

BEST WAY TO GET GOOD REST

Wear Clothing as Loose as Possible and Lie Flat on the Back With Feet Up.

Too much is preached about exercising, and too little about resting. Few women know the value of resting or how to get the most out of a free half-hour. It can do wonders toward "pulling up" a tired body and mind, but it must be thorough. While lying flat on the back with the feet up, and most important of all—loose clothing, blood is being manufactured twice as rapidly as in any other position, and the process of "restoration" is going on in the body with the greatest possible speed. Roots should be removed, and loose slippers donned, and it is a great help if fresh stockings are put on. There is a tendency to feel chilly when a tired person first lies down, and if the body is called upon to make extra effort toward heating itself (which it very obligingly will do), the "resting" is not complete. Hence the necessity for throwing a covering over you, even if resting in a warm room. The words of a man, curiously enough, recur to me on this subject. Mr. Seymour Hicks, whose youthful appearance is one of his causes for fame, says he likes to devote the time between five and six o'clock to resting. When he can do that, no matter how tired he is, or how tiring has been the day, he goes to his evening's work quite refreshed. "But," says this jolly actor, "it must be really rest. I take off my clothing, don pyjamas, pull down the blinds, get into bed, and imagine I am retiring for the night. A half-hour of rest under these conditions is worth more than half-a-day's less thorough siesta." Negligee garments are restful in themselves, and no woman who values her good looks will fail to form the habit of exchanging street clothes for dainty and attractive house gowns, when she is at home for the evening.

TOM WELDON WAS TOO MEAN

He Was Not the Kind of Poor Man Andrew Carnegie Advised Girls to Marry.

Andrew Carnegie recently advised some New York girls to marry poor men. "I would rather be born poor than a millionaire," he said, "and I have had experience of both estates." At a dinner Mr. Carnegie, elaborating the above, said: "I suppose these girls will all take my advice about marrying poor men. Poor men are so much easier to find than rich ones. But that is no hardship. So many people think that a poor young couple, to get on, must practice the niggardly meanness of Tom Weldon. Tom Weldon, on a journey from Altoona to Philadelphia, got into a game of cards with a young man. The young man lost steadily. Finally, as Philadelphia drew near, he was out a total of \$61. "The young man had a hard hunt to produce all this money. From one pocket he took two \$20 bills, from another two fives, from his waistcoat a \$10 goldpiece and a silver dollar, and from his trousers a half-dollar, a quarter, two dimes and four pennies. The final penny he couldn't find, search where he would. "I'm awful sorry," he said to Tom Weldon. "I'm a cent short." "Never mind, young man," said Tom, genially. "You won't stick at a cent. You can give your evening paper."

Making it Plain.

"If there is anything I am proud of," said Emmy Wehlen, now playing in Marriage à la Carte, "it is the descriptive power of my sex. Once, when I was playing in Pittsburg, my best chum went out to inspect some locomotive works, and here is how she described it when she got home. 'You pour,' she said, 'a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove lids and things into a furnace, and then you empty the lid and every body yells and swears. Then you pour it out, let it cool and pound it, and then you put in it a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly; and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blue print of it. But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully; and then they tie it to the other thing, and you ought to see it go!'" —Young's Magazine.

A Lincolnian.

Norman Hapgood, the noted editor, quoted in an address on Lincoln, a Lincolnian of great value to parents. "Lincoln," said Mr. Hapgood, "was once talking to a dissipated man of middle age who was lamenting over the fact that his seventeen-year-old son had just begun to indulge in dissipation. 'Well, there is just one way,' said Lincoln, 'to bring up a child in the way it should go, and that is to travel that way yourself!'"

Had the Appetite.

It was at a recent Friars' dinner that Augustus Thomas told the story of a newspaper man's laudable appetite. There had arisen a controversy over the ability of a man to eat two quails a day for thirty consecutive days. A Park Row reporter was asked if he would undertake the task. "Ray, Bill," he replied, "make it turkey."

WHEN SWIFT BEAT STICKNEY

Fear of Appearing Unwilling to Do Right Gives Swift Control of Stock Yards Plant.

