

IS HAPPIER ON THE FARM

Condition of Country Boy Compared Most Favorably With That of His City Cousin.

Do not ever believe, you boys on the farm, that the city boy has all of the good times going. In many ways, he has a rocky road to hoe.

One of the big men of the Chicago university, who makes a study of the condition of boys in the cities, says the country boy, if he has the chance of an education and lives in a good home, has a dead better time than the fat-bred, steam-heated city boy.

The city boy has no opportunity to bring in the wood, with the cows, gather nuts or go out in the woods. The city is mean to him. He seldom puts his foot on the ground because it is all covered up with stones and cement.

He has no neighbors, for people move every year, and sometimes offend, so what's the use of getting acquainted? There are no real homes in the city—not like the homes of the country, where people live in one place for years and grow up with their relatives and neighbors around them, and where the ties of friendship are strong and satisfying.

If the city boy lets out a yell or plays ball in the streets or swipes an apple, the police are down on him in a moment.

The country boy can whoop, whistle and sing as much as he pleases, and occasionally he strays into a neighbor's orchard and comes out in a fit of absent-mindedness with a melon under his arm or a dozen apples inside his shirt, and he is not arrested! Generally he is invited to help himself and come again, if the neighbor sees him.

In the city everybody is against the boy. The people upstairs complain to the janitor that he makes too much noise; he is not allowed to sit on the doorstep, and so he drifts into crowds of bad boys around the corner who are not allowed to do the things that every healthy, well-ordered boy wants to do.

On the street cars he is herded like sheep, and if he does not keep in line on the streets he is poked in the ribs by a club and shoved about.

The average, healthy, vigorous country boy with ambition to do something that will count in the world can find plenty of room on the farm and have all the fun he wants doing it. Stick!—Exchange.

Difference in Bones.

A wealthy man, well known for his extreme stinginess, drove up hurriedly in his carriage to the door of a celebrated doctor. He was in a state of acute discomfort and fear, from the simple fact that at the moment a piece of fish bone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat. The doctor removed the dangerous obstacle, and the gentleman breathed freely.

"Thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "I'll never eat salmon again—never! And with what ease you removed it! A mere minute's operation, was it not? How much—a what is your fee?"

"Half a guinea," replied the doctor. "Half a guinea!" exclaimed the man. "For half a minute's work? Impossible!"

"But—consider for a moment," said the doctor. "It's a salmon bone!"

"What has that to do with it?" "Oh, a great deal," replied the doctor. "Had it been halibut or fresh haddock, I should have charged less—perhaps five shillings. For codfish or eels, two-and-six would have been ample payment. Mackerel, two shillings. While a red herring bone I might even have removed free of charge. But salmon! Well, really sir, one has to pay for these luxuries."

And his patient paid.—London Telegraph.

Names Babies by Lottery.

Choosing a name for a new baby is always a matter of anxious consideration; but in certain lands the anxiety has been minimized by the laying down of the rules to guide the choice.

The Mohammedans, for example, write five names on slips of paper and place them in the Koran. One slip is drawn out, and the name written thereon is bestowed upon the baby.

With the Egyptians three lighted candles are taken and named—one name always being of Biblical character—and the candle which burns the longest determines the child's name. The Hindus allow the mother to name a baby when it is twelve days old, but if the father does not like the chosen name he selects another. Then the two names are written on slips of paper and held over a lighted lamp, that which burns the brighter being the name finally adopted.

In China girl babies are considered not worth naming and are simply numbered in order of birth. Chinese boys are named until they are twenty, when they receive fresh names specially chosen by their fathers.

Coast Defense for Chile.

A preliminary contract involving two million dollars has been signed between Chile and the Bethlehem Steel company, by which the latter is to furnish coast defense guns for the South American nation. This is looked upon as the precursor of larger orders, as Chile has an extensive seacoast and many harbors.

It is of interest that the contract was obtained in competition with the Armstrongs of England, the Kruppss of Germany and the Creusots of France. The American company won both in price and in the quality of guns and shells to be supplied.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IS DONE WITH EUROPE

CAPITALIST TELLS WHY HE PREFERS "GOD'S OWN COUNTRY."

