

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.

The farmer looks discouraged, He hates the rake and hoe; He wants to try the city, Where money seems to grow; The other fellow gets the grain, And leaves for him the cob, So in his heart he covets The other fellow's job.

The doctor notes with envy The lawyer's bouncing roll, And wishes he had studied With Blackstone as his goal; The clerk is far from satisfied, He sees the artist's daub, And cries, "Oh, how much better!" The other fellow's job.

And, O George, we'll board till we die—I never can begin again! I could never find another beautiful little house like that, never! There was the loveliest set of drawers for table linen. And the back piazza—and the perfectly splendid great closet—big enough to sleep in—and books everywhere.

The Fifteen-Minute Way.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

It was decided definitely in the tiny sitting-room upstairs between bedrooms. Mrs. Torrey put it into its first words, but it had been brewing in all four minds.

far as the consideration of it as a Torrey residence went. "Found a southern exposure yet?" Mr. Torrey asked, with unfeeling politeness, each day, when the little family assembled for the evening.

"Mary, you take the next car home and go to bed. Don't get up till I come. Then we'll go round to that—that little place I—or—hunted up, you know. It belongs to me for a good fortnight yet. I didn't let on to you, but I paid a month's rent down. Maybe you'll think it's better than boarding, anyhow. Cheer up! We'll measure for carpets and things, and have a fine time buying them! You're all done up."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, meekly. "You can do anything you please, George—anything. The fight has all gone out of me. I'm ready to board or keep house anywhere."

"Mama, honest? Oh, that's good!" from Maurice. "O good!" from nine-year-old Alan. The entire family, then, had been waiting.

It had not occurred to the determined little house-hunter to look at the house which Mr. Torrey had engaged. She had not given that an instant's serious thought.

"We could almost have kept house in that closet!" she lamented. "And, O George Torrey, the parlor mantel!" "Never mind! Never mind!" said George, with splendid composure.

"Well, it shouldn't be so any longer," said Mr. Torrey. "We'll go to housekeeping to-morrow!" Mrs. Torrey smiled leniently.

"No, I haven't found any southern exposure—or northern exposure, or eastern or western!" she flashed back the eighth night with considerable spirit.

"The Hattiesness suddenly took swift wings. "George! Oh, wait a minute—wait right here! I'll be back in a moment!" She hurried from room to room—came hurrying back. She was laughing radiantly, sheepishly.

"Yes, I had it all down fine inside of fifteen minutes. Takes me to go house-hunting! I hadn't been on the car two minutes before I ran plump on it in the advertising column in the Times: 'To be let—pleasant house, nine rooms, sunny, convenient, good neighborhood'—everything there in black and white, you see!"

"On the following Thursday Mrs. Torrey's tired face was the one to show jubilation at the boarding-house tea-table. The lines of weariness trailed off and were lost in the evident elation. It bespoke success.

"The three boys' scented popovers in it. It was hard work to wait for the family assembly upstairs. "Found a south—well, well, don't keep us waiting, mother!" Mr. Torrey began, as soon as the door closed behind them.

"George!" Mrs. Torrey's tone was now impressively noticeable. It was distinctly calm and clear—but noticeable in that one word—there were pity, kindness, affection in it. Mr. Torrey stopped rubbing his hands together.

"Not everything—exposures and closets and drawers and everything!" Mr. Torrey demanded, unbelievably. "Exposures—drawers—closets—back yards—pantry shelves—everything," recited the house-finder.

"One day my friend had him out with him in a boat pike fishing, when he hooked a most terrific, tantrum, my old pike, which lashed and gashed in a most furious fashion. In went the long-legged pointer to retrieve the game. Snap went the vicious pike's wicked jaws as the dog came up, and the poor brute's forelegs were clean bitten off close to the body.

"I think I shall take to-morrow to rest and think it over," she said, calmly. "I don't want to decide too recklessly. And then day after to-morrow I'll go and look it all over again, to make sure. It pays to be prudent."

"I guess it'll still be there in the morning all right," he reassured her; but she did not need reassurance.

"The greatest popular idol in a political sense the country has ever known was Henry Clay. Only one other American statesman ever possessed the quality called personal magnetism to the same extent that he did, and no other ever had a more enthusiastic personal following.

"That's what I am planning, dear," smiled gently the small woman. "There is the right place for us somewhere, and I shall not spare time or pains to find it. It will very likely take a lot of hunting and trailing up and down stairs, but I shall do my best."