"I was forty-six years old when I took hold of the stock yards and plant at South St. Paul," said A. B. Stickney, former president of the Chicago, Great Western railroad, "and it required a great deal of scheming and hard work to get the business moving. It was 12 years later when 'Old Man' Swift put in an appearance. I call him 'Old Man' Swift because he was six weeks my senior. He was truly a great merchant. "While I was in charge Fowler Bros. made an investment of \$40,000, and we ran the plant together. The first year the loss was \$25,000, the second year it was \$10,000 and the third year \$10,000, and then we went into the hands of a receiver, and he ran the plant with our help until we had 'busted' the court. "Then 'Old Man' Swift took a hand. The first year he sold \$250,000 worth of meats. Then he said he had a proposition to make to us, and I told him to make it. We were ready to listen to propositions. "I want you to give me this plant," he said. "It had cost us \$600,000 to build, but we gave it to him. "Now," said Mr. Swift, "I want you to give half of the stock of the stock yards company." "We gave him that. "I want you to give me a rebate—laws were not so strict on those points—on every head of cattle and other stock I buy here," said Mr. Swift. "We gave him that. We did not want it to seem as though we were unwilling to do the right thing." —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SOME DANGER IN FOIE GRAS

Goose From Which Livers Are Taken Are Now Fattened With Poison.

"Nothing is better," said Cordon Bleu, "than foie gras, or fat goose liver. A foie gras is the size of a two-pound steak. It is as white as milk, and it tastes rather like ground peanut butter. Yet so light and ethereal is a foie gras greenhouses would take it for something powdered up and whipped, like cream. "You know how they get these livers? They shut up the goose, and they stuff him with food forced through a hose. He must eat, whether he wants to or not. He is exactly like the suffragette hunger strikers in London, whom the home office fed through stomach pumps. "It takes years to fatten a goose to the point where his great white liver is as big as a football, but lately a genius has arisen in France who will fatten him in a few months. "This quick, cheap fattening is accomplished by the addition of salts of arsenic, or binoxalate of potash, to the goose's food. The binoxalate of potash works like a charm. The only trouble with the superb livers it produces is that these livers, containing oxalate of potassium, occasionally kill those who eat them." Cordon Bleu smiled ironically. "But in these days of industrialism," he said, "when property is sacred and life cheap, can a fat rein—that doesn't matter."

His Witty Reply.

An English lady of title, while visiting Washington after the Gould-Deces wedding, which she had come over to attend, was greatly surprised at the public discussion over the smoking of a cigarette by Lady Deces at the window of her private car. "I hear," said this lady, "that for some time to come, on account of this incident, Lady Deces will be bothered with letters of criticism from strangers and anti-cigarette leagues. The American prejudice against women smokers is extraordinary. "I suppose, however," continued the speaker, "that there are anti-tobacco faddists everywhere. I remember a clever answer to one of these faddists made by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the great preacher. "A gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, saying that he had heard he smoked, and could not believe it to be true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so? The reply was: "Dear Sir: I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds—Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

An Official Anecdote.

Waldeck-Rousseau's reminiscences are being published serially in France; and the first instalment relates how he informed M. Loubet of his intention to retire from office. It was at a dinner of intimate friends, and he explained that fatigue and failing health seemed to make his resignation inevitable. "Who will succeed you?" he was asked. "M. Combes," he replied. But the name of M. Combes was, in those days, hardly known. The guests wondered who he was, and Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau asked: "There was a pause, and then: "M. Combes," answered the prime minister. "M. Combes, my dear, is no one in particular."

Made a Good Record.

The sympathizing neighbor was condoling with Uncle Gabe. "Your wife, uncle, was a wonderful mother." "She were indeed, sah. See dat 171 chap playin' jes' outside de gate? Well, sah, he's our sixteen!"

COL. GREEN'S SPORTY OFFER

How the Good-Natured Financier Got the Best of the Confidence Man.

