

WEAK HEART NOT WANTED

Big Bill Edwards' Good Story That Illustrates the Supreme Value of Unity.

"Big Bill" Edwards, who bosses New York's street cleaning department, talked at the annual dinner of the City Hall Reformers' association of the need for united effort among the city officials.

"The men of every organization should learn how to get together," said "Big Bill." "The only way we can get anywhere in this world is by united effort. We ought to stop thinking of what we would individually like, and go to thinking of what we can do if we do it altogether. And men can't get together unless they pack a punch. A pessimist is a dead weight. I wouldn't have him on the premises."

He told this little story of a bygone football game to illustrate his point. It was between Harvard and Princeton—"Big Bill" was a star on the Princeton line-up—and Princeton's team had not been playing any too good ball that season. Whereas Harvard had been a sensation.

"We were on the way to the dressing room," said "Big Bill." "We hadn't got into our uniforms yet. The best man on our team walked with the captain.

"I'm afraid we're going to be beaten," said he. "I've been thinking this over, and I don't see where we have a chance to beat Harvard."

"What's that?" asked the captain. "I've been comparing the two teams," said this star player, "and I don't think that we can possibly beat Harvard."

"By thunder," bellowed the captain, striking the other man in the face, "you needn't put your uniform on. I'll have no such man as you on a team I run. Go back to the stands. I don't let you in the dressing room."

"And," finished "Big Bill," "Princeton won."

WOULD BE GERMAN TO HIM

Wordless the Play Might Be, but Bond of Sentiment Could Not Be Ignored.

In what language is a wordless play given? When it is presented by a German company, will the play be given in German? Winthrop Ames, who brought over Professor Max Reinhardt's wordless play, "Sumurun," from the Deutsches theater, Berlin, was under the impression that "Sumurun" would not be given in any language, as the descriptive phrase expressly states that no words are used. All announcements made concerning the production in New York said plainly that it was a wordless play, yet when Mr. Ames told a prominent artist, a native born German, about the play and invited him to attend a performance, he said:

"I shall be delighted to see it. I have read a great deal about it in the Berlin and London papers. It will be doubly enjoyable to me, being in German—I won't have to be thinking of the English words and their meanings all the time."

"But no words are used in the whole play," said Mr. Ames. "Haven't I just been telling you it is a wordless play?"

"A play without words!" said the German artist. "But the players are all Germans!"

New System of Towing.

Tests of a new towing system invented by a German government engineer, Herr Koss, have been recently made on the Hiltrup section (1.4 miles in length) of the Dortmund-Ems canal. An elastic rail is laid at the bottom of the canal, and the tugboat carries at its bottom four rollers which clasp the rail. These rollers are operated from the boat which is thus propelled. A large economy of power is claimed for this method. The experimental tug is worked by electricity, the energy being obtained through a cable from an auxiliary boat equipped with a dynamo. This, however, is only a provisional arrangement, and in ordinary working a trolley wire would be installed alongside the canal. Electrical operation can obviously be replaced by crude oil motors, etc., each barge being fitted with a set of rollers acting on the rail.—London Times.

Sola Topi.

An English correspondent at the durbar made mention in a recent letter of a "solar" helmet. A Manchester Guardian contributor points out that the word has no connection whatever with the sun. "Sola" is the Hindu and Bengali name for the tall leguminous swamp plant known to botanists as Aeschynomene; the stems of which furnish the pith, otherwise spongewood, which is made up into the helmets worn by Europeans in the tropics. Hence "sola topi" is not to be translated verbally as "sun bonnet," although the confusion is natural enough, considering how precise is the translation in fact.

Cold Dormitories.

"And what do you hear from your daughter, Mrs. Green?" asked the visitor solicitously. "Is she well and enjoying college life?"

"She is quite well," responded Mrs. Green, "but the poor child says it has been so dreadfully cold all winter. The dormitories at her college must be perfect ice houses, I should think. Why, do you know, Marian writes me that during the last cold spell the hot-water bottles actually froze in the beds!"

