LATEST WHIM OF JANITOR

Mrs. Audiey Learns He is "Superintendent" and Sees People Only by Appointment.

Mrs. Audley, who had moved into a new apartment, was driven to the verge of distraction by the persistent failure of the janitor to perform certain services which were essential to the comfort of herself and her family. One morning when her indignation had reached the boiling point she telephoned to the basement.

"I want to speak to the janitor," she announced emphatically. "Do you mean the superintendent?" inquired the voice of a woman at the

other end of the wire. "I mean the janitor; but if calling him 'the superintendent' makes him do his work more promptly-the

superintendent." "The superintendent ain't in his apartment at the present moment," replied the voice, with unmistakable haughtiness.

"Are you the ja-superintendent's wife?" telephoned Mrs. Audley. "I am Mrs. Macbeth, the wife of the superintendent," admitted the

voice. "Well, I am Mrs. Audley. Please send your husband to me as soon as possible. There are things that must be done in my apartment, and that it was his business to have done days ago, and I want. What! busy? He may just as well be busy doing the work I require as the work required by anybody else in the house," said.
Mrs. Audley hotly. "So, please tell kim to come to my apartment without further delay."

"The superintendent never sees nobody except by special appointment," came the voice from the basement. "Oh," murmured Mrs. Audley, and, hanging up the receiver, sat down to laugh.

Magic of the Rainbow.

The rainbow shimmering high in the heavens is more than a mere arch of glowing colors. It is a royal ambassador from the kingdom of nature, a herald bearing a message of vast importance to mankind. Written upon its brilliantly-hued, shining archway is a truth that man has finally appreciated after the countless ages that have passed since the first rainbow giorified the heavens. And this truth is what? Nothing less than the revelation of the component elements that constitute the sun and stars and the dim-shining nebulae lost in the farthermost hiding places of the universe. By means of this truth, written large upon the raindrops, we know more about the composition of the sun, 93,000,000 miles from the earth, than we do about the world on which we dwell.-Popular Mechanics Magazine.

No Need to Worry.

A lovely woman who lives on Roxford road, East Cleveland, is the proud mother of two boys. Reginald is six years old, while Ronald is not yet two. Both children are active and inquisitive, so it has become necessary to employ a young girl to watch them.

Mamma is subject to headaches, and mamma has discovered the sort of proprietary pills that will relieve them. One mustn't take more than one per hour. And, the other afternoon mamma had a headache, took a pill and went to rest. After a while she got up to repeat the dose and found the pill box empty. She summoned the maid.

"Frida!" she cried. "Did Reginald swallow all those pills. Answer me!" "No'm." answered Frida, with a smile. "Don't be scared none. He's a chenerous kid-he gafe half of 'em to der baby!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Dealer.

Maps and Charts. Anaximander of Miletus is generally supposed to have been the originator of geographical and celestial charts, about 570 B. C. Modern sea charts were brought to England by Bartholomew Columbus to illustrate his brother's theory of a western continent. This was about the year 1489. The first tolerably accurate map of England was drawn by George Lily, who died in 1559. Gerald Mercator published an atlas of maps in 1595, but it is only within the last 50 years or so that we have had really scientific charts of the earth's surface. It was, of course, impossible to have had such maps in the olden time.

> Repartee. An Irish waiter named Kenny was

noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen staying at the hotel heard of it, and one of them made a bet that he would say something Kenny could not answer. A bottle of champagne was ordered,

and the one who made the bet commenced to open it. The cork came out with a bang, and, not unintentionally, hit Kenny in the mouth.

"Ah," he said, "that is not the way to cork." "No," replied Kenny, as he soothed the injured part, "but it's the way to Kill-Kenny."

His Art Instincts. Jones had invited a friend to dinner and asked him to carve a chicken that, was placed before him. The guests net to work with a good will, but after a deal of muscular exercise was compelled to acknowledge himself beaten. "Where in the name of leather did

you get that bird?" "I don't know," replied the host, "unless it should prove to be the offepring of some hard boiled egg."-Chicago News.

ORIGIN OF BARREL UNKNOWN

This Receptacle for All Manner of Things Has Been Used Since Time Immemorial.

Nobody knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time immemorial.

Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes, and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for beers, wines, and all sorts. of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can

be made from liquids. The barrel has tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within: and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed, support half. the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts, or pins-it is entirely self-fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self-locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chines. Although not calked, barrels are water-tight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hogshead.

MULE DEVOURED THE PIANO

Animal Totally Wrecked a Musical instrument Near Him on a Steamboute Beck.

"Mule ate piano shipped. Send another next boat." This message was received recently by a local plano house from an "up-the-river" purchaser whose \$500 instrument had been forwarded via Mississippi river steamboat. In its usual pine box the piano was installed on the lower deck next to a lanky, sleepy looking mule bound for the cotton fields of the upper bends. Although provided with plenty of oats and hay, the mule ripped off a portion of the outer box, disposing of six octaves of black and white ivory keys, running the chromatic scale up to "G" in the treble clef. He had gnawed away the mahogany panels in front, masticated felt dampers and hammers by the dozen, completely wrecking the melodious "insides" of the instrument. Steamboat Bill, stoking a boiler twenty feet away, said the mule "must have had his foot on the soft pedal," as he did not hear a note. When discovered the animal was unconcernedly gazing longingly across the river at a grass covered levee. It will cost \$300 to repair the piano.-New Orleans correnondent Montgomery Journal.

Honesty in London. Montenegro has a law ordaining that any found valuable shall be placed where the loser can find it. The fact suggests an anecdate told of Garibaldi's grandfather in Dickens' life of the famous clown. On one of his visits to Leadenhall market with nearly \$2,000 in gold and silver upon him, "he found that his shoe had become unbuckled, and taking from his pocket the bag, he placed it upon a neighboring post, and then proceeded to adjust his buckle." Having afterward to pay for a purchase, he missed his bag of gold, and hurried back to the post where he had buckled his shoe. Although more than threequarters of an hour had elapsed . . there it remained safe and untouched on the top of a post in the open street!". That was in eighteent

century London.

Peculiar Source of Income. A curious story is told as to how the Rothschilds supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuff-box. And this was the way of it: The snuff-box was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edinbourgh," about 30 years ago, by Baron James de Rotnschild, as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it, 24 hours later, for 75 napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer, still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

Pride of the Family. "A Book of Scotch Humor" illustrates anew of a native of Annandale the saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. "I ken them a'," said the rustic, speaking of the Carlyles. "Jock's a doctor aboot London. Tam's a harem-scarem kind o' chiel, an' wreats book an' that. But Jamie-yon's his farm you see owre yonder-Jamie's the man o' that family, an' I'm prood to say I ken him. Jamie Carlyle, sir, feeds the best swine that come into Dum-

fries market."

Stitch in Time. A Los Angeles brain specialist says that all Americans will be baidheaded within 800 years because of their intense brain activity. Editor Ake of the Iron County Register, at Ironton, saw the item, and with more or less caution tells his subscribers: "I will begin at once to curb the teo, too lively tenor of the gray matter which fills my cranium. Forewarned is forefendad, you know."---St. Louis Re-

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 get 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 skinflint in private life that was ever inflicted upon a long-suffer-

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 Brit-

ish 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 Betsy 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 you 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.

Seaweed as Food and Medicine. Seaweeds having been suggested as a possible source of future wealth, especially for food products, Perrot 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 Corsica, 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 prepa-Tations but is even extensively cultivated to give a sufficient 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 Japa

How He Helped. Apropos of the terrible Rosenthal murder in New York, District Attor ney Whitman said to a reporter: "The ramifications of this crime were bewildering. The most unlikely

ways. It's like the case of Johnny Jones. "The minister, one lovely Sabbath morning, saw Johnny wending his wax toward the cemetery with a basket on

men helped in it in the most unlikely

" Why, Johnny, what are you up to? be asked. 'T'm helping mother with her peach

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 Gollar a pound, and that they would print as well as paper and be practically indestructible.

LITERATURE FOR ALL MOODS

That is What Librarians Are Expected to Select for Their Exacting Patrons.