"There, there," he soothed her. "Tell me all about it." And Mary, grown suddenly weak, told all.

"Long ago Darwin asserted that fresh water fish played a part in the dissemination of aquatic plants by swallowing the seeds in one place and voiding in some far distant spot. The truth of this assertion has frequently been questioned. Now Prof. Hochreuthe, of Genf, claims to have proved by a series of experiments that seeds which have been swallowed by fish and waterfowl do retain their germinative power even after they have passed through the digestive organs.

The Inventor of Sherlock Holmes Secures a Pardon For George Edalji

ENGLISH POLICE GUILTY OF ATROCIOUS BLUNDER.

Sir Conan Doyle Proved That They Started With Conviction of Guilt and Distorted Evidence—Young Lawyer Got Seven Year Term For Mutilating Animals.

As the result of an official inquiry into the case a free pardon has been granted to George Edalji, a young Birmingham lawyer, who was convicted four years ago of mutilating neighbors' horses and cattle and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, cables the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

Sir Conan Doyle's interest in the peculiar case of Edalji was aroused by numerous printed comments on it, the widespread public effort to get the Home Office to pardon the man, and by letters asking him to take it up from the standpoint of a detective. He became convinced finally that the conviction of Edalji was due to police stupidity and persecution owing to a preconceived belief that Edalji was guilty.

George Edalji was convicted in 1903 of killing a pony brutally and maliciously at night and of sending various anonymous letters to himself, his father and police officials, in one of which there was, by inference, a threat to murder a police official. The case admitted afterward that his conclusions about the letters were all wrong.

Edalji was supposed by the rural police to be the leader of a band of lawless men in and around Wyrley, Staffordshire, who went about in the night and at exactly ten minutes to three o'clock in the morning disembowelled horses, cows and sheep. The police became aroused by the depredations of the gang. Edalji was accused in anonymous letters to the police and a watch was put on his movements.

When he was only twelve years old Edalji had been the victim of a series of anonymous letters, for sending which a former servant maid in the family was finally put under bonds to be of good behavior. The new series of letters, as Sir Conan showed in his public letters to the London Daily Telegraph, had all the characteristics of the old series, except as to handwriting, and one of them contained the boast that the writer could change his chirography as he pleased.

The disembowelling of the pony for which Edalji was arrested occurred three-quarters of a mile from his home on the night of August 17, 1903. While he was in jail awaiting trial another horse was disembowelled. After he was convicted three more horses and some sheep were killed on three occasions, and for one of these crimes a miner named Farrington was convicted. Another man named Green confessed that he killed his own horse, and he was railroaded out of the country to South Africa, having withdrawn his confession, and no attempt was made by the police to prosecute him.

Edalji is the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Parsee origin. He was always a studious boy, and his mates say acts of cruelty were abhorrent to him. He went to various schools, studied law, took all the prizes that came his way, and when a little more than an age wrote a notable law book. He practised law in Birmingham. He advertised for information as to the anonymous letter writer who was using his name, protested that he knew nothing about the crimes and then went about his business. He lived at the vicarage at Wyrley with his father, mother and sister.

Moreover, it has been proved that Edalji was a victim of myopia, so that even with the most powerful glasses he could only see a few inches and that after dark he could not see at all and would have to grope his way home unless he was familiar with every inch of ground. It was proved by Sir Conan that the pony for the death of which Edalji was arrested was seen safe and sound at 11 p. m., and that when it was found bleeding to death at 6 o'clock the next morning the veterinary testified that the cuts were less than six hours old. It was known positively that Edalji had entered his home at 9.30 o'clock on the evening of August 17 and did not leave it again that night. The house was guarded by no less than three detectives. Edalji's father testified that they occupied the same room, and that they said that he locked the door from the inside. In view of this fact and the inability of Edalji to see at night Sir Conan wrote:

"You have to face the supposition that after returning from a long day's work in Birmingham he sallied out in a coat which he was only known to wear in the house, performed a commonplace mission at the boot shop in the village, then, blind as he was, hurried off for three-quarters of a mile, through difficult, tortuous ways, with fences to climb, railway lines to cross (I can answer for it), to commit a ghastly and meaningless crime, entirely foreign to his studious and abstinent nature; that he then hurried back another three-quarters of a mile to the vicarage, arrived so composed and tidy as to attract no attention and sat quietly down to the family supper, the whole expedition from first to last being under an hour."

