

SECRET SURELY SAFE

Everything All Right If It Was Told Only to Mabel.

And She Thinks It Absurd to Question Her Ability in That Line, and Forthwith Proceeds to Give Proof of It.

"Mabel," said Harriet, "can you keep a secret? If you can, I've half a mind to tell you something."

"Can I keep a secret?" returned Mabel. "Well, I rather guess I can!"

Hannah Brown was in here Thursday and told me how her mother threw a china plate at her father at breakfast last Thursday morning, and missed him, breaking all the teacups on the mantel-piece and entirely ruining their new ormolu clock, and I've never breathed a word about it to anybody yet.

And two weeks ago yesterday, Lulu Henderson was in here and told me in strictest confidence how her father had really had to take the family portraits down off the wall and send them to a pawnshop over in Philadelphia to raise money enough to pay for the second instalment on her mother's new motor car, and 40 elephants couldn't drag it out of me.

"What's more, poor Mrs. Windles was over here day before yesterday and confided to me the unhappy fact, which she wouldn't have got out for anything in the world, that her daughter Susie is not really over in New York studying music, as everybody has been given to believe, but has actually gone out to Reno and taken a cottage there for a year, so that before next spring comes around she can qualify as a resident in order to get a divorce from Jim Slobberts, who, Mrs. Windles says, though outwardly kind and considerate and generous, as a matter of fact is the meanest, most brutal old skindint in private life that was ever inflicted upon a long-suffering woman."

"There are at least three of the most important secrets in this town, confided to me by people who know me, and who are fully aware that even the fire of the inquisition could not lead me to betray them—and yet you ask me if I can keep a secret!"

"Have I told anybody that Marie Shoemaker's first husband had been an English butler before he turned up here and married Marie representing himself as the younger son of the British peer?"

"Have I ever breathed to a soul what I have known all along, that the reason Tom Traddles resigned as paying teller in Col. Blathers' bank was that Betty Blathers proposed marriage to him and he refused even to think of it, thereby getting the whole Blathers family down on him? Did I ever tell you what Jessie Sikes told me after Sunday school last Sunday, that she knew you dyed your hair and bought your complexion by the box from a mail-order house? You know I never did, what's more, I never will! Can I keep a secret? Suppose you try me!"—Harper's Weekly.

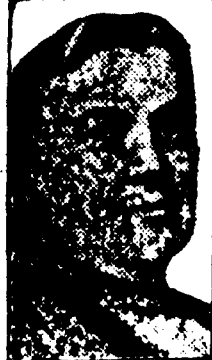
Seaweeds as Food and Medicine. Seaweeds having been suggested as a possible source of future wealth, especially for food products, Ferret and Gatin, two French oceanographers, give some facts concerning present uses. In Europe they are collected for their alkalies and iodine, for which they are chiefly valued. In some localities they are popular medicines, one kind being employed as a vermifuge in Corstoa, and others, on account of their iodine, being given in goiter and scrofula. In Brittany, where some of the poorer inhabitants have employed seaweed as food, about twenty tons in a year has been collected of the variety known as Iceland moss. In the north of France a little seaweed is gathered by the peasants as manure. To the Asiatics these plants have been more important, and in Japan edible seaweed is not only the source of a number of food preparations but is even extensively cultivated to give a succulent supply. Gelatines and glue are among the products. These gelatines are not very nutritious as food, and it is supposed that their popularity may be as an aid to the digestion of the great quantities of fish and rice eaten by the Japsese.

How He Helped. Apropos of the terrible Rosenthal murder in New York, District Attorney Whitman said to a reporter: "The ramifications of this crime were bewildering. The most unlikely men helped in it in the most unlikely ways. It's like the case of Johnny Jones. "The minister, one lovely Sabbath morning, saw Johnny wending his way toward the cemetery with a basket of his arm. "Why, Johnny, what are you up to," he asked. "I'm helping mother with her peas preserving, sir," said the lad. "The minister smiled incredulously. "Helping with the preserving," he scoffed. "Nonsense!" "Oh, yes, I am, sir," Johnny persisted. "I'm on my way to the cemetery now to collect the jars."

