

USE FOR SHOPPING GLOVES

Mr. Compton's Simpler Method of Bargain Counter Rejected With the Scorn It Deserved.

From his easy chair Mr. Compton watched his wife putting on a pair of tan gloves. "Aren't they too large for you?" he asked lazily.

"Oh, no, not for shopping gloves," said Mrs. Compton, and with her fingers off the table, she ran a scale up and down several times. "I have to be able to do that, you see," she explained.

"Do finger exercises? What for?" asked Mr. Compton. "Those aren't finger exercises. Those are why they're called shopping gloves. Don't you see, if I start downtown with ten dollars, and go to the silk counter and find two lovely remnants, one for three dollars and one for four and a half, I want to reckon up at once, underneath the counter, how much they'll come to, and how much I'll have left. And last week I missed a great bargain because I had on some tight gloves and I couldn't reckon. I hadn't expected to go to the sale."

GAUGING DOWNFALL OF RAIN

Scientific Instruments Have Made It a Matter of Absolute Mathematical Precision.

Few people really understand how rain is measured. We often read in the newspaper that so many inches of rain have fallen during a certain period, but it is difficult to realize what an inch of it actually means. The British Rainfall association have years' records of rainfalls in all parts of the United Kingdom. They have reports from several thousand stations, which are sent in by people who "work" the business as a kind of hobby.

Choose Neighbors With Home.

"The subject of neighbors is one on which we are sensitive," writes Agnes Athol in an article on "Some Things That We Learned by Renting a House in the Suburbs," in which she advocates renting a house before you buy one in Suburban Life Magazine. "It is true that the people directly in our rear are charming in the social sense but unfortunately, they spend but six months' time at home. On one side of us are some poor but honest neighbors, whose children have taught me innumerable little phrases with which they startle us from time to time. 'My God! and I ain't got no—' and 'Come on, kids!' do not exactly appeal to me. Perhaps I am undemocratic. But even the most altruistic would have to draw the line at a family of seven diagonally across, who never miss a chance to knock the baby down or make off with unwatched toys. Our resolution to surround our own back yard (when we shall own one) with a hedge offers some remedy; but what shall we do about the neighbor on the other corner, who has a rebellious cesspool?"

Why We Are Right-Handed.

One of the professors at a well-known agricultural college has figured it out that if you are left-handed it is a sign that your ancestors were not good fighters. "Most persons are right-handed," says he. "Only one in every twenty is left-handed. Why are people right-handed? They may have been born that way, it is true; but why? "A way back in the beginning the chief occupation of man was fighting. In battle he carried a shield in one hand and a weapon in the other. It was not much work to carry the shield, but the quick action required by the hand and arm which did the fighting soon developed that arm. It also developed the nerves and the half of the brain that governed the right side of the body. Those who shielded their left side—thus protecting the heart—were the ones who usually came out victorious. Down through the ages this selection continued, the right hand gradually becoming more proficient."

Ventilation Test.

A single way to tell whether your room is properly ventilated is to place a wide-necked bottle of water into which you have put half an ounce of lime water, in the room, letting it remain uncovered over night. If in the morning the lime water is milk the ventilation is bad. If the lime water becomes milk on your covering the bottle mouth with your hand and shaking the vessel, the ventilation is not sufficiently good. If the lime water remains clear, the air of that room is pure.

FOUGHT WITH RAILROAD TRAIN

Herd of Infuriated Bulls Held Their Own in Combat With Masterpiece of Man.

At a point on the railway line between Mirabel and Canaveral, on the Spanish side of the boundary line between Spain and Portugal, there once occurred an odd sort of bullfight.

A train had just come out on a sweeping curve from the hills and down upon a little plain when the engineer saw directly before him a herd of bulls on the tracks. The engineer blew his whistle vigorously and all the bulls fled, with the exception of one great fellow, who made straight for the train with horns lowered and roaring defiance.

It was too late to prevent a collision and the bull was killed, but his carcass, lying under the wheels of the locomotive, prevented the train proceeding. Passengers and crew united to clear the track. In the meantime the great herd of bulls, accented, the blood of their dead leader, came flocking back, pawing and threatening. The nearer they came the more infuriated they grew, and finally they charged like a whirlwind on the little band of workers.

Then all the men abandoned their task and took refuge in the cars. The bulls followed them to the very steps, bellowing and pawing. Soldiers aboard the train tried to stampede the animals with stones. The bulls recoiled, charged again, recoiled once more; and for two hours the battle raged, victory now seeming to be with one side and now with the other. At last as night came on, the bulls withdrew and betook themselves to some distant abelter. Then the employes and passengers were able to set to work again. The track was cleared and the train proceeded on its way.

