

THRIFT A SIGN OF TIMIDITY.

So States a Writer in English Journal, and Makes Explanation.

Ordinary men, who have only the average capacity of ability and character, and no special temperament beyond the usual tendency of most of us to go wrong over common temptations, best serve society and their own interests on a basis of thrift, says a writer in the London Saturday Review. But thrift is essentially a sign of timidity that fears the small evils of life, and has no other than small means of protection against them. Thrifty people are Malthusians, and would keep down the population lest food supplies should be insufficient. The English people have always been reckoned among the unthrifty people who spend more on themselves and their comforts and pleasures than those of other nations would do. They have multiplied recklessly; they do not spend their money to the best advantage, and they do not look ahead at home. But they swarm abroad and found incomparable colonies. Even the Scotch, who have done their share of the work, only took it up after they had come into contact with the unthrifty English, and had lost some of the ludicrous penuriousness which marked them in their own country.

"Nothing venture nothing have" is the maxim of those who do great things. The thrifty do no great things; they are afraid of the risks, and their virtue is rather a passive than an active one. It is essentially feminine, not virile.

FAMOUS TOWN GONE FROM MAP.

Ubet in Montana No Longer Recognized by Post Office Department.

The picturesque names of the early Montana are passing away, like the prospectors and the cowboy, remarks the Great Falls Leader. The latest to pass is that of Ubet, erstwhile home of the Indian and the cowboy—the Mother, Barrows, dispenser of true western hospitality. More than a quarter of a century ago, considerably more, it was that Ubet was located upon the map of northern Montana. Located in the Judith Gap, Ubet made a convenient halfway place from anywhere to anywhere, and the hotel, one saloon, one blacksmith shop, and in time one store, did a thriving business. Investigation of the early history of Ubet would reveal a number of punctuation marks of 45 size, but no one thought the less of Ubet for that in the early time. And now comes an order from the post office department that Ubet as an official handle wherewith to direct United States mail is no more from here the name of Ubet drops down and out of the government directory and the new town of Judith Gap takes the postal cards. True, Judith Gap is not a name to be sneezed at, but beside the name of Ubet it dwindles into the ordinary—very ordinary.

What's "White Coffee?"

Being a waiter in a Jewish restaurant where there weren't many folks who couldn't understand his native tongue, the man got along all right until he struck a party of two who were just investigating. By dint of pointing to things and taking chances the pair made a meal of it until they came to the coffee. They didn't want small cups. When they pointed out coffee on the bill of fare they indicated with their hands large cups. But here the waiter was equipped with English, and he was bound to show it. "Oh, yes, white coffee," he remarked. Which was the descriptive phrase for coffee with cream.

Putting Down Her Foot.

"Every time I give a party," cried the discouraged hostess, "I vow I'll never give another, but I've decided this time. No more for me. It's the red-checked man. I don't mind their taking up the rug and dancing at two after midnight and getting disposess notices served on me the next morning, or leaving punch glasses and cigarette ash all over the place for me to clean up, or scattering the Welsh rabbit from one end of the flat to the other, but when the red-checked man sits on my piano keys when he gives an imitation of something or some body, and I have to pay four dollars to have my piano tuned the next day, that'll be about all."

Gringo Songs in '49.

In the gringo days, the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49, amusements and recreations in California could only be found in the mining towns where a strolling singer made an appearance in some saloon, the admission fee paid by frequent visits to the bar. The words were set to well-known ballad tunes, and if the singer "caught on" he or she was rewarded by small nuggets thrown on the improvised table stage. As the old record says, they were "sung with great applause," to which was added the landlord's warning: "Come, gent, don't let the barkeeper go to sleep."—From Out West.

True Tale.

"My daughter gave us an awful scare the other day," said a caller recently. "She went away for a visit to New York. And she sent a telegram from her first stop. My wife was afraid to open it. We had visions of train wrecks, sudden illness and all sorts of things. And what do you think the message said? This: 'I forgot to tell you, I don't eat up at the strawberry jam while I am gone.'"

CUTTING UP A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Tough Hide Can Be Relied On to Blunt Many Sharp Knives.