Just because Col. E. H. R. Green is fat and looks good-natured, and has a sort of out-of-door air, some of the sharpers in New York had him sized up as easy when he first returned from Texas to take care of the properties of his mother, Mrs. Hetty Green, writes a correspondent. It may be, too, that the colonel's breezy candor kind of coaxed the boys along a bit. He will talk on any subject when he feels like talking, with a frankness unusual in the banking fraternity. "Here's my old friend, Mr. Hinks," said the colonel the other night, at his hotel, grabbing at a well-dressed man, who was walking by without speaking. His old friend, Mr. Hinks, shrunk into himself and was obviously embarrassed. After a moment's talk he got away, and the colonel's well-padded sides shook. "Hinks is one of 'em," said he. "I'd just landed in town when Hinks came up to me one night in the hotel. He had met me in Texas, he said. So-and-so had introduced him. I didn't remember him, but the name he mentioned was that of a good friend of mine, and I thought maybe my memory was at fault. By and by he opened the trap. He told me of the good thing he had under cover, and that I could make a million dollars if I'd just put in a few thousands. It was a gold mine, and he had the gaudiest maps and prospectuses I have ever seen. I listened to him until he got through. 'Hinks,' said I, 'just between friends, I've got a gold mine of my own that I want to sell. Now, I won't buy a mine, but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll draw cards with you, the winner take both. That's all either is fit for.'" Colonel Green got another good laugh out of it. "There's a free masonry among these fellows, I think," said he. "No one has offered me a gold mine since."

MAKES \$30,000 IN A DAY

"Telephone Boy" May Cause Stampede of Wall Street Pikers by His Luck.

As the result of the passage through bankruptcy of a local firm of stock brokers, James R. Keene's plunging "telephone boy" has been hauled into the limelight. An acrimonious controversy occurred in court as to whether he had made \$30,000 or \$50,000 by taking advantage of the so-called Hocking pool. The "boy" insisted that he "cleaned up" only \$30,000 on that deal, and stuck to this statement. The string of his market dealings is likely to cause a stampede into the "telephone boy" business, and give new encouragement to the thousands of pikers who bury their spare money in Wall street graves, selected through ups, secret information and sophisticated rumors. It seems a pity therefore that there couldn't have come out along with Mr. Keene's telephone boy's story a few dozen stories about the other telephone boys whose market operations have accumulated nothing for them but a series of diminutive tombstones. There are 999 of them, to every successful piker. Indeed, if statistics mean anything, the man who puts his money into chicken-farming—almost hopelessly hazardous as that occupation is known to be—has a better chance of getting out whole than the telephone boy plunger and his associated speculators. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the example of one successful clean-up has more weight with this endlessly recruited band of idealists than a hundred thousand failures.—New York Press.

Delightfully Situated.

Jeremy Sanderson, the well-known sociologist of Duluth, was condemning the international marriage that gives an American girl's beauty and millions to some elderly and withered nobleman. "Those mercenary foreign hounds that slich our girls," said Mr. Sanderson, bitterly, "are well off—well off, I mean, in the Calhoun use of the term. "H. Clay Calhoun, testifying in an assault case, spoke of one Washington White as well off. "Now, witness," said the cross-examining lawyer, "when you declare White to be well off, what do you mean? Is he worth \$10,000?" "No, sah. Oh, no, sah," said Calhoun. "Is he worth \$5,000?" "No, sah. Mah gracious, no." "Is he worth \$1,000?" "No, sah; he ain't wurf 17 cents." "Then, how is he well off?" "Bekase, sah, his wife am an A. No. 1 washday and keeps de bull family in bang-up style."

The Retort Religious.

Representative J. Hampton Moore, as secretary of the so-called "Five o'clock club" in Philadelphia, once wrote a note to Archbishop Ryan asking him to be the guest of the club the following afternoon. The archbishop replied, substantially as follows: "I am sorry that I can't accept your cordial invitation for tomorrow, but I shall be at the confessional all afternoon, and would be glad to receive any or all of your young men there."

Fashion Note.

This slim craze has its disadvantages. "As to how?" "The narrower a girl is the less display space she has for diamonds."

COOLED SALT WATER SAILOR

City Bred Bluffer, Measuring Depth, is Led to Believe Perdition is Nearly Reached.

The skipper of the W. H. Oliver was in a reminiscent mood as he sat in the hotel window watching the many theater lovers wade through the mud on their way to the brilliantly lighted entrance. "That long, slim fellow there reminds me of the watchman I had on the ship last year," he said. "He was city-bred but when he came on board the ship would not admit he was anything but a salt water sailor. I first saw him on the fo'c's'le, slushing down the deck. I asked him where he came from. "I just blew in from salt water," he replied, and I knew in a minute he was handing me bunk. "He was so willing to show he knew everything that we fixed up a joke on him when he was casting the lead up on Superior in a fog. The mate left him casting on the fo'c's'le calling the depth and tasting the butter to place the location. In the end of the lead there was tallow to catch the soil on the lake bottom. By the soil we could tell where we were at. "The new watchman heaved the lead. The mate stepped forward and when the lead came over the side substituted one which he had heated to red hot color in the furnace at the place where the tallow was placed. "How deep is it?" I cried. "About five fathoms," he answered. "What's on the butter?" I called. "He brought the lead to his lips, touched his tongue to the hot tip and jumped a foot in the air, stopping the lead on the mate's foot. "Great God, captain, stop the ship," he bellowed. "We will be in hell in five minutes."

TOO MUCH EVEN FOR EDISON

Great Inventor Could Not Make His New Storage Battery Absolutely Fool-Proof.

In order to make his storage battery absolutely fool-proof Thomas Edison devised a machine for abusing the battery in every known way, but although he is one of our most brilliant inventors, Mr. Edison had to admit that when it came to inventing methods of abusing electrical apparatus, he could not compete with the "fool" operator. Try as he would to forestall every conceivable method of injuring the apparatus, some stupid man would devise a new and unthought-of method for putting it out of business. In this connection, says the Scientific American, it is interesting to note that a discussion on fool-proof devices was held before the West of Scotland branch of the Association of Mining Electrical Engineers. One of the speakers argued that it was unnecessary to attempt to make apparatus entirely fool-proof, and that it was bad practice to surround electrical gear with devices and safeguards which would interfere with the action of the trained engineer. Another speaker pointed to the fact that there are not as many fool operators as one would imagine; that the so-called "fool" is a ignorant man, and that it would be better to educate him than to prevent him from doing injury to himself or to machinery by means of safeguards, while permitting him to remain ignorant.

There's Truth in It.

Jack London, at a publishers' dinner in New York, said of industry: "The boy who starts at the bottom in some big concern thinks all he needs to do is to work his very best, and then his employer will raise him up and up till finally, he is made general manager. "As a matter of fact, the truth lies nearer Lawson's case. "Lawson," said the head of a rich firm, "I have noticed that you work with amazing zest. No detail of the business is too small to escape you. No task is too hard. You are the first to arrive in the morning, you are the last to leave at— "Oh, thank you, sir; thank you, sir," cried Lawson, expecting his salary to be doubled. "Hence, Lawson," his employer ended, with a snarling laugh, "I'll ask you to dig out the first of the month. It is men of your caliber who get a business down pat and then go and start rival establishments in the next block."

The Growth of Russia.

Since its defeat by Japan, Russia has not affected the imagination of the world with quite the sense of hidden power that it conveyed before, but those who study its recent statistics find that it is the same giant still. In the last thirteen years the population of the empire has increased by 23,000,000, which is 3,000,000 more than the United States has gained in twenty years. The census of 1909 gives the empire, including Siberia, 160,100,000 inhabitants, of whom 116,500,000 dwell in European Russia. Its agricultural progress is not less remarkable.

Teachers to Go Abroad.

American and German-American school-teachers will go abroad next summer in great numbers, and already 300 reservations have been made on steamers. The trip will be made under the auspices of the National German-American Teachers' association, which is to hold the convention of 1912 in Berlin. Both countries are interested in the convention.

SOLITUDE OF THE LONDONER

There is One City Where a Man Need Take No Part in Communal Life.

Winston Churchill, who was the guest of the evening at the St. David's day dinner at the Trocadero, drew a picture of the solitude of London. "Where else in the world," he asked, "have you freedom such as you have in London now? Here a man, so long as he does not break the law or have practical jokes played on him, may live, year after year, without questions being asked him as to where he comes from or what he thinks. "He may be richer than the dreams of avarice or poorer than the nightmare of poverty. But no one is going to make any inquiry, and unless he seeks them for himself he will be charged with no public duties. He will be asked to take part in no communal life, he will have no neighbors, and he will submit himself to the judgment of no circle of friends. "Why, the last people in the world that Londoner knows are those that live next door to him, so that his manners, his morals, his probity, his property, his ruin, give no concern to those who live at his side—no more concern than their qualities and virtues are to him. "In this mighty labyrinth of streets, crowded as they are with the vastest aggregation of human beings that the history of the world can show, a man can enjoy a complete detachment from all forms of civic and social obligation, he may find in this country a solitude more effectively secure in the midst of this great city than will ever be afforded to the wanderer in the steppes of Russia or the deserts of Sahara. "London, I think you will agree, has produced a freedom more complete, and I think I will add more slatternly, than any that has yet been discoverable among men." —London Express.

HE DISLIKES PORT-AU-PRINCE

Englishman Says the Haitian City is Noisy, Filthy and Dangerous for Strangers.

Passengers from Haiti on the Hamburg-American steamship Albingia, who arrived in New York recently, declared that Port-au-Prince and other cities on the island were in a state of disorganization akin to revolution. According to W. A. Placier, an electrical engineer of London, who had been on the island for six weeks, the city of Port-au-Prince is an exceptionally dangerous place for any person who values his life. "There are only about 90,000 persons in Port-au-Prince," said Mr. Placier, "and there is more noise in that town than there is in New York. The city is filthy, and the pig seems to be the household pet. There are nasty trials of offenders during the day, and the victims are sometimes buried when alive and unconscious. No one can tell who has been buried until the identity of the victim becomes known through his absence from customary haunts. The soldiers are supposed to receive 12 cents a week, but they seldom get their allowance, and depend almost wholly upon foraging for existence. Organization seems to have disappeared. I saw a general drilling six men with a sword. When I offered him a dollar for the sword he sold it eagerly and continued drilling, substituting a piece of sugarcane for the sword."

Cost of Living in Shanghai, China.

The following statistics of wages, price of foodstuffs, etc., relate only to this consular district, which embraces about fifty thousand square miles of territory and at least twenty million inhabitants. Daily wage rates, in United States currency, are: Machinists, 40 to 75 cents; blacksmiths, 38; carpenters, 25; electricians, 40; stone-masons, 15; bricklayers, 15; molders, 60; plasterers, 30, and common laborers, 20 cents. The cost of foodstuffs such as the natives use are as follows, in cents per pound: Fresh pork, 15; salt pork, 10; sausage, 7; ham, 20; flour (foreign), 3 1/2; flour (native), 2 1/2; sugar, 4; tea, 15; rice, 3. The character of fabrics usually bought by the natives cost, a yard, about 4 cents for muslins, 7 1/2 cents for calico and 25 cents for woollens, while their cloth shoes cost about 40 cents a pair.

Women Then and Now.

Mrs. Lucy Chase Glover of Rutherford, N. J., has been looking into the matter and finds that it was as hard to make a living in colonial days as it is now, and yet the mothers of those days brought up big families and entertained better with all their other cares than women with small families do today. She says that touching a match to a gas log and lighting a wood fire were entirely different kinds of work, and that under the present labor-saving housekeeping there should be less wear and tear on the nerves. But the modern woman does not keep her temper any better than the colonial dame.

His Contribution.

"A college has just made me a doctor of literature." "What did you ever write?" "Well, I wrote 'em a very large check."

Fruitless Struggle.

"I understand that after waiting 20 years she married a struggling man?" "Yes; poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."

WHY THE AEROPLANE FLIES

Air Pressure Beneath It and Its Motion Keep the Flying Machine From Falling.

Ask a scientist, "What is an aeroplane?" and he will reply, "Any flat or slightly curved surface propelled horizontally through the air." That, being merely a definition of a thing, and not an explanation of flight, tells little of what is most wonderful about a flying machine. Time and time again we have all asked ourselves: Why is it that this combination of planes, propellers, motors, and rudders does not fall? Why is it that a machine many times heavier than the air stays aloft? It is the air pressure beneath it, and its motion, that keeps up a plane. If it is to remain in the air, an aeroplane must constantly move like a skater on thin ice. The skater must move fast enough to reach a new section of ice before he falls; the aeroplane must move fast enough to reach a new section of air before it falls. Both are constantly struggling with gravitation. The simplest and most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood days. By holding it against the wind, or by running with it, if there happens to be only a gentle breeze, this oldest of flying machines is kept aloft. Invent a substitute for the string, some device, in other words, which will enable you to hold the kite in the proper direction, and you have invented a flying machine. The pull or the thrust of an engine-driven propeller is that substitute.—Harper's Magazine.

MODERN CITIES RUIN WINES

Tester Finds That Vibration From the Streets Disturbs Bottles in the Ageing Process.

"The best wine, old or young," said a wine tester, "is that which is kept absolutely quiet. "Immobility permits whatever particles there are in new wine to settle to the bottom of the cask. The sediment thus formed being drawn off, the wine's bouquet is improved and it is less likely to spoil. "Bottled, the wine continues to deposit a sediment which, if the bottles are kept perfectly still, adheres in a thick coating to the bottom of the bottles. If the bottles are moved, or there is any vibration in the cellar where they are kept, these injurious particles refuse to gather in one solid mass, and scattered through the wine, spoil its flavor. "It is impossible to age wine in modern cities. Trolley cars, underground railways, railroads, heavy automobiles in the streets, make vibrations that disturb and ruin it. "The wine tester smiled. "Don't be surprised," he said, "if the Pontet Canet or Chateau Yquem for which you pay an enormous price turns out a failure. It may be as old as its thick covering of cobwebs and dust proclaim it to be, it may even be as old as the wine merchant claims, but if it has been kept in a cellar where there is the slightest vibration you have wasted your money, and might much better have bought a young California wine."

Time to Take Care.

The physical decay of men over forty must be more frequently mentioned lest we forget the fact that our physique was evolved for only 25 or 40 years of strenuous use. It was not so long ago that forty-five was extreme old age, counting time in the large way of evolution. Lengthening of life has been possible only because civilization has let up the physical strains, so that if we continue them we must expect to break as of old. Athletes stop their efforts merely because they are beaten by younger men, but the non-athletic seem to think that it is necessary to keep up excessive exercise though the tissues simply cannot stand it. There is then no mystery in the large number of damaged hearts now being found and they will continue to increase in number and severity until the medical profession succeeds in impressing the lesson. Let us repeat it over and over again until every man over forty or forty-five realizes that he has lived his allotted time of physical vigor and must ease up the strains to retain his health.

Made Hit With Walter.

J. Everson Powell, M. F. H., of the Dean Valley Hunt, rode with the Chagrin Valley Hunt the other day to talk horse show for the Columbus meet and made a hit with Charles Johnson, a colored waiter at the club in Gates Mill. After a time Johnson approached Ivan Enger, the steward, to ask the meaning of the mysterious letters "M. F. H." "Oh, that," said Enger, without winking an eyelash. "Why, that means 'Master of the Fish Hounds.'" Johnson's eyes grew large as saucers. "Mah Lo'dy," he whispered. "Mahster ob de Fish Hounds! Ain't he de dandy!" —Cleveland Leader.

His Explanation.

Insurance Adjuster (looking at the remains of the parlor furniture)—Is this all you managed to save out of the fire? Owner (profusely apologetic)—Yes, sir. I'm awfully sorry, but I kind o' felt that I really ought to get my wife and children out of the building first.