HELPING HAND FOR BOYS

Scheme That Promises to Be of Much Value About to Be Launched in England.

Before long there will be established on the Thames, at London, off Temple river, if the government is sympathetic, a training ship in which boys in "blind alley" work—errand boys, messengers, junior clerks, etc.—will learn the rudiments of some skill, trade. Lord Northampton's scheme is novel and attractive.

The ship—when it has been procured—will be fitted with reading rooms and gymnasium. Workshops will be fitted up on board, and the boys will be taught such useful trades as carpenter, wheelwright, coach builder, blacksmith, saddler and harness maker.

Friday will be an off night, and will be given up to concerts and lectures, while on alternate Saturdays there will be route marches on shore. It is proposed to form the boys into a corps to be known as the "Imperial marine artificers," and the first year it is intended to limit the number to 300 noncommissioned officers and artificer-apprentices, although it is possible that provision may be found for 100 more boys.

It is estimated that the annual cost of the corps, including wages, maintenance of the ship and all other expenditure, will be \$7,000. Already half the money required for the initial outfit has been privately promised, and an appeal has been made to the citizens of London to provide the balance. It is hoped that the government will assist the scheme to the extent of supplying a ship.

DOING WORK FOR HUMANITY

Agencies for Beneficence in Indianapolis Have Established a Splendid Record.

It is truly the altruistic age. Few, indeed, are the men and women in any community who do nothing for others than themselves, either through individual service or through organization. In Indianapolis the agencies for beneficence are perhaps no more numerous than elsewhere, but there are so many of them as to prove that wherever a need of service is discovered volunteers quickly arise ready to render it.

There, for example, is the Christ Child society, a small and unpretentious body formed but a year or so ago for the purpose of bringing a happy Christmas to as many children as possible who would otherwise be without joy on that day, each member pledging herself to provide for one child. To become interested in children for one cause is to find more than one reason for continuing that interest. Presently the society undertook to supply layettes for babies for whose coming no preparation had been made, working in this case through the Children's Aid association so that no duplication would be made. The importance of pure milk appealed to it next, and last summer it became responsible for one of the free milk stations. The needs of the Italian colony came to its attention, and with the co-operation of the Normal college it has established a free kindergarten there for little foreign youngsters—coming Americans.—Indianapolis Star.

Moving Successful.

Joseph M. Gates was talking at the New York theater about the superfluity of show girls in Manhattan. "Every opening," he said, "has a dozen show girls clamoring to fill it. I got thirty or forty girls positions in department stores last week. The surplusage of show girls is due to the fact that so many artists' models have turned to theatricals this winter.

"The models say there is no work for them. Art is in a bad way. The rich collectors buy nothing but old masters from abroad."

"But it would be nearer the truth," he went on, "to say that lots of artists are failures. Even the successes, you know, are only half a quarter successes—like the young surgeon."

"How is your surgeon son doing?" one old man said to the other.

"Oh, fine!" was the reply. "Fine! He performed his eleventh appendicitis operation last week and the patient lived three hours!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Should Be Worth Reading.

In Madison square she sat down for a moment. It was the noon hour and the benches were full of prisoners released from office and shop. Opposite her sat a horrible male creature, all beak and double chin, alternately whispering and toothily leering into the face of the ravishing little typewriter seated beside him.

The pretty thing was all knowing smiles and tricks and feminine wiles. Finally, tossing her head, she announced:

"Well, some day I'm going to write a book, and I'm going to call it, 'As I Have Found It.' As I have seen it!"

"Life as found and seen by a New York typewriter girl ought to make very entertaining reading, indeed," murmured the woman to herself as she pensively turned homeward.—New York Press.

Now She Cuts Him.

He—So you lost that handsome little dog you had?

She—Yes, in a railroad accident. I was saved, but the dog was killed.

He—What a pity!—Boston Transcript.

WERE RACE OF CLAY EATERS

French Savants Have Proof That Prehistoric Parisians Ate Earth as a Food.

