WHY WE HAVE NO LITERATURE

Writer Says It is Because We Don't Need It and Have No Auglence.

Mr. Bryce, in his American Comwealth, calls attention to the fact that Americans have a way of deprecating themselves, a habit by which apparently they intend to forestall any adverse criticism One American, in talking to an English friend about American institutions, will tell him confidentially that they are not what they ought to be; will, in fact, point to the national defects with the air of a commonseur. To outsiders he will talk impersonally and deprecatingly enough about his own country; to insiders he will storm and scream at some of its crying defects; but the idea that the Constitution is not permanent never enters his head.

In the meantime, the Englishman never understands America; it is true that in criticizing America he is likely often to hit the nail upon the head, but never understands the real spirit back of the race.

It is likely to be said of our literature for example, that it is not a literature at all, that the thing which we are pleased to call literature is dominated by commercialism and is too hastily done. That is probably true but the real reason is that we have no audience. If there were enough people to demand a literature we should not lack for geniuses to

supply the demand. But the truth is that we do not need a literature. Why should we attempt to produce one, when we can have the benefit of so many others?

When the time comes, if our cosl mines and forests hold out, we shall make a literature of our own possibly just for the fun of doing it.

SAUCE IN CHEWING TOBACCO

Flavor Given the Weed by Licorice, Whisky, Honey and Many Other Things.

"I am a tobacco chaf," said the sailow man. "I make the sauces that give us smoking or chewing tobacco, as a food chef makes the sauces which give us sole colbert or poulet creole.

Take this dark, sweet, julcy plug of havy brown, so popular among the more prosperous type of teamsters. Well the flavor of this plug is due to a sauce made of sugar, licorice, whisky and honey.

"Here is a mild, cool pipe tobacco that young college boys favor. Smell it. Very aromatic, eh? Well, it has been steeped in a sance composed of the essential oils of citronella, bergamot and cassia.

"But it is when you come to the high grade Havena cigar, the cigar that sells for 40 or 50 cents, that you see the tobacco chef at his best. He common ingredients as sugar, bergamot, licorice and so forth. No, he makes them of bacteria. The flavors of the high-grade Havana tobaccos depend, you see, entirely on their ferments. Each tobacco undergoes a different fermentation and here the chef comes in applying the bacteria, or yeasts, which cause these fermentations, to the leaf.

"Yes, the tobecco chef of the highest type, the one who ferments Havana tobacco, handles the various breeds of bacteria as an ordinary chef handies pepper and sait, mustard and cloves and mace."

Enormous Cigarette Consumption. South Africa smokes 650,000,000 eigarettes per annum, and well over 600,000,000 of them are retailed in six-cent packets. Evidence to this somewhat startling effect was given recently by witnesses possessing special knowledge before the industries commission at Cape Town. The effact of this enormous consumption of tobacco upon the physical health of the population, must be considerable, and the Union government is being earnestly urged to take the question up. The Boy Scout movement is besing greatly encouraged as it is expected that it will counteract and decrease the spread of the habit among the youthful inhabitants of the cous-

Potato Exploded.

A potato, the size of a tea cus. in Vancouver, Wash., the other day Twhen it exploded in the oven of a range and shattered the cast-from grate, blew open the oven door, and saused such a loud report that the maid thinking sospeced had shot at her rushed from the house screening for belp. The explosion was due to the large amount of water in the potato and to the fact that it was in a hot oven. When the water was converted to steam, the skin being baked hard, did not break until the pressure became tremendous, causing a report similar to the discharge of a shotgum.

Passed Uncomfortable Night. To be forced to stand on his head all night was the trying experience is which recently befoll Charles Stokes, a laborer in Auburn, N. Y. Stokes entered a barn at night, and in walking about in the dark, plunged bead first into a grain chute. His arms were pinned to his sides, and unable to move, he was forced to inhale the suffocating grain chaff all night. He Hwas discovered by a companion next morning who summoned aid. Stokes was pulled out and rushed to hospital. black in the face, but apparently not

periously burt.

