

MODEL VILLAGE MOST HEALTHFUL

How French Companies Build Homes For Workmen.

GARDEN SPOTS DESCRIBED.

Roads, Houses and Parking Strips Are Described as Being Most Satisfactory to Tenants as Well as Men Who Had Them Built.

There is perhaps no other country that can be called the land of homes so justly as France, says Georges Benoit-Levy in the American City. It is estimated that there are 4,500,000 land-owners in a population of 40,000,000.

"In recent years," says the writer, "certain manufacturers have built garden villages." One of these he describes as follows:

"It was about four years ago that I was called in the capacity of social engineer to the mining company of Dourges. In the name of the Association des Cites-Jardins de France I strongly advised the company to build a model village, for which I had the pleasure of furnishing the first suggestions. The architect of the company was sent with me to see what had been done in England, and the work was undertaken.

"It is well to note here that a garden village, a garden city, differs from a manufacturing settlement not only in that its inhabitants have cheaper and more sanitary houses, but that their dwellings are also more beautiful, more artistically arranged and are charmingly scattered among flowers and greenery.

"It is an ensemble of elegant and harmonious curves, of streets planted



ENTRANCE TO THE MODEL VILLAGE OF DOURGES.

[From the American City, New York.]
with trees and bordered with turf, of cottages of various hues, which give an impression of freshness, of health and gaiety. In the arrangement of the village the points of compass have been taken into account, so that each cottage has as much sunlight as possible.

"Let us look at one of the village streets. Here is a road five meters wide with two sidewalks, each 3.5 meters in width, of which 1.5 meters are macadam and two meters turf. The boundary line between the sidewalk and the front garden is not marked by fences or railings, but by borders of flowers. The front gardens are about four meters in depth. This makes, therefore, an avenue about twenty meters wide between the houses, planted throughout its length with trees, acacias, plane trees and sycamores. From point to point at the crossroads the eye is charmed by groups of ash trees, evergreens or rosebushes. In the rear of each cottage is a garden covering about a tenth of an acre.

"The cost of the charming cottages varies from \$840 to \$900. The walls are built of country made bricks, joined by white cement. They are thirty-five centimeters thick. The corners are of artificial stone made of the same clay. We see that simply by joining the bricks with this white mortar and decorating them in different colors a varied effect is obtained with little change of plan. In the interior the walls, instead of being papered in bad taste, are tinted in gay tones at very little expense and have an attractively decorated frieze of washable paint.

"Entering one of the cottages, we find below us a paved cellar for wine and provisions, on the ground floor a porch, a vestibule, a living room (4.5 by 4.5 meters) and a bedroom for the boys. On the floor above is a bedroom for the parents (4.5 by 3.5 meters) as well as one for the daughters of the family (three meters square). Under the roof, so that not a bit of space is wasted, we find a garret for drying clothes.

"It is worth noting that every room in the house is paved with tiles, so that the floors can be polished. All the walls have rounded corners in order that no dust may gather there.

"To secure constant light and ventilation the windows take up one-sixth of the surface of each room. They open outside so as to keep out the rain and to take up less room. There was one problem to solve—how to arrange the laundry, the coal shed, etc., without destroying the general harmonious look of the cottages. This has been accomplished by connecting the laundry (which serves also for a bathroom for the miner when he comes home) and the coal shed, as well as the toilet, with a porch. This porch makes a sort of outdoor summer dining room.

"The sewage from the toilets is conducted into septic tanks, where it is chemically treated. There is one tank for each house."

The Spendthrift

By J. BERRY CRAPO

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Mrs. Merriman had a fortune, but she feared at times that her son Jack would run through it before she was herself done with it, and then "poor, dear Jack—what would he do?" Jack was a lovable fellow, with lots of friends who adored him, belonged to a number of clubs—indeed, was in everything that induced the expenditure of money.

"Mother," he said to her one day after a lecture, "there's no use in my trying to get on economically here, where the temptation to spend is so great. I must go elsewhere. What do you say to my resigning from all my clubs and societies and going to a law school, where I can learn a profession that will enable me to take care of you, my dear mummy, in your old age?"

