

Lost on the Mountain Side

By ETHEL HOLMES

"Anything for me today, Sam?" asked a girl of a rural postman trudging along a road in Tennessee.

"Yes; I reckon I got one for you, Susie," said the man, looking over a bundle of letters he carried in his hand. Not finding it, he dived down into his bag and pulled out its contents, which he examined carefully.

"Well, now, that knocks me out," he said, with troubled and puzzled expression on his face. "When I sorted the letters for my route at the post office I sure saw one for you."

"And it's gone?" cried the girl in a frightened tone.

"Wait till I look 'em over again," he examined every letter again and not with the same result as before. He scratched his head in thought.

"I stopped at the tavern for a while to warm me and threw my bag down on a chair."

"Oh, Sam! Was there any one in the room with you?"

"Let me see. There was a lean, thin, grey looking man in spectacles."

"And a red beard?"

"Pears to me he had a red beard."

The girl turned and ran away from the postman, who followed her with his eyes till she was out of sight.

Susie Barker, the girl in question, ran till she came to the tavern. There she stopped and asked the landlord which way the man with a red beard had gone. He had departed immediately after the postman had gone in the direction of the Cumberland plateau, the base of which was a mile distant. Susie set out at a run, but she could not keep such a pace and soon settled into a hurried walk. A short distance from the foothills she saw the man who was after ascending the hill. She knew the trails leading up to the plateau and struck into one that was shorter than that the man was taking. She had not gone far before the two paths crossed. Sitting down on a stone, she waited for him to come to her.

"Howdy," she said to the stranger when he came up.

"Howdy," replied the man, scrutinizing the girl. "'Tis not lost, are y'?"

"Well, I dunno. I come up here to find a gal I know, and I thort she lived purty nigh this place, but I don't find her nowhere. I ain't used to these mountings; I never come up this way."

She looked exhausted and troubled. She was very plainly dressed, but was rather comely for a rough country girl.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Nothin', unless you can put me on the track to find my friend I'm lookin' for. But maybe you're a stranger in these parts 'erself."

"The man looked uneasy. He had good reason to shake the girl, but did not exactly know how to go about it.

"You're right there. I don't see how I can help you, since I'm not familiar with the country about here."

The girl looked about her with troubled glances. The man started to go on.

"Yer not goin' to leave a pore gal out here on this lonely hillside, are y'?" she said, looking at him reproachfully.

"I don't see how I can help it," said the man. "I don't know where you want to go, and I've got to get on my way."

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HOW To Run Furnace Smoothly and With Comfort

ONE house owner writes: In our heater we have a damper in funnel, one at top of heater, one in fuel door and one in ash pit door; also at top of heater is a small door which when open allows air to get into funnel, thus checking draft. This is between funnel damper and one top of heater. We have fourteen radiators in a house of twelve rooms and two bathrooms.

Assuming your radiators are large enough and full of water, you should have no great trouble. However, it is very important to keep the air out of the radiators in the top floor, and we test ours on that floor every day by opening the little air valve on radiator until the water flows in each one, then closing. If the water does not come there is quite likely not enough in the system to fill all. Then run more in until it shows in overflow pipe.

Another important thing is to keep the ashes from off the shelves at the top of heater. We have a small door for each shelf admitting of cleaning, which we do with a wire brush on long handle. We brush shelves every morning, taking one minute to do it. While doing this have every damper wide open so as to draw the ashes away. The damper in funnel at all other times we keep closed just as tight as we can get it, there being sufficient space by hole in middle of it and around it to take off gas and make fire burn. We are particular to keep heater well shaken and well cleaned out in ash pit, as we get the best results by good hot tom draft. Shake during day if necessary, but surely late in the evening, getting fire in good condition for night and putting on fresh coal on retiring. We then leave the dampers as follows: Funnel closed, top of heater closed, lit the door between slightly open, allowing some air into funnel; ash pit damper open the very least. The water now in heater is about 170 degrees and in the morning should be about 130 degrees.

In the morning close little door at top, open damper at top of heater, open ash pit door, leaving damper in funnel closed tight, and while we are getting the kitchen range a-going the heater is warming up nicely, and when next we go to the collar we find 160 to 170 degrees of heat. We then open some of the radiators on the lower floor that we closed the night before. This we always do, as we think our plants do better if not in too hot a place at night. As for managing the heater during the day, it depends on the weather, but anyway we endeavor to obtain results by use of damper in ash pit door, believing bottom draft most economical and carries least waste heat into the chimney. Hope this will be of some use to you.

