

**THE REIGNING TERROR.**

I start in my dreams and I wake in af-  
fright  
And try to escape from a spectre head-  
light.  
My days are a menace, my nights are a  
dread  
That scatters gray hairs on my feverish  
head.  
Through morning and evening devoutly I  
kneel  
And pray in the fear of the automobile.  
I stop on the corner and glance up the  
street.  
Then venture across with a fear in my  
feet.  
"Honk! Honk!" full upon me with vi-  
cious onslaught  
Drives heading the horrible new Jug-  
gernaut.  
I leap for my life. With a hoarse, angry  
squeal  
Disappointed, on whizzes the automobile.  
It ranges the haunts of the poor souls of  
men  
And chases them into their dimmest  
den.  
A despot it is, and none living may dare  
Dispute with the king of the broad  
thoroughfare.  
Get out of the street, every humble cart-  
wheel—  
Make way for the swaggering automobile!  
I dream of the days when men traveled  
in state.  
The high and the humble, the low and the  
great.  
In dignified fashion, nor ever seemed  
care.  
To split a long gash in the shuddering  
air.  
Gone, gone are those days. Now, they  
hurt and they reel  
And whistle through space in the automo-  
bile.  
Oh, humble pedestrian, stay close at home,  
Or camp on the top of the city-hall  
dome.  
Or get a balloon and go search for a  
zone  
Unhoped, and where gasoline never was  
known.  
Else stay in your den and ne'er out of  
it steal.  
For the streets—they belong to the auto-  
mobile!  
—Lowell Otus Reese, in Leslie's Weekly.

she cut the bread and butter, wearily  
she poured out the tea, timidly she  
passed him a cup, which he received  
with an icy "Thank you!"  
"Would you like some bread and  
butter?"  
"No, thank you!" (helping himself  
to cake as he spoke).  
"Another cup of tea?"  
"No, thank you!"  
Eve could not eat her seed cake, it  
stuck in her throat. She could not  
drink her tea, it was black and strong.  
Adam liked tannin, Eve did not.  
Adam swallowed his last piece of  
seed cake with a great effort, then  
looked at Eve.  
Eve knew by instinct that after the  
thunder comes the deluge, so she  
waited.  
"I think you might learn to behave  
yourself, at any rate in public. I never  
knew any one who for their age,  
and bringing up, and education, was so  
utterly lacking in dignity. You ought  
to remember that you are not a child  
now."  
Eve looked at the grass, and said  
nothing.  
The waiter, who had hovered near  
during the thunder, said, in a soothing  
tone, "Would madame like some  
fresh tea, it will be cold?"  
"Madame can drink cold tea for  
once; it is her own fault," said Adam,  
with a look that made the venerable  
man belie the face he bore by a shiv-  
er and a dignified retreat to a place of  
safety.  
"I suppose I didn't count for any-  
thing compared with a kitten. It  
didn't matter if my tea was cold, and  
of course I could do without bread  
and butter; very kind, and so polite."  
Eve raised her eyes. Adam saw  
them for the first time that afternoon  
without the intervening white veil,  
which hid their luster, saw they were  
fringed with tear-wet lashes. Felt,  
not heard:  
"I'm very sorry!"  
Adam flushed crimson to the roots  
of his curls, and the end of his chok-  
ingly-high collar, gazed distractedly at  
the two roses that swayed at right an-  
gles to one another in Eve's hat.  
He felt ashamed. He was a man, he  
would rather die than say so.  
Therefore they sat silent.  
Nervously Adam took a saucer off  
the table, looking to see if Eve  
noticed. Her eyes were cast down; she  
could see with them shut, but he did  
not know that.  
With shaking hand he poured the  
contents of the cream jug into it—it  
was not too thick to pour—and placed it  
on the ground within a yard of the  
intruder.  
Eve saw, Eve understood, because  
she was Eve. She flashed him a smile  
of full forgiveness.  
Adam, stooping, raised the intruder,  
and put him on his knee, where he  
purred contentedly.  
Eve reached out her hand and stroked  
the intruder. Adam did the same.  
Their hands met in peace.  
A rainbow arched over Eden.—New  
York News.

**A Thunderstorm in Eden.**

The weather was blazing hot; it  
always is in Eden. A soft caressing  
wind blew over the wide, green ex-  
panse, Eden winds are always soft  
and caressing. The trees were lily  
and umbrageous; this is a character-  
istic of all Eden trees.  
Under every large tree there were  
two green chairs, and here and there  
a small green table; this, too, is a fea-  
ture of Eden—when Eden is no near-  
er the world's end than Central Park  
on a hot July afternoon.  
Adam and Eve were sitting under  
the largest, leafiest tree. Eve care-  
fully unfastening her very new gloves.  
Adam trying to fathom the resources of  
the adjacent cave, by interrogating the  
waiter, who had seen them from afar.  
"We have seed cake, sir, if madame  
likes seed cake."  
"Well, bring some of that; any  
ices?"  
"No, sir; we have not the demand;  
tea, coffee or chocolate."  
"Tea will do splendidly—and cream—  
not the milk-and-water stuff called  
cream here."  
"Certainly, sir, thick cream. It shall  
be here immediately."  
"Waiter! we should like some bread  
and butter—you can't do without that,  
can you, Eve?"  
"I'd rather not try."  
"We do not have bread and butter,  
sir, it would get dry. We keep the  
small rolls and the butter paste, ma-  
dame could perhaps make some bread  
and butter for herself."  
"Yes! that will be excellent."  
Eve having unfastened those very  
new gloves, gently drew her pink fin-  
gers out of their protecting embrace,  
smoothed them out, folded them, and  
gave them to Adam to take care of.  
She lifted the teapot lid, looked in-  
side and smiled solemnly. "I think it  
ought to stand."  
"Suppose you cut the bread and  
butter, it is a pity to waste time, and  
bread is so difficult to cut," said Adam.  
Eve gently pressed her full sleeves  
upwards, uncovering her delicate white  
wrists, and seriously applied the knife  
blade to the resisting surface of the roll.  
Eden might have remained without  
a cloud to mar the clear ambient at-  
mosphere, much less a thunderstorm,  
had not an intruder broken in upon  
their solitude.  
Such a wicked, impish little gray  
kitten of an intruder he was, regard-  
ing Adam and Eve with an interest  
and curiosity differing not in kind but  
only in degree from the emotions with  
which his primeval great-grandfather  
first surveyed their primeval great-  
grandfather and great-grandmother, as  
they sat beneath the Tree of Life.  
Eve felt the yellow eyes bent upon  
her, watched the varying curves of the  
ample tail, longed to bury her fingers  
deep in the thick gray fur—hesitated  
a moment, dropped the knife, carted  
in hot chase of the intruder, who  
eluded her pursuit with baffling strat-  
egy.  
Eve ignored the flight of time; Eves  
generally do. Eve was determined;  
Eve was victorious; Eves always are.  
She returned flushed with triumph, her  
prisoner in her arms, a captive joying  
in captivity. Eve glanced at Adam,  
looking for a playful taunt, a smile,  
or more playful chiding.  
Adam was silent. Upon his brow  
there rested—in addition to his im-  
maculate top hat—a heavy frown. His  
lips, his eyes, his curls were hard  
with anger. His Roman nose and  
chin were absolutely repellent with  
severe displeasure.  
Eve sighed. Eve shivered. Eve  
gently put the intruder down. Dis-  
spolled of his soft resting place, he  
bowed to circumstanes, and made a  
makeshift one amongst the frills that  
edged her lilac gown.  
Eve looked at Adam again. He  
showed no sign of relenting. Sadly

**THE HOUSEKEEPER.**

**Sprinkling Clothes.**  
Instead of sprinkling clothes with  
your hands and getting all the water  
on one spot, buy a 10-cent sprinkling  
pot, the smallest you can get, and  
sprinkle the clothes with it. It will  
sprinkle them nicely and evenly and  
they will iron better.

