

PUSHING BACK OF OLD AGE

Less Than a Century Ago a Man Was Considered Old at Forty.

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the period of old age, says a writer in the September Strand magazine. Less than a century ago a man was old at forty. You have only to pick up Jane Austen's novels to find gentlemen of thirty-five described as middle aged. At sixty they were gabbling in their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick—that dead, delightful, benevolent old gentleman of forty-five!

Fifty years ago, when a man reached the age of forty-five he grew a beard under his chin, bought himself a pair of drab gaiters and a white neckcloth, and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation, whose manners were so different from those he had known as a "young man." Nowadays the popular notion of irrepressible, irrepressible youth is illustrated by Colonel Roosevelt, who is fifty-two. In our generation thirty-two is outwardly indistinguishable from fifty-two, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful tint in its cheek and its waistcoat.

LATIN PEOPLE TAKE TO BEER

Quickly Acquire Taste for Malted Beverage in Places of Accustomed Wine.

"One of the things that surprised me when I first went into this business," said the wines and liquors salesman, "was to learn that after the average Italian has been in America for five years he drinks more beer than wine.

"Like most people, I was under the impression that malted liquors were distasteful to the Latin races. The Italian, however, does not drink beer at home, because he has never been taught to do so, and because it is not easily obtainable. When he arrives in New York and finds the saloons selling a big glassful for a nickel he acquires a taste for the new beverage. In time he grows to prefer it to his national red ink, a change which is partly due to the fact that beer is more suitable to this climate than wine.

"In Mexico beer is becoming more popular every year. There are now several flourishing breweries in the republic, and the favorite brand is a very light lager known as cerveza blanca. The literal translation of the name is 'white beer,' and the beverage is so called on account of its unusually pale amber color. Beer is drunk largely in other Latin-American countries, but it is noteworthy that the French remain faithful to their light wines."

Recording Indelible Impressions.

You may follow the man from Cook's and you may do a lot of things that will fill your mind with full of new thoughts, but it is yesterday that a young lady from St. Louis registered an innovation upon the records of travelers in all lands.

She had come from Missouri with several persons, and their first stop in the East had been made to see the "cradle of liberty." They had spent an hour wandering through the old corridors of Independence Hall, when the young lady in question was seen to pause, draw from the recesses of her shawl a notebook, upon which she proceeded to make many and rapid notations.

"What are you taking all those notes for?" asked one of her companions, who prided himself upon a reliable memory.

"I am simply jotting down a few facts which have made an indelible impression upon my mind, and which I do not wish to forget."

When Frankness Doesn't Pay.

Frankness is one of the virtues that are better in theory than in practice. To go in for frankness blindly is as foolish as to buy bonds from a glowing advertisement. Before yielding to the impulse to speak one's mind, or to tell one's affairs, study the probable cost to yourself and the other side. No one ever likes us the better for telling them what they should do—nor are those things altered in consequence. The less one tells of his private affairs the easier life will be. Personal reserve is a trait every one should try and acquire. There are plenty of big things to discuss. If you are not equal to them, then make yourself talk less.

Hay Fever.

The symptoms of irritation in back of nose and throat, with dryness and heat in the nasal passages, with running and dropping back into the throat of mucus at times, indicates hay fever trouble. In some cases the eyes water with other symptoms, as of a severe cold in the head. To relieve this complaint a soothing antiseptic spray lotion should be used several times a day, spraying back of the throat and nasal passages thoroughly. Great relief can be secured from the inhalation of ordinary lavender smelling salts.

HIPPO STEAK GOOD EATING

Tastes Something Between Pork and Beef and is Esteemed by Whites and Natives.

The hippopotamus, as any one who has traveled in Africa knows, is very good eating says Capt. Fritz Duquesne, in Success Magazine, in an article, entitled "New Animals for America." The flesh tastes something between pork and beef. It is highly esteemed by whites and natives alike. It is known among the Boers, who were the first whites to eat it, as zeekoo speck (sea-cow bacon) when it is cured. The hippopotamus is practically the beef of Africa. The fat, which lies between the skin and the flesh, and averages about 200 pounds, is one of the purest animal fats known to science. It is in great demand for soap and cold cream and brings a high price from the African trader. Of course, people would have prejudices against hippo steak at first, but they would soon learn to eat it. At present, according to some investigators, a great deal of the sausage sold in some of the coast states is made of porpoise meat and slaughter house waste mixed together. The recent exposure of the cold storage methods which kept meat for years, waiting for a favorable market, should make people willing to prefer anything to that.

SETTLING THE DOCTOR'S BILL

How Benevolent Physician Did a Kindness Without Wounding Pride of Patient.

The late Dr. Cruveilhier of Paris was a man of unbounded liberality. One day he heard that a poor young woman, whose husband was a clerk in the war office, had been taken seriously ill. He went to see her, attended her for a month, and finally cured her.

At the end of this period he perceived that the husband wished to ask him for his account and for time to pay it in. He did not like to hurt the young man's feelings, and, noticing an Algerian carpet in the room worth about 15 francs, he exclaimed: "What a lovely piece of carpet you have got there!"

"Ah, doctor," said the husband, "if you think you would like to have it—"

"I should indeed very much like to have it. Look here, we will make a bargain. You owe me 200 francs for my visits. Your carpet is worth 300. Here are a hundred francs, and I'll take it with me."

And he left, glad to have done the poor people a kindness without wounding their pride.

War and Finance.

Money life here has yet not reached a chivalric stage, nor has it anywhere else in the world. In money matters this age's face too often reflect the cold, pallid face of the crafty, cave-dwelling man and his cannibalistic devices and traps. Tip takes it that the money world's life is still in primitive state of evolution. Later will come higher morals, honor, awe, chivalry, for the game of money and war and hunting are plainly worked from the same part of the brain, and history of one will be the story of the other. Great charity should be shown the financial faces of today, for many such faces only represent the fog and exhaustion, wear and tear, that proceed from a too severe application to a too narrow intellectual specialty. This makes a cross, tired, worn face. For some of the most just and good hearted of men and women have a quick, snappy temper, and no wonder.—New York Press.

A Counter Attraction.

It was at a ball game between Chicago and Pittsburg. The score was tied, two men were out, a runner was on third, and Hans Wagner was at bat! The crowd was too excited to be noisy.

A sporting editor had taken his neighbor to the game. The neighbor was not a fan, but he had succumbed to the delights of "traveling on a pass," and was having a real, garrulous good time.

At the moment when there wasn't a heart beating on the bleachers, and the grandstanders were nauseated with suspense, the sporting editor's neighbor emitted this:

"Look, Jake! Look at that coke train! Did you ever see one engine pulling so many cars? I'm gonna count 'em!"—Lippincott's.

Telegrams.

Jane—I've something on me mind. Arry, that I hardly knows how to tell you.

Arry—Aht wir it.

Jane—I'm afraid yer won't marry me if I tells yer.

Arry—Aht wir it.

Jane—I'm a seamstress, Arry.

Arry (after prolonged pause)—Never mind, Jane, it'll be all right. If there ain't no chapel for it we'll be married at a registry.—Punch.

Wants His Share.

"You'll get a Carnegie medal for this," growled the tramp who had just been pulled from the water by the hero.

"Perhaps," grinned the panting life saver.

"Well, don't forget that you owe it to me."

"And what good will that do you?" the hero asked.

"Why, when you paws it you can gimme half!"

THE MOSQUITOES OF ALASKA

Far North Species is Worse Than Any Found in the Temperate Zone.

Four summer lasted for three months, and during that time, by day as well as by night, we had the fight of our lives against swarms of mosquitoes which for tenacity of purpose and endeavor cannot be equaled in this world, and I have seen a good deal of it in my 15 years as a soldier," said A. O. Gardner, sergeant of Company C, Twenty-second Infantry. Gardner was returning home to Milwaukee, Wis., after two years spent at Fort Gibson, Alaska, some 300 miles northeast of Nome, on the Yukon.

"The government maintains six posts in Alaska," continued Sgt. Gardner. "We had two companies at our post and did very little actual military duty. Our principal work was in keeping up the telegraph lines which are owned by the government. The signal corps has large representation in Alaska, and the soldiers frequently are called on to give that department assistance.

"I have fought mosquitoes in the woods in Wisconsin, in the flats of New Jersey, in the swamps of the Mississippi river and in the Philippines, but there are none that can equal the voracious species they have in the far north."—Kansas City Journal.

SUPERVISION OF UPPER AIR

Years of Preparation Necessary for Accomplishment of Great Feats of Aviation.

How few of the thousands blackening the sands at Atlantic City realized the months and years of preparation for what seemed—as all supreme achievements seem—so easy, so entirely without effort. But try it; try even to think of doing it, and you will see how hard it can be, how much one must know, as well as how well one must be able to do. It is absolutely necessary to know the motor and its little personal idiosyncrasies, its kinks and weak points. The aviator must know every bone in the body of his machine just as a good horseman knows his horse, and have absolute confidence in every part, or, if he cannot have that, he must know its weak point, and how to favor that one point so that it will get the least strain possible. From this one begins to see what is required of the flying man, and can infer some of the instant and imperative demands on brain and body. Yes, the art and science of flight has called into being a company of men, in whom certain traits of mind and person have been so wonderfully developed that at present they almost seem a race apart, "superman" in one sense of the word, at least. If man has at last made a new machine, the machine is certainly making a new man.—Columbian Magazine.

Stumped for a Cussword.

An excitable New York man, gasping through his native Virginia, offered \$1,000 for a new cussword to express his emotions when his machine balked. He was disappointed, says the New York Times. He must so remain. For one dowered with Saxon speech to crave aid in expletive is like sending coals to Newcastle. What succor of his muted sorrow can Germany offer, where "Thunder-blast" and "Potshousand" are his blasphemous supreme; or France, with his "sacred blue" and "Name of a Pipe" or Turkey, where you murmur "Destiny" when a wheel breaks; or Italy, where a too deliberate donkey is invited to "put one foot before the other," or Spain, where one may bid a persistent beggar "Go in peace, little brother?" Eloquence of expression Northern races may indeed study in warmer climes. When a Latin says "Caramba" or "Diavolo!" it "ain't so much wot 'e says as the navvay way 'e says it," as the British sailor explained when charged with assault.

Mourning in England.

Sumptuary mourning laws were formerly found necessary in England to restrict the extravagance of the nobility and their imitators in the matter of funeral costume, says the London Chronicle. At the end of the fifteenth century it was laid down that dukes, marquises and archbishops should be allowed sixteen yards of cloth for their gowns, "sloppes" (mourning cassocks) and barons eight, knights six, and all persons of inferior degree only two. Hoods were forbidden to all except those above the rank of acquire of the king's household. In the following century Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII, issued an ordinance for "the reformation of apparel for great estates of women in the time of mourning." So it seems that men and women have met in the extravagance of sorrow.

The Brutal Truth.

The stout lady on the summer hotel veranda is blushing furiously. Furiously is a strong word, but it is the best word for the place. Her fond friends tell her that her figure is, if anything, a little too slender, but out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes the truth. Yonder six-year-old boy with the whip played fishing. "Who will be my fish?" he cried.

"I'll be your fish, dear," the stout lady answered.

"Aw, I want a fish, not a whale," the unfeeling boy retorted.

Is it astonishing that babes and sucklings are not welcome at summer hotels?

TALENTED CONVICTS GO FREE

Song and Poetry Bring Pardon to Two; Cartoon Work Frees Third.

