Fog in the Metropolis.

(London Daily News.)

The fog which plunged London all day yesterday into Egyptian darkness must have impressed the least reflective of Londoners with a sense of impotence. A city of five millions of people has the daylight blotted out by a dense and irritating thickness in the air, and nothing can be done, nothing can even be attempted to remedy the evil. Every house is blackened, furniture and hangings are dirtied and soiled, in many of the shops numerous goods, business of all kinds is hindered, and the traffic of the crowded streets is stilled to a funeral pace, yet scarcely even who why is such an evil so patiently endured.

The physical injury inflicted on large multitudes—and in some cases in every sense, for, as yesterday—and the inconvenience and suffering which nearly everybody has to endure, make such a visitation a public calamity. If it were possible to prevent it, much suffering, or greatly to modify it. When it comes, almost any outlay would be justified. There are few persons on whom direct loss is not imposed, and who would not find it to their advantage to make a considerable expenditure in the way of "remedy," if it would pay immunity from the nuisance.

It is difficult to believe that nothing can be done; that science has not been at work on the subject; that enterprise and discovery have been exhausted, or that legislation is impossible. If it is really true that observers in America have found out how to bring rain even when the heavens are as brass above them, is there no chance that some means may be found for dispelling fog? Over all our London cities yesterday there was the same frozen sky, for whom the Sun Shiner is the rulers there is, as there was yesterday, a barometer beyond "set fair" and brilliant sunshine on the higher ground. In the south and west coasts, and over vast tracts of country yesterday, the weather was fine and bright, while London was a city of dreadful night. It would be better to try the American rain-making experiment than none at all.

Training German Soldiers.

We have received a point in this world's history when man is inclined to believe that he is competent to do his own personal thinking. Learning is the foundation of this idea of liberty and the increase of learning has fostered it. The ordinary citizen of country objects to being led blindly in anything, and in some countries he some socially overturns time-honored institutions that he no longer believes in.

Particularly in Germany is there a cry against the wholly moral principle which crowds the profession and decimates the ranks of the lower callings in life which are constantly necessary. And opposed to this, to strange contradiction, we find the German soldier—an aide-de-camp machine, filled obedience to special form soldiers, but standing scornful and professional soldiers must be anachronisms today, for even the meanest private is conscious have of the best getting up little mistakes. But the soldier of Germany, side in the shallow and in the center of the unchanging fires of socialism, is an intelligent automaton. It is beyond question that they are model soldiers, but we in the Americas are all capable of being officers and subject to follow blindly.

It is the training of the German soldier that perhaps time will be unerring. A recent description gives the intelligent operation of work. The exercise of falling from high places into water is not compulsory with all the troops and it is a training that would not find favor with many other soldiers. It is doubtful whether an officer of the British guards would care to test the obedience of his men by ordering any such feat. But the young men of The Young Germany go at it blindly, things with the grace of wooden statues and recover their self-assertion in time to swim to the stairs and climb out—a display of intelligence that you would hardly give the gentleman in outlier credit for.

This intelligent exercise is only intended for exhibition purposes and the men are matched for prize as they proceed or fall in these contests. The swimming with accoutrements is however, compulsory. There was once a time when blind obedience was due to ignorance. Today another reason must be sought. It can hardly be loyalty. Is it fear or necessity?

She Was Mrs. Jerry Simpson.

(Philadelphia Post.)

Two reflective-looking ladies sat in the member's gallery of the House of Representatives picking out the various statesmen on the floor with the aid of a chart in the Congressional directory. A rather vociferously attired lady sauntered in and took a seat beside them.

"Do tell me where Jerry Simpson is!" exclaimed the newcomer; "I have heard so much about him."

One of the ladies pointed out the alliance Kansan on the seven beneath.

"Oh, so, that isn't Jerry Simpson," protested the last young lady emphatically, "I would know him because I have seen his pictures."

"And I have known Mr. Simpson for some time myself," replied the lady.

"Well, he does not seem to be such a bad looking man after all," the vociferous young lady commented after a careful scrutiny. "I wonder if he thought his wife with him."

"I believe she is in the city," the quiet lady ventured.

"I would like to see her, too. They do say she isn't so very awful. I've an you suppose she likes all the things the papers say about him?" And the inconsiderate question raised away in regard to Mrs. Simpson.

"She doesn't mind it," responded the elder.

"Do you know Mrs. Simpson, too?" inquired the young sightseer.

"Very well," remarked the other serenely. "I am Mrs. Simpson."

Remarkably Good for a Novice.

Never, except for the best of causes, to oppose my wife's will.

To discharge all services, for her sake, freely.

Never to scold.

Never to look cross at her.

Never to worry her with commands.

To promote her party.

To bear our burdens.

To overlook her blunders.

To love, cherish, and ever defend her.

To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers; then, God willing, we shall be blessed.

THE FACE OF A CROOK

WHY IT IS THAT A THIEF IS GENERALLY DETECTED.

There Are Always Invariably Some Marks About His Countenance or Dress His Appearance Must Inevitably Betray Him to Officers of the Law.

"Police! Police! Where's the police? Some thief's stolen my pocketbook!"

A tall, bearded and excited countryman yelled out these words in the Grand Central depot one morning some months ago. The alarm created the usual excitement which follows the announcement of a robbery in a crowd. Some of the stream of arriving and departing travelers stopped in their places to hastily ascertain whether or not their own wallets were safe. Others crowded around the countryman in eager curiosity to hear what he had to say. Some of the more curious amongst them had stops a little from the scene of trouble and looked back somewhat fearfully at the big policeman who was elbowing his way vigorously toward the center of the crowd.

Any one of the score of people who did not stop might be the thief. The robbery had just "come off." For the countryman had set up his money the moment he walked was passed by some mysterious hand from his pocket. Now, in all this confusion of hurrying people, how was suspicion to be pointed toward any particular man? How could any be possibly? But one would be wrong.

A plainly dressed man, with sharp black eyes, who had been standing in the door of the ticket-office when the cry of robbery went up, stepped quietly out of the doorway and turned his head over in a series of quick glances to right and left. He did not once look at the countryman or the little crowd around him, but in less minutes he had scanned with lightning rapidity the face of every person who was walking away. A sudden look, as though of recognition, and he walked quickly, unhesitatingly toward a rather well dressed man who was carrying a small valise up the stairway. He overtook him at the top of the stairs and laid his hand on the shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

The thief was found.

"Why, my! Was I ever smart!

How did the detective know him? That is a simple question to answer. Natural instinct of an order unknown to human psychology is what makes the detective. A fox hound has it and makes the dog hunt from and find them and such men who are other dogs would fail impotently or through lack of effort. At this instinct was lacking in the man he would be no detective. He would not only lack ability in that calling, but would have no disposition to go into the business.

This instinct which keeps him into his distinctive and often perilous calling is developed by experience and observation and constant study until it becomes almost a supernatural sense. He knows a thief when he sees him, it is for the first time. It sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it has been proved hundreds of times.

Physiognomy has something to do with it. But of the thousands of the thieves and drifters of the swinging rabble, a quick perception of tiny details which lead suspicion, a supersensitiveness to it hints of circumstance, all go to make the professional detective. Of these, but the most powerful element of all, and that which all error led to endeavor, is the mysterious sort of animal magnetism which tells a detective—a genuine detective—that a thief is a thief.

The man who was arrested in the Grand Central depot was afterward proved to be a professional pickpocket. He made a bold front when the detectives asked him for a number of questions and became highly indignant before the cause of his detention was told. This is the mistake which nearly every pilfer thief makes. The countryman's wallet was found on him, and witnesses remembered having seen the thief walk out of the crowd and pick up his value just before the cry of robbery was raised. They would never have remembered the circumstance if the detective had not stopped the thief as he was escaping.

HOW A THIEF IS FOUND OUT.

"How do I pick out a thief?" said one of the cleverest detectives in police headquarters in response to a question. "Well, there's a whole lot of things that help a man to pick out a thief. But it's hard to put up in words what they are. Any fly copper will tell you that there is something characteristic about the appearance of every thief. And it's only good sense to believe it.

"If a man spends his whole time studying thieves—as, hands and heads, he's bound to—he is doing down pretty fast if he has—ing of a head on him. I don't say—at you can pick a lop-sided—a man or a humbo sharp—nor of a crowd because he's a mighty smart man, and his whole business is to study people by his appearance and manner; but you take a pickpocket or 'mark,' and you can get on to him in a crowd nearly every time, provided, of course, that you've got every reason to believe that there is such a man in the crowd and you're looking for him.

"There's something about the eyes particularly that every common thief I ever saw had. They they nearly all have a disguised look. That's because they're nearly all disguised. A thief will run chances of getting ten years to get money, and then will go and spend it as if had a million. I never knew a common thief that didn't have some bad habit besides stealing. Half of em drink, or pipe or take drugs in some form; a good many are 'hoodlums,' and most of them are the victims of some worse depravity."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wit and Humor.

Man (looking up from paper)—John, what does "tar" stand for?

John (getting over his lesson in geography)—Louisiana, sir.

Man—Well, this "Louisiana grip" seems to be an epidemic.—Harper's Bazar.

Willing to Do Anything.

Miss—I'm afraid I can't marry you. Mamma is such a horribly common person.

He (eagerly)—I'll get it changed!

Miss—But your hair is so horribly red.

He (determinedly)—I'll get it dyed!

Miss—And your eyes are decidedly green.

He (frantically)—I'll go out and get them stolen!—Lippincott.

What Glycerine Really Is.

Owing to a popular misconception this substance whose uses are so manifold is believed to have been called "glycerine" while it really contains no trace whatever in its composition. It resembles rather a number of hard-eared balls strung together by a sort of gum. Chemically it consists of a base of glycerine combined by phosphate of lime, the latter being present in very small quantity. It takes the place of bones in certain species of whales, especially the Greenland and northern whale.

A full grown Greenland whale yields about a ton of the substance. The whaling vessels usually bring in a cargo of ten or twelve thousand, but sometimes, if the voyage is long, the sailors have time to strip off each blade and divest it of its bone. In preparing them for use the blades are cleaned and softened by boiling for twenty-four hours, when the bones are tied in large wooden vises and shaved into the required sizes.

These shaves or strips are dried smooth by steel scrapers and polished with either emery or dry quicklime. Besides its original usage in stiffening corsets and the whalebone of ladies' dresses, whalebone or baleen is employed in making walking sticks, umbrella handles, covering telescopes and whip handles, and even making some kinds of artificial flowers. The fibers detached in slicing the blades are used instead of horsehair in cheap brushes and sometimes instead of hair in stuffing mattresses.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Curiosity Paper from Oats.

One of the greatest social puzzles to European strangers in San Francisco is to classify our women by their locks and dress. The avenue globe-trotter falls utterly to distinguish the Four Hundred from the 100,000.

A startling case of the nobility of the European tourist was related the other night in a prominent club by a well visitor from across the herring pond.

"Decently queer girls you have in San Francisco," said the loyal subject of Victoria.

"How so?"

"I was out in Duck this morning, and I know and have seen a deuced pretty and quaint looking girl in a bicycle up a hill, you know, and they looked so jolly and innocent that I couldn't help remarking, 'Very based work, ladies,' and what do you think was the reply?"

"What?"

"Yes, lovely hard work, really, and, 'pon my!"

"Do you think they were respectable girls?" asked the puzzled tourist.

"Oh, certainly. No doubt of it. Regular upper crust. In fact the style that takes the whole cheery, as you might say, when they go out."

The observant globe trotter made a note of the incident, and it will doubtless appear in due time in book form under the heading, "Eccentricities of the San Francisco Aristocracy."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Ancient Laws and Lawmakers.

In ancient days nobody but a lord was deemed worthy to establish rules of conduct for the people, and very crude rules they were too. The Greeks at the time of the Trojan war, the Jews, the Irish and the Anglo Saxons placed a money value on every crime which man committed. Thus it was about $5,000 of our money to murder a king and only $1.00 to kill a peasant. If the fine was not paid, then the friends of the king or the peasant fell on the murderer and killed him. If one man wounded another's cow he had to pay for it. Such were the laws of the Gods, but as civilization advanced and the common people began to take in legislative assemblies, criminal jurisprudence took on dignity and wisdom. Now we have good laws and virtuous lawmakers, as a general thing, but we still maintain the notion that a lord is better than anybody else.—Cleveland Leader.

In the Wilderness.

An Englishman traveling through the wilds of British Columbia waxes facetious about the appetites of himself and his companions. Plenty of hard work in the open air is well known to be a pretty good prescription for dyspepsia, and so it proved in the present case.

He says: "Jim was an invalid when he came out, and will professed to be dieting himself with great strictness under a set of rules laid down by his medical adviser. For a long time we tried in vain to detect from his behavior what those rules might be, and at last we have discovered them.

"Eat whatever you fancy; it is the only safe rule. Drink whatever you like, as long as it is the best. Do both every time you get a chance."

Cigars Six Feet Long.

Some large cigars have been made for trade advertisement purposes, much too unwieldy to smoke, although composed of the best materials. In Mexico it is a common practice for tobacconists to exhibit in their windows large specimens for this purpose. Some are six feet in length, ranging in diameter from six inches, enlarged models of the best brands made in the island.—Boston Globe.

Not All English.

Little Miss Warwick—Is your butler English?

Little Miss Highupp—No, but his clothes is.—New York Weekly.

Energy Almost Inexhaustible.

It has been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which fills all space there are locked up 10,000 foot tons of energy which have hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man is a task which awaits the statesman of the future. The latest researches give well founded hope that this vast storehouse of power is not hopelessly inaccessible.—Science.

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HISTORY OF THE BANNOCK STAKE

The History of the Bannock Stake, compiled by Andrew Jenson, and lately published in the DESERET WEEKLY, has now been issued in pamphlet form, and can now be had at the DESERET NEWS office at 25 cents per copy. 182

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