To cut up a hippopotamus is no easy task. In some places the hide is almost two and a half inches thick, and before you have got through a hand's breadth your knife has completely lost its edge and requires to be resharpened. The head and the feet are put on one side to be preserved as trophies of the chase, while the remainder of the flesh is cut into long, thin strips which, after they have been dried by hanging them on the tree branches, will keep good for a very long time. The ivory of the teeth and tusks, which is of very fine quality, used to be employed almost exclusively in the manufacture of false teeth; nowadays it is turned to all the purposes of ordinary ivory. As for the hide, cut into strips it is made into sticks, which are as good defensive weapons as one could wish to possess. Treated with oil they become as transparent as tortoise shell, and look quite pretty. Out of hippopotamus hide bullock drivers likewise make throngs for their whips which are positively everlasting, and fetch, relatively speaking, quite a good price.—From "Hunting the Hippopotamus," in the Wide World Magazine.

PHYSICIAN NOT A GREAT HELP.

Senator Cameron's Thoughtfulness Met with Poor Reward.

Remarking on the physical disabilities of men who have occupied seats in the senate in his time, the venerable Senator Gaffinger of New Hampshire related in the cloakroom the other day a story of Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania. "It was during Cameron's last term in the senate," said he. "A few of us were asked to visit the battlefield of Gettysburg. Cameron was among the number. The day before we were to start he came to me and said he was not in good condition physically and asked if it would be all right for him to take a physician along. I said certainly. The morning before we were to start I was surprised to see Cameron come to the train holding up a shadow of a man, who turned out to be his physician. It amused us much to see the senator get behind that physician of his and fairly boost him up the train steps. Throughout the journey Cameron was busy taking care of this physician he had brought along."—Boston Transcript.

Kissing.

"Kissing, which has become so common a thing in this day, was not done at all in public in my young days," said an ancient dame as she witnessed two women embrace each other at the Grand Central station when they met and again when they parted and said "Good-by." "I cannot remember when it first began to be; I only remember a time when such a thing would have been thought unseemly.

"Except at children's parties, when we played the game of 'Pillows and Keys,' I never saw kissing. It simply wasn't the custom of the people then. I suppose it must have been the influence of the Puritan ancestry of so many of that day. The practice has crept in from Europe, especially from England, where it is so commonly done. It doesn't indicate any special fondness for the persons embraced; it is merely a form of salutation."

He Was the Limit.

A number of congressmen were talking of the smooth characters that appear in Washington in support of certain legislation. Reference was made to a lobbyist who had the reputation of being one of the "slickest" that ever visited the capital, when some one asked a prominent southern congressman whether the lobbyist was indeed as clever as he had been represented.

"Why, gentleman," replied the congressman, "that man could hear a postage stamp drop into a waste basket!"

The 14th Their Unlucky Day.

Superstitions of the sea should have their edge taken off by the disaster off the coast of Malta last fall. The Sarnia was due to sail from the home port on Friday, November 13, a day which was doubly unlucky. It is even difficult to get a sailor to sail on Friday, let alone the 13th of so horrid a month as November. So the men demanded delay—and they sailed on November 14, and came to grief, notwithstanding.

Saving His Strength.

Mr. Bunker—I've walked at least 20 miles playing golf and— Mrs. Bunker (breaking in)—I don't doubt it, and yet you made an awful fuss this morning when I asked you to step down cellar and bring up a pair of coal for me.

Mr. Bunker—Well, did you imagine I was anxious to tire myself out carrying coal when I knew I had that long walk ahead of me?

Couldn't Oblige.

The small boy approached the box office of the moving picture show. "Say, mister," he queried, "will you let me in to see the show to-night? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"Can't do it, sonny," replied the man behind the glass window. "This ain't a loan exhibition."

Always Acceptable. "When I send out manuscripts," said the confident youth, "the editor always finds something he can use."

"I see," answered Miss Cayenne. "You enclose stamps."

THREE COMMON HIDING PLACES.

Clock, Pincushion and Mat, and All Are Equally Unsafe.

Nine people out of ten used to hide things in the clock. It used to be supposed that nobody would think to look for anything in the clock, and yet everybody thought that the clock was just the place to hide things; therefore when anybody wanted to find or steal anything, he or she went right straight to the clock. Since people began to use nickel clocks which are not big enough to contain anything, people hide things under the pincushion. People think nobody would think to look there if he wanted to steal anything, and yet it's the first place they would choose to hide anything—strange, isn't it? Keys are usually hidden under door-mats. No one would think to look under a mat. It has been proven a million times that this is not a safe place. Every time a householder arrives home and finds "the key where it was left," he feels sure nobody could think to look there but himself. Oatriches hide their heads in the sand, and they think, imagine, or suppose that no one will discover them, and they are about as much mistaken in the intelligence of the onlooker as many folks are in the people who want to find their jewels and keys. We hope gradually to mine and explode the idea that clocks, pincushions and mats are safe hiding places.

WILD ANIMALS LIKE TOBACCO.

Peculiarity Vouched For by Trainer of Long Experience.

We have all heard of how to tame a lion or tiger by steadily keeping the eye fixed on him. According to an expert animal trainer a more effective method is a cigar or a cigarette. "Nearly every wild beast that I have ever come across," said this man, "is fond of tobacco in some shape or form. I made this discovery quite accidentally. One of the visitors who was smoking a cigar puffed some of the smoke into the lion's face as he lay asleep in the cage.

"I expected to see a real riot, but instead of that the lion, after giving a couple of sneezes, moved quietly up to the bars and raised his nose sniffingly, as if asking for a second dose. I have tried the experiment on all sorts of wild animals since, and have found that most of them enjoy thoroughly a big snuff of tobacco.

"We had a bear here once that used to rub his nose and back against the bars of his cage, just like a cat asking to be stroked, whenever anyone smoking a cigar came near him. After a while wild goats aren't satisfied with the mere whiff. If you give them a cigar or a cigarette, they will swallow it eagerly, and, what is more, seem to suffer no bad effects from their meal."

Marine Rubber-Chewers.

The sailor, taking a fine, new, rubber band from the stationery display, began to chew it with vigorous enjoyment.

"What are you up to there?" snarled the druggist.

"Just rubber-chewin'," said the sailor. "It's a habit with all us navy fellers. Keeps off gun headache."

"Of course you, a landlubber, don't know nothin' about it; but let me tell you, mate, when a 16-inch gun goes off aboard ship, the jar shatters winders, splits planks, and brings your lower teeth up against your uppers like a straight left from old John L."

"The result is a gun headache—such a headache! But if you chew rubber in bring time, it eases off the shock, and you don't suffer none. I been chewin' it steady ever since Manila bay."

"Rubber chewing—what a nasty habit," said the druggist.

"Rag chewin's worse," was the sailor's reply.

Work and Nerves.

Work is the enemy of insomnia. The sufferer from bad or broken sleep is liable to give up duties or to be slack in their performance, to abandon exercise and forget his usual hobbies because of his anticipation of a night of distress. In the reality he ought to prepare himself for sleep by congenial activity, in which his mind will be weaned away from the fear of not sleeping.

Once more, work is an enemy to the fears and impulsions, to the strange sense of unreality and other morbid symptoms which accomplish psychasthenia. Work restores such a sufferer "the function of the real." It is only through contact with reality that man, whether normal or abnormal, can find abiding satisfaction.—Rev. S. S. McComb, in Harper's Bazar.

Electric Fish.

The electric fish of the Nile, of which the Egyptians made pictures thousands of years ago, still inhabit the waters of that river. They are provided with an electrical organ which incloses the whole body. It is situated in the skin, and under a microscope is seen to be composed of millions of beautifully formed little disks, superimposed upon connected rows of minute compartments, in which are the terminals of nerves. The shock is produced by an intense current that traverses the entire organ from the head to the tail of the fish. It stuns small fish. The electro motive force in a fish eight inches long can attain a maximum of 200 volts. A single giant nerve cell at the head of the spinal column is the source of the impulsions.

