

COST OF MAKING SOLDIER VARIES

More Expensive in Some Camps Than in Others.

RUNS FROM \$142 TO \$182

Camps Custer and Devens are tied at High Mark, While Lowest Figure is Reached at Camp Lewis—Set Expenses Are Identical, but Others Differ Widely.

It costs more to make a soldier in some parts of the United States than it does in others.

This may sound queer to the layman, who thinks that because Uncle Sam buys supplies at uniform prices for all parts of the country, and pays the same salaries everywhere, soldiers should cost no more in one region than in another.

The highest per capita cost in turning out soldiers is \$182. You'd never guess where this price obtains. New York, your choice? Guess again. Michigan and Massachusetts, with Camp Custer and Devens respectively in the National Army, are tied at the high mark.

It is cheapest at American Lake, Wash., where Uncle Sam's soldiers cost him only \$142 each.

How the Camps Rank.

Here is the way the 16 cantonments rank in per capita cost for soldiers, from lowest cost to highest:

- Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash., \$142.
- Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., \$146.
- Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., \$148.
- Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., \$149.
- Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark., \$151.
- Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kan., \$153.
- Camp Travis, Fort Sam Houston, Tex., \$155.
- Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., \$157.
- Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Ia., \$158.
- Camp Meade, Annapolis Junction, Md., \$158.
- Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O., \$164.
- Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, \$165.
- Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., \$167.
- Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., \$170.
- Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., \$182.
- Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., \$182.

These figures are part of a budget submitted by the war department to the committee on appropriations of the house of representatives, in asking for money to outfit and train the National Army.

No specific effort was made to explain the difference in the per capita cost of the new soldiers, but other figures submitted clear the mystery. Many of the set expenses are identical the country over, but others vary widely.

No great difference is seen in regular supplies, barracks and quarters, shooting ranges and clothing. But in such items as water and sewers, wherein the topography of the country about the cantonment is an important factor, there is wide variance. Again, in the case of roads, wharves, wharfs and drainage, there is a big range.

In the case of hospitals to be constructed or repaired there is great diversity. Camp Funston, at Fort Riley, found hospitals in good condition and required a very small expenditure comparatively. The same was true of Camp Gordon, at Atlanta.

GIRLS IN MEN'S CLOTHES

Sisters Reach the End of Their "Romance Trail."

The Llewellyn sisters, Alexandria and Gloria, who arrived in San Pedro, Cal., dressed in men's clothes and on their way to "somewhere," adventure bound, have reached the end of their "romance trail."

Alexandria, who is the youngest, was shipped back to Stockton to face parental ire, while her sister, unfortunate in being over age, was transferred to the city jail.

The girls left Stockton via the hobo route several weeks ago and sought the thrills of travel astride old tank cars and inside empty box cars. When arrested they gave the names of "Bob."

The girls' father, wired transportation for Alexandria.

GIRL STOPS AUTO

Man Seizes Two Flags and Then Kisses the French One.

A man's love for his native flag was exemplified when a stranger ordered Miss Blanche Krueger, a popular young woman at Kendallville, Md., to stop her automobile. Although somewhat surprised, she obeyed the command, and the stranger grabbed two beautiful British and French flags which Miss Krueger carried on her automobile. He admired the British flag and kissed the French colors, and then said: "I love those colors, for they represent my native country." Then, with bowed head, he walked away in silence.

Aged, But Love at Sight.

Mrs. Elizabeth Havelly, aged seventy-one, and Leonida L. Fetherren, aged sixty-nine, who met for the first time recently, were married. Mrs. Havelly lived in Cerro Gordo, Ill., and Fetherren in Arlington, Tex. They had corresponded for more than a year.

TEACH 'THREE R'S' IN TRAINING CAMP

No Illiterates Will Go to the Front in Army Training in Kentucky.

There will be no illiterates in Camp Taylor when the order comes which will carry the 42,000 men to be trained near Kentucky's metropolis over the seas to France.

Two of the "three R's"—reading and writing—will be taught to every illiterate in camp. The order has gone out that no man who cannot read and write English shall go "over the top."

Prof. William H. Partridge has been placed at the head of the educational organization in the camp. He is organizing classes, which will be taught by officers and by intelligent enlisted men. Partridge is educational director of the Y. M. C. A. camp branch.

Books for the school are to be supplied by the Kentucky literacy commission. Many of the illiterate soldiers come from the hills of Kentucky, but a great many foreigners from Illinois and eastern Illinois cannot speak and write English.

Many wealthy and intelligent men serving as privates in the drafted army are studying French. There are now nearly 20,000 men in camp, and the number will be doubled before cold weather sets in.

SENTINEL DOG WHO LOST EYE IN TRENCH

Francis Gets More War Dogs.



Francis gets more war dogs. The numerous breeding societies, dog pounds, and other sources are almost exhausted of their supply, and still the demand remains unsupplied. The dog in the picture lost one eye in a trench raid, and is shown at the dog hospital for injured war dogs in Paris.

HUNT BURIED CITY

Ethnologist Doing Exploring Work in Southwestern Colorado.

In search of a buried city on the Dolores river in southwestern Colorado, Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes, noted ethnologist of the Smithsonian institution, Washington, left Durango, Colo., for the "Big Bend" district and plans to spend about two months in his efforts to unearth the Pueblo ruins.

From government archives in Washington, Doctor Fewkes learned that two Spanish explorers who passed through southwestern Colorado over 200 years ago told of communal houses located along the Dolores, and as there is no trace of these dwellings now, it is believed they have been covered by sand drift. The archeological quest may result in the finding of a prehistoric city. Doctor Fewkes believes.

OLD RAILS TO JAPAN

Large Quantities Shipped From Puget Sound Ports.

Large quantities of old steel rails are being shipped from Puget Sound to Japan. They are 56 and 66-pound rails laid originally on logging railroads in western Washington and on sidetracks and misc. divisions of the Northern Pacific railroad.

The rails' first cost was \$24 a ton. Japanese brokers are paying \$70 a ton for them, and the Japanese railroads pay \$100 a ton for them, because they are unable to get rails elsewhere. Twenty-three hundred tons of old rails have been shipped to Japan from Seattle in the last few weeks and 800 tons from Tacoma. Another 800-ton shipment has been assembled at Seattle, Wash., and still another 600-ton lot will be ready in a week or two.

To Care for Children.

Three detachments of specialists in diseases of children have been recruited in the United States by the Red Cross, and will be put to work caring for the little ones in charge of the new children's bureau of the Red Cross. Tuberculosis and diseases prevalent among children will be combated.

Died Leaving 331 Descendants.

Mrs. Jean Baptiste Bigras, aged ninety-eight years, died in Ottawa, Canada, leaving two sons, ten daughters, seventy-nine grandchildren, two hundred and twelve great-grandchildren and twenty-eight great-great-grandchildren.

A Loan of a Loan

By ETHEL HOLMES

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Leona Winters was a great reader. Her taste for literature took in almost every branch, but fiction was her favorite. She read Sterne, Fielding, Smollet and other authors who were the first English novel writers, as well as the best fiction of the nineteenth century. Of course she was dependent on the town library for books, since no private library could supply her requirements for a week. She was chummy with the librarian, who favored her, notifying her of the return to the library of any book she wanted that had been taken out.

Miss Winters was not wealthy, and since she expected to spend her life reading, she desired a husband who had sufficient means to enable her to spend her time in that way. She had decided on the man she wanted. He was Bob Shackelford, with an income of twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Shackelford had just been graduated from college.

Bob was fond of Miss Winters, but not fond enough to bring matters to a head and ask her to be his wife. When he wanted some one to spend an evening with or go for a ride with him in his auto he had only to telephone Leona Winters and a companion was provided. But the matter of giving up his independence by marrying her had never entered his head.

It had entered Leona's head and found a lodgment there. But how to turn Bob into a lover was a problem she was unable to solve.

One afternoon Bob had called to take Miss Winters to ride and was waiting in the drawing room for her. There was a telephone in the hall. He heard Leona's voice say:

"Yes, I'm Leona Winters."

Bob's ears were very sharp; he heard a cracked telephone voice say: "John Bunyan," and later, "is here waiting for you."

Fifty years ago John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was read by millions; today it is scarcely read at all. Shackelford had never heard of the book or its characters. Even Apollyon was not known to him by that name, though with Satan or the devil he was quite familiar. The next thing he heard of this telephone dialogue was Miss Winters saying:

"I can't come today; I'm just going out to ride."

"Don't let your engagement with me interfere with your meeting the gentleman," cried Bob. "I'll excuse you."

Miss Winters was standing with the receiver of her car. For a few moments she did not understand what Bob meant. To gain time she said, "Wait a moment," through the phone, and asked him to repeat.

"Could you make our auto spin just as well tomorrow?" she asked Bob.

"Oh, yes, certainly; any time you like."

Through the phone Leona said: "I'll be with you in a few minutes." Then she entered the room where Mr. Shackelford sat scowling, said he was "sawtily" good to excuse her for the day and she would gladly ride with him tomorrow. But Bob went back on what he had said, and told her that he had engagements for every day during the rest of the week. Then he left the horse diving the door a bang.

Miss Winters sank back in a chair, laughing then began to think how she should follow up the advantage she had gained. She had thought of borrowing a lover from the young men of the town, but none of them would serve. The idea of going back to a man who had been dead a couple of hundred years had never occurred to her. After much thought she decided to be governed for the future by circumstances.

She heard nothing from Bob for a week; then she wrote him to know when they were to have their ride. Bob gave her a curt reply suggesting that if Mr. Bunyan had no car, he—Bob—would be happy to lend him one.

Leona, after consideration, wrote a severe reply stating that she would not permit him to dictate as to who should be her associates. It was none of his concern if she took up with Lawrence Sterne, or John Inglesart or any other of her friends, though she confessed that John Bunyan was superior to any of them.

Bob never having heard of these gentlemen made inquiries. Then he heard that John Bunyan had written the greatest of all allegories, Lawrence Sterne was a celebrated author of the seventeenth century, and John Inglesart was the name of a modern novel.

Leona did not suppose that Bob would remain long in ignorance of the fact that he had made a guy of himself, and she was not mistaken. One afternoon she saw him drive up to her door in his car, alight and pull lustily at the doorbell. When she went downstairs to receive him she stopped at the telephone and asked for the librarian.

"Has Peter Simple come in yet?" she asked.

The reply was inaudible to Bob, and there was more, too, that he could not hear.

"Well," said Leona, "when Peter Simple comes in you need not keep it for me. I've had enough of his kind."

When Leona went into the drawing room she found Bob red as a turkey cock and a shame-faced grin on him. She smiled her prettiest, offered him beer and the trick was done.

Bob since his marriage has become a great reader. He no longer looks of great contempt for knowledge.

PASSED OVER BY TOURISTS

Little, Out of the Way Hamlet in Switzerland Preserves Air of Medieval Days.

Gruyeres is one of the few spots in Switzerland where the tourist is few and far between. It is an out of the way little hamlet where many old customs have survived among the peasants, and doubtless sooner or later the visitors will discover it and some one will erect a hotel with 500 rooms on the site of the present inn and parties will be made up in Geneva to watch the peasant dances, and ladies from Texas and Brazil will be taking photographs of the ancient cottages on every corner.

The town clusters in a tiny compact group of houses around the site of the old castle, as is the way of towns that were built in the day when castles were used for protection, and not to exort two franc tips from the visitor. The streets of Gruyeres are narrow and short; they run at unexpected angles and end in little squares and triangles, where daily markets are held. In one of these squares there is an ancient stone carved into hollows of various sizes. At the bottom of each hollow is a stone plug. This stone is the time hallowed village measure for grain and dry produce of all kinds. The seller pours one of the hollows full, and the purchaser pulls out the plug to let the grain run into his basket.

The houses about the little streets might be copies of medieval illustrations, and the dates on many of them go back to medieval times. Each house has its little garden full of simple mountain flowers and in the doorway or in the garden itself the women sit at work on the embroidery which is a famous local product. Gruyeres is known for its embroideries and its cheeses, both of which are strong and guaranteed to wear well.

IGORROTES HAVE ODD HABITS

Use No Cutlery, Grabbing Food Out of a Common Kettle—Presented With a Spoon.

After interviewing me for half an hour the old chief led me to the feast, says Edward S. O'Reilly, describing a visit to the Igorrotes in the World Outlook. Two huge iron kettles were simmering on the fire. One was filled with rice and the other had a kind of Irish stew.

Like all Filipinos, the Igorrot eats with his hands, but I fished a tin spoon out of my saddle pockets and gave them a lesson in table manners. They watched every bite I took with amazement. After the meal was finished, the spoon was passed around and carefully inspected. Seeing that the old chief was greatly interested in this new-fangled instrument, I presented it to him in a neat after-dinner speech.

He accepted it with delight. Having no pockets, he stuck the spoon through a hole in his ear, where he wore it with a jaunty pride.

Then came the dancing. Hour after hour they kept it up, beating their tom-toms and little brass kettles and circling about the fire. They danced in ordered formation, going through evolutions that would have done credit to a Broadway chorus. In the shadow of the huts I could see the women, standing with arms outstretched, chanting in subdued monotone and swaying to the rhythm.

PIDGIN ENGLISH.

The world pidgin, or pidgion, as connected with English, is a Chinaman's poor attempt to pronounce the word business. Brewer gives it—business, bidgeen, bidgen and pigeon. Pigeon English, therefore, means business in English. It is a strange admixture of English, Chinese and Portuguese, and is used in all parts of the far east, as a means of communication between the natives and the foreigners. During nearly half a century, and especially since the opening of many ports to Europeans, business relations have developed to such vast proportions and reached into so many channels that some universally understood means of communication became absolutely necessary, and pidgin or pigeon English was the natural result.

Its acquirement in the coast ports, at all events, is a matter of importance both with traders and with natives, who seek situations in foreign employ, and it has become popular as a medium of communication.

EFFECTS WITH LATHA.

Left over wall laths can be made use of in various ways. Tacked horizontally and vertically at the back of an ordinary wooden box and the whole thing painted in white or some bright color, they make a most charming trellis for the window or porch. They are also effective as a bedroom closet convenience for holding dressing gowns, etc. They should be painted white and touched up with pink or blue flowers, or they can be painted with the motto from the chins hangings. Brass hooks are attached to the squares, and an addition, both useful and pleasing, is gained in the home.

VAIN REGRETS.

"I can't see what Mildred sees in that Smith boy," remarked the girl's mother. "He hasn't got brains enough in his head to fill a peanut shell."

"Oh, well, I dare say your mother said the same thing about me when I was courting you," replied the girl's father indignantly.

"She certainly did, but I was just as big a fool as Mildred is now. I wouldn't listen to the advice of my elders."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The world likes a good loser, much better than a bad winner.

Half the fun in this world is thinking of the fun you are going to have.

Next to getting a new dress, what a woman likes most is getting a new dress just a little oftener than her neighbor.

A woman's idea of a perfect husband is one who can throw a soiled shirt anywhere but in the middle of the bedroom floor.

Some fellows act when they tell a young girl that she is beautiful as though they were telling her something she didn't already know.

Marriage is like any other form of contract; it's no good when it's entered into by people who don't want to live up to its terms.

SOME REFLECTIONS

The politician with a wornout issue is a weather-beaten signboard indeed.

The man who marries his divorced wife certainly displays the courage of his convictions.

When a fellow swears that he would die for her he usually means that he would die of old age.

That back-to-the-farm longing always seems more intense after the crops have all been harvested.

KNOW THE SCIENCE

They knobs are attached to the backs of the blades of a new knife so that they may be opened more easily.

A scientist in Europe has invented a method for sterilizing the ground in which posts are to be set against insect germs and fungus life.

Boring holes into the stumps of hardwood trees and filling these holes with equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acid will so soften the wood that it can be removed by ordinary pliers. This has been demonstrated in Germany, and is the common treatment there of hardwood stumps.

One of the latest electrical inventions is an electric blanket which is designed especially for outdoor sleepers. The blanket is said to have a heating area of four by six feet, and can be regulated to an even temperature of from 82 to 112 degrees by a switch placed near the head of the sleeper.

In the Carnegie geographical laboratory, Carnegie institute, Washington, D. C., rocks and minerals are now being reproduced by artificial means. In order to do this work the laboratory requires a furnace which can heat to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit and a machine which can exert pressure to the extent of 10,000 pounds a square inch.

The telescribe, an instrument which records both sides of a conversation, is said to be Thomas Edison's latest invention. The telescribe consists of a dictating machine which has special receiving appliances and a socket in which the ordinary telephone receiver is placed. The message may be confirmed at any time by use of the dictating machine.

BROWNIES

A burnt child makes a strange bed-fellow.

Talking too much and thinking too little has spoiled many a career.

Better a loaf of bread and content than a boiled dinner and indigestion.

The blue-eyed man and the black-eyed woman make a peach of a pair.

It is usually the baldheaded man who knows exactly what will make his hair grow.

A man may be following the dictates of his conscience and yet never catch up with it.

If a man got what was coming to him it is blamed seldom that he would get what he wanted.

Facial experts say that men with long noses are conceited. So are men with short ones, h'gee.

Some of these professional uplifters are almost as much of a nuisance as the professional shoplifter.

An amazon friend has the idea that a trained husband is one who doesn't even ask for a latchkey.

It is knowledge of the law and not ignorance that excuses many people in the breaking of the same.

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The idiot who imagines that he can understand the woman who keeps her husband guessing is in for a jolt.

It is possible to know what you are talking about and still not be able to make the other fellow comprehend.

DOGS AND TRAINS

Several Have Been Killed by Trains in the Past Week—With Some and the Locomotive Taken Away.

It is easy enough to train sheep dogs if they are taken as puppies. When the sheep are lambs, take a lamb away from its mother and put the puppies on the ewe. Keep the ewe tied up for a few days and see that the little puppies nurse, then it will not be long until she will think as much of the pups as she does of her lamb.

As soon as the pups are old enough to follow the sheep let them go with the bunch and they will soon be taking care of the sheep. The dogs will soon learn to take them out of the sheds in the morning and bring them back at night. And if a strange dog or wolf comes around, one dog will stay and fight while another will chase the sheep for home. In lambing time they keep the sheep close around the ranch or camp, and seem to take on a degree of intelligence that is marvelous. They can soon be taught the master's calls or signals and will obey promptly. It is essential that they shall be fed by some sort of system, and it is well to have them understand that this is their reward. If one has a good working dog, it is surprising how readily a young animal will learn from the old one. But the masters are not always have an old dog, and the trainer must play the dog himself and do a little running. Every dog has his own whistles or words of command, and a dog soon catches on to the change.

Several artists of note have been known to desert the brush for the pen, and when they have died they have left their mark behind them as literary men, observes an exchange. William de Morgan did this. He wrote the longest set of novels since Dickens and Thackeray "ceased firing," although he was an old man when he took to the pen. George du Maurier was an artist who turned author after making a European name with the pencil as a satirist of society. He suddenly started the world with "Trilby," and set two continents comparing feet. With him novel-writing seemed his true forte, but he had started too late. He only enjoyed his new fame a few years.

Even Thackeray tried art before he found his true vocation, and he illustrated several of his own books even then. A very pleasant story told of Thackeray calling on Charles Dickens to see if he could get the commission to illustrate one of his earlier novels. He had not written "Vanity Fair" then!

ARTISTS FAMOUS AS WRITERS

Several of the Most Noted Novelists Deserted the Brush for Literature.

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A very distinguished artist-author was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was supreme in both arts.

Progress.

Sending messages by lightning, traveling at 40 miles to the hour, crossing in a week the ocean which the Mayflower perilously braved, in our sumptuous vessels, framed of iron, luxurious in appointment, propelled from within, and ray with color as so many swimming summer gardens—these applauded achievements do not tend of necessity to the upbuilding of nobler courage, to the development of a luminous moral wisdom, to the culture of even philosophical refinement, or the nurture of the temper of devout aspiration. On the other hand, do we not sometimes feel that virtue among us is coming to be too much a matter of manners; that the intense subjective processes from which august character is derived are in a measure being superseded by the mechanical contrivances with which our noisy years resound; and that the grand and lovely spirits, which are present still, and in which, whenever we touch them, we find strange charm and inspiration, are fewer and less than they were? —Richard Slater Storrs.

ALPHABET OF THE SOUL.

Gesture's part in Oriental drama is set forth in a recent *Etudes* volume, which says that there is a fitting gesture to represent every emotion. The gesture, in fact, is described as a deaf and dumb alphabet of the soul. There are nine movements of the head, corresponding to nine emotions, mentioned by one authority, twenty-four by another; twenty-eight movements of the single hands, and twenty-four (or twenty-six) of the double hands; etc.; also "hands" denoting animals, trees, oceans, and other things. For example, a certain position of the hands denotes a certain emperor, caste, or planet. The translator says, rather shyly, that only a cultivated person can appreciate Indian "actor's art."

THE PIG'S FEED HABITS.

We must all (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made in France and Sweden which show this to be the case, and in the latter country the record tells us that out of 575 plants the goat eats 450 and refuses 125; the sheep out of 523 plants eats 387 and refuses 136; out of 494 plants the cow eats 276 and refuses 218; out of 474 plants the horse eats 208 and refuses 215; and the pig out of 248 plants eats 23 and refuses 125.

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