OCEANS HARD TO IMAGINE

People of the Middle Ages Found It Difficult to Conceive Extent of Waters.

Eratosthenes was right; the earth was a globe. But what philosopher ever imagined that it was so large! Homer was right when he sang of the "mighty flood," but he was thinking of the insignificant Mediterranean. What poet had imagination enough to picture the vastness of the Pacific! Many had surmised the truth, but none had realized its extent. When the caravels of Columbus had sailed and returned the wise ones of the Renaissance were astonished by the story brought home. It seemed impossible that there could be so much water. And still the girth of the seas was uncomprehended. It was only when Magellan's Santa Vittoria had circumnavigated the globe and dropped anchor in the Bay of San Lucar that a realization of the world of water began to dawn. The Atlantic was astonishing enough in all conscience; but the Pacific was overwhelming and dumfounding.—John C. Van Dyke.

How Sand Dunes Travel.

In the desert of La Joya, Peru, there are thousands of cressent-shaped sand dunes, formed by the winds, and slowly advancing across the level surface. One investigator measured one of these dunes, the points of whose crescent were 160 feet apart, while the length round the convex side was 477 feet. The width at the widest part of the crescent was more than 100 feet. The weight of the sand composing the dune was estimated at 8000 tons, yet it moved 125 feet in a year. All the dunes have the same form, and all have the convex side toward the prevailing south winds.

No Chance.

"So you've been speculating in the market, have you?" "Not at all; I always lose my money on sure things."—Life.

PROVERBS HELD IN COMMON

Remarkable Similarity of Ideas Noted Among Nations, Both of the Old and New World.

The similarity of ideas all over the world is found in the similarity of expressions to convey the ideas. The old English proverb "A fool and his money are soon parted," finds its counterpart in the phrase, "There is no medicine for a fool." But the Japanese also claim that by good management they can do something even with fools, when they say, "Fools and scissors move according to the mode of using them." Some of us carry our Latin with us all our lives, just because we had a good teacher. To these, the old Latin saying, "The eagle does not catch flies." (Aquila non capit muscas) will recall old memories of the pride and sarcasm of the Romans. So also will they be pleased to read the Japanese aphorism, "The falcon does not peck at ears of corn," which is true, as falcons, especially those of the peregrine type, are much more likely to seize and carry small animals like lambs, rabbits, chickens. —Philadelphia Ledger.

True.

My neighbor and I were discussing our husbands' likes and dislikes in food while Robert was playing with his tops nearby.

Neighbor said: "My husband doesn't like chicken at all."

Up piped Robert: "Why, that's funny, isn't it? Most men like chicken."—Exchange.

Character is what you are; reputation is what you try to make people think you are.

Two Kinds of Specialists

By R. RAY BAKER.

Melvin Hamilton was a specialist in love.

Seth Johnson was also a sepcialist, but in a different art.

Melvin was Rockford's Lothario. He was the idle son of a rich merchant, with a dark, attractive face, and when he smiled and showed double rows of dazzling white teeth, and when he brushed back his luxuriant raven locks —well, the girls just surrendered their hearts.

Of course, Melvin's finances sometimes played a part in his conquests, but often they were just incidental. His handsome person and entrancing personality were the big assets, and his money simply gave him time to practice his arts. He was supposed to have an executive position in his father's store, but he spent most of his time driving in his big car and wooing fair maidens, and when he had wooed them successfully he cast them aside.

"It's an age of specialists," he told a friend. "Look at the doctors who succeed, and the lawyers, and the business men. They all specialize in some particular line. I've specialized in love affairs, and that's how I conquer the young women. Love? No, I don't love any of them; but I do love to make them love me, and then I lose interest. There's no girl I really could feel serious about."

Seth Johnson never thought of love, or if he did, his mind was not permitted to dwell on it. He had admired girls, but from a distance. He lacked initiative where they were concerned, and, besides, he was too busy specializing in something else, and, in addition, he was homely, with big freckles, and his clothes seldom looked neat. He had to hustle for a living.

Into Rockford to live came Susan McDonald, with her curly golden hair and her smiling gray eyes and her clever mind and winning personality. She was not a specialist, except in being herself. The game of love was not one of her accomplishments. She had never cared seriously about a man, but if she did she would not, "play the game," because she was too frank. No coquette was Susan McDonald.

On the bureau in Melvin Hamilton's room was a row of girl's photographs —reminders of his "victims," young women he had won and tossed aside with broken hearts. When he saw Susan he resolved to add her likeness to the collection.

Pulling social wires he managed to get an introduction, and ere long Susan rode in the big car, not frequently, but occasionally. Melvin tried his arts on her, gradually working up to the climax, but he failed. He had met his Waterloo, and it made him desperate. Balked in the game, he really fell in love for the first time in his life. Into the bottom of a trunk went the photos on the bureau. Melvin had decided to marry.

