

BE FRIEND OF THE CHILD

Father Should Allow the Little One Some Choice and Permit Individuality to Develop.

In a brief, but praiseworthy article in Lippincott's, Jane Belfield pointed out some things which it would be well for every parent to ponder.

"The father does not pause to consider that a respect on both sides for the individuality of each is the requisite condition of friendship," said Mrs. Belfield.

"As a matter of fact, the child whose play with the fire has been unobtrusively supervised, not arbitrarily prohibited, is the least likely to be fatally burnt.

LEARNING TO LIKE POETRY

Dean of Salisbury Points Out the Way in Which a Taste for It May Be Cultivated.

"I have no patience," said the dean of Salisbury, in a recent address, "with people who ostentatiously say they do not care for some of the loftiest products of the human mind.

"But how? Choose a poet who is generally acknowledged to be a true poet, the speaker went on to say, and then every day, even if it be but for five minutes, read a page carefully, noting every suggestive word and visualizing every scene."

Good Ideas for Wood Fires.

"Curious ideas some people have of patents," a New York coal dealer said. "A man came in here the other day and wanted to know if we ever heard of boring holes in the logs we sell for open wood fires, because, he said, if the idea was new he was going to get a patent on it.

"I asked him what might be the use of boring holes in the logs; to hang them up? He said every one liked to see the blaze in an open wood fire and when it got low they poked it or put on fresh logs just to see some more flame.

The Shapely Back.

It is only within comparatively recent years, says the London Daily Sketch, that women have come to realize the importance of the back view.

Sensitive Thespian.

"Where is the leading man?" demanded the excited manager after the first act.

The Difference.

Mr. Courtney—Mrs. Blueblood is a regal looking woman. She has such a fine carriage.

COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY

She Comes for Study, Business and Amusement, and Can't Be Left Out of the Social Reckoning.

She comes so generously, so eagerly, with such diverse purposes, and with such persistent, if seemingly intermittent regularity, that it is impossible to leave her out of any serious social reckoning.

She comes to study music, medicine, millinery, art, archery, astrology, agriculture, stenography, sculpture, the dance and the drama, hygiene and handicrafts, osteopathy and the art of conversation, journalism, theology, almost any and everything one can imagine.

The teachers of art, music, commercial branches, all the thousand things she studies, welcome her eagerly. So do the more jaded co-workers to whose custom-dulled perceptions she restores a sharper edge.

But the abnormal or subnormal girl from the small town, the girl who, perhaps, motherless, perhaps carelessly reared, perhaps the victim of innocent ignorance or sudden family disaster, faces metropolitan conditions less ably.

SHE GOT CHRISTMAS MONEY

How Bill's Poor Wife Caught Him in a Saloon and Obtained a Generous Contribution.

Now, this is a true story. Bill is known everywhere as a "good fellow." He has his faults, but his heart is in the right place—that's what everybody says.

One evening five or six good fellows were sitting in the back room of a downtown saloon, and Bill was telling a story. A woman entered. She had a dark shawl over her head and she couldn't see her face, but she came directly to our table.

And the woman? Oh, that was Bill's wife. We found out later that that was about the only way she could ever get any money out of him—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Another Methuselah.

In an ancient burying ground at Germantown, Pa., there is a stone, standing over a grave, on which is inscribed: "In memory of Adam Shisler, who departed this life December the 23, 1777. Aged 989 years."

"The Cloister and the Hearth."

The variety of life, the vigor of action, the straightforward and easy mastery displayed at every step in every stage of the action, would of themselves be enough to place "The Cloister and the Hearth" among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative; while its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardor and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its pathos, the frequent passion of its pathos are qualities in which no other tale of adventure so stirring and incident so inexhaustible can pretend to a moment's comparison with it unless we are foolish enough to risk a reference to the name of Scott.—Swinburne.

Value of Education.

Mrs. Oatcake—Did your darter learn anything up law board'n school?

WINDY MOVING PICTURES

If They Were Taken When the Air Was Still They Would Look Absolutely Dead.

"What makes the wind blow so much in the moving pictures?" The question is asked by almost every one who has been bitten by the bug of the moving picture show.

A moving picture man solved the problem. "That's easy," he replied in answer to a query. "If the pictures were taken when the air was perfectly still, then if the living characters happened to be still also the picture would be as dead looking as a 35-cent chromo of 'Twilight.'"

THEY HAD TO BE SCOLDED

Teacher Made Chinese Boys Fight, That Being Only Fault She Knew How to Correct.

The doctor who tried to throw all his patients into fits because that was the only thing he knew how to cure, has his counterpart in the young Sunday-school teacher who was transferred to the Chinese quarter from an Irish neighborhood where fighting was about the only original sin she had been called upon to rebuke.

Longevous Geese.

Geese will live to a great age, and some few years ago I came across a very venerable goose (male or female I cannot now say) in Westmoreland in unexpected circumstances.

Children and Money.

My father was a minister with six children, says a writer in the Christian Herald. My mother was ready to enter college with her brothers before the day of the woman's college. Now that I have children of my own, I am thankful for the thoughtful training which we six children had.

The Bill of Rights.

