

HUBBY'S SCHEME A FAILURE

His Declaration of Independence Not Such a Success as Was One More Famous.

Erasmus J. Proudfoot was the husband of a suffragette, a fact well known to himself and to the neighborhood in which he resided. Nobody ever had an opportunity to forget who wore the bifurcated garment in the household. It had been many round, pale moons since Mr. Proudfoot had been able to tear himself away from his fireside in the evening. Upon this eventful evening he had decided to issue his declaration of independence.

"I will be out this evening," he remarked quite casually to Mrs. Proudfoot. It was his plan to break the thing gently but firmly, and to stand by his colors to the bitter end. "Is that so?" she asked with a slight touch of polite sarcasm. "May I ask why, pray?"

"I have a directors' meeting." "No you haven't. Your board of directors always meets in the afternoon. Mr. Jones told me so." "Well—er, then I have an old college friend from out of town; and I promised to spend the evening with him."

"Old stuff!" snorted Mrs. Proudfoot. "You act as though I was a tent-went-thirt' vaudeville audience, ready to bite on anything. If you have an old college chum in town you can phone him to come up here."

"But I have got to meet our senior partner at six o'clock and go to the train with him," said Mr. Proudfoot, desperately. "Your senior partner went away yesterday. You told me so yourself." "Well, even at that," said he, in a final attempt to get by gracefully, "even at that, I promised to make the fourth in a game of whist over at Mr. Podsnap's tonight, and I've got to go."

"Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap are up at Charlevoix and have been there ever since July 1. Your work is really course, Erasmus."

"Well, you know I never deceived you in my life, Matilda," said Mr. Proudfoot, weakening. "I know perfectly well that you have never deceived me, Erasmus, and you are not deceiving me now. You had better get out your slippers and remain at home this evening."

And he remained. Just what is the correct food for breakfast? Some hold that the Scottish hardness is directly due to the national devotion to oatmeal. On the other hand, a famous physician once adduced, as proof of the superior vigor of the inhabitants of Scotland, the fact that they can survive such a lot of oatmeal. To add to our confusion, here are the views of old Mr. Jordan.

He had brought up from the village station the trunks and express packages belonging to the artists from New York who were spending the summer in the cabin on the old Jordan place, and had waited good-naturedly to open the boxes for the ladies. On opening the box of groceries, he found that one package had been pierced by a nail. As he looked at the contents sprinkling themselves liberally over the floor, he smiled tolerantly.

"Curious now, ain't it," he remarked, "how folk's tastes differs? I've seen folks that really made themselves think they liked that sawdust, and that it done 'em good! Now I got no use for them breakfast foods that digest on you."

"The kind of breakfast I want is plenty of buckwheat cakes and sausages—old Mr. Jordan straightened up vigorously—"sub'in that sets heavy on the chest, and nourishes on you."—Youth's Companion.

SPiRiT THAT COUNTS

YOUNG GIRL LEARNED LESSON AS TO TRUE HOSPITALITY.

Sparsity of Fare Need Never Be a Bar to a Cordial Invitation to Sit at Table With the Family.

It was Monday noon. Old Martha, grumbling, was hanging the last of the wash on the line. She really enjoyed washing, and would have been insulted had her mistress suggested sending it out; but being of a pessimistic temperament, she grumbled upon principle.

In the house, Miss Elizabeth and her niece Muriel, who was visiting her, were setting the luncheon on the table. It was a "pick-up" luncheon Monday, Miss Elizabeth explained, as she set two pieces of custard pie and a saucer of snow pudding on the sideboard. Muriel nodded. The family to which she belonged knew all about "pick-up" meals. But suddenly a look of consternation swept across her face.

"Aunt Elizabeth!" she cried, "if here isn't a visitor—getting out of a carriage!"

Miss Elizabeth looked over Muriel's shoulder. "It's Mrs. Steacy Regd!" she declared. "Put the tea on the table, child. I'll bring her right out." "Bring her out?" Muriel repeated; but her aunt was already opening the door, and Muriel, in an agony of embarrassment, knew that she had not even taken off her green-checked apron. She gave a hasty glance over the table. A little warmed-over trica-seed chicken, left from Sunday's dinner, and some quince preserve from supper, bread and butter and dried beef, radishes and tea—and the two pieces of custard pie and one portion of snow pudding! It could not be that Aunt Elizabeth would bring a visitor out! But she was interrupted by Aunt Elizabeth's voice, cordial and full of pleasure.

"Come right out, Mrs. Reed. We were just sitting down to luncheon. This is my niece, Muriel Hastings. Muriel, will you get Mrs. Reed a plate?"

