

DIDNT REMEMBER HIS NAME

Queer Instance of "Stage Fright" at the General Delivery Window on Sunday Morning.

"Many people get stage fright at the general delivery window," said a post office clerk. "It is particularly likely to catch them on Sunday morning, when a big crowd is lined up waiting for mail. Most always they recover in time to give their name and address, but once in a while a man suffers such a severe attack of momentary aphasia that he has to step aside long enough to remember who he is."

"A queer incident of this kind took place at this window not many Sundays ago. The usual Sunday morning crowd was on hand. In the line was a man who was struck with the worst kind of stage fright the minute he approached the window. It is the custom for every applicant to sing out his name without being asked, but that man's mind had suddenly become so blank that he had no more idea what he wanted to say than if he had never been christened. At a busy time like that a clerk has no time to waste on imbeciles, so I asked him to step aside and give the rest of the folks a chance. Before he could make a move the man directly behind him sang out a name and address over his shoulder. The man's stage fright vanished instantly."

"That's my name," he said. "How on earth did you know it?" I never saw you before."

"But I have seen you," said the other man. "I have just moved into the apartment house where you live. I found out from the janitor who you are. I wanted to know because it is your dog that howls half the night."

"So even that victim of stage fright got his mail, but that was an exceptional case."

RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS

Interesting Ceremonial When the Escort of the Sacred Carpet Gets Back to Cairo.

Yesterday morning, writes the Cairo correspondent of the Queen, was devoted to watching the ceremonial return of the Mahmal and its attendant escort of soldiers and pilgrims from Mecca. The sacred kiswe or carpet, which is the annual tribute from Cairo and which journeyed to Mecca with the pilgrims, has now taken its place as the covering of the Kaaba, while that which it replaced has already been divided as valuable mementos among the faithful.

The ceremony of the return of the pilgrims as that of their departure is celebrated in the great Place Mohamed Ali, below the ramparts of the citadel, the square being outlined with Egyptian troops. The khedive was present of course yesterday with all his ministers and staff, and many of the European notables and a tremendous concourse of less important spectators were present to view the ceremony.

The departure of the Mahmal took place so early in November that but few visitors were in the place to witness it, and as the Mohammedan calendar is nearly a fortnight shorter than ours, before long this interesting annual event will be relegated to the days of the early autumn, whereas the European element will be deprived of one of the few remaining purely Egyptian festivals. Statistics from Mecca this year state the number of pilgrims at the enormous figure of 90,051, out of which Egypt accounted for no less than 15,619.

Being Your Own Papering.

In preparing the paper for hanging, first trim off all white edges which might show afterward. Then spread the paste on the paper, very evenly, to obviate the danger of irregular drying and later spots. Regulate the temperature of the room so that the paper will dry within one hour after hanging.

The following method of estimating the number of rolls of paper may be of help. This estimate holds good for rooms of from seven to nine feet in height. Measure the number of yards around the room, and multiply this by two. The resultant figure represents the number of full-length strips. For each ordinary sized window and door allow two strips each. Subtract this from the first figure, and divide by five. This will give you the number of double rolls required. This estimate makes allowance enough so that the trimmings fill in odd places.—Country Life in America.

Fashion a Necessity.

The women of the West Indies have been wearing the hobble skirt for years and are apt to wear it for years to come. The hobble may have originated with these women of the tropics, but they probably care little for the credit, as their hobble is more of a necessity than a fashion decree. They wear a bell anywhere between the shoulders and the hips, and the tight hobble cord is placed just below the knees. They are often forced to walk through long, wet grass and ford streams, and when occasion demands it the skirts are pulled up and the hobble cord holds them in place. Every native woman wears a hobble, but she calls it a "grazitto."

In Proportion.

Wife—I want a cap, please, for my husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wife—Well, I really forget. His collar are size 18, though I expect he'd want about size 18 or 20 for a cap, wouldn't he?

