

ORIGIN OF NAME BUNGALOW

Anglo-Indian Word is Traced to "Bangla" and Means "Belonging to Bengal."

It is always interesting to note the origin of names, especially those that have a foreign flavor and come to us in every day use.

Being asked the meaning of the word "bungalow" I found the following which I am sure will answer the question for many. In the first place the word is Anglo-Indian and can be traced to bangla, which is Hindustani, and means, literally translated, "belonging to Bengal."

Going back to the manuscripts in the India office in England we find under the date 1876 reference to "bungaloes for all the English in the employ of the company."

The word evidently applied to the native dwellings which were placed at the disposal of the English. Coming down to 1711, there is a note made of a "Dutch bungalow."

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there are allusions to bungalow and bungalow, and in a journal of an English resident in India we find a garden house described as a bungalow.

To quote from a book bearing the date 1847 is to find our ideas of the bungalow described: "The bungalows of India are for the most part built of unburnt bricks and covered with thatch, having in the center a hall, the whole being encompassed by an open veranda."

We see that a bungalow was primarily designed for warm climates, and that is why they are so popular in California, with their broad verandas making delightful lounging places.

The two-story bungalow, with a cellar or basement, is not the true type and is a misnomer.

True, we build bungalows of other materials besides sun dried brick and with excellent results, those on the Pacific coast being especially attractive with their interiors of California sand wood.

HOW "RITA" WRITES NOVELS

Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, the Popular British Authoress, Describes Her Methods of Work.

Rita, the British woman novelist, who is at present living in Bath, has told the London Sketch how she produces novels.

"I never draw up or map out a plot," said Mrs. Desmond Humphreys. "I only want a title, and then I write my book. The story works itself out in my brain—not according to any scheme committed to paper beforehand—and when it is finished it is as though a door slides down and I could not open it again."

My work is so interesting to me because I never quite know what I am going to write. Sometimes almost up to the finish I don't know how my story is going to end.

"I never dictate. I write everything in my own hand, and it is afterwards typewritten. I write five hours a day, and I can produce a book of 90,000 or 100,000 words in two months if I am put to it. I work about three hours in the morning and about two hours in the evening. In the afternoon I never write. That is a time when my brain refuses to act. So I go out into the fresh air and interest myself in something that will take my mind from my work."

The Frog That Would Go a-Flying. Since flying fish and flying squirrels exist, it is not surprising to be told that there are also in the world flying frogs. All these animals have instinctively made use of the fundamental principle of the aeroplane, the perfecting of which is beginning to impart the power of flight to man himself.

It is in Java that the flying frog—Polypedates reticulatus—is found, and Professor Steudnitz, of the University of Cracow, describes it as being of a magnificent clear green color, with white belly, while the membranes between its fingers, which enable it to glide on the air, are orange yellow. But it changes color like the chameleon. It inhabits trees and bushes and is active only at night, living on insects. When disturbed it distends its aeroplanes and launches itself a considerable distance through the air.—Youth's Companion.

Courtesy of Japanese Men. Women are safer in the streets of Japanese cities than they are in Chicago or New York. This is the opinion of Mrs. Murray, who, with her husband, Rev. David A. Murray, has been stationed for the last eight years in Osaka, Japan. Mrs. Murray also said, in addressing the Women's Presbyterian board of missions in Chicago: "The fine courtesy shown by the Japanese to all foreigners is remarkable. I have a greater feeling of safety when in Tokio than I have here in Chicago. During the time I have been in Japan I have never heard of a woman being molested. This can be attributed to the fact that most of the men in Japan are intelligent and well educated, men who take care that nothing shall occur that might bring shame upon the nation."

Sphere for Women. Kellogg Durland says that "Man's Motherhood Fallacy" has been exploded and that it is certain that many women are no more fit to be mothers than the average Wall street man to be a portrait painter or a poet. The world would be in a very awkward condition, he says, if it were not for the fact that millions of women have seen fit to choose work in other fields than that of motherhood.

NEARLY AS GOOD AS TITLE

Harry Was Colored on Governor's Staff and Could Wear Most Gorgeous Uniform.

"Have you ever thought that you would care to marry a man with a title?" he asked.

"Really," she replied, pretending to make light of it. "I have never thought much about it."

"Still, I suppose if a man with a title were to come along you would not treat him coldly merely because he happened to have a handle to his name?"

"Well, I have no doubt that there are some very good men who possess titles."

"Let us suppose, for instance, that I had a title."

"I can't imagine such a thing."

"But if such a thing could be?"

"I hardly know what you mean."

