

BLIND TAUGHT FARM

Two New York Boys Learn Art in Clinton Park.

One of Them Becomes So Expert Can Separate Lettuce and Carrot Seeds and Tell Color of Different Flowers.

New York.—The Children's Farm School in De Witt Clinton Park has taught two blind boys to raise "crops" equal in every respect to those of the children who can see. In fact, Mrs. Henry Parsons, in charge of the school, and Mr. Brady, the boys' teacher, insist that in the matter of beets and carrots the blind children's work was superior.

The subjects of the experiment are Carl and Peter, each 13 years old and strong boys for their years. Peter is totally blind and has to be led everywhere. Carl, who can't distinguish anything more than four inches away from his eyes, has just enough vision so that he can go and fill Peter's watering pot.

Carl's sister used to bring him to the park playground. Leaving him on a bench she would run off to the swings, and the boy would sit there listening to the other children playing. A gymnasium instructor saw Carl sitting there day after day and tried to think of some occupation for him. Finally the instructor suggested that a plot in the school garden be given to the boy. Then one day Carl came bringing Peter, and Mrs. Parsons decided to try the experiment of teaching the blind gardening for pleasure if not for profit.

On June 10 they began teaching Peter and Carl to raise beans, beets, carrots, onions, radishes, lettuce and corn, just as the other children do. A wooden fence was built around Peter's plot, along which cords were strung to serve as guides to the five rows of "crops" which were to be planted. Feeling these and measuring the distances by his fingers and arm Peter drew his miniature furrows and dropped or sprinkled his seeds. In his first attempt to cover the seeds he knocked the rows askew, but then by placing his hand on that of his teacher while he did a row in the right way Peter mastered that art.

No grown-up farmer would like to weed with his eyes shut, but that is what both Peter and Carl had learned to do. They were taken to other children's plots, allowed to feel the different seedlings as they appeared, and so taught to distinguish the tiny plants from weeds. Hand hoes not more than a foot long were made for them. By keeping their left hand fingers a few inches ahead of the blade they did their hoeing without cutting down the vegetables.

Several weeks ago came the time for the first harvesting on the Children's Farm, which raises two rounds of crops in a summer. As radishes, beets and beans approached maturity the excitement among the small farmers waxed so tense that the distinction between meum and tuum was frequently lost to view and the boy whose beans matured early was likely to find himself minus the beans. Even the observation plots in charge of the instructors were robbed of their prize products. But to the credit of the farm be it said that while the destruction walked around them the blind boys' crops were left undisturbed.

This harvesting was followed by the second planting. In this Peter and Carl showed such marked improvement that Mrs. Parsons believes that gardening in some of its branches can be made an employment for the blind. The sowing of beets and carrots by the blind boys was the best done on the farm.

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AMERICAN COUNTESS HONORED



COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD

LONDON.—The countess of Strafford, who is one of the most popular of the American women that have married titled Englishmen, was honored the other day by an unexpected visit from the dowager Queen Alexandra, the first she has paid since the death of King Edward. Lady Strafford and her husband, Mr. Kennard, have taken Houghton Hall, Norfolk, from Marquis Cholmondeley and Lady Strafford was engaged in gardening and dressed in old clothes when the queen mother's motor came up the drive. The countess attempted to run in doors and change her attire, but Alexandra insisted that she continue her work in the garden.

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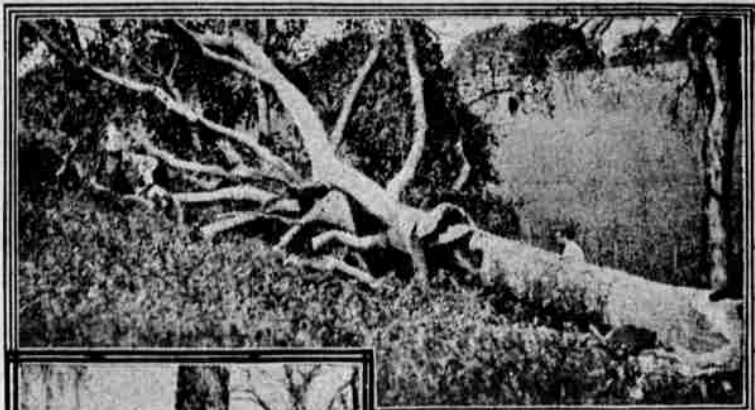
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a feat which beats that of the girl in Grimm's fairy stories who had to pick lentils out of the ashes. That girl had beautiful blue eyes, and even at that she had to call on her fairy godmother to help her out. But Peter, who is totally blind, can take lettuce and carrot seeds mixed together and separate them correctly, though they are enough alike to deceive many persons who have their sight.

Peter's latest accomplishment is to distinguish bright colored flower petals one from the other apparently by some subtle difference in the texture of the blossom. That doesn't mean that he could tell whether it's a pale pink or a light blue aster or recognize any fine gradation of tint, but he knows a red petal from a yellow one.

Altogether the instructors are much pleased with the summer's experiment and are as eager as the boys to continue it next year.

HAMPSHIRE BARKERS AT WORK



STRIPPING THE BARK



SAWING THE TRUNK

IN the springtime, when primroses are carpeting the copses and hedgerows, there come gangs of men into the Hampshire woods to fell the oak trees and take off their bark. They work hard, for their job only lasts during the flow of the sap, each lasting about a fortnight. If the weather is warm, the first flight may begin early in April; but if checked by frosty nights, perhaps not until the beginning of May. The last flight is at midsummer. The first one, just as the buds are beginning to swell, is the best, as the bark is then heavy with sap; and the last one is much the poorest. The bark ought to make a rattling sound when taken off, but there is little or no "rattle" in midsummer bark, and it is much lighter, as the sap is in the leaves. Only "black" trees, i. e., trees that will not strip in the spring, are left till then. First of all, the bark has to be tested to see if it is ready to strip. To do this a man goes up to the oak, cuts a bit off a branch, and is thus able to see if the sap is well up. This is really the best test. But very often, instead of climbing up, he marks out with his ax a broad belt on the standing tree two or three feet above the ground, and into the cut inserts his stripping iron, which is an instrument something like a very long chisel. If the bark does not part readily from the wood, but sticks and breaks, it shows that the sap is not yet flowing, and the tree must be left till later on in the season. If, however, it is ready, the barkers can run round the tree, removing the whole ring in one piece, so that it can be stood up on the ground like a gigantic cuff. Next the "breach" bark is removed. This is the part below the belt, and is the very best piece. It is taken off very carefully in narrow strips running right down to the base of the trunk, and the stripping sounds just like tearing calico.

It is important to throw the tree in the right place, so as to avoid damaging its neighbors, and unless it has a decided lean in the desired direction, this has to be managed by means of a "sink" and wedges. The "sink" is made by chopping away some of the trunk on the side to which the tree is to be made to fall. Then the big cross-cut saw comes into play, and iron wedges are driven in closely following the saw. If the latter gets too far ahead, it becomes impossible to get the wedge in. It simply flies out when struck, and the tree is liable to fall backwards over the saw, and probably does a great deal of unnecessary damage. The men work in gangs and very hard. "Ours is a very busy job," they say; "you see, we have got to do it all while it runs," and the dirtier they get from the sticky sap the better pleased they are, as it shows that it is running well. Three skilful men will completely strip a medium-sized tree in two or three hours. The bark is first divided into lengths of about two feet. Then, to loosen it, the cuts are tapped with the back of a bill-hook or an ax, and the whole piece is levered off with the stripper. Cold weather and night frosts make it sticky and hard to take off, but warm weather makes the bark "run" well. The younger members of the gang are called "colts," and it is their job to strip the smaller branches, while the ganger usually does the body bark or trunk pieces. The barkers begin early in the morning and go on till dark; but, though the work is hard, they find it very pleasant in the woods in spring, and the outdoor life seems to suit them. Dinner-hour is a welcome break in the day's work. The young-

