

**INDIAN BASKET-MAKING.**

**Enormous Demand for Them Has Lowered the Quality of the Supply.**

It is becoming more and more difficult, it is said, to secure finely woven Indian baskets, and, consequently, to form collections of the baskets of the aboriginal American. Fewer of the fine baskets are being made, and the number of those who desire to make collections is increasing. It is estimated that baskets valued at \$5,000,000 have been taken from California and Arizona within the last two years. Not all of these, however, were of the kind sought by the most exacting collectors. So heavy has been the demand that the southwest has been well-nigh denuded of the finer baskets. Most of the baskets now obtainable are made hurriedly and do not fulfill the demand made by collectors. The Indians do not spend the same amount of time upon them as when they made baskets to be handed down as heirlooms. In some cases it is not possible for them to find the durable grasses which they once used, for civilization has extinguished them.

Some of the earlier baskets were the product of months of labor. Many of these cannot be bought for less than \$25, and as high as \$1,000 has been paid for specimens. The kind of basket that can be bought for \$1.50 or \$2 is not the kind which the experienced collector will accept. He wants a basket which illustrates the artistic taste and the skill of a tribe, not a "pot boiler."

At one time basket making was an art carried on by all the tribes of the Pacific coast. Indians from Alaska to Mexico. At present the tribes of Arizona make most of the baskets. The Mohi, Hopi, and the Apaches make many baskets and plaques. The Pimas and Maricopas formerly made the baskets, and some of the former do today. The Pimas learned the art from the Maricopas when the latter sought shelter among them from the slaughter of the Yumas, about 100 years ago. The Maricopas have allowed their basket weaving to cease, while the Pimas are again taking it up.

The cheap modern baskets have heavy fibers and coarse stitches or strands. The choicest baskets and those sought by the connoisseur are delicately woven with mellow-colored markings and soft, flexible strands. The latter are so well put together that they will hold water. It is said to be almost out of the question to form a complete collection of baskets, and to make a collection of 50 or 60 good ones, showing the different stages of development, means hundreds of miles of travel to the reservations, and the expenditure of much money and much speech in coaxing the remnants of the old tribes to part with their woven treasures.

**IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.**

**Whether a Fellow's Enamored Calls Him or Some Other Fellow Handsome.**

She was picturesque; he was athletic, alert and interested in everyone. They appeared to be the best of friends, says the New York Sun, and she was evidently generous toward other women, for as the two lounged on the sands at one of the fashionable beaches she did not resent his enthusiastically expressed admiration for her natural enemies.

"There's a fine, vigorous-looking girl," the listener heard him say, with manifest preference for the buxom and sumptuous in womankind; and his slim, lissom companion added without envy:

"Yes, and she's graceful, too," and so on, indefinitely. What more liberality could a woman show?

After about an hour of that sort of thing, however, she finally turned full on him the serious gaze of her big, brown eyes and said, softly:

"I'd like to have you show me a good-looking man."

He proudly called attention to himself.

"Yes, I know," she said, "but another."

"They are few," he responded, with a Rooseveltian grin, "but there's one that is not bad."

The girl's eyes lighted up as she looked at the man indicated.

"Stunning!" she said, enthusiastically. "So well built, and handsome; and brainy looking, too."

Her companion changed the subject. A few minutes later, the stranger again passed them in his walk up and down the beach.

"There's that handsome man again," said the girl; and the listener heard a barytone growl that sounded like:

"Fat bloke."

**Old, Old Story.**  
"Have a good time at the beach?" asked Ethel.

"No; deadly dull," replied Maud.

"Only two men there."  
"Well, couldn't you land one of them?"

"O yes; but I was engaged to them both last summer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Law of Opposites.**  
Diggs—There goes Miggles. He's homely enough to stop a clock, but—Biggs—But what?  
"But his wife is pretty enough to stop a trolley car."—Chicago Daily News.

