

## HER BOY.

The long-looked-for and much dreaded day had come last! Willie Knight was going to see his mother for the first time in five years, and he was but nine now. Colonel and Mrs. Knight lived in India at the time of Willie's birth. She was the acknowledged beauty of the station, and could give no time from the whirl and excitement of army life to care about the baby boy who had come to her, and it was a great relief when a sister had offered to take the baby and his ayah back to England with her. When he was 5 years old Willie was sent to boarding school, only leaving it occasionally to pay a visit to his aunt.

Mrs. Knight had met with a very serious accident while out riding, one day, and as she lay for weeks on her sick bed her thoughts turned to her long forgotten boy, and an intense desire to see him came over her. As she grew stronger the doctors advised her husband to take her home. Willie knew very little of his mother, except that she was very beautiful and a great society leader, and in his heart he worshipped this unknown mother with something akin to awe. She was coming on the day that was the great event in the school life. Besides seeing the last day of the school term, prizes for the year's work were to be awarded, and parents and friends of the boys were invited to attend the exercises. After the prize-giving the affair would become purely social, buildings and grounds would be inspected, chums could be introduced and feasts and fun ad infinitum.

For the first time in his life Willie displayed some shyness as to his personal appearance, and as he gazed into his mirror he came to the pitiful conclusion that even an ordinary mother could not possibly feel proud of him. His hair had a knock of standing up in little curls, his nose was a very funny little affair, his cheeks were smothered with freckles, and he never had noticed before that his feet and hands were altogether out of proportion to the rest of his body. "I wish she was just an ordinary mother and not such a great lady," he thought, and the tears were pretty hard to keep back.

But the gong had sounded and the boys gathered ready to march into the great hall. Here the visitors were assembled and the eyes of the boys eagerly sought out their loved ones. "That beautiful tall lady must be mother," thought Willie, but no! She was smiling at a boy the other side of the room. The opening exercises had started, and still Willie's eyes were searching the throng of happy faces, and his heart began to sink as he realized that after all she was not there. "She doesn't care," he thought, while the tears of disappointment welled up into his eyes, "and she never has cared."

But he was suddenly brought back to the present by a vigorous nudge from his neighbor. "See that tall man, 6-foot-4 sure," he whispered.

"And soldier, too, I bet." "Isn't he a dandy?" replied Willie with enthusiastic admiration. "Wonder who he belongs to; wish he was my dad," said the neighbor. "So do I," came the answer, and with a curious thrill Willie began to realize that he had a father, too, a soldier, and he wondered how he would look. At last the exercises were over, the ranks broken and the boys eagerly greeting their friends.

Willie observed now that the tall man had his hand on an invalid chair in which sat a sweet-faced lady. "I'll just wait and see who they belong to," he thought, with an envious grip at his heart, "then I'll go off and hide somewhere, I can't bear to see them all so happy. It's harder to have a mother that doesn't care than to have none at all."

"Well, Mary, it looks as though we shall have to get some one to help us find our boy," the tall man was saying. "Can I find anyone for you, sir?" said Willie, stepping forward.

"Yes, I want—why surely this is—" But before he could finish his words Willie felt himself drawn down into the arms of the lady in the chair, and he was locked in such an embrace as made up to him for all the motherless years gone by. It seemed too good to be true! How proud he was to introduce the soldier father to his admiring friends, and to hold the hand of his lovely mother as she told him of her plans for the future, in which she meant to hold tight onto the little lad so sadly neglected. If there was any thing more which could be added to his happiness it was supplied when, in answer to his father's question, he replied: "He looks just as you must have looked at his age."

**Diamonds Burn Like Coal.**

The jeweler, at closing time, was putting his diamonds in a huge safe. "But why do you bother to do that when two watchmen walk the shop all night long?"

"On account of fire," the jeweler replied. "Diamonds are nothing but coal—carbon—they burn beautifully. Their hardness makes us think them indestructible, but, as a matter of fact, a fire of diamonds would be the briskest, prettiest thing in the world. Put a handful of diamonds on a plate and set a light to them. They will burn with a hard, gemlike flame till nothing is left. There will be no smoke, no soot, and at the end the plate will be as clean as though just washed—not the slightest particle even of ash will remain."

