

"WORST BOY," BUT NOT WHOLLY BAD

Judge Astonished at Remarkable Reformation.

A police court reporter sees a great deal of the wrong side of human nature. He could perhaps become a hopeless misanthrope if once in a while something did not happen that shows how much good there may be hidden even in the most unpromising human beings. William T. Ewens in "Thirty Years in Bow Street" tells of a case that came under his own eye that taught him not to condemn anyone as wholly bad. "He's the worst boy in the district," said the jailer, referring to a red-haired urchin in the dock. "He treats his mother shamefully."

"Oh, don't say that," pleaded the mother tearfully. "He's a dear, good boy to me, ain't you, Joe?" Joe grinned. He was an accomplished young liar, but he drew the line at aiding and abetting his mother when she told such a palpable untruth as that. The jailer had not slandered him when he described the way in which he treated his mother. Fortunately perhaps for her, he was the only child she had. She lavished all her love on him, worked day and night in order that he might live in idleness and contented herself with scanty fare so that he might have good food and plenty of it. Even in the depth of winter she wore thin clothing in order to provide him with good boots and a warm overcoat. Every night he went to her for pocket money and got it. At least twice a week she had to give him enough to take him into the gallery of one of the cheap theaters, and while he was enjoying the play for sixpence or so, with perhaps fried fish and potato to follow, his poor old mother was probably crying herself to sleep. He rewarded all her kindness with base ingratitude, and sometimes with personal violence.

As years rolled on and the boy grew into a red-haired ruffian it was useless for his mother to plead for mercy on the ground that he was "a dear, good boy," and he was sent to prison on several occasions. His mother always met him at the prison gates, and he had what he described as "a high old bean" with the money she had saved during his retirement.

Then there came a sudden change—the most remarkable change the missionary then at Bow street had ever known or heard of—the poor old woman suddenly became blind. The son, instead of ill-using her because she was no longer able to minister to his wants, became a reformed character. He gave up his evil companions and worked hard in order that his mother might have all that she required. On Sunday night he astonished all who knew him by leading the poor creature to church. He was virtually the only nurse she had during a painful illness, and just before she died in his arms, and she heard to say: "He's a dear, good boy to me, is my boy. I'll pay his fine, sir, if you'll let me."

And soon after the funeral Joe went to one of the colonies where he did well and reared a number of red-haired boys who never saw the inside of a police court.

Dog Was Cap Collector

It was a great mystery for a time, the disappearance of caps belonging to children at a Philadelphia public school. It threatened to be one that only a master mind could solve. Then one day the blacksmith across the way came to the office of the principal with four caps. Asked where he got them, he said: "Why, ma'am, my dog brought them to me—one at a time—this morning." And sure enough, as the blacksmith, and the teacher stood there talking, along came the dog. He went into the cloak closet and in a jiffy was out again—a cap in his mouth. They followed him into the blacksmith shop, and there, in a corner hidden by anvils, was an assorted collection of caps.

Modern Girl's Champion

Rasil King, the Canadian novelist, said as he boarded the Mauretania for a visit to Spain: "It is true that I am going blind, but I see clearly that the world grows better. Some people condemn the modern girl with her audacious dress, but I see clearly that the modern girl is the same prudent and clear-minded creature that her mother was, plus greater strength and courage. "Yes, she's prudent and clean-minded. A Montreal girl in boots and riding breeches said to me one afternoon over a cigarette and a cup of tea: "Men are not bargain hunters—and the girl who chespens herself soon finds it out."

Forward March

Not much use in looking ahead unless you go ahead.—Boston Transcript.

Various Uses Found for Wood of Cypress

In some southern cities heavy cypress planks are used for street curbing. Agricultural implement and machinery manufacturers make seed boxes of it, wagon makers employ it for beds, and carriage builders work it into panels for fine bodies. Automobile makers put it to similar use. Its slight tendency to warp has caused its employment by builders of incubators. Car shops use it for freight-car siding, piano manufacturers make shipping boxes of it, and it is a material both for coffins and the boxes in which coffins are shipped.

Skiffs, steamers, and yachts are occasionally finished in cypress, and many builders of gasoline launches are said to be using cypress exclusively for hull planking. It also makes handsome church pews and benches. Telephone boxes and switchboards of cypress are coming into use, and speels for some purposes are turned from the wood. Artisans employ it for beehives; fishermen for seine floats; furniture makers for stools, tables, and curtain poles; molders and machinists use it for patterns; merchants for boxes.