A MENTAL MYSTERY

By ALAN HINSDALE

We have become used to an electric station sending forth its power across a continent or an ocean without any other medium than the atmosphere, but few of us are prepared to admit that one human brain is capable of affecting another human brain without any other medium than that of the wireless telegraph.

Nevertheless, there are instances of such communication. I believe that there is a mental force that yet explained scientifically carries these messages, and I am going to give the reason why I have arrived at this conclusion.

I am an artist. From a child I have been absorbed in the beauties of nature and their transmission to another form. As a boy I could make these transformations so successfully that my pictures attracted the attention of my friends. Nothing would do but that I must be educated for an artist.

But there was no means for the purpose. A younger sister of mine had been left a small legacy by her grandfather. My sister Eleanor was her name. Instead of devoting this money to my education, I declined to accept it at first, but she insisted that I would be a successful artist, my pictures would sell at good prices, and I could repay her. Thus, encouraged, I consented and entered an art school.

Unfortunately my education took from me the ability I had shown in freehand drawing. The technique required for work that would pass the critics was obnoxious to me. Never theless I persevered and mastered it. But I never regained the ability I had possessed to hit off something that indicated genius.

I spent several years after being graduated at the art school painting pictures, which were no better than hundreds of other artists could paint. I regretted that I had accepted my sister's loan for I was scarcely able to make enough money to keep body and soul together, to say nothing of paying what I had borrowed.

One winter I broke down in health and in the spring was told I must have change of scene and air to build up my strength. In my weakened condition my debt to my sister got on my mind, and I could not get it off. Eleanor begged me to stop worrying about it, but without success. I was sent off to the sea-board and lodged in a fisherman's cottage.

One morning I was sitting on the porch of the cottage looking out on the ocean. The sun was glistening the blue waves which were rolling in and breaking on the beach. Some fishermen were getting out their boats, gulls were flying hither and thither overhead, and occasionally starting down to peck upon a fish. I was seized with a desire to return to an artist to portray this scene.

I had not been permitted to bring an artist's tools with me, so I could do as I wished. As I sat in my comfortable wicker chair, fanned by a balmy sea breeze, I began to work over an imaginary canvas, laying down on it the view before me. The picture grew, it materialized as plainly as if I were really painting it on canvas. I was really painting it on at least several inches and was conscious of transferring the scene before me exactly as it was without the loss of any of its salient features.

Nevertheless there must have been a severe mental effort, for as soon as I had finished my imaginary or mental work I felt consciousness and knew nothing till late in the afternoon, when I found myself in bed.

It was some time before I gained sufficient strength to go home. When I returned my sister told me that there was no further necessity for me to worry about my debt to her, for it had been paid. I asked her who had paid it, and she said that I had paid it myself. Further than that she would give me no information until I had fully recovered.

One day after I had got stronger I went, unbeknown to any one, to a room at home that I had used for a studio. There was a desk in it, and, going to this desk without any definite object, I noticed a pigeonhole that had been empty was now full of papers. I took them out and found they were letters that had accumulated during my illness. I opened one and read it. It was from a dealer in pictures asking me if I had any of my work for sale. He had a constant demand for it. Astonished, I opened another and another. They were all requests for my pictures.

While I was thus engaged my sister came in. She seemed much put out that I had come upon the letters. But the explanation must now come out, and she gave it to me.

One morning while I was at the seashore she had come into my studio and something, she knew not what, had prompted her to sit down before my easel, take my implements and begin to sketch. She had no ability whatever as an artist and was astonished to see a marine view grow on the canvas. Nevertheless, when she had finished she had no idea that she had produced a marvelous picture.

Her production was admired, and, attaching my name to it, she took it to a dealer, who sold it for \$5,000. I went to see the painting, and what was my amazement to see that it was the scene I had mentally painted while at the fisherman's cottage. I had painted it with the freehand excellence of my youth, and yet it was a finished picture.

HIS LOVE FOR HIS DEAD.

He Made It a Power to Gladden Some of the Needy Living.

A little old man came into the office of the Chicago Charities the other day and laid down \$150, "to help out some needy families." Then he told them a story.

"Years ago, when all of my folks were living, I couldn't afford to give presents. Things are different now, but most of my folks have gone. I went shopping, just as if my folks were alive. I picked out a shawl for an aunt of mine. She's dead and so I didn't buy it, but I put down the amount of money I would have spent. Then I went and got some things for my dead brother and for my father and mother and for a few old friends of mine. I didn't really get them, you know, but I priced the things I thought they would like. When I added up all the money I would have spent it came to almost \$150, so I added a little to it and here it is."

