

HUMOR OF THEIR OWN MAKE

No Profession, Trade or Industry But Has Its Own Technical Jokes.

There is hardly a profession, trade or industry nowadays that does not have a periodical or organ of its own. And few, indeed, are the publications of this kind that do not devote a weekly or monthly page to the "lighter side" of the branches of human activity to which they are devoted.

He finds no difficulty, for instance, in the familiar anecdote of the bank president's daughter who, on being informed that her account was overdrawn, severely told the paying teller "not to let it happen again or she would have to speak to papa about it;" but he would very likely be unable to see the humor of a banking story whose point lay in some detail of the routine of the clearing house. And yet the latter might be by far the better of the two. The fun of the story of the new boy in the machine shop who is told to fetch a bucket of steam from the engine room is obvious enough, but that of an anecdote turning on some technical point of machine construction will appeal only to the initiate.

IT WAS ON THE WATCHMAN

Thought Belated Husband Needed a Drink After Test Handed Out By Wife.

The new night watchman tiptoed cautiously over the grass, and diving forward, caught the little man by the coat tail and jerked him down to a seat on the lawn. "Come along, me foina feller," he said. "It's up the river for yours. No housebreakin' goes on my beat."

"Oh, let me alone!" exclaimed the little man peevishly. "I'm not house-breaking. This is my own house, and I'm trying to get in. Mind your own business."

"Likely story," grunted the watchman, "enterin' yer own house be the wind at one o'clock in th' mornin'. Tidy that to the Judge."

"I tell you it is my house. My wife locked me out, and I was trying to get in this way when you interfered. The front door is bolted. There's the key if you want to try. Or you go and ring the front door bell and see what happens."

The watchman, still keeping tight hold of his prey, walked slowly and quietly up to the front door, then suddenly gave the bell a vicious ring. A second floor window opened with a snap.

"William," said a voice so chilly that the watchman shivered down his backbone, "can you say six thousand six hundred and sixty-six separate satellite scintillating sparks slowly and with respect to silence?"

The watchman, still grasping the shuddering William, made his way noiselessly to the gate, then whispered to the little man:

"Say, come down to the corner and get a drink to warm you up after that. I guess it's on me!"

Don't Forget to Exercise.

No man of affairs, however important or overdriven, can ever be too busy to take time for exercise, unless he wishes to apply for his long vacation a decade or two earlier than is necessary.

The place where the mummy of the Egyptians should be carried round at regular intervals, with a reminder that he has been dead for 10,000 years, is not at feasts, but in our business offices, workshops, counting houses and studios. There is where men are really killing themselves, instead of in their sports, their luxuries, or even in their vices.

Commercially slave-driving your body and brain may sometimes be a necessity, but the unbiased biologist of the twentieth century is beginning to suspect that the praises of industry, like those of a sacrifice, are sung most loudly and insincerely by those in a church or state who hope to profit by it—others!—Woods Hutchinson, in Exercise and Health.

Deceives No One.

The expectation that you actually can be one thing and appear to be another is doomed to disappointment. Hypocrisy is the saddest fallacy in the world. The disgust of the pretender are so thin that the simplest see through them. What you are speaks so loud as to drown altogether any declarations you may make of what you wish men to think you are. The deceiver deceives no one but himself.—Henry F. Cope.

MINCE PIE FOR BREAKFAST

It Might Pay Those Who Declare It Is Wrong to Try It for Awhile.

When our Puritan ancestors wished to throw the last touch of cerulean gloom into the blue laws they enacted to wit: "That no one shall make mince pies, or play any instrument, except the trumpet, drum, and Jew's-harp." As a means of mortifying the flesh and throwing a damper on the joys of the world this prohibition of mince pies was ever regarded as more effective than placing the aforementioned musical instruments in unskilled hands.

When the reaction set in it followed the pendulous law of reforms and swung just as far the other way. The skill in the making of mince pies became the very touchstone of good citizenship. The recipes always enumerated the brandy and the currants and the raisins first, and then, as a sort of afterthought, made casual mention that a little "finely cut meat" might improve the mince.

But the uncongenial environment under which the mince pie was born left upon it a superstitious tradition that it was not altogether wholesome. In spite of the increasing number of people who survive a second helping this prejudice obtains here and there unto the present time.

CURIOUS WORK OF PENANCE

Ancient Buddhist of Japan Writes 126,000 Words on Piece of Paper 13 by 7 1/2 inches.

