

VALUE OF THE SUNROOM

Wise Woman When Superintending the Building of Her Home Will Add This Apartment.

The wise woman when superintending the building of her home will add a sunroom to the house.

This is a place where the children can gain health.

Greenhouses are built to give sunlight to plant life, but the children are allowed to grow in sunless rooms.

The sunroom is best when built upon the second floor, facing east and south.

The numerous windows should be built close together and set in a sloping roof.

This room should be arranged so that it is conveniently independent of the rest of the house, in case of illness.

Paint the walls cream, and have the floor parquet. Carpets and rugs should be eliminated from the sunroom. They harbor dust and germs.

Where the floor and wall join, a curve should be made, as in the modern hospitals.

The furniture should be of the simplest, comfortable chairs, settees and cushions with washable covers should be the rule.

Here, during the spring months, the children can study with particularly good results, and spend all recreation hours in this room.

This is an excellent reason why the sensible woman should set this "trap to catch a sunbeam."

DIDN'T SAVE OWN LANGUAGE

Filipino Draws Down on His Head Indignation of Amateur Interpreter.

A party of tourists in a small Filipino village were trying to make the native driver of a bull cart understand that they wished their baggage transferred from the bungalow to the railway station at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The native did not seem to comprehend either their gestures or their hybrid language.

Standing near the tourists was a recruit of the United States army, who had been in the "islands" just a month and was extremely proud of the few words of "Hog Spanish" that he had learned.

So he offered his services as interpreter.

"Say, hombre," said he impressively to the Filipino, "when the clock on that steeple yonder strikes two, 'ding-ding,' you get your bull cart, 'moo-moo,' and carry those trunks to the station, 'toot-toot,' Sayey?"

"No sabe," solemnly replied the native.

"What-at!" roared the interpreter. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't understand your own language?"

—Everybody's.

Bird's Nest in Mail Box.

Probably a bird's nest in a rural mail box is a rare thing, if it has ever happened before, but out in Oawgatchie a small bird has taken possession of a mail box and has already built her nest and laid three eggs and it looks as though she would complete her work of hatching and rearing her young.

The particular box picked out by the bird is one that is in use daily and the mail carrier never misses a stop at this box.

Mrs. Bird seems to enjoy the idea to have the mail carrier lift the cover of the box and deposit the mail and will sit on her nest as unconcerned as can be.

The mail box has been fixed so that it will not close entirely so that the bird may complete the task of rearing her young. It is not known what kind of a bird this is, but it is thought that it is a pheasant, being brown of color and about the size of a sparrow and laying sky-blue eggs.—Watertown Correspondent New London Day.

U. S. Dentistry Abroad.

"An American at home, with or without toothache, is not much affected by the sign, 'Painless Dentistry,' but at sight of it in a foreign land he shrills pleasurably," a traveler said.

SKUNK'S WEAPON OF DEFENSE

So Awful is the Effects of Its Spray That No Living Thing Will Attack It.

The skunk is about the size of a large cat, and so awful is the effects of its spray that no living thing, unless by mistake, will attack it, and in consequence it is quite fearless, and will hardly get out of the way of man.

Mr. Hudson, who has had experience of it in South America, tells of how a foolish eagle vulture, pressed by hunger, tried to seize the menacing tail, but immediately afterwards began staggering about with disheveled plumage, tearful eyes and a profusely woebegone expression on its vulture face.

After a dog has once experienced those few dreadful drops of perfume, it will hardly ever be induced to attack the little fiend again. But if, after much persuasion and banter, a poor canine, bolder than the average, is urged to the attack, and can seize the skunk by the back, then the victory may lie with the dog, but if the spray reaches the dog before it can do this, it will fall down as if shot, and not recover for days.

A drop on a man's coat will render it quite useless for further wear. For the preservation of life man has developed brain, the elephant its tusks, the tiger its claws and teeth, the deer its fleetness of foot, the snake its poison, the stinging nettle its sting, the bush its thorn and the skunk its drops of horrible odor, so powerful that it tortures the olfactory nerves past endurance, and pervades the whole system like a pestilential ether, nauseating one, until sea-sickness seems almost a pleasant sensation in comparison.

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SUREST TEST OF OLD AGE

Don't Look at Your Face for the Signs of Time's March—Watch the Heart.

The dear little old lady was just as cross as she could be!

All because the old-fashioned conductor had said: "Be careful. Watch out, grandma. Don't get off the car till it stops."

