

NEGRO NOT A HEAVY EATER

Southern Senator Tells Reporter That Colored Man Consumes Less Than White Brother.

"There is a very popular, but very erroneous, belief that the negro is a heartier eater than the white man," said a southern senator to a Washington Star man, "but, after some little observation, I have come to the conclusion that the negro is really a much smaller eater than the white man. My attention was called to the matter some time ago by Senator McLaurin, who asked me if I had noticed the fact that negroes, as a rule, when well fed, and when they could get their meals regularly, ate less than white men. I frankly confessed that I had noticed no such thing, and said further that I did not believe it was so. Of course, my conclusion was merely a hasty generalization, and was due mainly to the popular belief. My interest was roused by the very firm statement made by Senator McLaurin, and so I made a series of observations, the results of which have been a revelation, for they have upset the opinions of a lifetime.

"I am now in a position to assert that if the negro is well and regularly fed he will eat a third less than a white man. Probably I should put the proposition differently. What I mean is the normal negro, under normal conditions, will eat less than the normal white man. Extreme types may be found of both races. There are negroes with abnormally large appetites. But we cannot consider these types in dealing with the question. They would not lead to correct conclusions.

"In other relationships in connection, for instance, with aggregates in consumption, it would be proper to consider all the types for the purpose of determining averages. But they are not pertinent to the simple question. Does the normal negro eat less than the normal white man? He does. Why I am not prepared to say, and I pass this aspect of the problem to those who have keener observational senses and who have more time for tedious investigations."

FINDS A NEW SHELL GAME.

Tarantula in New York Zoological Garden Plays It with Frightened Keeper.

Patrick Ohmer, a keeper at the New York zoological gardens, survived an exciting experience with a large and ferocious tarantula recently and was able to celebrate.

Tarantulas of the Mygale family are almost as scarce as hen's teeth in the United States. They come from Brazil, large, hairy fellows, eight inches in diameter and with a bite that carries sure and quick death in every nip. The spider in the Bronx was kept in a glass case in the reptile house. When Ohmer went to the case he found what was apparently the shell of the spider covered with red ants. He decided that they had eaten the rest of the spider, so he removed the shell and took it to Director William H. Hornaday. He then returned with a brush to clean the case.

He opened the door and inserted the brush when—zip!—down came the ghost of the departed reptile and whacked the brush to the floor, missing Ohmer's fingers by an inch. The keeper slammed the door of the case and ran back to the director with the news. Mr. Hornaday refused to accept the ghost theory, and, taking down his books, discovered that the Mygale sheds its skin once a year and that Keeper Ohmer had come within an inch of touching the rejuvenated spider. Further investigation proved that the Mygale was resplendent in a new hairy vestment.

CAT LED DOG INTO A TRAP

Pursued Feline Runs by Fore Hold; But Unwary Canine Jumps Straight Into It.

The open hatch, necessarily left open for ventilation, is one of the perils of the sailor, but a sailor dog aboard the four-masted bark Earl of Dunmore in the Erie basin took a flying leap of 35 feet into the fore hold, and landed on the coilst like a rubber ball, says the New York World.

"Poodle," Capt. Menck's water spaniel, from San Francisco was chasing the ship's cat. She led him into the trap. The cat ran across the covers of the midships hatch, with the spaniel at her heels.

She avoided the fore hatch, which was open, and dog, racing straight, jumped plumb into it, landing in a limp ball upon the stones and earth in the hold.

He wasn't very lively when an apprentice sailor picked him up, but in five minutes Poodle was frisking and ready for another bout with the wily cat.

Bad Story. Sandy Pikes—Ah, lady, can't yer help a poor sufferer from de Russian war? The Lady—Were you really there, my poor man? "No'm: I was a school teacher till I sprained me voice pronouncing Russian names."—Chicago Daily News.

Locating the Difficulty. "Mr. Bliggins says he has a good ear for music," said one member of the glee club. "He may have a good ear," answered the other. "But it is very hard to find a tune that will fit his vocal chords."—Washington Star.

