

LONDON HAS NO LOCAL PRIDE.

British Newspaper Takes Whirl at Big Metropolis.

It is a Londoner of the center, put him down in the Caledonian road or on Brook Green or at Herne Hill, then take off the bandage and ask him where he is. The chances are ten to one he will have no notion at all. They might just as well be in the provinces. Practically they are in the provinces. They are not inhabited by Londoners in the true sense, but by people whom accident or necessity has brought within the metropolitan area and who would be just as happy 200 miles away. Their atmosphere is not metropolitan. They are not of the center. They are on the fringe.

That is why London has so little local pride. It is not a community. It is a congeries of suburbs, each with its separate narrow interests, grouped around a little city whose citizens have so wide a horizon that they can spare next to no attention for local affairs. How can civic patriotism be expected from a man who spends all his week-ends at a house in the country, the spring on the Riviera, the autumn in Scotland or the Mediterranean? London is to him only an incident with boundaries probably smaller even than those which I have suggested.

The real Londoners are those who would not consider life worth living anywhere else. The real London is the small space where are to be found the interests which fill their lives. Hundreds of thousands of suburbs have never seen a picture in London, never been to the opera or the play, could not tell St. Paul's from the Abbey or distinguish between St. James and Grosvenor Square. Per contra, few real Londoners know anything about the regions on the fringe. The immensity of London is the constant subject of bewildered comment. It is the littleness of London which astonishes me.—London World.

THE MULES WON.

Judge Decided That They Couldn't Possibly Make a Sudden Shift.

Men in the east," said a well-known westerner, while talking to some friends in the lobby of a downtown hotel here last week, "appear to me to be mostly short and stocky built, except the down-east Yankee, who is usually long and lank."

"Now, out in God's country you seldom find a man under six feet, and broad in proportion. But I'll admit it sometimes pays to be small."

"I remember that in the early '70s," the speaker went on, "a man lived in my town who was over six feet four, and he was about as broad as he was long, and weighed 400 pounds or so."

"In those good old days the festive mule pulled the street cars."

"Well, my friend brought suit against the street railway company for damages sustained by their sudden starting a car in which he was standing."

"During the trial the company brought two of their mules into the courtroom as witnesses for the defense."

"The jury viewed the complainant, took a casual glance at the mules, and at once brought in a verdict for the company on the ground that the sudden start was plainly impossible."—Washington Post.

Where Howe Led.

Discussing Washington and his birthday, John Kendrick Bangs said: "I have made a study of ghosts, as my 'Houseboat on the Styx' and other stories show. And I once dreamed, or saw in a vision, the ghost of Washington and the ghost of Gen. Howe conversing."

"The two ghosts seemed on excellent terms. Howe insisted that Washington was taking on weight—joked him about it—and finally said: 'George, I'll run you a mule for a shilling.'"

"Washington gave Howe a mocking smile."

"No, thank you," he said, "I was always behind you when it came to running."

Vanity and the Drug Habit.

When a woman is seized by a desire to better her complexion or her figure by imbibing medicines, the quantity of stuff she will swallow in a given time is almost incredible. Vanity is the strongest weakness of the gentler sex, but the physiological effects of the course of drugs, self-prescribed and self-administered, are calculated in the end to make this vain pursuit of women regret her methods of self-improvement.

Edwin's Explanation.

Edwin, aged three, who fondled his small cat overmuch and unwisely, appeared before his mother one day, his little face guiltily pained and a scratch upon his hand.

"What happened?" she asked.

"I bent the kitty a little," he said, briefly.

Married in Sackcloth.

In order not to lose a legacy of \$25,000 left to her by an eccentric aunt, a young lady was, in France, some little time ago, married wearing a wedding dress which, though of fashionable cut, was made of sackcloth.

These Foolish Questions.

"Our train struck a bar on the way down."

"Was he on the track?"

"No; the train had to go into the woods after him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WISCONSIN PEARL HUNTING.

Digging Clams for the Valuable Gem Twenty Years Ago.