"Why, if I had a title and came to you with a proposal of marriage, would you be disposed to listen to me kindly?"

"But you haven't any title, and you are never likely to have one."

"You are mistaken: I have a title."

"Silly! Why do you say that?"

"It's a fact. I've been appointed a colonel on the governor's staff."

"Why, you can't be serious!"

"I am serious. I'll show you my commission if you wish to see it."

"Do you get a salary for being a colonel on the governor's staff?"

"No, but I have the right to wear a splendid uniform at public functions."

"Oh, Harry! Did you really mean it when you proposed a moment ago?"

The West side man took a small, fat wallet out of his hip pocket and showed it to a friend. "Uncle Sam is a good postmaster," he said. "I got that in the mail yesterday, just as it is, without even a rubber band about it to hold the contents in."

"But—why should you get your own wallet in the mail—I don't understand."

The West side man smiled—rather reluctantly. "The fact is," he confessed, "I had my pocket picked a few nights ago—first time in my life. I was going home on the street car and somebody relieved me of this purse. Fortunately it contained only a five-dollar bill in money, but there were two promissory notes in it and some other papers which were valuable to me, only. The light-fingered citizen kept the money, but was sufficiently considerate to toss the purse, containing all the papers, into the receiving box of one of the branch post offices. Some of my visiting cards were in the wallet and he chose the post office nearest my home. I call that thoughtful, don't you? The post office employees evidently gave the purse the most respectful attention, for it was delivered to me intact, but it was not wrapped or tied. I suppose the intention was to have me see just the condition in which the post office had received it."—New York Sun.

The Ancient Oracles. Herodotus mentions between seventy and eighty oracles of one sort and another. There is no reason for thinking that the people who patronized the oracles had other than the liveliest faith in them, else why should they have gone to them, sometimes at great trouble and expense to themselves? The two great oracles were those at Delphi and Dodona, though there were several others that stood well with the people. The predictions were, of course, nothing but predictions, since it is now generally understood that the promoters of those famous institutions were only ordinary human beings like those who patronized them. The deliverance of the oracles belong to one of two classes, first, those founded on secret information, and, secondly, those in which the oracle had absolutely no ideas on the subject and took refuge in sheer vagueness. It was the faith of the people rather than the infallibility of the oracles that kept them up so long.

A Wretched Pun. The professor had paid a long-delayed visit to a neighboring consular parlor. Later in the day he encountered his implacable enemy, the doctor. "Well," remarked the doctor, critically inspecting him, "you look a little more like a civilized human being."

"On the contrary," frowned the professor, running his fingers through his cropped beard, "I look like a relic of barbarism."—Chicago Tribune.

"STICK" WAS BIG BLACKSNAKE

Writer Tells of His Narrow Escape From the Deadly Reptile of the Australian Bush.

The blacksnake is the danger of the Australian bush, and a deadly reptile he is, whose bite will kill any one in about eight minutes. Yet, notwithstanding all the warnings I was given, I never could remember to be on the lookout for snakes nor to avoid doing such foolish things as sitting on old dead tree trunks, which are their favorite hiding places.

I had just fired two barrels at a rabbit when just in front of me I saw a long, gnarled, black stick, a charred branch of a dead gum, as I thought. Another moment I should carelessly have stepped either across or on it, when one of the ladies of the party, who was walking with us, seized my arm and pulled me backward, calling out in a voice of terror: "Take care, it's a snake!"

Roused by her voice, my "stick" woke up and a long blacksnake wriggled away in front of us. The snake had got to its hole, but my rescuer gallantly belabored it with her stick, while my other companion rushed up and blew the tail off at a shot. Then one of the men dashed away for a spade, with which it was dug out, when we loosed both our 20 bores to make sure of killing it.

It was a big snake and measured well over three feet. We were far more pleased with our one blacksnake than if we had shot a hundred rabbits.—Westminster Gazette.

TWO RATHER BRIGHT DOGS

One Recognized the Letter Was Over Weight and the Other Perceived Wrong Address.

Two suburbanites, one living near Morton and the other near Primos, were swapping stories of country life as they went home on the 5:35 train.

"I have a most intelligent dog," said the Primos man. "I just hand him a letter and say: 'There, Spot!' and off he goes to the post office. I gave him one yesterday and he dropped it. He refused to pick it up, but wagged his tail instead. I suspected something was wrong and picked up the letter and weighed it. It required two cents more postage."

Without the least show of surprise the man from Morton proceeded with his story.

