

BE FRIEND OF THE CHIL

Father Should Allow the Little One Some Choice and Permit Individuality to Develop.

In a brief, but praiseworthy article in the Lippincott's, Jane Belfield pointed out some things which it would be well for every parent to ponder.

"The father does not pause to consider that a respect on both sides for the individuality of each is the requisite condition of friendship," said Mrs. Belfield. "He has expected his child to conform to his point of view, and its individuality has been threatened from the beginning. No sane person chooses his oppressor for his friend. Having attained adolescence, the child escapes from the dominion of his parents as from bonds. Why should the coils remain in the pasture when the bars are down?"

"But if the wise parent has begun early and allowed the child a choice of rattles; if he has remained vigilantly in the background and permitted his child to occupy the center of its own stage; if he has protected its play, not ordered it—for who can play to order—and if he has seen that its work falls in lines to which the child's temperament is native, then at the crucial period the youth will conduct himself as a self-directed individual, and not as a runaway slave.

"As a matter of fact, the child whose play with the fire has been unobtrusively supervised, not arbitrarily prohibited, is the least likely to be fatally burnt. The boy whose finger is allowed to be harmlessly cut knows better than to play with knives. The parent in a position to point out the law and its violation. He is the child's ready sympathizer—not an instrument of irrelevant punishment."

LEARNING TO LIKE POETRY

Dean of Salisbury Points Out the Way in Which a Taste for It May Be Cultivated.

"I have no patience," said the dean of Salisbury, in a recent address, "with people who ostentatiously say they do not care for some of the loftiest products of the human mind. If you have not, at present, a liking for poetry," added the dean, "then make one."

But how? Choose a poet who is generally acknowledged to be a true poet, the speaker went on to say, and then every day, even if it be but for five minutes, read a page carefully, noting every suggestive word and visualizing every scene. The important word in that advice is the word "carefully." Poetry must be read carefully or it will be better unread. Its beauties should be looked for, for the subtlest and sweetest beauties are not those that hit you in the eye. Read carefully and read honestly. Don't, for heaven's sake, make any pretense of enjoying something you do not enjoy or of seeing beauty that you do not see. Better far never read a line than to do that. But hunt for something that really appeals to you, and when you find it tie it to you and make it yours, if it is nothing more than a happy phrase. You will be surprised to find how quickly you will grow adept in the search for such beauties, even as a schoolgirl grows adept in the search of four-leaf clovers or an archaeologist in the search for flint arrowheads.—Current Literature.

Good Idea for Wood Fire.

"Curious ideas some people have of patents," a New York coal dealer said. "A man came in here the other day and wanted to know if we ever heard of boring holes in the logs we sell for open wood fires, because, he said, if the idea was new he was going to get a patent on it."

"I asked him what might be the use of boring holes in the logs; to hang them up? He said every one liked to see the blaze in an open wood fire and when it got low they poked it or put on fresh logs just to see some more flame. If you bored an inch hole through the middle of a log and put it on the fire with the hole vertical it would form a kind of chimney, and you would have a cheerful little jet of flame coming up through it until the log was completely burned away. "I tried it when I was asking for a patent on such a thing as a hole!"

The Shapely Back.

It is only within comparatively recent years, says the London Daily Sketch, that women have come to realize the importance of the back view. Bernhardt insisted on having the backs of her gowns trimmed and it was counted an eccentricity. Many women are charming simply because the lines of their backs are good, while others get no credit for pretty faces because their backs are poorly shaped. One reason for dressing the back well is that people gaze at backs more than at faces. It is not permissible to do the latter, while nobody can object to the former.

Sensitive Theatman.

"Where is the leading man?" demanded the excited manager after the first act. "He is too sensitive," responded the comedienne. "Too sensitive?" "Yes, he heard the steam pipes hissing and wouldn't go on."

The Difference.

Mr. Courtley.—Mrs. Blueblood is a regal looking woman. She has such a fine carriage. Mrs. Comeup.—Humph! We have a motor car.

