THE BLACKBERRY PATCH.

The blackberry patch near the garden fence—
What marvels its depths may hold!
And far in its jungle what strange events
Await, to challenge the bold!
What cosy corners which none can see
Who chances to know them not!
And oft from the cares of the day I flee
To visit the friendly spot.

And lo! when I gaze at the tangled rows
Where a thousand times I've been,
A queer little boy, with freckled nose,
Appears and leads me in.
Together we crawl on hands and knees
Through a barbed and winding way,
And here, in the midst of the ants and bees,
To our hearts' delight we play.

He shows me his treasures, one by one:
The nest of the old black hen,
The web by the monstrous spider spun;
The terrible bandit's den;
The cunning retreat where Towser hides
When he wants enjoy a bone;
And many a curious thing besides,
Confided to me, alone.

Have you guessed the secret? Why, don't you know?
That queer little boy is I!
And he takes me into the Long Ago,
Where the realms of Childhood lie.
We play at the wonderful make-believe
We often have played before,
Till the dawn arrives, and from morn till eve
I am only a man once more.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

THE CRIMINAL AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.

"YOU really are that celebrated—I should say notorious—criminal, Louis Parrage?" asked the philanthropist, doubtfully.

"Certainly," said the big man in the easy chair. He looked good-natured and at the same time rather tired and contemptuous. He had been through it all; the accepted ideas and the usual people did not matter much; but there was no reason to be angry with them or anything else.

"I was extremely glad that our mutual friend, Mr. Timmins, was able to induce you to come and pay me a visit. I need not assure you of our good faith. You have nothing to fear."

A smile flashed over the criminal's face; the philanthropist went on rapidly:

"We are not in with the police. I won't say we oppose them—that would be illegal—but we are not in sympathy with them. Now, before we begin to talk, what may I offer you? A cup of tea"—valiantly outing with his proof that he was no fanatic—"a whisky and soda? And what about a cigarette?"

"Thanks," said the criminal; "I never drink at three in the afternoon. For that matter, I never drink tea or whiskey at any time; they undoubtedly spoil the nerve. For the same reason I prefer my pipe, if you don't mind?"

"By all means. I'm afraid I smoke four of these every day of my life, and sometimes it runs to five or six—mere habit. Now, my views are pretty well known, and it would interest me extremely to have the views of a great—I should perhaps say remarkable—criminal upon them. I hold that the prison ruins the body, lowers the intellect and destroys the soul." The last phrase came pat and mechanical. The philanthropist had used it on many platforms.

"Undoubtedly," said the criminal. "But what else can you expect?"

"Surely in this twentieth century," the philanthropist began, and stopped blankly.

"Briefly, there are more stupid and ignorant people than clever and well informed people. Our method of treating criminals pleases the stupid and ignorant majority."

"You're quite right," said the philanthropist, eagerly. "That majority must be educated. Already there has been some advance. Look at the sentences that used to be carried out less than a hundred years ago; they would not be tolerated now. But there is much to be learned. Now I see the prison of the future as a handsome, well-lighted, airy place, with a fine garden attached and a swimming bath, and—er—a gymnasium and library, and—er—everything of that sort. There would be comfortable recreation-rooms, bagatelle—perhaps billiards. Gambling and bad language, of course, prohibited. There would be an employment bureau, which would look after every man when he had finished his term. There would be a system of rewards for good conduct, and there would be a good deal of music—we should believe in a refining process."

The philanthropist was conscious that he had put it better on platforms. There was something in the criminal's good-natured and contemptuous eye that disconcerted him.

"How does it strike you?" he asked.

When the criminal was able to speak for laughing, he said: "Excuse me—it's rubbish, of course!"

"You don't think that as a method of reclamation——" Again the philanthropist stopped blankly.

"No criminal is ever reclaimed. People who are not criminals, but have made mistakes, may see the advantage of not making any more—that happens sometimes. But the natural criminal remains the natural criminal, just as the natural genius remains a genius, and for just the same reasons. Environment and circumstance may make the occasional criminal, but the real thing—that is inborn, that is the man himself."

"Oh, but I can't hold with you there," said the philanthropist, plucking up heart. "That is a desperate doctrine. And the facts are all against you. Do you know the work that the Salvation Army is doing?"

"Certainly. It is well meant. And you may depend upon a religious orgy to produce in some people a kind of hypnotic state under which suggestion acts very strongly on them. That is found in all religions. The permanence of the conversion in the real criminal depends on the hypnotic condition and the suggestion being frequently renewed. Take these away and the man goes back again; he is no more reclaimed than I am."

