

RICE FIELDS OF JAPAN.

Mostly Tiny Gardens, but They Feed 30,000,000 People.

Almost one half of the land capable of cultivation in Japan is planted in rice. Handkerchief gardens would perhaps best describe the little rice fields, many of which are no larger than a tennis court, are equally flat and are surrounded by rims of earth to hold the water when the fields are flooded. The average rice field in Japan is about one acre and a half in size; but, large or small, each field must be leveled, and each must have its rim or dike. Then there must be a system of canals to bring water to the fields and another system of ditches to take it away when it is no longer needed.

If the land were fairly level the preparation of the ground, which is all done by hand, would not be so hard nor would it require such vast amounts of human labor, but Japan is a mountainous country. Terraces must be cut from the steep hillsides and so leveled that they will hold the water at a uniform depth over the small fields.

It is said that there are 12,000 square miles of rice land in Japan, the greater part of which has been prepared with an almost infinite amount of labor. That area of land cultivated in rice virtually feeds a nation of 50,000,000 people.

The little fields are usually permanent, and frequently a farmer owns three or four scattered fields. That further increases the work of caring for his crops. In recent years, however, the government has tried to consolidate the holdings of farmers by a process of land exchange.—Youth's Companion.

SASH WINDOWS.

Probably a Dutch Invention of the Seventeenth Century.

The history of sash windows is somewhat obscure, but the probability is that they were a Dutch invention and that they were introduced into England soon after the revolution of 1688. The derivation of the word "sash" in this sense is the Dutch "sas," a sluice—old English "sasse." In Queen Anne's reign they were yet so comparatively uncommon as to be mentioned as a special feature of houses that were advertised as "to let." In the Tatler, for instance, May 27-30, 1710, there is this advertisement:

"To be let, in Devonshire Square, near Bishopsgate, a very good Brick House of 3 Rooms of a Floor, and a good Hall, with very good light and dark Closets, the whole House being well wainscoted and sash'd with 30 Sash Lights."

From England they passed into France, where the first to put them up was Marshal de Lorge at his new house at Montmartre. Speaking of this, Lister in 1699 writes in his "Journey to Paris": "We had the good fortune here to find the marshal himself. He showed us his great sash windows, how easily they might be lifted up and down and stood at any height, which contrivance, he said, he had out of England."—London Standard.

Trapping Turtles.

In the old days in the south the negro fishermen used to have an ingenious and simple way of trapping fresh water turtles. Any boy today can use the same method with the same effect. Turtles have favorite sunning logs. Beside one of the logs sink a water tight box two feet long and a foot and a half wide. The open top of the box should stand about an inch above the water. Nail the box securely against the log in such a position that it will catch the turtles that fall from the log. After the trap has been set leave the pond or lake for a time. On returning approach the log quietly from the side opposite the box. If there are any turtles on the log, frighten them suddenly. They will pitch off hurriedly into the box.—Youth's Companion.

A Queen Who Resigned.

One queen who got tired of ruling over her nation and resigned was Queen Christina, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus II. of Sweden, whom she succeeded in 1632. Growing tired of reigning at the age of twenty-eight, she passed the crown over to her cousin, Charles Gustavus, and went to Rome, which city she is said to have entered in the costume of an amazon. Later she tried to regain her throne, but failed. She died at Rome in 1689.

Witty Willie.

One evening a panhandler sidled up to William Collier as the player was walking around to the theater and addressed him thus: "Sir, I began life poor and in hard luck. I—" "Don't say anything more, my man," interrupted Collier as he slipped the man a quarter. "It's worth money to learn how well you have held your own."

Willow Trees.

Willows are mentioned in the Biblical books of Leviticus xvii, Job xi, Isaiah xiv, Psalm cxxxvii. The tree upon which the captive Israelites hung their harps was the Salix babylonica. This tree is abundant on the banks of the Euphrates.

In Doubt.

"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate. "Shure, I don't know, yer anner. What time does your anner get up?"—London Answers.

Poverty consists in feeling poor.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Learning In The Fists

By RICHARD MENKLEY

As a little fellow I wasn't very strong. I had the measles and the scarlet fever and all kinds of children's diseases. Any boy of my age could lick me very easily.

When I was about eighteen years old a feller come round givin' boxin' lessons. I went to see him give a lesson—it was in a barn—and I was mighty tickled the way he polished off some o' the big fellers that he was teachin'. He wasn't big himself, though he was wiry; there wasn't any knotty muscles standin' out on his arms and legs; they was jist good ordinary arms and legs. As for length, I reckon he measured about five feet six in his stockin's.

