

IN THE FIELD OF FRIENDSHIP.

There We Are in Contact with Some of the Finest Issues of Life.

The field of friendship is a wide one and all our neighbors, both near and far, should be candidates for admiration there. The appearance of cold esteem, the passing salutation, empty of everything save chill formality, have larger possibilities behind them than we are wont to imagine. At any rate, to believe so, honestly and conscientiously, is an indication of an active faith, and is far wholesome than the suspicious that do their utmost to master us. It is only through this belief that we shall bring ourselves in contact with some of the finest issues of life and come to understand the unities and harmonies of existence. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind the important fact that man is not our only friend and neighbor. Neither patience nor investigation is necessary to the discovery that all things about us are capable of inviting neighborliness and dispensing it to those who are wise enough to take advantage of the hospitality that is constantly proffered. The towering trees (though they do not seem to tower as high as they did when we were younger), the humble creeping vines, the delicate flowers that spring up in a night, casual and ravishing, the whole movement and rush of nature in her vigorous and insistent moods, belong to neighborliness in the most significant and satisfactory sense. It is something of a relief to discover that we need not depend entirely on man for companionship—though beyond all doubt the best of his kind are to be treasured in whatever relation or condition they are found.—The late Joel Chandler Harris.

TRAGADIES OF MONTE CARLO.

Point to Time for Supervision of European Plague Spot.

Under the headline "Seven More" a French newspaper recently published the following from a Monte Carlo correspondent: "There is a slight reduction in the number of suicides for the current week. Of the seven unhappy ones whom the hands of Monte Carlo have hurried to their death after first robbing them, four have hanged themselves in the garden and one has hanged himself in his room at the Hotel de Paris. The last one was cut down, nearly dead, and taken to the hospital at Monaco, where he is being cared for in the greatest secrecy."

"A woman also has poisoned herself at Monaco, only a few steps from the museum that was raised to his own glory by Albert I. Still another, a young man 30 years of age, shot himself dead on Monday evening at nine o'clock on one of the beaches fronting the great staircase of the Casino. "And yet, among the stationers who meet regularly at the Higue to combat the scourge of war, not a single delegate has yet dreamed of suggesting the suppression of the slaughter house of Monaco."

Highest Priced Shetland Ponies. The Shetland pony trade has somewhat deteriorated of late years. In bygone days a creditor could count upon getting from \$5 to \$3 for a horse. But now these animals are practically unsalable unless they are pedigree.

The Shetland pony is celebrated in every country, and is much superior in symmetry of form, steadiness and sagacity to the same class of animals in Norway, the Faroe Islands and Iceland. Ponies coming from the islands of Unst and Fetlar are considered the finest and usually bring the highest prices. Those of the latter island are a cross between the genuine "shelle" and the Arabian horse. They are beautiful little animals, but wild and difficult to train.—World's Work.

In Mixed Company. The sort of people traveling and staying at good hotels has become very mixed. All classes and conditions of men are now sufficiently well off to frequent the more expensive places.

A lady found herself recently placed at a table d'hôte beside her dressmaker and the owner of a shop where she bought her perfumery, while a gentleman, recognizing his hairdresser in the smoking room, was accosted by him with the polite request: "I hope, sir, you will kindly keep my account, but I am staying here, as I usually do, at hotels, not in my own name, but as Maj. B."—London Graphic.

Do Not Be Morbid. To a degree sensitiveness is a good quality and one to be cherished. But every fine quality has its defects, and the defect of undue sensitiveness is morbidness.

Never torture yourself by wondering if on this or the other occasion you made yourself appear ridiculous. If you made a silly speech be comforted—people will not remember it long. If there was a clever thing you might have said and did not remind yourself that there are more days to come and there will be other chances.—Home Chat.

A Century of Peace. Lord Grey, who was once called in Canada "the governor of happy operations," proposed for the year 1914 a festival of the 100 years peace between the United States and Canada. President Eliot conspicuously immortalized, three years ago, on the significance of a boundary of 2,000 miles without feud or gun. With that, speaking of Ottawa some months later, dwell on the same thought. It was for Lord Grey to suggest a celebration.—Mississippi Journal.