Edison Clings to Idea. Thomas A. Edison is still enthusiastic over his idea of printing books on thin sheets of nickel, cheaper, tougher and more flexible than paper. He says that by his method he can produce the nickel sheets at a dollar a pound, and that they would print as well as paper and be practically indestructible.

MRS. THOMAS F. RYAN'S WORK FOR HUMANITY

The recent grant by Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan to the Convent of the Holy Child at Suffern, N. Y., of property valued at \$250,000 serves to draw attention to the splendid work this noble woman is doing in behalf of religion, education and humanity.



by the nuns as an academy for young women. These sisters have their mother house in England. Their largest convent in the United States is at Sharon Hill, near Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ryan's gift to the Holy Child nuns follows a long list of benefactions to the Catholic church and to non-sectarian institutions. These include a million dollar cathedral, rectory and other buildings at Richmond, Va.; a school and a wing to a hospital at Richmond; three Catholic churches in other Virginia towns; a chapel for the Jesuits at St. Andrews-on-Hudson; a chapel at Tucson, Ariz., and funds for the support of other chapels in Arizona, New Mexico and Indian Territory; the endowment of rooms for sick telephone girls and nurses at various hospitals; scholarships at four colleges and four convents; a hospital and a chapel for the Sisters of Charity costing \$150,000 at Suffern; a hospital for consumptives near Phoenix, Ariz.; the establishment of the Order of the Perpetual Adoration in this country and a convent and chapel for the order at Washington, D. C.; the building of monuments on all the battlefields of Virginia, the state in which Mrs. Ryan and her husband were born, and a great many gifts to institutions throughout the country which are devoted to fighting tuberculosis.

Mrs. Ryan's gifts to charity years ago came to the attention of the pope and the papal court has made known his gratitude to her for her charities many times. In 1904 she was decorated by Pope Pius X.

"NEWLY RICH" OVERRUN FASHIONABLE NEWPORT?

The fashionable cities of the east, as Newport and Bar Harbor, have become so overcrowded and overrun with people of every class that the better class of folks are desirous of making some other place their headquarters.



There is no use hiding or trying to hide the fact that people of fashion have no proper place in which to live in America. It is not that they are exclusive. It is not that they are particular. People who have money—and money is easily made in America—are not necessarily fit associates for cultivated people. "But with their money they are able to get property close by the homes of people who do not wish to associate with them, and, therefore, the latter must move or be regarded as snobs. There are today many common people with money enough to buy homes in refined residence places—and most of them have done so. I do not mean to reflect upon the common people, for they are necessary to the economic development of the world, but I am not compelled to have social relations with people whom I do not like," declares I. Townsend Burden, Jr.

Townsend Burden, who is a member of Meadowbrook and Rockaway clubs and one of the best known polo players in America, about 18 months ago married Miss Florence Shedy, of Denver, Colo., the wedding being made notable by a check for \$1,500,000 given to the bride as her dowry by her father.

Beyond Even Ty Cobb. The baseball reporter's English is weird and wonderful, says the Washington Star, and apropos of it there is a story about the great Ty Cobb. In a New York hotel two college professors watched Ty Cobb bent over a newspaper.

"Look at that poor fellow's frowns and mutterings," said the first professor, "with that journal." "Yes," said the other, "he can't make it out, you know."

"Can't make it out, eh? Can't even read! These baseball players! I knew they were an uneducated lot." "Oh," said the other, "Ty's educated all right enough; but that's the baseball page he's got there."

Oldest Riddle Known. The oldest riddle known is that one asked by Samson, in Judges 14:14-18: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came sweetness." It was naturally impossible for the guests at his wedding feast to solve the riddle, for it referred to that very uncommon incident of the bees making honey in the carcass of a lion. The old translators used the word meat in the sense of food, its real meaning in the seventeenth century. This riddle dates from possibly a thousand years before the Christian era, and is evidence of the very ancient custom of telling riddles or asking difficult questions.