A French savant, Dr. Marcel Baudouin, has discovered that Parisians at one time were clay eaters. The present generation, of course, is excluded. The geophagous Parisians were prehistoric ones. Now he discovered all these facts has been explained by him to the Academy of Science. The region of Paris, he says, was inhabited by tribes that made a practice of mixing clay with their food. When they had no other food they simply ate the earth. Montmartre clay, it seems, was particularly nutritive. The sand in the bed of the Seine was an excellent digestive. Children were nursed and brought up on both these delicacies between the ages of three and seven.

Many of these vigorous prehistoric babies had already worn out their teeth. It was this very fact that proves that they were a geophagous race. The remains of their teeth show that they were worn and polished by eating clay and sand, just like the teeth of the geophagous or earth-eating tribes of Africa and the Pacific ocean. We know that even in our own day clay-eaters who have degenerated from civilization are to be found in North and South Carolina. Their teeth present exactly the same characteristics as those of the prehistoric Parisians, who are, therefore, proved to have been fond of a volcano-volcanic, or carried river sand. Certain clays, adds the professor, are proved to have excellent dietary properties, but he does not go so far as to recommend any particular dish for present-day Parisians.

CITY OF BEAUTIFUL SMOKE

Really Picturesque Effects That May Be Witnessed from Pittsburg's Hills.

Robert Haven Schaeffer, writing in the Metropolitan, says: "I never come within range of the unique spell of modern Pittsburg without wishing that I might personally conduct thither the sage who so mendaciously declared that there is nothing new under the sun. For Pittsburg is something new."

"From any of the city's 100 hills one can enjoy more varieties of smoke in an hour than there are kinds of clouds in a month. These range all the way from fairly shavings of ice and curls of driven snow, through geological strata of pure cream, miscellaneous, evanescent ringlets of bluish white, smudges faintly tinged with olive, aerial bushes of delicate rose, trees of orange and rusty red, through 100 tones of gray, from the most ethereal fawn to sheer brutal dirt, then deepening to a black as rich as the glossy, tarry coal from which it sprang.

"One convenient thing about the smokescape is that you can enjoy some part of it wherever you happen to be. Looking west along the canon of Fourth avenue one morning the lower parts of the office buildings were obliterated by a dense, low lying bank of soft, dusky smoke. But as the eye traveled upward this cloud began to thin, until, when it reached the cornices, every detail of them stood out sharply in the sunlight against a sky of pale sapphire. Such effects are as interesting as they are characteristic of the place."

World's Oldest Actor.

The oldest actor in the world is said to be Enrico Pinelli, who recently celebrated his 110th birthday and is living in a village near Palermo.

He made his first public appearance in 1811, at the age of ten, in an Italian adaptation of Schiller's "William Tell." This was the first and last performance of the play under the direction of his father, the manager, who was arrested the following morning by order of the government of Naples for producing "a stage play of a revolutionary character." The elder Pinelli was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the offense and died in prison.

The young Pinelli afterward joined another strolling players' company, and subsequently formed one of his own. He continued to act until he was nearly 90 years of age, and several of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren are members of the profession in various parts of Italy.

Mammy's Interpretation.

Archie Bell of Cleveland went south one time as a guest of one of the advance men of the Ringling circus. The advance car spent two weeks in Alabama, where the Robinson Brothers' circus, which is a southern institution, is a great favorite.

The car was covered with pictures and the negroes came down in droves to gaze at them. There was a flag-staff on top of the car and on it was a pennant which bore the words: "The Greatest Show on Earth—September 1."

"Mammy, 'wat dat sign mean?" asked one of a bevy of children a negro woman had with her.

The woman studied it for a time. "It mean," she answered, "dat dis yere is de greatest show on earth 'cept one—Mistah Robinson's!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Figuratively Speaking.

"And what is the diplomatic corps?" "The diplomatic corps," replied the man who takes a pun seriously. "is what the wicker nation is permitted to receive after the stronger one gets through eating the apple."

HAD MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE

Miss Fannie's Visit to the City Full of Business of One Sort or Another.

