Same Meaning is Expressed in Varying Phrases Among Different Nations-Comments on Luck Are Most Expressive.

Many proverbs have come down to ns from remote ages, and are common to all nations.

It is said that a king of Samos worked his slaves nearly to death in making a vineyard. This provoked one of them to prophery that his master would never drink the wine. The king being told of this, when the first grapes were produced took a handful, and, pressing the juice into a cup in the presence of the slave, derided him as a false prophet. "Many things happen between the oup and

the lip." the slave replied. Just then a shout was heard that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard. The king, without tasting, set down the cup, ran to meet it, and was killed in the encounter. Henceforth the words of the slave passed into a proverb.

From this Greek original came two French proverbs: "Between the hand and the mouth the soup is often spilt." and "Wine poured out is not swallowed." Neither is so near the original as our English, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

It is curious to trace how similar Meas have taken root in different languages and the various modes of illustrating the same thought. For instance, one or two familiar proverbs in our own language. We say, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The same idea is expressed by Italians when they say, "Better an egg today then a pullet tomorrow," and the French proverb is still more significant, "One here-it-is is better than two youshall-have-its." "Better a leveret in the kitchen than a wild boar in the forest," is the Livonian saying conveying the same meaning.

The proverbs on luck are numerous and expressive in all languages. In English we say, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." The Arabs convey the same idea in the apt proverb. "Throw him into the Nie and he will come up with a fish in his mouth," while the German says, "If he flung a penny on the roof a dollar would come back to him."

A Spanish proverb says, "God send you luck, my son, and little wit will serve you." There is a Latin adage, "Fortune favors fools," and it is to this Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques, "Call me not a fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

The Germans say, "Jack gets on by his stupidity" and "Fortune and women are fond of fools." There is also a Latin proverb which shows that the converse of this holds good: "Fortune makes a fool of him whom she too much favors."

Some unlucky Englishman is responsible for the saying: "If my father had made me a hatter, when would have been born without heads." but this can scarcely be called original. as an unfortunate Arab, ages ago, declared, "If I were to trade in winding

sheets no one would die." "Misfortunes seldom come singly." has many equivalents in all languages. The Spaniards say, "Welcome, misfortune, if thou comest alone," and "Whither goest thou, misfortune? To where there is more?"

Called Halt on Lawyer. Laura Hamilton tells of a funny pourtroom episode which she saw one day while playing in the south some time ago.

A young lawyer had been appointed by the court to defend a man charged with larceny. In his argument to the Jury he pleaded for the acquittal of his client. He told of his innocent boyhood days, of his good character, of his father, mother and brothers. In short, he launched forth into a famlly history.

The prisoner, an old darky, had listened with growing uneasiness to his counsel's plea, and as the attorney went on without a hint of stopping. the negro was driven to desperation. Jumping to his feet, he velled to the court:

"I's guilty, yo' honah; I's guilty! De jury can't do no moh dan send me to jail fo' six months, but if dat fool tawyer doan stop, dey'll hang me fo' suah!"

identified.

The two American war correspondents were gazing at the conflict when Kinkletop caught sight of a gallant officer leading a charge.

"His face is strangely familiar." he said. "That Greek lieutenant, I mean-"

"Yes," said Blithers. "He used to run the boot-blacking stand in that barber shop over on Steenth avenue and Umtp-iph street." And just then the noble warrior

dashed madly past, and, forgetting himself under the excitement of the moment, turned and cried aloud to his advancing troops:

"Next! Shine!" And the indomitable phalanx moved steadily up the hill, giving the enemy the worst polishing-off they had had since war was declared.-Harper's Weekly.

Stronuous Oretory. Caller-What's all that pounding in the back room!

M. P.'s Office Boy-Dunno! I heard the boss say he'd got to frame a speech, and I guess he's doin' it.-Stray Stories

#### ONCE ENOUGH FOR PARROT

Bird's Tour of Discovery Forced Stoppage of Mill, but it Taught Him Wisdom.