"That's not my version of it at all," sadi the philanthropist.

"No?"

"And look here. You think the present penal system all wrong. You seem to have no faith in wide-minded religious and philanthropic endeavors. What is left?"

"Science. The study of the correlation of mental and physical abnormalities is in its infancy; on the moral side the map of the brain is very incomplete. There are some splendid things in their early stages. If we get on as fast this century as we did last in our study of the human double-dumpling we shall have practically settled the criminal question by the end of it."

"It's awful—this idea of that irresponsibility of the criminal."

"On the contrary, it's most hopeful."

"And how is the brain of the criminal to be altered?"

"How should I know? I'm not a doctor. By altering the character of the blood supplied to it, I suppose. Possibly by operation—the tendency nowadays seems to be toward more knife and less pill-box. Of course, where nothing else can be done the criminal will be killed. I personally ought to be killed, and should be if I were in a civilized country. I am the real thing. But we hang only murderers, who nearly always are useful people, and ought not to be killed at all. It's a funny world. But I am afraid I shall never make you see these things my way. In any case I must be off. I am going to—I shall be rather busy to-night, and I want, if I can, to get a few hours' sleep first. Good-by. Charmed to have met you."

He shook hands warmly with the philanthropist and left quickly.

"Extraordinary case," the philanthropist thought to himself. "Must have had some smattering of education. Well dressed, too. Wonder if there is any time to make a note of it before I go to dress for the annual dinner."

And then he noticed that a little bit of his watch chain was hanging loose from his buttonhole. The rest of it had gone. So also had the very handsome gold watch presented to him by the committee, with the pretty inscription about "twenty years of devoted and voluntary service."—Barry Pain.

NEW IN STREET CAR TRAVEL.

Toledo Merchants Provide a Passenger Station to Help Their Trade.

One of the novelties of street railway travel in this country is a passenger station provided rent free by the merchants of a certain street in Toledo. It has a newsstand in it and a parcel check room adjoining.

Through this particular street five car lines run, and they bring to the city on an average 5000 passengers a day. The merchants doing business in the street, realizing the advantage to themselves of having these passengers alight there wanted the railway companies to establish the station.

The companies didn't see why they should. So the merchants have done it for themselves.

They have rented a large store for three years and provided it with benches and lockers. Any citizen may rent a locker for five cents a day and have packages sent there, to be put in his box. Then when the time comes for him to go home he can start with his purchases without having had all the trouble of lugging them about with him all day.

The experiment, though a new one, has been so successful already that it is likely to be imitated elsewhere.—New York Sun.

Centenarians Without Doubt.

Talk about centenarians! A Welsh correspondent informs us, says the London News, that the following inscription on a tombstone in Amroth churchyard, near Tenby, has just been brought to light:

"Here lieth the body of John Rees,
who departed this life
October 17, 1824,
Aged 249 years.
Reader, prepare to meet thy God."

John Rees is not "in it" when compared with the following Irish record of longevity sent us by "J. B.": "In the Daily News of the 8th inst. an inscription from Wales records the death of one John Rees at the (over) ripe age of 249 years. John was only a youth in comparison to Dennis Grady, whose gravestone in the churchyard of Ballysallagh, near Charleville, County Cork, reads:

IS HIS
HERE LIES THE BO
DY OF DENNIS GRA
DY WHO DEPARTED
THE 5TH OF MAY BEING
THE 480TH YEAR OF
HIS AGE. 1727."

But, of course, we know even the laws of nature are inverted in the "distressful country."

Great Record of a Marrying Preacher.

The sixth annual reunion of the Rev. W. L. Meese Matrimonial Association was held in Noel's Grove at Lagrange, Ind., and a very large number was present. The members of this association are the hundreds of couples married by Mr. Meese. The latter keeps an accurate record of the couples married by him, and no other preacher can show an equal number. Of all his marriages it is claimed that no one has ever been divorced.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Two great Minneapolis flour mills will soon be burning Texas oil instead of coal. A street railway company operating in that city, as well as St. Paul, is also conducting experiments with oil for the same purpose.

Corn oil, made from the germ, forms the basis of a substitute for rubber when vulcanized. This substitute compounded with sixty per cent. of commercial rubber is used in the manufacture of rubber boots, linoleum, wheel tires, rubber blankets and many other articles.

A new explosive, which is said to be more powerful than dynamite, maximite or lyddite, and yet which may be handled with absolute safety, has been invented by Professor G. M. Hathaway. It is named hathamite, after its inventor, and at a recent public test Professor Hathaway demonstrated its safety by pounding the explosive upon an anvil, throwing it into a fire and firing rifle bullets through it at a speed of 1850 feet a second. In order to fire the new explosive it is necessary to use a strong detonating cap.