ENCOURAGING MEN OF FORTY

Many Famous Persons Have Achieved Their Greatest Successes After Reaching That Age.

B. W. Leader, R. A., the well-known artist, who has just celebrated his eightleth birthday, affords one more proof that a man is not too old at forty, or even at eighty. Burns, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Mozart and Raphael died young, but most of the greatest achievements have been the work of men who had reached the forzieth year. In fact, the sixth decade of life has been the most prolific in human master work. Within that period of existence Caesar wrote his "commentaries," Bacon his "Novum Organum" and Dante his "Divine Comedy." Cromwell was fifty when he defeated Charles I.: Columbus, Humboldt, Galvani, John Hunter, Kepler and Faraday, had they died before they attained that age, would not have effected their most important discoveries. Handel's "Messiah" and Beethoven's "Choral Symphonies" would not have been composed. Mariborough would not have won Blenheim, Velasques' "Pope Innocent, Rembrandt's "Syndics," Gainsborough's "Morning Walk." Constable's "Valley Farm" would not have been painted; Turner's legacy to the world. would have been robbed of much of; its splendor had his and their gamins; failed at fifty, while Titian, after he had passed Mr. Leader's age, psoduced more than one masterplece.-London Post.

ARARAT NOT EASY TO CLIMB

Only Seventeen Assents of the Mountain Where the Ark Rested Have Been Recorded.

Ararat is not a mountain that is climbed every day, or even every, year. Seventeen ascents have been; recorded. When James Bryce, unaccompanied, made his remarkable ascent in 1876 he was told by every one whom he met in the vicinity of the mountain that the top had never been: reached, and what was more, it never could be. Jinns and fiends and giants had prevented the rascally Kurds from even attempting to scale the terrible mountain, and since the Ark grounded there mortal man had not been allowed to trespess on the scaled heights he was informed. Hadnot St. Hagop tried again and again to reach the summit in order to silence the skeptics about the Ark? But: found himself each morning on waking quietly deposited at the base, whence he started. Finally an angel presented him with a piece of the Ark for his pains, but told him to cease his attempts to reach the forbidden ground. That was in the fourth century of our era, but the piece of the Ark is still to be seen at the monastery of the Eitchmaidsin,. Armenian church. That Russians, or a stray lone Englishman, had really reached the top of Ararat was not to be thought of.

Should Have Heeded Alarm. Because it had lied to him before, James L. Ogden of Newark refused to believe the burglar alarm in his house recently, and now he is mourning the loss of several hundred dollars' worth of silverware. Several times within the last few months Ogden has been awakened by the burgier elerm. Each time he looked for a burgiar but found none. A short time ago he learned that the alarm was set off by jarring of passing trolley cars. When aroused the other night by the ringing of the alarm, he heard the rumble of a trolley car and decided that the car was responsible for the alarm, so he just reached out of bed, stopped the gong. and went to sleep again. Next morning it was discovered that a pane of glass had been cut out of a window and that the silverware was gone.

Cat Makee Home in Church.

A black cat has made a home for herself and family beneath the organ in St. Paul's church, London, and all efforts to dislodge her have failed. The cat has been in the habit of attending church for the past two or three months. Occasionally she appeared at Sunday worship, but was more frequently in the habit of slipping in on week days when the caretaker was busy. Time and again the oat has been sent away, but now that she has a family to look after the diffisulties of eviction are increased. Evidently she prefers the comfort of the church to a precerious existence out of doors, and troubles little that she and her sursery might cause a dislocation in the mechanism of the or-

Then They Meved In, Client-Before we decide on the house, my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all un-

House Agent-Br-what is your husband's profession, madam? Client—He is a physician.

House Agent-Hum-er-well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy.-London Opinion.

The Only Thing She Could Do. "My goodness! I can't understand how she could give up her child. They may it has really been adopted by a family that lives in the country." "Yes. You see she found a flat that just suited her, and they wouldn't al-

low children in the building."

