COLOR ILLUSIONS.

Curious Effects Produced by Red and Blue on a Black Background.

If on a screen of black velvet placed at a distance of ten feet from the spectator large letters are pasted, some blue, some red, they will not appear to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than blue letters, while to other persons the contrary effect will be manifested.

To produce this effect both eyes must be employed. When one eye is closed the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye one set of letters immediately appears to take a position in advance of the others.

The explanation offered for this effect is that a sort of stereoscopic illusion is produced in the eye itself, depending upon color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side and that of a red object toward the other side.

If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed ten or twelve feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue, screen off one-half of the pupil of each eye on the outside and you will see the red letters retire behind the blue ones.

If you screen the pupils on the side toward the nose you will see the red letters advance apparently still farther ahead of the blue ones.

If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance screen the inner side of the pupils of your eyes and the red will come to the front.

Beautiful effects are produced with one eye alone when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. Placing red rings on blue paper and using the right eye with the inner side of the pupil covered the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting on a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper must be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened the red rings will become circular trenches in the blue paper.—New York Sun.

A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM.

The Liberty Cap Dates Away Back to Early Greek Times.

From very early times one of the distinguishing marks of a slave, both in Greece and oriental countries generally, was the lack of any covering for the head. Accordingly the cap came to be considered the insignia of liberty, and when slaves were given their freedom they were presented with a cap as an emblem of it.

In Sparta the helots wore a cap of dogskin, and this was reckoned a badge of servitude, but upon gaining their freedom this was replaced by a cap of a different material, of another shape and ornamented with flowers. A similar custom was observed in Rome, where the presentation of the pileus, or cap, was always a part of the ceremony of manumitting a slave; hence arose the proverb, "Servos ad pileum vocare."

Also on medals the cap is the symbol of liberty and is usually represented as being held in the right hand by the point. When a cap was exposed to the people's view on the top of a spear, as in the case of the conspiracy against Caesar, it was intended as a public invitation to them to embrace the liberty that was offered them.

The Goddess of Liberty on Mount Aventine was represented as holding a cap in her hand as a symbol of freedom. The Jacobins wore a red cap during the French revolution, and in England a blue cap with a white border is used as a symbol of liberty.

The custom which prevails among university students of wearing a cap is said to have had its origin in a wish to signify that the wearers had acquired full liberty and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors.

The Bird of Death.

In New Guinea there is said to be a venomous bird called the bird of death. It is about the size of a pigeon, with a tail of extraordinary length ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet. It has a sharp, hooked beak and frequents marshes and stagnant pools. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under them, in the roof of the mouth, is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound.

Baby Seals.

Baby seals are at first snow white, which makes them invisible on the white ice on which they are born. Their eyes and noses are, however, black, and when the little ones are suddenly alarmed they close their eyes, bury their noses and lie quite still. It is only when they grow and begin to seek their own food that they become dark and sleek.

Too Full For Utterance.

"He invented a dandy story to tell his wife when he got home after midnight."

"Good one, was it?"

"A peach; it would satisfy any woman."

"Did it satisfy her?"

"It would have, but he couldn't tell it."—Houston Post.

No Fatted Calf.

Bride (back after elopement)—Well, here we are, pa. Won't you give us your blessing? Her Dad—Yes, daughter; no trouble about the blessin', but board and lodgin' will be at reg'lar rates.—Boston Transcript.

HUNTING A STILL

By KATHLEEN J. McCURDY

It was in the days of illicit distilling in Kentucky. A man riding along a road in the eastern part of that state, reaching a snug farmhouse, drew rein.

"I'm looking for a farm to buy," he said. "Do you happen to know of any good bit of land about here with some buildings on it?"

"No; I don't," said the woman, who was both young and comely.

"There ought to be good farming about here."

"Stranger," said the woman, "you hain't looking for farms. You're a revenue man after stills."

The man was astonished. He had supposed he was playing a very successful game.

"If you'd root out the stills the people about here would go to farming instead of making whisky."

"I can't root out the stills," replied the man, "unless you people help me."

"What kind o' help do you want?"

"Information."

"Well, come in and have a snack. Perhaps my husband'll be coming along soon, and he may do something for you."

The revenue man dismounted, led his horse to the stable in the rear and entered the house. He chatted with the woman freely about the illicit distilling, said that it helped the poor and wronged the many. A district where it was notorious never prospered. It was under a ban; no credit; no production of crops; no comfort for any one. She appeared to agree with him and when he had finished said:

"Did you ever hear of Joe Comstock's still?"

"No, I'm a new man; just put on to this district."

