## Old Man Was Taking No Chances on Possible Trouble.

He was a man of 70, but as he had had his hair and his long whiskers colored a jet black one had to look at him twice to get his age down pat. It was on the rear end of a street car, and after the wind had blown through those colored whiskers for ten minutes he asked of the man smoking the bed cigar:

"Any news from Japan this morn-

"I didn't see any in my paper," was

the reply. The excitement is sort o' dying

out eh?" 'Yes, I think so."

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"But there may be another row over something?" "It is possible, of course, but I bardly think so. There was no real

cause for the excitement anyhow." "No, I guess not, but I'm rather conservative and I think I'll wait a cou-

ple of weeks longer." "For what, may I ask?" "To pop the question to a widder who owns a farm on the Connecticut shore right where the Japs can sail up and blow the dirt out of it down to bed-rock. Widder's all right and farm's all right up to the present time, but I'm taking ne chances. If every-

HAIRPINS AND THEIR USES. Many Popular Services Performed by

It is recorded that Zola, on being asked what impressed him most when in England, replied: "The sight of so many hairpins strewn along the paths." He probably, with most people, did not realise to what varied and serviceable uses this little article is put. It is an excellent substitute for a paper cutter; it will pierce a cigar or clean a pipe; as a buttonhook, either for boots or gloves, it is invaluable; in extremities it has served as a toothpick, horrible as this may seem; while, if a sufficient number are used,

also that it performs. Recently at a smart hotel a young lady took up a povel, saying to the man who was carrying it around: "How far have you got with this story?" As she spoke she opened the book with that quick movement which inevitably betrays the bookmarker, then putting it down with a laugh, added: "Oh, I was looking for the hairpin which marked the place you had reached, but of course you don't use bairpins."

> The first strong external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to hirk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible. but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties tomorrow or the day after. When the manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicton "dry rot" when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance—a certain slovenfiness and deterioration which is inot poverty nor dirt nor intoxication nor ill-health, but simply "dry rot."-Roanoke Times.

Kid McCoy (or Norman Selby, to give the ex-pugilist his right name) bought the other day a \$350,000 office

him on this opulence, Mr. Selby said: than to be hard up. I thank good-In St. Joseph whom I heard about the other day. He and his sweetheart

certainly have poor prospects. "A friend of mine called on this Et. Joseph fellow's sweetheart one night and found her embroidering.

know. It is a little case for jewels, fan't it?"

tickets in."

Long Spell of Bad Weather. Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognised each other after a time, and their recognition

"So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered." "So giad; and how little changed

"About ten years." "And why have you never been to

see me?" "My dear, just look at the weather

While walking a wire rope across Bouth Bowlder canyon, near Denver, Col., lvy Baldwin suddenly was stricken temporarily blind, but by talking to the men at the other end he retained his nerve and finished in safety, probably the most perilous walk ever undertaken by man. The wire was 583 feet above ground and from end to end was 550 feet.

WANTED TO DROP THE "SHOP."

Professor Complains of Monotonous Repetition of Titles.

"Have you ever noticed," asked the professor, "that because of society's decree, we are not only forced always to think of certain men as associated with their occupations, but that even in addressing them we must remind

them of their callings? "Take the doctor, for example. I should think that he would be everlastingly tired of having his profession brought home to him by every. body who speaks to him. Even the wives of physicians fall into the habit of addressing their husbands by their title of office. It must be very wearing. On my way abroad last summer I met a man who holds one of the chairs at Harvard. The first thing that we did after becoming well enough acquainted to feel a little freedom with each other was to stop using the word 'professor.' 'You may call me anything you like,' he said one day to me, 'so long as the term you employ doesn't remind me of my work.'

"Incidentally, what dreadful monotony it must be for the holders of military or political offices to be addressed constantly as 'General' or 'Colonel' or 'Captain,' 'Governor' or 'Senator.' It's all right, at first; it makes a man feet his importance; but the sameness of it, day after day, week after week! A handle to a name is sometimes necessary, but must it

always be used?" "No, indeed, professor," his friend agreed warmly.