SERVED HIS TIME AT SEA

Youthful Experiences of Sir Waiter Runciman, Author of a Recent Book on Napoleon.

Sir Walter Runciman, author of the book on Napoleon, "The Tragedy of St Helena," is a Scotsman The sea early fascinated him, and at the age of twelve he ran away from home, tramped to a northeast coast port, and engaged himself as a cabin boy. His duties made his position anything but a sinecure and the treatment he received in it completed his disillusionment with reference to this particular vessel. The tyrenny finally became unbearable and he managed to decamp at an Irish port. His love for the sea, however, remained, and before long he was serving on an American vessel. where he speedily became well liked.

Unfortunately, his former captain. piqued at his successful escape, had him captured and brought back. Heavy punishment followed, with the not unnatural consequence of a second flight, which resulted in his getting to a boat upon which he served the full term of his apprenticeship.

At the right moment he left the sea for the business of ship moving and management. He has found time to write three books besides his newest; and to take part in politics.

CHICKEN ROAST IN SCHOOL

lows Rural Teacher Makes Schoolhouse Center of Social Life of the District.

It is as true as it is strange that in lowe many rural schols are so attractive that city boys are sent out of the atty to attend the rural school. I know one country school in which there are six children from city schools. A "ohicken roast" is the latest school attraction that I have known. A teacher is making the schoolhouse the center of social life for the district. She does not like the idea of baving a dance in the school, and she will not have kissing fracases, so she plans various social functions with stunts and games that have abundance of life, that are new. that are harmless. She does quite a little along the line of refreshments, and every one takes a part in the preparation as well as in disposing of the feast. The greatest success she has ever had was a chicken roast. It' was in the autumn, and was in the school yard. It was a close approach to a barbecue. Every man, woman and child in the district was there. Nothing else has ever aroused such an interest in the Kile district.-Journal of Education.

Some Historical Stamps. Many intensely interesting historical events have been recorded in postage stamps so that a large collection of stamps often shows in a most striking manner how history was made. There is a period of French history which is particularly interesting in this way because the stamps issued at that time so plainly show the changes in the ruling power from monarchy to republic and back again.

On one French stamp you see Mons. Barre's head of Liberty and the words "Republic France." On the following issue of stamps—those issued in 1849 -Louis Napoleon's head appears instead of the Liberty, the words on the stamp being still "Republic France." After that there was a new stamp, on which Louis Napoleon's head still .appeared, but the words "Republic France" were replaced by Empire France."

Parrot Frightened Burgiar.

The cries of Oliver Twist, a South American parrot, which was awakened the other morning by a thief prowling in the home of his mistress. Mrs. M. Osburn of San Francisco, while she was absent, frightened away the burgiar after he had gathered up articles worth \$23. The watchfulness of Oliver, however, probably will result in his martyrdom, as the thief, angered at the interruption of his work, seized the bird by the neck and twisting it cruelly, flung him' through a mirror in the dining-room. When Mrs. Osburn returned, Oliver was found on the floor in an exhausted condition, while an open rear door and the condition of the room gave evidence of the burglar's hasty

Peeding London's Zoo.

R cost \$32,490 to feed the animals in the London Zoo last year, hay, clover, and fruit being the three biggest items. Among the items were: Hay, 161 loads; straw, 208 loads; tares, 1,188 bundles; maise, 860 bushels; rice, 1% tons; canary seed, 150 bushels; shrimps, 1,835 pints; and Sah, 28 tons. There were 218 horses, costing \$1,506, and 152 goats; monkey nuts, 4414 bandredweights: 97,384 bananas, 4,219 pounds grapes. 12,013 oranges, 923% pecks and 21% cases apples, 71/2 tons mangels, 21,348 pounds potatoes, 6,806 quartern bread. 46.986 fowls' heads, 494 pounds sugar, 5,358 mice, and 8,575 sparrows.

A Boston Casulet. Mrs. Kawler-But how in the world: did you manage to hire this flat when the landlord is so set against families. with children?

Mrs. Smart-i told him my children were all underground.

Mrs. K .-- But that was er-Mrs. 8.-Oh, it was quite true. You see, at the time I told him, I'd sent. the children riding through the subway.-Boston Evening Transcript.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW

He Gizes the Youngster a Little Advice as to When to Make Decisions.

"Don't," said Uncle firam to his hopeful young nephew, "make any momentous decision when you're tired. When we're tired we want to get the question settled and we're ready to make concessions, to give way, and the other man is sure to get the bet. ter of us.

"We often hear it said that it's a good thing when in doubt about anything to sleep on it, and this is sound advice. The general theory of the benefits to be derived from sleeping on a question is that sleep clarifies the mind, but in coming to a settlement about a thing the most important advantage that we find in sleeping on it lies in the renewed strength that sleep gives us. It renews our courage, makes us ready not to give way but to stand up and fight and fit and able to fight.

"Don't be in a terrible hurry to settle things, Stevey, anyway. There are times when you must strike when the iron is hot but as a general proposition don't be impatient to get things settled: it's the man able to keep cool and wait and let the other fellow do the worrying that generally gets the biggest piece of the cake.

"We may meet occasionally a man of high and unbroken continuous courage, but not often; the biggest of men have heart sag at times, though they may not show it; we are all human and much alike under the skin if that's any comfort to you; we all have our moods; times when we are buoyant and happy and times when we are low in spirits and depressed.

"Don't, Stevey, settle things when you are feeling low and disspirited. You'll take a different view when you come back, as you inevitably will, to the summit.

'Let your decisions be made. Stevey, not when you are tired or depressed but when you are fit and strong, and pride and habit will make you live up to them."

REVENGE ON WEATHER MAN

People Anxiously Looking for Right Conditions Chuckle When He Catches a Bad Cold.

A grin transfigured the face of the shipping clerk who had telephoned to the weather bureau for particulars. on the day's atmospheric outlook. The grin conveyed a pleasing message to the manager.

"No storm in sight, eh?" he said. "No." said the clerk; "but that wasn't what I was laughing at. That fellow down there has got a cold. He's so hoarse he can scarcely Speak."

"A cold, has he?" said the manager, and then he also smiled.

of people about town chuckled gleefully because the weather clerk had of the hilarity his affliction caused.

"For the first time since I have been connected with the bureau," he said, "I have been able to make the people happy. As soon as an inquirer perceived that my head was all stopped up he began to feel better. If I had predicted a tornado within six hours he would have laughed. Nothing that I can think of makes such a strong appeal to the new general public's sense of humor as a case of influence in the weather office. The chief and three of his clerks had colds not long ago, and everybody who beard about it thought it the best joke of the season. Apparently they consider us responsible for their. own sniffling, and they rejoice in a

Getting Out the Strongth.

Among the applications for the cookship in a Richmond household was a rather dashing yellow girl. The lady of the house was rather doubtful as to the ability of the mulatto, and therefore propounded more than the usual number of questions to her. Some were fairly satisfactory; but when the interrogatories touched the question of making tea, the negotiations were declared off.

"How long do you boll tea?" "Well, ma'am," said the girl, "dat's matter of tasts, ain't it? Some folks biles it longer, an' some shorter." "But you do boll H?"

"Cert'n'y, ma'am, I biles it. Pussunly, I always thought dat two hours was long mough to bile any tes. To kin git de streefth outer any kind of tea is det time."--Lippin-

Blind Charity. "While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale, but,"

said the neardighted man to a New

York Sun reporter, "I recently fell impulsively for a story new to me. "'Boss,' said this man as he looked at me, 'I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together money enough to buy another pair.'

"You know, if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself, and on that story I gave up without another thought."

Both Had Orlevances. First Professional Humorist-Why so sad, old man? Second Protesional Humarist-I um the only one who takes myself

meriously. "That's nothing. I am the only one who takes myself humorously.--Life.

FIRM'S SIGN WAS CHANGED

Bulky Lumber Dealer Gave Way to Son When Latter Passed Him In Weight.

"When I knew John Fiske," said a Westchester politician, "he was in the lumber bus. ess on the West side of New York city, with his son as a partner. Both were heavyweights and both had the same name. John, Sr., for years had scaled about 860 pounds. He was a mammoth man, being more than six feet tall, very wide and very deep chested. His son was constructed on similar lines, and they were styled by their intimates as the beavyweight firm."

"'Father,' remarked the son one day, 'I rather think that I've beengaining on you lately and I wouldn't be surprised if I weighed more than won do now.'

"Foolish talk, my boy. I'll best. you by 100 pounds. You are heavy, but you are not in my class yet." "Let's get on the scales and find out. What do you say?"

"Quite willing to submit to the test. they weighed. John, Sr., balanced the beam at exactly 362 pounds. John Jr. scaled 365. Although astonished, John, Sr., merely said: T didn't think it, John, and you certainly don't look it, my boy.'

Beparating, the young man gave no more thought to the incident, but the next day he was further surprized. The firm's sign had been changed. Hitherto it had read John Pinks & Son, but now the deposed beavyweight had transformed it to Tohn Fiske & Father."

COULDN'T HEAR SCHOOL BELL

Fascinations of the Bright June Morning Made Boy Deaf to Call of Duty.

A hig bumblebee lay helpless upon a plantain leaf under the morning glory vine-a sad example of the effects of too much intoxicating drink. He had imbibed honey freely all the day before and now, past eight o'clock of a bright June morning, when his fellows had been at work for hours. he sprawled, half paralyzed, a shocking sight to busy people:

I took a blade of grass and tickled him gently in his yellow plush region. He raised one leg-he was lying on 'his side-and waved it toward me in feeble protestation. The gesture spoke plainly. It said: "Lemme 'lone, can't yer. Jus' wanta have HI'l nap."

A little nap! A little nap, indeed, on that morning when all the garden was rustling and humming and whirring and twittering with life. The robin, who was the father of a hungry family living in the apple tree. was hunting worms on the lawn; the portulacas had been open for half an hour-ever since the sun had touched them: the fat toad who lived near ing about with slyly twinkling eyes (he had probably been up all night, too); and the morning glories had been unfolded since daylight. The school bell rang. But I did not hear it. A school bell on such a morning? No. I did not hear it.—The Outlook.

Disinfecting Theaters A committee of French doctors has been instructed to submit to the Paris police a scheme of regulations for minimizing the danger of the dissemination of infectious diseases at theatrical performances. It is proposed, in the first place, that every theater chail be disinfected after every performance by means of sawdust steeped in antiseptics. It also is recommended that windows and doors shall be kept wide open in the intervals between the performances, that the cushioned seats shall be sponged with antiseptics, that the clock-room attendants shall undergo regular medical inspection, and finally that the air of the house shall be sterilized once a week by means of

need to be of a very hardy character to resist this drastic treatment.-Westminster Gazette.

Jewel Bex Alarm. Paris is now interested in my lady's

steam charged with formaldehyde.

Pestiferous microbes certainly will

jewel box with burgier alarm works in it. When the burglar picks up the box, or tampers with it, the thing gets busy with more noise than an alarm clock. Tip's advice to any lady who is warned by an alarm clock jewel box that a burglar is in the room with heris to refuse to be wakened by it and to interfere with his enterprise. Same advice to men. That device lets Mr. Burgiar get too near before setting up its clanging clamor. The less fooling. anybody does with burgiars at close quarters the better. The kind of burgiar alarm to recommend itself to people who think their lives are more valuable than precious stones would be one that would tell you the darklantern visitor was coming when he was five blooks away from your house.

An extraordinary plague of ants is causing clarm in the Durham, Enghand, colliery village of Ryhope. One hundred and twenty miners' houses are infected with myriads of the pests, which swarm in the living rooms, causing serious discomfort and damage. The ants spread rapidly, and swarm about the cupboards and on the food in the houses. They are of a foreign species, and were brought to the village in consignments of Egyptian hay. The colliery owners have engaged experts to exterminate the pests. The infested houses are dealt with in turn, the ants being dug out in colonies and their nests destroyed.

Ants Plague English District.

CHIEF DUTY OF SHEPHERD

It is to Shear the Sheep, According to Children of Whom Dr. Jowett

Tells. Rev. Dr. Jowett, at a dinner in New

York, said, apropos of his salary: "The cost of living is so high over here that I have decided, after all, to accept the generous salary that I first decimed. I hope that this acceptance won't call to my congregation's minds. however, the story of the sheep.

"A minister, you know, was once addressing a Sunday school. It was a Sunday school of little children, and the minister in his address desired to compare himself to a shepherd, and his congregation to the shepherd's flocks.

"What are these beautiful animaks? he said, pointing to a drawing on the blackboard.

"'Sheep! Sheep!' chorused the children.

"'And the cloaked figure in the foreground-what is he?"

"'A shepherd!" the children cried. "Exactly," agreed the minister. beaming with satisfaction. 'And now, dear children, can you tell me what to in that the strepherd does for the steep?

"A score of little mouths opened wide, and a score of treble volcas oried shrilly:

" 'He shears 'em!'"

SURE SIGN OF CONVERSION

If the Seeker for Salvation Tries to -Remove His Tattee Marks, He Will Stick

After a menth of doubt as to the new converts Cheerity the missionary made up his mind that he was so-

to stick. "He is trying to find some way to remove tattoo marks," said the missionary. 'That is a sure sign that he means business. Tattooing is not necessarily incompatible with religion. but a lot of converts seem to think it is and are anxious to shed those marks along with their bad habits. Pagan designs that they picked up in tropical countries strike them as es-

pecially irreverent.

"The average convert can worry along pretty comfortably with mermaids, anchors, and other emblems of the sea printed on his arms, but heathen gods and goddesses afflict his conscience sorely. In some cases of tattooing there is a repeated application of tannin that will remove the marks but that is not always effective, and many a sincere Christian has to go through life with the ploture of a heathen idol on his fore-ACD."

Early School Books. The born book invented in 1450 and d considerably up to the close the eighteenth century was the usual textbook of the elementary school. A thin slab of hard wood was covered with parchment, on which was printed the capital and small letters, numerals and some elementary syllables and

Over this a thin sheet of transpar ent cow's born was placed and firmly bound so that no moisture could penetrate. To this the Bible and the samnier on which little girls painfully stitched the letters of the alphabet, some "Godly saying" and a border of herring stitch, or some conventional pattern of impossible flowers and foliage and the legend "Mary Smith, her sampler," or the like, were about all that the children used up to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Window Glass.

Utility is the mother of nearly all decorative features. Windows were first designed to give light. The history of glass shows that the useful has taken decorative prominence. In old colonial houses glass in small panes was used probably because it was cheap. The such was divided by small pieces of wood called mullions. 'After many years glass came to be used in large sizes, and of recent years it has been the practice to have but a single sheet, often in a very large size of plate glass. These are permissible only where the view warrants their use. The average house or cottage is better without them, as they suggest the show window of a shop rather than a dwelling.

Haloyen Days.

Alcrone, or Halcyone, the daughter of Acolus, married Coyz. Coyz was drowned and Alcrone, on learning his: fate, threw herself into the sea. The gods were moved by the tragedy of the young lovers; they brought them back to life in the form of halcyons, or kingfishers, and they decreed that for the seven days from December 22 to December 29 the sea should remain calm while the seabirds built their nests upon it. Those seven days, the last of the year, are therefore called the balcyon days, days of tranquillity.-London Globe.

Styles in Cigarette Cases The newest cigarette case is a combination of gold and platinum, very

thin and perfectly flat, carrying only a single row of cigarettes. The curving styles are no longer considered the mode, the new cases being so flat that they are easily carried in the vest pocket. These are in gold with stripes of platinum, the stripe being sametimes one-sixteenth of an inch wide, or again five or six hair-lines of platinum write to form a stripe on the gold

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS