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 name to consider that a respect on both sides for the individuality of each is the requisits condition of friendship," said Mrs. Belfield. "He has expected his child to conform to his point of view, and its individuality has been threatened from the beginning. No same person chooses his oppressor for his friend. Having attained adolescence, the child escapes from the dominion of his parents as from bonds. Why should the colt remain in the pasture when the bars are down?

"But if the wise parent has begun early and allowed the child a choice of rattles; if he has remained vigilantly in the background and permitted his child to occupy the center of its own stage; if he has protected its play, not erdered it-for who can play to order?-and if he has seen that its work stalls in lines to which the child's temperament is native, then at the crucial period the youth will conduct himself as a self-directed individual, and not as a runaway slave.

"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. The boy whose finger is allowed to be harmlessly cut knows better than to play with knives. The parent in a position to point out the law and its violation. He is the child's ready sympathizer-not an instrument of irrelevant punishment."

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. If you have not, at present, a liking for poetry," added the dean, "then make

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." The important word in that advice is the word "carefully." Poetry must be read carefully or it were betterunread. Its beauties should be looked for, for the subtlest and sweetest beauties are not those that hit you in the eye. Read carefully and read honestly. Don't, for heaven's sake, make any pretense of enjoying something you do not enjoy or of seeing beauty that you do not see. Better far never read a line than to do that. But hunt for something that really appeals to you, and when you find it tie it to you and make it yours. if it is nothing more than a happy phrase. You will be surprise to find how quickly you will grow adept in the search for such beautiles, even as a schoolgirl grows adept in the search of four-leaf clovers or an archaeolegist in the search for flint arrowheads.-Current Literature.

Good Idea for Wood Fire. "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, be 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 legs just to see some more flame. If you bored an inch hole through the middle of a log and put it on the fire with the hole vertical it would form a kind of chimney, and you would have a cheerful little jet of fiame coming up through it until the log was completely burned away.

'I tried it when I got home that might. But the idea of asking for a patent on such a thing as a hole!"

The Shapely Back.

It is only within comparatively rement years, says the London Daily shetch, that women have come to realine the importance of the back view. Bernhardt insisted on having the backs of her gowns trimmed and it was counted an eccentricity. Many women are charming simply because the lines of their backs are good, while others get no credit for pretty faces because their backs are poorly shaped. One reason for dressing the back well is that people gaze at backs more than at faces. It is not permissible to do the latter, while nobody can object to the former.

Sensitive Thespian. "Where is the leading man?" demanded the excited manager after the first act. "He is too sensitive," responded the

comedian. "Too sensitive?" "Yes, he heard the steam pipes hissing and wouldn't go on."

The Difference. Mr. Courtley-Mrs. Blueblood is a fegai looking woman. She has such a hne carriage.

Mrs. Comeup—Humph! We have a motor car.

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. Broadway, State street, Broad street, all the great arteries of city life and traffic continually are crowded with her and her fellows. She comes looking for work as well as education. And, alsa, poor youngster, she also comes looking for amusement.

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. Many employers prefer her services for this very reason.

Socially, the normal girl from the small town is famous for her flourishing: Ready, piquant, intensely alive, vitally desirous of tasting life to the utmost, she comes, sees and conquers fresh social kingdoms yearly. She is popular and prominent in the clubs, the churches, the schools, the social settlements, the work of the Young Women's Christian association, the trade and craft organizations—all the

rich and varied life of the city. But the abnormal or subnormal girl from the small towns the girl who, perhaps, motherless, perhaps carelessly reared, perhaps the victim of innocent ignorance or sudden family disaster, faces metropolitan conditions less ably -ah! that's another tale.-The New Idea Woman's Magazine.

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. Nobody ever came to him for help and got turned down. He had a family; none of our crowd had ever seen his family, but we knew he must be good to them.

even though he never did appear to 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 we couldn't see her face but she came directly to our table. "Gentlemen." she said, "Christmas is coming, and I have nothing for the little ones. Can you

help?" Of course it was Bill who responded first. He jumped up and plunged his hand into his pocket. We could hear the rustle of bills, and we knew that something more than mere silver had found its way into the trembling hand. Bill was blushing when he came back to us. We were shamed into offering something, but he would have none of it. He seemed confused—a little ashamed of his charity-but he

go right on with his story. 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.

wouldn't let us help. And it was just

like Bill to change the subject and

Not Another Methuselah.

In an ancient burying ground at Germantown, Pa., there is a stone standing over a grace, on which is in scribed: "In memory of Adam Shisler, who departed this life December the 23, 1777. Aged 969 years." This inscription never fails to startle the stranger seeing it for the first time. who thinks, perhaps, it is the record of a latter-day Methuselah, but the fact in Shisler died when he was sixty-nine years old. The stone cutter got his instructions mixed, and he carved "96" as indicating the years Shisler had lived. Discovering his mistake, and possibly not willing to suffer loss of labor, he effaced the "9" with cement, and added another "9" after the "6," which would make the inscription read "69 years." After a time the cement dell away, and then the figures "969" were left to tell their misleading story.

"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 fiction, 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 humor. 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.-Swinborne.

Value of Education. Mrs. Oatcake-Did yore darter lara empthing up tew boardin' school? Mrs. Havrix-She shore did. She larn'd tew 'preciate th' kind uv board she gits tew home.

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. It is a fact that in every scene where there's half a chance of getting up a breeze it blows a tornado, or at least a brisk gale disports itself in the trees in the background and the skirts of the harassed heroine in the front.

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.' So a time is selected for photographing the scenes outside when the wind is playing old hob with things generally, trees swaying and skirts fluttering and hair flyinghaven't you ever noticed how much more effective a woman is when her hair is streaming behind her like the burgee on a racing yacht? Then, too, when everything's busy moving it looks like there's something doing all around.

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. All the formulas warranted to slay the fight microbes were known to her, but since Chinese boys have yet to learn that flats were made to fight with her one accomplishment lay fallow. Each lad, she was positive, was reeking with subtle Oriental wickedness, but that was much harder to tackle than the rampant Irish-American variety she had been used to. At last she managed to stir up a real fight between two Chinese youths, but before much damage had been done the mission superintendent interfered and rebuked her for allowing so much bad blood to come to a head.

"But what could I do?" she said, helplessly. "I just had to let them fight. They all needed to be scolded for something, and that is the only thing I knew how to correct them for.

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 Wesmoreland in unexpected circumstances. I was walking from Milnthorpe to Arnside. and at Ganaside found an acquaintance sitting on a seashore bench feeding a pet goose with biscuits steeped in ale. He told me that this goose had been in his family for over forty years and was partial to beer stout, and even gin. One of the most remarkable records of the longevity of goese with which I am-acquainted is to be found in an old book entitled "Travels in Scotland." by the Rev. James Hall, M. A., London, two volumes, 1907. On a visit to a Mr. Charles Grant of Elchies, Stirlingshire, the author was informed of a gander that had been killed by accident after living at the same place for "above eighty years."-G. W. M. in the Field.

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. We each had a small allowance, and at the close of the year, if in our home-made diaries we could show a balance in our favor, the amount of money we had saved was doubled and placed to our account in the savings bank. We then became the proud possessors of a bank book. The habit of saving, with wise supervision to prevent miserliness, makes all the difference between plenty and want in later years.

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 13, 1889, in an act setting forth "the rights and liberties of the subject, and settling the succession of the crown." This bill is virtually the beginning of free government in England. Never since it passed the parliament has British king dared to interfere with the fundamental rights of the British people. The Bill of Rights, while net original-the most of its principles being a repetition of those laid down in Magna Charta-is justly looked upon as the foundation of English freedom.

A Taste of It.

Noted Anarchist (explaining his belief to fellow passengers on western railway train)-Ve vantail laws banished from the statute pooks. Ve vant effry citizen to do as he blease-

Leader of Western Outlaws (suddenly boarding the train)-Hold up your

HOW SHE WAS SQUELCHED

English Travelor Tells of His Silone ing of Obnoxious Woman on the Atlantic Liner. At addis.

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

"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

"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, appardently, 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. Isleaned 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."

It was great to hear him tell it. How he had squelched her with those six words, uttered slowly and impressively. No wonder they had silenced her!

DON'T NEED WALKING STICK

Americana 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 journes 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. No. The walking stick is a matter purely of personal choice. Most Americans chance to feel no need for a walking stick, whereas we do. That is how the thing stands. When it comes to a walking stick the world must be considered individually. The physical weakling is quite likely to have a taste for a gigantic club; the enormously powerful man who snaps his Sandow developer before breakfast as though it were a piece of cotton may select for a walking stick the thinnest shred of malacca that money can buy.—London Globe.

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 aky became dark and gloomy and, according to her biographer, "beight out nothing for half an hour but but fiames, thundering after a most hideous manner." Her personal appearance described by her admiring biographer in 1662, is scarce ly flattering: "Her physiognomy was so misshapen that it is altogether impossible to express fully in words, or for the most ingenious to line her in colors, though many persons of eminent qualifications in that line have often attempted it, but without success."-Metropolitan Magazine.

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 houses, and these year after year have increased in height, making the struggle of the tree the harder, and death has been the conqueror. The reots, however, spread and became a danger to a house of eight stories, se in its attempt to rival the house in height the tree was vanquished and has fallen to the axe of the tree feller.

Conclusive. "Why do you say he made a baid

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."

A Surgical Operation. "They are criticising the methods in the schools all around. They criticise among other things diviting the children into sections."

"Well, isn't that enough to make anybody feel cut up?"

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOGS

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

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. There he was limping gaily along with his pet companions amid the rural scenes which he had tolled to secure and loved so dearly.

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 Sandyknowe, in the neighborhood of Dryburgh. Here, amid flocks of sheep and lambs, talked to and fondled by shepherds and ewe milkers and reveling with collies, he was impressed with a degree of affectionate feeling for animals which lasted through life. At a subsequent visit to Sandvknowe, 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 attacked to him in turn.-W. Chambers.

ORIGIN OF CUR CALENDAR

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

The Julian year consists of 365% days and exceeded by 11 minutes 12.95 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 Cassar, it corresponded to March 25, and by the sixteenth century it had retrogarded 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. It was passed upon favorably and adorted and thus was given to the world what has since been known as the Gregorian calendar. In 1582 Gregory issued a brief, apolishing the Julian calendar in all Catholic countries, and introducing the reformed one

The reform of the Gergorian or new on the Julian or old, 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, the fourth century divisible by four, excepted; that is, 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.

In this calendar the length of the solar year is taken to be 265 days 5 hours 40 minutes and 12 seconds the difference between which and the true longth is immaterial.—The Christian

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 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. Although the United States maintains its own observatory at Washington, and prepare sits own nautical data, nevertheless, for all practical purposes Greenwich time and calculations based on Greenwich time, are universally used in both the navy and the merchant marine. While it might reasonably be expected that there would be some sentiment and national prejudice against the acceptance of Greenwich time as the standard all over the world, the practical benefits of a universal standard are too obvious to be ignored.

Hoops for Children.

The opinion is expressed by men who have made a study of exercises for health, that it is a pity the skipning-rope and hoop 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 boop 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 with 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 farmhouses, with narrow, dark, windowless corridors, in labyrinthian 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 win-ter, as well as the sleeping room of the entire household.

Bunks built into the wall extendy around the room and are often filled with seaweed or feathers, over whichis thrown a fold or two or wadmal and a thick coveriet of eiderdown. The floors are sometimes covered with boards, but more often consist of damp earth. From the celling 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 bats possibly milliners do not consider that small minority of womanking that is likely to appear in a law court. Judges, lawvers 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 end 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 filt 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 Nalls. 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 nalls 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 ease-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 melanchly person, but who would do well in all branches of science or philosophy. The long, well-shaped filbert nail indicates a refined and artistic nature, fondness for society and a great love of the beautiful.

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

Old Custom Survives

a resident became, on account of its neglected state, such an eyesore to his fellow-townsmen that they took the matterish to their own hands and dug it up. The owner resolved to profit by their labor and plant the field, but on his next visit to the spot he found to his annoyance, that it had already been sown with peas.

Soon, however, anger gave place to amusement, and he laughingly told the perpetrators of the joke that they would have to eat the peas, says London Titbits. This in due course they did, and from that day the celebration has grown yearly in popularity. Over 50 sat down a week back to a capital repast of peas, bacon and other excellent fare.

Fietcher's Felly.

The late Levi Fletcher of Holks 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 handleapped by lack of means and tools, and as ordinary tires were used on the machine it was impossible to move it up the hills.—Rennebec

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS