

EVER NEED FOR HAPPINESS

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

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

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

LITTLE DIFFERENCE IN THEM

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

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

Repetitious Errors

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

Breathes Through the Nose.

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

"Doing the Trick."

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

Education.

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

THE NEWS FROM HOME

DOES ANY MAN OUTLIVE THE PLEASURE IT GIVES HIM?

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

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

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

"We butchered yesterday, but did not kill the six or seven big hogs we used to kill when your children were all at home. We killed only one yesterday and he weighed 298 pounds dressed. We sent some of the spare-ribs around to the neighbors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Senses of Plants.

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

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

Children Natural Born Liars.

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

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

DANGEROUS FISH TO MEET

Habitat of South American Waters That Seems Particularly Fond of the Human Body.

Probably one of the most dangerous and least known of man's watery enemies, says the Wide World Magazine, is the candern, or canern, a fish three to eight inches long, and guilty of the extraordinary habit of diving suddenly into the human anatomy by the most convenient channels.

There are two distinct species, one eel-like in appearance, blunt-headed and smooth-bodied, the other armed with a sharp, bony snout, two to three inches in length, swallow-tailed, and covered from snout to tail by small barbs. It is particularly attracted by the human body, into which it dives suddenly and with great force, producing a shock somewhat akin to a powerful electric discharge.

In the case of both types a serious surgical operation is involved; but in the case of the Benl variety the more the fish or the victim wriggles the farther the fish penetrates—and it cannot get back. It frequently causes death, for a surgeon is a rara avis in these wilds.

I saw two cut out of a woman in Riveralta, South America, where victims are common. The fish is a bloodsucker, and can be easily caught with a lump of raw meat, into which it dives in a much similar way—the proboscis being probably its usual means of securing blood.

WAS DABBLING IN THE PAST

Pilgrim Somewhat Resentful Because He Was Misled Into Perusing an Old Magazine.

"Among the things I'd like to know about," remarked the weary looking pilgrim with the draw mustache, on the car, "is this: How does a doctor or dentist come by his magazines? Does he go around among his friends and buy up old ones that his friends have read 'em, so's to get 'em cheaper? Or does he buy new magazines and then lay them away somewhere and let them age by natural process before placing them on the table in his reception room?"

"A day or so ago I had occasion to sit in the reception room of a prosperous dentist—that is, I suppose he's prosperous if he charges everybody on the same scale that he does me—and while I waited I began to rummage through his magazines that I found lying on the table. I got interested in an article in the Literary Digest about a threatened war between Russia and Japan. What! Another Russian mix-up? I became all worked up about it and turned over a page for further details. Then I happened to glance at the date, and found that I had been reading a magazine issued in January, 1904."

Error to Try to Hurry Women.

A Port Scott (Kan.) man and his wife were planning to take a trip, the Tribune of that town says, and after they had decided on the day the man spoiled all the pleasure of preparing by suggesting that he "bet they would miss the train." On the fatal morning his wife suddenly remembered that she had not put in her mirror and rushed back to get it. When she started again she was sure there was something else she had forgotten and looked in her suitcase to see. It happened to be there, so they rushed to the depot. The train was just out of sight, but the man didn't say "I told you so." He did say, though: "If you hadn't taken so much time dressing we wouldn't have missed the train." "I know that," returned the wife, "and if you hadn't rushed me we wouldn't have had to wait so long for the next train."

Value of Knowledge.

Mrs. Featherton had embroidered a gown for herself. Butterflies were the design, and she had made them look so natural that—so Mr. Featherton said—one would think they were actually alive. But Mrs. Featherton's little son was more critical. He regarded the decorative insects long and earnestly, opened his lips to speak, and then, with remarkable self-control for one so young, closed them again without speaking.

"Well, Frankie," said his mother at last, "tell me what you think of my butterflies."

Recreation for the Rich.

Let us give credit where it is due. You can not think that the devotion of surplus wealth to the acquisition of works of art deserves condemnation. On the contrary, it deserves praise and recognition—don't you think so? Keen business men require recreation. All brain workers want counter irritation. Pictures, books, old china and antiques generally furnish the necessary relaxation, hence the collection of them has become the fashion in the United States, a fashion so attractive that in the buying of them the American must hustle, as in his business, if he wants "to get there," and the almighty dollar talks.—London Opinion.