It was probably the first time that from the lips of a stranger came the verdict that the world had begun to look upon her as an old lady.

She must have known that her shoulders were a bit stooped—but old! No, not just in the prime of life, and the very idea of that man calling out: "Watch out, grandma!"

But after all, what matters what the conductor said? There is a rumor of inner consciousness that should tell one if one is growing old.

"Don't look at your face to see if age is creeping on. Watch the heart. Beware of allowing care to make crows' feet there.

Oliver Wendell Holmes summed up the philosophy of life when he said: "I am seventy years young today."

Every birthday should see one's heart younger. The only way to keep from growing old is to keep growing young. The only time to begin growing young is before one begins to grow old.

There are mental attitudes and limping worse than those of a faltering foot. There are aches and pains caused by selfishness and narrowness much worse than those of rheumatism. Begin this moment to grow young.

Some Time to Wait.

One evening an Irishman chanced to drop into a quiet meeting house of the Quakers, and being rather astonished as to what manner of place it was, resolved to remain quiet and listen.

He behaved with remarkable decorum until a broad grin, no doubt moved by the spirit, informed his hearer: "I have married a wife, evidently being about to use this as a text. Pat was excited and called out, 'The devil ye have!'"

This interruption rather confused the young man, but he continued: "I have married a daughter of the Lord."

This was too much for our Emerald Islander, who exclaimed: "Sit down, ye spalpeen! I'll be a long time before ye see your father-in-law."

On Boston Common.

Comparatively few people know that there was once a "spinning school" on Boston Common. Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston" records that upon the arrival in Boston of some Irish spinners and weavers a spinning craze took possession of the town, and the women, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, flocked into the spinning school, which for want of better quarters, was set up in the Common, in the open air.

Here the whirr of their wheels was heard from morning to night. Thirty-five years later the Society for Encouraging Industry and Employing the Poor again used the Common as a spinning school, about 300 young women appearing there.

Laborer Finds Old Coins.

A laborer working on the Jericho turnpike at Commack, L. I., dug up a bag of old coins. Within a minute other diggers were fighting for possession of the coins.

CANARY IS PLUMP AND HAPPY

Absent-Minded Woman Discovers Why She Wanted Telephone Operator to Call Her.

Absent-minded persons sorely try the patience of girls in the New Rochelle telephone office.

Not long ago a woman confessed herself subject to extreme forgetfulness and requested the day operator on her exchange to ring her up every morning at nine o'clock.

A week later she said: "Central, what was it I wanted you to call me for at nine o'clock?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "You didn't tell me. You just asked me to call at nine o'clock."

"Too bad," said the woman. "I know there was something I wanted to do every morning at nine o'clock, but I can't for the life of me think what it was."

The nine o'clock calls continued, however, and several days later the woman took central into her confidence again.

"I have found out why I wanted to be called," she said. "A friend had given me a canary and I wanted to make sure of remembering to feed it. The poor little thing is nearly starved. Hereafter when you ring won't you just say, 'Feed the bird,' and I'll go straight and do it!"

Central promised, and the neglected canary is now a plump and contented bird.

WAS SOMETHING LIKE A RUN

Munchohausen Tells About a Bit of Sprinting He Witnessed in Scotland.

"Talkin' about runnin'," remarked Hon. Ananias Munchohausen, "about the finest bit of sprintin' I ever saw was up in Scotland the shootin' season deer last. I'd been out all day deer-shootin', and had had most awful luck when I spied a whoppin' great buck about eighteen hundred yards away.

Takin' a careful sight, I let fly. But, bless your soul, the instant my bullet touched him, and before it had time to penetrate his hide, that beast was off like a flash!

"I never saw two such evenly matched things as that deer and my bullet. For over half a mile they sped on together, neither gainin' on the other, the bullet just managin' to keep in touch with the deer's skin. At the end of a mile, however, the pace began to tell on the deer, and he faltered just for a moment. 'Twas fatal. The bullet sped on, and the poor beast keeled over. He deserved his freedom if ever an animal did. He'd have got it, too, if he could have stuck out for another twenty yards, for that's about as far as my rifle carries."

Six Years Building a Clock.

Twenty thousand minute pieces of wood entered into the construction of an elaborately ornamented Notre Dame cathedral clock made by James Calway of Skowhegan, Me.

This clock, which is finely carved, stands seven feet and ten inches in height and took Mr. Calway six long years to complete.

In the upper story six folding doors open every ten minutes and the apostles appear marching in time to an air played by a large music box that is governed by the clock, each one bowing before the Savior as they pass, except the fourth one (which represents Peter), who turns his back upon the Savior, and the devil comes out of the top of the clock and blows a trumpet in honor of Peter.

The second story is in the form of a mansion with double doors in front which also open every ten minutes. Lazarus appears at the rich man's door and on bended knees asks for charity, the dogs licking his sores, and the rich man stands in the door swinging his arm as if he were throwing crumbs from his table.

All these movable figures are run by machinery connected with a time movement, so as to work on the minute. The bottom story is a very elaborately designed foundation of fine inlaid work.—Scientific American.

Raising Cotton.

Ever since the United States blockaded the southern ports early in the Civil war European countries have been trying to raise cotton in their Asiatic and African possessions.

In half a century they have not succeeded in doing enough to make any particular impression upon the world's cotton markets.

The area of the Nile valley is very limited. Cotton of a short staple is raised in India, but only in a moderate amount, and the culture shows little tendency to increase.

Russia has long produced in her Asiatic possessions a moderate amount of cotton, and the little dispute over passports for American Jews increased the desire of Russia to reduce its imports from this country, to which end the minister of agriculture has just visited central Asia, but he has returned convinced that little can be done to increase cotton culture.

The Kentucky Cardinals.

Redbirds, known technically as Kentucky cardinals, were never known to be so plentiful as this spring, and it is no unusual thing to see gangs of ten to fifteen at one time.

Heretofore they have been seen only in pairs, a male and a female. The male is a beautiful bird of bright red, the female being a more brownish tinge.

Couldn't Escape.

Clinton—Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night? Clubleigh—No; and I didn't get in without my hearing her, either.

QUEER FISHES OF THE SEA

Those That Live Down in the Deep Are Grotesque and Chimerical.

Cuba ends to the south in a huge hammer of mountains 8,000 feet high and steeping sheer into the sea.

The wall does not end there, but continues its precipitous descent into the 700-mile-long abyss called Bartlett's deep.

This gigantic submarine valley is nearly four miles deep and 80 miles wide.

At a mile and a half, the pressure of the water is nearly two tons to the square inch; the ooze that comes up from such a depth, though the equator runs overhead, is cold as hoar frost; it is ten times certain that no vegetation can grow there.

As in our world none but the vegetables are able to make food, it ought to follow that in the depths of the sea there should be no animal life.

As a matter of fact, these glooms are inhabited by the most grotesque and chimerical of all fishes. It would seem as though in the darkness life had taken every imaginable license to be ugly and bizarre.

Cannibalism is evidently the only method of life, and its equipment runs to every kind of extravagance.

There are fish with teeth so long that they cannot close their mouths, fish that draw their stomach over prey larger than themselves, fish with no more mouth than a leech, and getting their living as leeches, fish with huge, myopic eyes, and fish frankly blind.

Probably none of them comes from depths quite beyond the region of light, though a great many of them go poking about their ghoulish business furnished with lanterns of the glow-worm type.

BLACK BREAD OF GUETERSLOH

How Westphalian Started Craze for Westphalian Pumpernickel and Made Fortune of Bakers.

Guetersloh was a town of some five hundred inhabitants some eighty years ago when, one day during the maneuvers, a young lieutenant took up his quarters there.

This lieutenant came from Pomerania, where they also make black bread of fine quality, but he liked better the peculiar flavor of the Westphalia article. His name was Bismarck.

In the year 1870 Bismarck was again traveling through Guetersloh, this time as chancellor. King William was with him.

When the train stopped the prime minister called out generally to the crowd that had come to meet them:

"Is there any one who can get us some pumpernickel with butter?"

As a number of reporters were present when this query was made the fortune of the Guetersloh black bread was made, and it speedily became the fashion all over Germany.

The craze for Westphalian pumpernickel spread far and wide, cunningly furthered by the bakers who now baked for export only small one-pound loaves, for the purpose of making it look "more like a delicatessen," as they say.

The bakers of Guetersloh were worldly wise, for from the same kneading-troughs there go into the oven first the huge loaves (certain of these that go to the farm-houses often weighing half a hundredweight) and then, shaped of what is left, the tiny loaves that are wrapped in paper and exported to all parts of the world to be sold at a delicatessen.

Brief Wills.

Probably the briefest document ever probated as a will was a signed and dated memorandum, "Everything is Lou's," written by decedent in a railway train record book kept by him; his widow's name being Lula.

The instrument was held to be sufficient as a holographic will, however, in Smith v. Smith, 70 Southeastern Reporter, 491, by the Virginia supreme court of appeals. A note reading: "Dear Old Nance: I wish to give you my watch, two shawls, and also \$5,000. Your old friend, E. A. Gordon"—was sustained as a will in Clark v. Ransom, 50 California, 555; and a dated and signed memorandum, "Mrs. Sophie Looper is my heiress," was upheld in Succession of Shrenberg, 21 Louisiana Annual, 230.—The Docket.

Made a Good Guess.

A gentleman was watching a military funeral passing down the street. It was a very pretentious affair, and he walked to the edge of the curb to get a better view of the spectacle.

Just then the flag-draped cannon passed, leaving the flower-laden coffin. His curiosity was all the more aroused, so he stepped up to a newsboy, who was watching the procession, and asked: "Who's dead, sonny?"

The newsie looked at his questioner and then at the passing troops and finally said: "I don't know, boss; but I guess it must be the fellow under all dem flowers!"

Glaciers Caused by Milky Way.

Another suggested cause of glacial periods is that they have been due to the shifting of the milky way, such as is known to have occurred.

MEDICAL VALUE OF SPICES

They Arouse the Appetite and Promote the Secretion of the Gastric Juice.

The spices are a very interesting group of substances; they are the foundation of a considerable industry, they have their medical uses and finally are of special importance in dietetics.

Their value resides in their richness in aromatic substances and essential oils; strictly speaking, they are not foods, but often enough they are essential elements in the diet.

Spices have been the subject of classic research, as, for example, in the clover and important investigation which Pawlow undertook as to the psychic influences of food and as to the value of zest in nutrition.

Spices were shown to arouse appetite and to promote the secretion of the gastric juice, and the role they play therefore in dietetics is a very important one.

The medicinal action of some of them is further of value. Allspice, for example, is used as an aromatic and has been successfully administered for flatulency or for over-coming griping due to purgatives, and occasionally it is reported that the oil gives relief in rheumatism and neuralgia.

The medical uses of cinnamon are well known. Cardamoms are used in the form of a Uuncture as aromatic and stomachic and they are also employed as a flavoring agent in curry powder, cakes and liqueurs.

The applications of capsicum and the peppers generally are well known. Cloves are aromatic, carminative and stimulant and have been used in dyspepsia, gastric irritation and in cases of vomiting in pregnancy.

Oil of cloves is also a popular remedy for toothache. It has also its uses in microscopy as a preservative and for clearing sections.

The uses of nutmeg, are wide, vanilla has an enormous application as a flavoring patronage on account of its bright yellow color and pleasant musky flavor.—Lancel.

DRESS AND ITS PSYCHOLOGY

We Are Prone to Judge by Externals. Declares Harrison Fisher, the Famous Artist.

We are all of us prone to judge by externals, our early training in copy-book maxims notwithstanding, says Harrison Fisher in Dress.

Emeline may have a lovely disposition, but that cannot hide the fact that there are knots in her abstrings, and though Beatrice sings like an angel, her gown fastens most untidily.

Emeline's friends might be almost as sweet tempered as she is if her boots were not enough to make them cross. No less would the songs of Beatrice stir more hearts without the distractions of gaping hooks and missing buttons.

Externals do count, however broad we may think our views to be.

It is a common observation that a man gets an impression of a thing as a whole. If he notices any detail, it is apt to be a sign that something is wrong.

Carelessness, however, in the dress of either men or women, is usually betrayed by details.

Suppose that we ourselves have so far developed our minds and sensibilities that we form our opinions by what is, and not by what seems, are we not in constant embarrassment explaining our careless friends to others who are less condoning?

It is a very human failing to wish our friends to appear well, a kind of vanity, if you like, in proving the excellence of our own taste. There is no law requiring us to placard our qualities to open view.

Cannibal Fishes and Humane People.

While as a measure of economy the great majority of all the fishes and other creatures at the Aquarium are fed on dead food, such as cut up fish, or, as in the case of some of the larger ones, small dead fish whole, there are some fishes which if they are to be kept alive or in condition must have live food such as they would find in nature.

In their free state all fishes are cannibals. This is the way of nature. But among the visitors at the Aquarium there are people who consider the placing of live little fishes in the tanks to be devoured by bigger fish as cruel and in deference to this feeling the fishes that must be supplied with live food are fed before the Aquarium is opened in the morning and after it is closed at night.

