

Words of Thanks

Editor of Junior Call—Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for the box of paints I received some time ago. Yours truly,
HELEN GROGAN.

San Francisco.

Dear Editor—I received the book which I won in the Junior Call, and I think it is just darling. It certainly was worth trying for. Lots of success to the Junior Call.
Alameda. LOUISE WALDEN.

To the Editor of the Junior Call—Dear Sir: I received the paint box which I won in the Saturday Call a week ago. I thank you very much for your promptness. I remain, yours truly,
MARGUERITE MIEHLING.

Editor of Junior Call—Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for the interesting book you sent me. Yours respectfully,
Suisun. INA CAMPBELL.

Editor of the Junior Call: I received your beautiful prize, "Chronicles of Avonlea." The stories are lovely and I enjoyed every line. I thank you very much, indeed. The book would have been acknowledged sooner but I have just returned from my vacation and read it. Yours very truly,
AGNES L. PETRIE.

San Francisco.

Editor Junior Call—Dear Sir: Saturday's mail brought me a big surprise in the nice book, "How to Visit Europe On Next to Nothing." Although I do not hope to ever be fortunate enough to use it in travelling, I still expect to derive much pleasure and profit from the reading of it.

Please accept sincere thanks from yours respectfully,
RUTH HOLLAND.

San Francisco.

Editor of the Junior Call—Dear Sir: Received the paint box Saturday morning, which I appreciate very much.

Thanking you, I am, very truly yours,
ELIZABETH BAHR.

San Francisco.

Dear Editor: Thank you so much for the nice box of paints. Yours truly,
FLORA ORR STEEL.

San Francisco.

To the Editor of the Junior Call—Dear Sir: Your paints reached me Monday. Thank you very much for them. It is a very nice set of paints.

I live out here on a desert. There is a salt marsh four or five miles away from Blair. They get the salt from the salt marsh and manufacture it.

There is a strike on in Blair and the miners won't work for the company. Lots of my playmates have gone away, so I painted the picture for pastime.

Truly yours,
RALPH MELDRUM.

Blair, Nev.

Dwellings in Paris

On January 1, 1890, there were in Paris 810,468 dwellings, representing a rent value of \$87,220,397. On January 1, 1901, there were 810,504 dwellings whose rent value was placed at \$100,314,928. On January 1, 1911, the number of dwellings was 893,204, with a rent value of \$115,932,900.

The number of premises and out-buildings declared vacant on January 1, 1890, was 27,447, representing a rent value of \$4,684,632. On January 15, 1901, the number of such dwellings had fallen to 28,438, whose total rent value was assessed at \$4,423,224. On January 15, 1911, the number of unoccupied dwellings had fallen to 8,227, with a rent value of \$2,450,244.

During the period from 1890 to 1911 the population of Paris increased 45.173, or 19 per cent. During the same time the number of dwellings increased 103,236, or 28 per cent. It would appear at first glance that the number of vacant dwellings must necessarily have increased, but the contrary is true. The number of vacant dwellings in 1890 was 4.62 per cent of the total number of dwellings in the city; in 1911 it was less than 1 per cent of the total. This result, which at first seems abnormal, is said to be due to the decrease in the number of deaths and the increase in the number of single men. The number of households in 1901 was 775,031; in 1911, 922,509, an increase of 27 per cent. Whereas in 1890 the average number of occupants of each dwelling was 2.09, in 1911 it had dropped to 2.39.

The great diminution in the number of dwellings is a cause of concern to the inhabitants of Paris, and one of the chief causes of the existing high rents. True, many dwellings are constructed each year in Paris, but the number demolished is almost as great; and, owing to the legal height limit of buildings, there is little or no more room in the new structure than in the old. It is feared that if the population of Paris should increase in the same proportion—that is, 20,000 per year—and absorb each year, as in the period 1901-1911, 1,500 vacant dwellings, in five or six years there would be no more vacant dwellings, and owing to the natural law of supply and demand the inhabitants of Paris would find themselves facing two alternatives—to submit to the exactions of property owners or to move outside the city.—Livre Foncier de Paris.

CHILDREN KNOW PILOT AS HAPPY JACK

WE all have our hobbies. Jack Rightmyer has his. Jack is the pilot of the William F. Romer, of the Central Hudson Steamboat com-



pany, that piles between New York and Kingston, and when off duty indulges in his hobby of making hammocks for little girls to rock their baby dolls to sleep in.

Forty-five years ago Jack was a tow-boat pilot and guided boats through the upper Hudson into Albany. At that time he eaded to his income as pilot by making ten foot hammocks.

Jack's home town is Roundout, and his grandchildren enjoy their afternoon naps in the same hammocks that were made for their mothers. Eighteen other hammocks in Roundout were made for little girls whose own little girls are using them now.

As a proud father left the boat at Kingston Jack handed him a package addressed to his little girl. "That," said he, "is the hammock I promised

your dear little baby." His baby friends speak of him as "Happy Jack." "I am proud of the name my dear little friends have given me, although I would not be 'Happy Jack' but for them," said Jack.

The pilot house of the William F. Romer is indeed a popular place for the young ones, and fond mothers feel secure that they are in the care of "Happy Jack." Many souvenirs in the pilot house, such as snapshot pictures of children, pipes and tobacco pouches, are evidence of the popularity of the good natured pilot.

In the winter months, when ice blocks river traffic, Jack directs a large force of men in cutting and storing the ice at Kingston Point. The Hudson, therefore affords him a means of livelihood in the winter as well as in the summer.

Sea Water and Weather

What kind of summer are we going to have this year? asks the Manchester Guardian. Orthodox meteorology will not commit itself to long shots of this sort, but there is one quite serious man of science who correctly forecasted the brilliant summer of last year and the gloomy, wet one of the year before. And he has already expressed his opinion of our chances this year.

He is Dr. H. Bassett, late of the chemical department of Liverpool university. He has been appointed professor of chemistry of Reading University college, but he is still going to carry on the examination of samples of sea water obtained during the hydrographic cruise of the Lancashire sea fisheries committee's officers and report upon their salinity. So, at least, one gathers from the 1911 report at the Lancashire sea fisheries laboratory at the Liverpool university and the Piel hatchery.

It is from these examinations of sea water that Doctor Bassett gets his weather forecasts. He finds a definite connection between the conditions of the sea and the general weather conditions of the British Isles.

Doctor Bassett correctly forecasted the unusually wet summer of 1910 from the late appearance and reduced salinity of the gulf stream drift early in that year. Again, in his report of observations of the condition of the Irish sea, during 1910, published in May, 1911, Doctor Bassett wrote that "the renewed vigor of the gulf stream drift also gives us good reason to expect a more genial summer, quite different from the dismal ones of 1909 and 1910." Both these shots were bullseyes, but what of this summer?

Having discussed the values of the salinities at the three stations affected by the gulf stream drift in December, 1911, and on February 14, 1912, Doctor Bassett makes the following prediction for this year: "I have little hesitation in saying that the summer of 1912 will probably be like neither the brilliant dry one of 1911 nor the gloomy wet ones of 1909 and 1910, but just one of the somewhat variable and uncertain summers which are usually experienced in this country."

A Vermonter's Failure

"The inefficient are necessarily the disobliging," said Frank A. Munsey, apropos of a political leader who had failed.

"A middle aged failure got a summer job in a Vermont general store last month. A boy came in one morning and asked him for a half pound of melted maple sugar, the famous Vermont dainty, at the same time laying a pot on the counter.

"The inefficient failure, without weighing the pot first, ladled a lot of the sticky syrup into it, then, of course, when he set the pot on the scales, it went down with a bang. Finally he ladled out all he could—but, again, bang went the scales.

"Then the man returned the boy his pot and said:

"Go back home and tell your ma, sonny, we can't make a half-pound of melted maple sugar."—Los Angeles Times.

Plural and Singular

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes.

But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.

Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese.

Yet the plural of moose should never be meese;

You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hices.

If the plural of man is always called men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,

But a bow, if repeated is never called bine,

And the plural of vow is vows, not vine,

And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,

And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth, and the whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular is this and the plural is these,

Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keesse?

Then one may be that, and three would be those,

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,

And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him,

But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.

So the English, I think, you all will agree,

Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

—Unidentified.

Elephant and Motor Car

A Swiss residing at Siantar in the island of Sumatra has written home an account of the capture and transportation of a young wild elephant in a motor car by a resident of the town, says the London Standard.

The elephant, which was well roped, was driven to the nearest path in the forest, and with great difficulty the motor car arrived at the spot, a kind of platform replacing the body. The elephant was induced to mount the platform and was strongly secured to it.

The trip to Siantar started, but difficulties at once arose, because the elephant, whose trunk was free, used his proboscis to examine in turn the chauffeur, the seats in front, the machinery, and finally the guiding wheel, his last maneuver nearly upsetting the car, which was brought to a stop as the journey was becoming dangerous.

The elephant's trunk was then strapped to his body, and the car arrived at Siantar without further incident. This is probably the first time that a wild elephant has had a ride on a motor car.

A Floating Farm

Jens Soeby's "floating farm" is one of the famous sights on the Columbia river, writes a contributor to the July Wide World magazine. All the buildings are supported by three rafts made of huge pine logs. Soeby, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, got the idea of a floating houseboat when traveling in China and Japan, and when he returned home after the war he built three rafts on the Columbia river, and on these he erected a house and a warehouse to keep nets and boats, chicken pens, and so on; he also made a garden in which he raised enough vegetables for the use of his family. Soeby's farm and inn, floating serenely on the water, soon became a favorite headquarters for fishing parties. Here they were housed and fed, and at night Soeby would play his old violin for their entertainment. He also gave music lessons. The "farm" was moored in front of the property of C. E. de Long, who charged Soeby 50 cents a month rental. When Soeby did not pay his rent for two years De Long secured a judgment and a writ of ejection from the judge of the superior court, but when the sheriff attempted to enforce the order the water was too low to move the rafts. Recently, after a freshet, the water rose, and George Johnson, deputy sheriff, was sent to remove Soeby's property. He hired a river steamer and crew of half a dozen men, pulled up the anchors of the rafts and towed this unique floating habitation half a mile down the stream, where it was anchored, and where Jens and his wife still live.

How the Turkey Came to Be Bald

The Indians in our country have many legends connected with certain peculiar habits or customs prevalent among them, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. If one should chance to visit the home of an old Indian he would perhaps notice a turkey wing hanging near the fire.

This the Indian uses to fan his fire into a flame and make it burn brightly, or perhaps in the sultry days of summer to fan himself. If asked why he uses the turkey wing instead of the wing of any other bird he would no doubt relate the following story:

Many years ago the fire of the world was nearly extinguished; this happened just at the beginning of the winter season. The birds of the air were filled with anxiety, for their intuition told them they would need heat to keep them warm through the winter.

A bird council was held and it was decided that birds which could fly the highest should soar into the air and see if they could find a spark of fire anywhere. The efforts of the eagle, lark and raven were in vain. The honor was left to the little brown sparrow, who spied a spark of fire in the hollow of an old stump in the heart of a deep forest.

The birds flocked around the stump and tried to decide who should pick the spark out. But all their efforts were in vain; to their dismay they saw the spark growing smaller and fainter. The turkey then volunteered to try to keep the tiny coal alive by fanning it with his wings. Day after day the turkey kept fanning; the heat became greater each day until the feathers were singed off the turkey's head. If one notices carefully he will see lumps on the head of a turkey that appear as blisters.

It is believed that the turkey was so badly burned that all turkeys since have had bald heads and wear the blisters as a memento of the bravery of the turkey. The faithful turkey lost his beautiful feathers, but he gave back the fire to the world; so in his honor, and as a memorial of his faithfulness the Indian uses the turkey wing to make his fire burn.

Statue With Umbrella

Some poor art is to be seen in this country in the shape of statues dedicated to the memory of great men, but no American enormity in this line quite equals that which was perpetrated by an English sculptor for the town of Reading, says the New York Sun.

When the fellow townsmen of a certain George Palmer of that place decided to honor his memory they determined upon a bronze statue of Palmer, which should be not merely a portrait as to features, but a correct presentment of him as he appeared among them every day. Accordingly, the stranger in Reading is startled by the most unconventional of statues, with every crease and wrinkle of the homely attire of the original reproduced.

To complete the effect, the statue is bareheaded, with silk hat and umbrella in hand. It is thought that this is the only instance in which the necessary but not entirely beautiful umbrella has been reproduced in bronze.

Pennsylvania Lemon Grower

Miss Eliza J. Baird, who lives near Unionville, is having success in raising lemons and oranges at home. She has exhibited two immense lemons, one weighing a pound and a quarter and measuring 13 1/2 inches around, and the other weighing a pound and measuring 12 1/2 inches around. They were grown at her home on a tree which is five or six years old and five feet high. Miss Baird has two fig trees from which she gathered good figs last year.—Philadelphia Record.