

INK WELL HAS ANNUAL BATH

Mr. Blacksomeby Cleans It Out Every January and the Results Make Him Smile.

"A friend of mine writes me from Sandusky, O.: 'I notice you've taken to using blue ink,' said Blacksomeby; 'and that amuses me a little, because I'm using now the same kind of ink that I always did, an ink with a strong blue tinge, only it looks different now to him for this reason: 'Every year in January I clean out my inkstand; I do this in January so that I won't forget it; starting then with the inkstand all nice and clean. As the months go by more or less sediment from the ink poured in collects in the inkstand and more or less dust settles in it, so that it gets to be inside quite muddy, and this mud, naturally, discolors the fresh ink that I pour in from time to time and makes it gradually darker and darker. By December I am writing with ink that is practically black; but it flows freely all right, and the change has been so gradual I haven't noticed it. 'When January comes around again I give the old inkstand its annual good, thorough cleaning, and then for a time the ink from it writes blue again. And that's what's happened now to make my friend out there on the shores of Lake Erie write to me: 'I notice you've taken to using blue ink.' It's really very simple, but it makes me smile.'"

USED TO ADORN THE BARN

Costly Furnishings That Will Seem to the Ordinary Man Somewhat Out of Place.

T. N. Barnsdell, the big Pittsburgh oil operator, was in New York one day and saw what he thought was a fine oil painting in the window of an art shop. "How do you like that, Bill?" he asked a friend who was with him. "Fine," said Bill. "Well, then, let's go in and buy it." So they went in and Barnsdell not only bought the picture he fancied for \$2,500, but found another he liked and paid \$750 for later. A year or so later Bill, the friend who was with him, visited Barnsdell at his house. He found some fine pictures on the walls, but not the two he assisted in selecting. "T. N.," said Bill, "where are those pictures we bought that day in New York? I don't see them here." "Hush," whispered Barnsdell, "that's a kind of sore subject with me. You see, my women-folks, who know something about pictures, didn't exactly approve of those pictures and they are hanging in the barn."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Elements Acclaim His Coffin

There was a fearful hurricane, with flying stones and sand, in Peking when the late Viceroy Chang Chih-tung's funeral procession left by the front gate. People said: "He was so good that the very elements acclaim his coffin," but the native newspaper adds: "How about the feelings of the hatted and robed thousands who escorted the coffin? Are their comfort and feelings not to be considered?" It is curious to note in the account of the funeral the parenthetical advertisement: "The arrangements were all carried out by the undertakers X & Co." These arrangements included a yellow sedan carrying the posthumous title of "Wen-shang" or "Doctus Adjvans" granted by the emperor; bearers carrying the honorary umbrella presented to the late viceroy by the people at various times, others again carrying pole boards setting forth all deceased's honors and titles. In order to raise money the front gate enclosed area (not hitherto so used) has been let out as a market to two speculators.

A Strange Resemblance

At a gathering in a Philadelphia banking house during a lull in business, when the ticker was running slow, when the investors were not piling up dollars fast enough, the trend of conversation turned toward logic. "I can prove logically that a beehive is the same as a rotten potato," confidently said one of the brokers in the party. "It is impossible," said the rest. "No; I can do it," insisted he who had begun the argument. One of the party, willing to learn what the proof was, wagered 10 cents with the banker and he was asked to sustain his position. "Well," he began, "a beehive is a beholder and a beholder is a spectator (specked tater)."

Chinese Favor Woman Suffrage

China is to be one of the prime movers in the world-wide campaign for woman's suffrage, according to Lau Chi Chang of Canton, China, a graduate student in political science at the University of Wisconsin, who addressed the convention of the American Political Science Association in New York. During the last three years meetings convened by women have had much influence in some of the minor political matters, particularly in boycotts. The women of China have been aroused by the general suffrage movement, and are expected to have a large share in the democratizing and occidentalizing of the empire.

Found Out

Lawson—What sort of a man is Bjerkyns, anyway? Dawson—Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.—Somerville Journal.

AND THIS FROM THE STAGE

Here's an 18-Year-Old Star Whose Life's Ambition Isn't to Marry the Soubrette.

"Any fellow that wants to succeed ought to clear of matrimony until he's at least 30; if he hooks up before that time he deserves the worst," says Herman Timberg, star of "School Days," writer of songs, sketches and parodies and maker of cartoons, successful comedian and just past his eighteenth year. "Yes, I'd like to do what George Cohan has done," he said. They're going to give me all the songs to write for my show next season and I'll have a lot of winners. I sent some waltzes to a publisher last month and he says they're corking good. That makes a fellow feel fine. But where a young lad like myself makes a terrible mistake when he starts out young, especially in this business, is when he gets married too early. "I intend to get married some day, but not until my thirtieth birthday is past. It's awful to go and live in a couple of rooms and have a young girl who wants pretty clothes and a good time, without everything. I can see how it's all right for a while, but where's the fun after the novelty wears off? "When I'm 30 I'm going to have lots of money and be on top if I can. Then when it's all going nice and smooth, ask the girl. Then she'll stick to me, maybe, and not trot off with the first man that comes along with a lot of money and tells her what a 'mut' I am not to give her pretty clothes and a good time. Oh, yes, I'm young, but I've seen a few things in life, and that's one of them."

COULDN'T DECEIVE OLD LADY

Statesman's Well-Meant Flattery Al-luded to in Anything but Grateful Terms.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture is as proud of his birth in the land of thistles as any laird of Scotland. The secretary has a dearly beloved aunt out west, and upon his first return to pay her a visit after his appointment in Washington some years ago, the dear old lady received him with open arms in her pretty little home. It may have been the warmth of her reception, or perhaps, it was his own joy in returning, but, whichever it was, the secretary found himself ascending into the dizzy heights of rhapsody. He extolled everything and everybody about the place with the wildest and most unrestrained eulogy. His aunt narrated his behavior later to a friend of the family. "When Jamie came back," she related, in the quaint accent which still characterizes her speech, "he said that my parlor lookit more beautiful than any of those he had seen in Washington. But Jamie, he been tellin' me a lee." And she gravely shook her head at his depravity. "And Jamie, when he came back," she continued, "told me that I had grown younger—that I looked ten years younger than when he saw me last. But Jamie"—and here she shook her head sorrowfully, but with resignation—"Jamie, he been tellin' me a lee."

No Exercise

We have the impression that we get nervous troubles from to-day's rush of life. But impressions and serious thought often yield widely different results. We do rush about a lot, but man never went so little on his feet as here and now. Cars, elevators, automobiles carry where man listeth without scarcely the creak of a knee. Actually, there are men in this city who travel toward hundreds of miles a day and scarcely get enough exercise for the final cellular digestion of the rich, greasy, juicy, vinous viands they devour. And never since creation's dawn, except in aldermanic London, has the glutton's platter been so stuck under business men's noses all the time from the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night. Once in a while the Frenchman, the Dutchman and the Englishman stuff with these intensely rich, juicy gorges. But like Haffey's whisky they are here for us all the time.—New York Press.

University Professors Poorly Paid

That 80 per cent. of the assistant professors in American universities must supplement their salaries by outside work to make both ends meet; that, though they receive on an average just enough for the living of an unmarried man 74 per cent. are married and almost all of these have children to support, and that over 63 per cent. have had to have financial assistance in their student days, incurring a debt which takes six to ten years to repay, are facts presented by Prof. Guido H. Marx, of Stanford University, before the Association of American Universities in annual convention at the University of Wisconsin recently. Prof. Marx based his statements on statistics gathered from 250 assistant professors in the 22 universities represented in the association.

