

SAW HIS DUTY POINTED OUT

Advertisement of John Ware Gave Valuable Idea to the Traveling Salesman.

"While working through Pennsylvania recently I saw an advertisement that ought to bring relief to a few distressed souls," said the traveling salesman. "It headed the personal column and said:
"Be it hereby known to all my correspondents that I have this day destroyed all letters they would wish to be destroyed."
"That notice was so extraordinary that I stopped over for a late train and called on John Ware. He was a genial old man and willing to talk. He said he was a person to whom people voluntarily confided secrets; that many persons in bursts of confidence had written letters to him which they no doubt afterward regretted having written.
"Sometimes they said, 'Destroy this'; sometimes they didn't. Anyhow, John Ware had kept most of those incriminating letters. But now that he was getting old he had seen what harm might result from those letters falling into strange and unscrupulous hands, and he had burned them and had taken that novel way of notifying his correspondents that they were safe.
"That talk with John Ware set me thinking. The first thing I did when I got back to New York was to burn a batch of letters."

BEAUTY NO LONGER A MARVEL

Time Has Gone By When World Stopped to Wonder at Loveliness of Women.

Within the last week two well-known, beautiful, rich society girls, both young, both popular, with all doors to which society has the key flung open before them, have elected to go into an East End hospital and scrub floors for pauper invalids. Perhaps they will not stick to it; the important thing is that they want to try it.

The fact is that we are no longer sufficiently satisfied with beauty to think a woman has justified herself by being good to look at. Thirty or forty years ago people came from every part of the world to see Georgiana Lady Dudley, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis-West walk in the park. At an earlier date the beautiful Gunning had caused riots, so great was the anxiety to see them. Anne of Austria drew people from the most inaccessible corners of what was then a very inaccessible world, who made their way with year-long journeys to Paris, caught a glimpse of her entering her carriage and went home again saying they had seen loveliness itself. Today we would not cross the road to see a pretty woman, possibly because there are so many of them. Indeed, beautiful women of today are more admired by women than by men. But in any case beauty as a profession is dead.—London Truth.

Sneezing as an Omen.

The only attention we pay to a sneeze at the present day is to endeavor to get rid of the chill which causes it; but a sneeze in the days of old Greece was a matter of great concern and import.

There was then a god of sneezing, and great undertakings would even be abandoned if a man sneezed at an inappropriate moment, the act being looked upon as the oracle of the god. A sneeze between midnight and noon was looked upon as a fortunate sign, but between noon and midnight it betokened great misfortune. To sneeze to your right was lucky; to sneeze to the left unlucky. Two or three sneezes were lucky, one or three very unlucky and any undertaking in hand should if possible be abandoned; more than four sneezes did not count. There is a saying in many parts of England today: "Once a wish, twice a kiss, three times a letter, four times something better." If people sneezed together it was a good sign, particularly if they happened to be discussing business.

Amusing Artistic Conceptions.

Many a child, as well as some older persons, has puzzled over that "beam" in the eye of which the New Testament speaks. It is not always understood that this means a beam of light. But it was left to Solomon Bernard, in his woodcuts illustrating the Bible, published at Lyons, in 1653, to picture this beam as one of wood, rectangular in section, and several feet in length. Then there is the case of an English painter who depicted an elaborate rainbow. Unfortunately, he painted it wrong side out. But we forget amazement at such stupidity in admiration for the artist's magnificent audacity when we learn that he charged twenty pounds for repainting the rainbow colored in accordance with nature's arrangement.

Trouble Ahead.

"Do you know that the average man drinks enough beer in the course of his life to float a battleship?"
"No. Does he?"
"Statisticians have found that he does."
"I'm sorry."
"Ah, it is good to hear you say that. I hope you will now that you realize how great this waste is, give up the habit."
"No, I ain't got any idea of doin' that, but I don't see how we're goin' to be able to keep on drinkin' enough to float battleships if they make their blamed old Dreadnoughts much bigger."