About 160 photographs of Nova Persei were taken during the year at the Greenwich Observatory. The results of determinations of its parallax from a study of these photographs were negative, the parallactic shift being apparently insensible, probably not more than one-twentieth of a second. This would imply a distance from the earth of at least sixty years of light passage, and possibly much more, so that there is really nothing impossible in Professor Kapteyn's hypothesis that the apparent expansion of the nebula was simply due to the outward passage of the light from the nova, illuminating in succession more and more distant regions of nebulosity. The distance required by this hypothesis is 290 light years, so that the outburst we witnessed last year might have taken place in the reign of James I., and the star itself actually ceased to exist many years ago.

Drs. Sante de Sanctis and A. Neyroz, of Rome, have invented an instrument which they call a Griessbach ethesiometer, and with which they have recently been conducting experiments to determine how much excitation is necessary before sleeping people begin to move, and how much it requires to wake them. The sleepers are prodded with this instrument until the desired data are obtained. "It may be used with either a sharp or a blunt point." The practical or scientific value of the information to be derived from this investigation is any thing but obvious, and the necessity of a special instrument for securing it is even less so. There are so many factors entering into "sleepiness"—muscular, mental, fatigue, the condition of the stomach, the temperature, pathological conditions, temperament, etc.—that the bare determination of the stimulus necessary to awaken a sleeper would have almost no psychological value.

A house of artificial stone blocks, two-thirds of which are material and the rest hollow, will soon be built at New Orleans. The mold in which the blocks are built is a simple contrivance. It consists of a foundation provided with three rectangular columns, that may be elevated, whose dimensions are those of the cavities in the blocks; to the foundation of the mold are hinged its ends and sides, which let down. When the ends and sides of the mould are in position, it is merely a box; a plate is let down upon the bottom of the mould; then the columns at the bottom of the mould are elevated through openings in the plate. The mould is then in readiness to receive the mixture of sand and Portland cement, which is shovelled into the mould, filling the entire space surrounding the elevated columns. It is tamped with great force. After the tamping process, the sides and ends of the mould are let down, the columns are depressed, and the plate on which the materials were poured is lifted out, with the manufactured block resting upon it. The blocks are put out in the air, and in the course of a week they are ready to be used for building. They should not be subjected to too great heat from the sun, and it is necessary to moisten them each day. The great simplicity of the process lies in the fact that sand is absolutely incompressible, and tamping secures as complete results as are obtained from the pressing of clay in making the finer qualities of bricks, and with very much smaller expenditure of labor. The sand and cement are moistened while being mixed.

Gall and Grit.

Gall, in the present use of the term, is a persistent determination to do. It is a twin brother to Grit. It is a business-bringer that brings. It is the bell-wether that jumps the fence and gets fat on the clover. It is the Gall that wins when the other man has dealt his cards from the bottom of the deck. Gall is the anti-fat of fate. It is the safest substitute for brains—it is many a politician's capital stock. In this new century rush to win you must be brave. Therefore be not ashamed of your Gall. Add to it Grit—and you'll win!—Richmond Missourian

Sing to Their Oxen.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

FAMILIES GROWING SMALLER.

American Birth Rate Has Been Declining Since 1600, Says Dr. Engelmann.

Dr. George J. Engelmann, of Boston, has been gathering statistics regarding the size of American families, and has sent the result to the Journal of the American Medical Association. His conclusion is that the number of births in American families has been steadily declining ever since 1600, and is now rapidly approaching the statistical level of France.

Dr. Engelmann's observations are based upon 1700 cases in private and dispensary practice in St. Louis and the study of 2038 cases from the genealogical records of Massachusetts. These are his conclusions:

Among the laboring classes 21.2 per cent. of American-born married women are childless, and among the so-called higher classes 23.6 per cent.

While the number of childless women is great the average number of children born to each woman is small, and has been steadily growing smaller. From 1600 to 1650 the number of children in each family averaged 6.7; from 1804 to 1871 it had fallen to 4.27. At the present time, among the laboring classes, of St. Louis, at any rate, it has fallen to slightly over 2.0, and among other Americans it is only 1.8.

Still another investigator in Massachusetts has been figuring on the same subject. Taking the census of 1895 as a basis he estimates that among American-born married women in that State 20.2 per cent. are childless. Among the the foreign-born married women the childless proportion is only 11.02 per cent.