TENEMENTS IN CHICAGO BAD

Secretary Veller of National Housing Association of New York, Deplores Conditions.

Chicago.—Housing conditions in Chicago are shocking, but the worst thing about them is that nobody knows just what they are," said Lawrence Veller, secretary of the National Housing association of New York, who lectured to the Woman's City club on "Housing" the other day.

"You permit tenements to be built in Chicago with courts three and a half feet wide, when our New York limit is twelve and a half feet is a minimum," Mr. Veller said. "You permit stairways that are fire traps, flues which inevitably carry and spread any fire that starts in any part of a tenement. Just to illustrate how the danger of fire may be reduced let me tell you that not a single life has been lost by fire in the 50,000 new law tenements which have been put up in New York city during the last eight years, although these buildings house 1,250,000 people. The point is that every one of them is fireproof in the basement and first story and the stairways are fireproof from top to bottom. They must be built of iron with slate or other non-combustible treads; they must be inclosed by 12-inch brick walls and the doors opening into flats from them must be fireproof with no transoms.

"Here in Chicago 95 per cent of your tenement stairways are of wood with wooden floors in the halls and mere two-by-four studding lathed and plastered for walls. You deserve great credit in Chicago, however," Mr. Veller admitted, "for providing that buildings over three stories in height must be fireproof, thus limiting your tenements to three stories instead of to the five and six stories we have in New York.

"Your expenditure for your department of public health is wholly inadequate. Chicago simply doesn't realize that a department which saves lives by preventing danger is as important as the fire and police departments which only protect them when they are in danger. You have a splendid health department, but it cannot do much because it hasn't any money."

SHEEP TO SUPPLANT DAIRY

Mary Harriman to Dispose of Her Large Herd of Famous Holstein Cattle for New Venture.

Newberg, N. Y.—Sheep will supplant cattle on the Harriman estate in Arden, according to a report circulated here, when it became known that Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, who, since the death of her father, Mr. Edward H. Harriman, has managed his estate, was going to sell the large herd of Holstein cattle and discontinue the dairy branch of the Clove Valley Land Company. The milk produced by the dairy has been shipped to New York market every day.

Recently Mrs. Rumsey has gone to Kansas, and it is said she purchased a large number of sheep. The land of the Harriman estate is adapted to sheep raising and it is believed that Mrs. Rumsey intends raising sheep on a large scale. Mrs. Rumsey believes that she can make the estate pay a larger dividend next year than it ever paid before if her sheep raising scheme works out as she contemplates.

Mr. Edward H. Harriman in his lifetime was much interested in his herd of cows and spent large sums in their breeding. Milk and butter shipped from Arden to New York was placed on many a Fifth avenue table at a price a good deal in excess of more plebeian dairy products.

His daughter, Mrs. Rumsey, is not interested in cows so much as she is in sheep. She has already arranged to import several pedigree rams from England and Scotland, and will soon have an extensive as well as expensive flock. The herd of cattle will be sold at auction in a few days.

Fish Tie Up Plant.

Chicago.—Thousands of fresh water herring pouring into the hydraulic power intake of the rail mill of the Gary steel plant caused a tieup for some time the other day. Just what loss the company sustained is not known. Foreign workmen took the fish home for supper. Several months ago a rat was electrocuted in the power house and the current was shut off for several hours, thereby rendering 6,000 men idle.

Mouse Darkens City.

Plymouth, Mass.—A mouse put the electric lighting system out of commission for several hours the other night. It crawled into the switchbox at the power house, found a place in the insulation on the feed wire just big enough to admit its tail, then resting its nose on the return wire, short circuited the system and incidentally gave up its own life.

Provides Home for Spinners.

Philadelphia.—A country home for poor children and deserving single women is provided for in the will of Elisabeth Williamson Garrett, widow of Chester S. Garrett, a wealthy paper manufacturer, which was admitted to probate this afternoon. The estate is valued at more than \$1,000,000.

CATS' CHORUS BREAKS HOMES

Harlemitte Says Feline Plague Abroad at Night Drives Men to Beat Their Spouses.

New York.—It's out at last. Here is revealed the origin of that mysterious influence that engenders crankiness and grouches—that makes normally pious men swear at unoffending women, fire obliging servants and beat their wives.

Whisky? Nay. Cats—just cats—cats, that's all. List to this exposition of the case as it came from a troubled Harlemitte:

"I want to bring before you the trouble and nuisance that I have had from cats. There is a lot on One Hundred and Thirteenth street, between Broadway and Amsterdam avenue, which is filled with lumber which answers for a brooder for raising cats. I think there are twenty-five cats in this block that no one seems to shelter, and they make the night's rest anything but comfortable. They affect the women's nerves so that it is practically impossible to please them or to keep a maid, or even to live in the same house with them.

"It has been so trying on my nerves that I even go to the office and jump on my employes with no reason, except that I have lost my patience. Last night the people across the street were not only throwing water out of the window, but bottles, tin cans, electric light bulbs and even a garbage can, which sounded in the dead of the night as if it was an explosion.

"I upset my nerves so that when I got to my office this morning I swore because things were not done as fast as I could think of them, thus causing me to lose a very valuable girl, which has meant an awful lot of expense and loss to my business, and also throwing a poor girl out of a position who is the main support of her aged and crippled mother.

"I can now see why there are so many crazy people and cranks in the city, as this is enough to drive any man to drink, and then coming home and because someone says something to him about drinking he immediately becomes mad and beats his wife or children as if they had no feeling.

"Not praising myself or saying anything that is untrue, I would state that before the past week I was considered a gentleman and with an excellent character, but this strain has been so hard on me that I have lost all this."

FINGERS ARE LESS SKILLED

English Doctor Urges Men and Women to Acquire Manual Skill to Stimulate Mentality.

London.—Business men and women should use their hands in every possible way if they want to increase the quickness and adaptability of their brains, according to the latest idea of a well-known London doctor. He says:

"Tie knots, sew, do fretwork, learn to make some of your own clothes, prepare and cook all your own food, repair your boots and shoes, dig and plant your garden—in fact, do anything and everything that calls for manual skill if you want to have an active, resourceful and versatile brain. "The business man whose work depends on a keen, quickly-working brain must use his fingers constantly if he wants to have these assets in full. He must, speaking literally, turn his hands to everything, and be capable of constructing almost anything with his fingers.

"The truth of this statement lies in the fact that in every manual act the hand is directed by the brain. "Again, every act reacts back upon the brain, strengthening and stimulating it, which is the only sure method of keeping that organ in keen, efficient working order.

"That our fingers are gradually becoming less skilled is due to the numerous mechanical appliances which now carry out the various processes formerly done by hand. "This state of affairs, since it stunts the powers of the fingers, also stunts the brain. The worker does his work mechanically, unthinkingly, and gradually his brain grows torpid and impaired."

Daguerreotype Valuable.

Pittsburg.—By producing in court a daguerreotype taken nearly forty years ago Michael Logan proved that he was the husband of Annie Graham Logan and entitled to her estate.

The old-fashioned picture showed a woman dressed in the height of fashion for that period.

The woman during the latter years of her life had not lived with her husband and was found dead in a hotel. She had \$800 in a bank and this was awarded to her husband.

Picture, Lost 60 Years, Found.

London.—The Colinghys have bought from the Comtesse de Segur, sister of the late M. Casimir-Perier, former president of France, a small picture by Vermeer, called "Woman Buying Pearls." It had been lost for about 60 years. It will command a huge price. It is believed that it will go to America.

Water System for Vienna.

Vienna.—The Emperor Francis Joseph has inaugurated at Vienna a new system of water supply, which has cost over \$20,000,000, and brings the water a distance of 102 miles in pipes from mountain lakes 7,000 feet above sea level.