Troublesome Account.

"My husband has given me a checking account."
"Isn't that lovely? Now you can buy anything you want and just write out a check for it."
"Yes, I'm rather sorry on one account, though. It seems such a lot of trouble to have to write out a check for one's car fare, especially when the cars are crowded or when you have to pay as you enter."

Past Master.

"He's an adept on the links."
"Golf expert?"
"No; our leading sausage maker."

MAKE WIGS OF SPUN GLASS

Natural Hair Becoming Scarce, Dealers in Artificial Product Are Driven to Extremities.

No one outside the artificial hair business knows the difficulty that merchants in hair-goods have experienced in getting material of sufficient quality—especially in braids—at anything like the prices which most people are willing to pay. Many countries, indeed, place such restrictions on wig-makers, owing to hygienic reasons, that natural hair is becoming more and more rare.
In certain parts of France the expedient was resorted to of making wigs from certain fibrous plants; especially was this done with those which have served to furnish material for rugs and blankets. By splitting the fibers very fine and treating them chemically, it was possible to make artificial hair, but the labor involved the asking of prices that were almost prohibitive. Moreover, complaints were made that the substitute was not so satisfactory. Horsehair was treated to a like process of division and brightening, but the imitation, except for the very poor class of trade, signally failed. Now, thanks to a series of experiments, it has been found possible to utilize spun crystal for the purpose, reducing it to any shade which may be desired and to any degree of fineness. Indeed, the resemblance to human hair is said to be all but absolute. The new product has the advantage, moreover, of weighing very little, and "hair" made of glass presents an appearance of luster and is, above all, thoroughly hygienic.—Harper's Weekly.

WHY "VICTORY" WAS DUSTY

Housemaid Feared Further Damage to Statuette Already Subjected to Hard Usage.

A New York woman engaged a new housemaid the other day, and was immediately delighted at the exhibition of the new servant's efficiency. Norah waited on the table with perfect mastery; she answered the front doorbell with matchless grace; she never once grumbled when told that she must wear a cap; her dusting was a marvel of orderliness.
But the mistress of the apartment was astonished, when the new maid had been in the house about a week, to find that her cherished "Victory of Samothrace" was covered with dust. The beautiful headless body stood gray and unlovely on its pedestal, and the "Victory's" owner called Norah to see what the matter might be.
"I can't understand this, Norah," she said. "Everything else is kept so spotless. How have you happened to neglect the little statuette. Have you dusted it at all?"
Norah admitted that she had not, and said no more.
"But why?" the mistress persisted.
"Why?" And then, miserably, the maid owned up.
"I'm a bit awkward with me fingers, mum," she murmured, shyly. "And I saw how bad it was broke, mum, and I was afraid o' droppin' it an' makin' it worse."

Theory and Experiment.

Theory and experiment must go hand in hand, and much depends on one as much as on the other, not merely on its accuracy but also upon its nature. Hundreds of experiments may be made, which, however, notwithstanding their refinement and accuracy, contribute little to the march of human progress in the right direction; they may of course in ages count for much, but the chief thing is that the experiment should be of the right kind, and it is often desirable that as much time, if not even more time, should be spent in deciding upon the right thing to be done than in doing that thing itself. One bad theory is often worse than ten bad experiments, because even if these are properly carried out, they may yet, if based upon false notions, add little or nothing, if not to the store at least to the advancement of knowledge; and count almost for as little as the one bad experiment whether based upon theory or not.—John Butler Burke.

Jealous Fishes in a Duel.

"Fish are liable to the same passions as you and I, and they fight and love as we do," said Dr. Francis Ward. "I can show you a photograph of a rainbow trout in what would have been a fight to the death if I had not interfered. In a pond were a big female trout and her partner, who resented the intrusion of another trout. Suddenly one fish charged the other and seized him by the jaw. He shook his opponent as a dog shakes a rat, and kept on until his enemy floated to the top. Then I took the fish out and revived it with a little weak whisky and water."

