DISFIGURING THE LANDSCAPE. An agricultural paper makes a strong protest against the too common practice in the rural districts of "disfiguring fences, barns and other buildings, trees, etc., with glaring signs," There might have been included in the list of great sprawling billboards which are to be seen along railways and highways at frequent intervals, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. A large amount of picturesque scenery is marred in this way. Nothing is sacred to the enterprising advertiser who is interested in keeping his wares before the public eye. It requires the consent of the property owners to disfigure buildings and beautiful landscapes in this way, but as some farmers and landowners find it to be a source of some small revenue, they are more than willing to permit the advertiser to work his will very little money out of the transaction, and only succeeds in detracting from the appearance of his property. There are many farmers who do not realize that there is a money value to them in keeping their farms and buildings in good order. A good beginning in that direction is by keeping the likely to be distasteful to passersby.

The use of the automobile has increased with great rapidity, and it has been inevitable that with the increase in use there would be an increase in the number of accidents, even though there should be, as a rule, an increase in the care exercised. Fatalities from horse-drawn vehicles have so long been a matter of course that they have attracted less attention than fatalities caused by automobiles, although until recently the number of the former has greatly exceeded the latter. In New York city thus far this year the fatalities recorded are 138, year the deaths caused by wagons number 117. Last year, in the same month, wagons caused the death of 111 persons, while automobiles killed only 79. It will thus be seen that front of shop windows gazing at the fatalities caused by automobiles In New York city have increased nearly 100 per cent., while the number chargeable to wagons was nearly stationary. These, however, are the figures for a densely populated city, and it is altogether probable that if the figures could be compiled for the entire country they would show that ac- and all the people in her cottage cidents to horse-drawn vehicles still outnumber those to automobiles, as that the sweetly laden air comes up was ascertained to be the case in England last year.

A young woman living near Syracuse has just died as the result of a "joke." Someone pulled a chair from under her while she was out in company, "there was a general laugh, in get ripe, which happens at the same which she joined to hide her pain," time that geese and turkeys hang and she died of peritonitis at a hos- in rows in shops and grow resettes pital four days afterward. Next July all over them, Harlequin takes an there will be a chance for some of her humorous friends to set a cannon cracker under somebody's chair, says the Buffalo Express. It is good to have minds that see the pleasant side of life in that way,

"There never can be any real and lasting peace in this country until world's championship baseball games have been eliminated from the sporting calendar," says the Chicago Tribune. The contemporary seems disposed to adopt the traditional method of pacification, namely: Creating a desert and calling it peace.

It is now said that steamboats and trains spread disease. But this in no sense lifts the responsibility for the same ill-doing from the house fly and the mosquito.

It is considered wothy of note that a laborer with \$50,000 continued to labor at two dollars a day. He might just as well have blown it acquiring a headache.

Counterfeiting has decreased in this country during the past year, according to police reports. The gang

Los Angeles has opened a school where girls are taught dressing as a fine art. If they were taught dressing as a culinary art, there might be some good accomplished.

The Paris Matin tells us that the man who understands women is never desired of them. But this disability will not handicap most men of average intelligence.

A woman has just died from blood poisoning, due to sticking her hat pin into her head. Usually some one besides the user of the pin has been the viotim.

Aviators in Germany are paid \$37 a month-that and death accounting

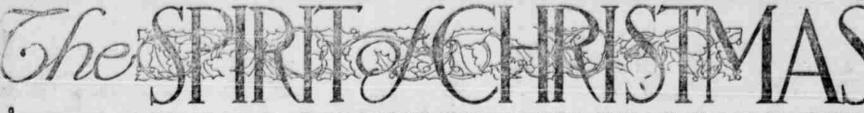
for the scarcity of German aviators. Chicago has a school for brides, but

all graduates are not guaranteed a

One fashion authority has it that women are to wear socks; another that they are to wear larger stockings. And Christmas not far off.

"A woman always blames her law. yer when she loses," a New York atrney exclaims. Probably because he's assured her she can't lose.

The secretary of the navy draws the line at 100 feet when submarines so down among the big fishes.





N the left, just past the weather hen's nest, and not more than two steps from the box where they keep the cuckoo there is the long bed where roses bloom all the year round. And they grow like this so that Columbine may always have one to stick in her hair, and that odd, mocking, soft-hearted cynic Pierrot may cull one now and

Columbine. agnin to twiddle between his teeth

If you know the way, and the Cheshire cat will let you, you walk down the garden path, past the butterfly lime, and arrive at the neatest little cottage in Olympus. Now this is the dwelling place of the Harle-

quia set-Harlequin, Columbine, Clown and Panraleon. It is one cottage in a little colony on the lower slopes of Mount Olympus (where the in such matters. But the farmer gets high gods dwell: Jupiter and the like), and is most important because it contains the oldest inhobitants. The Clerk of the Weather lives a little higher

up. The Four Queens and Kings live in a square of pagoda-like houses, and are waited upon by the Knaves. Plerrot and Pierrette live in romantic seclusion by a pool in a tumble-down place covered with blue roses. And away behind the fields of stars where the flocks of clouds graze, premises clear of things which are there is another village where the Seven Princesses live, and the Third Son and an Ogre, and a Talking Rabbit, and all those peculiar and beautiful people who are entangled in our minds with the memories of night nurseries, and the scent of our mothers who bent over us in wonderful toilettes, and told us to go to sleep, or they'd be into for dinner.

When it gets to be about Christmas there is a sort of aroma of excitement on the lower slopes of Olympus, and, especially in the house where Harlequin lives-a delicious sense of something exciting happening.

Columbine opens the lld of the well that looks down onto the world, and there comes up a murmur of children's volces, and you can hear the quaintest things being said about the hanging

up of stockings, and about Santa Claus and twe likely width of chimneys, and the running power of reindeer. And there is a tremendous rustle of colored paper, and a great run on almonds and raisins, and quite respectable citizens stand in dolls and dolls gaze back at them. so that the citizens go back forty years at a rush, and the rush is so great sometimes that they get tears in their eyes; for memory is quicker than motor cars, and the road it travels is often dark and broken.

So Columbine leaves the top of the well open all day and all night. sleep with their windows open, so and gives them wonderful dreams. It does more than that. It waves the branches of the Christmas tree that grows at the bottom of the garden, near the sausage frames. and very soon candles begin to bud on its branches.

Now when the candles begin to old, caken pipe from a cupboard under the stairs, and they all sit round while he puts it to his lips and blows.

As he plays, dreams come to them of their ancient days, for Harlequin is first cousin to Mercury, and wears a black mask to hide the light of his face when he visits Columbine, who is Psyche, the Soul; the Clown is Momus, the Spirit of Laughter; and Pantaloon is Claron, who has that grim work of ferrying the souls over the Styx.

There's an odd link of memories and of things held all through the centuries, but the most charming is this: Columbine is a flower-like per-

son, and there is a flower called Columbine, and it is so called because it is like four doves with outspread wings, and the French dove is colombe, and the dove is the symbol of the soul. So the world is never allowed to forget beautiful things, even if the burden of history is borne on the back of a flower. And the god-like glow and glitter of Mercury's limbs still shows in the glistening sequins on Harlequin's clothes, parti-colored as they have always been, to show how he covered his nakedness with rags.

All this, beautified by the essence of Time, like things put away in a cedar chest, comes back when Harlequin blows on his pipe that air the shepherds learnt in Greece from Pan.

The next night Clown will take out another kind of pipe, a long churchwarden of white clay, must be working on those new \$1,000 | and fill it with tobacco, and then as the fragrant clouds roll up into the rafters, memories come of all the great people of the Harlequinades they play down in the world, all inspired by them, and they see the figure of Tarlaton, who was the first clown, and invented the very clothes they now wear, hand in hand with Grimaldi, that great clown. And they seem to see all the great Italian Harlequins, and the dainty French Columbines, and the old dandles of fifteenth-century Venice whose clothes Pantaloon wears.