TRACKED BY POSTAGE STAMPS

Little Peculiarity, but It Meant Much to the Trained Eye of the Watchful Detective.

Whether a man is a criminal or a law-abiding citizen, he ought to take the pains to stick his postage stamps on exactly straight," an old detective said. "If he is straight he won't lose anything by it, and if he is crooked he will gain. When I was in the government service the first thing I found out about a man under suspicion was the way he stuck on his stamps. One of the cleverest swindlers I ever landed was tracked through his postage stamps.

"After you put a stamp on a certain way for a little while it becomes second nature and you stick it on that way unconsciously. That was what that man did. All his stamps were stuck on diagonally, leaving a little triangle of a certain size at the corner of the envelope. He was a slippery fellow and had eluded vigilance for months. One day I happened to be loitering around a postoffice of a country town where I had gone on another trail. The mail came in, and through the little window I watched the postmaster sort it. Presently I spotted an envelope with the stamp stuck on in that triangular fashion. I got the postmark, hiked back to that town, and nabbed my man. If he had put his stamps on straight, probably he never would have been caught."

"Mother's" Name.

A deed was being drawn for a certain farmer to sign. All went smoothly until the lawyer asked him his wife's name.

"Oh, yes, of course. My wife's name very necessary, to be sure," said the farmer.

It was plain to be seen that he was not prepared to answer. The blood rushed to his face, he looked troubled, and finally turned his back and looked out of the window.

"What do you think of that?" he exclaimed as he turned slowly round. "I simply cannot remember her name. You see, they used to call her Pet when she was a girl at home, and that was her name with me until two years after our marriage, when I began calling her 'mother.' I could not tell you her name if it were a capital offense not to do so. Suppose it wouldn't do to call her Pet in the deed?"

It would not do, so he hurried away, and in an hour came back with his wife's full name written on a slip of paper.—Youth's Companion.

The Hat Question in 1790.

The Handel festival was originally given in Westminster Abbey, and the official notice of 1790 announced that "no ladies will be admitted with hats, and they are particularly requested to come without feathers and very small hoops, if any." As ecclesiastical law demands that female worshippers shall cover their heads in church, this regulation was curiously anomalous. A suggestion in regard to ladies' headgear was also made by Sir Frederic Cowen in 1908, when he gave it as his opinion that the ladies might discover in their wardrobe some "extremely fascinating flat hats," which would not obstruct the view. The "fascinating flat hats" were, however, chiefly conspicuous by their absence, owing presumably (we write subject to feminine correction) to the fact that the flat hat was not among the fashions of that year.—London Globe.

Advanced.

Mrs. Willis—is she advanced? Mrs. Gillis—Frightfully so. She is the subjugate leader of a new religious sect in a Socialistic community, where they talk nothing but universal language.

BORES ON RAILROAD TRAINS

Woman Complains of Talkative Fellow Travelers Who Insist on Revealing Secrets.

It is strange how many people, when traveling, are so bored with their own society that they will talk to whatever stranger they can force to listen—yes, and tell their heart's secrets, too. Once, in the dressing room of a Pullman, a woman whom I have never seen from that day to this, told me with exact detail all about a recent scandal in her family which they had kept out of the papers only by the most strenuous effort. Yet for all she knew, I might have been a reporter and I must say I longed to frighten her for her indiscretion by telling her that I was one!

Less serious confidences are frequent. "I've hardly a hair on my head that's my own," whispers the woman who has come over from the next section ostensibly to offer you a magazine, but really to hear herself talk. "These puffs cost \$20—and altogether I've bought over \$100 worth of braids and switches." Pleasant thought!

It is much more difficult to handle the cheerful, expansive woman traveler who has made up her mind to talk to one of her own sex and who is at heart a very good sort, but who merely happens to be a frightful bore, than it is to discourage the advances of the offensive traveling man, who, seeing a woman alone, feels that he can follow up his rude starts with conversation. Usually a curt monosyllabic answer or no answer at all will sufficiently crush him—but you cannot deal out that sort of treatment to your own sex.—Exchange.

TAUGHT EXPERTS A LESSON

Accident While Casting Cannon Resulted in Foundation of Present English Gun Factory.

We owe our present arsenal at Woolwich to an accident. The government had a gun foundry in Moorfields, where, upon one occasion, in the year 1716, a distinguished party were gathered together to witness the operation of casting a large cannon.

