

Of Interest to Manufacturers.

ERHAPS no class of people, the farmer not excepted, has a greater interest in highway improvement than those engaged in industrial

enterprise. If the common roads of the country were brought to a condition that would enable farmers to market products at all seasons of the year, the cost of living in town and would be greatly lessened, and discontent among laboring people and operatives in industrial concerns would

largely decrease if it did not entirely disappear. Why and how? Present road conditions compel farmers to rush their products to market as soon as harvested, when the roads are at their best, as by waiting a convenient time they may not get there at all. If one farmer must do this, his neighbors must do likewise. This naturally congests the market, forcing low prices to the great detriment of the producer and without benefit to the consumer, because the average family in town or city buys only in small quantity at one time, say a day's or a week's supply. What is the result? The speculator, finding prices low and knowing that in a little while the bad roads season will be on when competing products will be kept away from trade centres, buys up the surplus and stores it away for the day which he knows is surely coming when he can demand and receive his own price for his hold ings-the stuff for which men toll; which they are compelled to have. And when the citizen in town, the mechanic and operative of the shops and factories, is forced in winter and spring to pay exorbitant prices for those articles of household necessity which went begging for buyers at low prices the preceding fall, he figures the increased cost of living in comparison and grows restless and discontented and is easily led into strikes and other labor disturbances. We all know what usually follows. This, of course, is not all that enters into strike causes, but it con-

tributes a full share. It ought to be

perfectly plain to American manufac-

turers that the continuous, orderly op-

eration of industrial business depends

on measurably contented operatives; that men are never contented when the cost of living is above their earning capacity; and that prices of food stuffs from the farm would be always at a decent living level to all concerned if we had systematically improved highways over which farmers could travel to market any day in the year. These farmers would realize better prices for their products than they do and still be able to sell to all classes of consumers at lower prices than is forced by speculators in the bad-roads season. If this position is sound, then the duty of manufacturers seems to be to lend their every influence to the support of the Brownlow-Latimer bills which seek to bring about systematic and scientific highway construction and improvement in co-operation with the States. It is no less in their own interest than that of the farmers', who are their best patrons after all. And it is no less the interest of all consumers of farm products in every town and city in the United States, and of every railroad and other corporation employing labor of any kind, and of every railroad and building contractor and others having men in their employ.

We are advised that Hon, W. P. Brownlow, member of Congress from Tennessee, is desirous of hearing from manufacturers on this question, and will appreciate any expression of views thereon that may be sent to him at Washington.

Cost of Bad Roads.

Col. J. Killebrew, in the Southern Farm Magazine of Baltimore, says: No portion of the South can afford to pay such extortionate rates as are now paid to get produce to market. This cannot be less than 25 cents per tonmile, not to mention the wear and tear of wagons and teams and the loss of time on the roads. One two-horse wagon on a good macadam road should be able to convey in one load ten bales of cotton to market or two hogsheads of tobacco. A good load with such a conveyance over the miserable roads of the South is two bales of cotton and one very light hogshead of tobacco, attended, then, with frequent miring of both wagon and team. Public spirit needs to be aroused to this pitiable condition of the great majority I the highways of the South. No money can be expended for public improvements which will bring more comfort and happiness to a greater number of people. No money expended in building good highways ever causes regret after the roads are com-

Weather Bureau Saving.

all public-spirited citizens.

pleted. The improved roads become a

source of pride to all taxpayers and to

Some time ago a skeptical insurance company determined to investigate the amount of property saved in one year by the warnings of the Weather Bureau. It was a company of conservative men whose estimate would be under rather than above the truth, but it found that on an average the people of the United States saved every year \$30,000,000 because of their weather service. As the people contribute \$1 .-500,000 every year to its support, this means that they get annually a dividend of 2000 per cent, on the investment. An investment in which the original capital is paid back twenty times over in twelve months is extraordinarily profitable and well worth inwestigation,-Gentury.

BRINGING HER AROUND:

The Old, Old Story Told in Another Way.

Having received her modern education, Gertrude was let loose upon an unsuspecting world.

She permitted herself to take a walk in the woods.

"Nature," said Gertrude, somewhat deprecatingly, "has been brought up on wholly unconventional lines. She has, alas! no system. These tree trunks are allowed to fall indiscriminately. Such waste! And as for conservation of energy, where is it? Everywhere I see about me pathetic evidences of gross carelessness, not to mention wholly bad artistic effects."

