### CENTER OF DRUM INDUSTRY

Messachusetts Town From Which In struments Are Turned Out by Hundred Thousand Yearly.

The town of Granville, Mass, sends out nearly half a million toy drums every year. It is no wonder that, Granville lads, however soldierly, care nothing about drums, for they, are too old a story

As in other businesses, there is a constant demand for new models and designs, and a popular drum of today may find no sale tomorrow.

A unique drum made a number of yeam ago has never been duplicated. It was made for advertising purposes. and the hoops were eight feet in di-

A search was made all about Granville for the biggest cattle, and a whole hide was used for a head. Before the drum was put together a horse was driven through the barrel. so that an idea of its size can be

The "drumsticks" were small telegraph poles." The drum was taken to Boston and exhibited The building in which it was displayed collapsed, however and the huge drum was ruined. But its memory still Tives in Granville and has become a Rradition of the place.

A peculiar feature in connection with the drums shipped to the Pagifte coast is that the heads, which are unable to stand the dampness and heat of a tropical sea voyage, are ment across the country by rail.

When the parts arrive they are set up again, and the drums are ready for sale. The drums are first put together before leaving the factory, and each part fitted, so that the reassembling is an easy matter.

The process of making drums reweals the same minute subdivision of Jabor that is shown in all modern manufacturing How minute this is maybe shown by the fact that a single workman is able to turn out more than 2,000 pieces a day of some of the parts. The making of the heads is an interesting process.

The sheepskins arrive in a par tially dressed state, and are at once scraped and dried. Cutters are put to work and circular pieces cut out.

Part of the waste is used in making snaredrums and the rest is shipped to the glue factory. The finer drumheads are made of calfskin stretched and dried by a special pro-

The wooden barrel of the drum is imade by a machine, which takes a log of wood and peels from it, somewhat as a skin is peeled from an apple.

One Who Never Has a Holiday. When everyone is getting ready to take a summer outing which shall be free from cares and bothers, or at sany rate from the bothers they are accustomed to, we must all behold with dismay the prospect of the moth er of a family who, when she sets out itakes all her cares with her and gen erally collects a few extra ones by the very fact of going away.

Recently a young mother, having her children and nurses with her, arrived on a salubrious mountain peak, only to succumb entirely and lie on a sofs for a fortnight.

And even this unfortunate lady was spared the bother of keeping house, which is the fate of all those who hire other people's country houses or who go into expensive apart ments by the sea. It is safe to say Sthat no man would set out on a holiday with the prospect in store of do ing precisely the same kind of work which he had to do in all the other months. Mothers, indeed, should be carefully placed in comfortable inna er on board ship, or on inaccessible islands, there to recover at leisure from the anxieties of the rest of the

Medicine Dropper. Medicine so strong that a dose musi be limited to seven drops had been prescribed for the man with unsteady hands. His family also had shaky hands, and as there was no medicine dropper in the house it looked as if somebody would have to take a mid anight trip to the drug store. But a visiting relative that they had put up for the night suggested an alternative.

"Take the half of that raw eggshell -raw, mind you; cooked eggshell is stoo brittle and crumbles too easilythat I saw lying on a saucer in the eupboard, drill a hole in it the size of a pinhead, and let the medicine trickle Athrough that. It will be sure to fall wut in drops of the required size, and you couldn't make a mistake if you wanted to."

To Comfort and Relieve. "Yes," said Mrs McKabe, in telling of an ilineas from which her husband had just recovered, "Dan was awful had! Me and him both thought he was going to die. He was just scared stiff! After the doctor had been and went the first time he says to me. "Mamie,' he says, 'what does the doc-Mor think about my case?' and of sourse the most comfort I could give him was to tell him the doctor said he had typhoid fever, and that he was 4 very, very sick man. I never want to see him suffer like he done for ten Mays after that. The only relief he got was when the doctor give him epi demics of morphine!"

Another Notifying Committee. "Well, sir," said the fair maiden's anther when the young man had been ushered into the private office; "what is your business with me?"

'f have been appointed to serve as a committee of one to notify you that you have been nominated to become my father-in-law."

## HEAD DRESS A SYMBOL

MEANING IN ORNAMENT WORN BY THE RED MAN.

Significant to Friends and Enemies Was the Feathered Headgear So Proudly Worn by the Honored "Braves" of the Prairies.

Few ornaments worn by the In-Aians are purely decorative, as we are accustomed to believe. Almost every fantastic part of the "Brave's" garb, says the Boston Herald, was symbolic, and as such it was honored by the onlooker and esteemed by the proud possessor. Such was true especially of the feathered headgear known as the war bonnet. This ornament stood for the social relation, the interdependence, and was not directly connected with the supernatural, as were so many of the Indian's symbols.

With the Omahas, the materials required to make the bonnet were gathered by the man who wished to possess it, but its manufacture depended on the assistance of many persons. A sort of skull cap was made of dressed deerskin, with a flap hanging behind: a horder of folded skin about the edge formed the foundation for the crown of golden eagle feathers, which were fastened so as to stand unright about the wearer's head. Each one of these feathers stood for a man; the tip of hair fastened to the feathers and painted red represented the man's scalplock. Before a feather could be fastened on the bonnet a man must count his honors which entitled him to wear the feather, and enabled him to prepare the feather for use in decorating the war bonnet.

When a warrior counted his honors, he held up the feather which was to represent them, saying: "In such a battle I did this," etc. At the conclusion of the recital the feather was handed to the man who was manufacturing the war bonnet, who then put the feather in its proper place. As many of these bonnets contained 50 or more feathers, and as each feather must have an honor counted upon it, and no honor could be counted twice, the manufacturer of a bonnet required several helpers and the task took considerable time—often several days. Strips of ermine, arranged to fall over the ears and cheeks, were fastened to the bonnet. The ermine reprecented alertness and skill in evading pursuit. A bird or some other symbolic object could be fastened on the crown of the skull cap. This object was generally some feature of the man's vision through which he believed he received supernatural aid in the time of need. Sometimes the flap was embroidered with porcupine Work or neinted with sym! signs. Songs were sung during the making of the bonnet.

Before the advent of the horse among the Indian tribes the flap of the bonnet did not extend below the waist, thus avoiding interference while walking or the wearing of other ornaments; but after the horses be came plentiful the flap was extended to a man's feet when standing; when the man was mounted it lay on the back of his horse. In former times a man could not deck his leggings or shirt with a fringe of hair except by consent of the warriors. Honors had to be counted on the strands of hair as on the feathers used in making the war bonnet, therefore each lock or tuft of the fringe stood for a war honor, and no honor could be counted twice. It was this custom that made garments of this character so highly valued. The hair for the fringe was generally furnished by the man's female relatives. Each of the locks forming the fringe was usually sewed in a heading of skin, frequently ornamented with quill work. The reason for the passing of these ancient and honorable decorations is obvious since Uncle Sam has so rigorously for bidden war.

Passing of the Parlor.

Another sign of the times is the passing of the parlor and the making of the best room in the house the living room. Time was when the parlor was like a new suit of clothes, only to be used on special occasions. It was usually furnished with uncomfortable chairs that were covered up dur ing the week and used on Sunday.

Times have changed, however, and people are furnishing rooms, instead of parlors. Here we find the plane and big, comfortable chairs that are ready for business all the time. Some of the big houses have the drawing room, but in the average home, the liv ing room has taken the place of the parlor. It is only another sign that people are realizing the necessity of having a house furnished in real

homelike fashion.

Great Idea. John, aged 7, was very fond of running with his younger brother through the ash pile near home. Their mother remonstratetd in vain about their shoes until she hit on the plan of making the boys clean them, John one day and little Arthur the next. This seemed a great joke until John had actually puffed over the task through the best part of an hour. He stuck it out, putting a shine on the four little shoes; then he went to his mother with serious face and said:

"Mother, I've got the idea. I won't ever run through the ashes any more -except on Arthur's day to clean!"

---- Uncle Pennywise Says, ---I hate a man who goes around fishing a big wad of bills, and bragging that he didn't take a vacation.