## DENMARK'S PECULIAR SCHOOL.

No Examinations Required and Open to All Corners.

The Danish "high school" was the outcome of a recent period in Danish history when the nation passed through a crucial period of trouble, loss and humiliation, when its language and even its nationality were threatened from without and when it seemed for a time as if even its intellectual and spiritual independence might be destroyed or absorbed, says the London Post. During such periods, when "the reproof of chance" lay heavy on one of the smaller nations, the true proof of its men and women was tested to the utmost, and Denmark at this crisis in her history was not found wanting. After the storm had passed and the province of Schleswig-Holstein had been wrested from the nation, Grotvig and others, patriots conceived and carried out the "high school" scheme and finally succeeded in attracting to these schools and saw herself as a happy child in all that was best and most aspirational in the life of the peasantry and people. The aim of the teachers was not to impart knowledge as to go much deeper than the operas that stimulate the reflective powers, so as to arouse in the minds of their pupils the sense of the value and purpose of life.

With this object in view the founders of the scheme took into special consideration when choosing their teaching staff the personal qualities of the teacher, the amount of magnetism in his personality, as a speaker, and played these qualifications above those of academic attainments. The warden or head of each school is the host and the head of the family gathered together under his roof for the students board in his home during the school term. As most of the pupils are drawn from the class of agricultural laborers and small farmers, the men take the winter term from November till April, and the women the summer term from May to August. The course is really a two years' one, but it is at the option of the pupils to attend for one term only. The inclusive cost for board and teaching is thirty-three shillings a month, and the poorest of the students who cannot save enough to spend so much time away from their farms without pecuniary assistance, are helped by the State with about two-thirds of their expenses.

No examination is required of pupils either on entering or on leaving the schools, and as the principal aim in teaching is to arouse the intellectual life, the course of study consists of lectures on history, poetry and biography. The "high schools," in which there are now altogether over 4,000 students, have taken as their motto the quotation, "I am man, therefore everything that concerns a man is of interest to me." Before each lecture a national or religious song in the rich stores of the Danish language is sung by the pupils, and the spiritual life that is inculcated by example even more than by precept is not one of asceticism or of self-denial, but of full, well-balanced development and self-expression.

The Danes themselves attribute the marked rise and intellectual development of the peasantry and the power of combination displayed by the men of the soil to ever-increasing influence of the "high school" movement. The agriculturists save money and make sacrifices in order that their sons and daughters may enjoy the intellectual and spiritual culture that the "high schools" offer. The only analogous movement we have in Great Britain is the burning desire on the part of the Scotch peasantry and small Scotch farmers for education. In England it would appear difficult to create a similar demand among our rural population. This may be because in the past country life has not been synonymous with intellectual life, except for the rich and well-placed.

Now that the intellectual needs of various classes are being more scientifically studied, an intimate knowledge of the working of these Danish schools, which have been so successful in revolutionizing intellectually and spiritually the rural life of Denmark, might be of special value to members of rural educational councils in England. Mrs. Browning wrote: "It takes a soul to move a body." In Denmark of today the body, through its steadily growing cooperative undertakings, can be seen moving and gaining in strong and healthy national life. It is claimed by the more patriotic and intelligent among the Danes that the soul which moves and quickens this body was reborn in the daily life and aspiration of the "high schools."

**A Primitive Timekeeper.** An English naturalist, while visiting Great Sandgr, one of those islands of the Indian Ocean known as the Celebes, or Spice Islands, lodged at the house of a village headman, the house was a veritable timekeeper of which stood a sentry, whose business it was to keep the time for the village, by the aid of a primitive sand-glass. Two bottles were firmly lashed together mouth to mouth, and placed in wooden positions. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a vertical hook was placed between the sticks bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.

In Gorn, Scotland, the health authorities have traced to wandering diseased cats recent deaths from diphtheria.

## The Sweetest Song of All

At last she had returned to her childhood home, which years before she had left at the call of ambition, and now that success had crowned her efforts, she came, one of the world's greatest singers, to sing again on the old Town Hall stage, which had been the scene of her girl's triumphs.