ANIMALS DO REASON

Evidence Seems to Prove Correctness of This Position.

Instances From Real Life, in Which Dogs and Cats Have Apparently Used Their Brains, Have Been Verified.

Few subjects have been so painstakingly investigated or so widely discussed as the mental processes of the higher animals. Whether they reason or not, a great many careful observers are convinced that they do; and every reference to the question brings interesting letters from readers all over the country.

W. L. Mott of Bollivar, Mo., has written to tell us of an extremely intelligent Newfoundland dog, of which he was the owner. In the presence of Mr. Mott and his brother-in-law, this dog chased a gray squirrel into a hollow wooden pump log lying on the bank of a creek. For a time he barked and worried the end of the tube without any satisfactory result.

He then desisted from chewing the log, sat down in front of it and observed it attentively. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, seized the end of the pump log, dragged it over nearer the bank of the creek and with his nose pushed it into the water. The squirrel of course came out as soon as the water reached him, and the dog, springing into the water, easily caught and killed its prey. Here is a course of action which has certainly most of the external indications of a reasoned process.

Another reader, Mrs. May Jordan MacDonough of Dubuque, Ia., sends two instances to show that animals do learn by imitating each other.

Bruno and Jeff were two dogs belonging to the same family. Jeff had an extensive repertoire of tricks, none of which had ever been taught to Bruno. But Bruno observed that his friend's performances were invariably rewarded with a lump of sugar or other canine luxury. Accordingly, he set himself to do the same tricks, and in a short time, without any human instruction whatever, he could beg "play dead" and roll over as obediently and successfully as Jeff.

The other instance is that of a cat, Toots by name. Toots was a stray kitten that had been adopted by a charitable disposed family, which already owned a cat named Tom, so old that he had lost all his teeth, and had to hook his food from the plate and carry it to his mouth in his paw. Toots watched this performance with interest, and gradually gave up eating in the usual way, feeding herself with her paw as long as Tom lived. When the older cat died the kitten returned to her own more natural method of feeding.—Youth's Companion.

Tomtit—A Lamplighter. There is generally some quite simple explanation of a mystery—if it can only be found out. The lamplighter at Greenford, near Ealing, has been puzzled for some time past by finding one of the lamps lighted every day, although he had duly turned it down. He suspects no spooks, but mischievous boys, and so he prepared an ambush. To his astonishment, as he was watching, up went the light with never a boy in sight, and then he discovered that the unauthorized lamplighter was a tomtit which had a nest in a corner of the lamp, and in getting into it was in the habit of hopping on to the ring of the incandescent by-pass. Many years ago the writer of this note remembers a spell of mystery in the shape of the mysterious ringing of a bell at intervals during the night. No human agency could be detected, and the mystery grew deeper. Possibly the Psychological Research society might have been appealed to had not chance revealed the fact that the ringing was caused by a rat, which used the wire as a jumping-off place. Spooks are composed of very varied materials.—Westminster Gazette.

Prince's Romance. The Bulgarian crown prince Boris, it is said, fell in love with Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Roumanian crown prince—though he never met her—upon seeing a photograph of her when the queen of Roumania paid a visit to the Bulgarian court last year. Immediately upon coming of age Prince Boris is said to have informed his father, King Ferdinand, of his passion, and said that he must marry Elizabeth or remain single all his life. His father had no objection to the match, but on being approached on the subject, King Charles, of Roumania, vetoed it for political reasons. King Ferdinand, however, on a recent visit to Vienna, persuaded the Austrian emperor to use his influence with King Charles, and this has been so successful that an official announcement of the engagement of the young couple is expected shortly.—London Standard.

Reproach Returned. Theodore Dreiser, who, at the age of 40, had produced but two novels, believes in slow, painstaking composition. A novelist of another type reproached Mr. Dreiser for the ten years of silence that lay between "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt." "Why," this individual said, "why Dreiser, I'll write a novel in three weeks and think nothing of it." "And the rest of the world, I suppose, will think the same," said Mr. Dreiser coldly.

