# THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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"Abolish basketball!" is now Harvard's demand. Is that fair to the girls? Shouldn't their colleges have something to say about the abolition or return of their favorite sport?

When it becomes well known in Europe that the laborer can secure high returns for his toil and enjoy in the Southern States all the freedom that he would find in any other part of the country, the stream of immigration, which has heretofore only trickled Southward, will rush thither in a full and beneficent tide.

The British Auctioneers' Institute, which advocates the metric system, has discovered that wheat in England is sold by the quarter, comb, load, boll, bushel, barrel, hundredweight, centner, windle and hobbet, and it reports that "the vagaries of liquid measures are equally bewildering." So some people have found.

It has been claimed for roburite that it is less likely to explode prematurely than dynamite. The destruction of a roburite factory in Germany the other day does not seem to be in harmony with that theory, but the accident may have been the result of malicious intervention.

There is something fascinating about the idea of smuggling by airship. To the diamond dealer it should prove irresistible. But "preventive flyers" will not be necessary to protect the customs. Aeronauts could be searched and their baskets inspected before an ascent, and the telephone would do the rest. In topical fiction we shall soon hear of the smuggler of the air.

The term "white steam"—in French houille blanche—refers not to a mineral dug from the earth like ordinary coal, but to the gleaming glaciers and foaming torrents of the mountains which supply energy for the descent of their waters under the force of gravitation as effectively as coal supplies it by undergoing the process of burning. From coal steam is derived; from waterfalls electric power. At present Switzerland derives 300,000 horsepower from its streams; but this is only a fraction of the power available.

Consul Frederick J. Bright, of the Huddersfield consular district, says of the American salesman: "There seems to be some difference of opinion as to the value of the American commercial traveler in the English field, but in general his shrewdness and tact are recognized. Without any experience or knowledge of English business methods or manners, it is not to be expected that he will meet with immediate success. However, we believe it a warranted conclusion that no better agent could be obtained than an American."

The man who is always ready and has time to be sure before he acts never need hurry or worry. How few can do this consistently! How often the breakdown which is charged to mere overwork. In nine cases in a hundred it is worry, always useless, that weakens and kills. The brooding not only saps the valiant endeavor to conquer, but cheats us in the spirit of the old adage that "what never happens." If the notes we can easily the comforting truth of the the disconsolate man who mourned the death of his infant could have known she would live him for more than a century, how much unnecessary fatal suffering would be spared him! The absolute folly of worry is the lesson of it

[illegible] the Springfield (Mass.) [illegible]: The passing of Sidney E. [illegible]man, the Northampton book[illegible], is a reminder that the old-time book store has become virtually extinct in this country. The store of which Mr. Bridgman was long the head dates from the early years of the republic, and like others of that time and a somewhat later period it had a pronounced literary atmosphere. The scholarly men who lived or visited in Northampton were wont to gather in this establishment to discuss affairs just as other villagers have been wont to assemble in a corner store from time immemorial. Philadelphia in its early days had such book stores, where men of literary note in that city and the Middle and Southern States went to procure important books, and where the conversation was much like that in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," between the leading literary men of London. The old book stores of Philadelphia were at their zenith in the first half of the nineteenth century, when Philadelphia was a centre of the book trade of America, having the trade of the wealthy Southern planters, who had money and spent no small amount on their libraries. Later New York and Boston came to the front as publishing centres. The early American book shops had their prototypes in old London.

## AN OLD MAN'S GRAVE.

Make it where the fair winds may sweep
Through the pine boughs soft and deep,
And the murmur of the sea
Comes across the Orient lea,
And the falling rain-drops sing
Gently to his slumbering.

Make it where the meadows wide
Greenly lie on every side,
Harvest fields he reaped and trod,
Westering slopes of clover sod,
Orchard lands where bloom and blow
Trees he planted long ago.

Make it where the starshine d...
May be always close to him,
And the sunrise glory spread
Lavishly around his bed,
And the dewy grasses creep
Tenderly above his sleep.

Since these things to him were dear
Through full many a well-spent year,
It is surely meet their grace
Should be on his resting-place,
And the murmur of the sea
Be his dirge eternally.

—L. M. Montgomery, in Youth's Companion.

## A STRONG SOUL AND A WEAK ONE.

"To-night she will be here!" Ruth said, joyously.

