

HOME OF THE DOLL.

Methods of the ingenious Thuringian Toy-makers.

Dollmaking did not become conspicuous as an industry in the Thuringian mountains until the middle of the nineteenth century, when a citizen of Sonneberg brought from London a doll which was regarded as a great curiosity. It had come originally from China, and its head, legs and arms were movable. This furnished an inspiration to the ingenious Thuringian toy-makers, who promptly improved upon it. Up to that time they had made dolls only of wood and leather, but soon they evolved the wax head—at first a crude article, the wax being applied with a brush, but later brought to high perfection, thanks, it is said, to an accidental discovery. A man engaged in making the heads dropped a thimble into his pot of fluid wax and on taking it out found it covered with a smooth and beautiful coat of the substance. He was not slow to seize the idea, the result being the adoption of the dipping process, the final touches of color being put on with a camel's hair pencil. Later on the movable eyes and closing lids, to feign sleep, were added, and the fleece of the Angora goat was substituted for human hair in the making of wigs, holding its color and curl much better, the doll as it is known today thus assuming its final and highly artistic form.

Dressing the dolls after they are made has become an industry in which numbers of women and girls are employed. For the small, inexpensive dolls little chemises, finished with a ruffle of lace around the neck and arms, are made by hundreds and require no skilled labor for their construction.—Rene Bache in Circle.

LAND AND WATER BOATS.

Queer Vessels That Are Used in Wild Timber Districts.

Deep in the wilds of the Canadian timber lands and in a number of the northern lumber districts of the United States woodcrafty boats climb hills, creep through swamps and woods, reverse small streams from one lake to another and even climb upon freight cars if long transportation is necessary.

Usually a steamboat and steam engine combined, the engine can be used to drive the paddle wheels or twin screws, according to which of the two the boat is equipped with, or drive a cable drum which holds a mile of five-eighths inch steel cable used for warping and crossing portages.

At the end of a water journey the cable is carried to a tree some distance inland and at one side of the path designated for the boat to pass over. Passed through a pulley block, it is carried back to the boat and run through a pulley block at the bow. Then, returned inland again, it is fastened to a tree on the other side of the path and just opposite the first tree, thus making it possible for the boat to travel a straight course without dodging the anchor trees. The engine is geared to the cable drum, and the cumbersome but powerful craft commences its rock strewn journey.

No roadway is required, logs and skids being thrown a few feet apart across the pathway to keep the shoeing from grinding on the rocks. In this manner the boat can travel from one to two miles a day and take a grade of one foot in three when necessary.—Potter Mechanicals.

SHEPHERD CARVERS.

The Lonely Sheep Tenders of the California Sierras.

There are few lonelier lives in the world than those lived by shepherds in the high meadows of the California sierras. All alone they follow their sheep, seeing no one for many months of the year but the sheep, their dogs and perhaps an occasional—a very occasional—traveler. Probably this solitude dries up the springs of speech, for they are said to be very silent when they do encounter any one.

One of these strange men is a Basque from the Pyrenees. A lean, dark visaged, rugged fellow, he is now and then overtaken by some wanderer in the mountains. Along the trail before him his sheep feed. His mongrel collie hangs at his heels. He may raise his stick in mute salutation; he may slouch by without a sign. Yet this uncouth being has one talent—he can carve. His amusement is carving quaint sheep buckles out of bone. Every herd has its bellwether, about whose neck hangs a bell. The bell depends from a leather collar, and it is the buckles of these collars that this old Basque shepherd and some of these other Sierra shepherds make in the course of their lonely days. Sometimes a buckle represents a summer's work, for some of them are very elaborate. Some are in the semblance of saints or angels, some have the monograms of the sheep owners or of the shepherds in curious designs. All are patiently cut, bit by bit, with the pocketknife of the shepherd.—Exchange.

THE RATTLER.

It Rarely Sounds Its Note of Warning Until Attacked.

Contrary to the general belief, the rattler rarely gives its characteristic note of warning until actually attacked. In fact, the sharp, vibrant ring of its terminal appendage is probably designed more to assist this very sluggish serpent to obtain its food than to sound defiance or warning. In the first place, serpents possess but the most rudimentary traces of auditory apparatus and are practically deaf, the deficiency in the sense of hearing being compensated for by an extreme sensitiveness of feeling which makes them aware of the approach of moving objects by the vibration of the ground.

