

IS EASILY SCARED

Man Apt to Be Frightened by Little Things.

Many Get Stage Fright When Called Upon for a Speech, But Would Battle a Lion.

"I went to see Jim Smilax get married," said Loper, according to the Chicago News, "and he was a pitiable spectacle. He was all wilted, and the sweat ran off him in streams. Had he been in the hands of the executioner he couldn't have been scared worse. It's a queer thing. Smilax has more cool courage than any man I know, and he'd face a polar bear without displaying cold feet, but a little thing like getting married was too much for him."

"It certainly is a queer thing," admitted Gamboge, "and doubtless we'd have to go back to the stone age to find an explanation."

"Man is afraid of many things which shouldn't scare him for a minute. People who know me well must admit that I am no poltroon. Produce your Hyrcan tiger, your rugged Russian bear, and my firm nerves will never tremble. I have officiated as judge at a baby show and had a dozen disappointed mothers seething around me reaching for handfuls of my whiskers, and I was as calm as I am at this hour of going to press. I don't know what fear is in the ordinary sense; yet I can't face an audience and make a speech to save myself."

"I'd give a farm if I could rise easily and gracefully and take a fall out of the welkin when I am called upon for a few timely remarks. But when I get to my feet and look around upon a sea of expectant faces, my insides seem to give way and I feel faint and sick, and the next thing I know somebody is stooping over me with a palm-leaf fan, and somebody else is pouring ice water on me."

"Why should a man be afraid to stand up before his fellow citizens and turn loose his sentiments? Probably some ancestor of mine, back in the interglacial times, was awaked over the head with a spiked club while discussing the living issues of the day at some crossroads schoolhouse, and the shock affected all succeeding generations."

"It is but a little while since dentistry was in the same class with blacksmithing. Men who are waxing old can remember when a visit to the dentist's office was something that appalled the stoutest heart. It was the last resort. A victim of toothache would suffer until the last limit was reached before he'd consent to have any dental work done, and no reasonable person can blame him."

"When I was young the village dentist manhandled me two or three times, extracting teeth with a hammer and cold chisel. My own boys have such a dread of the dentist that I have to get the police to help me when it is necessary to take them to his office. There is no apparent reason for it. The modern dentist makes tooth pulling a luxury. It is better than an outing in the woods."

"I suppose it will take several thousand years to educate the fear of dentistry out of the human race."

"About a million years ago a dog threw itself down in the grass and was bitten by a snake. Ever since then dogs have turned around several times before lying down. This fact may explain, in some measure, why Jim Smilax was scared at his wedding."

Russian Prisoner's Escape.

The record of escapes from war captivity has been claimed for a Russian prisoner who recently crossed the Dutch frontier in his twelfth attempt to escape. Three times he fled in the direction of Luxembourg, twice he made for Switzerland, on several occasions he took the road to Poland and again to Denmark, but in every case without success. This was the first time he had tried his luck in the direction of the Netherlands frontier, and after being two months and twenty days on the road success crowned his perseverance.

Migration of Caribou.

From Dawson, Yukon territory, Dominion of Canada, comes news of the migration of caribou, says the Christian Science Monitor. Great herds are in the vicinity of Forty Mile river and at various other points. The total number of animals moving southward in search of food is estimated at 1,000,000 head. It is characteristic of the time that the migration would hardly have been known outside of Yukon territory had it not been necessary to explain officially that occupancy of the roads by the caribou interfered with the carriage of the mails.

Knew How to Figure.

Lady—What will you charge me for the use of a horse and buggy for a few hours?

Liveryman—It will cost you two dollars for the first hour and one dollar for each additional hour.

Lady—Well, I'll use it for two additional hours. I've got some shopping to do and will not require it for the first hour.

Over the Telephone.

"I was never so insulted in my life."

"Eh?"

"Somebody asked me if I wanted a kiss by wire."

"Well?"

"And when I spoke up he said he had the wrong number."

BRETHREN OF THE SWORD

Home of Cult Was at Wenden, on the North Line of the German Offensive in Russia.