"To-night!" echoed Mortimer, half jealous of the gay young creature fresh from her boarding school, who shared with him her beautiful half-sister's heart.

"You have never seen her," said Ruth.

"No—and I would rather not!" he answered, plaintively.

Ruth smiled. "You do not yet know how sweet and lovable our Mimi is!"

"But I know well that she cannot compare with my beautiful, stately Ruth!"

She flushed with pleasure while she said, smiling, "You do not believe what I have told you, then. Just wait, and see!"

He had not long to wait. Almost as Ruth was speaking the old stage came lumbering into sight, and soon had stopped before the door. Then there was a flutter, a rush, a little outburst of happy laughter—and Mimi was in her sister's arms.

Mortimer looked on, half jealous and half amused.

But after a moment Ruth unclasped Mimi's encircling arms and said: "Mimi, darling, I want to introduce you to my friend, Mortimer Lacey."

So for the first time Mortimer saw that lovely blossom face upturned to his. And he noticed with an artist's quickness the merry eyes, the small, straight nose, the smiling lips just parted over the small, white, gleaming teeth, the dimpling chin and the crowning waves of sunny hair above the low, white brow.

She was lovely to look at. A merry child, he thought, when the low ripple of her laughter broke upon his ear.

"But my poor, sweet little mamma!" she cried a moment later; "I must go to her!" And she darted from them, up the stairs to the room where the patient invalid lay waiting and watching for her darling's home coming.

Ruth turned to Mortimer with a bright, questioning smile.

"Yes, she is very charming," he admitted, half-grudgingly. "But she reminds me of a hummingbird——"

"You do not know Mimi yet," said Ruth. "Where once she fixes her affection she never wavers. The child, for all her gayety, is true as steel."

Mortimer and Ruth had been playmates in early childhood, and her first real grief had been his going away to school. At first he had come home again at vacation time, but by and by came college days and then long years of art study and travels abroad. And Mortimer had returned this spring time, on a sketching trip to the home of his boyhood, for the first time in many years.

There are places on our coast which change but little in the course of years, and Bay Point was one of these. But the people change. Mortimer's old home had long ago been broken up, and of all his childhood's associates he had found but one remaining. In some odd corner of his memory the name Ruth Pemberton had lingered. And the lovely, stately girl who had greeted him as a friend instead of the utter stranger he had at first felt himself to be, had seemed the fairest creature he had ever known.

She had seemed from the first his ideal realized, and he was jealous of her many household cares which prevented him from enjoying the sunshine of her presence every hour of the day. He was jealous, too, of the invalid stepmother and Ruth's devotion to her, and of the absent young half-sister.

Ruth's love for her early playmate grew and blossomed as naturally and as beautifully as the rose vines over the arbor where he had told her of his love.

It had seemed as if no mortals' happiness had ever been so complete as theirs. And Mortimer felt that any change must mar it in some way, so he had begged that for a time it should be a secret between themselves. Ruth had given way to his wishes.

After Mimi's homecoming it was natural that the girl should be much in the society of her sister's artist friend. It was natural that the invalid mother, not knowing of her stepdaughter's engagement to Mortimer Lacey, should begin to build up hopes and airy dreams for the future of her only child. It was natural, too, that Mortimer should soon feel and begin to show an indulgent affection for his love's young sister.

And Ruth, with her daily cares and household duties and few hours of leisure, saw nothing amiss.

Suddenly the invalid fell seriously ill. Well meaning but blundering Mimi had to be banished from the sickroom, where Ruth stayed night and day. It was seldom that Mortimer could see her for more than a moment at a time. He felt it was very hard upon him; but he tried to be magnanimous and to comfort poor distracted little Mimi—for his love's sweet sake.

At last the crisis was over, and the invalid began to improve. One evening she had fallen into a quiet sleep. Ruth softly left the room and stole down stairs. She had heard Mortimer's voice with Mimi's in the garden, and she thought she would join them for a while.

But where had they gone? She still could hear the murmur of their voices and she followed the sound until it led her toward the rustic seat by the rose arbor—where Mortimer and she had sat that happy, happy night.

Ah, here they were!

She saw Mortimer bend forward and take Mimi's hand. What he was saying she did not hear, but his tones were as low and tender as they had been on that other night—when he had told her of his love.

What could it mean?

Slowly Mimi raised her drooping head, and there was no misunderstanding the love-light in the young girl's eyes.