Has any one heard of a finer, more beautiful way of showing a man's love for his dead? The things he had wanted to do was too late to do now. He might, it is true, have spent money on stone to make more artificial and melancholy the quiet hillside where "his folks" rest. He found a better way to spend his affection, to remember in fancy those he could no longer reach and then to see that his loving memory of them went to make others happier. He made his love for his dead a power to gladden the living. He laid tribute on grief and made it a blessing. It is not a sad story. We need not pity him. But we cannot help loving him.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Florentine Episode

By ELINOR MARSH

Arthur Hemstreet, a rich young American, before settling down to a career, concluded to spend a season in Europe. He sailed from New York to Naples, thence proceeded to Rome and later to Florence.

It is supposed by persons who have not been in Italy that one sees everywhere relics of the ancient Romans. There are comparatively few such relics, but there are many of medieval Italy. The most costly dwellings are "palazzos," built several centuries ago. Hemstreet took a fancy to Florence and concluded to spend some time there, so he rented a palazzo, or, rather, half a one, and, hiring servants, settled himself down, as it were, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The building had been divided into two parts, the part that Hemstreet did not occupy being occupied for a small family hotel, or rather what in England is called a pension, which is midway between a hotel and a boarding house.

One rainy afternoon Hemstreet, who had spent most of the day in the picture galleries for which Florence is noted, came to his palazzo. It was so dark that his servants had lighted the lamps, and, going upstairs, as he entered the hall on which his bedroom was located, he was astonished to see that the hall was double the length he had supposed it to be. At any rate, he saw double the lights, but they were dim, as were the objects they lighted.

Hemstreet was very much puzzled. Going into his room he threw off his wet overcoat and rubber shoes, then went out with the intention of exploring the hall. He was surprised to see that it ended as he had understood it to end with a picture.

Hemstreet was frightened. Surely something had broken loose in his brain. He went to the picture, examined it, saw that it was what he had supposed it was and went away resolved to watch himself closely for other symptoms of a disordered mind. But he felt as well as he had ever felt, and after awhile he ceased to worry about any supposed disorder.

However, he never went upstairs to his room without looking as soon as he turned into the hallway to see if it had been doubled as before. But the figures of the picture were always there, and the hallway was of its usual length.

One night when Hemstreet was in bed he heard, or fancied he heard, a giggle in the hall. There were no women in the house except a couple of housemaids who knew their place and were in bed. Hemstreet had come in. Curious to know what the sound meant, he arose and, cautiously opening his door, looked to see through the aperture, saw a slight that amazed him more than his previous unexplained one. A young girl stood in the hall facing the picture, laughing and beckoning. She was all aquiver with excitement, though she did not speak except in pantomime.

Thunderstruck, Hemstreet turned from the door, but in a closet for a dressing gown, then hunted for a pair of slippers beside his bed, for he dare not strike a light for fear of starting the apparition without, then returned to the door, threw it open and went out intending, if it were flesh and blood, to capture it.

The hall was empty.

He looked to the end toward which the girl had beckoned. There was the picture, its frame immovable as ever. Hemstreet went back to bed in wonder. Somehow it did not seem to him that he had seen a ghost. He felt no terror, though he began to worry anew.

Next morning a hitch in his brain. He lay awake most of the night trying to solve the problem, but finally went to sleep thinking of it.

He arose the next morning shortly before time for luncheon and stood looking out on to the street. A cab drove up to the position, next door, and a party alighted, which included several girls. Hemstreet was thunderstruck to recognize in one of these girls the one who had stood in his hallway the night before.

It was now evident that the apparition was flesh and blood and doubtless on a lark. Hemstreet went next door and asked if there was any passage-way between the pension and his domicile, but the landlady answered him that the two wings had been thoroughly cut off from each other. She had a motive in this since she suspected that Hemstreet had lost property, which would be laid to some one in her wing.

Hemstreet kept an eye out for the apparition in the galleries and finally came upon her. She was an American with a party of Americans. After securing an introduction to her he accused her of having trespassed on his premises. She colored and after some hesitation confessed.

