

REARING CHILD CORRECTLY

Solution of the Problem by Thoughtful Brooklyn Mother Told in Her Own Words.

The young mother of a certain very lively three-year-old Brooklyn boy recently said:

"I think it sometimes pays to let children yell and stamp and say ugly things to their hearts' content. There seems to be about so much wickedness in them, and if you let them blow it off all at once—preferably in the morning—they sort of get it out of their systems and are all the better for it. A few mornings ago my small boy awoke in the ugliest mood I have seen him in for many a day. I could do nothing with him, he was so touchy and so belligerent.

"When I undertook to correct him for some flagrant misdemeanor he would set his feet defiantly and call me a 'dirty old thing'—a phrase which he had picked up from some playmate, I presume, and which I had tried hard to make him quit using. On this particular morning I had so many things to do that I could not stop to fight it out with him, so I shut him in a closet, telling him I would not let him out until he promised to be good.

"For at least ten minutes he stood in there, stamping viciously on the floor, pounding the door with all his might and yelling 'dirty old thing' at the top of his voice and as fast as he could make his tongue go. He must have repeated that phrase 500 times. Then suddenly he stopped, and in the next instant called out in a cheery tone:

"There, mother, I feel better now. I feel just like being good." "I let him out and he ran to me, all smiles, and, putting his little arms round my neck, said: 'I wanted to be naughty then and I could help it, but now I want to be good.'

"I don't believe that it was the punishment that worked this change in him. I think it was simply that he felt overcharged with wickedness and worked it off all at once in yelling and pounding, just as men sometimes work off their ill nature by means of violent swearing. At any rate, my boy was as sweet tempered and cheerfully obedient all that day as any little fellow could possibly be. I believe that if I had made him stop yelling and pounding, as I had always done before under similar conditions, he would have been incorrigible most of the day, as that morning I confidently expected him to be."

SEAWEED REALLY VALUABLE

Thanks to Writer Who Experimented a Use Is Found for Hitherto Useless Article.

At last we seem to have found an excellent use for seaweed, thanks to an experienced and enterprising writer in *Outing*. She owned a summer cottage by the sea, which, like the Biblical mansion, was built upon sand. Before long the doors began to sag and the whole structure to lose its balance, on account of the shifting of its foundation. It was then that necessity, the mother of invention, came to the rescue, and the seaweed that was continually drifting in with the tide was impressed into service. This was scattered around the house, a few loads of soil sprinkled over it, and in a few years what before was nothing but barren sandhills became a carpet of vivid green, the envy of the neighboring dwellers. Also vegetables, flowers and even hedges made their appearance in time, and the great transformation was complete. No doubt many people who are situated in the same position will welcome this innovation as a godsend.

Compliment Worse Than Wasted. Political Candidate (to editor, whom he is anxious to please)—I say, my friend, I've noticed a wonderful improvement in your paper during the past four weeks.

Editor—Indeed! I've just got back from a month's holiday, and I'm glad to know it.—*Stray Stories.*

Easy to Shut Up.

Miss Bleacher—Are you going to the baseball game to-morrow, Mr. Fann?

Fann—Well—er—yes, I thought of going.

"Alone, Mr. Fann?" "Oh, no, I shall take an umbrella."—*N. Y. Times.*

SALVATION IN ADVERTISING

Brightly-Colored Insects Are a Danger Signal to Their Known Enemies.

Every meadow on a summer day swarms with a winged host blatantly heralding its existence by colors that must seem cordial invitations to its enemies. Why is it that they are not attacked? asks Waldemar B. Kaempfert, in *Booklovers Magazine*. For a long time that question puzzled Darwin. After much futile speculation it was finally ascertained that many of these gayly tinted denizens of the air are horribly distasteful to insect-eating epicureans and frequently endowed with the most nauseous qualities. They find their salvation by advertising themselves—boldly and flamboyantly. Their colors are danger signals not to be disregarded. The light yellow body of the caterpillar that develops into the magpie moth is gaudily spotted with orange and black. A little experimental tasting has taught every bird, lizard and frog to avoid the creature that wears these colors. The caterpillar that strips the foliage of our oaks and elms toward the close of summer is likewise a squirming cylinder of black, yellow and orange. Insect eaters reject it often with signs of intense disgust. And thus red and black ladybirds, yellow striped beetles, wasps and bees, black and red beetles, and a host of insects preserve themselves by brazenly proclaiming their offensive tastes or odors or dangerous stings to all the animal world.

Other insects that would prove delicious morsels to greedy foes have not been slow to profit by the immunity that is granted by a warning garb. They have actually mimicked obnoxious species protected by garish hues in order to escape death themselves, and this with such amazing accuracy that not only is the enemy but even the collector completely tricked. In the jungles of the Amazon species of butterflies are found that mimic the species *Heliconidae*. Entomologically they are all as distinct as horses and cows, and yet the one species is a photographically exact counterfeit of the other. The *Heliconidae* possess an atrocious odor and taste, and accordingly are as brilliantly conspicuous as oxeye daisies in a green field. So free are they from attack that they flap lazily along, utterly indifferent to danger and perfectly secure in their sickening attributes. The mimickers so cleverly copy the markings, form of wings, and heavy flight of the *Heliconidae* that spiders drop them from their webs and small monkeys reject them despite their palatability.

FALL OF MANNA IN PERSIA.

Substance Drops from Skies and Is Believed to Resemble Historical Bread.

A substance was recently presented to the French academy of sciences, which had been forwarded to the government, as having fallen from the sky in Persia at the commencement of this year.

This species of celestial manna was found in such great quantities that the earth for a considerable distance was entirely covered with it. In some places it was five or six inches in depth. The cattle, and particularly the sheep, eagerly fed upon this singular production, which was also converted into bread for the support of the inhabitants.

Such was the information which a Russian general, who had witnessed the phenomenon, communicated to the French consul in Persia. Upon examination this substance was found to be a sort of lichen, already described by botanists.

These mosses, which appear to be found in very great abundance, must have been carried by the wind to the places where their sudden appearance was remarked.

A similar phenomenon was noticed in the same regions of Persia, in the year 1824.—*Athenaeum*, 1829.

Constant Reminder.

Oldchum—Your wife reminds me of a girl I once knew in Boston. Prettyman—That's nothing; she is continually reminding me of every girl I ever knew—anywhere!—*Life.*

FARM LIFE FOR ITALIANS.

Baron Planches Advises His Countrymen to Leave Cities and Take Up Plow.

Baron Edmondo Mayer Des Planches, ambassador from Italy to the United States, who is making a tour of the southern states, stopped in St. Louis a few days ago, and in the course of an address advised the Italians who come to this country to take up farming.

"The Italian immigrant, fresh from the shores of Italy, gets into the ships enter at that port," said Baron des Planches. "He is uneducated, usually, and has but little money after he has paid his passage. He begins work immediately, and takes up anything his hands find to do. Sometimes he gets to blacking boots or pushing a banana cart. The pay is small and he has little opportunity of improving his mind. His children are brought up in the streets, and they follow in their father's footsteps. Occasionally an Italian will have enough money to get to some other city.

"What I desire is to induce these Italians in the cities to go to the country. There laborers are wanted, especially in the south. There is a great opportunity for Italians in truck-farming, fruit raising and general agriculture in the south. Land is cheap and may be obtained and paid for in a few years. The immigrant who goes to the country finds a chance to send his children to school. He learns the customs of the people of the United States quicker, and thereby becomes a better citizen.

"It has been said that I am seeking to promote immigration. This is not so. My desire is to have my fellow countrymen who seek the United States make better citizens for the United States. I want them to have respect for the laws and in other ways so conduct themselves that they may reap the great advantages offered in this country. I advise all Italians coming here to become Americans as soon as possible and to do as the Americans do. In this way I feel that they will not be looked down upon. Some day, when I am dead, some of them may think of the time that des Planches sent them to the country, and they may give him thanks. That is all the credit I expect to get out of it."

DODGING REAL QUESTION.

She Did Not Question Lady's Reputation, It Was the Jelly That Didn't Suit.

A lady who intended to give a dinner to some friends at which the piece de resistance was to be duck shot by her husband on the shores of eastern Maryland, decided that none but the very best jelly should be served as an accompaniment to the dainty fare, relates *Collier's Weekly*.

So she proceeded to a gorgeous Broadway establishment, a place where one pays a quarter apiece for tomatoes and a dollar a stock for asparagus at certain seasons of the year. The jelly the clerk offered her did not appear to be just what she wanted, so she suggested another variety.

"But, madam," said the clerk, laughingly, "this is the very best jelly you can buy. It is made by Mrs. McGuggin, of Brooklyn." And he pointed to the label on the jar.

"I've never heard of it," meekly suggested the lady. "Are you sure it's all right? Do you guarantee it?"

Seeing that his customer was extremely mild of manner and perhaps to be easily rattled, the clerk smiled in a patronizing way. "Guarantee!" repeated he, more haughtily than ever, "madam, we don't have to guarantee Mrs. McGuggin's jelly. Her name is enough. This lady, madam, has a reputation!"

"O, I have no doubt of that, I'm sure," broke in the mild-mannered lady, with a heightened color. "I'm not questioning the lady's reputation; it was the jelly, I assure you!"

Strange.