Ruth crushed her hands against her heart. She waited no longer, she looked no more. Silently, swiftly she retraced her steps until she found herself again by the sleeper's side.

There was nothing unusual to Mimi that night in her sister's kiss. But in the morning she noticed that Ruth was pale and silent.

"My poor Ruthie!" said the girl. "You have worn yourself out nursing mamma! You ought to let me help in some way. Is there nothing, really, that I can do?"

Ruth looked at her with grave, sweet tenderness.

"I am tired, dear," she confessed; "I did not sleep last night. And, Mimi, if you will stay with mamma for a while this morning, I would be glad to get a walk in the fresh air."

She saw the cloud of disappointment that overshadowed the girl's face, though Mimi consented readily.

And after a while, when every household call upon her had been attended to, Ruth went out. She knew well where to go.

There was a knoll in the field, not far away, where a clump of stunted pines stood boldly out against the blue background of sea and sky.

It was this place that she had chosen for his picture, and it was here that she found Mortimer at work.

He heard her approaching footsteps and glanced up over his shoulder with a smile. "Mimi, dear, you are late to-day!" he cried.

Then seeing it was Ruth he jumped up and advanced to meet her with a half-embarrassed air.

"Mimi and I have changed places this morning," Ruth said with a fleeting smile. "She is reading to mamma, while I—I came because—I wanted to speak to you."

She drew a quick breath as he took her hand and led her to her old seat among the rocks.

"You have had a hard, anxious time of it lately," Mortimer said to break the silence.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "and now when it is over many things seem—changed. Mortimer—I think there has been—a mistake—has there not? Indeed, I am sure of it! And so I have come to ask for—my release."

"Ruth!"

As she raised her eyes to his, his glance fell, and his bronze cheek flushed.

"If a mistake was made, it is surely better to have found it out—in time," she said. "You will—set me free?"

"Ruth, you mean—you do not love me?"

Her eyes drooped then and her color rose.

"Spare me all further confession," she said. "We are not suited to one another. I see that now. Let us forget this—dream, of which none but ourselves need know. But be generous, Mortimer; let me still call you—friend."

He took her hand and kissed it. "Always, Ruth!" he said, tenderly. "And of course, dear, it must be just as you think best."

Then, when she had left him, he put up his painting traps—for he could not work any more that day—and he sat there thinking—and half-unconsciously wondering the while, if Mimi would not yet come.

And though he honestly tried to regard himself as a man whose dearest hopes had just been blighted by a fickle woman's whim, he could not altogether succeed, for Mimi's sweet and flowerlike face, so full of love and admiration for him, rose ever before his eyes.

So it came to pass that before Mortimer turned his face townward in the autumn he had asked Mimi to be his wife. And then, as well as in the early springtime when they were married, Ruth seemed as glad of their happiness as even the invalid mother appeared to be.

And Mortimer, comparing Ruth with his adoring bride, secretly wondered however for a moment he could have fancied himself in love with so stately a woman. But he excused himself by thinking that it was that time he had not seen Mimi's lovelier flower-like face.

Then they went away and made their home in the distant city.

Two years passed. The fragile invalid upon whom for so long Ruth had bestowed a daughter's tender care and devotion, was dead, and Ruth was left alone.

Mimi had lovingly and urgently begged her to come and make her home with them, and Mortimer had urged it, too.

"I will come to you gladly," Ruth had said in reply, "but only for a short time, for I have made my arrangements to enter a hospital and become a nurse. You must not think me selfish if I have decided to live my life in my own way."

This announcement was a great grief to Mimi. But even in the face of that and Mortimer's strong remonstrance, Ruth stood firm.

"Don't grudge me this," she said, with a smile that reminded him strangely of other days. "It has been my desire and intention for a long, long time."

During the weeks that they were together Ruth entered heartily into all of Mimi's interests, and hopes and plans. And Mortimer, silently watching and comparing them, saw at last the difference in stature of their two souls.

And, strangely enough, he suddenly had come to see himself by another light. He had not fulfilled the promise of his youth. His great picture had not been painted, and he felt dissatisfied, though he knew that his young wife thought him and all his work perfection. But before Ruth's clear and unwavering eyes he quailed. He had not reached the high standard she had set for him, and which once had been his own.

They chanced to be alone together in his studio, and Ruth was standing before the weak, half-finished picture upon his easel.

