GRAIN MAY SUPPLANT RICE

Adlay, Product of the Philippines, is Believed by Scientists to Have Great Potential Value.

Attention is now being given to a hardy wild grain called "adlay," which grows in small quantities in parts of the Philippines is believed to have great potential value. It is twice as productive as rice, equally palatable and more nutritious.

Adlay by itself will not make a raised loaf of bread. Neither will rice nor Indian corn for that matter. It has no gluten. But when mixed with the third wheat flour it makes excellent bread and biscuits, the latter somewhat resembling graham biscuits. In the same mixture it is fine for griddle cakes. Used "straight" it makes good crackers or hardtack. The cracked grain is a first-class breakfast food. The whole grain is a satisfactory substitute for rice.

This valuable cereal originated in the tropics of Asia, and in India it had been used for centuries by some of the native hill tribes. It contains as much protein as wheat and more than three times as much fat. Experts say that it equals wheat as food for man and is far better "balanced" than rice or corn as a food ration. It can be used like barley in soups.

The reason why it has not been more extensively cultivated is that it cannot be milled as easily as rice, the grain being very hard. But suitable machinery will overcome this difficulty. Production per acre being much larger than that of rice, its cost should be lower, and it may yet supplant rice to a great extent as the leading food staple not only in the Philippines, but elsewhere in the Orient.

GETS MORAL FROM PEACOCK

Writer Urges Mankind to Learn to Appreciate Love Which Fashioned a Thing So Beautiful.

Nature is an incomparable artist, ever at work creating beautiful things in profusion. The esthetic feeling is everywhere manifest. Look at the peacock's feather. The material brought by the blood to the barbules composing each feather is the same for all, yet each part selects a particular pigment and arranges it in such a way as to harmonize with the general scheme. The distribution of these pigments varies in each barbule, and is so contrived that the whole forms an object remarkable both for regularity of design and for beauty of coloring; the eye of a peacock's feather.

Does the hand that guides the pigment have more love for the peacock than for man? Verily not. If man could learn to appreciate the love that designs and makes the peacock possible, he would not say: "There is a beautiful bird but it lays no eggs!" If man wished to live according to the way that same great love has asked him to live, he would appreciate in man the efforts to speak in nature's universal language, and the soul of the artist would be dealt with kindly. We would pluck the peacock's feather, so let us not be ungrateful and offend nature's esthetic feeling by lack of forgiveness to our fellow man.—Good Words.

Ancient English Honor.

The first of the English orders of knighthood is the Order of the Bath, which is supposed to date to the period of the ancient Franks, and to have been introduced into England by the Saxons.

The order as at present constituted was instituted by George I., who revived it 198 years ago, May 25, 1725. He fixed the number of knights at 37. The prince regent, afterward George IV., greatly increased the membership, and on May 25, 1847, new statutes were decreed by which the order, hitherto exclusively military, was opened to civilians.

The Order of the Bath gained its name from the fact that the ancient Britons and Saxons made bathing an important part of the rites connected with the creation of knights.

The order was not formally constituted until 1399.

Has Been Affixed to Many.

On one occasion Nat Goodwin was sitting in a cafe with some friends, among others at the next table was a dead individual who had once been introduced to the famous actor. He had contrived to make people think he was intimately acquainted with a celebrity. Accordingly he interlarded his conversation with incessant appeals to Goodwin.

"Don't you, Goodwin?" Or, "Don't you think so, Goodwin?" And so on.

Goodwin stood this awhile and then responded: "My dear sir, either call me Mr. Goodwin or call me Nat."

The same thing also happened to Chauncey Depew, Samuel Pepys, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Prince of Wales.

Poor Press Agent.

The motorist was in unfamiliar ground, and directly before him was a fork in the road with no signpost to show which way to go.

"Which way to Stratford?" he asked of a decrepit looking man who rooted in a flower bed at hand.

The native languidly waved his hand toward the left.

"Thanks," said the motorist. "How far?"

"Well, it's a very thirsty walk," the drowsy one drawled. "When you get there you'll want at least another."