Hunters, treading cautiously upon a soft carpet of moss or leaves to avoid alarming game, will often step close to or over a rattler without disturbing it or receiving warning, and while many snakes are seen and killed by them it is probable that a far greater number are passed by unnoticed. All snakes are timid and would rather run than fight, and the rattler is not inviting certain destruction by advertising its whereabouts in the brush.—Francis Metcalfe in Outing Magazine.

CAUGHT THE THIEF.

An Incident Which Illustrates Japanese Detective Methods.

Recently in the village of Taharamura, Japan, all the male inhabitants above the age of fifteen years were assembled in front of the local Shinto shrine at the call of the village chief. A thief had been making depredations in the local tobacco plantations, and the chief sought to discover him. Outlines of the feet of all the villagers were taken on sheets of paper, and then these were compared with the tracks left by the thief in the tobacco fields. Nothing resulted from this experiment. The next day the inhabitants were called together again. A great hole was dug in the ground, and a raging charcoal fire was built in it. All persons present were ordered to walk through the fire barefooted, it being declared that no person would be burned except the guilty one. All advanced to undergo the ordeal except one, Shokichi Shibata, a man of evil reputation. He declined to trust his feet to the red-hot coals. Accordingly he was arrested and soon confessed his guilt.

FICTION AND FACT.

The Message in the Story Book and in Real Life.

In a magazine:
"I don't like you any more."
Harold Hoplite looked up at the quiet figure—a boy of six, with a mouth smeared with blackberry pie.
Harold was glum.
"I don't like you any more."
"Why?"
"Cause you made sister cry."
"Ethel cry? I didn't—I couldn't—make her cry."
"Well, she's crying now when you said nothing when you walked away. Why didn't you say by-by and kiss her when you're going away? I always do."
"I will! Right now!"
And Harold hastened back to make up the lovers' quarrel.
In real life:
"Say, sister gave me a piece of pie to come down and see if you'd gone, and if you hadn't to try to get you back past where she was sitting on the porch getting ready to be crying."
"Oh!"—New York American.

The Spleen as Food.

In France and Italy many persons eat the spleen, what we call in French "tripe." I have eaten it myself. Generally from a pig it weighs about eight ounces, and it is situated on the right side of the pig, touching the liver. A spleen from a cow or bull weighs about two pounds, but is a little more spongy than the pig's spleen, which is the best. If some one should start the fashion we would after awhile pay 75 cents a portion in first class restaurants, especially if some person of mark should start the habit.—Chief Valere Bagnouals in Letter to New York Tribune.

The Modern Turkish Woman.

The modern Turkish woman receives a far better education than many of her western sisters. When the latter is busy visiting going to concerts or even indulging in sports the oriental within the barred windows of her harem follows these movements in spirit. With a knowledge of seven languages, three oriental and four European, foreign novelists and as many books as she requires little escapes her attention.—London Strand.

Method.

"He occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman.
"Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."—Pittsburg Press.

MAKING A DICTIONARY.

The Colossal Task of Selecting the Words to Be Used.

One of the men who compiled a big dictionary talks as follows about the way the work was done:

From the largest dictionary of the language all the words were diligently copied, and then each of the smaller dictionaries was checked off in turn against this growing list. When the dictionaries had been thus exhausted all the living authors of works that had an undoubted standard value were secured to contribute from their works such words as they had used that were not found in the general dictionaries.

In addition to this, the services of about 500 readers were utilized, among whom was distributed all the standard literature from Chaucer to the present time. These readers were instructed to report such words as seemed to be new and not found in the ordinary dictionaries and to locate them by page and line that they might be inspected, each in its own context. For this purpose prepared blanks were furnished. Specialists in various trades, arts and professions were also invited to send such words belonging to the technique of their vocables as might be familiar to them, but which were not in general use, and so had not found their way into the dictionaries.

It will be seen that the collection of a vocabulary on such a plan, though there were many helpers, was a long and laborious task, involving a great amount of correspondence, which extended literally all over the world. Added to this was the near appalling task of editorial and clerical work, merely to sift and organize these contributions. It is not to be imagined that words so gathered could be included. An organized staff of editors and philologists was required, who passed upon the eligibility of each word.

The conservative care exercised in determining the scope and limits of a vocabulary can be inferred from the fact that in one of these offices, after a "dragnet" had gathered over 500,000 words, more than 200,000 were finally rejected. These included words that were still too completely foreign to merit a place in an English vocabulary, all the "used but once" words, considerable slang language and many technical terms that had good reasons against them. The fixing of a date before which words should be excluded, except on certain conditions, resulted in throwing out many.