HOPS FOR PILLOW FILLING

Austrian Peasant Woman Recommends Them for Their Efficiency as Sleep Inducer and Beautifier.

A man who suffered from sleeplessness picked up in Austria recently what seemed to him to be the best remedy he had ever found. It was nothing more or less than a pillow stuffed with hops. An Austrian peasant woman recommended it not alone as a sleep producer but as a beautifier as well.

Returning to this country the man bought some New York hops, famous for their beer making qualities, but to his surprise they did not work as well as the hops he had tried abroad. He found out by experiment that hops that made good beer didn't necessarily produce good sleep.

After he had sampled a lot of different kinds of hops he found that by mixing hops grown in Bohemia with hops grown in California and Oregon he got a combination which seemed to answer all purposes in the sleep producing line.

He decided that he had hit it right when he took a couple of pillows he had stuffed with this combination in his office downtown home with him on the elevator. He got in at Rector street carrying the pillow and sat in one of the double seats. Two men and a messenger boy sat with him. At Fifty-ninth street all three were in profound slumber. Several other persons who had been reading newspapers near him were in evident distress in their efforts to keep awake.

Inquiry at different drug stores seemed to indicate that the hop pillow idea was a new one, though hops long have been known to have sleep inducing qualities, as shown particularly in the case of beer. According to those who have tried hop pillows, you get all the soporific qualities of the hops in this way without breaking any temperance pledges or suffering any harmful effects.

LADY MACBETH LOVES CHOPS

Butcher Attributes Genius of Artist and Actress to Fact They Eat His Meat.

It is not altogether easy to imagine a Lady Macbeth eating chops. Yet, her greatest impersonator got her inspiration from them. If one may rely on an altogether delightful authority, on a certain occasion, writes Mr. E. V. Lucas in his recent book, "The Second Post," the painter Haydon paid his butcher, who reciprocated by expressing great admiration for the artist's painting of "Alexander."

"Quite alive, sir!" said the butcher. "I am glad you think so," said the artist.

"Yes, sir; but as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not eat my meat, sir."

"Very true, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, I have a fancy for genius, sir."

"Have you, Mr. Sowerby?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Siddons, sir, has eat my meat, sir. Never was such a woman for chops, sir! Ah, sir, she was a wonderful creature!"

"She was, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, when she used to act that there character—but Lord, such a head, as I say to my sister—that there woman, sir, that murders a king between 'em."

"Oh, Lady Macbeth."

"Ah, sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth. I used to get up with the butcher behind her carriage when she acted, and I used to see her looking quite wild, and all the people quite frightened."

"Aha, my lady," says I, "if it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do that!"—Youth's Companion.

Water-Elephants.

The existence of a hitherto unknown beast, the water-elephant, has recently been discovered. No specimen of this animal has as yet been brought to Europe, nor has its skeleton come into the hands of scientists, and not so much as a photograph of it is known to exist. M. Le Petit, an explorer, came across five on the banks of a lake in the Upper Congo. As soon as he approached they dived into the water and swam off, leaving only their trunks above the water. They are, he says, about six and a half feet high, with long necks, short ears, and short trunks. Judging from their tracks, their feet differ considerably from those of the ordinary elephant.

His Bones Easily Broken.

Known as the "glass-bone boy," James Loertsch of Caldwell, N. J., kept up his record when he fell on the sidewalk in front of his home a few days ago and broke his arm. This is James' eighth bone-breaking feat in the eight years of his life and his third within the last five months. In September he broke his right leg in kicking a football. In November, when he was standing in a wagon, the horse moved unexpectedly and jolted him to the wagon bed. The jolt did not roll him from the wagon, but broke his left arm.

Ruins in Yucatan.

There is in Yucatan a chain of ruins 300 miles long, where once stood buildings richly decorated and erected with a vast amount of architectural knowledge. The buildings belonged to the stone age, when the remarkable figures in stone were carved with pieces of flint. The people of this age had not the use of either bronze or iron.