Courtesy.

Visitor—I've just come from the doctor's funeral, but I didn't see any of you there.
Hostess—No, my husband didn't care to go, as funerals always unsettle him.
Visitor—if you never go to other people's funerals I don't see how you can expect them to come to yours.

A Case in Point.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world."
"Yes, yes. That's quite true. Two men of my acquaintance stood for an hour on a street corner yesterday and argued about the new football rules."

CLEARED UP THE MYSTERY

Son Enlightens Mother as to Queer Remarks After Partners' Names on Program.

The young man's mother was straightening up his chamber and she picked up one of his dance programs. This is part of what she read:
1. Two-step. X.
2. Waltz. Miss Brown, pink lady.
3. Two-step. Miss VanSant, blue.
4. Waltz. X.
5. Two-step. Miss Dusall, red, black in hair.
6. Waltz. Miss Dawson, old rose.
7. Two-step. Miss Barnes, gold locket.
8. Waltz. Miss McKay.
9. Two-step. Miss Buchannon.
"Son," said the mother that evening, "what are those remarks after your partners' names? Miss Brown would not be pleased to know she had been called the pink lady."
"Why, mother, that's all right. Lots of the fellows mark their programs like that. You see, a fellow can't always remember a girl when he meets her for the first time, there are so many of them. So, to avoid embarrassment, he notes some distinguishing mark. Now, Miss Brown wore a pink dress. The X indicates, of course, the girl I accompanied to the dance. Miss Dusall wore a red dress, but so did others, so to be sure not to waste any time hunting her I noted that she had a black band around her hair. The girls with whom I am acquainted I know without any descriptive notes. O, it's all right, mother. In that way we never have to go up to a girl and ask her if she is herself."—Indianapolis News.

RATHER CRUDE AND BOLD

Bethel Preacher Gives Congregation of Shellbacks Startling Description of Bad Place.

"I knew the late Clark Russell well," said a Philadelphia shipping reporter. "The unhappy man, racked with rheumatism, lay for many years on his back as helpless as a newborn babe. That, perhaps, was how he came to leave \$100,000. He couldn't spend any of his money, you see.
"Authors make less than is supposed. Clark Russell was once talking to me about authors' earnings. He said that publishers exaggerated the earnings so as to get more people to write for them.
"He said that the millionaire publisher, in order to draw authors on, painted the prosperity of the successful writer with the bold, crude exaggeration wherewith the preacher in the mariners' Bethel painted the horrors of the bad place.
"A Bethel preacher, he explained, was describing the bad place to a congregation of shellbacks.
"Shipmates," he said, "you've seen the molten iron come running out of the furnace, haven't you? It comes out white hot, sizzling and hissing like some kind of snaky, horrible monster. Well, shipmates—
"The preacher pointed his forefinger at the awed shellbacks.
"Well, shipmates," he said solemnly, "they use that stuff for ice cream in hell."

Good Story, Anyway.

Ollie James of Kentucky, recently a representative, but now a senator, tells of the time when he was driving through a hilly section of his native state partly for pleasure and partly on business connected with his political hopes. He came to a farm-house where there was a nice looking well and windmill, and he pulled in and asked the farmer if he might have a drink.
"Ah'm sorry, sah," said the farmer. "Ah'd suttenly like to 'comodate you, but I cyaan't. Ef you all 'll jest drap into Jones' place, 'bout a mile further on, maybe you can git somethin'.
"But I thought I noticed a fine well here on your place," said the senator from Kentucky.
"Why, that's water! I didn't know you wanted water; I thought you asked me for a drink. You sure can have all the water you want."

Quail in Southern California.

