

WHY NEIGHBORS FALL OUT

Here Are Some of the Remarks That Often Start the Clothesline Quarrels.

"Yes, I'm going to bring your lawn mower home tomorrow, sure. The planned old rattletrap is no good, anyway."

CONSCIENCE OF THE SCOTCH

Tourists Who Wanted a Boat Ride on Sunday Finally Overcame Sandy's Scruples.

A couple of tourists staying at a village which is in close proximity to a well known Scotch loch had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the loch.

Graceful East Indians.

Describing the women of India, a writer says: "Even the most withered old-woman has a dignity of carriage and a grace of motion that the western woman might envy."

Gray Leaved Plants.

Next to green, gray is the restfullest and most satisfactory color to be had in foliage. We now have so many hardy plants with gray foliage that we can choose one for each month of bloom and color of flower.

Haste to Reimburse.

While carrying a ladder through the crowded streets of Philadelphia the other day a big Irishman was so unfortunate as to break a plate glass window in a shop. Immediately dropping his ladder, the Celt broke into a run.

Not as Bad as He Feared.

"I will be your Nemesis!" she blazed. "All right," he sneered. "I was afraid you might take advantage of the fact that this is leap year and insist on being something else."

ALL AUTHORS ARE TALKATIVE

If You Know One, Be Tactful and Let Him Converse About His Work.

I know nothing about really great authors, but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it by yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company will be sorry. Therefore, when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation.

R. L. S. IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Stevenson, While Fighting Off Disease There, Seemed Indifferent to the Laws of Health.

Robert Louis Stevenson, for so wise a man, seems to have been singularly unaware of, or indifferent to, the laws of health, but that, too, may have been part of his wisdom. He spent the winter of 1887 in the Adirondacks struggling against the disease which was not to subdue him for seven years. He lived in a little cottage that was much overheated and from which all ventilation was carefully excluded.

King's Watch in Pawn.

A time-honored London tavern, the Castle, at the corner of Cowcross street, facing Farringdon street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully-licensed pledge shop.

In Classic Boston.

Signs seen in Boston, according to the Transcript: Picard at a moving picture show: "Young children must have parents." In a barber shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back." Sign in a Tremont street store: "Empty boxes—suitable for Christmas gifts." In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?" In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

Dress for an Earthquake.

An old lady was staying at a hotel at Nice at the time of the earthquake. "My dear," she was wont to say, "I was simply tumbled out of bed and the ceiling cracked. I threw on a fur cloak and unconsciously pulled on one long black suede glove, and when I got down to the hall and found all the other guests—my dear, I was the best dressed woman there!"

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SUGAR A HEART STIMULANT

Experiments of An English Physician Show Cures of Cases of Muscle Dilation.

Sugar has had its champions as well as its opponents. Its advocates have declared that, aside from its nourishing value, it carries with it a quick stimulation that is without perceptible reaction. On the other side, says the Bakers Weekly, "we have had radical utterances connecting sugar with some of the most incurable of organic diseases. But an English physician recently contended that cane sugar is almost a specific in the treatment of certain diseases of the heart. Emphasis is laid upon cane sugar."

ONE TRICK OF THE TRADE

Old Meat Dealer's Method of Getting a Reputation for Giving Very Good Weights.

The very latest trick of the trade was taught to the young butcher by the marketman who gave him his first employment. The old dealer pointed to trays of beef, lamb and pork trimmings beneath the counter. "When customers ask to have all the waste that has been cut from their own meat wrapped up with their order be sure to put in a few of these trimmings besides," he said. "Most always they want the scraps sent home so they can weigh the whole business and find out whether they are getting full weight or not. Enough extra pieces to tip the scales half an ounce beyond the supposed weight won't hurt anybody and will give us a good name."

Authors and Their Books.

At the dinner given by the Harper people to Arnold Bennett just before he sailed for England, a dinner which was attended by many of the literary lights that live in or near New York, a discussion came up as to whether in this day of the rapid output of literature a man could live by his books. Mr. Bennett said he was sure that many authors could, and he instanced the case of a young author he knew in London who was so hard up that he could not get enough cash to pay for his dinner.

Muffled Knocks.

"I don't wonder you keep your shapely arms bare, Mildred, even if they do look somewhat hairy." "I'm rather glad you dropped in, Boris; when a fellow feels blue and lonesome he's ready to welcome almost anybody."

Street Car Repartes.

Mrs. Gentrie, a ladylike lady, was seated in the trolley car by the side of a perfect stranger (an almost perfectly perfect stranger), who was getting very nervous by sitting by her side. And so Mrs. Gentrie, that ladylike imitation, she says to that stranger, says she: "What time is it by your watch, please?"

Their Comparative Bulk.

The latest Russian dancer to arrive for an American tour is Mile. Plaskowetzskajskable. She will carry her wardrobe in a handbag and her name on three fatcars fastened together.

HAD NOTHING MORE TO SAY

How the Lady's Complaints Were Silenced by the Fluent Dairy Wagon Driver.

Fault-finding may be met in any one of several ways. The method employed by the dairymen of whom the Rehoboth Herald tells would not serve with some people; but apparently it served with the lady at No. 75. "I had been told on starting out on my route that No. 75 was inclined to be a fault, but that she was a good customer, and he was on no account to be rude to her. "Those eggs you left here yesterday were stale!" grunted Mrs. 75, on the dairymen's second visit.

MATERNITY IS A PRIVILEGE

Little Lecture on Marriage and Divorce That May Interest Some Modern Parents.

"Some folks wonder at the miracles in the Good Book, but God did the biggest and most unexplainable thing when he gave woman the privilege of being a mother. You might marry another man some time, but there's something you'd never forget, and that is that Perk is the father of Lucille and Mary Jane. It's something that demands from you a lot of forgiveness, if need be, for whatever he does. I don't think there's any divorce that God's angels to recognize which separates fathers and mothers. He might overlook their livin' apart from each other if things went too far crosswise, but I doubt if he's going to fix affairs up in heaven after the Judgment day by sayin' 'Mr. Smith, the courts down here in the U. S. A. says you ain't got no right to call this woman your wife and so I'm givin' her to Mr. Jones, who married her three years after she got her decree. He'll take care of your angel children and you'll have to go way back and sit down.' I say I don't think he's goin' to do it that way."—Mary Jane's Pa. in the Novelization by Norman Way.

Tactful Request.

Dobbiegh was a confirmed borrower, and what was worse, he seldom returned the borrowed articles. He had held on to Whibley's umbrella, for instance, for nearly a year. "And I'm blest if I know how I am ever going to get it back," said Whibley.

Out of Mouths of Babies.

Little Harold, aged five, helped his grandfather last summer setting out fruit trees, and was telling his father about it the other night. "Thinking to improve the opportunity of pointing a moral, father asked: "Who made the trees, son?" "The kid thought for a moment, then his face lit up with a knowing smile. "I guess God made the trees," he said. "But grandpa stood 'em up."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Dark Thoughts.

"I can read your mind. I see there in dark thoughts." "Yes, I was wondering when we would get our coal."

IS FULL OF COMPLEXITIES

Drawback to the Much Vaunted Simple Life Is That It Is Not Simple.

The real drawback to "the simple life" is that it is not simple. If you are living it, you positively can do nothing else. There is no time. For the simple life demands virtually that there shall be no specialization. The hausfrau who is living the simple life must, after all, sweep, scour, wash and mend. She must also cook; from that even Battle Creek cannot save her. She may dream sternly of Margaret Fuller, who read Plato while she pared apples; but in her secret heart she knows that either Plato or the apples suffered. And from what point of view is it simpler to have a maid of all work than to indulge one's self in liveried lackeys? Not, obviously, for the mistress; and it is surely simpler to be an adequate second footman than to be an adequate bonne a tout faire.

GENUINE TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

Robert G. Ingersoll's Eloquent Appreciation of the Qualities of the Gentler Sex.

It takes 100 men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeemer of the glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Not the Real Thing.

From a city apartment little Jack was going for the first time to spend Christmas at his grandfather's farm. As he ran up the steps of the old house his grandmother caught him up in her arms and put him down, rosy and laughing, before the great log fire in the living room. "Isn't that fine, Jackie, boy?" she said. "You don't have big log fires like that in New York, do you?"

Disliked the Flavor.

A kindergarten teacher in Philadelphia fell in love at first sight with a cherubic youth of four who was brought to her for instruction. "Oh, what a dear!" exclaimed the young woman. "Have you any brothers like yourself?" "Yes'm," replied the cherub; "me and Tommy and Dick. I like Dick best."

Got Even With Critic.

The Abbe d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed!" To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy!"

Only a Few Hours' Ride.

Church—Here's an advertisement of a railroad's night trains. It says "You go to sleep in Philadelphia and wake up in New York." Gotham—Well, I don't generally take stock in railroad advertisements, but I guess that one's true, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

Snuff as an Eye Liniment.

Snuff was once used as an eye liniment. "The Compleat Housewife, or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion," which had run into 16 editions by 1758, extols its virtues. Accomplished gentlewomen who find their sight falling with advancing years are advised to rub "the right sort of Portugal snuff into the eyes night and morning and take it also through the nose." This treatment, it is asserted, "cured Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John Houbton and Judge Ayres, so that they could read without spectacles after they had used them many years."

Fewer People on Isle of Man.

The total number of inhabitants of the Isle of Man is now 50,542, which shows a decrease of 4,210 during the last ten years.

MOLDING OF A CHARACTER

Matter of the Greatest Moment to Which Too Little Thought is Directed.

To nothing in life, perhaps, is there directed so little thought as to the shaping of a career—the molding of a character. Thousands of men and women around us live their indifferent lives, and pass away without doing anything really worth while, failing to get out of life its best and most beautiful. We need not achieve wonderful things or become great personages high in the esteem of the world; it matters not whether we are king or peasant, the stamp of merit is placed on those who give their whole-hearted attention to whatever they undertake. Whether it be the making of an intricate marvel of workmanship or the execution of everyday duties. Whatever is assigned to us should call forth the best that is in us.

OVERWORK IS GREAT FOLLY

Words of Two Prominent Men That Should be Considered by Every Busy Person.

Woman can fall at the folly of overwork and she gets scant heed. Here is what two prominent men have to say about it. Whether they practice as they preach is best known to themselves, but the sentiment is all right. "Chauncey Depew has said: 'I do not believe in overwork, and the body can not endure it.' Kirkham, in his 'Resources,' writes: 'If we do not play enough it is because we are over-fond of business and because the modern ideal is, not a well-rounded man of elevated mind, healthy body and divers resources, but a rich man, a man of property—of one resource only. Another reason is, play implies leisure, and leisure is the cardinal heresy against the religion of trade, the dogma of business. The orthodox view is a life of constant effort, followed by retirement and rest. The fruit of that doctrine is a host of prematurely old men, anemic, dyspeptic, nervously depleted, without resources, but with money; that is to say, dead men.'"

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