Something of a Moral in This Story of a Modern Promoter Who Was Asked Questions That Seemed Impertinent.

The capitalist, as the customs officer rummaged in his steamer trunk, chewed the end of his cigar viciously.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I'm glad to be back in God's own country again."

"How did you make out, cap, with that scheme of yours ever there?" a financial editor asked.

The capitalist turned a deep red. He swelled and stiffened. He seemed to burst.

"Blankety blank!" he roared. "Asterisks and dashes! Wait till I tell you!"

"I put up in Paris at the Bristol in the Place Vendôme—the hotel of kings, you know—and I spent money right, less in making my scheme known. I announced a capitalization of a hundred million francs—that's twenty millions in our money."

"Well, the government got after you. They asked me the most ridiculous and impudent questions about assets and all that. They actually wanted me to show that I had a business and a plant and a stock the full value of capitalization!"

The capitalist was seized with another spasm of profanity. "Blankety, blank blank!" Blankety.

"Do you know what the law is in France?" he shouted. "Why, in France, you can't capitalize a concern for more than its worth. So, of course, my scheme fell through. Watering stocks is forbidden by law over there. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Why, the organizers of our steel trusts and railroad mergers and so forth would be, if they lived in France!"

He laughed with bitterness and scorn.

"If they lived in France, they'd all be in jail!"

He took a deep breath. He now seemed a little calmer.

"So here I am," he said, "back in God's own country again. Back in the land of the free. Here, thank goodness, we haven't got a meddling, interfering government betting in on our private affairs insisting that the public must have solid value for every share of stock bought, the same as if it was buying a house or a suit of clothes. Bank paternalism—that's what I call it. And we want none of it here."

"No, street! We want none of it in God's own country," the capitalist ended. "And now I'll bid you good day. Did I tell you I had an option on the Oil City and the Carbondale for two million apiece? I expect to merge 'em—total cost four millions—and then to capitalize 'em for thirty million. Twenty-six millions of profit. How 'it that!"—Los Angeles Times.

Salad to Match Your Gown.

Prompted by a sense of the harmonious in color schemes, the makers of the carte du jour have inserted an item on the menu known as orchid salad, which has the merit of blending delightfully with gowns of green or yellow. Of course, it would be bourgeois in the extreme were it to protest when his check shows that this most recent gastronomic creation costs \$2 a pound. Here is a tidbit which has evoked a charmed exclamation from man's wife, whose draperies are just the proper shade of green!

The dish takes its name from the fact that the leaves are constructed like those of the orchid. The plant is native to Italy, but two Long Islanders have undertaken to supply the fruiterers.—New York Evening Sun.

How to Avoid Lightning.

The annual loss of life by lightning in the United States is less than three hundred and the average damage to property is about one million five hundred thousand dollars, according to Prof John Zeleny of Minnesota university.

The following rules to prevent losing life by lightning were given by the professor:

Do not stand near metal pipes. Keep away from the open fireplace. Do not stand near a building or a telegraph pole.

A gun, fishing rod or umbrella are dangerous.

Avoid isolated trees.

Keep away from elm, oak, poplar or ash trees as they are most likely to be struck.

Buying Him Cigars.

President Hadley of Yale at the Carnegie Foundation's recent luncheon in New York said of a certain charge:

"Such a charge indicates ignorance—hilarious ignorance. It reminds me of the young lady who desired to buy a box of cigars for her fiancé's Christmas."

"This young lady, entering the most fashionable tobacconist's on Fifth avenue, said:

"I want to get a box of cigars for a tall, slender man with blue eyes and a pale brown mustache—my fiancé, in fact. Now, George wears dark colors usually, and I suppose a long, black cigar would suit him best, don't you think?"

Earthquake Observatory at Victoria.

A seismological observatory is to be built at Victoria, British Columbia. The dominion government has appropriated \$2,000 for this purpose.

