimes—when, unexpectedly, I met him in Boston, well-dressed, but not at all clerically."

"What church?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "no church—the wholesale hat business."

"But why did you leave the church?" I inquired solicitously.

"For seven reasons," he replied. "And what were they?" I inquired.

"A wife," he answered, "and 15 children."—Success Magazine.



### THE FATAL BANQUET

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