

SCHOLARSHIP IS NEGLECTED IN AMERICA

Learned Men Have No Real Standing in the U.S.—Prof. Munsterberg Makes Comparisons in the Atlantic Monthly.

"Scholarship has no real standing in the American community." This is the opinion of Prof. Munsterberg, stated in the Atlantic Monthly. He says: "The foreigner feels at once that great difference between the Americans and the Europeans. The British foreigner, if it is any consolation to Prof. Munsterberg, would feel no difference. This scholar is, if I do not err, an experimental psychologist, a scholar in that branch of learning. Now, do many of us know even by name the experimental psychologists of Britain? Prof. Munsterberg remarks that the death of Simon Newcomb "did not bring the slightest ripple of excitement" more interest was taken in the decease of a professional manager of a baseball team. Mr. Newcomb was "the greatest American astronomer." I never heard of him before, and who is our greatest living astronomer in England?

The Germans are different; they "grieve" the Jews of men like Einstein and Mommsen and "Virohow." To be just, the deaths of Darwin, of Macaulay, of Froebel, and others were not ignored. But they, the great Germans named, were scholars in fields of human interest. The Roman history of Mommsen was "as interesting as a novel," whereas astronomy, except in the hands of Martian Mr. Lowell, is a cold and remote affair. So is experimental psychology, except when it comes to crystal gazing, and with William James, to mediums and Mrs. Piper. At least, that is the general opinion. I myself, like Malvolio, "think highly of the soul," and of experiments in the science of souls. America does not. When Mr. James left Harvard there were festivities, which seems odd; fasting was more to the purpose.

Decorative Professors.
"In the United States and Germany the scholars are almost exclusively university professors, in striking contrast to France and England, where many of the greatest scholars have always been outside of the universities." Prof. Munsterberg may not be aware that at our universities there are few professors, and that they are rather decorative than utilitarian. Again, one can think of but few English scholars outside of the universities. Grote is the most prominent exception, unless we call Darwin a "scholar," the term is not commonly applied to him. But it is true that the scholar and the man of science are, except historians, best known "by their by-products," lectures (with magic lanterns), magazine articles, and so on. How can it be otherwise? How can you expect the public to pore over mathematics and the obscure metaphysics of Homeric grammar, and the Cyprian-Arcadian dialect? The Greeks were an intellectual people, but they did not ripple with excitement at the names of Zeno and Aristotle; they put an end to Socrates, and Theophrastus himself tells us that his own poetry was a drug on the market. The Americans cannot give "baronetries" for the leading scholars, as we do, according to Prof. Munsterberg. I am not able to remember any scholar who was given a baronetcy for his learning. Scholars, like the little modest girl at the school feast, may cry, "I asked for nothing and got nothing." Baronetries come by acting, not by scholarship.

Interested in "Corners."
The scholar, like the poet, "is born to be so"; he is naturally interested in the disinterested exercises of the mind. It was so in Greece. Nobody in Ionia thought much of Prof. Thales; he was only a "crank," with peculiar opinions about water; was a scholar in the sense of Prof. Munsterberg. But when he made a corner in oil mills, when he struck his, and prevented other people from striking it, Ionia knew "no bounds in her admiration. Let Prof. Munsterberg make a corner in something, say in radium, and America will ripple with excitement, while he will be mobbed by interviewers and photographers. Laputa was the right country for the professor; there only were scholars objects of popular enthusiasm. Meantime the scholar is not complaining; he is sincerely indifferent to baronetries; he does not want paragraphs in the press; he is not anxious to see blotched and black photographs of himself in the newspapers.

Napoleon's Poetic Appreciation.
Ambition, love of money, love of "one crowded hour of glorious life," take peasant men into the law, Wall-street identity, the cult of Plato's "great beauty," the political public, and take them away from scholarship. Look at the case of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a born Homer's critic; his remarks on the "Iliad" (the usual to read it aloud to Gourgand, with comments) leave no doubts concerning his noble appreciation of the poet. But Homer was not enough for Napoleon, unhappily, action and pleasure called to him, whereas to them the scholar says:
Too late for us your horns you blow
Whose ply was taken long ago.

We are like children reared in shade
Beneath some old world abbey wall,
Forgotten in a forest shade,
And secret from the eyes of all.

A DEADLY EXPLOSIVE.
What would be the consequence of firing a barrel of nitrogen-iodide it would be impossible to say, simply because the stuff is too awful to be made in such quantities. It may sound like a joke, but it is nevertheless the whole truth, that the tread of a housefly is sufficient to explode this dangerous material. However, it had better describe its composition first, and then deal with its wonderful effects, says a writer in The Strand Magazine.

Swegen is one, and the chief partner in nitrogen-iodide. The other portion consists of iodine.

How to Prepare It.
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When it has dissolved a little of the powdered iodine is placed in the liquid and stirred up for a few minutes. Then the whole is poured upon a piece of paper covering another cup and slightly pressed into it to make an accommodation for the iodine. The result is that some wet powder remains upon the surface paper.