Susan loved him not. The only terrestrial objects she cared about were her father and flowers. She lived alone with her only surviving parent in the big house they had bought, and she loved him dearly. She insisted that a big flower garden be created on the premises, and Mr. McDonald acquiesced, as was natural where his daughter's wishes were involved. In the meantime she enjoyed herself observing the floral beauties of Rockford, for the town had some fame on account of its numerous attractive lawns and flowers.

That was where Melvin Hamilton made a mistake—in not educating himself to care for flowers. He should have used bouquets instead of chocolates to storm Susan's fortress, and he should have catered to her desires in that regard. She never forgave him for heedlessly stepping on a violet while they were strolling in the woods one day. With all his specializing, Melvin had not learned that one way to a woman's heart is to specialize in her hobbies.

Seth Thomas, gardener, had been engaged to plot out the beds in the McDonald garden.

No, there was no magnet in Seth's appearance, but he knew flowers from the ends of the roots to the tips of the petals. On paper he plotted out the beds, and after several consultations with Susan, he started putting in the plants, with her assistance.

The task took weeks and during that time Susan became well acquainted with her gardener. It would have been difficult really to know him under the circumstances, but flowers were his pets, his hobby, his profession, and discussion of them and his fondness for them drew out his real nature. His knowledge of them and his fondness for them made him almost a hero in the eyes of the girl who tried to be his assistant.

One day while they were planting flowers, Melvin Hamilton drew up in his car.

"Come on for a ride," he called to Susan; but she demurred.

"Come on," he insisted. "I have something very important to say to you. I won't keep you so very long."

"Oh, very well," she called. "I am very busy here with Mr. Johnson, but I guess he can spare me for a short time."

"Mr. Johnson!" he said, sarcastically, as she was helped into the machine, "Do you mean that tramp who's putting in your flowers—that—that nobody?"

Susan's eyes flashed.

"Tramp indeed! He's a perfect gentleman, and he has a head full of floral knowledge. And think of his mission in life! To beautify the world and make people happy! It's wonderful, I think."

Melvin said no more, but drove silently out into the country. He was in a desperate mood, and when a good place presented itself he drew up beneath the branches of a tree.

"Susan," he said, "you've put me off long enough, and we've got to settle it here and now. I'm offering myself to you, when I might have any one of a hundred girls in this town. You don't appreciate the opportunity. I'm rich and you can have everything you want. You must say yes, and say it now."

"Oh, I must, must I?" There was ice in Susan's tones. "Well I'll never say it. Go take one of your hundred girls. You may have wealth, but you lack something greater than that. Take me home at once!"

Defiance flashed in his eyes, but simmered out under Susan's imperious gaze.

"Oh, very well," he said, "I'll take you back—to your tramp gardener."

Her eyes said a lot, but she kept still. When they stopped at her home, she leaped from the car without assistance and started for the door of the house. Melvin caught her by the arm and stopped her.

"Listen, Susan," he pleaded. "You must take me!"

"Let me go!" she demanded and tried to break away. By this time Melvin was almost in a frenzy. Balked in the greatest desire of his life, he held fast to her and tried to pull her back into the car. He had lost all reason.

"You had better let the lady go," said a quiet voice, as Seth Johnson stepped into the scene, holding a geranium plant in one hand.

With the other hand he calmly released Susan from Melvin's grasp and started walking with her toward the house. Melvin stared in infuriated silence, then let in the clutch and the car leaped away.

Ten minutes later Susan was spading in the garden with Seth.

"Flowers are wonderful," she agreed, as he packed the earth about a plant he had just imbedded. Then he added, rather wistfully:

"And you are just like a flower. The difference is this: One can love flowers and can have them for his own, when he knows how."

Susan jabbed the point of her trowel energetically into the dirt.

"Well," she said, demurely, "one can often do things he never suspected—if he only tries."

INVENTION AND THE LABORER

Lowliest Workers Now Have Luxuries That Kings Formerly Only Dreamed Of.

Does labor benefit through invention? Perhaps the best way to answer this is to compare the standard of living of the average workingman today with that of his predecessor of a century ago.

The skilled mechanic of today, for example, has luxuries and conveniences that kings and princes could not have then. They are so common that he overlooks the fact that he has them or that they are chiefly due to the product of inventive ingenuity. Inventors have made it possible for him to transform darkness into light instantly in his home by pressing a button. Invisible fuel is carried to his kitchen stove through pipes. Rapid transit gives him more range of movement in less time for a pittance than all the wealth of monarchs could command a century ago. If he desires to be amused, the voices of noted singers and the music of orchestras are brought to him on a little black disk no bigger than a dinner plate, and the world's news is shown him—not read to him, but actually shown him —as it has happened.

These things are so common that he takes them for granted, whereas they are indeed miracles—scientific miracles created by inventive ingenuity.

We have this rapid development or extension of conveniences within the reach of the average man simply because invention—the invention of labor saving machinery—has released creative labor that would otherwise be needed to produce what we used to call the necessities. The less labor it takes to make a thing the greater number of people as a general rule can possess it, because in most cases the price of a commodity follows its labor cost.—From Industry Illustrated.

Exquisite Play Farm.

"You love flowers. I have a bouquet to give you—the Petit Trianon," said Louis XVI to his wife, the famous Marie Antoinette. Thus was built the most exquisite play farm ever known. Here in a wood of 800 trees, beyond the formal gardens of Versailles the young queen and her court had their own dairy and garden and poultry, with a thatched Swiss chalet to live in. Here they served suppers, the queen herself serving her guests—an experience for her, who, according to the court etiquette, could allow no one even to sit in her presence.

Friend Horse.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "why do people say a horse is man's best friend?"

"Because he is gentle and appreciative."

"I don't think that's it at all. It's due to the fact that a friend has a way of inducing you to take a chance on him that causes you to lose money."

UNFAIR METHODS IN SELLING HAY

Conditions and Practices Often Tend to Make Producer and Buyer Suspicious.

EXPERTS GIVE SUGGESTIONS

Careful Observations Made at Principal Markets for the Purpose of Eliminating Loose Methods in Handling Product.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Hay is marketed too often under conditions and practices that tend to make the producer somewhat suspicious of the buyer and the buyer suspicious of the producer. Such practices should be eliminated altogether, in the opinion of the bureau of markets and crop estimates, United States Department of Agriculture, and in a new bulletin, No. 979, "Marketing Hay Through Terminal Markets," federal officials make suggestions as to how that may be brought about. Copies of the bulletin may be obtained upon application to the department at Washington.

Loose Methods of Business.

"While a good many unfair methods," says the bulletin, "are at present practiced by those concerned in the marketing of hay it appears that most of them are related to loose methods of business on the part of various agencies engaged in the handling of hay. On the basis of careful observations made throughout the hay producing and consuming sections, and at the principal markets, it is thought that some improvement in the methods of marketing hay can be obtained by observing the following suggestions:

"On the part of the country shipper: More care in grading, weighing and loading the hay; better forms for use in confirming sales, tabulating and stating weights, and for invoicing hay; and more care and accuracy in stating terms of sale.

"On the part of dealers in terminal markets: The elimination of the practice of allowing the state of the market to influence the fulfillment of contracts with country shippers; more uniform methods of handling in terminal markets; better weighing methods and more consideration of contents of weight certificates; more uniform grading practices; grading inbound and outbound hay on the same basis when hay is bought and sold on grade designations; and the elimination of the practice of boosting grades on outshipments.

Suggestions to Dealers.

"On the part of dealers in consuming sections: More careful weighing of purchases; elimination of rejections when price decline is the only factor; and better records relative to contents and weight of a car when unloading."

Hay Taken From a Car in "Plug" Method of Inspection.

The bulletin goes into the details of methods followed in shipping and disposing of hay at various cities; cites common trade practices and faults; illustrates methods of car loading and of selling, and contains much valuable information relative to the industry.

SPECIAL RATION FOR FOWLS

Great Deal of Concentrated Feed Is Given Where Table Scraps Are Fed to Flock.

Owners of back-yard flocks, and sometimes farmers, depend to a considerable extent upon table scraps as feed for the hens. Feed of this sort varies a good deal in composition with different families and also with the season, but in winter it is usually free from large quantities of coarse green stuff and contains a great deal of fairly concentrated feed.

The United States Department of Agriculture has designed a ration specially to be fed to flocks that receive all of the table scraps. The mash of this ration is made up of three pounds corn meal, one pound bran, one pound middlings, one-half pound meat scrap. The scratch feed contains two pounds cracked corn, one pound wheat and one pound oats. If scraps are not available, feed five pounds of cooked vegetables daily to 30 hens. Two per cent of bone meal may be added to the mash without changing any of the other constituents. Five per cent of bone meal may be added if the content of meat scrap is reduced slightly.

Osculatory.

The gob was on shore leave and happy because he had found a girl as affectionate as he. His joy was dimmed, however, for a bluecoat had forbidden spooning in the park and his girl had tabooed it on the streets. But life took a new turn when he saw a man kiss his wife farewell in front of the Pennsylvania station, New York. He rushed his girl toward a crowd hurrying toward the Philadelphia express, and bade her a fond farewell. When the crowd thinned, they joined a throng for Washington, and repeated the act. They repeated it again before the Chicago train.

This was too much for a colored porter who had been watching. He stepped up to the gob. "Boss," he said, "why don't you go downstairs and try the Long Island station. Dem local trains am a-leavin' mos' all de time!" —Everybody's.

High Prices.

The night cashier overheard a peculiar conversation in Beaver Crossing the other day. A farmer was in a store buying some groceries. "Want any flour?" asked the grocer. "No, flour's too high. I can git along without it." After a while the grocer said: "Sold your wheat, Bill?" "Nope; I'm going to hang onto mine; they ain't payin' nothin' for it yet."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.