It Is All Made Plain.

"Gertrude says no man has ever kissed her."

"I have often wondered why she showed such a decided preference for mere boys."

WILD LAND FARMS

What Bohemians Accomplished by Co-Operative Work.

Families From New Jersey and Ohio Make Homes in Tennessee Wilderness—Are Not Only Making a Living but Show Profit.

Nashville, Tenn.—In the spring of 1911 the Tennessee Central railroad located a colony of Bohemians on the Cumberland plateau at Mayland, under the name of the Bohemian Co-operative Farming company. They purchased 5,300 acres in the woods without clearing, houses or fences. Immediately from New Jersey and Ohio Bohemian families came to the plateau and the work of transforming the wilderness into productive fields, gardens and orchards began. The story of this wonderful development is told by Rutledge Smith, industrial agent of the Tennessee Central railroad, as follows:

"The land was subdivided into fifty acre tracts, one tract to the family, so that the entire purchase would care for 100 families. Mr. Leonard Schwartz of New Jersey, an educated, cultured and trained farmer of large experience, was made manager of the colony, and the work of development has been under his immediate supervision. As the colony is co-operative in every respect, all the work is done by the Bohemians, no outside help being employed.

"The first work that was done after the property was subdivided was to build a few comfortable cottages to care for the pioneers. This done, they elaborated a careful program of procedure which would automatically expand with the increasing population.

"I went up last week to see the fruits of their labors. I found nearly 100 light haired and bronzed faced sons and daughters of Bohemia, intelligent, happy and content. Satisfaction reigned supreme with them, and they expressed themselves as having reached a climate as near perfection to their ideals of life as it was possible to find. It made me feel good to receive the sincere gratitude of these sturdy people for bringing them to the plateau of Tennessee.

"Mr. Schwartz showed me over the lands. Where formerly the timbered jungle stood were modern, imposing barns overflowing with feed. The fields of timothy had cut nearly two tons per acre, and these had been turned and planted in turnips and cabbage for cow feed, and it looked as though they would produce enough to feed the mountain.

"Then there were patches of buck-wheat, rye and the vegetable gardens, all luxuriant and profitable. Vegetables have been canned for winter use and to sell.

"Not only have these thrifty sons of Bohemia supported themselves while making their homes, but are now reaping a distinct profit. They all have money, pay for what they buy, are good citizens and a blessing to Tennessee.

"Every day is workday for them. It is never too hot or cold; they keep everlastingly at it. They work with intelligence, with a definite idea in view and accomplish what they start out to do. They do not practice the habit of our farmers in going to bed at dark and rising before day. After supper they read and lay out the work for the morrow, discuss together the best means for advancement, spend an occasional evening in social enjoyment, and at a reasonable hour in the morning are in the fields and there they remain until dark. Success can only crown the efforts of such intelligent labor.

"In the field the Bohemian rides, so walking between the plow handles for him. There is no dragging the plows around at the head of the land, but the horses keep on moving. Everything that a horse or machine can do the Bohemian makes them do.

"They are now turning their attention to horticulture and orchards are being laid out on a scientific scale and thoroughly prepared. Also dairying is coming in for its proper share.

"Just as rapidly as they can build cottages, without taking the proper time from the fields, families from New Jersey are ready to fill them, and it will not be long until their full hundred families are enjoying the peace and plenty of those who by intelligent effort are transforming the plateau into the south's garden spot."

BRIDGE TO BE MONUMENT

Minister of Belgium Pays \$200,000 on Structure to Stand as His Father's Memorial.

Boston.—Lars Anderson, minister to Belgium, has paid \$200,000 to the state treasurer to build the Anderson bridge, between Boston and Cambridge, near the Harvard stadium. The bridge is given in memory of Mr. Anderson's father, Nicholas Longworth Anderson of Cincinnati, a graduate of Harvard in 1853 and a brigadier general in the Civil war.

Cowboys Rape Chaperon.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Lancing their chaperon, twenty pretty Vassar girls, on tour, were rustled by fifty cow-punchers from the range about Cody, near here, and riven off in a dozen automobiles.

In one of the machines the chaperon, Dr. George B. Shattuck, of Vassar still indignat, sat roped, helplessly watching his charges flirting, photographing and later dancing with the cowboys.

GET ROBUST WHEN CIVILIZED

Ishi, "The Uncontaminated," New Tee Heavy to Get Own Food—Would Starve in Woods.

San Francisco, Cal.—Civilization has not agreed with Ishi, the uncontaminated aborigine, who was captured in the wilds of Pitkin county more than a year ago and cared for at the Alameda college. Since he has been at this institution Ishi has taken on weight at such a rapid rate that his guardians have decided that he must go back to the simple life for a time or soon become seriously ill as the result of his long contact with ease and plenty.

It is hardly probable that Ishi will appreciate the return to the light diet of his uncontaminated days. Then he used to subsist on scant meals of acorns with perhaps a few snails or grasshoppers as luxuries. In his present condition Ishi would find it hard work to root for acorns and almost impossible to run down the elusive grasshopper on its native heath. In fact, he has become so stout that he probably will have some difficulty in capturing the less fleet-footed snail.

They have had a good deal of amusement out of Ishi at the Alameda colleges, and, on the other hand, the uncontaminated one has enjoyed his dallying with the conventional life. But, on the whole, the experience will not have benefited him if he is to return to his wilds permanently.

Heavy and slow moving Ishi, if he is thrown back to the forests, will meet a fate similar to that of the faithful fish famed in story and verse. The faithful fish was captured by an angler who became so interested in it that he kept the thing in a little glass globe. Later he forgot to replenish the water, which evaporated finally. But the fish continued to live without it. For more than a year the fish lived absolutely without water, and, according to the veracious chroniclers, used to follow its master everywhere. One day the master, accompanied by the fish, walked to a nearby creek. The man disrobed and plunged into the water, and being unaccustomed to that element, was drowned.

From all accounts Ishi has been carried as far away from the aboriginal as the fish from the water, and a sudden reversion to the old life might be fatal to the last of the Yanis. It is much easier to become "contaminated" by civilization than it is to become "uncontaminated" once "contamination" has run its course.

SOME OF CUPID'S FREAKS

Pastor Dalton of Kansas City, Mo., Discusses Developments of His School of Matrimony.

Kansas City, Mo.—Money, comfort, fresh air, good things to eat—such things are not sufficient to tempt marriageable American women away from the cities. Most of them prefer to be married to city men, even if they are poorer providers.

That conclusion has been reached by the Rev. William J. Dalton, pastor of the Annunciation Catholic church here after reading the letters of 6,542 persons who desire to marry and have written to him for help. Father Dalton attracted attention a few months ago through a "school of matrimony" he established in connection with his church to encourage marriage among the young people of his parish.

"The only women who express a willingness to become wives of farmers are elderly women who find themselves alone in the world," Father Dalton said. "But the farmers who ask for wives are younger men and they do not marry such women. One man who wrote to me owns three big farms; another has 650 acres of the farm land and a third farmer showed me that he had \$75,000 in the bank. Can you tell me why it is that a woman will not give a proposition like that a minute's consideration, but will choose instead some struggling bank clerk in the city who lives from hand to mouth?"

HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T TALK

As a Result Wife Left Him and Sued for Support—Gleat from Monday Until Saturday.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Declaring that she could not live with a man who would not talk to her, Mrs. Anna Foerst explained in the Central police court why she had left her husband's home. "He would not say a word to me," she declared, "from Monday morning to Saturday night." Mrs. Foerst appeared against her husband, Howard Foerst of East Cambria street, charging him with nonsupport.

At the hearing it developed that the woman had left her husband's home, although he declared his willingness to provide for her. Mrs. Foerst said her husband first found fault with the meals she prepared, and finally because so morose that he refused to speak to her for a whole week. "This was more than she could stand. Foerst was held in \$300 bail and allowed to sign his own bond.

Slain With Wheelbarrow.