STREAM CHANGED ITS COURSE

North River in One Night Moved Its Mouth Three Miles to the Northward.

There is a stream in this state called the North river. It starts in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Scituate. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Scituate and the river is 40 miles long.

This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, barring the Dead sea, on this footstool and has stood more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it up hill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that.

This North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbia, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of November 27, 1858, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshfield with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh.

But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see. There is one place in Hanover where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for 15 miles in doing it.—Boston Transcript.

BANDITS' SCHEME IN CHINA

Robbers Themselves Conduct the Business and Collect Premium at the Insurance Bureau.

The bandits of Manchuria and Mongolia have adopted a new way of acquiring at least a portion of the goods of the traveler. These mounted highwaymen in bands not only constantly attack the peaceful native population but even rob travelers in broad daylight.

As a provision against this danger, says the Oriental Economic Review, an insurance bureau where one buys a banner, at a cost of about 1,500 of the value of the property to be insured, is established there.

This banner carried by a traveler will save him from the bandit's attack, for curiously enough they themselves conduct this insurance business. But it has its limitations.

"I paid our premium at the insurance bureau," says a Japanese traveler, "secured a red banner, and our party then started from Harbin, using several sturdy ponies for ourselves and the carrying of our luggage. After traveling about ten miles we reached a small town called Takhi, where we put up at an inn for the night in order to do business with our customers there."

"Several of these customers came to see us in the evening and warned us that there were many mounted bandits in the neighborhood. When we told them there was no cause for anxiety on their account because of the insurance, they informed us that by it our safety was guaranteed only on the highways, but that the bandit bureau was not responsible for what might happen inside of any building."

Goose as a Pet.

During a recent visit to Bridlington, writes a correspondent of Country Life, I was much amused to come across a large goose that had been adopted as the pet of a small home in the older part of the town. It frequently followed its master on the pier and in the streets and might often be seen waddling after him with slow, measured steps along the country lanes, sometimes walking eight and ten miles at a stretch.

Two years ago the live goose was sent in November for the Christmas day dinner, a destiny which was never fulfilled, as before a week had passed it had become the pet of the family, walking in and out of the house at its leisure. It now often takes its food from the children's hands at the dinner table and constantly perches on the man's shoulder as he sits and reads. The old bird is a popular favorite in Bridlington, where it is well known by the name of John Willie.

Absent-Minded After His Trial.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" begins the minister, when the bridegroom, Mr. Chester Stox, the eminent financier, interrupts with:

"I don't remember."

Then, seeing the looks of amazement on the faces of all, he realises where he is, and exclaims:

"I beg your pardon! For the moment I was thinking about my trial last week. Certainly I take her!"—Life.

A Flyer's Joke.

Hubert Latham, the Antoinette flyer, was talking at a tea in Los Angeles, to a pretty California girl.

"Mr. Latham," said the girl, as she took her nineteenth walnut and lettuce sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"

"Well, no, none in particular," Mr. Latham answered. "Amica or horse flight—none's as good as another."

LOOKED "NUMBER FIVE FAT"

Man is Disappointed in Description of His Appearance in the Eyes of Others.

Many a man has wanted to know how he appeared in the eyes of his fellow men—and been sadly disappointed to find out. Elihu Vedder, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, tells a story of such a man.

Weary and hot from his long summer day's work uptown, he was wending his way to the South ferry. His home was on Staten Island. In anticipation of the cooling breeze on the bay, with dripping brow he stopped to refresh himself frequently, but in vain—for it was a very hot day.

His last stop brought him opposite a ready-made clothing establishment, and the idea struck him that his comparatively thick coat was responsible for his discomfort. Acting on this thought, he stepped across the street and asked the intelligent attendant if he had anything in the way of a coat more suitable to the season than the one he was wearing—something he could put on at once and that would fit.

"Let me see, let me see," said the man. "I think I have just the thing in alpaca," and after a careful survey of our friend's figure, he turned and cried with a loud voice, "James! Bring me a No. 5-fat."

The coat was done up in a neat package, which the purchaser said he would carry himself, for being a suburbanite, he had been feeling strange going home without his usual bundle. When relating this incident, he remarked to a friend that he had always wondered what he was like, but that now his doubts were set at rest.

"I know what I look like and what I am. I am a No. 5-fat." He had found his formula.

ENGLISH BEAUTY SECRET OUT

Daily Bath is Given as One Reason for International Laurels for Beauty.

A recent interview of Mme. Lina Cavalieri, published in a Paris paper, found its way to Berlin—to the office of the Berliner Tageblatt—where a writer signing himself or herself "Amadis" reproves the prima donna for proclaiming "Englishmen, and especially English officers, to be the handsomest and generally the most beautiful specimens of manhood in the world."

"Amadis" admits that Englishmen may be entitled to international laurels for beauty, "because—for the reason Signorina Cavalieri puts forward—they bathe oftener than other men." But opinions differ radically, however, on Signorina Cavalieri's deduction that English officers are especially useful members of human society.

"We men of other nationalities are duly ashamed, but we console ourselves with the reflection that men are not expected both to be good looking and to strive for glory of another kind. Important men are never handsome. Goethe and Alexander the Great, who combined genius with a beautiful exterior, were the exceptions which prove the rule.

"The other notabilities of history, if they could be lined up, would resemble a collection of Barnum's freaks. Yet they are the men who achieved things and left the imprint of their personalities upon their epochs. One limped like Byron, others were crooked like Schiller or Leopold. Still another was bald like Aeschylus. Another, like Socrates, was frightened by horses. And not one of them was fond of ablutatory exercises, not even the Apollo-like Gothe, who semi-annually entered in his diary, with unmistakable relief: 'Bathed today!'"

Child's Pathetic Suicide.

A pathetic tragedy took place the other day at Nuneaton (Warwick), the victim being Sarah Ann Farmer, a child of thirteen, who committed suicide by drowning herself in a canal. The child lived with her mother's brother and his wife. She started work at a Nuneaton factory some months ago, but was discharged after a few days. Since then she had tried again and again to obtain work elsewhere, but always unsuccessfully. Recently, the aunt's son asked the girl to clean his boots, and when she refused he struck her and told the girl to go out and get work. When she returned home in the evening there was further unpleasantness, and eventually the child made her way to the canal and in the darkness, drowned herself.—London Mail.

Something New in Clairvoyance.

A new problem for schoolmasters is reported from Okayama, Japan, where a boy named Kawasaki, aged sixteen, has developed gifts of clairvoyance which are declared to render examinations futile. Recently he forecasted accurately all the questions set in several examinations, with the result that his classmates all scored full marks by learning the answers to these questions by heart and neglecting any other preparation.

Naturally.

John Kendrick Bangs, at a banquet in New York, pleased his fellow-diners with an epigram at the expense of one of the foreign "high-brow" playwrights.

"Of course," said Mr. Bangs, "he thinks that he is superior to his brother craftsmen, especially to his brother craftsmen in America. You know how it is. When a man deems himself one in a thousand, he naturally looks on all the rest as ciphers."

WHERE TUBS PRECEDE BOOKS

Denmark School Children Must Bathe Before They File in for Prayers and Recitations.

Denmark is one of the cleanest countries imaginable. In a Copenhagen public school one may see an interesting sight. Mounting the spotless stone staircase to the first flight every morning you may see at eight o'clock the children assemble and answer to their names and then march to a dressing room. Here they undress, and each child neatly folds its clothes and puts the tidy bundle on the floor. Then the children go into a small square room with shelves all around and on these shelves are innumerable wooden tubs, such as we use in America for washing, with two iron bands around them. Everything is in immaculate order. The teacher gives each child a tub and he or she takes it to an immense and well lighted wash-room.

Of course the boys and girls are washed separately, and they perform this ablution by grade, the tiniest ones coming first. The floor of the wash room is of cement and in the center is a latticed wooden floor. Around the top of the walls runs a nickel shower pipe, the water of which is regulated by the teacher. Under these showers at the height where the small figures can reach, are nickel stands with soap and the stiffest hog bristle brushes which make one shiver. Nearby is a faucet.

Each child puts his or her tub under the faucet and pours the necessary amount of water into it and proceeds to scrub—not himself or herself—but the child in front. When all are clean the teacher turns on the showers and they are all thoroughly rinsed with first hot and then cold water. Each child is obliged to empty its own tub, then the clean, rosy little bodies dry themselves with rough towels, standing on the wooden latticed floor. Each tub has to be carefully put away, the children dress themselves and they file in for prayers and the business of recitation begins.—Youth's Companion.

WILL BUILD RUSSIAN CANAL

Minimum Depth of Proposed Canal Between Black and Baltic Seas to Be Fourteen Feet.

A committee has been formed at St. Petersburg to prepare for the construction of a canal between the Black Sea and the Baltic. The engineering project, which has been prepared by M. Rugetschel, is to build a canal with a minimum depth of 14 feet. The original project was to have a canal 31 feet deep, so as to allow the passage of large warships, but the government rejected this on the ground that sufficient water could not be found to feed such a canal.

The total length of the canal from Riga to Kheron is 2010 versts, a verst measuring 3,501 feet. Of this 485 versts would follow the bed of the West Dvina from Riga to the village of Breshenkovitch. From there the canal would follow a new route for 95 versts, joining the Dnieper at the town of Koplus. For the remaining 1,520 versts the Dnieper would be utilized, except at the rapids, where a new canal would have to be excavated.

The Dnieper would require dredging at many points. The Dvina would have to be made into a canal for its entire length and would require 16 locks. The water would be drawn from the Beresna by a canal 125 versts long.

The cost of the canal is estimated at \$150,000,000. The plan is to raise money by bonds on the foreign market, but to exclude foreigners from holding any of the share capital. The government is to be asked for a guarantee, and only Russian labor, material and machinery are to be used. The promoters rely on a gross annual revenue of \$16,950,000.—London Correspondence New York Sun.

He Sailed on the Constitution.

John Lowe, who once was a member of the crew of the historic frigate Constitution, has died at his home in Portsmouth, N. H., after a short illness. He was born in New York January 9, 1824. When he was seven years old both of his parents died. After a limited amount of schooling he learned the trade of a stone mason, but in 1853 he enlisted in the Marine Corps at Brooklyn navy yard and after a short stay at the yard barracks was assigned to the Constitution, then commanded by Commodore Isaac Mayo. The ship soon left New York for Gibraltar and a cruise in the Mediterranean and returned to this country in 1855. On the expiration of his enlistment Mr. Lowe, re-enlisted in 1856 and went to the Portsmouth naval station in the vessel when he was sent there to be rebuilt. He was transferred to the marine barracks at the navy yard and served out his second term of enlistment.

Great in More Ways Than One.

"One peculiarity of automobiles that I don't remember to have heard mentioned," said a man who had just sent a suit of clothes to the cleaner, "is found in their great bility as mud and slush splashers."

"An ordinary narrow rimmed wheel cuts into mud and slush and doesn't scatter either so much, but the broad, round faced tire of an automobile moving rapidly throws wide sheets and sprays far out from its wheels. When you see an automobile coming swiftly along a muddy or slushy street you want to stand back—way back. This I have learned by experience."

MAY SOON SEE OUR THOUGHTS

Dr. Edwards Seriously Predicts Great Future for X-Ray and Tells of Work Done.

