EVER ON THE MOVE

MODERN GREEKS HAVE PASSION FOR WANDERING.

Cafe Is Social Center of Town—Little Comfort in the Homes—Sisters Must Marry Before Their Brothers Do.

To the Greeks, if we are to believe Ducke Ferriman, the art of making a home is not known, which does not necessarily mean that the men of Hellas lack the notion of "home" or dislike it. They understand home life otherwise than we do, that is all.

"One may meet with exquisite cleanliness," Mr. Ferriman states, "with beautifully embroidered bed linen scented with rosemary, but never with what we mean by coziness. The Greeks are far less in their houses than we are, and when they are at home they appear to spend most of their time in looking out of the window. They are not given to inviting their friends to their houses. It is not that they are niggardly, for they will gladly entertain you at a restaurant at far greater cost to themselves. But it does not enter into their ideas to ask you home to dinner, even after an acquaintance of many years.

"They do not ask each other, so it can hardly be expected that they should make an exception in the case of foreigners. The cafe is a second home to them. There they meet friends and gossip. That is one reason, perhaps, why they dislike country life.

"It offers no alternative to the home, there the hearth is the social center, while in town it is the cafe. In Athens those who do not own the house they dwell in seldom remain long in the same abode. Two or three years is quite a long tenure. Many people make a point of moving every year.

"The imposing facades of Athenian houses conceal for the most part a bare and comfortless interior, and a well kept garden is rare. . . . A garden is not made in a year, and a person who changes his residence every twelve months does not want to be troubled with much furniture nor is he particular as to its arrangement, seeing that it will be carted away in a few months.

"Home life has no resources for the Greeks as it has for us. It affords them little occupation and no amusement. They like to eat and drink in crowds, where there is noise and movement. . . . Their instincts are too gregarious to allow them to appreciate the domestic intimacy which we prize.

"The day chosen for marriage in Greece is usually Sunday, but the day of all days in the year is the Sunday preceding the Christmas fast. It is not fashionable now to be married in church. In Athens the ceremony takes place in the house of the bride's parents. A temporary altar is set up in the middle of the room.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony the priest and the couple join hands and walk three times around the altar, the guests pelting them with comfits. The most important part of the ceremony is the crowning of the bride and bridegroom with wreaths of orange blossoms. Hence a wedding is popularly called 'the crowning.'

"Love marriages are rare exceptions. The match is made by the parents and relatives rather than by the parties principally concerned. . . . . There are certain established usages which though not legally binding are not to be contravened with impunity.

"Then it is considered wrong for brothers to marry until their sisters have been wed. Again girls must marry in order of seniority. It would not be right for a girl to be married while she had an elder sister who remained single. The men of a family are thus naturally anxious to see their sisters settled, and as a dowry is indispensable its provision is often a matter of serious anxiety and the fruit of great self-denial on the part of the brothers if the parents are dead.

"There are cases in which brothers have remained unmarried for years and have devoted all their hard earned savings to the dowries of their sisters. Among the poorer classes emigration is resorted to not infrequently solely with this object and many a dowry comes to a Greek maiden from across the Atlantic."— London Daily Mail.

The Way of a Woman.

They had been quarreling and, although hubby was willing to take the blame all upon himself and smooth matters over peaceably, she was still snippy and indifferent.

"Come over here, Jessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very; I can stand the strain," she replied, belligerently.

"Well, it's something for the one I loves best in all the world," he said coaxingly, trying to wip a smile.

"Oh, is that so?" she sniffed. "I suppose, then, it's those suspenders you said you needed."—Lippincott's.

Would Improve.

Old Lady—I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find it swears very badly.

Bird Dealer—Well, madam, it's a very young bird. It'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older.—Every Woman's Magazine.

Where Did She Get It?

First Lady—Did you notice Mrs. 'Awkins 'ad a black eye?

Second Lady—Did I not! And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week! I don't call it respectable!

THE TRUE CASABIANCA

"BOY OF THE BURNING DECK" WAS REALITY.