World's Weed. The world's tobacco crop of 850,000 tons is grown on 2,250,000 acres.

LEGISLATION FOR ALASKA.

Long-Neglected by Congress to Fix Clearly the Initiative for Government.

It was, in fact, no less than 17 years before congress made any serious attempt to organize a civil government, writes William Garrott Brown, in Atlantic. The Pribiloff islands were leased to a company with the exclusive right to take seals within the three-mile limit, and in a few years the revenue from this source alone made a handsome return on the purchase money. But Alaska could not be developed without law. Immigrants found that there was no legal way provided to preempt land, or to convey property, or to collect a debt. Save in the neighborhood of the military posts, there was no protection either for property or for persons; and there is only too much evidence that the presence of the soldiers among them was demoralizing to the natives. The liquor traffic, though forbidden, was not in fact suppressed; to the Indians of Alaska we gave only the same careless wardship which we had given to our own tribes. In 1884, acting on a suggestion which Gen. O. O. Howard, had made nearly ten years before, congress still unwilling to take the time for detailed legislation for Alaska, extended over it the laws of the territory of Washington, "so far as the same may be applicable." There is no better instance of the sluggishness of our national legislature when no strong or widespread public sentiment stirs it to action. Those students of our government who deplore our failure to fix clearly the responsibility for the initiative in legislation, as in England, it is fixed in the ministry, could scarcely find a better case to illustrate their view. Our long neglect of Alaska was neither wise nor salutary.

HAVE WOMEN ANY GENIUS?

English Writer in London Paper Insists They Lack Courage for Self-Restraint.

Why is it that women have not distinguished themselves as creative artists? asks a writer in the London News. Mrs. Chesson can mention only two "great" women poets, Sappho and Christina Rossetti. Though all women learn how to paint in water colors at school, are there any "great" women painters? Rosa Bonheur can hardly be called great. There are no women painters of the class of Raphael or Duerer.

No woman ever wrote a great oratorio or a first-class opera. In the art of fiction, perhaps, they stand highest, though even there the characteristic faults of women artists keep them from the first rank.

The reason seems to be that women lack the essential quality of all great art; they lack restraint. They are afraid to curb their muse; they have not the courage, if they ever have the desire, to go through their work with a pruning knife and remove every superfluity.

Christina Rossetti is great because she possesses this power to take pains. Poetesses in general—and Mrs. Browning is a very good illustration of this, fail to reach the supreme pinnacle of greatness because they do not care to use restraint.

ONE WAY TO GET DRINK.

Fair of Toppers Each Get "Constitutional" for Toll for Single Glass.

"I thought I was next to all the games," said a bartender the other day to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "but those two men going down the street pulled off a new one on me this morning. They have been going a strong pace and were down and out. They had but 15 cents between them and both wanted a drink.

They both walked into this place, after holding a conference on the sidewalk, and one of them called for a special brand of whisky. He placed the 15 cents on the bar and I served him the drink. He filled the glass up to the brim. I said nothing, although he was buying the whisky cheaper than we were. Then he swallowed half of it, smacked his lips for a minute and said: "That is not the whisky I ordered." I insisted that it was, and he insisted that it wasn't. Finally he turned to his friend, who stood behind him, and said: "Taste it. See if I am not right." The friend swallowed the remaining half of the whisky, smacked his lips and said: "I think the bartender is right." The two linked arms and walked away. It came over me in a minute that I had been worked, but the game was so cleverly done that I called them back and set them up."

Charitable Novelties.

Germany is far ahead in novelties of a charitable nature. In the town of Hachmann prizes are offered yearly for the men who will marry the ugliest and most crippled women, and for the women over 40 years who have been fitted at least twice. The money was left by a big financier, who, realizing that beauty is an attraction hard to overcome, made a provision in his will that out of the income of the fund, not less than £15 shall go to the ugliest girl in any year, and the cripple shall receive £12. The poor women over 40 who have been fitted by a lower receive, when the funds permit, £10 each, but the trustee can vary this amount, and, at his own discretion, offer a larger prize to some one who will marry an unusually ugly girl, or one to whom Nature has been specially unkind.