Twenty years ago a pearl clam started in Wisconsin. Every one dug clams, says Outing Magazine. Mills stopped and the water was drawn from the mill ponds that the people might get the muskels more easily. Previous to 1895, according to the government report, \$300,000 worth of pearls were found in Wisconsin—Sugar river alone yielding \$10,000 before becoming exhausted. At that time river pearls were not valued as highly as "orientals," but now they are eagerly bought by jewelers. Several years ago button factories were established at various points on the Mississippi river. Men collected clams and sold the shells to these factories to be made into pearl buttons. Some pearls were found and another craze soon started. Men flocked to the river from all walks of life. White men, red men, black men, brown men and women, all came, though after a month of sun, wind and river water coffee, racial characteristics were not conspicuous.

In the summer of 1902 it was said that 20,000 men were clamming on the Mississippi and its tributaries. In the spring of the next year the rush was even greater, but this did not last long. Owing to the overfishing of the previous season, the market was already overstocked and the price of shells had dropped so low that by July comparatively few boats were at work. Many enormous beds that were thought to be inexhaustible had given out, the buyers rejected so many (only about a quarter of those caught were salable, even at the latter part of the season) the river was almost deserted.

HOW TO WIN BATTLES.

Men Who Hit Are Determining Factor in War.

Other things being equal, good shooting is the determining factor in war. Poorly drilled and hastily organized bodies of men can give a good account of themselves if they know how to shoot and hit what they shoot at.

In our war for independence, says Army and Navy Life, the colonists were woodsmen. They carried and used their arms to supply their homes with food, and to protect them from the savage. As marksmen they vastly outclassed the British, and that more than anything else gave Washington the final victory.

Again, in our great civil war, mark the effect of a general knowledge of firearms. In the south were sporting people, they were fond of riding and hunting, shooting at target and at game entered into their sports and pastimes. The north was commercial.

The men knew nothing of firearms save the flintlocks of their grandfathers, objects of curiosity in their shops or homes, except in the far west, where the life of 1776 was still being lived. The result was that in the east the southern troops were generally victorious for a couple of years until the northern troops learned to shoot. What little success the north had was in the west, where they were little better than a standoff.

A Paying Crop.

F. W. Burbridge, M. A., of Dublin, in his opening address at the narcotics conference, held in 1896, said: "An acre of wheat or potatoes may be put down as worth from \$20 to \$50, according to locality, variety, etc., but an acre of choice daffodils or narcissuses may be worth anything from \$50 to \$500, or even more." The advisability of blending bulb-growing with the culture of flowering roots of all kinds is increasingly apparent, and thus the chance of success is widened. In addition, flower production may be regarded as a very natural aid to the enlargement of the scope of the bulb grower. There is an astonishing demand in large cities for the very commonest kinds of blossoms, and many a grower is adding substantially to his annual turnover and profits by the production of these ordinary flowers.—Dundee Advertiser.

Not a Welsh One.

Rev. Mr. Preuder of Philadelphia, was invited to dine at the house of a friend whose wife went into her kitchen to give some final orders. Incidentally, she added to the servant: "We are to have a Jewish rabbi for dinner to-day." For a moment the maid surveyed her mistress in grim silence. Then she spoke with decision: "All I have to say is," she announced, "if you have a Jewish rabbi for dinner, you'll cook it yourself!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Taking Her Pick.

The following was told at a smoker recently, and it is not so bad, either. The narrator told of another little food he once attended where eight men were sent home in one hack; and the driver solemnly rang the door-bell and when a feminine voice called from the upper window: "Who is there?" the John replied: "Misus, will you be so kind as to come down and pick out your baby?"—Lippincott's.

Abstemiuousness Pays.

The future is to the people who are strictly sober. The Japanese, officers and soldiers, fed on rice, and during the great war from which they issued victorious had only water to appease their thirst.—Henri Roch fort in L'Intransigent.

TERRORS OF HALLOWEEN.

Not to the Aeronaut, but to the Man on Earth Below Him.

It must be more than two years ago that I called attention in this column to the danger and nuisance that would be likely to ensue if halloweening became popular, but it is only recently that the public have awakened to the fact that the possibilities mentioned are likely to become stern realities.