The sixty-odd thousand spindles of the Sharp Mill at New Bedford, Mass., suddenly ceased to whirl the other day and 650 operatives sat idle at their machines. And it was all the fault of Jimmie, a parrot, the mascot of the engine room.

Jimmy is the pet not only of the engine room, but of the whole mill from Agent Robert Schofield down. It's "Hello, Jimmie" from all who en ter the engine room on any errand. and Jimmie comes back with his cordial "Hello."

It was this noisy bird that shut down the mill. Whether the hum of the big rope drive became to him suddealy the murmur of south winds in tropical trees, or whether mere caprice lured him, he flew right up among the rushing ropes and rapidly, revolving pulleys. The engineer saw him mount, but it was too late to stop him. And so off went the steam production or no production, and the engine room force rushed to see what

had become of Jimmie. He had been hurled over the top of the big pulley to the floor below. They found him there, ruffled of wings, badly shaken up, and still dased from his rough adventure, but physically uninjured. And every one gave thanks, as the mascot was borne back to his perch at the other end of the room, with the admonition never to try it again.

Jimmie, indeed, from that hour became a saddler and wiser bird. He has not tried the experience again; consequently the mill's sixty thousand spindles have revolved throughout the days without interruption. That one meeting with the whirling ropes was enough for the parrot.

Jimmie, however, condescended to descend from his perch again one day, when a cat, whose rightful residence is, in the basement under the engine room, ventured within the parrot's domain. Jimmle evidently believes that in him alone is vested the right to act as mascot of the engine room. He drove the cat on the run.

Jimmie is the property of Mr. Sharp himself, and was brought by him to the mill. He is a macaw and observes the fashions of his species by having a very long tail and a strong, hooked bill. His plumage is brilliant. His original home was South America. Like other inhabitants of that part of the world, he is a revolutionist. His invasion of the region of belts and pulleys stopped the mill. The intrusion of the eat caused her ignoble retreat.

He is as polished in his manners as a Spaniard, and as flighty in his temper as a Venezuelan insurrectionist. He is, in fine, of the south, polite, hot tempered, sporting gorgeous raiment and fearless of death.

# Presence of Mind.

An Englishman in traveling through Ceylon was the guest of a dockyard official at Trincomalee.

"The dinner was excellent," he says. "but when it was about half over I was startled by hearing the wife of my host tell the native servant to place a bowl of milk on a deer-skin near her chair.

"Although she spoke as calmly as if giving an ordinary order, I knew at once there was a snake somewhere in the room, for they prefer milk to anything else. As a hasty movement might have meant certain death, we all sat like statues; but, for all that, my eyes were inspecting every nook and corner, with a peep under the table. However, it was not until the milk was placed on the deer-skin that the snake appeared. And then to our amazement, a large cobra uncoiled itself from my hostess's ankle and glided towards the bowl, when, of

"But just fancy the nerve of the woman, though she fainted when the thing lay dead on the floor. How many could have remained motionless in such circumstances?"

ccurse, it was immediately killed.

Tamed by a Threat. "I will," she exclaimed- "I will not

live with you another day!" "You'll leave me, will you?" he calm-

ly asked. 'Yes, I will."

"When?" "Now-this minute!"

"I wouldn't, if I were you." "But I will, and I defy you to stop

med" "Oh, I sha'n't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I will simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They'll want' your description, and I will give it. You wear No. 8 shoes; you have an extra large mouth; your nose turns up at the end; eyes rather on the

glint; voice like a-" "Wretch you wouldn't dare do that?" she screamed.

"I will." They glared at each other for a moment in silence. Then it was plain to see who was the victor.

Brave Fire Laddles.

A local automobile factory has a well-drilled fire corps, composed of factory employees. The corps had a chance to demonstrate its ability when a neighboring factory building burned.

The captain of the factory fire company called his men together after they had grabbed what they thought were fire extinguishers. As he started to give the order to turn the extingushers on the roof, where some sparks from the neighboring fire had fallen, it was discovered every man was armed with a gas tank like those used in automobiles.

### **ONLY PROPER REVENGE**

RESUKING THE PRESUMPTION OF THE MARRIED WOMAN.