A Trying Experience

Assistant Lighthouse Keeper "Al" Smith, who helps tend the beacon on the West Bank light, in Princess bay, just inside of Sandy Hook, N. J., was recently picked up at Hoffman's island in his small boat. He had attempted to row to the mainland and had lost his way in the fog. He was eight miles in his uncovered boat before he was rescued.

Couldn't Say

1911—What's the height of your ambition? 1910—Well, I don't know exactly, but she just comes up to my shoulder.—Harvard Lampoon.

THE RISE IN MOUNTAIN TOPS

Philosophic Man Sees Great Possibilities in the Development of the Flying Machine.

"Corney Vanderbilt and Bob Collier have ordered Wright aeroplanes," said —too familiarly perhaps—a flying man. "They are both, I understand, negotiating, too, for high mountain tops to build castle-like houses upon. Mountain tops, already high, are going up. I'll tell you why. "But, first, did you ever climb to the top of a high mountain? How pure and cool the air is up there! Below, for hundreds of miles, spreads the country, here in shadow, there in glittering sunshine. You see, perhaps, other mountains, cities, even the far-off sea. Those splendid views, that pure air, they splited the heart like music. If you could live on a mountain top—if the windows of your house could but frame such lovely scenes! "That, of course, was impossible a few years ago; it is still impossible today; a mountain top is too difficult of access. But when flying is quite perfected, then the rich business man, instead of living in stuffy town apartments, will have his luxurious castle 6,000 or 7,000 feet up in the air, and he will fly to and from it in his monoplane or biplane, and from every window he will gaze on views that will teach him, perhaps, the folly of making business a religion."

DISINFECTION BY FLAT-IRON

Experiments Have Proved Its Distinct Value as a Destroyer of the Microbe.

The smoothing of household linen with a hot flat-iron may accomplish much more than is intended by laundresses. As the iron is heated to temperatures that often exceed 130 degrees C, it has been thought that it must be able to sterilize certain fabrics and thus render hygienic service, especially in the country, where furnaces for disinfection or autoclaves for sterilization are not available. It is well known that all microbes may be killed by the sufficiently prolonged application of a temperature of 70 degrees C; but sterilization requires 130 degrees because the spores of certain bacteria resist lower temperatures. Experiments have been made to show that the flat-iron is capable at least of disinfecting linen. Pieces of cloth were selected that had been in contact with children suffering from contagious disease, or had been contaminated with the germs of diphtheria, pyemia, etc. This linen was moistened and then ironed, after which it was rubbed on plates of gelatin prepared for the culture of microbes. It was found that no microbial colony developed.

Up to Date

That the kids are right next to the band in the march of progress was demonstrated by a story told by Frank Feuser of Delanco, one of the executive staff of the Philadelphia Watch Company, a few days ago. According to Mr. Feuser, he was visiting a friend recently who has a seven-year-old son, and during the conversation the holidays and Christmas presents were mentioned. At this opportune juncture the boy broke into the room where the gambust was swinging, and the fond father asked the youngster what he wanted Santa Claus to bring him. The boy didn't know where to begin and meditated. "I think, Willie," said the father, "that I will tell him to bring you a box of those wooden building blocks." "Well, I guess not," was the emphatic response of Willie. "Why not?" asked the father. "Because they are out of date," replied the kid. "Nobody builds with wood any more. If you want him to bring me anything in that line tell him to make it a few bags of concrete."—Sunday Magazine of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Royal Rebuke

The members of the Society of Friends decline to uncover the head in the presence of the highest earthly dignity—even royalty itself. They say that this is a token of reverence which should be kept for God alone. The famous William Penn, who belonged to this sect, kept on his hat when he was first presented to his sovereign, Charles II. The king rebuked this apparent rudeness in a manner no less happy than good-natured. When the sturdy Quaker was shown into his presence, his majesty took off his own hat, saying: "Friend Penn, it is the custom of this court for only one person to remain covered at a time."

Tobacco

The first recorded mention of tobacco is in Columbus' diary, for November 20, 1492. The use of it was introduced into Spain, and about 1500 the French ambassador at Lisbon, Jean Nicot, sent some of the favorite weed to France, where it was named in honor of him "Nicotiana." It seems to have been first brought to England by Lane's returning colonists in 1586, and early in the seventeenth century it was becoming fashionable to smoke in spite of the bull of Pope Urban VIII, and King James' "Counterblast to Tobacco."

Men, Women and—Clothes

A true man is known by his unfaithfulness—to fashion. A true woman is known by the way she wears her clothes. She is not to be thought of as separable from them. Of the many illusions wherewith veritable woman veils herself from reality, truly man, none is more characteristically feminine than this one, that she hath for dressmaker Dame Nature's own self. Resplendent though it must have been, the glory wherewith Solomon was arrayed was indubitably unnatural, "put on," whereas the glory of the Queen of Sheba was, beyond a doubt, natural as that of the lily of the field. In brief, man's clothes are for use, woman's for beauty. Nay, more. Dress is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.—Harry Cowell, Smart Set.

What Jackson Ought to Do

"Well, by Jove, this is lucky!" cried a young man, as he heartily slapped the back of a gentleman whom he overtook in the street. The other turned round sharply and angrily, showing the face of a complete stranger. "I thought it was my friend Jackson," said the young man, confused. "All right," said the stranger; and he doubled the young man up with a tremendous poke in the waistcoat. "What did you do that for?" "I thought that was what Jackson ought to do," remarked the stranger, as he resumed his interrupted walk.—Tudor Jenks, in Judge's Library.

LOCUSTS CAUSE HEAVY LOSS

Mexico and South American Republics at a Loss as to How to Fight Plague.

Several days ago the governor of the state of Tabasco communicated to the department of fomento the fact that that state was suffering from a locust plague, which had originated in the district of the Tabasco-Campeche boundary and was spreading over the entire neighborhood. Reports of the corn harvest in the state of Yucatan received by the department indicate that the locust has not injured the crops there to any great extent this year, yet for several years past the losses from this plague have been quite severe. The department, immediately upon receipt of the information, sent a large consignment of anti-locust mushrooms, which when grown in a community are said to lessen the ravages of the insects. It is said that this method of eradication has been of little service in the states of Yucatan, Campeche and Tabasco because of the difference in climate from that which prevails in the districts where the mushroom has been successfully tried. It is said, however, that the increase of the insects has been checked, particularly in the state of Tabasco.

CHURCH USED AS PROMENADE

Common Custom Centuries Ago in England Regarded by Us Today as Profanation.

In the old days, especially during the reigns of James I. and Charles I, the nave of St. Paul's cathedral was popularly known as "Paul's Walk," because it was the favorite promenade of wits, gallants and fashionable idlers who met there to gather or retail the latest news. The nave and body of a cathedral or church were then regarded as much less sacred than the chapel, and this explains, if it does not excuse, the fact that they were often given over to all kinds of profane and secular uses. At St. Paul's there were stalls and bazaars with crowds of busy buyers and sellers, giving it the appearance of a fair. Usurers occupied the south aisle, and horse dealers the north, making it, as Evelyn called it, "a stable of horses and a den of thieves." Shakespeare makes Falstaff buy a horse at St. Paul's as he would at Smithfield. Courts of justice were held and funeral banquets and church warden's feasts were celebrated there, and, according to Stubbs, traces of these usages lingered on into the middle of the seventeenth century.

Misleading Information

Campaigns of education seem to be running a bad second to the bureau of popular misinformation. Here is a fine example of the product of the latter: "The cocoa is a native of Venezuela. It is a pod bean the size of the first joint of the finger, six or eight of these beans to the pod. The wet beans are shelled from the pods and then fermented in heaps for six days until cured. During this ferment heat is developed that will cook an egg, so they say." As a matter of fact the cocoa bean is the seed of the fruit of a tree resembling an apple tree. The fruit is oblong and heavily futed in eight segments. It averages eight inches in length, about three inches in thickness and resembles a canteloupe. Inside the shell of the fruit is a thick, sweet and highly viscid cream. Suspended in this medium is an agglomerated mass of beans averaging considerably larger than the largest size of lima beans and numbering from 25 to 50. In other respects the description is approximately correct.

His Revenge

Mr. Haldane is the most active of the cabinet ministers and is generally in the most robust of health. He is a wonderful pedestrian and has frequently done "a little stroll" of 50 odd miles in a day. Walking seems to run in the Haldane family and a good story is told of one of the war minister's ancestors. This old gentleman, having been prayed for by a clergyman as "Thine aged and infirm servant," immediately suggested a little walk with his surprised clerical friend. The latter consented and the "aged and infirm" Mr. Haldane took him for such a tremendously long walk that when he returned, utterly exhausted, he fell a sleep and could only with difficulty be awakened to conduct a religious service.—From M. A. P.

Ancient Civilization

The ancient pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico have been explored and their rich and varied contents made known to the world through the contributions of Charles F. Lummis, George L. Cole, George Wharton James and others. That a very remarkable civilization existed in that region many centuries before Columbus discovered a new world, and perhaps before the altars and pyramids of ancient Mexico and Yucatan were erected, seems highly probable. A department of local prehistoric research has been organized in the University of Southern California, and will be conducted under the management of Prof. Hector Allott.

Left No Traces

Mr. Smith ordered chicken broth at the Fatted cafe and after tasting it he called the waiter and said: "Will you kindly tell me how you make this chicken soup?" "Jes' take de boffin' hot watah and run de chicken fru, mistah." "Well, Rastus, I think this chicken must have had his rubbers on."

MILITARY SPIRIT IN SCHOOLS

Prussian Minister of War Has Recently Ordered Its Systematic Cultivation.

The new Prussian minister of war, Gen. von Heeringen has issued an instruction to the various army commands to support with vigor all efforts for the maintenance of a "healthy military spirit" in the young. It is remarked that recent experience in education has shown how quickly children become enthusiastic about everything that has to do with the army. It is greatly to the interest of the state, and especially of the army, that this "sense for things military" and the "joy in soldiering" should be maintained and promoted. To this end it is recommended that schools should be given special opportunities of witnessing parades, maneuvers and interesting exercises; that parade grounds and gymnasia should, whenever possible, be allowed to use army swimming baths, and that officers and non-commissioned officers should encourage physical training by lending their presence to games, athletic sports and patriotic festivals.

PAPA DRIVEN TO THE WALL

Attempt to Impart Information to Tommy Met with Pretty Much the Usual Ending.

The title of this dialogue might be—"Why Papa Believes in Corporal Punishment." "Papa." "Is there a Christian sea?" "Why, what on earth ever put that idea into your head?" "The preacher read it to-day from the Bible—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." "Why, Tommy, that means that the wicked men flee—" "Then, papa, is there a wicked women sea?" "No, no. It means that the wicked flees, runs away." "Why do they run?" "Who?" "The wicked flees?" "No, no! Don't you see? The wicked man runs away when no man is after him." "Is there a woman after him?" "Tommy, go to bed!"—Everybody's.

Tragedy of the Telephone

W. L. Ross, treasurer of the Cuyahoga Telephone Company, tells of the awful case of a woman on a suburban party line who was in the habit of talking or listening to other people talking over the line all day long, or until hunger would drive her from the 'phone. One day a man on the same line picked up the receiver and heard this woman and another one working a conversational relay. He was annoyed over having to wait and set about making the women mad at each other so that they wouldn't talk any more. He placed the receiver on his 'phone against the transmitter, with the result that when either woman was talking her words came right back to her own ears. The woman that happened to be having the flow of words to the face at that moment thought her neighbor was mocking her and after telling what she thought of the bringing up of people that would stoop to such discourtesy she hung up. Then the man put in his call and was not molested.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Kinds of Doing

A subject that naturalists are always talking about and never coming to any conclusion about is the difference between instinct and reason. We are accustomed to say that animals do things by instinct and man by reason. But it is quite sure that some animals do some things by reason and by instinct. And it also seems quite sure that there is no sharp dividing-line separating these two kinds of doing. Perhaps one of the most useful distinctions between instinct and reason is to consider as instinctive all those things that animals can do without having had a chance to learn them by imitation or by being taught or by any other kind of experience; and to consider as acts of reason those things that animals learn to do and that they think about while they are doing them, at least while they are doing them for the first few times. This distinction sounds pretty clear in theory, but the difficulty is to know how to apply it in practice.—St. Nicholas.

Collector's Wonderful Purchases

Many remarkable stories might be told of Isaac Falcke, English art connoisseur, whose death has removed one of the greatest art collectors. He was a born connoisseur and in the course of his career made some wonderful finds and no fewer than three separate collections. At one time Mr. Falcke and his brother had more difficulty in securing packing cases for their continental finds than in obtaining objects of art. A writer in the Times mentions that the finest enamel gold boxes of the Louis XV. and XVI. epochs were bought by them by the dozen for their weight in gold, from which was deducted the weight of the enamel on them.

Woman's Remarkable Ride

Mrs. Barnett, wife of Col. James E. Barnett, commanding the American marine detachment at Peking, China, recently went through a severe test of endurance in the saddle. Riding such chance mounts as the country afforded, she accompanied her husband on a horseback tour through northern China, the trip being almost 150 miles. On her return to Peking the officers and men presented her with a silver cup in commemoration of her ride and as a tribute to her pluck.

TRIUMPHED OVER HARD FATE

Example of Florian, Great French Engraver, Should Be Inspiration to the Unfortunate.

Seldom has there been seen a more inspiring example of indomitable energy triumphing over fate than that which the engraver Florian is now giving to the world. Six years ago, while at work upon the designs for the new French bank notes, he was suddenly stricken by paralysis. His right side became as if dead; he was bereft of speech; the hand whose skill had made him famous was useless forever. Did he complain? Did he resign himself to the inevitable? Did he sit down in despair and allow his young wife and daughters to support him? Not for a moment. He let the women work, it is true, but only while he learned to engrave with his left hand. Hour after hour, day after day, month after month he passed, struggling with that awkward, untrained left hand, drawing at first crudely like a child, then with ever-increasing precision. Gradually he educated the refractory member to obey his will. Drawing, water-color painting, designing for typographers succeeded one another, until to-day he has again attained absolute mastery over the graver's tools. Arsene Alexandre, the famous art critic, saw him at work a few weeks ago, his wooden block screwed to a table, his left hand plying the tools with all the deftness his now dead right hand formerly possessed, his speechless lips smiling, and his face radiant with happiness. To a man like Florian fate has no terrors. Such men cannot be conquered. And if ever labor should erect its Pantheon, Florian is worthy of a high niche among the heroes of work.

ITS DISCOVERY AN ACCIDENT

Smokeless Powder Achieved as Result of Search for an Unusually High Explosive.

The idea is very general that smokeless powder, in being practically smokeless, achieves its greatest end, but as a matter of fact its smokeless feature is incidental and was an accident. When the idea of modern range guns was conceived it was once apparent that the old black powder lacked explosive force, and a series of experiments were made with various chemicals to procure a powder of high explosive properties. This was at last accomplished. The new powder was tried, much to the surprise of everyone it was found to practically no smoke followed the explosion, though this could, of course, have been predicted had the question ever arisen. The volume of smoke from black powder is due mainly to the quantity of charcoal in the powder, an ingredient not found in the "smokeless" explosive. Smokeless powder, though a great boon to sportsmen, is of questionable value on the battlefield, so far as its smokelessness is concerned. The smoke clouds of old days were frequently most advantageously used to cloak movements of troops and batteries, and really interfered with the enemy much more than with the troops creating the smoke.