

THE CHILDREN

THOUSANDS OF DRAGON FLIES

Queer Sight Witnessed by a French Naturalist While Making a Tour Through Morbihan.

A professor of zoology at Lille, M. Charles Barrios, was making a tour through Morbihan, in France. As he was walking along the road he noticed that a multitude of dragon flies were alighting on the telegraph wires. The singular thing about it was that they all rested at an equal distance from each other, and all occupied the same position, with head turned toward the west.

From all sides the dragon flies arrived and always placed themselves in the same position, and at the same distance from each other. They remained as if glued to the wire, motionless and paralyzed. Each new arrival flew over the fixed bodies of the others and took its place in the line.

This chain stretched itself out toward the west, and turned toward the setting sun. Professor Barrios followed the route for a long distance and found the same strange phenomenon. He estimated the number at 60,000, at least. At an abrupt turn of the road to the south, the telegraph line turned also. There not a dragon fly was in sight! The wire was absolutely free from them! With the change of direction it seemed to have lost attraction for them.

Was this chance? Did the electric currents running from the east to the west exercise any influence upon these insects? Was it the solar refraction? Explain it, who can. In any case it would be interesting to know whether this phenomenon be an isolated one or not.

KING'S SIGNPOST IS QUIANT

Surmounted by Device in Oak, Depicting the God Tyr and the Great Mythological Wolf.

The illustration shows a signpost remarkable for its decorative qualities which King George of England has just had erected by the roadside near Wolferton railway station on the Sandringham estate. The post is surmounted by a device in oak, carved, painted, and gilded, depicting the god



A King's Signpost.

Tyr trying to wrench his arm from the jaws of Fenrir, the great mythological wolf of the old Norsemen, after whom, it is supposed, Wolferton was named. The wolf was symbolical of Fate. In the background is a representation of the gilded rooms of Asgard.

RIDDLES.

Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars?
Because they live by hook or by crook.

Why is a thief picking a corner's pocket reminded of a line in Othello?
Because "who steals his purse steals trash."

Why is a shoeblick like an editor?
Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

Why is a whisper like a forged note?
Because it is uttered but not aloud (allowed).

When is a sheep like ink?
When you take it up into the pen.

What is the best way to keep a man's love?
Not to return it.

What is a button?
A small event that is always coming off.

What are the most difficult ships to conquer?
Hardships.

Why is an ass the most unfortunate creditor?
Because he gets nothing in the pound.

Why have we reason to doubt the Giant's causeway?
Because Ireland abounds with sham-rocks.

NEAT AFTER-DINNER TRICKS

Really Interesting Scientific Experiment Showing How Compressed Air May Be Used.

An apparently empty bottle may be made to blow out a candle. The trick is really an interesting scientific experiment, showing how compressed air, directly the pressure which confines it is removed, tends to assume the normal density of the atmosphere. We take an ordinary bottle and, seeing that it is empty and dry, we place the ball of the thumb over the mouth with just a small aperture uncovered. Then, placing our mouth to this, we blow steadily and continuously into the bottle.

The result is that the air in the bottle is compressed. When we take our mouth away we insure that no air shall escape by instantly closing the whole aperture with the ball of the thumb which is already pressed over part of the opening.

Now we invert the bottle and, placing the mouth against the flame of a lighted candle, we remove so much of our hand as will make an opening sim-



Blowing Out Candle.

ilar to that into which we blew. The result is that the compressed air, directly the pressure is removed, rushes out and blows upon the flame. It is well to use a small candle, as if we have a large candle with a big flame the pressure may not be sufficient to extinguish the flame. If we perform the trick in front of a number of spectators we must not let them see us blow into the bottle. This part of the performance can be done outside the room, and we can bring the bottle in with our thumb over the opening, keeping it there till the moment when we want to release the air. This can be done in such a way as not to attract notice.

METALS DEARER THAN GOLD

Iridium, for Instance, Is Three Times as Expensive—Osmium Is Dearer and Heavier.

Gold is generally looked on as the last word in costliness, but, as a matter of fact, there are more metals dearer than gold than there are cheaper. The number of known metals is about seventy.

Iridium, for instance, of which a big find was made the other day in Austria, is three times as expensive as gold. Gold is worth nearly \$20 an ounce. Iridium is worth some \$62, though the price will probably come down now.

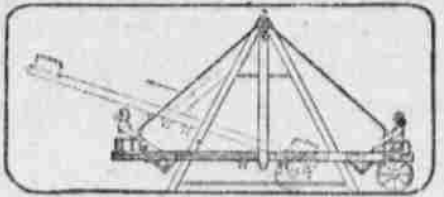
Osmium is another metal much dearer than gold. It costs about \$50 an ounce. It is by far the heaviest of all known substances, being more than 22 times as heavy as water. If pennies were made of osmium it would tax one's strength to carry the change of half a dollar. This metal has the peculiar property of being able to stand without melting the most intense heat known.

Palladium, about \$40 an ounce, is just the reverse. It is quite easy to make palladium vanish in steam. Being of a white, silvery color, and untarnishable, it is used for the division marks on scales and delicate scientific instruments.

VEHICLE SWING IS INVENTED

Mechanical Device Affords Exhilarating Exercise and Considerable Amusement for All.

The Scientific American in describing a vehicle swing, invented by O. Zimmerman of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "The object of the inventor is to provide a mechanical swing arranged to provide an exhilarating exercise and considerable amusement to young and old using the swing, to insure safety in



Vehicle Swing.

the use of the vehicle swing and to guard against a tendency of producing dizziness of the user. For the purpose named, use is made of a suspended link pivotally supporting at its lower end a supporting frame provided at one end with wheels and seats, the wheels being adapted to travel on the ground, on the floor, or rails or other suitable support.

Careful Parent.

"Tommy, when can I interview your scout captain?"

"I'll make an engagement for you, dad. What do you want?"

"Want to see if there is anything in the rules to prevent your putting in a ton of coal tomorrow afternoon."

Holding Out for a Concession.

"Bobby, won't you be a good boy and go to Sunday school this morning?"

"Mamma, will you let me skip my bath if I do?"

ONE AGAINST MANY

What Happened When the Irish Policeman Thought Green Was Red.

By HAROLD CARTER.

To be put back on patrol duty after fourteen years of steady desk work, and when one is approaching forty and conscious of an increasing girth, is enough to distress any ordinarily constituted policeman. Dennis Flaherty was no exception to the rule. He told his wife the news at dinner.

"They haven't got a grudge against you, Dennis," she asked, fearful as all women are at the thought that their husband's positions are insecure.

"No, it's Commissioner Everett, bad luck to him," said Dennis. "Nineteen of us, Nora, woman, turned out of our berths and set to pound the sidewalks. The only comfort is them reformers never lasts long. No, them reformers ain't what I'd call stayers," he continued, sipping his tea with melancholy satisfaction.

"But, Dennis, maybe you'll be set upon by them strikers," suggested Nora, remembering the days when she had lain awake at night with mental images of her husband being waylaid by criminals, and trembling at every ring of the door bell.

"It ain't them guys I'm scared of," retorted her husband. "It's me corns. Sidewalks is hard on corns—and a reformer in the street paving department, bad luck to the pair of 'em."

"But, Dennis," suggested his wife, hopefully, "didn't the doctor say your eyes wasn't fit for patrol duty and you'd have to do desk duty instead?"

"That was Doc Flanagan, as good a Cork man as ever breathed. The new doc's a Scotchman. I saw him yesterday. I says to him my eyes isn't what they used to be. 'All the more reason for you to give up desk work, Flaherty,' he answered. 'Your eyes is as sound as the ace of spades,' he says to me, after he'd put me through my paces. So I guess it's the sidewalks for me, Nora."

Ever since Patrolman Flaherty, in his earliest days, had walked into a dynamite explosion, averring that he had not seen the red danger flag, he had believed that his eyes were bad. True, they served him well enough at desk duty. But Doctor Flanagan had known Flaherty in the old country, and a word from him had brought



"Stop That!"

about the transfer. Now Flaherty was condemned to pound the sidewalks, at the instance of the unsympathetic and reforming police commissioner, and there was no redress.

However, he minded less than Nora. In spite of his ample girth he considered himself well able to defend the majesty of the law against the strikers, who, with flags flying and bands playing, paraded the business section of the town daily. There were not enough police to preserve order. Citizens had been sworn in on special duty, and conflicts were frequent.

"If I can't do desk work I'll show 'em they've got the best cop in town down at the quay, Nora," he said to his wife at the end of the first day.

"They've never put you on post down there!" exclaimed his wife in horror.

The Quay was the name locally given to the bridge which crossed the river between two factory districts. The strikers had constantly endeavored to cross it in parade, but each time they had been repelled. However, on the morning, as they had publicly advertised, they meant to march over the bridge in a grand procession to the city hall. And this the mayor had sworn they should not do.

"There'll be nigh on a hundred of us, Nora," answered Flaherty. "I guess I can take care of meself, woman."

He felt prouder than ever of his uniform on the next day when, standing in a platoon with his comrades, he watched the mob forming in the lower section of the town. There was the sound of distant music. Flaherty started and frowned. Why, this was a serenade. The band was playing "The Wearing of the Green."

Flaherty gripped his club tighter. He looked at the lieutenant in charge. He had ordered the men to disperse to their own posts. Did he not know,

then, that an attack was imminent? This was Flaherty's post, here on the bridge. The platoon was dispersing. Discipline forbade Flaherty to ask questions. He was left alone. He gripped his club more tightly. If he was to be made the sacrifice on account of a foolish order he would show them what he could do. His feet were paining him furiously and the blood rushed to his head. He was quite alone now.

"I'll teach 'em, the dogs, playing that tune!" he muttered. The crowd had gathered into a well-organized detachment and started toward the bridge. In front of it marched two men, each carrying a huge red flag. Flaherty looked round. Was nobody going to stop them? All he could see was the lieutenant's coat disappearing round the corner of the block.

On they came, toward the center of the bridge, where Flaherty stood. The music sounded loudly, the flags waved, cheers and yells came from the throats of thousands. The sidewalks were lined with spectators. A faintness overcame Dennis. Had the mayor actually forbidden this procession or was he dreaming? But a good cop never pauses to examine his metaphysical condition. He strode forward with uplifted club.

"Stop that!" he yelled. "Stop right there, boys. The first man that sets his foot forward, I'll bate his brains out."

The old Irish accent had come back in full force with his excitement. Dennis saw the men with the flags halt irresolutely. The crowd surged backward and forward, and then, at a word of command from its leaders, advanced again. The men with the flags smiled coolly and contemptuously. Dennis felt his wrath overcome his reason. "He sprang forward and began clubbing right and left. He seized the nearest flag. The mob beat against him like an invading sea. A thousand voices clamored for his blood. The flag was wrenched out of his hand. He seized the staff again, struck right and left, was beaten to his knees, staggered under the terrific blows that were showered upon him; then the mob surged forward over his prostrate body.

"Flaherty, the Cap's waiting to see you," said the man who was bathing his forehead.

Dennis opened his eyes. The swimming room was the district police quarters. Then this battered, aching man on the cot must be himself, Dennis Flaherty. But he had done his duty. He rose to his feet and staggered into the captain's room—to confront not the captain alone, but the police commissioner.

"Drunk and ran amuck right into the midst of them, commissioner," he heard the captain say.

"You are accused of attacking the parade of Loyal American Hibernians, Flaherty," said his captain. "Also of attempting to purloin one flag, the property of the organization. What have you to say?"

"Twas the strikers wid their red flags I fought, and alone," cried Flaherty.

"Red flag!" snorted the commissioner. "Since when has the red flag been the symbol of Ireland's glory, my man? That flag was as green as the emerald grass of Ireland."

"Twas as red as—as that!" cried Dennis, pointing to a tattered emblem in a corner of the room.

"Begorra, that's the very flag!" yelled the captain. "He's drunk still, Commissioner."

"I think this is a case for Dr. McDermott," said the commissioner smiling. "It's all right, my man," he added. "You can go home on sick leave now. I think, Captain, if McDermott agrees with my diagnosis, I may revoke my order concerning desk duty in this special instance."

"You see, Nora," explained her husband afterward, "with every Irishman in town hungering for me blood—why, they thought a whole cop at the typewriter was better than twenty pieces of one making work for the street paving commissioner."

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War on Typhoid Fever.

Once more the relation of typhoid fever to the water supply has been demonstrated. During the flood of some weeks ago the Hudson river at Albany, N. Y., rose a foot above the city filtration beds, and the people received the untreated water of the river, containing the sewage of places upstream. An outbreak of typhoid followed, and it was found that 75 per cent. of the cases were in families where the warning to boil the water for drinking had not been heeded. The main reservoir was then sterilized chemically, and the typhoid ceased. Modern medicine has done great things in making preventable what in other days were reckoned to be the visitations of God. Our grandfathers wondered at the prevalence of typhoid after floods, but we know that the trouble comes from the contamination of water supplies, and so lives are saved where once human beings were doomed. Year by year the science of sanitation is reducing the peril from typhoid.

Ignorance Is Bliss.

Manuel Quezon, the Philippine delegate to the United States congress, and the first man always to appear in white clothes upon the floor of the house, went to New York recently. While there he was introduced to Charles Murphy, chairman of the New York state Democratic organization, and grand sachem of Tammany hall.

Now, Manuel's last name is pronounced "Ka-son," and Mr. Murphy thought it something else. The mistake was to Quezon's advantage, for everyone in Tammany hall now knows him as Manuel Casey.

In the PUBLIC EYE

AS HIS CONSTITUENT SAW IT



Representative "Phil" Campbell of Kansas is the proud father of a young daughter who likes unusual pets. In her young life she has lavished affections on all sorts of queer pets, her latest acquisition being a chameleon—one of those tiny reptiles which assume the color of any article on which they are placed. The chameleon has a tiny gold chain about its neck, and at the other end of the chain is a pin, that it may be attached to one's waist.

Not long ago one of Campbell's constituents, a cattle dealer, with scarcely an interest in the world outside of livestock, came to Washington and called at the Campbell home. Mrs. Campbell was out, and Campbell himself was in the tub at the time, so the young daughter, with the chameleon pinned to her waist, marched into the parlor to entertain the visitor.

Conversation went along fairly well for a moment. Then the cattle-dealing constituent noticed the chameleon, and watched it with fascinated eyes. For a full minute he was silent. Then he pointed a fat forefinger and demanded:

"Where on earth did you get that thing?"

The young daughter smiled and stroked the chameleon's back with a loving finger.

"Oh," she replied, "I bought it."

The cattle dealer was silent for another minute. Then he spoke again.

"Bought it," he repeated, wonderingly. Then he leaned far over in his chair. "Say," said he earnestly, "tell me, how much is lizards a head, anyhow?"

SECRETARY TUMULTY NOW LL.D.

Secretary Tumulty now thinks the president has nothing on him, for recently St. Peter's college, an institution somewhere in New Jersey, made Mr. Tumulty an LL.D.

The president's secretary returned to Washington and was at his desk as usual, unruffled by his new honors and degree. He was at his office early and was sitting at his desk, while nearby and watching him was a politician from Trenton, N. J. This gentleman had been a frequent visitor on Mr. Tumulty, for he wanted a good job under the government. Mr. Tumulty was going over his mail and the gent from Trenton was watching, hoping someone had resigned and that he could get the place, when the president, having come to his office from the White House, walked into Mr. Tumulty's office.

"Good morning, doctor," was the president's greeting to his faithful man Friday.

Tumulty blushed, but returned the greeting. The politician, however, pricked up his ears at the appellation and after the president had gone into his private office, the gent from Trenton got up and walked over to Tumulty and said: "Didn't I hear the president call you doctor?"

"You did."

"Are you a doctor?" asked the politician.

"Got my degree yesterday," answered Tumulty with pride.

"Well, dis is luck," said the gent from Trenton. "I've got an awful pain in my side. What shall I do for it?"

Mr. Tumulty looked at the gent from Trenton for a while and then said: "My prescription is that you take a long walk."

WOULD MAKE NAVY FLOATING SCHOOL



"Every battleship a floating college."

This is the aim of Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, as outlined by him before leaving on a tour of inspection of navy yards, training stations and equipment on the Pacific coast.

The secretary proposes to convert every battleship and training station into a school where enlisted men will receive three hours' daily instruction under graduates of Annapolis. Besides making enlisted service more attractive, Secretary Daniels says this new plan will offer to every young American an opportunity to receive a minor college education at the same time that he is serving Uncle Sam. It will offer a chance to young men to fit themselves for a trade or a profession, so that when their enlistment is ended they may become useful citizens.

In other words, Secretary Daniels' plan is to make the navy a great educational institution in time of peace and thus a more efficient defense in time of war.

SENATOR NORRIS' LITTLE MISTAKE

This is a tale of how Senator Geo. W. Norris of Nebraska was almost arrested. He had been a senator but little over a month, having graduated from the house of representatives, which pedigree explains his crime.

The senator was standing on a corner in Washington, thinking of the day when he led the fight in the house to overthrow Cannonism, when a car drove into view. He took it. When the car reached the Peace monument it turned to the right and landed the musing senator on the house side. He got off, strolled into the office building, still in a trance, walked down the corridor to room 214, opened the door of that room and mechanically hung up his hat.

An exclamation followed from a stenographer who didn't look exactly familiar. Senator Norris glanced up in an annoyed way, and of a sudden began to realize that the furniture of the room had changed over night. Then, and only then, did the statesman realize that, instead of riding to the senate office building and walking unchallenged into his magnificent mahogany suite, he had returned to the old room he occupied as a representative and taken possession.