FATHER EQUAL TO OCCASION.

A Child in a Subway Train Who Cried Once Too Often.

An Italian with his wife and two little children got into the subway train bound uptown. There were seats enough, so the wife and one child in arms sat down. The man, carrying the other infant, prepared to take a seat.

The moment he sat down the little girl in his arms set up a cry. She wouldn't stop until the man got up. For a time, as long as he remained standing, she was quiet. The moment he started again to be seated she wailed again.

So he had to remain standing. The child then reached for the cord by which the signals are given from car to car. It was too high above her head. So she cried again.

The father tried to divert her attention to the straps as being more worthy of her notice. But she wouldn't be appeased. What was he to do?

Soon answered. He turned the baby over his knee as he sat down firmly and gave her something to cry for. A shocked look came over that little girl's face and then, after a few last howls, she was very silent.

Her father sat there with a look as of one who has solved a problem.—New York Sun.

TWIN FOES OF TUBERCULOSIS.

Fresh Air and Sunlight Always to Be Depended Upon.

Fresh air and sunlight are the great preventives and curatives. Consumption cannot maintain a hold upon people who take plenty of pure oxygen into their lungs sleeping and waking. Tuberculosis in any of its forms was extremely rare among the Indians, if not entirely unknown to them, before the advent of the whites. Like the negroes and other members of savage races that have been brought under the influence of civilization, the aborigines of this continent displayed an unusual degree of susceptibility to pulmonary diseases. Since the Indian has begun to change the manner of his life, taking insufficient exercise, over-clothing himself, consuming alcohol and living in a stuffy log cabin, tuberculosis has laid a constantly increasing hold upon him, so that now it is much more frequently manifest in the red man than in his white brother.—From "The Great White Plague" in The Craftsman.

History of Word "Person."

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, it is said, once asserted that a woman was not a "person" and now Miss Chrysalis Macmillan, London suffragette, insists that the word "person" in its legal sense includes women. The word has had an interesting history. Signifying by etymology something to make a sound through, the Latin "persona" began by meaning an actor's mask with its mouthpiece. Then it meant the character represented by the player—"dramatis personee." Then it came to mean the part or character one sustains in real life; and so the "persona ecclesiae," the man who represented the church, became known as a "person" in a special sense, and was eventually spelled as "person." On the other hand, "person" faded away to mean just anybody. And so, though a woman naturally resents being referred to as a "person" in ordinary talk, many women no less naturally desire to count as "persons" in the eye of the franchise law.

Education of Mexican Women.

As an evidence of the progressiveness of their country, the Mexicans point to its treatment of women, especially in the matter of education. All its national colleges and professional schools including those of music and art, give free tuition and are open alike to men and women. Some 20 years ago when the first woman was graduated from the medical school the minister of education made her a present of a carriage and enough money to set her up in her profession. There are now in the Mexico city alone at least ten well-known women physicians, all having large and lucrative practices. The national bureau of education is composed of 15 members, of whom four are women.

Noah's Masterpiece.

The book store clerk hadn't made a sale, but it was because the book the woman wanted has not yet been published. "And she wouldn't believe there was no such book," said the clerk.

"When she came in I knew she wasn't a book buyer, and any one would have known it when she said: 'I want a copy of Webster's Unexpurgated Dictionary.'"

"She was right after me when I tried to work off on her the mere un-abridged edition. She wouldn't have it, and she left in a huff when I couldn't produce one.

"But what she wanted any kind of a dictionary for is a question I cannot answer."

Pope Established Precedent.

While the pope only technically left the confines of the Vatican when he entered the hospital of Santa Maria to cheer and comfort the sick and wounded refugees from Messina, yet he established a precedent, for no other pope in our times has permitted himself even to cross the bridge leading from St. Peter's to the papal hospital, which though belonging to the church, is built on state land.

MADE JUST ONE RESOLUTION.

One Girl Who Really Learned Wisdom from Experience.

"On the last day of December, 1907," said the girl with the placid face, "I turned over about fifty new leaves. There was one about a course of solid reading, and one about an ice-cold bath every day, and one about keeping my temper, and one about chewing every mouthful 49 times, and one about keeping my expenses within my allowance—oh, it was a fine book of spotless leaves. Well, you can fancy the result. The leaves wouldn't stay down, and I got worn to a frazzle trying to keep the paper weights on them.

"This year I turned over just one leaf—a don't worry one. If I waste an afternoon on 'The Duchesse' instead of reading Macaulay's 'History of England,' I don't worry about it. If I take an extra half hour in bed and leave no time for my cold bath, I don't fret about it. If I find at the end of lunch-time that I've been bolting my food I just say: 'Oh, well, what's the odds?' and I go and take a nap to counteract the effect. If I over-run my allowance I don't worry a bit—I have the bills sent to father and let him do the worrying. And you can't think how much better worth living life seems than it did last January. I do believe I'm a better woman—better natured and pleasanter to get along with—than when I was struggling to keep so many resolutions."

NEW THEORY AS TO LEPROSY.

May Be Due to an Infection from Tuberculous Fish.

A new tubercular theory as to leprosy was suggested some time ago by Dr. Charles E. MacDonald of the army, who noticed in the Philippines the same facts as to fish diet which have long been held by Hutchinson as the cause, says a writer in the American Magazine. The present idea is not that the diet itself is at fault but that there is an infection from tuberculous fish—rather startling to be sure, but not at all improbable.

The matter is of timely interest in view of the differences of opinion as to the transmission of bovine tuberculosis. The vast difference between bird tuberculosis and the human variety has long been known and it raises the suspicion that there may be very many kinds of tubercle bacilli, some of which produce in man other conditions than tuberculosis as we now consider it.

The revelation that bubonic plague is in reality a rat disease and that some rats have a "tolerant immunity" to the germ has raised comparative pathology to extreme importance. It is now necessary to study the parasites of every lower animal with a view of discovering which of them can exist in man, either harmlessly or otherwise.

Jack Chinn's First Menu Card.

"Ochah what you talk," said the Kentucky colonel, handing the woman the menu card at the Waldorf. "I leave it to you. I know you ah used to ochahin' and won't be laik Jack Chinn was the first time he come to a big New York hotel and hold a menu card in his hands. He jus' did not know what to do, Jack didn't. He said atfahwahd he'd ruh'ah have faced a dozen showgirls than that theah stushashun, tuhuhin' the cahd ovah and ovah, his face gettin' red as fish, the tall, proud waltah standin' by so ovah-powahin', waitin' fo' him to make his wishes known. Finally Jack he jes' couldn't stan' it no longer, the silence, the ovahpowahin' of the tall waltah, so he throws the cahd down on the table and says, says he: 'Waitah, bring me an ochah of ham and aiks, you heah, and bring it damn quick!'"

No Crowning Glory.

"There is just one thing I pity a Chinaman for," said the city salesman. "He is denied that crowning glory of old age, a head of nice gray hair. I have been a good many Celestials in my time, and I have yet to see the first really gray queue. Men who, according to every other indication, are long past the gray-headed stage, will sport pigstails as black and glossy as any youth in Chinatown.

"Whether gray hairs have been denied the Chinese by nature, or whether they have been fought off by means of some secret formula, I cannot find out. If the Chinks owe their immaturity from gray hair to artifice, they would do themselves and the public a good turn by putting their tonic on the market, for there is many a frosty-headed Caucasian who would pay a good round sum to keep his locks as free from telltale marks of age as the Chinaman's queue."

Forks Not Necessary for Paupers.

Discussion arose at a meeting of the Babycaste (County Antrim) board of guardians on a letter from the local government board asking what order the guardians had made in a former letter from the board requesting that the paupers should be supplied with forks at meals. It was decided to inform the local government board that the guardians did not consider forks necessary.—London Globe.

Doubly Broke.

Wife—I saw Mr. Chacer this afternoon, and he looks very bad. What's the matter with him—do you know? Hubby—Compound fracture. Wife—What sort of compound fracture? Hubby—He's broke, and Miss Doughbags, discovering the fact, broke her engagement.—Plick Me Up.

POISONS UNDER OTHER NAMES.

Steps Taken by German Government to Safeguard People.

There must be something in a name, for it has killed people more than once when attached to the wrong thing. The names of harmless substances given to dangerous ones are peculiarly objectionable.

"Sugar" of lead sounds all right, but it is a poison; wood "alcohol" may cause blindness or even death; salts of "lemon" have nothing to do with lemons at all, but consist entirely of poisonous oxalic acid. The use of these misleading popular names should be prohibited by law.

The latest candidate is "essence of vinegar," under which name strong acetic acid is now sold in Germany. It is intended, of course, that this shall be largely diluted, to form vinegar, but the innocent sounding name has led many persons to use it without dilution, with fatal results.

The German government has taken prompt action and has forbidden all persons to sell under the name of "vinegar" crude or rectified acetic acid containing more than 15 per cent of the pure acid. When stronger than this it must be properly labeled and put up in special forms of bottle, and attention must be called to the fact that it is dangerous unless diluted.

LITTLE DOUBT ABOUT RESULT.

Marathon Craze Extends and Uncle Hiram Has an Idea.

Hiram Squashy laid down his newspaper with a loud chuckle.

"Ma," he said to his wife, "them folks in New York is jest crazy."

"I allus knowed that," she replied, as she thought of the day she spent two hours trying to cross Broadway.

"I mean," he explained, "they're jest crazy on their marathon races. You know I wuz tellin' you 'bout 'em last night."

"What?" she queried.

"They've been holdin' marathon runnin' races, marathon skatin' races, marathon walkin' races, an' all sorts of 'marathons.'"

"I do hope, Hiram, you ain't plannin' to run in one of 'em. You know how your heart acted when the calf chased you round the lot."

"Don't you worry a minkit 'bout that, ma. It jest give me an idea, that's all."

"What be you goin' to do?"

"Why, I'm goin' to git up a marathon right in this county, by gum! It'll be a marathon sleepin' contest, an' if our bird-man don't win it by sleepin' over 26 hours without even turnin' over once, then I don't know apples from 'taters.'"—New York Herald.

Distinctive Woman's Town.

Norway, Me., boasts that it is the most distinctive woman's town in America. Every line of commerce and finance, trade and profession is successfully carried on by women. Women not only clothe, hat and shoe the population, but they bury the dead and marry the living. There is a woman justice of the peace, a woman doctor, a woman cashier in the bank, a woman editor of the town paper, a woman director in the street railway and water and lighting companies and a woman assistant in the postoffice. Miss Price, who, with her sister, owns the leading department store, in which only women are employed, says that for a woman to succeed in business she must know three things: "She must not run her business with a mortgaged stock, she must pay her bills two or three days before they are due, so as to impress the people from whom she buys, and she must always dress well."

No Change in His Sentiments.

Mrs. Browne was shocked beyond words to hear her small son speak of little Jane Smith, who had spent the afternoon at the house, as a "damned fool."

"Why, Charles," said his mother, "where did you hear such talk? Come right to the bathroom and have those naughty words washed out of your mouth."

After a thorough cleansing of the small mouth with nasty soap and water, Mrs. Browne asked: "Now, what do you think of little Jane?"

"Just the same as I did before," was the reply, "only I didn't say it."—Delineator.

Ladder Superstition Explained.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe gives this explanation of the old superstition against walking under a ladder: "In former days, when hanging was done after a more primitive and simple fashion than it is to-day, the victim had generally to pass under the ladder which stood against the gallows, and he passed under that ladder with the fair certainty of being immediately hanged. What the unhappy criminal could not avoid the average pedestrian avoids to-day, even at the expense of his polished boots, by turning into the roadway."

The First Expressman.

The express business is commonly believed to have had its origin in 1839, when William F. Harnden, valise in hand, made four trips weekly between New York and Boston carrying valuables and small packages for his customers. One company, which is still in operation, Davenport & Mason, reports, however, that it dates back to 1826, when on the opening of the railroad between Taunton and Boston in July, Charles Davenport and N. S. Mason engaged in the business, covering the line between the points named.