**Tommy's Idea of Them.**  
Teacher—What are the parts of speech?  
Tommy Tucker—It's—It's when a man stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

**JEWELS IN METERS.**

**DIAMONDS FIGURE IN REGISTERING ELECTRIC SUPPLY.**

**They Are Used as Bearings Much the Same as Pivot Cups in the Movements of Watches.**

There are over 150,000 jewels, sapphires and diamonds, hidden away within the bounds of the Greater New York where few people know anything about them. They are in the meters registering the supply of electricity wherever that element is used—a jewel in each meter, and upon the jewel depends largely the accuracy of the work of the meter, says the New York Times. No woman in need of a new tiara, however, or politician looking for an illuminating shirt stud need hunt them up, for they are very tiny, 14 or 20 to the carat, and not beautiful even when seen with the aid of the magnifying glass.

But they are interesting, and the diamonds in their most approved form particularly so. They are cup-shaped, and the inner surface of each is highly polished. The polishing of anything but the flat surface of a diamond has hitherto been considered an impossibility. Every facet of a diamond cut for an ornament is flat, polished by being held to a big lap revolving at a high rate of speed and with the use of oil and diamond dust. The most expert lapidary in this country said, when the diamond cup was proposed, that the polishing of the concave surface of a diamond was an impossibility. Other experts in Holland—Rotterdam and Amsterdam—the home of diamond cutting, made the same statement. But with the need came the invention, and now a machine with a ball attachment gives the inside of the tiny cup as high a polish as is found on the most beautiful jewel in a ring.

The correct registering of the supply of electricity by the meter depends largely upon the revolution of a tiny pivot upon a smooth surface. These are the bearings of the meter. The pivot is of brass, with a center of hardened piano wire, which is nearly as smooth and brilliant as a diamond. The jewels form the polished surfaces upon which the pivot revolves, and here is where the diamond cup appears. It is set in the top of a hollow screw of brass, and beneath it is a brass plug, with a spring to minimize the effect of vibration. If the jewel used becomes roughened or defective in the slightest degree the revolutions will decrease in number and the meter fall short in its measurements, a result which, while it may be satisfactory to the consumer, will not please the electrical company furnishing the supply. There are, few meters, it is said, which do not fall a trifle short in their registering, and the consumer as a rule gets his supply of electricity at a discount which is more or less material.

It is owing to this fact that from the beginning the electrical companies have been making experiments to find the best material for use in the meter, i. e., the hardest and smoothest surface upon which the pivot of the meter may revolve. Agate was tried first, but roughened immediately, and steel was found to be little better. Then the sapphire came into use, the tiny cups being formed of it. But the life of a sapphire is barely a year, with the constant mechanical action upon it, and it is necessary to renew it at the end of every 12 months, and often in less time, and a new pivot is put in each time the jewel is renewed. A diamond is harder than a sapphire, and experiments have proved them to be more satisfactory, the only difficulty being that, in the first place, they could not be made in cup shape because it was said that a concave diamond could not be polished.

Before this was done successfully a cup was improvised, a flat diamond at the bottom and the sides formed by a ring of sapphire set over it. There are several different kinds of sapphires which have been tried. The best come from Ceylon and Siberia, the latter having but a small output. There is also a Montana sapphire, which is known by its greenish shade, but which is softer than the others, having only half the life of a Ceylon stone. The sapphires made in cup shape were used almost from the first, being replaced by the diamond with the sapphire ring, which is still used.

Diamonds have been used for only about two years, and until the last six months have been almost prohibitory in price. The diamond cups as they come from the stone cutters cost \$2, while the rough diamond would be worth only about 40 cents. The sapphires cost only about 20 cents a cup.

The diamond cups are not yet in general use. Only three firms are making them, and it takes one machine an entire day to do so. The length of life of a diamond in use in a mechanical instrument has not yet been determined. The surface of a jewel in a fine chronometer will show a faint haze after a couple of years' use. A diamond in a meter may last from two to four years, depending upon the vibration. Eventually the diamond cups will be used entirely, and jewels in the meters will then represent more money than now.

**Terrible Handicap.**  
"They're going to name the baby 'Mamie,' after her maternal grandmother."  
"Gracious! that's terrible!"  
"Terrible?"  
"Certainly. The poor child will be named for life."—Chicago Journal.

