

WHY HE LIKES WATERMELONS

Colored Man Discourses Philosophically on These Soothing, Cooling and Filling Fruits.

A well-known lawyer, who is spending his vacation at home doing nothing, or as he says, "loafing with all his might," tells of a talk he had recently with his colored hired man.

Going to the stable he found John with his face buried in a big piece of watermelon.

"Why is it, John, that colored people are so fond of watermelons?"

"I don't know," he replied, grinning. "I see it's because dey's people. I knows a heap o' white folks 'at likes 'em too. I likes 'em 'cause dey's soothing, an' coolin', an' fillin', an' I sposes dey 'stimulates dat away wid white folks. I reckon dey ain' much different 'twixt white folks and coludd folks 'sides."

"Perhaps not. Do you consider the watermelon a fruit or a vegetable?"

"Well, now, it's jus' like this: Water-melons ain' no vegetable, 'cause dey won't stan' cookin' like cabbage nor cannin' like beans, nor dryin' like red peppers, an' dey ain' no fruit, 'cause dey don't grow on trees an' you can't put 'em in your pockets like apples and peaches. Looks to me like dey's jes' watermelons."

"How would it do to call it the fruit of a cucurbitaceous vine, distinguished for interior pulpiness and opaqueness of watery juice?"

"Dat's it, 'actly," said John; "dat's jus' what I was goin' to say."—Indianapolis News.

SEEMED TO FILL THE BILL

Young Suffragette Appeared to the Youth's Mother to Be Suitable as His Wife.

The young suffragette who had insisted on marrying the young man with whom she had fallen in love, approached the young man's mother in fear and trembling.

"Can you support my son," asked that lady sternly, "in the style to which he has been accustomed?"

"I cannot, madam. He will have to supply all the cash."

"Um. Are you able, in spite of your advanced views, to keep him badly in debt?"

"I am. That is my specialty."

"Do you know how to nurse him if he should fall ill?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. My childhood has been spent in attending convalesces."

"Ha! Will you guarantee to kiss him good-by every morning?"

"If I happen to remember it—but I can't guarantee anything."

"What time do you expect to come in at night?"

"O, anywhere from 12 to 3 in the morning."

"Do you rehearse your speeches at home?"

"Yes, as a rule."

"The mother's face relaxed.

"We must be cautious in these matters," she said sweetly. "But, on the whole, I think you will do."—Life.

Then and Now.

Prior to the last 15 years, by the time people had attained their first quarter of a century, they considered themselves pretty much formed as to physical and mental characteristics. If they were ambitious and energetic they perhaps carried on some kind of exercise for their physical well-being, and guarded against mental deterioration as they advanced in years, by occasionally taking up new studies or reviewing old ones; as a dear old lady of my acquaintance at the age of eighty-nine began to review her algebra to keep her mind active.

Now everything is changed. We cannot settle down comfortably in the thought of anything in the regular routine of life which we may not be called upon to alter at a moment's notice. Most of us have found that few of our established habits are right and that unless we are willing to be left hopelessly behind our associates we must learn over again all that we acquired in infancy, and that has since become a matter of automatic action.—The Atlantic.

Shine With Every Drink.

There have been in the history of barber shops such plans as "A shave and a shine all for a dime," "A haircut and a shine free," but it was left for a negro barber shop at 18 Ivy street to give a free shoe shine when a drink was paid for. That is, it was a Sunday blind tiger in which Will Strong, a bootblack, sold liquor and then gave his customer a free shine.

The police had suspected the barber shop for some time and on last Sunday they made a raid and found a large lot of whisky in pint bottles. Will Strong was in charge and was running a bootblack stand. He claimed that another negro had brought the whisky in to the shop without his knowing it. The Recorder sent Will Strong to the chain gang for thirty days.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cooper's Piano.

W. N. Potter of Cooperstown, N. Y., has in his possession a piano which he values very highly and is fond of showing to his visitors. It was owned by James Fenimore Cooper.

C. D. Pease of Cooperstown made the piano and the great novelist bought it. Afterward he sold it to Judge Stewart, and, after passing through the hands of B. F. Jacobs of Willford and his daughter, it came into those of Mr. Potter. It is of six octaves, and is in a solid mahogany frame of plain design.

