

READING WITH A PURPOSE.

The Bible the Best of All Books for Culture.

"Culture," said Arnold in the preface to "Literature and Dogma," "is indispensably necessary, and culture is reading; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service now to be rendered to education."

WRECK OF A FORGOTTEN SHIP.

Has Lain for Years in Harbor of Port Phillip, Australia.

A mystery of Port Phillip, Australia, has just been solved. For many years shipmasters and port authorities were perplexed by the fact that while the anchorage in Port Phillip had a good bottom, a ship could not cast anchor in a certain place without the anchor becoming fouled with something so tenacious that no amount of winch power could again bring it to the surface.

Recently an experienced diver was sent down to investigate the matter, and on his return he stated that he found the remains of a clipper ship 200 feet long. He was unable to climb into her and examine the inside of the hull, because it had been turned into a sort of vast forcing frame, from which seaweed had grown to a height of 50 feet, like a gigantic submarine cornfield.

There are no records of any wreck in the vicinity, but it is supposed that the vessel was an arriving in Port Phillip during the earlier days of gold discovery. The hull is to be torn away with dynamite, and when the growth of seaweed is removed the interior is to be examined.

Wise Judge.

A blind street musician, reports a Chinese paper, stood on the shore of a river, puzzled how to cross the stream. He implored an oil dealer, who happened to come along, to assist him. The oil dealer had pity on the helpless man, took him on his shoulders, gave him his money bag to hold and carried him across. When he deposited his burden on the other shore the blind man refused to return him his money bag, raised a noise and declared that the money was his property. The matter came before the judge, and each man said on oath that the money belonged to him. The judge finally ordered the bag of money emptied into a water tank, and then suddenly announced that the oil dealer was the owner. When asked for the reason for his decision, he declared that the money of the oil dealer must certainly show traces of his business, and, indeed, on the surface of the water traces of oil were found.

New Burbank Marvls.

It is stated that Luther Burbank has named one of his most delicious fruit creations after his old home town, the scene of his great successes in the creation of new fruits and flowers. It is the Santa Rosa plum, considered by experts in the nursery line as being one of the finest fruits of the plum kind that has come to their notice. This plum will leave Burbank's hands this winter for the first time for introduction in the fruit growing world.

A well known Fresno nurseryman has secured the privilege of being the sole introducer of this plum. The California Fruit Grower says that the same man will this winter introduce for the first time Burbank's great timber producing walnut trees.

When the Mississippi Freezes.

Since 1870 there have been but six seasons when the Mississippi did not freeze over, these being the years 1873, 1875, 1882, 1891, 1902, and 1906. The 20 times that it did close, the ice stopped running 30 times in December, showing that this is the month when the heavy cold usually sets in. The earliest date recorded is December 4, 1872, and the latest February 24, 1899. One season, 1895-1896, the ice froze up tight and then moved six times the variation of the temperature for the winter.

Consolation.

Sympathizing friend—in every sorrow there is some great, some inspiring, comforting thought. Widow (abstractedly)—Yes, black will be very becoming to my complexion.

WHERE TEETH COME FROM.

America Makes the Most of the False Molars.

"The flippant remark of the drummer from Philadelphia, that if there were any gnashing of teeth in the other world 75 per cent. of the gnashing would be done by artificial teeth made in America, was not far from the mark." So says H. D. Jones in an article in the Technical World magazine. "America leads the world in the artificial tooth industry and Philadelphia supplies a large percentage of the total output. False teeth are shipped from this country to the remote corners of the earth. They are to be found in the mouths of Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, and even, it is very likely, assisting in the mastication of the daily rations of the Zulus of South Africa. Indeed, it is not beyond the limit of possibility that cannibal feasts are conducted with the aid of American-made artificial teeth.

"The largest plant in the world for the making of artificial teeth is to be found in Philadelphia. The industry has grown to its present mammoth proportions within a comparatively short time, for the dentists of old days made the teeth for his customers in a room adjoining the operating department. They were usually ill-fitting and, being made from bone or ivory, would not stand the wear long. The discovery of a way to make false teeth by a composition that was practically indestructible marked the beginning of a new era in the ability of the human family to repair the ravages of time."

NOW DIVE FOR SPONGES.

Old System of Hooking Abandoned on Florida Coast.

The practicability of the method now being employed extensively in the sponge industry in procuring this product, says the Tarpon Springs (Fla.) News, is no longer in doubt, and a large percentage of the Tarpon Springs vessels are changing from the old method of hooking to the new one of diving, and in order to successfully accomplish desired results with the diving method it was thought necessary to employ Greeks, who are accustomed to the work, as it seemed doubtful whether many of those who have followed the hooking process would care to don the helmet and leaden shoes and pull sponge with from 30 to 60 feet of water overhead. But recent experiments by a few have demonstrated that a little practice and confidence, together with a good physical condition, are all that is needed to become a diver. Already a number of our native spongers have become proficient in this line, and the probabilities are that in the near future a large percentage of the catch will be obtained in this manner.

Women as Centenarians.

Once more woman has demonstrated her superior vitality, to the discomfort of mere man. Of the centenarians who died in the United Kingdom during last year 42 were women and only a paltry 16 were men; in 1905 the numbers were 36 and 23, respectively, and in 1904, 41 and 22. During the last ten years the women who died after completing 100 years, at least, of life, exceeded the male centenarians by 227 to 177—an advantage of nearly 35 per cent.

Tested by length of life woman can equally claim the superiority. Bridget Danaher, who died last March in Limerick, was said to be 112 years old; Mary O'Hare, another daughter of Erin, was only two years younger, and Mrs. Sarah Egan, of King's county, was credited with 107 years, while Bridget Somers, who ended her days in Sligo Workhouse in March, 1904, had reached the ripe old age of 114. So healthy is Ireland that it is said she has at present more than 500 centenarians, while England, Scotland and Wales can only muster 192 among them.

Negro Children Like Poetry.

"Negro children are fond of poetry—more so than white children." This is what Mrs. Carrie Whitney, public librarian, says.

"Not long ago," she continued, "I saw a negro boy in here, deeply engrossed in a rather large book. I walked gently up behind him. What do you suppose he was reading? You couldn't guess in a year. It was Dante's Inferno. His little face showed eagerness, too, to learn of that terrible picture Dante drew.

The poems of Eugene Field are particularly attractive to the negro children. And every few days one of them makes a request for the poem which says 'An' the Goblins 'll get you, ef you don't watch out.'"

Postage Stamps of the World.

The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 20,495, of which 6,153 are apportioned to the British empire and 14,342 to the rest of the world. Europe has issued 4,361, Asia 3,858, Africa, 4,469, America 4,588, the West Indies, 1,837, and Oceania 1,435. These figures comprise only standard varieties of postage stamps, and do not include postcards, letter cards, stamped envelopes or wrappers.

Mistaken Grief.

"Alexander wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer," said the hero worshipper. "Yes," answered the skeptic, "but in so doing he did not display great valor so much as a limited knowledge of geography."

HUMAN FOOT NOT BEAUTIFUL.

Ordinary Pedal Extremity Ugly, Says Man of Experience.

"For subtle flattery, the kind of flattery calculated to make you puff up like a pouter pigeon," remarked a plain-spoken man, "I ran across something in one of the New York newspapers the other day that beat me. A boot and shoe dealer was announcing by means of an advertisement that he had a new variety of shoe designed to restore 'collapsed and shrunken insteps,' round them up, raise and arch them until they assumed their normal shape. I'd like to hear what would make an instep collapse or shrink unless you dropped a ten-pound weight on it from the top of a tall building. First and last, in novels historical and other, I've read considerable about high, dainty, aristocratic insteps; but I never saw one that wasn't made by a bridge in the boot or shoe; and I've worked in a Turkish bath.