ODD BELIEFS ABOUT STONES

All Sorts of Superstitions Rife in Certain Counties of England and Scotland.

The Blarney stone and the Stone of Scone are not the only stones which had a superstitious value in olden days. At Glamis castle, ancestral home of the duchess of York, is St. Orlando's stone, which was reputed to have the power of prophesying future events. Girls frequented the spot to discover their destiny, and many a lover went there to plight his troth. According to tradition, some stones, called "speaking-stones," call out when a dead body is placed upon them, and raise a sound to contradict anyone guilty of swearing falsely by them. The Llechafar, or speaking-stone at St. David's cathedral, served as a bridge across the River Alyn, and it was unlawful to carry a dead body over it. When such a crime occurred, the stone is declared to have lifted its voice in protest and split in two, aghast at the indignity. There are stones that are supposed to travel from one place to another without human aid. The dancing-stones of Stockpool, in Pembrokeshire, are a well-known example. On a certain day these stones are said to meet and travel together to a favorite spot. They dance, and after the revel return and resume their usual places. Superstitions concerning healing-stones were formerly very common. In Carmarthen there are still traces of a white, soft stone that was reputed to cure hydrophobia. At Iona an upright stone is said to confer the power of good steering upon any sailor who will stretch his arm along it.

PARROTS NOT ONLY TALKERS

Many Other Birds Have Powers of Speech, Though of Course Only to a Limited Extent.

There are many who imagine that parrots are the only talking birds; yet there are almost, if not quite, a dozen birds that can be taught to speak, says Science Siftings.

Among the talkers of the parrot tribe the African gray parrot, the white-fronted Amazon, and the double, yellow-headed Amazon parrots are, perhaps, the best talkers. With the cockatoos, the silver-crested cockatoos and the red-crested cockatoos are probably the choice birds for talking purposes.

Next to the parrots, macaws and cockatoos, the birds most easily taught to talk are the brown or common mynahs from India. Some of these birds, it is said, are capital talkers. They are the greatest scamps in the world, and enough to wreck the morals of any bird family. One or two of them have been taught to say "hello," quite distinctly, and once in a while they take it into their heads to laugh a little.

Among the specimens of other birds that can be taught to talk, the piping crow may be mentioned. Some of these birds will readily pick up a few words of a sentence, and they are admirable whistlers, their tones being clear and flutelike.

Costly Misplaced Comma.

The sentence in which a mistake in punctuation cost the United States government a large sum of money occurred in a tariff bill about fifty years ago. There was a section enumerating what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among those specified were "all foreign fruit-plants, etc.," that is, plants for transplanting, propagation or experiment. The enrolling clerk in copying the bill accidently changed the hyphen to a comma, making it read "all foreign fruits, plants, etc." In consequence for a year until congress could remedy the mistake, all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. The misplacement of the comma in this place cost the government about $2,000,000.

Simple Explanation.

It becoming necessary to make certain repairs, the interior of the drug store was considerably upset. Shelf bottles were massed at the rear of the store, show cases were shifted and chairs were piled upon tables. A large postcard rack was moved bodily to the sidewalk, where it was noticeable, to say the least.

"What's this for, doc?" inquired an acquaintance who happened along.

"Just airing my views," explained the druggist, playfully.

Figures of Speech.

Hoffy was discoursing about idioms of speech and the oddities that crop up in various languages.

"For instance," he said, "on the continent when they want to compliment a man they call him a large vegetable."

"What of that?"

"Seems a queer figure of speech. We have nothing like it."

"On the contrary, we have something very much like it. Don't we often call a man a small potato?"

Safety From Lightning.

The one place where human beings are wholly safe from lightning is in a modern steel-framed building. The metal structure provides a cage of conductors through which the lightning will pass harmlessly to the earth, leaving the occupants of the building secure. Almost any habitation is safe provided those who shelter there keep away from chimneys and do not hide in attics, where wires are frequently shattered.

