Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 3, 1903.

YOU OR I?

Have you thot, dear one, of the time to come,
When you and I must part,
One away to that long, last home,
One left with a broken heart?
Yet all the science of ages run
Does not reveal to us while one,
Nor the day or the hour, sweetheart.

Oh, chould I be the one to go, dear heart,
And you would be left alone;
Then would all the peace of heaven depart,
Nor celestial joys atone!
For the thot of your widowed grief would be
Enough to make heaven a hell for me.
When thinking of you, alone.

Or should you, dear one, be the first to go
And I be the one to stay.
The world would be dreary to me, I know;
With never a gladsome day.
And heaven, to you, would be sad and drear,
Rememb'ring my unshared anguish here,
And you so far away.

Did you you ever stop and, shudd'ring, think
Of the parting sure to be,
Some time, dear heart, at the grave's dark brink?
Oh! will it be you or me?
Yet all the wisdom of works untold
Does not the secret to us unfold.
'Tis well that we cannot see.

—*A. H. Holmes, in Greenburg (Kan.) Signal.*

THE HAZING OF A FRESHMAN.

A COLLEGE STORY.

"That's the fellow." Morecombe gave his head a backward jerk without looking toward the object denoted. His three companions standing with him under a tree on the University campus cast a swift glance and then gazed intently in the opposite direction. That glance had shown a tall, lank, red-haired youth, swinging along independently, his slant blue eyes fixed on the figure of a girl walking just ahead of him, his lips puckered in a noiseless whistle.

"His name's Petrie and he got in from Waco this morning," went on Morecombe, digging the toe of one boot in the adobe soil of the campus. "We must fix him to-night."

"He's not as green as he looks," ventured Griscom, following the swinging gait of the new comer's figure, now that his back was turned toward them and chance observation safely averted.

"Perhaps not," said Morecombe, indifferently, filling and lighting his pipe.

The three thus reminded followed suit, and, selecting a grass plot well in the shade, threw themselves down and smoked on for a little in silence.

"Do you think he suspects anything?" asked Winston, breaking in on the thoughts of the others.

"Suspects!" echoed Morecombe. "Suspects! And not a man hazed for two weeks. We've made it too dead easy altogher for the Freshmen this year. Last spring even the snapping of twigs made them jump and look behind them, we got so on their nerves. Now, they come in shamelessly and as soon as they've hung up their clothes they begin to put on the airs of a Senior It's not to our credit. We are studying too hard and not attending to business."

"That's a fact," acquiesced Winston, cheerfully ignoring that at that moment a zoological lecture awaited his presence.

"We'll put him through the paces to-night properly, just to make up for lost time," energetically announced Tweedie, up to that moment silent. "And when we've done with him there will be an air of respect about the Freshmen in this place that will prove a model for every state institution in the country."

"Perhaps," said Winston, dubiously. "But, after all, we may have chosen the wrong man. He mayn't turn out as green as he looks."

"So much the better. If we found him too easy game every other new fellow would take a wrong view of the case and think himself too bright to have anything of the kind happen to him. That's the trouble with Freshmen anyway, the idea they've got of their cleverness. A new professor couldn't be more conceited. For the credit of the place it's got to be stopped. Think hard between now and noon," said Morecombe, reluctantly rising. "The old tricks work pretty well, but we ought to have some new ones. I'm off to Kemp's lecture."

Knocking the ashes from the cooling bowls of their pipes the other three rose to their feet and followed him across the campus, shimmering in the heat of a Texas September—a heat that seemed to put fresh distortions on the cactus plants writhing like a tangle of snakes in the sunshine.

