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FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Rapid Wing Movement Does Not Always Imply Speed.

Birds have different modes of flight, just as men have different gaits in walking or running. Rapid wing movement does not always imply speed in flight any more than rapid leg movement implies speed in walking or running. With us it is the length of the stride that tells ultimately. What, apart from wing movement, tells in the bird's flight is not known.

Speaking broadly, long winged birds are strong and swift fliers; short winged birds are feeble in flight. When we consider that a cumbrous, slow moving bird like the heron moves its wings twice per second when in flight it is evident that many birds have a very rapid wing movement. Most small birds have this rapid wing movement with feeble powers of flight. The common wren and the dipper, for instance, have a flight like that of a young bird.

Many of our smaller migrants seem but to fly from bush to bush or from tree to tree. Members of the thrush family are low fliers, the blackbird in particular, with its hasty, hurried flight, often just avoiding fences and no more. Wagtails have a beautiful undulating flight with little apparent use of their wings. They look like greyhounds bounding through the air. Nearly all birds sail or float occasionally without the slightest movement of their wings. Even a large bird like a pheasant will glide in this way for more than two hundred yards.

Grouse have a rapid wing motion without any great speed, but when they sail, coming down with the wind, as they prefer to do, they go very fast. Before alighting they flap their wings several times very rapidly, like the clapping of hands. Most birds after gliding do this. Does it correspond to putting on the brakes or reversing the engine in the case of mechanical locomotion? With little apparent use of its wings the wood pigeon flies very strongly and rapidly. It never seems to "bring up" much before alighting, but crashes into a tree at full speed. When it rises its wings crack like pistol shots.

Ducks are strong on the wing and often fly in single file. Geese will fly wedge or arrowhead shape, generally at a considerable height. So do many gulls and other sea birds. In a stately, measured fashion, their calls occasionally sounding like "Left, right, left, right."

Kestrels have a beautiful, clean cut, clipping motion of their wings and look like yachts sailing through the air, while their hovering in the air is one of the mysteries of bird life. Peewees, which are so graceful in their motions on the ground, look like enormous bats when in flight. Swallows and in a very marked degree swifts have rapid wing movement with great speed and extraordinary power of flight.—Scotsman.

WOMEN'S STUDY OF BLACKSTONE

Miss Jessie Fowler Says Knowledge Makes Them Better Clients.

"Every woman should study law. I do not mean that every woman should make a profession of it, but that she should know what the law is. There is no more subtle or elevating study, nor one that has greater tendency to make a woman more intelligent and liberal minded, and withal a better woman, wife and mother."

That is the attitude of Miss Jessie Allen Fowler, and she has lived up to her teachings, the New York Evening Telegram says, by making a thorough study of legal matters herself. She claims that a woman who has studied law is enabled to take a deeper interest in the daily press and in all sorts of miscellaneous reading.

"I know that that is the case from personal experience," she said. "I have actually been able to sift grains of real information from the chaff of gossip, scandal and triviality one constantly hears and sees since I have learned something of the law. With such knowledge women can come to more logical conclusions and will resort less and less to the woman's proverbial reason, 'Because.' It would certainly sound queer and unreasonable for a woman lawyer to stand up in court and say, 'Your honor, this man is not guilty—because.'

"As women are becoming more interested in the arts and sciences and professions," she said, "the more important it is that they shall be able to handle their own sex in looking after their property, business or even home matters."

"There are many advantages that will accrue to the woman who has some knowledge of the law. She will make a better client and witness. Then the passing of the sixteenth amendment, which has yet to be added to the constitution, will, I predict, be the new bill of rights to give women the privilege of suffrage. That privilege makes them eligible for jury duty, and such work needs some legal knowledge."

His First Sunday School Class.

In describing his first effort to interest a class of boys, Dr. Grenfell, whose work among the Labrador fishermen is well known, declares in "A Man's Faith" that if ever he felt like a fish out of water it was when he walked into that Sunday school in East London and heard himself called "teacher" by a number of unkempt orphans.