A young foreigner, named Schlach, who seems to have been almost an entire stranger, but who was well acquainted with the details of casting, noticed that one of the molds had been insufficiently dried, and warned the molders against using it. They disregarded his advice, and when he saw that he could not prevail upon them to desist, he immediately put himself well out of harm's way before the cannon was cast. A terrible explosion occurred when the molten metal rushed into the wet mold, owing to the sudden generation of steam that could find no outlet, and several persons were killed and a large number injured.

It is said that search was made for the man whose predictions had been so painfully verified, and that the government employed him to advise about the best mode of preventing such accidents in future. The result was that Moorfields was given up as a site of a gun foundry altogether, and upon his advice the establishment was removed to the Warren at Woolwich.—London Tit-Bits.

"This is Your Show."

The late Sir George White, defender of Ladysmith, was a strong enough man to take responsibility for failure; he was a strong enough man, too, to give credit to his subordinates for good work done. The first time I saw him was at Etandlaagte. The battle was well in progress. General French was elaborating one of the most brilliant affairs of the South African war. Late in the afternoon Sir George White and his staff rode on the battlefield, and had not been there five minutes before a shell fired from one of the Maxim-Nordenfletts which the Boers captured from Jameson at the time of the raid, but which were destined by nightfall to be in our hands, plowed up the ground within a few yards of his horse. Almost simultaneously French hurried up and drew rein before the chief to surrender command. "No you carry on," said Sir George, "this is your show."—London Daily News.

Archiepiscopal Feast.

A correspondent sends us the material for a dinner given by the Archbishop of York in 1468: Three hundred quarters of wheat, 330 tons of ale, 104 tons of wine, 1 pipe of spiced wine, 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,004 sheep, 3,000 hogs, 300 calves, 3,000 geese, 3,000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 rabbits, 204 bittern, 4,000 ducks, 400 herons, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 4,000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlew, 100 quails, 100 egrets, 200 roes, 400 bucks, 5,506 venison pasties, 5,000 dishes of jelly, 6,000 custards, 300 pike, 300 bream, 8 seals, 4 porpoises and 400 tarts. There were 1,000 servants, 62 cooks and 515 scullions. Our correspondent informs us that his authority does not state in what circumstances the dinner was given, or how many guests assembled. Possibly some reader may be able to throw light on the subject.—London Globe.

Exploded Story.

Uncle Ezra—Howdy, Eben. Just back from California, I see. Must be a great place. They say there is sunshine there the year 'round." Uncle Eben—"That is just one of them fake western yarns. Every day I was there, along at the end of the afternoon light came, just the same as it does here."

MADE UP OF MIXED RACES

Similarity Between French and American Nations is Accounted For in That Way.

A notable French visitor speaks with surprise of the many points of similarity between the French people and the Americans.

He is merely making the obverse of a discovery which has puzzled many thousands of American travelers. The French and American peoples, with all their manifest differences, are oddly like each other in many ways.

Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that both peoples are compounded of many and distinct races, fused together in a single nationality.

The mixture of races which has gone on in America is known to all. But an American is prone to forget that a similar mixture has been in progress for a much longer time in France.

Three great races, Teutonic, Celtic and Latin, are represented today in the population of France.

Twenty nationalities have fused to make the French nationality. A dozen tribes of Gauls, the Romans, Franks, Burgundians, Normans, and others literally too numerous to mention, have been mixed and melted together to form France.

Similar mixtures produce similar results. That would appear to be the formula for the resemblances between France and America.

PRESUMABLY HARD TO FIND

If Actions Go for Anything, Young Man is Still Looking for That Envelope.

This happened in a crowded subway express train the other night.

An old man boarded the train at the Fourteenth street station and clung to a strap in front of a young woman who was seated. As one of the men showed a disposition to let the old man sit down, the young woman arose and offered her seat to him.

Before he could sit down a younger man slid into the vacant seat. The young woman was confused, but only for a minute. She leaned down slightly and said to the man in the seat: "You dropped an envelope on the platform, sir."

The man jumped up and elbowed his way to the platform. Half a minute's search failed to reveal the supposed envelope. The man returned to where the young woman was standing and said:

"Say, lady, where is that envelope. I can't find it out there?" "That envelope," replied the young woman, "is in the same place your manners are."

The young man understood and faded from view. The old man got the seat, while the people in the vicinity looked, listened and laughed.—New York Times.

German Cures.

In Germany one finds all kinds of cures. Every enterprising town has one. Often the cure house is the finest public building in the city. A German talks of going to his vacation. There are milk cures and mud cures, wind cures and water cures, mountain cures and surf cures; but my choice is the forest cure.

Not only does it best please my personal taste but I notice that it gets the most serious cases—those where radical and heroic cures are needed. First of all there are the tuberculosis patients strewn about on their cots under the pungent shades of the Black Forest as about Dr. Trudeau's camp in the Adirondacks.

Then there are the devotees of indigestion and the nervous wrecks, bilious, alcoholic and society wrecks, drug fiends, bridge fiends and every-body; that is everybody who can spend the time and money to come hither for the forest cure. Naturally in Germany, as in America, folks who have to work and support families cannot afford to be cured. They can't even afford the disease in the first place.—Woman's Home Companion.

Annoying Honesty.

Having vouched for the honesty of the woman who wished a situation as scrubwoman, the good-natured man was subjected to a severe examination by the superintendent of the building.

"There are degrees of honesty," said the superintendent. "How honest is she?"

The good-natured man reflected. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you. She is so honest that if you throw anything that looks to be worth a copper into the waste paper basket you have to tag it 'Destroy this' or she will fish it out and put it back on your desk night after night, no matter how badly you want to get rid of it. I don't know that I can say anything more."

"Nothing more is necessary," said the superintendent, and he hired the woman at once.

Song Bird as "A Noisy Animal."

William Smith of Upper Holloway was summoned to the North London police court a few days ago for "keeping a noisy animal" to the annoyance of his neighbors.

It appears that Smith owns an ill-regulated thrush which starts singing every morning at 3:30 o'clock. Smith weakly pleaded that it was a lovely songster with a nice melow note. In order to escape inflexible English justice he had to promise to bottle it up in a back room every morning until a respectable hour or the awakening of the neighborhood.

FOUND RIGHT MAN AT ONCE

Seedy and Unlikely Looking Individual Knew All About City's Street Railway Troubles.

A man once came to Newton D. Baker, mayor of Cleveland, and said: "My town is going to have a street railway fight. I want to know all about Cleveland's."

"I shall be only too glad to tell you all I know," said Mr. Baker, "but unfortunately I have appointments until one o'clock. Will you come back?"

"How can I most profitably put in the two hours here until that time?" asked the stranger.

The answer was: "Go out on the public square, sit down by the most unlikely man you can find—the one who looks most as if he didn't know the difference between a franchise and a double track. Ask that man to tell you about Cleveland's street railway fight, and when you come back I will tell you whatever you haven't been able to learn from him."

The man came back at the end of two hours. "I needn't keep my appointment here," he said. "I found an old chap whose feet were out of his shoes, whose elbows were out of his shirt sleeves, and who looked as if he had just sobered up for the first time in a month—in short, I found the unluckiest looking individual at large. I put one question to him and he started right in at the beginning and filled in all the details and brought me down to date. There's nothing for you to tell me, unless you know what's going to happen. He hasn't been let in on that."—The Survey.

ROUGH MANNERS OF THE PAST

Drinking Trick in Which English Monarch Figured—The First Fingerless Gloves.

Drinking tricks figured in diplomacy in the time of Henry VIII. Mrs. Henry Cust quotes the king's challenge to Hubertus, the representative of the Palgrave Frederick. He sent for two huge goblets, filled with wine and beer respectively, and gave the envoy his choice for a "drinking out" test. In vain Hubertus pleaded that his master had actually instituted a company of the Golden Ring to put down such contests, any member who broke the prohibition to lose his ring and give \$1 to the poor. Henry, anxious to prove that the Englishman was the better man, promised to find the forfeit himself and drank his beer at a draft, while it took the German four gulps to account for the wine.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove? Little was said of gloves in ancient times, but in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius, so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered, no less than those of the glutton in Antiphanes, who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare handed fellow diners.

A Vivid Picture.

Of all "aptitudes," the mechanical is least likely to manifest itself in a feminine brain. The young woman whose visit to a locomotive works is described in Young's Magazine, was doubtless interested in what she saw, but her account of the processes observed leaves the reader to doubt her entire understanding of them.

"You pour," she told a friend, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove lids and things into a furnace, and then you turn the red-hot stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and shouts."

"Then you pour it out, let it cool and pound it, and then you put in it a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly, and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blue-print of it."

"But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully, and then they tie it to the other thing, and you ought to see it go!"—Youth's Companion.

Thoughtful John Chinaman.

"The virtues of a Chinese laundryman never have been half told," said the woman. "Not of my laundryman, anyhow. He is such a motherly old soul. The other day he brought my handkerchiefs home folded in two different ways, some squared, some cat-cornered."

"Why the different styles in ironing?" I asked.

