



—Chicago Tribune.

THE SOUTH POLAR TIMES.

The great depression felt by some polar explorers when shut in by ice and cold, writes Lieutenant Armitage in "Two Years in the Antarctic," was not felt by the men on board the Discovery, sent to examine the south polar lands. Every possible effort was made to keep the men cheerful and in good physical condition. Walks over the ice were taken as a matter of duty, and that efforts for entertainment were made is evidenced by the following account of their diversions:

At a meeting held in the ward room it was decided to bring out a monthly paper, something like a London magazine. Each of us wrote on a piece of paper what we thought the best title. The South Polar Times was the one chosen. It was to be published on the first of each month; and every member of the ship's company was invited to contribute toward making it the most amusing, instructive, up-to-date journal, with the largest circulation within the antarctic circle. Notwithstanding this superexcellence, it was to be issued free to all the population of our small colony, the cost of production being more than covered by the grateful feelings of the recipients, to say nothing of the advertisers. A rival magazine, named the Blizzard, which was brought out to afford a voice for poetical effusions rejected by the South Polar Times, did not survive the first number.

On most days during the first month of the winter the clicking of the typewriter could be heard in Shackleton's cabin as he busily "set up" the paper; and frequently a shy and conscious-looking blue jacket would enter the editor's sanctum to ask his advice. A box was placed outside the office for the receipt of contributions, but would-be authors much preferred a personal audience; so our editor, in self-defense, removed his office fittings to a store-room in the bowels of the ship.

Two of the members of our mess, Shackleton and Bernacchi, were very fond of poetry, and of course each had his favorite author. Many were the arguments raised as to the respective merits of Browning and Tennyson, so it was decided that Shackleton should read extracts from Browning, and Bernacchi from Tennyson, while the remainder of us listened and carefully judged between the two, voting after each pair of extracts had been read. Their declaimed in their best style, endeavoring to point out the beauty of the passages chosen by them.

Ferrar caused much amusement, after an extract from "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" had been read, by saying, "Well, I'm not much on poetry, but I go on rats."

Browning won by a single vote.

CODFISH IS NOW A LUXURY.

Price in France Higher than Ever Before Known.

The fact that the American codfishers have been cut off from securing bait in Newfoundland as well as the French causes satisfaction at St. Pierre, not because the former have lost their baiting privileges, but from the belief that American vessel owners will unite with the St. Pierre fleet in securing and preserving bait to their mutual benefit, says the New York Her-

ald. Schools of herring visit St. Pierre and should be secured when opportunity offers. From one school last fall it is estimated that several thousand barrels could have been secured. Caplin, a much esteemed bait for use in July, seldom fails to come to these islands to spawn, and it is thought that with proper regulations the supply will be equal to the demand.

Among all the bank fishermen squid are considered good bait at any season and may be caught in fair quantities about these shores; in the past this is the one bait supply that has not been lost through lack of taking or preserving. Notwithstanding French fishermen are seriously handicapped in their efforts to secure bait, a careful inquiry establishes the fact that there is an abundance of salt squid and herring for the first trip.

Vigorous preparations are being made for the coming season, and the indications are that the tonnage sailing from St. Pierre to engage in codfishing will be more than for a number of years, among the vessels being many new ones. With a record of three bad years, this renewed enterprise is commendable.

The price of codfish in France has advanced to a figure never before reached, making it a luxury instead of an article of common consumption. The French firms are offering St. Pierre fishermen \$4.80 per 100 pounds for green fish. In drying the shrinkage is 30 per cent, and with the added cost of 1½ cents per pound as the cost of drying and transportation, with 20 per cent profit to the retailer, we have the total cost to the French consumer of 12 cents per pound. In fact, the retail price at St. Pierre of dry codfish is 10 cents per pound. France would not, however, be a good market for American dried codfish, as the duty is prohibitive, the market being held for French fishermen. On the other hand, St. Pierre cannot enter the United States markets, where a discriminating duty is levied on bounty-fed industrial articles.

The non-competitive French fishermen of St. Pierre therefore argue that the New England fishermen should unite with them in making this place the baiting headquarters for both countries. St. Pierre, although receiving a bounty only on codfish, is starting a movement to establish other fisheries and erect establishments for smoking, pickling and otherwise preserving fish.

Perverse Nature.

"Strange thing about Mrs. Dingle. She is the woman who never cared to drink any water."

"Yes."

"She called in a doctor to reduce her extreme stoutness. He told her on no account to drink water."

"Yes."

"And now she's thirsty all the time."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cause of Suspicion.

"Is there any question about the social position of the Dollartons?"

"There was none until recently," answered Miss Cayenne. "It has been discovered that the society paper Town Whoppers printed some very complimentary paragraphs about them."

—Washington Star.

When a widower marries again, the neighbor women recall with many sighs that his poor dead wife just worshiped him.

SCHOOLS OF TO-DAY.

They Aim to Create and Stimulate Usefulness.

Now queer it would have seemed to the sturdy children who kicked with bare feet against the rude benches of the district school a century ago to have been told they were to learn to cook, to make dresses, to trim hats, to be boy carpenters, etc. But that was long before the Old World commenced to send us hundreds of thousands of her people every year. It is principally the children of those who come to America from other countries who make the public schools of New York City the greatest in size and most important in the world.

In order to make these young people as useful as possible, there has been established in the public schools of many of our large cities a course of work that seems to have little to do with gaining a school education as our parents used to think of it.

It has been found necessary, in order to help the young students' minds to grow in the right way, that the boys and girls of the schools should have what their teachers term "ethical training;" that is, the training which teaches duty to self and to others. These, among other things, are taught:

Duties to parents, brothers, sisters and playmates; to servants and other employees; to employers and all in authority; to the old, the poor, and the unfortunate. Conduct at home, at the table, at school, on the street, in public meetings, and in public conveyances. Regularity, punctuality, self-control, cheerfulness, neatness, purity, temperance, honesty, truthfulness, obedience, industry and patriotism.

I peeped into a manual training workshop in a big public school of New York City one day, just to see how the boys behaved when by themselves, for no teacher was present. Each hand was occupied with the task of the moment, and each head was bent over it in a way that showed the keenest interest. Instead of looking for a chance to be mischievous, every boy seemed bent on doing the work assigned him as if his whole success in life depended upon the result. It was plain no one even thought of play.

"You see," said the teacher to me, when he came in, "each boy wants to do his very best. That is the spirit we try to instill. The boy who really wants to learn the best way to perform whatever he may be asked to do is the boy who is certain to gain success in some degree." This is just as true of girls as of boys, and there are hundreds of girls—some home helpers and others among the ranks of the wage-earners—who owe the pleasure they draw from life to the system in vogue in the public schools.—St. Nicholas.

HOME BUILDING OF A BIRD.

Remembers Use Formerly Made of Thread in Making Nest.

On a May-day morning, we, sitting under the branches of a maple tree, suddenly noticed a cardinal bird diligently bustling about under the hedge-row, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. She looked at us, then flitted the leaves about in tremendous "pothole," pulled bark fibers, filling her mouth with material, then tossing it recklessly away; slipping up and down through the hedge, incessantly calling out, "Chip," "Chip," and flying ostentatiously into the maple above our heads, depositing herself in a manner that plainly betokened a wish for somebody to interest himself in her affairs. Naturally, we were the ones she had in mind, as no one else was in sight; so, as I idly watched, it gradually dawned upon me she must be the last year's tenant of our garden, and, remembering old favors, was bidding for new, and I hastily ran into the house for some thread with which to test her memory.

I lightly laid the first strand of spool cotton on the grapevine trellis, when, like a flash, the bird darted to it and swept away with it down into the garden. This proved her identity. A new cardinal would have been quite ignorant of the uses to which thread could be put, but this little homemaker had sampled the material last year and the year previous and found it good. Thus, you see, she remembered, and, as her nest was not even started, showed her preference at the outset, and also knew where to come. While she was gone on her journey I pulled yards more of the thread from the spool, breaking it into lengths of a yard and a half or two yards, festooning it along the trellis and on the grapevine. Back she came, and almost beneath my hand gathered up thread after thread, until she had a mouthful, then off again around the corner of the house. Again and again she returned, in a positive ecstasy of delight over the thread.

Complimentary.

"Come quick to Mr. Oldham's house," cried the messenger.

"But," said Dr. Youngman, "are you sure you were told to bring me?"

"Yes, they said you couldn't do any harm. He's too far gone, anyway."

—Philadelphia Press.

Trouble is the only reliable scale for weighing friendship.



New York Ginger Bread.

Cream, one cupful of butter, add one cupful of brown sugar and beat until very light and creamy. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of soda in a little warm water and add to one cupful of sour cream. Mix the cream with one cupful of molasses. Beat the yolks of four eggs light, the whites to a stiff, dry froth. Then beat the yolks and whites together. Mix one teaspoonful of salt and the mixed spice with four cupfuls of flour. Add the eggs to the sugar and butter, then the molasses and milk. Mix as quickly as possible with the flour, beating until smooth; turn into a greased tin and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. All the spices but the ginger can be omitted if desired. Spice—Mix one teaspoonful of cloves and same of yellow ginger, with one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Chocolate Layer Cake.

Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately, adding to the yolks two cups of salt. When the mixture is lukewarm add the whites and two cups of prepared flour. Bake in layer tins and when cold spread with the following mixture: Boil together a cup of granulated sugar and a third of a cup of water, without stirring until it threads. Add a pinch of cream of tartar to the beaten white of an egg and pour the boiled mixture slowly upon this, beating steadily, adding gradually two heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a half teaspoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Quick Rice Pudding.

From a quart of milk put into a bowl four tablespoonfuls; cook a teaspoonful and a half of raisins in the remainder twenty minutes; beat the yolks of four eggs with the milk in the bowl; add six teaspoonfuls of boiled rice to the milk and raisins; cook five minutes, stirring constantly; stir in the eggs and milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful and a half of sugar, and a little grated nutmeg or cinnamon. Stir till the pudding reaches the boiling point and let it boil three minutes. Cover the top with a meringue of the whites of eggs and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and brown in the oven.

German Coffee Cake.

One-half cup, each, of butter, lard and sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, two beaten eggs, one and a half cups of milk, one compressed yeast cake and four cups of flour. Stir butter, lard and sugar to a cream, add salt and eggs, lastly the milk and yeast cake, which has been previously dissolved in warm water, then the flour. The batter must be quite stiff. Beat hard and set away to rise overnight. In the morning roll out to an inch in thickness and put into pie tins. Let it rise again, cover with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake for twenty minutes.

Oyster Macaroni.

A delicious way of preparing oysters with macaroni is to first boil the macaroni; then, in a buttered baking dish, place a layer of macaroni and then a layer of oysters until the dish is full. Pour over it half a cupful of milk and oyster juice. Put small pieces of butter on top and cover with bread crumbs. Bake in oven and serve garnished with sliced hard-boiled eggs and parsley.

When Burning Garbage.

It is a mistake to put waste cabbage leaves, potato parings, etc., direct on the fire. Put at the back of the fire, where it will dry without burning. It may afterward be baked on to the embers and burned rapidly without smell. Potato parings dried in the oven or under the grate during the night are useful for fire kindling in the morning.

Turnip Soup.

Boil six small turnips until soft enough to rub through a sieve. Fry an onion until it is cooked, but not brown, in a trifle of butter. Put the turnips, onion, pepper and salt in a saucepan and add a quart of milk. Stir thoroughly and when smooth serve with a little grated cheese on top.

Chocolate Pie.

Beat together the yolks of four eggs with a cupful of sugar, add a cupful of hot milk, a little vanilla and three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Bake with an under crust only. Whip the whites of the eggs, sweeten, spread over the top and set in the oven to brown slightly.

Potato Stew.

Boil a small square of pickled pork in two quarts of water; when done take out, score and brown in the oven. Add to the liquor ten sliced raw potatoes, two small onions sliced; boil half an hour; add a teaspoonful of milk and a beaten egg.

HOPE OF THE RUSSIANS.



THE CZAREVITCH ALEXIS.

Of all the royal children of Europe the condition of none appears more dubious than that of Alexis, the czarévitch of Russia and only son of the czar. He was born in August, 1904, at the very darkest moment of the fortunes of Russia during the war with Japan. Since then the storm clouds have become even blacker, for revolutionary conditions are now rife throughout the Muscovite empire until the very existence of the throne is menaced. Not only is it a question whether the czarévitch will grow up to inherit the throne, but it is even a problem whether the czar shall be able to retain his crown. Surely before he becomes of age Russia shall have passed through many political and economic changes.

The photograph itself is sufficient proof of how admirably the czarévitch has thriven in adversity, although this week there was a rumor that he was seriously ill. The picture was taken at Tsarskoe Selo at the express wish of the empress.

A RAINY-DAY WELCOME.

The rain was pouring in torrents when Mrs. Haddon flew to the door and admitted her friend, Miss Ransom. "There, you are what I call a real friend!" she cried. "I never expect people to keep an engagement to come here in a storm, for they never do. I told Mr. Haddon this morning that I knew you wouldn't, but here you are!"

"I won't keep you standing in the vestibule a minute longer. I just thought perhaps you'd just like to let it drip off a little, as I've had the hall all cleaned today. I always have it done when I'm sure of eight or nine hours before it needs to be walked on."

"But— Oh, no, it doesn't matter a bit. Perhaps you'd like to take off your rubbers? Rubber soles? Oh, no; I never wear them, for they make such work on carpets. I mean, of course, one expects to have one's own carpets ruined, because so few people consider it at all, and I know rubber soles are popular. I only meant the rule was for myself."

"There, now, let me find you a comfortable chair; perhaps, as your skirt is damp, you'd rather not sit in one of the covered chairs. Here's a wicker one that I've never had a cushion made for, just for such occasions; and that brings your feet on the rug, too."

"Now, if you'll excuse me for a moment, while I speak to Bridget, I'll be ready for a nice long talk. It was so good of you to come, and so unexpected!"—Youth's Companion.

Believed by Japs.

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among these mythical animals are some without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes, such as a tiger which is said to live until it has become a thousand years old, and then turns as white as a polar bear. The Japanese also believe in a multitude of animals distinguished mainly by their monstrous size or by the multiplication of their members. Among these are serpents eight hundred feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant, foxes with eight legs, monkeys with four ears, and fishes with ten heads attached to one body. Japs also believe in the existence of a crane which, after it has lived for six hundred years, has no need of any sustenance except water.

A Slim Contribution.

The bride's father was looking the presents over.

"How are we coming out, daddy?" she asked in her playful way.

"As near as I can figure out the lot," he gloomily replied, "we are coming out in debt."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy.

Bill—Let me have \$10 until to-morrow?

Jill—And when to-morrow comes, what then?

"Oh, then I'll ask you to lend me \$10 more."—Yonkers Statesman.