Ranchers from the Coachella Valley, who were in Los Angeles today, reported that quail were so thick in the valley that crops of all kinds were being destroyed, despite the efforts of the state game wardens, who are now trapping the birds by thousands and sending them to other sections of the state. One rancher said he saw one coye of quail that must have contained 5,000 birds.
"They were so thick the sun light was shut out when they flew past," he said. "The quail are very wise," he continued, "and hunters find trouble in shooting them, while trapping is still more difficult."—Los Angeles correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

Wasted Talent.

"Mrs. Wuppsey's friends think she would have made a great actress if she had adopted the stage as a profession."
"Well, they may be right. She seems to be very clever as a mimic."
"Yes, and she hasn't a solitary mole between the nape of her neck and the snail of her back."

Learned His Error.

"Bo you have fired that red-headed office boy?"
"Yes. And that youngster thought all the time he was a fireproof office boy."

THEN ASKED HIM HIS NAME

New Boarder Tells Table Neighbor His Infallible Method in Handling Landladies.

The new boarder dropped in at dinner time and sat next to the only other man at the table. The new boarder thought it was up to him to be affable and friendly.
"I suppose you've boarded here for some time?" he asked the solitary individual.
"Yes, quite awhile."
"How is it, any good?"
"I find it pretty fair; I've no complaint to make."
"Landlady treat you decent?"
"Well, perhaps I ought to—
"Never mind, never mind," said the new boarder. "I'm on. Did you ever try chucking her under the chin. That's always the way to get on with these boarding-house landladies. I can always get 'em on my side. Treat these old dames nicely and I'll bet you can live in the house a month and never be asked for a dollar. Watch me hand her the 'con' when she comes in. I'll bet that this time tomorrow she'll be handling me the best in the shop. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably married to some measly runt who never did a day's work in his life. She earns the coin and he spends it. Watch me give her the real sympathy. Say, my name's Smith. Let's see, I didn't hear yours."
"No—I didn't mention my name—it doesn't matter—much—I'm merely the landlady's husband."

HAD NO TIME FOR SLUMMING

After Answering Impertinent and Supercilious Questions, Hostess Hands London Lady a Jolt.

The Rev. Sylvester Horne, the noted liberal clergyman, and member of parliament of London, was talking at a dinner about charity.

"The trouble with most charity," he said, "is that it is administered in a grudging, condescending spirit. Charity, to have any effect, must be administered in a spirit of absolute sympathy—a spirit, I may also say, of absolute humility. To uplift, get underneath, as the philosophic Ade well said.
"There was once a London lady, the wife of a millionaire promoter, who decided, being rather bored, to go in for charity. So she rang for her electric brougham and gilded in a luxurious silence down to the New Cut.
"The lady selected the very worst house in the New Cut, and she paid a call of about half an hour on the poor, tired, underfed woman who lived there. The questions she asked this woman were supercilious and impertinent. The lady had a very good time.
"But when she came to go, her hostess, whose cheeks were now unwontedly red, rather spoiled her good time by saying quietly:
"Well, good-bye, madam. I don't suppose I'll see you again. The fact is, I haven't time to go slumming myself."—Washington Star.

Queer Audience Views Comedy.

A four-act comedy recently given by the New York School for the Hard of Hearing, created a singularly weird impression amongst those present who were not familiar with lip reading and the sign language. Words were used, but they were not meant to be heard, for the players and most of the audience were deaf. Cues and clever lines alike were read, not heard, and the lips of the silent speakers were the media. Even the hand-clapping, with which some of the audience, unfamiliar with the conventions of the lip-drama, were prompted to express their applause, was discouraged by the knowing ones, who seemed to manifest their approval by a wry wave of the hand aloft. In the longer play presented, pity was taken upon that portion of the audience which, though able to hear, was so ill-equipped as not to be able to read the lips of the performers. So in "Many a Slip 'Twixt the Girl and the Lip" the lines were read out loud, even though they were not heard by any of the members of the cast.

Wolves in Western New York.