"Oh, if you had not failed me, Ruth!" he groaned miserably. "With you—all heights had been possible!"

There was a silence, during which he would have given his right hand to have recalled those ill-considered words.

Then, as if she had not heard him, Ruth spoke.

"There is something wrong, Mortimer—you must begin anew. There is yet time. You see, I want to have the faith in you that Mimi has."

Then, leaving him, she rejoined Mimi in another room.

He felt humiliated. He left the house and walked aimlessly for hours. When he returned at dusk Ruth was gone.

"She left good-by for you, Mortimer, dear. But isn't it dreadful?" Mimi sobbed. "There's no knowing when we shall ever see her again! It is almost as if she were—dead! She must have received some message. At any rate, she has started for the hospital a whole week earlier than she expected to go. She could not even wait, dear, until you returned."

He passed his weeping wife in silence and entered his darkened studio and closed the door.

So Ruth had weighed him and found him utterly wanting—not worthy even of her farewell! He had tried to cast the blame upon her, and had said that she had failed him. But he knew that he had been false to her and that in some way she had divined it—even as he was false to poor Mimi now—and false to his better self. So he had wrecked his life! What lay before him but growing discontent, degeneration, failure?

He went to the window and stared out gloomily. On the ledge lay a book. It was one he had seen in Ruth's hands that day—and a bit of ribbon marked her place. He opened it, and as he turned it to catch the fading light his eyes fell upon these words, lightly marked:

"If she be smaller than thou art, bend a little and whisper in her ear."

This was Ruth's message to him, and he understood it as she had known he would. It showed him the only way that happiness might lie.

He closed the book, and after a little while he went out and comforted his wife.—Judith Spencer, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Wireless telegraphic communications can now be made between the Eiffel Tower and the Island of Porquerolles, the equipment of which latter station is now to be definitely completed by order of the French Minister of Marine, in accordance with the Postal, Telegraphic and Telephonic Department.

A Berlin writer states that a wireless signal station is now in course of erection at Norddeich for the German Government postal authorities, which will have an effective radius of 932 miles, equal to the distance from Naples to St. Petersburg. The station consists of four iron towers, 213 feet high.

Near Ashcroft, in British Columbia, are a number of small lakes, whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and proportions that when cut out it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice, and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons of this material.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the potato is used in France in the manufacture of imitation meerschaum pipes and "marble" billiard balls. After the potatoes are peeled they are kept for thirty-six hours in an eight per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. They are then dried and pressed hard enough for use in making pipes. Under strong pressure they become solid enough to be turned into billiard balls.

A very simple device is employed on the tramways of Zurich, Switzerland, to prevent the grinding of the wheels and the shaking of the cars passing round curves. Since it is not practicable in a public street to raise the outer rail on curves, as is done on railroads, a similar effect is produced by giving to the exterior tramway rail on curves a very shallow groove. The consequence is that the outer wheels of the tram-cars passing round a curve run on their flanges, and are thus raised relatively to the inner wheels. This device disposes effectively of the disagreeable grinding and the shaking of the cars, to the great comfort of the passengers.

The English postoffice authorities have recently ordered the withdrawal from circulation of the threepence stamp colored yellow and brown, for the reason that investigation has shown that the coloring matter employed on these stamps contains sufficient chromate of lead to produce injurious effects. It was shown during the investigation on which the order of withdrawal was based that twelve milligrams of this substance were sufficient to cause poisoning, and a single one of the objectionable stamps carries a milligram of it. Thus the repeated application of these stamps to the lips in the act of moistening might result in the accumulation of a dangerous quantity of the poison in the mouth.

## SPORT AND ADVENTURE

### CAPTAIN COOK.

The reported identification of a newly discovered skull at Kealakekua, Hawaii, as that of Captain Cook serves as a peg on which to hang once more the old story that he was eaten by the Hawaiians who killed him. That the story of such cannibalism is untrue has been established by credible testimony of eyewitnesses and by our knowledge of the habits of the people whom Cook disclosed in their barbarism.

When Cook discovered the islands he was hailed at once as the god Lono, whose coming from legendary Kahiki was an article of faith with the islanders both in Hawaii and in other archipelagoes of the South Sea. As Cook had already been hailed as a god in southern islands he was not entirely averse to accepting and he certainly comprehended the honors that were paid him in Hawaii. As a god he was welcomed and as a god he was merciless in his treatment of these his faithful worshipers. The climax came when he adopted drastic measures to recover a boat which had been stolen from his ship. In the affray he was killed upon the beach at the spot where now stands the plain obelisk erected to his memory.