Sir Conan showed that the Chief Constable of Staffordshire, Captain the Hon. G. A. Anson, had written to Edalji's father back in 1893, when the first series of anonymous letters had reflected on his son, a mere lad. "I may say once that I shall not

TEMPERATURE OF UPPER AIR.

Supposed Warm Stratum Six or Eight Miles Up.

One of the most interesting inquiries undertaken in the last few years has related to the temperatures which prevail at great altitudes. The snow on mountain tops indicates that there is a difference between the situation there and at lower levels, but there was a desire to learn whether the decrease of warmth with elevation continued at the same rate in regions remote from mountains.

One of the best ways to find out is to go up in a balloon, taking along both a thermometer and a barometer, the latter instrument serving to show how high the amount of gas goes. This plan is beset with difficulties, however. A balloon suited to such work must be big and costly, and for its inflation a good deal of gas is needed. Again, the decrease in the density of the air has a dangerous effect on some men. The highest ascent with a "manned" balloon concerning which there is no doubt was made from Staasfurt, Prussia, in 1894, by Dr. Berson. He reached an altitude of 30,000 feet, or nearly six miles.

But it is possible to study the air at that and greater elevations in a more simple and economical manner. Balloons which are only large enough to carry the instruments are now extensively used. The apparatus is shielded with wicker work so that it will not smash if it gets a fall. Then, in order to insure its return to the owner, the basket is suitably labelled and carries an offer of a small reward. As recording devices are attached to both thermometer and barometer it is not necessary to maintain a watch on them while they are in service. They will tell their story afterwards.

About five years ago two meteorologists, Theodor de Witt (French) and Richard Assmann (German), reported what they believed to be a curious discovery. They declared that a stratum of warm air existed between heights of five and eight miles. It was long supposed that the temperature diminished at the rate of about one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred feet of ascent. In time it was perceived that the diminution was not quite uniform and that occasionally a thin layer of warm air was encountered at a height of one-half a mile or more. Such a state of things as M. De Bort and Dr. Assmann announced, however, was strange enough to be rather incredulous, and of late the matter has been studied by other experts.

One of these, Dr. Hergesell, took the trouble to watch his balloons through a surveyor's theodolite—a kind of telescope—and he noticed that when they reached nearly the greatest height they hung for a time at the same elevation, whereas Dr. Assmann had supposed that their upward velocity steadily increased until the balloon burst. This discovery of Dr. Hergesell threw doubt on the existence of a warm layer, for a reason that can be easily understood. The thermometer used in such work is surrounded with a ventilating device which is expected to overcome the heating influence of direct sunlight, but the device—"aspiration" tube, Dr. Assmann calls it—is useful only when the instrument is moving up or down. If it remains nearly stationary the temperature around the bulb may be ten or fifteen degrees higher than the true shade temperature. A good deal of doubt has therefore been cast on the theory of M. De Bort and Dr. Assmann. An Austrian expert, Herr R. Nimfuhr, believes that only those records which were obtained when the sun was below the horizon are trustworthy. Ten of these from French sources indicate, he says, that the fall of temperature with increasing height increases slowly at first, then more rapidly up to eight or nine kilometers, and then diminishes markedly. This takes place in all seasons and is in agreement with observations made in other parts of the globe.

The Etiquette of Looting. It is stated by Miss Loane, an English writer among the very poor of the English cities, that the ethical side of that class of society is imperfectly developed, and it must be admitted that some of the true stories she tells in "The Next Street But One" do show a light-hearted view of property rights. The irresponsibility disclosed in the one below, however, is considerably mitigated by the saving grace of humor.

A friend of Miss Loane who had been living in her own suburban villa left and went into the country. In the early spring, finding the house still quiet, she went back to fetch her bulbs, and found the garden completely denuded. She concluded some hawk or hedge gardener had cleared the place, and troubled herself no further.

A few weeks later a very worthy old woman in the neighborhood told the lady's former housemaid that she had seen the bulbs.

"People was beginning to sneal 'em, my dear," she said, "and I felt sure your mistress had rather they was took respectable."

Tailless Trout. In "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1871 is an account of some tailless trout having been discovered in Loch Macrichean, in Islay. This loch is 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and although surrounded by other lochs in none of them were tailless trout found save in it, and there they were in excellent condition. The notice continues: "At the mines of Wanlochhead, Dumfriesshire and Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, there are, according to Dr. Grierson, of Thornhill, streams coming from the shafts, in which trout without tails, and often deficient in fins, are frequently caught. Such fish are often blind."