Too Many Seek to Probe Into the Heart Secrets of Their Lees Fortunate Sisters, and Deserve Severe Treatment.

A good many inferences might be made about her own experience in preserving the tender passion with a live husband. To write so feelingly of the preservative qualities of a dead lover naturally suggests that a living spouse gave her cause to do some cobbling at the run-down heels of sentiment. But-that did not excuse her importinence! Nothing gave her the right in the sight of God, man or other women; nothing excused her.

A cowboy with a record for men he had killed finally met his match. His admiring friends were "stumped" to find an epitaph to put upon the monument they builded him. At last they had graven there in chaste and forceful simplicity, "He done his durnedest." I, too, faltering before the futility of language as a means of expressing just what the married woman does who asks the impertment question, say, "She does-" It isn't necessary to repeat the quotation.

Why, the married woman who does it is a social ghoul cavorting heedlessly, wantonly, cruelly, hideously on the grave of dead hopes, gouging her question into the body of lost love! Before she married she was like other women thoroughfarers. Afterward, seated in the matrimonial automobile, she dashes headlong among the ones who still walk and knocks the very breath out of them. Apparently, she thinks the marriage machine is meant to send single pedestrians scurrying and dodging. Anyway, that's the use she makes

of it. If married women forget how it feels to be unmarried and asked why, here is telling them! It feels painful and lonely and sad. It takes sweetness and courage and an enormous amount of the good, garden variety of sense to bear up gracefully. And when idle or thoughtless curiosity goes digging and snaggling and punching about in the sore and sacred places of the heart, the suffering and the rage it creates is too awful to mention.

What really ought to happen to these inquiring matrons is this: When one asks a maid the question, the maid should scare her into galloping hysterics by looking meaningly at her one and only husband and observing, con expressione—"The man I love is married!"

The matron would THINK. Ind she would be thinking even while she hurriedly pleaded an engagement and piloted her husband out of the maid's dangerous neighborhood. Possibly that is all that is needed—just to set the married interrogators thinking-to make them realize the enormity of their offense. Surely the utter violation of good taste, the inexcusable intrusion into personal affairs, the suffering they carelessly create must make them pause.

If a wife asks the REASON and a maid insinuates that SHE is IT, she levels the popul of her impertiment inquiry full in the face of another aningter. And every matron made to think—and feel a little wholesome fear, perhaps-will mean one less maid, at least, to be grilled on the hot plate of the married woman's curiosity.

If every pretty and attractive unmarried woman would follow out this suggestion a reformation would be effected that would enable us to preserve the sacredness of our memories or our pride or-our reputations! It's worth trying!-New York Press.

What It Comes To. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley told in an address in Washington a story apropos of food adulteration.

"There was a man," he said, "who manufactured so-called silver spoons. A dealer bought largely from him, but was always clamoring for a lower price.

"'But I can't lower the price,' the manufacturer would say, 'unless I put in more lead."

"'All right-more lead, by all means.' This the dealer reply. "The other week the dealer wired that he would take an enormous consignment of spoons if the price were

cut a further ten per cent. "'I can't cut the price another penny,' the manufacturer wired back. 'Put in more lead,' wired the deal-

"'Impossible,' was the manufacturer's reply. 'Last lot I shipped you were all lead."

No Change. They had parted years ago. Now, in the deepening shadows of Scotland's twilight, they met again. "Here be the old stile, Annie," he

maid. "Aye; and here be our initials that you carved, John," she replied. The ensuing silence was only broken by the bussing of an aviator over-

through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks. "Ah, Annie," exclaimed John. suddenly seizing her fair, slim hand. "ye're jist as beautiful as ye ever

Honey-laden memories thrilled

my bonnie lass!" 'And ye, John," she cried, while her blue een moistened tremulcusly, "are list as big a legar as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same!" to It.

were, an' I hae never forgotten ye,

#### ONE ON THE TOWN PROBER

Mrs. Hill's Well-Laid Plans Did Not Afford Her the Satisfaction She Expected.

The neighbors were in an uproar. Miss Joy, the beautiful and charming social light, had suddenly crawled into her shell. Not only had she absented herself from dinners, receptions, and bridges, but she had not even appeared on the streets. Inquiries at her home disproved the general opinion that she was iil. The mystery deepened. Miss Joy had simply became a recluse.

"I can't understand it," said one of the more curious. "She has never gone to the woods like this before. She doesn't even drive any more."

"Probably there is something awful behind it," replied another, with a glimmer of keen enjoyment in her

Still the belie failed to put in her appearance. Gossip became intense, until finally Mrs. Hill, the town-prober. decided with grim determination to find out the real cause of the retirement. She outlined her plans to her friends with zest.

"I will issue invitations to a tea tomorrow afternoon and will send one to Miss Joy Later I will call her over the telephone, insisting that she attend. She will refuse, and then I shall demand to know the reason." "A perfect idea!" assented the oth-

ers in chorus. "Of course, I won't have the tea," continued Mrs. Hill. "That will be understood among all of us."

"Oh, certainly," came the disappointed response. "We only want to find out the truth."

The invitations were issued, and Mrs. Hill immediately opened telephonic mommunication... "Helo, is this Miss Joy?" she be

"Yes." "This is Mrs. Hill. I supposed you received my invitation to the tea? Now, I won't take any excuse. You must come."

"No need of excuse." sweetly chirped Miss Joy. "I shall be more than delighted to be present."

### Reward of the Politician.

When Ollie James, now junior United States senator from Kentucky, first broke into politics in his native county of Crittenden he had occasion to try a case before a rural magistrate. When the trial was ended, says the Saturday Evening Post, the magistrate invited the young lawyer to go home to dinner with him. As they sat down at the table the old man said:

"Ollie, it pains me mightily to see you messin' in with politics."

"Why so?" 'inquired James. 'Ollie, my son," said the m "politics ain't a fittin' pursuit for any young man. Look at me! I started in politics when I was young and hopeful, jest like you are now. I have held all the positions of trust in the gift of the people of my home district-I have been school trustee, road supervisor and constable and justice of the peace. But now, as an old man, all I've got to show for my years of ceaseless political activity is a lot of warm enemies and cold friends."

As Good as a Gold Mine. Professor White estimates that no fewer than 400,000,000 gas mantles are used every year, and as these gas mantles cannot be manufactured without a substance named thorium, the necessity for obtaining a large supply is obvious. Some time ago the manufacturers were, indeed, at a loss to discover sufficient for their purpose. Their anxiety was removed quite unexpectedly when a stranger walked into the office of one of the great incandescent companies and offered to show where an unlimited

supply could be obtained. He demanded £190,000 for the information, and this sum the campany readily undertook to pay. The directors were, however, doubtful of his ability to carry out his promise, but after obtaining a contract he took a representative of the company to Brazil, where huge deposits of thorium were discovered. From this place most of the thorium now in use is obtained. The stranger had discovered the find quite accidentally.

### Smoke-Cured.

To be strictly accurate, it was not; a smoking compartment, but the youth was puffing away at a chubby briar, despite the pained expression on the old lady's face. By and by the old lady, who was the only other occupant of the carriage, began to get excited.

"Young man," she barked, as far as her coughing would permit her, "do you know that it's wrong to smoke?" "Well," replied the lad, as he enveloped the old party in a wreath of pungent smoke, "I use tobacco for my

health." "Health!" ejaculated the victim, in spluttering tones. "Nonsense! You never heard of any one being cured by smoking."

"Yes, I have," declared the youth, still puffing away like a furnace chimney; "that's the way they cure pigs." "Then smoke away." cried the heroine of the story; "there may be hope for you yet."

Wane of Motherhood.

Efficen Key, writing in one of the magazines, deplores the wane of motherhood, a constantly increasing disinclination to assume its responsibilities, she says, being everywhere apparent. The disinclination is not confined to any one class, she says, but the work-worn druge and the idle creature of luxury are both averse

## ODD LAPSES OF MIND

SCHOLARS AND OTHERS NOTED FOR ECCENTRICITY.

Forgetfulness One of the "Strong Points" of Many Able and Accomplished Men-Sometimes the Result of Self-Hypnotism.

Some years ago I had to speak at a Work." "Have you any fads?" inquired my host. "The last parson we had here refused to sleep in a bed. When every one had retired to rest the whole house was roused by a hammering on the wall of our visitor's bedroom. Come and see!" I entered the bedroom.

"See those excavations?" He pointed out two large holes in the wall, where the paper had been torn away and the plaster disturbed. "Well, the parson we had here last hammered two huge hooked nails into those walls to support a hammock."

I had the qualified pleasure of meeting this eccentric at dinner some years after. "Can I serve you some soup?" inquired our hostess. "Never take soup," was the reply. Then, later: "You will take some fish?" The cleric simply shook his head. So he declined dish after dish.

"But what will you have?" inquired the now desperate hostess.

"I should like five raising, one apple. a few nuts and some oil."

By this time every one was uncomfortable. A whisper went around that there were no raisins in the house. I suggested that he should go on with the oil and the apple. His face assumed a look of eloquent resignation. The next moment he sprang to his

feet and rushed from the room. The intelligent under-footman had brought in bicycle oil!

A delightful old clergyman, professor of Greek at my own university, had a habit of forgetting to put on his clothes. Once he walked into college chapel in an old-fashioned nightshirt. It was a misty morning early in February. An undergraduate was reading the first lesson, when this silent, ghost-like figure moved along in the him dawn which crept in through the stained-glass windows. One of the done took his arm and led him out.

On another occasion it was his turn to preach in the cathedral. Instead of stepping into the pulpit, he walked out altogether, and things came to a standstill.

Another old college don was a dreamer. One day he met me in the town. "My boy," he said, "I came out to go somewhere, but it's gone-gone! Can you tell me where I meant to go? I suggested that he should go back to his college. What is more, I saw him safely there.

Later in the evening he sent for me. There was the light of a great discovery in his eyes. "My boy," he said, "it has all come back to me in a flash. I never meant to go anywhere at all. I wanted to write a letter, and I must have missed my way to my library. You will have a glass of wine?" But he forgot to ring the bell. Presently he said: "Do have some more. Now,

what have I done with the decanter?" Many men's eccentricities are the result of self-hypnotism. I remember once seeing a well-known clergyman walking calmly along during a downpour of rain, holding his walking stick up, under the impression it was an umbrella.

Absentmindedness is responsible for much amusement. An elderly clergyman, on arrival in Rome, was positive that he had lost some of his luggage. and gave notice at the office; but he was unable to say what the package was like, or even what it was.

It transpired, in the course of next day that it was his wife he had lost. I shall not forget the interview between husband and wife.—Exchange

Wireless Sketches in Warfare. Surprising results are being obtained by means of the new invention of an Italian youth, Francesco di Bernocchi, called the wireless iconograph. which has recently been tested between Milan and Turin. His apparatus is far in advance of anything of the kind yet recorded. Besides ordinary messages, it also transmits autographs, shorthand characters and all sorts of designs. So simple is the arrangement that the transmitter and receiver of this instrument may be applied with ease to any ordinary wireless telegraph plant. General Spingardi, the Italian minister of war, is so much impressed by the enormous advantages of the wireless icon-Ograph for transmitting orders and conveying sketches in time of war with the utmost secrecy that steps were immediately taken to secure for

Tickets No Good. Mrs. Brown-Jones (which isn't her name at all, nor nothing like it) has a new parlor maid. Last Thursday was Mrs. B.-J.'s day at home. Six callers were at the door, and each proffered her card.

the Italian government exclusive pos-

session of the patent.

Hilda looked the cards over carefully one by one.

'Youse ladies is all wronk!" she decided finally. "One of your tickets iss fer Mrs. Chosenh Thompson, one iss fer Mrs. Miller, one iss fer Miss Chenks and Miss Mahel Chenks-and den dere's t'ree odders, all wronk names, yet. Try next door; goodby."

Then she went back to her mistress. "None of 'em vanted to see you," she beamed. "Deir tickets vasfer odder houses. I guess maybe dey min't liffed here long."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### WIFE'S REASONS FOR LOVING

Properly Considered, They Would Seem to Explain the Idea Pretty Thoroughly.