Muriel set a plate for Mrs. Reed. She could not talk. It all seemed so embarrassing. At home they would have put off luncheon forever rather than ask anyone out—she waited in a torture of anxiety for her aunt's excuses. Then slowly she began to realize not only that there were no excuses, but that both ladies seemed to be enjoying themselves. Aunt Elizabeth only laughed when she offered the guest her choice of custard pie or snow pudding.

That evening Muriel suddenly said: "Aunt Elizabeth, I never knew one could have company like that. We never do at home."

Miss Elizabeth's eyes dwelt kindly upon the young face, which already had its tired lines of worry. "Do you like to 'put folks out,' Muriel?" "Why, no, of course not," the young girl answered.

"Well, then," Miss Elizabeth answered, smiling. "But it would work only with real ladies," Muriel persisted. "Well, then," Miss Elizabeth answered again.—Youth's Companion.

Too Much. In persuasive tones the good-looking woman who had secured an interview with the taxicab manager tried to convince him that the company owed her \$2.02.

"Something broke," she said, "and I was held up for 45 minutes while the driver tinkered with the machine."

Her manner was so impressive that the manager was on the point of writing out a check for the money demanded, but before doing so he remarked:

"It certainly was a case of over-charging. It wasn't your fault the cab broke down, and he should not have charged you for the time it took to make repairs."

"O," said she, "he didn't. It isn't overcharging I am complaining about. He made me late for a bargain sale that closed at 11 o'clock, and when I finally got there I had to pay \$4 for a blouse that had sold up to 11 o'clock for \$1.98. It is the difference I am fighting for."

Then the manager closed his check book.—New York Times.

Oster's Cure for Gout. Since his proposition that man should be chloroformed at sixty, Dr. William Oster has been regarded more or less as a grim monster by many people, says "One Who Knows Him." In reality Doctor Oster is a mild-mannered man, with a fund of genuine humor, as witness the following cure for gout which he once recommended to a friend:

"First, pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster who never washed to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who has never been covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; and, sixth, apply it, hot, to the gout-tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."

Good Way. "Yes, we had a big home wedding." "You say it passed off smoothly?" "Yes, we hired a Broadway director and he staged it just as if it had been a musical comedy."

ONE AMERICAN AMONG THEM

Clement Shorter Names Thomas A. Edison as One of Ten Greatest Men of Age.

"Doubtless," writes Clement Shorter, in the Strand, "there are many great men living in the world today—men with prospective greatness, that is, or even achieved greatness—but only time can decide. In my judgment, there is no man in the world today who is great in any walk of life in so striking a way that his contemporaries can unhesitatingly proclaim him great. History has proclaimed the elder Pitt a great man, but not so certainly his son. It has not assigned his epithet to Palmerston or Peel, and it is too early yet to decide whether it will concede it to Gladstone or Disraeli. The great man is surely he who, by force of genius, has impressed himself upon his age in some permanent form. Whether the achievements of Mr. Roosevelt or of Emperor William are of this character had better be decided a century hence. As you ask me, however, to join in what can scarcely be a serious discussion, I suggest that we take the name of a living man from each country who has, by invention or creation, stamped himself upon his age. I therefore nominate the ten greatest men of the present day as follows:

"Great Britain, Thos. Hardy; Great Britain, Lord Lister; United States, Thomas A. Edison; Italy, Guglielmo Marconi; Italy, Giacomo Puccini; France, Francois Coppee; Austria, Richard Strauss; Germany, Hermann Sudermann; Belgium, Maurice Maeterlinck; Russia, Elie Metchnikoff."

PAINTER IN HIS OLD AGE

Retired Rear Admiral Wins Distinction With His Landscapes Done in Water Colors.

Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who retired from active service in the United States navy four years ago, has thirty-two paintings on exhibition in the Corcoran Art gallery at Washington, D. C., which is one of the finest public galleries in America and one in which the knights of the palette and brush consider it quite a triumph to have their pictures exhibited. To a singular genius he has added painstaking industry, and has pushed himself up into an enviable place among the best landscape-painters in water colors in this country.

At a time in life when he was supposed to have finished his mission, and to be allowed to go back and sit down in a corner and be very still, the old hero of the Civil war and Spanish-American war appears as virile in his intellect as he was at thirty, and has become a master of art, revealing in a realm of beauty, and transferring the beauty from his own soul to canvas, to delight and bless his fellows. What a beautiful example this grizzled old veteran and this delicate artist set to old men who think there is nothing left for them to do.—The Christian Herald.

Independent Beggar.