Diversion is Rest.

That physical rest may be obtained by bringing into play a different set of muscles from those previously in use is illustrated in the old story of the pugmill mule that was found to step off briskly in the afternoon if allowed to reverse the motion of the mill. The child who produces incipient giddiness by twisting up a swing, brings the unequal congestion of the centres of equilibrium to a balance by a rapid untwisting motion. Absolute rest of mind or body scarcely exists, relative rest or modification of the mode of activity gives a sensation of rest at any rate. After a long day of close visual application, when the hands press the tired eyes (although this particular mode of stimulating visual sensation may be harmful), how delightful to many persons are the subjective sensations of color—the kaleidoscopic effects that come and go with slight variations in pressure. The brain finds rest in an objectless play of color; so the tired mind seeks rest from the stress of routine duties, not in the unconsciousness of sleep, but in the frolicsome vaudeville, or the perusal of light literature or the newspaper. Perhaps this explains to some extent the wonderful demand for books of fiction and magazines, as well as for the plotless stage performance so characteristic of these days of strenuous intellectual life.—American Medicine.

Tricked Out of Her Girlhood.

Angelina had attended all the term with exemplary regularity—therefore it was more than annoying that she should drop out of the class just as the examinations were coming in. Her work had reflected credit upon her. "If she was a stupid girl," her teacher said, "she'd be sure to be on hand to disgrace me. You go right up to Angelina's house and tell her mother she must send Ange to school to take her examinations." "Yes'm," said the class Mercury, and departed. "Please 'm now Ange's mother says she ain't got no say no more about Ange's comin' to school an' I ast her husband an' he says she's got to stay home an' cook his macaroni." "Her husband!" gasped the teacher. "Yes'm yestidy was her birthday she got 13 years old on yestidy, an' her mother let her get married." But the teacher wasn't listening. She was thinking sadly of a black-eyed, bright-faced child who had been tricked out of her girlhood.—New York Sun.

The Country's Paint Output.

About thirty million gallons of mixed paint were sold in the United States during 1901. The greater portion of this was not used in the large cities but in the towns and villages where the structures are of wood. In no country is so much paint made as in the United States of America, and the bulk of that paint is composed of lead, zinc and linseed oil, and only the darker shades are made of oxides of iron and other pigments.

Many manufacturers use a small quantity of water in their mixtures, and when the quantity of water is not over two per cent. it cannot be regarded as an adulterant. The water used is usually slightly alkaline, and in the case of lime water it forms a calcium soap with linseed oil and thickens the paint so that it never settles hard in the tin and is easily stirred.—Scientific American.

A Substitute For Sleep.

A London paper says that the health of people in fashionable society is being dangerously threatened by a new drug which is popularly regarded as a substitute for sleep. Very discreetly it declines to name this dangerous substance. When tea was first introduced into Europe it was commended for the same virtues, and it was believed that it would no longer be necessary to waste seven or eight hours in sleep. But extended experience has shown the disastrous results of cutting short the period of natural rest and keeping awake by the help of tea, and there is no reason to suppose that chemists will ever be able to devise any substitute for sleep which will not in the long run bring nervous breakdown.

MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

An Exceptional Accomplishment.

She didn't know much Latin;
She had never studied Greek;
Yet she met with admiration
Which she didn't have to seek.

For in getting off a street car
She created no delay;
She didn't travel backward,
But stepped out the proper way.

—Washington Star.

Stationary.

"There's no progress about him."

"No? But he's still doing business at the old standstill.—Philadelphia Press.

Rather Rough on Pa.

"What is a vacumm, ma?".

"That part of your father that is directly under his hair."—New York Press.

Unappreciative.

"Willie, if yer knew how beneficial mud baths is youse wouldn't put up sech a holler!"—New York Journal.

Nothing Doing.

"What is the matter with Bills?"

"Worring over business affairs."

"I didn't know he had any business."

"That's it. He hasn't."—Indianapolis News.

Discounted.

First American Boy—"My papa lives like a prince."

Second American Boy—"That's nothing. My papa lives like the president of a trust."—Detroit Free Press.

Perfection.

"Do you think perfection is ever actually attained in this life?" asked the serious youth.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "some people become perfect bores."—Washington Star.

The Disappointed Boy.

"Gracious Bobby," said the second Mrs. Jencks, nee Ann Teek, to her stepson; "what are you crying about?"

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed the boy, "papa promised me a new mamma, an' you ain't new at all."—Philadelphia Record.

Another Public Benefactor.

Hewitt—"That plumber claims to be a public benefactor."

Jewitt—"How is that?"

Hewitt—"He says that it is a disgrace to die rich, and that he has saved a good mny men from disgrace."—New York Sun.

The Only Way.

"Ah, Reginald, dearest," she sighed, "but how can I be sure that you will not grow weary of me after we have been married a little while?"

"I don't know," he answered, "unless we get married and see."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Easy Proposal.

"If I only had an ambassador at the court of love!" sighed the bashful swain.

"A minister would be good enough for me," replied the demure maiden.

"Arabella!"

"Herbert!

And so they were married.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Suppressed.

Father—"Another foolish question and you go to bed!"

Willie—"But this ain't foolish! I only want to know what holds the sky up an' why ducks don't bark, and if——!"—New York Journal.

Her Observation.

"Miss Gloriana," said the college athlete in the outing suit, resting on his oars a moment, "let us co-educate a little in rowing. Leave the tiller, come and sit by me and take this other oar."

"But this is not co-education, Mr. McCorkle," she said, noticing that they were a long distance from all the others. "This is segregation."

And she put the boat about.—Chicago Tribune.

HORTICULTURE

Whitewashing Trees.

Trees that have been whitewashed are attractive, as they present a contrast with the green tinge of the leaves and grass, but the whitewash should be applied several times during the season, or whenever it is washed off by rains.

The Petunia.

The petunia in its habit of blooming partakes of the constancy of other tender perennial bedding plants, being much more continuous in blooming than most of the true annuals. On this account petunias in a fair state of cultivation will be found to bloom continuously from June to fall, a great advantage in home embellishments.

There is special pleasure for the home gardener in growing the free flowering single strains. In adaptability petunias have an advantage over almost every other seed grown flower.

Do you want a fine pot plant for the window sill? The petunia will fill the bill second to no other kind.

Do you require something suitable for continuous bloom in a large vase or in a veranda box? The petunia will perfectly meet your wants. Is it a fine mass of flowers on the lawn or a lively contribution to the mixed flower border than is desired? Nothing will meet the need as will the various petunias,

Do you desire to display taste in training flowers over trellises or to form pillars, cones or balls? Then we counsel the use of single petunias. They are perfectly adapted to such purposes.

A trellis of light stakes and wire is so simple that a child can make it. One plant is set at each of the stakes, these being about fifteen inches apart. The training is a delightful task. To cause branches to spread, pinch back the leaders; to elongate the growth in any given spot nip back the lateral shoots.

Insoluble Phosphates.

The use of insoluble phosphates, whether in the form of phosphatic rock or of the so-called Thomas slag, has long been a bone of contention or debatable matter, not only among the scientific men, but the practical farmers. The former have questioned whether the insoluble phosphate could be of any value as plant food, and some of the farmers have claimed that their crops were very much benefited by it. Although we have not tested it, our opinion leads us to believe that the farmers are right, and those who rely only on scientific principles may be wrong. We do not place sufficient confidence in the power of the soil and the action of frosts, rain and summer heat upon what are sometimes called insoluble fertilizers. We know little of the power that these elements may exert, and when to the natural elements of the soil there may be added the effect of decomposing vegetable matter, either as stable manure or as green manure plowed under, we can only say that we think they have much effect in making soluble not only phosphatic but other mineral elements in the soil. Those who have used the finely ground rock or Thomas slag upon fields which had received a liberal dressing of stable manure, or had been treated with a green crop plowed under, are so unanimously in its favor that we cannot doubt but that the so-called insoluble phosphates do become soluble in the soil under certain conditions, depending upon the soil or the treatment it has received.—American Cultivator.

The Seventeen-Year Cicada.

The seventeen-year- cicada, or locust, as it is more generally but wrongly called, is now in full possession of the territory in which it is due. In all probability succeeding broods will be less destructive, as the areas over which it occurs are less favorable for egg-laying than formerly. Another important factor in its destruction is the English sparrow. This is particularly true in public parks and other places near cities and towns. The sparrow is very fond of these insects and devours them greedily as soon as they come from the ground.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA AND YOUNG.

An adult cicada is shown in our illustration at c. The female deposits her eggs in twigs and ends of trees and shrubs. The eggs hatch and the young fall to the ground, bury themselves and remain below the surface for seventeen years. They then appear as shown at a. Crawling upon some object near where they emerge, they transform, leaving the skin, as seen at b, clinging to the object where it was fastened. The next appearance of this particular brood will occur in a less restricted area in 1919.—American Agriculturist.

Quite Easy.

It's easy enough to laugh at troubles unless they happen to be your own.—New York News.