After death his body was treated with such reverence as Hawaiian burial custom could bestow upon chiefs of the highest rank, and in his case it was attended with the solemnities which would properly accompany the decease of a god. The flesh was carefully cut away and the bones were anointed with oil and stained with yellow turmeric preparatory to deposit in some secret cave, there to be forever an object of veneration. It is said that some children got hold of the heart and liver in ignorance and cooked them under the idea that they were those of a dog. Upon the demand of the new commander of the expedition most of the bones were returned to the English and were buried in the waters of the bay with military ceremonial, to which the Hawaiian chief added the weight of a great tabu set upon the waters.

But the Hawaiians were not at that time cannibals; there is little likelihood that they had ever practiced the habit so common among other branches of their race. Even in their human sacrifices, of great and bloody frequency, the bodies were not eaten. The nearest approach to such a practice was when the eye of the victim was ceremonially offered to the chief for whom the sacrifice was made and just as ceremonially declined after having been formally lifted toward the lips.

Cook fell a victim to a catastrophe toward which he had in no small measure contributed by the evil he had wrought upon Hawaii, but in his death he was yet to the Hawaiians their long expected god Lono, and to his remains were paid divine honors. He was killed with stones and clubs, but he was not eaten.—Editorial in the New York Sun.

### AN ARMY NURSE.

Among the hundreds who devoted themselves to the care of the sick soldiers during the Civil War, the name of "Mother" Beckerdyke stands preeminent. Galesburg, Ill., has just honored her memory by a monument. Many stories, in which the humorous and the heroic are delightfully mingled, are told of this faithful woman, to whom no service for her "boys" was too hard. Some of these anecdotes are given by Mrs. Livermore in her "Story of the War."

Mother Beckerdyke, more than any other person, assisted in reforming the badly managed hospitals of certain localities. There was nothing she would not do for her sick, and the soldiers reciprocated her affection heartily. "We shall all die now," they said, dolefully, on one occasion when she left her post for another place. Every man saluted the homely figure, clad in calico and wearing a Shaker bonnet.

"Mother," however, was no mild-mannered saint. She dearly loved her own way, and she usually got it. She had a sublime disregard for red tape which sometimes carried her into trouble.

At one time she was in charge of a field-hospital which was horribly cold. It was night, and wounded, half-frozen men were being brought in. Mother Beckerdyke, without consulting any one, tore down the breastworks of the post and built huge fires. The unauthorized proceeding was reported to the commander of the post. He saw its wisdom, but discipline had to be maintained, and in the morning he sought out the nurse.

"Mother," he said, "you must consider yourself under arrest."

"All right, major," she replied, as she flew past him with a big bowl of hot drink. "All right. I'm arrested, but don't meddle with me until the weather moderates, for my men will freeze if you do."

A negligent surgeon who had been scolded by Mother Beckerdyke complained to General Sherman of an unjust discharge.

"Who was your accuser?" asked the General.

"That spiteful old woman, Mother Beckerdyke."

"Oh, well, if it was she I can't help you," was the reply. "She has more power than I. She outranks me."

"Mother" was famous for her careful use of sanitary stores. Once, suspecting the hospital help of stealing, she "doctored" a lot of stewed peaches with tartar emetic and left them on the kitchen table. In the night there were sounds of severe suffering. Cooks, table waiters, stewards, ward masters and even some of the surgeons were numbered among the victims.

In the midst of them, like a Nemesis, walked Mother Beckerdyke. "Peaches don't seem to agree with you," she remarked, grimly.

In later years Mother Beckerdyke attended the Soldiers' Convention held at Topeka. When she entered the building a great shout greeted her. In vain order was called.

"Mother Beckerdyke is here!" cried the soldiers, crowding about her. Gray-headed men kissed her, weeping, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

The "boys" she had tended to were eager to make her a gift, but the good old lady refused. "They have all they can do to make a living for themselves," she said.

As long as she lived this old army nurse was remembered by the grateful hundreds she had cared for, and frequent letters and gifts from them cheered her old age.