London.—Dr. Hall Edwards of Birmingham, who has lost his left arm and the use of his right hand is experimenting with the X-ray, described in a lecture a few days ago in a matter-of-fact way how he had battled for secrets which have left him maimed, a martyr to science.

Discussing the dangers of the X-rays, Dr. Edwards said:

"My experience has taught me that every good thing can be turned to harm. The drug that will not do harm I feel pretty sure will not do good either."

"You feel that especially when investigating such a force as this. No fewer than twelve fellow workers of mine have died in their efforts to produce the best results that could be obtained. As you know, I have suffered considerably. Many others have lost limbs in applying the work to the benefit of humanity. I regret not the slightest bit my experience, for, though I suffered, I had the pleasure myself of saving the lives of other persons. The very fact that we have suffered has caused us to infuse the greater energy into finding out how to prevent other people from suffering."

Dr. Edwards said further that through the use of the X-ray physicians can see through the human head in a fifth of a second, adding that twelve years ago it would have taken forty minutes to take a similar photograph.

"We are now able to administer a dose of the ray with as great accuracy as we give a dose of an ordinary chemical," he said. "We can see the heart beating; we can see often what patients have had for dinner. If we go on for a few years, it is quite possible that we may be able to see what they are thinking about."

He was speaking quite seriously when he made the prophecy; but there was a little interlude of banter as he told "the ladies only—the men are not to listen—that of all the hearts I have seen—and I have seen a good many—I have never known one which showed the slightest fracture. I have never seen a heart broken—or even cracked."

Dr. Edwards said that instead of destroying oysters to find if they contain pearls the rays now show if there is a pearl present, if not the oyster is put back into the sea.

TABASCO SAUCE GIVEN BEAR

Utah Hunter Stops Progress of Pursuing Bruin With Hot Contents of Little Bottle.

Ogden, Utah.—While Alfred Bruerton and his camping party were preparing supper on the ridge above Cache valley a grizzly bear nosed its way toward the camp, attracted by the savory odor of the food under preparation. None of the hunters could get to his rifle in time and there was a general scattering. Bruerton reached a tree an eyelash ahead of the bear, and grasping the lower limbs swung himself from one branch to another until he had reached the top.

Bruin continued to climb up the tree when Bruerton, remembering that in his haste he had brought with him a bottle of the fiery tabasco sauce, which he was attempting to open at the time the bear made his appearance, broke the neck of the bottle and poured the contents into the eyes and mouth of the brute.

With a howl of rage the animal descended the tree and groped blindly around the camp, where he became an easy mark for the rifles of the hunters, who had noticed his prodigious meal. Mr. Bruerton has the handsome skin of the grizzly bear to back up the story.

HORSES DECREASE IN PARIS

Automobiles Have Sounded Knell of Animals in French Capital—Rapidly Disappear.

Paris.—Since 1899 the progress of automobilism has caused a decrease of 15,798 in the number of horses in Paris. The census of the horses in the city taken in 1910 gave a total of 77,463. In 1899 the number was 91,261.

This diminution is the more noticeable in the wealthier districts. In the Eighth arrondissement districts. In the Fifth there has been a decrease of 2,054. During the same period the Seventeenth lost 1,876, the Sixteenth 772 and the Seventh 487. In the First the number dropped from 24,226 to 11,838.

There are six arrondissements in which the number of horses has slightly increased, including the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Nineteenth. In these arrondissements are situated the great public works contractors, who use as many horses as ever. In the Ninth the number of horses has risen from 1,552 to 10,506, but this remarkable increase is due to the fact that the horses of one of the largest cab companies are counted in this arrondissement, which was not the case in 1899.

A Dogless Town.

Baker City, Ore.—Every dog in the village of Durke near here was killed by the town's people the other night. Earlier in the day a band of mad coyotes had charged into the place, biting many people and dogs. The settlers armed and waged war against the intruders for many hours. They then turned their guns against the dogs, fearing that the rabies, which is rampant among the coyotes in the district, would spread.