"Dogs are intelligent," he began. "My collie, Carlo, always posts my letters, and one day he, like your dog, dropped a letter on the floor. I thought possibly one stamp was not enough, but in weighing the letter I found that the postage was all right. I gave it back to Carlo, but he let it fall again to the floor. I inspected the letter carefully and found that it was addressed to South Penn square, New York, instead of to Philadelphia."—Philadelphia Times.

Build an Altar for All. There was a flat-topped rock covered with stones, and as I was looking, a writer in the May Wide World says, several Somali women passed. Each one left the rock and, selecting a stone, placed it on the heap. I inquired the reason of this. The Somali version is as follows: In the old days before the Somalis inhabited the country there was a very bad man. After a career of crime, the Prophet All, one of Mohammed's successors, pursued him and caught him up by the big rock. The bad man dodged All round the rock until the prophet, growing furious, drew his sword and split the rock clean in two, and the miscreant with it. In tumbling to go All's horse kicked, and the marks of his hoofs are shown in two round holes in the otherwise smooth stone. The split rock has just such an appearance, and from time immemorial it has been the custom for women passing to add a stone to the pile on the altar close by. The Somalis have many legends of the people who occupied the country before them, and talk of them as having been Persians.

Peace Wave Swept Ancient Egypt. Until Cambyses with his Persian myriads swept across defeated Khem, and Phoenicia and Greece, adopting her stored-up wisdom, added thereto the graces of a more artistic ornamentation and aggressive commercial enterprise, Egypt led all nations in the arts of peace and the accumulation of wealth by peaceful trade. And while it is true that individual enterprise was largely hampered by the royal control of foreign trade, it must be remembered that the king acted largely as a trustee for his people and that the Egyptians under most of their sovereigns probably suffered less from plague and famine and were more justly ruled than most of their contemporaries.—Nobility of the Trades.—The Merchant, Charles Winslow Hall, in the National Magazine.

Delusions of the Ear. There is a cure, it seems, for so-called delusions of the ear in deaf people who think they hear sounds like the whistling of wind, the rustling of leaves, the crackling noise of a telephone, thunder, organ pipes or shouting. Such sounds are remembered, says Doctor Maraga, a French surist, and are caused by persistent excitation of the auditory nerve centers.

He has invented an apparatus for studying these really inaudible but some the less tormenting noises, which are apt to take the form in time of a persistent delusion, and he has succeeded in relieving many sufferers by applications of electric alternating currents of very high frequency or by electric massage.

Not Beautiful to Modern Eyes. The famous beauties of the world are wise when they leave no portraits of themselves, says a writer. Take Marguerite de Valois. She was an immoral, dishonorable, criminal, scheming, unscrupulous, villainous, but she was dowered with such charm that there was not a jester or an enemy she could not charm if she tried. No, nor a woman—even the wives of her lovers. Men came from every country, taking year-long journeys, only to see her, and went away after a little glimpse saying they had "seen loveliness itself." Then one sees her portraits. Too much forehead, not enough eyebrow; a straight nose and expressive mouth (in one picture a lovely mouth)—and that is all. Mary Queen of Scots was lovely—three kingdoms battled because of her beauty—and yet her pictures leave one cold. Foucher said her portrait showed every trait of the lowest original type. That was before he knew whose picture he criticized.

Ancient "Remedies." Some of the sufferers from coughs and colds may feel disposed to try one of the remedies recommended by Pliny. These include wolf's liver dissolved in hot wine, honey mixed with the gall of a bear and powders made from rabbit skins and bullock's horns burned and pounded together. Should one's lills resist these simple remedies for a cough he might try wrapping any of his fingers in the skin of a freshly killed dog. Tree frogs, too, are excellent for all forms of catarrh. Place one in the mouth for a minute, and when he makes his escape the sufferer is cured. No harm is done to the frog. For a cold in the head Pliny prescribes a simple yet infallible remedy—three kisses on the mouth of a mule.

Napoleon in the Sepulcher. When, after the Battle of Jena, Napoleon invaded Prussia, he visited Potsdam, which contains the mortal remains of the Prussian kings. The sepulcher of Frederick the Great occupied a prominent site in the mausoleum. When entering the latter, Napoleon uncovered his head, and went directly up to the sarcophagus of the noted warrior.

For a moment the conqueror stood still, seemingly absorbed in deep thought. Then with the forefinger of his right hand he wrote the word "Napoleon" in the dust of the huge stone coffer, and turning to his marshals said:

"Gentlemen, if he were living I would not be here."—Youth's Companion.

FORGOT HER SECOND WEDDING

Woman Signed Her First Married Name to Bank Check and Much Trouble Resulted.