### JACK ALOFT.

The sailor, mast-high, and swinging at ease with the roll of the ship, is a sight too common to excite wonder. Yet that very familiarity with lofty places, that sure head and steady poise, often include in their history of development times of great stress and misery. Mr. Bullen, in his "Log of a Sea Waif," gives a description of his sensations when the masthead was still a point of dread. The author was then a cabin-boy on a ship bound for Bombay, when, one rough day, he heard his name called, and running aft, was met by the second mate.

He put a coil of rope in my hands and told me to reeve the signal-halyards in the mizzen truck. We carried extra long royal poles or bare extensions of masts above the highest point of rigging. Ours was sixteen feet long and the top was not much bigger than a man's wrist. They were crowned with flat pieces of wood the size of a cheese-plate on one side of which was the sheave for signal-halyards.

I started aloft boldly enough, but when I reached the base of the pole and saw to what height its bareness towered above, I faltered. My heart failed as the staggering ship lurched and the sea roared 120 feet below me. I sat some time with my legs clutched about the pole, just clinging, without power to move. A voice from the deck called up:

"Hurry up, there, with the halyards!"

Although I felt that I was going to certain death, yet my fear of the mate was so potent I made another attempt. Pulling myself up, I shut my eyes and said a prayer. Trembling, but fighting against the benumbing weakness, I actually struggled to the top. Even now, when I think of it, a cold sweat starts out all over me. Opening my eyes, I thrust at the opening of the sheave with the end of the line. It was knotted, and would not go through.

I had tried and failed, and with a last flash of energy, I grasped the pole with both arms and slid down to the eyes of the royal rigging. There I clung a few moments, violently ill; then, feeling the bitterness of death past, I descended, walked up to the mate and said:

"I've tried, and I can't do it, sir; not if you kill me!"

The mate stared at me a moment, then turned away and gave the order to some one else.

The incident may seem trivial, but though I have faced death many times, I never felt such terror.

### BEAR DRIVE BY FARMERS.

So numerous have been the animals that the farmers and sheep raisers have been compelled to double the number of men employed on their places in order that a constant watch may be kept to preserve their live stock from the raids of the bears. They organize bear drives.

The fact that cold weather has been so much delayed is held to be accountable for the number of bears now in this vicinity. As is well known, the bear is a hibernating animal, and as soon as genuine winter sets in curls himself up in a hollow tree or den of some sort and snoozes until the warm rays of the spring sun arouse him.

A number of large animals have been killed during the last week. Ben Johnson, who lives on the Flambeau road, killed a 200 pound bear in his barnyard. While out hunting pheasants Dan Ferguson, living in the same vicinity, encountered a huge black bear. He emptied a charge of small shot into the animal, but without killing it. He trailed the wounded bear for some time, but it finally escaped. Next day this bear was killed by Edward Samuelson. It was a black bear and weighed 200 pounds.

The biggest bear killed so far is that which was slaughtered by Peter Olson, who lives above Holcombe. It weighed more than 350 pounds dressed.—Chippewa Falls correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### Living by the Pen.

The fountain pen has proved its usefulness in ways hitherto unknown to the general public and undreamed of by its inventor, according to a writer in the Detroit News-Tribune. Two parentless squirrels, but a few days old, hungry and disconsolate, were recently discovered in the hollow of a tree in the suburbs of Detroit. They were rescued and given to a sympathetic man who lived near, and who willingly assumed the duty of foster-parent.

After the orphans were safely established in a roomy wire cage, the problem of feeding them presented itself. They were too young to crack nuts for themselves, and their little teeth were too sharp permit the use of a rubber tube for liquid refreshments.

In this emergency, their protector had an inspiration. He filled the reservoir of his fountain pen with milk, and inserted the point in each small mouth alternately. The orphans drank eagerly. Succeeding experiments have been equally successful, and when last heard from the pets were thriving vigorously.

One of the early records in the United States of a protest against convict labor occurred at a mechanics' convention held in Utica, N. Y., in 1834.

