

SPARTY IN CHILDISH HEART.

Bright Spot Too Infrequently Found by Workers Among the Poor.

Here's one of the bright spots in sarty work. Agent Gustav Frilson...

The superscription on the envelope reads: "Dear Mailman, please give this to Mr. Frilson of the Poor, from Billy Knerd."

"Dear Mr. Frilson, please give this to that poor lady on Fifth street for me."

"My mama just read about a poor family who had nothing to eat and had to send their boy out barefooted to steal milk and rolls."

"I wish you would send me some clothes so I thought you would be very happy if I send you the money. I wish your mother would send me that little baby for I am sure that we would be good to it. My little sister would be glad to play with her."

"Let me know how much you want for it. I will save all my bank money to buy it if you will come to-morrow we will give you some shoes too wear. Call at 2124 Cold Spring avenue and ask for Billy."

"P. S.—Just send your boy to my house every morning and he can steal our milk and rolls if he wants to. Mama won't care."

A dollar bill was inclosed.

His Methods Got the Money.

Portland Character a Very Effective Bill Collector.

A queer old character who in his 85 years of life had been cursed probably more than any other man in Portland.

He was buried in the potter's field a short time ago, although Sir William McDonald of Toronto, Ontario, a wealthy manufacturer, is his brother.

The dead man is "Jimmie" McDonald, who for the last 20 years had kept body and soul together from small commissions in collecting dead-beat bills.

McDonald's age and general disreputable appearance naturally prevented him from using the methods of present-day collectors, but he got the money oftener than any of them.

His system was to stand in front of the house or office of the debtor and ring a cow bell. Pedestrians would stop in wonderment. Others would comment on the sound, thinking an auction was to take place.

Meanwhile McDonald would nonchalantly ring the bell till some one would inquire the cause.

"Oh," he would reply, "there's a man in there who owes a bill and is spring 't beat 't."

Another of his terrifying methods was to hail debtors when out in company, singing this unpoetical ditty:

"The judgment day is drawing nigh, And unless you pay every bill you owe, You can never wear a golden crown."

Many times he was trounced, but never without number he got the money.

Never Had His Hair Cut.

This town boasts a modern day Samson, in an eccentric old man, who, like the hero of old, has never permitted his hair to be trimmed.

His hair is so long that it hangs nearly to the ground. He is a powerfully built man and weighs six feet five inches.

The man is John Fitzpatrick, 75 years of age, and who, though so old, can lift a barrel of salt, weighing 270 pounds, at arm's length over his head.

One of his recent feats of strength was at the Yakima county fair when, in the presence of many persons, he picked up a granite bowlder which, when previously weighed, tipped the scales at 450 pounds.

He raised the bowlder along stone in his arms, carried it 40 feet, and loaded it into a wagon box with no assistance.

Must Be Done Grammatically.

She was a Brookline girl (just outside of Boston, you know), and when her steady company, while parting with her at the gate one evening, started out the question: "Can I kiss you?" she looked him calmly and responded: "Toadily you can, but I should hope you are not going to attempt it without first asking if you may."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

"Abe's" Duty to His Mother.

"Abe had a powerful good memory. He'd go to church an' come home an' say over the sermon as good as the preacher. He'd often do it fur Aunt Vebry, when she couldn't go, an' she said it was just as good as goin' herself. He'd say over everything from beloved brethren to amen without crackin' a smile, pass a pewter plate for a collection, an' then we'd all line him in singin' the doxology. Aunt Vebry thought a heap o' Abe, an' he did o' her, an' I reckon they'd a done most anything fur one another."—Denise Hank's recollections in American Magazine.

A Far-Fetched Argument.

"The earth," remarked the professor, "pursues its mighty pathway through space without interruption and on what you might call schedule time."

"Which," remarked Mr. Dustin Stax, "with confident emphasis, goes to show what a good thing a perpetual schedule is."

REMEMBERED ORDERS OF BOSS.

Clerk Ready with Suggestion to Dilatory Customer.

James Rank prided himself on having the largest general store in the county. "If a man wishes it, and it is made, I have it," was the sign over his store, and the motto which capped all his advertisements in the newspapers.