"I suppose, Miss Fannie," said Mrs. Harris to her newly arrived guest from the country, "that you have a good many errands to do here in the city? Some shopping, perhaps?"

"Well, I'd like to look round the stores some, and see if things are much handsomer than the things we have at the Waybridge stores, but I don't know as I'll do much buying. I've always traded in Waybridge, and I guess I always will. But I've got some errands that I'm quite set on doing. For one thing, I want to visit the art institute, and look at the Venus with the broken arm and the Victory without a head that the lady who stayed at my house last summer talked about, when she gave what she called an art evening in the town hall.

"It didn't seem to me that those mutilated images would be worth looking at, but she said they were wonderful, so I just want to see for myself. And then I'm planning to go to the public library and get out the magazine with the end of a story I never finished. Some folks who were staying with me a good many summers ago left quite a lot of that story in some magazines, and I've always been wishing to find out what became of the poor misguided girl in it."

"And is that the extent of your business in town?" smilingly inquired Mrs. Harris.

"There's one more thing I'd like to do, and that is to go to the place where father bought my sewing-machine. He gave it to me the day I was eighteen. I want to tell the head man there that I never was able to use the tucker attachment. It used to just about vex the life out of me. Of course I wouldn't use it now, even if it did work, for I haven't done any fancy sewing for more than fifteen years, but I think the manager of that machine company ought to know that that tucker was dreadfully unsatisfactory."—Youth's Companion.

SAWDUST BREAD FOR HORSES

Also Would Support Human Life in Case of Wheat Famine, Author Ites Claim.

"While it has not reached the café-billig fare as yet and probably never will do so, sawdust bread is being made in large quantities in Berlin," says Henry G. Butler of London in the Detroit Free Press. "One bakery is turning out 20,000 loaves daily, and it is being fed to horses, making a substantial feed for them. The sawdust is fermented and chemically treated and then it is mixed with one-third rye flour, and the dough is shaped into loaves and baked like any other bread.

"Men who have tasted the sawdust bread say that it is not at all bad, and while the bakers do not intend it for consumption by the people they assert that in case of a famine it would come in very handy.

"In various parts of the world the bread is made from trees. The pitch of the sago palm furnishes a white flour and natives of Molucca island make a bread from it. In British America the inner bark of the pine tree is ground and mixed with oat flour by the Indians and in some places they use this bark without the addition of a flour."

Singular Inscription.

Under the Temple clocks, in London, is a singular inscription, the origin of which was an accident. Nearly 200 years ago a workman was employed to repair and put a new face upon the clock, and when his work was nearly done, he asked the officials of the Temple for an appropriate motto to carve upon its base. They promised to think of one, and week after week he came for their decision, but was always put off.

One day he found them at dinner. "What motto shall I put on the clock, your lordship?" he asked of a learned judge.

"Oh, go about your business!" his honor cried, angrily.

"A very suitable motto, for a lazy, dawdling gang," the clockmaker muttered, as he retired. Then he had carved on the base, "Go about your business!"

Discretion an Asset.

In this country consternation has been created at times by discrimination against men over thirty-five seeking employment from railway and other corporations. In England there are employers who hardly credit individuals under thirty-five with having attained the age of discretion. It is interesting to note that the British postoffice department, which has taken over the operation of all the telephones in the country, is considering the advisability of replacing young women operators by older women, especially widows. It is held that the older women have steeper nerves and are better fitted to deal with fractious subscribers.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Tarnished Regimental Colors.

Through the efforts of Lord Campbell, who is known to take great interest in all regimental colors, there were discovered two or three years ago in a pawnshop the flags of the Fifty-fifth (Westmoreland) regiment. These colors date as far back as 1760, and there is little doubt that they had been hidden away in the dark recesses of the pawn-broking establishment for over a century.—London Mail.

HAS BECOME MATTER OF JEST

Woman's Promise to "Obey" Husband, in Marriage Service, Perfunctory and Without Meaning.