Jack Merriman that autumn entered a university located where there was nothing but the college and entered for the degree of bachelor of laws. But the leopard cannot change his spots. Jack found several rich students in the institution who had automobiles. What was there to do in the country during hours when he was not studying except to run over the smooth roads? What was more simple than to pay a few hundred dollars down for a machine and give his note on it for the rest? So he scraped together the few hundred dollars and bought a \$5,000 machine.

One afternoon during the Indian summer, when the warm sunlight shone upon the many colored leaves that were beginning to die on the trees, Jack Merriman, with Edith Ashurst beside him and Bob Overaker and Saddle Chandler on the rear seat, was running over to B. for a dinner and a ride back in the cool moonlight. He had an uncle in B., and there was danger in his going there, but he risked it.

All went well as a marriage bell till the party rode up to the hotel where the dinner had been ordered by telephone. Jack was about to take off his goggles and help Miss Ashurst out when he espied his uncle coming down the street. It was too late to push out, for those in the rear seat were getting out and the uncle was nearly upon them. In a hurried whisper Jack told Miss Ashurst that the man was his uncle and that they were all to go into the hotel. If the uncle asked questions he was not to be Jack Merriman, but Tom Oglethorpe.

When Mr. Merriman, Sr., came along Jack was at the wheel, his goggles still over his eyes, turning on the connection.

"Jack! Hello! Wait a minute!" called the uncle.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" said Jack, the machine chugging as though impatient to be off.

"What are you doing here? And this machine—have you been wasting your mother's money?"

"What are you talking about, and who are you, anyway? I've no time to lose here. I've got to be at D., forty miles away, in an hour."

"Do you mean—putting on a pair of spectacles?" "To say that you're not Jack Merriman?"

"Do you mean to say that you're not a blundering old idiot? Get out of the way, I say. I'm losing precious time."

Jack started the automobile, just grazing the old gentleman's toes, and was soon out of sight. Mr. Merriman looked after him doubtfully, then, muttering something like "I'd have sworn it was he," passed on by the hotel, stopped, pondered, went back and entered by the same door that the party had gone in. They were waiting for him in the reception room. Bob Overaker accosted him in the hall.

"I say, sir, has the automobile gone?"

"The one in front of the door? Yes."

"That's too bad."

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Ashurst.

"Tom's gone off with all the wraps. We'll have to ride home without them, and it's getting colder every moment."

"Tom, did you say?" asked Mr. Merriman.

"Yes, sir," put in Overaker, "Tom Oglethorpe, my cousin. Do you know him, sir?"

"The gentleman in the automobile," replied Mr. Merriman, "very much resembles my nephew, John Merriman. Indeed, I was sure he was my nephew. Do you say he is your cousin? What is your name?"

"My name is Spangler, sir. Tom Oglethorpe's mother is my aunt."

"H'm," muttered Mr. Merriman. "I'm obliged to you for correcting me. I came very near making a grave mistake. Good evening."

Half an hour afterward Jack, having left his auto at a garage, sneaked in at the back door and learned what had occurred. Then, directing that no one should be admitted to the dining room, the party sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Merriman did not hear from the automobile from Jack's uncle, but later from Jack himself, who suddenly appeared at home and told her that he had given up the study of law to be married. The girl was Miss Ashurst, who was worth a million in her own right.

"And, mother," added Jack, "we're going on a wedding trip through Europe and will take you with us. I've bought the auto already for the purpose. There's money due on it; let me have a check, please."

Jack's story was true—this time.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastward at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastward on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path, 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or tired at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him. That's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "Pon my sowl, it's a pty ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait."

"I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

Spelled the Evening For Her.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DON'T ACT ON ROMANCE

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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Lucile Demarest when a young girl read a novel that pleased her very much. The motif on which the story was written was this: A woman whose husband was weak enough to fall into the toils of another woman held him by giving him a free rein until he had become tired of the rival and came back to his wife of his own accord.