"John pointed to the stack of out-cornered handkerchiefs. 'These holey,' he said. 'Then to the square pile, 'These good. In big hully, not gettin' mix and go out with holey handkerchief.' "Kind old John. His idea was all right, but doesn't keep me from getting mixed, for I can never remember which shape means holey and which means whole, so I am likely to disgrace myself with a holey handkerchief after all."

Tested.

"Eighty dollars for a set of tires is pretty stiff," said Jipson. "Haven't you got anything cheaper?"

"Sure," said the affable salesman. "I have a set here you can have for ten dollars."

"Ten, eh?" said Jipson. "That's good and cheap. How about 'em—are they good for anything? Ever had 'em tested?"

"I should say so," said the salesman. "They've traveled over 30,000 miles already."—Harper's Weekly.

IMPARTING FRAGRANCE TO TEA

Species of Jasmine Flower Used by the Chinese to Give Beverage the Desired Aroma.

It is estimated that the Chinese consume annually five pounds of tea for each member of the population. It grows in small patches around the homesteads, plantations being practically unknown. The leaves are picked by members of the family and dried in the sun, being subsequently handed over to the middlemen, who subject them to the process of firing in the case of green tea the leaves are roasted almost immediately after they are gathered, and dried off quickly after being rolled into balls by hand and squeezed. There are usually three pickings—early in April, when the leaves are covered with a whitish down (a limited output known as pekoe); toward the middle of May and again in August. Brick tea is made by pressing the damp tea in a mold in the form of a brick, 8 to 12 inches long and about one inch thick. The fragrance of all scented tea is not natural, but imparted by firing the leaf with a sort of jasmine flower, called by the Chinese "moke-lee." In inferior teas the scented flower is strewn over the top of the tea when packed and removed after a day or two. Flowery pekoes are white, velvet-tipped teas with no fragrance and are unfermented.

UNDER OBLIGATION TO NONE

Columbia Has Many Students Who Owe Their Education to Their Own Efforts.

One man in three meets at least a part of his expenses by his own earnings at Columbia. Beside the obvious occupations, like tutoring, stenography, newspaper, library, gymnasium, religious and social work of various kinds, there is a man who makes his living dressing windows; another who practices osteopathy, another man who divides his time between college work and the management of a theatrical star; a teacher in the Ferrer school, a taxidermist, an expert in color photography, a vaudeville performer, a hospital orderly, a Pullman porter, a printer, technical assistants from three of the great city laboratories, a professional baseball player and a tree doctor.

One of the most popular undergraduates started life as a newsboy. Last winter a sophomore of eighteen was tempted away from the college by the offer of a \$2,000 position in a publishing house, where he had worked before coming to Columbia. One student spends his summers upon a Central American plantation; another adds not only to his own income but to the reputation of the university by contributions to the most dignified of American reviews.—Columbia Month-ly.

Premature Burial.

M. Thoinot, professor of forensic medicine to the Paris Academie de Medicine, has been lecturing upon premature burial, an accident the fear of which is, perhaps, not so prevalent as it was in the days of Edgar Poe. He gave an interesting description of the many inventions devised for the avoidance of this, including the insertion of a breathing tube in the mouth of the corpse, which is brought through the lid of the coffin and projected from the grave. But he declared that no precaution was so satisfactory as that of delaying the burial until the signs of putrefaction are apparent. The provisions of the code Napoleon, which ordain that no burial shall take place until twenty-four hours after death and inspection by the medical authority of the district, are, he said, entirely adequate on this point, and if they are carried out to the full, no one need have any fear of being buried alive.

Homelessness Spoils Photographs.

Aunt Maria thought, and so did her relatives in the big city, that the photographer was unparadoxically courteous. For three successive days he refused to take Aunt Maria's photograph. On the fourth day he told why.

"In justice to her," he said, "I do not want to take her pictures now. She is too homesick. Most out-of-town people want to be photographed while in the city. If they are longing for home I put them off with one excuse or another until the moment they wear off."

"If you want your aunt's pictures to turn out well, just hunt up some one from her home town who happens to be visiting here at present and bring him here so she will meet him unexpectedly. The meeting will put sparkle and animation into her face, and neither she nor I will be disappointed with the photographs."

Finding the Drowned.

Occasionally one reads that, when human bodies are thought to be in rivers and cannot be found, "a loaf of bread has been floated down the stream." But very few people have the least idea what connection there is between bread and the finding of bodies. When the river has been dragged without result, a loaf of bread is cut in two, a place hollowed out in the middle, and a quantity of quicksilver inserted. The two halves of the loaf are then fastened together again, and the bread is thrown into the water in the place where the body is supposed to be. Without fail the loaf floats along until it reaches the vicinity of the body, and then revolves quickly, hovering over the spot.