Petrie, unconscious of anything brewing, had passed over the same ground ahead of them. Now twenty paces in front of him walked the girl who had gotten on the train at Milano Junction yesterday. He knew the slope of her shoulders, the bunch of curls tied with a ribbon at the nape of her neck, the poise of her head, slightly turned to one side. Only one girl had that rare combination of charms which there was no mistaking. He had brought her a glass of water yesterday and had handed her his newspaper before he had read it himself. Both times she had thanked him. To Petrie her voice seemed sweeter than any melody the Waco cornet band had ever discoursed. That monosyllable twice uttered yesterday had proved to him beyond chance of contradiction that the world held only one of her kind. A swift glance of her eyes looking up from under their lashes each time she had said "Thanks" settled the matter irrevocably. He felt that he had known her for years. At nineteen one does not always measure time by the calendar.

As she walked on with her springy step just ahead of him that morning he decided that co-education was a good thing. Often before he had heard the subject discussed, sometimes with considerable acrimony as to the unwisdom of it. Until that morning he had never really thought of the matter the one way or the other. Now, with his eyes never shifting in their gaze from her slight figure and a respectful distance carefully held, he pitied the narrowness of a judgment that decided against the only right method of getting learning.

As she ascended the stairs he hurried his pace and opened the door for her. Looking up she gave a half bow of recognition, her eyelids fell and the color rose in her checks. In that moment, with his hand on the door-knob, and before she had entered the university main portal, he felt as he had never felt before the value of knowledge and that co-education was the only way to get it.

"There's a new girl from Milano Junction, to-day," announced Morecombe two hours later.

"I know all about it," said Tweedie with promptness. "Her name is Thayer Walker. She's spending two days with the matron at our dormitory building. Mrs. Watson's looking out for her until she gets suitable quarters. My mother's a great friend of hers. I've known her for years."

"How many—forty?" asked Morecombe. Tweedie's sudden importance had jarred his nerves.

"That's always the way; this girl business at the university stops everything. How can we haze Petrie to-night with that girl from Milano in the house?"

"And lady friend of mine——" began Tweedie with dignity.

"Come off your horses," snapped Winston. "I lumped them."

"You didn't."

"Shut up," commanded Morecombe. "Why are you rowing when the girl's is in another wing of the building and won't hear a sound of the fun? Come in," and he threw open the door of his room.

Five minutes later the smoke from four pipes rose in curved, silvery ribbons toward the ceiling, and four heads bent together in close consultation.

At eight o'clock a demure-looking youth tapped at Petrie's door. "A lady wishes to speak to you at the 'phone," he said.

Petrie tried to thank him nonchalantly with his heart in his mouth, presently springing down three steps at a time when he felt out of eye-shot. A lady! What lady? He knew only one in all Austin, for he had just gotten in that morning. Indeed he realized that he did not know her. Could it be she? How could it be any other? Thought fled swifter than his long legs could carry him, but no conclusion had come when he reached the telephone box, blushing until little beads of moisture stood out on the back of his neck.

He had scarcely picked up the receiver in eager haste when he was caught from behind by strong hands and blindfolded. From that moment on there was no time left for conjecture over the problem. He was made to walk a plank which disguised voices told him led over a bottomless pit; he was swung out by too willing arms to be clutched on the fly by long, bony fingers; tossed in a blanket and stood on his head in a flower-bed. Now and then those same disguised voices told him that he was being initiated into the Pathfinders.

It seemed several hours, though in reality it was less than sixty minutes, when he was finally carried with a vigor worthy of foot-ball experts up three flights of stairs and thrust into the bath-room on his dormitory landing.

"Ablute," was the parting injunction as the door closed with a bang. Removing the bandage from over his eyes and surveying as much of his figure as the small glass would reflect, he agreed that the order was a wise one. Thirty minutes later he tried to get out; the door was locked from the opposite side, and the hall, a little while before filled with a sound of tramping feet and stertorous breathing, was silent. Going to the window he looked out. Four stories below him was the ground. There was no fire escape by which to reach it, no friendly projecting window sills by which he might swing himself down from story to story. Going back to the door he tried it again; the creaking of the knob, which showed it still locked, was the only sound coming to him. Returning to the window again he looked out. This time two frowsy heads were leaning from a window on a line with his own, and let into the wall which formed at that point an angle. A board was slowly slipped from the window at which the two stood toward the sill of his own.

"Is your head pretty steady?" asked one of them.

"Try me," said Petrie, as he hopped lightly on to the edge of the window.

Two minutes later the board was drawn back into the room from which it had made its appearance. The frowsy-headed liberators nodded approval and Petrie grinned his thanks.

It might have been ten minutes later and it might have been only five, when two long-haired youth of the University foot-ball team sauntered past Morecombe's room. They returned, apparently as an after-thought, and inquired, "Have you let the new fellow out yet?"

Winston, Tweedie, and three other smoking companions sprang to their feet. "By Jove, we forgot him!" exclaimed one of them.

Tweedie tiptoed out, softly unlocked the bath-room door and peeped through the crack as he opened it. "He's gone," he shouted.

In a flash there was a rush of feet along the passage. By a common impulse they packed into the open window and bending over each other craned their necks to look out. Below on the ground a figure was stretched at a full length, and face downward.

"He fell out!" exclaimed Morecombe, hoarsely, steadying himself against the window-frame as he rose.

There was a stampede on the stairs with the foot ball pair in the lead. Tweedie, who wore creaky shoes, fell down three steps at a time trying to run softly like the others. With a rush they made for the spot and then suddenly stopped short of it. Six feet away lay Petrie, face downward and groaning heavily.

"Thank heaven he isn't dead!" said more than one man under his breath.

"You're a 'Med'," ordered Morecombe of Winston; "see what's the matter."

"See yourself," was the unprofessional answer.

Morecombe started forward, then stopped irresolute; Petrie's groans were nerve racking. The two frowsy headed youths approached him and each passed an arm under Petrie's prostrate body. As they raised him every man heaved a sigh of relief. Slowly the procession moved toward the dormitory entrance. Petrie's continued groanings drowned the excited whisperings of those who brought up the rear of the group. At their sound heads stretched from many windows, and by the time the stairs were reached every room was emptying its occupants into the hallways.

Outside the new comer's quarters the procession halted at the door and crowded the stairway, the foremost peering in as the football men put down their burden on the bed with a gentleness rare to one of their muscles. No sooner was this gravely accomplished than Petrie sat up with a grin. "I'm all right," he said.

"He's delirious," cried Winston, reaching the side of the bed at a stride, firmly catching his shoulder, and forcing him back on the pillows.

"I'm not," retorted Petrie laughing, and at the same time struggling to elude the grip on his shoulder.

But Winston held fast, his professional instinct that a moment ago had deserted him reasserting itself.

"He's delirious," echoed the men at the door.

"He's delirious," repeated Mrs. Watson, the matron, arriving at that moment in the hallway.

Immediately back of her and with one hand fearfully catching the folds of her gown was the young lady from Milano Junction. This was too much! Petrie taking advantage of the sudden transfer of attention to Mrs. Watson and her charge, eluded Winston's grasp and sprang clear of the bed.

"I tell you there's not a thing wrong," he cried, positively, fixing his eyes on the face of Miss Walker with eager assurance.

But Winston was at his side before the words were ended. With Morecombe's help he dragged him back, struggling violently, and got him upon the bed again. At this juncture Dr. Grimston edged his way forward through the throng, his benevolent face flushed with haste and concern. The matron advanced with him to the bedside.

Petrie's eyes sought the doorway, but the figure of Miss Walker was missing. "I'm not delirious," he cried, violently, this time addressing the doctor. "I'm as sound as a horse. It's a joke." As he spoke he flung his arms and legs in the air to prove the truth of it. He could not stand up, for Winston was bearing his weight on him.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, soothingly; "you'll be all right in a minute." But the motion he made to Winston and Morecombe caused them to tighten their grip. In the fresh struggle that followed the two foot-ball friends sprang forward to help hold him more firmly.

"You know I'm not delirious," cried Petrie, eying them savagely. But at sight of their business like imperturbability he grew suddenly helpless.

With a wave of his arm Dr. Grimston cleared the room, his four assistants alone remaining. He would make a medical examination of the patient.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he announced to the waiting, anxious matron as he closed the door behind him. "He fell the four stories without sustaining a scratch. There is no case like it on medical record. Still, for fear of complications or internal injury he must stay quietly in bed. He's a little flighty, but that's to be expected. We'll keep him on a slim diet of warm milk and water and await developments. I'll be in first thing in the morning. His two friends, the football team boys they are, I believe—kind hearted fellows these athletes—have volunteered to take turns in sitting up with him tonight—so you needn't disturb yourself, madam."

"Really a wonderful case," he kept on repeating to himself as he tramped across the campus. On his way home he was stopped twice by reporters from the two daily papers. The news of the accident had already been heard in the city. But when the scribes learned that the victim had fallen four stories without sustaining the slightest bodily injury, a thing hitherto unknown in the practice of medicine, each knew that he had a good front page column story to spread himself in before midnight. Inquiry at the dormitory served to bring out fresh details in the notable case. Morecombe and Winston showed almost heroic reluctance to be interviewed in the matter, although the latter acknowledged with dignity that he had assisted Dr. Grimston in his examination. The two foot ball men alone appeared willing to tell all they knew and with great apparent frankness.

In an hour a brief mention of the remarkable occurrence had been wired all over the country by the Associated Press. The Waco papes ordered special and lengthy dispatches on the subject. The next morning, before the patient had been served a very small cup of hot milk and water, the matron had received a telegram from his mother making anxious inquiry. The story of the marvelous escape had been the most exciting item in the Waco papers of that morning.

That night Mrs. Petrie herself arrived in Austin. When she entered her son's room unannounced she found him sitting up in bed eating an apple. One of his foot ball friends was with him. In an endeavor to get a paper bag out of sight it burst in the hands of the athlete and more of the same fruit dropped to the floor. This incident settled the matter. The surprise of the ladies at the patient's disregard of medical orders and the criminal connivance of one of his two self constituted nurses was not inconsiderable. For the moment, growing quite purple in the face, he turned with an evident intention of flight, but second thought prevailed and he faced the invalid's visitors. He had faced a rival team that meant rib breaking defeat with more pleasurable emotions, and certainly with more visible courage.

Given as a slight respite as a centre of attention Petrie viewed the group before him and grinned for the first time in twenty-four hours; then taking out an unfinished apple that a moment before had been hastily thrust under his pillow, he ate with great relish.

The football man began to unburden his conscience; what he said would be here a mere repetition, but his manliness in the saying of it was something that two of his hearers remembered. To Petrie the recollection of the supper allowed him later was an impression more indelible. Never in bed before a day in his life, and since infancy a stranger to the limited diet of warm milk and water, his spirit up to that moment had been somewhat broken.

For two days Morecombe, Winston, Griscombe, and Tweedie saw each other only from a distance. When they met on the third the football friends were not present. Even this failed to relieve a certain air of restraint.

"Well, the thing's straightened out," said Morecombe, with a rather forced attempt at a laugh.

"Up to today I rather thought we should be that ourselves," said Tweedie, ignoring the other's attempt at jocosity. "I've had my trunk packed since the day before yesterday."

"If the whole truth of this thing ever gets out, and its pretty sure to," moodily put in Winston, "I think we'd all be more comfortable if we did the same."

"But they don't know the inside of things and I really don't know who is going to be the one that's likely to tell," said Morecombe, still optimistic. "Half the people believed till today that he really did fall out of the window."

"I told you we might tackle the wrong fellow when we tackled him," interposed Winston, gloomily.

"He stayed in bed for a day for his trick, anyway; that's an offset," and Morecombe grinned. This time his gayety was less forced.

"It's not up to the football wretches, anyway," retorted Winston.

"But it is to your colleague, Dr. Grimston," said Tweedie, ironically. "He's had three offers from medical journals already to send in an account of the case. Fellows come here quick! Look at that!"

All three followed the direction of his gaze out of the window. "It's that Petrie with the pretty new girl from Milano Junction," said Griscombe, disgustedly. "See how she's looking up in his face!"

"She thinks he's a hero—she told him so." Tweedie's tone was bitingly scornful.

"How disgusting!" snapped Morecombe.

The sight proved too trying. In silence the four turned their backs on it.—*By William Armstrong in Leslie's Monthly for June.*

——Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Educational Failure in the Philippines.

Dr. Chamberlain Says the Brain Cure of Teachers is Worse than Water Cure of Soldiers.

"We are making a failure of this scheme a monstrous, mortifying failure; not irremediable, perhaps, but fast becoming chronic, and requiring instant attention from those who are competent to modify the situation." This rather startling statement in regard to our attempt to set up an American educational system in the Philippines is made in an article in *Gunton's Magazine* by Theodore de Laguna, Ph. D., a Cornell man who went to the Philippines as a teacher. There is "widespread disgust" among the Filipinos for the American educational scheme, he tells us, and the chief desire of the teachers is to get back to America. All this is in strange contrast with the high hope that so many had in the civilizing influence of that shipload of teachers that crossed the Pacific a year and a half ago.

Dr. de Laguna attributes the failure to two principal causes—the quality of the teachers, and the attempt to impose the English language on the natives. In regard to the teachers he says:

"The teachers were a regiment of carpet baggers, come to exploit the country in their small way, and then, after a few years, would sail happily home without a regret to spare. Had everything gone smoothly with the work here, the carpet-baggers' interests might have been sufficient to keep them at their task; but with the first breath of failure, it would be hard to find any class of men more liable to hopeless discouragement. Then, indeed, it became a mere question of living out one's time somehow and getting home again.

"Few of the teachers had any considerable knowledge of Spanish; scarcely any could speak it grammatically and fluently. This was a serious handicap, not so much in the class room as out of it. For though in these islands only a small percentage of the inhabitants can speak Spanish, it is none the less the established idiom of culture. Every gentleman speaks it, almost without exception. Thus it happens that the American teacher in his ignorance of Spanish, and still more in his picturesque attempts to express himself in broken, ungrammatical phrases, puts himself upon the level of the boor and unavoidably exposes himself to contempt."

The teacher, in time, may learn Spanish: but the native does not care to learn English.

"The scheme is to teach the Filipinos something for which they feel no immediate need, and, in which they take no direct interest, namely, the English language. Other subjects have a place in the program, but the English language is practically the sole subject of instruction.

"Why, then, do not the children learn it? Some do learn it, namely, the few that have a daily opportunity of using what they learn. In a few cities, where there are hosts of Americans, soldiers and citizens, English is a living tongue; but for the great multitude of Filipinos it is practically a dead language.

"Why should a Filipino care to learn English? Not many reasons are conceivable. In a few cities it might help many a boy to get employment, and in these cities English can be successfully taught. Elsewhere it is important only for the governing class, affecting, as it does, their commercial and political interests.

"But for the Filipino peasantry there is no motive for learning English, and accordingly they will not and can not learn it. A new language can only come to them with a new life; schooling cannot give it to them. Americans commonly suppose that these dialects are very simple affairs, consisting at most of a few hundred words, and with no very elaborate grammatical structure. This is far from being true. To speak of the Visayan language, to which I have given some study, the richness of its vocabulary has been an ever recurrent occasion of wonder to me; and the beauty and consistency of its grammatical structure are obvious enough to charm even a very imperfectly trained philologist."