"George," said the storekeeper one morning as he was giving instructions to a green clerk, "no one must ever leave this store without making a purchase. If a person doesn't know what he wants, suggest something. And remember, we have everything from carpet stretchers to mausoleums."

George's first customer was a leisurely appearing chap, who gazed about curiously, but had no definite object in view. "Just looking around," he explained.

"Wouldn't you like to take a look at our new line of postal cards?" suggested the eager clerk.

"No, not this time," answered the stranger; "I'm just a little short this morning."

"Ah," urged the new clerk, "then perhaps you'd like to look at our line of new and handsome stretchers?"

FAMILY RUNS IN HARD LUCK.

Philadelphia People Have Good Reason to Complain of Fate.

Here is a real hard-luck story. Two months ago the six-year-old son of Frederick Levy of 624 South American street, Philadelphia, fell in front of a street car and had his left arm severed at the shoulder.

Before the lad was released from the Pennsylvania hospital his mother and three other children were removed to the Municipal hospital with fever.

Some days later eight-year-old Frederick Levy, at home with his father, ran from the house on an errand. Within a stone's throw of his home he slipped and fell in front of a trolley car. The left foot was taken off at the ankle.

As he was being hurried to the Pennsylvania hospital the wagon in which he had been placed collided with another wagon at Fifth and South streets. The driver, Ammond Scherer of 936 North Eighth street was thrown to the pavement and his arm was broken. The injured lad was also thrown out, and the loss of blood occasioned by the delay came near costing his life.

Price of Meat Raised in Australia.

Owing to the abundance and cheapness of meat in Australia restaurant keepers have for years been able to give astonishingly liberal meals for 12 cents. But they are not satisfied with the margin of profit and they have decided in conference to raise the price to 14 cents.

One of the reasons assigned for this step is the "abnormal appetite" of their customers. It is the hospitable custom in Australia popular restaurants not to charge for a second helping of anything, and you can have as many cups of tea as you please after having paid for the first one. It is the freedom with which this privilege—unknown in America—is exercised that cuts down the profits.

Stockings.

It is related that one William Rider, a London apprentice, happening to see a pair of knit stockings at the house of an Italian merchant from Mantua, made a pair like them, the first made in England, which he presented to the earl of Pembroke, 1564.

The art of weaving stockings in a frame was invented in England by the Rev. Mr. Lee of Cambridge in 1589, 25 years after he had learned to knit them with needles. Cotton stockings were first made in 1730. The ancient worsted cloth about their feet and legs, and in modern Europe cloth hose were in use for generations before knit hose were known.—N. Y. American.

The Ridiculous Motive.

Carlton McCarthy, the mayor of Richmond, in a recent address on "George Washington," referred to the clear, cool, logical mind of the hero.

"We moderns," said Mr. McCarthy, "are chicken-headed beside him. We do ridiculous things for absurd reasons. We are like the Richmond caterer who has just returned from a winter tour of Norway."

"What was your motive in going to Norway this winter?" I said to the man the other day.

"A friend of mine," he answered, "made me a Christmas present of a Raedeker guidebook for Norway and Sweden."—Buffalo Enquirer.

Ornament for Prince's Crown.

The apex of the prince of Wales' crown is a tuft of feathers tipped with gold, said to be worth \$50,000. The feathers took 20 years to collect, and cost the lives of a dozen hunters.

The bird from whose tail the feathers are plucked is called the ferwah, a sort of creature of the bird of paradise species, but of the rarest kind. To obtain the tail feather in its full beauty it is necessary to pluck it out of the living bird, as instantly after death the plumage becomes lusterless. What makes hunting the ferwah so dangerous is that the bird always frequents the haunt of tigers.

Getting Him Started.

"So you are going to set your boy up in business for himself?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Cornitas.

"He must be a wonder."

"Tain't exactly that, but he's got to do something 'n' it pears like he ain't smart nor incusious enough fur anybody to want to hire him."

Arboreal.

"So your son-in-law has a family tree?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but I'm kind o' suspicious that some of us American citizens aren't some about the work of preserving the forest the right way."

Real Gaffer.

"That city actor is too pert," grumbled Jason, the proprietor of the old-fashioned country store.

"In what way?" asked the starch salesman.

"Why, he comes in here every night and tells the crowd of checker players the most marvelous yarns you ever heard of."

"And do the old regulars swallow the yarns?"

JUDGE TESTED THE ELEVATOR.

How Governor Fitzhugh Lee Put Stout Friend to Good Use.

Several years ago, when the elevator was first put in the capitol at Richmond, an incident occurred showing the sense of humor of the then Gov. Fitzhugh Lee. The general was of stout build, and he wanted to see how the machine would work. He was a close friend to Judge Samuel B. Witt of the Hustings court.

Judge Witt was holding court the day the elevator was completed, and he was called to the telephone by Gov. Lee.

"Sam," said the governor, "I want to see you for a moment, and want you to come to the office at once."

"Certainly, governor," said the judge, always one of the most accommodating and obliging of public men.

"By the way, Sam, the elevator is finished and you can come up to my office without having to walk up the steps."

Judge Witt got back on the bench and ordered a short recess of the court. Then he hurried over to see the governor. He made known his presence, and he was ushered into the governor's office.

"Hello, Sam," said the governor. "Glad to see you. Come up on the elevator?"

"I did," replied the judge. "That's all right, then," remarked the governor. "I am just going to sinner and I did not care to try that elevator till I was certain it would hold you. That is all, Sam; thank you."

SKYSCRAPERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Roman Law Prohibited Buildings More Than 100 Feet High.

The skyscraper is no modern invention," says a St. Louis architect, well read in the history of his profession.

"In all the ancient cities where brick or stone was available, high houses, within the walls of the city, were very numerous, because of the lack of ground space for building. In the days of Augustus the tenement houses in Rome became so high as to be dangerous, and laws were passed condemning a number of tenement rows and ordering them to be taken down, while at the same time a law was enacted limiting the height of all future tenements to 100 feet. For palaces and public buildings there was no limit. After the burning of the city in Nero's time the streets, which before were no wider than our alleys, were made broader; some of them, through the business part of the city, were 40 feet wide, and some of the great thoroughfares were 60. The tenement height was lowered to 80 feet, and, as a consequence, the city spread far beyond its walls. The average height of a ceiling in a Roman tenement was a little over five feet; the windows were open holes in the wall, stopped in cold weather with board shutters. So, by comparison, the worst modern tenement is a palace compared with the skyscraper home of the poor when the empire was at its best."

Danger of Wood Pulp Cargo.

Abnormal stormy weather prevailing on the North Atlantic during last November and December was responsible for many fatal accidents to small vessels. Seven men—the survivors of a crew of 16—who were picked up in the Atlantic after drifting eight days in an open boat, tell a tragic story of the loss of their ship.

She was bound from Nova Scotia to England laden with wood pulp, and after fighting storms for a fortnight lost her masts, sprang a leak and drifted helplessly. For two days the men pumped, knowing all the time that it was merely a matter of time before the gaining water would be sucked up by the pulp, which would swell like a sponge and burst the vessel's seams. At last the end came and the men took to the boats as the vessel went down.

French Words Used by English.

Few people among those who object to the English habit of employing words like *naïveté* or *ennui* because they are French are conscious how many words in the most common English usage have been taken from the French language.

Prof. Lounsbury of Yale, in Harper's Magazine, directs attention to no less striking examples than the words *chagrin*, *ridicule*, *folie*, *trait*, etc. An additional point about the word *trait*, one that will surprise the American, is that in English it is pronounced without the final *t*, as in French, and is so sanctioned by the dictionaries. The reader will be amused to learn in this article how an eighteenth century critic spoke of the French words "*amateur*" and "*escort*," in English usage as "*disgracing and deforming the language.*"

Every Bird a Weathercock.

"Where's the wind?" scoffed the sailor. "Why, look at the birds—they'll tell you. Don't you know that every bird's a weathercock? Stop mosey'nin' your finger and holdin' it up," he went on, in a tone of disgust.

"The practice ain't hardly clean," "Look at the birds as all you got to do, for every bird sets with its head as ways straight at the wind. Every livin' bird in a tree is as reliable a weathercock as them dead birds on the spires what is so much considered in this here season."

Explained.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dresser, "Miss Dowdy is a dear soul."

"I often wonder," said her husband, "why it is that all your women like her so much."

"Well, you see, she always wears such plain gowns and bonnets. She never has anything to make us envious."

Sunday School Lesson.

Two girls returning from Sunday school in the country were discussing their progress in the shorter catechism.

"I am past original sin," said one.

The other immediately responded: "Oh, I am farther on than you, for I'm past redemption."

HAD THE DOWRY FIGURED IN.

Youthful Suitor with Well-Developed Head for Finance.

There is a young fellow in Pittsburgh who will undoubtedly "get along," although, as yet, he has not succeeded in amassing vast wealth. In fact, he receives a weekly wage of \$15. He is, however, an extremely good-looking and entertaining young man, and not long ago succeeded in making such an impression upon the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer that it was decided between them that he "should ask papa." This he proceeded to do, and to his surprise was received not unkindly.

"Well, let's see, my boy," the old man remarked, pushing up his glasses. "What is your annual income?"

"Well, sir, I should estimate it at \$2,000," the young man replied.

"Well—not so bad, not so bad," the old man said. "That added to her interest at four per cent. on the \$50,000 I have always said I would settle upon Mary at her marriage would give you \$4,000. You should be able to get along."

"Well, sir, to tell the truth," the young man interrupted, "I took the liberty of figuring that interest into my estimate."—Harper's Weekly.

RAISING MONEY FOR CHARITY.

Novel Schemes by Which Large Sums Have Been Gathered.

Times may be hard for all classes this year, but certainly charitable entertainments have never been more enthusiastically undertaken nor more zealously carried out than has been the case during the season just past. Charity balls have ever been a popular way of inducing those not otherwise generously inclined to part with a few of their almighty dollars for the good of the masses, performances of some play or opera that is the rage of the moment have before this year been given with all surplus from the exorbitant price demanded for entrance and seats handed over to some worthy institution or organization.

In England, however, the climax was capped this year by the duchess of Sutherland, who demanded a shilling for each glass of champagne doled out at a large dinner, and the money, of course, was devoted to charity. So lucrative did the dinner prove that the sudden inspiration was at once imitated, quickly became a fad, and from that is now almost a custom among popular hostesses in London.

INDUCING CHILDREN TO READ.

Familiarity with Books Most Likely to Breed Affection.

I find it a matter of very general solicitude with parents to find some means of inducing their children to read improving books, while they have the chance. I don't find many parents whose success in this endeavor matches their efforts or their hopes.

Book cases with glass doors and monotonous looking sets of books behind them are comparatively common in American drawing rooms, but tolerably well-stocked libraries are comparatively scarce. Of course, you may lead a child to a library, and even leave him there, and not be able to make him read; but he is more likely to read the parlor bookcase, especially if the bookcase is locked because the books in it are so nicely bound. Familiarity with books—even if only with the backs of them—seldom breeds contempt. It is much more apt to breed friendship, and sometimes it breeds strong affection like that for dear people.

The enormous dimensions of the mass of human knowledge as contained in books is liable to daunt young readers, and discourage them from even nibbling at a release from that burdensome feeling and to appreciation of the true sentiment that a good book is the record of the thoughts of a good mind, and that whether one reads much or little of it, contact with the mind that made it is profitable.—Harper's.

Squeaky Shoes in Demand.

Small automatic pumps, very ingeniously contrived, spirited air in between the layers of the soles of each finished pair of shoes.

"That beats me," said the visitor. "I never saw air put in shoe soles before. Pneumatic like that, are they springy?"

"No; they're noisy," answered the foreman of the Lynn factory. "These shoes are for the export trade. They go to Africa. A native African judges the white man's shoes by their squeak. The louder the squeak, the finer the article. In fact, the native won't wear a non-squeaking, silent shoe. It is wind between the soles that makes shoes squeak. Put in enough and your footgear will be as noisy as two pigs under a fence. We, by adding this cheap wind to our product, increase its value more than hand-sewing throughout would."

Are Goats Good for Horses?

"A goat is kept in every Russian stable. The Russians believe that goats are good for horses, that their presence keeps out disease."

The speaker, a Russian cigarette dealer, frowned at the laugh which went round the hotel lobby.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it is no doubt a superstition, and we Russians are no doubt a very benighted people. All the same, I have presented goats to some of my horse-keeping patrons here in America, and they tell me that their stables are doing better now than ever before."

"Mr. Sneezatchoo," said a pipe salesman, "I have a couple of automobiles. Would you recommend a goat for the garage?"

Part of the Treatment.

"So you believe in charging heavy fees?"

"Yes," answered the physician, "but only for the patient's own good. If you can make him feel he has an investment with you he is more likely to follow instruction carefully in order to get his money's worth."

Pretty Near It.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been giving an elementary talk upon architecture, "can any little boy tell me what a 'luncheon' is?"

"I know," shouted Tommy Smart. "A nappy goat."

WORLD'S TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

Why All Nations Should Unite in Memorial to Shakespeare.

The towering obelisk by the Potomac, the graceful arch at the foot of Fifth avenue and the innumerable other memorials of Washington all over the land do not and cannot add one jot or tittle to the fame of Washington, but they do impressively set forth the mind of the American people toward him, declares the New York Tribune. So this proposed memorial to Shakespeare in London cannot in an infinitesimal degree enhance the fame of the world's supreme poetical genius. It is not for a moment intended that it shall. But it will be a concrete and enduring reminder of the reverence with which the world regards him—reflexively really a memorial of the world rather than of Shakespeare.

We hope that it will be built, that it will be finished in time—there will be eight years from next month before the tercentenary of his death—and that in mingled beauty and majesty of design and in integrity of construction it will be as nearly worthy of its subject as the munificence, the genius and the industry of men can make it. It is fitting that the movement should be organized, started and directed in England, and it is inevitable that its chief promotion will come from the English speaking nations, but we should certainly hope and confidently expect to see every literate people on the face of the globe spontaneously contribute to a work which is more universal in its appeal than any other of the kind which the world has known.

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SAVED BY PRESENCE OF MIND.

"Patrick" Took Orders Meekly, and Trouble Was Averted.

There is a Richmond man of some wealth, but simple tastes, the latter of which include certain things he liked to do as a country boy.

One day, according to his own account of the incident, he was sitting on the back porch of his house overlooking his garden, busily shelling a bag of peas. This was the servant's work, of course, but he was doing it for the fun of the thing, his wife the meantime entertaining some "snarri" friends. Suddenly the owner of the place heard one of the women say: "Oh, I must see your pretty garden. I have heard so much of it."

The next instant a window was opened and out popped two heads. The man was in a strait. He knew, of course, that his wife would be horribly mortified. With great self-possession he turned his head away and continued his work. His wife was not far behind him in quickness of resource.

"Patrick!" she called out. "You mustn't forget to mow that grass before Mr. Blank comes home."

"Yes, mum," answered the peasheller, with his best brogue, and the crisis was passed in safety.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

DEAN SWIFT'S DISPLAY OF WIT.

His Marriage of a Country Couple Caught in a Storm.

It is related of the whimsical Dean Swift that on one occasion, when caught in a shower of rain, he took shelter under a tree, where he found a party of young people waiting for the storm to cease.

One, a girl, was weeping, and the Dean learned that she was on her way to church to marry a young fellow who was with her.

The party were walking, as was then the custom in country districts, but owing to the storm it seemed very much as if the ceremony would not take place that day.

"Never mind," said the Dean. "I'll marry you."

He took up his prayer book, and there and then performed the ceremony. At the finish he tore a leaf out of his pocket book, and with a pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. Besides the names and the date, there was the following:

"Under a tree, in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together. Let none but Him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder."

Size of the Heart.

The size of the heart in different animals is found by Prof. Hesse to vary with the activity of the chemical changes that supply the body with nutrition and remove waste. It is largest in birds, is larger among young, warm-blooded animals than in the mature, and it is very small in sluggish, cold-blooded creatures. Stated in thousands of the body in weight, the highest relative heart weight is 24.1, that of the sandpiper, while among mammals the highest is 14.4, in a dwarf bat. Among fishes the relative heart weight of a member of the mackerel family is as high as 2.1, but the smallest relative heart weights known are 0.15 and 0.22, in sphaerocarpus and ophidurus, two eel-like sandfishes. The relative heart weight of