With the advent of the female suffrage movement (the teaching of which cult may, when the movement gets somewhat stronger, be introduced into the common school system of the country) the word "obey" in the ordinary marriage service, already in disfavor with the leaders of the movement, will be shaken out of the prayer book, to be heard no more on sea or shore. As it is now the scant recognition this word receives after the wedding service is over is entirely perfunctory. James Douglas in London Opinion—in England the revolt against the word obey has already reached formidable proportions—says that the use and abuse of the word is continual and unblushing perjury in the courts of heaven—where marriages are made. To this he adds: "And nobody worries over it. It is taken for granted. Archdeacons wink at it, bishops chuckle over it, deans crack jokes over it. And with good reason, for their own wives break the vow of obedience as gaily as the wives of laymen. Is there one clergyman who will venture to proclaim from the pulpit that his wife invariably and unconditionally obeys him all the year round? We know there is not. How, then, can the clergy expect from laywomen what they dare not expect from their own helpmeets? As a rule, the vicar's wife is a masterful dame, and it is well known that surferance is a badge of the cloth. Probably there are more henpecked husbands in orders than out of them. The traditional curate is a mild and timid being, who is born to obey."

HOW MOUNTAINS WERE NAMED

Interesting to Trace Derivation of the Famous Ranges of This Country.

Adirondacks: Derived from the Canienga (Mohawk) Iroquois language, in which the original form is ratiron-taks, meaning "bark eaters."

Allegheny: A corruption of the Delaware Indian name for Allegheny and Ohio rivers, the meaning of the name being lost.

Appalachian: The name was given by the Spaniards under DeSoto, who derived it from the name of a neighboring tribe, the Apalachi. Brinton holds its radical to be the Muscogee apala, "great sea," or "great ocean," and that apalache is a compound of this word with the Muscogee personal participle "chi," and means "those by the sea."

Blue Ridge: So called from the hue which frequently envelops its distant summits.

Catskill: The mountains were called katsbergs by the Dutch, from the number of wildcats found in them, and the creek, which flows from the mountains, was called Katserskill, "tomcats creek."

Ozark: The aux arcs was said to refer to the bends in White river, and was applied to the Ozark mountains, through which the river pursues a wandering course—in other words, to the mountains at the bends of the river.

Sierra Nevada: A Spanish term signifying "snow-clad range."—Geological Survey.

Surely Professional.

It was well known that the late Dr. P. H. Brascome, though he demanded and got large fees from his wealthy clients, gave much of his valuable time to treating poor patients, says the New York Herald. One case of a laboring man came under his notice, and he not only treated the man, visiting him every day and providing the necessary medicines free, but he managed also to see to it that the laborer's family did not suffer for food while the man was ill.

When the man got well again and went to work he sent out of his meager wages a grateful letter and enclosed a two dollar bill, which Dr. Brascome, rather than offend the grateful man by returning, put into his pocket.

One of his colleagues happened to be present at the time and started to reproach him for being so "unprofessional" as to accept so small a fee. "Why," said Dr. Brascome, "I took all the poor devil had. I guess that was professional enough."

The Circus Auctioneer.

An auctioneer who had grown gray in the work had been urged repeatedly to retire.

"Not till I get a chance to auction off a circus," he said. "That is the height of my ambition. It is the point every good auctioneer works for. Not many attain it, because there are not enough circuses to go around, but so long as a man wields the hammer he clings to the hope of getting a fling at a circus some day. I can't explain the fascination.

"Men who have sold circuses at auction tell me that it requires no more ability to sell lions and elephants, than bonbon dishes. Maybe they are right, but circus managers must think otherwise, for of all the people who have goods to dispose of at auction the circus man is most particular about the qualifications and experience of his auctioneer."

Main Stand-By.

Mrs. Gramercy—if we have to economize I suppose you'll proceed to give up the motor car? Gramercy—I should say not. We'll have to do it in some way that our neighbors can't see.—Puck.

OLD CUSTOM IS COMING BACK

Fashionable Englishmen Are Carrying Snuff-boxes Now and Dip Into Them.