The National Geographic society issues the following war geography bulletin on Wenden, on the line of the German offensive in the direction of Petrograd:

The town of Wenden, one of the oldest in the province of Livonia, is situated a few miles by rail northeast of Riga. It is a picturesque place, built two miles from the left bank of the River Aa. The Aa flows in a southerly direction from this point through that part of Russia known as the Livonian Switzerland, not on account of the height of mountains—the highest hill is only 265 feet—but because of the charm of the landscape with its well-wooded slopes bordering the river valley.

The story of Wenden goes back seven centuries to the time when the Brethren of the Sword, recognized by Pope Innocent III in 1202, made this place their headquarters in the campaign inaugurated by them to disseminate Christianity among the heathen Livonians. A castle was built here in 1210, and though it is now scarcely more than a crumbling ruin, as it was never restored after the destructive fire of 1748, around it cluster many romantic and fascinating stories.

One of the most celebrated grand masters of the Brethren of the Sword was Walter von Plettenberg, who rose to power during the closing years of the fifteenth century and was finally recognized as a prince of the empire by the Emperor Charles V in 1527. Plettenberg also built the castle of Riga (1494-1515), which has fared better than the Wenden stronghold, for it is still used as the seat of the Russian authorities (or rather, was used up to the time of Riga's fall a few weeks ago).

The most tragic chapter in the history of Wenden was enacted in 1577 when the members of the garrison of the castle, besieged by the forces of the implacable Ivan the Terrible, blew themselves up rather than fall into the hands of the czar. The castle was soon repaired, however, and a short time thereafter was the residence of Patriarch Nidecki, appointed bishop of Wenden in 1583 by Stephen Bathory, king of Poland.

His Price Was Low.

While ashore in a port of one of the little island republics in the Caribbean a number of United States marines attended a bull fight that was graced by the presence of his excellency the president of the republic, says the Saturday Evening Post. The sea soldiers occupied a box near the presidential party and, to amuse themselves while waiting for the show to begin, threw pennies into a river that flowed by the arena and watched native boys dive for them. The word quickly passed that soldados Americanos were pitching wealth into the muddy waters and soon hundreds of black shining faces were on the banks of the river just outside the bull ring. The marines enjoyed themselves hugely watching the little fellows dive, but finally ran out of pennies and were forced to raise the limit to quarters and half dollars. One marine, more reckless than the others, pitched a big silver dollar, while a score of black boys dived for it. He was just about to repeat the performance when an excited native seated near by plucked at his sleeve and whispered hoarsely: "Please don't do that, senor, you'll have the president diving."

A Scarlet Rider.

Lieut. Col. G. E. Sanders, D. S. O. of the Second Canadian Pioneer Battalion, holds a somewhat remarkable record in the Canadian forces. He is said to be the first Canadian officer who has ever been known to suggest that his command should be taken over by a younger man. In view of the splendid work which has been done by the Second Pioneer Battalion, the Canadian authorities have been rather hard to persuade on this point; but Colonel Sanders has, unfortunately, insisted that, while he may still be useful in other directions, pioneering is a young man's job. Colonel Sanders, who fought through the Boer war with distinction, was before that war in command of the Northwest Mounted Police at Calgary. Indeed, he returned to that command of famous "Mounties" after the war.

South Africa Growing Sugar Cane.

Sugar planting is making rapid strides in South Africa, and the last few years have seen acres upon acres put under cane, from Durban to practically the end of the new railway line in Zululand, terminating at Somkele. The coast of Natal and Zululand is eminently suitable for the growth of sugar cane, and many farmers have given up their up-country farms for the more profitable sugar growing along the coast belt. The climate is very warm in summer, but as the main work, the cutting and milling of the cane, takes place in winter, sugar growers are enabled to leave their farms for a cooler climate during the summer months.

Uncovers Corn-Grinding Quern.

An interesting relic of early Scotland was unearthed in Crumond recently. A grave digger was preparing for a burial, when he dug up, at a depth of about five feet, the neat half of the upper stone of a primitive corn-grinding quern, measuring 18 inches in diameter, and showing half of the central hole. Search without success was made for the other fragment.