Horrible Life.

Jerome—How do you feel about ancestors? Jerry—I hate 'em; my frivolous grandfather keeps leading me on, and my steady Dutch grandfather keeps holding me on.—Life.

"NOT ALUM, BUT ALIMONY"

Woman Reporter Puts It All Over Smart Young Man Who Tries to Be Funny.

The new reporter was a woman, and the first who had appeared in the city room of that paper within the memory of the oldest reporter, relates the New York Tribune. She was a smart looking person of about 30, who wore neat, severe, well-fitting clothes, mannish boots and gloves, and walked with a swing that made one invariably look up when she passed.

She sat at the next desk to Rice, a bright, cheeky young fellow from up state, who had been on the paper for a year, and so felt a right to consider a woman's entrance into the office an intrusion. Nobody paid much attention to her for some days, until she was sent to Rice by the city editor to get some information.

The other reporters sat round and watched Rice explaining things to her. She took it in rapidly with an airy nonchalance which nettled that young man. When she had assimilated all the information she thanked him with a profound bow and flashed a diamond solitaire in his face in a most impudent way.

Rice accepted her challenge at once and, touching the ring with his finger, he straightway raised it to his lips with a show of tasting it, and made the terse remark: "Alum!"

"No, young man," replied the young woman, sternly, but with a twinkle in her eye. "Not alum; alimony!" From that day the city room accepted her at par value.

ANTS BORE THROUGH ROCK

Cable Laid in Concrete Trough Suffers from Depredations of a White Species.

The engineers in charge of a telegraph line at Hong-Kong were surprised recently by the discovery that about seven miles of their cable, though it was well protected and laid underground in a concrete trough, had been severely damaged. For the greater part of the length oval holes had been bored right through the casing down to the copper wire itself.

It was agreed, says the London Spectator, that insects must have been the author of the mischief, though what kind of insects was not obvious. It might be possible to find one which enjoys perforating lead. But these insects seemed to have drilled the holes, not in order to make a passage, but by way of making a meal! They had taken a dinner of six courses, consisting first of tarred rope, then of lead, then of twisted rope, then of tape, then of hemp fiber, and lastly of india rubber. The copper strand had been too much for them.

Portions of the damaged cable were sent to the Natural History museum with a hope that some opinion might be given, and the oracle replied that there could be very little doubt that the damage was caused by white ants. Specimens of their peculiar forms of appetite and industry are kept in the museum, which show not only that they will eat lead, but will also bore through hard sandstone rock.

QUEER CURE FOR OLD AGE

Bulgarian Recipe for Preparing Milk a Remedy Against Growing Aged.

Curdled milk of a special kind, prepared only on a Bulgarian recipe, is now supposed to be a remedy against growing old, says a Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. M. Xavier Dybovsky has made a communication on the subject to the Academy of Medicine. The substance is called yaghurt, and can now be obtained in tins in Paris. It is supposed to be death to all the inimical bacteria in the intestines, while those friendly microbes to which Prof. Metchnikoff pins his faith positively adore it. Hence the property of yaghurt to prolong human life to what is its normal span—a century or so. The substance looks very like ordinary cream cheese gone bad, and tastes similarly. The solid portion is mixed with a white, thin liquid, which is exceedingly sour. People who wish to live to a hundred breakfast off yaghurt exclusively.

Self-Reliance of the Jap.

Whether we look to the dockyards which she has built for the making and repairing of her own fleet, to her strenuous maintenance of her own agriculture and industry or to her self-reliant retention of the financial responsibility for her own undertakings, we find revealed the same determination to stand independent and self-contained. It is a patriotism so comprehensive that it can stoop without loss of dignity to the consideration of the minutest detail and it holds the secret of the great future which seems to be opening up before the youngest of the nations.—London Express.

Hard to Keep Track of Them.