A prisoner has just been released from jail because he sang well. Only a little while ago a convict was pardoned because he wrote poetry. This sort of thing can be prolonged indefinitely, the Cleveland Plaindealer remarks. Convict Hill Brydoker will be pardoned next month because he is a fine cartoonist. With a bit of plum-bago and a whitewashed wall Hill drew a striking likeness of Banker Swoop, who is his seatmate in the prison dining room. Convict Joe Skeetch, the notorious Brooklyn thug, has developed rare talent as a carver. A rolling pin he whittled out of a bed leg for the warden's wife shows a high degree of art craft skill. Active measures are being taken to interest the governor in Joe's behalf. Convict Mulky Sludge, the kidnapper, has made a monkey wrench out of a bit of iron hoop from a water pail and two yards of wire from a broom. The fact that he tried to brain Guard Tomkins with this ingenious tool will not weaken a determined effort to secure the governor's recognition of Mulky's remarkable mechanical skill. Convict Jerry Twigg, who poisoned the ice cream at the Methodist church picnic in Skinkie's woods in the suburbs of Weehawken last May, has developed a keen interest in line engraving. Entirely unaided, in his only tools being a shoemaker's awl and a bit of sandpaper, he made a plate for a \$2 bank bill which was so well done that he had no trouble in selling it to a visitor for two pounds of cut plug, a box of knockout drops, three files and a bottle of sulphuric acid. Convict Twigg's birthday comes next Monday, and his leading birthday gift will be an unconditional pardon.

REASON FOR CHURCH EXODUS

When Pastor Hears Why Men Are Leaving, He Stops Sermon and Goes Also.

More than a hundred years ago, when the stone steps of the old house were in front of the meeting house in the village—and worshipful feet went up them and along the uncarpeted aisles to the straight-backed pews, each with a wooden door held shut with a wooden button—one Sunday morning after the "long prayer," while the clergyman was in the midst of his discourse, one of the members of the congregation was seen to rise from his pew and tip-toe quietly out of the church. Soon a neighbor followed and then another and another, slowly and with reverent regard for the sanctity of the place they were so unwontedly leaving during the sermon. The minister, noticing this, says Richard Wightman in the Metropolitan, stopped in the midst of his discourse and said: "May I be permitted to inquire the reason for this exodus?" At this one of the few remaining men stood up in his pew and answered thus: "Since the service began word has been sent us that a large school of shad has been pocketed in the Oyster River. The tide has gone out and the meadows are covered with live fish. Thousands of them are flopping there in the sun, and we have thought best, sir, to improve the opportunity and go down there and secure winter food for our families." Then he sat down, and after a moment's pause the clergyman gathered up his manuscript and said: "I think that is a very good idea. I will dismiss the congregation and go and get some myself."

Charity Covers, Etc.

Mrs. George McPadden, the beautiful Philadelphia who made the Spanish dance of "The Roses" the feature of the Newport season, said at a dinner, in answer to a compliment on her success in this work:

"Yes, I had better luck than a friend of mine in Philadelphia. My friend gave a charity concert in the ballroom of her country house, and the piece de resistance of the concert was the Spanish dance, performed by six young bachelors and debutantes. "At the entertainment's end my friend shook hands with a group of little old women from one of the homes to be benefited. "And how did you like our Spanish dance?" she asked. "The old women looked at one another in some embarrassment, and finally in a soothing voice one replied: "Well, ma'am, least said soonest mended, and besides, the object was so deservin'."

Looking Ahead.

"So you want women to vote?" "I have declared myself to that effect," said the keen politician.

"And I suppose you want to see a woman elected to the office you now hold?"

"No. After they have held a few spirited conventions I don't think any of them will have enough personal popularity among the members to secure even an endorsement. But there's no reason why they shouldn't all vote for me as their champion."

After Dark.

The Easy Chair—I don't suppose there's a bit of fun about you—you're so dandied old.

The Colonial Sewing Table With Brass Knobs—Who says I'm old?

The Easy Chair—Why, master said so. He said you was a George II. antique.

The Sewing Table—That's what he said, is it? Much he knows about it. I'm a Grand Rapids antique, that's what I am. Any fun going on tonight?

TOBACCO IN FAR OFF ALASKA

Resources of Miners When They Can Neither Smoke Nor Chew.

"I can match the story you were telling of the cracker women in North Carolina who use snuff by spreading it over the gums with a chewed stick," said the man from Alaska to the southerner next him, "by telling how miners and soldiers in Alaska tie tobacco in the arm pits or against their solar plexus in place of taking it as a smoke or chew.

"When the wind is blowing 30 miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold, as they say out west. If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips cracked and they would be raw all winter long.

"The regulars stationed at the military posts up in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undesired duty they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid.

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as well if they wanted to. It was the outdoor smoking or chewing that made all the trouble.

"No, I haven't tried it," said the Alaskan man, "but I do know that the habit is very common up north in the long Arctic winter among men who spend their lives in the open. It is the queerest way to use tobacco I know of."

SURPRISES IN OIL INDUSTRY

Since Time of Drake's Discovery Every New Field Has Added Something New.

Since the oil industry began it has been a succession of surprises. Drake's discovery well was a surprise to most persons. Since that time every new field has added something new. For several years every individual well was a revelation. Peculiarities were observed not found in their predecessors. Then the new things were found in localities. It is the same way yet. Oil refuses to abide by the rules and "freak" wells persist. The driller of long experience is constantly expecting something different from anything he has ever encountered. It is this novelty that makes the oil business so fascinating, but the same thing increases the hazard.

The latest reported oddity in the discovery of heavy oil in the Caddo deep sand. The opening of a high grade oil field in that locality was a surprise to all and to many a disagreeable one. But when that grade of crude had come to be the expected thing from the deep sand there, a well is drilled in alongside the field that produces oil of 30 degrees gravity from the same sand that yields the oil of high gravity. A few days earlier a well found the light oil in a shallow sand and then caved in and was spoiled. So it will probably go to the end of the chapter. Science can guess at the probabilities below the surface, but until a means is devised to see into the earth for several thousand feet, as the X-ray studies us to see through a sheet of steel, the oil business will be uncertain and full of surprises. It is hazardous in all its branches and will continue to be.—Oil City Derrick.

Sterilization by Light.

Milk is now being sterilized in Paris by submitting it to the action of ultra-violet rays, thus avoiding the use of heat or treatment by chemical antiseptic substances. It has long been known that light without heat can destroy micro-organisms, and in 1893 it was proved that from the ultra-violet part of the spectrum there proceeded rays that had a bacterial effect. It was further shown that glass stopped these rays, which, however, passed easily through quartz. It has taken over seven years to turn this knowledge to general use, but now in Paris an apparatus has been made by which ultra-violet rays, through quartz, sterilize 132 gallons of water an hour. After much trouble the sterilizing of milk has been successfully accomplished, although its opaqueness was at first a difficulty.

A Long, Long Time.

"Why, how dare you try to kiss me!" she exclaimed. "I have known you less than a week."

"How long do you have to know a man before you permit him to kiss you?"

"It depends on the man."

"Well, how long would you wish to know me before you would let me kiss you?"

"I should have to know you a long, long time."

"What do you call a long, long time?"

"Five minutes longer, at the very least, than I've known you."

Not Missing Anything.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "is dat lunch you was talkin' about nearly ready?"

"Look here! An hour ago I handed you an ax and told you to chop some wood. You haven't cut a splinter."

"I know it. But I orter have some reward for not stealin' de ax."

KNOW ANY BOOB CATCHERS?

Male Specimen Must Be Well Dressed and Plausible in Talk—Fits Chorus Girl.

New York.—There is a new slang term in town and it is eloquent and pregnant with meaning. It isn't very respectful, but it means a whole lot when applied to any of the frequenters of upper Broadway, where it originated.