OLD BLOCK PRINTS

Invention Is Credited to the Chinese in Year 592.

Books Not in Competition With Manuscripts Until the Middle of the Tenth Century.

Printing from blocks is said to have been invented in China in 592 A. D., during the enlightened reign of Yang Chien, the founder of the progressive but short-lived Sui dynasty. Printed books, however, asserts a writer in the Oriental News and Comment, did not compete with manuscripts until the middle of the tenth century. From that time block printing developed very rapidly, resulting in a great cheapening and wide diffusion of books and the consequent rapid decline of the copyist's trade. No doubt the rapid dissemination of learning this entailed had much to do with the great intellectual progress made in China during the Sung dynasty, from 960 to 1280 A. D., which has been called the "prosperous Augustan age of Chinese literature."

Disregarding the manuscript works of the great Tang dynasty (618-907 A. D.), which were doubtless tenfold more numerous and more important than the contemporaneous literary works of the whole western world, the printed books of the Sung Yuan and the early part of the Ming dynasties up to the middle of the fifteenth century have no counterpart at all in Europe. They existed in countless thousands of volumes. In 1406 the Imperial Ming library contained printed works to the extent of more than 300,000 chuan (books) and more than twice as many manuscripts, and already many printed works of the Sung dynasty had been lost during the disorders incident to the protracted wars with the Mongols. Undoubtedly more books were printed in China than in all the rest of the world up to the middle of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The great bulk of Chinese works, aside from the Confucian classics, is historical or literary, the latter being mostly essays, short poems, or critiques. There exists also a vast Buddhist literature and very many Taoist works.

Novels are not even classed as literature, although famous ones exist and some of them have been translated into European languages. There are also many famous dramas, some dating from the Yuan dynasty, but these, too, are excluded from literature proper by Chinese bibliographers. The historical records of the Chinese are of vast bulk and represent a conscientious and painstaking record of the political and sociological experiences of the oldest civilized nation on earth. In close connection with these records proper we should consider the vast number of geographic treatises and especially the so-called gazetteers. These latter are official publications issued by the empire, province, district, or even township, and treat not only geography and topography proper, but also the antiquities, natural and manufactured products, and even the biographies of famous men, population, taxes, astrology, marvelous happenings, etc.

Antiquity of Jerusalem.

The wonderful antiquity of Jerusalem has only been appreciated in recent years. Up to 50 years ago, observes the Chicago Examiner, it was thought that Jerusalem was of little importance as a city until it became the "City of David," king of Israel. But with the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets in Egypt new light was shed upon the history of the sacred city. There were found six letters written by the king of Jerusalem to the Pharaoh of Egypt, dating from the fifteenth century B. C. The name of this king of Jerusalem was Abdi-hiba, or, as some scholars read the cuneiform, Abi-sadak, and he writes to the Pharaoh beseeching him to send soldiers, almost as the Turks must have sent messages to Germany asking for reinforcements that they might save the day.

Pioneers Lived on Corn.

We ought to be proud of corn. The corn-fed critter, human and otherwise, always has been strong, vigorous and of high vitality.

In serving corn dishes on its dining cars the Southern Pacific railway distributes a small card giving recipes and other interesting information, as follows:

"The government desires that wheat be used as sparingly as possible and that corn be substituted."

"America was pioneered on corn; the Pilgrim Fathers almost lived on it. Corn was the first crop planted in all the virgin soil as it was settled, from the Atlantic out across the Alleghenies; upon the broad prairies, and beyond."

Smart Boys.

The schoolmaster was giving the boys a lecture on thrift and pointed out how squirrels stored up nuts for the winter. Then he asked for another illustration of thrift in animals, and one boy cried out:

"A dog."

"A dog! In what way does a dog practice economy?"

"Please, sir, when he runs after his tail he makes both ends meet."

The master laughed, and another boy said:

"A bear."

"Well, what does the bear do?"

"He makes one coat last him a lifetime."

HAVE APPETITE FOR PRAISE

Everybody Craves Words of Approval and Comment—Effect of the Timely Kind Attention.

It is a human frailty to want praise. We begin young to crave the approving notice of others. "There is none like to me," says the cub in the pride of his earliest kill. "But the jungle is large, and the cub he is small; let him think and be still." Children brought up in school can generally be told from those who have been trained solitarily, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, for the children thrown much with other children are less likely to develop arrogance, selfishness and conceit. They do not find their schoolmates in a frame of mind to put them on a pedestal or crown their brows with laurel. They are not regarded as little tin gods on wheels; they are lost to sight in the shuffle of the classroom and the playground. Nobody defers to their opinions; nobody minds when they stamp the foot and shout angrily.

Children of a larger growth often crave an admiration which they do not get. They think to draw an audience by harping on the theme of self, and they find that the audience for that kind of recital is likely to be limited to the performer. To knock the "I" out of one's conversation is not necessarily to make it interesting. Many times a narrative loses greatly in pith and pungency by the impersonality in which it is couched. A story of adventure greatly gains by the sense of the first-hand participation of the narrator in the incidents he describes. When the first person is introduced for the sake of the edification of the reader, there need be no apology; when it is introduced for the glorification of the speaker, it is odious altogether.

A man must do his work as well as he can, whether he is praised for it or not. The taste of publicity is likely to be what the taste of blood is to tiger or lion; it whets the desire for more of the same thing. There are some who rarely do a good deed without rushing to neighbor or newspaper to let it be known. To others the "free advertising" is abhorrent. They are made happy by a glowing consciousness that the right thing was done, and that auto-satisfaction of virtue is their reward. But most of us have not reached that lofty pinnacle whereon we can abide serenely independent of what others think or say. We want a kind word now and then to keep us going. We hunger for appreciation, even when we tell ourselves we are not worth it. Who has not known the lift a letter of encouragement, a sentence of commendation, has brought? The day is brighter for it, and we feel refreshed, renewed. Blessed are they who speak in time the heartening, quickening word.

Goats' Milk Is Favored.

Everyone who is at all acquainted with the milk goat knows of the value of the milk for infants and invalids—use—one of the first points about the milk goat that presents itself, asserts a writer. The goat is practically free from tuberculosis. According to the annual reports of the bureau of animal industry (U. S.), covering federal inspection of animals slaughtered for food, there were inspected during the eight years, 1907 to 1914, inclusive, 579,617 goats, of which not a single animal was condemned for tuberculosis. This fact alone should be the strongest argument in favor of the milk of the goat. The cream globules of the milk of the goat are smaller than those of cows' milk, and because of this milk being condensed the cream globules are contained in a more perfect state of emulsion than the cow's milk. An argument in favor of sterilized milk is that authorities agree it is actually more easily digested than is the fresh milk, this referring to goats' and cows' milk alike.

Field Crops of Canada.

The census and statistics office has issued its preliminary estimate of the total value of the field crops of Canada for the past year, as compared with the finally revised estimates of 1916 and 1915. The estimated values for 1917 represent the prices received by farmers and are calculated from current market quotations. According to this preliminary estimate, the total value of all field crops for 1917 is placed at \$1,089,687,000, as compared with \$886,494,900 in 1916 and \$825,370,000 in 1915. The items making up this total are as follows: Wheat, \$451,874,000; oats, \$236,142,000; hay, clover, and alfalfa, \$145,561,600; potatoes, \$81,355,000; other grain crops, \$134,006,700, and root and fodder crops, \$40,974,700.

In the year 1916 the crops were as follows: Wheat, \$344,096,400; oats, \$210,957,500; hay, clover and alfalfa, \$171,613,900; potatoes, \$50,982,900; other grain crops, \$84,679,800, and other root and fodder crops, \$84,165,000.

Kerensky Real Diplomat.

Here is a Kerensky story told by a man lately returned from Petrograd. Kerensky was summoned from his hotel after midnight to the headquarters of the provisional government. A fellow guest at the hotel met Kerensky as he was going out and, learning of the summons Kerensky had received, exclaimed:

"Not another revolution, I hope!"

"I don't know," replied Kerensky, and hurried away.

The next day his fellow guest asked Kerensky what had been the trouble which had brought him out so late the previous evening.

Kerensky smiled.

"I had forgotten to sign a letter," he replied.

SCENE OF ROMANCE

Gatchina Palace Built By Catherine II. for Gregory Orloff.

Former Grand Duke Michael and Paul Alexandrovitch Held There After Discovery of Counter Revolt.

Gatchina, where the former Russian Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch and Paul Alexandrovitch were held following the discovery of a counter revolutionary plot, is described in the war geography bulletin, issued by the National Geographic society, as follows:

"Built upon flat, marshy lands on the shores of two small lakes—the White and the Black—the attractive town of Gatchina lies, 28 miles south of Petrograd. Its resident population numbers between 15,000 and 18,000, but in peace times it is a popular summer resort for the wealthy classes of the capital."

"Gatchina's only claim to industrial distinction is a porcelain factory, but its 'place in the sun' of history is assured by the magnificent imperial palace with its 600 rooms, surrounded by a beautiful park, a quarter of a mile from the Baltic railroad station of the town."

"Many Americans have visited this palace, which under the old regime was open to visitors during the absence of the dowager empress, who made it her residence."

"The erection of the palace, which dates from 1770, recalls one of the most dramatic periods in the history of any European royal family. It was built by Catherine II, as a present to Gregory Orloff, the young artillery officer who caught the fancy of the future famous empress while she was still merely the consort of the half imbecile Peter III. It was Gregory Orloff, aided by his two brothers, who effected the sensational coup d'etat of July, 1792, in which Peter was seized and spirited away to the chateau of Ropsha, where he was eventually murdered. Thus Catherine II. acquired supreme power upon the throne."

"The grateful and infatuated Catherine rewarded Orloff not only with the palace of Gatchina, but with the title of count, a commission as adjutant-general, then director-general and finally general-in-chief of the Russian forces. He might even have succeeded in marrying the great stateswoman had it not been for the interference of Panin, the governor and tutor of Paul, Catherine's son."

"When he ascended the throne upon the death of his mother, Paul chose the Gatchina palace as his favorite summer residence and bestowed upon the town municipal rights in 1797."

"The palace is a three-storied structure with one-story wings connected with the main building by long colonnades. It contains a famous art gallery, a theater and three throne rooms."

"Gregory Orloff did not bring his days to a close in Gatchina. Upon his return to the capital after an unsuccessful diplomatic mission he found a new favorite installed in the winter palace. Subsequently he lost his mind and died in Moscow. His brother, Alexis, the actual slayer of Peter III, became a horse breeder near Moscow after winning honors in the war against the Turks. He left an immense estate valued at 5,000,000 rubles and 30,000 serfs."

A Ramsay Memorial.

Mr. Asquith has been selected as president of a committee of University College to arrange for a memorial to the late Sir William Ramsay. The memorial is to be not merely national, but international; and this is as it should be, for Sir William Ramsay was an international man more than one sense. His gifts were not only scientific, but covered a wide field of knowledge. He was, for instance, master of several languages, although he made light of the accomplishment. When he went to Stockholm in 1904 to receive the Nobel prize he surprised many of the scholars he met by his ability to speak any language that any one else happened to be speaking. "There's nothing in it," he said; "any waiter can do it." This faculty placed him in touch with the scientific genius of the world, and contributed much to his success.—Westminster Gazette.

Petroleum's Discovery.

Experts furnish us with data as to potential supplies of English petroleum which the government has commandeered, but they omit the astounding romance of that little trickle of oil in a Riddings coalpit which became the progenitor of the whole enormous industry in petroleum products. The oil was a nuisance where it was until the future Lord Playfair analyzed it and understood it, and got it turned over to "Paraffin" Young. Young farmed that stream and set the whole world tapping new resources.—London Chronicle.

Motor Pessimism.

"Care much for the outdoor life, Doppel?"

"Not since I bought an automobile."

"I should think that would have just the opposite effect."

"No. The outdoor life means nothing to me now, but punctures, engine trouble and motorcycle policemen."

Letting Him Down Easy.

Critic—"Brown has painted a dreadfully bad picture. What shall I say about it?"

Layman—"Just say it is full of individuality."—Town Topics.

100 MARBLES TO CURRICULUM

Popular Springtime Pastime for Boys to Be Taken on by University of California.

"Fen dubs, there?" "Knuckle down, now Prexy!" "Say, Prof, how many taws will you swap for my moss sgate?"

These are the sporting terms in the vernacular which soon may be heard on the campus of the University of California, according to the San Francisco Bulletin. The spectacle of a group of bearded dignified educators squatting down on their "hunkers," while one of their number commands their attention by the exhibition of his skill, may be a common one.

The new course in applied science to be included in the curriculum embraces the ancient problem of the irresistible force and the immovable body. It has to do with the tendency of one spherical object to impart motion by coming in violent contact with another spherical object previously in a state of inertia, when the first object is given a certain velocity and momentum.

This is done by an intricate method of expulsion, in which the sphere, placed in juxtaposition of the first and second joint of the thumb, is propelled through space by a dexterous flip of the member, which previously had been held in a condition of suppressed energy by means of interlocking two or more digits.

In other words, the game of marbles is to be part of the university course. The ancient and honorable pastime, by which the vernal season of the calendar is heralded by the small boy, has been included in the scheme of exercise in the gymnasium, according to the announcement of F. L. Kleeberger, physical director.

Not only the undergraduates, but the instructors and professors of the university intend to take a course. Degrees possibly will be awarded, the most skillful. It is held that the activity necessary to play marbles will be beneficial to a high measure.

Colonel Bids Newswy Good-By.

He was one of those solitary-looking men. According to the eagle device on his shoulders, he was a colonel in the United States army.

He issued forth from a lunchroom on lower Fifteenth street, and a newsboy not over twelve, stepped up to him with a paper. He seemed to be one of the kid's steady customers.

The unsmiling face of this man who seemed alone in the world lighted up as he saw the boy.

"Good-by, old top," he said to the youngster, as he took the paper, "I won't see you any more."

"Are you going to war?" asked the boy, with an anxious note in his voice.

"Yeh; in a day or two now. Good-by, old fellow."

The kid looked at him a minute in silence, and said slowly:

"Good-by!"

The officer stuck the paper under his arm and turned up Fifteenth street, with a strange mistiness in his eyes.

One got the idea that there wasn't anybody else that the officer wanted to bid farewell.—Exchange.

Heavy Work Done With Steel.

British and French alike use the heavy grenade for defensive work, where the thrower is sheltered by a trench or shell hole. But when the game comes to "go over" the English give little thought to the grenade. The bombardiers make a few long range throws as the force approaches the other trench, but once in the Briton does his work with the iron. The moppers-up who follow carry grenades for their work, while their comrades tear across country for the next trench.

This appears to be one of the essential differences in French and English grenade practice which the Americans will be called on to decide between. At present the opinion of the American line officers seems to lean to the English idea that the light offensive grenade is of scant worth. No decision will be reached until both plans have been subjected to trial.

Give Cheerfulness a Chance.

Cheerfulness is a much rarer quality than is generally supposed, especially among the rich. It was not common even before we learned that, in spite of Browning though God may be in his heaven, nevertheless, all is wrong in the world.

If "most men lead lives of quiet desperation," as Thoreau says they do, it is, I suspect, because they will not allow cheerfulness to break in upon them when it will. A good disposition is worth a fortune. Give cheerfulness a chance and let the professed philosopher go hang.—A. Edward Newton, in the Atlantic.

Japanese Champagne.

The Flowery Kingdom has, in the course of the war, been saturated with so much wealth that the government brewery at Takinogawa deemed it a good investment to go into the champagne producing business at 9 yen (yen, 50 cents) per bottle. The effervescent power of the Japanese "Madame Cliquet" is so great that by carelessly uncorking a bottle half of its contents is lost on the floor. This, at least, is the report printed in "The North China Herald." Probably, a combination of trade jealousy and political malice.—Exchange.

No Faith in the Bard.

"They still play Shakespeare in Germany."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Stormington Barnes. "If there is anything I like, it is to see those Germans lose their money."