The Bill of Rights in English history is the declaration made by the Lords and Commons to the Prince and Princess of Orange on February 12, 1689, in an act setting forth "the rights and liberties of the subject, and settling the succession of the crown."

A Taste of It.

Noted Anarchist (explaining his belief to fellow passengers on western railway train)—Ve vant all laws banished from the statute books. Ve vant every citizen to do as he please.

A Surgical Operation.

"They are criticizing the methods in the schools all around. They criticize among other things dividing the children into sections."

HOW SHE WAS SQUELCHED

English Traveler Tells of His Silencing of Obnoxious Woman on the Atlantic Liner.

He was an English world traveler, and he had written a book, but there was a certain dame he had never forgotten. He had met her on a voyage from New York to Liverpool. Said he:

"She became obnoxious from the moment we put out to sea. Her constant references to her husband, Cyrus, who had made his pile very quickly—too quickly for the lady to do more than buy fine feathers for the adornment of a very ordinary bird—were nauseating. I shouldn't have cared if she hadn't sat at my table—right opposite me.

"The mutton was brought on as we were nearing England. It was cut in generous slices—and very delicious. 'Why,' she said, cutting into a slice, 'this mutton is too thick. Cyrus cuts mutton thin as a wafer.'"

"No one paid any attention, apparently, but I heard—and was disgusted. She repeated: 'Cyrus cuts mutton thin as a wafer. Cyrus cuts mutton thin as a wafer; so many times that I could stand it no longer. Such ignorance needed to be dealt with. I leaned forward, looked her squarely in the eye, and then said, deliberately: 'Madam, in England—mutton is cut thick.' And she didn't mention Cyrus again."

DON'T NEED WALKING STICK

Americans Do Not Often Carry It, but Is a Matter Purely of Personal Choice.

Now that we are reminded of it, we realize that the great American people are seldom seen to possess a walking stick. "It's a small thing," writes an essayist in a morning paper, "the absence of the walking stick, but it belongs to the American motto, never, in the hustle of life, carry unnecessary cargo."

The idea is, of course, fantastic with the fantasy of transpontine common sense. The hustle of life surely extends to travel in the case of a nation which would consider itself degraded if it spent longer than a week in a complete journey through Europe; and when Americans travel they are the last to deny themselves the luxury of an extra bit of luggage because it happens to be unnecessary. It is common knowledge that they go on loading the liner trunks until the company's officials say "Stop," if only to collect so many more steamship and hotel labels to add to their already bloated store of these trophies.

Traditions of Mother Shipton.

Of all British prophets, Mother Shipton is beyond doubt the most celebrated. She was, in fact, all that a prophet and witch should be, in strange contrast to the serious and scientific nostradamus. The day she was born the sky became dark and gloomy and, according to her biographer, "beheld out nothing for half an hour but flames, thundering after a most hideous manner."

Trees of Liberty.

The last of the Trees of Liberty, several of which were planted in Paris to commemorate the revolution in 1848, is no more. The little tree, planted with much ceremony, flourished and became one of the tallest in Paris. Of later years the Tree of Liberty was only a tree of liberty in theory; for it was really a prisoner surrounded by horses, and these year after year have increased in height, making the struggle of the tree the harder, and death has been the conqueror.

Conclusive.

"Why do you say he made a bald statement of fact?" "Because it was proved that he told the truth and everybody could see there was no hair on the top of his head."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOGS

Famous Author Was Especially Fond of These and His Other Pets at Abbotsford.

One of my pleasant recollections is that of seeing Sir Walter Scott out on a stroll with his dogs; the scene being in the neighborhood of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1824, while as yet the gloom of misfortune had not clouded the mind of the great man.

Scott's fondness for animals has perhaps never been sufficiently acknowledged. It was with him a kind of second nature, and appears to have been implanted when as a child he was sent on a visit to the house of his grandfather, Robert Scott, at Sandymouth, in the neighborhood of Dryburgh. Here, amid flocks of sheep and lambs, talked to and fondled by shepherds and ewe milkers, and reveling with colts, he was impressed with a degree of affectionate feeling for animals which lasted through life.

A subsequent visit to Sandymouth, when his grandfather had passed away, and the farm operations were administered by "Uncle Thomas," he was provided with a Shetland pony to ride upon. The pony was little larger than many a Newfoundland dog. It walked freely into the house and was regularly fed from the boy's hand. He soon learned to ride the little pony well, and often alarmed "Aunt Jenny" by cantering over the rough places in the neighborhood. Such were the beginnings of Scott's intercourse with animals. Growing up, there was something extraordinary in his attachment to his dogs, his horses, his ponies and his cats: all of which were treated by him, each in its own sphere, as agreeable companions, and which were attached to him in turn.—W. Chambers.

ORIGIN OF OUR CALENDAR

Story of the Year and Its Days, as Now Constituted, Told Once More.

The Julian year consists of 365 1/4 days and exceeded by 11 minutes 14 3/4 seconds the solar year of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 46 seconds. In consequence of this, the equinox in the course of a few centuries fell back considerably. In the time of Julius Caesar, it corresponded to March 25, and by the sixteenth century it had retrograded to March 11. It was at this time that a physician of Verona named Ghiraldi proposed a plan for amending the calendar. He died before he had opportunity to carry it forward, but his brother presented it to Pope Gregory XIII, who assembled a number of learned men to discuss it.

The reform of the Gregorian or new Julian year, as it is called, consisted in dropping ten days after October 4, 1582, so that the 15th was reckoned immediately after the 4th. Every one hundredth year, which, by the old style was a leap year, was to be a common year, except that 1600 was to remain a leap year, but 1700, 1800 and 1900 were not to be reckoned as such, while 2000 was to be reckoned.

Greenwich Time.

Standard time has been so long in use everywhere in the United States that most people appear to have forgotten, if they ever knew, that it was based upon the time at Greenwich. The hour divisions were so arranged that New York, or eastern time, is exactly five hours behind London; central time is six hours behind London, and so on. The tendency is evidently almost universally to accept the Greenwich, meridian as the starting point, and to base all calculations of time on it.

Hoops for Children.

The opinion is expressed by men who have made a study of exercises for health, that it is a pity the skipping-ropes and hoops have gone out of fashion for children.

It is suggested they are more excellent mediums for the physical development than bicycles and roller skates. The fact that small children are allowed to have bicycles, and consequently make no use of nature's means of progression, is offered as an objection to them.

The skipping-rope and hoop require them to run and walk. Young children should be encouraged to do this as much as possible, and always with a springy step. They need to use their feet and legs, and exercise that brings these into play is beneficial.

FARM HOUSE UP IN ICELAND

Typical Structure of Turf in the Guest Room of Which Was an Organ Made in Vermont.

The guest room contained a narrow bed, a big round table and an organ made in Brattleboro, Vt. Our host produced the usual box of snuff, and with it a box of good cigars.

The host and hostess then showed us all over the house. It is a turf structure and is typical of the older farm houses, with narrow, dark, windowless corridors, in labyrinthine maze from room to room. One passageway leads to a large open mound where a fire is made to smoke meat and fish, and incidentally the whole house and everything in it. Another passage leads to another kitchen with a modern stove. The walls are all of turf, as is the roof, with just enough driftwood in the roof to make a framework to hold it in place. Very steep stairs lead up to the badstofa, or sleeping apartment. The badstofa frequently forms the sitting and common work room of the family, especially in winter, as well as the sleeping room of the entire household.

Bunks built into the wall extend around the room and are often filled with seaweed or feathers, over which is thrown a fold or two of wadmal and a thick coverlet of elderdown. The floors are sometimes covered with boards, but more often consist of damp earth. From the ceiling are suspended numerous articles of domestic economy, while large chests containing clothing and valuables are scattered throughout the house.—Springfield Republican.

MILLINERY IN COURT ROOM

Modern Hats Conceal the Eyes of Women Witnesses, so They Must Be Taken Off.

When designing styles in hats possibly milliners do not consider that small minority of womanhood that is likely to appear in a law court. Judges, lawyers and women witnesses would appreciate it if they did.

"When a woman under suspicion takes the oath it is desirable to look her in the eye," said a lawyer, "but how can anybody look into the eye of a woman who has on a stylish hat? The court is in luck if he can see her mouth and the top of her nose. Also it offends the dignity of the court for a woman to remove her hat; consequently they flounder between the horns of a very serious dilemma. An order to tilt her hat back is also the precursor of difficulties, because the hat is clamped down with so many pins that it won't tilt.

"Still the eyes of a woman before the bar of justice must be looked at, and under repeated exhortations she reluctantly removes the pins, and shoves her hat back. But that pantomime results in waste of time and loss of temper all around. In order to obviate these evils it seems to me that milliners would better busy themselves designing a tipable hat for court-room wear.

Character of the Finger Nails.

It is said that there is as much character to be observed from a person's finger nails as from the owner's face. The following indications are stated as being fairly correct:

Those possessing long nails are good-natured and self-confident, but placing very little confidence in others. Broad nails are supposed to belong to those of a gentle, bashful disposition. Little round nails are the sign of a person who is seldom pleased, readily inclined to anger, spiteful, revengeful. Anyone with fleshy nails is said to be calm and easy-loving, fond of eating and sleeping, and who would prefer a small income without industry to much wealth to be acquired by activity and diligence. Pale to lead-colored nails belong to the melancholy person, but who would do well in all branches of science or philosophy. The long, well-shaped fibert nail indicates a refined and artistic nature, fondness for society and a great love of the beautiful.

Old Custom Survives.

Uckfield has just held its annual pea supper, a function which owes its origin to a practical joke. Fifteen years ago a plot of land belonging to a resident became, on account of its neglected state, such an eyesore to his fellow-townsmen that they took the matter into their own hands and dug it up.

Fletcher's Folly.

The late Levi Fletcher of Hollis left behind an automobile of his own manufacture that was known throughout the countryside as "Fletcher's folly." He was perhaps the first man in New England to start to perfect and build a power vehicle. The builder was handicapped by lack of means and tools, and as ordinary tires were used on the machine it was impossible to move it up the hills.—Kennebec Journal.