**Time.**  
Time still flies, but man still can't.—Somerville Journal.

**NOT AN OBJECT OF ENVY.**

**The Husband Whose Wife Has Gave for a Lengthy Summer Vacation.**

The vacation widower is popularly looked upon as a happy man. His family is summing somewhere in the mountains or in the seashore, in the heart of a peach farm or on the shores of a lake, and he is left to enjoy that boasted liberty which, as he recalls it, filled his bachelor days with gladness, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. There is none to believe that the vacation widower is not having the time of his life.

The real facts in the case are not likely to bear out this belief, and if the full truth were told and acknowledged the vacation widower would likely be found as utterly unsatisfied with life as he is untrammelled by his usual worries as a householder and provider.

Not long after the departure of his family he finds that some of the boasted liberty of the ante-married state has faded and is not to be sought anew with impunity. Boston companions of other days, though they still are free, seem somehow to have changed their habits or their natures, or worst of all, to have found other bosom companions. A care-free life at the club has lost the attractiveness that once served to keep the eye alert and the head erect after the natural hour for sleep. He wonders that he ever could have counted on the joy of being free from a commuter's responsibility and a train schedule, now that he has nothing to do but go to the train.

He eyes with suspicion the material and construction of a purchased meal. He grows cynical, pessimistic, melancholy, forlorn and careless. And at night he wanders half-heartedly homeward and sits in the middle of a dust-covered room to read again an affectionate letter concerning the efforts of his children to drown themselves in the lake, hurl themselves over a cliff, or permit themselves to be run down by a fractious horse.

Perhaps later in the evening he sits on the edge of a bed that has not been made for weeks, and endeavors to recall whether or not he has fed the bird, watered the plants, put out the cat, wound the clock, paid the ice bill, got ready the washing for the laundress, counted the few pieces of silver left out for his possible needs, and investigated the drain pipe in the refrigerator.

The vacation widower is, however, a silent sufferer. His face is ever to the wind, and there is a forced and deceiving smile decorating his features. He knows the perverse reasoning power of womankind, and realizes that were his misery known, he would stand in danger of having his martyrdom extended. For the true wife knows of few greater joys than that of being missed.

**OBJECTED TO HIS HAIR.**

**Displeas'd of the Red Variety Who Carried His Antipathy Altogether Too Far.**

"Well, prisoner," said his honor to Thomas Williams, relates the Brooklyn Citizen, "you have heard the evidence of the officer. He says you were disorderly on a street car. Are you guilty?"

"Not guilty, sir. It was all owing to the conductor, sir."

"But what had the conductor to do with it?"

"He came for my fare, sir."

"But that was his business, wasn't it?"

"In a way, yes; you see I was born with an antipathy to red hair. He had red hair, and the minute he came along I felt myself getting mad. He saw that I didn't like it, but instead of playing me easy he stands right there and yells 'fare' at men until I had to talk to him. I still held on to myself until he begins to call me a dead beat and threatened me with arrest, and then I took him by the neck."

"And it all began because you can't bear to see a red-headed man?"

"That's it, sir. The sight of one to me is like a red rag to a bull. I've got to dig in my toes and hang on or there's a row."

"Well, Thomas, I have a duty to perform. There are, according to close estimates, 3,845 red-headed men in Brooklyn. They are scattered around, and you are liable to come across one any time. You are a dangerous man, and they look to the courts for protection. I shall elevate you for 30 days. There are at least two red-headed keepers up there, and you had best get acquainted with them and see if this antipathy won't wear off. I think it will. If it don't come back and get some more of the same thing. The red-headed doorman will now escort you out to the black maria, driven by a red-headed man."

**Japan's Official Integrity.**

The president of Mexico is supposed to have a fortune not greater than \$1,000,000. After 25 years of service this fact is sufficient to attract attention. When Li rung Chang was in this country, he was talking to the wife of a man who has many times held high office in America. "How much is your husband worth?" asked Li, according to his wont. "We are not rich," replied his hostess. Li closed one eye solemnly and changed the subject. No such tales for him; and his skepticism suggests how much more deeply seated official corruption is in China than it is even in the United States. Russia is in this regard in a class with China. In official honesty Japan has set a standard for the world.—Collier's Weekly.