In the Marmalade

By JOHN PALMER

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RANSOM had certainly noticed the girl in the grocer's shop and thought she was a nice girl, but he was a timid young man, and had confined their conversation for the most part to remarks about the weather. He did not notice her any more than usual when he bought the jar of marmalade.

He took it home. He was "baching," for in his five years of clerical life he had grown to hate the boarding house only a little less than the cheap restaurant. He cooked in the little apartment he had furnished, and he was desperately lonely. And she was a nice girl—the girl in the grocer's shop.

He had often wished he could get up courage enough to ask her to come out some evening.

Romance had always passed him by, and he was just the age that craves romance. It looked as though he was never going to get any.

It was Scotch marmalade. When Ransom took off the cover, to his surprise, he saw written inside the name:

"Bessie McClintock,
12 Gates street,
"Aberdeen."

He looked hard at the writing. What was it for? Who was Bessie McClintock? Was she the girl who had packed it?

It was quite a bold thing, almost a forward thing to have done. Because, unless Ransom was very much mistaken, Bessie McClintock had written her name and address there with the deliberate idea of entering into correspondence with the young man who ate the marmalade.

For several moments Ransom faced temptation. The temptation was nothing less than to write to Bessie McClintock in Aberdeen.

Everybody knows what happens when you are tempted. You yield. Ransom made several good resolutions, and then he took a pen and paper and wrote to Bessie.

A lover's letter? No, indeed. A very formal, slightly stilted, but quite friendly letter. He told her he was lonely. He added that he wished she were living in Jonesville, so that he could take her to the movies.

When he had posted it he sat back in bitter anguish. It was a most discreditable thing, and a very brazen thing for a shy young man to do.

Besides, he knew very well that if there was any girl whom he wanted to take to the "movies" it was the pretty girl in the grocer's shop. And his conscience misgave him. He never dared make any remark, even about the weather, to the girl in the grocer's shop after that, although once or twice she seemed inclined to break the ice.

Then happened the miracle. Three weeks to the dot after Ransom had mailed his letter he got an answer from Bessie. She had emigrated to the United States. And she was living in Jonesville. At a certain address which she gave him. Cold shivers ran up and down his spine.

For she had appointed a certain date and had suggested that on that date they should go to the "movies." She would be awfully glad to meet him.

She added that she was lonely.

Ransom went into the grocer's shop that day—but he dared not raise his eyes to the girl there. All that dream was ended, that desperate dream of some day suddenly saying, "I'm lonely. Will you come to the 'movies' with me?"

He went out of the shop, conscious that the girl was looking at him strangely.

At the appointed hour he called at the address given by Bessie McClintock. A girl opened the door. It was quite dark. He heard a voice saying:

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Ransom."

Then—then happened the second miracle. For this girl was—the girl from the grocer's shop!

As in a dream Ransom was conscious of walking with her to the "movies," of sitting beside her. The dreadful knowledge seemed to paralyze both of them.

"It is so strange, our meeting this way," faltered Ransom.

"Yes, isn't it!" said Bessie.

But a month later Ransom was saying, quite boldly:

"Do you really love me, darling?"

"Absolutely," said Bessie. "Only—Oh, darling, I must make a confession. I—I wrote that address on the label inside Mr. Johnson's store, and put the jar aside for you. You see I—I felt so lonely."

Aesculapius.

Aesculapius was the god of the healing art. In the Homeric poems he is known as "the blameless physician"; but in later legends he has been deified. He is said to have been killed by Jupiter with a thunderbolt, for raising the dead to life. He was worshiped all over Greece. His temples were generally built outside of towns, and near wells that were believed to have remedial powers. Cocks or goats were offered in sacrifice by those that had been cured of their diseases, and tablets were often erected, recording the name, disease, and manner of cure.

His Ailment.

A little boy was asked what ailed his father.

He replied: "Just has the romantic gout."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

QUEER STUNTS BY WIRELESS

Cause of "Freakishness" in Messages Is Being Studied, but Appears Hard to Explain.