Lucile married Sam Smith. Ever Lucile's rosy romance could not turn the name into Spencer Courtenay or some other such euphonious appellation, but she could think of him as doing noble acts even as Sam Smith. He didn't seem to have any man bosom friend, which troubled her greatly, for she thought every man should have such a chum, as she had her own bosom woman friend.

The Smiths had been married but a short time when Mrs. Smith thought she discovered that Sam and her bosom friend, Gertrude Church, were becoming enthralled with each other. The suspicion killed Lucile's romantic attachment, an attachment that had lasted since childhood for Miss Church. Indeed, when she was married she had told her husband that she would never consent to marry any man who did not in the same way, of course, love her friend as well as she loved her. Mr. Smith promised to do so.

When Mrs. Smith recovered from the first shock of her discovery that her traitorous friend was slowly but surely winding her toils about Sam she thought of the noble heroine of the novel and how she had saved her husband. Lucile's first move was to invite Miss Church in evenings to play cards. Smith hated cards, especially three handed games in which no one beats or is trying to do so enables some one else to beat. "Very well, then," said the compliant wife; "you and Gert play, and I'll take a book. Smith and the guest would then sit down at the card table, and Mrs. Smith after reading a few pages would go out of the room, not to appear again till it was high time that Miss Church went home. Then, of course, Smith must act as her escort.

Then Mrs. Smith bought tickets to amusements and when the evening to use them came round would have a headache and say: "I've sent word to Gert that I have the tickets and can't go tonight, begging her to take my place. I know you'll be glad to take her, if only for my sake." And when her husband knitted his brows and said "I'd much rather stay home with you" she knew he was lying in his heart and that he was counting the moments till he could be with the charmer.

One day Mr. Smith told his wife that he must go west or east or south or somewhere, on business. When a man tells his wife—especially in stories—that he's going on a business trip she immediately becomes a prey to the green monster or is stupidly confiding. Mrs. Smith saw in the move a culmination of her husband's infatuation for Miss Church, or, rather, that Miss Church had succeeded in winning him away from his own wife. But when, the day after her husband's departure, she called up Gertrude by telephone and was told that she had gone out of town, too, the cup of her misery was full. She went to the library, took out the story of the noble woman who had saved her husband by throwing him at her rival, took it to the furnace, opened the door and threw it into the white hot coals. Then she went up to her room and had a good cry.

However, having been committed to the game of keeping her own counsel, she nerved herself by the time her husband returned to dissemble further. She received him as affectionately as she was able, never said anything at all disagreeable.

One evening she went to the telephone, intending to call up Miss Church and ask her to come to the house, that she might bring her and Sam together and charge them with the crime they were committing against her.

"Is that you, Gert?"

"Yes. Are you Lou?"

"Yes. Can't you come over tonight? Sam's anxious for a game of cards. I'm tired and wish to go to bed."

"Wait a minute."

Then Mrs. Church, forgetting that telephones have ears, was heard to say:

"It's Lucile. She wants me to come over and play cards with that stupid husband of hers. She is constantly boring me to entertain him. I've just gone away on a visit to get rid of it all, and now I'm back it has begun again."

Then came the reply: "I'm awfully tired, Lou. I think you'll have to excuse me."

"All right, if you really can't come." Mrs. Smith went into the library, where she found her husband. A great joy had been born in her, but she still dissembled.

"Wouldn't you like to have Gert come over and play cards with you, dearie?"

"No, by thunder! I've just gone on a trip I didn't wish to take to get rid of her, and I'll be hanged if I can endure her again on the first night of my return."

He was surprised when his wife threw herself into his arms and burst into tears—tears of relief.

MEASURES ALTITUDES.

The Use of the Barograph on Aeroplanes and Balloons.

What the compass is to the mariner the barograph is to the aviator. The barograph is an instrument for measuring altitudes. The pressure of the air as it increases or decreases causes a delicate needle to trace a wavy line upon a cylinder which revolves by clockwork. This line indicates not only the exact height that is reached by the aviator, but also the speed at which he is traveling.