DIET OF THE TEETOTALER

He Tells What He Ate and Drank During Day of Golf and Business.

"I was just recalling what I had taken in the way of refreshment to-day," said a teetotaler to his wife when he came home to dinner on one of the hottest days, "and it makes me astonished that there are not more cases of upset stomachs."

"You know I got up early and went up to play golf. Well, for breakfast I had a lamb chop, cereal, coffee, toast and a couple of bananas."

"After I'd played the six 'hill holes I had a drink of ice water, and after playing the fifteenth hole we repaired to the shanty of the flagman on the railroad and had one of his lemonades, which he makes for the thirsty golfers and through which trade he probably makes more than his wages amount to."

"After we'd finished I had a dish of ice cream and two large glasses of excellent milk. Then I took a shower bath, dressed and went downtown, carrying for a pineapple ice cream, soda and a glass of ice water."

"For lunch at my usual downtown restaurant I took a lettuce and tomato sandwich, iced tea, a good sized section of watermelon and a piece of cocoanut pie. About fifteen minutes after four o'clock I took an egg, chocolate at a soda fountain."

"And here I am, ready for dinner, and not aware of any ill effects from the variety of foods and drinks I've taken."

HE AROUSED HER INTEREST

Woman Didn't Want Books or Pictures, but Lotion for Wrinkles Was Different.

"Madame," said the gentlemanly agent, "I am selling a collection of the greatest poems ever written. The book is finely bound, containing 697 pages, and—"

"I don't care for poetry. You will have to excuse me."

"In that case, ma'am perhaps you would like to see a Bible that I am selling. It contains a handy index which will enable you to find any name or quotation without—"

"No, we have all the Bibles we want. Really, I am very busy."

"If you are interested in art I can furnish you with replicas of all the old masters, so cleverly done that no one would be able to—"

"We have all the art we want. I must ask you to step outside at once."

"Won't you let me show you a collection of the world's prose masterpieces? It is the most handsome volume—"

"No, I don't care to be bothered any further. Good day."

"I am handling a lotion that is guaranteed to remove wrinkles in one night. It is recommended by—"

"Just step in and be seated, won't you, please? Do you carry a supply with you for immediate delivery?"

Squinting.

I heard recently of a mother who smacked her small boy because he squinted. She remarked that if that would not cure the child she did not know what would.

She evidently had no idea that squinting is a nervous affection (unless it comes from a deformity of the eye, which generally can be cured by operation), and that sometimes it is a symptom of serious brain disorder. Most of the "ugly tricks" that children develop in childhood are simply the result of "nerves" and to attempt to cure them by nagging, scolding or smacking is about the worst possible way to set about it.

It is very important that they should be remedied, however, because sometimes these tricks have lasting impressions that endure even into adult life, and spoil the appearance of the manners—of perhaps both—and also may considerably injure the health.—Exchange.

West Steadily Advancing.

Beersheba is still an outpost of civilization against Bedouin tribes. Its commercial importance is increasing rapidly, owing to waterworks which draw their supply from seven wells mentioned in Genesis. That the historic East is gradually succumbing, however, to the progressive spirit of the West is indicated by the fact that a pumping plant has been erected over Abraham's well. When the railway system now under way has been completed, it will be possible to run trains from Paris to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Mecca itself.

Are Fishes Mirrors?

A scientist says he always fancied little fish were protected against the mouths of the big fish chiefly by their markings looking like the stones and reefs in the water, but he now concludes that all shining, silvery fish are mirrors, reflecting the dark bottom of the pond, and it is only when such fish come to the surface that the light shines on them, and they become visible to the big fish that they prey on. So long as the little, silvery fish stay close to the bottom they look like mud and stones, only showing their shining silver when they come near the top and so are soon swallowed down.

Meek the Same for Husband.

Mrs. Knicker—What is the chief difference between summer and winter? Mrs. Becker—In winter you ask for more money, and in summer you write for it.—Puck.

COSTA RICAN IS DIGNIFIED

He Loves Pomp and Ceremony and His Formal Dress Are Distressingly Solemn.

"The Costa Rican loves pomp and ceremony. He plays with diplomacy, and from force of habit strikes a threatening attitude toward the head of the government, whoever he may be, but never carries it so far as to provoke a revolution, as is done in the sister republics."

"He is a perfect picture of the posing hero in the comic opera, never yet having been conquered by his enemy, but always on guard," writes a woman correspondent of Health Culture.

"The old Spanish hidalgoes who warred with the Central American states did not consider the country around San Jose (reached then by a bridge path over the mountains) worth fighting for."

"So they left the natives in possession and the consequence is that the poor, or barefooted native, driving his yoke or diminutive oxen, is nobody's slave. He owns his mule and cart, his little patch of land and farmhouse. The tax gatherer has no place there, therefore when you meet him reincarnated as the dignified merchant he is a most self-respecting citizen."

"A dinner of fifty covers, with three kinds of wine, was tendered a foreign diplomat during our stay at the Hotel Imperial. When they were all seated and the dinner well on, we gained a cogn of vantage where we were not seen, and I aver that a woman's suffrage luncheon in New York city was a hilarious affair in comparison to it. Yet nearly every man present had been educated in Europe."

"At Christmas time, during the ten days of fete, they enter heartily into the spirit of the carnival, and then fold themselves away for the rest of the year."

SAVED BY TROUSER BUTTON

Alpine Guide Finds Tiny Article in Rock Cleft and Lost Climbers Are Rescued.

The Alpine guide has practically no knowledge of the use of map and compass; in fact, he is prone to despise their aid, yet how many dozens of lives would have been saved on Mont Blanc alone had such simple aids been appreciated. The professional prefers to rely on his powers of observation and that peculiar instinct sometimes aptly described as the bump of locality. He is alert to detect the slightest traces of predecessors. A party of us were once befogged and had lost all idea of our position on the complicated westerly face of the Riffelhorn.

A young guide was with us, and he became so dangerously disconsolate and helpless that one of the amateurs had to take the lead. For some hours we fought with severe difficulties, discouraged meanwhile by our companion's prophecy of certain disaster. His poor old mother was doomed to lose her only support! Things were altogether miserable. Suddenly we came to a ledge on a desperate corner with a steep chimney to the right. The young guide signaled his arrival by my side with a great and startling yodel, a joyous shout as of deliverance. His quick eye had espied a trouser button in the cleft of the chimney, and we knew that we had struck a regular route. That tiny relic of humanity put new life into the faltering one, and he then led us hand over hand to the summit.—Wide World.

Pit Brow Lassies.

How difficult it is to make laws to suit everybody is illustrated again in the tale which comes from England about the lassies of Lancashire. The poor slaves! They spend their young lives pushing heavy coal tubs to the pit brows of the mines. No decent civilization would permit its women to be so injured! So the philanthropists argued, and straightway a bill was passed forbidding the employment of women at the pit brows. But were the beneficiaries grateful? Not at all. They protested. A deputation of them traveled to London under the aegis of the mayor and mayor's wife of Wigan to urge the repeal of the law! "They all looked healthy," says the report, "and well dressed for their station." They are quite able to do the work, they protested, and do not want any benevolent Parliamentary intervention in their behalf.

Shifting Ministers.

One of Wesley's reasons for shifting his preachers every three years was avowedly that they might be able to preach the same sermon over again to different congregations. He knew by experience the difficulty of sermon making. After a few weeks, he said, a preacher cannot find matter for preaching every morning and evening, "nor will the people come to hear him, whereas if he never stays more than a fortnight in one place he will find plenty of matter, and the people will hear him gladly. I know that were I to preach one whole year in one place I should preach both myself and my congregation to sleep."

Live Litterateur Resented.

"You don't seem to care for any authors except those of a previous generation." "Well," replied Mr. Cumros, "I am kind o' prejudiced in their favor. You see, there's no chance that neither of the girls will invite 'em to parties to act supercilious and superior."

True to the Death.

Not long since the driver of the engine on one of the Belgian lines of railway saw a large dog on the roadway between the rails. He put on the whistle, yet it did not move, but only stood and barked furiously at the approaching engine. Still on, on, came the train, and still there stood the dog, more furious than before. The train passed, and at the next station it was noticed that a part of a dress was clinging to the wheel guard. A messenger was sent back, when a dead child was found, which had evidently fallen asleep, and whom the noble dog tried to protect to the very last, giving his very life sooner than snuff from his trust.

He Calmed Her Fussiness.