## POTTERY OF VEGETABLES.

### CUPS AND SAUCERS FASHIONED FROM THE PULP OF PLANTS.

**Peculiar Ware Used in East—Astringent Fruits Boiled Until They Have the Plastic Properties of Clay Without its Fragility.**

The use of the dried fruits of trees, such as the gourd and the cocoanut, for holding water and liquid substances is familiar, but it is not so generally known that cups, saucers and jars to take the place of ordinary earthenware are made in the Orient of a glutinous and plastic material entirely of vegetable origin, which is easily moulded and dried. Says David Hooper in a communication to the Asiatic Society, of Bengal, India, quoted in the National Druggist:

"There is more than one instance in history of vegetable matter being confused with earth or clay. * * * The pulpy parts of various astringent fruits have the peculiar plastic property of clay, and by hardening in the air, after being molded into pots, they are impervious to water, and have the additional advantage that they can fall to the ground without being broken.

"The use of the fruit of the aoula for making pottery was described in 1896 in a letter from Mr. James Martin, written from the Tumgaon district, Ralpur, Central Provinces, to the reporter on economic products to the Government of India. He writes: 'I have come across a peculiar ware that is made by the Banjaras of the district from the fruit of the aoula (Phyllonthus emblico). The fruit is collected and dried. It is then boiled in water until quite soft and pounded, the stones removed and the pulp beaten up and worked with the hands into a thick, darkbrown, sticky mass. When this is quite ready the manufacturer takes an earthen vessel—any shape that pleases him—and covers it all over with a thick layer or coat of the pulp. This is then put aside to set a bit, and, when hard, rude devices are stamped round the neck and shoulders of the article, which is then set aside to dry. When quite hard, the gharra inside is broken and the pieces removed. These vegetable pots are sold according to size from 4 annas to 8 annas each, and are much sought after by the people of the place. Oil and ghee stored in them are well preserved and show no evidence of rancidity.' "

The aoula tree, we are told, is abundant throughout the forests of tropical India and Burma, and the fruits are frequently employed in medicine and for tanning. The advantages which the fresh pulp possesses for preparing vessels are recommended by the author for more extensive trial, and he suggests that probably other fruits could be similarly utilized. To quote again:

"Another material used in making jars is the root of the great asphodel (Eremurus auchertianus, Boiss). The fleshy root of this plant, by drying in a sand bath and grinding, is prepared into a flour, which, when mixed with hot water, yields a most tenacious vegetable glue with which the Persians make great vessels for holding oil and clarified butter. The native cobblers employ it in preference to animal glue in their work. Dr. J. E. T. Aitchison describes the method of making these vessels in Persia: 'The tenacious gum is painted over a hollow earthen mould that has a single layer of some coarse cloth covering it; on this cloth, layer after layer of the glue is painted until a sufficiency is reached; this forms, when dry, a parchment-like skin, the mould is then broken up and removed through the mouth of the jar, and then usually the jar is sewn into a goat's hair sack. With ordinary moisture, or the amount of moisture likely to affect the jar through the goat's hair covering, no harm is likely to accure, but if the jar is allowed to stand in water for days it will in time dissolve or melt away.'

"Sarish-i-narm is the name of the flour made by grinding down the dried roots of Eremurus with the intention of converting them into glue. Sarish-i-kaki is the vegetable glue ready made for use. Daba-i-sarish are the vessels made in the above manner. There is said to be a large trade in this material in Khorasan."

### ASK THE HEN.

**Chicago Doubts if Chickens Are Like Poets.**

"Is a spring chicken born?' was the question that came up to puzzle the wise heads at the hearing before Master in Chancery Kelly to determine the legality of the city's seizure of frozen poultry from the Northwestern Cold Storage Warehouse.

Leon Hornstein, Assistant Corporation Counsel, was cross-examining F. A. Becker, commission merchant and the owner of the condemned poultry.

"You say the price of poultry in January," asked the attorney, "is lower than in the early spring?"

"Why, certainly it is," replied the witness.

"And how does that come?" persisted the attorney.

"Well, you see," went on the poultry man, "from April to June is the mating season. The farmers are holding their chickens for the eggs. The meat is liable to be coarse and stringy during this period."

"Ha," said the lawyer, as he jotted down some memoranda, "and it is then that a spring chicken is born?"

"I—don't — quite — understand," gasped the astonished witness.

"Repeat the question," ordered Master Kelly.

"And it is then," read the stenographer, "that the spring chicken is born?"

"I object to that," put in Attorney Dudley for the defence.

The objection was overruled.

"I don't know," said the witness, "but I should not say that a chicken is born."

"Chickens are made and not born, then," said the Assistant Corporation Counsel.

"Rather," replied the witness, "they are hatched out."