By plodding along, I taught them

who killed Goliath, and much more useful information. I taught them that it did not pay to come to school as long as you sucked peppermints, and that the use of hair oil meant "out you go."

I knew what had appealed to me, I decided to try that. I started a movable gymnasium in our sitting-room with one night a week for boxing, fencing and gymnastics. This, at least, taught the boys we could beat them at other things besides Bible stories. In this way we learned to love and trust one another, and this soon gave me an entry into their homes.

But the idea of boxing displeased our parson, and I was ignominiously dismissed from the roll of teachers. The adaptable sitting-room, however, served excellently for a classroom, and when I started anew all my old scholars, unbidden, sought a place.

Using my faith on the same principle, I regularly took my poor lads with me for my summer holiday, rather than leave them in their sweatshops, and on my return told them what a good time I had been having while I prayed for their souls. The class increased largely in numbers; the boys learned to swim, to row, to sail a boat, to play football, to box, to drill, to handle a gun, and so forth; and some of them are still among my best friends.

Three Million Sick Every Day.

We are making of health a cult, almost a religion. A few generations ago, says Walter Weyl in Success Magazine, the American lady considered robustness indelicate. In novels a vanishing waist, a becoming pallor and a tendency to swoon was the proper thing. Bad health was in good form. To-day good health is in good form. We have learned that a chalk-white face and a bad heart-action do not constitute true femininity, and that tuberculosis is caused by germs and not by a gentle, plump character. We have discovered that our health is a valuable asset.

How valuable it is we cannot exactly figure, for while we know how many sheep and hogs there are in the country, we do not know exactly how many sick people there are. Nevertheless, if we apply a fairly accurate rule-of-thumb method worked out by a great English statistician we much conclude that there are almost three million people constantly sick in the United States—three million people sick every day of the three hundred and sixty-five days. We lose an average of thirteen days a year in illness; altogether we give up to illness one thousand million days. Our sick-beds would reach from Portland, Me., far into the Pacific, and would always be occupied. In medicines, doctors' services, hospital expenses and loss of earning power our annual sick bill is about two billions of dollars. And it is but a part, for millions of us are sick without knowing it. We are well enough to be up, but not well enough to do our best work or get the best out of life.

Undisturbed Femininity.

"Women may be catty in little things, yet they have a childlike trust in each other's honesty," said the man. "If they hadn't they could never have sat serenely through the situation that faced several of them the other night at the opera. I had a balcony seat. Beside me sat a woman who discovered, at the end of the first act, that she had lost her purse. She thought it had slipped to the seat in front. The woman occupying that seat stood up, shook her wraps and looked under the seat, but couldn't find the purse.

"Still, it may be here some place," she said. "My own bag has slipped down to the seat in front of me. I'll get it when the opera is over."

"Then other women began to hunt for handbags and purses that had fallen. Some found them, others didn't. But nobody seemed to mind. They had a perfect faith that the things would turn up later and settled back tranquilly for the second act. Imagine a lot of men letting their purse lie around like that."

True Politeness.

One evening as the mother of a little niece of Phillips Brooks was tucking her snugly in bed, a caller was announced. The mother told the child to say her prayers and promised to be back in a few minutes.

When she returned she asked the child if she had done as she was bidden.

"Well, you see, mamma, I was awfully sleepy, so I just asked God if He wouldn't excuse me to-night, and He said, 'Oh, certainly, don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'—Success Magazine.

Doctor's Paradise.

"What a dreadful thing an arctic night lasting 140 days must be. Wouldn't it drive you mad?"

"But think of the relief it must be to be able to tell a creditor, 'Come tomorrow,' knowing that 'tomorrow' will be 140 days off."—Fliegende Blätter.

The Purist Again.

Fuddy—Had Miss Bright out walking this morning. She wore a white sweater.

"Duddy—Sweater! How vulgar! Perspiretta!"—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Exception.

Attorney—Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

Client—Except, of course, a lawyer.

No, Alonzo, all clubmen are not on the police force.