Getting it All.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins, and, above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat.

He staggered out and waddled into a Penn avenue restaurant. "How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?"

The waiter didn't know. "Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say. "Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."—Pittsburg Post.

Not in the Contract.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

ADVICE TO EMBRYO POETS

First Efforts Should Not Be Directed to Subjects That Would Test Genius.

Far, far is it from our wish or intention to hurt anybody's feelings, but we do wish to state, very, very gently, that one of the most difficult tasks a real poet, experienced and skilled in the practice of his art, could undertake, would be to write an adequate and fitting poem on the loss of the Titanic.

For anyone else to attempt it is to invite inevitable failure, and failure of a kind that—well, of a kind that it would be unkind, in the circumstances, to characterize.

To be deeply and sincerely moved is one of the requisites for writing noble verse about a tragic episode in human history, but it is far from being the only requisite, and, with all respect for their emotions and intentions, we would suggest that those who have only a desire to express what they feel in regard to this calamitous event should do it otherwise than in verse.

At least they should not try to get the verse printed, for by so doing they place upon the winners of metrical offerings the always painful duty to be cruelly kind.

Surely, surely, surely, a first effort to write poetry should not be on a subject that would test all the powers of a long-tested genius.

LITTLE CHANCE TO OVERTAKE

Kentuckian Visits Grill Room of New York Hotel and Has Hearty Breakfast.

After his brother had been in New York a little more than a year, a Kentuckian decided to pay him a visit.

Hoping to surprise his brother, the Kentuckian did not apprise his brother of his intentions. Arriving at nine o'clock in the morning, he asked to be directed to a good eating house.

The taxicab pilot steered his course for the largest, coziest and most fashionable hotel grillroom on Broadway.

Being a stranger in a strange land and hungry, the Bluegrass brother ordered a regular home meal. When he got the check from the waiter his size staggered him.

He wasn't accustomed to New York hotel prices. After verifying the correctness of his bill at the cashier's desk and being insulted by the waiter for tipping him twenty-five cents, the visitor started out to look for his brother, whose office he found about one o'clock.

In response to his inquiry as to his brother's whereabouts, a clerk said: "He's over at Blank's hotel's new grillroom."

"Go slow, friend, only a millionaire could overeat at the Blank hotel. I know, because I had breakfast there myself this morning."

Gifts for Filipino Tribesmen.

While traveling around among these people of the mountains the giving of presents enters a great deal into the methods of treating with them.

As a rule the gifts which are acceptable are mere trifles. Among the Ifugaos a custom formerly required them to wear in the hair a white rooster's feather on festa days.

More recently a strip of onion skin tissue paper an inch wide has been introduced, and it is now the universal present from the secretary on his visit. These papers are worn as a sign of holiday, and after the festa is over they are carefully preserved till another occasion calls them forth.

The Bengtols and Callagans like beads, and a common bead of imitation agate which is worth a few centavos in Manila has its value enhanced till it is worth 50 centavos in the hills. Scarlet cloth is also acceptable to the Ifugaos and Bengtols. One of the very highest prizes of all is the pearl oyster shell, and several of these are always taken along. A great deal of discretion must be exercised in giving such presents, so as not to cheapen them, nor to place them in the hands of the wrong people.—Manila Times.

Loosing a King.

One of our naval officers tells of an incident that occurred when an American war vessel was lying at anchor in a European port, on which occasion it was visited by a monarch and his suite.

One of the members of this suite, resplendent in gold lace and decorations, with a big sword at his side and sporting a huge mustache, was exploring the ship, and being ignorant of things nautical, had leaned against the main-hatch windmill, mistaking it for a mast.

Of what ensued the officer of the deck was informed by the boat-swain's mate, who had seen the catastrophe and who broke the news of it thus: "You will excuse me, sir, but I think one of them kings has fell down the main hatch, sir."—Farper's Magazine.

A Delicate Point.

"They are a happy Sewickly couple. They haven't been married very long. In fact, the honeymoon has barely waned. An elderly friend met the bridegroom down town yesterday and slapped him on the back.

"Well, happy as a lark, I suppose?" "Oh, yes."

"How's the cooking?" "I have one trouble there. It's just this, my wife has been preparing angel food every day for dinner."

"You must be getting tired of it." "I am. Yet I feel a hesitancy about saying anything. How soon after the honeymoon would it be proper to ask for beefsteak and onions?"