"Do you remember, dear," he asked, as they sat down on one of the rustic seats at the summer resort, "that I cut our initials on this tree behind us three or four years ago?" "Why, no, George," she replied. "I don't remember that. Are you sure?" He arose, walked around the tree, and inspected the bark closely.

"Yes," he said. "It's the tree, all right, but it was another girl."—Chicago Tribune.

Few White Women.

White women are scarce in the German colonies. There are only 254 in East Africa and 229 in the German islands in the Pacific ocean.

WHISKY FOR THE RED MAN

Pay One Dollar Down on a Lot and Have a Drink on Court Ruling.

"For time at last makes all things even" is the old saw that has proven true in the case of Siwash, who, for 10, these many years, has had to have his whisky smuggled to him, or carry around with him a thurst that water could not touch, says the Seattle Times.

By a recent ruling of the federal court it has been decreed that an Indian can buy whisky if he is a property owner, and the whoop of joy that went up from the beaches scared the claims into hiding, as the Siwash got canoes ready to go to town to buy land and thus have a right to buy booze.

Dozens of real estate men advertise every day that lots in the Garden of Paradise, for Gold Valley, or Mountain View may be bought on paying one dollar down and paying one dollar per week, so there is no reason why Indians should go dry, especially as the clam market is unusually active, and the demand exceeds the supply.

No longer will the Indian have to hide away in the tall grass while some dirty white man brings to him a bottle of alleged whisky that would scorch paint, and for which he paid two prices. As soon as he buys a piece of land he can march into a saloon and order his own liquor. It goes without saying that he will get better whisky for less money that he used to get under the old bootleg system.

The mortality among the Indians, especially in eastern Washington, should greatly decrease under the new order of things. There are rattlesnakes ever there, and the poor Indian that was bitten by a snake had no remedy. Now he can always fortify himself against snake bites if he owns a bit of land or has a friend in the tribe who is a landowner.

ONE-HALF THE BASS LIVING

Out of Fifty-Five Little Fish Placed in Pond Eleven Year Ago, 25 Now Live.

Out of 55 young striped bass, averaging about ten inches in length and half a pound in weight, placed in a pool in the Aquarium on May 14, 1894, there remain this month, rounding out a period of 11 years in captivity, 26 hardy survivors, all grown to be fishes of noble proportions. The biggest one is about 32 inches in length and it would weigh about 30 pounds, while there are eight in the lot that would measure more than 27 inches in length and from 20 to 30 pounds in weight, some of the chunkier ones weighing more than longer fishes.

The greatest mortality among these fishes was in the course of the first two years—there was but a single death in the pool in the eleventh year, just ended. The growth among them was very rapid in the first five years, but scarcely perceptible later to those who saw them daily, though occasional visitors were sure to take note of their increase in size and weight.

These fine surviving striped bass, a very noble lot, are all in good condition, and they are all still growing. Striped bass have been known to reach a length of about five feet and a weight of nearly 100 pounds. It seems not impossible that, barring accident, some one of these bass in the Aquarium's pool may attain a size and weight as great.

GUARD SECRETS OF TRADE

Chinese and Syrians Preserve Knowledge of Constructing Certain Articles.

"There are two trade secrets," said an artist, "that the outside world, it seems will never learn. One is a Chinese secret—the making of the bright and beautiful color called vermilion, or Chinese red. The other is a Turkish secret—the inlaying of the hardest steel with gold and silver.

"Among the Chinese and among the Syrians these two secrets are guarded well. Apprentices, before they are taken for either trade, must swear a strong oath to reveal nothing of what passes in the workshop. These apprentices, furthermore, must belong to families of standing, must pay a large sum by way of premium, and must furnish certificates of good character and honesty.

"You have seen damascened steel, of course, and you have seen vermilion, or Chinese red. Remember the next time you look at these two things that their secrets have been guarded inviolably, have been handed down faithfully from one generation to another for thousands of years."

Literature for Alaskan Miners.

A member of a government party which journeyed through Alaska during the Tanana rush was horrified at the lack of entertainment and good literature available for the miners. "Doesn't it get very dull here?" he asked of an old prospector at Fairbanks. "What do you do for amusement?" "Do?" echoed the gray-haired prospector, gravely. "Do? Why, bless you, we have very genteel amusements. As for reading literature, an' all that, why, when the fast grub comes in the spring we have a meetin' an' call all the boys together an' appint a chairman, an' then some one reads the directions on the labels of the bakin' powder cans."—Seattle Post-Intelligence.

Shame to Wake Up.

Dyer—What would you do if you woke up some morning and found yourself a millionaire? Duell—Go to sleep again.—Judge.

TIME WHEN HORSES DANCE

Historical Instances of Terpsichorean Performance of the Equines.

There is an ancient Roman lamp among the treasures of the Louvre in Paris, and on this lamp is a picture of a horse that is being taught to stand on his hind legs. The Roman horse trainer is using a formidable-looking whip, says the Chicago Daily News. The dancing horse figures in that melody of ancient learning, the "Deipnosophists, or Banquet of the Learned," of Athenaeus. Athenaeus tells that the Sybarites "had carried their luxury to such a pitch that they had taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the lute." But disaster came of this effeminate horse training. For the Crotonians, being at war with the Sybarites, and knowing the air to which the Sybarite horses were accustomed to dance, played the same melody on the battlefield, and as soon as the horses heard them playing on the flute they not only began to dance, but ran over to the army of the Crotonians, carrying their riders with them.

Dancing cavalry horses appear again, in greater detail, in the "Annals of Charon of Lampasacus," likewise quoted by Athenaeus. Charon says that the general of the army of a people named Bisatae lived, as a boy, in slavery among the Carians; there he learned that the Cardian horses were taught to dance at feasts to the music of the flute, standing on their hind feet and dancing with their fore feet in time to the airs which they had been taught. So when war broke out the general of the Bisatae secured a Cardian female flute player, who instructed his own horse musicians.

When the flute players of the general of the Bisatae were sufficiently trained in the music of the Cardians, he gave battle, ordering them to play the airs which they had learned and which the horses of the Cardians knew. "And when the horses heard the flute they stood up on their hind feet and took to dancing. But the main strength of the Cardians was in their cavalry, and so they were conquered."

SACRIFICES TO THE PIANO.

All the World Seems to Be Playing Upon This Instrument of Music.

My landlady's little boy, separated from me only by a thin lath partition of a wall, is playing five-finger exercises in halting rhythm and with innumerable false notes. The instrument is one in which the eight years has left a tone like a discontented nutmeg grater, says a writer in the London Outlook.

The little boy, a pale child in a long pinafore and big white ears, hates his chosen instrument as much as I do, and so we meet on a level of mutual affliction. I loathe hearing him, and he hates his instrument; now, in the name of good common sense, why must he be offered up as a sacrifice?

His mother is a poor woman, and the tinkling cottage piano with the plaited faded green front represents the chops and many other wholesome things she has not eaten, and what she allows the young lady in the third floor back who takes her board out in piano lessons, is a serious sacrifice. Now, I ask what for?

Why is all the world playing an unnecessary piano? Marriage has a fatal effect on music. For some occult reason as soon as a girl is married the piano—the grave of so much money and time—retires out of active life, and swathed in "art draperies," burdened by vases, cabinet photographs and imitation "curtains," serves less as a musical instrument than a warning; but no sooner are the next generation's legs long enough to dangle between the keyboard and the pedals than the echoes awaken to the same old false notes that serve no purpose unless an hour of daily martyrdom over a tear-splashed keyboard is an excellent preparation for the trials of life.

Amber, Amberoid and Amberina.

"Amber has become so rare," said a tobaccoist, "that it is difficult to get hold of a good piece. That is sad, for long cigarette-holders will be exceedingly fashionable this year. Amberine is often sold for genuine amber. It can be detected easily. If you put a match to it a conflagration will ensue. Furthermore, if you rub it it will give off a camphor smell. Also, it will not pick up paper. Amberoid is made of amber chips powdered and compressed by hydraulic power. Only an expert can tell amberoid from amber. It won't burn, and, like amber, it will, after a little friction, pick up paper. Amberoid is so excellent a counterfeit that many an honest tobaccoist, deceived himself, will sell it to you in good faith for the real article."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Boys Mustn't Smoke in Japan.

Viscount Hayashi, of Japan, has informed the Scottish Antitobacco society that the Japanese police confiscate the "smoking instruments" of any youth under 20 years, as well as his supply of the weed. Parents and guardians who knowingly permit the offense are liable to a fine of 50 cents, and dealers who furnish a minor with the wherewithal may be fined \$5. The law was passed in 1900.

Coming to Him.

"She is very rich, but she has a violent temper. Why she throws anything she can lay her finger on at her husband."

"Why doesn't he leave her?" "Because he's hoping that some day she'll forget herself and throw her money at him, too."—Detroit Free Press.

GAVE THE RIGHT NAME.

Curious One for a Ship, and It Brought Ridicule Upon Those Who Questioned It.

Boats trading in the Medway in former years rejoiced in rather curious names, and the following, says the New York Tribune, was only one of the many amusing incidents resulting from this:

A boat named What's That to You? passing a dockyard at night time was hailed, as usual, by the coast guardsmen.

"Boat ahoy! Your captain's name?" "Capt. X—"

"And what are you laden with?" "Coal."

"Where bound for?" "Chatham."

"Ship's name?" "What's That to You?"

"I asked you the name of the ship?" "What's That to You?"

"You shall be reported for your impudence," roared the coast guardsman. Again he put the question, and, receiving the same reply, the boat was commanded to remain where she was.

In the morning two boats were seen keeping guard. The officials, as they boarded the vessel with full authority to seize the offenders, observed for the first time the name painted in large letters. Amid the laughter and jeers of the crew of the What's That to You? they pulled moodily away.

SEIZED HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Long-Suffering Husband of Woman's Rights Lecturer Seizes to the Occasion.

"Is there a man in all this audience," demanded the female lecturer on woman's rights, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over the assembly with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly? If there be such a man in this audience let him rise up! I should really like to see him."

And in the rear of the hall, relates the Novel Magazine, a mild looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself!

FEMININE FEET OF WORLD.

Those of American Women More Shapely Than Those of Other Nationalities.

"The American woman's foot is the prettiest," said the shoemaker, relates the Minneapolis Journal. "It is of an slender and robust and very supple. The instep is high and beautiful. In a word, a perfect foot—charming and serviceable alike in a pink satin slipper in a ballroom, or in a white, rubber-soled shoe on a tennis court, or in a stout hobnailed boot on the side of the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn.

"The Frenchwoman's foot comes next. It is long and slender and elegant, but weak. No good for service. Very ornamental. A foot for show. The Spanish foot is small and its instep high and arched. Here, too, there is not enough strength. There is a tendency to softness, and in later life to fat.

"The German foot is larger but shapely and strong. It resembles the American foot, only it is much bigger. The English foot is the—the—well, is the limit! It is long, it is bony. It has no instep; it wears its shoe over on the side. Nowhere in the world will you find a race with such ugly feet as those of the English."

Origin of Lloyd's.

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed; this was the first underwriting. These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip. Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house. Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency, still bearing the name of the humble coffee house proprietor, and which not only writes risks on vessels, but rates them and publishes their arrivals at every port the world over, no matter how small or how remotely situated.—Mexican Herald.

Knew the Sex.

The aid—Mr. DeJones has asked me to marry him. Would you advise me to accept? The Man—But you don't love him. "How do you know I don't?" "If you did you wouldn't ask my advice."—Chicago Daily News.

Betwixt and Between.

Grandpa—Oh, come, come, Tommy! You're getting too old to cry like that. Tommy—Well, then, I w-wish I was old enough to say what you did when you hit your finger with the hammer.—Judge.