Church and Business Make for Longevity

Statistics which have reached the Labor department have indicated that French clergymen and business men live longer than men in other professions, their average being 65 years for clergymen and 64 for men in business. Next come the farmers, with an average of 61 years of life, while soldiers, lawyers and workers, though living under entirely different conditions, average 57 years. School teachers and physicians show the lowest average, 52 years. This is explained by the fact that educators, from the university professor down to the country schoolmaster, are underpaid. The report does not seem flattering to the government. It says: "Officials are as underpaid as the professors, but while the latter have to furnish strenuous mental effort, which should be supplemented by better food and less material worry, the former lead a sedentary, carefree existence and material worries do not shorten their lives."

Worth-While Furniture

Gradual buying of worth-while furniture is so much more sensible than hasty selection of a panorama of pieces that do nothing more than relieve a home of utter barrenness. Apparently it never occurs to some people to buy part of a handsome suite when they can't afford the suite complete. They crowd a room with tawdry matching pieces, ignoring the future of their home entirely, when they might happily combine a lovely new dresser with the simplest bed, until their matching pieces can be bought. Mahogany and walnut finish go well together, walnut and certain finishes of oak combine agreeably, but mahogany and oak will not make friends.—Family Herald.

Evidence at Hand

An American tourist in Italy was somewhat embarrassed by learning of the custom in vogue in the Italian post office, where it seems, one cannot obtain possession of a registered letter unless some post office employee knows you. The tourist came out of the post office in despair, as she knew no one in the town. Suddenly a man lounging outside came up to her and asked if she wanted "a witness to identify her," and said that his charge would be trivial. He took her back to the post office, swore that he had known her since childhood, likewise her parents and grandparents, and she got her letter.

Love's Fundamentals

To embrace the whole creation with love sounds beautiful, but we must begin with the individual, with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote and which throws but feeble rays upon him from a foreign star? How should he be able to love with any feeling which deserves the name of love? The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars, and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self.—Herder.

Queen Was Thrifty

Isabella, the tragic queen, wife of Edward II, was apparently a thrifty queen, for in the records at the British museum may be found her budget book, in which she recorded among other things that she had paid 20 shillings to a poor man whose house had been burned down and other items, such as paying for the binding of a black carpet and the lining for her chariot. Most homely of all charges is the one showing a sum paid out for repair to the bath. She was extravagant in some respects and quite generous to the poor and unfortunate.

Ancient Castle Now Used as an Office

There is a castle twenty odd miles down the river from London which houses a complete office staff in much the same manner as might a block of chambers in the city of London or elsewhere. It was built in the Seventeenth century, and is of Norman design.

This once fortified stronghold lies off the London road which runs into Gravesend, the castle overlooking the Thames is almost in direct line with Tilbury Docks on the opposite side.

The approach to the castle is by a slope cut out of the chalk cliffs off the main highway. Northfleet town lies several hundred yards distant. Once the ornamental gateway at the foot of the slope is reached, the Twentieth century is left behind.

Nearby is an ancient dockyard. This fell into disuse many generations back; but not long ago a plant for the manufacture of paper was installed on the site. Thus arose the problem of accommodating the clerical and other staffs employed in the business during the ordinary working hours.

The demand for castles by the moneyed classes being somewhat limited, the stronghold at Northfleet was taken over and its interior converted into up-to-date offices. Yet, modern as is the interior aspect, the view from within across the river is still by means of cross-bow windows and stone mullions.

Humble Clam Uses Tools to Build Home

The use of tools by so lowly a creature as a clam is described by Dr. D. T. Marshall in Long Island Life.

There is a species of clam called a piddock, which bores holes in hard clay and soft rock and spends its life in the cavity so made. The piddock burrows its home in the rock by constantly turning its rasplike shell in the cavity. This explanation is all very well after the hole is started, but how about the beginning of the hole before the piddock could get in to turn round? The piddock begins the hole by rubbing the surface with its foot, or, as one may as accurately describe it, with its hand, in which it holds a handful of sand grains. Is not this just as much making use of a tool as the action of the housewife who uses a handful of sand to scour a pot?

Two Images in Metal

I saw once lying side by side in a great workshop two heads made of metal. The one was perfect; all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognized; it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King while it is warm with the love and glow of early youth is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.—Canon Teignmouth Shore.

Silver Conductors

Many questions are constantly being received which refer to the desirability of using silver as a conductor in radio receivers. The answer is that silver is the best conductor of electricity known and has several advantages over any other conductor. Most metals, such as copper, brass, etc., are subject to corrosion. This corrosion, which forms on the surface of the metal, greatly increases the resistance of the conductor to radio-frequency currents, which travel on the surface. This is not true in the case of silver. Silver oxide, which is an excellent conductor of electricity. Because of this fact silver is an ideal metal for switch contacts, tube sockets, etc.

If You Want Solitude

Anyone searching for solitude should go to Tristan da Cunha, a very lovely island which is a six-day trip by steamer from Cape Town, South Africa. That statement should be modified to say a six-day trip when steamers run, but it is often many months before a ship calls at this little South Atlantic island. The inhabitants, few in number, would starve were it not for occasional supplies, which are brought ashore with great difficulty, owing to the surf.

Quail Can't Dispel Scent

Quail do not have the power to withhold their scent, as is believed by a number of gunners. They may be so frightened at the approach of dogs that the scent temporarily leaves them, but the act is unintentional. Some gunners have a habit of waiting a few minutes before following a scattered covey to cover, thus giving the birds a chance to throw off some scent.

HOW DIAMOND DEALERS GUARD THEIR PRECIOUS GEMS.

In the wholesale jewelry district of New York, where millions of dollars' worth of diamonds and precious stones are daily handled, extraordinary precautions are taken against possible hold-ups. It is of course a simple matter to provide burglar-proof vaults. In buying and selling precious stones it is necessary, however, to remove the gems from the safes to display and examine them. The offices where fortunes in gems are handled are ingeniously safeguarded. The system employed is evidently efficient, since a holdup in diamond dealers' offices is unheard of.

The casual visitor to these offices will scarcely notice the precautions taken to guard against attack. The offices usually contain an outer room enclosed by high partitions. The only employee in evidence is seated behind a small window. When the visitor satisfies the observer at the window, and not before, a door is opened in the partition, and on his entering is quickly closed. The office is divided into a series of rooms or cubicles, each enclosed with high partitions. To enter any one of these the door is opened by the observer behind the window in the outer office. Listen carefully and you will hear the click of the catch as it is controlled, opened and closed from the outer office.

How Massachusetts Town Copes With Tuberculosis

With money given by a life insurance company the National Tuberculosis association has staged in South Framingham, Mass., a seven-year demonstration that tuberculosis may be swiftly lessened in any town. In enlightened areas the disease is on its way out, anyhow; towns about South Framingham show a seven-year reduction in the death rate of 32 per cent. But in South Framingham the reduction was 68 per cent, says the New York World.

Local Color

An Armenian pageant was being given. Several Bible scenes were enacted. One of them represented the nativity, with the scene, of course, laid in a manger. Just as the curtain was being drawn, a rather distant automobile horn out on the street was blown. An imaginative woman with a party of friends heard this and a pleased smile illuminated her face. "Now, isn't that clever of these pagan people!" she exclaimed, in a voice heard several feet away, "Having a cow moo offstage, in order to get the proper atmosphere of the manger!"

Planes Fight Pests

Forest caterpillars which are threatening German forests are being attacked by low-flying airplanes that spray thousands of pounds of arsenated potassium on tree tops, resulting in the destruction of hundreds of thousands of the destructive worms. The German department of agriculture is continuing the battle with augmented armaments. Sprays and gases are to be used from the ground while the airplanes attack from above. Similar anticaterpillar campaigns are planned throughout the country.—Family Herald.

Wolves Come Back

Wolves have been increasing for several years, especially in the northern states. When the price of wolf skins ran as high as \$50 the animals were hunted with enthusiasm, while today, with the value of skins less than half what it was, the wolves are often allowed to increase. The danger from wolves is especially great in Canada, and these cross the border into the United States in large numbers, preying upon the cattle and sheep and doing great damage. The gray timber wolf is the commonest species.

Means Majority Rule

"Preferential voting" is a system of voting which allows each voter the right to express not merely his first choice, but his second and third choices among the candidates. The object of preferential voting is to secure the election of persons desired by a majority and not merely a plurality of the voters.

Preachers' Sons High in World of Finance

From time immemorial the sons of preachers have enjoyed a bad reputation, so that men have thought of them as men of old thought of Nazareth—that no good could come out of them.