William E. Kilgannon, clerk of the juvenile court, found out Saturday afternoon that some men beg because they do not wish to work. An agile fellow fairly well dressed was about the courthouse asking for "just a dime." He "struck" Kilgannon.

"I won't give you any money," said Kilgannon, "but I can get you a good job." Kilgannon remembered that a manufacturer had called him over the phone a short time before and told him he was in need of a good man. He said he would pay \$1.75 a day.

Kilgannon had taken the receiver from the telephone and was about to tell the manufacturer he had found a man for him when the beggar asked how much the job would pay. Kilgannon told him.

"I wouldn't work for anybody for that," said the beggar.

"All right," replied Kilgannon, "get out of here."—Indianapolis News.

How She Got Fresh Eggs.

A young lady living in a small city had impaired her health by too confining work in a city office. Her physician ordered her to a sanitarium for rest and upbuilding, and when she returned to work he instructed her to eat four fresh-laid eggs daily; two eggs for breakfast and the others raw in milk. Finding it difficult to obtain dependably fresh eggs she persuaded her mother to permit her having a small flock in the home yard. A portable house was purchased and fifteen pullets installed in it. A small broiler was paid ten cents a week to feed and care for the flock, two bags of ready-mixed food were bought and the result of the venture was not only all the eggs the young lady needed and a surplus which found a ready market at the corner drug store, bringing ten cents a dozen above the market price.—The Christian Herald.

German Working Girls.

Late statistics give a good idea of how the increasingly large number of country girls who go to the larger cities from villages and small towns in Germany earn their daily bread. The largest number are employed in cotton factories. There were about 150,000 girls employed last year in cotton mills and 52,000 in tobacco factories. In laundries 8,300 women are employed, of whom a large number eventually went into service as housemaids.

THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON

Realm of Festering Unrest for Which There is No Peace and No Hope.

A dreadful, fearful underworld. A wilderness of sin infested with crawling atomies as with vermin. A gloomy realm of festering unrest for which there is no peace, no hope, no relief, no salvation. A place of darkness, in which children awake in the night to grapple with the unclean thing. And that is what all the poor lost souls down there are doing, all night long and every night, but not by days, because there is no day in that foul Tophet. Down there it is all darkness and another of haunting forms and faces. Faces and forms made visible in the darkness by the phosphorescence of their own corruption. The old, old faces of little children. The gibber at you as you pass, and flout and mock you in your dreams afterward, all dabbled with tears and sweat and contorted with pain, yet bursting and swollen with evil mirth at the sight of one another's misery and suffering. They loom through the driving reek, pale spectral, floating on the unclean wind that forever drifts through these malodorous steves of infamy in a never-ending succession of ogling death-masks. Women's faces drift along with these others, weeping with an infantile abandon, making an ugly mouth and letting the big glittering drops ooze from their sunken or rheumy eyes and trickle down their bloated or hollow cheeks. Young men's faces, perplexed and frowning, that should be gay or resolute.

The sky above that intorted maze of charnel-houses is red as if with the vital stream of life as it ebbs out with the dying day. Night comes down as if God frowned.—Forum.

SHIP GETS STRANGE ORDER

Obeys Mysterious Message on Slate and Rescues People From Sinking Vessel.

Robert Dale Owen is our authority for the following story:

"The mate of a bark which was sailing southward across the banks of Newfoundland was in the cabin working out the vessel's course when he noticed a man sitting at the other end of the table busy writing on a slate. Thinking it was the captain, he paid no further attention, but presently, looking up from his calculation, he saw the man suddenly disappear."

"Startled, he went across, picked up the slate, and found written on it, 'Steer to the northwest.'"

"He called the captain. The writing was certainly not that of any of the crew, and eventually it was decided to obey the strange order. The vessel was put in a nor-westerly course and a man stationed at the masthead to keep a sharp lookout."

"In a few hours they sighted ice, and amongst it, in an almost sinking condition, a big ship. They reached her just in time to save her people. Among them was a passenger whom the mate recognized as the stranger who had written on the slate."

According to the other passengers, this man had been in a deep sleep or trance at the hour at which the incident had taken place."

His Money's Worth.

A man with a long but scanty beard and a gimlet eye came into Cyrus Teed's general store, in a little New Hampshire town, and called for five cents worth of peanuts. Cyrus measured out a pint and handed the bag over. The man weighed it in his hand and looked more discontented than ever.

"There ain't many there, he they?" he asked querulously. "Ain't it kinder small measure?"

"Regular full pint, what I always give for a nickel!" snapped Cyrus, who knew his customer well.

"Why, when I was down in Boston," argued the bearded man, "there was a place there where I could get twice as many peanuts as this for five cents."

"Well," said Mr. Teed, definitely, "the round trip to Boston is only \$2.55. Why don't ye go down to Boston and get your money's worth?"

This closed the incident.—Youth's Companion.

Nuts That Give Light.

"Seeds of two very remarkable trees have recently come to the government plant bureau through the hands of our agricultural explorers. Both of them might be called light bearers, though in ways somewhat different. One of them is the 'pili' nut tree, which grows in the southern part of the island of Luzon, and nowhere else in the Philippines. It is quite a large tree, and its seed is described as extraordinarily rich in flavor. All the Americans in the Philippines think it the finest nut grown. When the nuts are roasted, if a lighted match be touched to one of them, it will 'burn like a lamp' so rich is it in oil."

Baltimore a Convention City.

Down to the civil war period, Baltimore was a favorite place for national conventions. Candidates for president nominated there by all parties, beginning with 1832, include Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Lewis Cass, Franklin Pierce, General Scott, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge, John Bell and Abraham Lincoln (in 1864).

ORIGINAL TABLE FOR DEN

Desk-Closet-Bookcase-Table Designed by an Interior Decorator for His Own Use.

An interior decorator has had executed for his own use in a little, built-in den a unique desk-closet-bookcase-table. He bought one of those table-desks with a drawer in the middle and a narrow shelf at each end. The shelves are about fifteen inches from the floor, are supported, back and front, by little slats and are open at the ends of the table. He had his workmen make a little closet out of each of these shelves by placing a board behind the slats at each end, another between the drawer and the shelf to form the closet back, and a door with a lock and key across each end of the table. There was still unutilized space below the drawer and between the closets. This, it at first seemed, he would need for knee room when using the table as a desk. But at last he hit upon the plan of building into that space two shelves which, by touching a button, could be made to slide back far enough to permit him to draw close to his desk. These shelves were filled with books, so that when flush with the table edge, the gay bindings were in full view. The closets may be used for writing materials, liquors, cigars, pipes, magazines—any of the little things that usually litter a den. A cabinet maker or interior decorator would so transform a table for no great sum—Vogue.

CENTRAL IS SURE TO KNOW

Telephone Operator Infallible Authority on Pronunciation of Difficult Proper Names.

Three men argued over the pronunciation of a fourth man's name. The fourth man was not present. He was prominent, but unknown to the disputants.

"We'll settle this thing right now," said one.

He called a telephone operator on the fourth man's exchange.

"Say, Central, how do you pronounce this name?" he asked.

He spelled it out. She told him her pronunciation differed from anything previously suggested.

"But it is all right, am sure," said the man who had telephoned. "Those girls always know. They are an authority on the pronunciation of proper names." A man with a funny name can't bear to hear it called wrong, even over the phone, and the first thing he does when he acquires the use of a new telephone is to drill the operator on the correct pronunciation.

Sleep.

The doctor folk would change the instruction "early to bed and early to rise" to "early to bed and late to rise." They have been studying sleep from the physiological, the chemical and biological points of view, and they find that of the many sacrifices made to the pursuit of happiness the most unhappy results come from the sacrifice of sleep.

The Medical Record says: "We are apt to call Towser and Tabby lazy animals, but no physiologists doubt that they live more hygienically in respect to sleep than do their human masters or mistresses. It is declared that in the cities 'well-to-do' multitudes live and die without experience of the pure delight of unadulterated muscle fatigue and of the sudden and deep sleep that normally follows a day of purely muscular work."

The campaign for gymnastics, the preaching about exercise and athletics, the annual summer vacation rush, the vast literature about the simple life, even the back-to-the-soil movement, may all have their true source in that silent crying of the human body for normal living—a feeling of perfect fitness associated with intense wakefulness, muscular weariness in company with the desire for sleep.—Toledo Blade.

His Peculiar Way.

A well-known artist, whose pictures are characterized by extreme delicacy and beauty both of subject and treatment, recounted a somewhat flippant story to his model one day. Shortly after the model happening to pose for a painter whose pictures are noted for being quite the reverse of delicate, told the tale to him. "Rather vulgar," was his comment. Next time the model saw the first artist she said:

"Do you remember the story you told me the other day? Mr. — says it is vulgar."

"Oh, well," was the indifferent reply, "every man has a streak of vulgarity in his composition. In one it may come out in the stories he tells, while another gives expression to it in his pictures."

Ear Phones for a Church.

Ear phones have been introduced into the Wollaston, Congregational Church of Quincy, Mass. This is the first church in the city to adopt this invention. A transmitter and six receivers comprise the initial equipment and should these prove satisfactory others will be added as occasion requires. The apparatus is extremely simple, consisting of a neat box-like transmitter at the pulpit and modest watch-like receivers on convenient handles, in various pews. Receivers and transmitters are connected by invisible wiring and the electricity is supplied by dry cells.

MONGOLS LIVE IN SADDLE

Russia's New Protoges Are Likely to Become Nation of Legless People.

The Mongols, Russia's new proteges and subjects to be, are quite a different race of mannikin from the Chinese, Manchus, Russians or Japanese, says the Manchester (England) Guardian.

Every Mongol (even the women, who all ride astride) is a horseman, and so used as he to spending his whole active life on horseback that practically he has lost the use of his legs for walking purposes, and shuffles along only a few yards at a time, encumbered by his heavy skin clothing, on limbs shriveled by disuse and by grasping the horse and crooked from the habit of riding extremely high in very short stirrups.

The Chinese have always applied the graphic terms "horseback steers" to the Huns, Turks, Avars and Mongols, who are practically all varieties of one people, and have always extended from the Yalu to the Volga. They are, and always have been, nomads. Grass and water are their only "property" and absolute need, for they are, tribe for tribe, invariably accompanied on the move after pasture by thousands of horses, cattle, goats, sheep, camels—never pigs.

Thus from ancient times they have always been in a position to send 200,000 to 500,000 horsemen rapidly to any point; mountains and big rivers are the only serious obstacles; at a pinch raw meat enough for ten days' campaign can be "cooked" on the rapid march by placing it between the saddle and the sweating horse. If this vast movable force should be utilized again under Russian supremacy there are those who say that nothing in Asia can resist it.

SOMETHING NEW IN FINANCE

Incident That Proves That the Southern Negro Has a Good Head for Business.

George M. Bailey, whose editorial paragraphs in the Houston Post are known all over the country, believes that the southern negro has a good head for business and finance.

"Rastus," said Bailey, in upholding his claim, "was an old darky who worked two acres of land on a big plantation, and got his foodstuffs from the big commissary which supplied everything to the tenants. Rastus, having poor land as his share, was continually in debt, because he could never raise enough cotton to pay off his bill at the store. There came a season, however, when cotton grew and flourished on Rastus' acres, and when the storekeeper measured up the cotton he told Rastus:

"'You've got nine dollars coming to you.'"

"'Look yuh, white man!' exclaimed Rastus. 'Go back dar an' look at dem books ag'in. You don' owe me no nine dollars.'"

"The clerk complied, and returned with the statement that he had been mistaken, and that Rastus still owed the store nine dollars.

"'Now yuh talkin' sense,' said Rastus contentedly. 'Come on back yuh an' give me a strip ob bacon.'"

"'You see,'" explained Bailey, "that old fellow knew that as long as he kept in debt to the store they would give him credit, and he was afraid that if he ever got out of debt the store might refuse him credit the next time he asked for it. Hence his pleasure because of his financial difficulty." —Popular Magazine.

Masterpiece Gone to Waste.

The very seedy-looking young man made his way with difficulty down the corridor on the ninth floor of one of New York's best hotels, says the Popular Magazine, and knocked loudly at his friend's door. Anguish was written on his face and wrinkles on his clothes. He was a walking sign of what it meant to spend a hard night.

"What's the matter?" called out the sleepy friend.

"Matter? It's a tragedy, a death, the end of all things—ruination and grief!"

"Well, what it is?" lazily inquired the drowsy man, without opening the door.

"Whereupon the seedy-looking young man, leaning against the door and lifting his voice to a howl, replied:

"I called up my wife on the long-distance telephone last night and told her why I had not returned. I gave her a perfectly good excuse. And now I can't remember what it was!"

Cruelty to Animals.

Brian G. Hughes, whose practical jokes so often delight New York, said at a recent dinner at the Plaza: "I don't mind practical jokes on human beings, but when it comes to animals I draw the line." "Two artists were once bragging to each other. 'I painted up a lump of pig iron to look like cork,' said the first artist, 'and, by Jove, when I threw it in the East river it floated.' 'No,' said Mr. Hughes, 'there was no harm in that. But listen to a cruel, unfeeling laugh; I painted a lump of pig iron once to look like a roast of beef, and my dog ate three-quarters of it before he discovered his mistake.'"

Even If It Ain't Leap Year.

"Where is the Isle of Man, pa?" "I'm not sure, my son, but I know that the aisle of woman is the one by which she drags a man up to the altar."