"That's the only one we could get you on to here. If my husband don't come home purty soon I'll tell you all about it."

Her husband didn't come home. She said she supposed he had been delayed. So after supper she said she would tell him where the Comstock still was, and if he liked he could go and clean it out. It was the only one left in that immediate vicinity and most of the people thereabout would be glad to see it shut up. The woman after she had cleaned away the supper dishes sat down beside the stranger and on a piece of paper drew a diagram of the route to Comstock's. It was rather a zigzag course, extending over several miles. The stranger asked if there was no more direct route, and she told him that there was none that could be made plain to one who was not familiar with the country. When it was dark he got out his horse, mounted and, thanking the woman for her hospitality, was about to ride away when she asked:

"You going to take Joe Comstock alone?"

"That's just what I'm going to do."

"You're a plucky one."

The man rode away, following the route exactly as it had been laid down by the woman. He was most of the time climbing a mountain side, and, though the distance was but a few miles, he was two hours getting to a point just beyond which he had been told he would find the Comstock still. He was to recognise it by the crossing of two mountain roads, a peculiarly shaped oak tree on the point of one of the angles. From the crossroads he was to pass through an opening between the trees, go over a stone wall, follow a tunnel a short distance down the mountain and he would come upon the still. Leaving the crossroads, he moved on as directed.

He was moving very quietly down the stream when he dislodged a stone that betrayed his approach. He paused, but, hearing nothing, moved forward again. Suddenly he heard the words come out of the darkness, "Hands up!"

He knew that he was on an elevation that showed the sky line beyond him and that doubtless his enemy could see him, while he could not see his enemy. He held his revolver in his hand cocked and, hoping to at least disconcert his opponent, fired into the darkness. The only response was a bitter laugh. It sounded like that of a woman crazed. Then came a voice which sounded distinctly feminine:

"Drop your weapon. I can kill you if I like!"

The revenue man hesitated a moment, then thought it best to do as he had been bidden. Suddenly a bullseye lantern was flashed in his face.

"You're not the coward the other one was to come here and surround the place and kill my Joe. You're a brave one if you are a revenue. I'm Miss Joe Comstock, the woman who sent you here. I knew you were a revenue right off, and since I've been wishing for a chance to get even with you government men I gave you a roundabout way, coming myself straight up the mountains. I intended to kill you, but I couldn't. You're too plucky."

"Well, then, since there is to be no killing, suppose we shake hands and say no more about it."

"You go your way and I go mine. Good night."

The next afternoon the stranger again rode up to the Widow Comstock's house and after a long interview persuaded her to give up a still that she had been running ever since her husband had been killed. There was something persuasive in his makeup, something that took hold of the widow's better side, and instead of hunting Joe he hunted for her heart. He captured it in time, and they are now well to do, happy.

ARABIAN JUSTICE.

Convicting a Thief by the Ordeal of the Heated Knife.

The ordeal of the red hot knife is thus described by Abdullah Mahmut in Wyman Bury's as he saw it in "The Land of Ur." The case was one of theft from a caravan. Two young men were implicated, one a palace slave, the other a young Arab, a native of the oasis. Each accused the other with many oaths and much mutual vituperation. Finally both invoked the ordeal of the knife.

In due course a venerable Arab appeared, bringing the instrument with him. His family for generations had possessed the hereditary right to administer the ordeal. The knife consisted a very ordinary piece of soap iron, shaped roughly into a sort of blade about eighteen inches long. The name and attributes of Allah were engraved upon it, and it was fitted with a plain wooden haft.

An attendant brought a bowl of water and a brazier of live charcoal, in which the knife was inserted. The Arab youth received the ordeal first. He repeated his assertions of innocence and, rinsing out his mouth with water, put out his tongue, which was seized at the tip by the owner of the knife. The instrument, glowing dull red, was drawn from the brazier, and with it three light blows were struck upon the victim's tongue, which was then inspected. It merely showed slight white marks where the hot iron had fallen.

The slave's turn then came, and whether he flinched at the contact of the hot iron or had failed to keep his tongue sufficiently moist I cannot say, but the heat of the blade picked off a small patch of skin and showed a bleeding surface. According to the rules of the ordeal, that proved his guilt, and he was led away to durance vile.

LUNA'S MIGHTY PEAKS.

Peculiarity of the Ring Mountains of the Moon.

The moon is really and truly a great planet of mountains, its whole visible surface being dotted with elevations of curious shapes and of extraordinary height. We say "its whole visible surface" and hasten to explain that we make this statement simply because the eye of man has never seen but one side of the surface of the moon.

What we see convinces us that the little planet is extremely mountainous, for on the "end" exposed to our view there are no fewer than 30,000 peaks, varying in height from 2,000 feet to four miles. When we consider the fact that this lunarian world is only one thirty-second part as large as the earth we can easily see why it deserves the title of the "planet of great mountains."

There is a peculiar thing about these 30,000 moon peaks. Each and every one of them has a ringlike form, the open end of the conical point being of greater or lesser diameter, according to the height of the mountain. In a low grade telescope these peaks resemble true volcanoes, but when viewed through a high grade glass it is seen that the depression in the center of the queer "ring mountain" is often so great as to be below the general level of the surrounding country.

The depth of these depressions is calculated in a curious manner, by figuring on the relative shadows they cast when the sun is shining full upon them. The diameter of these "ring mountains" varies greatly, some of the larger ones being 50, 100 or even 150 miles, while the smaller look like post holes when viewed through a good telescope.

Straw Hats.

The straw hat is a relative newcomer in the world of dress. It was not until 1784, according to Les Nouvelles, that it first appeared, and its adoption was originally exclusive to women. Men did not make use of it until the Waterloo year, and the foundation of the great Alsatian industry was only in 1854, when the first big factories were erected. Our contemporary adds that it is not generally known that many so called "straw" hats are made entirely of wood. But they are none the less efficient as protectors against the effects of glare and sunshine.

Home Treatment.

"Here," began a woman known to the writer in the Canadian Courier—"here's an article in the evening paper on 'Women's Work For the Feeble Minded.'"

Her husband grunted, being in a reactionary mood. "I'd like to know," he said, "what women have ever done for the feeble minded."

"They usually marry them, dear," replied his wife sweetly.

Practical Consideration.

"You have no magnificent ruins such as we have in Europe."

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I thought of putting up a few, but I gave it up. They're mighty artistic looking, but they're too hard to keep in repair."—Washington Star.

Happy Days.

Fred—Mamma, our principal says his school days were the happiest days of his life. Do you believe that? Mamma—Certainly. He wouldn't say so if it were not true. Fred—Well, I suppose he played hookey and didn't get caught.

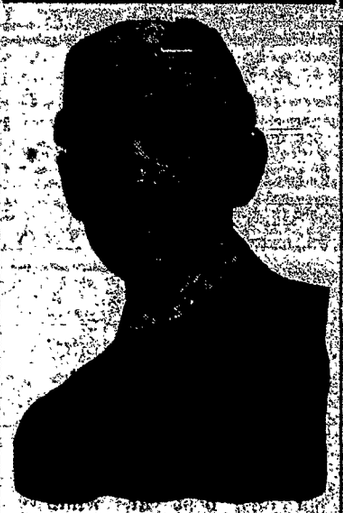
Very.

Friend—Then you had a satisfactory audience?

Theatrical Manager—Very. Two of our most antagonistic critics died.—Judge.

SNAPSHOTS AT GREENTREES

George R. Sheldon, Republican National Treasurer.



George R. Sheldon of New York, treasurer of the national Republican committee, has been tried and proved his worth, for he was custodian of the funds of the G. O. P. four years ago when President Taft made his first campaign for chief executive of the United States.

Handling the funds of a great political party is no sinecure, according to Mr. Sheldon. More people visit headquarters to ask for money than to donate funds for the good of the cause. Occasionally, however, the reverse is the case. Mr. Sheldon relates with pleasure an incident of the last presidential campaign. A plainly dressed man who appeared to be looking for a job called and asked to see the treasurer. He was admitted and said: "Mr. Sheldon, I am not a rich man, but in my own way I want to make a contribution to the Republican campaign fund. My offering is small, but it is all I can afford to give. Would you care to accept $2?" Instantly Mr. Sheldon grasped the stranger's hand and assured him that "your contribution is the kind we want."

Mr. Sheldon is a native of Brooklyn, fifty-five years old, a graduate of Harvard and has been in the banking business since 1879.

A Worker For Wilson.

William G. McAdoo of New York, the "tunnel builder," vice chairman of the Democratic national committee, is one of the newest figures in politics. He is one of the three representatives from New York on Governor Wilson's advisory committee. At the Baltimore convention he did effective work for the New Jersey governor and is enthusiastic in his support. Although new at political campaigning, Mr. McAdoo is an effective speaker.

A native of Georgia, Mr. McAdoo was educated in the University of Tennessee and began the practice of

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WILLIAM G. M'ADOO.

law in Chattanooga. In 1900 he removed to New York and while still practicing his profession conceived the scheme to tunnel the Hudson river. This had previously been attempted, but resulted in failure. He organized a company and built two tubes under the Hudson river, subways in New York connecting the tunnels and a huge office building in New York city. Railroad men laughed when Mr. McAdoo began his project, but he persevered and won. Today no one even smiles when Mr. McAdoo talks of tunnels and subways. He is a big factor in local passenger transportation in New York and its vicinity.

Knox's Sarcasm.

Secretary of State Knox, it is said, while passing the collection plate one time in his youthful days displayed his characteristic quick wit. As he came to one man distinguished for his wealth and parsimony he was waved gruffly aside.

"Nothing," said the man; "I have nothing."

"Take something, then," said the youthful Knox. "This collection is for the poor, you know."—Judge.

A Homely Courtship

By SUSAN YOUNG FOSTER.

It was more than half a century ago that Enoch of the Wreath was young. That was when the canal boat was the chief means of transportation in America. At one time the Wreath used as passenger boats. Then, when competition with the railroads, they sold his freighting only and soon after have himself entirely passed away.

In those freighting days a man named Enoch drove a mule on the towpath which pulled a boat. Enoch was as homely as his mule. He had never had a sweetheart, and there was little hope of his ever having one. He felt when a woman looked at him she was appalled.

There was some three or four hundred yards from the canal, at about the center of Enoch's route, a humble down house in a small lot, in one corner of which was a pigsty. One day when Enoch was trudging along behind his mule, he saw, at an open window in the dilapidated loop, a female figure. She was too far off for him to see what she looked like, but she waved something white, which Enoch took to be a handkerchief. Whether she was trying to flirt with him or was motioning the drunkard out of the sheds he could not be sure. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket he reciprocated the wave.

Now, Enoch was conscious of the fact that he was not beautiful. His hair was a dirty red, his nose was a pink the color of his nose, his teeth were mostly gone. Had it not been for this he might have made bold on his return trip to give his mule a rest and pass to the house unseeing. As it was, and since this was the only chance he had ever had, he was willing. He thought it better to make some headway in lovemaking before risking showing the lady his homely person at close proximity. So, instead of stopping when he passed again, having provided himself with a hard lead pencil, he fired a wad of paper at her, which being marked revealed the following note:

I seen you at you winder yesterday and I weed like verry much to meet you sometimes.

The lady was watching for the boat on its return trip, and when Enoch fired his note at her she saw it fall near her house and, going out, picked it up and read it. But by the time Enoch had gone on his way.

When Enoch passed the house again he saw large letters chalked upon the house, which, though it had been originally white, not having been painted in twenty years, was now a dark brown. The letters were plainly visible from the canal, and Enoch read:

I don't see what you look like Enoch you but you may be a decent fellow for aught I know and if you air you kin come and see me.

This reply was rather a setback to one who knew full well that he was homely as a hedgehog. The communication was later, and it contained precisely what Enoch would have preferred that it should not contain. The lady evidently was looking for a handsome man. The message convinced him that he was right in not permitting her to see him close by. Indeed, he felt stirred up some resentment which might lead her to overlook in a measure his homeliness.

Enoch's next love letter was written in lampblack on several boards nailed together and set up on the deck of his canalboat facing the house of his inamorata. It read:

If you ask a party woman I wood be happy to stop over. Hain't got no use for ugly womenn.

When Enoch passed the house the next time the blinds were all closed and no living thing was to be seen except a few chickens scratching the dirt in the yard. Enoch was disappointed. It was plain to him that this was intended for a snub. On his next trip he wrote on his boards, "What's up?" To which was chalked the reply, "Mothin'."

Enoch reasoned that his lady love had been miffed at his previous communication, thinking that he had accused her of being beauty, but, having thought the matter over, she had seen his note in another light. He began to think that "hain't heart never been fair lady" and he might as well face the music one time as another. So he wiped the lampblack off his boards and wrote again:

He stop over next trip.

When he passed again he was arrayed in a store suit that had cost him $4. His hair had been greased with a slice of fat, and his boots had been blacked. Stopping his mule—and the boat when it had lost its momentum—he proceeded to the house of his lady love. She had been watching him from a window and opened the door for him.

"Laws a marsy!" was her exclamation then.

"By gum!" was Enoch's.

The woman had lost most of the hair on her head, which seemed to have gone to her face. Her nose had developed abnormally under the effect of some skin disease. She was shrivelled and angular.

She slammed the door in Enoch's face, who turned and, with a melancholy step, went back to his boat and started on his interminable journeys back and forth. The woman heard nothing from him for several months, nor did he hear from her. Then they fell into a new correspondence which led them on and on till they forgot each other's homeliness and were married.

THE [illegible]

A [illegible]

[illegible]