The professor looked sad and then changed the subject.

NEVER ASK FOR THEIR FEE. Japanèse Physicians Leave Compensation to Their Patients.

A Japanese doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," says Dr. Matsumoto, doctor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide him over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few chemists' shops in the empire. When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for his medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern appliances are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he has finished with a patient, a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow, and thank his patron."

Love Told on Persian Cushions. Certain sentimental young women are embroidering Oriental cushions as gifts for their best young men or the ones they would dearly like to be their best young men. Lines of Persian poetry are woven among strange birds and flowers. It is no drawback that the man cannot read Parsian: The phrase may have all the more delightful significance because he doesn't know what under the sun it means. One girl is weaving a phrase to the effect that true love is better than rubies. As she has stocks and bonds, and the young man of her affections hasn't, the cushion message, when translated to him, will be equivalent to a leap-year proposal. Youths who get such cushions should get the aid of the right kind of college professor for translating. If none is available, there are Persian rug merchants in town.-N. Y. Press.

" Maine's Three-Footed Bear.

Vanceboro's big three-footed bear,. which has survived so many battles, is dead, killed by "Jed" Johnson and "Bob" Crooker, according to the Kennebec Journal. They set a dead fail and the bear was caught napping. Bruin was one of the largest ever seen in that vicinity and was very old. One foot was missing, having evidently been taken off in a trap. but so well healed that old hunters say that the accident must have happened years ago. The bear had been seen in many places within a firtymile radius, Musquash Lake, in Topsfield: Lambert Lake and the Orient Horseback being his famous stamping grounds. He had been fired at scores of times, but always escaped. Half a dozen scars of bullets were found in his hide, and one ear had a clean hole through it.

School for Waiters. It is often a matter of wonder why foreign waiters are preferred to English ones, even in English hotels, says London Truth. The reason is a very simple one. The foreigner is a far better waiter. His aim is not always to semain a waiter, but to rise in the hotel business to a higher position. In Lausanne there is a school for waiters. They are taught there foreign languages, and not only to wait well, but everything else connected with the working of a hotel.

Heard Enough. Judge-Do you think you could give a verdict in accordance with the evi

Would-be juror-I do. Lawyer (for the defense, hastily)-Challenged for cause!-New York Weekly.

WORK IN DREAD OF OCTOPUS.

Fishermen on Coast of Brittany Keep Weapon Handy.

"When you go fishin' off the rocky coast of Brittany, you carry, by crimus, a fish ax." said the sailor.

"What for?" "For octopus. Octopus is terrible frequent on them slimy lireton see rocks. They drown swimmers sometimes. Sometimes they seize boats and try to climb aboard. Then you back off their arms with your ready

"I knowed a man was drowned by an octopus off Port Manech', He swum, out to the rocks and an octopus, three of its feelers coiled round a ledge, took holt of his arm with the others. 'Twan't a big octopus-body the size of your head, feelers about a yard long-but it done for that man. It held him there till the tide come up and he drowned. All the time his wife was watchin' and shriekin' on the lonely shore.

"Them critters is so fearless. Why, they don't know fear. They come right up into a boat, starin' straight at you with their cold eyes, an' if you ain't got an ax or some sort of weap-

on, you're done for. "It's a common thing, fishin' off Brittany, to hear a tap-tappin' behind you, and to turn and see the drab arms of an octopus, like a half-dozen snakes, creepin' over the gunnel, feelin' their way towards you. Then the body, like a squashed and slimy football, appears. The cold, terrible eyes

fix themselves on yours. "Well, sir, you want your fish ax

PROPER CARE OF THE WATCH. Simple Precautions That Will Save Paying Jewelers' Bills.