She had been able to secure accommodations at her own old home, and from the nation, Grotvig and others, patriots conceived and carried out the "high school" scheme and finally succeeded in attracting to these schools and saw herself as a happy child in all that was best and most aspirational in the life of the peasantry and people. The aim of the teachers was not to impart knowledge as to go much deeper than the operas that stimulate the reflective powers, so as to arouse in the minds of their pupils the sense of the value and purpose of life.

With this object in view the founders of the scheme took into special consideration when choosing their teaching staff the personal qualities of the teacher, the amount of magnetism in his personality, as a speaker, and played these qualifications above those of academic attainments. The warden or head of each school is the host and the head of the family gathered together under his roof for the students board in his home during the school term.

As most of the pupils are drawn from the class of agricultural laborers and small farmers, the men take the winter term from November till April, and the women the summer term from May to August. The course is really a two years' one, but it is at the option of the pupils to attend for one term only. The inclusive cost for board and teaching is thirty-three shillings a month, and the poorest of the students who cannot save enough to spend so much time away from their farms without pecuniary assistance, are helped by the State with about two-thirds of their expenses.

No examination is required of pupils either on entering or on leaving the schools, and as the principal aim in teaching is to arouse the intellectual life, the course of study consists of lectures on history, poetry and biography. The "high schools," in which there are now altogether over 4,000 students, have taken as their motto the quotation, "I am man, therefore everything that concerns a man is of interest to me." Before each lecture a national or religious song in the rich stores of the Danish language is sung by the pupils, and the spiritual life that is inculcated by example even more than by precept is not one of asceticism or of self-denial, but of full, well-balanced development and self-expression.

The Danes themselves attribute the marked rise and intellectual development of the peasantry and the power of combination displayed by the men of the soil to ever-increasing influence of the "high school" movement. The agriculturists save money and make sacrifices in order that their sons and daughters may enjoy the intellectual and spiritual culture that the "high schools" offer. The only analogous movement we have in Great Britain is the burning desire on the part of the Scotch peasantry and small Scotch farmers for education.

In England it would appear difficult to create a similar demand among our rural population. This may be because in the past country life has not been synonymous with intellectual life, except for the rich and well-placed. Now that the intellectual needs of various classes are being more scientifically studied, an intimate knowledge of the working of these Danish schools, which have been so successful in revolutionizing intellectually and spiritually the rural life of Denmark, might be of special value to members of rural educational councils in England. Mrs. Browning wrote: "It takes a soul to move a body." In Denmark of today the body, through its steadily growing cooperative undertakings, can be seen moving and gaining in strong and healthy national life. It is claimed by the more patriotic and intelligent among the Danes that the soul which moves and quickens this body was reborn in the daily life and aspiration of the "high schools."

**Curious Fishes of the Bahamas.** The fish found in Nassau waters are of never ending interest to the stranger. With the aid of a native water-glass, which is a common wooden bucket with the bottom knocked out and a glass bottom put in, it is possible to watch the funny creatures swimming about, apparently regardless of prying eyes. The parrot-fish, with its body the shape and color of a goldfish, is only ten times larger; the cow-fish, with its comical face curiously like a caricature of its bovine sponsor; hog-fish, with snouts; grouper, hine, amber-jack, and turbot, whose exquisitely tinted skin is dried and used by the natives for a variety of purposes, are all there, but the most beautiful of all is the angel-fish, with its blue and yellow wing-like fins. Angel-fish are so numerous in Nassau, and their flesh is so delicate in flavor, that they are a frequent item on the menu of the large tourist hotels—Leslie's Weekly.

A wonderful thing about so many people is how they can manage their mind without having any.

## The Chah of the Tsar.

Among the possessions of the Emperor of Russia is a diamond of great value, the history of which is as romantic as that of the famous Koh-i-noor. It is an irregular prism in shape, of the size and nearly the length of the finger, and is called the Chah.

This stone, which formerly belonged to the Sophi, was one of the two enormous diamonds which adorned the throne of Nadirah and was called by the Persians "Moon of the Mountains." When Nadir was assassinated his treasures were pillaged and his precious stones were divided between some soldiers, who concealed them.

