

POULTRY COOPS OF PAPER

Successful Fancier Declares They Are as Warm as Others That Are Built of Wood.

Everybody in Marblehead, Mass., knows Frank Brown. Although his business is that of a grocer, he keeps poultry on the side, and is especially enthusiastic over a flock of games, one pullet having laid 195 eggs in nine months. Mr. Brown keeps his pet birds in a little house in the rear of his store, but most of his hens are kept on a half-acre of ledge on which a little soil appears in patches. He also has ducks and geese and pigeons. A large number of the fowls are successfully kept in houses made of paper. In the coldest weather the hens live in these houses and seem as comfortable as those in the frame building. These houses are long enough to be divided into several pens. One of them has been in use seven years. In making these houses a light frame is put up and poultry wire is stretched tightly over it and heavy tarred paper laid over the wire. The paper is given a heavy coat of paint inside and out. The outside color is red, but white is used inside to enhance the light.

Being in the heart of the town, night prowlers are to be looked for, but any activity on their part during the summer is prevented by the presence of Mr. Brown's son, who has a tent in one corner of the half-acre, where he spends the night. His sleep is seldom disturbed, except when he finds it necessary to get up and shoot a few rats. In his war on these pests he is aided by a nimble Irish terrier.

Both Mr. Brown and his son say that paper houses for poultry are a distinct success. There is seldom a frozen comb, even when the mercury drops below the zero mark, and the hens lay well. The houses are so tight that an opening has been made above each window, which is covered with bur-lap, for ventilation.

Mr. Brown hatches several thousand chickens each season, all of them in incubators. These machines hold between 200 and 300 eggs each. Hot water supplies the heat, and gas heats the water.

Horrible Example. Nat Goodwin was on a tour. Nat was selling like hot cakes. Mr. Goodwin was down in the foyer watching the weather. A thin-visaged woman with a thistle-bolt on her purse minced up to the window and bought one ticket for the matinee.

As she passed out, counting and recounting her change, the woman overheard an acquaintance of Mr. Goodwin's calling him by name.

The woman looked them both over with close scrutiny. Then she went back to the box office.

"Is that Mr. Goodwin?" she demanded.

"Yes," said Mr. Goodwin.

"The man who plays in this play I've just bought a ticket for?"

"Yes!"

"All right," said the woman. She stopped, probed the fastnesses of her reticule, pulled out her newly secured ticket and pushed it back reluctantly through the window. "If you're sure that's Mr. Goodwin," remarked the woman, "you can take that ticket right back and give me an orchestra seat as far front as you can get it—no, give me two orchestra seats and give them to me for tonight. For it's Nat Goodwin, I'm going to bring my feather-headed son along and show him just what matrimony can do for a man."—Green Book.

Call That Jack Welcomed. A man-o'-warman, on visit to his native city of Liverpool, gave an amusing instance of the readiness and resource of naval seamen. He had made an arrangement at Portsmouth to meet a chum from his own ship, but he had forgotten the number of the house, and he did not dare to knock at every door until he came to the right one. A rag-and-bone man with a bugle passed along. Jack seized the bugle.

"I'm looking for a chum," he explained.

Then he blew the bugle call of the navy. As the last note died away a window was hastily flung up and a sailor's head was thrust out.

"Ah," said Jack, as he handed back the bugle, "I knew I'd find him. He's never missed that call yet!"

And a few minutes later the sought-for tar explained sorrowfully to his chum:

"You've given me away all right! I'm courtin' the gal there, and told them that I was a teetotaler; but her father is an old salt and knows the call."—London Tit-Bits.

Chewing Gum in Germany. The German consumption of chewing gum is limited largely to persons who have traveled in the United States, but might be increased if manufactures carried on an advertising campaign in this market. Well known American brands are now offered for sale in places of popular amusement in all larger cities. The article is known in this country as "kaugummi," and, in import statistics, is included with all unbacked sweetmeats containing sugar, such as basorine, tragacanth, fruit kernels, spices and seeds coated with sugar. The total quantity of these goods imported in 1911 amounted to 6.3 tons, and in 1910 to 7.5 tons. It would be possible to maintain stocks of American chewing gum in the Hamburg free port without the payment of any duty, except on such quantities as might from time to time be sold for consumption. The market in Scandinavia, Russia and Austria might also be served from the free port supplies.—Consular Report.

NOGI'S DEATH A DUTY

NOT ACT OF SACRIFICE, AS THE WEST REGARDS IT.

Neither Was It a Rebuke to Changed Conditions, as Has Been Implied.—Dead Will Long Be Remembered in Japan.

Life in Japan is much more a state of mind than in the west, where materialism governs and sentiment does not go much beyond the first verse of a song. So when Gen. Count Nogri chose to escort his emperor to the shades, it called forth a mixed admiration, with the practical thought that great men are of more value alive than dead. It would be untrue to say this view has no standing in Japan. It has. But beyond and behind it is an idea of duty, that cannot be matched in the west. It is truly the scriptural precept that no higher sacrifice can be made than to lay down one's life. This has nothing to do with the heroism of the moment that acts quickly in moments of peril with us. There is less of that in Japan. It is instead the deliberately calculated sacrifice, rare on this side of the earth, and in which the Japanese finds the greatest solace for his pride. Pride rules Japan. The Samurai and their lords came down to the people, the people did not go up when the great change came with the era just ended by Mutsuhito's death. So pride leavened the mass and its influence prevails as much as when the two-score men forced manners by menace upon the common herd.

To explain that General Nogri killed himself as a rebuke to changed conditions does not seem correct. Pride impelled him. He would not linger beyond the era to which he gave glory and through which he gained fame. Better to depart in splendor and in great company than to linger only to be pointed at!

To say a member of the military caste in Japan should kill himself as a rebuke to modern ways of wealth-getting is rather absurd. The great generals drew regular percentages upon supplies sent to their command. Gen. Prince Yamagata, first of the elder statesmen, amassed a fine fortune from this source during the war with Russia, and Gen. Prince Katsura had his share. There was no shame or secrecy about their transactions. It was part of the system of rewards.

But when next summer and other summers come and the feast of the dead is celebrated along the shores of the beautiful Lake Biwa, near Kyoto and its imperial tomb, the peasants will remember the emperor and his escort when at dusk the sails of the little lantern-lit boats are set to bear the souls of the dead back to their uncharted shores, and the people will whisper to each other the story of the general who would not let his commander depart alone.—By the Author of "Surface Japan."

Protest Reasonable. Wash Johnson had just made a business visit to Fifth street, where he accumulated a very fine rubberized raincoat which, according to a lurid sign over the door, had been miraculously rescued from the flames by the brave firemen fighting the fire that recently destroyed one of the best known raincoat factories in New York. It didn't even look like rain, but Wash thought he might as well wear it to get acquainted with it.

He grabbed a Tenth street car for home and took the narrow strip of seat by the bulky form of a brother who was as black as waterproof ink.

Now the car stopped at a certain corner just as a negro church was letting out. A file of worshippers streamed into the car and each worshiper brushed against Wash's raincoat as he obeyed the conductor's strident request to "step up in the front of the car, please." Wash stood their brushing in silence for awhile. Then his hot southern blood got the better of him. "Heah, heah!" he called generously, "I just paid a dollar and six bits for dis coat, and you all is go'n a wear it out befo' I can get it home!"—Kansas City Times.

Women Bankrupts. Women bankrupts were less numerous than in 1910, the figure being 399, against 495. The woman grocer was the least successful among the tradesmen of the other sex, taking the number of failures as the criterion, the woman milliner and dressmaker next, then the woman draper and haberdasher, and fourth the woman lodging house keeper. Married women were slightly in the majority of the failures (161) and single women greatly in the minority (81). There were 157 widows. The woman bankrupt entered into many fields. Among others one notes in the list of the year eleven bakers, four butchers, seven farmers, five fishmongers, four nurses, two photographers, eight restaurant keepers, five schoolmistresses, six tobacconists, two gardeners, nine toy dealers, six stationers and three undertakers.—London Board of Trade Report.

Missionary Choices. She—Did they offer you any choice at the missionary bureau as to where you should be sent?

He—Yes, and I told them I'd prefer to go somewhere where the natives were vegetarians.

Evident Impossibility. Eastside—Under the new Virginia law a man who swears is public is liable to a fine of \$500.

Westside—How in the world can the Virginians afford to drive their mules?

GUARDING ROYALTY AT NIGHT

Elaborate Precautions That Are Taken to Insure the Safety of European Crowned Heads.

Every night the palace at which King George is sleeping is patrolled by night watchmen, who pass along the corridors, throughout the night, inspecting doors and windows. These watchmen wear carpet slippers to deaden the sounds of their footsteps, and are specially trained to know exactly what to do in case of fire. In addition to the night patrol, there is always a sentry on duty outside the chamber in which the king sleeps.

King Alfonso of Spain is guarded at night by specially selected soldiers, who take charge of the keys of all the doors each night. These men pledge themselves that the doors shall not be unlocked until daylight, and no one is allowed to enter or leave the palace until the night is over. The guards sleep outside the royal bedchamber, so that no one may enter during the night.

King Albert of Belgium is another carefully-guarded monarch whom no one may disturb once night has set in. Soldiers patrol the corridors of the king's palace, and his special valet locks himself in the king's ante-chamber, which no other person is allowed to enter. The valet is forbidden to open either door until morning under penalty of death.

The czar of Russia, the closest guarded of any monarch, is protected at night by several companies of soldiers, including Englishmen, members of the secret police, and a body of Cossacks. The various companies work independently of one another.

The sultan of Turkey is nightly watched over by a very large number of soldiers and councillors, who remain within the neighborhood of his bedroom until morning. The sultan changes his sleeping apartment of tenor than any other monarch. He has the choice of two-score bedchambers, and he visits many of these in turn throughout the year.

His holiness the pope is guarded by an attendant who is able to watch the welfare of his master through a spy-hole in the wall of his bedchamber, so that the pope is always under observation.

He's a Wonder to His Wife. A Missouri lady is trying an experiment. Her husband is a brilliant man, but loquacious. Realizing his shortcomings, the wife is feeding him on fish. Three or four times a week she prepares fish in some delectable way. He is showing some uneasiness and has a marked predilection for water, but being innocent of his wife's motive, continues to eat the dishes set before him.

To her pastor, the wife recently confided:

"You see," soberly, "John is a very remarkable man, but he wastes too much time sermonizing when he should be thinking. He talks altogether too much. To counteract this, I am feeding him fish. During the last two months I have served him with seventeen different varieties of fish cooked in forty-seven different ways."

"Why fish?" asked the pastor, greatly interested.

"Because," replied the wife, "fish is food for thought."

"I see," said the reverend gentleman, "but have you noticed any marked change?"

The wife's face grew sad.

"Do you know, Mr. Jones, that husband of mine is such a chatterbox that I do believe he could eat the whole that swallowed Jonah and never lose a syllable!"—Woman's World.

Electricity Used as Food. Professor Bergonie of Paris has advanced the theory that electricity can be made to take the place of food in sustaining life. His idea is that the essential purpose of food is to supply the body with internal warmth. He claims to have proved that low tension, high frequency currents of electricity can be passed through a man in such a manner as to produce the required energy warmth of maintained life.

The great thing to guard against is the production of a temperature high enough to be fatal. According to Professor Bergonie, electric "food" is superior to vegetables and meat, inasmuch as it imposes no work on the digestive organs, the food being directly absorbed by the nerves. Thus is avoided, the savant asserts, the ordinary fatiguing, wearying process of intestinal combustion which is so exhausting to invalids or to patients in a weakened state. "One dose of electric 'food,'" he says, "will do as much as a man as three solid meals of ordinary food. More than that, electric food actually increases the patient's weight."

Guesthouses in Asia. The guesthouse is a real institution in Asia Minor. It is sometimes owned by an individual, but is usually the common property of the village. To this guesthouse, like the travelers' bungalow in India, every traveler has a right, but as all have the same rights, one may have more company than he desires. However, the head man of the village usually arranges matters for the foreign traveler, and the native guest will often courteously make way for him. In the guesthouse is one large room, in one part of which our horses munch their hay, with the drivers lying beside them, while in the other part we spread our rugs and set up our beds and our cooking apparatus. Some guesthouses have two rooms connected by a wide opening, without a door, in one of which the animals and animal drivers sleep and in the other the pampered guests from abroad.—National Magazine.

BRAIN REMAINS ACTIVE

EXPLANATION OF THE WORKINGS OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Authenticated Cases of Remarkable Performances Are Many—One Man Made Long Journey in Safety While Asleep

Various stories are told of acts committed by persons asleep, and, while these bear all ear-marks of having been done with both body and mind active and awake, the performer, on his awakening, is unconscious of their execution. We herewith give a few of the most interesting and seemingly incredible of these authenticated tales: "A certain member of a foreign university, having devoted himself during his waking hours to the composition of some verses, which, however, he had not been able to complete, seems to have been honored with more success in a visitation from his muse during his nocturnal slumbers, for the following night he arose in his sleep, finished his poetic performance, and exulting in his success, returned again contentedly to his couch, all in a state of unconsciousness."

"A rope-maker in Germany often fell asleep while at work, and either continued his work in the proper way or uselessly remade cordage already finished. Sometimes when walking long distances he would similarly be overtaken with sleep and go on safely, avoiding horses and carriages and timber lying in the road. On one occasion he fell asleep just as he got on horseback, yet he went on, rode through a shallow river, allowed his horse to drink, drew up his legs to prevent his feet being wetted, passed through a crowded market place, and arrived safely at the house of an acquaintance. His eyes were closed the whole time, and he awoke just after reaching the house."

"In the college where he was educated was a young seminarist who habitually walked in his sleep, and while in a state of somnambulism used to sit down to his desk and compose the most elegant sermons, scrupulously erasing, effacing or interlining whenever an incorrect expression fell from his pen. Though his eyes were apparently fixed upon the paper when he wrote, it was clear that they exercised no optical functions, for he wrote just as well when an opaque substance was interposed between them and the sheet of paper. Sometimes an attempt was made to remove the paper, in the idea that he would write upon the desk beneath. But it was observed that he instantly discerned the change and sought another sheet of paper as nearly as possible resembling the former one.

"At other times a blank sheet of paper was substituted by the bystanders for the one on which he had been writing, in which case, on reading over, as it were, his composition, he was sure to place the correction suggested by the perusal at precisely the same intervals they would have occurred in the original sheet of manuscript. This young priest, moreover, was an able musician, and was seen to compose several pieces of music while in a state of somnambulism, drawing the lines of the music paper for the purpose with a ruler and pen and ink, and filling the spaces with his notes with the utmost precision, besides a careful adaptation of the words in vocal pieces."—The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Boston's Favorite Dish. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston has advised his fellow Americans to eat beans instead of meat in these days of high prices for the products of the packinghouses. He has issued an official municipal recipe for Boston baked beans.

They must be cooked, he says, with fat pork, molasses, mustard and other seasoning materials, in a pot of porous earthenware. His directions are minute. Presumably they comply in every detail with the exacting of the most fastidious bean eaters to be found in Boston.

The world will be grateful for this disclosure of the means by which Boston became a center of sweetness and light. Beans contain a large amount of proteid matter and are favored by vegetarians as a substitute for meat at all times.

Disinfecting Ambulances. The Buffalo hospitals have adopted an improvement in ambulances which will probably be copied elsewhere. It is often impossible to take time to properly disinfect ambulances used for contagious disease cases. The new scheme consists in providing separate steel linings for the ambulances—one lining for each class of cases. For instance there is a lining for diphtheria, another for smallpox, a third for measles, another for scarlet-fever and another for special cases. When for instance a scarlet-fever patient is being moved, the special lining for such cases is placed in the ambulance. On the return of the ambulance the lining is taken out and thoroughly disinfected while another lining is shoved into the ambulance. In this way there is no loss of time for the ambulance.—Pathfinder.

Doubtful Melody. "A bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the practical person, "but anybody who would be satisfied with the result of that experiment must have a mighty poor ear for music."

DECIDEDLY IN SECOND PLACE

Only One Way in Which Mr. Hatchett Was Known, and He Didn't at All Appreciate It.

Hannah Holden Hatchett was known as "the pagan poetess." She had published three books. And she had married one man. The names of her books were "Venus and Adonis," "Pipes of Pan" and "Airs From Arcadie." The name of her husband was Michael Moses Hatchett.

Mrs. Hatchett went to parties. Mr. Hatchett went to business. But once Mrs. Hatchett got Mr. Hatchett to stay away from business and go to a party with her. The party was given by Mrs. Benjamin Bonaparte Motley.

Mrs. Motley introduced her guests to Mrs. Hatchett. And to Mr. Hatchett also.

"This is Mrs. Hatchett," said Mrs. Motley.

"I am so glad to meet you!" said Mrs. Faddle. "I have set your 'Ode to Olympus' to sweet, soothing music and have made a lovely little lullaby out of it."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Hatchett.

"This is Mr. Hatchett," said Mrs. Motley.

"Mrs. Hatchett's husband?" said Mrs. Faddle.

"Yes," said Mr. Hatchett proudly; "you bet!"

"This is Mrs. Hatchett," said Mrs. Motley to a second woman.

"I just adore your 'Nectar and Ambrosia,'" said Mrs. Havoc. "I do my own cooking, and while I boil the coffee and fry the eggs, I always chant the refrain!"

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Hatchett.

"This is Mr. Hatchett," said Mrs. Motley.

"Mrs. Hatchett's husband?" said Mrs. Havoc.

"Yes," said Mr. Hatchett grimly; "that's me!"

"This is Mrs. Hatchett," said Mrs. Motley to a third woman.

"I am simply crazy about your 'Pagan of Praise,'" said Mrs. Rummage. "I have embroidered the first line in yellow chenille on green plush for a mantel drape in my mother-in-law's back parlor."

"Mercy on us!" said Mrs. Hatchett.

"This is Mr. Hatchett," said Mrs. Motley.

"Mrs. Hatchett's husband?" said Mrs. Rummage.

"Yes," said Mr. Hatchett crossly; "nothing more and nothing less—goah blame it!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Beauty Recipe. Dr. F. H. Green, the great lecturer, gave this "beauty recipe" in one of his addresses: "Hear some beautiful music, see a beautiful picture, read some beautiful literature every day." All this, recognizing the close relation between soul and body, is perfectly reasonable. It is better than all cosmetics, rouges or drugs ever heard of. The picture, the music, the literature impresses the mind, which gives form and tone to the physical expression.

Of course, this little experience must be sincerely considered, unselfishly and lovingly done. A put on appreciation of art will not avail. The true love of the beautiful makes beauty. This is a scientific fact, as sure and steadfast as that sugar will sweeten coffee. But one has to get meanness, ill will, suspicion, revenge out of one's heart, to make good use of the recipe; to give play to the beauty of the art.

The starry sky, the songs of the birds, a glimpse of woods, a flower sprinkled lawn—these have the same effect. They make beauty for whoever loves them sincerely.—Ohio State Journal.

Told of Lillian Russell. This story is somewhat belated—but then a yarn about one of Lillian Russell's marriages is always worth while. It is alleged by those of her friends who attended her most recent ceremony that when the officiating clergyman turned over to her newly-married husband the signed marriage certificate, Mr. Moore seemed somewhat puzzled. "Is this all I get?" he asked.

The clergyman said that was the usual form of return. However, if Moore wished, he had a small booklet which contained the form of the marriage ceremony and the signature of the cleric.

"Ah," said Mr. Moore, "that's better. I say, Lillian!"

Miss Russell regarded him pleasantly.

"Shall I take just a certificate, Lillian?" asked Moore, "or shall I get a book?"

And he waved the booklet vigorously in the air. Miss Russell shook her head at him reproachfully. "Why, no, Alexander," said she. "I haven't enough to make a book."

Washing with Stone. Numerous inquiries have been made at the commercial intelligence department of the board of trade, in Basinghall street, London, E. C., respecting the exhibit of soapstone which arrived a few days ago from the British vice consul at the Russian town of Kertch, in the Crimea. The stone, which is dug out of the ground at a place called Hatoht-Saral, and is known locally as "kheel," is used for all kinds of washing purposes and as an emollient. Of a marbled pale green and brown appearance, a piece of the mineral substance soaked in water crumbles to a soft paste. It is understood that none of the board's officials has yet risked shaving with the new stone soap, but hand basin tests in washing have been quite successful. On the ground of its comparative cheapness, about a tenth of the price of common soap, several British firms have already become much interested in the commercial possibilities of the curious exhibit.—Dundee Advertiser.

BUTCHER A DIPLOMAT

URNS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF FAIR SEX TO ACCOUNT.

Not Averse to Stretching Conscience by Adding or Subtracting a Few Pounds When They Want to Know Their Weight.

"See that scale out there," said the butcher, laying down his knife and jerking his finger toward a large scale that was standing outside the butcher shop. "Well, I suppose you have the same idea that most of my other customers have. They think I keep it there to weigh meat on. I don't. I will let you into a secret and tell you why I placed the scale there. It is to weigh my customers on."

"You would be surprised if you knew how many of my customers desired to be weighed. Most of them are women and they always bother me at my busiest time, which is Saturday. They think when they come in here and buy a pound of steak or chops that in return for their custom I ought to lay down my work and go outside and weigh them."

"Every one knows how sensitive a woman is about her weight. If you tell a woman that she is gaining weight you might as well tell her not come around and deal with you any more. They worry a great deal about it. I find that it pays to be discreet when you are weighing a woman. You can judge from their conversation how much they think they weigh, and never shock a woman by telling her she weighs more."

"Don't pay any attention to the scale if it shows that the correct weight is five or ten pounds more than the amount the woman said she weighed. Use your head and you will be able to retain customers. Other butchers have lost customers because they made the mistake of telling correct weights."

"Most women go to the country in the summer to gain weight. The best plan when they come home is to tell them they gained a few pounds. The first thing a woman does when she comes home is to come around here and have me weigh her. To make her feel happy and to satisfy her that her trip to the country has been beneficial to her health I add a few pounds to the amount the scale registers. There are many women who do gain weight while they are in the country. To these I always tell the correct weight because, if one of them thought she was getting too heavy, she might cut down her purchase of meat."

"In the winter I pursue a different course. Most women like to think they are getting slimmer in the cool months. When they come around to be weighed I slice off a few pounds from the figures on the scale and send them away feeling fine. How do I remember their weight? No, I do not keep a record of it. I don't have to. The women do it for me. A woman's weight is one of her chief sources of worry and she keeps her weight in mind and daily informs me of it. With a little quizzing just before they step on the scales I am able to find out just what they think they weigh, and the rest is easy."

"The scale also helps me to improve my business. Now and then a new customer drops in. She may be new in the neighborhood or she may have been dealing with some other butcher. If I decide that the new customer is a critical person I tell her my meat is the best in the vicinity. Then I request her to step out to the scale and find out her weight. I take a few pounds off her correct weight. When she has been patronizing me for a month I weigh her again. This time I add a few pounds and she goes home with the impression that she is growing heavier without getting stout. She gives me the credit. That is the secret of how I manage to keep my customers dealing with me so long."

No Honor at All. A section foreman on one of the great lines came under the notice of the president of the road, who had been observant of the manner in which the track had been maintained. Having graduated from an humble position, the officer knew what it meant to get a pat on the back.

He called the section boss to the side of his car, gave him a drink of whisky without any claws in it and a perfect cigar, says the Chicago Post. Then he told him how he appreciated his work and adjured to keep it up.

The district dignitary stowed away the perfect to smoke of a Sunday, and after he had consumed it took a spin on the handcar to put it all over the foreman of the adjoining section. The latter listened to the narrative with poorly assumed control.

"Was the seegar lighted when he gave it to ye?" he inquired.

"Not on yer life—why so?"

"Well, because he snt for me three months ago—alongside his car—and thrun wan at me, but it was burnin'!"

Foresight. When it had been raining a day or two, Noah was seen to take a sample of the water in a bottle.

"How now?" the scoffing neighbors cried, around the ark.

"It would be a joke," answered Noah, "if the ark were not to contain pairs of germs of all the ills to which posterity will sooner or later find itself heir."

But such distinguished foresight was more than the neighbors could fathom, and they exploded forthwith in gales of derisive merriment.—Pack.