"Why do watches get dirty?" said the jeweler. "You'll find the answer in your watch pocket. Turn it out." The patron turned out his watch

pocket, sheepishly bringing forth a pinch of mud-colored dust, some lint and a small ball of black fluff. "There's the reason," said the ieweier. "Watches get dirty because the pockets they are carried in are

never clean. A watch pocket, my dear

sir, should be cleaned out regularly

once a week. Observe that rule and your watch's works will not get clogged up again. "Another and a seasonable rule is never to lay your watch down on stone or marble. The cold deranges

the delicate works. "Never lay your watch down, in fact, anywhere. Hang it up on a hook, vertically, in the same position it occupies when in your pocket. Watches are made to lie, or rather stand, in that position only.

"Wind your watch in the morning. never at night."

Snapdragon Seed Pods. "The antirrhinum, or snapdragon. Is one of the old-fashioned garden flowers known to every one. Although it is a visitor from southern Europe it has been here so long that it has be-

come naturalized. When we say "lion's mouth," "frog's mouth," "calf's mouth," "rabbit's mouth," we mean snapdragon, alt these names being suggested by its grotesque, masklike corolla. But there is something still more grotesque if we will wait till the seed time and gather the dried, brown skeleton of the seed pod. Look at them sideways, under a bright lamplight if possible. and you will find they have quite

a resemblance to a rhinoceros. Remove the calyx and the little horns on the nose, and look at them from the front, and they have a still more striking resemblance to human skulls, and by turning them about you get all sorts of queer expressions on the grinning mouth.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

How to Burn Rubbish.

We had been puzzled to know how to dispose of waste paper and other rubbish when there was no fire in the range. A piece of chicken wire netting five feet long and three feet wide was rolled to form a hollow cylinder. An old tin dish pan was fastened to the bottom with some bits of wire and our "crematory" was complete. Into this wire basket we dump all the rubbish and when we want to burn it a lighted match is pushed through the netting and another old pan is turned over the top of the basket. There is no danger of fire from flying bits of burning paper. Being light, the basket is easily carried to any part of the yard where one wishes to have the bonfire. -Good Housekeeping.

Cigars and Open Air.

Cigars in good condition when sold are sometimes complained of afterward. In many cases they have deteriorated owing to the customers' own neglect. Tobacconists should warn buyers of boxes of cigars that fresh air is as good for cigars as it is for the mortals who are soothed by their fragrance, and the connoisseur will at regular intervals let the box lie open for a space.-Tohacco Weekly Journal.

Slighted. "I think," said Mrs. Cumrox, com-

pressing her lips, "that we will get another physician."

"The bill our doctor just sent in was very reasonable," ventured her hus-

"That's the point. It was so small as to indicate not only a low estimate of the value of our health, but also au atter disregard of our social and financial importance." -

FORTUNE IN INCENIOUS IDEA.

Northern Man's Clever Scheme to Bore Through Quicksand.

R. E. Blowin, superintendent of the Louisiana state experiment station at New Orleans, keeps in touch with all the industries of the south, although the experiment station over which he presides is devoted largely to the development of the sugar industry. "There is one industry in our state." said Mr. Blowin to the Washington Post, "that is making its owner a millionaire. We have an immense sulphur deposit that our people have tried for years to operate, but without success. It was found beneath an enormous quicksand, and no one ever was able to overcome that obstacle. Finally this northern man came down and he mastered the problem by an ingenious plan. He sank three great tubes through the quicksand, one tube within the other. Through one tube he forces superheated steam into the sulphur deposit; through the other he obtains his exhaust, and he sets his sulphur through the intermediary pipe. The steam melts the sulphur and forces it as a molten liquor to the surface, where it is carried off to a suitable spot, and drained into an artificial pond, making a lake of solid sulphur after it becomes cold. As it comes from the earth this deposit is more than 98 per cent, pure sulphur, so you can see what a valuable industry the ingenuity of this man has brought to him."

IS PROPHET OF THE HIGHEST Qualities That Are the Attribute of the Ideal Minister.