An Armenian named Shafraz, who lived with his brothers in the town of Basora, was one day accosted by an Afghan, who offered for sale a large diamond, with a hundred other pieces of less value, for a small sum. Saying he had not the necessary funds for the purchase, Shafraz asked the Afghan to call again. The diamond seller was evidently suspicious of Shafraz, for he disappeared from the town and could not be found for years.

At last the elder of Shafraz's brothers came across him at Bagdad just after he had disposed of his gems. The purchaser, who was a Hebrew, refused double the amount he had paid for the stone, so the three brothers conspired to fill him for the possession of them. When this had been accomplished they followed the Afghan, pistol in hand, and threw the bodies of their two victims into the Euphrates. The brothers disagreed among themselves, and the eldest disposed of the others in the same way they had rid themselves of the Hebrew and the Afghan.

Shafraz next appeared at the court of Europe, offering his great diamond for sale. Catherine of Russia (Catherine II) had the man invited to court and put into communication with the court jeweller. The conditions offered Shafraz were—Letters of nobility, an annuity of ten thousand rubles, five hundred thousand rubles payable in ten years from year to year. Shafraz held out for six hundred thousand rubles in cash. Count Pankin, who was Minister at the time, launched the Armenian in a style of life which obliged him to contract large debts, and when he knew that Shafraz had no longer a penny with which to meet them he broke off negotiations. According to the laws of the country, Shafraz could not leave the empire or even the town without paying his debts, so his position was painful. The jeweller of the court was prepared to profit by the Armenian's distress, but the man was too sharp for him. He secretly sold some inferior stones to his competitors, paid his debts and disappeared.

It was fully ten years before he was again heard from. Then he reappeared in Astrakhan on his way to Turkey. Negotiations were reopened and Catherine became possessor of the stone. The price paid was the letter of nobility, six hundred thousand rubles payable in ten years.

Shafraz, being unable to return to his native land, settled in Astrakhan and married. Twenty years later he was mortified by one of his son-in-laws, who gained little by his death. More—he'll try to shift for himself. Several of the grandchildren are now living in Astrakhan in abject poverty.

**The Profit in Grapes.** An enthusiast writes: "The grape is the poor man's fruit, especially one who has only a house lot of the smallest possible dimensions. He can plant vines beside his cottage, and their roots will extend and profitably occupy every inch of ground underneath it, and from that small space produce all the fruit his family can consume, while the vines afford shade and protection and add beauty to his little home, occupy no space, shade or above or below the ground, to interfere with other interests, and producing more fruit in less time and with less labor and attention than any other thing that was ever planted."

Growing of grapes in grapevines furnishes an important source of revenue in some countries, notably Belgium and the Channel Islands, where large quantities are annually grown and exported. The United States is a good customer for them, as high as 85 cents to 75 cents a pound wholesale and 45 to 48 cents a pound retail, being paid for the fruit. Grapes growing in pots is much practiced in parts of Europe, and especially in France, where the vines are largely used for decorative purposes on festive occasions.

Shipping and keeping grapes in cord is quite an industry in some of the European grape districts. A considerable quantity of such grapes, shipped from Spain, is annually consumed in the United States.

Gales are very rare in Rome, and never blow with extreme violence. The most striking peculiarity of the Roman climate is the absence of high winds. The air is pure and clear, owing to the almost complete absence of smoke, even in the winter months. The average yearly movement of the air is only five miles an hour. This is of enormous advantage in winter, when the "tramontana" (north wind), which is the prevailing wind in this season, is, if strong, decidedly cold and bracing, but when under eight miles an hour is delightful for most people, including invalids. The south winds are essentially sea breezes. They frequently alternate with the tramontana. The sirocco (southeast wind), which fortunately does not often blow, is moist and enervating. It gives rise to languor in most individuals.

In a small shop in New York City, managed by a woman, flowers of wonderful coloring are made from the scales of various fish.

## One Touch of Nature

"Paper, sir?"