**Paper Napkins.**  
When one has company a great la-  
bor saver is to use paper napkins in-  
stead of washable ones. Buy daintily  
designed napkins for about five to  
eight cents a hundred. If used and  
crumpled do not throw away, for they  
can be used again for sweeping or  
cleaning stoves.

**A Box of Bandages.**  
Every household should keep rolled  
bandages ready in case of an accident;  
they should be torn from strong cotton  
cloth and wound tightly; make them of  
various widths, and when rolled set  
them in the oven for a short time to  
sterilize them, then pack them in a  
hot, wide-mouthed preserve jar and  
screw on the lid. Keep the jar in a  
convenient place.

**To Clean Tin and Iron.**  
To wash greasy tin and iron, pour a  
few drops of ammonia into every  
greasy roasting pan after half-filling  
the pan with warm water. A bottle of  
ammonia should always be kept on  
hand near the sink for such uses.  
Never allow the pan to stand dry, for  
it doubles the labor of washing, but  
pour in water and use the ammonia,  
and the work is half done.

**To Wash Lace Curtains.**  
Fold them carefully and soak over-  
night in lukewarm suds. In the morn-  
ing add enough warm water to make it  
lukewarm again, then knead and  
press, but do not rub. Add a little  
soda to the suds and the dirt will  
loosen without trouble. Put through  
another suds and rinse until the water  
is clear. If they are cream-colored  
curtains, add some clear coffee to the  
last rinse water and starch. But the  
most important part is drying. Put them  
on a nice, clean lawn and stick a tooth-  
pick through each point into the  
ground. They may be dried one on  
top of the other to save space. The  
result is all that one could wish.—New  
York World.

**Recipes.**  
**Tomato Salad.**—Cut six tomatoes in  
cups, reserving the pulp. Chop a cu-  
mber, green pepper and small onion,  
mix with the tomato pulp and fill the  
cups. Season well and mix with any  
preferred salad dressing.

**Chocolate Cake.**—One cup sugar, 1-2  
cup butter, 3 eggs beaten well, 1-2 cup  
milk, pinch salt, 2 cups pastry flour  
mixed with 2 teaspoons baking pow-  
der, 1-2 cake chocolate melted. Beat  
well. Bake in moderate oven.

**Blueberry Muffins.**—Cream one-third  
cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of  
sugar, one beaten egg; alternate three-  
quarters cup of milk, 1 3/4 cups of  
flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of  
baking powder and salt. Beat well,  
then stir in one cup of berries mixed  
with flour.

**Cherry Salad.**—Pit fine tart cherries  
and fill the cavities thus made with  
chopped English walnut meats. Crisp  
tender inside leaves of head lettuce  
and arrange for individual serving.  
Heap the cherries in tiny mounds in  
the lettuce cups, and dress with may-  
onnaise. Serve as an accompaniment  
to chicken.

**Prune Pudding.**—One cupful of  
cooked prunes, mashed and with  
stones removed, beaten with a half  
a cupful of powdered sugar; add  
a half teaspoonful of vanilla, half a  
cupful of milk, and the whites of six eggs  
beaten stiff, and fold into prunes. Bake  
in quick oven, and serve immediately  
with whipped cream. This is enough  
for four dishes.

**Stuffed Sweatbreads.**—Soak the  
sweatbreads for 30 minutes in salted  
water and lemon juice, trim carefully  
and parboil until tender; drain and set  
aside to cool. Make a dressing of  
breadcrumbs, butter, a dash each of  
cayenne pepper and nutmeg, to which  
add minced celery, boiled chestnuts  
and stewed green peas. Mix to the  
proper consistency with yolk of egg  
and cream. Stuff the sweatbreads  
with this and place in a pan with  
strips of fresh bacon and bake a deli-  
cate brown. Serve with brown cream  
gravy, on parsley, garnished with bits  
of currant jelly.

**Only More Stamps.**  
Austria is essentially a country of  
stamps and officialdom. Recently a  
Vienna business house received from  
the military authorities at Prague an  
order for one of their employes to  
present himself there for his military  
service. There was no stamp on the  
envelope, and the firm had to pay  
double rate in consequence, twenty  
hellers two-pence.  
Not much appreciating this they  
wrote to the military people demand-  
ing repayment of the amount. Promptly  
came the answer that the two-pence  
would be refunded in due  
course, and in the meantime would  
the firm be so good as to remit one  
crown (tenpence) for the stamp which  
must be affixed to all petitions ad-  
dressed to official departments.—Vien-  
na correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

**There is a movement in Maine to**  
permit an open season for killing  
beavers, because of the damage to  
standing timber caused by the little  
animals.

**IMPROVING THE PIANO.**

From an Editorial in the New York Evening Post.]

About 300,000 new piano's were made  
last year by American manufacturers,  
according to the official figures. Ob-  
viously, nothing could have been more  
futile than the fears that this indus-  
try would be damaged by the automo-  
bile mania or the great output of  
musical phonographs. No doubt these  
had their effect; but it was more than  
counterbalanced by the vast number of  
instruments needed to go with the  
mechanical "piano players," the de-  
mand for which is now being supplied  
by more than seventy rival makers.  
There are many thousands of persons  
who would never have thought of buy-  
ing a piano had not the application of  
the perforated-roll principle enabled  
them, after an hour's experience, to  
play pieces which, by the old method,  
would have required years of daily  
drudgery.

It is with some degree of amuse-  
ment that we read the complaint of  
Ernest Paner, written a quarter of a  
century ago, that the escape-movement  
and other improvements in the mecha-  
nism of the keyboard had lessened the  
earnest study on the part of the  
player, which was formerly necessary  
for the production of tone and for  
securing a smooth execution. He  
would have been doubtless scandalized  
at the present-day "piano player,"  
which relieves the performer of all  
finger work, leaving his hands and his  
mind free to attend to the expression  
alone. He would have good ground for  
contending that heretofore the mecha-  
nical players have left much to be de-  
sired in the production of tone and in  
the matter of accenting the melody.  
The tone problem still remains, no real  
substitute for the touch of the fingers  
having been found as yet; but recent  
ingenious inventions make it possible  
to emphasize the melody in a way  
which places such instruments on a  
much higher artistic level. The touch  
problem seems inevitable, yet it is in-  
sane to profess, in view of the mar-  
vels already achieved, that there are "play-  
ers" which enable the performer to re-  
produce minutely all the details of  
phrasing and shading in the inter-  
pretations of masterworks by great pian-  
ists; others, which require no retrac-  
ing performer at all, but give repro-  
ductions of the style of the great pian-  
ists as exact as the camera's copies of  
their faces. The very latest of the  
marvels is the promised conveyance,  
by electric wire, of a musician's per-  
formance to hundreds of homes, hun-  
dreds of miles apart, thus filling the  
"long-felt want" of having music on  
tap, like gas or water.

The popularization of the pianoforte  
(forty years ago the annual output was  
only about \$25,000) has had as an in-  
evitable result the cheapening of the  
instruments in quality as well as in  
price. The best pianos in the world are  
undoubtedly made in the United States  
but only a very few firms can claim  
credit for this. The average American  
piano is not equal to the average Eng-  
lish, French, or German instrument;  
very often, indeed, it is so flimsy in  
construction as to be a fraud on the  
purchaser at any price. Fortunately,  
not only is a vigorous war being waged  
against the fake or "stencil" piano,  
but a large number of firms are at this  
very moment raising their prices again,  
to avoid further lowering in quality,  
or to keep pace with the increased  
cost of production. It is only by a  
resolute move in this direction that  
American firms can hope ever to com-  
pete with the Germans in supplying  
satisfactory instruments for export to  
South America, Africa, Australia, In-  
dia, and other countries with tropical  
climates. The German makers are  
credited with an income of several  
million dollars a year from such col-  
onial sources.

So far as tone is concerned, the  
best American piano is a noble work of  
art, equal in its way to the violins of  
the old Italian makers. But the best  
piano is very far from perfection when  
we look at it from other points of view.  
Compared with the clavichords and the  
harpsichords of the time of Bach  
and Handel, with their thin, brief,  
small tone, incapable of variation in  
loudness, the modern pianoforte is  
indeed a marvel of progress. Even  
Beethoven and Schubert had no pre-  
monition of the luscious beauty of  
tone, and the power of sustaining it  
which we enjoy. But in one respect  
the pianoforte is still far inferior to  
the voice, the violin, and the wind in-  
struments: it lacks the power of loud-  
ness or decreasing the loudness of  
a tone or a chord after it has been  
struck, which is one of the most pow-  
erful media of musical emotion. Some  
judges hold that the individuality of  
the pianoforte would be merged if this  
defect and the comparative "evenness"  
of its tone were overcome; yet it is  
difficult to see why this should be  
so. Its distinctive qualities would re-  
main, but there would be added new  
aids to expression. A number of in-  
ventors have been at work on the  
problem of securing a crescendo and  
decrescendo for the pianoforte tone; and  
it is claimed that in one electric piano  
remarkable tone results have been  
achieved.

In one respect the makers of mod-  
ern pianofortes are surprisingly and  
exasperatingly conservative. There  
can be no doubt that the keyboard of  
the instrument is capable of improve-  
ments which would make it much eas-  
ier to overcome the technical difficul-  
ties of performance. As long ago as  
1882 a Hungarian musician named  
Janko invented a new keyboard—of  
rather a set of keyboards—on which a  
single player can perform pieces that,  
on the ordinary keyboard, require two

**SCIENCE**

The barometer rock of Finland—  
composed of clay, niter and rock salt  
—turns from gray to black before  
rain, a white efflorescence of salt ap-  
pearing in dry weather.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department  
of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.,  
declared that discoveries made by sci-  
entists in his department during the  
last year would be worth millions of  
dollars to the American people.

A wax from the rafa plant of Mada-  
gascar is expected to prove a substi-  
tute for beeswax. The leaves of the  
palm are beaten to small fragments  
on a mat, and then boiled, the wax so  
secured being collected and kneaded  
into small cakes. The new material is  
being tested for bottling purposes,  
phonograph cylinders, etc.

Although the cost of extracting  
aluminum by electrolysis has been re-  
duced from \$8 to less than 40 cents a  
pound, there is a "long-felt want" for  
a cheaper process. According to a  
London journal, that want is now met  
by a method which will make vast  
deposits of clay a source of boundless  
wealth and utility. In brief, the new  
process is this: Obtain aluminum car-  
bide by heating kaolin and carbon in  
an electric furnace. Then heat the  
aluminum carbide with alumina (oxide  
of aluminum), which will yield car-  
bonic acid gas and pure metal.

Professor Dimmor of Graz has re-  
cently perfected an apparatus for pho-  
tographing the interior of the human  
eye which is said to give better re-  
sults than any hitherto attained. By  
means of a system of lenses and mir-  
rors, a flash of light is sent into the  
eye, and the illuminated image of the  
retina is projected upon a photograph-  
ic plate. The exposure is limited to  
a sixteenth or twentieth of a second  
in order to avoid the physiological ef-  
fects. The purpose of the invention  
is to obtain correct information con-  
cerning diseased states of the retina,  
and the pictures are clear and full of  
detail.

**ILLITERATE CARRIERS.**  
Postmen in Spain Who Cannot Read  
Addresses.  
Incredible as it sounds to English  
ears, there is at least one European  
country in which many of the letter-  
carriers are unable to read. This is  
the country over which, in the ordi-  
nary course of events, the latest Royal  
baby will be called upon to reign.  
Of the 20,000,000 people inhabiting  
Spain, only about 35 percent can read  
and write; another 1 1/2 percent of  
the population can read without being  
able to write; but the remaining  
62 1/2 percent are quite illiterate.  
In the south of Spain it is impossible  
to get a servant who can read and  
write, and many of the postmen are  
unable to tell to whom the letters they  
carry are addressed. They bring a  
bundle of letters to a house, and the  
owner looks through them and takes  
those which are for which he thinks  
are addressed to him. The Spanish  
postmen are not paid by the State; the  
recipients of the letters have to remu-  
nerate them according to the amount  
of their correspondence, and each  
letter costs the addressee at least a  
halfpenny. It is a joke among the  
easy-going Spaniards that he who  
treats the postmen best receives the  
most letters—whether they are in-  
tended for him or not.  
In a population where 65 percent  
are illiterates, and where, out of  
the remaining 35 percent probably one  
in ten can only read or write very lit-  
tle, it is obvious that the badly paid  
and precarious posts in the lower  
ranks of life are not likely to be filled  
by the comparative few possessed of  
these accomplishments; and herein  
lies the reason for the otherwise inex-  
plicable fact that many of the individ-  
uals handling the nation's correspon-  
dence cannot read.—Tit-Bits.

**Chinese Walking.**  
That the Chinaman and the Ameri-  
can Indian came from the same  
stock is an ethnological fact, so far  
as reasonable deductions can be  
made. The term "Indian file" is as  
old as the valley of the Columbia,  
through which the Indians made be-  
fore their entry into the United States  
what we were happily discovered by  
Columbus. The Indians of today  
amount to nothing, not even Antonio  
Apache, the bewigged impostor of the  
Four Hundred. But in their habit  
of traveling in single file the Chinese  
prove their relationship to the red  
man of America.  
In trailing after each other through  
the streets the Chinese never con-  
verse. They are as silent as the  
Sphinx. The Italians, on the other  
hand, glibly gabble-gobble. Each en-  
deavors to speak louder than the  
other, and all want to talk at the  
same time. This is additional evi-  
dence that the two races are related.  
—New York Press.

**Many Neckties for a Legislator.**  
Representative Snyder, of Schuykill,  
who was the father of the bill mak-  
ing the minimum school teacher's  
salary in this state \$40, is devoted to  
fancy neckties, and the school teach-  
ers of the state, knowing this, have  
in their gratitude been sending him  
neckties as a reward. Up to date,  
since the adjournment of the Legis-  
lature, he has received two thousand  
neckties from all parts of the state.—  
Philadelphia Record.

**Lake Superior's Water Purest.**  
The water in Lake Superior is the  
purest in the Great Lakes according  
to tests by the government. Lake  
Erie contains the largest percentage  
of incrustants.

The analyses show that the waters  
hold in solution varying quantities  
of calcium and magnesium compounds,  
which from their tendency to form  
scale or incrustations on boilers are  
called incrustants. Named in the order  
of the total content of incrustants,  
beginning with the lowest, the lakes  
rank as follows: Superior, Huron,  
Michigan, Ontario, Erie. The waters  
of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron  
are nearly identical in quality,  
and the same may be said of those  
of Lakes Ontario and Erie. Lake Su-  
perior, however, carries just about  
half the amount of incrustants borne  
by the other lakes.

The reason for this variation is  
found in the geological formation that  
surrounds the lakes. The streams  
flowing into Lake Superior drain  
areas composed chiefly of crystalline  
rocks, which yield scant quantities of  
mineral matter to waters flowing  
through them.  
Lake Erie is highest in incrustants  
because it receives not only the  
water of Lakes Michigan and Huron,  
but the drainage from immense areas  
of sedimentary rocks in Indiana and  
Ohio and the province of Ontario.—  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On the Tombigbee River, Alabama,  
is enough limestone to supply a ce-  
ment plant for 100 years.