The old family doctor in the '60s, who had been in London and seen Sir Benjamin Brodie, used to tell stories about his distinguished colleague and point them by taking snuff. When he entered the bedroom of a patient his beard and clothes were redolent of snuff; he would brush it off his flowered waistcoat. We now read of a return to snuffing in England; that a snuff club has been established in Leeds; that motoring favors the practice because the motorist cannot in the open enjoy a cigar.

We also read, Philip Hale writes in the Boston Herald, that snuff is bad for the nerves, and that the modern brands deteriorate quickly; that snuff is also bad for the digestion and for the nose, since it is sometimes adulterated with lime. George IV's snuff was sold for £400, and how long did the fragrance of it last?

In many ways this taking of snuff was a fine, costly old habit. It accentuated an epigram; it served as an answer when speech failed; it gave weighty importance to a tritling observation. James I. did not inveigh against it in his "Counterblast to Tobacco." What more royal present to an actor or violinist than a gold snuff box incrustured with diamonds and filled with ducats or louis d'or? Then there were the snuffboxes with lids exquisitely painted, with the portrait of some frail beauty, or inscribed with a ribald motto!

If the practice is revived, should the pinch be taken with the left hand or the right? Some one objected to Richard Mansfield's Beau Brummel because the comedian took snuff with the right.

DELICATE BUT KEEN THRUST

English Lawyer's Method of Handling Witness So as to Discredit Him With Jury.

Said John B. Curtis, the well known lawyer and president of the Indiana Society of New York, speaking about the recent hokling of Detective Burns when he was on the witness stand in a memorable case: "I'm afraid that sometimes we get a little too personal and severe with witnesses. How much better was the handling of a famous detective who was testifying in a London court. It was a divorce case and Mr. Frank Lockwood was the opposing counsel. The detective witness came to the stand dressed in black broadcloth, wore a gold fob and seals and looked much more like a respectable middle-aged solicitor than a member of the police force. The man's testimony was likely to be damaging to his client, so Mr. Lockwood began his cross-examination very gently and was excessively polite.

"I believe you are John Blank of the firm of Blank & Co., the eminent detectives?"

"Yes, sir," said the witness, "I represent that firm."

"And I presume," continued the counsel, "that in the course of your duties as a detective you have, at times, to assume many disguises?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said Lockwood, smiling, "will you have the goodness to tell the court just what you are disguised as now?"

Howells Exclusive.

When Howells was a cub reporter in his Ohio youth he was sent by his paper to the state capital to report very tense and very bitter legislative proceedings there. When he arrived late in the afternoon the session had turned into a riot, with need of ambulances to carry off the disabled members and militia to sit on those still in the ring. As the legislative proceedings were interrupted by the grand shindy, and as they were not likely to be resumed for some days, Howells, having no legislative proceedings to report, as instructed, strolled off behind the Capitol and watched a very lovely sunset, writing a charming description of it, which he filed early at the telegraph office, with the note to his managing editor that, there being no legislative proceedings, he sent instead the sunset "copy." Krebbl knows, for Henry was there.

In a Different Role.

"Thousands of Americans have seen the tall, long bearded Anton Lang at work in his modest pottery or on the Oberammergau stage as the central figure in the 'Passion Play,'" says a letter from Munich, quoted in the New York Tribune. "But we, who visited the place recently, in the wrong year and the more than wrong season, saw him in a new and humanly interesting role. In a rough, heavy coat, high wooled leggings, fur cap and old fashioned wool mittens he sat on a sled. In front of him sat a little girl muffled tightly in heavy wraps. Her little gloved hands were on the wheel and she probably thought that she was directing the course of the sled. If facial expression may be taken as a guide Lang was having a better time than when we saw him on the celebrated peasant stage."

Expects a Commission.

Lady—I guess you're gettin' a good thing out of tendin' the rich Smith boy, ain't ye, doctor? Doctor—Well, yes; I get a pretty good fee. Why? Lady—Well, I hope you won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that hit 'im.—Scribner's Magazine.