As the touch of genius lifts the master above the mere musician, so this sense of the unseen lifts the ideal minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition. but by experience. It is immediacy of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful, yet they know that he walks with God

And by the vision splendid is on his way attended. , He is a scholar, but criticism has never violated that shrine of the spirit where the pure in heart see God, says a writer in The Atlantic. The unfading newness of everlasting truth gives to his speech the freshness of springtime. The unsearchable mystery of infinite holiness gives to his thought and conduct gravity and reserve, as one who has beheld things which it is not possible for a man to utter. The demands of social service have not stamped him with the professionalism of a reformer. The ardor of churchmanship has not made him an ecclesiastic. He remains a prophet of the highest. When he speaks men feel that he is standing on holy ground. When he pray's men perceive that he is prostrating himself before the risen Christ.

--- Brakes with Toothache. The snake fore about its cage in a frenzy. It lashed the glass viciously with its tail.

"That's Joe's way o' swearin'," said the keeper. "He's got toothache."

"Toothache "" "Sure. Snakës suffer turrible from toothache. They're so reckless, ye see, with their fangs. They jab 'em into anything-shoe leather, wood, from bars. They take no care of their fangs at all. In fact, there had oughter be a snake dentist to give his mates

lectures on fang hygiene. "Monkeys suffer from consumption. Consumption, too, carries off lots of our deer and antelope.

"Camels in captivity are subject to the asthma, elephants to rheumatism, tigers to indigestion and eagles and vultures to melancholia."

Is Still a Hero to Women. Notwithstanding the fact that Kube lik, the violinist, is married and is the father of twins he attracts a great deal of feminine interest wherever he goes. Once he was asked by a reporter if he was mobbed by females wherever he went. With a sigh of resignation the violinist confessed that this was so. "And what country have you found the worst?" Kubelik merely smiled. "Well, tell me where the women are most attentive." "The most courageous women I have ever met with were in America," was his diplomatic reply. "But since you have married-?" "It has made no difference," answered Kubelik, with another

.. He Knew.

There is a well-known federal official at Washington whose family stoutly maintain that he is absolutely color-blind, a contention as stoutly refuted by the official himself.

On one occasion at table his wife remarked a new tie her husband was wearing. "I'll wager you don't know, what color the tie is," she teasingly, suggested.

"It's blue," said the husband. "Right! But how on earth did you" know?

"Well," said the husband, with the same assurance, "when I bought it vesterday I told the clerk that if he didn't give me blue. I'd throw him out of the window."—Harper's Weekly.

The Best Wedding Present. Mother-If you marry Robert I swear that I'll never set foot in your louse!

Daughter-Please put that down in writing. I'd like to give your promise to Robert for a wedding present!--Translated from Transatiantic Taler from Meggendorfer Blatter.

WILL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME.

Young Reporter in Trouble on His First Assignment.

Reporters are not born, as some people seem to think, but made, and nometimes the making is a series of mishaps. A young man just put on the staff of a Philadelphia paper was handed his police card and assigned to a tour of the hospitals and police stations of a certain district. Full of importance in the possession of the much-coveted police card, the young man hastened to a hospital. Arrived there he found a side door and, not knowing just how to proceed, he hunted about until he spled an electric push button. He didn't stop to read the sign over it, but gave it a good shove and stood back awaiting results. They came, in a moment the door was thrown violently open and two men came rushing out with a stretcher, while behind them followed two nurses and a doctor. The doctor at once accosted the young man. "What is it?" he demanded. "What do you want?" The young man drew himself up. "I'm a reporter," he said. "and I want a list of accidents." The physician took the young man by the arm and marched him over to the button. He pointed to the sign, which read: "In case of accidents, push." "Now I want to tell you," he said solemnly, "if you try that trick again you'll be in an accident."

FOR PERFECTION IN KISSING.

Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles," a "fearsome animal," is said to have its origin in the legends of packs of spectral hounds which are popular in various parts of England and Wales. In the north of England these apparitions are known as "Gabriel's bounds;" in Devon, the "Wisk," "Yest." or "Heath hounds;" in Wales. "Crun Annwn," or "Cwn Wybir," and in Cornwall the "Devil's Dandy dogs." They are supposed to be evil spirits hunting the souls of the dead. Generally they are only heard and seem to be passing swiftly along in the air. as they usually choose cloudy nights for the pursuit of their prey. Their yeining is said to be terrifle, resembling the note of a bloodhound. All of which tends to show that the origin of these legends of goblin-hounds is to be found in the terrifying noises made by flocks of wild geese.

. Suicides of Agod People.

The record of age for suicides seemed to be established recently in Copenhagen, Denmark, A wealthy lady of 91, living in Copenhagen, committed suicide as the result of an unsuccessful love affair. She fell in love with a young man, and in a fit of desrair, because her affections were not returned, she sprang from the fourth floor window one morning and was killed. She was a widow and was the mother of a high government official. This record did not stand long, however. A few days later it was learned that Josef Szazhas, aged 106, had hanged himself at Szatonar, on the Hungarian frontier, because he feared that God had forgotten him, and that he was condemned to remain on the

merved of the time saved by changing from the old-fashioned profound inclination of the head toward the earth -perhaps itself a labor-saving improvement on an earlier ceremonial of greeting in which the forehead was brought, oriental fashion, in actual contact with the floor-to the modern brisk nod. We wish there were statistics to show how much time mankind has gained in cutting courtesy down from paragraphs to grunts. We doubt whether all the vaunted economies of labor-saving machinery have equaled those of labor-saving impolite-

Dislikes to Apply to Woman Manager

A big city department store has in its employ a woman whose ability finally gained for her a position of such importance that many persons wishing a situation were forced to apply to her. On her judgment depended the fate of men seeking work in the grocery department, the rug department and the picture department. Soon it became apparent that the demand for labor was exceeding the supply. One day the proprietors of the store found themselves in the anomalous position of being short of hetp. One of the managers set out to dicover the cause of this unprecedented scarcity of

"There are plenty of men looking for work of this kind," said one old clerk who was questioned, "but they fust can't bring themselves to the point of applying to a woman for a situation. I wouldn't be here myself if I hadn't got this place before Miss A-was raised to her present posttion. It's bad enough to have to work alongside women at equal wages without having to beg them for a job. That is something that no man with a grain. of sand in his make-up is going to

thing's all serene for two weeks more I pop; if there's any more talk about war I wipe this dye off and shave up and tell all widders to go to grass."

Little Instrument.

It supplies the place of a hatpin. There is another popular service

Poor Prespects.

building in New York. To a reporter who congratulated "It is pleasanter to be well-to-do ness I am not like the young man out

"'Oh, I say,' my friend exclaimed, 'what exquisite embroidery, don't you

"'Well, no,' said the young woman; but you see, George, poor darling, has nothing to keep his pawn

was cordial.

you are. Why, how long is it since we met?"

we have had " Blinded While Walking Wire.

Magazine Writer Gives One Pointer Worth Remembering.

Why osculation has received so little attention from wise men we can not tell, says the North American Review. It may be that thinking and kissing go not well together; if so, few of us would require long time to choose between them. Or, possibly, the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling; or it may have seemed trifling. We neither know nor care. The most valuable practical lesson to be derived from experience and now set down is that closing of the eyes is essential to perfection in sing. Aside from this hint to those of congenial spirit, we would merely direct the attention of those who may decry the importance of the topic to the influence of the charm in retaining hold upon one worth keeping, and rendering less frequent and hazardous those absences which are only too likely to make the heart grow fonder -of some one else.

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Legends of Goblin Hounds.

A Sugar Jag.

earth for all eternity.

"When a cargo of sugar reaches port, the hatches are always lifted and the hold aired two hours before the stevedores are allowed to enter," said a W. C. T. U. woman. "This is right," she went on sternly. "Otherwise these men would get on a jag, a sugar jag. The air of the bold, filled with the gases rising from the sugar, would glaze their eyes, cause them to staggar, cause them to sing and shout, to want to fight, to smoke and to make love. I have seen stevedores, riotously unloading a cargo of sugar, as drunk from the fumes as though they had each put away 19 glasses of dark

Labor-Saving Impoliteness.

We wish some record had been pre-

HARD TEST OF MAN'S PRIDE.

for a Bituation.

labor.

stand for."

The manager saw the force of the elerk's reasoning and the next day he , undertook to hire clerks for those departments himseif.

AIRS OF ALL NATIONS.

Each Country Has Its Own Particular Patriotic Song.

Here is a list of the national airs of all nations: Argentina, "Old, Mortales el Grito Bagrado:" Austria, "Gott Erhalte Unsern Kaiser;" Belgium, "La Brabanconne;" Bohemia, "War Song of the Hussites;" Brazil, "Hymo da Proclamacao da Republica;" Burmah, "Thaya Than;" Chile, "Dulce Patria;" Costa Rica, "De la Patria;" Denmark, "King Kristian Stod ved Hojen Mast;" Ecuador, "Salve. O Patria;" Egypt, "Salaam, Effendina;" Finland, "Vart Land:" France, "La Marsell-Jaise:" Germany, "Hel Dir in Sieger kranz:" Great Britain, "God Save the King;" Holland, "Wien Nierlansch;" Hungary, "Isten Ald Meg a Magyart;" Italy, "Royal March," Japan, "Keemee Gajo;" Mexico, "Mexicanos, al Grito de Guerra;" Persia, "Salamati Shah;" Peru, "Somos Libres, Seamoslo Siempre;" Roumania, "Tracasca Regale;" Russia, "Bozhe Zaria, Chrany;" Salvador, "Saludemos la Patria;" Servja, "God in His Goodness;" Spain, "Hinno de Riego;" Sweden, "Un Svenska Hjertans;" Switzerland, "Rufs du Mein Faterland;" United States, "Star-Spansled Banner;" Uruguay, "Himno-Nactional de la Repulicia Oriental del Uruguay: Venezuela, "Gloria al Bravo Pueblo."

Parable of Life.

A little clock sat on a little table wishing the time away. The Minutehand bustled by, and taunted the Hour-hand with being slow. "I'm around this dial a dozen times while you are getting over it once." "Very 'rue," responded the Hour-hand, "but dithout me you would not know day trom night." "Don't quarrel, you two, gasped the little Second-hand, as he rushed along, "Remember I'm of more importance that either of you. In a quarter of a second of time a thousand lives may be lost and at every stroke of my puny haud a soul is born." "He is only a child," asid the Hour-hand, wearily, "Wait till f strike Twelve! That will mean somethicg." And so the Minute-hand went its eternal way, and the fussy Second-hand never paused, and the little dial grew white in the moonlight that hung over one who was watching and waiting for that mement when his hour should be struck by the unseen hand. At last! But without stopping, the little clock

Ballooning Records.

ticked on and on.

Many notable trips have been made in baltoons. In 1849 Mr. Wise started from St. Louis and came cown in Henderson county, N. Y., having made about \$00 miles. This stood as the world's long distance record until the Paris exposition of 1900, when the Count de la Vaulx safled over into-Russia. His distance was about 1,200 miles, and he was in the air over 36

The present record for time was established by two German aeronauts last spring. They succeeded in remaining in the air over 51 hours.-Outing

Mexican University.

A national university to be located in the City of Mexico is part of a scheme put forward by Justo Sierra, Mexican minister of public instruction, at the recent closing session of the Mexican congress. This national university is intended to be modeled after the French plan, and to unite and coordinate the educational institutions of the republic as a whole with somewhat the same relations that the University of Paris has to the framework of French education.

Learned Lawyer's Pun.

One of the most eminent London surgeons at the beginning of the last century was a Mr. Heaviside. His industry was phenomenal, and so often were his services requisitioned that the report of a case in the courts of justice hardly seemed complete unless his name was heard in connection with it. "Egad!" said a distinguished legal luminary of the day "we never bare a homicide nor a suicide, nor any other cide now without a Heaviside."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS