

**MYSTERY OF THE UMBRELLA**

Pittsburg Shopkeeper Wondered About It for Many Days—Simple, After All.

In the midst of a driving rainstorm one day recently the owner of a small store on a North side street corner was startled by the violent opening of the door and the sound of rushing feet. Hastily dropping the work she was doing in the rear room, she hurried toward the front of the store just in time to see the door slammed shut and a strange man running away at top speed. When she reached the door he had disappeared; but when she turned to investigate she was astonished to behold a handsome gold-headed silk umbrella, dripping with moisture, lying on the showcase.

Surprise, alarm and complete mystification were mingled. What possible explanation could there be of a stranger dashing into her place in the midst of a drenching downpour, leaving his fine umbrella without a word of explanation, and rushing forth into the rain without it?

The more she thought about it the deeper grew the mystery. She related the incident to her customers. Not one of them could offer a plausible solution. She finally concluded the man was crazy, and she felt profoundly thankful that he had done no worse.

Then one day a second stranger appeared. He was almost as mysterious as the first. He produced a letter and handed it to the storekeeper. It was dated Chicago and read:

"Dear Tom: I left your umbrella in the little store at the corner near your house. Just had time to grab a car, so failed to explain to storekeeper. Left it on showcase. Hope you recover it O. K."

"Well, I declare," was all the little storekeeper could gasp as she produced the umbrella. "How simple it was, after all."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

**KOREANS AND THE JAPS**

What the Conquered People Think About the Moral Quality of Jap Promises.

The Koreans are so constituted that they merely superficially change can possibly commend itself to them, says a writer in the Christian Herald. Many tempted such changes, but always with the most unsatisfactory results. They have learned better, and they will not accept no change that does not promise a fundamental reform. They admit that the Japanese have done many wonderful things and have effected many startling changes; but they do not believe that Japan has gotten to the bedrock of western civilization, nor ever will, until the revolution shall show signs of being a moral, as well as a merely material one. The treatment they have received at the hands of Japan has not as yet warranted them in placing faith in the moral quality of Japan's promises.

The Korean does not often formulate his ideas, but underneath the surface, perhaps only subconsciously, they realize that the Japanese feudalism, which lies at the root of all her military and social achievements, is a feudalism without chivalry. It is lacking in that altruism which made Europe a willing missionary to the whole world. They believe that Japan has accepted only those forces which will make for physical power. Whether they are right in this the world must decide for itself. Only state the fact that the Koreans so believe.

**Eloquence With a Drop to It**

Judge Palmeri, who was elected to the bench in New York on the Independence League ticket, was defending Josephine Terranova, who was on trial for killing her uncle. He made an impassioned speech to the jury, and used up about all the oratorical phrases known to those who argue cases. Then he came to his peroration. It was as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, this young girl heard the voice of God crying in her ears: 'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' or words to that effect." The girl was acquitted.

**A Dose of Her Own Medicine**

The wit of Mrs. Cavendish Bestnick, the daughter of a fortune teller, amused Newport during the summer. Newport laughed with special enjoyment over Mrs. Cavendish Bestnick's reply to a professional palmist who said to her: "Tell me, madam, do you think I'd succeed if I went to London and opened a parlor in Old Bond Street?" "Ah, my friend, as to that," Mrs. Cavendish Bestnick replied, "you'd better look at your own palm and find out."

**Their Freshness**

"These eggs don't seem to be real fresh," objected the man from Philadelphia. "Well, it's your fault, then," snapped the Cincinnati waitress. "They were fresh when I brought them on, but you've been half an hour opening 'em."

**Nerve**

Lady—Why do you give me this bit of paper? Tramp—Madam, I do not like to criticize your soup, but it is not this mother used to make. Allow me to give you her recipe.—Flegende Blacker.

**SERVED ACCORDING TO ORDER**

Divinity Student Neatly Turns Tables on Frankish Members of Militia.

In one of the companies of a Wisconsin militia regiment are two students of Lawrence college who are studying for the ministry. While the regiment was at Camp Douglas this summer some of the boys of the company thought to have a little fun at the expense of the two ministers. When the beer, which some one had sent to the regiment as a treat, was to be served they asked their captain if the two ministers might serve it.

He said they might. The boys were jubilant and served notice of their new duty to the two students.

One of them refused to have anything to do with it, but the other, Private Keith, took the notice, which read: "The beer must be served on the grounds and no man must get drunk," and said he would obey it.

He went to his lieutenant and asked him if the company might be held at parade rest while he served the beer. He was assured that it should be done.

Private Keith then rolled the keg up in front of his company, knocked out the bung and let the beer out on the ground. When it had all run out he turned to his lieutenant, gave the salute and said:

"Lieutenant, I have served the beer on the grounds and I am sure no man is drunk."—Youth's Companion.

**THE TELEPHONE IN EUROPE**

Twenty Nations Have Total of One Third as Many Telephones as United States.

How vast the telephone business has become may be inferred from the statement that in thirty years the Western Electric has sold \$67,000,000 worth of telephonic apparatus to foreign countries, and yet Europe, with her 20 nations has but one-third as many telephones as are in use in the United States, while in proportion to her population, Europe has only one-thirtieth as many. The United States with six per cent. of the earth and five per cent. of the human race has 70 per cent. of the telephones. Germany has only as many telephones as has the state of New York, and Great Britain as many as Ohio, while Chicago has more than London and Boston twice as many as Paris. Only six nations in Europe make a fair showing—the Germans, British, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Swiss—the others having less than one telephone per hundred. Denmark has more telephones than has Austria, while little Finland has a service superior in quality to that of France.

**Just Folks' Philosophy**

"Problems," says Lisa Allen, "shucks, folks ain't got no problem, not when you really know 'em—they're just folks." "Folks git more pleasure out of what chets 'em most." "Love came to transform the old, hard law and make happiness not only possible, but an obligation." "An' as for fire, there's none like pride 'I hope ye warm." "Great overcoming has been the history of all great art." "You can tell her I chust god you sewed up for de winter and I ain't goin' to take off your clothes before it is spring, bod for my own." "He wan't never one to hear much about mere stidiness, learn' it had some ginger 'long with it." "Principles ain't strong in the young as they be when you've larned how much they stand for."—From Clara M. Laughlin's novel "Just Folks."

**Preserving Indian Language**

Stevens Savage, the last living male representative of the Molalla Indians, passed through Portland the other day en route to the Siletz Indian reservation, where he will join Doctor Frachtenberg and will teach the doctor the Molalla Indian language for preservation in the Smithsonian institution at Washington. Doctor Frachtenberg has been among the Indian of this coast for a number of years studying their languages for record at Washington. The Indian, now sixty-two years of age, did not want to be discovered, and it was only after Superintendent Egbert of the Siletz tribe had interviewed other Indians in the search that the redskin was located at Woodland, Wash. Mr. Egbert called on Savage and induced him to furnish the information wanted.—Portland Oregonian.

**Excuse for Another**

"To the drunkard anything is an excuse for a drink." The speaker, Dr. H. Clay Winter, Cleveland's specialist in dipsomania, smiled and resumed: "I found one of my worst patients in a rathskeller on a Saturday night. Nine saucers were stacked before him and pointing to the saucers sternly, I said: "What, nine large beers already? My dear Jobbins, think of your ten children." "Thanks for the reminder, doc," the dipsomaniac answered. "Here, waiter, bring me one more beer."

**A Common Fate**

"It is a terrible thing," said the prisoner, "to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police." "But you will not be slow, my friend," replied the philanthropic visitor, "the same thing happens to people who own automobiles."

**A Stay-at-Home's Apology**

"Why didn't you go to the polls to vote?" "Well," replied Farmer Corntassel, "after Hatanin's careful to what the candidates had to say about each other I concluded neither of 'em was worth stichin' up a hose fur."

**SHOWER OF LITTLE FISHES**

"Great Guns," Is What Passengers and Crew Said When the Rain Descended.

"Great guns," is what the officers and passengers and crew said to themselves and to one another when it rained little fishes. They were on a steamer that runs between New York and Galveston, Tex., and they were sailing across the Gulf of Mexico, about 200 miles from Galveston, when they ran into a region of waterspouts. Waterspouts are not unheard-of things. There have been some on the great lakes not far from Chicago within the past few years, but you can always be sure that something is going to happen when you see waterspouts. They start in whirlwinds that pull the water up to the sky. It is not the best thing in the world for a steamer to run into one, and so the captain of this particular steamer tried his best to keep out of their way. In avoiding the rest he ran his boat squarely into the path of one of them, and it went to pieces over the deck. There was a flood as if the gulf had been turned upside down, and for several minutes the water continued to fall from the sky in a solid mass. With it came fish of all kinds and of various sizes. They had been sucked up as most persons have seen rubbish taken up from the ground by the tiny whirlwinds that run across city pavements and country fields in summer. They fell and fell until the deck of the steamer looked as if it were a wharf where fishermen tie up their boats. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was fish for supper that evening.

**WHY PRICE OF FURS IS HIGH**

Manifold Handling Enhances the Cost Many Times Over Their Original Price.

The Siberian peasants, hunters and trappers of animals for fur in the vast marshy forests of Siberia have appealed through their communal village associations to their Russo-English board of trade and chamber of commerce with the request to extend to them some assistance in the establishment of immediate and direct trade relations with the English buyers of fur goods. The complaint is that they are completely dependent on the small buyer-up man and the forestaller, to whom they are compelled to sell for a trifle and other valuable and rare furs. These small buyer-up men and various middlemen sell goods later on to other dealers, and so on, until finally the furs are sold at Nishni-Novgorod and Moscow, for the resale again to the representatives of the large Leipzig firms, who, in turn dispose of them in the English market. The manifold handling of furs enhances their price greatly, so that by the time they reach the English purchaser the prices are colossal as compared with their original cost.

**Improving Tone of Violin**

Violin making is an ancient art, yet new things may be learned about it. Two makers of musical instruments, one in Brussels, the other in Boston, have recently announced their belief that the material of an instrument has nothing to do with its tone. One of them made experiments only with wind instruments, but the other tried innovations in violins and violoncellos, substituting tin and aluminum for post and bridge, with an actual improvement in tone. It is his belief that distribution of mass is far more important to good tone than the material used. This theory is contrary to all previous opinions on the subject, and if true will wipe out much of the romance of the search for and treasuring of old violin timber.—Youth's Companion.

**Self-Raising Fame**

At the request of the new lecturer the driver of the sight-seeing wagon stopped on every trip before an old-fashioned three-story brick house near Washington square, where the lecturer bawled through the megaphone: "This is the birthplace of William Howard Bidwell." That statement brought a puzzled look into the faces of the passengers, but the lecturer's impressive manner awed them into silence and nobody got up spunk enough to ask questions. But one day the driver said in a confidential whisper: "Say, Bill, who in thunder is this William Howard Bidwell, anyhow?" "Me," said the lecturer.

**"Wireless" Among Indians**

A curious system of "wireless telegraphy" has been found among the Indians of the Putumayo, a chief tributary of the upper Amazon. As described by W. E. Hardenburg, the apparatus consists of two logs of hard wood, with small holes burnt through lengthwise by heated stones. The thicker of the two logs gives out two grave notes when struck, the thinner two acute notes. Hanging from roof timbers, the logs are beaten with rubber-tipped clubs, and signals are sent by a code based on the difference of tone and the length and number of blows. In this way messages are exchanged to distances of seven to ten miles.

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**MENTAL POWER NOT GROWING**

Anglo-Saxon Success Result of Character, Rather Than Intellectual Superiority.

Man is no longer growing in mental capacity if the conclusions of a British authority, Neville Chamberlain, are correct. He makes a distinction between intellect, pure and simple, and the qualities that together make up what is called character, and finds it doubtful if the races often regarded as inferior are at any disadvantage in pure intellect. It is unfair to decide mental capacity by comparing those who have had the benefits of education—giving the accumulated experience of centuries—with savages who have been brought up in the bush. Two generations ago the Japanese were thought to be little better than barbarians of small intellect, and the aborigines of Australia were similarly regarded, but now they take front rank in modern universities, often excelling Europeans at examinations. More important to average success than great intellectual ability are the qualities constituting character—such as courage, earnestness, determination, judgment and sympathy. Even these traits must be preserved and strengthened by the same process of natural selection that has so powerfully influenced physical evolution, and the character of the individuals has made the character of nations. Anglo-Saxon success, past and future, may be looked upon as a result of national character, rather than any fancied intellectual superiority.

**SAFETY AT THE MULE'S TAIL**

Worldly Negro Was Skeptical About Advice Offered by His Aged Father.

The Saline river, Arkansas, was out of banks and swift flowing, owing to the heavy rains. An old negro and his two sons wanted to cross, each riding a mule. The older son ventured first and came up safely on the other bank. The younger went next, the father remaining to watch, thus the two anxiously witnessed the younger negro's battle against the swirling currents. The mule was swimming low, the rider showing little except his head and shoulders above water, when the saddle girth broke, and saddle and contents slipped off the animal behind, which allowed the faithful mule to partially emerge from the water. It was a critical moment and the watchers from opposite banks were all arrested. The imperiled boy clutched frantically ahold of the tail of the swimming animal, but the old negro evidently failed to notice this and shouted the first advice that came into his mind. He cried: "Look to de Lawd, Ephem, look to de Lawd, look to de Lawd!"

**Artificial Nests for Bass**

The government fisheries bureau has discovered that black bass culture is greatly aided by artificial construction of nests. The male small mouthed bass builds his nest by sweeping the stones of a lake bottom bare of sand in a three-foot circle. Using his nose and tail alternately, he makes a saucer-shaped nest ready for the eggs of his mate. But he will readily use a nest that is prepared for him, and so the men of the fisheries are expediting his home building. For the large mouthed bass nests are made of moss imbedded in concrete, as this species prefers a fibrous bed for its eggs. Ponds with basins six feet deep in the center and with shallower water elsewhere are so prepared. Wild fish caught by hook are put in to mate here, to the great increase of reproduction. Proper assortment of the fish and the prevention of crowding accomplish excellent results.—Youth's Companion.

**Their Decision**

"Is it customary to return a fellow's presents after you have broken with him?" "Yes, if you think that the next fellow would object to seeing you wearing them."

**Debatable**

"I don't make a business of writing," smiled the would-be contributor, "it's merely my avocation." "Are you sure it isn't your avocation?" snapped the unnecessarily cruel editor.

**NEW CHEEK BUILT FOR MAN**

Operation Apparently Successful, but a Faint Scar Will Be Left, Declare Physicians.

London.—The final stage in the operation of making a new cheek for a patient at Guy's hospital, from the skin of his arm has been completed. The patient had a large part of his right cheek and upper jaw cut away in the removal of a growth six years ago. On September 24 a flap of skin was partly detached from over the biceps of the right arm, and made to cover the sunken part of the cheek by stitching it to the side of the nose and mouth. To keep the skin flap, which drew its blood supply from its remaining attachment to the arm, in place, the arm had to be bent over the head and fixed in a plaster cast in that position.

Since the skin flap was sewn to the side of the face, enough new blood vessels have sprung up between it and the underlying tissues to render the blood supply from the arm vessels no longer necessary. The last operation, therefore, consisted of removing the plaster cast, cutting the flap away from its remaining attachment to the arm, and fitting it into position over the rest of the denuded area on the face.

No stitches were needed, the anti-septic dressings applied and the new firm attachments to the nose holding the flap in position. The arm wound was also treated antiseptically, the arm somewhat stiff, but apparently none the worse for being fixed so long in such a cramped position, being laid comfortably at the patient's side.

In another eight days it is expected that the flap will have taken firm root, new cells springing up from the two opposed raw surfaces and knitting them into one. Little scar will be left to show that practically the whole of the right cheek is composed of skin tissues removed bodily from the right arm.

**KILL SQUIRRELS BY AUTOS**

Park Menagerie Director Says Chauffeurs Delight in Slaughtering—Fears Extermination.

New York.—Mr. Smith, director of the Central park menagerie, is very much exercised over what he calls the wanton murder of squirrels by chauffeurs. On a recent day Mr. Smith found the bodies of five squirrels within three city blocks of East drive. He was sure that chauffeurs had deliberately run over the little animals, in striking contrast to coachmen, who drive to one side so as not to injure the pets, who have become so accustomed to vehicular traffic that they sit on their haunches in the middle of the road, fearless of any harm.

Mr. Smith said that before the number of automobiles in the park became so large the squirrels multiplied with startling rapidity, and he recalled the time when it became necessary to shoot large numbers of them. A year ago there were 6,000 squirrels in the park.

"Then," said Mr. Smith, "there was a startling change. Hundreds on hundreds of squirrels were run over and killed by unfeeling chauffeurs, until now there are bare a thousand of them left, and I am afraid that they, too, will be exterminated. The chauffeurs seem to take a delight in running down the little beasts. The women and children who get so much pleasure in feeding the squirrels will miss them very much when they are all killed off. Mrs. Russell Sage is one who drives to the park almost every day when she is in town just for the pleasure of feeding the little animals."

**TIGHTS BREAK STAGE LURE**

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Gives Up Her Aspirations to Be Star—Taken to Her Home.

St. Louis.—Miss Isabel Embrey, sixteen years old, who ran away from her home in Meridian, Miss., to go on the stage, was cured of her stage ambitions after dancing in tight's for two nights in the chorus of a St. Louis theater. She forsook the footlights and feelings for a prosaic job in a department store, and was tearfully willing to return home with her parents. They left with her the other day for Meridian.

She said that she went first to Cincinnati and played a minor part one night in the venerable drama, "East Lynne." As the ascent to a starship in the play proved more steep and difficult than she had expected, she left Cincinnati for St. Louis.

Father, mother and daughter had a reunion at police headquarters, and the girl cried as she told of her experiences. She had been living at No. 3501 Morgan street, but gave her address as the Jefferson hotel, she said, to impress her girl friends in Meridian.

**Baltimore Rescue Seal Orphans**

Seattle, Wash.—The revenue cutter Bear, the last steamer to leave Bering sea, arrived here the other day, bringing ten orphan fur seal pups, whose mothers were killed by Japanese speckers. The pups, reared by sailors on the Bear, will be sent to Washington, where experiments in feeding them will be made. Mother seals will feed only their own babies, but men on the Bear discovered that if a ligament hampering the baby's tongue is loosened the teeth are available at once and the pup will eat fish.

**GREATEST OF ALL CONQUESTS**

In the Art of Flying We Stand at Threshold of Man's Greatest Achievement.

The mighty powers of nature have only been conquered by man at his peril. Think of the holocaust of human lives that have gone up as a burnt offering. Look back at the beginning of coal oil as an illuminant, the elevator, the steamboat, the railroad, the automobile and the tremendous powers controlled in high explosives. In the art of flying we stand upon the threshold of, perhaps, the mightiest of all man's conquests of nature, and there will be no faltering, even if there be much sacrifice of life. The niches are ready and waiting for the martyrs—the greatest martyrs of all.

The fishes of the sea navigate within a fluid by the manipulation of fins for propulsion. But man has devised something far superior to fins. It is the rotating propeller. In the air the birds soar on planes which, at the same time, are used for propulsion. And here again, man has substituted the more efficient propeller with fixed planes for soaring. There remains the extraordinary and little known movements of the air, within which the new navigation must take place. To say that we know little that is precise about these movements is to state the greatest difficulty in the way of aerial navigation, and point the way for man to soar to higher flights of flying. And out of the blue empyrean we will surely snatch the knowledge to guide the flyer on his way.—Brig. Gen. Jones, U. S. A., in Columbian.

**BOY HAS SNAKES FOR PETS**

Takes Reptiles to School so Often They No Longer Cause Excitement.

Snakes are the particular pets most favored by Edwin Whiffen, Jr., of New Rochelle. His father is a professor of science in a public school. On Saturdays and holidays Mr. Whiffen's recreation and pleasure is buying snakes, and if the finds are particularly good he takes them home, where they are harbored and cared for by Mrs. Whiffen and all the little Whiffens. Besides Edwin, Jr., who is the oldest, there are Eva, age six; Helen, age four, and Baby Robert, age two. All the children love the snakes and handle them as other children would handle kittens. They take particular delight in laughing at people who are afraid, yet whenever Edwin brings a snake to school he never takes it near the other children if they are afraid. However, the Westminster Avenue school has had so many visits from so many kinds of snakes that both teachers and pupils have grown to look for them, and now the snakes' visits are void of particular excitement. Most of the teachers or children would willingly handle the snakes, but the snakes know their master and kick back at the strangers.

**Bicycles in Spain**

One of the most popular modes of locomotion in Bangkok is the bicycle, the city covers a very large area, the public offices of the town and the residential portion of the town and the roads are excellent. The customs report for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1910, shows that 708 machines were imported during that year, an increase of 240 over the previous year, amounting to \$18,619, an average of \$26 a bicycle. Machines may be bought locally from \$15 upward, the English makes ranging from about \$30 to \$75. Parts of bicycles were imported during the last fiscal year amounting to \$2,940. Of all the bicycles imported during the last year 587 are credited to the United Kingdom, 34 to Denmark, 33 to Germany, 31 to France, 16 to Belgium, 3 to Spain, 1 to Italy and 3 to the United States.

**Too Simple**

Percy D. Haughton, the Harvard coach, talked at the Harvard training table the other day about umpires and referees. "These chaps should be strict," he said, "but Hopkinson was too strict. In a very important game, back in the '90's, a dispute arose between two guards about a foul. The dispute was involved and bitter, but Hopkinson's way of settling it was simple—perhaps too simple. "Well, have no argument," he said, "I'll just order you both off the field and then there can't be any mistake."

**A Geographical Lesson**

Col. Cecil Lyon, Republican national committeeman from Texas, went to Mexico City with a friend of his on one occasion, and, while he was there, sat in for a ten-cent-limit poker game, in which his friend was the banker. The colonial won \$28, but his friend deferred payment until they had returned to their home in Texas. Then he gave the colonial \$14.

**Well, you see,**

"Well, you see," explained the friend, "you won \$28 in Mexico, where one American dollar is worth two in the currency those people use. Consequently you get only one dollar for two."

**The Boston Way**

Miss Lakeside—Wag your heart pierced by one of Capt's darts during your stay in Boston? Miss Dearborn—Not on your sacred plane. Boston cupid's don't use darts. Miss Lakeside—Indeed? What do they use? Miss Dearborn—Beanshooters.