



Amateur Photography

One of the most important lessons for a beginner to learn is to hold the camera in the proper position during exposure. Whenever there are corners of buildings or other objects which give vertical lines the camera must be held absolutely level. If this is not done the building in the picture will appear to be falling either backward or forward, according to the way in which the camera was tilted.

There are times, however, when the camera may be tilted to advantage—in some cases it is an absolute necessity. For example, in photographs of clouds, waterfalls, balloons, etc., the camera may point upward, while in taking pictures of people swimming or bathing, children at work or play, etc., it may be pointed downward. Very successful photographs of prominent speakers, parades, crowds, etc., have been taken when the camera was held upside down. It makes no difference in the negative whether the camera is right side up or not. By holding the camera in the way suggested many a photographer has secured good pictures, while other who tried to use the camera in the usual way made absolute failures. Often by holding the camera by the side of the body and pointing it backward one may secure pictures of children at play and of older people in natural poses without the knowledge of any members of the groups.

Another warning to beginners is necessary. Do not try to take a time exposure while holding the camera in the hand. Even if the camera is held against the breast and respiration stopped the action of the heart is sufficient to cause the box to vibrate and spoil the picture.—The Circle.



Science and Invention

As a result of the coal shortage on the Pacific coast, many steamers formerly burning coal have been fitted with oil burners, and the change is contemplated for many more.

The newest mosquito screens are what is called invisible. They are buried in the lower part of the window casing on a spring roller. They follow the sash as it is raised and lowered.

Tokio is to have a twenty-five mile subway, which will be built at a cost of \$25,000 per mile, a figure which is astonishingly low, but this is probably accounted for by the fact that the cost of labor in Japan is very low.

The proprietors of an Austrian carpet factory at Maffersdorf are stated to have acquired German patents which embody a method of manufacturing carpets or floor coverings from paper. The new material can be made in all colors, is washable and will probably prove itself a rival to linoleum.

It may surprise many readers to learn that naphtha, illuminating oil, gas oil and lubricating oil are obtained in considerable quantities from certain varieties of shale rock. "Oil shales" abound in the Scotch Lothians. A recent memoir of the British geological survey records the discovery of an important new field of shale near Duddington. In the year 1904 2,332,000 tons of oil shale were mined in Scotland, and yielded 62,932,000 gallons of crude oil. The Scotch oil shales were first made generally known to geologists in 1835.

The American Ethnological society announces that it is about to begin a series of publications of authentic material collected among native American tribes. It is pointed out that hitherto little has been collected, in their own language, concerning the customs, beliefs and ideas of the natives. Yet authentic records of information given by the Indians are regarded as of prime importance for a thorough study of the ethnology and early history of the American continent. The Indians are believed to possess much valuable knowledge not yet recorded.

The results of recent exploration show more and more clearly that if America has received much from the old world it has in return given much. The American origin of early types of the horse, the camel, the rhinoceros and other animals, which eventually attained a circumpolar distribution, says Dr. J. A. Allen, is well established, but that the same fact is true of some forms of existing mammalia does not seem to have been hitherto recognized. Doctor Allen thinks that eastern Siberia has derived some of its present mammalian life from boreal America within a comparatively recent period.

FARMING IN ALASKA.

Four Agricultural Stations Carried on by the Government.

The government maintains four agricultural experiment stations in Alaska at Sitka, Copper Center, Rampart and Kenai, and reservation for another has been recommended; a point midway between Chena and Fairbanks, and adjoining the Tanana mine railway which connects the two towns being selected as a suitable location, says the Boston Alaskan.

The experiments at the Sitka station are now devoted chiefly to horticulture, and the work carried on there may be grouped into two classes: First, the introduction, propagation and testing of fruit trees and fruit bushes, with a view to ascertaining which sorts can be successfully cultivated in Alaska; and second, the testing of varieties of vegetables best suited to the climate and soil in various parts of the district. Among the fruit trees the apple has been the subject of closest study at the

station, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to determine what the result will be. Interesting experiments are being made with the native fruit bushes, and new varieties of raspberries, currants and gooseberries will doubtless be the outcome of the work which is now being successfully carried forward. All the hardy vegetables are grown at the Sitka station, particular attention being paid to the potato, cabbage and cauliflower. The people of the vicinity co-operate with the government experimenters, and aid the work by supplying reports of the behavior of the seeds supplied by the station for the use of residents.