"Make the correction," ordered the master.

"Now, the eggs that they are hatched from," continued the attorney, "are they cold-storage eggs?"

The witness cast a look of pity at the lawyer in his struggle after knowledge.

"No," he replied kindly, "chickens usually are hatched from fresh eggs."

This did not conclude the examination, as many other things were gone into. The yellow corpse of the cold-storage rooster that had been thawed out during the night in water was again passed from nose to nose.

The lawyers and the witnesses and the reporters sniffed. Then the master gingerly held the exhibit under his own nose.

"I don't know," he said judicially; "the proof of the chicken is in the eating, but I don't know as I'd care"——

"Will you accept an invitation to a frozen chicken dinner to be given Friday night at a restaurant?" asked Mr. Becker. "It is the best stuff in the world."

"I'll render a decision later," said the master.

Chief Food Inspector Murray, who likewise has received an invitation, regretted that a previous engagement will prevent his acceptance.—Chicago Post.

### The Point of View.

So much depends upon the viewpoint of the reader, or listener, that we can not always be sure that the full meaning of what is written or said, will be understood.

General Lew Wallace, when he was Minister to Turkey, was requested by Chekuk Bey to tell him how American children were raised. General Wallace said: "We keep our children outdoors all the time possible. They live under the trees and in the sunshine. They gather nuts and wild fruits. They play baseball and ride young horses. They go to school without servants, and the girls and the boys study in the same classes. The boys are taught to till the soil or work in shops or stores. The girls do housework and fit themselves to become wives and to have children. The children sit at the same table with father and mother. They are taught to be polite and to love God."

Chekuk Bey listened attentively and said he would translate this to his secretary and have him write it down, as it was very interesting. The following translation is what finally got into the Turkish state document, according to The Boy's World: "American children are kept in the warm sun all the time, living like heathen under the sky. They have trees for homes. Their food is nuts and untamed fruit, which they eat without cooking. They capture wild horses and play a strange game with a ball, the name of which can not be given. As they have no servants they are sent to school, and indecently the boys and the girls sit in the same room and look upon each other's faces. They do not respect women. To keep the boys subject to their masters, they are made slaves, and work land, while the girls are servants in the kitchens until they can work no more, and then they are married off. They show no respect to father and mother, since they eat with them. They love a strange god, and are poor, but the meaning of the last word is unknown."

We are hoping for a clearer understanding of our meaning by the readers of the Home circle than General Lew Wallace met with from his Turkish confrere.—The Circle.

### Look For the Beautiful.

Some one said that we are saved by our admirations. Our characters are certainly molded by our ideals. The man who holds an admiration-ideal, so to speak, who finds something good, something to admire, in everybody, is infinitely superior to the one who holds a critical ideal, who is always looking for ugliness, deformity and inharmony.

Nothing else so hardens character, so demoralizes manhood and womanhood, and so utterly precludes the possibility of upward growth, as the deadening habit of fault-finding, of criticizing. As a rule, we find what we seek. If we look for light and beauty,—if we try to find something to admire and praise in others,—we shall find it. On the other hand, if, like the hog, we root in the mire, seek something filthy, keep constantly on the watch for the faults, the unlovely qualities in others, we shall find what we seek. But we must remember that whatever we are looking for, whatever we are striving to find, will color and influence our characters; in other words, we shall become like what we strive and yearn for. So, if we wish to become beautiful and strong, in mind and body, we must seek symmetry, beauty, nobility,—all that is vigorous and elevating,—continually, in nature and humanity.—Success.

### Home Companionship.

Encourage your young sons and daughters to bring their friends home. Meet them, talk with them, and let them know you are interested, and want them to come. This will mean a little expense, probably, but it need be a very little expense and the after years will repay you fourfold. Young girls and young men crave sociability—and if the parents do not provide a bright, cheerful home with the friends to contribute to their pleasure, they will go outside to find it. Let your home be the general meeting place. Encourage your sons and daughters to introduce their young friends to you, and discourage any intimacy with a young man or young woman your son or daughter hesitates to introduce into their home.—The Circle.

During a recent all-night session the House of Commons disposed of 1,000 cups of coffee, 500 cups of tea, 370 whisky and sodas and 420 bottles of beer, 700 eggs and a few other things.

British soldiers who have no trade are to be taught one during their term of service. A committee is now studying out a plan at Aldershot.