"I lost my identity once for the time being after I was married to my second husband," said a woman who formerly lived in New York city, and who now dwells in a New England town. "Soon after my second marriage," she added, "I withdrew my personal funds from a New York bank and deposited the money in the town where I now live, giving my present name, of course, and leaving my signature, I had no occasion to draw against the deposit for nearly two months, and when I did so I signed my first married name to the check. The person to whom I gave the check did not know I was married to my present husband, and the transaction was one that did not require any mention of my second marriage."

"When the check was sent to my bank in the town where I live it was returned, marked 'No funds.' The check was forwarded to me by the person to whom I gave it, and it was addressed to me as I had signed it. One of the curious things in connection with it was that my present husband is a director of the bank, but, of course, the cashier never thought to ask him, although the bank official knew my other married name. It is the sort of mistake that a woman makes only once."

WOMAN'S COURAGE IS HIGH English Sociologist Advances the Theory That This Is Due to the Maternal Instinct.

In high police circles woman's trait of courage that exceeds their physical strength is regarded as no new manifestation in the proverbially weaker sex.

"Ever since I became associated with police work," said one experienced officer, "I have noticed that women seemed always ready to help any one in apparent difficulties. Perhaps because they are weak themselves they are disposed readily to help the weaker side without thought of consequences to themselves."

A highly interesting explanation of this undoubted bravery in women was vouchsafed by J. W. Slaughter, the eminent English sociologist, who assigned female courage largely to the maternal instinct. "Nothing on earth can be more ferocious, more dangerous and more courageous than the female animal defending her young. The maternal instinct in woman is in itself an inspiration to courage. You will never see a woman on the edge of a crowd taking the side of the upper dog. Women, moreover, act more directly than men. They are more impulsive and less calculating."

"We are accustomed to think of women as afraid of this or that, but it is because they have not really had experience. Courage is, after all, a matter of experience. One is not afraid of things one is used to or knows how to deal with."

Tippling in the Dark. He had quite lost his English accent, his English manner, and his English appearance; that water I met the other day, but one little trick that he retained betrayed him for a countryman of mine," said the Englishman. "When I offered him a tip he turned his back upon me and stretched his hand out behind him to receive it."

"Nobody but an English waiter of the old school would have received a tip with so much humility. It was never the custom to cultivate that modest demeanor anywhere except in the tight little island. The old servants there thought it a sign of dishonor to give the eye on a fee before it had left the customer's hand, but the new generation of English waiters is as greedy as their brethren in other lands and makes a forward thrust for whatever is offered."

Refined Torture. The oft-recurring question of the meanest man had found its way into the conversation.

"The meanest man on earth," alleged Jones, "lives in Philadelphia—City of Brotherly Love. He resides in an apartment hotel. His bedroom window gives upon a court which is possessed of terrific acoustic properties. This meanest man snores. With the coming of spring sleepers in the court opened wider their windows. So did the mean man—the accomplished snorer. His fellow-tenants suffered. They begged him to desist. Now what do you think he did?"

Nobody guessed.

"He rigged up a megaphone, caused it to project into the open court, and snored into it all night."

Love of Nature. It is a mistake to conclude that men are insensible to those beauties which they are not consciously talking about and analyzing—that the love of Nature is a new feeling because the taste for the picturesque is a modern taste. When the mountains descend into the plain, he soon begins to pine for his native hills, and many have been known to fall sick—say, even to die, of that love. Yet had he never left the hills, you would never have heard him prate about them.—James Charles Hare.

Two Sides. Willis—Why don't you go to church? Gills—Too far. Why don't you go? Willis—We live next door to one, and I hate to get all dressed up just to go that little way.—Pack.

PEOPLE WHO NEVER EXISTED

Impense Circle of Acquaintances Created for Us by Minds of Great Writers.

An entomologist's dictionary of the novels of Walter Scott informs us that there are no less than 2,838 characters in his stories. These figures serve to make us realize how surpassingly large is the circle of purely imaginative acquaintances whose names and characteristics and stories the lover of literature and art stores in his memory in the course of a lifetime, and how cosmopolitan the company is.

In infancy we are introduced to the early racial circle of acquaintances whom we inherit from our earliest ancestors—fairies good and wicked, heroes of many climes, imaginary people whom we never forget and do not allow to be forgotten by those who come after us. Then follow the giants of childhood—Robinson Crusoe, Christian the Pilgrim, Don Quixote, Gulliver. Passing acquaintances, once liked, but readily forgotten, we pass over. And now the circle widens suddenly. The companions of a lifetime come trooping out of the past and present—Homer's heroes and heroines, King Arthur's court, Canterbury pilgrims, Shakespeare's immortal company, the men and women Thackeray drew, a few of George Eliot's characters, Dickens' unforgettable types, and from abroad, Dumas' swashbucklers, Balzac's crowded human comedy, some of Daudet's personages, Tolstoy's Anna, Kipling's Soldiers Three and Junglefolk, Hester Prynne, Meredith's great creations, Anatole France's M. Bergeret and his contemporaries.—New York Tribune.

Carreta Has Long History. Ancient Indian Vehicle That Has Been In Use Over Two Hundred Years.

The ancient carreta, now in the exhibit room of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, has had an eventful history, as wagons go. It was the property of Alfonso, a Tezuque Indian, eighty-five years old. Alfonso said it had belonged to his great-grandfather and that it had been exhibited at a local fiesta years before as the oldest carreta in the neighborhood. From these facts, well substantiated, and the great age to which Indians live, as a rule, this ancient carreta is estimated to be much over 200 years old. It was purchased by Captain Newton Ohtintenden, a noted Indian explorer, antiquarian and ethnologist, now living in Pomona, Cal.

On November 23, 1896, this old time cart left Redlands, Cal., on its own wheels and reached Los Angeles December 15, a distance of over sixty miles. Captain Ohtintenden accompanied it, camping on the way and walked most of the distance, watching with anxious eyes to see that it did not fall to pieces, like the "deacon's wonderful one-horse shay," from its great age. But it survived the journey in good shape and was hauled to the Chamber of Commerce exhibit room, where, sheltered from wind and weather, it may remain a possible 200 years more.

The wheels are made of cross sections of a sycamore tree, 38 inches in diameter and about six inches thick at the outer rim. The hubs are of one piece with the body of the wheels and are roughly extended out to a length of 18 inches. Wooden pins through the axle secure the clumsy wheels. The body is made of cottonwood, excepting the tongue, which is a twisted and gnarled stick of mesquite four feet long. It was driven by oxen hitched to the horns with thongs of rawhide. Its counterpart may be seen in the country districts of Mexico today, drawn in a similar manner, as this was when new, 200 years and more ago.

When the Bard Was Young. How Shakespeare Delighted Sir Marmaduke With His Recitation of Some Exquisite Ballads.

"Let us hear of it then, and quickly," cried Sir Marmaduke, putting his hand kindly upon the boy's head. William Shakespeare saw all eyes were fixed upon him; yet there was a friendliness in every aspect which gave him courage to fear. Standing where he was, with a graceful carriage of himself, and a wonderful pleasant delivery, he presently went on with the verses.

"Bravely spoken!" exclaimed the old knight, who had observed and listened to the boy manifestly with a more than ordinary satisfaction in his benevolent pleasant aspect. "Never heard I aught more properly delivered."

"Nor I, by'r lady," said Master Peregrine, in a similar excellent humor. "Where didst learn this exquisite ballad, young sir?"

"An' I please you, my mother taught it me," replied William Shakespeare.

"Hast any more such in thy memory?" inquired the other.

"A score at least, an' I please you," answered the boy; "most moving ones of the doings of valiant knights; and sundry of a delicate sort, concerning the love of fair ladies; besides which I have store of fairy roundels, that I learned of nurse, Cicely, which smack most sweetly of the dainty blossoms.—Williams, 'The Youth of Shakespeare.'"

Speak Only on Invitation. In the heavily cushioned seats of a train speeding through Massachusetts sat Josiah White and his wife. It was the first time either had been outside the limits of St. Lawrence county, to say nothing of riding in such luxury, with new and ever-changing scenery around them. As the train neared Boston Josiah nudged his wife.

"Abbie," said he, close to her ear, "don't say a word to me and I won't to you while we're going through this city. It ain't polite, unless ye be invited."

"What?"

"Yes. This is Boston, th' place we've heerd so much on as betw' th' city of th' cultured, and I just overheard one of them distinguished-looking gentlemen in the seat ahead tell th' other he was goin' to stop off here because he has been invited to speak here tonight."—Judge.

All in the Usa. Even the best things, ill used, become evil, and, contrarily, the worst things used well prove good. A good tongue used to flatter; a good wit used to defend error; a strong arm used to profess to dissemble; are all evil. Even God's own word is the sword of the spirit, which, if it kills not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise (see poems) are used to wholesome medicines, afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so fruitful as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings.—Bishop Hall.

Two Sides. Willis—Why don't you go to church? Gills—Too far. Why don't you go? Willis—We live next door to one, and I hate to get all dressed up just to go that little way.—Pack.