At Copper Center station the work is devoted chiefly to grain growing, though experiments in the production of grasses and vegetables are also conducted. Wheat, rye and oats, clover, peas, beans, turnips and rutabagas comprise the list commented upon in the report of Special Agent C. C. Georgeron who has charge of the work in Alaska.

At the station located at Rampart, one degree south of the arctic circle, the principal experiments conducted during last season were directed toward the production of early varieties of grains, those which mature before the winter season sets in. The results are being reached by selection. Seeds are planted and those that mature early are selected and planted the next year. It sometimes occurs that an unusually early winter destroys the grains in process of selection and the work has to be begun again. The hardy varieties of Russia and England grain are used as seed. Wheat from Karhoff, Russia and Finnish black oats are crops which seldom fail, even so far north as Rampart. String beans and peas have been successfully raised at Rampart station and all of the hardy vegetables, parsnips, carrots, potatoes and rutabagas have also matured there; thus far the potatoes have shown the best results. As at Sitka seeds are distributed, the people coming many miles to obtain them.

The station at Kenai, where formerly experiments in grain growing were conducted, is now given over to dairying and the growing of feed. A herd of Galloway cattle was introduced last spring, and from this station interesting reports may be expected concerning the raising of cattle in Alaska, as the Galloways are said to be particularly adapted to the climate of the district.

Moles and Their Meaning.

According to an old authority a mole on the right cheek or right arm signifies happiness in love affairs; on the right hand, a happy marriage.

A mole on the left cheek or left arm signifies adverse fortune, particularly as regards love affairs; on the left hand, an unfortunate marriage from a worldly point of view.

Moles on the right cheek or arm, in combination with one or more on the left hand, point to money good fortune in love affairs than in money matters.

A mole at the corner of the right eye predicts a rich and indulgent husband. A mole on the right side of the chin shows good fortune, long life and a happy marriage.

A mole on the chin, if it be light yellow in color, denotes that a woman will be a good housewife; if brown in color it portends a happy married life.

A mole on the tip of the nose shows to a woman likelihood of much admiration and jealous lovers, in her dealings with whom she is recommended to exercise great caution and discretion.

A mole at the right-hand corner of the mouth is a sign of wealth; a mole at the left-hand corner of the mouth warns the possessor to beware of treachery and a false lover.

On a Terrible Spree.

"Mr. Oumley is doing some slum work. Does he like it?" "Enjoys it immensely. You see, he's never had a chance to sow any wild oats."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As long as a man lives he is a dead loss to the undertaker.

THE JUDGE AND TIM.

The Boy Had a Task He Wished to Complete.

Judge Lindsey, the famous "children's judge" of Denver, does not believe that there are bad boys. "Boys do bad things," he has been heard to say, "but they aren't really bad themselves. There is a lot of good in the worst of them, and we can usually find it if we try." Perhaps of all the public men interested in the welfare of the so-called bad boy, he has been the most successful in finding the good he speaks of so optimistically.

There are cases, however, that are baffling even to his patience. One of these was a 13-year-old boy who was brought into the juvenile court on a charge of truancy. Tim was a bright-looking little chap, and the judge expected that his kindly admonition would bear immediate results, but he was disappointed; for at the end of the fortnight, when Tim was ordered to bring his teacher's report, in accordance with the system organized by Judge Lindsey, he presented a sad record of almost continual absences from school.

"You must do better than this," said the judge.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; but at the next report day there was no improvement. "Tim will stay out of school to work," wrote the teacher.

"Tim," said Judge Lindsey, looking across the table, where he always sits with cozy informality among the boys brought into court for varying degrees of delinquency, "don't you know that if your mother was living she'd want you to go to school? Your aunt is good to you and gives you a home, and you don't have to work. Now's the time when you ought to be studying. You can work when you are a man."

"My father's a man, and he don't work!" blurted out Tim. "He went off and left mother an' me. I guess that's what killed her." The boy gulped down a sob, and the judge said, gently, "Your mother wished you to be a good man, and you must begin by obeying the law and going to school."

Tim's reports still continued to show absences from school, and to one report the teacher added her opinion that it was hopeless to try to keep Tim at his studies. Still the judge was not discouraged, and he spoke again to the boy, urging him to mend his ways, and was answered only by an almost sullen stolidity of expression which did not seem to promise well. But at the end of the next two weeks Tim appeared with a happy face and a much improved report card.

He pulled a soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket and handed it to the judge. "I'm goin' to remember all the things you told me and I'm goin' to school regular, now I got that done," he said, with some pride. Judge Lindsey examined the paper, which proved to be a receipted bill, and found that little by little, Tim had paid fifty dollars for a headstone at his mother's grave.

"My boy, is that what you've been doing all these months?"

"I wanted her to have a monument, judge." Tim furtively wiped away the moisture in his eyes. "She done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now."—Youth's Companion.

ROMANTIC ROCKS HOLD STORY.

Unlabeled, with Its Beautiful Country, Recalls Polly Williams' Fate.

Among the many romantic spots in Western Pennsylvania none is better known, perhaps, than White Rocks, near Unlabeled. This particular spot was made famous by Phillip Rogers willfully casting Polly Williams, to whom he was engaged, down the face of the rocks into the dark depths below, causing her death. This event, which occurred in August, 1810, has been done up in song and story, but the plain facts have never been related more clearly than by Charles B. Pennington, of Carmichaels, Pa.

"Polly Williams' parents moved from Fayette County, Pa., into Ohio," said Mr. Pennington, "leaving Polly in the care of a neighbor family, to be married to her betrayer, Phillip Rogers. The couple stole off together one day, she from where she was staying and he from his work, I believe, at an uncle's, and met at an appointed place. She, it is supposed, was under the impression that he was going to take her to a preacher to be married. Some time afterward a couple of girls were gathering huckleberries at the White Rocks and noticed a small piece of clothing on a bush near the edge of a rock. They looked over the precipice and saw a dead person lying below, which, on investigation, proved to be Polly Williams.

"Rogers owed his freedom from justice to the efforts of his lawyer, but it is said that he lived a very miserable life, and some who knew him said he scarcely ever slept, but would lie in bed and chew tobacco all through the night."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

As Seen from the Sea.

They were on their wedding tour.

"Darling," whispered the young husband as they strolled along the beach, "don't you love the seashore?"

"Yes," she said, "but Emerson says, you know, that there are two ways of looking at it."

His only response to this was a sigh. He couldn't afford a yacht.

Fractions.

"What a nice little boy you are," said the kind old lady, "and have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, sir; two half-sisters and three half-brothers."—Philadelphia Press.



For the Children

The Reminiscence of the Axe.

Wuns reddy brown was choppen wood ann hitt the cleseline with his acks ann twistid it owt uv his hands ann dropt it on his hedd ann nockt him down us the heez almost dedd fore kwite a wile, and reddy didnt no a singul thing for halfanour or so untill his muther fownd him there ann she was offle skairt shees so afrade that he had hurt his skul, but red was tuff ann it onley maid a big lump on his hedd.

but alwus afftur that a woodpile maid him offle faint becaws heez so afrade heez have another axidant ann so its twict us hard for him to chopp uno, ann reddy sehd heez alwus skairt fore feer heed look arownd ann see a cleseline near



WUNS REDD BROWN WAS CHOPPEN WOOD.

ann dassunt swing his acks. ann reddy sehd

he thinks perhaps it may uv hurt his hedd moar than he thott ann thatts the reezen wi a woodpile maiks him feal so skairt and shi.

ann henry beamus sehd wun time he chopt

a lot of wood ann wenn heez thro he dropt

the acks rite on his foot ann cut his toe a turble gash ann afftur that uno heez so askairt uv ackes heez no good at awl ann wenn it kums to choppen wood it maiks him swett with feer. ann henry sehd

he nose just how to simphatize with redd ann iff he had his way heez neevur go near a woodpile uv acks agenn uno. —Philadelphia Ledger.

The Broken Vase.

Crash! Mother's new vase fell to the floor, and two little frightened faces looked at each other in surprise and dismay.

Marjorie picked up the pieces carefully and sat down on the ottoman with them in her lap. Kentic sat down, too, and they pieced the fragments together.

"Why, it looks most like new!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"There's a little teeny hole, Marjo," Kentic said, slowly.

"But it's so little, Kent! Let's put it on the mantelpiece again and see if it shows."

"Yes, let's."

Kentic climbed up on a chair and took the pieces as Marjorie handed them up. He set the jar back in its old place, with the little hole next to the wall. The pieces held together beautifully.

"Don't it look good, Marjo?" he said, excitedly.

"Yes, splendid! I don't 'spect anybody'd know it was broken."

Kentic got slowly down, and they went across the room and stood looking up at the little jar. It was mamma's present from papa on her last birthday, and they knew how much she thought of it. They had a faint idea, too, that it was worth quite a good deal of money.

"We couldn't tell her now, you know, Marjo, 'cause she's gone to a heathen meetin' at the church. Let's go upstairs 'n' play party."

"What'll we do when she gets home, Kentic? Must we tell right off quick? Maybe she wouldn't feel so bad by 'n' by, when she's had it longer."

Kentic did not answer. They went out of the room and shut the door softly. The hardest part of it was, it would never have happened unless they had been playing in the parlor, where they were quite sure mamma would not have wanted them to be.

The party was not a success. It was a very solemn little party, and came to an end abruptly. They tried playing jacks, but that was even worse than the party.

"I'm goin' down. I most b'lieve you don't play fair, Kent Howell!"

Marjorie went off and left Kentic tossing the stones up and catching them on the back of his hand. After a while he put them all in his pocket and went down-stairs, too. Very quietly he stole through the hall and into the parlor. "Oh!" he whispered, with a little jump, and a guilty expression. "You here, Marjo?"

Sure enough, there was Marjorie, sitting on the ottoman. They looked at each other with sober little faces. Just then they heard mamma's voice on the front piazza, and they slipped out into the back yard instead of running to meet her as usual.

Teatime came, and bedtime. Mamma went upstairs and "kissed them to sleep" in the same dear old way, but somehow it troubled them this time. She turned out the gas and went away.

The clock on Marjorie's bureau ticked very loud indeed, and ticked quite a long time before there came a shrill whisper from Kentic's room.

"You asleep, Marjo?" "No, are you? I've been awake all night. Don't you guess it's most mornin'?"

"Yes, I guess so. Say, Marjo!" "What?"

"I've been thinkin' of somethin'." "So've I."

"Let's go down an' tell her now, Marjo."

"Oh, yes, Kentic, do let's!" And two little figures in white night-dresses pattered down the stairs. Mamma was writing at her desk. It was a letter to grandma, telling "all about those blessed babies." The sitting-room door creaked and mamma looked up. "What in the world!" she said, for there stood the "blessed babies," hand in hand, right before her.

In a minute it was all told, Kentic's words tumbling over Marjorie's and Marjorie's tumbling over themselves. It was so much easier to tell when they had once begun. Mamma listened gravely. Then she took them both up in her arms and had a little, loving talk with them about the dreadfulness of hiding things from mamma.

"Was it most telling a wrong story, mamma?" Kentic whispered.

"I'm afraid so, dear," mamma said. "It was a good deal worse than breaking the jar."

By and by mamma sent them up to bed, and how much lighter their hearts felt going back, and how they hugged each other!

Marjorie's clock ticked a jolly little good-night as they got into bed.

"Good-night, Kentic!" Marjorie called again. "Ain't it nice we went?"

"Splendid, Marjo! I'm goin' to try to be—to try to be—"

I expect Kentic finished that sentence in Slumber Land, for Marjorie heard no more.—Youth's Companion.

ISLANDS OVERRUN BY DEER.

Come to the Doors and Farmers Can Only Shoo Them Away.

Farmers on Orcas, Whidby, Lopez and Mercer Islands have grown weary shooting the deer away from their crops, and are demanding the privilege of exterminating the deer on the islands. Either this action or they will have to move back to town and give over the islands to the wild game.

It is claimed by the farming interests that the bill making game preserves of the four islands was all very well in the days when these spots were not settled by an industrious class that is now tilling the soil. Then it made no difference whether they were driven into the water by hunters.

Now that Orcas, Whidby, Lopez and Mercer Islands have become thickly settled the deer have become a nuisance. Mercer Island lies in Lake Washington within a stone's throw of the State's metropolis, but the deer are absolute in their control, as if the spot was located near Mount Tacoma.

It does not make any difference how much money is spent by the settlers and city farmers on the improvement of their places, the deer drift in and eat up whatever suits their fancy, and the farmers are helpless. All they can do is to shoo away the invaders, and if they will not shoo the farmer may, in his desperation, take the deer by the horns and lead him outside the inclosure. But he has no privilege in law of using violence in dealing with the deer pest.

One or two residents on Mercer Island tried to be rid of the deer. It is related that one industrious citizen who found the deer eating up his cabbage patch killed one and the game warden immediately placed him under arrest. That the courts subsequently freed him is no consolation. The farmers in the deer-infested regions want the privilege of fighting to preserve their farms from invasion by the voracious deer.—Walla Walla Statesman.

Indian Cure for Neuralgia.

Here is a simple method of curing facial neuralgia. If the neuralgia is in the right side of the face the left hand should be placed in a basin of water as hot as can be borne. Or if neuralgia is in the left side of the face then the right hand should be placed in the hot water. It is asserted that in this way relief may be obtained in less than five minutes. The explanation is that the two nerves which have the greatest number of tactile nerve endings are the fifth and the median nerves. As the fibers of these two nerves cross any impulse conveyed to the left hand will affect the right side of the face, or if applied to the right hand will affect the left side of the face. This is on account of the crossing of the cords.—East Indian Review.

More Drinking than Hunting.

A captain in the Russian Imperial Guards rented from a vice president of the Austrian Jockey Club a hunting estate, for which, after taking possession, he refused to pay on the ground that there was very little game. The vendor brought an action in the courts of Eger, Bohemia, for recovery and produced evidence to show that the captain and three friends had spent five weeks on the estate, but passed all their time in drinking. They had consumed 1,280 bottles of champagne. On these facts a compromise was effected.

The average woman makes a strenuous effort to discover her husband's faults for the purpose of hiding them from other people.

One of the things that go without saying is speechless amazement.



SHEEP NONSENSE

Papa—I never told lies when I was a boy, Willie. Willie—When did you begin, papa?—Storo.

Cholly (enthusiastically)—She is forever smiling upon me! She—Awfully polite girl! Every one else laughs outright.—Puck.

"That horse was capable of winning in a walk." "And did he?" "No. They foolishly entered him in a running race."—Washington Herald.

Molly—When you spoke to father did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? George—Yes. Molly—And what did he say? George—He borrowed it.—Sketchy Bits.

She—When I accepted Jack, he said he felt as if he was in the seventh heaven! He—I can well believe it. He has been engaged six times before.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Cholmondely—You and your sister are twins, are you not? Marjoribanks—We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I.—Cleveland Leader.

Maud—So you are to be married at last. Did Jack have much trouble getting your fathers consent? Belle—Not so much as papa and I had in getting Jack's.—Springfield Union.

Prospective Pa-in-Law—You understand that you do not get the dowry until the end of the first year? Suitor—Oh, all right; I will postpone the wedding until then.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

"Sometimes I think I have more troubles than any other man on earth." "Nonsense! Look at Thompson. He's got a wife, an automobile and a sure system for beating the races."—Leslie's Weekly.

Tramp—Madam, I am suffering from indigestion. Lady—Why, I'm sorry. What can I do to help you? Tramp—Madam, you can cure me instantly by giving me something to digest.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Lawson—How can Mrs. Wykesleigh afford to keep three servants? Mrs. Dawson—Oh, she plays bridge with them every Monday afternoon and wins back all their wages.—Somerville Journal.

Baker—Do you think it is true that two can live as cheaply as one? Barker—Not much. Since I've been paying alimony to Mrs. Barker it has cost me double what it did when she was my better half.—Life.

Servant Maid—I left my last place because I couldn't get enough to eat. Master—You won't find that the case here. My wife does the cooking, and there is always a lot left after every meal.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

"Little boy," said the good woman, "do you always tell the truth?" "No'm." "Don't you know it's very, very naughty to lie?" "Yes'm." "Then why do you do it?" "I don't. Sometimes I'm too busy to talk."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"He's a great growler, isn't he?" "Hurricane is nothin' to him." "Finds fault with everything?" "Worst you ever saw." "By the by—what is he doing now?" "Editing the 'Band of Hope' and 'Sunshine' department of a new magazine."—Atlanta Constitution.

Grandma—Were you surprised to have me come and visit you? Johnny—Not so surprised as mamma was. Grandma—Why, she knew I was comin'.

Johnny—Yes; but what she was surprised at was papa's language when she told him about it.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Hoon (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that a certain man in Philadelphia was fined \$10 for holding a girl's hand. Mr. Hoon—Well, I don't know that that is too much for a person in Philadelphia to pay for a little excitement.—Broadway Magazine.

"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house and look out for those dreadful railway vans." "Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'ospital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"—London Tit-Bits.

Visitor (to the country theatrical manager)—But why have you so small a stage and so deep an orchestra? Stage Manager—That is a brilliant idea of mine. When the audience throw things at the actors, they fall short and hit the musicians. Musicians are cheaper than actors.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

London's Underground Railroads. London now has six "tubes" for electric underground service. Five more tubes are under construction and projected. The existing railways of London, underground and surface, it is estimated, carry over 600,000,000 persons yearly, of which the underground lines accommodate 258,000,000. There are nearly 600 railway stations in greater London, and into the trunk line stations alone there pour annually over 300,000,000 passengers.

The Secret. He—Why did you t-'ll me this if it was such a secret? She—But if I didn't tell it to somebody how could anybody know I could keep a secret?—Baltimore American.