Returning to her parents, she viewed them also with a certain savor of dis-

criminative criticism. "You appear," she said, "to be baffled by your surroundings. There is an intelligent calmness that comes from philosophic resignation, to which you are wholly alien. Your servantswhen you have them-oppress you. Your friendships, made wholly without regard to utilitarianism, are too often unproductive of anything but vain pleasure, thus weakening your moral fibre. A more intelligent use of the principles of sociology would produce in you a greater symmetry. You worry, without knowing that worry is merely molecular, or perceiving for a moment that there is a psychology of the hearthstone which, if judiciously applied, would lift you above vulgar routine."

Forced by circumstances beyond her immediate control she was obliged to pass a few weeks at a summer resort.

"Gregariousness," said Gertrude, "Is oftentimes amusing in its ulterior aspects. These poor fools, lulled by certain paralogisms of the mind, imagine they are having a good time. And yet how absurd their pose. Did they but know that things are not what they seem-that the sea is merely a sensation, and fleeting styles in bathing garments only an appeal to the excitation of the ganglionic centres, they would seek in simple contemplation what pleasure there is in subjectivity, and shake off the shackles of mere materialism."

While recording these phenomena, and being for a moment quite alone on the beach, with the light of the moon overhead, she was approached by a young man, who upon several previous occasions had obtruded himself upon

her consciousness. "I love you," said the young man. "Love," replied Gertrude, "Is purely relative in its action, and can never be a thing-in-itself. It has no objective validity."

"It is extremely pleasant," said the young man, taking her hand.

"Pleasure and pain," replied Gertrude, "are simply sensations obeying the law of contrast. If all things were reduced to an absolute zero, there would be nothing at all. What we term reality is nothing but the interchanging of activities, producing heat which becomes latent in objects, thus enabling us to differentiate their iden-

"Good," said the young man, "I perceive that you are wound up, but be lieving as I do that at heart you are in reality a sweet and lovable girl, I'm going to let you run on. For I love you, with all your peculiarities. You do the talking and I'll do the lovemaking. I have come to stay."

A week later, when the moon had reached its full, and the soft sympathetic waves were fulling these two to a supreme joy that she had never felt before-when earth and air and sky seemed to surround them with a heavenly sweetness—Gertrude sat once more with her head on the young man's shoulder.

"Dearest," she murmured, "will you forgive me for all my nonsense?"

And he smiled indulgently as he said: "Yes, darling, I knew you would recover all right. But I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything!" exclaimed Gertrude, penitently, as she snuggled up a little closer. "What is it?"

"Only this," replied the young man, as a momentary shadow flitted across his face at the thought of what he had endured for her sake:

"Promise me that you will never have a relapse."-Tom Masson, in Life.

Chrysanthemum Smoking.

In December last Dr. A. W. Martin recommended the smoking of dried chrysanthemum petals as a "pleasant and harmless substitute" for tobacco. A case is now reported by the Manchester correspondent of the Lancet of an unlooked for improvement, attributed to chrysanthemum smoking, in a person who had been a victim for fifteen years to frequent and violent epileptic fits due to chronic dyspepsia," He smoked his first pipe on January I and began at once to improve, so that he is "able to take his half hour's walk without a stick, instead of being afraid to cross a space of nine feet with it; he can get six nights' rest out of seven, instead of one out of four, and can even attend church." The patient finds that the flowers act best when mixed with cascarilla bark.

Ston wall Jackson's Looks.

His form was tall, gaunt and angular. His feet and hands were large. and his walk was singularly ungraceful. He always spoke quickly, in short sentences devoid of ornament, but to the point. A habit of "batting" his eyes added no little to the peculiarity of his appearance. eyes were gray and ordinarily dull and expressionless; but when excited by drill, which always seemed to arouse him, especially when charges were fired, the whole man would change, as if he were transported by the roar of the guns to the exciting scenes of an actual field of battle,-Century.

HUNTING WITH KITES. LMOST due east from Manila is the large sweet water lake called the Laguna de Bay; round the southern half of this lake lies Laguna Province. A chain of mountains lies in a large half circle round this lake, thus shutting in this

sheet of water almost completely. Books of natural history describe a species of large bat, called fruit bats, great big fellows, with a body the size of a full grown cat, and wing membranes that measure from two to four feet across. I have seen some that were more than five feet from tip to tip. Like all bats, they sleep during the day in the dense forests in the mountains, hundreds of them hung up in the treetops, where they are safe from their enemies. Head down, with wings closely folded to the body and swaying with the wind, they look something like the bobbins of wool that feed the spinning machines in the fac-

About half an hour or more before the sun touches the western horizon all these bats wake up, turn themselves right side up with care, give a few flaps with their wings, and thenwhir!-away they go, hundreds in a flock. They sail across forest and vale straight as a shot to the fine groves along the lake, where they feed all night.