A man who worked for a firm engaged in the manufacture of bogus antiques testified in his suit to recover wages that he did "good, honest work."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

MOTHER KNEW WHAT TO DO

Old Lady Tells Remedy for Wee Monkey's Ailment and Parent Ape Follows Directions.

"Mamma! Mamma!" is the most familiar cry at the New York Zoological park these days, says the *New York World*. There are, counting all noses, upward of 100 babies. These number the ducks, chickens, monkeys, wolves, buffalo and snakes. And the baby cry strangely resembles the human cry for "Mamma!" in some of these nurseries. An old lady with the air of a martyr walked through the park with her daughter, who was evidently a college girl, for she wore "spees" and talked in a superior way about Darwin and Huxley.

They entered the monkey house and there came across the babel of simian talk the clear, squeaky cry of the baby green monkey, born a week ago.

"Hello!" said the old lady. "Whose baby is that crying? It is a shame to bring a baby into this place."

And she moved along the cages till she was in front of the cage of the green monkey. This simian seldom breeds in captivity and this green monkey is a curiosity. The baby awoke feeling ill. It clung close to its mother's arms and sobbed, while its little stomach was convulsed with spasms, which the kind old lady outside the cage understood at once.

"The poor little thing! It has the stomach ache!" she said. "I should rub its stomach if it was mine, now!"

And just then, to her utter astonishment, the wise-looking old mamma green monkey took the baby on her knee and began gently to massage its stomach, now and then patting the little one on the back and then trotting it up and down. The old lady looked on in consternation.

"Daughter!" she exclaimed. "That's the humanest baby I ever saw—and its mother is the humanest animal that ever was."

BEEES SAVED THEIR CLOVER

Facts Which Go to Prove That Scientific Farming Is Truly a Success.

A clerk in the department of agriculture says:

"So you think that scientific farming is a bluff? You demand some illustrations of the good that is accomplished by the scientific method? Very well.

"When clover was first introduced into Australia it grew there beautifully, but it never seeded. The soil was all right. The climate was all right. What, then, was the trouble?"

"A scientist studied the matter and this is what he found:

"He found that the native Australian bees had tongues too short to reach the clover's pollen-forming organs. These organs, in red clover, are hidden deeply in the heart of the tubelike petals and they can only be fertilized by the long-tongued bumble bee. If red clover is not visited by bumble bees, who bear the golden pollen grains from one blossom to another, it never seeds—it cannot be grown. The scientist, aware of the fact, soon put his finger on the barren Australian clover's trouble. He imported a lot of long-tongued bumble bees, these bees flourished, and immediately Australian clover, which had promised to be a failure, became one of the country's richest and finest crops."

Clothed the Portrait.

A half-length portrait of the German empress occupied a prominent place in a Catholic boys' school in the Ermeland district of eastern Prussia. Recently the chaplain happened to look closely at the picture and was horrified to find that her majesty was decollete. A local house painter provided a chaste covering of lace for her majesty's neck, whereupon the picture was permitted to be rehanging in the schoolroom. This incident is now forming the subject of an investigation by the German minister of education, who considers it a gross insult to the empress to assume that any picture of her could be improper.

Helping to Locate It.

Benham—I wonder where I left my umbrella. Mrs. Benham—Here's a directory, dear, with a list of saloons in it.—*Judge.*

SUBMARINE MINE A DANGER

Hidden Machines Have Caused More Damage Than Torpedo Boats and Torpedoes.

A remarkable fact, which also appears with regard to the torpedo, is the infrequent hits made when attacking ships at anchor, says the *Navy League Journal*. In the first attack made by the Japanese fleet from Port Arthur the Japanese destroyers slowed down and came within a short distance of the enemy, but, with everything in their favor, of the 23 torpedoes discharged only three made hits. On June 2 and 4, when the entire Russian fleet was outside the harbor, in a long series of attacks by the Japanese torpedo boats not the slightest damage resulted. As to ships in motion the torpedo has been proved to be absolutely useless, no hits having been made during the war, although attempts were repeatedly had. It would, therefore, appear that the efficiency of this weapon of war had been greatly exaggerated, for its failure cannot be attributed to any want of skill or courage on the part of the Japanese, who displayed at all times the greatest bravery and coolness.

But if the torpedo has been a disappointment the fear of it and the ignorance concerning its efficiency produced a marked change in naval actions, for it forced the fighting between the large ships at extreme long ranges, and proved that the 6-inch guns, with which most battleships are largely armed, were almost useless, the heavy guns—the 12, 10 and 8-inch—only being effective.

The greatest destructive agent employed by both antagonists, however, has been the submarine mine. By this means alone one-seventh of the battleship force on either side has been put out of action, and its use constitutes one of the most serious perils of the future unless restrained by international agreement to territorial waters. The mine has done what the torpedoes failed to do, and the long list of casualties to its credit proves it to be a most formidable engine of war.

What has been clearly demonstrated and can be accepted for future guidance is that torpedoes are not to be dreaded as formerly; that in an engagement between battleships the large guns only are effective, and that submarine mines, while the most deadly of all modern instruments of warfare, are inhuman and barbarous, and should be restrained by the laws of war.

PAINT PORTRAITS OF EYES

Novel Miniatures in Natural Colors Prized as Mementoes by Friends of the Absent Ones.

The delicately painted picture of the eye glowing with life is rapidly becoming a favorite memento of the absent friend.

The first sight of one of these eye portraits gives one an almost uncanny impression. From the monotonous wall there looks down a tiny, vivid human eye without a face. So perfectly executed is this eye that the flicker of laughter in it is weird in its expressiveness.

There are several eye portraits now on view at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors in London, and they are attracting a great deal of attention.

A well-known miniature portrait painter said the other day that many men were treasuring portraits of their sweethearts' eyes, and in addition ladies in their turn were keeping the eyes of their male friends. They were mostly put into lockets.

"The eye," she said, "is by far the most expressive feature of the face, and sometimes makes a portrait in itself. It is, of course, the expression that tells. The eye gives its own story, laughing or serious. The shadows round it, the brows above, help, of course, but it's the light in the eye that is the great thing."

"How do we get on with people who have fishy eyes? Well, they don't come to be painted. It's the people with nice eyes, and often people whose eyes are the best part of their face. The price varies, running from five guineas. As you may guess it is delicate work, but it is very satisfactory when you have nice eyes to deal with."

CAN TRESPASS BY 'PHONE.

Long-Distance Breach of the Peace Determined by Kansas City Judge.

The invention of new machinery, devices, processes, is continually bringing up new questions of law, puzzling judges, lawyers and laymen, soliloquizes the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. The trolley brought its problems; the submarines, when they are used for commercial purposes, will undoubtedly pose the lawmakers; the power of modern guns on men-of-war has made obsolete the old three-mile rule as to the limit of territorial waters; and when the balloon shall become a passenger vehicle what wisdom will frame the rules of the road or the law of trespass?

Just now the law relating to the telephone is of interest. What constitutes a breach of peace by 'phone? Judge Brady, of Kansas City, has just decided such a case which, by reason of its romantic connection, appeals to all. Walter Clark had proposed to a maiden and had been rejected. He renewed the proposal over the telephone; called up the fair one several times, and was "turned down." He was not dismayed, but "called" in the morning and in the afternoon and in the dewy eve, and sometimes at night. The doors may be barred and a rejected suitor kept out, but how is the telephone to be guarded? Judge Brady took these questions under consideration, and ruled that after a girl had rejected a man she had the inalienable right "to have him stay rejected," and that the use of the telephone could and should be classed as a style of importunity amounting to a breach of peace.

The theory of the law in these decisions is this: It would be a breach of the peace if the suitor should annoy the young woman with his presence, and the fact that the telephone was used does not modify the act nor the responsibility of the person performing the act. This seems to be good sense, and an indication that when the people of the United States shall all have "universal wireless connection" a man in New York who calls an enemy in San Francisco a hard name by "wireless" will hold himself liable, though the costs of prosecution would be prohibitive.

HOW TO MAKE A BATTERY

Stiff Piece of Paper and a Common Tea Tray Are All That Is Necessary.

Cut a stiff piece of paper into an oval or a circle of nearly the size of a common tea tray. Fasten to it two upright handles, one on each end, both made of paper and attach by means of sealing wax, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Now, take any common tin tea tray that you may be able to borrow in the house and lay it on the top of two glasses. These will furnish the "insulation."

Warm the paper disk thoroughly on the stove till it is as dry as it can possibly be. Then lay it on the table and brush it violently with a common clothesbrush. If you spread a piece of silk or a rubber sheet under it, so much the better, though it is not necessary.

The friction has made the paper electric. Lift it from the table, lay it on the tea tray and approach a corner of it with the knuckles of your finger or with a sharp metal point. A spark will leap out from it immediately.

Now you have an electric battery in a most simple form. By rubbing the paper as often as it loses its electricity it is possible to get enough sparks to load a Leyden jar or any other form of small electric storage battery.

A very simple Leyden jar can be made by filling a tumbler half full with shot and sticking an iron or silver spoon into it. By letting the sparks from the tea tray leap continually to the spoon the tumbler jar finally will accumulate so much electricity that it will be extremely uncomfortable to get a shock from it.

Ready to Side-Step.

Miss Fudge—I wish you could hear Prof. Peddle. His friends think he is bound to be the pianist of the future.

Mr. Grudge—Exactly. I wish I knew in which place.—*Cleveland Leader.*