A hallway extending from one end to the other of the original palazzo had been cut in two parts by a door swinging on a central pivot. On one side of the door was a mural painting, on the other a mirror. A party of tourist girls in the pension had discovered this secret and one night, led by the girl Hemstreet had discovered, made a foray into his hallway. Only the girl in question entered, the rest bringing back. She was beckoning them to come when Hemstreet discovered her. While he had been hunting for his gown she had been a retreat and swung the door back to its original position.

MOTION PICTURE NOVELTY.

Statues That Are Made to Dance, Act, Jump and Fight.

The motion picture folk have hit upon a novelty called "animated sculpture," which means that they take statues and make them move. The feat isn't as hard as it seems, although the work required is much greater than drawing hundreds of pictures with pen and ink for a movie cartoon.

The figures are first modeled in clay, then changed to different poses and photographed one by one. The photos are thrown on the screen without a break, so that they jump about as if they were real. The effect is startlingly realistic and highly amusing. In one of the films only recently completed there are no less than nine figures, all of them moving about as if they were flesh and blood. The rather jerky action serves only to enhance the amusing result.

To appreciate the amount of work required in making these new films it must be remembered that each time one of the sculptured figures moves a new pose must be made. This means, in other words, that the camera must stop until the sculptor goes over each plastic figure and molds it into the correct position before he can photograph it. There are sixteen different poses in a foot of film. Hence for the ordinary reel of 1,000 feet there are 16,000 separate poses for each figure. Imagine the work required when three or more figures have to be made for each scene!—Popular Science Monthly.

THE "OPEN DOOR."

What is Meant by the Term in International Politics.

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The phrase came into popular use toward the end of the nineteenth century, when various European nations were trying to establish "spheres of influence" in China.

The United States was opposed to the granting to any nation of exclusive trading privileges in these "spheres of influence," and in 1899 John Hay, secretary of state, addressed a circular note to the interested powers, asking them to pledge themselves not to interfere with any treaty port or with any vested interest within their respective spheres of influence, to engage that discriminating customs and port duties should not be levied in such spheres and that within any nation's sphere of influence no higher railroad charges should be imposed upon subjects of other nations than upon subjects of the nations having such spheres.

The pledges asked were given in their entirety by France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy and Japan. Russia reserved the right to levy discriminatory duties.—New York Times.

Trap Shooting.

Home trap shooting has become almost as popular as shooting at gun clubs, and people living in the country find it a splendid way of entertaining their friends. They select an open field for their shooting grounds, and the equipment consists simply of a hand trap and a barrel of targets. The guests are invited to bring their guns and ammunition and spend an afternoon in the country. And, oh, the fun they do have!

Aside from the fascinations of trap shooting, one must consider the great benefit of the sport to women and young girls. As a strengthening of muscles and a steadier of nerves it can hardly be surpassed. It also causes women to lose all signs of timidity and makes them fully competent to take care of themselves in all circumstances.—Exchange.

Niagara Falls Erosion.

Canada is rapidly gaining possession of the greater part of Niagara falls.

The American falls now carry less than a twentieth of the entire flow. For 200 years or more the center of Horseshoe falls has been receding by erosion at the rate of about five feet a year. The edge of the American falls recedes much more slowly—only a few inches a year. As the Canadian falls drop back toward Lake Erie they receive a larger and larger volume of water.—Youth's Companion.

Good Advice to Motorists.

The precaution enjoined by police department officials of New York city on owners of motor trucks, "Don't allow your driver to rely too much on the horn," might be accepted by motorists generally to the advantage of all concerned.

A widespread observance of this direction would afford excellent discipline for the drivers as well as increased safety for pedestrians and would mitigate the noise on city streets.—Christian Science Monitor.

Training Children.

A common fault among children is that of self excuse. If reproved for idleness, untidiness or other childish failings the excuse is often ready. This is a bad habit, which if not checked is apt to degenerate into untruthfulness, and the lie becomes as easy as the excuse.

Truly Remarkable.

"That's a wonderful child you have."

"Yes, indeed. What impresses you as being most remarkable about him?"

"The fact that he'll show off when you want him to."—Detroit Free Press.

Fixed to no spot is happiness. It nowhere to be found or everywhere.—Pope.

FOOT TREATMENT.

Why Your Feet Go to Sleep and How to Wake Them.

There is hardly a man or woman who has not experienced the strange feeling of having his or her feet asleep. Few of them really know what is taking place. Though the pain is a strange one, the cause is explained readily.

The strangeness of the "feet going to sleep" is due to a mechanical obstruction of the great sciatic nerve. When we sit for a long time with our legs crossed or with the back of the thigh pressing upon the edge of a chair the sciatic nerve is squeezed.

The sciatic nerve is the largest in the body. It springs from the small of the back and supplies nearly the whole of the nerves of the leg and foot. The sciatic, like all other nerves, is really a great bundle of nerve fibers, each of which has its own sheath.

The whole nerve is elastic and pressure on it will flatten it, as a rubber hose is flattened by pressure. The nerve fibers are like bundles of thread, but finer. They run longitudinally, each thread having its ending somewhere in a muscle or in the skin and passing, without branching or communicating with the other threads with which it is wrapped up, straight to its nucleus in some nerve center of the brain or spinal cord.

How these nerves carry sensation is not known, but the operation is similar to that of messages passing by electric flow over a telegraph wire. If a nerve fiber be cut it no longer carries sensation. Sensation can also be cut off by compressing a nerve, for the nerve matter that does the work is soft, and the sheaths that inclose it are firm, but elastic. Pressure at one point on a nerve is similar in its results to pressure on a rubber hose through which the water is passing. In the latter case the flow of water is stopped. In the former the soft nerve matter within the sheath is pushed apart, so that the continuity is actually broken and the messages can no longer pass to or from over it.

When the pressure on the nerve is released the soft contents of the sheath gradually return to their place.

Why Some of Us Are Color Blind.

That part of the eye called the retina is divided into little structures, some of which can perceive a slowly moving ray of light. Others can see only medium or rapidly moving waves. The slow waves look red, the medium green or yellow and the rapid waves blue or violet. When any of these delicate eye structures lose the power of visualizing the colors which they were destined to see the eye's owner becomes color blind, being unable to differentiate between red or green or blue.

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Paraphrases and Brackets.

Know all writers, compositors and proofreaders by these presents: Marks of parentheses (which are frequently required) are not to be confounded with brackets ("hear, hear"), which serve a different purpose. The use of one for the other (vide almost any newspaper page) is extremely sloppy (if you know what we mean) and is a difference to the technique of writing [Applause]

Milk a Pain Killer.

"Everybody should know that milk is an excellent pain killer," says Farn and Frieside, "first, because it gives almost immediate relief and, second because milk or cream is nearly always available. If a person should get tar in the eyes, put in a few drops of milk or cream. It will also afford great relief if cement or a spat should get in the eyes."

Hens and Water.

From the hen's viewpoint, water is worth just as much as feed, for she can't make an egg with either one alone. Therefore the man who provides high priced feed, but neglects the water supply, is making a big mistake and will have to be content with a limited egg yield.

That's Different.

"What's the matter with me, doctor? You have a stitch in the back."

"Dear me, that is prosaic. I can't tell my stylish friends. They would laugh at me."

"This is one of the fashionable new stitches."—Pittsburgh Post.

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control, these three lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson.

SHELL SHOCK IN BATTLE.

A Curious Fact That Only Unwounded Men Suffer From It.

By the methods of modern war no considerable proportion of battle-casualties are due to shell shock—a new terror of battle and one that was unknown before the advent of later day high explosives.

It is a curious fact that only unwounded men suffer from shell shock. Eminent surgeons say that a wound neutralizes the psychic sense—in plain English that nerves do not affect a wounded man in the same way as an unwounded one.

For shell shock is nothing more or less than a nervous breakdown—a terribly intensive breakdown that physicians find most difficult to cure. It is entirely a mental cause, and though it is called shell shock it has very little to do with shells.

There are men, brave men, too, who find the strain of war too great for their mental stamina. They see terrible sights and hear terrible things, and these react upon them temperamentally and physically. Gradually, perhaps unconsciously, their ability to resist is overborne. Their mental power is exhausted. They become afraid—dreadfully, terribly afraid—and the end is only a matter of time.

A certain cure has yet to be found though severe electrical treatment has had some effect.—London Answers.

Where the Laborer is King.

The day laborer, as opposed to the employer and to other workers, is king in Australia. The unions, through the labor party, practically control the executive, legislative and judicial machinery of the cities, the states and the commonwealth. Forty eight hours is the recognized maximum for a week's work, but in certain occupations forty-four, forty-two, forty, and even thirty-six hours are considered full time. Some of the larger building trades have a forty-four hour week, and it is probable that this figure will become the recognized standard for all labor. Of the "four sacred eights" in the original slogan—"eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' rest and eight hours' sleep"—only the portion relating to rest has been retained.

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