This should be disposed of in tiny heaps, say less than an eighth of an inch high, spread several inches apart on a piece of smooth board. While these mounds remain damp nothing will occur; but when they become thoroughly dry the slightest cause will explode them. You have only to touch one ever so lightly with a small feather when it will fire off with a loud crack and discharge a dense violet or purple cloud a foot or more high. The report resembles, alike in its suddenness, loudness and leanness, those made by the fireworks known as crackers. Instead of a big flash there is a sudden glow, instantly followed by the explosion.

A particle of dust, if it should be a mere trifle heavier than its neighbors, is sufficient to explode a small pile of this curious substance.

Easily Exploded.
As I have said, the most remarkable fact concerning it is that a fly treading upon this explosive will ignite it. It is not necessary that a fly should walk over the compound. It has only to let one foot come in contact with the explosive, when the foot causes it to explode and blow the insect into the air. Altho to us the substance is simply a powder, the grains are to a fly what road stones are to men. The sudden concussion of one particle against another would quite probably cause a resounding noise to the insect, followed instantly by the thundering explosion. A fly's foot, in a popular sense, consists of two glue pads (by means of which it can affix itself upside down) situated between two curved claws, on the leverage of which the pads are raised. Such sharp contrivances, striking hard against a particle, would be like a roadmaker's pickaxe coming in contact with a stone and producing a spark.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.
To be good company for ourselves we need to have such ideals of life as admit something more than merely selfish aims. If into the work we do from necessity for material welfare we put further unselfish thoughts and feelings, seeing the usefulness of our labor to the world at large, we have the satisfaction of knowing we are not lumberers of the ground nor mere seekers after bread and a roof.

burden of old grudges and a load of other people's faults and offenses, says Spare Moments. Few things add more to the satisfaction of living than a short memory for other people's sins and a good memory for their virtues. The faults of others make poor material for the mind to work upon in solitude. Most offenses are committed by blindness or stupidity. Few people deliberately wrong others. We must allow for the almost necessary friction in a crowded world of clashing interests. We might ameliorate our feelings of dislike a little by granting it possibly dating cavity. And, for our own manner, wronged thoughtfulness or perhaps irritability. If we had been perfect it is not probable that the offending party would have been angered at us. In any case, for the sake of our own happiness, it is best to forgive and forget.

Identification.
"I'm very sorry to trouble you, madam," said the bank teller politely, "but you'll have to be identified." He pushed the check across the marble slab toward her as he spoke.

"Identified" repeated the lady; "what does that mean? Isn't the check good?" The bank man did not smile, for this was the thirty-seventh lady who had asked the question that day.

"I have no doubt it is," he said, "but I don't know you. Do you know anybody in the bank?"

"Why, I'm Mrs. Weatherley," exclaimed the lady. "Didn't you see my name on the check? See—here it is." The teller shook his head wearily.

"You must be identified," he insisted. "You must bring somebody who knows your name on it. Do you know him?"

"That check," she said with dignity, "was given me by my husband. There's his name on it. Do you know him?"

"I do," said the teller, "but I don't know you."

"Then," said the lady, "I'll show you who I am. My husband is a tall man with reddish hair. His face is smooth-shaven. He has a mole on one cheek and looks something like a gorilla. Some people say, but I don't think so. He talks he twists his mouth to one side, and one of his front teeth is missing. He wears a No. 15 collar, a No. 8 shoe, and won't keep his coat buttoned. His hardest man to get money out of you ever saw—I took me three days to get this check."

The banker waved his hand.

"If it's all right," he said, "put your name right there—on the back, not the face."—Galveston News.

1000 Successful Men.
I have on my desk a list of 1000 successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as our physical lives. They construct for better things.

Singular Services of Sheep.
In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unknown in Europe or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths along the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After the flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on his back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

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TORONTO

OUGH THE SPELLIN' O'.
After the Storm:
The farmer drives his plough,
In a soft that's stiff and tough,
His horse is lame at hough,
And has a wheezing cough.
The housewife kneads her dough,
In a handy wooden trough,
And bakes it through and through
Until it's done enough.
The wind dies to a sigh,
The rocks are lined with chough,
All sealed on the clough,
The sportsman swings his shough
In waters of the lough;
That late were high and rough,
But now are just a slough.
—Troy Times.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.
"Tell me about your early struggles, grandpa." "Son, I never had no struggles worth mentioning. Early in life I managed to snag out a gentleman's agreement and a few reliable rebates."—Kansas City Journal.

If a man could fool his wife as easily as he can his conscience, there would be no limit on his behavior.—New York Free Press.

"I am so sorry for Mabel, poor girl!" "What's the matter?" "I heard her telling George that her face is her fortune."—Detroit Free Press.

Men are dependent on circumstances, and not circumstances on men.—Herodotus.