JULIET'S BALCONY.

It Looks Just as It Did When Romeo Wooed the Sweet Veronese.

This was the home of the Capulets, from whom descended Juliet, for whom so many kind hearts have wept and of whom the poets have sung.

You read the words on a tablet by the side of a tall and slender gray house in a quiet street of Verona. A few steps farther on the busy life of the old city is centered in the market place and in the one or two streets that lead from it. You stand in front of the lightly built dwelling, and you look at the slim balcony of wood from which bent forward the form of the radiant girl whose undying love story has echoed down the ages. It is an autumn day, and within the rail of the narrow framework some one has placed red flowers in tall green pots. A curtain at the little window moves in the breeze, and you expect at any moment to see the dainty form of Juliet appear and to hear a rippling laugh fall from her lips.

A woman steps from the room beyond, through the open window and stands to listen. She has a child in her arms, and he claps his hands, laughing and crowing, no doubt just as the beloved Veronese did centuries ago. The mother hushes him, for she is intently listening to the market cries. In the midst of that everyday life walks the immortal Juliet.—London Telegraph.

POWER OF THE SUN.

If Man Could Only Utilize It In a Perfect Heat Engine.

The heat of the sun that would be received on one square acre of the earth's surface at right angles to the rays of the sun, if the sky was clear and all other conditions favorable, would, if man could utilize all in a perfect heat engine, exert the power of 12,000 horses. But this figure is not of mathematical accuracy owing to the discrepancy of results among different researchers in many parts of the world, on plains at sea level, higher, and on tops of the highest mountains to which scientific instruments could be carried.

And this great force has been at work during millions of years in forming the world for the abode of coming man. Winds, tides, rains, chemical activity, coal, wood, oil—these and more are all due to this vast power of the sun.

A "horsepower" (how much longer will this word be used, when kilowatt is so much better?) is a force that can lift a weight of 33,000 pounds through a height of one foot in one minute. Thus the solar power reaching the deck of a slow going steamer, if all made available by the genius of man, could run the engines at a reasonable and comparatively safe rate.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Satellites of Saturn.

Photometric studies of six of the principal satellites of Saturn, made by Guthnick of the royal observatory of Berlin, indicate a confirmation of the previous conclusions of other observers that several, and perhaps all, of these satellites behave like our own moon in keeping always the same side toward the planet around which they revolve. In regard to the satellite named Tethys, an interesting hypothesis is offered to account for its very marked changes of luminosity. The theory is that Tethys possesses the form of a long ellipsoid, the two principal axes of which are to one another in the ratio of five to two. A similar suggestion has been made concerning the shape of the asteroid Eros, which likewise exhibits great variations of light, according to its position in its orbit around the sun.—Harper's.

Keep the Armholes Down.

It is strange that not one person in a thousand knows how to help a man on with his coat or a lady with her jacket. They all make the mistake of holding the garment too high, especially the last sleeve. They lift it so that a man nearly dislocates his arm reaching for it. The more futilely he grabs and claws and lurches for it the higher they hold it until the wretched victim would have to get on a pair of stilts to find the armhole. The proper way? Why, hold the coat so that the armholes are as low down as the man's waist, taking care to keep the skirt of the garment off the floor, of course. If there is any struggle to find the last armhole, drop it still lower. Never raise it. Drop it until his hand slips into it naturally.

Emily Bronte.

G. K. Chesterton has added his meed of praise to Emily Bronte, the woman writer, who of all others has perhaps won most unstinted praise from men. A splendid creature Chesterton calls the author of "Wuthering Heights," and the book itself he finds likewise splendid. "But there is nothing human about it. It might have been written by an eagle."

A Perfect Defense.

"Sam, dear," asked Mrs. Prouty, who had been away from home the greater part of July and August, "what is the matter with the garden?"

"I don't know," answered Sam humbly. "I haven't done anything to it."—Youth's Companion.

Spunky Retort.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, why did you feign sleep last night when I was talking to you? Henry—My dear, I did not feign sleep, though I fain would have slept.—Judge.

In the true life of the individual each day is the beginning of the new year.—Jordon.

CATCHING A HYENA.

Cunning Trap That Made the Savage Brute Helpless.

Traps for wild animals are not necessarily of steel. The author of "The Journal of a Sporting Nomad" describes a hyena trap that is simple and effective:

"Close to the station at this place I found a novel form of hyena trap—a round piece of dried ox hide as hard as a board, three feet or so in diameter, in which a very small hole, no larger than an apple, had been cut. Radiating from this hole were cut a series of V-shaped pieces. The trap was set as follows: A hole was dug in the ground about one foot deep and six inches in diameter. Into this hole a piece of meat was placed. Then the ox hide plate was laid over the place containing the meat, the two holes being one over the other. The ox hide was then pegged down with wooden pegs in three or four places.

"The hyena, on finding the bait, forced his head through the small hole in the ox hide to obtain it, the cuts in the hide giving way sufficiently for that purpose. The beast seized the meat, but on trying to withdraw his head had to use considerable force, which naturally drew the pegs that held the ox hide to the ground, the result being that the poor brute had a collar securely fastened around his neck which he was quite unable to get rid of.

"He could not run or walk, and even had he been able to go any distance encumbered by such an obstacle would have been brought up short in the first patch of bush or grass he encountered. He was now at the mercy of the individual who had set the trap, and could be put out of the way quite easily."

ENDED THE COMEDY.

A Telegraphic Dialogue That Closed With the "Wires" Down.

Two telegraph operators were seated in a downtown cafe recently when an athletic young man and an exceedingly pretty girl entered. They were placed at a table opposite the "key" men, who were sitting side by side in a position facing the girl. As is the custom of the craft when wishing to discuss some one in a public place, they telegraphed to each other, using their knives on the plate.

"Peacherino, isn't she?" one ticked to the other.

"A tree full," came back the tapping reply. "Wonder who the sack is with her?"

"Search me—looks like a boob tied up with a wren like her."

"Bet they aren't married. If they are, all she needs to do to get a divorce is to exhibit that map of his in court."

While the two men were enjoying a laugh over their silent joking they were surprised and somewhat alarmed to hear some more "table knife telegraphy." The "peacherino" was doing it, and she did not look at all pleased, either.

"You two had better look out while you are all together," carelessly ticked her knife blade while she listened to something her companion was saying. "This sack and boob, as you called him, with the divorce map, is my husband—safe mover by trade. He eats fresh little boys."

Something happened to the "wires" about that time, and all communication ceased.—Kansas City Journal.

Star Distance.

Miles are useless in measuring astronomical distances. They have to use the rate of light—184,000 miles a second—in covering the mighty spaces with which they are forced to deal. Even then we cannot half understand, let us say, the immense distance of Gamma, in the constellation Virgo. Many, many years must light travel in order to reach our little world from these two suns. They might even have been extinguished hundreds of years ago, and yet we should still "see" them, so vast are their distances. In the year 1877 a new star suddenly shone forth in the "Swan," but many did not know that the star really came into existence hundreds of years before, but its light did not reach the earth until it was seen by the observer in 1877.—New York American.

Why Wife Waited.

A certain married man who boasts to the boys that his wife never sits up for him slipped out for a cigar the other evening after supper and failed to notice that his wife had her party gown on. When he softly tiptoed into the house at 2 a. m. he was slightly surprised to see a dewy eyed lady trip down the stairway, turn her back to him and tearfully say:

"There are two hooks I just couldn't reach; won't you unfasten them so I can go to bed?"

Fortunately he could and did.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Average Man.

A foreign visitor in an interview in New York told the truth about the average man.

"Your country," he said, "is made up, like mine, of average men. The average man," he added, "is a man who thinks himself immeasurably above the average."—Washington Star.

Malicious.

Gladys—I refused Fred two weeks ago, and he has been drinking heavily since. Ethel—Isn't it about time he stopped celebrating?

Answered.

Schoolteacher—What farm papers does your father take? Son of the Village Tightwad—First mortgages!—Puck.

Hope shall brighten days to come and memory gild the past.—Moore.

GENIUS AND VANITY.

Schopenhauer Was Not a Bit Afraid to Praise Himself Out Loud.

Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, afforded one of the most remarkable examples of self complacency that has ever been known. His naive eulogisms on his own productions are almost beyond belief. In writing to his publishers of his work he says:

"Its worth and importance are so great that I do not venture to express it even toward you because you could not believe me," and he proceeds to quote a review "which speaks of me with the highest praise as the greatest philosopher of the age, which is really saying much less than the good man thinks."

"Sir," he said to an unoffending stranger who watched him across a table d'hote where he acted the part of the local "lion" habitually—"sir, you are evidently astonished at my appetite. True, I eat three times as much as you, but then I have three times as much mind."