### DREAMS PROTECT OUR SLEEP

Reasonable Explanation of Events Which Have Been a Puzzle to the Minds of Students.

Dreams seem a mere play of imagination without any value---the more as every serious student has recognized that it is absurd to think that dreams have any prophetic character But, in recent times, science has discovered the probable purpose of the dreams, and has found in this case again that nature does not give to us anything which is superfluous.

In the present view of science, dreams fulfill the purpose of protecting our sleep, and this end is reached by those apparently meaningless flights of the imagination. Most dreams start from some disturbance or excitement of our organism Something may press on us, or touch us, or we may hear a sound, or we may have some digestive trouble, or we may lie in an uncomfortable position, and so on Any such disturbance would excite the mind and would easily lead to a breaking up of the sleep which is necessary for us in order to be fresh for the next day's work.

The dream provides the solution. In creating a fantastic background for that disturbance, by which the inner excitement becomes adapted to a whole situation in which it fits well, our efforts to remove it becomes sidetracked and the sleep can go on without interruption. We may have thrown off a blanket and feel cold. Our dream brings us to a snowy winter landscape in the midst of the cold winter day, where we begin to skate, and all the coldness is then so natural and well adjusted to the whole illusory experience that our mind moves on without destroying the sleep.-From St. Nicholas.

Cleaning a Rusty Rifle.

It is an easy matter to clean a rusty rifle barrel, but when the rust has pitted the metal to any depth, the accuracy of the rifle is destroyed. When the rust is very thick saturate the inside of the barrel with coal oil, and allow it to soak well in for an hour or more. When the rust has softened somewhat wrap some tow around the ramrod, and pour enough coal oil upon it to thoroughly moisten it, and bush in a rotary manner through the barrel and back a dozen times. When the tow gets very dirty renew it and continue the process until the coarser portion of the rust has been removed. A round brush of stiff bristles is next fixed to the ram-rod, moistened thoroughly with the oil, and twisted into a barrel, running it back and forth at least a dozen times, thus loosening the dirt that has been more firmly attached to it. The first operation is now repeated, except that the tow on the ramrod is left dry, and the rubbing with this must be continued in all directions as long as it comes out soiled. The use of wire brushes is objectionable for cleaning guns, as the numerous steel points cut into the tube. Careful cleaning of the metal parts after use, and giving them a coat of petroleum or sweet oil when laid aside, will keep a rifle free from rust and ready for use at all times.

😭 Why the Country is Deserted. There are all sorts of reasons given why we can no longer keep our young people in the country, and most of the all sorts of reasons are good, but there is one which is just beginning to be recognized which is most potent of all, and yet most insidious. In the teachers of the little children in the country do we find the danger; these teachers, knowing nothing really of rural life, instil the thought from the beginning, "Get an education so as to get away from this place into a big city where you can have a chance!" And now our slow-going government has at last recognized this danger and sends out this warning: "The tendency of the rural school to encourage emigration to the city is due to the fact that the course of study in most rural schools is merely a copy of that given to city school children. without reference to the different environment and local needs of the country child. As a result the authors declare that teachers everywhere, with rare exceptions, have idealized city life, and unwittingly have been potent factors in inducing young men and women to leave the farm and move into the city."-Uni versalist Leader.

Has Had Adventurous Life. Dr. George Ernest Morrison, whose recent appointment as financial adviser to the president of China has aroused adverse comment in Germany. the Tagliche Rundschau terming him "an enemy of Germany," is widely known as a writer and venturous traveler. He has been the Peking correspondent of the London Times for a long time. He is a native of Australia, and was educated at Melbourne and the University of Edinburgh. Du. ring a journey through New Guinea in 1883 he was speared in the breast in an attack by natives, and it was not until the following year that the spearhead was cut out, the operation being performed in Edinburg Probably his best-known book is "An Australian in China."

Too Much for Pop.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "They scuttle a house at the top, don't they?"

"Yes, my boy." "And they scuttle a boat at the bottom, do they not?"

"Why—yes." "Well, where would they start to scuttle a houseboat, pop?"

and the same of th

### LETTER "CAME BACK"

AND THE QUESTION IS, WHERE HAD IT BEEN?