A somewhat fussy elderly lady had asked the conductor for a transfer. "You'll be sure to tell me when we come to my transfer station, won't you, conductor?" she asked sweetly. "Yes'm," said the conductor wearily. The next time he passed through the car the elderly lady, remembering the ways of conductors, said to him again: "You won't let me go past my transfer station, will you, conductor? You'll be sure to tell me when I get there, won't you?" The conductor sighed and looked at her gently and sadly. "I won't have to tell you, lady," he said. "I won't have to tell you, 'cause you'll ask me every time we come to a transfer station if that's where you get off."—The Exchange.

Why He Is a Vegetarian.

"Then to be converted you must have gone through an excess of sin just like St. Augustine?" For a seasoned warrior was refusing all meats at dinner and choosing the vegetables. "And he told why in answer to the casual question. He had been besieged in a fort. There was nothing but meat to eat there for quite a long time. He ate meat for weeks on end. And he does not want to eat any more. 'Pass the potatoes, please!'" And Boden Powell has become a vegetarian just because he had to eat too much meat.—London Chronicle.

He Knew.

Miss Sweet—We all consider William the Sower of the family. Mr. Spooner—Yes, he's a blossoming nutcase.

CIGAR DEALER'S READY WIT

Philadelphia Takes Advantage Customer's Mistake to His Financial Detriment.

Harry Petosky, who conducts a cigar store in Philadelphia is the possessor of an old-fashioned type writer upon which he makes out bills and occasionally writes a letter. At the end of every typewritten page he is in the habit of putting H. P.—I. C. S., the first two being his initials and the last set for Independent Cigar Store.

A few weeks ago, in writing to a delinquent customer to remit his account, he forgot to attach the name of letters. The customer, noting the defect in the letter, answered at once, saying in part: "What has become of your stenographer since you wrote me last? I notice you did not put H. P.—I. C. S. on your letter."

For the time surprised at the false impression he had been creating, Harry, with ready wit, answered at once:

"Had to fire the poor girl this week, because you're holding a week's salary that I wanted to give her. Please remit at once."

HE WAS ON THE WHITE LIST

Newcomer Learned Why, Having Subscribed, He Never Was Served by the Local Band.

A Frenchman bought a house in the country, and had hardly settled there when the local band called and asked for his subscription to its funds. He put his name down for contribution, which, as he understood, entitled him to be serenaded on Sundays. Sundays came and went. The band played at various houses, but never at his. Finally, the London Telegraph says, the band called, not to play, but to collect the donor's subscription. He said: "But you have never played to me." The bandmaster looked surprised. "What does monsieur think of us?" "Does he suppose that if we had played we should ask him for money? Monsieur evidently does not know our band. Monsieur, having promised a generous contribution, is on our white list, that of the supporters whom we hate."

The Trimmer's Trick.

I took the trouble to watch a trimmer fill a basket with ordinary potatoes, writes "Tip" to the New York Press. He took an enormous potato too big to sell to any wise buyer. He put this potato on each with crow's up in the basket and then he built upon it a kind of trestlework or bridge, piling on the fine shod, nice, round baking boys on top. When the customer buys, the potatoes are poured as quickly as a flash into a big bag and it is only when the housewife gets home that she finds the giant-sized potato nearly filling the bag, and she whines up when she cuts up the big, fat boy for boiling. As a rule, the big ones have a great big hollow heart and inside as black as a man's hat. Nowadays they are selling tomatoes and other truck on baskets, not in them. They take a nice big old paper and fill up the basket to the top and then pile in the produce and put on the price.

Venice.

Of the books about Venice there is no end. For the historian the "Queen of the Adriatic" has always possessed a peculiar charm, and there are any number of histories of the famous city-state. Of course the great reservoir of information concerning the Venetian republic is the "Archives of Venice," published at intervals throughout the years and still being regularly added to. In order to become posted on the "monetary system of the Venetian Republic" one would have to wade through many works bearing generally upon Venetian history. There is no single exhaustive work along that particular line, but in nearly all of the histories of the republic may be found something illustrative of her wonderful financial system.

Early Weapons.

The earliest weapons of mankind—of the cutting, thrusting, hacking and stabbing variety—were undoubtedly suggested by the natural weapons of the animals—the tusks of the bear, elephant and walrus, the sword of the swordfish and norwal, the pointed antlers of the deer and the sharp horns of the steer. In fact, it is well known that these weapons, taken directly from the fruits of the chase, were actually employed by men before they made for themselves any other weapon than the club. The sword is simply the buffalo's long curved horn made into steel and dattened out, just as the dirk in deer's antler made out of the same material, and so to the end of the chapter.

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MONEY WEARS OUT QUICKLY

Enormous Wastage Through Circulation on British Gold and Silver Coins.

It is the duty of each loyal subject of the British crown not merely to refuse gold coin that is under a certain weight but to break it.

"Every person," the act reads, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break or deface such coin tendered to him in payment and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

But in spite of this act it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be unior weight or spurious. Some months ago a Grimby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing machine, and as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund ten shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually a hundred million pounds in gold coin in England, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months seventy thousand pounds worth of gold and silver are rubbed off into fine dust.

PHOTOGRAPHY NOT NEW ART

For Centuries Idea Has Been Understood But Only Recently Has It Been Perfected.

The first sunlight photograph of a human face was obtained in 1839 by Prof. John William Draper of New York university by the daguerrotype process. The centenary of Draper's birth has just been celebrated.

As long ago as the year 980 a Grecian princess, Eudora Makrembosa, observed and recorded what is supposed to have been the first photochemical reaction. Fabricius in 1556 discovered the darkening of silver chloride when exposed to light, and in 1727 J. H. Schulze, a German philologist, utilized the discovery for copying. The method was, of course, crude. Some years thereafter J. A. C. Charles prepared in France single shadow photographs, and Thomas Wedgewood made a camera and sought to take photographs on silver nitrate paper. They were not successes.

In 1816 Nicpoe invented a heliographic process. Daguerre became his partner in 1839 and together they perfected the process. Professor Draper carried the work forward and astonished the world with his photographic reproductions of the human face. Since that time photography has developed year by year, passing through the snapshot stage and on to motion pictures.

Women Police for German Cities.

Berlin and Dusseldorf have decided to employ women police officers, and the capital city has already engaged a staff of 30. But their duties are strictly circumscribed. They are to concern themselves only with offenses against children, especially of the baby-farming variety, and in order that they may be properly equipped for the task they are empowered to break into any house where they believe that children are being ill treated. This drastic action is the result of several unpleasant scandals which the authorities are determined to check, but it would be interesting to know how these women police will proceed to break their way into a house that is barred and bolted against them. To invoke the brute strength of the male creature would be humiliating.

One on the Locusts.

"You know," said Silas, as he drove Mr. Commuter to the station, "them there seventeen-year-locusts is curious beasts. Oh, I've watched them. I know their ways. They comes up out of the ground and they makes for the nearest tree, and they climbs up the trunk till they gets to the leaves. Leaves is what they're after!"

"Other day I seen a man standin' in the road, a-lookin' up at a telegraph pole and a-laughin' to beat the band."

"Well, yer laughin' at friend," says I. "See all them dom seventeen-year-old locusts, a-scuttlin' and a-scuttlin' up that there pole?"

"Yes, says I, 'what of it?'"

"I'm just a-thinkin', he says, a-moort double up laughin', 'what an April fool it'll be for them when they gets to the top!'"

Cleaning Gift Frames.

Where is the home that has not its quota of gift frames, be they tiny and few or large and many? And the problem of keeping them bright, how many know it? This is information that ought to be parted in your scrap-book on one of the pages "O" for cleaning.

For cleaning gift frames there is nothing better than a wad of fresh bread sprinkled with a few drops of benzine and ammonia (benzine away from fire) and you will find that the moisture in the bread is enough to absorb the stronger qualities of the ammonia and what remains of it on the surface is sufficient to supply the frames with a pretty appearance of newness. Wash off the frame afterwards with water in which a little borax has been added.

College Women and Marriage.

A good many women do not marry. Probably the proportion of marriages worthy the name would be found, if we could make an accurate census, as large among college women as among others. It is not a college course that takes a woman out of the marrying class, but something with which her education has rarely anything to do—native traits, or domestic responsibilities, or the lack of a calling for matrimony, or accident, or any of a thousand things which might have diverted the current of your career, and mine without our voluntary complicity.—Francis E. Leupp, in the Atlantic.