It was all in the way he done it. A feller who could throw a hundred pounds o' hay up into a loft on the end o' a pitchfork would 'a' made jelly o' him. But the little man wasn't there to be hit. Before the big one could git back into position he got a blow on the jaw.

I persuaded dad to give me the money to take boxin' lessons, and after a dozen lessons I was the best boxer in the county. What made me stuck on it was that I was a little feller with no great muscle, and after I'd learned to box I was cock o' the walk. None o' the big ones who took lessons could down me. The reason for this was that I was mighty spry, and I could tell by watchin' the other feller's eye jist what he was goin' to do next.

One day dad says to me, says he: "Josh, you've got a lot of learnin' in yer fists. I reckon you'd better git some in yer head. There's a young woman opened a schule over to the crossroads; you better larn somethin' about readin', writin' and 'rithmetic."

I thort I was too old to go to schule, but when I got there I found the scholars was mighty mixed. There was scholars all the way from twelve to twenty-four years old. The schulemarm was a young thing weighin' about a hundred pounds and not more'n eighteen years old. The first few days things went mighty quiet, but after the novelty wore off some o' the big fellers begun to get tired o' behavin' themselves and showed a disposition to do purty much as they pleased. When teacher told 'em to stop talkin' to each other durin' schule hours they'd stop for awhile, but it wasn't long before they were at it again.

John Whittaker began ticklin' Sam Tallier with a feather, Sam sittin' in the desk in front of John. Teacher told John to stop. He did, but in a few minutes begun ag'in. This time when teacher told him to stop he kept right on.

I held up my hand, lettin' on I wanted to speak.

"What is it, Josh?" asked teacher.

"Please, teacher, kin John Whittaker and me take a recess?"

'She looked at me, and John looked at me, and we all understood one another.

"If you wish to be excused you may go out," she said to me.

"How about me?" asked John.

"You may be excused too."

John and I went outside, and as soon as we got there he says to me, says he, "Reckon you want some'n o' me." And I says, says I: "Reckon I do. I want you to agree to behave yourself in schule. What d' ye mean, a great hulk like you settin' yourself up agin a little gal like that?" "It's none o' your business," he says. "I'll make it my business," I says, and before he knew what had happened he was sprawlin' on the ground.

He got up and come for me like a mad bull. But what could he do? I was never where he struck at, and when I aimed a blow at him he was always there. The second punch I give him was in the nose, and the blood bothered him. The third was in his left eye and closed it up. There wasn't anything tender about him, and I was obliged to take him under the jaw with all my might to put him out o' the fight.

While we was at it I caught sight o' the winders of the schulehouse, and they was full o' the scholars. I reckon teacher couldn't keep 'em at their lessons while there was somethin' so much more interestin' goin' on outside. Some o' the older scholars came out to watch the proceedin's and stood around wonderin' how such a little shaver could knock about a great hulk o' a feller jist as if he was a bag o' sand. When I tuk John under the jaw I knocked it out o' plumb. He got up slow, but he didn't come for me ag'in. Holdin' on to his cheek, he went off to a doctor to get it put in place ag'in.

The rest of us went back to our schule work. Nobody made any disturbance. Onced two fellers started to whisper, but I jist throwed a glance their way, and it had the same effect as if I'd throwed a stone. They stopped right away.

When schule let out teacher she beckoned me to lag behind, and I did. She took my hand and squeezed it, but she didn't say nothin'. I reckon she feel so much she couldn't talk.

"Don't you worry about the scholars' behavior," I said. "They won't get cuttin' up no more."

"I don't think they will," she said. "so long as I have such a sergeant-at-arms to keep order."

John Whittaker didn't come back to schule any more, and the other big fellers didn't make any disturbance. I didn't get much learnin'. I reckon it was 'cause I had to watch the scholars. Anyway, it wasn't teacher's fault.

A Philosopher's Application For a Wife

By ELINOR MARSH

Albert St. Clair was a philosopher. He was born in America, but of English parents. He had papers to show that he was of good stock, but had never examined them. He believed all men to be a development of the ape.

St. Clair fell in love with a girl, who reciprocated. "He didn't talk about man and woman having descended from apes. He talked the language of love. After he had proposed Laura Hilton—that was the girl's name—sent him to her father for an answer.