There are still many mysteries about wireless, and one of its most striking facts as a science is its freakishness. No one knows quite what it will do next. There are same factors that are apparently inexplicable.

The mystery of what are known as "dead" spots is receiving special attention. One of the most troublesome of these spots is to be found over the Red sea, a day out from Aden. Ships steaming through this zone can get no wireless messages whatever. As soon as they pass out of it messages are received with perfect clearness.

Other localities are known as "screened" zones. In these the presence of iron or other ore in the earth is believed to be the source of the trouble. It is only with difficulty, for example, that messages can be transmitted across Spain from west to east, although sending them from north to south entails no trouble. Experts say that the waves are absorbed by mineral deposits in the mountains of the interior.

Some zones are remarkable for their conductivity. This quality is particularly noticeable in Pacific and Australian waters.

Sunset affects wireless in some latitudes very curiously, though no one understands why. Many stations have reported that messages received in England from Paris at sunset have behaved in a most extraordinary fashion, assuming "jazz" characteristics that render them at times very loud and clear, and at others almost inaudible.

DO AWAY WITH ODD CUSTOMS

Ceremonies That Have Existed in England Since the Norman Conquest Will Soon Be Ended.

Long ago England was full of ancient manor courts, whose lords—lords of the manor—had power in many cases to impose fines on their tenants.

The tenants held their land by a system called copyhold, and many extraordinary customs existed. A tenant might, for instance, have to pay a certain sum when the lord's eldest daughter was married, the sum being a "fine."

The tenant might have to bring to the lord's court a bundle of firewood on certain days, or a pair of greyhounds for the lord to hunt with. In return for these presents the lord would hand to the tenant a wand cut, perhaps, from a willow tree, as a sign of the tenant's right to hold the land he rented.

Scores of similar customs existed, and some have been kept up to the present day; but a recent act of parliament the Law of Property act, have swept away all these manor courts and their odd ceremonies, many of which have existed since the Norman conquest.

Nightmare Proved Exciting.

It was a shock to the young bridegroom when upon their honeymoon, he discovered that his wife was given to nightmares from which she awoke with ear-piercing screams. But he tried to comfort his wife in the most approved of method. Then she would fall asleep again and everything would be all right.

Upon their return to town, however, and when they were installed in their newly-rented and newly-furnished apartment, other complications set in. Their bedroom was upon an airshaft, and they slept with the window wide open. In the middle of the first night wifey awoke, giving vent to wild, frightened nightmare screams. Before hubby could quiet her, other windows were flung up, police whistles were blown, and in only a few minutes there came a pounding on the front door of the newlyweds' apartment with shouts of "Open or we'll break in!"—New York Sun.

Great Brain!

The examination was in full swing. The papers had been handed out and the candidates were knitting their brows over the questions.

Dobbs was among them and, after reading one of the questions, he smiled and finally took the paper up to the examiner.

"There is a mistake in one of the questions," he said, with a superior air.

"Indeed," was the reply. "I am obliged to you for pointing it out."

"It occurs in No. 9, in which insufficient data are given," went on Dobbs.

"I don't see any error," said the examiner, as he scrutinized the paper.

"Why, sir," cried Dobbs, triumphantly, "it says 'from one milestone to the next,' but it doesn't say the distance between them."

Before Clothing Becomes Paper.

When we have in mind the fact that writing papers are made from our old clothes, we rarely stop to consider that these discarded garments also have buttons, buckles, hooks and eyes, which cannot be made into paper. The cloth sorters find most of these before the pieces go over into paper. If any are left in the pulp they tear holes in the paper and often damage the rolls also. To avoid this damage the pulp is passed in a thin layer under a series of magnetized rakes, which are moved to and fro so that the magnets will reach every portion of the pulp. The resulting collection of the pulp is said to be so varied and interesting as the proverbial contents of a boy's pockets.

JEWELRY OF ANCIENT EGYPT

Cairo Has Largest Collection of Really Great Examples, With New York a Close Second.

Even Egypt could not insure long life to works of art in the precious metals. Into the melting pot of its conquerors, its tomb robbers or its needy citizens went sooner or later incalculable treasures of gold and silver, electrum and bronze. Yet hosts of minor ones survive—statuettes, small articles of use and jewelry often of the finest quality.

Jewelry, we say, but the term is misleading, for we cannot escape from its suggestion of that modern jewelry which, with its subordination of the metal work to a profusion of sparkling diamonds and of colored gems mistakenly cut in facets in the hope that they will sparkle, too, seems almost as trivial and meretricious as Christmas tree gauds in comparison with the beautifully designed and chiseled, richly yet soberly colored, sumptuous yet dignified ornaments that Egyptian men and women wore, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer writes in the North American Review. For these, goldsmith's work is a truer term than jewelry, all the more because the Egyptians had none of our gems but only what we call semi-precious stones and, moreover, did some of their most beautiful work in gold alone. Scarcely any museum can be without some small specimens, but in Cairo is the largest store of great ones, and, next to Cairo, New York.

SPEAK WITH EYE AND HAND

Chinese Said to Have New Language, Which They Are Urging English Detectives to Adopt.

Secret languages already exist among the members of Scotland yard, and bobbies and detectives do not talk only with their lips. There are facial and hand languages, and the latest addition may be a new eyebrow language which is being advocated by a Chinese police official, and which is being considered now in this country and the states, says London Answers.

When extra police are required and the whistle is not available or desirable the sudden closing of both eyes will convey the information.

Two quick movements of the right eyebrow, followed by a swift frown mean: Be ready for instant action.

Closing the right eye means: He has got a gun.

Biting the upper lip: Take careful note of what is being said.

The only trouble with these languages is that, unless you know them thoroughly, you may easily convey the wrong thing. For example, if you are talking to a bobby in the presence of a tramp, and the bobby closes his right eye, how will you know whether to sympathize with the policeman for having got an eyelash in his eye—or to run?

Probably, if the new language is approved, we shall get a little further light upon the subject.

Famous American Towns.

Cleveland, Ohio, is named for Gen. Moses Cleaveland, the founder of the city, but the extra letter A has been eliminated; probably as a result of new industrial efficiency methods. Pittsburgh honors the name of William Pitt. Its first name was Duquesne, given by the French, who had located a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. After its capture by the English in 1758, George Washington, then an officer of British colonial troops, suggested that it be named Fort Pitt. The nearby settlement later became known as Pittsburgh. Hot Springs is a noted city of Arkansas and is named for the 47 large hot springs now included in an area which the government has acquired as a national park. The water is so warm that it must be sipped like coffee, while some of the springs will boil an egg. Rheumatic troubles are especially benefited by bathing in the waters there.

Boston Really "St. Botolf's."

Two hundred and ninety-two years ago a colony of well-to-do Puritans, under the personal direction of Gov. John Winthrop, established a settlement in Massachusetts. They christened their new home in honor of their old home town of St. Botolf's, on the coast of Lincolnshire, England, but Americanized the name by shortening it to Boston. Baltimore was named for Cecil Calvert (Lord Baltimore) whom King James I had granted a colony that included our present state of Maryland.—New York Herald.

Handling Eggplants With Gloves.

So sensitive is an eggplant that the mere warmth of bare fingers pressing upon the surface over so lightly, bruising the tender tissues underneath the skin the tiniest bit, will cause it to decay. This slight mashing of the tissues takes place in any event, but if they do not come directly in contact with warm hands it does not have any harmful effects on the eggplants. For this reason professional packers of the vegetable wear canvas gloves.

Colors Worn by Jockeys.

There are records to show that King Henry VIII as early as 1530 dressed his jockeys in colors—but nothing to prove that the colors were always the same. In 1762 the Jockey club posted a notice to the effect that several [illegible] the colors chosen then are still in use by the same families.

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Monuments to military heroes are unknown in China.

Ceylon has always been the chief locality for pearl fishing.

Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, is the largest active volcano in the world.

Lake Balaton, in Hungary, the largest fresh water lake in Europe, seems to be dried up for no apparent reason.