

EVER NEED FOR HAPPINESS

Therefore is the Custodian of De Light So Welcome on His Rare Appearance.

But, to the custodian of delight, to him who can make us forget our age and our weight and our business, to him who—disentangling us from our offices and our marketing, our servant problem and our suburban time tables—can take us with him on the pagan and the lyric flight of charm, to the creature who comes before us with—simply!—happiness in his hands, we can only cry out, "Give it to us!"

That is what we mean by all this uproar. "Give it to us." We need it so badly. The dryness in our hearts is just as thirsty as if we were all beautiful and young. That fugitive and aerial thing, scattering light and mystery, perfume and freshness, that passes and yet haunts us in a tune, we desire it as keenly as ever some Mercutio did or Columbine, and for a little minute we are quickened with it now! Pour into us all that rapture, all that swiftness, all that glad and winged passion; that instinct for the liberty, the impulses, the motion of life, the color and wildness and sweetness of life, and, before all, that deep, deep agreement, that harmony with life itself! Do not give it to us once, as the other and remoter artists do, give it again and again and again; give it as if you could never be empty and never be weary; fashion it for us, here and now, out of your body and spirit; bring it up from the strength of your heart; weave with the last, last pulse of your vitality the spell that frees us, and—pouring your soul into ours—make us live!—Virginia Tracy in Scribner's Magazine.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE IN THEM

"Old Codger" Notes the Various Points of Resemblance That Mark the Small Towns.

"How much alike the country villages look as you pass through them on the train," ruminated the Old Codger. "And in their daily life they are as similar as they seem to the passing stranger. Each has its vitriolic town row and its superabundance of real estate agents. There is in every one of them the local Big Toad, bloated and pompous in his small puddle, who would never even cause a ripple in the great ocean of the outside world. And there is the huge and jolly wife with the little dried-up irascible hornet of a husband, the society leader with a following of three and a shape like a pouter pigeon, the flashy grass widow, the shabby lawyer who would be a wonder of the world if he didn't drink, the good natured handy man who can do everything and never does anything.—Kansas City Star.

Reportorial Errors.

An amusing error was perpetrated by the reporter who made Lord Carnarvon say that "in these days clergymen are expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor." What he had said was of course a "Jeremy Taylor." Another reporter referred to John Bright as "the gamecock," instead of "the Gamalier of Birmingham." And yet another transcribed his notes of Mr. Chamberlain's remark "They bring up their puny popguns and shatter me with abuse" as "They bring out their puny popguns and spatter me with peas." The people of Edinburgh were once highly indignant that Professor Blackie should have referred to the "greasy" atmosphere of their town when he had really commended its "breezy atmosphere."

Breathe Through the Nose.

Breathing through the nose is important, not only for the purpose of filtering the air by removing dust and germs, but in cold weather for the purpose of moistening and warming the air before it enters the deeper air passages. The total surface of the nasal cavity has been estimated to be on an average of about 15 square inches. The mouth surface has an area of less than 11 square inches, or only about two-thirds that of the nose. It has been noted that runners who breathe through the nose have much greater endurance than those who breathe through the mouth.

"Doing the Trick."

Kean played Brutus to his son's Titus in "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." As may be imagined, the benefit was a bumper. There was over \$1,500 in the house. Kean, invigorated and strengthened by his holiday, played magnificently; Charles supported him extremely well, and Kean's delivery on his son's neck of the lines, "Pity thy wretched father," stirred the audience to their very depths. There was not a dry eye in the house, the applause was frantic, and Kean whispered to his son, "We are doing the trick, Charles!"—From Armstrong's Century of Actors.

Education.

Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events which will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

THE NEWS FROM HOME

DOES ANY MAN OUTLIVE THE PLEASURE IT GIVES HIM?

Homely Message Makes an Appeal to the Most Imaginative of Us, Though We May Have Wandered Far.

No matter how highly cultivated your taste in literature may be nor how exalted the position in life to which you have attained, the letter from home, with its bits of "news" written by mother, makes an appeal to you that no other written or printed words can make. No matter how beautiful or splendid your city environment may be, your mother's wish is your own when she writes:

"I have been frying doughnuts this morning and I wish that you were here to get some of them.

