

UNDAUNTED BY POLAR COLD.

The Parrot of Food Temper Birds to Brave the Most Miserable Climate.

In the countries bordering on the Polar seas, where the changing seasons bring alternately the two extremes of dearth and plenty birds are more numerous in the short summer than anywhere else all the world over and in winter are absent altogether. All the immigrants here by force of circumstance. In like manner the birds of temperate climates are affected by the seasonal changes, though in a less degree, through the influence of cold and heat upon their food supplies, rather than effect of cold upon their well-protected bodies. According to Little's Living Age, a coat of mail is not to be compared to a coat of feathers for safety, so far as a bird's life is concerned. Layer upon layer of feathers can withstand any amount of water or any degree of cold. In proof of this, see how the delicate tern, after wintering in comparatively mild weather, go back to the ice floes of the Polar Sea and lay their eggs on the bare ice. For two or three weeks the tender breast of the sea swallow is pressed against a cold block of ice. Again, as another example of the influence of food rather than climate in governing bird action, take the colony of beccaficos. The beccafico is a Mediterranean bird common on the southern shores of Spain and Italy, in the Grecian Islands, Sicily and Malta, and on the northern shores of Africa. Formerly it was quite unknown in the British Isles but some years ago a large ornamental tree was planted near Brighton, and the beccafico have discovered the fact and come over to share the spoil. Doubtless the nightingales told them the story of English figs and showed them the way over. Be this as it may, the little birds from the warm shores of the Mediterranean had fair to become established as naturalized British subjects.

A Clever Parrot.

"Parrots are not supposed to be gifted with a sense of humor," said Lee Edwards to the corridor man at the Southern. "But there is one in a little Illinois town that showed a fine appreciation of the fitness of things. I had to stop at the town to sell a bill of goods and found that there was no hotel. The storekeeper, out of a pure spirit of accommodation, kept the few travelers who stopped in the town, charging them \$2 a day for accommodations worth \$3 a week and impressing upon them his self-sacrificing spirit is taking them all. One of the features of the entertainment afforded and the only one that could possibly be worth the price charged was family prayers, in which the guests were expected to join. We had adjourned to the sitting-room for religious devotion and the good old man read a chapter in Deuteronomy, his plan always being to read the bible through from the first chapter of Genee to the last one of revelation, one at a time. With great solemnity he stumbled over the long list of names and when he had finished we knelt in prayer. Upon a mantle was a parrot seeming to listen with great attention. The prayer commenced with a supplication for the entire world, then followed the national government, then the relatives of the family, each being named, until it had lasted for about twenty minutes, when suddenly the parrot in loud and angry tone cried, 'sh. shut up—shut up. I say.' A suppressed laugh from the members of the household followed and the prayer ceased."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Round Robins Out of Date.

"In the old days, when dissatisfaction arose among the working class," said an old time manufacturer, "the leaders of movements sought to hide themselves rather than to be heralded as being at the head. I remember when a petition came into me from my men it was impossible to tell who was the most active or master man upon the list. They adopted the idea which originated at sea when the crew wished to protest against anything the captain did. In those early days, if any one had been caught stirring up dissatisfaction among the men of a vessel, no time would have been lost in stringing him up to the yardarm. So the sailors, to make it impossible for the officer to know who was the first man to start the list, invented the 'round robin.' The grievance was written in a circle, around which the names were signed, going out like the spokes of a wheel. In such a document one man was just as prominent as another, so the captain would have to forego any punishment. Well, that's the way my men did. These petitions were always 'round robins.' I never knew who were the leaders and who were the followers. But now 'round robins' are out of date, and committees have taken their place. There is now no attempt to conceal the names of leaders. In fact, there is scarcely a manufacturing establishment in the country that has not its recognized labor leader."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tried by His Peers.

Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding justice turned to Mr. Paine, and remarked: "Have you any motion to make?"

Mr. Paine arose and, in his dry and witty manner, answered: "No, your honor; I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the Constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers."

Books Were a Treasure.

"In Mr. James Demarr's 'Adventures in Australia,' a chronicle of fifty years ago, he speaks of the lack of something to read as one of his worst deprivations. For a man naturally fond of books, it was pretty hard to go two or three months without seeing a book or newspaper. One day, at a neighboring sheep station, he found a volume; but alas! it was a book about 'the right use of reason,' and so dry that even a man who had nothing else to read could not read it. It was no better than a Dead Sea apple.

Some time afterward one of the men rode in from the head station with a copy of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' That night Mr. Demarr began reading it to his companions. They were delighted, but in the goodness of their hearts, suggested that he should wait till the men of two or three of the nearest stations could be invited in to share the feast.

