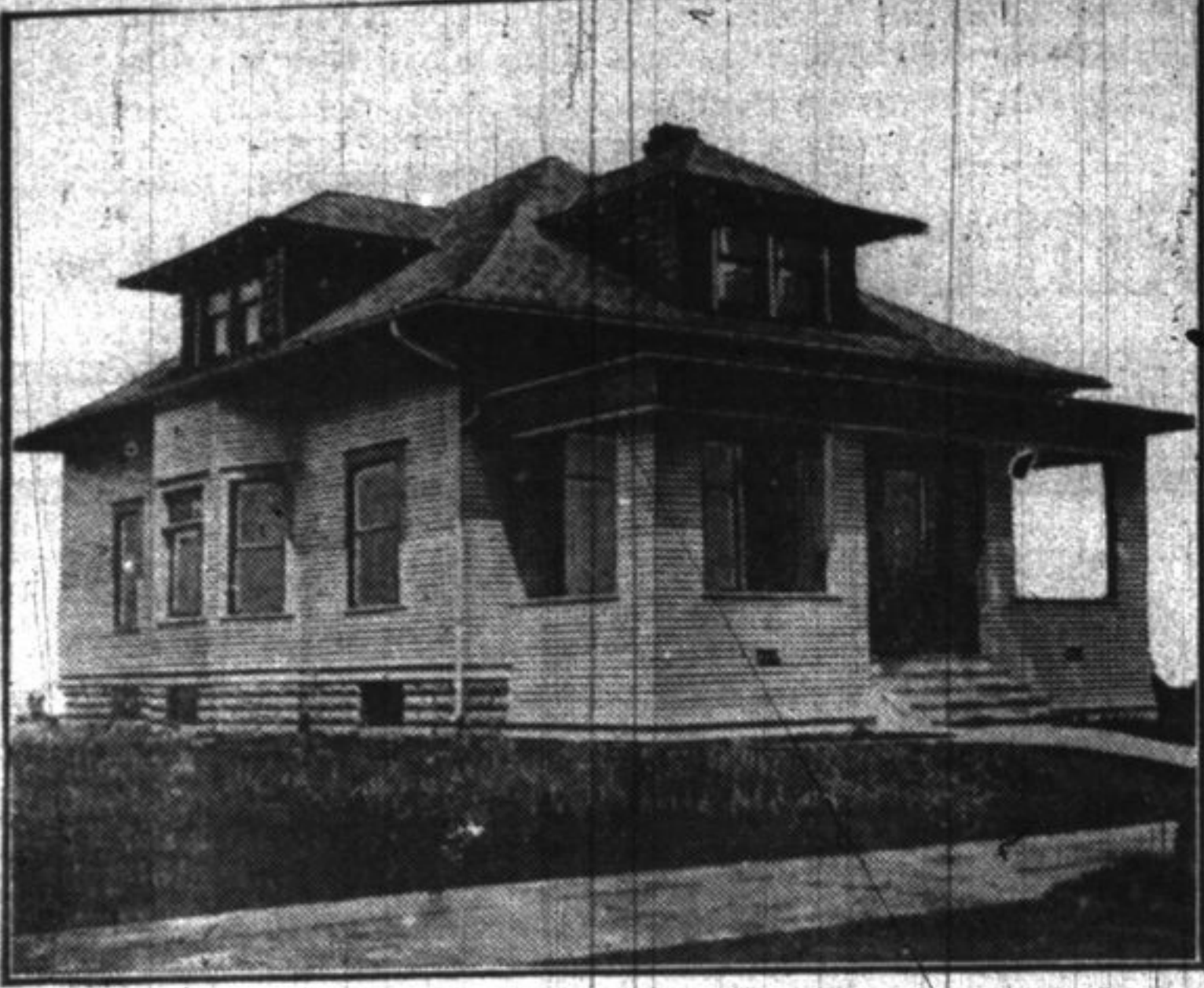


STYLISH AND COZY BUNGALOW.

Design 1035, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



INTERIOR VIEW—THE DEN.

This den may be made into a haven for the tired man of the family. The fireplace and a battery of three windows add attractiveness and comfort. The windows are placed high enough to allow room for couch or piano underneath. This little bungalow is 28 by 36 feet, with full basement. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$2,000.

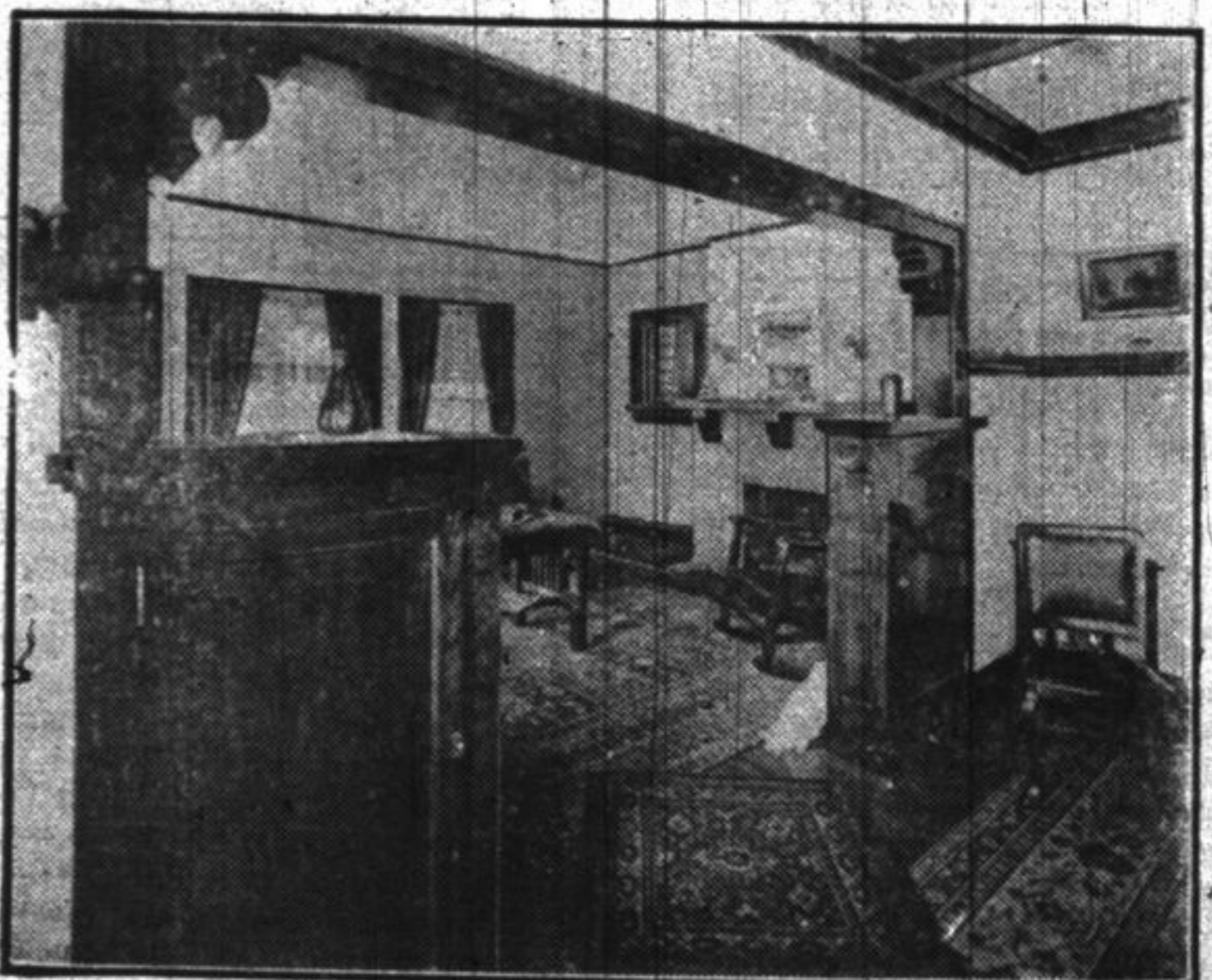
Upon receipt of \$1 the publisher of this paper will furnish a copy of Saxton's new 1914 book of plans, "American Dwellings." It contains 310 designs costing from \$1,000 to \$6,000; also a book of interiors, \$1.50 per copy.

A MODEL PEDESTALED OPENING.

Design 1040, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



INTERIOR VIEW—A PEDESTALED OPENING.

This interior view is taken from the dining room, showing the high pedimented opening between the dining and living room. A battery of windows and also the art glass windows at either side of the fireplace in the living room are shown; also the cabinets built in the pedestals on the dining room side. These cabinets may be used for magazine shelves, closets or general storage space. Size, 30 by 44 feet. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$3,500.

Upon receipt of \$1 the publisher of this paper will furnish a copy of Saxton's new 1914 book of plans, "American Dwellings." It contains 310 designs costing from \$1,000 to \$6,000; also a book of interiors, \$1.50 per copy.

ONCE A MIGHTY CITY.

Ypres, in Belgium, Was Famous When Berlin Was a Hamlet.

The little Belgian town of Ypres, in Belgium, in the heyday of its greatness and prosperity ranked as large in the civilized world as Philadelphia, Chicago, Berlin and other big cities do today. Indeed, it was a splendid city when Berlin was a mere hamlet of half civilized Slavs.

It was in the days of the commercial greatness of Venice that Ypres attained the summit of its prosperity. It was an important distributing center for the traffic which came up through the Adriatic by boat, was carried overland and then scattered from Belgium to England, France, Holland, Germany and other countries. It also had great manufactures, and in the fourteenth century its population exceeded 200,000, making it one of the largest cities in Europe. Ghent and Bruges, its near neighbors, were no less prosperous. With the changing of the trade routes of Europe the wealth and population of Ypres disappeared until it has now less than 20,000 people.

When one reads of the rise and decline of these communities which flourished long before America was discovered it is interesting to speculate whether the same fate will overtake our own cities. Who can tell? To us their foundation seems substantial, but doubtless the worthy burghers of Ypres thought the same of their beloved city 600 years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

NOISELESS NORWAY.

A Country of Quiet Voices, Gentle Manners and Placidity.

The population of Norway is nearly 2,500,000, but if the entire population met in a given area I venture to say that their coming and their going and their meeting would not make as much noise as one may hear every five minutes on dozens of street crossings either in New York or in Chicago.

Norway is the country of quiet voices, gentle manners and no noise. The steamers dock almost without a sound and depart as silently. At Christian sand, where we touched first on Scandinavian soil, people got on and off the steamer, farewells were waved, the crowd on the dock moved about deliberately, but no voice was raised, there was no shouting, no physical unrest expressing itself in squirming bodies or twisted features; they were almost as calm as the stars above them.

All over Sweden and Norway one is attracted by the smooth-skinned, unwrinkled cheeks and unfurrowed brows of both the men and the women. They have placid faces, as of men and women who have not yet been in contact with our disease of striving to live all of life in a day. The trains slide away from the stations at the sound of a scarcely audible whistle, and there are no bells or shouted warnings; the crowds in the streets or elsewhere seem to pitch their voices out of the range of hearing of ears accustomed to the catarrhal rattle of London, the strident gabble of New-York or the sibilant cackle of Paris.—The Late Philistia Collier in Scribner's.

Keep a Firm Hand on the Tiller.
The sails of poets are our emotions, the rudders are our characters. Our sails are breathed upon by gentle ephes of affection and inclination, of hope and love and of fate. They are torn by sudden gusts of passion. We are blown hither and yon by conflict of quarreling winds, driven from our course by angry squalls. The only force by means of which we can counteract the effect of the winds and hold our course is the rudder of character.
We know that we shall be blown upon all our lives by various influences, good and bad, that our emotions—those white sails that respond to every breeze—will be played upon by every human appeal and desire. What will become of the craft that has not a firm hand on the tiller?—Youth's Companion

Relics of Old Persia.
Shuster, the old capital of Persia, is one of Iran's wonder cities. In the dawn of Persian civilization it took a leading part. On the bank of the only navigable river the country can boast, the city gets its name from the famous ruler, Shapur, who built great irrigating ditches and a noble bridge across the Kurun now wrongly credited to the Emperor Valerian. Sixteen hundred years have left the great bridge, a quarter of a mile in length, with yawning gaps, but the water of the river runs today through the channels and tunnels made to fertilize a land that had not yet been overrun by the Arabic barbarians who destroyed the culture of Persia.—London Mail.

Barley Water.
Barley water is a safe and cooling drink and is nutritious as well. Put into a pitcher one large tablespoonful of well washed pearl barley, pour over it two quarts of boiling water, cover and let stand until cold. Drain off the liquid, add one-half cupful of sugar and a little nutmeg. If liked the juice of a lemon is a pleasant addition.

Knew the Exact Amount.
De Vaque—If I could get some one to invest \$1,000 in that scheme of mine I could make some money. Dawson—How much could you make? De Vaque—Why, \$1,000.—Baltimore Sun.

Perhaps.
"Str, I came down from a long line of ancestors."
"Indeed? Were many of them paupers on it?"—Exchange.

Try to do your duty and you at once know what is in you.—Goethe.

CONQUEST OF THE EARTH.

Man's Battle For Fruitful Fields Against Nature's Barriers.

Nature has set up four kinds of barriers to man's conquest of the earth—mountains, forests, deserts, rivers. The first he cannot remove; so he borrows holes through them for his railways. The second he has, most unwisely, largely cleared away altogether. The third he is beginning to treat like the forests. The fourth he is shifting to suit his purposes and to regulate their flow at will.

Man flies now over all boundaries. He cuts through isthmuses to remove the barriers between the seas.
Into the deserts man sends railroads, telegraph lines, irrigation engineers. The Great American desert marked upon the atlases of our fathers has ceased to exist. The vast desert of northwestern Canada has become a prairie of waving wheat. The Landes of Gascony are now more than half covered with pine trees. Over 22,000 square miles of the Algerian desert has been made fruitful by artesian wells. The Australian desert is rapidly being irrigated and turned into grazing land. Almost 15,000 square miles of desert in India have been reclaimed. Operations are now in progress for reclaiming 19,000 square miles of the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates, and more than 4,000 square miles of the Gezireh plain between the Blue and the White Nile are being transformed into cotton plantations.

This is man by obliterating natural barriers improving upon nature.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

STARTING A LIBRARY.

A Selection of Ten Books That Might Serve as a Basis.

Laura Spencer Porter, seeking to show how the ordinary person can begin founding a personal library, makes this suggestion as to ten good books to begin with:

"For those who are beginning a library and have little money to spend I would suggest that there be bought, say, one book each of ten great authors. It does not matter who the authors are so long as they stand high and their books are well known and standard ones. Let us take as an example the following ten, chosen at random from a catalogue of standard writers: Emerson, Elliot, Bronte, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Lowell, Shakespeare, Keats, and as a selection of ten of the books of these ten writers let us take in the same order Emerson's 'Essays,' Elliot's 'Mill on the Floss,' Bronte's 'Jane Eyre,' Huskin's 'Sesame and Lilies,' Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' Dickens' 'David Copperfield,' Thackeray's 'Pendennis,' Lowell's essays 'Among My Books,' a complete volume of Shakespeare or any one of the Shakespeare plays, preferably 'Lear' or 'Romeo and Juliet' and Keats' 'Poems.'

"Here you have ten books by ten master minds, books widely varied in subject, style, treatment. Let those ten suffice for a time. Read them."—Woman's Home Companion.

Burial of Sir John Moore.
The death of Sir John Moore at Coruna is probably the best remembered fact in all the checkered history of the peninsular war, for a good reason. There are poets, like Shenstone, whose fame is secured by a single quatrain. The poetical reputation of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, who eight years after the event wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore," rests on that one production alone. Ascribed, before its author's name became known, to such well known poets as Campbell and Byron, the poem took firm hold of a nation's heart. Dying of consumption at the early age of thirty-two, Wolfe's memory will ever be kept green by just that one piece, which "Ingoldsby" parodied, which a million schoolboys have recited, which Lord Byron pronounced to be "the most perfect ode in the language."—London Spectator.

What's in a Name.
How we like to hypnotize ourselves with names! Take, for example, the case of the muskrat, an animal of most clean feeding habits, whose flesh is sweet, tender and of delicate flavor. In the winter months muskrat meat is in considerable demand in the markets of the middle Atlantic states, but it sells best as "marsh rabbit" or "water squirrel." So, too, the students of the old Latin quarter in Paris when they expressed a mild doubt of the possibility of rabbit pie at so modest a price were reassured by the suggestion that it might be the "rabbit of the roofs."—Youth's Companion.

Breaking the News.
"Sis won't be able to see you tonight."
"Mr. Jones," said her little brother "She's had a turble accident."
"Is that so? What happened?"
"All her hair got burned up."
"Good heavens! Was she burned?"
"Naw; she wasn't there. She don't know about it yet."—Lippincott's.

Opinion of an Actress.
Miss Ellen Terry at a reception once talked about the innumerable women who ask her to help them get on the stage. "The fact is," she said, "every woman under thirty believes she is an actress. And every actress," she added, "believes she is under thirty."

Responsibilities.
"What are a diplomat's responsibilities?" said the inquiring young man.
"They vary," replied the experienced official. "Sometimes a diplomat is the man who starts the trouble, and sometimes he merely takes the responsibility."—Washington Star.

A PLEA FOR DANGER.

This Writer Argues That Too Much Safety May Breed Weaklings.

In these days of the placarding of "Safety First" and the juxtaposition of "safe and sane," is a voice necessarily that of a madman if it be heard in the land singing the praises of danger and risk? With all our laws and movements and committees for the elimination from our daily life of all chances favorable to life, limb, health and property are we in no danger of saving the body at the expense of the spirit?

Too great security breeds weaklings, and too nervous a regard for physical safety is not only craven but ultimately unwise. Our nation, if it is to be great and free, must set high value on the courage, resourcefulness and high spirit of the individual citizen. Now, courage is nourished on dangers coped with, and the prudent soul that always "plays safe" cannot be called high or noble. Our evolution up to this point has always been conditioned by the need of self preservation in the face of innumerable enveloping dangers. The creature that hesitated to take chances or always avoided threatened injury soon ceased to exist, either as species or individual.

Since our bodies, our minds, our very spirits have been evolved, in part at least, to fulfill this function of coping with some kind of danger. For what purpose our eyes, our ears, our nerves, our muscles, our sense of right and wrong? A removal, then, from our environment of this element of danger tends to be followed by degeneracy and atrophy in all parts of our natures. Indeed, in modern life we are prone to become stall fed in body and spirit. This we tacitly confess in our passion for sport, which is essentially mimic hunting or war and for the vicarious adventure of romantic fiction.—Scribner's.

MARBLER OF VERMONT.

They Surpass the Product of Italy's Famous Quarries.

The greatest marble producing industry in the world is no longer to be found in the famous Carrara district of Italy, but in Vermont, where one of the richest veins in the world stretches in an irregular line across the state.

So great is the production of marble in this section that the inhabitants have lost much of their appreciation of its value and use it for such humble and utilitarian purposes as paving, underpinning for barns, hitching posts, stepping stones and drinking troughs for horses. This vein is about fifty-seven miles long, from 1,000 to 2,200 feet in width and runs from 375 to 850 feet in depth, and from it is being taken in enormous quantities white marble that is equal to the finest Italian marble as well as an endless variety of blue, yellow, green and jet black marbles.

For quarrying and finishing the marble the most up to date methods and equipment are used, no part of the work being done by hand that can possibly be done by machinery. Hand methods of drilling, still in vogue in Italy, have been entirely superseded by power driven drills and channelling machines. The blocks as they come from the quarry are handled by derricks and are conveyed in most cases by an inclined railway or a ropeway to the mills, where they are sawed and shaped by power driven machines, only the most delicate stage of polishing being done by hand.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Song and Addition.
If soldiers be encouraged by the anthems to sing on the march civil servants might be exhorted to lighten their duties in the same way. Sir Laurence Gomme confesses that at the beginning of his official career he used to add up huge columns of figures for statistical purposes by the simple process of doing the task to the tune of Gipsy music, and he was always correct in his arithmetical results. Examples of the practice of performing labor tasks to the accompaniment of music could, Sir Laurence says, be produced from all over the world. He instances the case of the London javers who until forty years ago or so used to be lured by their mates of the price of a pot of ale if they omitted to grope rhythmically at each thud of the rain.—London Standard.

Bean Milk.
"Beacon milk is a myth," said a milkman, "but there actually is a bean milk." It is drunk, put in tea and coffee and even frozen for ice cream. The Japs are its inventors. This milk is made of the soya bean. The bean is first soaked, then boiled in water. After the liquid turns white sugar and phosphate of potash are added, and the boiling is kept up till a substance of the thickness of molasses is obtained. Nobody could tell this bean milk from condensed milk, and when water is added it can't be told from the fresh. The Japanese poor use nothing else."

Putting it Gently.
"Are you trying to accuse me of overcharging you?" asked the taxicab driver.
"No," replied the man who is mild but reticent. "All I say is that your fare indicator ought to be arrested for exceeding the speed limit."—Washington Star.

Effective Cause.
Smith—I understand that some of your hens have stopped laying. Jones—Top of them have. Smith—What's the cause? Jones—Motorcar.—Stry Stories.
There never was a bad man but had ability for good service.—Edmund Burke.

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