COLOMBIAN ETIQUETTE.

Demands That Persons Shake Hands and Ask Many Questions.

It was the third or fourth day out from Santa Marta, Colombia, and early in the morning, when one of the South American passengers came on deck. Another South American arose from his deck chair, extended his hand and as the men shook hands inquired after the health of the newcomer, his wife and his children.

As they had parted company only about eight hours before in the smoking room, this seemed like unnecessary courtesy. The observer noticed that this happened in the case of all the Colombians on board, so he asked one man about it.

"It is a custom of the country," said he. "On the occasion of meeting a person for the first time each day it is etiquette to shake hands and to make inquiries about the health of the person so greeted and of his relatives. It would not be considered polite to do otherwise."

Continuing, this man told of taking a walk one day in Bogota with a merchant of the place. They were bent on business and were to cover a distance that might be made rather easily in ten minutes. Because of the necessary stops to make the customary inquiries and to shake hands with friends of the merchant, the trip took nearly an hour.

A Moqui Repartee.

A certain commissioner out West was given to treating the Indians with a scorn they did not deserve. One day, as he sat with a great chief in his tepee, smoking the pipe of peace, the chief entertained him with many quaint legends.

One of these dealt with a plague of locusts, and the chief gravely described in flowery language how they had swarmed over the land, eating every herb and green leaf, and blotting out the light of day for every number. Then, he concluded by remarking that it was not until the medicine man made an offering of a silver locust to the Great Spirit that the creatures disappeared, and this they did, swiftly and suddenly.

Loudly the commissioner laughed the superstitious Indian to scorn.

"Do you mean to say you're such fools as to believe that rubbish?" he asked.

"Not much," replied the chief gravely. "For we would have offered the Great Spirit a silver imitation long ago!"

Golf in High Altitudes.

It is strange how many golfers there are who fail to appreciate the great effect the density of atmosphere has on the flight of a golf ball. On a still, misty day the ball flies about five yards to ten yards less than it does when the wind blows from the opposite and more acceptable quarter.

The writer was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to play many rounds a few years ago on the Johannesburg links in South Africa. These links are situated some 6,000 feet above sea level and the air is wonderfully rarefied. The ball consequently flew the most surprising distance; as proof of this the winner of a driving competition sent a ball a carry of 228 yards, the second player returning the modest distance of 223 yards. Yet neither of these two players could approach the driving capabilities of good amateur golfers.

A Good Suggestion.

One of the speakers at the dinner given in Cleveland by the National Educational Association was Booker T. Washington, the distinguished negro leader of the South. In the course of his remarks he told the following story about a Southern minister, who was evidently rather long winded:

"One Sunday morning, while the minister was in the midst of his sermon and had reached the point where he was shouting, 'And fourthly, dear brethren,' a man poked his head through the door, and said in a low voice:

"'Don't get too much excited, parson, but your church is on fire!'

"'All right, brother ones,' said the parson. 'I will finish out. But possibly you'd better wake the congregation.'"—Judge.

Sun Makes the Hair Curl.

The holidays had been dry and bright, and from daylight till dark the links had been covered with bare-headed youths and maids.

"All this sunshine," said a girl, "has changed the nature of my hair. It is straight, silky, heavy hair, but the sun has made it dry and crisp and slightly curly. Strange!"

"I returned from Africa with crisp, curly hair," said an engineer. "I went bareheaded there all winter in the brilliant sunshine. And as I watched my tank, greasy locks dry and kink up I began to understand why the hatless natives working around me had such peculiar dry, tightly curled hair. The sun was the cause of course."

The American Climate.

Ou Shotchan, of the Chinese Embassy, on a visit recently in Cape May condemned the American climate in the world. And yet you can joke about it.

"A physician joked to me about it the other day.

"'Accustom yourself, Mr. Ou Shotchan,' he said, 'to our climate's whims. Our winters are arctic, our summers are subtropical. And often our climate gets mixed, and arctic days and subtropical ones alternate. Inure yourself, like me, to these changes. In summer and winter, sleep with four blankets.'

"'You do?' I gasped.

"'I do. In summer,' he added, 'I put them under me.'"

THE EXPECTANT HAND.

No Charge Made, But a Present of Money Not Refused.

In recording an illnes of his grandfather, Gen. John Watts De Peyster tells an amusing story in connection with Indian hemp. It is printed in his biography by Mr. Frank Allaben.

Indian hemp was recommended as a remedy during my grandfather's illness, but where to get it was the question. Finally some one said it was grown in the garden of old Mr. Henry Brevoort, who owned a large plot on the east side of Broadway, extending through to the Bowery above Tenth street. Grace Church stands on part of this ground.

Doctor Bibby gave me some money, told me to jump into his gig, drive up to Brevoort's old low-storied cottage house on the Bowery, and tell the owner that I wanted some Indian hemp for my grandfather, John Watts. I was to use diplomacy if necessary, but not to return without it.

I trotted along briskly, roused Mr. Brevoort from a nap, stated my case, found no demur, and got the Indian hemp, which he dug up with his own hands.

"How much am I to pay?" I questioned.

"I never sells it," Mr. Brevoort replied, "because if I takes money for Indian hemp, it weakens the vartoo."

I stated that I was ordered to pay, and we discussed the matter, walking across the garden toward the gate, which I had left on Broadway.

I had made up my mind that I had met with a disinterested Christian, had replaced the money in my pocket, and had my hand on my gig step, when I felt a heavy, sudden, confiding hand restraining me, and heard the words whispered hoarsely behind me: "If he sells Indian hemp, he takes the vartoo, but if I gives it, I never refuses a present."

I extricated the money could do to me, placed it in the [illegible] hand, hurried home and related my story, and I have heard it roared over many times.

Newsboys.

It is good to hear that measures are on foot to help the poor little New York newsboys, writes N. N. Moore in N. Y. Home Journal. I don't mean newsboys as a class, for they are generally an independent and self-respecting set. I mean the little fellows who beseech one to buy an evening paper at about the hour when the morning paper is "coming off" the press. There is said to be in this city no municipal regulation as to the age of the children who are permitted or required to do this sort of work. There certainly ought to be. Boston licenses and I believe uniforms its newsboys, and New York ought to have followed Boston's example long ago. Some of these boys are too bright to be left to grow up on the streets at night. The other day a lady stopped to talk with one of these waifs after her escort had bought a paper. "How many papers have you left?"

"Six, ma'am."

"And how much have you made today?"

"Fifty-two cents since two o'clock."

"And do you sell papers in the morning?"

"Yes'm."

"When do you sleep?"

"Oh, I gets a snooze now and then. I don't sleep much."

"But don't you know that you must sleep if you want to grow up to be a big, strong man?"

The little mite looked keenly at the lady—did he size her up for a Sunday-school teacher?—and then said,—

"Does God sleep?"

That boy might be a Charles O'Connor if he had a chance.

How the Frog Changes Color.

The chameleon changes his hue with his environment. A short time ago who could venture to point out all the molecular and ethereal vibrations whereby the chain of action is made complete between external environment and peripheral tissue change? Yet Solland found that the pigmentary changes by virtue of which the frog harmonizes itself more or less with the color of its environment are governed by two sorts of nerves. It results from the action of two reflexes, both originating in the retina; and by his investigations he is able to map out the paths from the brain to the periphery by each of the reflexes. Now let us picture to ourselves the delicacy of this process. First, the green fellow, capping vibrations in the ether to certain wave lengths, sets up certain molecular vibrations in the retina, which, translated to the brain, leap forth at the periphery in such force that neither the skin nor the pigment granules in it are changed irreversibly, but certain molecular combinations are made for the time, or certain intramolecular changes of the atomic structure are set up in the pigment for the time, by virtue of which a protective color is given to the animal.

Census of the Bison.

The Journal of the New York Zoological Society gives a census of the American bison, according to which, in place of all the hundreds of thousands of these animals which formerly roved the plains, only 2,617 were known to be in existence on January 1, 1908. Of these, 969 were in captivity in the United States, and 41 in Canada. Since that date the Pablo herd has been sold to Canada.

Mother Knows.

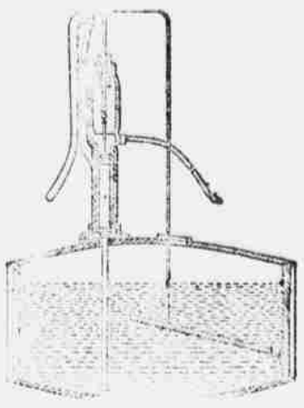
When children are told what a smart man their father is they look at their mother as if asking her if they are to believe it.

POULTRY

HOME-MADE SPRAY OUTFIT.

May Be Used to Apply Lime and Kerosene to Hen House.

The spray pump described below cost me $11. One of standard make and not so powerful was priced at $45. Any ordinary workman who is handy with tools could put my sprayer together in a day. It has proven so valuable to me that I wish to make it known to everybody. It was assembled from the following: A riding cultivator frame, pole, and wheels (old scrap iron); a good coal-oil barrel

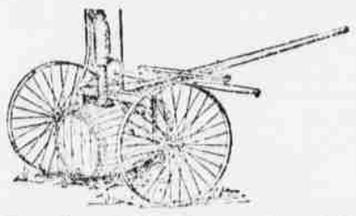


Section Showing Arrangement of Agitator.

(price $1), a 3-inch cylinder cast-iron force pump ($6), a plain brass 2-inch cylinder and valves ($2), a piece of good 3-4-inch hose and a spraying nozzle ($2). Total cost, $11. After putting the above material together I was able to get easily a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch, a very necessary prerequisite to apply the Bordeaux mixture with the right force.

Directions for assembling are as follows: Take the valves out of the cylinder of any medium force pump. Replace these valves with the plain brass 2-inch cylinder and valves. Cut off with a hack saw the 2-inch cylinder to the right length to just fill the cast cylinder. Fill in the space between each cylinder and brass cylinder with plaster or cement, being sure that the brass cylinder is in the exact center of the cast cylinder. Attach the plunger valve of brass cylinder to the plunger piston of the force pump, and couple up the piston to the handle of the pump so as to get a full stroke. As only a small amount of liquid is needed in spraying, the object of this reduction of cylinder is to lessen the flow and increase the pressure. The reduction of 2 to 2 halves the flow and doubles the pressure. Mount the pump on the barrel and the barrel on the riding cultivator frame. Make an agitator as follows: In the barrel, near the bottom, on the end or head of the same, hang with a T-hinge a board made of oak 1 x 6 x 2 feet to swing up and down. Connect the board with the pump plunger by a steel rod so that it will swing up and down with the stroke. The steel rod should enter the barrel through an opening made to pour in the liquid.

I use this machine to spray my hen house with lime and coal oil at the rate of 100 square feet per minute.



The Home-Made Sprayer Complete.

It makes a good job at whitewashing as well and is death to bugs and microbes on my fruit trees.—Charles A. Umoselle, in Scientific American.

Cheap Flooring.

We will give a method of making a floor for henhouse or other places where heavy animals are not to travel or teams to be driven over it, that is nearly as good and durable as a cement floor and is cheaper. It also makes a good walk around the house, in places where it will not be much driven over. Lay a foundation four to six inches deep with small stones or the cinders from the coal ashes, making as nearly a level surface as possible. Then with the regular coal sieve get the coal ashes and add a bushel of fresh slaked lime to each four bushels of the ashes. Mix well and let it stand a few days, then add a gallon of salt, and moisten to a thin mortar so that when put on it will settle down into the stones. Spread two or three inches thick, and in a few days give another coating. The more coatings and thicker it is the longer it will last. If it is broken by accident it can be mended in the same way. It will be ratproof and waterproof, and if the upper surface or last coat is smooth it can be kept clean, and absorbs no filth or odor.

Movable Roosts.

The henhouse should have movable roosts and dropping board. The dropping board should be made of smooth lumber for easy cleaning, and be placed not higher than three feet from the floor so that heavy fowls may easily fly up to it and not injure themselves in jumping from it. The space on the floor under the dropping board will be clean and give more room for the fowls for exercise on cold or stormy days.

The Green Kimono

I had unlocked the door of my stateroom, leaving the key in the lock, and had gone for my luggage. Then a business friend had delayed me and we were well down in the harbor before I returned to my room. Someone had been before me and taken possession. A bag had been opened and various articles lay scattered about in the lower berth. But what caught my eye specially was the green kimono hanging in the fresh softness against the white wall. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw and held me with a strange fascination. There were no signs of masculine belongings and in a sudden panic lest the occupant should return and catch me—the key being still in the door, she couldn't be far away—I quickly and discreetly withdrew. Upon application to the purser I was assigned to the next stateroom and the episode left my mind.

The next morning about 4 o'clock my peaceful slumber was disturbed by a cessation of the soothing rocking of my berth, and the smooth gliding of the steamer that precedes the gentle bump against the wharf. A sudden ripple of girlish laughter outside my window attracted my reluctant attention, and a pretty voice cried out: "Give my love to the people at Bar Harbor." Shrill replies, blended with the rumble and rattle of the unloading of freight, floated up. Then in the lull I heard a gay voice from the wharf: "This is early for green apples, Kate, and late for blossoms." Then a laugh. A mental picture of the green kimono flashed before me. "It's a beauty," came the voice again; and I sat up. "Did you make it?" "Huh," came the reply from nearby. "I'll give you the pattern. The silk was a mark-down; that's how I happened to get green." More laughter. I was throwing on my clothes in reckless haste, and while the gay badinage was still going on pushed back my berth and put out my head. Leaning from the window of the next stateroom was a charming girl, with bright golden hair and clad in a green kimono. Our eyes met and the vision vanished precipitately. The girls on the wharf, giggling with roguish glee, waved shrill good-byes and vanished too.

I was interested in my fair neighbor and resolved to catch a glimpse of her when she came out. But a man came out and assuring myself that I should readily recognize her among the other passengers I risked leaving my post to go to breakfast. But she probably disguised herself in one of those enveloping veils, and I reached my port without having seen her again.

Many times before my homeward trip a picture of the golden-haired girl in the green kimono rose up with curious persistence. The evening I boarded the boat to return home was a disagreeable one. There was a thick fog and a miserable drizzle had set in. The fog horn kept up an incessant blowing, a menace to sleep, so I sat in the brightly lighted saloon reading till after midnight and then fell into a doze. Suddenly there was a terrific shock which threw me from my chair. We had collided with something. I rushed on deck with the other passengers who were spending the night in their chairs. We learned that we were badly damaged, and soon a shrieking, frightened crowd of half-clad passengers poured out into the wet night. With others I helped to calm them. Preparations for lowering the boats were being made. Fortunately there was a light crowd aboard, for it was evident that the steamer couldn't keep afloat long. Our safety lay in getting the passengers onto the other boat, which was reported but slightly damaged. I saw two boatloads of women and children safely embark when, turning to the cabin I caught a glimpse of apple-green and white in the doorway. It was the girl I had noticed on my last trip. Over the green kimono she wore a gray serge coat, evidently belonging to her traveling suit and wholly inadequate to protect her from the cold and wet. She was leaning heavily upon the arm of a steward. I sprang forward.

"I will take care of this lady," I said to the steward. "You go and help the others."

The girl clung trustfully to my arm.

"She was thrown from the upper berth and is injured," said the steward; "I'm glad she has found you. She thought her friends had deserted her." Then he hurriedly left us.

"I think my ankle must be broken," said the girl with a weak smile; then, in an effort to bear her weight upon the injured foot, fell fainting in my arms. Taking off my overcoat I wrapped it about her and lay her gently upon the floor of the saloon near the door, keeping guard over her.

It was a night long to be remembered. The acquaintances of the girl in whose company she was traveling were left on one of the first boats, and the pleasant duty of protecting her devolved upon me. I allowed no one but myself to touch her, and after she regained consciousness I carried her down the sweeping ladder of the dining saloon and up the sides of the other boat to safety.

The green kimono was ruined that night, but since we were married, as the reader naturally and properly has expected we should be, Kate duplicated it to please a sentimental husband, and upon occasion she appears in it at breakfast to his serene delight. She really has a sentiment about it herself, although she pretends she hasn't.—SUSAN G. SMITH.