The barograph is kept in a weather proof box with a glass front, which is attached to a bar of the aeroplane or to a rope on the balloon. It is officially sealed before the aviator embarks, so there is no possibility of tampering with it, and the seal is taken off in the presence of witnesses at the end of the flight. In this way it is possible to establish absolutely and graphically the altitude which an aviator attains in his aeroplane or balloon. It is necessary for the aviator to watch the barograph constantly, as it indicates a change in the elevation almost to the foot. The sky pilot has to keep his eye on the indicator much as the man at the wheel of the seagoing ship watches his compass. Should the aeroplane or the balloon rise or fall ten or twenty feet the aviator would not be conscious of it unless he looked at the wavering needle tracing its permanent record on a chart before him. This tells him immediately of any changes in the nature of the air currents and gives him timely warning of aerial dangers.

These instruments are so delicate and so accurate, it is said, that a man might hang one of them about his neck in its glass case or carry it in his hand and climb a flight of stairs, the height of his ascent being graphically indicated by the inked needle on the machine.—New York Press.

A CAREFUL MAN.

His Indecision in the Matter of Employing a Doctor.

The parsimony of the old New Englander of the type now almost vanished was nobly exemplified in Mr. Benny Huntington, who lived with his maiden sister in a little town in western Massachusetts. Neither had ever spent a penny unnecessarily and when in his old age Mr. Benny became crippled with "the rheumatiz," and had, as well, strange flutterings of the heart, which were unrelieved by the best recommended "yarb teas," they were greatly shocked at the suggestions and warnings of their friends and neighbors that they ought to send for a doctor. Mr. Benny refused, declared his scorn of the entire medical profession and continued to save his pennies.

But the pain grew worse. Mr. Benny was confined to his bed in great agony and overheard some of the neighbors telling his sister that he was going to die. Then he sent for an old schoolmate, a man as "careful" as himself.

"Josiah," he asked, in a low, confidential tone, "have you ever had a doctor?"

Josiah shook his head. "Dunno as I have," he answered.

Mr. Benny reached out and laid a trembling hand upon his old friend's arm. "Josiah," he asked again, "did you ever hear how much one o' them doctors charges for a visit?"

Josiah looked at his suffering friend with pitying sympathy. "Well," he said, breaking it as gently as he could—"well, I have heard, Benny, that they charge as much as \$2 a visit!"

"Two dollars!" Mr. Benny repeated. "Two dollars!" Then he sank back on his pillow and sighed in a voice of strangely mingled relief, regret and resignation. "Well, I dunno but I'd rather spend \$5 than die!"—Youth's Companion.

The Licorice Plant.

The licorice plant resembles a rose with a single green stem, reaches a height of about three feet and bears a small purple star shaped flower. The first year's root growth resembles a loosely twisted string of tow and may run to twenty feet in length. The second year it assumes a woody substance when dry, and the third year it acquires its commercial value. The time for digging the root is the winter, when it is dried and crushed under heavy stones drawn round on it by mules, much as olives are crushed to extract their oil.

Queer Kaffir Custom.

Kaffir women will not pronounce their husband's names or even use words which contain the emphatic syllable of those names. One old woman, being taught to say the Lord's prayer, changed the word from "come" in "Thy kingdom come" to something that made nonsense, and it proved that the proper "come" word was the main syllable of her husband's name.

Proving His Contentment.

"Jones is an optimist, even in the most discouraging circumstances, isn't he?"

"Why, no. His mother-in-law is slightly indisposed, and he thinks there's no hope for her recovery."

"Well, what did I tell you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Chess in Ancient Ceylon.

In ancient Ceylon the game of chess was played with local variations peculiar enough to note. The king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable on the last row for the pieces on whose row they stand.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

BROWN AND ANOTHER

By M. QUAD

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Mr. Jonas Brown was a close student of human nature, and the judgment of man or woman was infallible.

Mr. Brown manufactured shirt waists for women and handkerchiefs for men and women. That was the way he judged them. When he saw a man flourishing one of his make of handkerchiefs that man was all right. When he saw one of his shirt waists on a woman he tipped his hat to whether acquainted or not.

Mr. Brown was his own cashier and bookkeeper. None of the young men who applied for the position carried his handkerchiefs, and he had never been bothered with young ladies. One day came, however, when one of his brought up on the freight elevator with a lot of boxes. Before he looked her in the face he had noticed that she had on one of his nonpareil shirt waists and carried one of his three for a quarter handkerchiefs. His credentials were satisfactory in advance.

Miss Prim was eighteen years old and an orphan. She had never had a place, but she was after one. She could cashier, bookkeep and type write. She would take a low salary for the first six months. Mr. Brown heart warmed toward her as he looked into her big blue eyes. There was loyalty and honesty there. The low wages also struck a responsive chord. Mr. Brown had always paid low wages and prevented estrangement on the part of his employees. Miss Prim would come for \$5 per week he could get \$15 worth of work out of her.

The demure Miss Prim slipped into the office as softly as a mouse. So the young man tried to talk to her, but outside of business matters she ignored them. She caught on her work at once. Mr. Brown did not rush home that night to tell his wife about the innovation at the office, some foolish manufacturers would have done. He left it to her to find out. She did find out. On the third day she appeared in the freight elevator and had a look at Miss Prim. She went away without passing judgment, but at the dinner table the evening she said:

"Jacob, look out for her!"

"Who—Miss Prim?"

"She's a cat. She's too demure. She's got a card to play."

A few days later Miss Prim was asked to lunch with Mr. Brown. He timidly asked to be excused and her sandwich as she worked.

"Told you so," he said to his wife with a triumphant air. "Yes, sir, invited her, and she turned me down. Then you look out for her all the more," replied the wife.

It was three or four weeks before Miss Prim was referred to again in the family. Then in answer to an inquiry the husband stated:

"Timid as ever. The other evening when it rained so I offered to take home in my auto, and she fairly ran for the elevator to get away from me. Every one in the office has asked her to lunch, but she has refused. Splendid bookkeeper, and what do you suppose happened to the cash the other day?"

"She found it short and wept about it, the little cat, and you told her never mind."

"Ha, ha, ha! The cash was over, and here it is to buy gloves with. That's the kind of cashier Jacob Brown's got. Miss Prim could have put that money in her pocket, but she didn't."

"Oh, Jacob! What a man—what a man!" exclaimed the wife. "You're rushing headlong to destruction!"

"Brown's shirt waists and Brown handkerchiefs never deceive."

Two months had gone by when next and last conversation occurred. Mrs. Brown wanted to know about a little cat and was answered:

"Marie, I must really protest. Sauntily, same retiring attitude. She goes to the bank now, and the pay teller speaks in the highest manner her business qualifications. She's ways correct to a dot. Things are being beautifully—beautifully."

"Oh, you blind man!"

"You know Schwartz, of course. He's worth a million. He saw Miss Prim a few weeks ago when he was and yesterday he asked her to be his wife. I left 'em alone, and he asked her."

"And she jumped for him like a cricket, of course."

"Ha, ha, ha! Jumped right away from him like a rabbit. I came to find her pale and trembling."

"Oh, the kitten—the cat!"

"Even if I were a widower and love with her I, Jacob Brown, manufacturer of the nonpareil shirt waists and the three for a quarter handkerchiefs, should not dare ask her to my wife."

Mrs. Brown simply lay back and gasped for breath.

A week later there was excitement in Brown's office. It was Saturday. Miss Prim had gone to the bank with cash and drafts and checks and was to return with the payroll money. She did not return. The police looked vain. They found out that she had been murdered in the bank, but nothing more.

"Jacob, how much did she get?" asked the wife after one glance at her husband's telltale face.

"About \$16,000," he groaned.

"And the cat won't come back?"

"Never again!"