A curious thing about the bats is that they prefer a straight line, and if they meet an obstacle will swerve only just enough to clear it. The Filipinos have found this out, and also that the bats are good to eat. From this discovery dates a most curious sport.

Long before sunset, in the village after which the lake is named, the town of Bay, a hundred or more men and boys are out, both in the town itself and on the open plain all round it. Each group of two or three has a kite, a tailless, Chinese pattern kite.

Everybody is full of expectation, looking southward for the bats to arrive. Suddenly some sharp-eyed youngster spies them coming far to the southwest, and sets up a yell. Ere the yell has died away the advance of the flock has come within range of the floating kites.

The bats see in them nothing more than a strange kind of bird. Indeed, it may be doubted if the bats in this bright light see at all. If they do not fly by smell and touch rather than by sight, at any rate, once among the kites, which have begun to sail in very erratic curves, they just swerve a little when too close to one to its cord, and

the cord the men are able to give the it so as to swoop down upon one of the

But always the bats sweep just beyond the reach of the kites, until suddenly one seems to be entangled with something near the cord. A flutter or two, a violent downward movement of the kite, torn along by the bat, a final shake of the line, and like a shot down drops the bat, to be pounced upon by some member of the crew of that particula: kite. A blow with the club in his hand, and the bat ceases to snap and snarl. Surprised, we examine the fellow, and find that the delicate membrane of its wings has been torn as if with claws, making flight impossible,

Soon another bat is entangled with a kite, but instead of dropping, it is apparently caught by the cord, for when the man handling this one pulls in excitedly and brings the kite to earth, the bat, despite some wild flutters, comes with it. We then see that hundreds of small fish-hooks are attached to the cord by means of fine strings of abaca or Manila hemp. The bat was caught on several of these hooks. In swerving a little to escape the kite or its cord, it was swept right among the hooks. Their fine thread was too small to be noticed ere it was too late.

The bats are not beautiful, and the strong, musky odor they exhale does not add to their attractiveness; but once prepared for the oven, they look much like rabbits, and I am assured by those who have eaten them that they taste exactly like that.—Paul L. Strange, in Youth's Companion.

AN UNEXPECTED BANQUET.

During the summer of 1903 Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., Dillon Wallace and a half-bred Cree Indian, who proved himself a hero, started to explore the Labrador wilds. This purpose was only partially carried out. Winter came on along before Hubbard was ready to turn back, the provisions were exhaused, game were scarce. On the journey to the coast Hubbard was taken ill, and perished of starvation while his companions were in search of aid. Wallace had found some provisions which had been thrown aside on the island trip, and had returned within a few hundred feet of Hubbard's tent. but could not find it. In "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" Mr. Wallace tells something of their hardships:

Despite the steady gnaw at the pit of our stomachs, we had cut down our meals to the minimum amount of food that would keep us alive. For nearly two weeks we had been the prisoners of a relentless storm. All of us felt we had entered on a race against ing wrapped around the rock, caused starvation.

While we were nearing the shore we up and down in the tumbling waves,

with our thought on food, none of us was impressed with the incongruity

then. After Hubbard fired, one of the ducklings turned over. We paddled to it with fervinsh haste, and found that it had been stunned by a ball that had barely grazed its bill. It was a lucky shot, for if the bullet had gone through the duckling's body there would have been little left to eat.

The next day we floundered on through marshes and swamps. George, with his pack and rifle was in advance, and Hubbard and I followed his track through the snow. In the distance we heard a bang! then, bang! bang! three shots in all. Presently we came upon George's pack near the little lake, and waited for him to appear.

He had killed two geese. While waiting for them to cook, George cut from the necks a piece of skin and fat for each of us. These we warmed on the end of a stick, taking great care not to heat them enough to permit a single drop of the oil to escape from the fat; hen, half-raw as they were, we ate them greedily, and found them delicious. It was really wonderful how much sappinesss that bit of game brought us. As we were drinking the broth we freely admitted that never before had we sat down to such a banquet.

HIS DOUBLE.

The late Gen. Sir James Brown was tationed for a number of years in Baluchistan. During that period of his life a very strange thing happened to him, so strange that its reading is like that of fiction. In 1878 Sir James was in the political employ at Quetta. Two years of wandering life had weatherbeaten him till his face was sunburned and his beard ragged. Walking one day with a fellow officer, he saw a man in Afghan costume sitting by the roadside. A big book, presumably the Koran, was suspended from his neck, but something about him, perhaps his brown beard and blue eyes, bespoke the European. Sir James tells the

"That fellow does not sit on his heels like a native," I said.

Colonel Fellows assented.

"And," said he, "he is the very image

of you." I looked at the man again and saw that it was so. He was exactly like me. I spoke to him, and he answered in an embarrassed way, saying that he was a Kirghiz on a pitgrimage to Mecca. I talked with him a little, and found him so embarrassed that my suspisions were aroused; and later I sent to arrest him, thinking he might be a Russian spy. But the man had fied, and that was the last I ever saw of

Soon after head men began to drop into Quetta and to seek me out, ali claiming to know me. I did not understand what they meant, but I used the opportunity to gain all the information could. Some of these visitors spoke By a skillful jerking and twirling of of meeting me places where I had never been. One died, and I was asked kite a swooping motion, similar to that | to perform the burial services, the one of a hawk's flight, and in addition guide who made the request saying I used to perform such rites at Mukkur. was more puzzled than ever, but I did not let the claimants to my acquaintance know it

War broke out soon after this, and I was sent farther into the interior. Everywhere distinguished officers declared they knew me, and spoke with great reverence of religious ceremonies I had performed. The natives would not fight with the company I was in. I went into the most dangerous places unharmed and unattacked, Everywhere I was greeted as a preacher holy.

After I was made chief commissioner of Baluchistan I met three Afghans who said they were old friends of mine at Mukkur. One spoke of his wife as my ardent disciple, another of the time I had spent at his house as his guest. Then for the first time an explanation come to my mind. I was indebted for this extraordinary amount of influence to my double, whom I had met on the road.

My Doppelganger had disappeared entirely; dropped out of life in a mysterious way, Who he was I shall never know, but for sixteen years I got all the credit of that saintly Mussulman. When I denied the identity I was laughed at. Some of my doings must have seemed rank apostasy to those natives, but they were faithful to their ideal. In time of war I went everywhere unchallenged, much to the imazement of my comrades, who wondered why I was not captured or murdered. I received presents and visits from avowed followers. Unwittingly I entered into that holy man's life and reaped the benefits without the shadow of a claim, and all on account of the strong resemblance between us.

UNDER WATER MANY HOURS. After being imprisoned for twentyfour hours, leaded down by a diver's armor and under lifteen feet of water at Cantou, Mo., Daniel Hayes was brought to the surface in an unconscious and almost dying condition. He is a professional diver and had been employed to remove brush and debris from the immense pipe which serves at times of low water to drain Lima Lake and transfer its surplusage to the Mississippi River. He was sucked under a pile of refuse and over against a bowlder in a way which prevented him from loosening himself from the ungled hose which held him down. In signalling to the men in charge of the air pump Hayes could not let them know his location, as the air hose, bedeceptive bubbles to rise to the surface. When the imprisoned diver was sighted three little ducklings bobbing released his suit was found to be leaking, and he would have been drowned and repeatedly diving. They were too had the ordeal lasted another half far off to reach with a pistol, and Hub- hour. The agony he passed through like attacking a fly with a cannon, but | than when he entered the water.

HILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



If you want to play an indoor game of ball, one that positively will not cause breakage of fine ornaments, and to play which requires two balls of your own manufacture, with little trouble, and at barely any cost, you could

not find a better game than the one we are now going to describe, says the New York Evening Mail. You can make the balls of stiff white

note paper, if you choose, but it would be better to get stiff colored paper, either blue and red, gold and silver, or green and yellow, so that the two balls be in pleasing contrast in colors.

To make the balls, fold each sheet of paper so that you can cut out, at one time, three circles, or disks, in each color, about three and a half luches in car. diameter. If you prefer to cut each | Nell told his wish to Bert, and asked circle separately you can do so, but the him if he thought Uncle George would other way saves time and trouble. If sell him a rosebush,

THE GAME OF SKELETON BALL, leaves and to sit high up among the branches and sing to the sun.

"I wish I could send them a tree to plant," said Neil to himself. "It'll soon be Arbor Day again, and they'll sing and march and have flags. Wish I could be there."

Just then the breakfast bell rang and Neil hurried into his clothes so as not to be late. His cousin, Bert, had been up and dressed for a long time.

"John's going to transplant roses," said Bert to Neil as he brushed some dirt from his white overalls, "and he said we could help."

Roses! What a fine idea! Just the thing to plant in the sunny schoolhouse yard, and so small that the trainman could surely find room for it in his big



A PLAYER TRYING FOR A GOAL.

you have no dividers to draw the circumference properly, use a pin and a string and pencil, but be sure to have the circle accurate.