"Years ago, when father cut me off for becoming engaged to the daughter of a livery stable keeper, I waited on the patrons of a Turkish bath, and I know that bare feet on men and women are as flat as the surface of a palm-leaf fan. And they're not beautiful to look at. Trilby may have had tolerable feet in the sense that they were free from knobs and tender places and plasters, but there was so much hypnotism in that studio she affected that you can't believe all that was said about her. Human feet are as flat as boarding house griddle-cakes; and the only difference between the feet of white folks and those of the colored race in the matter of shape is that the former begin at the heel."

FLIE ON THE TEDDY BEAR.

Assertion That Its Popularity Is Menace to Human Race.

An old gentleman who enjoys worrying over the future of the race has just found some new and valuable material. He has discovered that the maternal instinct is threatened with extinction by the introduction of the Teddy bear as a plaything for little girls. It is going to do more toward making mothers scarce, he avers, than did ever woman's entrance into the industrial field. This alarming sign of the times was brought to his attention the other day while sitting in the park watching some little girls at play. He observed they were all hugging Teddy bears. Not a doll was to be seen.

"Do you like bears better than dolls?" he asked a bright little maid of eight or nine.

"Oh, yes sir," she answered promptly.

"And why?" "Oh, cause, dolls are too much trouble. They were always telling me I must make a new dress for dolly, or wash her face, or put her to bed at night, or something else. But Teddy's no trouble at all. I just hug him and love him when I like and then throw him in a corner. His arms and legs never break, and I don't have to make dresses for him. So, of course, I like my bear the best."

After which the old gentleman looked very worried.

The Bloomer Costume.

A portrait in a magazine shows us a very old lady in a curious costume. Her legs are attired in orthodox trousers but over them she wears a short skirt to the knees. Above this again is a cape fastened at the neck with a large brooch. What is this strange figure? Why, the last of the famous "Bloomer Brigade!" Her name is Susan Fowler and she lives at Vineland, N. J. She has worn this costume for 40 years, is now 80, and lives all alone, scorning the help of man. One cannot but admire the dauntless old lady in thus sticking to her principles. It is only a question of time when women's clothes will be radically reformed. Could anything be more ridiculous, more inartistic and more unhealthy than woman's present costume? Trailing skirts, too tight bodices, stiff collars, absurd head-gear—nothing beautiful, nothing useful about any part of it.—Montreal Herald.

His Business Judgment Faulty.

"Yes," said the publisher of art catalogues and artistic advertising devices, "I have done well the past year and expect to do better in the future. Sometimes I make a mistake, however, that makes me feel a little tired. Not long ago our firm wished to reproduce in catalogue and card form a painting that appeared in one of the magazines. I called on the artist to buy the right. She wanted \$400. It was more than I was willing to pay, so I offered her a royalty instead. She accepted, and we have already had to pay her \$18,000, with the demand for the picture increasing every hour. An experience like that keeps a man fairly humble regarding the infallibility of his business judgment."

Explained.

"Invest," said Goldgobs, "but never speculate." "But what precisely is the difference, father," young Goldgobs asked, "between an investment and a speculation?" "It's a speculation," the other answered, "if you lose."

His Idea of Freshness.

"Have one of these bananas," insisted the mother of the Kid. "They are awfully fresh." "If they are so fresh," said the Kid, "why don't they get up and say 'damp' or something?"

LONG HOURS IN THE SAHARA.

Caravaneers Have Little Rest, According to Sailor.

"They oughter start labor unions in the Sahara desert," said the sailor. "You work 21 hours a day there. That's too long, ain't it?"

"It's the fashionable fad to winter in the Sahara, and last January, us 'lyin' to in Philippeville for a cargo of dates, I bought a third class ticket to Biskra, and pushed from there to Touggourt with a camel caravan. "It was fine. The sun shone, the air was like wine, the sand was as white as salt. We seen mirages—phantom cities, with white domes and minarets, palm gardens, and girls walkin' on the flat roofs of the white houses, lookin' at you with dark, wistful eyes.