est colt is always also the cook, and it is his duty to attend to the fire and make enormous cantfuls of cocoa and tea. He gives a long whistle when all is ready, and the men throw down their tools, whistle to distant barkers and go back to the camp, where they cluster round the fire outside the tent, cooking slices of bacon on pointed sticks and drinking basins of cocoa. When a tree has been entirely stripped, forked sticks are driven into the ground with cross poles between them, and the pieces of bark are neatly stood up on end to dry, leaning against each other with the rough bark outside and supported by the ridge pole. The big trunk pieces are laid bark upwards along the top to keep out the rain, and the whole thing looks like a long, dark caterpillar crawling along the ground beside the stark white tree. This is called "range," and it remains there for a couple of weeks or a month, with the air freely circulating, until the bark is brown all through and quite dry and brittle. There is now no fear of its getting mouldy, so it is piled up into ricks or taken under cover into a barn, where it remains until the autumn, when the "hatchers" arrive. With their "draw shaves" (a knife with two handles) they scrape off all the rough outer bark and lichen, leaving only the inner bark. The scrapings used always to be saved for the curing of bacon, but owing to the introduction of creosote there is not now much demand for them. Finally, the inner bark is cut up into small pieces and sent in bags to the tannery.

G. M. WOOD.

HAVE ANTIDOTE FOR LOCKJAW

Physicians Declare They Have Mastered This Dreaded Scourge of Mankind.

The popular belief that a wound from treading on a rusty nail is very likely to cause tetanus is quite correct. This is not because it is a nail or is rusty, but because by lying on the ground it has become infected with the germs of lockjaw. Moreover as the punctured wound caused by the nail bleeds but little and this blood dries up and excludes the air, the most favorable conditions for the development of tetanus exist, for, as Kitasato the Japanese bacteriologist, proved the absence of oxygen is most favorable for the growth of the germ.

The germ itself looks very much like a tack, according to a writer in Harper's Monthly; it is so virulent that its toxin in doses of 1-200,000th of a teaspoonful will kill a mouse. It has been found by experiment that the poison is carried up to the spinal cord not by the absorbents nor the blood vessels, as are other poisons, but through the motor nerves.

Fortunately an anti-poison or antidote has been developed, but so prompt is the action of the poison that in an animal two minutes after the injection of a fatal dose of the poison twice as much of the remedy is required as if it had been administered with the poison; after eight minutes ten times the amount and for ninety minutes forty times the original amount is necessary. This antitoxin is entirely harmless.

As a result of antiseptic methods lockjaw is now almost unknown except after neglected wounds, instead of being frequent as it formerly was. When it is feared the antitoxin is used as a preventive and when it has developed as a cure. In animals, for naturally horses suffer enormously more frequently than man, the same antitoxin is used. In 163 horses that had operations performed on them, but were protected by the antitoxin, not one developed tetanus, whereas of eight cases unprotected by the antitoxin five developed tetanus.

Drunk on Ether.

Ether is consumed by gallons to get drunk on in a small part of Scotland. The origin of this peculiar and limited abuse is strange. In 1848 a bad epidemic of cholera broke out in Glasgow. Among those flying from it were some who came back to Draperstown, their native place. With them they brought a cholera mixture which they found "exceeding comforting." A rascally doctor, knowing that the comfort proceeded from ether, laid in a whole cask. He made his fortune, and started the habit that lasts till yet. Ether is sold over counters in Scotland, the penny a drink. An old ether toper can drink two or three ounces a day, but one-half ounce is one big dram in water. The drinker gets hilarious in a minute. It is far wilder and more dangerous than alcohol.

BATTLED WITH LION

HOW FOX TERRIER WON ANIMAL'S SKIN.

Dog Follows "King of the Jungle" into Forest, Emerges Hanging on to Its Tail—Natives Award Canine Hide.

Simba, the pluckiest fox terrier in the world and the only dog of its breed which has ever tackled a full-grown lion "single-handed," will be returning to London, her birthplace, during the next few days from British East Africa.

The story of how Simba fought the lion was told by Cherry Kearton, the dog's master, who has just returned from the Kenya district of British East Africa with a number of cinematograph pictures of wild animals.