Simultaneously with this declaration that our Philippine educational scheme is a failure in practice, comes a declaration by Dr. A. F. Chamberlain in the pedagogical seminary that it is wrong in principle. He says:

"Education, no more than a nation, can exist half slave and half free—its motto, too, is liberty or death. To educate the Filipinos, without using to the full their language and their literature, the thousandfold stimuli of their environment, their racial temperament and ideals, their past history and natural ambitions for the future, is to stunt them in body, mind and soul. We have let loose upon them the soldier, the trader, the school teacher and the missionary—and we talk about education! The brain cure we are treating them to at the hands of our teachers is worse than the 'water cure' our soldiers gave them. In education, as in everything else connected with the 'new colonialism', we began wrong. We can change, if we will; for it is not altogether too late yet. But it must be a complete change and an honest admission of error. To educate the Filipinos as Filipinos and not as Americans, is the real ideal. Let 10,000,000 Malays as such develop along the lines of their native genius, and some day the world will rejoice that they have been. Educate them through themselves and they will become strong, as their kinsmen the Japanese have done, adding a new star to the constellation of civilized races."

Cooks and Age.

The Set-in-Her-Ways Woman Slow to Learn.

A friend of mine, writes Lady Violet Greville, has recently been attending cookery classes, and she says that out of the variety of women, ladies, cooks and amateurs that assisted at the lecturing the old cooks were the most ignorant and troublesome. They never would be taught to weigh or measure, and did everything by rule of thumb. They constantly dropped and spoilt things, and flourished the kitchen knives, to the terror of the other students. One day my friend made a cake herself and took it home, telling her cooks nothing but that it was bought. A few days later the cook suggested she should buy another at the same shop, as it was so good. My friend naturally felt elated at such as spontaneous compliment, half the reason why cooks' cakes are inferior comes from the want of care in the management of the oven.

Matches Eight Inches Long.

The latest luxury for the smokers' tray is the new English match that measures eight inches in length. Fifty of these fit a sumptuous silver and leather box, which, with the cigars, is set upon the table at the conclusion of a dinner party. One match will light from 10 to 12 cigars or cigarettes. Sometimes, for the use of feminine smokers, these matches are made of Syrian cedar or aromatic East Indian woods and burn with the most delicious perfume.

Carrying Water to a Desert.

Western Australia is Building a Pipe Line to Gold Mines, 328 Miles Away.

Western Australia is now one of the largest gold producers in the world. Twenty years ago the great desert east of the fringe of fertile grain lands and timber along the sea was not supposed to be worth a cent a square mile. The desert was wholly unknown, except that a few explorers had made their toilsome way over the immense expanse of sand; a few others less fortunate had perished in these forbidding wastes.

Then it was found that this Sahara was really to be the treasure house of the colony. The precious metal dug out of these sands has made the gold product of Western Australia equal to that of all the other States in the Commonwealth. Gold has helped the division of Australia to become one of the lustiest members of the British colonial Empire.

Around the great mining centre in the desert 50,000 people are living. It's natural to ask how they get water to supply their needs. The fact is, water is an extremely scarce commodity there. It probably does not bring so high a price in any other part of the world. Saltwater is obtained without much difficulty by digging, but the cost of condensing it to procure fresh water is so great that every pint must be carefully used. There is an occasional shower, and every house and tent in the mining district is supplied with tanks to catch the rain water, but it is an unreliable source of supply. The result is that every drop of water must be husbanded.

We have no idea here, where water seems almost as free as air, how careful they are in the mining region of Western Australia to put every drop to the best use. It is not comfortable to be compelled to use water as though you never expected to have another pailful. The inconvenience and discomfort due to this cause are a terrible drawback to that region, and nothing less than the greed for gold would induce anyone to submit to the incessant deprivation.

To-day Western Australia is hard at work to remedy this great need and to supply the Coolgardie and Kalgoorile mining districts with a good supply of water. The total cost of the work will not be less than $15,000,000, but it will solve the water problem.

About twenty-five miles northward of Perth, near the sea and the capital of Western Australia, is the Green Mount range. The Helena river crosses this range through a deep valley. A dam 100 feet high has been built across the river, and the reservoir thus formed is seven miles in length and holds 4,000,000,000 gallons. It is necessary to lift the water 2,700 feet to the top of the mountains in order to give it sufficient headway to reach the gold camps out in the desert. The distance to Kalgoorlie, the furthest camp to be supplied, is 328 miles. The water is to be raised to the mountain top by means of eight pumping stations, the machinery for which has been purchased at a cost of $1,500,000.

At the summit of the mountains the pipe line begins. It is thirty inches in diameter and is laid a little under the surface along the railroad track, except that in crossing various salt lakes on the route it is supported on piers. It is hoped to deliver from the reservoir to the mining camps 5,000,000 gallons of fresh water daily. Even with this amount of water it is not expected that the mining population will have a drop to waste, They will have to pay a good price for it. The charge to the miners, for example, will be $1.50 per 1,000 gallons at wholesale rates. We should probably have little street sprinkling, and gardens hose in the back yards of Brooklyn would become obsolete if we had to pay so high a price as this for the precious fluid.

It is not expected that the project will become self-supporting for some time. The plant is to be owned by the State, and the deficit must be paid out of the general taxes. Even if the 50,000 persons to be supplied should require the works to run at their fullest capacity the pipe line would hardly meet expenses.

It is believed, however, that an increased production of the gold will be made possibly by a good supply of water, and that the entire State will thus be benefited, for more miners will be required in the field, and practically all their supplies except machinery, come from the farmers and merchants of Western Australia.—*New York Sun.*

The Longest Word Again.

Several days ago, in answer to an inquiry, you stated that the longest "legitimate" words in the English language were valetudinarianism and latitudinarianism. Each of these words contains only seventeen letters. There are a large number of words given in the Century Dictionary containing twenty letters, all of which seem to be legitimate, though I hardly understand what is meant by that term. I name a few of these:

Contradistinguishing,
Incomprehensibleness,
Intercommunicability,
Interdestructiveness,
Philoprogenitiveness.

The longest word, however, that I have been able to find in that dictionary is transubstantiationalist, which contains twenty-three, or, in the plural, twenty-four letters. There is also another word containing twenty-three letters, which you may not consider "legitimate," electrophotomicography. O. P. D.

While I sit corrected—and humble—I am inclined to echo the query of another correspondent who eases the weight of information similar to that given by "O. P. D," by the question: "But why should we care to know what the longest word in the language is, anyhow?" I am a grateful that such jawbreakers as the last cited by "O. P. D." are not "legitimate" word-currency.

The Wandering Boer.

Is Emigrating in Considerable Numbers Since the War.

A new feature of German colonial development, says the British Ambassador at Berlin, is the increase of Boer immigration into the German South African colonies, which has become acute since the conclusion of the war.

An increase of 1031 in the white population of Southwest Africa is largely due to Boer immigration. In the district of Keetmanshoop, in the south of the colony, there are 1133 Boers as against 268 Germans, 90 British subjects and 27 other nationalities.

The German Colonial Administration maintains, however, a favorable attitude towards Boer immigration. It is pointed out that the indigent Boer "never becomes a settler in the proper sense of that word, but travels about the country in an ox wagon with his wife and family and a small herd of cattle, doing incalculable damage to the wells, pastures and timber along his route."

Hick's July Forecasts, 1903.

First storm periods is central on the 2nd and 3rd, being reinforced by the Mercury disturbance at its centre. In consequence we will come into July with cloudy weather and drizzling rain in many sections. On and touching the 2nd and 3rd this unsettled condition will grow into more pronounced storm conditions. It will turn much warmer, the atmosphere will grow muggy and close, the barometer will fall and some solid thunder storms, with local rains, will pass over the country in their usual order. A change to cooler will come along behind the rain and wind at this period.

Second storm period extends from the 7th to the 11th, being central on the 9th, the moon being at extreme south on the 7th, full on the 9th and in apogee on the 10th. The first stages of this period bring extremely warm weather, with south winds and falling barometer. About the 9th cloudiness and storms will form in western extremes and begin their eastward march across the country, reaching their culminating stages on the 10th and 11th. Heavy local dashes of rain will be natural, but we do not believe that wide-spread and soaking rains will fall. Behind the blustering storminess and thunder look for rising barometer, westerly winds and cooler, clearing weather.