The next day, therefore, word was passed around, and after that, night after night, the hut was full of attentive listeners. The nights were cold, but they had 'a glorious log fire,' and for a lamp, a piece of twisted rag stuck into a pint pot full of melted fat.

"It would have delighted the heart of a philanthropist," says Mr. Demarr, "to see how those fellows enjoyed the book. If I could have read till daylight they would not have tired. Two of them came from a station seven miles away."

After the reading there was always an animated conversation, and, before long, calves, pups, and pet birds in all the different stations around about were named after the characters in the story.—Youth's Companion.

Hard on the Hen.

A gentleman employed by one of the largest firms in the city took a sudden notion for raising fancy chickens as a means of increasing his yearly sum. He purchased an incubator, several hundred eggs and some full-blooded Plymouth Rock hens. The incubator was filled with choice eggs and at the end of three weeks a goodly number of chickens had hatched. The care of the chicks was left upon Mrs. —, who boiled eggs and made hash for them to eat. In the meantime, one of the Plymouth Rock hens had been given a sitting of choice eggs. The time elapsed for the eggs to hatch and no chickens made their appearance. Two or three days passed by and still no signs of any chickens from those eggs. At last Mrs. — decided she would break just one to see if something could really be the matter. She found that she had made a mistake and got the eggs from the wrong jar. She had placed fifteen hard-boiled eggs which she intended to feed to the little chicks hatched from the incubator under the old hen instead of the choice ones purchased expressly for the purpose of setting the hen. The sympathy of the Humane Society will certainly be aroused when it learns that that hen was given another sitting of eggs and compelled to sit three weeks longer.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Engineering Education.

A system of education, says the Electrical World, that tends to broaden the mind and thus render it capable of dealing confidently with large questions is not only most likely to make the engineer educated under it more respected by those with whom he comes into contact in professional life, but it gives him a wider range of opportunities, and a more ambitious scope to his strivings. Owing to the desire to start on a professional career at the earliest possible moment, most technical courses are none too long for the bare purpose of teaching principles, and yet the tendency seems to be becoming greater and greater to subordinate the theoretical grounding to "practical work." Pattern shops, smith shops, and even foundries are becoming features of technical schools, and testing work is carried on more with a view to teach the practical manipulations than to illustrate principles. The difficulty with many of our engineering schools is that they attempt to combine three different courses, each of which in turn is sacrificed to the others. In Europe in some cases these are differentiated into engineering, industrial, and manual training schools. Some of our technical schools partake more of the character of the French industrial schools, a graduate of which does not expect to become anything higher than a super attendant of a manufactory or plant, or an 'expert' in his line of training.

Lost in His Art.

Sydney Owenson, who was made so deeply famous by her novel, "The Wild Irish Girl," met a great actor at supper. Mr. Kimble (she says in her memoirs) was evidently much preoccupied. He was seated vis-a-vis and repeatedly stretched his arms across the table for the purpose, as I supposed, of holding himself to some coat's head. Alas! my head happened to be the object which fixed his attention, which, being a true Irish cathan head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a better Brutes than any in his repertoire of theatrical perukes. Succumbing at last in his purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and, addressing me in the deepest apoplectic tones, asked: "Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

No man and his wife ever agreed on the money question.

Well Done, John!

J. A. Owen tells a touching story of shameful wrong done in a moment of passion to a faithful dog. The incident is given in the words of a friend of old John, the keeper. "He was a rare 'un for shootin' was the Squire, an' the best pointers that could be had for money he'd have in his kennels. But Cyrus was the finest dog of the lot both as regards size an' looks an' work in the field. 'He'd never made a miss, all the time the Squire shot over him. Well, one day when they was pa tridge-shootin', the birds went out of one field and dropped over a bank into anothe'. There was a gate at one end of the bank, an' 'twas half-way open like.

"On they comes after the dog, the Squire an' John. An' how it come about no one knows; the dog might ha' been jealous, for there was another dog out with 'em, an' he might ha' been thinkin' about him. Anyway instead of drawin' through as usual, he cante ed through, jest as if he'd been rangin'.

"Up got the covey; they was behind that bank. Cyrus turned round an' stopped dead still. He knowed, poor feller, he'd made a blunder for once in his life, an' old John told me he looked up at h'im real pitiful like. Befo e he could say a word, the Squire swung his gun up to his shoulder, an' shot Cyrus dead, an' then turnin' round to old John, he says to him quiet, very quiet, though his face was white with temper.

"'You broke that dog in, or tried to; now break me in another that will not make a mistake.'

