

RUINED BY MOTHER.

WHY THE NEWELL BOYS TURNED OUT BADLY.

Taught by Their Over-Indulgent Mother that Their Sisters Should Wait Upon Them—Lack of Ambition Brings Bad Luck to the Family.

"But, land of love, Miss Percy, didn't they have the same home and training? Didn't they have the same sweet mother and upright, manly father? Weren't they surrounded by the same good influences? Didn't they have the same goodly example? I don't see why the Newell boys all turned out such worthless fellows, while the girls grew into noble women. There's Lucy, now—our minister's wife—cultivated, sweet-tempered and benevolent. Who ever saw a lovelier lady than Alice? And Harriet is all that could be desired. I don't understand it, Miss Percy; I declare I don't. We all know Bob and Frank Newell are idle and worthless. How is it?"

"Stop a minute, Mrs. Harrison," responded Miss Percy; "did they have the same training? I know they were brought up under the same roof, but they were brought up very differently, I assure you. Bob and Frank Newell were good enough to begin with, but their dotting mother has ruined them. Why, Mrs. Harrison, those boys used to come into the house and throw their caps and jackets on the floor for their mother or sisters to pick up and put away."

"The mother, you know, was a weak, good-natured woman, who worshipped her husband and sons, and was content to slave and pick up for them, believing it was all unselfish devotion. But the girls rebelled—poor things. No wonder! Then Mrs. Newell would say, 'Why, Alice!' or 'Why, Lucy!' I'm surprised at you. Won't you do that much for your dear brothers? I'm sure it's a mere trifle for them to ask of you. And poor Lucy or Alice would go back and wait on the boys, thinking they must be selfish things to grudge this constant service."

"When Harriet was a little thing Mr. Newell died, leaving his large fortune to his wife. They were living in New York then, and Lucy and Alice were young ladies beginning to enjoy life in a large city. Bob and Frank were not engaged in any business; they couldn't make money, it seemed, though they could spend fast enough."

"First they tried manufacturing cloth. They rented a mill and hired a superintendent. Then they paid brief daily visits to their office from ten till two. The superintendent had entire control of them and the business, and he managed both to his own profit. When manufacturing failed, the boys tried one thing after another, until, finally, they determined to try farming."

"Their weak, fond mother, whose faith in her boys seemed to increase with their increasing helplessness, sold her house in New York and came to this remote village to live. Harriet was a child then—to be educated. Lucy and Alice were enjoying the pleasures and advantages of New York; but they were not to be considered for a moment. Education, pleasure and friendships must be broken off; expenses must be cut down to the lowest penny—all to help those precious spendthrift boys, who had yet to make their first sacrifice for either mother or sisters."

"They bought old Lemuel White's farm, the best place for miles and miles. But it was the old story; nobody about the place knew anything but themselves, nobody's advice would they take, and everything about the farm was expected to look after itself. They bought all the patent reapers and mowers advertised in the county papers; but when the time came to use them Bob wanted to go to a fair, and Frank couldn't find the hay hook. When the neighboring farmers were planting corn it was discovered that the new patent corn drill was out of order, or wouldn't work. Everything about the place went down, except the debts, which rose higher and higher. Bob and Frank cursed their luck and took to drinking; the farm had to be sold at last, and poor Mrs. Newell woke up one morning to find herself homeless."

"Lucy and Alice went to New York and found employment through former friends of their father. For five years they supported their mother; then Lucy married, and soon after Alice, Mrs. Newell makes her home with Alice, you know, and Harriet supports herself. The boys, for whom every one else was sacrificed, can barely earn a living, and are poor, shiftless creatures, who will never rise."

"I tell you, Mrs. Harrison, it was the difference in their training which made the Newell boys and girls differ. The girls are taught to be unselfish, thoughtful and considerate. The boys were trained to regard their sisters and mother as servants and themselves as superior beings, to whose comfort everything must be subservient. Naturally they grew up thinking their ease of more importance than the rights of other people. Their mother ruined them."

"Well," said Mrs. Harrison, rising slowly, "I shall make my Jack hang up his cap and jacket when I go home."—Good Housekeeping.

WHEN THE EYE DOES NOT SEE.