Do you know that elderly gentlemen in the World smell that magic tobacco, or something like it, and they forget their paunches, or their bald heads, and they sit and dream of the time they went to their first pantomime? Was it "Cinderella," or "Beauty and the Beast"? Or was

it that splendid thing "Mother Goose," or that entrancing production "The

Yellow Dwarf"? Such things are conjured up by just that one pipe of tobacco smoked in the cottage on Olympus, and on that night a gentle breeze blows up through the well, laden with the poignant, eternal memories of childhood, and the candles on the Christmas tree are

all ready to be lighted. They are so ready that when Pantaloon looks out of his window before making up his face for the day he sees that the candles have burst into flame-flowers in the

Then Columbiae takes out a pipe, and she puts some magic soap into nectar and stirs it round with the bowl of the pipe until frothy suds appear. And then she blows bubbles that float up and out of the window until they reach the Christmas tree, when they turn into great, glittering glass balls, all sorts of colors, and show pictures of the world all colored and shining.

The children in the World look up and think they see Harlequin and Columbine floating down as gently as feathers, but they don't say so because their elders would only tell them it was the clouds. But it is Harlequin and Columbine, and Pantaloon end Clown follow soon after, C hrist mas bringing the

them.

work begins,

own job and

hers. Clown

the laughter

spring up in

and ripple as

barley field

Harleguln to

for common

appear beau-

and a penny

tree with Now their each to his Columbine to to preparing that must this season. ensily na a in a breeze. his magic. things must tiful now, must buy the

wealth of the Indies. And Pantaloon to stirring up old memories in dull people, so that uncles must remember all their nephews in remembering when they were nephews themselves, and had a peculiar hunger at Christmas.

Columbine is awfully practical. Her sentiment extends from the joy of watching the making of baby-clothes to the pleasure of remembering to put nice soap in the spare rooms. It is she who sees that children get the right presents, and when they don't it is not her fault, but the fault of some stupid person in a shop.

It is she who suggests the secret delight of keeping presents hidden at the bottom of the wardrobe; and it is she who suggests the secret delight of peering at children when they are

There are Pagan Saints who find Arcadia every-

where. Pan pipes as much in the crowded city

as on Mount Ida when the sun is high. And

Columbine finds roses where the world sees

thorns: and Harlequin finds magic in motor

buses; and Pantaloon digs away for pleasant

memories in the most unlikely places, and finds

These half-gods of mine (and yours) come

of the year.

to sow those

grow to flow-

still innocent

are the influ-

makes you

fifty cents

quarter, And

who says

iness of life

than the sen-

better hang

ing on Christ-

see what it

find nothing

down at Christmas to correct the bilious attitude

Pierrot.

And when it is dark these four quaint figures

fift through the country, city, town and village

like conspirators, Harlequin tapping doors and

windows with his magic wand. "Open, open!"

he cries to the Spirit of Christmas. "Let the

rich uncle reward his needy nephew, and the

unforgiving father his repentant son. Mothers,

forget to be jealous of your elder daughter's

growing beauty. Children, forget your spite and

naughtiness. Let's be old-fashioned. Let's be-

lieve in ghosts. I'll tell you ghost-stories, stories

of yourselves when you were children and played

And Clown says as he taps on the doors with

"Open, open, you old grousers! And let the

Spirit of Fun come into this house. Romp a bit,

and lose your twopenny dignity, for pompous

Pantaloon, taking his turn, taps with his walk-

"Open, open, and let in the flood of memories

but a hole in it in the morning

them bright and clean, and as good as new.

of the rest

They come

seeds that

ers in the

hearts. Thuy

ence that

give a man

instead of a

the being

that the bus-

weighs more

timent had

up his stock-

mas Eve, and

feels like to

Pirates on the stairs.

stiffness makes the gods laugh."