First Use of Coffee in England. The use of coffee in England was first known in 1577. The first public place in London where it was sold was this advertised: "Blacks and sold in St. Michael's alley in Cornhill by Pasqua Rosee, at the sign of his own head."

THE "SWIMMIN' HOLE."

It was in the little "swimmin' hole," In the "cow lot" years ago, When my face was full of freckles And a stone bruise swelled my toe, That I landed my first fish, With a pinhook and a worm; And how I did enjoy Being the little sucker squirm.

Just how that sucker felt that day At being fooled and caught, Never entered in my boyish head. For I had no time for thought; Another section of red worm went— Went quickly on the pin, And in the "swimmin' hole" it dropped To lure his next of kin.

Lines of care now mark the place Where the freckles used to grow, And the heart now gets the bruises That used to swell the toe; And I know now how the "sucker" felt When he found himself ashore, For more than once I've played his part And swallowed "baits" galore.

Hoax—"Did you really enjoy your stay in Paris?" Joak—"I came home in the steerage."—Boston Record.

There are times when words fall a man—but if he has a wife it doesn't matter much.—Chicago Daily News.

The way to get rich is to lay up part of your own income and as much as possible of other people's.—Somerville Journal.

Of modern philosophy Here is a peep. Beauty is oftentimes Only clothes deep! —Life.

Jennie—"Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?" Olive—"Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her."—Tit-Bits.

Frightened Actor—"The leading lady is tearing her hair!" Stage Manager—"Well, what of it? It isn't her hair."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Browne—"Mrs. Wythe says she thinks that it is wrong to play whist." Mrs. Black—"It is, the way she plays it."—Somerville Journal.

"You have no sense of humor," he complained. "You can't take a joke." "I took one when I got you," she bitterly replied.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Girl (to crying little brother)—"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Dick? Bobbie says he has already given you two bites." Dick—"But it's my apple."—Life.

To see the attitudes they strike, You'd think, by jing, That almost time is very like The real thing! —Washington Herald.

Tom—"Mamma, let's move." Mamma—"What for, dear?" Tom—"Oh, I've licked every kid in the block, and there's no more fun here."—Chicago Daily News.

Shea—"How long have you been sick?" Ryan—"Five days." Shea—"Glory be! An' why don't you get a doctor?" Ryan—"Sure, I got to go to wur-ruk Monday mornin'."—Puck.

Mother (to her little son, playing horse with visitor's umbrella)—"Don't ride away with Mrs. Boreham's umbrella, Bobbie." Bobbie—"Why not, mother? I won't hurt it." Mother—"You might, dear. And, anyhow, she'll be wanting it directly."—Punch.

"Can you give bond?" asked the Judge. "Have you got anything?" "Jedge," replied the prisoner, "sence you ax me, I'll tell you: I hain't got nuthin' in the world 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no-count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter, an' the ol' war-rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Permit me to ask you, madam," said the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband?" "He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller. "My dear madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principle would break up every home in the country."—Chicago Tribune.

Guarding the Public Coal Lands. Dr. Edward Everett Hale proposed the following question to a company of scientists in Washington some days ago: "What achievement of the past year is most worthy of a commemorative medal?"

The trend of the answers was toward the exploit of Amundsen in traversing the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or to the more significant exploit of the Wright Brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, who repeatedly succeeded in aerial flight in a machine much heavier than the air.

It is a natural tendency of the scientific mind to give first rank to individual discovery or exploit rather than to bring into account all achievements, giving first place to that which responds most successfully to the greatest need of the time.

Experts in statecraft will, doubtless, concede that under the present conditions of our national development it is quite possible for the great general good to result from some extremely keen and far-reaching achievement in administration, and in the mind of the writer such an administrative achievement has actually characterized the past year.

I refer to the promulgation of the President withdrawing from sale the coal lands of the people. The vast importance of this act in connection with the preservation of our coal supply has been well pointed out by Edward W. Parker, the Government's coal expert, whose clever curve of increase points out our rate of galloping consumption and tells clearly the limits of our supply.—Review of Reviews.

The Gift of Graciousness. 'Tis the chief glory of the high and mighty to be gracious, a prerogative of kings to conquer universal good will. That is the great advantage of a commanding position—to be able to do more good than others. Those make friends who do friendly acts. On the other hand, there are some who lay themselves out for not being gracious, not on account of the difficulty, but from a bad disposition. In all things they are the opposite of divine grace.

Flashback of Fvra