New Law of Vision Discovers that Accounts for Certain Optical Effects.

Two series of investigations of far-reaching importance to physiological optics have been completed during the past year in the psychological laboratory of Wesleyan University at Middle-

town, Conn., by Prof. Raymond Dodge and students of the university.

The first series definitely established a new law of vision, almost revolutionary in its consequences. It was proven that the eyes, when in motion, can distinguish nothing in any complex field of vision over which they sweep. In order to see any object at rest, the eye must remain motionless looking at some definite part of it for an appreciable length of time. If the eyes move, they see nothing for about one-twentieth of a second. This explains the success of those sleight-of-hand tricks in which rapid movements of the fingers are absolutely unseen, while the eyes follow the larger movements of the hand. It also explains the necessity of looking at a relatively fixed point in boxing, fencing, etc.

While the new law will necessitate a reinvestigation of many psychological problems, it has an especially obvious bearing on the psychology of reading. Four years ago, in collaboration with Prof. Benno Erdmann, then of the University of Halle, Prussia, Prof. Dodge demonstrated that, contrary to the general impression, the eyes do not move regularly over a page as we read, but make a series of distinct pauses as they sweep along each line of print. At that time evidence was made which seemed to show that the eyes actually saw the words only during these pauses. That evidence has recently been called in question by eminent authorities. The new experiments finally settle the question beyond all doubt, and justify the psychologically, as well as pedagogically, important conclusion that in reading the true unit of stimulation is not the individual letter, but a more or less extended group of letters.

The second series was a quantitative study of the eye movements, with particular reference to the rapidity of reading. This series involved the invention of a unique method of measuring the movements of the eye and the designing of a considerable amount of new apparatus, by the aid of which the first accurate measurements of the eye movements were affected. These measurements not only show the length, number, and velocity of the movements of the eye during reading, but they also furnish the first exact data for a study of the co-ordination of the eyes and the muscular fatigue of reading.—Chicago Tribune.

PICTURES THAT POINT.

Trick of "Foreshortening" to Give Moving Effect to Drawings.

"With the exception of making the eyes of a portrait follow you 'round,' there is no trick of the draughtsman which so much impresses the general public as violent foreshortening," remarked the designer for a St. Louis lithographing establishment now taking a vacation without pay to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "I long wondered why, for, as a rule, the public objects to anything which seems to violate common sense. I at last came to the conclusion that the secret is the same as that of the 'pursuing eyes'—namely, an apparent motion in the picture, which leads an uncanny mystery to it. It is, of course, not a conclusion to increase the self-satisfaction of the artist, who would like to see in the public interest some special recognition of his abilities. The trick is a favorite one with battle painters, who always have one of the prominent figures taking dandy aim at the spectator, and of late the advertisers have worked the racket to a finish with foreshortened highway-men pointing foreshortened revolvers and foreshortened orators pointing foreshortened indexes, and I see that one of the weekly illustrated papers has just worked the scheme into its cover. The trick, however, is rather looked on askance by art committees and must be used with discretion if an artist does not want to draw upon himself the charge of fakery. A few years ago a violent example of the foreshortening trick was worked through into a prominent Northern exhibition of paintings. It was a woman, with extended arm pointing directly at the spectator, and the title, 'Conscience,' was one to work upon the imagination. Well, the picture simply swept the Casino and Homers, and Gabriel Maxes out of consideration, and was by long odds the popular success of the exhibit. One afternoon I was watching the crowd circling around, allowing itself to be pursued by its conscience, when an old Irishman attracted general attention by trying to ram his head behind the picture frame. I finally asked him what on earth he was up to, when he answered: 'O! just want to see how thim clock work-ks is set that makes the dom thing turn.'"

In a Sorry Plight.

A Maine family, whose woodpile has been mysteriously dwindling of nights, decided to fill one or two tempting big sticks with gunpowder and see if thus they could stop these depredations. They carried out these plans and watched for the shingles to rise on the cottages where the suspects lived. The wind rose first, however, and upset the woodpile, and now the owners of the wood can't for the life of them tell which sticks are loaded. In the meantime every time a stick of wood is put in the stove the whole crowd bolts for the door.

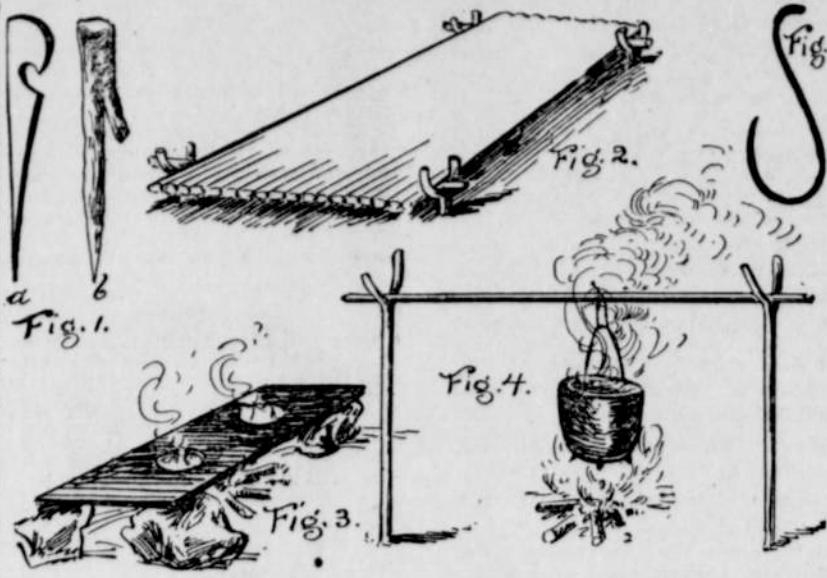
Amateur.

"Amateur is from the French almer, to love, is it not?"
"I believe it is."
"The idea being, doubtless, that amateurs don't positively hate each other, as professionals do."—Detroit Journal.

No matter how poor a musician a girl is, she is a much better one than her neighbors think.

Very few liars are good liars.

HOW TO CAMP OUT.



A writer in the American Boy gives the following valuable hints on the best methods of making a camp:

Select some site near lake, pond or stream, if possible, where you can enjoy the threefold pleasure of fishing, boating and swimming. A party of three or four gives better satisfaction, and an A tent, at least 7x7 feet, should be used. If you cannot procure a tent you should not give up the trip in consequence, for an Indian wigwam covered with bark and boughs may be substituted, or, better still, a "lean-to" covered with bark and boughs or sod, can be built. A boulder or embankment is necessary for this.

If you have a tent, but cannot conveniently carry the tent poles, the accompanying illustration will show you how to do without them. Select a dry place for the camp, on a slight knoll, if possible, in order that the rain may flow off readily.

The following lists are for a party of four boys making a three weeks' trip. If they do not have to hire the boat, the trip should not cost them over two dollars each for the entire three weeks, counting what each one can take from his home. If a boat has to be hired this will make the expense of the trip about three dollars each, or only one dollar per week each for a trip that will prove to be worth to each one an hundred times that amount.

Here are the lists; if you contemplate camping, copy them carefully: Four quilts, two blankets, two rubber blankets, two short-handled axes, plenty of rope, extra suit each of old clothes and underclothes, plenty of fishing tackle and a very large box of worms, target, rifle, camera, bathing suits, frying pan, two kettles, coffee pot, eight tin plates, four steel knives and forks, plenty of nails and spikes, six spoons, two large spoons, two butcher knives, four pot-hooks, five tin dippers—plut size—toaster, sheet-iron for fireplace, iron rod for crane, soap, towels, rags for dishcloths, cuts, etc.; thread, safety pins, needles, court plaster, ointment, Jamaica ginger, Epsom salts, five pounds cornmeal, four double loaves of bread, two pounds of coffee, one-half pound of tea, four pies, four dozen doughnuts, four dozen cookies, four cans roast beef, peck potatoes, one-half peck of onions, salt and pepper, five

BLUFFED AND ESCAPED.

The Exciting Experience of Admiral de Mello of Brazil.

"I see by the papers," said a New Orleans coffee importer, "that Custodio de Mello, who is described as a 'banker,' was arrested in Rio the other day for conspiracy against the Brazilian government. No doubt the average reader passed the little cable dispatch by without recalling the fact that De Mello was the hero about ten years ago of one of the most desperate and dramatic exploits of recent times. It is an interesting story. In 1893 Admiral de Mello was in command of the Brazilian 'navy,' which was undoubtedly the queerest conglomeration in the world. It consisted of half a dozen old scows and one tip-top, bang-up, first-class battleship—the Aquidaban—the equal at the time of anything afloat. It was the admiral's 'flagship,' and one fine day he astounded everybody by sailing into Rio harbor and calmly sending word to President Peixotto that he wanted his resignation. When Peixotto recovered from his astonishment he told him to go to blazes, and De Mello thereupon declared the city under blockade. Rio lies, as you know, on the inner side of a large bay, with a very narrow entrance. There were no guns at the town heavy enough to do the big battleship any damage, but at the harbor mouth there were two forts that could easily blow her out of the water. So De Mello had really sailed into a rat trap, staking everything on the chance of bluffing Peixotto out. He could not shell Rio on account of foreign interference, and for three solid months he circled round and round the bay, trying repeatedly to make a landing and a dash into the city. He was enormously outnumbered by the shore garrisons and always beaten back with loss, and eventually his situation became about as desperate as can be readily imagined. Food and water had both run short; it was impossible to get more supplies; all hands, including De Mello himself, were reduced to walking skeletons, and meanwhile the batteries at the harbor mouth had been powerfully re-enforced. In this plight Peixotto supposed he would be only too glad to surrender, and sent a demand to that effect. 'You are bottled up,' he said in substance; 'you can't get out, and you can't make a landing. It's a case of surrender or starve.' De Mello sent back word that they would starve. In the next couple of weeks men did die

pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, five pounds of salt pork, four cans of clams, four cans of baked beans, three pounds of crackers.

Pack these things in soap boxes upon which you have placed hinged covers. Four boxes should hold all but the tent and bedding, which you can make into one bundle.

In preparing your camp, hang all the kitchen utensils upon nails driven into a large tree near your fireplace. Nail two boxes, like cupboards, upon another tree near where you will eat your meals. In these place all the foods but the canned goods, which you can set on top of the boxes.

Keep your clothes in your tent or hut. Make a frame for an awning and place your rubber blankets over it. Under this build your tables of old boards or poles, together with seats. Stretch a rope to hang and dry your clothes upon and air your bedding there every pleasant day. Also dig a trench around your tent to carry off the rain. Arrange to fatten your boat securely and you will be pretty well settled.

You can make tent pins as in figure 1 (a), or cut them in the woods as in figure 1 (b).

The most satisfactory bed is made by covering the ground two feet deep with pine needles, and over this placing a few light hemlock boughs. Cover this arrangement with your rubber blankets at night. Make your bed upon this and you will never be damp. If you prefer to sleep off the ground you can make a bed as in figure 2, with small, springy poles, and cover these with boughs.

Figure 3 shows what to use in lieu of a stove, a piece of sheet iron 18x24 inches. For boiling and chowders make a rack or crane as in figure 4. Have the cross rod (a) of iron; gas pipe will do, as this will not burn off and drop your dinner into the fire.

A piece of strong wire, bent as in figure 4, makes a pot-hook, to be used in figure 4.

When four go camping the best method in regard to work is to pair off, that is, let two do all the work one day and the other two do the same the next day, and so change about.

There are generally farmers living in the vicinity, of whom you will be able to purchase milk, vegetables, and other things you may need.

on the Aquidaban of actual starvation. Then De Mello decided to end it all in a grand coup de theater, and one night he started at full speed for the harbor mouth. Concealment was out of the question, and the battleship made its dash with lights blazing, flags flying and band playing. I met the admiral afterward in Caracas, and he told me they had no expectation whatever of getting through, but their sheer audacity so disconcerted the gunners at the forts that they failed to land a single effective shot. As she passed the narrow Aquidaban let loose a double-broadside and steamed triumphantly out to sea. De Mello was in exile for years, but he was finally pardoned and returned to Rio. This is the man who has just been arrested for a new conspiracy, and I think you'll agree with me that he is an individual who is apt to make things pretty hot when he gets started. If I were President of Brazil I'd put him in the bastle and throw away the key."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Still There Was a Profit.

"And now, doctor," said the patient, as he prepared to depart with the mixture, the lotion and the pills, "what have I to pay?"

"Oh, say 75 cts," replied the doctor.

"Make it even, doctor."

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about trifles."

The patient laid a sixpence on the table, and, with a polite "Good morning," was making for the door, when the doctor called after him: "Stop! stop! what's this?"

"It's all right, doctor," blandly replied the patient. "You said you would make it even, and everyone knows that six is even and seven odd."

"Get you gone, you scoundrel," roared the irate medical man. "I've made fourpence out of you, after all!"—London Tit-Bits.

Bound to Be Heard.

Jester—I understand that our pastor is going to preach through a megaphone hereafter.

Jimson—Why is that?

Jester—Why, the sleeping members of the congregation snore so loudly that the others can't hear.—Ohio State Journal.

Dream.

"Ab, Miss Clarinda! may I dream that you will return my love?"

"You may, but it won't come true!"—Life.

MONEY IN ALFALFA CROPS.

Nebraska Farmers Growing It with Success on Lands Once Abandoned.

Nebraska is likely to be known hereafter as the land of alfalfa. It has only been within the last half-dozen years that the farmers of the West have found out what a gold mine alfalfa is. The Eastern farmer has not made this discovery yet.

Eight or ten years ago the idea became deep-rooted that every part of Nebraska was capable of being redeemed from the range and made to blossom with the seductiveness of the rose. Two years of drought changed this notion and drove thousands Eastward again. Part of the thousands of acres of land thus abandoned to the gopher and the coyote was immediately fenced in by the ranchers and the cattlemen, but the men who hung on and the men who put their trust in cattle soon found that where corn would not grow there was the land best suited to the cultivation of a forage plant once despised.

This was alfalfa. Year after year since then has found hundreds of additional acres planted to this forage, until there are now in the valleys of the Platte and the Republican and even here and there in the sandhills great farms of a quarter and a half section upon which no other crop than this is raised. With alfalfa as a starter and corn as a finisher the best method of fattening cattle for market has been found by the stockman.

Three crops a year, sometimes four, are raised. The average yield is from two to two and a half tons to the acre at each cutting, and sometimes goes as high as six, while it commands a price ranging from \$4 to \$6 a ton. Besides this it can be raised each year with certainty for an indefinite term of years. It does not exhaust the soil, because it contains a very small proportion of phosphates; in fact, experiments have shown it to be an excellent thing for the ground. It derives a great deal of its moisture from the atmosphere, and in some way exerts a disinfecting effect upon the alkalis of the soil—the very qualities that make the corn yield scanty.

It grows dense and scarcely above two feet in height. Fed green or cured to stock it is wonderfully nutritious. It is cut when coming into bloom, while it is succulent, and before the stems become woody.

THE LAZIEST CREATURES.

Indolent Aquatic Fowl Are Found on Shores of Western Lakes.

"During the recent trip through the lower western section of the country," said a young man who had recently returned to New Orleans, "I believe I discovered the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It was an aquatic fowl, with a big, clumsy-looking beak, in form something like the dodo, now extinct. I have spent some time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They call them shags, I believe, out west. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bills with considerable precision when they dig for game, and they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl. Whenever a shag begins to catch fish a long-legged water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands the fish the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around the shag will continue its watch for fish and this is kept up until the water hen has finished its meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sleepy efforts. I have, on one occasion, seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind him to steal the fish out of his mouth."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Way of Safety.

Unless a cyclist is a "scorcher" there is no need, generally speaking, to make any effort to avoid him. He will look out for the collisions.

A lady was crossing the street when she saw a bicycle rider coming toward her. She stopped, then dodged backward, and as he had swerved in order to pass behind her there was a collision, and both took a fall, but neither was much damaged.

"If you hadn't wobbled, sir," she said, angrily, as he assisted her to rise, "this wouldn't have happened!"

"Neither would it have happened, madam," he replied, "if you hadn't wobbled, or if you had wobbled in a contrary direction from my wobble. It was our concurrent and synchronous wobbling, so to speak, that caused it."

Then the cyclist, a college professor, doffed his cap, mounted his wheel, and rode on.

Insurance and Hair Dye.

Hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a continental assurance company refuses to insure the lives of persons using it.

Cents and Nickels in Demand.

According to United States Treasurer Roberts, cents and nickels are now being used to a much greater extent than ever before.

PHILIP C. SHAFFER.

New Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine.

Philip C. Shaffer, the new imperial potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, is a native of Philadelphia, and one of the best known men in that city. He has just entered upon his fifty-first year and for more than one-half of his life has been a Mason. Upwards of seventeen years ago he joined the Shriner, and for twelve years he officiated in the post of Oriental Guide of Lu Lu temple in Philadelphia. For three years he was the potentate of the temple, and he was elected to the office of the deputy imperial potentate at the last meeting of the Shriner. Mr. Shaffer, as may be imagined, is one of the most enthusiastic of the Shriners in the country. He is devoted to spirit and purpose of this order, and few men have more mystic friends than he has in his home city and throughout the country. It was believed from the beginning that he would be promoted from the second highest to the highest office in the order. Mr. Shaffer is prominent in the furniture trade of the city of Philadelphia.



P. C. SHAFFER.

BENJAMIN F. KEITH.

A Manager of Theatricals of World-Wide Fame.

Benjamin F. Keith, who, it is said, will build one of the most magnificent theaters in the world at State and Madison streets, Chicago, began his career as a theatrical manager in Boston nineteen years ago. At that time the vaudeville, or "variety" theater, as it was then called, was severely reprobated socially, so much so that ladies or children never attended a "variety show" and men went sub rosa. Mr. Keith started out to elevate the variety stage and it is to his efforts, or at least to his initiative, that the great reform in vaudeville has been due. Mr. Keith now owns theaters in Providence, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. His playhouse in the last named city is one of the sights of the town. Like many successful managers he is a native of New England. Reared on a farm in Massachusetts, he early drifted away from the prosaic life of the country into the traveling "show business." It is said that he is now a factor in the theatrical industries of forty American cities.



BENJ. KEITH.

AN EXILED QUEEN.

A Madagascan Representative to Visit Paris.

According to a cable dispatch, Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar, who was exiled from her country by the French four years ago, and taken to Algeria, is to be granted her long expressed wish to visit Paris.

Ranavalona has been happier in Algeria than she was in Madagascar, where she was a virtual prisoner in her palace. Since her exile she has been living in a fine villa provided by the French government, which also has allowed her \$5,000 a year and a staff of servants. At the island palace her principal amusement was flying paper kites from her palace window. The dusky queen has not lost her taste for chewing tobacco, cigarettes, and jewelry, and continues to have her gowns made by Worth, the fashionable Paris tailor. Her jewelry is said to be worth \$2,000,000. Queen Ranavalona was taken from Madagascar at 2 o'clock one February morning in 1897, after six hours' notice to get ready. She and her two uncles had been detected in a plot to overthrow the French, who have been in Madagascar for two centuries. The men were executed, while the queen was deported to Bourbon Island, and later to Algeria.



RANAVALONA.

Odd Names for Edibles.

In London, a sheep's head stewed with onions is called a "Field lane duck." Potatoes are "Irish apricots" and "Munster plums." A herring is called in different localities of England a "Digby chicken," a "Norfolk capon," a "Dunbar wether," or a "Gourcock ham." In France it is customary to call a herring a "poulet de careme" (Lenten fowl). In our own country in New England, codfish is frequently known as "Cape Cod turkey."

To Abolish African Slavery.

An organization has been incorporated under the laws of New York whose purpose it is to abolish slavery in Africa. This evil, so long the curse of the American Republic, still flourishes in remote quarters of the globe. The new organization will do what it can to hasten the day when there shall be no spot on earth where this evil can secure a foothold. It numbers among its membership well-known philanthropists.

A Misleading Contentment.

"Physiognomy doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

"What do you mean?"
"I started out to console that discontented-looking man; and he told me he was perfectly contented."—Detroit Free Press.