

It will be a relief from the monotony when a debauched duke comes to the United States with a matrimonial proposal.

The Argentine Republic has 13,000 miles of railway in operation, and a sleeping-car service, as good as ours, that costs only 50 cents a passenger for a day of 24 hours.

Dr. G. T. Moore, late of Dartmouth college, has become the government algologist. It is not so slangy an office as it sounds. An algologist is an expert on algae, or seaweeds.

It has been decided to abandon the teaching of vertical penmanship in the public schools of New York City, but this does not imply that the formation of upright characters is to be any less sedulously sought by the teachers.

Humanity, touching longevity, has cause for hope. The average age of man has been increased seven and one-half years in the last century, and at that rate the average length of human life will be about 110 years in 10 centuries.

The population of South Australia has increased by 13 percent in the last 10 years. That is only a trifle more than that of England herself has increased; a fact indicating partly that South Australia is not having any phenomenal boom, and also that the old country is growing at a pretty satisfactory rate.

This is the way the case was put by Judge Danforth, of the Maine supreme court, in speaking of a convicted bank cashier: "I wish that the law permitted me to send with the accused every one of the bank directors who, through a long term of years, expected you to do your work, live respectably, bring up a large family and be honest—all on a salary of \$600 a year."

The Norwegian women have induced the government to sanction a new marriage ritual. The present ritual, dating from 1889, has created much dissatisfaction, as it contains the words: "The woman must be subordinate to her husband." To end the controversy the government has now sanctioned an alternative ritual, which the woman can choose, in which the words "is not" are inserted instead of "must be." So far no opposition on the part of the men has been heard, "anything to preserve peace" evidently being their maxim in this case.

Kindness and consideration play a most important and salutary part in the upbringing of children, reflects the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. The little ones brought up in an atmosphere of kindness are much more easily governed than those living in other surroundings. Kindness begets content, cheerfulness, trustfulness and confidence; unkindness invites revolt, ill-will, fretfulness, hostility and deceit. Permanent impressions of good or ill are left on the character of children by the treatment they receive at the hands of those having their training in charge. Parents and educators cannot be too careful in keeping this obvious truth constantly in view. No one, even in the most advanced years, forgets the kindnesses received in youth. The mother's gentle persuasion, the father's kindly counsel, the teacher's friendly interest are remembered till the very last hour of life and form one of the brightest of memory's dearest treasures.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield, author of a new book on "The Death Penalty," says that he wrote to all the Bishops of the Church of England for their opinions on the subject, and not one of them favored the abolition of capital punishment. The English clergy's opinion in this matter is certainly in line with that of the mass of Englishmen. Their opinion is no doubt strengthened by their observation of the results of abolishing the death penalty in other countries, wholly, as in Italy, or partially, as in the United States. Italy leads all nations in the number of its homicides. In the United States the results of a near approach to the abolition of the death penalty are seen in our historical statistics. No less than 39,782 persons were capitally punished in the United States by private executioners from 1896 to 1906 inclusive. In the same five years the law capitally punished only 579 of these nearly 40,000 believers in the death penalty—except for themselves. The bishops of England, being teachers of mercy, may reasonably hold that to maintain a penalty whose abolition so terribly increases the sum total of capital punishment inflicted is for the best interests of humanity, comments the New York World.

An Amateur Promoter.

The Collinwood car was making the run back to the city in the early evening. It was a delightful ride. The air was cool and perfumed by the fields, and the rapid motion brought it in a steady current against the faces of the grateful passengers. Dunham Greer took off his hat and leaned a little forward to meet the pulsing waves of air. He was stilled for a day or two in the city, waiting for further directions from headquarters, and had taken the trolley ride aimlessly, so far as direction went, only seeking its cool breeze after the heat of the fierce July day. Besides, these rides gave him a chance to study human nature under new conditions, and this was always a pleasant pursuit with Dunham.

As he leaned forward to catch the breeze he caught at the same time a little of the conversation of the young man and the young woman who were sitting in front of him. The young man was quite young, two and twenty, perhaps, and the girl seemed a year or more older. She was a bright faced girl, with snappy, black eyes and a decidedly aggressive chin; a pretty girl in a pretty summer gown, her luxurious hair crowned by a tasteful black hat. The youth was somewhat pale and not at all robust of figure.

"I tell you, Sis," he said, in a querulous tone, "you can't do a thing unless you have capital."

This was the remark that Dunham Greer overheard. He leaned back a little, but continued to listen. In a certain way he was the representative of capital. The remark had a personal bearing. He meant to hear more. "But, Joe," the girl remonstrated, "you give in too easy. You haven't enough pluck."

"Pluck counts for nothing," said the young fellow, doggedly. "When you haven't either cash or influence you might as well throw up your hands. Haven't I tried, and don't I know by bitter experience?"

"I wish I was a man!" said the black-eyed girl with sudden fierceness. The young fellow laughed.

"How do you suppose Jim Edgcomb would like that, Sis?" he asked. A faint flush stole across the girl's fair cheek.

"It doesn't seem to be a question of what Jim likes," she said. "Jim would like to see a fair return from his half interest in the cut-off, but that won't bring it."

"Let Jim get out himself and try his luck at peddling the thing," said the young fellow a little warmly.

"Jim is just practical—he can't talk," said the girl.

"And now we are back to first principles," grumbled the young fellow; "it's money that talks."

The girl shook her head at him. "You are so stubborn, Joe," she said. "If you once get an idea in your head sledge hammers can't drive it out. But I suppose you are like all inventors—daft in the same direction. And yet you are so clever, Joe."

"It's cleverness that doesn't pay," said the young fellow a little bitterly. "What have I made in the three years I've devoted to inventing? Barely a mechanic's wages."

"You'll strike it rich some day, Joe," said the girl in a gentle tone of encouragement.

"I thought I'd struck it rich with the cut-off," he said a little bitterly. "My idea was a good one, and Jim carried it to completeness. The device is so simple, so compact, so strong. It should appeal to every practical engineer. It's both a time and a labor saver. I had no trouble in getting a patent, and yet when I try to interest factory managers they decline to even look at it. They see nothing in the scheme for themselves personally. Perhaps they are subsidized by the makers of the old devices. Perhaps if I could bribe them they would agree to try it. I could start a stock company, no doubt, and get just enough stock for my share to make me an easy case of freeze out when the sharpers get ready to fling me aside. I tell you it's discouraging, Sis."

"Yes, Joe, it is," said the girl soothingly. "And here is our street."

Dunham Greer drew a card from his pocket and hastily pencilled beneath his name the word "Promoter." Then he added the name of the hotel at which he was stopping, and tapped the young fellow on the shoulder as he signaled to the conductor to stop.

"Call on me at 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon," he said, as the young fellow turned to discover who had jostled him. He saw a young man of little more than his own age who nodded at him in a very friendly way and thrust a card between his fingers. The girl turned, too, and caught this little by-play, and her bright eyes flashed on Dunham in a searching way. He smiled a little at her gaze and slightly bowed.

It was Dunham's turn to laugh. "That's true sisterly affection," he said. "Let us join her."

"Wait a moment," said the young inventor. "Let me explain about Sis. She's engaged to John Edgcomb, who helped me perfect this outfit. Jim turned over his interest in it to Sis, and she promised him that if it could be sold for enough to start a home for them she would marry him right away. Sis is a little peculiar, but she's smart."

"This adds a flavor of romance to the affair," said Dunham with a smile. "And I'm very fond of romance."

Miss Lucy Brandon gave him another keen look from her bright black eyes, but her gaze softened as she met Dunham's frank and sunny smile. The three turned and walked up the avenue together, while the inventor briefly told the story of his invention, and of his futile efforts to place it. The account was punctuated from time to time by comments from the black-eyed girl, comments so quick and apropos that Dunham's admiration for her wit was mixed with surprise at her knowledge of mechanics.

"Now," he said, "a word or two about myself. I am not really and truly a promoter, you know. Wait a moment. I hope to be a promoter on this occasion. Not exactly a simple pure promoter, either. I think the real article usually works for himself. I disdain any such base purpose. But here, come into this bank with me, and let me put your faith to a severe test."

He led them up the steps of the handsome building and into the waiting room and seated them at the writing table.

"This is Mr. Calthorpe's bank, isn't it?" inquired the young woman.

"Mr. Richard Calthorpe is the bank's president," said Dunham. "Are you acquainted with him?"

"He attends the same church we do," said the young woman, "and is superintendent of the Sunday school."

"That's good," said Dunham. "Excuse us, Joe. I want a recommendation from President Calthorpe. Step this way, please, Miss Lucy. And he led her back to one of the ornately decorated private offices.

When they returned a few moments later the girl looked greatly puzzled and the gaze that rested on Dunham from time to time had lost all its suggestions of suspicion.

"And now," said Dunham, "I must talk fast. At 2 o'clock I am to meet a half dozen men who are interested in a local manufactory of small hardware and who are desirous of securing additional capital. The business is well established and paying handsomely, but it can be profitably extended. Among the gentlemen will be the manager of the factory, a man of first-class mechanical ability. I intend to submit the cut-off to him. If he thinks it can be manufactured by the company at a profit I will sell it to him for the best price obtainable and for spot cash. Now I want you to transfer the whole thing to me. Patent's in your name, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Joe, "but—" He hesitated and turned his troubled face to his sister.

That wise young woman met his glance calmly.

"Joe, dear," she said, "you must do whatever he tells you."

"If there is any bunco about it you can blame your clever sister, Joe," laughed Dunham, as he pushed forward the ink and pens.

With trembling fingers the young inventor filled out and signed the necessary papers, and presently Dunham gathered them together and taking up the model started for the street.

"What next," stammered the dazed inventor.

"Meet me here in front of the bank in just an hour from now," said Dunham. "One moment. What is the sum you hope to get from this?"

"I'd let it go for \$600," said the inventor.

"One thousand," said the girl, with her eyes on Dunham's face. Dunham made no comment on the figures.

"With the compliments of the bunco-man," he said, and handed it to the girl.

"Twenty-five hundred!" she gasped, and then Joe snatched the precious slip away.

The girl put out her hand. Her eyes were swimming.

"You don't know what this means to Joe and me," she softly said.

"I know it means a lot of choice satisfaction to me," said Dunham merrily, as he pressed the girl's hand.

"And how much do we owe you?" asked Joe, a little hoarsely.

Dunham still looked at the girl. "Just an invitation to the wedding," he laughingly replied. "Good-by."

And he was gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PARASITES AND FIGS.

How the Little Blastophaga Fertilizes the Smyrna Fig.

A new industry has been brought into the United States during the past two years by the introduction and acclimatization of the little insect which fertilizes the Smyrna fig in Mediterranean countries, says Dr. L. O. Howard, in Everybody's Magazine.

The dried-fig industry in this country has never amounted to anything. The Smyrna fig has controlled the dried-fig markets of the world, but in California the Smyrna fig has never held its fruit, the young figs dropping from the trees without ripening. It was found that in Mediterranean regions a little insect known as the Blastophaga fertilizes the flowers of the Smyrna fig with pollen from the wild fig which it inhabits. The United States department of agriculture in the spring of 1899 imported successfully some of these insects through one of its traveling agents, Mr. W. T. Swingle, and the insect was successfully established at Fresno in the San Joaquin valley. A far-sighted fruit-grower, Mr. George C. Roeding, of Fresno, had planted some years previously an orchard of 5000 Smyrna fig trees and wild fig trees, and his place was the one chosen for the successful experiment. The little insect multiplied with astonishing rapidity, was carried successfully through the winter of 1899-1900, and in the summer of 1900 was present in such great numbers that it fertilized thousands of figs, and 15 tons of them ripened. When these figs were dried and packed it was discovered that they were superior to the best imported figs. They contained more sugar and were of a finer flavor than those brought from Smyrna and Algeria. The Blastophaga has come to stay, and the prospects for a new and important industry are assured.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are no millionaires in Iceland. The people there are all poor, but there are no dependents and no paupers in that land.

The Naples laboratory reports a singular case of reversal in a certain aquatic plant. When the leaves of this plant were buried in the sand, with its roots uppermost, the roots changed to stems and leaves and the buried portions developed roots.

While cleaning the historical frescoes in the British house of commons the other day, a curious error in one of them was detected for the first time. It was found that in the decoration representing the Pilgrim Fathers the Mayflower is flying the Union flag, which did not exist before 1800.

Public executions in Paris prove very profitable to the owners of houses commanding the scene. Windows are let out for the occasion, the landlords watching for the first sign of the execution and then at once sending word to the persons who have hired the room. If an ordinary criminal is executed the charge is usually about 3.75 per place, but should the offender have committed any remarkable crime, the price runs up to \$30.

The other day a bird-catcher at Bromsgrove, England, netted a robin, the like of which not one person in ten millions has seen. The feathers are of a light drab color, the wings being edged with white, while in place of the crimson breast there is a lovely old-gold hue. It is supposed to be a case of albinism, which is not unknown among birds. The robin is being stuffed.

Those who have seen the may-tree as it grows in England know that its branches curve downward until they trail on the ground, forming a kind of inverted cup. The foliage is so thick that from the inside hardly a ray of light can be seen. In this strange abode in Haddon Woods, Kent, and as free as the birds of the trees, lives James Beecham. All possible leaks in the roof of this woodland dwelling have been stopped with wadding, and not a drop of water comes through, even in the heaviest rain. James has lived there for six years, and he hopes to die there. Meanwhile he makes a living by weaving baskets.

Like a Circus.

Mr. Bingo, a junior member of the firm, had a peculiarly irritating sneeze. It began with an elaborate and terrifying series of facial convulsions, and ended with a most lame and impotent paroxysm that always disappointed the expectant observer.

"Your sneeze," said Mr. Gringo, the senior partner, after watching him through one of his sternerations, "is a regular circus."

"A circus?" said Mr. Bingo. "Yes, sir," was the rejoinder. "The performance never comes up to the advance notices."—Youth's Companion.

FARMERS' CORNER.

Short Rows for Radishes.

Radishes should be planted in short rows, repeating the plantings every week or 10 days, as it is better to grow only a few than to grow a large number as a crop, owing to the fact that they soon become woody and are not desirable except when young and crisp.

Weeds After Every Rain.

After every rain there will be more weeds, and in a few weeks grass will put in an appearance. An ordinary rake, if used in the garden, will destroy the weeds when they are just appearing. For a field the horse weeder will quickly perform the work. If the destruction of weeds is deferred until they make moderate growth then the cultivator will be necessary to clear the ground. Use the rake and weeder often and thus save labor in cultivating.

Crops for Rich Soils.

Parsley, carrots and parsnips may be grown on almost all rich soils, but as the seeds of these plants are low in germinating farmers are not partial to them, as it is important that the weeds be kept down or the plants will be crowded out in their first stages of growth. The seeds should be sown early, on carefully prepared ground, so as to have the seed germinate and the young plants make as much headway as possible before weeds and grass can secure a stand. Sometimes hand weeding must be resorted to. Use plenty of seed, planting in drills, in "stools," six inches apart in the rows, thinning out the surplus plants later on. A few radish seeds (which germinate quickly) may be used when planting the crops named in order to show the rows.

Value of Leaf Soil.

In propagating leaf mold is as useful as sand, and almost all plants in pots are benefited by its use. It is also excellent in the kitchen garden and flower beds, and as a winter covering it is unequalled. It is, however, more in propagating and potting that it is used and valued; but it varies in quality, and much that would turn out first rate is rendered next to useless by the treatment to which it is subjected. In many cases it is thought so long as it appears to be leaf soil that is all that is necessary, and the leaves are frequently used for hotbeds and other purposes before they come for potting, and this is a common way to convert them to mould. It is certainly one way, but far from being the right one, as the fermenting heat reduces it to mere waste. After receiving a hint as to not fermenting it, we have ceased doing so and the result is a material which may be put to the choicest producing fungus or other deleterious matter.

We have abundance of leaves, chiefly oak and beech, the best of all. We do not gather the leaves into a large heap to ferment as formerly, but we collect several cartloads into a hollow and spread them out in a layer about 18 inches or two feet deep, and there they remain without fermenting until they decay naturally. Those treated in this manner last year are now in splendid condition, and by storing a quantity in this way annually there is no difficulty in securing a constant supply of leaf soil. In the woods plenty of this material can usually be found and in fit condition for use, in the little hollows, between trees, where the wind has piled the leaves and keeps up the supply as their bulk is reduced by decay. It will be necessary of course to first remove the dry leaves on top. I can recommend this system thoroughly.—F. H. Sweet, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Orchard Planting.

The best location for an orchard is where some protection is afforded from the north and northwest winds. Such a position is found with a woods or belt of trees on these two sides of the orchard. Such a belt of trees is even better than buildings. A heavy growth of quick growing forest trees should be planted for this purpose on every farm. Mark out a good location for the orchard and then plant the trees on the north and northwest sides. These trees may be nut bearing trees and they will in this way pay interest on the investment. The trees should be planted close enough together so that as they get older they can be thinned out, using the larger trees thus cut for timber. By thinning out occasionally and planting new ones, it is possible to practice in a small way scientific forestry.

One of the best places to plant an orchard is on the lower end of the slope of a hill where the hill itself will furnish protection from the extremes of winter weather. When planted in this way the trees should be kept pruned back pretty well so that the heads and inside of the top can be kept open to the sunlight. In planting the fruit trees it is necessary that the big roots should be spread out evenly on all sides. If these roots are all cramped into a small hole on one side they will not give the protection from winds and storms they need. If the wind blows from the side opposite to the cluster of roots, the tree will soon lean over and fall. Propping up will never give to such a tree the rigidity it should have, and some day when loaded with fruit it will fall over, causing considerable loss. We must study the root arrangements of the tree as well as the position of the branches. Always plant the strongest roots on the northwest side. As the prevailing heavy winds come from that direction

in winter, it will tend to give more stability to the trees. This is not generally observed, but when it is less damage to the orchard by storms will be noted. Fruit trees that are twisted and bent so that their roots are injured will never do so well as those which are able to resist the most violent winds. Two persons at least are needed to plant a tree properly. One must hold it upright while the other fills in the dirt and packs it around the roots. A tree should naturally stand upright and firm before the dirt is put in the hole.—C. T. White in American Cultivator.

Who Shall Mix Fertilizers?

A man has a pain in his knee, and finds that by rubbing a certain liniment on it the pain is relieved. The next week he has a headache, and remembering his knee, he rubs the same liniment on his head. The pain gets worse instead of better, and the man denounces the liniment as a fraud. He does not realize that the trouble in his head may come from his stomach. The liniment helped his knee, but failed to help his head; therefore, it is a fraud. You see, this man fails to recognize that there were two kinds of aches, each requiring a different treatment. He is like the man who uses a "phosphate" or some one-sided fertilizer, and obtains good results on a certain crop. He tries it on another crop or soil and fails; therefore, all fertilizers are frauds.

A friend once used 200 pounds of the acre of nitrate of soda on wheat in the spring and increased his yield quite a little. The next year he decided to use only nitrate on his potatoes, which were planted on a soil quite deficient in potash. He got a large growth of vines, but few potatoes. He said that nitrate of soda, and incidentally, all fertilizers, were "no good." A fair amount of potash used with the nitrate would have doubled his yield, but he would not go down to the true causes of his failure. Such men make a mistake in attempting to mix their own fertilizers or to use special substances. They will do much better to buy the mixed goods, and always select complete mixtures. Generally speaking, it will pay for a farmer to hire experts to mix or plan for him, unless he is willing to think and study down to the basic principles that underlie his work. The soil may have four aches, requiring nitrogen, potash, phosphoric acid or lime to cure them. Unless you know which particular ache your farm has you would better use all four.—Rural New Yorker.

Grading Up Strawberries by Selection.

Variation in plants is an important factor in fruit growing. Plants grown from seeds have a father and mother the same as an animal. When we propagate by buds and runners we have only a "mother" in a figurative sense. It is really a division of the nodes in its own body which contain the protoplasm, yet they are new creations just as much as the plants grown from seeds. Being a division they contain a vigor or weakness of the parent plant. They usually closely resemble and bear fruit the same as the plant from which they are taken and yet under changed conditions they often make remarkable variations; sometimes so much as to constitute a distinct variety.

No one may take advantage of these variations and fix in our mind the kind of plant and berry we want to produce, and continuously select plants which we find here and there in the field approaching most nearly to the ideal we want and propagate from these, keeping them under restriction to prevent pollen exhaustion and greatly improve them.

Sixteen years ago I adopted the following plan: I always set my plants in spring and then keep sharp watch during the summer when hoeing and cultivating for plants which show qualities superior to their fellows and set a numbered stake by them. A record is kept in a field book on a scale of 1 to 10. Careful examination is made at stated periods during the season. Foliage, disposition to make strong fruit buds and few runners are carefully noted. The next spring when buds begin to show many of the plants staked are discarded and from the remainder one-half the buds are removed to prevent pollen exhaustion.

It should be remembered that these plants are grown in stools or hills and all runners removed as fast as they appear to encourage the habit of forming seed buds instead of runners. Since such plant is really many plants consolidated, the fruit stems must be treated as individuals. When the fruit is set it is thinned to three or four berries to the stem. Since strength is developed by exercise they must be allowed to bear some fruit. I am firmly convinced that if the blossom buds are removed every year, they will lose the habit of forming fruit buds and throw their strength into the formation of runners the same as a pollen exhausted plant.

When berries are ripe their size, color, firmness and flavor are carefully noted in the scale book and footings made, and the plant showing the most points of excellence is then taken as the "mother" of all the future plantings of that variety. It is given high tillage and irrigation and runners are potted as fast as they appear and transferred to the special propagating bed, where they are allowed to make runners for next season, when the search for new and better variations is continued as before. Thus year after year we are throwing out the weaklings and accumulating the good qualities in the plants upon which we are to bestow our labor and use of land.—R. M. Kellogg, in American Agriculturist.

The difference between the editor and his wife is that she sets things to right and he writes things to set

OUR LOCAL NINE.

Our local nine is ready for the opening of the fray. The country has been searched for baseball strength; Our town 'll win the pennant, so the knowing ones all say. And here's the list of players—note its length: Reilly from Oshkosh, and Byrnes from Detroit; Schneider from Pittsburg, and Flynn from Beloit; Trenton sends Cooney, Cleveland lends Guiry, Hartogs from Denver, and Strauss from Elmira; Shlevinsky at second is from Baltimore, And substitute players we've gathered galore: Nolan from Springfield, and Baum's from St. Paul. With Murphy from Charleston I've named nearly all; Rothkopf's from Bridgeport, and Pfeiffer from Chazy— And, say!—ain't our local base-ball team a daisy? —Puck.

HUMOROUS.

Hoax—Phanniman is a mail wag. Joak—He had better look out for the dog catcher.

Scribbler—How do you know he's an author? Scrawler—He showed me his collection of rejection slips.

Nell—When he talks to me his conversation seems so flat. Belle—and when he talks to me it's flatter.

"That augurs badly." "What?" "The fact that it's the conversation with no point to it that bodes the quickest."

Wags—That fellow says things are absolutely dead in his business, and yet he seems cheerful. Wags—Naturally. He's an undertaker.

"Now, gentlemen," said the professor, "name some of the beauties of education." And a facetious student in the back row shouted: "Pretty school-teachers!"

Blotbs—Longbow couldn't possibly tell the truth about himself. Slobbs—And he carried it to such ridiculous extremes. I hear he was even written his own epitaph.

Prison Warden—Convict 41144 seems very cheerful. In fact, he's quite a comedian. Keeper—Yes; and last night he was feeling so good that he just let himself loose.

Wife (angrily)—No; I wouldn't be seen in such a hat as you propose to buy me. I wouldn't give two cents for it. Husband—My dear, you're two cents-ative about those things.

"Yes," said the theatrical manager. "I can use you in my Shakespearean production if the salary is satisfactory. It is 'As You Like It.'" "Well," replied the seedy-looking actor, "I'd like it about a hundred per."

"The color died from her face," wrote the novelist. "Alas! that is what comes of using cheap complexion," thought the heroine of the story. But, being merely a fragment of the author's brain, of course, she could not give open expression to this rebellious sentiment.

The lawyer for the prosecution had had the stolid-faced man on the witness stand for half an hour without getting a solitary reply that was favorable to his side. "What is your occupation?" finally demanded the attorney. "I am employed in a bureau of information," replied the stolid-faced man. Then the lawyer for the prosecution realized what he was up against and gave up in despair.

SOME MARBLE LORE.

Four Folk in Germany Make Most of the Common Agates.

Nearly all the agate marbles that rattle around and wear holes in the pockets of all schoolboys on earth are made in the State of Thuringia, Germany.

On winter days the poor people, who live in villages, gather together small square stones, place them in moulds something like big coffee mills, and grind them until they are round. The marbles made in this way are the common china, painted china, glaze china, imitation agates and black and white ballots. These are very cheap, ranging in price, according to size, from 10 to 60 for five cents.

Imitation agates are made from white stone and are painted to represent the pride of the marble player's heart—the real agate. The painted china marbles are of plain white stone, with lines crossing each other at right angles painted upon them. The ballots are little black and white marbles that look as though they would never stop rolling if once set in motion.

Glass alleys are blown by glass blowers in the town of Lauscha, Germany. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass and another bit of red glass, heat them red-hot, blow them together, give them a twist and there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted inside into the form of the letter S.

Large twisted alleys and plain glass alleys with the figure of a dog or sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. The marbles most prized by the young Americans of today are the real agates. These marbles are seal brown or black in color, and many of them have large, round circles on them that look like eyes. They sell for five, 10 and 15 cents each, and the boy who has a real agate with a lucky eye peeping out at him from a glossy surface is envied.

It is said that the only marbles made in America are the common ones that boys can buy almost a handful of for a cent.

The number of foreigners in European countries is two and three-quarter millions, of whom Germans come first with 800,000 and British ninth, with 70,000 to 80,000.