**BEEES IN THE CITY.**

**WORKING PEOPLE STUNG BY INSECTS FROM APIARIES.**

**Miniature Bee Farms in Greater New York Present a Serious Problem for Health Department.**

In a list of the industries of New York, great, complex and inclusive as such a list must be, one would hardly think of including the raising of bees and the harvesting of honey as one of them. Yet at an early meeting of the health officials they will be confronted with the problem of deciding whether or not beehives are a nuisance in a city of this size, says the Tribune.

For demonstrating purposes, so the officers of the company declare, an apiary of 27 hives is in operation in Vesey street. There is a candy factory near by where the bees glean the sweetness necessary to their daily life and a winter store of honey. The young women of the factory and the occupants of office buildings in the vicinity have been stung so many times in the last few months that the howl of complaint has reached the headquarters of the health department.

In several other parts of the city miniature bee farms are in operation. Although there is probably no big city where fewer flowers are to be found than in this mountain of asphalt, brick, steel frames and cobble, the bees seem to thrive in the metropolis. The yield of honey is said to be equal to that of the ordinary country hive.

New York bees lose none of the instincts of their kind, and the most troublesome of these for the city dwellers is the nip with which they sting when disturbed and the inborn habit of swarming.

It was not many weeks ago that one of the downtown stations of the Sixth avenue elevated road was put out of commission because a hive of bees had settled upon it as a desirable place to swarm. Hurrying along with the usual Manhattan rush, the first visitors to the station ran into the nest of stings and retreated without even waiting to say "Stung again!"

Naturally a crowd gathered and found much amusement in watching heedless ones rush up the stairway to catch the next express only to hasten down again swinging their arms about their faces as though a flock of stegomyia from New Orleans was after them. It was said at the time that this particular swarm of bees had been blown across the North river from Jersey, but in view of the number of hives since discovered in the heart of the city this statement is open to doubt.

The bite of a rattler, the prick of a thistle or nettle, the poison of the wrong kind of ivy and kindred trials are not to be expected in the most crowded city in the land. Shall the sting of the bee be added to the other nuisances of New York life? Such a prospect is not particularly encouraging when one reads in the news dispatches from Indiana that two native-born Hoosiers have been stung to death on a country road. The average citizen will declare that with automobiles, electric cars, rubberneck wagons and other things that rush about, Broadway is dangerous enough without the infliction of bees. If the hope of the health department order fails, one must remember that an agricultural experimenter in the west believes that he has bred a stingless bee. Perhaps the Tammany aldermen will pass an ordinance prohibiting any other kind, though, as they are so seldom "stung," they may not take sufficient interest.

**Cooking Without Fire.**

In the cookery schools of Berlin, Munich, Frankfurt and other German cities the use of the "fireless stove," or "cooking box," is strongly recommended. The apparatus consists simply of a wooden box, thickly lined with hay or felt, and fitted with a tight cover. Nests are made in the lining, into which pots containing food that has first been boiled for a few minutes over a fire are placed, tightly covered, and the box is closed. The lining retains the heat for hours, and the food is slowly cooked, with better results, in many cases, than can be attained by rapid cooking on a stove. Of course the apparatus does not answer for cooking steaks, chops or cakes, which require a quick, hot fire, but it is excellent for soups and vegetables.

**Mortality in Russia.**

Harrowing details regarding the condition of Russian peasants are given by Gen. Roop, president of the St. Petersburg Society for Reduction of Infant Mortality. In some parts of Russia nine children under one year die to one in Norway. The poor mothers are so hard worked that they can give their babes neither care nor nourishment. Whereas in all civilized countries the general mortality has steadily decreased, in Russia it has steadily increased from 20 per 1,000 in 1800 to 50 and over at present. In another century and a half, Gen. Roop declares, the Russian nation will, unless these evils are checked, begin to diminish in numbers.

**Blocked.**

"I'm afraid my hay fever is coming on," said Kloseman, trying to get some medical advice free of charge. "Every once in awhile I feel an itching in my nose, and then I sneeze. What would you do in a case like that, doctor?"