"I shall have to know more about you before I can give my consent," said Mr. Hilton. "To what family do you belong and what is your income?" "I belong to the human family, and my income is \$2,000 a year. The principal was earned by lecturing on man and his ancestors."

"That is barely sufficient to lodge and feed yourself and a wife. You would have nothing for clothes and incidental expenses."

"Clothes are simply the covering of the lower animals which are transformed to man. What he does not get this way he derives from the vegetable kingdom. The sheep clothes him and his wife. She wears rat skins on her hands and sticks an ostrich feather in her hat. Her stockings when she is much dressed are the excrescence of worms."

"Nevertheless you will find it inconvenient to get on without these articles. How about your family connections?"

"Family connections are of no more importance in man than any other animal. Indeed, the family connections of a horse are much more important than those of a man. A racing sire and dam are important, because swiftness of foot is inherited. In man swiftness of foot is of no importance. What is of importance in him is intellect. But intellectual man seldom marries intellectual woman, and if he does the children are liable to be only fools."

"That is all very well, but my daughter has associated with refined persons. If her husband's relatives are coarse she will not get on with them."

"What is refinement but a concealment of our brute instincts? Pigs eat; so does man. Pigs put the fore feet in the trough; man sits at a table and eats with a knife and fork. The worst thing about him is that he eats the pig, which is the dirtiest of all animals. Man cannot get rid of his brute nature; he can only cover it over with a thin coat of veneer."

"That veneer is essential to our happiness. My daughter has associated with those who eat the daintiest food, wear the richest fabrics and ornaments. Surely you cannot supply her with jewels?"

"Nothing marks the barbarian more plainly than ornamentation of the body. The most barbarous woman wears necklaces and ear and lip rings of teeth or bone or metal. The most refined woman wears stones and metals."

"One with such ideas as yours is not apt to have much respect for the sacred ceremony of marriage."

"Marriage draws man away from his native state, the state of other animals. Four footed brides and grooms do not trouble themselves about each others' relatives and other detriments to a hearty progeny. If a strong and healthy man who eats with his knife desires to marry a strong and healthy woman who eats with her fork her relatives will defeat the union if they can. But if she desires to marry a living skeleton of birth and breeding they are delighted with the match."

"Mr. St. Clair, I have listened to your statement of reasons why you should be permitted to marry my daughter and am forced to admit that, while as reasons they are worthless, there are truths in them. Nevertheless I consider you the biggest fool I ever met. But, as you have said, intellect is not so liable to be inherited as strength, the intellectual man seldom marrying the intellectual woman, or vice versa, therefore if you are a king or a prince or even a nobleman, with large wealth, you may be my son-in-law; if not, I forbid the bans."

"Nothing remains," said St. Clair, bowing himself out, "but to look into my pedigree and learn whether any of my family, in whom I have never taken the slightest interest, have left me any money."

Later he returned to Mr. Hilton and said:

"I have examined papers in my possession and have learned that I am not a king."

"I thought not," said the other dryly. "Nor am I a duke."

"Exactly."

"But my grandfather was an earl, and a letter bearing a coronet on it that I received some years ago and which I did not open informs me that my grandfather and father being dead, I am the Earl of Macknaiton."

"Indeed!"

"And I am heir, so the letter says, to one of the largest estates in England."

"I congratulate you."

"If your daughter marries me she may wed a fool, but she will be Lady Macknaiton and will be able to decorate her person as elaborately as the most degraded savage."

"The title and the jewels will be very acceptable."

"When shall the wedding ceremony take place?"