LORD CAVENDISH PREFERS U. S. MAIDS TO BEARS

Lord John Compton Cavendish, baron of Chesham, and possessor of some 10,000 acres of the land which fell to Sir William Cavendish in the dissolution of the monastery lands in Cardinal Wolsey's time, is in America passing eighteen-year-old judgment on American girls.



Charles William Hugh, in the army, who died at the head of the Seventeenth Lancers at Diamond Hills. A tall, rangy lad, yellow-haired and blue-eyed, the Baron Chesham would be typically American if he might exchange a slight English accent for a few pieces of American slang.

His first announcement was that, while primarily interested in American girls, he had never been exposed to the love bug, and did not intend to select the future Lady Chesham until after he had served his term in the army. The announcement followed a direct and personal question intended to be leading.

"More than anything else I have noticed your American girls, and I think them ripping, more interesting and more human, though not so pretty, perhaps, as the English girls, and—but, I say, old fellow, this won't be printed in London. What?"

"You know they have picked me for a military career over home, and if they knew I was looking over the American girls they would send the Coldstream Guards after me."

Lord Chesham had just returned from a fishing and hunting trip through British Columbia and is on his way home.

Press "cuttings" told of his bagging grizzlies single-handed. "I say, you fellows are wonderful guessers," he laughed, as he looked over some of the "cuttings." "I shot over some of the 'cuttings.' "I shot a pheasant and a sparrow and caught some fish which uncle said were so small that I ought to throw them back, and I did."

Uncle, by the way, is Colonel William Edwin Cavendish, lieutenant colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The Colonel and Mrs. Cavendish and Miss Bettine Cavendish, like her cousin, wore American than English, accompany the young baron.

"I like your country and wish I could stay a while, but uncle seems to think he had better get me back to Buckingham before I elope with some of these pretty girls. But, you know, I haven't met one of them."

The Baron comes of one of the oldest and wealthiest of English families of the nobility. He is a descendant of the first Earl of Burlington and the first Duke of Devonshire, a cousin of the eighth Duke of Devonshire and of the latter's brother, Lord Cavendish, Chief Secretary of Ireland, who was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by the revolutionary factor known as the "Invincibles."

A KENTUCKY HEIRESS DOING CHARITY WORK

The fact that she is a wealthy heiress does not cause Miss Rebecca Gordon Averill of Frankfort, Ky., to lead an idle, useless life. On the contrary, she is one of the most active women in her state, in the cause of suffering humanity.



Miss Averill is noted in her city for the splendid work she is doing for the children of Frankfort's Tenderloin district. Every day, from 9 until 1 o'clock, she may be found in a house in the slums, where she conducts a free kindergarten for children. Here are gathered a happy company of little waifs from homes of poverty and squalor. With the gracious and kindly southern lady to guide them, the children learn how to do many useful things. They also receive clean clothing and are given nourishing food.

In addition to the kindergarten work, Miss Averill conducts a class for mothers, and one afternoon each week the women of the district gather in the cosy clubrooms; there to enjoy a social chat, some good music, and incidentally to receive instruction in many household matters and subjects pertaining to child rearing.

Thinks Baths Not Necessary. Not having taken a bath in twenty years is the record of Ezekiel Parker, a farmer living in the northern part of Craven county, N. C. Several days ago he related the cause of his absence from the tub for such a long time. "When I was a youngster," said Mr. Parker, "my mother took a delight in having me take a bath every day in the year. Rain or shine, hot or cold, I was compelled to immerse myself in the tub. After my mother died I took no more baths. My health began to improve after I stopped bathing so much and there is not a man in this country who is more healthy than I am." Mr. Parker is almost a giant in size. His face is ruddy and he looks the perfect picture of health, and from all outward appearance will live to a ripe old age.

CAUSE OF TERROR

Vagaries About Lightning Without Reason.

Although It Causes Fewer Violent Deaths Than Any Other Foe of America, It is Feared Most by Many.