It was such a pitiful, weak, frightened little wail that Dwight Maynard did not heed it until he felt a slight tug at his coat, and the words were repeated accompanied by an unmistakable sob. Dwight, turned, at his elbow stood a forlorn little piece of humanity, with long golden curls and a pair of deep brown eyes, looking mournfully out from a face which probably was white, but which now bore a very streaked appearance, as if a pair of dirty, chubby fists had been frequently rubbed across it.

"Paper?" repeated Dwight. "A little lad like you selling papers?" He took the unresisting hand in his and led the boy forward where an electric light gave him a clearer view, and a low whistle escaped his lips as he saw the youngster was clad in a suit of rich black velvet, the lace collar and cuffs of which matched the tiny face's curls. "Say, there's something wrong here! You're only a baby and an aristocratic one at that! Where do you live? Your mamma, and probably half a dozen servants, are very likely near, frantic searching for you. What's your name?"

"I don't want to tell. I'm not a baby, either, now—and no—no one is looking for me." The quivering lips could hardly frame the words, and in spite of himself Dwight felt a big lump rise in his throat as the pitiful little wail came again. "W—will you please buy a paper?"

"Sure I will," was the ready answer, as Dwight took the proffered paper; then, as his eye rested on the date, "Look here, this is nearly a month old."

"Is it? I couldn't find any newer ones. Does—does that make any difference? Oh, won't you please buy it?" and without waiting for a reply the curly head went forward against Dwight's knee and the flood-gates opened.

"Now, now, sonny," raising the child until the golden curls rested on his shoulder, "tell me all about it and, maybe, we'll find a way out of this awful predicament," and he marched along the street to his rooms carrying the heartbroken little news vendor with him.

Not a word was said until the door closed behind them, and seating himself in the big lounging chair he gently rocked the tired boy to sleep, and then the quivering lips almost ceased and then he said softly:

"Now, liddle, out with it. Why were you selling papers?" "I—I had to make my living, somehow, and that was the only way I knew."

"Make your living! Where are your father and mother?"

"Home—b—but there's someone else there, too—a baby sister. She came last night, and she's going to stay always! And there's something the matter with my nose, 'cause mamma said so. Mamma didn't come to hear my prayers last night, and when I asked papa why, he said, 'My little chap, your mamma's baby any day is to be the man that the baby of the family.' That was just what he said, so I runned away and I'm not going back there ever again!"

For a moment Dwight said nothing. He well remembered those miserable first days when he himself had learned he was no longer "baby," and he understood just how grown and overpowered was the pain in this tiny lad's heart. Then he told him of his own little sister, of the good times they had had growing up together—he tried, in his bustling way, to show him how much better it is to be the man than the baby of the family. He finally convinced him there was love enough for him and the new sister, too, and he was rewarded by hearing the sighs cease entirely and a resigned little voice say:

"Well, if that's all a baby sister is, I guess perhaps I'd better go back and try it again. Do you 'pose you could show me the way?"

"If you tell me your name I think I can."

"Harold Winfield."

"And is Jack Winfield your papa?" "Yes, sir—do you know him?"

"Indeed I do. 'Come along little man, and we'll be home, safe and sound in no time.'"

"I glad, 'cause I—I want to see mamma and papa." (A pause, then a radiant smile lighting up his face.) "And see, yes—I want to get another look at that baby sister!"

**New York the American Venice.** It is a surprising thing to know that New York City, although not known as the American Venice, contains more islands than any city but Venice, for within its boundaries are thirty-one separate and distinct islands, most of which are encircled by deep water, will afford unutilized shipping accommodations and dock space for the commerce of future years to reach undisturbed of proportions, judging from past and present growth.—National Magazine.

**Dividing Line at Cape Hatteras.** Cape Hatteras is the true dividing line between the north and the south North of it there is not a trace of the balmy and other forms of vegetation which, sub-tropical in character, cease there also.

Mason and Dixon's line is an imaginary sort of a thing in the north but Hatteras is the outer mark of the real dividing line and it affords a fine opportunity for study.—Forest and Stream.

## PROTECTING SUBMARINE CREWS.

Naval Tug Used as Tender With Special Hoisting Equipment.

As a result of the many accidents that have attended the operations of submarine boats belonging to England, France and other countries, including the United States, whereof the details are admitted by naval authorities to have been appraised, but in which many lives have been lost and many crews endangered, the Navy Department has ordered the equipment of all United States submarines with appliances which will facilitate the raising of such vessels from beneath the waves and practically assure the lives of the members of the crews, who have long been considered by seafaring men as unrecognized heroes, even in times of peace.

The United States tug Nina, recently a leader to the North Atlantic squadron, is manned by a modern electric winches, exerting a power of 70 tons, and an enormous derrick.

Heretofore the danger of navy life has been considered at its maximum in that branch of the service comprising the submarine operations. Often when lowered to a great depth the pumping machinery, installed to maintain pure air in the vessel, has become disabled, or the apparatus has failed to raise the boat to the surface, and the lives of the men on the imperiled submarine boat have been alarmingly endangered, if not lost, as in the case of a French vessel.

The tug Nina is fitted with the powerful winches and derrick and steel cables, bearing grappling hooks, in the event of a submarine boat becoming disabled while beneath the waves, these steel cables and grappling hooks can be lowered and adjusted in the rigging bolts by the derrick, with which the tug will be manned. The electric hoisting apparatus will raise the submarine vessel to the surface, and the men within will be released before they become victims of suffocation.

To augment the equipment of the Nina, which will accompany the submarines in their operations, a new steel mast will be installed and a new steel boom weighing ten tons will be attached. The Nina is a 600-ton vessel, one of the oldest in the navy, having been built in 1885, when the first distant rumblings of the rebellion were heard. She is capable of a speed of thirty-two knots, and her engines are of 1,200 horse power.

The Nina will carry a crew of twenty-four men besides a reserve force of sixteen men to relieve the crews of the submarines when necessary.

**Destructive Suga.** If the power of the sugarcane had not been proven to us beyond a doubt, we would be inclined to regard the estimate of \$700,000,000 annual loss to our farming interests caused by insects, which has been made by the Department of Agriculture as too startling to be true.

Such an immense sum belies what worth the saving. The Department has in its employ a large staff of men who are studying the life-history of the pernicious insects to find out where they are vulnerable. The work has been going on for some years, and much progress has already been made. The cotton worm, which formerly led an annual cost of \$80,000,000 on the cotton crop, is now controlled by sprays. It has been proven that the ravages of the Russian fly, which sometimes have reduced the wheat acreage in Ohio 40 per cent, and in Indiana 60 per cent, besides greatly impairing the yield of the remaining acreage, can be considerably checked by planting wheat at intervals when the fly is not so rapacious; the cutting moth is controlled by arsenical sprays, and \$30,000,000 worth of apples saved as a result. The orange and lemon orchards of California have been relieved of the white scale, which threatened to destroy them by the importation from Australia of the lady bird, a natural enemy of the scale. Many other instances could be given of the wisdom of watching the insects.—Country Life in America.

**Individual Income.** Weldon calculates in his Handbook of Currency and Wealth that in the United States more than four million families, comprising nearly a third of the nation, must get along on an annual income of less than four hundred dollars per family; more than one-half of all the families of the United States get less than five hundred dollars; two-thirds of the families get less than nine hundred dollars, while only one in twenty of the nation's families is able to obtain an income of over three thousand dollars a year. Mr. Moffet dips the conclusion of experts in financial statistics to the effect that whatever may be the individual and of thousands of individual millionaires, the rich are destined to grow so much richer that in thirty or forty years, under existing conditions the five thousand richest Americans instead of having fifty billion dollars between them, as they have today, may have fifty or a hundred billion. Some well-informed persons go so far as to assert that John D. Rockefeller alone should live to 1925, when he would still be a younger man than Russell Sage is today, would himself be able to dispose of eight billion of dollars. The mind reels when it comes to reckon on what might be accomplished with so vast a capital were it left to a son or grandson of great strength of intellect and character.—Harper's Weekly.

Italian prisons got so full this year that the government had to pardon some of the occupants in order to make room for delinquents crowded out since last August 1,500 prisoners have been pardoned and 1,075 have had their sentences reduced.