Milan, Italy.—A fire man was bound to a wheelbarrow with a sailor's scarf and belt and both were then hurled from the pier head into the sea at Savona. This new and barbarous form of murder was discovered by a party of bathers who chanced to see the body and the barrow at the bottom of the sea in twenty feet of water. The police were promptly informed, but so far they have found no clew to the identity of either of the victims or of his murderers.

ROSE ABOVE HANDICAP

POSTHUMOUS CHILDREN WHOSE NAMES ARE FAMOUS.

Birth of Child of John Jacob Astor Has Aroused Interest in the List, Which Contains Many Persons of Note.

The birth of a posthumous child of John Jacob Astor arouses especial interest and sympathy because of the tragic death of the father in the Titanic disaster. Yet all posthumous children excite such sentiments. Some of these children have moreover attracted additional attention from the world in after life through their own achievements.

Alexander the Great has been said by some historians to have been born after the death of his father, but according to other authorities Phillip of Macedon lived to enjoy the companionship of his son for several years. It may be that Alexander's stepbrother was a posthumous child, but that has not been proved.

Ben Jonson, the Elizabethan dramatist, was born in 1573, a month after his father's death. He was fortunate in acquiring a stepfather who was a good friend to him and gave him an excellent education.

Thomas Herbert was of posthumous birth, says his elder brother, Lord Herbert of Chisbury. He is remembered chiefly as the brother of Lord Herbert of Chisbury and of George Herbert, the poet.

Early in the seventeenth century another child came into the world under similar conditions. This was Abraham Cowley, the English poet. His father, who had been a grocer in humble circumstances, died shortly before the birth of the son. Thanks to the unflagging struggle and devotion of his mother the boy received a good education and his poetic genius had opportunity for development.

Dean Swift was born a few months after his father's death. Kindly disposed relatives helped his mother with his upbringing and education. Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," put in his appearance in this world some four months after the death of his father.

Still another English poet was a posthumous child. This was Thomas Chatterton, who was born in Bristol about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, was born in a little log cabin on the border line between North and South Carolina. In that same cabin his father, who had come to America from the north coast of Ireland, died a few days before the birth of his son.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the nineteenth president, was another posthumous child. He was born in October and his father died in the July preceding.

The present king of Spain, Alfonso XIII, was born after his father's death. Mary Queen of Scots just escaped posthumous birth, her father dying when she was a few days old. Richard Wagner, the composer, was also left fatherless very soon after his birth.

Europe's Rose Gardens.

Though the rose is grown for trade in many parts of Europe, its culture for commercial purposes is now principally monopolized by the vast rose gardens of Grasse in France and of Karsalik in Bulgaria—the rose gardens of Europe, par excellence—and the manufactures produced from them supply in a great measure the markets of the world. Here acres of roses take the place of corn, vines and orchards of other lands, and some idea of the French trade may be obtained when we learn that the gardens of Grasse, Cannes and the neighboring villages yield nearly 2,500,000 pounds of roses annually; on some days as many as 150 tons of blossoms are picked in the province of the Alpes Maritimes. The beautiful varieties, so much prized by gardeners, are useless for commercial purposes, and the only plant used is the Cab lage Provence.

Let Them Down Lightly.

They were strolling players—at least, that's what they called themselves. Their talent was as small as their efforts were great. To add to this, they arrived at the little country town minus their costumes and rather hazy as to their lines. However, the performance took place, albeit it was a "frost" of the worst description. They expected a fearful roasting from the reporter of the paper, and there was a rush the next morning for the local sheet. But, with true hospitality to strangers, the following paragraph appeared: "The company appeared last night at the Town Hall in East Lynne. The ventilation of the theater was perfect, and the orchestra rendered a number of pleasing selections."

Woman's Work in the World.

Dr. George Draper of the Rockefeller Institute, discussing woman's work in the world, said: "And this, mind you, leaves child-bearing out of count. Two women sat one day by a windswept ocean pier. The first woman had three beautiful children, the other was childless. The childless woman, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling blue water, said, 'I'd give ten years of my life to have three such children as yours.' Well, three children cost about that; the other woman answered gravely."—San Francisco Argonaut.