The signature on a check is a sign of prosperity.

By plodding along, I taught them



My Pa.

My pa is not a millionaire, He's never been elected yet To any office anywhere, There's lots of things that we can't get;

Ma often wishes we could buy The costly things the neighbors do; We have to skimp to worry-through.

I guess my pa was never meant To be a leader in the strife; Ma says he'll not be President.

Nor get ahead much in this life, But he can make a whistle, though, Just from a piece of willow tree; I wish that you could see the bow And arrow that he fixed for me.

My pa gets paid so much a week, Because he doesn't own a store; Ma says if he was not so meek And mild he might be drawin' more; We have no car nor runabout,



And nearly always have to save; Ma's heart is often full of doubt, But pa keeps hopin' and is brave.

Sometimes I help him in the yard When he comes home on Saturdays; I'm sorry he must work so hard; And wish that he could get a raise; Most all the time ma needs a lot Of things we can't afford, and which The neighbors nearly all have got, Because they managed to get rich.

My pa sometimes takes me away Out in the country for fresh air; We build dams in the streams and play That both of us are boys, out there; Ma says that pa, long, long ago, Just got to be a mere machine; I wouldn't want to trade him, though, For any pa I've ever seen.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Reason.

"Hurry up, there!" shouted Benny Haddock, as he spied Bobby coming slowly down the schoolhouse steps. "I'm sorry he must work so hard; And wish that he could get a raise; Most all the time ma needs a lot Of things we can't afford, and which The neighbors nearly all have got, Because they managed to get rich.

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How It Was Exaggerated by Some of the Famous French Writers.

Ostensibly the Romantics were chiefly concerned with the breaking down of the old rules which fettered literary and dramatic composition.

making meters more elastic and demanding more latitude in the choice of subjects. They really differ from their predecessors in making literature more subjective, in attaching more importance to their own personalities, experiences and "sensibilities," in more openly exploiting the secrets of their souls, in arranging limelight effects and posturing in the center of the stage. One or two of them, indeed, like Alfred de Vigny, were too proud to care to make themselves conspicuous in this way; one or two, like Prosper Mérimée, were too cynical. But their general tendency was to turn on the limelight, strike attitudes and call upon the world to behold and admire them, not for what they had done, but for what they were.

"Oh, yes, they do," said Benny, decidedly. "They have to build their nests, and hunt for worms and bugs, and feed their babies, and do heaps of other things! They work like everything, birds do!"

Bobby sniffed. "You never have to work or stay after school, either, Benny Haddock! You haven't stayed after school once this term!"

"I know that I haven't," said Benny, proudly, "and do you want to know the reason why? It's because I work and you wish! You were wishing and looking out of the window most every minute before the spelling class recited, and then you missed the very first word. That's the reason why you had to stay after school to-night. And I studied and studied, until I was sure that I knew every word, and that's the reason why I didn't!"

Bobby sniffed again. "You think you know everything!" he said, shortly.

But would you believe it! The very next day Bobby studied with a will. He worked so busily that he forgot all about wishing, and he forgot all about looking out of the window, too! He did not stay after school, because he had worked like a little beaver, and had let some other boy do the wishing.—Youth's Companion.

Good Samaritan Sparrows.

The sparrow has never been noted for its good works and kind deeds, but the following little story throws a new light on these oft-despised little scampers.

Last spring, a young robin was found floundering about a certain man's lawn. It was unable to fly and had evidently fallen from its nest. Fearing that the cat might devour it in the night, the man took the bird to the rear of his yard, and placed it in an inclosure covered with a wire screen. While dressing the next morning he looked out of his window and was amazed at the action of a couple of sparrows which were carrying worms to the young robin in the inclosure. They would fly away only to return a few moments later with

worms, which they dropped through the screen into the upturned mouth of the captive. They kept up this charitable feeding until the robin was liberated, and even then they hovered around like self-appointed guardians.

On Second Thought.

Tommie, lying on the grass, Gazing upward to the sky, Sees the little cloudlets pass And the song-birds flitting by.

He sighed: "Oh, would that I could be A little bird for just one day! To perch aloft on yonder tree! And sing, and swing, and rock, and sway!"

But then a sudden swift idea, At which his little inside squirms. His supper time will soon be here, He doesn't care for worms!

—Chicago News.

PLANT NUT-BEARING TREES.

Slow in Maturing, but When They Do Are Very Profitable.

The planting of nut-bearing trees is a matter that cannot be too strongly encouraged in every section of America, especially among farmers and their children. Of course, it cannot be denied, says Collier's, that such trees do not mature quickly, but when they do commence to bear they will be extremely profitable. Again, it may be true that the man who sets them out may never live to profit by such returns, yet this same man does not object to a life-insurance policy which he must die to win.

There are two main factors that make the planting of nut-bearing trees profitable; one is the nuts they will bear and the other is the ultimate value of the trees themselves.

As to the first consideration, many authorities express the opinion that the planting of nut trees ought to be encouraged and increased until the nuts are produced in large enough quantities to become a staple article of food instead of merely a luxury, because they can to a very considerable extent be satisfactorily used in a mixed diet, to take the place of meat, as they really are very nutritious and valuable as a fruit element. Even for use as a luxury alone, the addition of thousands of acres of nut orchards to our present supply would be found profitable.

The value of the trees themselves can well be shown by an actual example. An old farmer in Michigan, half a century ago, who was barely managing to make "both ends meet," had a son with an eye to the future, who, in spite of ridicule, went ahead and set out a lot of walnut trees on some rather unproductive low land. Before the old man died the trees were yielding a profitable crop each season and a few years ago the son himself, now being gray-haired, sold a furniture company the entire lot of trees for \$15,000. Without the trees the farm itself was scarcely worth \$3,000.

The supply of hardwood is nearing exhaustion and it is only a matter of a few years until trees set out now become very valuable.

They do not require much care and no inexpensive asset with greater possibilities could be left behind for the coming generation.

ATTITUDE OF THE ROMANTICS.

ENGLAND FINANCIALLY STRONG.

Resources of the Nation Were Never Greater than They Are Now.

Ostensibly the Romantics were chiefly concerned with the breaking down of the old rules which fettered literary and dramatic composition, making meters more elastic and demanding more latitude in the choice of subjects. They really differ from their predecessors in making literature more subjective, in attaching more importance to their own personalities, experiences and "sensibilities," in more openly exploiting the secrets of their souls, in arranging limelight effects and posturing in the center of the stage. One or two of them, indeed, like Alfred de Vigny, were too proud to care to make themselves conspicuous in this way; one or two, like Prosper Mérimée, were too cynical. But their general tendency was to turn on the limelight, strike attitudes and call upon the world to behold and admire them, not for what they had done, but for what they were.

The attitudes struck by some of them—Dumas, for instance—were more or less intentionally grotesque, but the more usual intention was to appear either sentimental or sublime, says the London Times. Even Sainte-Beuve aspired to be sentimental, though circumstances were against him, for he was ugly and undistinguished. Victor Hugo never tired of reminding his admirers (untruly) that Chateaubriand had saluted him as "sublime child," while the pioneers of Romanticism were, if possible, even more insistent in their self-conscious egotism.

It was said of Chateaubriand that he would be content to starve in a garret provided that the garret were in a theater; and Lamartine had no scruple in formulating his unfavorable opinion of any one whom his personality failed to impress. Of a certain stranger who neither blushed nor shrank into his shoes when introduced to him he remarked:

"I predict no good of that young man. He was unmoved by my presence."

That surely is the acme of egom-inoffensive because unsurpassable. One cannot help applauding the sentiment if only because Lamartine, in uttering it, robbed even Chateaubriand of his laurels.

Wanted Fame.

Suffragette (to policeman who is arresting her friend)—Look here, Mr. Officer, won't you please arrest me instead? She's been in jail three times already, and I don't think it's a bit fair.—Life.</