"It was quite enough for the old feller, an' too much. Layin' the gun down, an' takin' the game bag from his shoulders, he says:

"'Squire, I've been in your father's service an' yours for many years, an' served ye faithful to the best of my means an' ways, such as they a e, but as long as I live, I'll never break another dog or you.'

"The Squire looked at him for full a minute, and then he said, soft like: 'John take my gun, an' carry it home. I shall shoot no mo e to-day. An' get Cyrus buried.'

"An' then he walked away hasty like, as if he was glad to get away from the place. The old feller said he knowed he was sorry for what he done; but he never mentioned Cyrus after that, nor John didn't to the Squire neither."

Florida Cisterns in Tree-Tops.

A writer tells of a surveying party who were resting at noon in a forest in Florida, when one of the men exclaimed, "I would give fifty cents a swallow for all the water I could drink."

He expressed the sentiment of the others; all were very thirsty, and there was not a spring or stream anywhere in the vicinity.

While the men were thus talking, the surveyor saw a crow put his bill into a cluster of broad, long leaves growing on the side of a tall cypress. The leaves were those of a peculiar air-plant. They were green, and bulged out at the bottom, forming an inverted bell. The smaller end was held to the tree by roots grappling the bark. Feeding on the air and water that it catches and holds, the air-plant becomes a sort of cistern. The surveyor sprang to his feet with a laugh.

"Boys," he said, "that old crow is wiser than every one of us."

"How so?" they asked.

"Why he knows that there are a hundred thousand water-tanks in this forest."

"Where?" they cried, in amazement.

The surveyor cut an air-plant in two, and drained nearly a pint of pure cold water from it. The men did not suffer for water after that, for every tree in the forest had at least one air-plant, and every air-plant contained a drink of water.

A Broom in the Poultry House.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," is a good rule in ethics, and is one which should not be too exclusive in its application. When the household is made to conform to such a condition the work should be extended to all the outhouses, barns, etc., as a consistent procedure. The fancier says: It is a disagreeable task at all times to clean out the poultry-houses and coops, but like every other undertaking much depends on the systematic manner in which the work is performed. We have seen persons labor hard all day, in the midst of filth, with shovel and hoe, cleaning the poultry house, and when the job was finished but little appearance of cleanliness was added to it. There is an easy, neat, effectual way of cleaning the poultry house, which, if adopted, removes the dread and disgust of the work, and makes it a pleasure instead of an annoyance. The first consideration in the construction of the floor is the reason that it absorbs the impurities and the filth can only be removed with the dirt, thus entailing the necessity of changing the entire floor and substituting fresh material.

The Silk Spider.

The silk spider of Madagascar spins threads of a golden color, and strong enough, according to Maindron, to hang a cork helmet by. The female spider may attain a length of 15 cm., while the male does not exceed 3 cm. A single female individual, at the breeding season, gave M. Camboue, a French missionary, some 3,000 m. of a fine silken thread during a period of about twenty-seven days. The thread was examined with a view to creating a new industry. Small textures woven of these threads are actually used by the natives for fastening flowers on sunshades and for other purposes.

REGULAR WAGS—Pendulums.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

Beltless Sleeves Are Still in Favor—Women's Riding Habits Have Experienced a Great Change—Shirt Waists the Dominant Part of the Outing Dress.

Gotham Gossip. New York correspondences.

LEEVES on fashionable summer dresses are quite as big as those worn in the spring and winter, and the shape remains much the same about the shoulder and upper arm. It would certainly be non-sensical to retain big sleeves till hot weather was at end and then resort to tight ones, but it seems as if the next change would surely bring small sleeves, though knowing ones still assert that in the autumn even more material will be put about the arm than is now used. Big sleeves are comfortable wear in hot weather, and the omission of the tight cuff still further permits of ease. Sometimes the big shoulder puffs end in a short tight cuff, little more than a band, but an even better finish is a frill of lace, or the sleeve puff is caught in at the elbow and ends in a frill of the sleeve stuff ornamented in any one of a variety of dainty ways. Thus completed are the sleeves of the first pictured costume in this column, which is a very stylish dress in dark-blue flowered challie, the skirt having pannels of silk crepon with hemstitched edges. At the top the sleeves have chalice straps fastened with velvet buttons, and the brettelles end in a plain belt that encircles the waist. The over-



GOWNED FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

skirt of the figured goods comes to about six inches of the underskirt's hem, and is looped up at both sides, while the underskirt beneath is from plain blue challie pinked out about the edge.

The sleeves of the second gown shown are much larger at the bottom than at the top, and just above the elbow, and are finished by bands of mousseline chiffon. With them are worn long gloves, which is not so comfortable a thought, but summer maid, when dressing for garden fetes, will first consider style and appearance. The bodice of this dainty costume, which is composed of gray silk, comes inside the skirt, hooks in the center, and the draped plastron of white mousseline chiffon laps over. Its lower part forms a fitted vest, from which straps of the dress stuff extend upward to the shoulders. A belt of wide ribbon ties in front in a large bow, with fancy passementerie. The skirt may be either gored or circular, and has a front breadth of the mousseline chiffon, the corners of the stuff at the bottom being ornamented, as shown, with set-off passementerie.



OF SPRINKLING OUT.

Even cooler are the sleeves on the next dress shown, which are puffed full to the elbow and end in a lace frill. There is a suggestion of coolness, too, in the gowns cut at the neck. The whole consists of a slightly trained skirt of cream-colored figured crepon, and a princess overdress of gray crepon, which has a small vest of lotus-

rod scullions let in at the side seam. The vest is finished with large revers of yellow tulle, and a deep blouse plastron of white lace fills the opening at the neck. The gored skirt is lined with silk foulard.

Women's riding habits have experienced a great change of late and now are not unlike street dresses. Tailor-mades are responsible for this, because the latter are now so much worn, and they combine so many touches of masculinity that the mannish suggestions have departed from the riding habit, till the only pronounced one remaining is the footwear. When women first took to the stovetop and skid-bit habit, it was because it was about her only chance to copy the severity of a man's get-up, and she felt such a chance ought to be made the most of. Now the girl on horseback need not look a fright unless she insists on it. Very

drastic are gotten out of chocolate cloth with scarlet waistcoat, putty color with white, and stone-gray with dark-blue. The jacket may button closely to the throat if the linen is to be avoided for any reason. Very slender women wear a bodice that has no skirt and which shows off the figure strikingly, while the old-time basque with the postillon back simply ruined women's contour.

Shirt waists are the dominant part of outing dresses, and a change of waist seemingly puts the wearer into an entirely different costume. This is a point taken advantage of by many a maid of slender means, and by another trick she may make herself doubly envied at little expense. She can easily give the impression that she has a sailor hat for each shirt waist by providing herself



FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS.

with a lot of hat bands. These are out just the right length and have button-holed places for the prongs of the buckle to go through. The buckle is silver and a modest outfit is complete with one or two of them, which may be adjusted to each change of band, though it is better if each of the bands has its own buckle passed through. In this case the buckle has a little under row of hooks and these catch into tiny silver rings on the hemmed end of the band. There is just a single move and all, and after being put in position it can be tightened or loosened. The ribbon should match the color of the waist or of the trimmings. It is deemed the very best taste to have the waist trimmed with ribbon and to have the band of hat and ribbon exactly matching. This sort is very stiffly filled and has a decided rap. With a white duck gown, the wagger thing is a made band of duck that runs through a strap of the same, and fastens with a single pearl button, which fits in cuff-button fashion. There is a fancy also for "studding" the hat band instead of running it through a buckle. In this case three dress studs are inserted along the width of the band, just before its tailor-made end, and go through both thicknesses, holding the band quite secure. They may be concealed by tiny gold chains, and the set of little studs formerly sold for fastening baby dresses are now dignified in the shop window with a placard calling

them "hat studs." It is much better to have "souvenir" studs instead of purchased ones, and, if the summer's men are nice, it will prove much cheaper, too—for the girls.

While tailor cuts predominate for morning wear, they are away in the minority by the middle of the afternoon, when gowns cannot be too daintily designed. An example of tasteful elegance is shown in the fourth illustration, where the heliotrope mousseline chiffon and black point d'esprit tulle are combined. The skirt is made of accordion pleated chiffon, and the overdress consists of the tulle, hooks in front, and has a vest of pleated mousseline chiffon which laps over. The pleated skirt is lined with silk, may be slightly stiffened, if desired, and is finished on the inside with a gathered chiffon frill. The bodice part has a fitted silk lining, and the tulle fronts are rounded at the bottom and draped from the middle of the skirt by the shoulders. The sleeves consist of large puffs finished with a triangular piece of tulle bordered with heliotrope and black tinsel galloon, and a deep heliotrope silk fringe. The long cuffs are plain.

FOR ANOTHER SORT OF AFTERNOON.

The final picture shows a natty tennis costume for which blue and white striped flannel, serge or chevrot will be serviceable. The gored skirt is perfectly plain and the fullness in back is gathered. The blouse is worn inside the skirt, hooks at the side, and is finished by a small black satin tie and white standing collar. The tulle has pointed revers, turned down collar and double epaulettes, while the sleeves have big puffs that reach to the elbows, and long, light cuffs. The tulle jacket should be made of solid dark-blue stuff, either serge or chevrot. Copyright, 1909.

There were 11,435,487 barrels of salt produced in the United States in the year 1908, against 11,765,755 barrels in 1902, a falling off of 350,267 barrels. Each barrel weighed 280 pounds, making a total of 3,201,501,660 pounds.

DRASTICS are violent purgatives, such as gamboge, etc.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

In Holland the peasant girls who are swainless at fair time hire young men for the occasion. A handsome man who is a good dancer has a high value, so much so that sometimes three girls have to club together to hire one swain.

The Argand lamp was discovered by Argand, Jr. While Argand, Sr., was studying how to produce a white light the boy clapped the broken neck of a wine bottle over the dull red flame of the lamp and the work was done.

The Congo Free State is really a colony of Belgium, having a central government at Brussels, by which affairs of the Free State are administered. Its area is estimated at 900,000 square miles. Its population at 16,000,000.

To make animals unconscious before slaughtering is considered humane in Bern, Switzerland. A test was recently made there by legal enactment, and it took six quarts of alcohol to render an ox unfeelingly drunk.

Box elder trees are said to furnish a sap so closely resembling the sap of the maple that it can be used as a substitute, and experts cannot detect the difference. Successful experiments have been made in Nebraska.

There are four round churches in England, Northumberland possesses one; Little Mablestrey in Essex another; the Temple Church, London, is the third, and Holy Sepulcher, Cambridge, is the fourth.

When suddenly frightened lizards will often drop their tails and scurry away. The discarded member, bouncing up and down, attracts the attention of the enemy and enables an escape to be effected.

An astronomer calculates that if the diameter of the sun is daily diminished by two feet, over 3,000 years must elapse ere the astronomical instruments now in use could detect the diminution.

The East India ship worm will in a few months destroy any vessel by eating out the interior of the beams and planks. They will be left a mere shell that can be shattered by the fist.

So GREAT is the echo in one of the rooms of the Pantheon that the striking together of the palms of the hands is said to make a noise equal to that of a twelve pound cannon.

A GERMAN scientist has succeeded in propagating sponges artificially. His first cost was \$20, cost of maintenance almost nothing, and a crop of 4,000 sponges as a result.

At Lafayette, Ala., recently, two persons were married who had walked seventy miles to find an official to perform the ceremony. It was a runaway marriage at that.

It is estimated that fifty persons have been lynched in the United States since the beginning of 1904. Of this number thirty-eight victims were colored.

When the daguerreotype was a new invention the face of the sitter for a portrait was dusted with a white powder.

The most costly medicine in the world is metallic gallium, which is worth \$100,000 a pound.

To Make Toast.

Toast is regarded by many as a dainty. In fact, to some it is absolutely essential that all bread they eat shall be toasted. And yet, in all these years and years that toast has been made, it is not singular how few people understand the making of the perfect article. In the first place the bread should be rather stale. If too fresh it will be apt to burn instead of browning. But even the fresher variety may be browned to a nicety, if proper care be taken. First, lay your slices in the oven a few moments, not in a pan, but across the bars. This will permit them to dry off a little all over. If laid in a pan the undersides would "sweat" and become softer than before. After this slightly drying process has taken place, put it between the wires of your toaster and turn briskly back and forth over a bed of coals, regulating the distance at which you shall hold it, by the heat of the fire. By this means the entire portion of the two sides will become a beautiful even brown, more or less deep according to the length of time. The great secret in making all toast is this turning back and forth in the beginning, a moment later it may be allowed to finish entirely upon one side.

Preferred White Meat. "Though lions are timid enough in the day-time," said a well-seasoned African hunter, "when the sun has set and darkness comes on they become bold and fearless, and often urged by hunger reckless and daring. It is by no means unusual for oxen to be seized at the yoke or horses to be killed inside the stable, or when tied to the wheel of a wagon; while in Mashonaland alone four men were carried off and eaten by lions during the first two years of the occupation of the country. One of these unfortunate was a young man who was about to start a market garden in the neighborhood of Umtali settlement. He had gone away with a cart and four oxen to buy some native meal at one of the Ka'ir kraals, and had outspanned for the night at a spot about six miles distant from the little township. The oxen were tied up to the yokes, and Mr. Teale was lying asleep under the cart, alongside of a native, when a lion walked up and seized him by the shoulder, carried him off and ate him. This lion, he it is noted, showed a refined taste in disregarding the Kafir and seizing the European."

ALTHOUGH this is a free country, no man has the right to choose between smallpox and vaccination.