"I feel pretty sure," replied Dr. Sharp, "that I would sneeze, too."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**THE OLD YANKEE ACCENT.**

**New England Provincialisms Are Not Quite So Often Heard as Formerly.**

We hate to believe our Green Mountain friend, the Burlington News, when it assures us that "the Yankee accent is dying out," says the New York Sun. Even in that New England world of French Canadians, Italians and other foreign stocks we hope that "How air ye?" still gladdens the ear. Yet the Burlingtonian is sure that "even in remotest parts of Vermont the long-drawn 'aww and 'noaw' and kindred words are rarely heard." So much the worse. The kindly native tongue, the provincial stamp of speech, are welcome to all but pedantic and priggish long ears. The final "a" sounded as "in" in "pin," "Ameriky," "Atricy," "Cuby," "Eu-ropean," with the accent on the ante-penultimate, a pronunciation that even Mr. Seward is said to have used; the sloughing off of final "g" in "ink," the adding of "h" to height, thus pronouncing it as Milton spelled it; the little "vulgarisms" like "git," probably reminiscences of the speech of our ancestors; they have their charm especially as one grows older and returns to his first love.

If we may judge by books, dialect never flourished more than in these days of trolleys and cheap travel and cliffed country. Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman hears dialect enough in New England. Probably Mr. Kipling detected strange intonations and lingo in Vermont, though nothing approaching the unintelligible hash in which he is pleased to compose. In Maine, lovely Maine, there are pronunciations which an outsider envies but can scarcely reproduce. "Coat," "boat," ever "state," "stet" of Maine, have their interesting variations of sound. "Surry," "clusest," "culerny," "Puga huntas"—why should everybody pronounce like everybody else?

The truth is that no universal uniformity prevails. The southerner, the westerner, the middle stater, the inhabitant of each several state, have their little peculiarities. The country is full of local dialects. Many of the peculiarities ascribed to the "Yankee" speech may be heard more or less over much of the country. Certain mountain dialects of the south may be more limited in their geographical distribution, but the Yankee of parts of Indiana and of the south will preserve the good old Yankee speech, even if it be true—which we decline to admit—that Hosea Biglow is "as extinct as the dodo." The other day we picked some good words out of the dictionary of "Terms Used in Forestry and Logging," mere drops out of the great ocean of special yet in the main essentially popular vocabulary. That strange and gifted speech, "Pennsylvania Dutch," is still too little known. We see no reason why a man shouldn't be eager and proud to possess and treasure every particle of his native dialect, be it Floridian, Oregonian, Kansan. Even if he is not, if he loves that cheap dialect "cosmopolitanism" which scorns the vernacular of the soil, he may be guiltily sure that his speech, and especially his vowels, betrays him. Keep your ears open in a car, ferryboat or in the street and you will catch many shades of "provincial"—and therefore thrice blessed—intonation and pronunciation. Finally, even the snob will drop the prunes and prisms out of his mouth when he gets old.

We'll bet there's plenty of Yankee accent in Vermont still. If there isn't, our Burlington friend should visit, say, the Jerseys. In good, flat, nasal, twanging genuine Yankee speech the Jerseys outshine many of their neighbors. Scene and landscape seem to have affected the vocal organs.

**The North River.**

Long before the revolutionary war, North river (in Massachusetts) had become an important factor in the life of this people. It was an outlet to a large inland country. Not only were its fisheries of importance, but coasting vessels found their way up the stream, and considerable trade was carried on. Packet lines were established, and the river became a scene of busy life. Here, also, industrial activity found a place. As early as 1678 ships were built on its banks, from Pembroke to the sea, and in the years that followed, numerous shipyards brought prosperity and renown to this part of the country. The vessels built here became known throughout the world before 1800. They were always designated as having been built on the river, and never in any of the towns on its banks.—From "Old Colony Ship-Building," by Evelina W. Drew, in Four-Track News.

**Where Hebrew Is an Innovation.**

Yiddish is an archaic and corrupt form of German extensively spoken by Jews in many countries besides Germany itself. A startling instance of its popularity is given by a writer in the Jewish Chronicle. In Jerusalem he met "a worthy man who denounced me for being unable to converse with him in Yiddish. 'You are no Jew,' he protested. 'For you do not know the Jewish language.' I answered that Hebrew was the Jewish language, and that I was quite willing to try to speak to him in it. His rejoinder was: 'I have no patience with this new-fangled idea of speaking Hebrew in Jerusalem.'"—London Globe.

**Very Charitable.**

Awkward Spouse—I see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity?