When words have been selected for a dictionary, several distinct things must be done with them. They must be divided into their proper syllables, and the right syllables must be supplied with accents. They must be pronounced by the use of certain arbitrary signs used in a spelling of them to indicate the powers of the letters they contain. They must be defined in all the senses in which they have actually been found used in literature. In the case of a primary form the origin of the word in other languages—that is, its etymology—must be given.—Chicago News.

No Stain on His Record.

A New York clergyman, who often spends his vacation in fishing the streams of the Adirondacks, was on one trip adopted by a handsome setter dog, which insisted on following him from camp to camp as he moved along the stream.

One day he met a party of men working upstream with a native guide. The guide immediately recognized the dog as his own property.
"Trying to steal my setter, are you?" he shouted at the clergyman. "I'll have you to jail for this! There's a law in the woods just as big as you have in the city."

The clergyman endeavored to explain that he was an unwilling companion of the dog, which had refused to be driven away, but to little effect until he added a two dollar bill to his arguments.

"It's queer what strange things happen to a man up here," he said to the stage driver who later carried him away from the woods. "That is the first time I was ever accused of stealing a dog."

"Yes, sir," replied the driver, sympathetically, and added, after a moment's pause, "For myself, sir, I have never been accused of stealing anything."—Youth's Companion.

Feeding Zoo Animals.

Not only is much care exercised in the choice of horseflesh, but when a carcass is cut up it is divided in such a way as to insure that in each piece given to the animals there is a bone. Otherwise the lions, tigers and other big carnivora would swallow the piece whole, which would be bad even for their iron digestions. The presence of the bone compels them to take bites at the flesh, which they pick from the bone with their claws and teeth, licking the bone afterward with their sandpaper tongues until the surface shines. For the smaller carnivora, such as polecats and weasels, and for the caporial birds, horseflesh is somewhat too coarse and pungent, so they are fed for the most part on the heads and necks of chickens. These parts are selected also because of the bone in them.—London Graphic.

THE RATTLER'S BUTTONS.

Do Not Rely on Them to Tell the Age of the Reptile.

It is a very common fallacy concerning rattlesnakes that each segment of the rattle indicates a year of the serpent's existence, and it will probably be accepted until some one devises a safe method of examining the teeth. One has only to stand for a half hour in front of the rattlers' cage at any zoological garden or museum to hear it repeated several times, together with many other bits of misinformation which make the average "nature story" seem a statement of bald fact by comparison.

Although the young rattlesnake comes into the world equipped with but a single button on the end of its tail, when a year old it may have as many as a half dozen segments, while three a year may be taken as a fair average development. In hunting, crawling over rough country and through tangled brush the rattles are apt to be injured or lost, and occasionally a very large specimen is seen with but two or three segments, while one of the banded variety procured in Pennsylvania for the Bronx zoo was less than three feet in length and possessed seventeen perfect rattles, the absence of the terminal congenital button demonstrating that one or more pieces had been lost.

A segment is added to the rattle each time the snake casts its skin, and it may occur every month of the snake's active season, which in the northern states lasts from early May until the first severe storm of winter drives it to the den for its long hibernation. This casting of the skin, which is common to all serpents and many of the lizards, is a curious provision to protect the reptile from disease and discomfort, and, like most of nature's provisions, it is a wise one.

Since the day when the serpent was condemned to crawl abjectly on its belly, instead of wriggling gracefully upon its tail, as a punishment for whispering suggestions for the fall into the eager ear of Eve it has been peculiarly liable to injure its sensitive integument, and, spending its existence in close contact with the ground, it becomes the unwilling host of many ticks and parasites which are harbored by the decaying vegetation. Any unfortunate who has accumulated a few wood ticks and laboriously removed them from his hide with the point of a knife and ammonia will appreciate how much easier it would be to grow a new skin and envy the serpent the rattle means at its disposal to rid itself of the unwelcome pests.—Francis Metcalfe in Outing Magazine.

Advantage of White Hair.

"Most people regard white hair as a misfortune," said a hairdresser. "They mourn over its coming as a sign of vanished youth, and they try first one thing and then another to withstand this touch of time. I think they make a mistake. Paradoxical as it may sound, white hair, when it arrives, say, in the late twenties or early thirties, really helps in keeping a person young. It's true, anyhow. A man or woman whose hair turns white before the wrinkles arrive is a subject for congratulation, because for many years he or she will appear about the same, and if only proper care is taken of the complexion the impression of youthfulness will continue—I was almost going to say indefinitely. Then, white hair is more often than not extremely becoming. It relieves a heavy face and gives an added tone to the most intellectual one. People don't realize that's all. If they did, they would be content to let nature take its course."—Exchange.