In each color mark the circle's numbers, 1, 2 and 3, and with lines, as shown in the accompanying diagrams. Now cut slits where the lines are drawn, and slip circle No. 1 through the centre slit in No. 2, the notches in the outer edge of No. 1 holding them together so that they bisect each other. The cross-cuts in No. 3 will allow that circle to fit over and bisect the other two, and the three circles will be perfeet fits if the notches are not too small.

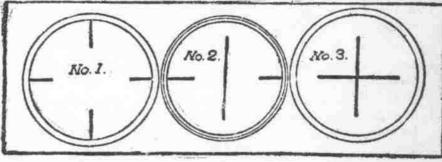
You now have a skeleton ball, show-

"No, but he'll give you one; he's got oceans of roses in the garden," said Bert. "Let's ask him."

"Give you a rosebush?" exclaimed Uncle George in surprise when the boys put their question, "a half dozen of them if you wish. But what do you want of a rosebush?" Nell told him.

"That's a fine idea. You go and pick out the one you want after breakfast and I'll have John wrap it up for you so it'll travel safe."

After breakfast Neil and Bert trudged off with their wheelbarrow to the garden back of the palm trees where John, the gardener, was working.



ing eight quadrants, but no surface circumference, yet the ball will roll they were all so beautiful. At last well in any direction. Prepare the second ball in a different color in the same way, and with two small palm- Neil as the gardener began pruning fans, tied with ribbons at the handle, in | the bush. color to correspond with the balls, your outfit for the game is complete.

Arrange a goal at each end of the room by placing two chairs a yard Then he dug it up and the boys carried apart, and in the middle of the room, at an equal distance from the two goals, place a chair having rungs, or a low taboret with spindle legs. Divide the party into two sides, each with a captain, and you are ready to play.

The object in the game is to score the greater number of goals, and a player on each side begins by standing before his goal, with the ball before him on the floor. Using the fan, he tries to blow the ball under and through the chair or taboret in the middle of the tle Chronicle, room. When he accomplishes this he must fan it through his opponent's goal, and the first one who does this wins that game.

Then two other opponents, selected by the respective captains, play in the the common enemy, the carrion crow, same way. The balls must not be by feigning illness. He was fastened touched, but are to be guided and pre- to a bamboo pole with a running ring. pelled by the air from the tans.

After all have played the victory belongs to the side that has the more scores to its credit.

AN ARBOR DAY PRESENT.

birds who were holding some kind of defend it. By good acting, he managed an after-breakfast meeting in the tree

just outside his window. "Tweet, tweet, twitter, chit, chit," aked to build their nests among the The Labore Tribune.

It was hard to tell which one to send, Nell chose one with big pink roses. "Oh, don't cut the flowers off," cried.

John explained why it was necessary to cut many of the branches from the bush before it could be shipped.

it to the house in the wheelbarrow. "There are no roses on the bush now," wrote Neil, in a letter to his teacher, "but when it's planted there will be lots of big pink ones like the one I am going to send you in a box."

When Arbor Day came the children in the little white schoolhouse on the prairies of Nebraska joined hands and marched around the rosebush that a week before had nodded its pink blossoms at Neil in sunny California.-Lit-

MONKEYS AS GAY WAGS.

Recently a monkey got the better of When he was on his perch the crows annoyed him by stealing from his porringer on the ground. One morning they had been specially disagreeable. He closed his eyes and feigned a bad illness. When his day's food was brought him the crows descended upon Neil lay in his bed listening to the ir, and he had scarcely strength to to capture one of the crows. To pluck it alive was the obvious course. Then, instead of pulling it to pieces, like the they said to one another. Neil won- king monkey whom Kipling and Sir dered what they were talking about. Edward Buck watched enjoying a simis wished he could understand bird for triumph at Simla, this menkey talk. Listening to the birds made him tossed the crow into the air, where think of the little white schoolhouse its own companions fell upon it and far away on the prairies of Nebraska. killed it. Monkeys certainly have a There were no trees there as there sense of fun. Darwin used to spend were here in California, where he had hours watching a young female orangcome to live with Uncle George. Neil outang in the Zoological Gardens, and remembered how his teacher had told was sure that she had the comic sentithem how beautiful it was to live ment. She delighted to put on her where there were many trees, when head, like a cap, a peculiar shaped the school planted a cottonwood tree bowl, which had a droll effect, and she in the schoolhouse yard last Arbor was sensitive to the effect which her bard took his rifle. It seemed almost made Hayes appear ten years older Day. She had told them how the birds joke produced upon the spectators,-