Pretty Wife—Of course. Don't you remember how I used to take pity on you and dance with you when we first met?—Chicago Journal.

**DEADLY ENGLISH SPORTS.**

**Natives of South Africa Try Rowing with Results Somewhat Disastrous.**

Wherever an Englishman finds his way he leaves traces behind in the form of his favorite sport or pastime. Civilization of this kind has just touched the Zambesi, and the natives are reported to have taken kindly to a regatta, says Stray Stories.

Some of the events were interfered with by what might be termed local elements, or example the eight-oar boat race was scarcely a conspicuous success, owing to a stampede of elephants into the water at the start.

As a result, only one boat was left to complete the course, and that one was bitten in half by a hippopotamus when about half distance.

In the crocodile race a protest was lodged in consequence of the winning reptile arriving home with his jockey inside, having accidentally swallowed him for safety during a collision.

The natives engaged in the sailing match fell in with an unfriendly tribe half way down the river, and landed to settle outstanding differences. This happened two months ago, and if none of the boats put in appearance before the close of the year the time limit clause will enable the committee to cancel the race.

If the rate of mortality maintained by the last regatta is upheld, statisticians estimate that three more of these river-side festivals may be held before the tribe becomes extinct.

**JOKE OF ENGLISH LAWYER.**

**Writes Satirical Tale the Title of Which Catches an American Librarian.**

"How I Became a Judge; Being the Reminiscences of the Honorable Mr. Justice Rater." Is the title of an amusing little book written by a satirical lawyer recently.

The humorous sketches of life at the bar was widely appreciated and quickly passed through three editions. A copy found its way to the library of congress, Washington, and one of the librarians plainly jumped to the conclusion that Justice Rater is a real, live ornament to the English bench. As any rate, the librarian addressed a reply-paid postal card to the author in care of his publishers, thus:

"Nichols & Sons, Parliament mansions, Victoria street S. W., London, England."

Justice Chumley Rater was asked to furnish the librarian with a brief autobiography and the titles of any others of his published works so that they could be catalogued in the library of congress.

Moral—When English jokes are exported to America they should be labeled.

**SEND POTATOES BY MAIL.**

**Novel Method of Saving Fourteen Cents a Pound Found by Alaska Man.**

John R. Dodson, an Alaska miner, bought 50 pounds of potatoes and ordered them sent to Mastodon, Alaska, by United States mail, says a Portland (Ore.) report.

He paid \$10.50 for the lot and for their carriage by mail into the interior of the northern territory, which will make the "spuds" cost 21 cents a pound laid down at their destination.

At that price he saved 14 cents a pound on the price in the markets there.

"It is not the saving in expense that induced me to do this," said Dodson. "Up there we don't go to much bother to save seven dollars. But we are anxious to illustrate to the people of the United States how the government is holding back the development of Alaska, and when I tell you what the Klondike government is doing for the Klondike country, just across the line, then the people will understand that something is wrong with the Alaskan policy of this country."

**Korean Curiosity.**

Oriental gardeners are adepts at plant tricks, but one of the unique productions of the Korean gardener is a natural armchair, in which the required shape was attained during the growth of the vine. Almost from the time the first tiny shoot appeared the vine had been carefully treated in anticipation of the use to which it was to be put. By the time it attained its growth it was formed into a perfect rustic arm chair, studded with the seeds of the ginkgo tree, which had grown into the fibres of the wood, an ornaments. All of the joints were made by grafting, so that the chair is practically in one solid piece, and after it had attained a growth of some three feet it was cut and dried. When thoroughly seasoned it was polished, the wood taking a finish like mahogany, and it forms the only complete chair grown upon the plant.

**Patchouli.**

The patchouli plant is a native of India and China, where it is quite common. It is also grown successfully in Ceylon, Paraguay and the French possessions of La Reunion. The leaves and branches possess a mask-like perfume, and upon distillation furnish the essence of patchouli. It resembles the sage plant in height and form, but its leaves are less fleshy.

**Real or Fancied Rats.**  
"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the drug clerk.

"Well," replied the man, "my room was full of rats last night and I want—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the bright clerk, "bromo for yourself or strychnine for them?"—Catholic Standard.