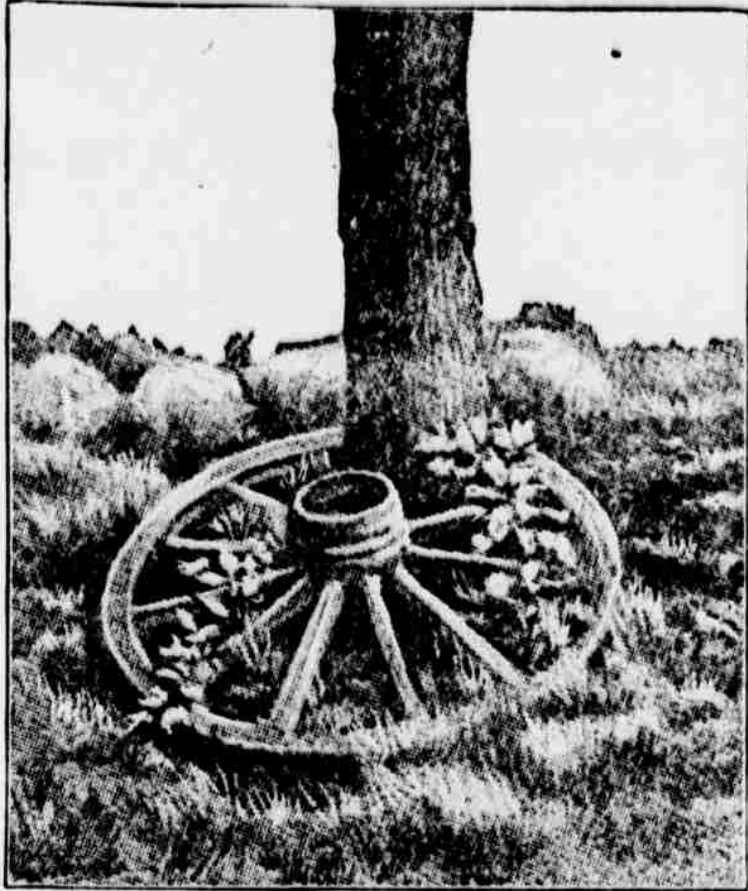


Tree Grows in Cartwheel



The Roberts paper mill on the bank of Stony Brook in the historic Norumbega of Waltham is one of the most picturesque little manufactories in Massachusetts. The mill site was utilized in 1798 by Nathan and Amos Upham, two brothers, who had learned their trade of paper making at the Boies hill, which was located below the Boston mills on the Charles river. A natural curiosity on the grounds of the Roberts mill is a tree of oak species, about eight inches in diameter at the butt, and at least twenty feet in height, which is growing between the spokes of an ordinary cart wheel. The wheel was carelessly thrown aside, as the record runs, twenty-eight years ago, and the tree, then but a mere sapling, was seen to be growing between two of the spokes. Both wheel and tree have been carefully watched since that time and now the result is a real curiosity.

AFRICAN'S FIVE-FOOT BEARD



For the most part the natives of west Africa extract all the hair from the body with the exception of the head, the beard and the mustache. Our illustration shows one elderly gentleman whose beard, five feet long when braided, is his especial pride.

IVORY MADE FROM MILK

One of the latest discoveries of the synthetic chemists is how to make ivory out of nothing more wonderful than cow's milk—and a very good ivory at that, according to all accounts. The original idea was to use the new "ivory" for piano and organ keys, because it preserves its original color indefinitely, whereas the genuine article turns yellow after a time.

But it has been found that the new product is not only an efficient substitute for ivory, but can easily be prepared so as to take the place of amber, horn, coral, celluloid, and such like products, and, it is claimed, can hardly be distinguished from them. It is in its position as a substitute for ivory that the new material has

caused most surprise, however, because it has the appearance of being another instance of improving upon Nature. The new ivory takes a very high and lasting polish, and probably will not lack a commercial field for itself, as natural ivory continues to grow scarcer and dearer year by year.

MOST ANCIENT OF JOKES

What is said to be the most ancient joke is related in one of the Berlin papyri of the sixth Egyptian dynasty—about 3,200 years anterior to the Christian era—and is to this effect:

According to the papyrus a certain scribe who worked in the Temple of Thoth occupied apartments where his neighbors on either side were a cooper and a carpenter. These honest artisans were industrious workmen, and made such a noise all day and most of the night that the poor scribe was almost driven mad. At length by a stroke of craftiness he buttonholed each neighbor separately and bribed him to change his lodgings, which they did—with each other.

This tale has kept the world amused for 5,000 years.

