

MADE TO DO DOUBLE DUTY

Great White's Brilliant Idea to Combine Trousers and Slippers in One Garment.

In a village in the heart of Touraine there lives an old man whose pride it is that he once had the honor of making a pair of trousers for Balzac.

When the tailor got to the chateau where Balzac was staying he found him in the garden at work on a novel. He was so busy that the tailor waited in silence.

After standing near and watching the great man while the tailor waited in silence, Balzac was extremely goodnatured; smiled as the tailor measured him, but spoke but once.

"No feet," said he, as the tailor finished his measurements. Then he turned to his work.

The worthy tailor had no idea at all what this meant, but for some reason he had not courage enough to interrupt the novelist again to ask.

HAPPY MARRIAGE RECIPE

Noninterference Policy Would Remove Many Causes of Discontent Among the Wedded.

The experience of a married couple who have lived together for 70 years without a quarrel possesses a practical value which outweighs any amount of theorizing, and the reasons for the happy union given by Mr. and Mrs. Levi Sherwood, who enjoy this distinction, have a wide interest.

"We just loved each other and that was all there was to it," said Mrs. Sherwood. But the true recipe seems to be contained in the husband's remark that he "minded his own business, while she tended to her own affairs."

In that simple policy of noninterference is comprised all the philosophy not only of happy marriage, but of harmonious human relations in the broader sense.

Matrimony, like everything else, may suffer from too much regulation. Cities and states suffer from it no less than unhappy wives and the small boy who is accounted incorrigible.

"Can I use your telephone a minute?" asked a middle-aged woman of a Brooklyn grocer.

"Yes, but I forgot something," she protested.

"Yes, and here is the situation. He is off on a spree. He always calls me up on the phone after a day or two to tell me what a bully time he is having. My name is Saigga."

"And he hasn't called you up this time?"

"No. Sometimes he gets it Saigga, and sometimes Riggs, Briggs or Diggs. I want to strike him somewhere if I can and tell him to remember, no matter how tight he gets, that it is Saigga."

The grocer's heart expanded, and he allowed her the use of the telephone free of cost.

The people of Canada take their religion most seriously and use it in all connections. A Toronto Star subscriber contributes the following remarkable statement to that paper:

"I dug one hill, medium size, of my potatoes, and to my surprise I got one hundred and thirty-five potatoes out of it. Ever since I planted the potatoes on April 4 I have earnestly prayed the Lord to bless all my handiwork and ever perform a miracle on me if he saw fit. So it appears he has performed a miracle for me all right. I affirm the above to be the cold truth, as I dug the potatoes and counted them. Some I tell of it call me a liar because I tell the truth. God is my witness, I dare not lie."

"What I'm looking for is a man who will stand forth without fear or favor, regardless of private intimidation or public censure, clear of conscience and unwavering in determination, a man who—"

"Look here, are you hunting a candidate for governor?"

"No. We want some one to umpire a baseball series."—Washington Star.

SOME AMAZING MARRIAGES

Among Insects the Bride First Devours a Certain Number of Her Suitors.

The marriage customs of insects are dreadful and, contrary to what happens in every other world, here it is the female of the couple who stands for strength and intelligence, and also for cruelty and tyranny, which appear to be their inevitable consequence.

Almost every wedding ends in the violent and immediate death of the husband. Often the bride first eats a certain number of suitors. The type of these fantastic unions could be supplied by the Languedocian scorpions, who, as we know, carry lobster claws and a long tail supplied with a sting, the prick of which is extremely dangerous.

Next, the foreheads come together and touch; the mouths—if we can give the name of mouth to the monstrous orifice that opens between the claws—are joined in a sort of kiss; after which the union is accomplished, the male is transfixed with a mortal sting and the terrible spouse crunches and gobbles him down with relish.

But the Mantis, the ecstatic insect with the arms always raised in an attitude of supreme invocation, the horrible Mantis religiosa, or praying insect, does better still; she eats her husbands (for the insatiable creature sometimes consumes seven or eight running) while they press her passionately to their heart. Her inconceivable kisses devour, not metaphorically, but in an appalling real fashion, the ill-fated choice of her soul or her stomach. She begins with the head, goes down to the thorax, and does not stop till she comes to the hind legs, which she deems too tough. She then pushes away the unfortunate remains, while a new lover, who was quietly awaiting the end of the monstrous banquet, heroically comes forward to undergo the same fate.—Maurice Maeterlinck in the Forum.

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SHOCK OF BIG GUN FIRING

Deafness is a Sure Result and Nerves and Senses are Terribly Strained.

One of the penalties attendant on firing off big guns is deafness. So sure is this penalty to be exacted that, it is asserted, no man can go through a long series of gunnery practice without having his hearing affected. A stranger on deck who hears a big gun speak for the first time will not soon forget the stunning report.

One gun is enough to startle a stranger, but the shattering effect of the whole armament when in action together can hardly be conceived. The strain upon nerves and senses when the rending concussion takes place is terrible.

There is not a great difference between the effect of the big guns and that of the smaller pieces, strange as it may seem. If the visitor places himself beside one of the smaller guns, and then listens to the roar of the big one, the sound will not appear much louder than that of the gun by his side. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound.

The only apparent difference between the two will be that the smaller piece has a sharper, high-pitched tone, and that the big guns speak with a moreellowing roar.

If one watches the firing of the gun the crash has not such a startling effect as when it comes unexpectedly. Loud as it is, nature has prepared the watcher to resist the shock which he knows is impending.

No More Room.

The elevator slipped rapidly by one floor after another, while many inmates of a large office building rang the bell and demanded to be carried to the street. It was the noon hour, and every one at the elevator shaft was anxious to get luncheon.

The elevator seemed to be only half filled. Actually there were three girls and a man in it who had got on at the fifteenth floor.

"Filled up," shouted the operator, as he sped by the angry crowd at the door.

Finally he reached a floor where one of the officers of the company had his office, and the man was there and wanted to go down. He shouted to him, "Filled up," and the man said something positive.

Then the operator added: "Filled up with hats."

Oxford Hospitality.

Oxford, which Lord Curzon desires to "reform," has traveled very far from the condition of things observed by a German explorer toward the end of the eighteenth century. He had arrived at the city at midnight and was introduced by a good Samaritan to the Mitre. Here, to his intense astonishment, he saw several gentlemen in academic dress seated round a table, each with a pot of beer in front of him. "My health," says the traveler, "was drunk in strong ale. At last, as morning drew near, one of the company exclaimed rather emphatically, 'I must read prayers this morning at All Souls.'"—London Chronicle.

Fishing Luck.

"Did he have any luck on his fishing trip?"

"Enough to keep him in conversation for several weeks."

SUCCESS TURNS MANY HEADS

Average Man Assumes an Importance to Which He Actually Is Not Entitled.

It is rather a remarkable illustration of the weakness of our nature that there should be so many persons whose heads are completely turned by attaining even the slightest degree of success. Instead of realizing that the achievement which won him fame is a thing of the past, and therefore buried in oblivion, except to those nearest to him, the average man imbibes a goodly portion of self-satisfaction and drinks to his own conceit. His one success looms very large upon his narrow horizon, and the temporary adulation of a fickle public magnifies its proportions and appears to give him an importance not really his due.

This self-importance is apt to be reflected in all his further efforts, if indeed it does not forbid effort of any sort, and once a man becomes obsessed with an exaggerated idea of his attainments there is small chance of his ever duplicating those attainments. It is just here, however, that so many persons make the mistake of their lives by believing that having once established a record for themselves there is no need to live up to it. If they could only forget their successes, or hide them away in the dim places of their own minds to be peeped at only for inspiration, their self-aggrandizement would give way to a correct valuation of their ability, which would go far toward helping them to new accomplishments. A man's most serious thoughts should be of what is to come, of what he is to do in the future, not of what is passed or of what he has already accomplished.

All this on account of a letter Lord Palmerston wrote to the prime minister, and he soon afterward officially notified Lord Palmerston of his dismissal in the following words:

"No other course is open to me than to ask her majesty to appoint a successor to you in the foreign office."

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FOR THE FORGETFUL MAN

Memorandum Book With Cross Index Will Help Him to Remember New Acquaintances.

"If you're a bad hand at remembering names of people," said the brisk "outside" man, "just buy a little vest pocket memorandum book, and whenever you meet some one new that you feel you ought not to forget but probably will, write his name down and a brief description of him, his business or some distinguishing trait. Cross index this at the other end of the book. You'll find you'll never forget."

"I have tried that system very successfully. From a man who knew faces, I've grown so it isn't once a week a name falls to come to me. These are some of the identification tabs' my book contains:

"James Clarke, red hair, paint-brush mustache, talks quickly, lumber man."

"Cyrus Jones, always creased trousers, bushy black beard, stationer."

"Herbert Smith, very fast walker, nervous, thin, long-legged, wholesale coal salesman."

"Back in the book I cross-index this way:

"Red paint-brush mustache, quick talker—James Clarke, lumber."

"Long-legged, nervous, thin—Herbert Clarke, coal."

These mere writing down of these names and details fixes these people in your mind. You have them down just, and you don't have to refer to the book at all. But just the same I open the book and read a page or so here and there whenever I have a spare moment. You'd be surprised to see how it strengthens your memory in other ways."

In a certain small town there are two young women whose favorite occupation has been to discuss the affairs of their neighbors. Having met for that purpose one afternoon they found themselves blocked in the indulgence of their pastime by the presence of the small daughter of the hostess. A slight indisposition of some sort prevented sending the child out of doors, so they were forced to put up with her presence, doing their best, however, to nullify it.

Something eatable was produced and an absorbing new game invented which she could play quite by herself. So they breathed freely and began.

The talk at length reached a point involving the latest scandal of the neighborhood, and the retelling of some inside information which must not become public property. A hurried look at the child on the floor found her apparently so occupied with her game that it seemed a delicate discretion. Voices were accordingly lowered, and direct allusion veiled, but when the matter had been thrashed out to their satisfaction, the child raised her eyes and remarked with deliberation and emphasis:

"I hear, I know, I understand—and I'll blab!"

Showing Sense of Elephant.

A naturalist tells an anecdote of an Indian elephant, which is one of the best proofs of the sense of the animal and of its power of communicating its thoughts. An elephant was ordered to drag a tree which proved too heavy for its strength. It was urged and excited to continue its efforts till the poor animal broke the chain by which it was fastened and ran away. All supposed it had escaped to the jungle, where it would mix with the wild elephants and be seen no more. But in an hour this faithful and sensible servant of man returned, accompanied by two other elephants, and by their united strength the tree was easily removed. The other elephants disappeared after the work was done, and the wise tame elephant remained.

LETTERS OFTEN INDISCREET.

Lord Palmerston's Fall an Instance of the Way They May Wreck a Career.

Letter writing has long been considered an art, but there are often times when the writers of certain epistles wish that they had been a little more discreet before posting the same. A great many lives have been ruined and careers wrecked all because of one indiscreet letter, which it would have been better not to write.

A notable case of this kind is the letter which Lord Palmerston, in 1851, when he was minister of foreign affairs for Great Britain, wrote to the prime minister of France, Louis Napoleon. It was when Louis executed his famous coup d'etat. Regiments of infantry, probably at his direction, swept the boulevards with rifle balls. The streets of Paris ran with blood and out of the crimson mist rose Louis Napoleon, no longer prince-president, but rather president for life, and soon afterward emperor of France.

All Europe was horrified at this bloody leap to power, and no one more so than the queen of England. Lord Palmerston, however, admired the new emperor. Without consulting his official chief and much less the queen, Palmerston wrote a letter to the British ambassador in Paris expressing his approval of the coup d'etat. When the queen heard of this unauthorized action she was deeply indignant. She sent for the prime minister, and he soon afterward officially notified Lord Palmerston of his dismissal in the following words:

"No other course is open to me than to ask her majesty to appoint a successor to you in the foreign office."

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TRIED TO ROB THE MISER

Fable That Explains Why the Lombardy Poplar Holds its Branches Close to Trunk.

Once there was a man who had worked early and late in the hope of getting rich. He never took a holiday nor spent any money for his old age. Now, the more money he got the more unhappy he became, for he was always afraid that some one would rob him of his treasure. He hid it in his humble home, but he worried lest it might be taken during his absence. He buried it in the thick branches of a very tall tree. Even then the miser was afraid that some one would take it, so he decided at last to carry the pot of gold back to his home. Just there was where the trouble began. In his eagerness to hide the treasure he had not made himself quite sure as to which tree he had used for his money bank.

He asked the spreading linden, the tall sycamore and the honest oak, but each tree denied knowing anything about the gold. The lombardy poplar, too, protested that it had not seen the pot of shining money. Just then its branches were drawn down close to its trunk. The tree trembled, for it did not know what to make of such a queer feeling. It fell faint, and forgot the miser's treasure. That minute the pot of gold fell to the ground, and the lombardy poplar was forever disgraced for the falsehood it had told. To this day, if you will look, you will find that all lombardy poplars hold their branches close up to the trunks, but will never hide any more gold.

Wine Made Without Grapes.

"Champagne and claret will doubtless be produced in large quantities this year, despite the general failure of the French vineyards," says the London Chronicle. "The art of making wine without grapes is an ancient one. As far back as 1427 1000 pipes of wine were seized in London because no trace of grape juice could be found in them. The citizens flocked to see the public staving in the pipes and the unusual watering of the streets which followed thereupon. Steele, in the Tatler, protested against the merchants, who 'squeezed Bordeaux out of the sloe and drew champagne from the apple. And from an old-time cookery book we learn that the fruit from the bramble, being rightly mixed with goose pippin or pearmain cyder dothe make good claret.' Nowadays, French wine merchants produce high-sounding vintages by mashing figs in hot water and fermenting the liquor. And many other less innocent substitutes are employed."

Fifty-six Years in One School.

Prof. Zephaniah Hopper, the oldest school teacher in Philadelphia, who is eighty-two years old, began his fifty-sixth year of teaching at the Central High school.

He was greeted by the faculty and by another generation of students, as he marched into the assembly hall the other day. He is as active as ever, still walking every day to and from his home.

The veteran professor was graduated in the first class that left the high school. After spending a few years at college and in special work, he went back to the school as a professor. He has remained there ever since.

There are men all over the country who are now grandfathers, who remember Doctor Hopper as their teacher. It is estimated that he has taught fully fifteen thousand students during his long service.

SHORT DISSERTATION ON MUD

Evidently the Work of One Who Was Thoroughly Familiar With the Subject.

Mud is found at the bottom of lakes, on roads and in political assemblies and newspapers. It is also used to bathe in and to make pies of. It is composed of the same materials that human beings are made of, viz., dust and water.

Mud is at its best in the spring of the year. At this period it is largely used by automobiles. It is good for rheumatism and turtles. In Pittsburg and St. Louis it is taken with meals. Mud is a counter-irritant for armies. Hannibal encountered it and Napoleon was delayed by it. It has often been mixed with the best thoughts.

The earth has been trying to get rid of its mud ever since it began, but it still sticks, in spite of countless revolutions. Beside, if it fell off there would be no place for it elsewhere. Some men have been named after it.

Mud is used by plebeian clams, who live in flats. It is also used by rivers to make deltas of. A respectable delta can be made by any hard working river in about 1,000 years, working night and day.

Mud is a great traveler. New Jersey mud can be seen sauntering up and down Broadway. When dust gets uneasy and wishes to be made into mud it prays for rain. Then it lies in the sun and becomes dust again. This gives it that variety which, as we all know, is the spice of life.

Mud is no respecter of persons.—Life.

MEETING ONE WHO BELONGED

One More Instance That Goes to Prove That Appearances Can Be Deceptive.

In a New York theater a few weeks ago a man from Cleveland found himself seated next to a well-groomed man in evening dress whose every move proclaimed him one of those who belonged. The Cleveland man held bold to open conversation with him between the acts and was well repaid, for the man in the evening clothes knew all the folks of consequence in the whole theater. He pointed out about 20 people in the boxes whom the Cleveland man with the social aspirations had read about in the New York papers, and whose doings at Newport and Palm Beach are chronicled wherever newspapers have women readers.

"He belongs all right," thought the Clevelander, "or else he couldn't know all the dope on so many of these people and wouldn't talk about them in such a careless, blase fashion. Nice that he isn't stuck up about his social connections."

After the theater the visitor expressed a hope that they might meet again some evening that week.

"Well," replied the New Yorker as he replaced his silver cigarette case in his waistcoat pocket, "it's pretty hard for me to get away any night except Thursday. You see, my work keeps me busy evenings. I'm Mrs. Keentons' butler."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Didn't Know Him Well.

"I met a queer old woman character on the train between here and Buffalo one morning," remarked Police Judge McGannon when the talk had drifted around to queer people one meets.

"She was traveling with her grown son, whom I met in the smoking compartment, and later on I got to talking with the old lady. She spoke of several people she knew here in Cleveland."

"Did you ever happen to know James H. Soandson?" I asked her casually, judging from something she had said that she did know him.

"She gave me a strange sort of a look," Well," she replied, "I don't know whether to say I know that man or not. He's a queer sort, you understand—the kind of a man that nobody really knows. Why, I was married to James Soandson, and lived with him for four years, but I never felt that I was really acquainted with him."

"And the funny part of it," added McGannon, "was the woman was in deadly earnest about it. She didn't make the remark by way of springing any comedy at all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Advanced Ideas.

Miss Evie Greene, the popular actress who was married to Lieut. Arbutnot recently, has approved herself quite an eloquent politician of advanced views. Asked on one occasion how she would remedy the evil of unemployment, she promptly replied: "Send a strong-minded woman to parliament, and she will soon show you the way." Naturally she was accused of being a suffragette. This Miss Greene denied. "But," she said, "I should like every hardworking woman who pays taxes and rates to have a vote, as apart from the silly little woman who has no mind beyond her house and her children."—Tit-Bits.

To Escape Punishment.

"Honest to goodness, pahson," whispered Deacon Conoley, "I hates to acknowledge it, but I would like to git just one flash at dem fight pictures."

"You upstaiden oblige sinner!" exclaimed Parson Mokeby; "don't you know you'd be punished fo' sich a sin?"

"I don't think I would," smiled the deacon; "you see, I had it figured out to git a seat right neah an erit in case anybody started any race riot!"

COMPLEXIONS IN OLD ROME

Strenuous Efforts Made by Women of Ancient Days to Appear Beautiful.

Our modern damsels decidedly half-hearted in her following after beauty when compared with the fair fashionables of ancient Rome. It was the fashion at that time for a lady of high degree to repair to her parlor bath at about 10:30 in the morning and remain in it for something like an hour. At the end of that time she was rubbed down, not with soft towels, but with pumice stone, and when this salutary discipline was completed she would right away into the complexion department and clapped on a cataplasm invented by the Empress Poppa herself, and never removed except upon the arrival of a distinguished stranger, unless, of course, the fair dame was thinking of salting forth in her chariot to drink in the admiration of outside masculine world. When the toilet proper began—in preparation for an indoor or outdoor appearance—a slave would remove the medicinal plaster and bathe the lady's face in rose milk. This, of course, says the Montreal Star, was all very well for the start—one couldn't greatly object to the asac milk nowadays—but what would one say to the following delicate compounds which, according to Pliny, were rubbed on one after the other in order to impart exquisite delicacy and freshness to the skin? First, there were ashes of snails or of large ants, burned and braised in salt, then an application of honey in which bees had been suffocated. After that came a savory mess of pullet's fat mixed with onions and as a final unguent a gentle lubrication with swan's grease, supposed to be the dernier cri for the removal of wrinkles.

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Spiders once caused the Argentine republic not a little trouble. Not that they were in any way dangerous or destructive in their ways. The grievance was simply that they would spin webs.

Anyone who has gone across the fields on an autumn morning before the sun has dried the grass will remember how the dew sparkled on the spiders' webs stretched across the grass and the bushes. It was just this dew on the webs that caused the trouble in the Argentine republic.

There the web spinning spiders are so plentiful that they have, on one occasion at least, completely demoralized the telegraph service. They would spin their webs across the telegraph lines, and as soon as dew fell or a shower came up every microscopic thread with which the wires abounded became wet and established a minute leak. The effect of millions of these leaks was practically to stop the operation of the lines.

The government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, was put to much inconvenience. A number of expedients were tried, but to no purpose, until at last on one line as a last resort it was decided to connect Buenos Ayres and Rosario by an underground cable about two hundred and fifty miles long. On this important line some years ago the effect of the webs was to slow down the speed of working from three to four hundred messages an hour to thirty.

SPIDERS OF THE ARGENTINE

Their Dew-Laden Webs Compelled the Authorities to Put Telegraph Wires Under Ground.

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In Plain English.

It was sunset in England. The poem alleged that the sun belonged to England—but it is also used by the rest of the world. A young woman named Beale went to see the sexton because her sweetheart was in prison and they were going to execute him at curfew. The sexton did not ask her what kind of a judge would issue such a decision, but explained that he couldn't afford to lose his daily wages. So Beale went up in the belfry and held the clapper of the bell. Later she met Oliver Cromwell and gave him the particulars. Oliver said he guessed it was one on him. Later Beale and her lover got married and toured the country as Swiss bell ringers, and subsequently went into vaudeville and played "Listen to the Mocking Bird" on strings of sleigh bells. Cromwell had a mole on his cheek, but he recognized Beale as a militant suffragette.—Chicago Evening Post.

Reason for Husband's Generosity.

When a suburban housekeeper returned from her vacation a few days ago she was delightfully surprised to find a brand new dinner set and a lot of new kitchen utensils which her husband had frowned upon as "extravagant" when she suggested them in June. For a day or so she used the new things, and then decided that she would keep them for state occasions. So she went to get out her old dishes and utensils. But, behold, they had flown. In an ash barrel down cellar she at last discovered a few cooking tins scorched to uselessness and some broken plates. The secret was out. Her husband had burned or broken all the older things and bought the new ones as a peace offering.—Boston Herald.

No Problem at All.

"Have you ever noticed how a burn actor can get laughter and applause by using a cuss word?"

"Oh, yes. What's the reason?"

"I've found out, I think. The audience has been wanting to swear, but is too polite."