Of course this charge has never been able to stand up against statistics, but what care men for statistics when they see a living example of the truth. Nothing proves more clearly the vitality of error than the fact that though the contrary about preachers' sons has been proved repeatedly, you can never mention the downfall of a preacher's son without hearing some one say, "Well, you can expect nothing else from them, for preachers' sons are generally bad."

We have long since despaired of ever overtaking this error with respect to their morals, but we would like to call attention to their achievements as money-makers. Mr. Babson, than whom there is no higher authority where statistics are involved, has been looking into the records of preachers' sons, and he has found that whether the preacher himself is a money-maker or not, his sons, at least, have a fine record in that line. He says that 40 per cent of the millionaires of this country and Canada are sons of preachers. Our population of 112,000,000, and there are 200 millionaires.

It follows then that it takes 5,000 preachers to produce one per cent of the millionaires, while it takes 1,863,333 of the general population to produce one per cent of the millionaires. A little figuring will show that as wealth-producers preachers' sons produce 375 times as much as all of the other professions combined.

On one side we place the sons of the manse whose reputation is not above par, and on the other side we gather all the financiers, doctors, lawyers, professional men, with their big fees, and the great army of laboring men.

The sons of the manse are able to accumulate as much as this great mass of men. As a certain cereal beverage has it, "There is a reason."—Presbyterian Standard.

Varnish Preserves Bones

The warning "handle with care" may no longer be so necessary in museums and laboratories where valuable bones of dinosaurs, mastodons and men's departed ancestors are preserved and studied, according to Prof. E. C. Case of the University of Michigan, who has found that by use of a varnish made from bakelite fragile material may be preserved in a practically indestructible medium. The usual means of making such specimens somewhat more durable has been to treat them with shellac. As an illustration of the success of the new method, Doctor Case says: "A human skull was selected that the writer could have crushed in his hands. After treatment it was dropped upon a table top, cautiously at first, and finally from a height of 18 inches upon its vertex without injury."

Sadler's Well

A question as to the identity of a person named Sadler has been suggested by a recent appeal, sponsored by leading men, for the restoration of the nation of the historic theater known as Sadler's Well. Sadler lived in the time of the Stuarts, and was a road surveyor and a property owner. One day some workmen, while digging for gravel on a piece of land belonging to him in Clerkenwell, came on an ancient well—one of the medicinal springs to which pilgrimages were formerly made. The site at once became a popular resort. Sadler built round it a pleasure house, set in pretty gardens and groves of trees. He provided music and other entertainments, and in a short time the existence of the waters was almost totally forgotten.—Family Herald.

Easily Explained

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There is a peculiar and subtle and quite indefinable pleasure that comes to a man when the woman he loves first writes to him. Soever cut, soever banal the letter, there is no matter. It is something from her to him; something altogether private and secret; something she has set down for him to read; something not to be shared with a sordid world.—From "The Rasp," by Phillips Macdonald.

Boy Had Good Idea of Penalty of Lying

"You know where people go who tell lies?" said a court official at Newcastle, England, to a small girl in the witness box recently. "Yes, but I don't believe it," was the reply.

This incident was suggested to an English commentator an instance where, the converse of the Newcastle episode occurred in the court of Judge Maule a few years ago. A small boy was placed in the witness box and was asked the same question, "Do you know where people go who tell lies?" on which Maule commented: "If he knows that, it's a good deal more than I do." However, the boy did know, for he was taken through a catalogue of offenses from telling lies to stealing apples, and replied "Hell-fire" to all of them. Counsel suggested that he was not competent. The judge demurred. "He thinks that for every willful fault he will go to hell-fire; and he is very likely, while he believes that doctrine, to be most strict in his observance of the truth." If you and I believed that such would be the penalty for every offense we committed, we should be better men than we are. Swear him."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Traditions Tell of Many Sunken Cities

Traditions of sunken cities are always interesting. Both Kiltarnay and Lough Neagh are reputed to have once been the sites of famous Irish cities, drowned as a punishment for the wickedness of their inhabitants. Holland boasts of several ruined towns sunk at the bottom of the Zuyder zee, while off the coast of Holstein lies buried the legendary city of Vineta, whence (so fishermen say) the tolling of the bells in the church spires comes faintly through the waters on quiet days. Most famous of all is Ys, said to have stood where now is the Bay of Douarnenez, a little west of Quimper, in Brittany. Ys was a magnificent city, built below the level of the sea, and it owed its destruction to a certain wicked princess named Dahut, who, to gratify an idle whim, opened the sluice-gates and herself perished in the ruin which she brought upon the city.