MOTHER CAT SAVED KITTEN

Wise Animal Took Precautions That Prevented Execution of Sentence of Excommunication.

If the house cat does not actually enter into the family conversations, there is no question in the minds of a North side family that their cat keeps in touch with family affairs as discussed by the members. This cat had four kittens recently and one by one they disappeared until but one was left.

As the wife was going out one evening she said to her husband: "I wish you would pick that kitten up and drop it some place where it won't find its way back."

Almost immediately the old cat commenced trying to coax her offspring to go with her but the little one was not "wise" and insisted on staying at home. The old cat, therefore, did not go away that night as was her custom, but lay down on the porch with her front paws around the kitten. The husband did not have the heart to drag the young one from its mother and it therefore remained.

A few days later the wife and daughter started on a week's vacation, and again the husband was instructed about the kitten, which was to be lost during their absence. The husband came home that night with the firm determination of losing that kitten, but neither kitten nor old cat was anywhere to be found. Several times during the week the old cat came back for something to eat, but nothing was seen of the kitten.

Within an hour after the wife and daughter returned and while the husband was explaining that he had not seen the kitten all week, both cat and kitten came back, and at this time are still members of the family.—Columbus Dispatch.

Followed Instructions.

"President Mellens of the New Haven system allows neither wrecks nor investigations to dampen his humor."

The speaker was a Boston rail-roader. He continued:

"I made a pretty bad mistake last week but President Mellens, amid all his business worries, took my fault good naturedly. He just said I reminded him of a new brakeman on the Sunapee line."

"This brakeman, the first day out, had his duties explained by the conductor."

"You see, the conductor said, 'when I call a station's name—Concord, or Boston or what not—you must call the same at your end. Understand?'"

"Sure," said the brakeman. "Sure Mike, I understand."

"So they started off, and the first stop was Sunapee."

"Sunapee!" roared the conductor, as the train slowed down.

"An instant later, poking his head in at the rear door of the car the brakeman roared:

"Same at this end!"

Smoke Abatement in Glasgow.

The gas and electricity departments of a corporation in Glasgow, Scotland, are competing keenly in the exhibition of appliances for the reduction of smoke from furnaces and kitchen ranges. The electricity department has a complete electrically fitted restaurant, where all the cooking, the kitchen work, the cleaning, the heating and the lighting are effected by electric current. The gas department has a "gas equipped house," in which all the cooking and heating is done by gas fires, as well as many of the other operations in connection with housekeeping, and in which all the lighting is obtained from incandescent gas burners of different types.

The corporation is encouraging the reduction of smoke, not only by holding these periodical exhibitions, but also by lending gas cookers free to all the citizens. It has loaned 37,000 of these cookers since March 1. It is also supplying gas fires and the demand for these has been so great that it cannot be met without considerable delay.

Clear Case of Madness.

Louis Trosky of Ohio is a politician of considerable influence in his state. One evening, when he was in Washington, he was invited to dine at the home of John R. McLean, who dabbles in Ohio politics and costly tapestries.

Every time Mr. McLean hears of a tapestry sale in Europe he peels off a section of his bank roll, hands it to an agent, and tells him to blow it in on the hangings.

Trosky's appetite was very poor that night. Apparently he was in great physical pain or felt the gnawing clutch of a secret sorrow. When he got back to Ohio he made this mournful announcement:

"I've always heard that John R. McLean was a wise old guy. It's a mistake. That old fellow is as crazy as a loon. He took me in to dinner in a room where there was absolutely nothing on the floor, and all the carpets were hanging on the wall!"—Popular Magazine.

Envied the Candle.

A noted wit was at a dinner party in London one evening which lasted much longer than the usual affair of the kind. He was a great smoker, and he was hoping the ladies would withdraw so that he could enjoy his weed.

The hours advanced, but the hostess showed no sign of withdrawing. The candles had burned low, and one of them directly in front of the wit began to smoke.

"Oh, please, sir," said the hostess when she noticed the smoking candle, "will you be good enough to pat it out?"

"Happy candle," said the famous wit, extinguishing the smoking taper.