How Different Races Bear Pain.

Moaning and groaning as if she were being tortured to death, a colored woman sat in the accident ward at Jefferson hospital. "Don't wind that bandage so tight, doctor," she begged of an interne who was skillfully putting a bandage on her foot; "you'll stop de circulation, sure." Wondering what dreadful calamity had befallen the suffering woman, a visitor asked another doctor what was the matter with her. He said nothing but a slight cut on the bottom of her foot. "Colored people always make a great disturbance over any physical injury," he added, "but the Italians are the worst. The sight of a little wound seems to upset them entirely, and they come in here shrieking and crying, accompanied by anxious friends and relatives also shrieking and crying, over the slightest cut or burn. Americans and Germans seem to bear pain with the most fortitude, and in general women do better than men."—Philadelphia Record.

Business Hours in Honolulu.

Business manners in Honolulu lack the strain and flurry of the mainland city. The hard, white, anxious Chicago face no man wears here. The dodging and hurrying to go around the man in front are never seen. The accent of life is on men, not money or machines. There is not much doing before 10 o'clock, and at 4 the safes are locked, the desks are shut, and the men who do things are off for a ride or a swim or a game of tennis. Here a man does his business.—Chicago News.

CRUTCH WALKING.

Trials of the Man Who Tried It First Time.

"No one who has never tried crutches can have any idea of trouble it is to learn to walk with them," says a St. Louisan temporarily disabled by an injury to one foot.

"When I was first laid up I anticipated a speedy recovery, but progress was slow, and in order that I might have a little exercise the doctor recommended a pair of crutches. There's trick at all in learning to use them. He spoke of it as a matter of course, and I supposed that all I had to do was to pick up the crutches, put them under my arms and walk off, fast as I pleased. I had a man with crutches walking at a gallop as I had ever been able to achieve in my best walking days, and I was delighted with the prospect of being out of the house."

"The crutches were ordered and delivered. I took them with alacrity, at the very first step I sat down hard on the floor that it seemed to my spine was driven halfway into my skull. After recovering from the shock I concluded there must be something wrong with the crutches, and a visit to the house after trying them him pronounced them entirely too long. I took off the rubber tips and cut an inch, then tried them again and would have had another sitting had I not been held. The crutch again declared they were still too long, so I took off another inch, then two inches. That remedied matters so, but I speedily discovered after walking a few steps with a man holding me that my hands and arms were about to give out and that on the slightest provocation the crutch slipped from under my arms and wobbled so alarmingly that I felt every moment as if I was going headlong to the ground."

"Then I discovered that I must have more weight on the top of the crutch and less on the handles. This was improvement, but in five minutes my muscles under my arms were so aching that I couldn't stand the pain. To I put pads on top, only to find out that a brick pavement is the roughest walking place on the earth. A Rocky Mountain path is like granite compared to it. The slightest inequality caused the tip of the crutch and sent me staggering. When I raised my foot to take a step forward my shoe slipped against the bricks, and I would have had twenty falls every five minutes if I had not been supported."

"Crutch walking is a science, it must be studied and learned like all sciences. Now when I see a man walking along on two crutches I am filled with admiration for his endurance, but when I observe a one-legged man getting over the ground on only one crutch I feel that he is a born gait."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TESTED HIS LOGIC.

John Seemed to Make His Point, Missed the Chicken.

The old couple were eating their meal with their son after his return from college.

"Tell us, John," said the father, "what have you learned at college?"
"Oh, lots of things," said the son, "he revised his course of study."
"Then," he concluded, "I also studied logic."

"Logic," said the old man, "What's that?"

"It's the art of reasoning," said the son.

"The art of reasoning?" said the father. "What is that, my boy?"

"Well," replied the son, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on that dish, father?"

"Two," said the old man.

"Well," said John, "I can prove there are three." Then he struck the fork in one and said, "That is one, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the father.

"And this is two?" sticking his fork in the second.

"Yes," replied the father again.

"Well, don't one and two make three?" replied John triumphantly.

"Well, I declare," said the father, "you have learned things at college. Well, mother," continued the old man to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat, and I'll take the other and John can have the third. How that, John?"—Judge.

The Tenors' Parts.

Probably the composers are largely responsible for tenor worship. In Verdi's opera, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass, and the same is true of other opera writers. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote an opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the baritone is king, whereas six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles—"Rienzi," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde." "Siegfried" and "Parifal." This being so, we can probably continue to be subjected to the tyranny of one tenor or another, and it is true, as was maintained at a recent voice of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct. Argued.