Bear as Photographer

A student of forestry was camping with two friends in the wildest part of Allegheny park. Taking his camera, he rambled off alone to look for picturesque subjects. He had placed his camera on a fallen tree, and had gone some little distance to get a viewpoint, when he saw a black bear browsing amongst some berry bushes. He was scared, and, forgetting his camera, sped back to his camp and companions. With them he returned to the spot, but in the meantime, the bear had disappeared.

The camera was still on the log, but a plate had been exposed. When it was developed it showed the frightened young man in rapid flight down the trail. The bear, investigating the camera, had touched the trigger with its nose.

Stranger Guessed Well

A captious traveler in northern Arkansas stopped by a fence to criticize a near cornfield, which met his disapproval. "Mighty small corn you have there!" he shouted to the man who was "superintending the growth" from a shady corner. "Yes," said the Arkansan. "Planted the small kind." "Looks mighty yellow to me for this time of year." "Yes, Planted the yellow kind." "Well," said the traveler, severely, "I can't understand your method of farming. You won't get over half a crop there." "No," said the Arkansan, cheerfully. "You are shore a good guesser, stranger. Half a crop exactly, that's mine. I planted this on shares."—Kansas City Star.

On Their Behalf

The minister in a little church that used natural gas for illumination announced his text in solemn tones—"Yes, the light of the wicked shall be put out!" Immediately the church was plunged in total darkness, due to a failure in the supply. "Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the gas company."

Plain Gold Ring

The wedding ring of plain gold, which is a survival of Saxon times, has outlived several attempts at change of fashion. For instance, at the marriage of Queen Mary of England to Philip of Spain the English statesmen debated the question of the ring and wished to have it jeweled, but Mary herself intervened by declaring that she would not have it set with gems, for she chose to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold like other maidens.—Detroit Free Press.

Historic Rock

Scylla is a famous rock in the Strait of Messina, off the coast of Italy, and opposite to a whirlpool called Charybdis on the Sicilian coast. From the supposed difficulty of navigating this narrow strait in ancient times, without falling a victim to one or other of these terrors, arose the Latin saying: "He falls into Scylla that wishes to avoid Charybdis."—Kansas City Star.

Great Artist Reached Helping Hand to Many

When a man becomes so eminent that he is in a class quite by himself, legend springs up all around him and everything that he says is quoted and handed about. Edwin H. Blashfield writes in the North American Review. It is noteworthy indeed that among all the stories not one has ever been told of John Singer Sargent's disadvantages. Modest he was and generous to his fellows, delicately considerate and magnanimous.

When Carroll Beckwith, one of the most intimate friends of his youth, died, his widow told me that John, as she always called Sargent, retouched for her many of Carroll's studies to put them in more finished and saleable condition, and when Abbey's hand was arrested in the midst of his decorative work for the Pennsylvania capitol at Harrisburg Sargent hurriedly made a long journey to superintend the completion of some of the panels, superintending, nota bene, with a careful avoidance of personally touching a brush to the canvas. Wise he was, too, as to theory, and valiant as to principle; in the days of reactionaries he was a progressive, and when the race for notoriety at any price began he was a conservative. In one of his letters to me he declares that, as for himself, as he grows old he is "becoming rather proud of being called pomper."

Must Risk Life to Look From Mountain

Do you know that the weather is manufactured on a huge rock on Lookout mountain, Chattanooga, Tenn., and not at Medicine Hat or Washington as we have always supposed? The weather rock is a giant slab of peculiar shape projecting from the mountain top far over the green valley 2,900 feet below. It is necessary to crawl out on hands and knees to look over the edge, but the view is well worth the peril. Farms, villages, white highways, wooded hills and winding rivers are so far below the adventurous spectator that the country looks like a flat map done in emerald and silver, much as it does from an airplane. It takes iron nerves and a clear and steady brain to peer over the dizzy verge, even lying flat on one's stomach—a simple slip means certain death, as there is not so much as a blade of grass to hold on by, only the smooth gray rock and loose pebbles, which roll at a touch and give one the sickening sensation of sliding toward the edge.

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