"We had a cargo of beer for the French soldiers in Touggourt, Ghardaia, Gurgis, and the neighborin' towns.

"But what I wanted to speak about was the hours of the caravaneers. Them poor fellers worked 21 hours a day. One stop of three hours was all they took, and part of that time had to be spent in feedin' and groomin' the camels.

"Camels can get along, it seems, with three hours' rest a day, but men! Them caravaneers of ourn had little donks, the size of a Newfoundland dog, to ride on, and they'd lie on their stomachs across a donk's back, head hangin' down on one side, feet on the other, and in that position they could sleep four after four whilst the donks trudged on in the sunshine through the white sand."

HAD THE LAUGH ON LAWYER.

Whole Court Room Joined in Joke on Conceited Advocate.

A distinguished, but conceited advocate not long ago, after securing an unqualified statement from an octogenarian, who was bravely enduring cross-examination, that he "saw the whole thing as if it had occurred ten feet away," suddenly challenged him to tell the time by the clock referred to. The lawyer did not look around himself, as he had done so about half an hour before, when he had noticed that it was half after 11. The old man looked at the clock and replied, after a pause, "Half past 11," upon which the lawyer, knowing that it must be nearly 12, turned to the jury and burst into a derisive laugh, exclaiming sarcastically, "That is all," and threw himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witness' testimony. The distinguished practitioner, however, found himself laughing alone. Presently one of the jury, chuckled, and in a trice the whole court room was in a roar at the lawyer's expense. The clock had stopped—at half-past 11.—Exchange.

Tommy Won.

At a child's party lately one boy created quite a sensation in his efforts to outdo the others. They were playing "Button, button, who's got the button," and presently, after a very confusing hunt, the mother of the little hostess said:

"No one seems to have the button. Now, who had it at the beginning of the game?"

"I did," exclaimed a little girl.

"To whom did you give it?" asked the lady.

"Tommy Jones, ma'am."

"Tommy, to whom did you give it?" Silence.

"Speak up, Tommy."

"I—I—swallowed it!" gasped Tommy.

"Mercy!" said the lady, "how big was it?"

"Well," answered Tommy, "when Maggie gave it to me it was about as big as a pea, but it feels as big as an egg, ma'am, and I'm sorry I won the game!"

Female Doctors in Germany.

Professor von Bergmann—the great German surgeon who attended the Emperor Frederick during his last illness and had such a frightful quarrel with Morell Mackenzie—has been telling the editor of a medical journal that "I am decidedly against women entering the profession." Briefly put, his reason is that "so long as women are unable to beat crooks and tallors at the vocations which women are apt to regard as their own specialties, so long will they be unable to compete successfully with men doctors. . . . I have too high a regard for women to encourage them to become doctors."

Celestial Fashions.

The appearance of the comet was such that the sensitive Pleiades were shocked.

"How disordered you look!" they exclaimed. "Do stop and let us fix your hair."

"Don't touch me!" returned the comet breathlessly. "This is the automobile toule."

And with a rush of wind and a shower of sparks he was gone leaving the gentle sisters to recover from their astonishment as best they might. —Puck.

What He Wanted to Know.

"There," said the great magnate when his attorney entered, "look over that dispatch."

"Um," observed the lawyer, after reading the story, "looks rather bad. Sixty-seven indictments! Gracious! I don't like that."

"Don't like it? What are you talking about? I didn't send for you to find out whether you liked it or not. What I want you to do is to find out whether I am going to Europe or to stand on my technicalities."

RED WHISKERS WERE LACKING.

Hirsute Loss Put Mr. Betrosky in Embarrassing Position.

Just before a city election in Salem, Mass., a Russian Jew entered the savings bank. He was smooth shaven and an awful scar covered one side of his face. In broken English he announced his name as John Betrosky (which, by the way, is not his name), and signified his intention of drawing \$100. His signature was identical with that on his depositing card, but under his name on the card was "red whiskers."

The cashier decided that Betrosky would have to bring some one to the bank who knew him. Muttering angrily, the Hebrew hurried out, and within 15 minutes came back with a woman and five children. In a mixture of broken English and Yiddish each one of the group tried to explain that the whiskerless Betrosky was no other than he who erstwhile wore the cardinal appendages. The cashier, after much talking, succeeded in making them understand that some one known to the bank must do the identifying.

The now tearful group withdrew to a nearby window, but their grief was short lived, for with an exclamation of joy they rushed out of doors, to come back immediately. Betrosky, arm-in-arm with ex-Mayor Hurley and two little Betroskys holding his coat tails. It took but a minute for the ex-mayor to explain that the whiskers were taken off at the hospital, a policeman's club having come in contact with Betrosky's face when he was in fighting condition.

As the \$100 was counted the joy of the Betroskys became unbounded, and seven more people there are in Salem who believe that Hurley, to use his favorite expression, is "right on deck."

REALLY HAD A GRIEVANCE.

Farmer's Resort to Shotgun Not Astonishing Under Circumstances.

The farmer sat on the top rail of his stake-and-rider fence with his sawed off shotgun across his knee. "Layin' for crows?" queried the Weary Willie who came limping up the dusty highway.

"Nope," the farmer gruffly answered. "I'm layin' fer 'bloons. See that sign?"

The wayfarer saw the sign. It was rudely lettered with white chalk on a blackboard. He read it aloud.

All 'bloonsists is warned that these is private grounds. Any 'bloonsists trespassin' on these premises will be give the full penalty of the law."

"Understandable, ain't it?" the farmer asked. "Couldn't be plainer," said the wayfarer. "Been annoyin' you, have they?"

"Annoyin' is mild," returned the farmer. "The first one of 'em dropped in the middle of my ocean bed. I'll admit I wuz rather tickled to see him an' didn't say nothin' about damages. Second feller tipped over seven of my bee hives an' ripped the roof off the corn crib. I was too dern busy 'doin' bees' to put in any bill an' afore I could look 'round—both eyes bein' pretty nigh stung shut—the feller was a-sallin' over Plum creek. The last chap didn't come clear down, but he dropped his blasted anchor, an' somehow it caught in my melon vines an' away he flew with 27 of the finest an' ripest melons you ever see a-danglin' at the end of his consarned old drag rope. Then I writ that warnin' over there an' loaded the gun, an' the first arnyot that flies low enough I'll blow his old gas bar full of holes ez sure ez my name's Lize Hawkins!"

"Good enough," said the wayfarer.

Absent-Minded Prize.

"I've met the most absent-minded man at last," said the man who is always looking for freaks. "I thought I'd found him in the college professor who, when he went up stairs to dress for dinner, would absent-mindedly go to bed instead. But that fellow was displaced by a young writer who would put his foot up in a chair to tie his shoe, and then forgetting what he did it for, would put the other foot up in the chair and stand up in it. Then I met a woman who, instead of looking absent-mindedly in a hack of her hair brush instead of a mirror when she wanted a look back of her head, and I thought she had gone the writer one better. But I've met the king of the absent-minded world now. He is a young minister, and every once in a while he waits patiently half an hour for a car in a street on which no cars run. He has confessed it, but every once in so often he does the trick right over again."

Floating Elevators.

The impetus given to the grain exportation at Odessa, Russia, has necessitated improved methods for handling this commodity, and the system inaugurated is that of floating elevators, the number of which is on the increase. Each elevator can handle about 630 tons per day in loading foreign-bound steamships. The charge is 25 cents per ton, about one-half the cost of the work when done by hand.

Results of Exposure.

"They say she has rheumatism of the nerves," remarked the friend. "What is that now, rheumatism of the nerves? I never heard of it."

"I suppose," explained the other, "that she had so much nerve she caught cold in it."

MINISTER HAD NO CASE.

Reverend Gentleman Jumped Rather Hastily at Conclusions.

A clergyman whom people call Dr. Brown is pastor of one of the churches in St. Paul, Minn., noted for his good works as well as for his good preaching, and is always ready to take a hand in the enforcement of the law against vice. One day he appeared at the office of the city attorney, lead by the hand a boy of about 12 years.

"Mr. Murray," said Mr. Brown, "I want you to have So-and-So, who keeps a saloon down in Fourth street, arrested. He gave this boy a drink." "Well! Ahem!" was the first characteristic utterance of the attorney, as he brushed his hand over his head and face. "What time were you in that saloon, my lad?" he inquired, turning to the boy.

"Just come out a minute ago," replied the urchin, modestly.

"Hum! Yes, yes; How did you come to go in?"

"Don't know 'st happened to."

"Gave you a drink, did he?"

"Yes."

And the boy wiped his face with an upward stroke of the palm of his hand, while Dr. Brown looked on with an expression of satisfaction. Mr. Murray scratched his head a moment, and proceeded:

"Ahem! Well, what did they give you to drink?"

"Glass of water," answered the boy.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" exclaimed the minister, turning very red in the face.

"You didn't ask me, sir," said the boy.

MAKE RUBBER FROM WHEAT.

Important Discovery for the Manufacturers of Elastic Material.

Wheat and hogs, hitherto regarded by the farmer of the Mississippi valley simply as food products, have assumed a new commercial importance, says the Technical World. In brief, wheat and hog's spittle will produce rubber. The importance of the discovery can scarcely be overestimated, coming as it does at a time when the world is anxiously asking from where its future supplies of rubber are to come. In half a decade, it is said, the annual consumption of the elastic material will be at least 80,000 tons. Even 100,000 tons is regarded by many as a conservative estimate.

It was by accident that Mr. Carr, the English inventor or discoverer of the substance, made the first step in his great discovery. He was but a small boy then. Passing one day through a field of wheat he plucked a few grains of cereal, and, chewing them, formed the glutinous compound so familiar to every country lad.

Many years later, recalling his experience, he began putting his story to the test. His first labor was a small shed in his back yard, his apparatus a coffee grinder and a kettle of hot water. Later he was able to obtain the use of the shops and laboratories in England.

Tuberculosis Museum.

A museum devoted entirely to the study of tuberculosis has been established in the city of Darmstadt, Germany, in which it is proposed to assemble all possible facts in relation to the disease in order to induce the public to pay greater attention to sanitary and hygienic rules and thus aid in combating its spread. The museum is in charge of men of the highest scientific attainments. Among other features the symptoms of tuberculosis in every form will be shown by pictures, together with various methods adapted by the medical profession to check them.

It is intended to be a traveling exhibition, and will be taken through all the large centers of population in Germany where a series of explanatory lectures will be delivered wherever it makes a halt.

Had Been Cheated.

A Scotsman visited London by himself for the first time to "speer round," as he termed it. On his return to his native village he informed a boon companion that it was a grand place, but that the people "war no honest." He'd had his "doots" all the week, but satisfied himself of the fact on leaving. Asked how he tested the matter, he said:

"Ah bowt a box o' pine labeled '1,000 for a penny,' and on counting them in the train, I fun' 't short!"—Financial Times.

His Colleagues Too Good.

A member of parliament of New South Wales, P. H. Sullivan, recently resigned his seat, saying of his brother legislators: "They are getting too good for me. I am a nor. I drink, I smoke, I swear an' bet; and if I were to remain in office any longer they would probably convert me." The New South Wales parliament has been busily engaged of late in passing drastic measures to reform the morals and manners of the community.

Some New Occupations.

A hundred and twelve new trades, some strange and a few gruesome, are included in the new London directory for 1907. For the first time a cast iron repairer comes on the scene as also do the addressing machine-maker, the inventor of safety breathing appliances, the soluble coffee creator, the folding baby car creator, the Indian rubber tile maker, the theatrical hatter, and the maker of embalming fluid.