The 14th and 15th another great wave or pulsation of heat will arise, along which the barometer will fall, and many electrical, threatening storm clouds will arise on and touching the 15th. Change to rising barometer and cooler will come about the 16th to 18th.

We believe that a general and persistent heated term will prevail at this time, that the barometer will not fall to very low readings, the hygrometer will not indicate high humidity, but that some very deceptive storm clouds will appear, bringing some heavy gusts of wind and dust, but blowing over with only light rain, except in narrow localities. The new moon in perigee on the 24th promises to delay and drag the phenomena of the fourth period up to about that day. In this event, there will be some quite heavy storms on and about the 24th, which perturbed condition will lead forward into the next period.

The 25th, the 26th and 27th are central days of a reactionary storm period, on and about which there will be a climax of summer heat, unless severe thunder storms develop about the 24th. We suggest that the things to look for at this period will be an excessively warm wave, and that about the 27th there will come a rapid fall of the barometer, quickly followed by wicked wind and thunder storms in many parts of the country. Light rains will accompany these storms in most places, with possible cloud burst, in scattered localities. A rising barometer and change to cooler weather will follow these storms for a few days. July comes to its close with the first stages of a regular storm period forming in western sections.

Quaint and Curious.

The telephone can no longer be legally used by German physicians in dictating prescriptions to druggists, because of the chances of fatal misunderstandings.

Regarding cuckoos, it is said that the long tail of these birds so interfered with their balancing that they have necessarily developed strong feet with two toes pointing backward and two forward. By this arrangement the cuckoos are able firmly to grasp their perch.

An examination of the records of the classes of Yale alumni shows Yale is on the same footing as Harvard with regard to the birth and marriage statistics of which President Elliot complained in his annual report. Graduates of Yale average two children to a family.

An eagle having a weight of sixteen pounds can carry away a lamb weighing sixty pounds. To do this it must develop about two horse-power and must put a strain of more than 1100 pounds on the muscles of the wings. This leads one to think that "birds are stronger than mathematics."

A species of tree found in Oregon, Washington, Mantana and British Columbia, continually drips pure and clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches. The tree is a species of fir. The "weeping" is attributed to a remarkable power of condensation peculiar to the leaves and bark.

The ancients did not have lightning rods constructed as ours are, but they had lightning conductors, which shows that they knew how to protect themselves from the danger that lies in a thunder storm. Even so long ago as the tenth century lightning was diverted from fields by planting in them long sticks or poles, on top of which were lance heads. It is said that the Celtic soldiers used to try to make themselves safe from the stroke during a storm by lying on the ground with their naked swords planted point upward beside them.

A curious railway accident is reported from India by Cosmos. About one and a quarter miles from Rampore "a train composed of an engine, thirteen passenger cars and three other cars, was seized and overturned by a tornado. The phenomenon was absolutely local, since nothing was noticed at the station just left by the train, and except for the upsetting of a few native huts, there appears to have been no other damage done. The number of the wounded is not exactly known, for the Hindu passengers fled panic-stricken in an instant. Thirteen persons were killed and fifteen wounded are known. Some of the cars were turned end for end, indicating a whirlwind."

Thread Worth $600 a Pound.

The dealer had sold the young woman a number of beads—he sold them to her, for some reason, at five cents a thimbleful—and now he showed her some fine French flaxen thread, the kind that the most expert lacemakers use.

"I brought this thread home from France with me for a curiosity," he said. "It is like cobweb, isn't it? Out of it laces as valuable as jewels and paintings are made.

"The thread is valuable in itself. A pound of it—there is not an ounce here—would cost $600. There would be in a pound one thread 226 miles long."

Currant-and-Raspberry Sherbet.

Boil a quart of water and a pint of sugar 20 minutes. Add a teaspoonful of gelatine, softened in cold water and strain. When cold, add a cup and a-half of currant juice and half a cup of red raspberry juice and freeze as usual.