"The idea," declared an indignant chorus girl as her dearest chum pleased her by without even a nod. "Do you know what that girl called me yesterday when I suggested that we call up Harry and get him to take us to dinner? She said I was a pretty good boob catcher."

"That's it, boob catcher. If you happen to be a chorus girl and get some one to take you to dinner then you're a female boob catcher."

The male boob catcher is the friend who is waiting in front of the bar for you to buy him a drink. He is the chap who always coughs when you are about to dine and tries to work you for a dinner. If he is able to get your auto for a little outing with some of his friends he is a boob catcher.

The male boob catcher must be well dressed and plausible in his talk. His success requires the same qualities which are most appreciated by the flim-flammers who once worked the Brooklyn bridge for victims. There are a lot of male boob catchers in the vicinity of Long Acre square and they are always on the lookout for new victims.

The term, however, is used more generally in connection with chorus girls. In fact, it is supposed to have originated with the chorus. In theatrical slang the girls refer to a stage "door Johnnie" or any "mascher" as a boob.

"Boob" is supposed to be an abbreviation of "booby," which requires no further translation since every one knows the use of the word in connection with eunuchs, in which the poorest player gets the booby prize. In chorus girl vernacular any one who can be imposed upon is a boob, and there you are.

WOMAN HATER EASILY TAMED

Chicago Woman Brings Dainty Pastry to Choir Practice and Wins Herself Husband.

Chicago.—"How to cure a woman hated." One way, add four eggs to a quart of milk, a half cup of sugar and a little vanilla. Bake until it sets. Serve custard hot, with cream and sugar. Another way, take one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk or cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of butter and flour to mix soft. Add vanilla flavoring and bake until cookies are a delicious brown.

These are the recipes with which Mrs. Adeline Gutshaw of Austin won a smile from a man who had a reputation of never smiling, and cured what was regarded as a hopeless woman hater. The man, August Mittlestaedt, will be married to Mrs. Gutshaw within a few days.

When Mrs. Gutshaw joined the choir of the North Berwyn Congregational church last winter she was told of the woman hater in the organization, and warned to beware of crossing his path. But Mrs. Gutshaw is nothing is not brave. She determined to break the chronic case of "anti-feminitis" of Mittlestaedt. Her celebrated "baked custard" and her well known "sour cream cookies" were the allies.

Mrs. Gutshaw knew all about "the sheet to a man's heart is through his stomach," so she brought some of her cookies to choir practice and Mittlestaedt ate more than any of the other singers. The next time she tried out the "baked custard," and then it was all off. Mittlestaedt not only smiled but asked to be allowed to accompany Mrs. Gutshaw home. He has been going regularly since then, and the old reputation of being a woman hater has disappeared. Mittlestaedt is going to get married instead.

STRAY LETTER CUPID'S RUSE

Starts Correspondence That Finally Ends in Wedding of Couple Who Had Never Met.

Scranton, Pa.—Traveling from Pennsylvania, Fla., to meet his bride that he had never seen, Thomas N. McCartney arrived in Carbondale the other night, and the next evening was wedded in the parochial residence of St. Rose church to Frances Donnelly.

The marriage ends a most remarkable courtship. The bride, twenty years old and pretty, was corresponding with Frank McCartney of Atlanta, when one of her letters went astray, and fell into the hands of Thomas N. McCartney. He answered the missive and straightway the other man was forgotten. That was a year ago, and constant correspondence fed the flames of love until he proposed and was accepted by mail, photographs having been exchanged meanwhile.

When the couple met for the first time both expressed themselves as satisfied with the bargain, and it was sealed by the marriage ceremony. The pair will reside in Florida.

Cures of Skin Diphtheria.

London.—A series of remarkable cures of diphtheria of the skin have been effected by diphtheria antitoxin at St. John's hospital. Skin diphtheria, which is impetigenous eczema caused by diphtheria bacillus, was until the present treatment was perfected, one of the most intractable skin diseases under antitoxin treatment.