GUIDED BY THE STARS

HOW TIME IS REGULATED IN THE UNITED STATES.

Matter of Extreme Importance Has Been Brought to an Exact Solution by Wise Men in Government Employ.

Few people understand how time is accurately obtained and distributed throughout the country, says the Charleston News and Courier.

Every clear night the astronomers at the United States observatory, Washington, D. C., observe the transit of certain stars which are due to cross the meridian at a known time. The exact instant of their transit is recorded electrically by means of a chronograph, which also records the seconds from a sidereal clock. The difference between the time of the sidereal clock and the time the stars cross shows the error of the clock.

The time signals sent out each day are wholly automatic, and consist of a series of short marks produced on an open telegraphic circuit by the beats of a transmitting clock located in the observatory. The wires of the Western Union Telegraph company are used for the dissemination of these signals at noon (75th meridian) each day, for an interval of three and five minutes immediately preceding and ending exactly at noon.

For the country east of the Rocky mountains the signals are sent from the United States observatory at Washington, and for the country west of the Rocky mountains the signals are sent from the United States observatory at Mare Island navy yard, California. The entire series of signals sent from both of the observatories are graphically shown as they appear on a chronograph tape. The electric connections of the transmitting clock sending these signals are such as to omit certain seconds of each minute, as shown by the breaks in the record.

These enable any one who is listening to a telegraph instrument at any office that is cut into the circuit during the transmission of the signals to recognize the middle and beginning of each minute. At the fifty-ninth minute there is an interval of ten seconds, which is followed by the final noon signal.

At each office throughout the United States where time service is established there is a master clock installed for the purpose of transmitting hourly signals to the subsidiary clocks to keep them in perfect time.

At the present time, when scientific business methods make every fraction of a minute valuable, the value of the present system has become irreplaceable; so much so that a "time" connection is indispensable in nearly every place of business, as the variation of one minute frequently costs hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars.

Getting Sentence Correct.

Former Judge Peter S. Grosscup is responsible for this one, related at a dinner recently:

"Noah Webster had just completed his dictionary. After his strenuous labors he sought relaxation in a situation with his wife's household. This affair of the heart was conducted under most trying circumstances to Noah, for Mrs. Webster was constantly snooping about the house, so it was not to be wondered at that one day when Noah and the pretty servant were exchanging kisses, he walked Mrs. Webster.

"Why, Noah, I am surprised!" she exclaimed.

"The great lexicographer was startled, but his dignity did not desert him.

"Looking at his wife with a frown of disapproval, he said:

"My dear, you certainly merit a rebuke. Here you are, the wife of a dictionary maker, and yet when you entered the room just a moment ago you exclaimed, 'I am surprised.' My dear, I am the one who is surprised—you are astonished."

War.

"President Taft discussed gloriously the other day," said a Washingtonian, "the terrible Turkish war. He pointed out the awful horrors of the cholera. He said that war was an ugly, vile thing, and he would always regret the defeat of his arbitration plans."

"He said that, when he heard any talk about heroism or self-sacrifice in war, he always thought about Old Colonel Gore."

"Colonel Gore," a young lady once cried, "they tell me that in one of your battles an enemy died to save your life. Is that true?"

"Quite true, ma'am," said the colonel, stroking his great military moustache.

"Oh, how beautiful! How noble! Tell me how it happened, won't you?" said the young lady.

"Well, ma'am," said the colonel, "it happened like this. The enemy had his gun pressed against my temple, and I ran my bayonet through his stomach."

Both Hands Free.

At the suffrage luncheon in New York a woman electrician the other day showed Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont a model of a cradle that receds by electricity.

Mrs. Belmont, after examining the model with interest, smiled and said:

"This invention is of great value to woman—it leaves both her hands free for the carrying of suffrage banners and the distribution of suffrage literature."

FATTERED FOR THE TABLE

In Ireland Coffish Are Kept Cooked Until They Are in the Best of Condition.

At Logan, near the Mill of Galloway, there is a most interesting tidal fish pond. A race in the cliffs facing the Irish channel admits the salt water through a narrow fissure, protected by a grating, into a circular rock basin 20 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep.

The cliffs rise high around. Stone steps descend on one side to a ledge levelled into a path at the water's edge. No sooner does the visitor's footfall rattle on the stairs than the green water, like a motionless and apparently motionless, becomes peopled with large brown fish arising from the depths, gliding and darting about in a state of great excitement.

These are cod, which, caught on lines in the sea, have been transferred to this pond to be fattened for the table. They are fed daily by the keeper, and experience has taught them to connect the sound of footsteps with their meal-time.

Formerly a chopper used to be rung to summon them, but this was no more than a trick of the stage. The footfall on the stone is quite enough to awaken them to activity. Most of the cod, being deep-water fish, become totally blind to captivity from excess of light; but they become so tame and accustomed to their keeper as not only to feed out of his hand, but some of them allow themselves to be lifted out of the water. One may witness the strange sight of a huge cod, more than four feet long, dangling on the knee of a baby, his mouth stuffed with mussels and kumpea, after which he is returned to the water with a mighty splash. On the table these fish, thus tamed and fed, prove much better than fish brought straight from the open sea.

Carrying Umbrellas.

Because of the tremendous wages of waiters and the number of customers in that material that are being made up, the waiter-carrying umbrella has come into being. Made on a slender but substantial frame, which holds closed and covered when closed and opened as if a walking stick of robust iron frame to top. A solid silver mounting plate caps the handle, which, but inches down its length, is ornamented with a double ring of silver.

Decided colors are now the smart thing in silk umbrellas. All the fashionable shades of purple, blue, maroon and the new reds are in demand for spreads, which are mounted upon frames that give dignity about a slender stick and prove the convenience of the appearance of a silver cane.

The fashionable find is to procure a unique handle for the umbrella that is carried with the tailored walking suits, and while some of the effects are artistic, others are actually bizarre. Among the latter are the cat, parrot and monkey heads in natural colors and with jewels for eyes. In the former class are all manner of beautifully carved handles of rare woods and ivory, and when money is not an object of jade amber, rock crystal or solid silver and gold.

Harassing the Sun.

Old Sol himself is harassed to the world's work. Heat is collected by passing water through a glass covered heater exposed to the sun's rays. The heated water is stored in a well insulated tank and drawn off to circulate around a sulphur dioxide boiler, then, after giving up its heat, is again passed through the heater. It was calculated that in latitude 34 degrees a square foot of water surface would make up about 22,000 thermal units in a June day and about 1,500 in a December day.

Using two heaters, sections exposing 1,500 square feet to the sun, the heat collected was made to run a twenty-horse-power sulphur dioxide engine, and at times developed about fifteen horse-power with a better prospect of the record, Mr. Willho has found the cost per horse-power at the solar power plant to be about \$150, or more than four times the cost of a steam power plant. He makes due allowance for this difference in first investment and concludes that in a favorable region, like California, sun power can compete in cost with steam power.

Police Powers to a Street.

Reverend Mrs. Hoop of Philadelphia met with discourteous treatment at some of the houses at which she called as a nurse, the city council passed an ordinance giving her all the powers of a policeman, and she was sworn in a few days ago.

Before she was given authority to carry a mace and pistol and make arrests she was required to make oath and that she had not engaged in dueling since 1883 and to promise not to take part in duels either as principal or second. The oath as to duels is required by the state legislature of all public officers when governor dies.

Well Trained.

Has (sighs)—What! More money? When I'm dead you'll probably have to beg for all the money you get.

With (sighs)—Well, I'll be better off than some poor women who never had any practice.

Smoothing It Quietly.

"When have you done it last?" "This is Ed Van Winkle. He just came up."

"Why didn't you say anything?" "Well, we're getting him on the women's styles gradually you know."

UNCLE SI, DIPLOMATIST

GOOD MAN'S METHOD OF DEALING WITH HARD SITUATION.

Unusual Doings in Meeting House Yard Turned to Financial Account by Elder Who Was Not Superstitious.

"Wall," said Uncle Si, as he took his accustomed place on the pickle barrel, "we had a high-falutin, lawn party up tew the meetin' house at Lapham's Corners last night. There was sure a heap of folk ther, and the way they carried on seemed to me wasn't exactly in place in the meetin' house yard," said Uncle Si, looking pious and thoughtful.

"Tell us about it," said Hiram, helping himself to another cracker from the open barrel near by.

"Wall, it was jest this a-way. In the first place a party of city folks come down from up the hill—we could see at once that they was going to run things to suit themselves. If they hadn't a-bought a lot of peanuts, ice cream and lemonade, we'd have broke up the jamboree right ther and let 'em go home. The first thing they done was to start a Virginia reel, which I reckon is an imitation of how a person acts when he has got full of Virginia corn juice. Us country folks was gathered around in the corners of the lawn and says nothin'—at least, not so as the city folks could hear. We thought they'd gone far enough with the Virginia tramping, but we found we was plum mistaken.

"Some female says, says she, 'Let's chase the turkey around this lawn.' Wall, there wasn't any turkey, but there was some of the worst doin's that was ever seen in Lapham's Corners. I bein' the elder, the members of the meetin' house rix up unanimous and told me I'd got to stop them fireworks. After knocking a nearby table, in order to bring silence, I spoke something like this: 'Brethern and sistern, this yer is in the meetin' house yard. Such goin's on as has happened here tonight has disgraced us all, and to make our consciences easy I shall take all the money we've rize here tonight and raise the insurance on the meetin' house. I ain't superstitious, but I don't believe no building could stand to see what's went on here tonight without either burnin' up or gettin' struck by lightnin' or havin' coffee spilt on the vestry carpet. I hope you will now all go home and come again to the next lawn party we have and be enthusiastic as ye was at this one.'

"Wall," said Si, "the crowd they went home, and I guess they was ashamed of themselves."

"Wall," said Lem Beacher, who occupied the only chair in the grocery store, "I never did believe in them exctin' ways to make money for the meetin' house. It's much better to take up collections now and then, get along with the old meetin' house."

"To that all the bysitters answered: 'You're right, Lem,'" and Uncle Si bought his groceries, consisting of a package of tobacco, and went home to do the chores.—Judge.

Protection for Armenians. In a news letter from Jerusalem, printed in The Living Church (Milwaukee), information is given of additional massacres of Armenians in Kurdistan last summer which have hardly been reported in this country. In this connection The Living Church says editorially: "One feels that in the final settlement of questions between the Turk and Christendom, this matter of protection to Armenians ought to be included. True, the Balkan states themselves can hardly claim to extend their protectorate over these persecuted Asiatic Christians. They have no common bonds of race or even of communion with Armenians as they have between themselves and Macedonians and Albanians. Here is one belated thing that the powers can yet do, before the Turk receives his clean bill of health. They are bound by their treaties to guarantee safety to Armenians, and these afflicted people have no cousins who can arise and do for them what the Balkan states have done for Christians in European Turkey."

Writing for Posterity. A story about George Bernard Shaw comes from London.

A prominent French critic, the story runs, once said to the playwright: "You are putting on a new comedy Monday night. Let me attend one of the dress rehearsals, won't you?"

"Impossible," said Mr. Shaw. "My dress rehearsals are always private. I have to refuse even the most distinguished critics access to them."

"But," said the other, "I want to write a careful criticism. If I have to write it and telegraph it in a few minutes on Monday night, it will be very hurriedly done, and I fear that it will give a wrong impression of your comedy in Paris the next day."

"Have no anxiety on that score," Mr. Shaw replied. "My comedies are not written for the next day."

Used Legs in Praying. An interested spectator at the Confederate unveiling and a most interesting character was Mack Stevens of Madisonville, says the Princeton Leader.

It was he who during war times was condemned to be shot; the grave had been dug on Hogan's hill and the soldiers lined up. Stevens asked for permission to pray, and it was granted him. Leaning on a fence he suddenly vaulted it and made good his escape, although 15 or 20 shots were fired at him.