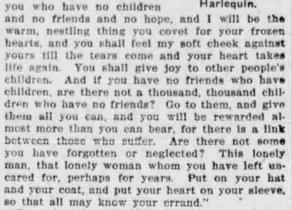
his red-hot poker:

ing-stick, and says:



And then Columbine steals up to the windows, and taps them with the she whispers:

rose from her hair, and "Open, open to me all



To see her pleading before black, sombre houses where a thin light shines under a blind; to see her face pressed against the window of some big mansion where a man or a woman sits alone with hearts like stone; to see her tears as she essays to melt an aching heart is to see something so touching and beautiful that one almost wonders the doors and windows are not instantly opened to admit the spirit of love she begs for so piti-

"Look at yourselves. Messleurs et Mesdames Importance, and remember the funny little things you used to be when you bit at coral and bells. and wore bibs, and thought everybody in the world had enough to eat; when you hated to go to bed early, and crept downstairs in your nightgowns to listen over the bannisters to the voices in the dining room; when no jam for ten was a tragedy. And when your mother's knee was the throne of justice and mercy, for you buried your

head there with her hand in your hair, and forgot to be afraid of the

Columbine has her own very partucular work, and she calls it in her mind Secret Delights. She calls it that because she delights in making up odd names for emotions as, for instance, when she pointed out two lovers to me one day in the spring, who were seated under a hedge, yellow-flushed with primroses; they were holding hands and looking at the hills beyond just as If some wonderful thing was about to come over the hills to tell them what their feelings meant. And the peace was so great and the moment so held that the World seemed to have stopped breathing, and something superhuman to have poured out a cup of stillness. And she called it Liquid Velvet. A Liquid Velvet moment. And I understood

It is Columbine who watches that beautiful comedy of the newly married, who steal about their house hand-in-hand, fearful of waking the very new servants, fearful of creaking the boards as they gaze enraptured on the very new furniture, looking with joy on the very new pots and pans in the kitchen, turning the electric lights up and down all over the place to see the effect in their new bedroom. And he has a dreadful brooch for her hidden where he keeps his razors; and she has knitted him a tie he will have to wear. But it is all perfectly beautiful.

Someone wrote the other day that people who read are more interested, nowadays, in business than in love, and I'm so sorry for that man. He is more blind than I thought anybody could be. Business may Lo the means to an end, but Love in the beginning and the end. And it is just at this season that Love

makes business; hence the shops full of gifts Imagine a poet writing: "Cent. per cent. the moon is rising,

Speculators are surmising Who the deuce they have to thank!" No one can get a heartbest out of that, and

Watch the stocks upon the bank;

Rubber shares are too surprising.

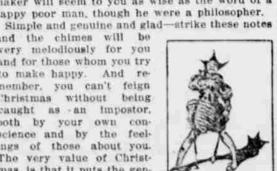
whatever your business man says, he knows he gets all the good in his life out of heartbeats. So this Christmas Spirit creeps about the world, mocked at, scorned, but alive yet. And you who feel these things may one night see this quaint quartet at work, perhaps for a second at the corner of your street, perhaps just vanishing down the drive, or moving swiftly down a country lane. And you may say wonderingly: "It is a cobweb, a moth, and the branch of a tree, and the starlight makes them look like-like some-

thing I remember." But I tell you who they are-Harlequin, Columbine, Clown and Pantaloon. And if you hear a child's laugh ring out suddenly, and it brings a new, quick emotion, one of them has conquered

The spirit of Christmas doesn't cling to presents in proportion to their cost-unless you are very rich; and if you are very rich the voice of the jeweler and of the furrier and of the motor car maker will seem to you as wise as the word of a happy poor man, though he were a philosopher.

and the chimes will be very melodiously for you and for those whom you try to make happy. And remember, you can't feign Christmas without being caught as -an impostor, both by your own conscience and by the feelings of those about you. The very value of Christmas is that it puts the genulneness of everybody to an unerring test.