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett Would Like an Answer, if Any One Will Reason it to Her Complete Satisfaction.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett tells a true story which she calls "The Mystery of My Life." And truly it is a mystifying occurrence.

It was some time ago, while she was living in England. One night she and a friend were spending a quiet evening by the fire, chatting, reading. Mrs. Burnett's friend, be it understood, sat throughout the event in an armchair by the fire, and did not leave her place until all was over, so that, as in the case of conjurers, there could have been "no deception" on her part.

Mrs. Burnett went in the course of the evening to her desk and wrote a letter. She signed, folded, directed, sealed and stamped it, and stood it up against a silver cigarette box on the center table. Then she arose to go and sit by the fire again.

Presently, wishing the letter posted, she started to take steps toward having it mailed. She looked for it on the center table, and the letter was not there. She looked all over the table in vain. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. She knew she had stood that letter up against the silver cigarette box, but it was not there. No one had entered the room, no one had left it; her friend had sat motionless by the fire.

Mrs. Burnett said to herself: "I know-sometimes one's eyes are held. A thing may be staring one straight in the face and not be seen. It may seem to be masquerading as something else!" And she began systematically examining each object on the table separately, picking it up, naming it, and setting it down again, to make sure that it was itself and not the let-

"Is this the letter? No, this is a Dresden china bonbon dish. Is this it? No, this is a brass candlestick; this is a magnifying glass; this is an ivory paper cutter: this is a carved wooden box; this is a rose jar; this is an ash receiver, and this, finally, is a silver cigarette box, and there is nothing else on the table, and there is neither hide nor hair of a letter to be seen!

Completely at a loss, Mrs. Burnett strolled about the room to examine other possible surfaces where the letter might have been placed, had it not emphatically and unmistakably been put upon the center table against the cigarette box. She searched on the mantelpiece, on her desk, on the piano, on the bookcase—no letter. In discouragement she turned again to the center table for another hunt. There stood the letter demurely leaning against the silver cigarette box, exactly as she had placed it.

And that such things are possible, and that they happen to such perfectly sane, clear-eyed, level-headed and reliable people as Mrs. Burnett is perfeetly credible. Have we not all had similar experiences? And if they were not possible, whence come the worldold beliefs in elementals, in mischievous sprites, in elves and brownies who play pranks upon us poor, dull mortals? Explain it how we may, that is what happened to Mrs. Burnett.

Orchids at Home. Very few children think of growing orchids on the window sill, but these can really be raised at home with very little trouble. Of course, the flowers in bloom seldom cost less than a dollar a piece and very often more. but the plants are not so very expensive. All that you need is a soap box, covered with a piece of glass. Put the plants in this and place the box in a window where they can get plenty of sunlight. They won't require much attention besides watering, and this needn't be done often, as the glass top will keep the water from evaporating very rapidly. In winter, though, your little hothouse will have to be heated in some way. The easiest way to do this, if your house is lighted with electricity, is to run a wire into the box and heat it with an electric light

More Athletics. Governor Wilson at a luncheon at Spring Lake told, apropos of the abundant crops of 1912, a crop story. "A country minister," he said, "met a farmer parishoner and asked: 'Is

your son going back to college this fall? "'Yes, he is, doctor,' the farmer an-

awered. " But he's got his degree, said the minister. 'What's the matter? Doesn't he know enough to suit you?"

"'He knows enough book-learnin', said the farmer, 'but from the way he's been beloing with the harvestin' of the crops, I think he needs a few more athletics."

Making it Sure. An aged merchant was very ill. He

sent for the family lawyer. "I wish," began the sick man, as the attorney stood by his bedside, eager to catch every word as it was uttered. "Yes?" answered the lawyer, hast-

ily scribbling. "All my property and estate to go to my eldest daughter. I wish to die firm in the knowledge that the property is assured to her," continued the merchant, with eager excitement.

"Of course...of course!" fussed the

attorney. "Would it be asking too much," hesitatingly asked the dying man, "to suggest that you should marry her?"