FOUND TREASURE IN CELLAR.

Shoemakers May Have Discovered Hoard Hidden by Monks.

A curious story is going the rounds at Limoges, France, and has come to light through an anonymous letter announcing certain alleged facts to the police authorities. It is asserted that in 1801 two shoemakers named Valette and Triard, while effecting some repairs to the cellar of the house they occupied, discovered a treasure consisting of a sum of money and numerous valuable books. The particular part of Limoges where the residence of the shoemakers was situated stands on the site of an ancient monastery, and it is thought that the treasure found may have been hidden by the monks. Just what truth there is in the reported discovery is not yet known, but it is asserted that the two shoemakers, who were previously known to be in straitened circumstances, have of recent years lived on a quite different footing and have been able to purchase numerous house properties in the district. Their landlord is now taking proceedings with a view of testing the accuracy of the local gossip and of claiming the treasure or at least a part of it.

ENGLISH IDEA OF THE WEST.

Girl Really Knew as Much About It as Many of Her Countrymen.

An Indiana novel that thinks that one of the severest tests ever put upon his risibles was endured at a London dinner table.

The American had been seated next a rosy-cheeked, gray-eyed English girl, who affected an absorbing and flattering interest in the United States, about which she seemed to have imbibed the usual extraordinary ideas of some Britons, especially with regard to the parts to be encountered in the more sparsely settled regions of the west. She tried her best not to be incredulous when assured that things were not really so bad as she imagined. "It is reassuring to be told that there are not rattlesnakes in all the gardens," she said with a delectable smile, "but my cousin wrote me not long since that he had seen over 20 wigwags in one little village. Perhaps," she added, as her companion made no immediate response, "perhaps the wigwags are not as venomous as rattlesnakes."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Books for the Blind.

Divided according to age, the number of blind increases with advancing years. For the old blind, perhaps a third of all, nothing radical can be done. They must be cared for under the provisions for the maintenance of the aged. But they can be made happier by being taught simple occupations. Young persons, eager to do good, can visit them, read to them, entertain them with music. There has been provided for them a special type clear to aged and insensitive fingers, in which is a considerable library. This type was invented by a blind man, Dr. William Moon. His son, Dr. Robert Moon, is the secretary of the Pennsylvania Home Teaching society and free circulating library for the blind. Dr. Moon's address is 1319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, and, so far as the means of his society permit, he supplies to any aged blind person the most comfortable consolation of books.—John Macy, in Everybody's.

As Savages See Us.

The secretary to the Katikiro of Uganda in his book, "Uganda's Katikiro in England," tells how the dancing of English people impressed him, and his opinion is certainly not flattering.

"On this day," he says, "I saw how the Europeans dance to the piano, a thing which they like doing very much. When they dance they jump up and down and twist around, men and women holding on to each other in pairs; for my part I preferred the music to the dancing, which I thought was a shameful thing for men and women to dance thus together. They danced in many different kinds of ways, a different way for each time."

Eagle Tries to Kidnap Girl.

While Blanche Cribber, three years old, the daughter of Fred Cribber, a summer resident of Melmeta, N. J., was at play near her home a large eagle swooped down and attempted to carry the child away in its talons. Cribber was working near by and the screams of his daughter attracted his attention. He fought off the bird and as it attempted to fly away his brother, who had come up with a shotgun, fired and wounded the eagle. Its capture was then an easy matter. The child was found to be unharmed except for a few scratches. The eagle, though peppered with shot, will live and the Cribbers intend to keep it in a cage.

After the Honeymoon.

The wife of a business man with a small income has a rather monotonous life as a rule. There are so many duties that must be done over and over again, day after day, week after week, year after year. Her husband's work may be just as hard, just as much a "grind," but at least he sees fresh faces, talks things over with other men. That is why he can do so much for her by making a habit of stopping in to tell her, in the evening, all the interesting little bits of talk and news he hears. Many men often will not take the trouble to do it, more's the pity.

MUCH RICH LAND IN MINDANAO.

Big Island Has Millions of Acres Now Lying Idle.

Americans have taken the acquisition of the Philippines as a matter of fact. The islands are so far away, and there is so much of pressing interest right at hand, that the manner of arranging our new responsibilities and discharging our new obligations, is left absolutely to the government at Washington, says Army and Navy Life. How many American people know, for example, that Mindanao is a little virgin empire, with millions of acres of the richest land in the world, now idle and fallow, but capable of enormous production? An American officer who has just returned from there calls it "the pearl in the golden setting of the archipelago, the promised land for the toilers in the east."

A while ago there was circulated through the islands a petition praying the American people to grant the same trade privileges to the Philippines that have been accorded to Porto Rico, which island, after getting what she wanted and what she needed, jumped her export trade with the United States from \$5,500,000 to \$28,000,000 and her imports from \$9,600,000 to \$29,000,000 annually. Porto Rico is only a dot on the map in comparison with the Philippine archipelago, and the benefits accruing to American consumers of her products are slight in contrast with those which would come with the extension of our customs to include the Philippines.

INSOMNIA AND ALARM CLOCK.

Physician's Recommendation for Cure of Most Annoying Malady.

The patient complained of insomnia.

"You must get an alarm clock at once," said the physician. The patient stared.

"I mean it. What time do you waken usually in the night?"

"Two o'clock lately."

"Set the alarm for 15 minutes before two. As soon as it strikes, get up, dress for the day and take a walk of not less than two miles. Do not go to bed again that day under any circumstances, nor take a nap, even sitting in your chair."

"The next night set the alarm at a quarter past two. You will sleep until it wakens you. Get up as before, and take another two-mile walk."

"The third night you can venture to set your alarm at three. Repeat the walk. If you are not cured by that time you will be a more difficult case than any I have had heretofore; but if the habit of lying awake is not broken, begin back at two o'clock again and repeat."

"Another cure for insomnia is sitting up with the sick. Just bind yourself to sit up all night with some good, strong invalid, and if you are not permanently healed of insomnia before morning you may come back here and I will not charge you anything for another prescription."

The Lazy Venus.

She was very beautiful, though her face showed more indolence than intelligence—"a sort of lazy Venus," as Byron once said. While walking a very short distance in Van Cortlandt park she observed the golfers and was asking her companion, a sprightly young girl, something about the game. The girl explained.

"My Gawd!" responded the other. "Walking all over these hills!" Then she observed some more players on the links in the far distance.

"And do they play it away off there, too?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl. "They play it all over the place." "Well," concluded the lazy one, dismissing the subject with definite finality and a shrug of her lovely shoulders, "that's another of those nice games I'd like to learn—I don't think."—N. Y. Press.

Doctors Without Degrees.

"There are three times three too many doctors in the country," said a victim. That means nine times too many. But just think of the doctors in Germany. Everybody that is not a baron is a doctor. In America we have many thousands of doctors without degrees, who are made doctors by the public, and go through life without diplomas. Just as soon as a young man steps behind the counter in a drug store to sell patent medicines and soaps and tooth brushes, etc., at three dollars a week, he is dubbed "doctor." The pharmacist back of the prescription counter is entitled (probably) to this epithet, but all the clerks are "doctors." Customers do not know the names of these employees. They compromise on "doctor."

Different.

"Hope you will make one of our house party; there will be three splendid girls in the party."

"Beautiful?"

"Two of them are, the other is intellectual."—Houston Post.

Stirring Times.

"What was the excitement over at the Hobbleby residence?"

"A bee managed to get into the bathroom through the window blinds while Hobbleby was taking a bath."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

AN One Asked.

Mr. Goldsleg (severely)—There must be a check to this extravagance. Charles—Hractly, pap; and make it a big one, won't you?—Life's Pictorial Comedy.

HAS NAME FAMED IN FICTION.

Counterspart of Defoe's Hero Turns Up in Boston.

Judge Dodge of the United States district court was at his desk the other day when William H. Fraser, secretary of the Seamen's union, and Rev. George L. Small of the Mariners' home came in, conducting a weather-beaten sailor who wanted to be naturalized. The sailor laid his papers before the judge, who glanced at the same, then looked again and then smiled.

"Do I understand that your name is Robinson Crusoe?" said he.

"Yes, sir, Robinson Crusoe." Further questioning brought out that he was born in Wardo, Norway, 44 years ago, and that he is a mariner, engaged mostly on coastwise vessels on United States shores. He first came to this country in 1877, landing in New York on the ship Jason, although not of the Golden Fleece expedition. Crusoe did not know he got his name, as he had it so long, but he was called Anders in Norway. Inspector Moore asked him various questions, to which he answered diffidently. He thought President Roosevelt had been a farmer in the country, and that if he died "somebody else" would be president. The judge had to admit the correctness of the reply, and Robinson Crusoe is now a full-fledged citizen of the United States.—Boston Transcript.

NATURALISM AS A BUSINESS.

Entomological Societies Employ Men to Catch Bugs.

The man was brown and lean. "I have chased insects all summer long," he said, "and hence my look of health. I am, in a word, a journeyman naturalist."

"A journeyman naturalist?"

"Precisely. The difference is the me and an ordinary naturalist is the same as that between a professional on a golf course and an ordinary player. I—for money solely—do the humdrum work for the naturalist. I catch his bugs."

"All entomological societies employ a journeyman naturalist or two. At a stated salary the man prowls the world with nets, sugar, sbeets and the other tools of the trade."

"The net's use, of course, you know. The sugar is bait—we spread it in likely places. The sbeet is used at night; a strong light is thrown on it, and the bugs flock against it in thousands. The shock stuns them and they are easily captured."

"Have you never, in the country, got your hand or elbow stuck in a square foot or two of the molasses smeared on a gate post? The journeyman naturalist laid that trap, and on his return to it the next day found many a rare bug."

Champagne.

"All is not champagne that pops in the moral to be learned from the French government's proposal to guarantee the authenticity of the true wine of Champagne by affixing a penny stamp to every bottle of wine produced in that district. It is exactly 230 years ago since the sparkling creaming wine was invented by Dom Perignon, the monk who then had charge of the cellar of the Benedictine Abbey at Hautvilliers on the Marne. By "marrying" or blending the wine from different vineyards he discovered that there resulted an effervescing wine which burst from the bottle and fizzed in the glass. It came into England early in the seventeenth century, and was so esteemed as to be drunk from such small glasses that a noble lord complained that he was not in the habit of drinking wine out of thermometers.—London Chronicle.

A Sea Change.

"Don't talk to me about Englishmen," said the pretty actress, who had just got home. "One evening in London, when I was out with a party of friends I happened to say, 'Look at that rubber neck over there,' referring to a chap who evidently was taking us in. An Englishman in the party laughed uproariously at the expression, much to my surprise. It is such a common one with us."

"Last night I met him here in New York. I was at a cafe with some friends. He came across and said to me: 'It always has amused me, don't you know, that expression of yours in London in regard to the chap with the elastic throat. I have never forgotten it.'"

Uninspiring Plays.

What the theater should do for the playgoer is to provide him not with an absence of thought, but with a change of thought. The tragedy of the present-day London stage lies in the fact that so many entertainments produced on it, instead of offering a change of thought, probably have the effect of driving the spectator back upon his own personal cares and concerns.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Frequent Collections.

Tripp—Here's an item about a downtown business corner in Pittsburg that rents for \$41,000 a year.

Gripp—Gee, if I was th' landlord of a corner that brought in as much as that I'd be 'roued twice a day to collect th' rent.

Check-a-Deedle-De.

Knicker—Did you sleep well in the country? Bocker—No; there were too many cuckoo clocks in the morning.—New York Sun.

USED PARABLE TO MAKE POINT.

Author's Clever, if Somewhat Egotistical Answer to Query.

A reporter being a great admirer of the novels of William Dean Howells once asked this famous writer why it was that his novels did not sell nearly so well as those of—and here the reporter mentioned a half-dozen well known names.

Mr. Howells with a smile replied: "A certain quack stood one afternoon before the door of his rich mansion when a physician of great learning and talent passed."

"The two men fell into talk, and the physician, a plain-spoken person, said rather bitterly to the quack: 'How comes it that you, without education, skill or the least knowledge of medicine, are able to live in the style you do? You keep your town house, your carriage, your motor and your country house, while I, allowed to possess some knowledge, have none of these things, and indeed can little more than pick up a bare subsistence.'"

"The quack laughed good-naturedly. 'Look here,' said he; 'how many people do you think have passed since you asked that question?'"

"Well," said the other, "about a hundred."

"And out of that hundred how many do you think possess good common sense?"

"Possibly one," was the reply. "Well," said the quack, "that one comes to you, and I take care of the other ninety-nine."

GOOD RIGHT TO RECOGNITION.

Chinese Author of "Poetical Enigmas" Brother to Browning.

Andrew D. White tells this story of Robert Browning. The poet one morning, hearing a noise in the street before his house, went to his window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinese in gorgeous costumes who were just leaving their carriages to mount his steps. Presently they were announced as the Chinese minister at the court of St. James and his suite. A solemn presentation having taken place, Browning said to the interpreter, "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of his excellency's visit?" The interpreter replied: "His excellency is a poet in his own country. Thereupon the two poets shook hands heartily. Browning then said: 'May I ask to what branch of poetry his excellency devotes himself?'" To which the interpreter answered: "His excellency devotes himself to poetical enigmas." At this Browning, recognizing fully the comic element in the situation, extended his hand most cordially, saying: "His excellency is thrice welcome; he is a brother indeed."

A Real Heroine.

At a recent evening performance at one of the fashionable theaters on Broadway New York two women came into one of the boxes attired in smart frocks of pale gray, who were completely overshadowed in the interest of the audience by the sight of the third woman, who had entered the box a moment later. She was dressed in the deepest of black with a crepe veil that hung straight down, covering her face completely. As soon as she had seated herself she lifted the veil, disclosing an extremely pretty blonde face; her fair hair covered with the very latest things in widow's hats, white ruche and all. As soon as the audience had recovered from its astonishment and had time to note that she was smiling merrily as she talked a man in one of the chairs nearest to the box turned to his companion and remarked: "At last one of my ambitions is satisfied. I have seen a real merry widow."

Small Boy's Comment.

The average small boy of to-day is quick at perception, but not remarkably bright at application; but sometimes these two qualities are combined with startling effect. On the ball grounds, during a game at Albany, a small boy occupied a seat on the benches opposite first base. One of the Albany players, after two balls and a strike had been called on him hit a foul to right field. He at once started for first base, and with head down, plunged along like a steer running through a corn field. The small boy on the bench watched him until he had passed first base and was on his way to second, and then he yelled out at the top of a very shrill and squeaky voice. "Say, sonny, come back! You're working overtime!"

The Vanishing Forests.

The cuttings in Uncle Sam's wood lot during 1907 were the most severe on record. They were seven per cent. more than the cut reported in 1906, and amounted to considerably over 40,000,000 board feet. Texas, possibly because of this year's more accurate reports, rose from eighth to third place among lumber-producing states. The supply in the north is giving out; in the south the forests are being ruthlessly destroyed. Prices for lumber have climbed for half a century, while the average consumption per capita has risen from 250 feet in 1850 to 460 in 1900 and 480 in 1907. It has been a stupid waste of sylvan capital, without thought of interest.

What Willie Saw.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"—The De-Instructor.

A Little Tee Tia.

Gentlema—It's no use your whining to me; I can see through you. Begger—So yer ought, guvner; I've 'ad nothin' to eat for a week.—Tatter.

Scorched.

Mr. Crimsooback—What in the world's the matter with this shirt? Mrs. Crimsooback—Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear, that's all.

Mr. Crimsooback—Looks to me as if she had fried it!—Yonkers Statesman.