GOING TO MORNING SERVICE

Some of the Things a Woman Has to Do Before She Gets Started.

After a woman has done up the Sunday morning work, cleaned the children and gotten dinner under way so that it will not take so long upon her return, put on her hat, and given final instructions to her husband about watching the children, and kissed them all good-bye, she finds when she reaches the corner that she has still another task to perform. She must chase the dog back home. "Go back," she screams, waving her prayer book at him. The dog stops. "Go back, I say," she says, stopping her foot. The dog looks hurt. Then she starts toward it, and the dog turns as if it never intended to stop going the other way.

The woman starts again for church, goes a few steps and then turns around in sudden suspicion to find the dog just behind her, as happy and hopeful of winning her approval as when he first sets out. The woman frowns. She throws stones which never hit him, and the dog flees, and is soon out of sight. But he is only behind the next stone wall peering after her, and when he sees that she is again on her way, he lopes after her, with his calm undisturbed. This time, when the woman sees him, she turns home in despair.

"You'll just have to keep this dog home," she says, rushing into the house. "I don't see what you keep the horrid brute for, anyway."

The husband calls the dog in, and the dog knows there is no fooling with his master, and obeys. And he knows also that by his master his attentions are never misunderstood. It would spoil the church services for the woman if she knew that there is a sympathy between a man and a dog never so apparent as when they are left in this way together on a Sunday morning.—Atlanta Constitution.

WHAT THE DOLLAR BOUGHT

Sunday School Boy Earns Reputation as One Who Uses Thinking Apparatus.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, the well known editor and orator, addressing a New York city Sunday school, related an incident that greatly interested the children. He told of meeting a ragged, hungry looking little girl in the street on a wintry day, and when he questioned her she recited a pitiful tale of a sick mother and younger brothers and sisters without food. After giving her a silver dollar, the good doctor followed at a safe distance to see what she would do with the money.

"Now, children, what do you suppose was the first thing she bought with that dollar?" said Dr. Buckley. "Hands up!"

Up went the hands, and one child after another ventured a guess, but none proved correct. Finally a little boy, whose upraised hand alone remained, was asked for his answer to the question.

"A basket," he sang out. "Correct!" said the doctor. "There's a boy who thinks! Now, son, come up here on the platform and tell us why you think it was a basket."

After considerable coaxing the boy reached the platform, but seemed unwilling to talk. "Go on!" urged the doctor. "I want these boys and girls to learn to think, too."

The boy still hesitated, and Dr. Buckley took from his pocket a silver quarter. "I'll give you this," he said. "If you'll tell us what makes you think the little girl bought a basket first."

"Be-be-cause," stammered the youngster at last, moved by the sight of the money. "I was over in Hoboken last Sunday and heard you tell the story there."—Harper's Magazine.

Folly of Scepticism.

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the sceptic in a vain attempt to be wise beyond what is permitted to man, plunges in to a darkness more deplorable and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises and would fain instruct. For the more precious the gift the more pernicious ever will be the abuse of it as the most powerful medicines are no error is so remediless as that which arises, not from the exclusion of wisdom, but from its perversion.

The sceptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him will only sink him deeper in the abyss.

Immolation to the Dead.

It was an ancient America that immolation to the dead was carried to its greatest extent. "In Mexico every great man's chaplain was slain that he might perform for him the religious ceremonies in the next life as in this. Among the Indians of Vera Paz, when a lord was dying they immediately killed as many slaves as he had, that they might precede him and prepare the house for their master. By the Mexicans the number of the victims was proportioned to the grandeur of the funeral, and amounted sometimes, as several historians affirm, to two hundred. In Peru, when an Inca died his attendants and favorites, amounting sometimes, it is said, to a thousand, were immolated on his tomb."

RUNNING GREAT STEAMSHIPS

Immense Modern Liners of 50,000 Tons Have Automatic Machinery Controlled by Single Hand.

In the hands of a skillful marine architect much more has been accomplished with steel structure than the mere economy of space. The safety of vessels at sea has been enormously increased, until in the highest type of modern ocean liners the element of danger is virtually eliminated. The marvellous ingenuity displayed throughout this great fabric of steel in guarding against every possible contingency of the sea comes to the average landsman as a surprise. A great liner of 50,000 tons may be controlled by a single hand. The complicated machinery for safeguarding the ship is practically automatic.

The bottom of the great hull of the liner is doubled, the inner shell being strong enough to float the ship even if the outer hull be completely torn away. It is exceedingly unlikely that water would ever reach this inner shell through accident to the main hull, but the precaution is taken so that if once in a thousand trips the ship should strike a hidden object it will prove absolutely invulnerable. The shipwrecks of the past caused by running upon hidden rocks, derelicts and icebergs are thus completely eliminated.—Cassier's Magazine.

PRINCE AS BANK WRECKER

How the Famous Regent Tried to Close the Courts Institution by Trick That Didn't Work.

The Gentlewoman of London recalls the following story of the prince regent and Coutts' bank: "When George IV. was a regent he had a grudge against Coutts' and determined to play a trick on the authorities. In those days the great banks kept very small reserves of cash and the playful prince thought out a plan to close Coutts'. So he sent his equerry round from Carlton house with a check for £100,000, fondly hoping that the bank would not be able to pay over the counter. The prince's trick, however, failed of success, as the wary old partner of the Strand proved equal to the occasion. He said at once to the equerry: 'How will his royal highness take the amount, in gold or notes?' The equerry hesitated, and then said he had better go back to Carlton house to inquire. So he departed, and Coutts' had time to send to the Bank of England and get the cash required, but it was not needed, as the prince regent, seeing that Coutts' had got the better of him, did not return the check in question.

How It Feels to Be Run Over.

"When I was run over," writes a correspondent, "I had not seen the car approaching. The first thing I knew was that I was on the ground, kicking upward with my legs in an effort to get from under the car. Then I felt a wheel going over my chest, which bent as it passed over. In the intervening second or two I went through several minutes' worth of feelings I had the sensations of astonishing at being on the ground, of wanting to roll aside and away, of bracing myself—and my chest especially—stiff to resist something, whatever it might be, while a lightning flash of fear was dimly there and a subconscious query, 'What on earth next?' Yet it was hardly fear, because there was no time for such a durable sensation; it was rather a sense of being suddenly confronted with a grave reality of doubtful, obscurely terrible import."

A Rare Prize.

The securing of the pelt of a black fox is of such interest among trappers and buyers of fur that the event is widely heralded throughout the trade, but it is rare indeed that one of the valuable animals is seen alive in captivity, yet a Farmington man has the distinction of having a live black fox in his possession. The animal was captured by Stanley Savage of Avon, who has a line of traps set in the vicinity of Mount Blue. The animal was not injured materially by the steel trap in which he was caught and Savage, after a lively tussle, succeeded in putting a collar around the fox's neck and attached a strong chain to it. He then took the animal to his home, where he has him confined in a firmly built cage.—Kennebec Journal.

Certain Americans Abroad.

There are Americans who live abroad and speak of their native land in shameful whispers. Another kind is an explainer. He becomes fretful and involved in the attempt to make it clear to some Englishman with a cold and fishlike eye that, as a matter of fact, the Lynchings are scattered over a large territory, and Tammany has nothing whatever to do with the United States senate, and the millionaires does not crawl into the presence of his wife and daughters, and Morgan never can be king, and citizens of St. Louis are not in danger of being hooked by moose. After he gets through the Englishman says, "Really?" and the painful incident is closed.—George Ade in Century.

A Futile Scheme.

"I always have to quarrel with my husband in order to get him to buy a new suit of clothes. He never thinks he can afford it." "I should think he would learn after a while that it is useless to try in that way to get you to quit 'spending as much for dress."

STORY WITH OLD PAINTING

Interesting Historical Event is Disclosed by Canvas Presented by Grateful Artist.

Chicago.—A painting which recently was loaned to the Chicago Historical society by Claude S. Pepper of St. Petersburg, Fla., has disclosed an interesting incident in the early history of Chicago and the middle west, which is not generally known. The picture is a representation of the meeting of Col. Abel Pepper, United States commissioner, with the chiefs of the Potawatomies and allied tribes on the banks of the Chicago river to effect a treaty of peace. Among the four white men represented are Col. Pepper and William Henry Harrison, who later became president. The American flag, with its circle of stars, numbering fifteen, is shown high up among the forest trees.

According to the story, an unknown artist while traveling in the middle west at the time of the treaty, was lost in the wilderness, which at that time covered the present site of Chicago. As he wandered aimlessly through the forest to find a refuge, he stumbled onto the place at which the whites and the Indian chiefs were discussing the apportionment of territory.

So full of gratitude was he over deliverance from the perils of the forest and hostile Indians, that he drew a rough sketch of the scene, for the purpose of reproducing it on canvas. Later, he visited the home of Col. Pepper and after obtaining a portrait of the commissioner, painted the scene.

The picture was presented to Col. Pepper by the artist, but he was so modest that he did not sign his name. Although the canvas is badly cracked and shows the ravages of time, it is a valuable heirloom in the Pepper family, bequeathed from generation to generation. The name of the painter has been lost and only the legend of its origin remains.

MAN'S MEMORY IS RESTORED

With Restoration Power of Speech Also Returns and Scattered Family Reunited.

Denver, Col.—It is four years since the motherless boys of Jeremiah Warwick were placed in an institution in this city. For a time Warwick visited his sons, aged at that time eight and five years, respectively, and then his visits ceased. There was no provision for the boys and no relatives could be found. The children were finally placed in a home for dependent children.

A few days ago Jeremiah Warwick, a mental wreck, whose memory was entirely gone, was operated on at a hospital here and a tumor removed from his brain. Memory and the power of speech, which he had also lost, came back to him gradually, and the other day he inquired for his boys, regarding whom his mind had been a blank for more than three years.

A search of state institutions resulted in bringing father and sons together.

FIREMAN WARNED OF WIRES

Philadelphia Lecturer Believes That There is Still Life After Electro-cution.

Clifton Heights, Pa.—Prof. W. C. L. Eglen of Philadelphia addressed the Delaware County Firemen's association in session in the auditorium of the Clifton Heights Fire Protective association, on the transmission of high-tension current and the dangers during fires.

Prof. Eglen told the firemen how to rescue persons who may perhaps fall across live wires without the danger of self-injury.

He also said that he believed that 90 per cent. of the men who are electrocuted could be saved if doctors would resort to artificial respiration for a long period. He also believed that if a man has received a heavy charge for no longer than three minutes that he can be restored.

RAP AT STAGE CARICATURES

Society Says Public is Tired of Corkscrew Curis as Character Actor's Make-Up.

New York.—The National Society of New England Women, which has headquarters in this city, has begun a crusade protesting against the stage burlesques of the typical New England woman.

"The public is getting tired of the corkscrew curis which the stage seems to consider typical of the New England women," is the statement.

"There are countless New England plays, but who ever saw a real New England woman on the stage? It seems strange, for it would seem actors should rather have a true part than a false one, even when it is less amusing."

His Mules Are Too Fat.

New York.—"Hey, Charlie," cried Chief of Police Higgins of Glen Ridge, N. J., to Charles Miller of Newark, as the latter drove through Glen Ridge, "your mules are too fat, and you'll have to give them an obesity cure. Otherwise it's a cell for you." Chief Higgins then showed Miller a scented missive, on pink paper, written by a woman apparently, in which complaint was made that Miller's mules were too fat and that it was cruel to drive them in that condition. The letter was signed "A Lover of Animals."