VITAL FACTS ABOUT LIFE

Cells of Animals and Plants Alike | elements-carbon, oxygen, nitrogen Proved to Be Governed by the Same Laws.

and hydrogen. It is now recognized they have "instinctive movements." In as the fundamental basis for all life; the smallest particle of it goes Protoplasm—the literal translation through what is known as the cycle plant and the worm at the root of the f which means "the first man made" of life-free motion, feeling, feeding plant (as some day, perhaps, the disciple, the precoclous child turned was the name given by a German and reproduction. When in some unchartist in 1848 to the abiny granular conscious way it grows a membrane bound); and he called their reflex ac- Heaven lies about us in our infancy, theid contents of vegetable cells, for a covering, or a little nucleus, a tions "tropisms." Then he pointed as the poet says," she queried, "what freka like the white of an egg and kernel somewhere within it-science out that tropisms are mechanical acts will happen to us when we are grown the analysed into four chemical calls it a cell. These cells are the -that moth and fly and tvy leaf move, up?"-Life.

plained have no nervous systems. analysis of instincts, he bound together in the cell common to them the tree of life and the serpent may be to her mother with a sigh.

same in plants and animals. Prof. in spite of themselves, in chemical Jacques Loeb showed the importance subjection of light, heat and odors of this fact. Although plants, he ex- (which the scientist calls "emanations") .- From the Metropolitan.

> Awful to Contemplate. Laying down the volume of Wordsworth, of whom she was an earnest



COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience sleeping accommodations. They are as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he put away anywhere, just so long as without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only

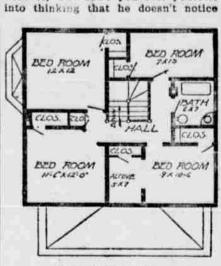
A style of house that is well liked in the middle west is practically square on the ground, with a cottage roof and a heavy veranda extending clear across the front of the house. Generally speaking, there is more economy in a square house than in any other form of building; but much depends on the arrangement of the interior. A square house with a hallway in the center leaves the four corners unobstructed and free for the laying out of good, square, sensible rooms that may be lighted from two sides.

The plan here given is 29 feet inches in width, and 28 feet deep, exclusive of the veranda; and it is full two stories high, with an attic large enough to supply all the necessary storage room and upper ventilation. A plan of this size gives space enough for eight rooms, and the necessary stairways, closets, and bath-The rooms are all fair-sized, and the arrangement is sensible from bottom to top. It is a style of house that looks well when new, and it will always look well. It has the necessary height, it is large enough, and the proportions are symmetrical.

Fancy houses are not so common when a man thought he must have on a house, to prove to his friends and the public generally that he had money to throw away. However, as people are becoming better educated. a change has taken place; so you seldom see a lot of fancy outside decorations on new houses, and they are chopping them off the old ones.

in England, houses have the appearance of being very solid; and | Give him this seven by thirteen bedthey are solid, the walls are thick, room if necessary, but fit it up accord-

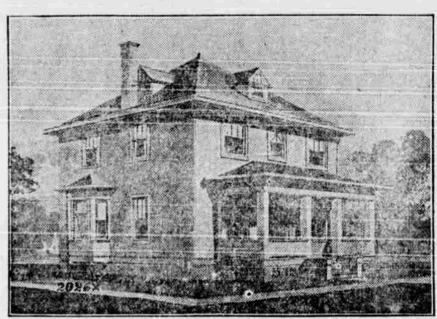
William A. Radford will answer | own. This applies to boys as well as estions and give advice FREE OF girls. It is a shame the way some boys are treated in regard to their they are kept warm. Any kind of room, it would seem, will do for a boy, He is not supposed to have any belongings of his own that any other member of the family is bound to respect. If there is an old, wornout rug, an old, battered bedstead, and a discarded bureau with one leg broken and the drawer-pulls gone, that will do for the boy and the boy puts up with it; but don't you fool yourself