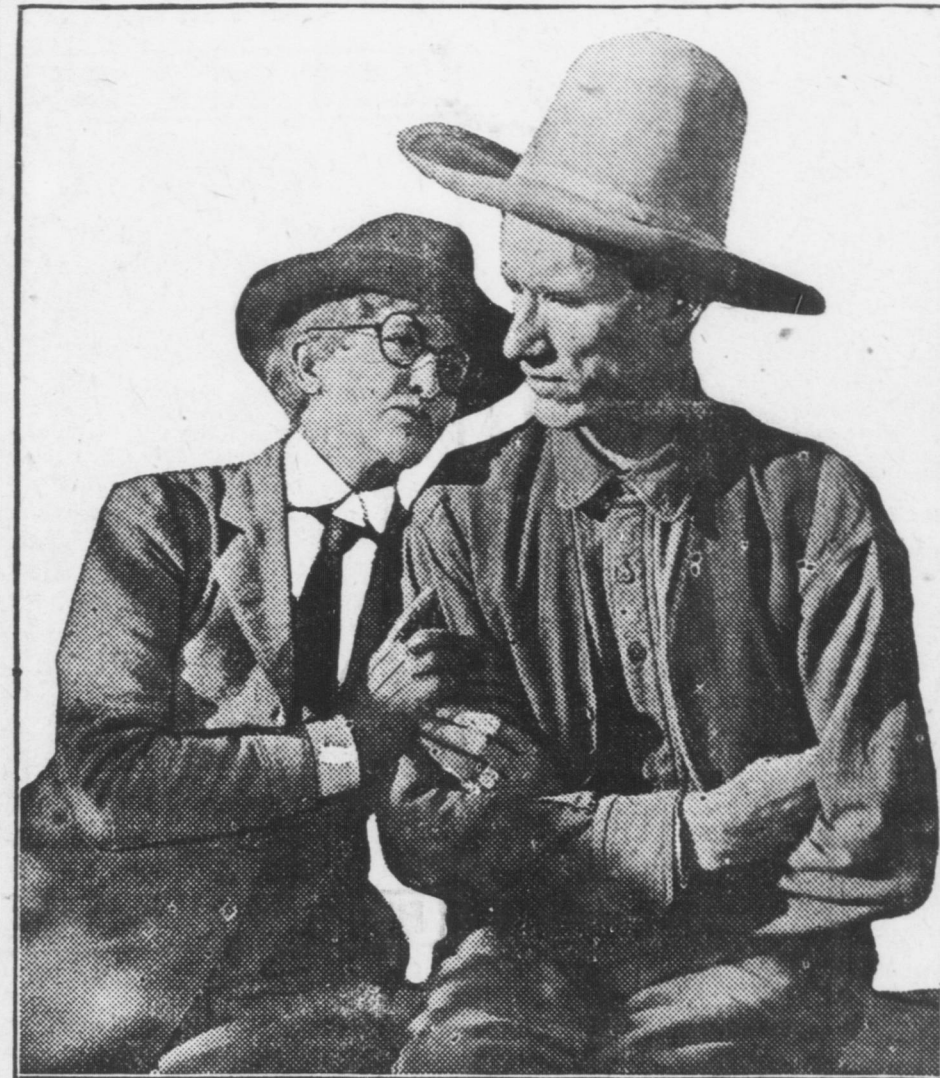
"Whenever your lordship desires."

STARS OF FILMDOM

COUNTESS AND COWBOY STARS IN FILM COMEDY

It is not often that a real countess and a real cowboy appear as hero and heroine of a motion picture story. This rare combination appears in the Bison comedy drama, "Roped In." The noblewoman is Countess Du Cello, who has

been of the famous band of Universal cowboys, every one of whom, though he was brought up to quite a different walk of life, is a real actor. He is six feet six inches tall, and one of the skinniest men on the screen. He has an absolutely imperturbable countenance, which is covered with a network of wrinkles due to his outdoor life. His perfect solemnity makes his work very



Countess and Cowboy.

been appearing in pictures at Universal City for about a year, and the cowpuncher is Bill Gillis, a real Texan cattleman, who has spent his life doing in earnest what he now does in mimicry for the films.

The countess is of French family, but happened to be born in England, where she was educated. She has played for a number of picture companies, her previous occupation being, as she says in her biography, "private life." Bill Gillis hails from the Lone Star state, and has punched cattle for a living all his life. Somehow or other he drifted into pictures, and is a mem-

funny in such a rib-tickling comedy as "Roped In." Neal Hart, who has also lived the life he now acts, is the foreman of the ranch owned in the picture by the countess, who marries Bill, and is treated to a modern version of the "Taming of the Shrew."

Reyn Ingram, who used to be a sculptor, is filming a Chinese drama for Bluebird.

Phil Dunham has just finished a new L-KO comedy in which he stands out as the best wallpaper-hanging comedian in the world.

SCREEN FAVORITES

RAWLINSON DOES NOT WANT TO DIRECT

Herbert Rawlinson, star of the Red Feather picture, "The Scarlet Crystal," is an anomaly in one respect. He is probably the only leading man on the screen who has no ambition to direct. Most of them can hardly wait for the

considered comedy of the drawing-room variety. But as the dissipated man-about-town, who is saved by a vision in the crystal from ultimate ruin, he has a part which taxes his dramatic ability to the full. He gets away with it as if he had played nothing else all his life. This is the first picture in which he has appeared since the injury to his leg which kept him



Scene From "The Scarlet Crystal."

dime to come when they may assume the authority of the producer, and arrange all stories so that the hero may hold the center of the screen throughout five complete reels. But Rawlinson has no such desire.

"I may be deficient in the power of concentration," he says, "but I find that the acting of my role absorbs all my energy and capability. I am sure that if I were to assume the supervising of all the others, together with the thousand and one details which come in the province of the director, I should have to slight my own screen work; and that is something which I could never bring myself to do. Your best is none too good; should be the motto of every picture player, in my opinion; and it might even be amended to advantage, 'Your best is hardly good enough,' would be a better way of putting it."

In "The Scarlet Crystal," Rawlinson has a role rather out of his usual type of part. His forte has always been

out of business for nearly two months; and his many admirers will welcome him back to the screen.

STUDIO NOTES

Fatty Voss, the 42-centimetre L-KO Komedian, is being featured in a new burlesque, by Director Blystone.

Mary MacLaren says the most heroic thing she ever did was to let a bee crawl up her hand in "The Mysterious Mrs. M." Bluebird photoplay.

Alice Howell, the funniest woman in pictures, has just returned to the L-KO studios after a two weeks' vacation.

The Universal serial, "Peg o' the Ring," produced by Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, is now running with great success in Wales.

Neal Hart, featured player in Universal Western comedies, is a college-bred cowboy, and has been buyer of horses for the British government.

DUTCH WARSHIP VISITS U. S. ON WAY TO INDIA



Photo by American Press Association.

Danger of mines and submarines along the ordinary route from Holland to the Dutch East Indies are responsible for the presence in New York harbor of the cruiser Zeeland of the Dutch navy, which is going by way of the Panama canal. She is a two funneled armored cruiser of the Holland class, of which the Dutch government has six vessels.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

Russian troops have captured Koniuchy, on the Galician front, together with 164 officers and 18,000 men, the Russian war office announced.

On an eighteen-mile front in north-eastern Galicia, between Brzezany and Zborow, General Brusiloff's heavy guns are serving thunderous notice on the Teutons that the Russians "have only begun to fight." Since Monday there has been a deadlock on this front. Berlin told of the new terrific bombardment, presaging a resumption of Brusiloff's drive on Lemberg.

After their strongest offensive effort since Verdun the Germans found themselves thrown back everywhere along an eleven-mile front on the Chemin-Des-Dames, leaving the ground thickly strewn with their dead, and having failed to take even one French soldier prisoner.

The French lines remained intact and the French commanding general who watched the operations throughout from the front trenches, was able to declare that not a single yard of territory had been lost.

The Germans came forward everywhere in the closest formation and in successive waves preceded by the famous "shock" troops, who were mown down by the French fire.

In one of the greatest aerial raids made on London, thirty-seven persons, including several children, were killed and nearly 150 injured Saturday morning. At least twenty German airplanes flew over London dropping bombs in the heart of the city.

Four of the raiding machines were brought down by British fliers. In addition allied airplanes, waiting off Dunkirk to attack the raiders on their way home, destroyed three German seaplanes and brought down or damaged four other scouting airplanes.

The attack was plainly directed against the civilian population and business and financial buildings. There is no question but that the Germans knew where they were and it was not a matter of scattering explosives blindly from a great height.

How it happened that more persons were not killed is hard to explain. Thousands were in the streets in the area bombed, but probably a much larger proportion took shelter in the solid buildings, taught by the lesson of June 13.

Among the places attacked was one of the most extensive metropolitan hospitals, on which the Red Cross flag was flying conspicuously and the location of which must have been known. Early rumors were abroad that the hospital had been damaged, but investigation showed it had escaped entirely, although several bombs fell close to it.

In one building a number of prominent business men had gathered for a conference. Above their heads was only plate glass. A bomb exploded in the lavatory, but did not even break the glass. Not one of the men was hurt.

SLACKERS ON STONE PILE

112 of Them Doing "Bit" in Illinois House of Correction.

The Rockford (Ill.) slackers sentenced by Judge Landis to the Chicago house of correction, where they were received, were assigned to temporary tasks. There are 112 of them.

They were garbed in the official blue trousers and blue caps with striped shirts of the institution and presently were to be seen swinging pickaxes, pushing heavily laden wheelbarrows, assorting scrap iron, shoveling in the stone quarry or trundling bricks.