### MEN OF THE FIRST REPUBLIC

Type of the Soldiers With Whom the Great Napoleon Swept All Europe.

Another contribution to "Napoleonlana" is the collection of memoirs and letters of the army surgeon, Baron Desgnettes, who was with the Egyptian expedition. One day he found Eugene Beauharnais asleep in the sand in the desert of Ramanieh. "Wake up, Eugene, wake up! This repose does not suit either your name or profession. A man of war must be without rest and without pity" On another occasion Napoleon had condemned several of his pet Grenadiers to death for looting and murder. His reflections, made to Desgnettes, are worth quoting:

"My sentence on the Grenadiers of the Thirty-second regiment cost me dear, but I was obliged to do it. A commander-in-chief must have a tremendous power. How can you reasononably question the right of a man to whom the state sometimes entrusts the lives of a hundred thousand troops to punish such serious offenses as he deems fit? I convicted these Grenadiers before punishing them! When I seized Antoine by the collar and said to him: 'Come, miserable wretch, and let me confront you with your accomplice, he was confounded. "But what men!--fellows to win a

battle by themselves! Perhaps the corporal has won some. You did not see how they died? Like Caesars. showing their affection for me. One of their comrades went to drink with them in prison, and remarked: 'Perhaps there was some truth in the charge, else Bonaparte would not have condemned you.' 'Be silent,' was the answer; 'you do not know what you are saying; he was deceived again, as he often has been before, but no matter-let us drink to his health.' And when the time came for the execution, they marched steadily out and stood calmly before the firing party, saying: 'This is how the Grenadiers of the Thirty-second die.' Afterward the officers came to see me, but I would not receive them; but, faith! I pity those upon whom the Thirty-second may fall on the first occasion that presents itself for them to supe out the remembrance of all this."

Macaroni Fakes. "They even fake macarent," said a bure food man. "Nothing is cheaper than macaroni, thanks to which Italian bank clerks can live on \$4 a week. but in this benighted, money-mad land of ours the food trust millionaires insist on faking it.

"But you can tell fake macaroniit is perfectly straight. The real has bent ends, for it has been dried in hairpin in shape, slung over a rail, and, when it is broken for boxing, the bent ends show.

"The real macaroni is made of a Bemi-transparent wheat from southern Europe and Algeria, a hard wheat extraordinarily rich in gluten and other nitrogenous matter. Real macaroni is tender, yellowish, elastic, rough in texture. It boils without becomin sticky or losing its tubular shape.

"But the fake stuff, made of cheap domestic wheat, is very tender. Hence it must be dried flat; slung over a rail to dry, it would fall to pieces, and hence its straight shape, its lack of the characteristic curved ends. It is an ugly white, too, instead of a rich yellow in color. Boiled, it is ant to break up and collapse. Eaten, there is littie nourishment and less taste to it."

Lely the Painter. Sir William Lely had agreed for the price of a portrait he was to draw for a rich London alderman, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. The picture being finished, the alderman endeavored to beat down the price, saying that if he did not purchase it it would remain

on the painter's hands. "That's a mistake," said Sir William, "for I can sell it at double the price I demand."

"How can that be?" says the alderman, "for it is like no one but me." "True," replied Sir William, "but I will draw a tail to it and then it will be a capital monkey."

The alderman at once paid down the money demanded and carried of the picture.

Automobile Artillery. Efforts are being made by the powers toward the adaptation of the automobile to the transportation of field artillery. It has been pointed out that the idea of a self-moving gun carriage for field guns was suggested as early as the year 1769 by the engineer, Cugnot. At present efforts are principally directed to the perfection of a form of automobile suitable to take the place of horses in drawing the artillery wagons. Many different forms of ironclad automobiles, carrying light guns, have already been invented and tested, with more or less success, but, it is said, the main problem is to adapt the automobile to the transportation of guns mounted, as at pres ent, on their own carriages.

Nature's Sun Dial. There is no need for clocks on the Aegean sea any day when the sun is shining. There nature does not vary, though the centuries pass. The natural time-marker is the largest sun dial in the world. Projecting into the blue waters of the sea is a large promontory which lifts its head 3,000 feet above the waves. As the sun swings round the pointed shadow of the mountain just touches one after the other of a number of small islands, which are at exact distances apart and act as hour marks on the great dial.

# IN SWEET FRAGRANCE

MOURNERS LAID FLOWERS ON TOMB OF CONVICT.

But In Life the Man Who Had Transgressed and Paid the Penalty Went His Lonely Way Without Sympathy.

"He tramped his way into this count try and finally into this neighborhood. You know his history since he has been here. He has never been able to keep a place and, so far as I can learn, has never had a complaint against him. I have heard many of you talk about him in the last 24 hours, and this is what you make him out: a faithful, capable workman; industrious, honest, reliable in all things, gentle to women and little children, kind to dumb animals, untiring in self-sacrifice for the sick and helpless. In addition, I know him to have been a God-fearing, repentant man.

"It was not much be asked of this community-only the right to live by honest, hard work, and a little-a very little- human companionship. We denied him both! We saw a struggling soul go down in dumb agony and we did not lift a hand to save him. A friendly greeting, a hearty handshake, a word of neighborly interest would have been to this man as cold water in a thirsty land. But we did not give them. He asked us for bread and we gave him a stone.

"I asked if he was afraid to die. No, he said, he did not believe God would be as hard on him as his fellow men had been. I think he was right. He said: 'If there had only been somebody that I could have told it would have been different; but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul' Oh, brethren, brethren, may

God forgive us!" The old minister had been speaking in an impassioned tone. He stopped suddenly. Then, there being nothing more to say, he raised his hands in benediction, repeating with gentle emphasis which might have passed for irony, but probably was only force of habit

"And now may the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Ma' Liza had been playing beside the grave, sticking her alder bush into the soft mold and pulling it out again to find a better place. As she felt the tug of her mother's hand she stuck it in firmly and said, her sweet, childish treble smiting the stillness:

"I give my f'owers to Zebbie!" Mrs. Freno caught her to her reast with a sob, and laid her brabeside it. The act was infectious. As by one impulse the women came andcast their flowers upon the mound with gentle hands and fulling tears. And when the procession moved from the cemetery Zeb Horn's grave was a mass of snowy, fragrant blossoms But the man was dead'-From Caro

line Abbot Stabley's "The Master of the Oaks."

Oil-Burning Engines. Dr. Rudolph Dieset of Munich Ico tured at the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in London recently, on the industrial importance of the Diesel oil engine of which he is the inventor. He declared that by this engine the monopoly of coal had been broken and that the problem of using liquid fuel for power production in its simplest and most general form had been solved. It could be used with all natural liquid fuels. What the steam engine and gas engine were for coal it was for liquid, but was much simpler and more economical. Researches, he added, had shown that there was probably as much liquid fuel as coal in the globe. New petroleum sources. said Dr. Diesel, were continually being developed; new oil districts were being discovered. The world's production of crude oil had increased three and a half times as quickly as the production of coal and the ratio of increase was getting steadily higher. Forty per cent of the present production of mineral oil, he added, was already sufficient to supply the whole naval and mercantile fleet of the world with power if they worked i' by the Deisel engines.

Testing the Fly Line.

"One thing about a flat that summer tenants will never take an agent's word for is the fly line," said a Philadelphia real estate agent. "They want to find that out for themselves and resort to various subtle schemes. One woman to whom I showed a flat Tuesday came back on Wednesday to look at it again, and confronted me in triumph when she found several flies roosting on the window sili.

"'I felt that you were mistakes when you told me yesterday that this apartment was above the fly line,' she said, 'so I rubbed a chocolate cream on the sill and came back today on purpose to see if the flies had traveled this high."

"Of course they had. With a chocolate cream for a magnet a fly would crawl to the top of the City Hall tow er."-Philadelphia Record.

Not Loaded.

"So those two lovely men were it love with you?" "Y ee."

"And they really fought a due about you?" "Y-yes."

"Swords or pistols?" "P-p-istois!" "How exciting! Were they loaded?"

"No. Both of 'em were sober."