Simba is an ordinary fox terrier, of no special value from a breeder's point of view. Simba's fight with the lion took place when Mr. Kearton was trying to obtain pictures of the killing of a lion by native spearmen. Two lions had been located in some scrub, and 20 Masai warriors, with spears, were ready to attack. The lioness, however, escaped, and the male lion, after appearing for a moment, bolted into a dried river bed and refused to budge.

"Simba," said Mr. Kearton, "darted into the donga, and within a few seconds we heard a tremendous roar which seemed to shake the ground, and the bushes within 12 yards of us were violently agitated. The lion roared again and again, and in the brief intervals we heard the weak but very furious yapping of the dog. The Masai stood, every nerve tingling, with spears poised.

"Suddenly the lion dashed through a little clearing, and we were amazed to see Simba hanging on with her teeth embedded in its tail. Three spears were hurled at the escaping beast with such accuracy that they all transfixed the heart and the lion fell dead. You must know that the skin of the lion belongs, according to local custom, not to the warrior whose spear inflicts a fatal wound, but to the man who first rushes in and cuts off the black tip from the tail.

"Two of the three spearmen dashed into the donga, but they found Simba with the black tip still between her teeth, resolutely determined to oppose any hostile claim. The spearmen, who were lost in admiration, agreed that the skin belonged by right of seizure to Simba, and they handed it over later to my wife as trustee for the dog."

Prayers by Phone.

At a small dinner the guest of honor was a young married woman, formerly a resident in the west and the mother of two fine boys, both under five years of age. Now, it appears that in their education the proud mother employs a system like many other young mothers, and that she is most careful to adhere to any rule she may have formulated for them.

Early in the dinner and during an animated conversation with her hostess the young mother suddenly ceased to speak and her face took on a startled expression.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "I have forgotten those boys. May I use your phone?"

This permission being accorded, the young mother left the table. In a few minutes she returned, saying:

"I must really beg your pardon; but you know I have always insisted that Tom and Harry say their prayers for me before they go to sleep. In the hurry of getting off tonight I quite forgot my usual duty. So I just called up the nurse and she brought them to the phone, so that they might say their prayers to me over the wire. I feel much relieved."

Artists Have Such Troubles.

The pupils in a public school were on one occasion during a drawing lesson placed before a model, and told to sketch as they saw.

The results were amusingly varied. Some of the youngsters' drawings bore resemblance to a human being in repose; others looked much like wooden dolls. One little girl had drawn the model standing in front of the chair that had been placed upon the platform.

"Oh, Lily, Lily!" exclaimed the discouraged teacher, as she examined this effort. "Didn't I say, 'Draw Marie as you see her?'"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, is she standing in front of the chair?"

"No, ma'am. She's sitting in it."

"Then why didn't you draw her sitting?"

"I hadn't got to it," explained Lily.

"I was just going to bend her down when you rang the bell."

Of Course She Was There.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine?

Miss Nurich (just returned from a continental trip)—I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

Her Foresight.

"What is she doing?"

"Selecting her wedding trousseau and mourning garments."

"Isn't that a queer combination?"

"Not in her case. She is marrying a wealthy young aviator."

TRIES HARD TO JOIN LOVER

Grand Rapids Girl Attempts to Enlist but Balks on Request to Remove Clothes.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Held back for a day, a story of a young girl in male attire and evidently wishing to join her sweetheart in the east has just come out of the local United States marine corps recruiting station.

The "young man" in question entered the station stating "he" wished to enlist in the service to be sent to New York as soon as possible. Not understanding why the applicant should be sent so hurriedly to the training station, the officer asked the applicant to explain. Faint, but very determined, the answer was given that a close friend by the name of Brown was sent by the local recruiting officer and is now in New York very ill, and it was "his" wish to be near "his" friend as soon as possible.

The preliminary examination was hurried through and the prospective recruit shown to the next room where "he" was asked to remove "his" clothing that the remainder of the examination might be finished. After waiting for an usual length of time for the "lad" to appear, the officer called "him." No reply being received the door was opened. The room was not occupied. The window leading to the hall was open and on the floor near by was found a lady's handkerchief, wet with tears, which had an initial "B" in the corner.

MONEY LIES IDLE IN COURTS

Nearly \$10,000,000 in Unclaimed Funds in England Alone—Reduce National Debt.

London.—A recent publication of the Law Journal has an interesting article on the subject of the unclaimed funds lying in court. "Some of those," it says, "who are at present engaged in the quest of treasure supposed to be buried in sunken Spanish galleons might possibly turn their attention with greater profit to the mass of unclaimed treasure which stands to the credit of suitors in the books of the pay office of the supreme court.

The amount so standing in England alone at the present day is nearly \$10,000,000, of which the interest and a large part of the capital will, in default of a successful petition, ultimately go to the reduction of the national debt.

BOYS SCHOOL LIFE

That in Boarding Institution Not Natural, Says Bishop.

Not Only Do Children Suffer, but Parents Also, Who Lose Most Sacred of Parental Duties—One Who Disagrees.

London.—A striking appeal to the upper and middle classes not to send their boys to the "barrack life" of the boarding school, and so remove them from the home influence, is made by the bishop of Hereford.

The bishop was a speaker at the public morals conference, which was held at the Caxton hall, Westminster.

The object of the conference has been described as "a very earnest attempt to convert Mrs. Grundy"—to effect reforms in the moral education of boys and girls.

Speaking on "Education for Parent-hood," the bishop said the English people of the upper and middle classes had drifted far too much into an almost exclusive preference for boarding school education.

"Boarding-school life is not a natural life for the young," he declared.

"It is not only the children who suffer from being sent into barrack life, but the parents also suffer because they lose the most sacred responsibilities of parental duties.

"My experience as head master of Clifton college—which is both a day school and a boarding school—leads me to the conclusion that the best form of school education for boys of the upper and middle classes is that in which the boy is able to live under the influence of a good home life.

"At the same time a boy can enjoy all that is best in a well organized boarding school."

A schoolmaster of several years' experience gave several reasons why he did not agree with the bishop of Hereford's opinion.

"Take the case of, say, little Tommy Jones, who is a day boy at a secondary school," he said. "He is hit by another boy and goes home crying to his mother, who consoles him and dries his tears.

"Tommy is comforted and weakened at the same time. If Tommy was a boarder, and had no mother to fly to, he would soon learn he must stand up for himself and become self-reliant and brave.

"Either by hitting back at his ag-

gressor or showing him that he was a good fellow and didn't mind chaff. Tommy becomes happy and self-confident."

Speaking at the conference on the merits of the elementary school, Dr. Macnamara said he could confidently say that it had worked nothing short of a social revolution.

It was not only in the improvement of the children themselves but he was not sure that the school had not reacted even more upon the parents than upon the children.

Even the poorest and most hard-worked woman in the back street had made a struggle day in, day out to see that her Eliza should have as clean a pinafore as the rest of them.

Amid laughter, Dr. Macnamara added that he could guarantee to say that many a man had held on to a steadier course because of Tommy's little framed certificate upon the mantelpiece.

Dr. James Cantie, honorable secretary of the Royal Institute of Public Health, gave some useful hints on children's clothing.

He deprecated the use of babies' "comforters" and unsuitable clothing for children, especially "Eton jackets" for growing boys.

DAYS OF CANAL MULE ENDED

Tugboat Seems to Be Practical Solution of Waterway Puzzle in Pennsylvania.

Mauch Chunk, Pa.—The days of the canal mule at last seem numbered as the result of repeated experiments by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company, and tugs promise to become the power to move the coal-laden chunkers on the company's canal.

After trying different electrical appliances during the past few years and finding that it was not feasible to use electricity, a coal-laden barge bound for Bristol was taken in tow by a tug and made four miles per hour. It went over the nine miles level in 2 1/4 hours, which is about two hours and a half less than it is generally done by mule power. Other tests are to be made by the steamer and if successful the mule will have to go.

Several years ago the company built a trolley line along the towpath from here to Coalport and Weissport for the purpose of moving the boats, but it was found inexpedient and the mule was again brought into service.