For some time there has been shown in San Francisco a piece of paper 13 inches by 7 1/2 inches, on which there are written 126,000 words. This writing is the work of Kobo Tashii, a Buddhist of Japan, who lived 1,100 years ago. Before his time his countrymen used only Chinese characters in writing and he evolved the idea of the Japanese alphabet.

The writing on the paper is so fine that a microscope has to be used to decipher the intricate Japanese characters. It is an exact copy of eight books of the Buddhist Bible, and was written by the author as a sort of penance to purify his spirit. It is the property of a descendant of the writer, and has passed as a sacred heirloom from father to son for a thousand years. Every precaution has been taken to insure the safety of the document. In a case of white wood is a beautiful lacquered box wrapped in green silk. Within the lacquered box is another made of a very light porous wood that is extensively used in the manufacture of cabinets in which to store treasures. In this box is the precious writing.

Pepsin.

The introduction of pepsin as a remedial agent effected a complete revolution in the method of restoring to normal the ailments which in the old days were classed in a group as dyspepsia.

If physicians were to observe anniversaries of the discovery of remedies which had proved a blessing to mankind the entire profession would unite in remembering the fiftieth anniversary of the first manufacture of pepsin in this country.

Just half a century ago the late John Carrick, the eminent physiological chemist and the father of physiological products in the United States, made possible a new epoch in American medicine by producing the first pepsin.

Pepsin had been made in a small way in Europe before Mr. Carrick's enterprise caused it to be introduced here, as it was originally suggested by Dr. Corvisart of Paris. The quality was so poor, however, that its use was distinctly limited.

Queer Monument.

A monument erected in the Straglieno cemetery has a very curious history. It is that of an old woman of Genoa, who made a living by selling strings of nuts in the streets. By frugality and industry she succeeded in amassing a small fortune in this way, and then commissioned a well known sculptor of Genoa, Luigi Orongo, to make a life size portrait of her in marble just as she appeared at her pitch in the street. This statue she ordered to be placed in the famous Straglieno cemetery, probably the largest in the world.—World Wide Magazine.

Ready to Meet Emergencies.

"Be systematically heroic in little unnecessary points. Every day do something for no other reason than its difficulty, so that if an hour of need should come, it may find you trained to stand the test. The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic will, and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him."—William James.

A Good Pole Horse.

Prospective Purchaser—I want a horse to use in my work. Dealer—Well, what kind of work do you do? Prospective Purchaser—Wire repairing. Dealer—Here she is. Just the horse you want, young man. All you have to do is to show Maude a picture of an automobile and she'll climb a telegraph pole.—Judge.

HER DINING ROOM FURNITURE

How the Kind-Hearted and Gifted Rosa Bonheur Helped a Young Wife.

"We are not brothers for nothing," Rosa Bonheur once wrote in jesting affection to her brother Isidore; and in truth the wonderful, quaint, boyish little woman, with her bright eyes, cropped curls and breezy ways, was almost more a brotherly chum than a sister to the "Dodore" whom she so dearly loved. Much of the time on her country estate, in her studio and among her animals, wild and tame, she wore the masculine costume which her manner of life required, to wear which she had—with one other woman, a famous explorer and archeologist—received express permission from the French government. Yet this very mannish little person was far from unwomanly in her sympathies; and her latest biography records a pretty incident related by her friend, Joseph Verdier, the landscape painter.

"One evening she was dining with me and some friends. Among the friends was a young lady recently married, who gave us an account of the furnishing of her house. All the rooms were furnished except the dining room; for this last her husband could not yet give her the money, and she was compelled to hold her little receptions in her sleeping room.

"After dinner Rosa asked me for a large sheet of drawing paper, and while we were talking she sketched a delightful hunting scene, which she signed with her full name. Then, under cover of a general conversation on music, while tea was being served, she approached the young wife, and said to her:

"Take this picture to Tedesco on your return to Paris and he will give you at least 1,500 francs for it. . . . Then you will be able to furnish your dining room."—Youth's Companion.

WAS VERY HARD TO PLEASE

Broker's Wife Would Appear to Be One of Most Unreasonable of Women.

A prominent broker remarked the other day that he thought his wife was the hardest woman to please in the world. She was always asking him for money when he had none. "John," she would say, "give me 47 cents. The grocery boy is here with a bill. 'I can't give you 47 cents,' he would say, 'but here's half a dollar.' 'Oh, you're the funniest man. You never have the right change.' A dozen times a day she would ask for a few odd pennies.

Finally the broker went into the sub-treasury and obtained \$100 worth of bright new pennies. There were 10,000 pennies and he packed them in a suit case and lugged them home. Then he went to a blacksmith shop and had an iron tripod made, and upon this he hung the suit case filled with pennies.

The next day the butcher came with his bill. It amounted to \$5.67. "John," said the wife, "give me \$5.67. 'You will find it on the tripod,' he explained. The wife returned in a moment in a great rage. "Why, John," she cried, "I'm not going to count out 567 pennies for this man; I'd be ashamed. It's a wonder you can never have the right change."

A Modern Type.

They are usually of a willful fairness, with flesh kept firm by the massage; their brows are lowering, and there is the perpetual hint of hardness in their faces; but their manners are ungentle, their voices harsh and discontented; there is no light in their eyes, no charm or softness in their presence. They are fitting mates, perhaps, for the able-bodied pagans who are overrunning the earth, but hardly suitable nurses for a generation which must redeem us from materialism, if indeed we are to be redeemed. Facing them, one wonders if race suicide is not one of nature's merciful devices. How should they or their offspring ever replace our old-fashioned lady? Yet they are the natural product of much of our modern wealth, as she was the natural product of the comfortable life of a generation of two ago.—The Atlantic.

Motherly Admonition.

A New York woman of great beauty called one day upon a friend, bringing with her her 11-year-old daughter, who gives promise of becoming as great a beauty as her mother.

It chanced that the callers were shown into a room where the friends had been receiving a milliner, and there were several beautiful hats lying about. During the conversation the little girl amused herself by examining the milliner's creations. Of the number that she tried on she seemed particularly pleased with a large black affair which set off her light hair charmingly. Turning to her mother, the little girl said:

"I look just like you now, mother, don't I?"

"Sh!" cautioned the mother, with uplifted finger. "Don't be vain, dear."—Lippincott's.

Outlook for Peace.

"Scientists tell us that the sea is gradually cutting the continents away. . . . That being the case, I suppose the time will come when there won't be any land left above the water." "It would seem so." "Peace may some day be established after all."

TEST OF TRUE HOSPITALITY

Army Officer Tells of His Best Lesson in Cooking and Conduct as a Host.

The old army officer, distinguished alike for his character and his high position, had said to his fellow guests at the little mountain camp that he regarded a knowledge of cooking as a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman and a soldier.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "where I received my first and best lesson in cooking, and in conduct at the head of the table.

"While I was yet a very young man I had the good fortune to attract the notice of an old French gentleman who, with the remnant of his former large fortune, had come to the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, and established himself in a small cottage.

"In this little home the dining-room and kitchen were separated by a partition that extended only five feet above the floor. As monsieur was too poor to afford a waiter or cook, he himself performed the duties of both.

"He often honored me with an invitation to dine, and as I sat in the dining-room, waiting for the meal to be served, I could see the old gentleman's head bobbing up and down as he tended his stew-pans in the kitchen."

"How awfully funny!" said some one, with a giggle.

"It never seemed in the least ludicrous to me," the old officer quietly responded. "After placing the dishes upon the table, my old friend would remove his apron, put on a rusty dress coat, and dispense the hospitality of his house with the grace and dignity of a prince."

"I understood! Noblesse oblige, and all that sort of thing," murmured the giggler, contently. "All the same, your old gentleman, ministering at hidden altars and practicing mysterious rites behind that low partition, must have been something of a character."

The old officer gravely assented. "One that it was a privilege to know," he said.—Youth's Companion.

VICTOR HUGO'S ACACIA TREE

Planted in Childhood by Author, It Has Just Been Saved From Destruction in Paris.

An acacia tree, supposed to have been planted by Victor Hugo in his childhood has just been saved from destruction in Paris. The tree stands in the Boulevard Raspail, and its tall, curved trunk has long been familiar to the inhabitants of that quarter. A short time ago a certain M. Charurin bought the plot upon which it grew for the purpose of erecting a mansion. The whole quarter was disturbed at the news that a tree of such traditions was about to disappear.

When, however, M. Charurin heard that his new mansion was likely to demolish the object of a veneration with which he sympathized, he altered his architectural plans spontaneously, and built a semi-circular frontage to his house, just inclosing the acacia within the railings.

The association of it with Victor Hugo is disputed by authorities on that poet's life, but one may feel gratified that a tradition retains such vigorous life and that the marking of places connected with famous men is not yet purely municipal in Paris.

Gift for Business.

Willie's father conducts a boat-renting business on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll bail out the boats, Willie," said the father one morning after a rain.

There were 25 boats and Willie wasn't keen. So he was non-committal. A little later his friend Albert came over.

"I'll give you a quarter if you'll bail out the boats," said Willie to Albert.

"Gee! What d'ye take me for?" returned Albert as he surveyed the fleet of rowboats. "It's worth 35 cents, anyway."

"Well, all right, 35 then," said Willie.

Albert got busy and did the bailing, while Willie looked on and, Tom Sawyer-like, bossed the job.

The work done, Willie collected, paid Albert and pocketed 65 cents.

"That boy'll be a business man," remarked the father to Willie's mother later, but not in the boy's hearing.—New York Herald.

Large Enterprises Essential.

"Large personal fortunes acquired legitimately are in themselves an honorable testimony to talent and to toil; and, without large aggregations of capital, whether personal or corporate, great enterprises are not possible. And without great enterprises will the country show the marvelous growth which we deem an essential characteristic of American life, and will the masses of the people have the opportunities now so abundantly set before them to find employment and to develop their own fortunes, however relatively small those may be?"—Archbishop Ireland.

Up Against It.

Hokus—Why don't you try to get a job? Pokus—Employers prefer to hire married men. Hokus—Then why don't you get married? Pokus—A girl won't marry a fellow unless he has a job.

ROMEO CAUGHT IN CHIMNEY

Curious Antic of a Breton Lover Arouse Excitement in Village in Brittany.

This story comes straight from Morlaix, a very modern place in Brittany. Our Romeo, like Chaucer's hero, was caught in the chimney. He was going to his sweetheart, instead of running away from her. The pretty Juliette was a distance of some seven miles from his home. The enamored Romeo tramped it on foot all that distance. At night he reached the house, and called, but got no answer. As the door was shut he decided to try the roof. On the roof he found the chimney, and it seemed to him that was quite wide enough to let him down. He descended for some distance, but then, as he came near the fireplace, the chimney narrowed. He slipped and got in a narrow neck. Here he was caught, unable to move up or down. Before long he felt a suffocating sensation. If the thing lasted much longer it would be the end of him. He could stand it no more. After groaning he yelled, and he bellowed so well that not only was his sweetheart disturbed in her slumbers, but the whole village was excited.

The nearest chimney-sweep was called, but he could not help him out. The gendarmes woke up the mayor, and he, with all the notables of the place, went to look. They consulted among them, and the only way to liberate the captive lover was to pull down part of the chimney. This was done by some masons, and he was presently released, but before being allowed his freedom a police report was drawn up, with a view to inflicting a series of fines for breaking into a private inclosure, damaging other people's property, waking up the authorities unnecessarily, and causing a public scandal. Poor Romeo was very sad when it was all over.—Paris Correspondence, London Telegraph.

ROTHSCHILDS OF THE EAST

Mitsui Family of Japan is Famous for Unsullied Honor of Their Name.

The Mitsui family of Japan have been called the Rothschilds of the East; but while the fame of the latter has gone abroad over the world, says the Atlantic Monthly, the Mitsuis have remained practically unknown except to a few western merchants who have had extensive dealings with the Orient.

The European family owes its great renown to the fact that for a century there has been no slightest stain upon its commercial honor. But its career, it should be remembered, has been passed in a world where business itself has been held in honor; while the Mitsuis, engaged in a pursuit utterly condemned by public sentiment, for three centuries, in spite of the demoralizing influence of the social ban, have been trusted by government and people alike and have kept the honor of their name unstained. Now, thanks to the new spirit animating the nation, they no longer stand so conspicuously alone.

Other great commercial families are being ranged with this one, their members not only enrolled among the peers of the realm, but ranking with the merchant princes of the west as exponents of all that is honorable in the conduct of mercantile affairs. To their number are yearly being added many of the Samirai, or nighty chivalry of old, who once scorned all contact with trade, but who are now returning to bring to the rescue of their country the fine sense of honor in which they were educated under the ancient regime. That they will eventually succeed in their task, backed as they are by the instinct of common honesty pervading the rank and file, there can be no manner of doubt.

Apparatus for Finding Water.

The hazel twig as a water finder has been supplanted by a remarkable invention, consisting of a simple apparatus. The principle on which the instrument works is the measuring of the strength of electric currents between the earth and the atmosphere. These are always strongest in the vicinity of subterranean water courses, the flowing waters of which are charged with electricity to a certain degree. The apparatus takes the form of a box-shaped instrument fixed on a tripod, with a dial on which a needle is used to indicate the presence of water. If the needle remains stationary it may be taken for granted that no subterranean spring exists; the spot where the greatest movement of the needle is obtained is that where well boring operations should be made.

How to Clean Tapestry.

Shake the tapestry gently but well to remove loose dirt and then immerse it in a cleansing fluid composed as follows. Take four ounces of soap to a quart of water and boil it until it becomes a jelly; then divide this equally in two tubs of hot water, adding a cup of bran to each tub to prevent the colors from running. It is best to sew the bran in cheese cloth bags, so that it will not stick to the fabric.

After washing the tapestry alternately in the two tubs, rinse in water strongly flavored with vinegar (to prevent colors fading) and dry.

After the heavier weight of the water is out, stiffen with a thin boiled starch and iron quickly on the wrong side with a rather hot iron.

BURNED JUDAS IN EFFIGY

In That Way the Greeks Showed Their Love for the Christian Religion.

We hanged Judas Iscariot today. Having expressed our joy over the resurrection of Christ by gorging ourselves with roast lamb and bitter wine, by firing guns, rockets and torpedoes and by lighting bonfires, we gave vent to our remaining enthusiasm in one grand burst of mock vengeance directed against the unfortunate mortal who was destined from the foundation of the world to figure as a cat's paw in the plan of salvation. The burning took place in the front of a little church of the Virgin, situated on the highest part of the city. From a pole erected before the door hung a crude, wretched, melancholy figure stuffed with straw, and ridiculously suggesting the image of a man. Within the church the priest was conducting the regular Sunday service. At last the doors were thrown wide open and the whole congregation gushed forth like water from a broken dam, and immediately thereafter every man and boy in the square was shooting away at the effigy. Poor Judas whirled about and dived in the air as the bullets peppered him, and suddenly burst into flames. When a Greek feels particularly happy, or wishes to express his enthusiasm he produces an old musket or pistol and discharges it. Resurrection Day in Greece resembles the Fourth of July in the United States.—George Horton in Argolis.

WAS ALWAYS ON THE JOB

Mr. Bingleton Discovers a New Situation With Danger From Street Beggars.

"For a long time," said Mr. Bingleton, "I have made it a custom to look carefully in either direction before stopping to look in at a show window, doing this to avoid being taken by surprise by beggars. Now I have discovered another street situation in which one must take like care.

"Walking along the street this morning I became conscious that one of my shoestrings was untied and I looked along for a convenient store step on which I could put my foot up; and there I did it up, and I was busily engaged in tying the string, working away at it with no other thought in the world, when—

"Mister, I heard a voice at my ear, 'cain you give me five cents to get a cup of coffee? I haven't had—'

"And there he stood beside me, close alongside, where he had me at a disadvantage. He was within my guard, and I gave up, not because I thought I ought to, but because of my inward appreciation of the work of a man who evidently was always on the job, ever alert and letting no chance escape him."

Walnuts High in Food Value.

The food value of walnuts is very high. They are very rich in fat, containing as much as 63 per cent, while the proteins amount to nearly 15 per cent. It has been calculated that 30 large walnut kernels contain as much fat as 2 1/2 pounds of lean beef, and yet the walnut is used as a supplement to a square meal. Added to this the glass of port, say two fluid ounces, contains besides 180 grains of alcohol, 70 grains of grape sugar. In the combination, therefore, we have all the elements which make for a complete diet—viz.: Fat, protein, carbohydrate, to which may be added mineral salts. Port and walnuts after a meal are therefore, from a nutritive point of view, "ridiculous excess," and may lead to digestive disturbance. Both walnuts and port wine contain tannin, which is unsuited to some constitutions.

Easily Adjusted.

When the family for which Uncle Erastus had worked so long and faithfully presented him with a mule he was overcome with joy.

"Here's a bad kick," Uncle Raat," said the son of the family. "I told father I didn't see what you could do with an animal that liked to kick and back better than anything else."

"I got dat all planned," said Uncle Erastus, solemnly. "When I harnesses dat animal into my cart, if he acts contumacious an' starts in to back, I's gwine to take him right out'n de cart, turn it round an' den harness dat mule in hindside befo'. Dat'll humer him, an' it'll get my cart up de hill jes' de same."—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Stocking.

A writer in a French newspaper had been investigating the origin of stockings. It appears that Henry II, when preparing for the marriage of his sister in 1159 first conceived the idea of silk hose, and was the first to wear silk knitted stockings at that epoch-making event. A hundred years later one Hindres established a factory for stockings in the Bois de Boulogne. This was the first hosiery factory in France. It was a success at the start, and when it received protection from the then ministers, it was a kind of gold mine. In 1663 the venture was turned into a company. From it arose "the Society of Silk Stocking Makers."

Tragic.

"Here's another aeroplane horror," remarked Cynicus, looking up from his newspaper. "Anybody killed?" asked Sillicus. "No," growled Cynicus. "Couple married in one!"