"We butchered yesterday, but did not kill the six or seven big hogs we used to kill when your children were all at home. We killed only one yesterday and he weighed 238 pounds dressed. We sent some of the spare-ribs around to the neighbors.

"I made up my mince-meat for Thanksgiving last week, and hope you will be here to get one of my turnovers that you used to like so well. Somehow, my mince-meat does not seem to taste so good as usual, but maybe it will be all right when it has stood a little while.

"Lucina Green, one of your first sweethearts, has a new pair of twin boys. With eight already, and her husband poor as Job's turkey, some think they didn't really need the twins.

"Your father got his barrel of cider home from the mill yesterday. He thinks it the best he has ever had. It seems uncommon clear and sweet. We wish you were here to get some of it.

"Cy Slimm, who used to go to school with you, has parted from his wife. They call it that one is about as much to blame as the other. They never did hit it off very well from the start. Cy's wife's sister is also getting a divorce, so it runs in the family. It is no way to do.

"Bud Tansy, who is just three days and four hours older than you, fell from the loft of his barn the other day and broke two of his right ribs. They say that his language was awful, and there is some talk of having him brought before the church for some things he said. The Tansys always was noted for their profane swearing.

"Clem Long has a fine new buggy and a high-stepping little nag to go with it. All the girls are disposed to be good friends with Clem now. He took Susie Beane out for a ride Sunday afternoon and her mother is passing it out that Susie can keep on riding permanent in the buggy if she wants to, but we all know Hannah Beane.

"The spotted calf you admired so much the last time you was at home is now quite a cow and I think of you every time I look at her. She gives more milk than any other young cow we ever had and she is going to be a fine butter maker. A man with one of these snapshot photograph things came along the other day and took a picture of her and your father which I will send you, although your father has on only his everyday clothes. All well with us and hope these few lines will find you the same."—Judge.

Senses of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light, of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down, one upon the other by means of a central hinge.—Harper's Weekly.

Children Natural Born Liars.

In a sermon on the vigilance of parents, at the Catholic Church of the Assumption in Cranberry street, Rev. William J. Donaldson, the pastor, said among other things that parents were prone to believe that their children could tell only the truth, and were incapable of telling a falsehood. He said that as a matter of fact that most little children were natural born liars.

"Please don't believe," he told the many parents of his congregation, "all of the tales of ill treatment your little folks bring home from school. Doubtless each one of you think that your own particular youngster is a marvel of innocence, a little George Washington whose statements must be true, and straightway you shower criticism or very hard working, patient teachers who try to correct him. I deplore the tendency of parents to give credence to all a child may say, when as a matter of fact, little children are natural born liars."—Brooklyn Eagle.

NIAGARA'S MIGHTY STRENGTH

Hard to Estimate Power That Has Been Wasted Since Hennepin First Described the Falls.

In the autumn of 1678 a Franciscan friar, Hennepin, set out alone—the first solitary figure of the expedition, a gray priest—from the gray rock of Quebec, in a birch canoe, carrying with him the "furniture of a portable altar." Along the way up the St. Lawrence he stopped to minister to the habitants, too few and too poor to support a priest, saying mass, exhorting and baptizing. Early in November he arrived at the mission at Fort Frontenac, which he had two or three years before helped La Salle to establish in the wilds. Soon La Salle's lieutenants appeared, with most of the men, and while some were dispatched in canoes to Lake Michigan to gather the buffalo flocks against the coming of the ship whose keel had not yet been laid, the rest (La Motte, Hennepin and sixteen men) embarked for the river by which the upper lakes empty into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, that is, the Niagara. To this priest, Hennepin, we owe the first description and picture of Niagara, probably now more familiar to the world than any other natural feature of this continent. He has somewhat magnified the height of these falls, but they are impressive enough to acquit him of falsification and powerful enough to ruin virtually all the manufacturing plants in the United States, if they could be gathered within reach. As it is, less than four per cent. of the water that overflows from the four upper Great Lakes into the lower lake once known as Lake Frontenac and now as Ontario, is diverted for utilitarian purposes, and yet it supplies the American and the Canadian almost equally between the two shores over 300,000 horsepower. What the conversion of the strength of this Titan, for ages entirely wasted and for a century after Hennepin only a scenic wonder, means or may mean to industry in the future is intimated in some statistics furnished by a recent writer on the Great Lakes showing the relative cost per month of a certain unit of power in a number of representative American cities.—John Finley, in Scribner's.

Uses of Uranium.

There is considerable popular interest in uranium in the United States on account of its connection with radium. Very little uranium is mined in this country, except as it is incidentally taken out in mining carnotite for vanadium, according to the United States geological survey. In 1911 the uranium mined amounted to about twenty-one and two-tenths tons. A few hundred pounds of pitchblende was mined from the German mine, at Central City, Colo., but this material was not sold, as it was said to have been used in experimental work. The extraction of radium has been attempted in the United States by several persons and firms. Some of these have given up their efforts, but others are still at work. Uranium is employed principally for making yellow glass, for yellow glazes on pottery, and in a less degree as a chemical reagent. Yellow glass made with uranium oxide is known as "opaloescent." Direct light shining through it gives a yellow color and indirect light a greenish yellow. Some of the firms which have attempted to use uranium in the manufacture of steel have abandoned such experiments, the claim being made that it apparently imparts about the same properties as tungsten, and is very much more expensive.

Fiddle With a Brain.

The latest invention is a violin that plays itself. People who have heard it say that it possesses the delicacy of touch and sweetness of tone of a finished player, Pearson's Weekly states.

Really the mechanical violin consists of three instruments. The bow is a circular hoop of horsehair which travels around continually. Standing on end inside the hoop are three violins.

Along the neck of the instruments stretch a row of uncanny fingers that run up and down the strings just like real fingers. The violins stand back about an inch from the moving hoop of horsehair, against which they are pushed at the right moment when the note is struck.

The hardest tunes to play present no difficulties to this marvelous fiddle. It is not likely to replace the human player in the orchestra for some time, at least, as the cheapest kind costs \$2,000.

Like most machines, however, it lacks one thing; it cannot tune itself. When any of the notes get flat the strings have to be tightened by mere man in almost the same way as an ordinary violin.

Still There.

Robert had just received a whipping from his mother, who afterward angrily burst in upon his father as he was quietly reading the evening paper.

"I don't know where that child got his vile temper from," she exclaimed, throwing down a book; "not from me, I'm sure."

Her husband looked sadly and responded: "No, my dear; you certainly haven't lost any of yours."—Harper's Bazar.

Too Swift.

Billy—if you'd have me I'd marry you in a minute.

Milly—in a minute? Why, the very idea! It takes at least three months to get a trousseau ready.

TOO ELABORATE A SYSTEM

Mr. Spiegelhausen's Idea of Postal Cards, However, Worked Very Well for a Time.

Mr. Spiegelhausen found it hard to remember at home certain things he had thought of in business hours, and conversely matters that occurred to him at night would escape his mind before he reached the office next morning. After trying various unsuccessful methods of memory cultivation, he hit on the plan of writing postal cards to himself and addressing them to the other place from which ever he happened to be in at the moment. Thus the last mail would bring to the house one or more cards with a memo, scrawled upon it: "Remind Mrs. B. to give my coat to cleaner;" and vice versa the first mail downtown would remind him: "See J. T. W. in re. thousand lot umbrellas, cases."

For a time this served the purpose, but presently his precise and far-seeing mind began to anticipate and work more and more in advance, so that on a Monday night he would mail a card from home saying: "Be sure to send card from office tomorrow to remind yourself of dinner engagement Tuesday." Then he got to jotting down appointments on postal cards a whole week ahead, sending other cards to warn himself when to drop them in the letter box, and finally his harassed brain refused to work any longer on such a strain.

One evening his wife asked him whether he had thought to attend to the season tickets for the opera, and he replied with a sheepish attempt at laughter: "I suppose that was on the pile of cards on my desk this morning. I saw the postman bring them but I forgot to turn them over and see what they said."

RECORD OF CRIMINAL LIVES

Book Which Would Be Condemned Today Read by Men and Women a Few Generations Ago.

One of the scarce books which has to be sold at an approaching auction sale in this city bears this fascinating title: "The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals, Who Have Been Condemned and Executed; for Murder, Highway, House-Breakers, Street Robberies, Coining or Other Offenses; from 1720 to the Present Time." The "present time" referred to in this title was only the year 1735, so that the whole period covered by these thrilling and numerous criminal lives was only 15 years. It must have been a great time for criminals, for between the covers of the book are the stories of Jack Sheppard, Kennedy the Pirate, Jonathan Wild, Mrs. Griffin, Edward Burnsworth, William Barwick and several other quite celebrated criminals. Cheer up! Those were worse times than ours for criminality—and those were the days, too, when men and women were hanged for burglary, counterfeiting, sheep stealing, and even poaching and smuggling.

An odd thing about that time, too, was that hundreds of books were printed which contained full and harrowing details of murder and robbery, and that almost everybody, including clergymen and delicate ladies, read these books eagerly as fast as they came out. The oldest public libraries in New England contain, in the book collections which were spread before the youth of the community, many such criminal lives.—New York Mail

Muscles and Brain.

Experiments conducted by Mosso of Turin indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, in the opinion of this authority, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every ten seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent, other things being equal, it is.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Was Not Popular in 1753.

A description of a model country rector's household in an issue of the London World for 1753 shows that tea-drinking was then far from general: "His only article of luxury is tea, but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth."

A few years prior to this the Female Spectator declared that the tea table "costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse; it is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good house wifery, and the source of idleness."

Blind Potatoes.

Everyone knows, of course, that potatoes have eyes, but it may be news that they are sometimes afflicted with blindness. A recent publication of an English agricultural authority makes the assertion that some potatoes are afflicted with blindness, and says the disease is so called on account of its completely destroying the eye of tubers, making them worthless for seed.

THEN HE UNDERSTOOD

REVELATION CAME SUDDENLY TO MAN OF WEALTH.

Plain Old Countrywoman Had Possessed Something Greater Than the Riches He Had Spent His Life in Gathering.

John Hull found the telegram at his office. As he read the words, the busy scene about him faded away, and he saw himself once more a little, ragged, frightened boy, who heard with terror the word "poorhouse" whispered by the neighbors. Then Aunt Rachel had come in. She had stood a moment looking at his mother's still face; then she had crossed the room and gathered the boy into her arms. "He isn't going to the poorhouse," she had said, quietly. "I am going to take care of him."

It was an odd "caretaking" in some ways. Aunt Rachel was an old maid, and knew nothing of a boy's heart. And yet—how good she had been—how good and patient! In the last ten years, although he had seen her only twice, there had been no word of reproach, only the same unchanging love and faith. A blur came over John Hull's eyes, and calling his secretary, he gave rapid orders. He was going to Aunt Rachel. He hoped she would know.

Nine hours later he was alone with Aunt Rachel. As he looked at the great peace of the small, worn face, a strange feeling swept across him. He never saw a look like that in Wall Street! This little, plain, old countrywoman had possessed something greater than riches!

Later, they brought him her papers and letters. They were very few, but among them were her account books, and John Hull realized that in those careful figures he was reading the story of her life. He was amazed to know how tiny her income had been. And of what she had had, a tenth had gone to her church, a fifth to her missionary society, and nearly all the rest for a boy who was not even related to her.

And he had thought her life pitifully poor and narrow! Now in his hour of vision he saw that his was the poor and barren life—with its careless and spasmodic giving, its absorption in "the game." He understood at last the generous and unselfish investment of this life and all its possessions. And suddenly there came to him the memory of a hot summer Sunday of his boyhood, and of the minister's voice as he read his text: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Could that be said of the uses he had made of his own life?

Alone in the April night John Hull faced himself.—Youth's Companion.

The Rostands Stood Treat.

All the stories now arriving from Cambo, where the family of Edmond Rostand is sojourning, have the character of the heroic legend. The family of Rostand, now more united than ever, was to attend a cinematograph performance at Cambo. At nine o'clock in the evening the hall had long been filled with people, but the show did not begin. The audience began to exhibit strong signs of impatience. The proprietor came to the front and announced that the Rostands having retained three places, the show could not decently begin before their arrival. The audience was of a quite different mind. It took the announcement in bad temper, and some moments later when the illustrious tardy ones came in, making a sensational entry, they were received with murmurs and with exclamations far from complimentary. Mme. Rostand frowned, but Maurice Rostand called the proprietor, and giving him a fist full of louis, said: "Fill the jaws of these fellows with champagne." This was done. The entire audience drank excellent champagne. The murmurs of disapprobation died away and the family received a warm ovation.—Le Cri de Paris.

Children's Deafness.

Dr. Helen Macmurdy of Toronto says that deafness is more frequent among school children than is usually supposed. She calls attention to the fact that in a perfectly quiet room the average normal hearing distance for a whisper is about 35 feet, and that a child that can hear a whisper at only five yards will not lose much education on account of this degree of impairment. Those who can hear a whisper only from three to five yards, she says, should sit on the front seats, and those who can hear a whisper from one to three yards need special help and should be placed in smaller classes, with a teacher who will speak slowly and distinctly, and will take special individual interest in such pupils. She advocates the teaching of lip reading to those who are yet more defective. There is no doubt that many children suffer from unrecognized slight deafness. Such children should not only be aided to hear, but to speak plainly.

Her Version.

"I was talking with Harold last night and he says he has completely reformed since he has become engaged to you," said the elder lady as she reclined in a luxurious armchair. "Yes," replied the young debutante, "he says I snatched him out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, back to the 400."—Harper's Bazar.

MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Too Often Time is Wasted Considering Difficulties Instead of Performing Allotted Task.

When a hard thing is to be done the natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going ahead and doing it.

And here we make one of the most common mistakes in our lives.

When one is confronted by a severe task of duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties.

Never mind how hard it may seem, nothing can be tolerated in the mind except the consideration of ways of accomplishing it.

The secret of accomplishment lies in the answer of the urchin who was asked if he thought he would get the woodchuck for which he was energetically digging: "Get him? Why, man, I've got to get him; the minister's coming to dinner and there ain't no meat in the house!"

It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be deaf to the self which insists upon dwelling upon difficulties, and at once to bring into action the self that is determined to succeed.

Most persons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of it beforehand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterward.

NEW IN THE TEXTBOOK LINE

Italian Meant Well, But His Knowledge of American Schoolbooks Was Small.

One morning, just as a teacher up in Harlem was entering her school, she was met in the hall by an Italian leading his little daughter by the hand.

"She wan' go school," said he politely, indicating the little girl. He pushed the child forward. "She wan' go school," he repeated, with many bows. "She has book," pointing to the book under the girl's arm, "an' she wan' go school."

"I see," said the teacher. "You have brought her all prepared. Can she read?"

The only response from the father was a shake of his head and a reiterated, "She wan' go school."

Whereupon the teacher took the book and looked at it. It was old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a social directory of the year 1909.

Floral Death Legends.

By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death-flowers, from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner, the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the Dane-weed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle; and, if cut on a certain day in the year, it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason, is called Danewort and Dane's blood.—Suburban Life.

What Alaskan Dogs Eat.

Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or corn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw food, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.

Will the Films Stop War?

The cinematograph as an institution has come to life since the last important war. It remains to be seen how a battle, or the awful fringes of a battle, will look upon the screen. For assuredly films will come into play. Soldiers have always said—and correspondents have in a measure agreed with them—that the truth of war cannot be told. How if the truth of war were now to be seen?

The late Colonel Stanley has photographs (daguerotypes they would perhaps be called) of the dead and wounded taken after the Crimean engagements, but they were too horrible for exhibition. He showed them, long afterwards, to those who could bear it, sometimes to those who could not—and they will never forget them.

Her Favor.

"So you have won the American heiress, after all," observed the friend. "Yes," fervently replied the foreign nobleman, "she is mine—a gold mine."