

SAFE PLACE FOR VALUABLES

Physician Has Found Office Appurtenance Better Than Any Lock and Key Yet Devised.

A physician who has had much trouble with meddlesome servants, has just discovered a security ward in his office which he says is far safer than a locked drawer or a safe.

"Servants like to investigate things in a doctor's office," he said. "Every new servant is a new investigator. A locked instrument case is only a temptation. They get into that, and if caught explain that they were only dusting the instruments. Servants often know as much or more about a doctor's private accounts than the doctor himself. They rummage through drawers and help themselves to anything they see."

"I had one servant who dusted my office daily who, I found out one day, was a habitual user of morphine. I had noticed that a bottle in my locked chest was too often empty, and one day I caught her stammering the door of the chest and then I knew. I said nothing. I took the bottle of morphine tablets and placed them inside a human skull which I kept on my desk. That was the last of the morphine thefts."

"One day I asked the servant why she never dusted the skull on my desk. In fact I reprimanded her for carelessness."

"Oh, doctor," she said, "I'm afraid of bones. I'd rather lose my job than touch that skull."

"And now," continued the doctor, "I'm not afraid to put a roll of money in that skull. Its safer than any safe."

POSSIBLY TOO MUCH FOR HER

Man Should Have Recognized That There Are Limits Even to Fairy's Power.

Once upon a time a man who lived on Bloomfield way did an unusual service for a fairy queen. I don't remember exactly what it was; perhaps he stepped into a drift to let her pass. At any rate she said to him in gratitude:

"Sir, for your kindness I will reward you by granting you three wishes. Name what you desire most in all the world and it shall be yours."

The man who lived on Bloomfield way thought a moment. He ought have lived out South Orange way or down Elizabeth way or over Arlington way, but it happened that he dwelt on Bloomfield way, and as this is a true story, I must tell it exactly as it was.

He thought a moment, and then he thought another moment, making two moments all told, after which he said:

"I wish people would quit eating peanuts in the street cars. It gives the cars such a vegetable air, and besides, it is very harmful, for, as you know, people should have cheerful surroundings at meals."

On hearing this request the fairy queen vanished in a flash of flame with a deafening report, and the next time the man got aboard a car to go to his home on Bloomfield way, the passengers were still eating peanuts and the car had a breath.

This teaches us that fairies are not all they are cracked up to be.—Newark News.

Fairness Wins.

That it pays to be fair with employees was illustrated recently in the New York financial district. A young man who had worked for a large house for three years was forced to remain at home two days because of illness. He had never been absent from his desk a day during the entire time, not even for a summer vacation. Nevertheless, when he received his salary envelope the amount of two days' pay had been deducted.

The boy was indignant and resigned on the spot. The following day he closed a deal involving \$100,000 which would have meant a clear profit of \$20,000 to the firm he had just left. The young man turned the business over to a rival house and was given a position. His contract called for double the salary he had received at the old house and stipulates that he is to receive one month's vacation each summer with full pay.

The Horse Pedometers.

The whorls of hair on the coats of horses and other animals are natural pedometers, inasmuch as they register the locomotive activities of the animals on whose bodies they are found.

The best examples and the greatest number of these hairy whorls and crests are found on the domestic horse.

A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these peculiarities in the lay of the hair and furnishes the justification for calling them pedometers, although the analogy is, of course, merely superficial.

Fatal Gas.

Bluinating gas has caused more deaths in some states recently than have scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, or typhoid fever. In Massachusetts it has become an important cause of death and serious sickness. The repeal of the law regulating the amount of carbon monoxid in gas has been, according to Prof. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the direct causes of the increase here, and it is recommended that the state go back to the old-fashioned coal gas and prohibit the manufacture of water gas.—Boston Post.

SET PLAYER TO THINKING

Probably He Was Right in Considering the Game of Chess a Good Deal Like Life.

When a young man I was fond of playing chess. One day as I was deliberating over a move in the middle of a game I suddenly asked myself whether an expert standing beside me could predict what that move would be. Not, I saw, unless I had a past history as a chess player with which he was familiar. If I were a beginner he could not tell whether I would advance a pawn three squares, or move a castle a knight, or expose my queen to capture.

All these, and a multitude of other possibilities would be open to me and therefore to his prediction. But if I had a knowledge of the game, these possibilities would be closed. And if I were an accomplished player, the expert at my elbow might whisper to his neighbor, "There is only one move he can make. He must attack his opponent's king with his black bishop."

As I then, without hearing the remark, proceed to make that move, should I feel belittled to have the expert announce that it was foreknown? Should I feel that having supposed my act to be one of freedom, I had now been deprived of something precious and myself degraded into a mere thing? On the contrary, I should probably feel much flattered and congratulate myself on being, and being known to be, a player guided by law. Evidently, then, as personality enlarges, conduct becomes more predictable. That was the impressive lesson taught me by this striking case.—G. H. Palmer in "The Problem of Freedom."

REMNANT OF THE ACADIANS

Small Group of Magdalen Islands Populated by Descendants of Those Unfortunate People.

Up in the center of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the small group of Magdalen islands are populated by three or four thousand lineal descendants of the Acadians under Champlain and De Monts, who were driven out of New France, Nova Scotia, by the English.

Since the first settlement in 1763 generations of the same families have raised scanty crops in the valleys and fed sheep and cattle on the high, conical hills which constitute a prominent feature of an insular landscape.

Year after year men have gone out on the waters of the gulf in search of the cod, mackerel and lobsters on which a livelihood depends. They are a simple, primitive people, these natives of the Magdalens, laboring all the while under circumstances that are most discouraging.

The archipelago contains 12 or 13 distinct islands, including several grim rocks which are not inhabited and never will be. But the remarkable feature about the physical formation of the whole group is the way in which one island is in some instances connected with another by a long stretch of sandy beach, enabling a person, if he desires to do so, to go for a score of miles or more along the most barren shore in the world, one that is uninhabited and unrelieved by vegetation of any kind, and the only animal life being the thousands of gulls, terns, gannets and other sea fowl which are extremely numerous in all this region.

As to Adhesive Postage Stamps.

Rowland Hill had nothing to fear from enlightened officers of health forbidding that "stamp licking" would "disseminate consumption, diphtheria, smallpox and scarlet fever." It is remarkable to recall with what enthusiasm the public took to stamp licking in 1840. The adhesive stamp seems to have been only an after-thought of the great postal reformer, whose original proposal covered only the sale of ready-stamped envelopes. Even when he admitted the adhesive stamp as an alternative, he thought it would be "reserved for exceptional cases." But, in spite of newspaper jeers at "bits of sticking plaster for dabbing on the letters the public soon showed its mind. The stamped Mulready envelope proved a dead failure, while for weeks the supply of "sticking plaster" fell far below its demand.

Streets With Long Names.

"Using the letters of the alphabet and numbers to designate streets is called here," says a Berlin letter, "the 'American style,' and the introduction of the system has many advocates, but apparently these have no voice in the matter, because the popular idiosyncrasy, heroic, religious, scientific or commercial—still has the first call. Many of the names are exasperatingly long, and when we think that the most impossible one has been discovered we always find another just a little bit worse. Recently we saw two letters addressed to Vienna—one to a person in Klosterneuburgstrasse, and the other to a correspondent in Mariabrunnerstrasse. How much time would be saved if these streets were numbered or lettered!"

Proof Enough.

"The climate of heaven has been determined by two youthful philosphers," announced George Arliss, who is appearing in Diraacil. "While passing along a muddy street the other morning I heard a little chap say to his sister: 'It don't ever rain in heaven, does it, May?'"

"In course it does, ye little chump!" the girl replied. "There's where it's all a-comin' from, ain't it?"

FLEAS ON DOG STIR A TOWN

Venice, Cal., Is Much Distressed Over Question Which Threatens Marital Disturbance.

Venice, Cal.—This entire beach front community is deeply agitated over a profound metaphysical problem to which no solution has yet been found. Experts have been consulted, huge tomes have been exhumed from forgotten corners in libraries and savants connected with eminent institutions have racked their brains all in vain. The question is, Does a dog distribute more fleas than he collects, or vice versa?

Experiments have been begun on a terrier.

The question arose in consequence of a quarrel between a couple who are spending their honeymoon here. The bridegroom insisted that fleas had been brought into their house by the bride's pet dog. She denied this, and declared that her husband was responsible, whereupon he asserted that he could prove to the contrary, inasmuch as the dog did not sleep with him, and the trouble reached such proportions that a divorce was threatened.

Meantime other members of the community were in distress. Landlords of hotels contended that the dogs of the place gathered the fleas from the sand faster than they could scatter them over the hotels, but the police declare that the contrary is true. The experiment on the terrier will consist of keeping him indoors for a while, so that an expert accountant can enumerate the number of fleas the animal sheds. Then he will be sent forth for a sand bath, and after he returns with a new supply another reckoning will be made.

TOOTHACHE IS POOR EXCUSE

Dental Surgery in Swedish Schools Stope Non-Attendance—Children Quieter and Attentive.

Stockholm.—Great attention is paid to dental surgery in Swedish schools. Sweden, with 5,500,000 inhabitants, has about thirty complete dental surgeries for school children, while Germany, with about 65,000,000, has only 100. In the dental surgeries for school children in Sweden a journal is kept in regard to every child.

Surgeries are open every day, and the children are treated by a dental surgeon and his assistant. Hitherto dental surgery has been free of charge, but the idea has gained more ground than those children who can afford it ought to pay a small sum yearly for the treatment of their teeth. Experience goes to show that both the children and their parents place greater value upon the dental treatment if they do not get it quite free of charge.

In order to find out the effect of dental treatment upon school children in different respects, a circular containing a series of questions was sent out among the teachers in one of the largest schools in Stockholm. From the replies it appears that absence from school on account of toothache has since the establishment of dental surgeries, been almost nil. A good many of the replies also state that the children are quieter and more attentive since the setting up of the surgeries, and various other improvements from a hygienic point of view have been experienced.

JUROR RIDES CALF IN SUIT

As Result the Animal is Awarded to the Claimant, Who Claimed That He Had Trained It.

Muskogee, Okla.—Louis Wasserburg, a juror in the superior court, went down into a lot adjoining the court room and rode a bull calf, just to prove that he was broken to ride, and upon this evidence the jury decided the case after five times the calf's value had been spent in litigation over it.

The property in dispute, was a Jersey bull calf which was born on a cold night and its ears were frozen off. Later, through the pink-eye route, it acquired white spots in its eyes. The calf was owned by E. Lewis. It strayed away and was picked up on the range by Will Hill, who had lost a calf and believed it was his property. Lewis reclaimed the calf and the case was taken to the courts.

Lewis and his witnesses declared the calf had been brought up a pet and the Lewis boys had broken it to ride. Judge McCain ordered the calf brought to court as an exhibit. So the calf was brought in, a distance of ten miles.

After the juror rode the calf the jury returned a verdict in Lewis' favor and he took the pet back to his ranch.

Individual Cups for Horses.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Individual drinking "cups" for horses will be introduced here, if a recommendation by the Los Angeles board of veterinary surgeons is carried. Watering troughs are breeding places for glanders germs, say the veterinarians. The report urges each driver of a team to provide himself with a bucket from which his horses and no others may drink.

Many Cats Abandoned.

St. Paul, Minn.—So many cats have been abandoned by the residents of surrounding summer resorts that the St. Paul Humane society has decided to appeal to the next legislature to make the abandonment of a cat a crime. At present the society is obliged to kill the cats. Massachusetts has a law that deals with the problem in that way.

WE GOT THROUGH THE GATE

Resourceful Chicagoan Tampered With the Truth, but Made His Point, Just the Same.

"When all is said and done Chicago people can beat the world in resourcefulness," said an envious New Yorker. "An exile from that city wished to see his wife off on an eastern train that positively refuses admittance to the platform without a ticket. He accompanied his wife to the gate."

"Just wait around on the platform a few seconds," he said, "and I'll come through and help you arrange your luggage."

"You can't go through," said a gulleless New York friend. "If you have anything to say you'd better say it now."

"That's all right," said the Chicago man. "I'll be there."

"Two minutes later he dashed up brandishing a baby's milk bottle in the face of the astonished gatekeeper."

"For heaven's sake, let me through," he said. "I put this in my pocket at the last minute and my wife has gone off and forgotten it. The baby will starve to death if she doesn't get it."

The gulleless New Yorker, who lacked sufficient wit to see his own wife and three small children off, gasped in sheer envy, while the childless Chicago man, using a milk bottle as a harmless weapon, fought his way through to the platform."

FOUND STEAM PIPE USEFUL

One Man Discovered That Its Original Purpose Was by No Means All It Was Good For.

"There are some of the conveniences of the modern household," said a man who has nearly all the comforts of home, "that may be put to uses for which they never were intended. In several months of the year, at any rate. There is in my dining room a nicely glazed steam pipe that runs from floor to ceiling, and it is hot to the touch. Heat has many uses, and the heat that exudes from that steam pipe has served me in unexpected ways. I once tried to open an ink bottle the cork of which, made of glass, was so tightly wedged in that no amount of force I could apply served to dislodge it. I held the bottle to that steam pipe for a few minutes, and the problem of physics working finely, that cork came out in a jiffy. But, better than that, one afternoon while reading a newspaper I experienced a sudden attack of lumbago, and, as all the folk were out and I had no other means at hand, I removed my coat and waistcoat and sidled up to that steam pipe and glued my back to the hot cylinder, and the pain disappearing in a short while, I found the thing had all the beneficent virtues of a hot water bag."

Cure for Discontent.

Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and to form a totally false notion of love. They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to ensnare the opposite sex before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many, many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love, or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have luxury, ease, travel, society and fine clothes, and another woman have only toil and loneliness and privation? This is a useless question. We cannot explain the inequalities of life, but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere, and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Easy Way to Wash Windows.

"I have washed every window in my house myself, and all in one forenoon," said a young woman who is noted for knowing the easiest and quickest ways to do housework to a writer for the New York Sun. "And what's more, I did not use a drop of water. No stopping around with wet rags for me." "How do you manage it?" asked the friend. "Just this way," was the reply. "I buy a pint of denatured alcohol which will wash two dozen windows. Then I simply put a little on a cloth and rub the window briskly a moment. The dirt comes off in a twinkling and the windows are left clean and bright. It takes just one-half the time and is only one-quarter the work of the old soap and water way."

Too Tall to Be a Soldier.

Nothing could illustrate better the changes in the art of war wrought by the evolution of weapons than the melancholy news that "Artilleryman Arcueu of the Fourth Regiment at Rochelle has been discharged on account of his height."

In the old days Arcueu's prodigious stature would have scared the enemy, and poets would have chanted the glories of the age which could produce such redoubtable champions. Now, however, smokeless powder has changed all that. Invisibility is the first consideration on the field of battle nowadays, and an artilleryman of six feet nine might cause the discovery and massacre of a whole regiment.—Paris Figaro.

JOKE WAS ON THE MOTHER

Buy's Straw Hats for Her Tribe of Hopewells at the Harness Shop.

Edmund Roberts of the "Salvation Nell" company, tells a good story and tells it well. He has the faculty of seeing the funny things in the little happenings of every day life.

"Last season, in a one night stand in Pennsylvania, I met an old school chum, and not having seen him for years, I was more than pleased to spend as much of my one day with him as I could," says Mr. Roberts. "He was in the harness business and I spent the best part of the day in the back part of the shop keeping him company, while he worked."

"During the afternoon he had occasion to go to the bank and left me in charge of the place until his return, with a joking rejoinder to sell all I could during his absence."

"He had scarcely gone when in came a lady with four small boys in quarter sizes, she took four straw hats out of a basket and placed one on each small head and banded me a dollar, as there was a sign in the basket stating that they were 25 cents each. She tied the strings under each small chin and left the store."

"I was naturally somewhat elated at my ability as a salesman and when my friend returned, told him of my sale and gave him the dollar. Then he informed me that those hats were for horses during hot weather and he had a good laugh on me. Well I sold a dollar's worth of hats and if the lady ever discovered that the hats were for horses and not for small boys I was not there to hear the tish."

NEW IDEAS ABOUT PARENTS

Becoming One Brings Increased Esteem and Regard for Them as Pillars of Life.

My new responsibility has brought me a variety of new appreciations. As a parent I find I have new sentiments about parents, and increased esteem and regard for them as pillars that uphold life and direct it. Beyond doubt, they are fine for upholding grandchildren in our world. No doubt there would be considerably more grandchildren in our world if there were more grandparents who recognized their responsibilities and made provision, as a matter of course, to meet them. But that does not accord with the lively individualism of our generation. Not only are we all desirous of independent life, but our parents prefer it for us. Accordingly when we get above the social plane in which independent life for man and wife can be maintained for \$20 a week, marriage is apt to come late. There are immense advantages about that social plane in which \$20 a week is a complete living, and the wife is cook and housemaid, wife, mother and nurse all in one, and the state provides education, and the doctor adjusts his charges to your income, and all the man has to look after is food, clothes, shelter and pocket money! I hope the people who are born with a call on that phase of existence appreciate their luck. To rise to a \$20-a-week phase must be full of satisfaction, but to drop to it is quite another matter. Whatever starting point is dealt out to us, it is from that point that we have got to go on, and, whether we like it or not, the point at which it behooves us to arrive is measured from the point at which we start.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Magazine.

Snug Mosquitoes.

Seated on the furnace in the warm cellar of the intelligent citizen's home, two New Jersey mosquitoes were talking things over.

"They will never do anything to us," said the first. "Before they can be rid of us they will have to get together, and that will take them thousands of years."

"Then, too," said the second, "about the time they do begin to make things unpleasant for us, somebody will organize a Society to Protect Tender Little Insects from the Barbarities of Scientific Savages, and all the sentimental people will join, and we shall be spared many years longer. See the snow falling outside."

"Yes," answered the other mosquito, "Winter has set in at last, and spring will come almost before we know it. Then we shall slip out and lay our little 400 eggs apace in an old flowerpot somewhere and be happy. How lovely and warm it is here."

Her Cradle a Pumpkin.

A giant pumpkin which four-year-old Miss Rulls of Santa Paula used as a cradle was raised by C. C. Teague, manager of the Blanchard ranch, and is particularly wonderful from the fact that on the same vine were twelve others weighing an average of 180 pounds each.

As this weighs 230 pounds a little figuring shows that there was over a ton of pumpkins on one vine—2,390 pounds, to be exact. It received no fertilizer or special cultivation. This pumpkin measures seven feet eight inches around the "waist," stands six feet nine inches high and measures in circumference lengthwise ten feet eight inches.—London Strand.

Some Success.

"Did you find the promoter of that get-rich-quick concern?" asked one detective.

"Yes," replied the other. "Arrested him?"

"Not yet. He's a mighty ready and convincing man. But I managed to avoid buying any stock from him."

RECORD IN CANNED SALMON

Present Has Been Best Year Yet Experienced by Packers—Total Pack Is 5,880,000 Cases.

Seattle, Wash.—The present has been the best year the canned salmon industry has ever known. The pack is nearly 750,000 cases larger than ever put up in any previous year; the prices have been the highest, more men and capital have been employed, a greater number of canneries have been operated, there has been sufficient demand from all parts of the world to absorb practically all the record-breaking pack, and with one exception there have been no losses to either salmon or canneries, as has often been the case in former years.

The total pack of canned salmon this year for Alaska, British Columbia, Puget sound, Gray's Harbor and the Columbia river is estimated at 5,850,000 cases. This pack is 600,000 cases more than in any previous year in the history of the salmon industry.

Packers estimate the Alaska pack at 3,000,000 cases; Puget Sound, 1,350,000 cases; Columbia river, 500,000 cases; British Columbia, 750,000 cases; outside points, 250,000 cases.

One of the features, in fact the dominant feature of the season's operations, has been the huge pack of pink salmon. The pack of "pinks" this year is estimated at 2,500,000 cases, compared with 1,400,000 cases, the largest previous pack of this kind of fish. All but between 150,000 and 200,000 cases of this large amount of pink or cheap fish has been sold. In as much as next year the run of pink salmon should be light, packers who have this king of salmon are not worrying about having to carry a small stock over.

Salmon packers declare that no less than \$2,000,000 will have been paid out in Seattle during 1911 by packers for supplies, labor, equipment, wages, freights and otherwise.

The shipments of canned salmon by water from Puget Sound during October were the largest ever sent out during any one month. Figures compiled by the collector of customs at Port Townsend show that the shipments for the month aggregated 3,856,450 pounds, valued at \$413,855. The exports during the same month last year aggregated but 1,189,696 pounds, and in 1909 only 684,474 pounds.

LITTLE STROLL OF SEA LION

Amphibian Escapes From Chicago Theater and Flips Toward Lake, Followed by Admiring Crowd.

Chicago.—A sea lion whose daily task is to balance a ball on its nose the other night decided that it was tired of being a slave. So it flopped through a pane of glass in the rear of the Wilson theater and down into the alley, sniffed the air, felt the snow and pointed its nose toward Lake Michigan.

A score of men, women and children sighted the rumpus, and followed it, not quite certain whether it represented some new form of entertainment or was dangerous.

While the chase was on, with Lake Michigan several blocks away, Michael Liczki, manager of the theater, began to wonder what had become of his prize attraction.

He hurried behind the scenes and found a despairing group of men who had not the slightest idea what had befallen the lion. Then some one observed the broken window and connected it, Sherlock Holmes fashion, with the missing attraction. Several men joined the search simultaneously.

The result was that the lion was sighted steaming into Hazel avenue at the rate of 15 knots an hour, without showing tail lights or a license tag. It was promptly seized and returned to the theater. There the sea lion slowly ambled out on the stage and disconsolately resumed its forsaken duty of balancing a ball on its nose.

GOOD MORNING IN A COURT

Amusing and Peculiar Mix-Up Happens in Chicago When Foreigner Confronts Municipal Judge.

Chicago.—"What is your name?" asked Municipal Judge Dolan of a tall black mustached Italian arraigned before him on a charge of disorderly conduct the other day.

"Goodmorning," replied the alien.

"Good morning," returned the judge with a smile. "But I want to know your name."

"Goodmorning," again came the reply.

"Is that all the English you know?" the judge asked.

"Goodmorning, my name," replied the prisoner. "Jim Goodmorning, they call me in this country."

"All right, Jim Goodmorning," the court said. "I thought you were just trying to be polite to me. You are discharged. Good morning!"

Carries Home With Him. New York.—Nathaniel Pearce, a carpenter, carries with him his home, a tool house, wherever he goes, and the other day his manner of living nearly brought him into court on a charge of illegal registration. Pearce registered from 640 Fifth avenue, the home of H. C. Frick, the steel millionaire.

"I live in this tool house," said Pearce. "I take it with me on every job I get." A warrant for Pearce's arrest, asked by the police, was refused.

Had Living Coming.

New York.—"I had to live some place, so I went to the Waldorf," explained Alfred Attwater, ex-grocer clerk of Pittsfield, Mass., when arrested for ignoring a bill for \$146.10 for three days at the hotel.