For the first time in many years a pack of wolves has crossed the ice from Canada near the eastern end of Lake Erie. They are reported to be in the neighborhood of Westfield, N. Y., and are travelling westward.
The farmers are frightened and scores of hunters are reported to be out seeking to kill the wild animals. A land company owning the point between Westfield and Dunkirk authorized the publication of a reward for the destruction or capture of five large wolves that several of the farmers described as having been seen attacking sheep, farm dogs, cattle and horses.—Connaught News-Herald.

MASTER-SMITH OF THE DAY

Produces Steel of Cutting Capacity Surpassing Work of Legendary Swordmaker.

We are all familiar with the old-time legends of the master-smith, who, by his skill at the forge, was able to produce for the hero of the tale a weapon which should cut through the armor of giant or wizard and maintain its temper and edge against all tests.
The modern industrial captain has to cut his way also through metal, and one of the notable achievements of the engineer and metallurgist has been his success in the production of steels of hardness and cutting capacity which, altogether surpass the finest work of the legendary swordmaker.
Not content with the manufacture of tool steel of hardness, high-speed cutting capacity and exquisite temper, the modern master-smith has now produced a method of converting soft iron or low-grade steel into tool-steel of the highest grade simply by the infusion of the necessary proportion of carbon and other elements by contact and proper heat treatment, so that keen-edged chisels may be made from railroad spikes and machine cutters from soft and inexpensive steel.
Trials of cutting tools made by the infusio-process at the ordnance bureau of the United States navy department have given such remarkable results, both as to cutting speed and endurance, that the chief of the bureau says: "From the test of the infusio-treated samples, it appears superior to any hardening process now in use at the naval gun factory," so that the modern master-smith has outstripped the fabled tales of the wizard weapon-maker of mediæval times.

DOUBLE REPORTS IN FIRING

Curious Effect Produced by Use of Maxim Silencer During Target Practice.

Taking as his text the double report noted during the firing on the battleship North Carolina during the recent aerial target practice, Hiram Percy Maxim writes: "Our experiments with the Maxim silencer have developed many other interesting cases. For example: if a rifle equipped with a silencer is fired down a railroad track having telegraph poles along the side there is a distinct 'crack' heard for each telegraph pole. If the rifle is fired from an open field with a tree or a clump of bushes at, say, 200 yards, there is heard a 'crack' from this clump of trees. If there are several detached clumps of trees or bushes over the open field, there will be heard a 'crack' for each of them. If, instead of firing parallel with the ground, the gun is elevated and fired straight up in the air, we hear no noise at all, except the fall of the hammer and the 'puff' of the gases escaping from the silencer.
"The reason for this is probably as follows: In the ordinary gun the report noise is so loud that it engulfs all other sounds, and we are conscious of nothing but report noise itself. It is not until this report noise is annihilated that we can hear the 'bullet fight' noise. This latter noise, being made out in the air beyond the gun, can come back to the shooter only by reflection.
"If there is one object, we get one reflection and one noise. If there are many separate objects, we get many separate reflections and separate noises. If there are no reflecting objects, such as when shooting straight up into the air, then we get no reflected noise."

Trolley Rail Tugboat.

Tests of a new touring system, invented by a German engineer,—Herr Koss, have recently been made on the Dortmund Ems Canal, which give promise that the invention will be a success. An elastic rail is laid at the bottom of the canal, and the tugboat carries at its bottom four rollers which clamp this 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 an experiment, 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.

Pilgrim Trade Has a Boom.

The Mahometan is not so behind the times as some would make him out. He has proved himself quick to take advantage of the conveniences of modern civilization.
Before the Hedjaz Railway was begun the number of pilgrims to Mecca was about 90,000 a year. In 1904, when one section of the road was opened, this number jumped at once to 200,000. In the last year for which there is any record it exceeds 380,000.
These faithful followers of the prophet included 113,000 Turks, 40,000 from India, 17,000 from North Africa and even 4,000 Malays.

Sympathetic.

"Dinkie was robbed by a footpad last night."
"I'll bet the hair on his head stood up straight."
"Dinkie hasn't any hair on his head to speak of, but he says the fussy on his fuzzy hat stood up straight."

SNAIL'S TRIP ON RAZOR EDGE

Scientist Makes Interesting Discovery While Studying Mollusk's Method of Locomotion.

"When photographing the snail," writes Professor Ward in the Strand, "I was surprised at the fact that even the rough cut edge of a sheet of glass presented no difficulties to its locomotion; its even pace was continued in spite of the fact that the sharp corner appeared to be penetrating its body. There, too, we have exhibited the animal's delicate sense of touch, and this led me to make a further experiment.
"After I had placed the snail on the butt of a razor's blade it slowly moved along the back of the blade and then climbed completely over the sharp edge, the razor being in excellent condition. As the successive waves brought the fore part of its foot near the edge of the blade its head was held low down, and the lower and shorter pair of feelers nearly touched the blade, as if feeling the way.
"At the moment when the sharp edge was reached the small feelers were fully extended toward it, and just at the very instant when I expected to see them cut off they were both instantly retracted. They were little more than a hair breadth away, and though the lower feelers possess no eyes, yet by their sudden movement I was quite convinced that the snail at that instant recognized danger.
"Still the foot traveled on, and slowly the snail dragged its whole weight of exactly one and a half ounces over the edge, later moving toward the butt and remaining perfectly unharmed. The species experimented with was the Roman or edible kind, which accounts for its comparatively large weight, it being the largest of British snails."

NEW RACE NEAR THE POLE

Explorers Stefansson and Anderson Find Men With Red Beards in Victoria Land.

Tidings of a hitherto unknown race has been received in dispatches from Stefansson and Anderson, who are conducting an expedition in the far north.
The strange race was located in Victoria Land, north of Cape Beley. One theory of their origin is that they may be descendants of an ancient Icelandic colony from Greenland. Of unusual interest is the fact that the natives bear names that can be translated into English, suggesting that survivors of the Franklin expedition may have lived among them.
They have some Scandinavian characteristics and are different from any other American aboriginals. Two of them wore beards of a reddish color and all had light eyebrows. Nothing learned from them indicated that the race as it exists today had ever seen a white man.
The courier who first went forward to parley with them almost lost his life, when a native attacked him with a knife. Friendly advances were finally successful, and by means of the sign language and the assistance of native guides communication was held.
The race was an aboriginal one called A-kul-lak-ka-tar-mi. It had been believed that the territory was uninhabited.

Tour of an English Choir.

We have at least one "big thing" to our credit that America has not so far accomplished. The Sheffield Choir, now singing in Australia, represents the biggest touring musical enterprise on record.
It numbers 230 all told, and when they return to Yorkshire in a few weeks hence they will have covered 33,000 miles in seven months. The cost of the tour will be £60,000, the transport and hotel expenses absorbing £45,000. The choir has sung to crowded audiences in Canada, New Zealand and Australia, and if the receipts are equal to the expenses the promoters will be satisfied. The youngest member of the choir is a boy of 19, the oldest a man of 72. Three of the choristers are circumnavigating the globe hatless.—London Chronicle.

Unknown Lower California.

The interior of Lower California is today nearly blank on our maps and is possibly less well known from a geographical and a geological standpoint than any other region of equal area in North America. The Mexican government has at last begun a thorough exploration of this terra incognita.
During the last autumn the Instituto Geologico equipped four parties, each comprising two geologists, to explore the northern part of the peninsula. The work will be extended to the southern part this year.—Scientific American.

The Tramp's Excuse.

"You seem to be an able-bodied man. Why don't you get work instead of begging for a living?"
"I can't find anything to do in my line."
"You can't?"
"No, I'm a lightning calculator by profession, and the adding machine put me out of business."

For Cause.

He—Why are you always throwing your money in my face?
She—Because I can't keep it out of your hands.