Was Son of French Admiral, and the Man Who Ordered Vessel Blown Up Was Born at Jamaica Plains.

The "Boy on the Burning Deck" is not a myth, but an actual fact, and few know that the man who gave the order for the destruction of the vessel, on whose deck the aforesaid boy stood, was born in Jamaica Plain, and lived there till his royalist father, who objected strenuously to the American revolution, transplanted him to England, where he served under Nelson in the Battle of the Nile.

The boy was French, son of the admiral of the French ship Orient, and that was the vessel that blew up with the immortal boy standing by the mainmast.

The boy's unconscious destroyer, Captain Benjamin Hallowell, was born in the old Boylston house, still standing at the corner of Boylston and Center streets, in Jamaica Plains. The house was built in 1726 by the Boylstons, and afterward passed to the rabid royalist, Benjamin Hallowell, after whom the captain was named.

The old man lived in Jamica Plain long enough to make himself unpopular when the American revolution broke out. The son had been early sent to England for his education, and he became one of the seven American born men to attain distinction in the British navy.

In the battle of the Nile Captain Hallowell had command of the ship Swiftsure, which ran down the luckless l'Orient. When Captain Hallowell gave the command for the French vessel to be blown up, he knew nothing of the thirteen-year-old son of the French admiral who, foolishly but heroically, obeyed his stern father's order, "Don't leave the vessel until I give you permission," and his "proud, though childlike form" graced the doomed vessel when she "with fragments strewed around the sea."

Captain Hallowell afterward heard the sad tale and was much moved by it. The boy called out three times in agony to his father, he learned, but stood resolutely by the mainmast, though his father lay cold in death.

So much moved was the captain that he had a coffin made in the boy's honor out of the floating fragments of the l'Orient and sent it to his friend and patron, Lord Nelson, with the story of the boy's bravery, and expressing deep regret for the young hero's untimely end.

Nelson had the coffin placed in the cabin in remembrance of the boy, and Captain Hallowell himself told the tale to the then widely known poet, Felicia Hemans. Her sympathies were immediately excited, and she immortalized the boy in her sentimental verses, and she named him wisely "Casabianca."

Cruel Old Laws.

England's present King George is spared the mental torture experienced by the earlier George by reason of the numerous cases of capital punishment for which they had to sign warrants, says the London Chronicle. Of George III., for example, it is said that he kept a register of all the cases of capital punishment—it was then a capital offense to open without authority a letter addressed to another—that he entered in it the names of all felons sentenced to death, with dates and particulars of convictions, together with remarks upon the reasons which induced him to sign the warrants. It is also recorded that he frequently got up at night to peruse the fatal list, and that he shut himself up closely in his private rooms during the hours appointed for the execution of criminals. No wonder he went mad.

Story of a Cabinet.

The Swedish consul at Marseilles has received a modest but interesting memento in the form of a cabinet for papers for transmission to King Gustav V., says the London Globe. The history of the cabinet is interesting. It is made of juniper wood, and the tree was supposed to be a thousand years old when it was felled. It had grown on an estate near Marseilles which had belonged to the Clary family. One of the daughters married Bernadotte, the founder of the royal house of Sweden. Bonaparte, it is said, used to enjoy sitting under this tree. Some time before the death of Oscar II., the present king visited the home of his ancestors and expressed a desire to possess some souvenir of the place, and the cabinet is the outcome of that wish.

Pater Hated Serpents.

Water Pater figures so seldom in biography that the following glimpse of the solitary scholar, quoted by the San Francisco Argonaut, is specially interesting: "During dinner a guest asked to see a necklace I was wearing. It was in the form of a serpent made of silver wire deftly interwoven to resemble scales and to make it sinuous and supple. I unfastened the serpent and as I handed it to Mr. Pater, who was nearest me, it writhed in a lifelike manner, and he drew back his hands with a slight movement of dislike. In a flash I remembered the passage in 'Marius the Epicurean' in which the hero's dislike to serpents is so vividly described, and I realized the description to be autobiographic."

MISTAKES OF SCIENTISTS

History Shows Many Instances Where Men of Learning Went Hopelessly Wrong.

Sir Humphrey Davy's dogmatic pronouncement against gas lighting is not the only instance of a clever scientist being hopelessly wrong. The early history of submarine cabling furnishes two striking examples. Consulted on the scientific side of the project, Farady asserted that the first cables were made too small. Then he said that "the larger the wire the more electricity would be required to charge it;" and in this quite wrong opinion he was supported by other eminent electricians. As a result of this dictum the current was increased until the operation literally "electrocuted" the wire and the cable broke down. It was Lord Kelvin who by sending messages through heavy cables with incredibly weak electric currents proved that Farady was mistaken.

Sir G. B. Airy submitted the project to mathematics and arrived at the conclusion that a cable could not be submerged to the necessary depth, and that if it could no recognizable signal could ever travel from Ireland to Nova Scotia. In aviation Professor Newcomb, one of the cleverest mathematicians America has produced, who died last year, declared that he had mathematically investigated all the conditions operating against the heavier-than-air machine and was convinced that the aeroplane would never be more than a scientific toy; and the possibility of an aeroplane motor being reliable in the reduced atmospheric pressure above 3,000 feet was by several experts said to be out of the question a few months ago. Drexel's carbureter was certainly a bit erratic above the clouds last week, but he rose to an altitude of 6,750 feet.—London News.

Heart of a Child.

Children, in many directions, understand more than their elders give them credit for, and on the other hand are unable to comprehend many things that they are assumed to understand—for example, the reasons for certain lines of conduct. This is because they look upon the world with eyes that see but little of it and their visions of the years to come are filled with strange and wonderful things. They do not know that these coming years are to be governed by what they are doing now and can not be made to understand it by being told. They must be guided into paths that lead to a happy future by other means than mere cold instruction. Their hearts must be won. In other words, they must be fathered or mothered in the best sense. It is not always easy to get a child's heart, but when it is done it is worth while. Sometimes a wayward boy most readily comes under the influence of a sympathetic man, sometimes of a woman, but it requires the true parental heart in either case. It is a working of the old law that "'tis love that makes the world go round." Love is indeed the one law that applies to children.

Books Crowding the Libraries.

The nearest approach to a skyscraper in Germany is the new royal library in Berlin, with thirteen stories. The 1,300,000 books now in it fill 51 kilometers of shelves, and there is room for perhaps 40 kilometers more. It will take about half a century to fill these. The British museum has found it neecssary to store its newspaper files in a separate building, and other libraries will, sooner or later, be obliged to follow the example. Professor Alois Brandl of Berlin sees in this the first step of a movement which will end in providing separate libraries for different classes of books. In the meantime, the policy of public libraries will undergo a radical change. Selection will take the place of an attempt to store every book that is printed, and experts will be employed to do the sifting. The appalling increase in the number of volumes issued will of itself make this change imperative. Of new books in the German language alone there were printed in Germany, Austria and Switzerland 30,317 in 1908, as against only 17,986 in 1889. The number of books which have as ephemeral an interest as most newspapers is increasing rapidly.

Second-Class Carriages Doomed.

Second-class carriages on the British railways are doomed. The movement is slow but steady, one of the principal trunk systems having recently abolished the intermediary between first-class and third-class travel. On 17 lines which still retain "seconds" the last half year's passenger total is 50 per cent. lower than ten years ago. Having regard to the steady improvement in third-class accommodation, whence the greater proportion of profit is derived, the disappearance of the intermediate class is not surprising, especially in long-distance travel.

Greed, All Right.

"My grandfather"—the young man spoke not without a touch of pride—"my grandfather lived to a green old age. A singularly green old age. Three times after his seventieth birthday he was taken in by the confidence trick."

Her Joke.

"Madam, your account is overdrawn and we have had to send a number of your checks back."

"How perfectly funny."

WAS OBEYING ORDERS

HUMOROUS INCIDENT IN NEW YORK STREET CAR.

Twinkling-Eyed Old Irishwoman Got Her Transfer Regardless of the Company's Rules—What She Wanted It For.

When the street railway companies in New York posted notices that passengers desiring transfers must ask for them at the time of paying fare or otherwise forfeit right to receive them, of course people constantly forgot. The troubles of the street car employes were materially increased thereby—except in occasional instances. The conductor on an Amsterdam avenue car was one day accosted by a quaint little twinkling-eyed old woman, who demanded her "thransfer."

"You should have asked me when you paid," he objected.

"Sure, but I thried to do ut, me bhoy," she said, her innate friendliness overflowing in a smile, "but ye wuz that quick 'n' loively ye'd shtepped off befure I cud say a warrud!"

The conductors evidently reserved the right to make exceptions. This one was a good-natured looking young man; indeed, by this time every one about had begun to look good-natured.

"All right, grandma," he said, jovially, "I'll give you one this time. What other line do you want?"

"Whut line?" she repeated doubtfully. "I don't wan anny other line."

"Don't you know where you want to go?"

"Don't I know? Well, listen to the impidince of the bhoy, will ye!"

"You see," explained the 'bhoy,' laughing, "if you tell me where you want to go, I know what transfer to give you."

"Well, if ye must know, I'm goin' to git off at Wan Hundred 'n' Sivinth sthreet and go sthraight to me home, wan block wist."

"Well, then, what do you want with a transfer?"

"Whut do I? 'Tis me own business that! Sure"—taking him fully into her confidence—"I'll be givin' it, mebby, to me little grandson. Whin I git home, he'll be askin' whut grandma's got for him, the lamb!"

"But—"

"Now see here, wanst me bhoy, Danny, that's me son, he tould me pertickler to ask fer me thransfer whin payin' me fare. 'Tis the comp'ny's ordhes,' says he. An' that's whut I'm doin'—askin' fer me thransfer. Ye've been givin' ivery wan else a thransfer, an' ye can hand me out mine widout so manny wurruds."

The conductor surrendered. He selected a red paper, remarking, "That color will please the little grandson, I guess!" Then he went on, made happier for the rest of the day.—Youth's Companion.

Raising Their Check.

"How is this for side?" said the photographer. "The other day I went into a crowded restaurant to take a noonday picture. While I was focusing the camera the leader of a party of men who had been sitting at a table that would show up plainest in the photograph asked the proprietor to make out a ten-dollar check in big figures. He did so. Their own check of $4.65 for the bunch was hidden under a plate and the $10 check was laid down, printed side up, for photographic purposes only.

"If the proprietor had not assured me to the contrary I should have set that down as the most flagrant instance of snobbery on record. He declared that every time the interior of a restaurant is photographed some patron whose ambition is bigger than his pocketbook asks for a check big enough to cover his eating expenses for a week.

How Machinery Breathes.

An English writer on engineering subjects, Mervyn O'Gorman, calls attention to the fact that a piece of machinery, such as an automobile, laid aside after being used, is in danger of internal rusting through a kind of respiration which affects cylinders, gear boxes, clutch chambers, interspaces in ball bearings, and so forth.

Every inclosed air space "breathes" by drawing in air when a fall of temperature contracts its walls, and expelling it when the walls expand through heat. The moisture introduced with the air is deposited in the cavities, and may produce serious damage through rust. The popular belief that oil will protect the inaccessible parts of unused machinery is fallacious, since nearly all oils take up about three per cent. of water in solution.—Youth's Companion.

Even That.

Representative Nye of Minnesota has much of the wit of his lamented brother, Bill Nye. Himself a lawyer, Representative Nye said at a lawyers' banquet in Minneapolis:

"Lawyers have grand reputations for energy and perseverance. A lad said to his father one day:

"'Father, do lawyers tell the truth?'

"'Yes, my boy,' the father answered. 'Lawyers will do anything to win a case.'"

Serviceable Topic.

"What is your opinion of the initiative and referendum?"

"It is likely to prove very useful," replied Senator Sorghum, "in helping to take my constituents' minds off the tariff."

TESTING OF THE NEW BOY

An Important Informal Occasion at the Edge of the Old Swimming Hole.

The boys knew very well how to take the conceit or vanity out of their comrades. In the summer days all the boys of the village used to gather at a place on the river, known as Thayer's swimming place, about half a mile from the town pump, which was the center from which all distances were measured in those days. There was a little gravel beach where you could wade out a rod or two and then for a rod or two the water was over the boy's head. It then became shallow again from the opposite bank. So it was a capital place to learn to swim.

After they came out, the boys would sit on the bank and have a sort of boys' exchange, in which all matters of interest were talked over and a great deal of good natured chaff was exchanged. Any newcomer had to pass through an ordeal of this character, in which his temper and quality were thoroughly tried. I remember now an occasion which must have happened when I was not more than eight or ten years old, when a rather awkward looking individual had come down from New Hampshire and made his appearance at the swimming place. The boys, one after another, tried him by putting mocking questions or attempting to humbug him with some story. He received it all with patience and good nature until one remark seemed to sting him from his propriety. He turned with great dignity upon the offender and said: "Was that you that spoke, or was it a pumpkin busted?" We all thought that it was well said and took him into high favor.—Senator Hoar, in "Boyhood in Concord."

Making Musical Instruments.

As a large share of the $1,350,000 import of musical instruments into the United States last year came from Austria, the following note on their manufacture may be of interest:

Musical instruments to the value of $152,029 were shipped last year from the town of Graslitz, in the Carlsbad consular district, to the United States. In 1908 the shipments amounted to $112,299 and in 1907 to $178,910. A large proportion of the inhabitants of the village, numbering about 15,000, is engaged in the manufacture of brass horns, trumpets, bugles, cymbals, etc. There are 11 concerns, which employ 20 to 210 men in the factory, and for which hundreds of men, women and children work at home. In addition, there are 130 master makers of musical instruments, who employ 756 workmen. The total number engaged in the industry is about 4,000. The hours of labor in the factory are from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., with half hour midmorning and midafternoon resting spells and an hour at noon for dinner. The wages range from $2.43 to $6.09 a week, depending on the skill of the workman.—Consular Report.

The Waste of the Wind.

Everyone who wants a cheap motive force has tried to harness the wind. Every child has made a paper propeller or a windmill. But can it be said that the possible uses of the wind have been as arduously investigated as such recently discovered forces as steam and electricity and gases? Is it not conceivable that the practical uses of the wind are underestimated just because they are so familiar?

We cannot help thinking that the wind will be more variously employed some day in the same way that probably the problem of laying under contribution the great physical fact of the tides will be solved. One would think that the wind could be used for electric lighting, yet there is no practical apparatus for the purpose. True, the wind is variable and occasionally absent; but as electricity can be stored, one might suppose that this was the very case in which variability did not particularly matter.

Lattice Screens for Inns.

Many quaint old inns are to be seen in King's Lynn and the sign of the Lattice Inn is one of the oldest in existence. In the olden times the windows of inns were kept open, and in order to hide the revelers within a lattice screen, painted red, was placed in the window. There is an old saying: "As well known by my wit as an alehouse by a red lattice." The lattices continued up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and when they disappeared from the windows they were adopted as signs. The latter are getting very scarce and it is questionable whether half a dozen could be found in this country.—Cycling.

Aeroplanes.

It cannot be urged too strongly that no time should be lost in acquiring flying machines, dirigible balloons as well as aeroplanes, for the military service, and engaging instructors to teach aviation. France, Germany, England and Italy are rapidly training officers in the new means of reconnaissance, and the United States has not yet made a respectable beginning in the business or got beyond the experimental stage.

A Snake in the Grass.

Country Editor—I'm very sorry, Mr. Skinner, that such an error crept into our columns.

Mr. Skinner (warmly)—Crept nothin'! Sich a pisenous insinuation as that wus must have wriggled in, by heck!

BUCK SNOW IN WEST

Plow Used in Huge Machine Made of Steel.

Despite Its Enormous Power Rotary Sometimes Gets Stuck and Then Men Shovel It Out and Another Run Is Made.

New York.—In the Middle states, where six inches is a heavy snowfall, getting it off railway tracks is about as easy for an engine as cleaning it off the sidewalk is for the small boy.

A snow plow, which is nothing more than a gigantic scraper, with perhaps an enormous horn or plowshare in front, is pushed down the track by an engine and scrapes and pushes the accumulated clogging white mass off the track to either side.

But in the northern, and particularly in northwestern states—where, when it makes up its mind to snow, everyone knows it; where the falls are feet in depth and in the east only inches; where the railway runs through open plains on which the resistless sweep of the wind drifts the white crystals into hills and valleys, hmps and hollows so large that they seem large even to a steam car—something more effective than mere pushing must be employed.

This "something," says a writer in St. Nicholas, "is the rotary snow plow, an invention which is in use on every railway on which large drifts collect in the winter and where snowsleds and snow guards—fences built in exposed places to keep the snow from drifting on the track—are ineffective.

The snow plow is a huge machine, as big as a freight car and built of steel. On the forward end is a monster wheel with powerful blades of steel, looking like an overgrown electric fan, so arranged that their angles can be changed.

This wheel, which is perpendicular to the track and revolves at right angles to it, is inclosed in a casing or drum, also of steel and with sharp steel edges. The top of the drum is supplied with a pipe or chute. Inside the snow plow is a steam engine, which drives this huge fan wheel at from 100 to 250 revolutions every minute.

Behind the snow plow are coupled from one to three or even more powerful engines, and behind these a car. On the cars are many men with shovels, for despite its enormous power even the rotary gets stuck at times and has to be ignominiously dug out.

Perhaps the snow is but four or five feet deep and the plow as soon as it strikes the snow bores through it at a great rate. Wonderful to see, the snow eaten away from the bank by the whirling blades is tossed out of the chute at the top of the drum or casing in a solid stream, to fall in a curving arch and with a thunderous roar from 100 to 200 feet away. This arch is frequently thirty and even more feet high. Billows of snowdust fill the air and the most beautiful rainbows surround the falling cascade of snow.

When the plow gets stalled the men tumble off the car and shovel it out of its prison. Then the whole train backs off a couple of hundred yards and takes a new start. Down the track it sweeps, gathering speed and momentum with every puff-puff of the exhaust, and smash! it goes headlong at the drift, mighty fanwheel whirling, engines pushing, men yelling, snow scrunching, and over all the roar of the falling stream of snow and the blinding, cutting clouds of ice particles it sets free.

The drift may yield to one bucking, in which case the men congratulate themselves at having an easy time of it. But more often even the mighty rush of the train, engines, plow and car is stopped by the drift, which looks so soft, but is in reality so tough. Then it is shoveled out again and backs off for another rush.

WAY OF SAVING OLD BOOKS

German Chemists Succeed in Compounding Preparation Which Protects Manuscripts.

Berlin.—Chemists of the Royal Prussian laboratory in Gross-Lichterfelde near Berlin have succeeded in compounding a preparation which protects ancient books and manuscripts from decay. The new preparation is described as a cellite-solution and is now being manufactured in bulk by an Elberfeld chemical firm.

All state archives and libraries throughout Germany have been notified that the new substance should be adopted for the preservation of valuable records and documents. As an illustration of German thoroughness it may be mentioned that the laboratory chemists previously tested every grade and kind of paper in the market with the solution before recommending it for general adoption.

Freak Horns on Deer.

Chesaw, Wash.—Many freak deer fell before the guns of hunters in the season recently closed.

Several deer had antlers deformed into odd shapes, and one set resembled the horns of a ram. One hunter killed a doe with antlers, while another got a buck with antlers on one side only. Deer have been plentiful this season, due, it is believed, to being routed from their customary haunts by the forest fires the last summer.