Infinite are the requirements and profound the judgment of librarians. The other day a little girl who does the family marketing rushed into a branch library with the announcement that the sewing society was going to meet at her mother's house that afternoon and wouldn't the librarian please send around a book suitable for the elocutionists of the circle to read alcud while the others worked. The young woman appealed to sent the sequel to a particularly charming story that had beguiled the tedium of that same circle on a previous afternoon. In a short while the little girl

returned the book. "Ma says this ain't the kind of a story they need today," she said "They ain't workin' on baby clothes and shirtwaists today. They're darnin' men's socks and mendin' shirts.

and they want something suitable." There was a consultation of librarians. Just what kind of literature would fit the mental attitude of women engaged in darning socks and mending shirts was a question hitherto unconsidered. They decided on a woman's rights pamphlet called "The Eternal Warfare." Apparently it suited, for the child did not bring it back.

TWENTY WORDS IN THE LEAD Cleveland Lawyer's New Stenographer Kept Well Ahead of Him When

He Dictated. A Cleveland corporation lawyer has a new stenographer—the second new one in a week. Strange to say, he didn't discharge the first one because

she was incompetent, but because she was too good. Let him tell it. "This girl came to me well recommended, and when I dictated a test letter, I found her extremely rapid and accurate. So I employed her on the spot. She fell right in with the work, and I decided that I had found a treasure. But on the third day she

gave me a shock. "I was dictating an opinion in a complicated infringement suit, and it was very important that it should be accurate in every word and phrase. This was the third draft I had written, in fact. At one place I interrupted myself and said to the stenographer:

"'Am I speaking too fast for you. Miss Jackson? Are you getting my words down correctly?

"'Oh, I'm getting them all right," she answered, smiling. 'And you don't speak nearly as fast as I can take. I'm about twenty words ahead of you now!""

"There's such a thing as being too good."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ivory Smuggling.

Ivory smuggling is looked upon as a very serious crime in British East Africa, and this is only as it should be, for, in order to secure the ivory, the traders have to kill great numbers of elephants. The game preservation laws, particularly as regards elephants, are most severe, and woe betide the man who is caught breaking the game regulations or in possession of illicit spoils of the chase.

The smuggling of ivory, therefore, says the World Wide Magazine, is treated in the same manner as smuggling gems and clothing into the United States, illicit diamond buying in South Africa, or other forms of smuggling in England. The rigid laws, however, do not prevent the Arabs and Indians from indulging in an illegal trade in ivory on a large scale.

Charms of Walking.

"In Europe whole families go, off for tramps together; in England, every Saturday half-holiday sees loaded trains of walking parties starting out of London, making for Epping Forest, or Burnham beeches, for the hills of Surrey or the river banks. Not to walk on a holiday is the exceptional thing. A club of people meeting for regular walks finds it possible to have a delightful interchange of conversation amid the pure joyousness of the open air and beautiful woodlands. This community of thought and interest is, after all, the finest thing society has to give us."-Suburban Life Magazine.

Where the Weight Fell.

Among the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a push of heredity which made him, at five years of age, a preacher. His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlor, while a taller chair, with a bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would harangue these wooden auditors by the hour. Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?" "No, papa," wittily replied the boypreacher; "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs."

Proper Yellow Feeling. One of John Quincy Adam's clients, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, found that he could not get his counsel to leave his fishing boat except long enough to write a note to the judge, which read: "Dear Judge: For the sake of old Izaak Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting, and I can't leave," And the judge, having read the note, announced to the court: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."

CAUSE OF TERROR

Vagaries About Lightning Without Reason.

Although It Causes Fewer Violent Deaths Than Any Other Foe of American, 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 276 people in our land are annually put to death by Jove's flery 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 artillerry 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 Thunderstorms eastern Illinois. 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

waterspouts. 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 companiouship 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 whereunder 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 flery 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, farseeing 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 s man and leaving him standing erect. as in life. Such a phenomenon was lately reported by a Canadian observer, C. Baillarge, who near Beaumont saw a man struck by a thunder boit 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 press dents of the United States it is recalled that Senator David Rice Atchison of Clay county, Mo., claimed the unique distinction of holding the of fice 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 in, stantly succeeded.

DID GREAT THINGS AS BOYS

Notable Instances of Those Who Have Accomplished Much in Their Youth.

It is well for us to remind ourselves not infrequently of the historical fact that some of the greatest achievements in the world have been made. by youth, and it will always be so in human history. David had experienced some of the greatest emotions before he was twenty, and was a king at the age of eighteen Raphael had practically completed his life work at age of thirty-seven. He did no great artistic work after that age. James Watt even as a boy as he watched the steam coming out of the teakettle, saw in it the new world of mechanical power made possible by the old element turned and driven by a simple appliance. Cortez was master of Mexico before he was thirty-six. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, after having composed what may perhaps he called in some ways the most entrancing melody ever written. Charlemagne was master of France and the greatest emperor of the world at the age of thirty. Shelley wrote Queen Mab when he was only twentyone, and was master of poetry before he was twenty-five. Patrick Henry was able to shape the revolutionary history of a new country before he was thirty, and astonish the world by his oratory before he was twenty-six years old. At the age of twenty-four Ruskin had written Modern Painters, and Bryant, while still a boy of high-school age, had written Thanatopsis. The list of achievements of youth in all agesin all departments of activity-is endless.—Christian Herald.

Dryden's Wit.

The duke of Dorset, John Dryden, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield were in the habit of spending their evenings together. 'Twas in general "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." On one occasion, however, ennui had • taken possession of the whole. At last it was proposed that the three aristocrats should each write something and place it under the candlestick, and that Dryden (who was at that period in very different circumstances) should determine who had written the best thing. It was no sooner proposed than agreed to. The scrutiny commenced; judgment was given. "My lords," said Dryden, addressing Bolingbroke aand Chesterfield, "you each of you have proved your wit, but I am sure you will, nevertheless, agree with me that his grace the duke of Dorset has excelled. Pray attend, my lords-'I promise to to John Dryden, Esq., on demand, one hundred pounds.—Dorset.'" It scarcely need be observed that the noble wits subscribed to the judg-

Acid-Proof Composition. Iron alloys containing a certain percentage of chromium are usually employed in the manufacture of articles and apparatus which should resist the action of acids. These compositions are, however, not absolutely acidproof. Recently the well-known German metallurgist, Professor Borchers, of Aix-la-Chapelle, discovered that by adding molybdenum to an iron composition containing more than ten per cant chromium, in amounts of 2.5 per cent, an absolutely acid-proof composition can be obtained. It is essential, however, that the iron be free from carbon, or at least nearly so. A. composition containing 35 per cent iron, 60 per cent chromium and 5 per cent molybdenum, it is claimed, remains unaffected even by hot aqua regia. This alloy has the tenacity of cast iron and can be worked like the latter. Titanium and vanarium may be used instead of molbdenum, but the latter is preferable.

One Way With Late Husbands. At Steinach, Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, a young married woman whose husband was unable to tear himself away from his favorite cafe in the evenings and was always very late for dinner, took the dinner and "planted" it before her husband and friends while they were playing cards

in the cafe. "Continue your game as long as you like, but don't return home and disturb me, for I am going to bed," she said, and walked out of the cafe. The young husband had to pass the night in the streets, as his wife refused to allow him to enter the house.

Shakespeare.

The critics have not proven that the plays known as Shakespeare's were not written by the Stratford man of that name. The Stratford man will has the field, and is likely to have it for an indefinite time to come. Of course, it is possible that the discovery of now hidden archives may suddenly demonstrate to the world that Bacon or some other man wrote the immortal plays, but as things stand today we must admit the Shakespearean authorship or confess that we know nothing at all as to who their real author is.

Twins an Evil Omen. Igorote women have a strange suparstition about twins. They say that Anito, an evil spirit, is always present in one of the babes when twins are born. Napeek, twins are called, and their advent is looked on as an evil omen. Even wild buffalo-carabao-have but one calf, say the superstitious Igorotes, so they take one of the twins, usually the larger, and quietly dispose of it.—Christian

L'ABEILLE DEPLA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS "andre de l'antaloge d'Manellieur; les Etate, de aubliei de descriptionnesses desl'avantages Seconstiques de l'absence est une l'angue