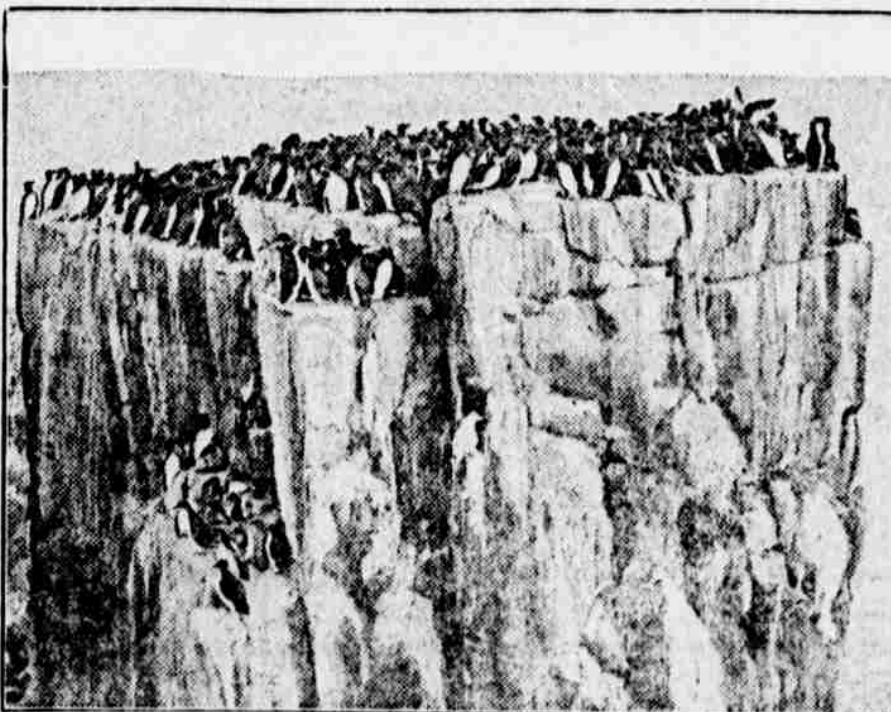
PIGEON CROSSES THE OCEAN

Ernest Robinson of Westmount, Ontario, received word that a pigeon he had imported and which had escaped, had returned to England. It apparently took twelve days to make the journey. The distance from Montreal to Liverpool, England, is about 3,000 miles. The steamship route from Quebec to Liverpool is 2,600 miles, while that from Halifax to Liverpool is 2,450 miles.

STORK DELIVERS BY EXPRESS

The stork and an express wagon had a race through Philadelphia, and the stork won when a 13-pound baby boy was presented to Mrs. Anna Chutkites. The driver of the wagon saw Mrs. Chutkites sitting on the sidewalk. She asked to be taken to a hospital, but a block away, with the horses going at full speed, the baby arrived.

Paradise for the Birds



The Farne islands are famous as breeding places for sea birds and their rocky pinnacles are almost always covered with guillemots and kittiwakes and other fowl. The islands, which are several miles off the northeast coast of Northumberland, England, are seventeen in number and many of them are mere rocks which are visible only at low tide. The passage between the islands is very dangerous and was the scene of Grace Darling's heroism in 1838 when the Forfarshire was wrecked.

HOW VARIOUS PEOPLE SLEEP

The American or the European in order to get a good night's rest ordinarily requires a soft pillow under his head, but the Japanese stretches himself on a rush mat on the floor, puts a hard, square block of wood under his head, and does not sleep well if he does not have it.

In China they make a great deal to do with reference to their beds. These are very low, scarcely rising from the floor, but are often carved exquisitely of wood. Like the Japanese the Chinese never makes his bed any softer than is possible by the use of rush mats.

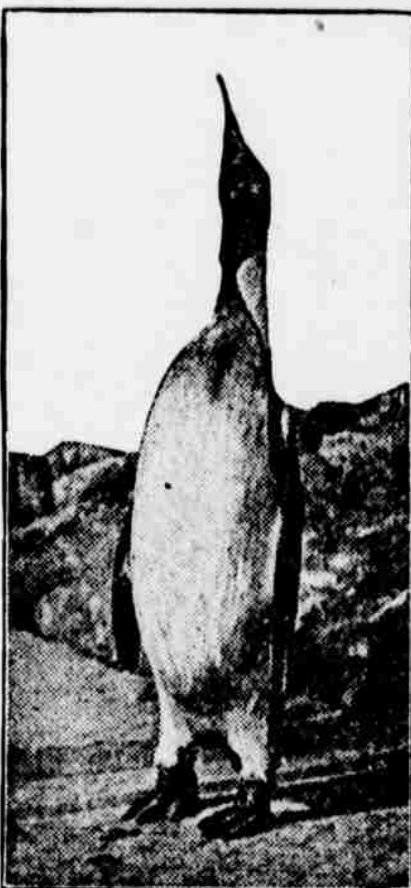
It is a curious fact with reference to the sleeping habits of the various peoples that while those in northern countries do not appear to be able to sleep well unless they have lots of room in which to stretch their legs, the inhabitants of the Tropics often curl themselves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock and sleep very soundly that way.

The robust American will cover himself with a pair of blankets and throw his window open to the air even in the dead of winter, and sometimes he will not complain if there is a bit of snow on the window sill in the morning. But the Russian, on the contrary, likes no sleeping place so well as the top of the big soapstone stove in his dwelling. Crawling out of this blistering bed in the morning he delights in taking a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break through the ice to do so.

In Lapland the native crawls, head and all, into a bag made of reindeer skin and sleeps warm and comfortable within it. The East Indian, at the other end of the world, also has a sleeping bag, but it is more porous than the Laplander's. Its purpose is to keep out the mosquitoes rather than to keep its occupants warm.

The American clings to his feather pillow, but he has long since discarded the old feather bed in favor of the hair or straw or felt mattress.

WHEN THE PENGUIN PIPES



This odd photograph shows a king penguin in the strange attitude which he assumes when he is trumpeting or "piping." When about to "pipe" the bird takes an enormously deep breath till he swells and all his feathers stand on end. Then he gives tongue, producing a sound that may be likened to a rushing wind. Lower and lower goes the key, and then suddenly there is silence and with it the end of the music the head and neck are brought swiftly downwards as though hinged at the base. The head is held down thus for some seconds, and then all at once the performance ends and the bird again waddles about nonchalantly.

SOME LONG-LIVED BIRDS

It used to be contended that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is on record. But parrots have been known to live 100 years.

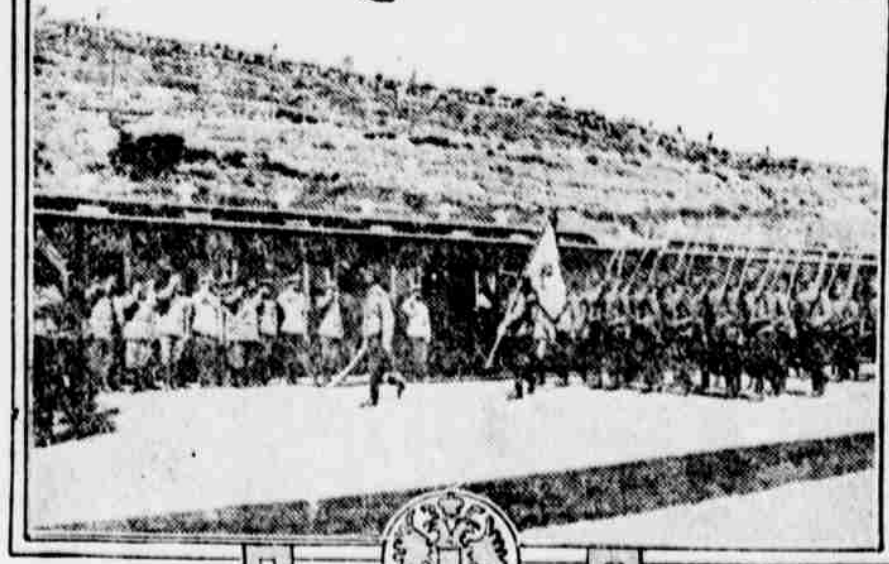
There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schonbrunn at the age of one hundred and eighteen years. Another golden eagle was kept in the Tower of London for 90 years. A third died at Vienna aged one hundred and four years.

Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with eighty and one hundred years of life.

CLUB FOR GRANDMOTHERS

Grandmothers of Chicago are to have a club house, where they can receive friends and lounge, play cards and discuss the latest fashions or the problem plays. This innovation will be sponsored by the Mothers' Association of Chicago. It is considered that the grandmothers are the most neglected of a city's population, and to cheer them, bring kindred spirits together and revive early memories a home club, similar to clubs their sons and daughters attend, will be erected.

RAILWAY TRAVEL in RUSSIA



WHEN CZAR GOES TRAVELING

THINGS that were wont to figure as bugbears in the old day travel of Russia are now but memories. The ways of the bureaucracy have become more liberal and less rigid, so that traveling today in that country is as pleasant and comfortable as in most countries, and a good deal less expensive than in many. Besides no other country in Europe "can offer more beautiful scenery, more objects of new interests, or pleasanter conditions of life and climate" than some parts of Russia that are quite accessible to the tourist.

The only difficulty a journey in Russia occasionally presents, in places off the beaten track, is that of the language.

Railway travel in Russia leaves much to be desired, however. For example, accommodation on one much-traveled road last summer the demand for first-class space was so pressing that travelers were sometimes compelled to wait their turn for a week, while the demands of officials for "tea-money" increased with the competition. This train has neither restaurant nor sleepers.

Nothing Really Matters.

Russia is the land of "Nichevo," the country where nothing really matters, even as Spain is the land of the tomorrow that never comes. Let the traveler realize this at once and for all; let him recognize the fact that he has left behind him, at the German frontier, businesslike habits, punctuality, scrupulous accuracy of statement and all such commercial virtues. Let him in their place accept and enjoy the easy-going and tolerant attitude of a people which faces life and all its problems with a certain leisurely and speculative stolidism, an attitude which, after all, has much philosophy and a good deal of religion in its favor. Let him adapt himself to his Slav environment and he will speedily find himself enjoying the human comedy from a new and instructive point of view—the point of view of a race of "thinking children," for whom the world of ideas is more than all the cold facts and figures of trade.

The man who must needs carry with him on a journey his own country and all his fixed habits had better remain at home, for the science and fine art of traveling consists in reducing our material necessities and local fads to a minimum. For all that, those whose pleasure it is to journey with "all the comforts of a home" can do so today on all the main lines of travel in Russia—from Riga to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nizhni, Rostov-on-the-Don, and Odesa. International wagon-lits, polyglot porters, electric lifts, and meals served to the wailing of Hungarian music, all are there, combining the creature comforts of a trip to Paris with a rapid impression of the landscapes and people of Russia. But for the man who can doff on occasion his garments of custom, to whom the cities of men offer something more than museums and meals, the byways of desultory travel in Russia open up a new and inspiring field of recreation and knowledge. Especially wonderful are the unfrequented beauties of the Caucasus and the Armenian highlands, all that fertile and historic land which lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian; and the journey thence, from Tiflis by railway and steamer, to Tashkend and Fergana, Bokhara and Samarkland. Here, in a summer vacation's wanderings, one may see Europe and Asia overlapping and dovetailing, their conflict of ethics and economics acting and reacting at a thousand points of absorbing interest; and all in comfort quite sufficient for any sensible man.

Buying Railway Tickets.

In buying tickets at a Russian railway station, one soon learns also that it is wiser to book them in advance for the drawbacks of the "Nichevo" system of philosophy are nowhere so conspicuous as at a crowded ticket office. To the writer it has happened on nearly every railway in Russia, including the Trans-Siberian at Moscow, and at Kharbin, that, after being informed at the ticket office that no sleeping-car accommodation was available, a coupe has been forthcoming on the train as the result of largesse to the conductor and other douceurs. On one occasion, boarding the Revel-Petersburg express at Welmarn station at 4 a. m., I was informed by the conductor that there was no room except in the cor-

ridor, only to discover that every department was occupied by a single passenger with a single ticket, each of whom had paid the conductor for undisturbed privacy. Incidents of this kind are contrary to the Anglo-Saxon's ideas of the fitness of things, but they can usually be adjusted by invoking the intervention of any disinterested member of the staff, say, the next station master. The patience with which the average Russian, suckled in the "Nichevo" creed, endures these things, is at first a source of constant surprise to the foreigner; not only a race that has borne for centuries with bureaucratic inefficiency could thus accept them as part of the established order of things immutable.

I remember, one hot afternoon last July, watching the sale of tickets to passengers by a Black Sea steamer at Novorossisk. There was a surging crowd and but one ticket office, with a tiny window, some four feet high, at which each suppliant squirmed in turn, and inside it sat a weary clerk, apparently utterly indifferent to time and tide and all the things that struggled under an unkind heaven. In the intervals of his toil, after writing out an officer's special ticket in duplicate with a reluctant pen, he would light a cigarette, sighing heavily, and sip his lemonade tea, oblivious of the perspiring crowd. And again, when he had issued to an ordinary passenger his passage ticket and his berth ticket, his wife's tickets, and a special ticket for the baby, and had carefully blotted all the endorsements thereon, the change out of a ten-rouble note had to be laboriously calculated, and then checked on an abacus in the corner.

WOMAN RULES INDIAN STATE

Begam of Bhopal Has Governed Country Wisely and Well for Eleven Years.

There have been a few opportunities to know something of that interesting and unusual woman, the Begam of Bhopal, who has for the last eleven years been ruler of her country, the small state of Bhopal, in the middle of Central India.

The Begam was born in 1858, and the free, independent spirit of her family is shown by the fact that though a girl her advent was not unwelcome. When she was seven years old arrangements were made for her marriage, and the boy selected for her husband was brought to the court and shared her studies. When the Begam was fifteen they were married, and strangely enough, the marriage was a happy one. The Begam found in her husband a faithful friend, and it is said that she mourned his death very deeply.

In 1888 the Begam's eldest daughter died. She would have been her heir, the first born, irrespective of sex, being in Bhopal the heir apparent.

In 1901 she became ruler owing to the death of her mother and at once set about improvements and reforms in all the various state departments. One of the Begam's chief interests was education, particularly, too, the education of girls. She decided, therefore, to open and patronize personally a girls' school. The education of girls in Bhopal was chiefly limited to a study of the Koran and the rudiments of the Urdu language, with here and there some slight knowledge of writing learned from fathers and brothers. But their attendance at schools and their advancement in general knowledge was looked upon as a dangerous innovation.

Montenegrins Fatalists.

It is only in recent years that Montenegrins have begun to appreciate the services of the hospital. Hulme Benman, after visiting the country in 1889, wrote that the people "take very little care of their children, and only the sound and the strong grow up. In after life, too, they are extremely averse to sanitary precautions or medical treatment, and a sick Montenegrin is almost synonymous with a dead man. At least, he at once gives himself up, and if he recovers looks upon it as a curious freak in nature's laws. . . . The few who reluctantly submit to losing an arm or a leg invariably refuse anaesthetics and converse with their friends, smoking a cigarette while the knife and saw are at work."

MAN SHOTS WIFE WHO SOUGHT DEATH

Paris Stirred by Piteous Story of Love and Suffering of Couple.

Paris.—State and medical authorities here are discussing the question whether a husband is justified in ending the sufferings of a wife afflicted with an incurable disease.

Emile Breguery, formerly a magistrate, sixty years old, the other day fired three shots from a revolver into the head of his wife, killing her instantaneously. She was fifty-five years old, and suffering from cancer of the liver. She had begged her husband for days to put her out of her misery.

For many years the couple had lived happily together in the village of Sannois in the Department of the Seine and Oise. A year ago,



For Hours He Sat Distracted.

Madame Breguery had an attack of paralysis, followed by the development of cancer of the liver. The doctors concealed the truth about the cancer from both the patient and her husband.

Twice Madame Breguery tried to end her misery. The first time her husband snatched a revolver from her hand and the second time she tried death by gas. So great was her pain that after each rescue she begged her husband to kill her.

A few days ago there was a heart-rending scene. Madame Breguery implored her sister, Madame Baron, to end her life. The sister refused. Frantic with pain the sufferer called her a coward. She called her husband and then for four days following begged him to help her take the only way out of pain.

Driven well-nigh mad by the prayers and suffering of his wife, Monsieur Breguery took a revolver and shot her three times. For two hours he sat distracted by the body of the dead wife, then went to a police station and told what he had done. The wife's sister praised him for his action.

There is a strong sentiment here in favor of exonerating Monsieur Breguery.

BEAR BREAKS UP A SCHOOL

Pupils Flee in Panic When Bruin Saunters in Boldly—Examinations Thrown Aside.

Bloomsburg, Pa.—A bear intruded itself boldly into the curriculum of the Hoffnagle school in Mifflin township, Columbia county, broke up an examination and created no end of excitement.

Just as one of the pupils completed her examination and was about to leave the room she exclaimed: "What a funny dog, teacher," and pandemonium reigned when the teacher declared it to be a bear. Examinations were thrown aside and the children dashed for the door. The bear beat a retreat with the children after him, but the chase was reversed when he tired of running away, and turning, started toward the children. The schoolhouse became a place of refuge.

Howard Steely, one of the pupils, ran home and got his Flobert rifle and gave chase. He hit the animal several times and drew blood, but bruin coolly sauntered off. School was not resumed.

COW FALLS INTO DEEP SHAFT

Animal Is Rescued From Old Hole of Ore Prospector in California Mine Field.

Oroville, Cal.—After ten days' imprisonment in the bottom of a forty-foot prospector's hole, left in the early days, a dredger the other day completed the task of digging a cow from the hole, which at the opening was only three and a half feet wide. The bovine was the property of James Edwards of Thermalito, and a year ago a dredger performed a similar feat for him, when one of his horses fell into a pit on the same land.

For several days the disappearance of the cow mystified the owner, and his son and another man were sent on a search. The sound of breathing coming from the hole led to the discovery.