Washington.—Terror of lightning is mostly morbid. If you are obsessed with such a fear, Uncle Sam's statisticians can comfort you with the assurance that the average citizen of the United States is ten times more likely to be murdered than to be killed by a thunderbolt; eleven times more likely to be shot dead, through malice or accident; twelve times more likely to die of heat or sunstroke, twenty-eight times more likely to die of burns or scalds, thirty-four times more likely to be drowned. Only about 176 people in our land are annually put to death by Jove's fiery darts. Of course the death rate from this cause varies from year to year. It was above the average in 1909, and even heavier in 1906. Some astronomers believe that the severity of thunderstorms is increased by sun spots, others that it varies with the phases of the moon, but meteorologists generally deny these theories.

They agree that your danger from the celestial artillery depends principally upon the locality in which you live, and your shelter at the time of the storm. The weather bureau, by careful observation and tabulation, discovers our zone of greatest danger from lightning to include an irregular area of the east, covering all the Atlantic coast states from Massachusetts to Virginia, inclusive, and biting inland until it takes in southern Vermont, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and eastern Illinois. Thunderstorms therein are more fatal though less frequent than in the Gulf states. If you wish to escape thunderstorms almost entirely, pitch your tent upon the Pacific slope, where such storms are practically unknown. Or, if required to dwell within the danger zone, select for your castle a house in the midst of a city block with continuous tin roofs connected to well anchored water-pipes.

The fact that lightning annually strikes four times as many people of outdoor occupations as people in general emphasizes the wisdom of keeping indoors during such disturbances. But if caught in the open bear in mind that you are far safer in the dense heart of a wood than at its outskirts, and that the shelter of a single tree is particularly treacherous, especially if near the edge of a body of water, even a ditch. But if you must be near a tree, seek the companionship of the beech, which is struck least often of all, and avoid particularly the oak, which attracts lightning more than any other.

The oak is hit fifty-seven, the fir thirty-nine and the pine five times as often as the beech. Avoid above all else a tree or other shelter where under a group of men or beasts are huddled together. While in the shadow of the thunderhead, monarch of all clouds, be exclusive. The weather bureau also warns you against doorways, particularly of barns and stables; also a house connected with a metallic clothes line.

While successful in tabulating the destructive and fatal effects of lightning and, by deduction, formulating such common-sense rules as the above, our weather bureau, in common with other great meteorological institutions, finds the force behind the fiery cannon balls and projectiles of Jupiter Pluvius too illusive and vagarious to be reduced to law. For years the bureau has been gleaning from all parts of the world reports describing the eccentricities of this awe-inspiring phenomenon, of which Flammarion has said: "It is like an elementary spirit, eccentric or rational, clever or silly, far-seeing or blind, headstrong or indifferent, passing from one extreme to the other. It wriggles through space, it moves among men with surprising agility, appearing and disappearing like lightning."

But the most weird of all lightning pranks on record is that of killing a man and leaving him standing erect, as in life. Such a phenomenon was lately reported by a Canadian observer, C. Balliarge, who near Beaumont saw a man struck by a thunder bolt while walking in a field. Although dead, he remained motionless, standing with one foot in front of the other in the attitude of taking a step.

PRESIDENT FOR A DAY.

In the talk about electing president of the United States it is recalled that Senator David Rice Atchison of Clay county, Mo., claimed the unique distinction of holding the office of president of the United States for one day. The terms of office of President James K. Polk and of Vice-President George M. Dallas terminated by limitation on Saturday night at midnight, March 4, 1849. Gen. Zachary Taylor, Polk's successor, was not inaugurated until Monday, March 5, 1849. Senator Atchison was at the time president pro tem. of the United States senate. The expiration of vice-President Dallas' term left a vacancy to which Senator Atchison instantly succeeded. This made him ex-officio vice-president of the United States, but at the same instant there was likewise a vacancy in the presidential office, to which in turn Atchison instantly succeeded.

FAVORS A RETIREMENT LAW.

If there were a retirement law for the clerks employed by Uncle Sam in the various departments at Washington, the civil service would not be cluttered up by a small army of aged and inefficient clerks," said W. R. Hayes, former congressman from Nebraska, the other day.

"As it is now, no head of a department or bureau chief will discharge a man or woman who has been a faithful worker for 30 years or more, because old age has impaired the usefulness of the employe. As a result, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who are kept on the rolls merely as a matter of humanity. If dismissed they would in many instances be thrown upon the charity of the world, for it is utterly out of the question that private employment could be obtained for them."

The stupidity of the clerks themselves has been one of the chief reasons why a liberal retirement law has failed of passage for all these years. The clerks can never agree on any policy among themselves. Many of them obstinately contend that the government has no right to withhold a dollar of their salaries to go into a pension fund for retired clerks, ignoring the recognized improvidence of that large per cent. of employes who never save a penny of their salaries. It would be an act of beneficence toward this class if a portion of their wages was regularly retained.

"Unquestionably, it would be cheaper for the government to give a pension outright to those whose faculties are decayed, and to put young and vigorous people in the place of the superannuated. Every other first-class nation in the world save the United States has some kind of pension scheme for its civil servants, that of Canada, especially, being a model."

MICROBE LOST HOPE.

A lonely microbe, disheartened and ready to die because the public health service is rapidly putting all his ilk where they can do humanity no harm, peeked over the edge of Assistant Surgeon General George Rucker's desk the other day and heard the doctor humming a ditty that went like this: "A fly and a flea, a mosquito and a louse, all lived together in a very dirty house. The flea spread the plague and the skelter spread the chills. All louse spread typhus, too. Folks in hills. The fly spread typhoid and the louse spread typhus, too. Folks in that house were a mighty sickly crew. Along came a man and he cleaned up the house. He screened out the skelters and swatted the louse. The fly and the flea he cracked on the wall. Now the people in that house are never sick at all."

"Well," piped up the microbe, "that's all right as far as it goes, but it strikes me you've been a bit partial in this thing. How about the bedbug? Where does he get off?" "He's going to get off pretty quick," returned the doctor. "So far the bedbug has been able to prove an alibi, but I've put the sanitary detective on his trail and I'll get him yet."

Whereupon the microbe, seeing the light was up, committed suicide by jumping into the inkwell.

\$1,221,624,084 CIGARETTES.

If cigarette smoking is as deadly as some of the aunts make out, this country will soon be inhabited exclusively by imbeciles.

During the fiscal year 1912, the tidy number of 11,221,621,084 cigarettes was smoked in this country, an average of about 128 for every man, woman and child. Inasmuch as not all men and women and few children before the walking age smoke cigarettes, the average consumption for those who do is considerably larger than 128.

This eleven billion odd is an increase of two billions over the consumption of 1911, and Secretary MacVeagh and his department officials confess they cannot explain this vast jump.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING DISCONTINUED.

Secretary Franklin MacVeagh will not permit any more chafing dish parties in the Treasury building. The snooty parties, the daily teas and dainty hot luncheons have been discontinued. For many years clerks of the treasury have made merry over the chafing dish at noon, but there will be no more of that and everybody will have to go out to get lunch. The sanitary committee of the department recommended that the secretary have the little eating parties discontinued and all cooking utensils removed. Light housekeeping in Uncle Sam's money chest is a thing of the past.

Driving an Alligator.

Using a child's toy wagon and allowing himself to be drawn about by an alligator, is one of the queer methods adopted by a German sportsman to win a wager, says Popular Mechanics. He claimed in a conversation with a friend that there were no less than 10,000 methods of locomotion, and in the dispute that followed he wagered that he could prove it. The bet was taken up by the friend and a trip around the world was undertaken to try out all the various kinds of transportation, and incidentally to devise some new ones. The alligator stunt was carried out at the alligator farm at Los Angeles, Cal.

Worry and Work. Wiggs—Worry kills more people than work. Wagg—Quite natural! there are more people worrying than working.