They are no longer young. He was just past and she was almost fifty.

They had made a little wild excursion together. One day, when Old Nick was in the air they were walking along the street in Paris, wondering where they should go to dinner. O, no, no! Nothing of that kind.

Bless you, they had been married so long that they had a grandchild. They were Americans. He happened to be working in Paris. She was his wife. Still, for all that, the Old Nick was in the air, and even these two felt

they simply had to do something out of the way. So they took the first tram car that came along and rode out to the end of the line. They were landed at one of the gates of the city, right by the fortifications. There they found a lit-

the restaurant and dined on the sidewalk. They began to talk about love. When two who have been married a quarter of a century talk of love you'd better listen; you might learn some-

thing. There is just one point brought out in their conversation that I wish to note. It struck me as a decidedly in-

genious one. "How do you know you love me?" he asked. "Well," she responded, after reflecting a bit (perhaps if she had been

twenty she would have answered by a look only, but now she took the question up seriously, as if anxious to answer herself as well as him), "one reason is that if I'm ever in any trouble, if I should be sick or have any calamity happen me, or anything terrible, I should want you, first of all.

"And another reason is that whenever I have any pleasure, when anything in the way of good luck comes. or when I see anything beautiful, my first instinct is to find you, to enjoy it with me. "Those," he replied, "are really good

reasons." They were silent a bit. The next is always a third guest when fifty-yearold lovers talk. He was in the thought

of both. Then he added: "And most of all it is the feeling. the certainty, that no matter what I do or say, no matter what happens or can possibly happen, you would be right by me; you would just be for me; you'd just be there, asking no questions but just be for me. whoever, whatever was against me-till death."—Chicago News.

Wondering About the Football Boys. "Every year, along about this time," grumbled the Old Codger, "we behold n the newspapers many pictures huge, hulking, disheveled young lunkheads, with knobs at the knees of their short pants, standing straddling, with their arms akimbo, and gloomily ominously from beneath their mops of hair. They bear the designations of 'Captain Bulnek of the Hyenas,' 'Lubberty, the famous leftend, 'McLout, drawback,' or something of the sort. And as we gaze at their likenesses we are moved to

wonder: (a) What do they do the rest of the

time? (b) Why do they do this at all? (c) Would a little plain work prove fatal to them?

(d) Couldn't they quit football and try to be happy and useful and ornamental, all at the same time? "Noty Beany: My nephew is one of

'em, dod-rot him!"

What's the Use? I am ceasing to criticise—I use the word in its present, degenerate sense of fault-finding-because my complaints have not been productive of one iots of good.

Moreover, they have always been

ungraciously received either by the person whose good I sought or by the person upon whose sympathy I was depending. Those whose good I sought have not listened to me. "Minnie," said I to my maid, whose stupid looks had become a trial to be

endured no longer in silence, "do you know that you go about with your mouth open?" "Yes'm," answered Minnie stolidly.

"I opened it." I have been rudely treated when my motive was purely unselfish. "Madam," said I to a stranger in a city shop, "your belt is unfastened."

"That," answered the lady, "is the way I wish it to be."—Atlantic. Haiti's Navy Out of "Hock." Haiti has acquired a bankroll and has taken its navy out of "hock." The navy-the cruiser Ferrier, Admiral Willaim Watt-has been quartered at

the League Island Navy Yard since last summer. The admiral of the navy has stayed with it because he couldn't collect any money and the navy has remained because it couldn't get away. Its boilers

wouldn't let it. Orders were received that the navy should be towed to the yards of the Philadelphia Ship Repair Company to be refitted at a cost of \$75,000. The orders came from the Haltian minister at Washington.

To Exchange Speakers. Mrs. Alex. Tweedie of London and

Mrs. Percy V. Pannybacker, president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, were at a luncheon in Chicago last week and agreed that it would be good for both countries if an exchange of speakers could be made. The taking of the first step was left to the Chicago Woman's club at the suggestion of Mrs. Pennybacker.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS