

THE SONGS OF THE FOUR WINDS.

The South Wind. Gently stirring fern and palm-tree, softly, slowly, stealing sweets from rose and cerise, whispering low, through a world of fragrant wildness, to the old North bringing mildness, with the breath of spice and orchid do I blow.

The East Wind. Damp and raw from the world of waves, through canvas and rigging I madly beat; with the stringing tang of the ocean's salt I lash the crews of the flying fleet; and fishwives weep when they hear my song: tangle of froth and sullen roar; bodies upstos on frozen shore.

The West Wind. The east of the desert, the grass of the prairie, the rush of wild horses, the rustle of grain, I weave into rhythmic accord with the odors of pine of the mountain and sage of the plain. The song that I sing is the song of the open—The crashing of comets through infinite space, the earth's deep heart throbbings, the murmur of rivers—All sorrows and joys in its measure find place.

The North Wind. From the frosted harp of the God of Ice I strike chill chords as I sing to men of hissing cold and blinding snow, of frozen specters, of living woe, of dim caverns and splintered air, of dazzling stretches of glacial glare, of miles upon miles of fleckless white; and, over it all, The crimson and gold of the Northern Light!

—Booklovers' Magazine.

THE AWAKENING OF ENGLAND.

A Sarcastic Skit in London Truth Which Hints at a Sad Predicament. The intellectual invasion of England is the most grave circumstance of the time in this country. We have surrendered our conscience, character and customs to the United States and to France, while strenuously preparing to defend ourselves on sea and land against an attack that neither the Americans nor the French even dream of making.



LITTLE THINGS

The Ostrich Inn at Colbrook, Middlesex, England, has had an uninterrupted existence since the far-away days of King John.

Peter the Great, it is said, borrowed the idea of the Russian flag from the Dutch, among whom he learned ship-building. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor red, white and blue, upside down.

A Barton County woman who is suing for divorce introduces as testimony a twenty-year-old newspaper which calls her husband a dog. She says the paper was right then and is right now.—Kansas City Journal.

The Miller brothers on their great "101" ranch in Oklahoma this year have a melon patch of 12,000 acres. And there are signs put up all around this field saying: "\$5 fine for any one who goes through this patch without taking a melon."

The Seven Stars, in Manchester, was a licensed public house in the year of Poictiers (1356), two-thirds of a century before the cathedral was founded, and it boasts to-day a staircase clock which began to tick ever so long before Dr. Johnson was born—nearly two centuries ago.

Seth Nation, father of James, the Assistant State Auditor of Kansas, has no fear for the number thirteen. He was born on April 13, enlisted in the war on August 13, was nominated treasurer of Neosho County on September 13, and was inaugurated on October 13, and has had thirteen children.

The Moor prepares butter in an original way, and gets a different taste from the usual one. Fresh butter he despises and uses only for cooking. I must be old if it is to be liked. After it has lain in a hole in the ground for some years and has got a certain appearance it becomes a delicacy.—Creanery Journal.

A writer in the National Geographic Magazine describes a peculiar kind of fishing in the South Sea Islands. The fruit of a tropical tree, the Bar ringtonia speciosa, is crushed and tied in a bag. Soon after it has been lowered into deep water the fish begin to appear on the surface apparently dead, being dragged by the fruit. The natives then catch them in their hands.

A study of men rather clearly reveals Of truth this significant spring: A man may be fully "as young as he feels," But it's seldom he's truly as big. —Saturday Evening Post.

Physician (looking into his anteroom where a number of his patients are waiting)—"Who has been waiting the longest?" Tailor (who has called to present his bill)—"I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago." —Glasgow Evening Times.

"So they smashed your laundry and looted your cash drawer," said the policeman. "They did," answered the intelligent Chinaman. "And what did you do?" "Nothing. They followed the usual custom and convinced me that it was in my interest to remain neutral." —Washington Star.

Mrs. Brickrow—"How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets?" Mrs. Topflatte—"I take him shopping with me, walk him around until he can't stand, and then wind up in a bonnet store. He'll buy anything to get home." —New York Weekly.

Lecturer (on the French Revolution)—"It is impossible to imagine the chaos that reigned—confusion and anarchy everywhere. In our more peaceful conditions we can not even imagine such a state of things." Man (at the back of the hall)—"Yes, we can, mister. Come up to our house; we're movin'." —Pick-Me-Up.

Some time elapsed after the development of the self-exciting machine before the marvelous characteristic of reversibility of function was discovered with the necessary corollary, the electrical transmission of energy by the use of two similar machines, one to be driven by power and to generate electricity, and the other to receive electricity and to develop mechanical power. It is claimed that this vital fact was discovered and described by Pacinotti in 1867; but, if so, the discovery remained dormant until 1873 when Messrs. Gramme and Fontaine independently demonstrated it at the Vienna Exposition. The exact circumstances of this discovery will probably never be known, but one account says that it was accidental, and was due to the mistake of a workman who coupled a machine to a live circuit and was astonished to see it begin to rotate. This is a quite natural possibility, as a similar thing has happened many times in recent years.—Century.

According to the Berliner Tageblatt the short-sightedness of recruits is beginning to cause grave anxiety to the German War Office. "Bismarck himself," comments the London Chronicle, "who had to take to glasses long before he was out of office, was strongly of this opinion, though, from motives of patriotism, he would not hear of the abolition of the Gothic type, and invariably refused the gift of any book printed in Roman characters. But the anti-Gothic party is now gaining ground, and several newspapers and numerous scientific works are printed in Roman type, which the Emperor himself is said to favor."

MEANDERING MIKE'S CONCLUSION

Now what's the use of sittin' down An' agittin' of my mind An' tryin' hard to win renown An' leavin' other folks behind? The neighbor boy that reads a book 'Cause he gits licked unless he do, Has made me take another look And kind o' changed my point of view.

He says that Shakespeare never wrote Them pieces that the boys recite, And lots of sayings that we quote Is plagiarisms left and right. An' folks we call the real stuff An' put up in the museum hall Was nothin' but jest a bluff An' sometimes never lived at all.

This world is such an envious place! It doesn't seem worth while to try To benefit a human race. That is so quick to pass you by. So what's the use o' sittin' down An' strugglin' for pomp or fame? They'd only take my laurel crown, Off'n my forehead, jes' the same! —Washington Star.



Jingles and Jest

"Yes," said the veteran of many wars, "I have participated in seventeen engagements." "What!" exclaimed the pretty grass-widow. "And you are still a bachelor?" —Chicago News.

Mrs. Quiverful—"Tommy, did you give your little brother the best part of that apple, as I told you?" Tommy Q.—"Yessum, I gave him th' seeds. He can plant 'em an' have a whole orchard!" —Cleveland Leader.

He selleth best who writeth best. All things both great and small; Yet every scribbler hath one gem That will not sell at all. —Life.

"That man," said the proud friend, "went into politics a poor man and came out of it a poor man." "Well," answered Senator Sorglum, "all I can say is that there must have been contributory negligence on his part." —Washington Star.

Mamma—"When that naughty boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back at him?" Little Willie—"Huh! What good would it do to tel' you; you couldn't hit the side of a house." —Washington Life.

"I want to complain of the flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlitter, severely. "What was the matter with it, ma'am?" asked the grocer. "It was tough. My husband simply won't eat the biscuits I made with it!" —Philadelphia Press.

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The Fox Drive at .: Pleasant Ridge

BY EMMA SEEVERS JONES.

EVER hear Lije Patton's bull-fiddle played?" asked McPeak, the singing school master. "Naw," said Tobias. Strong, taking careful aim at a box of ashes already well saturated with a fertilizing solution of nicotine, "what's a bull-fiddle?" "It's a contraption calculated to make you wish you were in the hereafter or hadn't left the herebefore," said McPeak. "What's it for?" asked Tobias. "Fox-drivers, bellings and things generally where a noise is wanted," said McPeak. "Where'd Lije git it?" asked Tobias, quinting his eye at the box of ashes for a more sure aim. "Made it," said McPeak. "Made it?" queried Lije. "Yes," said McPeak, "Lije can do anything from knitting a garter to sawing logs. Never saw but one thing in my life that Lije couldn't do if he set out to."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Kindness is contagious. Money in purse dispels melancholy. He loses his market who has nothing to sell. The sins of the heart are the heart of all sin. The man who does not fear failure seldom has to face it. The preacher's practice is the real peroration of his sermon. Never is happiness more clear than when founded on clean-heartedness. You can afford to despise the Bible when you have grown beyond its level. There is more worship in the music of the heart than in all the art of music. Death is only the one who has gone to get the home ready coming to take us to it. My head is resting sweetly upon three pillows, infinite love and infinite wisdom and infinite sacrifice. — John Elias. If you are poor and weak and helpless and of little account, these are only extraordinary reasons why God should care for you.—John G. Stevenson. Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle. Stuffing Cattle. Everyone knows that the East cannot compete with the West in beef production. But everyone knows of a new scheme for raising beef that is profitable in the East, or wherever land and feed are high. This new plan might be called "forced feeding," since the animal is marketed at twelve or fourteen months instead of four or five years, as was done a generation ago. There is an intimate relation between the length of the feeding periods and the gain in weight. Animals in the wild state eat enough to keep themselves and maintain a vigorous bodily condition. They may take an extra fat when food is plentiful to tide themselves over the season of scarcity. Man has interfered with natural processes for the purpose of securing greater production. One of the chief objects kept in mind in animal breeding is to secure breeds which can consume the largest possible quantities of feed and make good and profitable use of it.—Country Life in America. The Athletic Girl. To some people the athletic games-girl is peculiarly distasteful. Her greeting is boisterous, she grips your hand as though it were a hockey stick, she nods to you familiarly and treats you as a comrade. At all events, she has generally a pleasant whiff of honesty about her, she is devoid of parlor tricks, and she is easier to guide than the sniggering miss.—Hearth and Home. Mixed History. Around the great striking figures of history the small boy weaves curious answers. "Moses' mother pitched his little cradle within and without with pitch and left him there in the pool of Sileam. But when the daughter of Solomon got the green leaf from the dove she hastened and brought food convenient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."—Century.

SUGGESTION FOR A PLOT.

A Writer Wonders Why a "Thriller" Hasn't Been Built Around Ambergris. The death at Provincetown of one of the luckiest finders of ambergris suggests the query why this rare and remarkable substance has not been assigned a more prominent place in literature. One of the most important properties for the "thriller" is some article which combines great value with small bulk, and can therefore be easily abstracted or hidden in a sealed drawer. Usually it is a jewel, sometimes an amulet or ring of rare ancient workmanship, frequently a will or an envelope of valuable papers. But why not try a lump of ambergris? It is rare enough, certainly, since in fifty years only about a ton has ever been found, and, unlike gold or diamonds, the visible supply is constantly being used up in the arts. A whaler that brings in twenty pounds of ambergris from a cruise is accounted rarely fortunate, and of one which in sixteen years took 100 pounds it was remarked that the cost of the vessel was paid three times over from this item alone. Another of its possibilities lies in its deceptiveness. It is the veritable "fool's gold" of the sea. The lumps of ambergris picked up by strollers on the beach and enthusiastically described in the local papers usually turn out to be common tallow. There is no romance in gold mining by the cyanide process; even the operations in the diamond fields, for all their great "muds," have come down to the mere devising of elaborate systems to protect the companies from being swindled. But in the hunt for ambergris there might still be found the spirit of real treasure trove.—New York Post. Automobilia of Funbad the Rattler. Judge not an auto by its smell; all comparisons are odorous. A tack in the tire is as a thorn in the flesh; both are tiresome. It is a short ride that hath no mending. All does not go that glitters. An auto is not without odor save in its own front seat. Say not, "We shall return at five;" you may return at six and seven. Oils well that ends well. Approach railroads warily, lest they lead thee to heaven. Though thou swear by thine auto seven times, the eighth thou wilt swear at; that is Kismet. The horse goeth not ten parasangs an hour, neither doth he explode. To speed is human; to be caught is fine!—Century. Appearance Before Quality. Laboring under the mistaken impression that the whiteness of wheat bread determines its quality—that the whiter the bread the better—the Parisian public has for years been growing more and more exacting on this score, and therefore the fineness of grain flour has been gradually approaching a limit. The public has, as a consequence, received a less nutritive food.—Scientific American.