Auerbach, the German novelist, also had a great appreciation of his own powers and work, and many stories are told of the obtrusive way in which he displayed his vanity. A German writer says of him: "Every year Auerbach visits three or four fashionable watering places, at each of which the following episode occurs at least thirty times. The novelist indulges in small talk with the little children of the natives and invariably ends the conversation thus: 'Knowest thou who has been talking with thee? Behold Auerbach! Tell that at home!'"

GRIT OF A SHARPSHOOTER.

Sergeant Halliwell's Feat at the Siege of Lucknow.

During the siege of Lucknow in the Indian mutiny there was afforded what was probably the most notable instance of the record in war of a crack shot.

The rebels were endeavoring to mount two eighteen-pounders, which they had hauled up to the flat roof of one of the palaces surrounding the residency, and it was necessary to prevent this being done, or they would have been able to pour down a heavy fire on the defenders. Sergeant Halliwell was chosen for this duty. He was a crack shot of the Thirty-second foot.

Being given the best rifle that could be found, his orders were to prevent the guns being mounted. He took up his position behind some battered down masonry where there was only cover for him to lie at full length. He remained in that position, it is said, for several days, not being able to stand, inasmuch as that would have resulted in instant death. His only change was to roll over from his back to his stomach. His eyes were ever kept on the dismounted guns, and whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them his unerring rifle played havoc among them and prevented their object being accomplished. Food was brought to him at night by men who crawled to his position.

After some time a sortie was made and the Sepoys were defeated. For this brave work Sergeant Halliwell received the Victoria cross.—Harper's Weekly.

Seven In the Bible.

The number seven plays a prominent part in events in the Bible. The creation took six days, and on the seventh there was rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained, and the Israelites feasted seven days and rested seven days. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and the seven years of plenty were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat beasts, as were the seven lean years by seven lean beasts. We speak of the seven heavens, and the seventh son was supposed to be endowed with pre-eminent wisdom. In short, there is no other number which enters into the Bible so often as seven. No doubt the wide popularity of the number and the superstitions which are connected with it came from its wide use in the Bible.

Tacking Explained.

"What do people mean when they talk about tacking?" asked Bobby, who had listened to a detailed account of his sister's first experience in a sailboat, but in considerable confusion of mind.

"Oh, you'll know when you're a little bit older," said his sister, but the small round face wore an expression of injury, and she had to explain further.

"Why, it's just turning halfway round," she said, with slight hesitation, "and then—and then you sail on the bias."

The Gurgle In the Bottle.

Why does water gurgle when poured from a bottle? As water pours out air attempts to pour in. Occasionally the hand holding the bottle may move and give the air the opportunity. The quick rush of the water to fill the hole made by the air causes the gurgling sound.

Grading the Rulers.

Themistocles, it is said, declared that his son was the strongest man in Greece.

"For," said he, "the Athenians rule the Hellenese, I rule the Athenians, your mother rules me, and you rule your mother."

A Really Smart Man.

"He always says the right thing at the right time, doesn't he?"

"More than that. He always keeps still at the right time."—Houston Post.

Very Much Easier.

"Any man can make a fool of himself."

"True, but with a woman's help it's much easier."—Boston Transcript.

Our Real Race Suicide Problem

By E. E. RITTENHOUSE, Expert on the Conservation of Human Life

WE are not only reducing the fertility of our race and also shortening the span of life, but we are permitting at least 650,000 American lives to be destroyed annually which we could SAVE by the application of simple and well known sanitary and other PRECAUTIONS. This is OUR REAL RACE SUICIDE PROBLEM.

We have made progress in preventing life waste, but it has been confined almost wholly to contagious or infectious diseases. At the same time the death rate from the degenerative diseases of middle life and old age, against which we have waged no war, has steadily increased.

The ECONOMIC LOSS IS STUPENDOUS, but it is INSIGNIFICANT compared to the misery, suffering, poverty, immorality and crime which result from the needless sickness and premature death from which the nation is now suffering.

In the last analysis the war against preventable disease is a STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE DOLLAR AND THE DEATH RATE.

Preventable Disease Is Man's Greatest Destroyer, Not Wars

By R. D. W. CONNOR, Author and Historian

THE past will teach us that the foundation upon which rests the power and stability of the state is the PHYSICAL WELL BEING OF ITS PEOPLE. The battlefield soaked in human blood, strewn with mangled bodies and groaning from the suffering of its victims fills us with unspeakable loathing, and, turning away with horror stricken faces, we cry aloud against "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

With a thousand voices from every pulpit and press in the land we denounce war as the great crime against civilization, and upon a thousand gilded trumpets we hail the dawn of universal peace as civilization's last and greatest triumph.

* * *

BUT IF WAR IS A CRIME AGAINST CIVILIZATION, WHAT SHALL BE SAID OF THE EXISTENCE AMONG US OF THOSE CONDITIONS WHICH PRODUCE PREVENTABLE DISEASE? WHERE WAR HAS CLAIMED ITS THOUSANDS DISEASE HAS REAPED ITS TENS OF THOUSANDS.

Real winter's here at last. Phone your items to the News.

A CO-OPERATIVE LAUNDRY.

At Chatfield, in Fillmore county, Minn., there was recently put into operation the first farmers' co-operative laundry ever established in this country. It was built in connection with the co-operative creamery, and the officers of the creamery are its managers. The power plant of the creamery is utilized for the operation of the laundering machinery, while the waste steam from the boiler is sufficient to heat the water needed in the washing operations. It would seem that a laundry organized on a basis such as that outlined ought to succeed, while if there is any class of women that are entitled to relief from the work connected with weekly washing it is those who live on the farms. The experiment at Chatfield will be watched with interest. It is to be hoped that it may be duplicated in other communities which have operative creameries.

TO MAKE GRAFTING WAX.

An excellent grafting wax is made by combining three parts rosin, two parts beeswax and one part tallow. The three ingredients should be melted together carefully, but the mixture should not be allowed to boil. The hot liquid should then be poured into a pail of cold water. With greased hands the wax should be spread out flat, so that it will cool evenly. It should be allowed to cool until it is tough, but not brittle. The wax should then be taken from the water and pulled like taffy until it is fine grained. It may be molded into balls or twisted into skeins and put away in a cool place. When needed for orchard work the wax should be warmed in water or with the hands.

A FINNISH CHEESE.

The following is the recipe for making the "egg cheese" which is a popular article of food in Finland: Boil up six quarts of new milk and seven fresh eggs (beaten) and add one and a third quarts of sour milk, which acts as a starter and separates the curd. Boil five minutes and then remove boiler from fire. The curd is then carefully dipped over into a clean wooden bowl or trough, where it is kneaded with salt, after which it is placed in a mold lined with a cloth. Here it is pressed first with the hands and later subjected to the heavy pressure of a stone weight for a period of six hours. The cheese may be eaten at once, but if shipped is usually toasted a little in a hot oven.

Don't greet misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.

Read the News. It tells it all.

WILLING TO FACE CHARGE

R. E. Palmer, Local Rancher, Goes to Portland and Meets Officers

As the "guest" of Sheriff Johnson, R. E. Palmer, a real estate man and rancher living near Summit, went to Portland the last of the week to give himself up to officers there to answer a charge of larceny by embezzlement preferred against him by George L. Madden of Jennings Lodge for whom Palmer sold a piece of property.

Palmer has been sought for some time following the swearing out of a warrant by Madden. It is alleged that Palmer sold the property for Madden and from the proceeds took a $700 fee. This, because he was said to have no agent's credentials from Madden, was recovered by Madden in a civil suit. Palmer, it is said, refused to pay the judgment and the warrant was secured as a result.

Sheriff Johnson called Palmer up a week ago and told him that orders to arrest him had come from Portland. Palmer said he would like to have a few days in which to arrange to get away. When he was ready he telephoned to Sheriff Johnson that he was ready to start. He was furnished with transportation to Portland and was met at the Union station there by a couple of detectives. Palmer denies any wrongdoing in connection with the deal and is anxious to offer a defense.

NURSERYMEN WILL MEET

American Association to Convene in Portland Next June

Announcement has been made that the annual convention of the American Association of Nurserymen will be held in Portland June 18, 19 and 20. It is reported by J. P. Pilkington, vice-president of the organization, that there will be between 400 and 500 nurserymen here from the East to attend the convention. An effort will be made to get the delegates to come in time to see the Rose Festival.

The Pacific Coast Association of Nurserymen will hold a joint meeting with the National organization. A meeting of the Coast branch will be held June 17 to transact all the purely local business.

When in need of printing remember the News.

Don't expect opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.