Second Floor Plan.

the difference. A boy thinks a good deal when he is not engaged in makas they used to be. The time was ing more noise. Boys don't cry over such things, or make any noticeable considerable outward embellishment demonstration; but they often feel

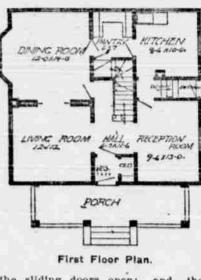
very keenly without saying a word. The girls in the family get the nice bedrooms, the new lace curtains, and a nice, bright rug, with paper on the wall to match. That is all right enough; only the boy shouldn't be chucked off in the reception room to sleep on a couch and hunt his belongings in the morning like a tramp. and the timbers are heavy. Such ing to his likes and requirements.



houses generally look well because | The furniture need not be expensive,

they are solld and plain. you would rather not have them sit-

rug; or it happens, sometimes, that erable because he doesn't live up to friends call just at meal time, and their expectations. ting in the living room next to the would be difficult to find anything betdining room, because you like to have ter for the money than this design. is finished. If any had said at the end of the RECEPTION



the sliding doors open; and they usually are open at meal time, and it is awkward to close them after strangers have been shown in There are, however, other and more

important uses for a reception room of this kind. In most families, there are children of school age, and they should have a room adapted to their use in the evening. They need a they want a place to keep their books, pencils, pads, and paper; and most of them have toys or playthings of some kind. If you don't provide a into the parolr, where they are suboften think that houses are built more for the entertainment of friends than for the comfort of the family. Children too often are entirely overlook ed in this respect. They are tolerated in the house when it is too cold or stormy outside; but at other times the parents seem more than willing that they should find their amusement any where but in the house. This is all wrong and unnecessary, in spite of the fresh air gospel.

When building, one of the first du ties is to provide for the children. They should have bedrooms of their |-Judge.

but it should be sound and useful. The reception room at the right of Give him a place to put his books, and the hall in this house is rather un another place for his skates, fishing usual; but the plan admits of having rod, dumb-bells, ball clubs, and a it, and it has its uses. Frequently great many other things that are inthere are callers that you do not care | teresting to a growing boy. Encourto entertain in the parlor. The calls age him to keep them where they bemade may be business ones, or the long; but don't keep everlastingly occasion may be during a muddy time, nagging him when he forgets, and when a second room saves a valuable | don't let his sisters make his life mis-In selecting a plan for a house, it

It may be built in any of the smaller cities for from \$1,800 to \$2,000 without heating, gas fixtures, electric wiring and probably the final grading. A great deal, of course, depends on the original condition of the lot, when it comes to grading up after the house

Big Difference in Place.

last Greek war that the crown prince of that country would ever command its forces in the field again he would have been laughed at. I remember walting on the station platform at Larissa in Thessaly, among a group of war correspondents, for the arrival of the diadochos, or successor, as he is called in Greece, when he disembarked with the glittering headquarters staff to take command. But I remember my farewell view of him much better. It was after the last big defeat of the Greeks at Domokos and their retreat over the Phourka Pass which was not far from a panic. We had got out of the pell-mell of troops and flying peasantry, all hopelessly entangled, and ridden along bypaths to the top of the mountain. Suddenly we came across a dismounted escort little help with their lessons; and and in a few minutes reached a fire blazing in a hollow among the rocks. Beside it lay the crown prince, utterly worn out, stretched at full length upon the ground. Bending room for them, you must take them down, close to us, was a colonel of the staff, anything but glittering, ject to all kinds of interruptions. I feverishly cutting brushwood with his saber.—The Bellman.

Journalism.

Young Reporter-These new colleges of journalism will turn out a great number of journalists, don't you think?

Old Reporter-Sure thing Young Reporter-Some competition in the game, eh? Old Reporter-Oh, I guess not!

Young Reporter-Why? Old Reporter-Well, we shall be just as shy of newspapermen as ever.