

HOMESICK.

It stands afar, 'mid sun-lit fields—
A little farm house, brown and old,
With ancient, gray and time-stained walls,
And sloping roof of gold.
And I, a wanderer from the dusty town,
Grown weary of its heavy ways,
Wistful, from off the hot, white road, look
down,
For there, the nights were blest with quiet
sleep,
The days were filled with happy cares;
And there the skies seemed ever more to
keep
A time for peace and prayers.
There, youth and laughter, joy and hope
and love
Fang in my heart a happy song;
Ah, me! the song is hushed forever more
And lost the streets among.
And now I stand and gaze with heavy
heart,
Across dear fields in longing sore;
To where another woman, happier far,
Looks from the low gray door.
O, little farm house, old and brown and
sweet,
I wake, when all the world's at rest,
And dream of you, and long for the old
peace
And the untroubled breast!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A MAN AND A CHILD

By PRISCILLA M. SPROUL.

"Mr. Thompson will see you now,"
the head clerk announced. "You may
leave the little girl here. I'll take
care of her."
The woman made no reply, but
gave him a grateful glance. Entering
the private office, she timidly ap-
proached the man, who was sitting at
the desk. As she caught sight of
him she recoiled.
"You!" she gasped.
The man looked up in surprise. A
sardonic grin spread over his face
when he recognized the woman be-
fore him.
"As I live!" he ejaculated, leaning
over his desk and exaggerating his
wonderment to the point of mockery.
"It's Grace!" He paused as though
expecting a reply. "By jove," he then
continued, "as handsome and prob-
ably as heartless as ever. This is
certainly an honor. Pray be seated."
With mock politeness he arose and
proffered her a chair. She sank down
silently and covered her face with her
hands.
"And to what am I indebted for the
honor of this visit?" he asked with
veiled bitterness. "It certainly must
be important to come here without
your husband."
She looked up beseechingly. "I
came for him and my child," she said
simply.
"Well?" There was little encour-
agement in his tone.
"He is on the verge of ruin; and
it is you who is doing it."
"I?" He looked incredulous.
"Yes, you. You and your friends
are beating down Amalgamated. He
told me so last evening; said you
were trying to break the market. If
the stock falls below sixty-six he is
wiped out."
"So he's another one of them, eh?
Well, I suppose the under dog must
have his whine."
"He's not whining. He suffers be-
cause of Elsie and me. We mean all
to him, all; and if the stock falls to
sixty-six we are beggars."
"So you come to me, expecting me
—the man you jilted for him—to help
you. Did you have any pity when
you threw me over because I didn't
have any money and he did? You
warped my faith in womankind and
turned me into a money getter. And
now you want me to help you."
"I ask no mercy for myself," she
replied dully. "I plead for my hus-
band and child."
But the face of the man opposite
showed no signs of relenting. "It is
your turn to suffer. If you feel one
tittle of the anguish I felt years ago
it would be more than enough. You
yourself destroyed what you now ap-
peal to. It is a just retribution."
"You mean," she whispered unbel-
ievingly.
"I will do nothing." His stolid re-
fusal precluded further appeal.
She rose and groped blindly from
the room. The man sat motionless,
staring tensely ahead.
The door slowly opened again.
This time it was a different visitor—
a little girl. In childish wonderment
she examined the office until her gaze
rested on the man at the desk. For
some time she looked at him. At
last, summoning her courage, she
went to the railing and coughed pol-
itely.
"Please, sir," she asked in a some-
what uncertain voice, "where's my
mamma?"
The man started and for the first
time saw the vision on the other side
of the railing. "Why, little girl,
where did you come from?"
"Please, is my mamma here?"
Her mother! It was her girl, the
Elsie about whom she had spoken.
He examined her closer. Yes, there
was the same hair, the same eyes, the
same coquettish expression about the
mouth that her mother used to have.
"What is your name, little one?"
he asked.
"Elsie Jenkins," lisped the girl,
her lips curving in a gracious smile.
"And where has mamma gone?"
"If you will wait here she will come
back soon."

The child followed the suggestion
by climbing into the leather chair and
leaning back with an air of luxurious
ease. Without disturbing his guest,
the broker closely surveyed her, an
untarnished being, breathing forth an
air of purity that seemed out of place
in that office, where only the scummy
came and went. The frame was not
fitting for so beautiful a picture.
The flowers, the birds, the sunshine
were all lacking.

"Nice weather we've been having
lately," the child remarked, conscious
that the pause in the conversation
should be bridged.
The quaint, old-fashioned way in
which she introduced the time-worn
topic brought a smile to the lips of
the man. "Yes," he replied. "I fear
it is almost too good to last."
"O, dear!" the girl exclaimed, with
a half-roughish twist of her head. "I
do hope not, for I have so many
things planned for this week."
"Indeed!" The man showed proper
astonishment.
"Yes. To-morrow I go riding with
mamma in the park, and Wednesday
I pay a visit to auntie's, and Thurs-
day I must go to the dressmaker's—
an awful bother—then Friday," here
she knitted her brows thoughtfully,
"I don't know of anything for Friday,
and Saturday," she laughed with
glee and clapped her hands, "that's
a very easy day."
"Special, you probably mean," he
prompted politely.
"Yes, thank you, special day, for
mama and I are going to the theatre."
"You must love your mother," he
said kindly. What a strange feeling
was stealing over him!
"Do!" There was a world of
meaning in that exclamation. It
showed a depth of affection that could
have been the result of only loving
care. "She is the bestest mamma
that ever lived! Do you know her?"
she added, looking him straight in the
face.
"Well," he hesitated, the smile
vanishing from his lips. "I—"
"Oh, there she is," the child broke
in eagerly. "I hear her outside." She
sprang up and went to the door,
stopping on the way to say in the
courteous tones: "Thank you ever
so much. I've had a lovely time."
The man simply nodded as she dis-
appeared. Two potent factors were
struggling in his heart; one engen-
dered by the sight of the woman who
had wronged him, the other by the
innocent presence of a little child,
still of a stainless perfection. One
cried for a vengeance that was in his
power, the other, supported by his
corroded, rust-worn conscience, asked
for mercy.

At last the mother-love, transfused
in the child to a mighty appeal,
brought down the scales against his
long-nursed grievance.
"She must have been a good mother
to the girl," he muttered as he
reached for the bell. "Tell Wilson
that the Amalgamated deal is off,"
he said to the clerk who answered.
—Boston Post.

Western Hotel Man Says There
is Too Little Sentiment in Busi-
ness Methods Here.

"One hears that after being in this
city a year a person always becomes
afflicted with New Yorkitis. Now I
am not sure I care to have that particu-
lar ailment, although persons so af-
flicted are generally envied by new-
comers, and after getting a fine spell
of it they never recover. That is,
they never get over the notion that
New York is the greatest city in the
world," said a Western hotel man.
He has had twenty years' experience
in the hotel business in Chicago,
Cleveland and Pittsburg, with a reputa-
tion worth having. But he has been
actively engaged as assistant manager
of a small New York hotel for only
two months, and is not yet enthusias-
tic over New York ways of doing busi-
ness, especially in the hotel field.
"As far as I have observed," he
said, "New Yorkers are absolutely
heartless in their methods of treating
others in business. For instance, I
have had occasion since coming here
to discharge two office employees. I
intended to give them two weeks' no-
tice, as is the custom in Cleveland
and Pittsburg, but the man above me
said no notice was necessary in this
city, and I was obliged to let them go
at once, contrary to my feelings in the
matter. I tell you, when hotel clerks
shake hands 'good night' they scarcely
know whether both will be working
in the same hotel the next day or not,
and I think that a bad way to run
business. There ought to be a senti-
ment of loyalty encouraged instead."
"Then I find that salaries here are
extremely low. An experienced hotel
man can generally do better finan-
cially in any other city. Here is an
illustration of one thing that always
seems odd to me. Not much atten-
tion is paid to the position of night
clerk, although he is actually in
charge of a hotel while on duty. The
day clerk has the manager or proprie-
tor to refer to when a critical point
comes up in the day time, but the
night clerk is alone. And yet I could
cite a big Broadway hotel of 400
rooms that pays its night clerk the
magnificent sum of \$40 a month, with
meals. Think of it! He is obliged
to rent a room outside to sleep in, too."
"The New York idea seems to be,
'get business, no matter how, but get
it.' I don't like the cold attitude as-
sumed. There are still a few warm
beats beating west of here, and it
would not give me any pangs to go
back to them."—New York Herald.

The Apple Land.

Tasmania has long been known as
the apple land of the South, but few
at home have any real idea of the
money that can be made, and is be-
ing made, out of apple-growing in
that island. Last year, for instance,
there were many small orchards in
the South which returned as much as
1200 bushels to the acre, and one
owner of four acres, who picked over
4000 bushels of marketable fruit,
which he sold at four shillings a
bushel, reaped a gross return of £300.



TALES OF ADVENTURE

ESCAPED CONVICT'S ADVENTURE

News was received in London on
Saturday of the death of Joseph Cres-
wick, who while fleeing from justice
accomplished one of the most remark-
able walking feats on record.
Creswick was undergoing a sen-
tence for forgery in Rhodesia and
while being conveyed from one prison
to another by train (as reported some
months ago) conceived the idea of es-
caping from his guards. As his legs
were heavily ironed the task was by
no means an easy one, but one night,
when the train in which he was being
conveyed was between Buluwayo and
Salisbury and his guards were asleep
Creswick quietly opened the carriage
door and jumped out. When he
reached the ground he fell but was
not badly hurt. During the remain-
der of the night he shuffled along in
the dark and at daylight could see the
railroad in the distance. He decided
to walk in a straight line from it,
which he did for several days, still
with his feet shackled.
Day after day and night after night
he rubbed his irons with the sharp-
est pieces of rock he could find until
at last he was able to throw his man-
acles aside. After this Creswick went
on with great strides through the un-
known country in which he found
himself, his sole object being to get to
some white settlement.
Some weeks after his escape the
wanderer had a wonderful piece of
luck. In a hut apparently belonging
to a settler he found a gun and some
ammunition, which in the circum-
stances he did not hesitate to take
possession of. With the gun he man-
aged to shoot several zebras and other
animals, which provided him with
many a welcome meal; but unfortu-
nately his gun got out of order be-
fore his ammunition became exhaust-
ed and he had to rely upon fruit for
his sustenance.
Just when Creswick was coming to
the conclusion that he had been walk-
ing round and round without mak-
ing much progress he fell with some
natives, who gave him certain direc-
tions as to how to find "a very long
water," which Creswick concluded
must mean the river Congo, and for
several weeks he continued his tramp.
Eight months after his escape
from the train between Salisbury and
Buluwayo Creswick was found by a
party of Belgians lying in a weak and
feverish condition about two hundred
miles from Leopoldville on the Con-
go. They nursed him back to health
and strength. At Bomba, arrayed in
all the glory of a pair of cricket flannels
and a football jersey provided by
his new friends, the fugitive found a
ship on which he worked his passage
to Antwerp. From there he got a
ship to London. That, however, led
to his undoing, for while he was walk-
ing in Whitechapel he was recognized
by Detective Inspector Belcher of
Scotland Yard, who arrested him on
the charge of escaping from lawful
custody.
He was taken subsequently to Rhod-
esia as a fugitive offender, and for
his escapade he was sentenced to a
further term of six months' imprison-
ment, during which he died.—London
Globe.

BETTER THAN FICTION.

Lee Fairchild was night telegraph
operator in a signal tower on a
single-track railroad running through
Weldon, North Carolina. He had let
a north-bound berry train into his
block, and while it was burning up
the rails at the rate of forty-five miles
an hour, he was horrified to see a
south-bound excursion train, laden
with four hundred men, women and
children, whiz by the signal he had
set against it 250 yards up the track.
One chance in a thousand Fair-
child saw to prevent a head-on col-
lision and frightful slaughter—and
he took it. As the locomotive of the
excursion roared by, he stood for an
instant on the sill of the window in
the tower, then he dived flat, six feet
forward and downward, landing on
hands and knees upon the roof of a
passenger car. The impetus of the
train was so enormous that it slid
from under him almost the length of
the car, and the impact all but
snapped his back in two; but he
clutched blindly, fetching up against
a ventilator, and there he lay for
some seconds, hardly able to stir hand
or foot, the breath knocked out of
him. Within three feet was the bell
rope, but he could not reach it by a
foot, and to try to squeeze down be-
tween the ends of the cars would
have meant being cut in two by the
roof edges.
One thing only was left. With the
last strength in him he crawled over
the roof of the car to the engine,
poised a moment, leaped on to the
coal in the swaying tender, and
scrambled forward to the engineer in
the cab. With blood gushing out of
his scalp wounds, he threw himself
upon the engineer from behind.
"Stop! Stop! For God's sake,
back up!" he shouted above the
rocket. Not a second was to spare.
Down went brakes, and the fireman
ran ahead with a torch to check the
oncoming freighter, while the en-
gineer of the excursion train backed
frantically, and on the floor of the
cab lay the senseless form of the man
who had saved a trainload of human
beings from hideous death.—A. W.
Rulker, in Everybody's.

BEARS GET TOO SOCIABLE.

Uncle Sam has a new and curious
worry now. It is to prevent persons
from going around and petting his
big wild bears in the woods and
feeding them with goodies.
Funny as this is, it is true. So
true is it that the officers who have
charge of the Yellowstone National
Park, which is where all this is hap-
pening, have found themselves com-
pelled to post notices which read
thus:
"The feeding of, interfering with,
or molestation of the bear or other
wild animal in the park is absolutely
prohibited."
This sign was put up because the
bears had become altogether too im-
pudent, owing to the bad habits into
which they had fallen as a result of
being pampered.
Thus it happened many times last
year that big bears frightened new
visitors almost into convulsions by
ambuling cheerfully into their camps.
Sometimes they would follow stran-
gers for miles, and the poor strangers
would race away, yelling, thinking
all the time that they were saving
their lives from wild beasts, while
the wild beasts loped along behind
them, intent on getting nothing more
bloody than a biscuit or a piece of
sugar.
It was not long before the folk in
the National Park realized that the
beasts were a great deal better off
while they remained in a perfectly
wild state.
And then it was found that the
human beings in the park would be
better off still; for big black and
brown bears, and now and then a
grizzly, having acquired a taste for
white man's food, began to break into
the camps and even the hotels at
night to steal hams, bread, cake and
anything else that was particularly
tempting.
The very animals that became the
most friendly were the ones that did
the most harm. There were three
especially—two black bears and one

brown bear—that became so familiar
and loving that they acted as if they
were paying board at one of the ho-
tels.
They would hang around the kit-
chen and the rear veranda and run af-
ter the guests, begging for something
nice to eat till they had made nu-
isances of themselves. At last, after
they had smashed into a hotel pantry
and frightened women and children
almost to death, the officials were
forced to shoot them.
Now the superintendent of the park
has issued a warning. He announces
that any one who feeds or pets the
wild bears will be punished. He says
that they are perfectly harmless as
long as they are kept in a perfectly
wild state and left alone, but when
persons trifle with them they lose
all fear of human beings and pro-
ceed to do much damage to property.
And every now and then they hurt
somebody who thinks that, because
they have become familiar, they are
not dangerous any more.

CANNIBALS IN NEW GUINEA.

There are a few native villages
around Kerema, Papua, all friendly
to the Government, which they regard
as their chief protection from the
mysterious and much-dreaded Kuku-
kuku tribe. These Kukulukus sound
more like something out of a mediae-
val goblin story than anything mod-
ern and real. They are cannibals,
and live high up in the unexplored
ranges one can see from the shore.
Their neat yam and taro gardens
checker the upper peaks like the tiny
squares on a plaid coat, suggesting
that the cannibals are industrious
and orderly, and fond of a relish with
their food.
At times they descend in small, ac-
tive parties upon the tribes of the
coast, and stalk them from the shel-
ter of the bush, until an opportunity
occurs of cutting off one or two alone.
They are little, quick and cunning,
and their death-dealing raids often
take place without exciting any suspi-
cion on the part of the victims' friends,
until galls among the ranks of
familiar faces tell their silent tale.
Not long before our visit they made
a descent down to the very beach,
hidden by the forest, darted out, cap-
tured two of the children playfully
on the shore, and vanished with their
prey before any one in the village
had time to take alarm. The other
children told the tale, and the magis-
trate went out, with a handful of
native police, to ambush the slayers
by night on their way back to the hills,
and capture them, if possible.
A volley fired in the dark was the
only punishment the cannibals re-
ceived, however, for they discovered
the ambush and got away in their
usual mysterious fashion before the
police could follow up their fire.
Traces of blood on the path showed
that it had been effective, but the
wounded or dead were spirited away
with the rest. Some of their goods
were found abandoned on the track—
pipes, spears, betel-nut bags—and,
among the other matters, two neatly
tied-up parcels, which, on being
opened, were found to contain the
bodies of a little boy and a little girl,
cut into pieces.
Until last year no white man and
few natives had even seen a Kuku-
kuku, though they had been the scourge
of the district for years. One or two,
however, were captured at last and
taken to Port Moresby jail to serve
a term of imprisonment. They proved
to be small, active, ugly men, very
wild and uncivilized, and so nervous
that they tremble all over when
looked at.—Wide World Magazine.

Getting Higher.

The old sun, yellow dog that it ap-
pears upon the hazy days of Febru-
ary, is getting higher in the heavens.
It gets out of bed a little earlier
every morning and travels a little
longer pathway, and doesn't retire
quite so early as it did awhile ago.
Feels kindlier, too, softer and warm-
er. It bores more holes into the
snow or ice that may be formed at
night. It takes a thicker cloud to
shut it off, and it can creep through
denser smoke than it could last
month, some way. No matter what
the ground hog may have said about
winter; no matter what the almanac
man may say about the springtime,
the sun is getting higher and higher
as the days go by, and that means we
shall feel its warmth more and more.
—Dayton News.

Did the Cat Know?

For a long time a cat had been a
member of the ship City of Kingston.
When that vessel arrived at Seattle
from Victoria on her last trip the
cat, contrary to its habits, went
ashore, and could not be coaxed back.
Finally one of the crew grabbed the
animal and carried it aboard. Just
as the line were cast off the cat
sprang from the Kingston to the
wharf and disappeared in a pile of
rags. Now people are asking: "Did
the yellow cat know that the King-
ston would meet with a disaster, and
do cats, as well as rats, desert a sink-
ing ship?"

A Penny For Wasps.

The announcement that the Hay-
ward's Heath Horticultural Society
was prepared to pay a penny for
every queen wasp brought to the sum-
mer show has caused the secretary to
be inundated with wasps from all
parts of England. Some of the send-
ers have requested that the money
they consider due them should be
forwarded by return of post. The
secretary, however, wishes it to be
understood by senders that only per-
sons living within the radius of the
show will be paid for their wasps.—
London Standard.

To Train the Memory.

If men only realized how great an
asset in life is a retentive memory
they would take care to see that their
children's memories were properly
trained. The simplest method con-
sists in learning every day a few lines
by heart. None of our faculties can
be trained so easily as that of mem-
ory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

Education in India.

Education as now understood in In-
dia is an exotic and arouses nowhere
any real enthusiasm. The Indian trad-
er, banker or money lender has ac-
cumulated his wealth without any
very obvious aid from English educa-
tion, and he probably therefore does
not see why he should help others to
what he has himself dispensed with.
—Calcutta Englishman.

Simple Food Advocate.

David Howell has died at Stroud
Infirmary at the age of 102. He
worked on farms in the Stroud dis-
trict all his life, being employed on
one for between sixty and seventy
years. He attributed his longevity to
simple food, hard work and no worry.
—London Standard.

The Modern Girl.

By DON KAHN.

As he looked down into her deep
eyes he wasn't exactly sure which
would be just the best way to propose
to her.
"Darling," he finally began, "I've
been admiring your beauty, your tal-
ent, your fidelity, ever since we first
met years ago. To-night, when I
wish to tell you, I hardly know how
to begin it."
"I do," she interrupted emphati-
cally. "I am the only girl you have
ever loved. When you look into my
deep-blue eyes—no, they happen to
be brown—when you look into my
deep-brown eyes you think of all the
bad, naughty things you have ever
done, and you wish that you were
worthy of me. I am the light of your
soul, and you can never be happy
without me. Will I be yours?" As
the girl concluded she turned to him.
"Is that about it?" she asked.
"Yes."
"Then it's my turn," said the girl.
"Your salary is what?
And your bank account is how
much?" He stated the figures.
"You expect to inherit what
amount from a rich uncle whose
name is?"
The man supplied the data.
"Your proposal is very satisfac-
tory," replied the Modern Girl, throw-
ing herself into his waiting arms. "I
am truly yours."—From Puck.

The Red Ear of Corn.

Science goes on knocking the rom-
ance out of things. They used to
think that red ears of corn were
freaks of nature intended to add zest
to the old-fashioned husking bees,
the discovery of one by a young man
entitled him to kiss his fair partner
at the business. But down at the
corn show they will tell you that red
corn always produces red corn, yel-
low yellow, and white white. How
then do red ears come to be found
in the white and yellow varieties?
This is the scientific explanation of
it: The corn pollen is light and airy,
and is easily carried by the wind.
Some of it, picked up from a distant
field, is wafted upon a field of the
other variety and in this way the
varieties become mixed.—Columbus
Dispatch.

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Infirmary at the age of 102. He
worked on farms in the Stroud dis-
trict all his life, being employed on
one for between sixty and seventy
years. He attributed his longevity to
simple food, hard work and no worry.
—London Standard.



SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Red glass hastens vegetation, while
blue glass suppresses it. Sensitive
plants, like the mimosa, grow fifteen
times higher under red glass than un-
der blue.

For the last three years meat has
been cured by electricity in much less
time than was required by the old
method. The meat is placed in large
wooden tanks and covered with the
ordinary pickle. An alternating cur-
rent of thirty-five amperes at thirty-
five volts is passed through the vat,
the alternations serving to prevent
electrochemical action. Carbon elec-
trodes are used, which are surround-
ed by porous cups that dip into the
brine. The cost of curing a vatful of
meat (4000 pounds) is less than \$1.
The action of the current is not per-
fectly understood.

Any one who was familiar with the
appearance of the Niagara Falls be-
fore the present power installations
were built and opened can settle the
question as to whether the appearance
of the falls has been affected by going
to see for himself. Small though the
total amount of water taken for power
purposes, in proportion to the total
amount passing over the falls, may be,
it has been sufficient to cause the
shallower portions of the overflow at
the edges of the falls to become en-
tirely dry, thereby greatly reducing
the total length of the crest line.

For developing photographs in day-
light, a practice which has advantages
for the amateur, a new German pro-
cess prepares the ordinary dry plate
by placing it in a four per cent. solu-
tion of potassium iodide for two min-
utes. The silver bromide is thus con-
verted into non-sensitive iodide, and
after this preliminary operation in a
suitable cloth bag is not affected by
daylight. Being first rinsed, the plate
is developed in equal parts of these
two solutions: (a) water, 600
grammes; anhydrous sodium sulphite,
20; metol, 1; hydroquinone, 8; po-
tassium bromide, 40; (b) A 3 per
cent. solution of caustic potash. The
developing requires about five min-
utes, and the fixing—by the usual
process—a little longer than usual.

Divers increase the time that they
can remain under water by a little
preliminary deep breathing. A late
experimenter has found that without
preparation he could hold his breath
for only forty-two seconds, but after
one minute of forced breathing he
could hold it for two minutes and
twenty-one seconds; after three min-
utes, for three minutes and twenty-
one seconds, and after six minutes,
for four minutes and five seconds.
The effect of the forced breathing ap-
pears to be a freeing of the blood and
body tissues from considerable carbon
dioxide. It proves to be undesirable,
however, to continue the forced
breathing more than two or three
minutes, for if it is prolonged the
muscles of the hands become rigid,
and remain completely paralyzed for
a minute or two after holding the
breath begins. In actual practice,
the pearl divers of Ceylon take only a
few deep breaths before descending.

How Shakespeare Spoke.

Shakespeare would find his lines
as recited by the actors of to-day al-
most unintelligible, according to Dan-
iel Jones, who gave an address be-
fore the Elizabethan Society.
To prove his contention, Mr. Jones
recited "The Seven Ages" as Shake-
speare himself would have spoken it.
The effect was a hotch-potch of a
dozen dialects of to-day. The broad
"a's" justified the Lancastrian "fey-
ther" instead of father, and the cock-
ney nasal "i" sounds found full satis-
faction in words such as maid.
Other of Mr. Jones' examples of
Elizabethan pronunciation have no
parallels in modern dialects. Watch
was made to rhyme with catch,
should with cooled, brew with new.
Fifth and sixth, he said, were pro-
nounced without the final "th" sound
and the word sea was accorded a final
sound equivalent to the French "e."
—London Daily Mail.

The Milk Standard.

The clubwomen of Massachusetts
are fighting against the movement to
lower the milk standard in that State.
This fight is said to be winning more
recruits to the cause of woman suf-
frage than anything that has come up
in the last ten years. Mothers have
come to agree with Mrs. Charlotte
Perkins Gilman in asserting that pol-
itics which affects the purity of milk
and water is "not outside the home,
but inside the baby."

Venice, a Wet Town.

An Anthony woman, who recently
returned from a trip to Europe, says
wet weather hasn't bothered this
country at all, in comparison with
what she saw abroad. She says that
they ran into a town named Venice
where the water covered every street
and you couldn't get anywhere ex-
cept in boats. She added: "You
bet we only stayed one day in that
slosh."—Kansas City Star.

Brazil's Stored Coffee.

The State of Sao Paulo, Brazil,
owns 7,700,000 bags of coffee stored
in Europe and North America and
657,000 bags stored in Santos. The
foreign cities of storage are Havre,
Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, Lon-
don, Trieste, Marseilles, New York
and New Orleans.