Already we read of people quietly laughing in their gardens being well-nigh blinded by showers of sand, of conservatories being smashed, of houses unroofed and chimneys demolished, of trees uprooted, of fences damaged and of cattle injured by the action of the grappel.

Of course, as halloweening becomes more general such accidents will be more frequent and more serious. An inconsiderate aeronaut is far more difficult to catch and control than a road-bog, because he may perpetuate his annoyances from an inaccessible distance. It is really high time—before this latest nuisance becomes so vast as to be uncontrollable—that stringent measures should be taken for its suppression.

But, I suppose till the prime minister has been hooked by a grappling-iron and dragged by the heels across a plowed field and through a couple of quickset hedges, nothing will be done.—London Graphic.

VEGETABLES ON THE ROOF.

A Real Practical Garden Constructed on the Housetop.

Saying that the conventional roof garden was a misnomer, Mrs. Antonio Bellestré, of 1033 Hillen street, built a real garden on her roof and planted a variety of vegetables. Stalks of corn, which is only one of the many vegetables she raises, can be seen from the street, and attract much attention.

The inability to buy vegetables in the market caused Mrs. Bellestré to conceive the idea of a roof garden. Procuring several store boxes of a depth of about six feet, she filled them with rich soil and planted the seeds. The growth of the plants was watched with keen interest, and to her delight the vegetables she desired came in abundance, and she had more than could be used by her family. Those that she does not use are sent to her friends.

Several crops are raised a year, and besides corn and spices she has beans, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers and several Italian plants that flourish well in the rich soil of her unique roof garden.—Baltimore Sun.

A Little Mixed.

The late Marlon Story, Julian Story's brother, was a great sportsman," said a New York broker. "He is a splendid angler. I used to like to hear him tell fish stories, for in his case these stories were always no lies amusing than true."

Mr. Story was once fishing for tarpon in Florida. He fished in a motor boat, and his companion was a cracker—a Florida cracker.

"Suddenly the cracker got a bite, gave a great jerk backward, and then—presto, he was splashing and floundering in the water. The huge fish had pulled him overboard.

"Drop your rod," shouted Mr. Story, and he started the motor, and in a few minutes reached the cracker and hauled him back on board.

"The man said, as he began to wipe his clothes: 'What I want to know is—is this cracker a fisher or was that fish a cracker?'"—San Antonio Express.

New Term in Law.

The plaintiff was stating his case: "Your honor, I was walking alongside of the waiting train, when this man, who is a stranger to me, and without any cause whatever, reached out of the car window and planted a couple of powerful blows upon my face."

"Your honor," expostulated the defendant, "I was so enraged by the delay of that train and the miserable service of that road in general, that I just had to give vent to my feelings in some way. I couldn't restrain myself."

"I feel for you," admitted the judge, who had occasion to travel on the same road, "but I am compelled to fine you nevertheless. That pair of hand-me-downs will cost you just \$10."

What She Wanted.

Mrs. Jones—That old maid next door is the most brazen borrower I know!

Mrs. Brown—Indeed!

Mrs. Jones—Yes. Why, only yesterday she came over to inquire if she could borrow my husband for an hour to mow her lawn, trash a man who had insulted her and discharge her cook.—Tit-Bits.

Vienna's Beggars.

It has been proved that no fewer than 32,000 beggars are at present making a better living in Vienna than ordinary workmen. One notorious family of professional beggars recently gave a grand ball and a concert at a local hotel.

Different.

"He took me to the opera."

"Wasn't that grand?"

"No, comic."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Women Go Half Rates.

Women, because they eat so much less, only pay half rates in the more old-fashioned of Sweden's hotels.

WHISTLED TO COO THE SNAKE.

Native Naturalist Advises How to Disarm the Deadly Rattler.

Nashville, Tenn.—Anybody who can whistle need not fear a rattlesnake, is the dictum of John T. Shelton, of Petersburg, Tenn.

Nobody in Petersburg has ever tried whistling in any emergency of the kind, but even Naturalist John Burroughs would not be able to convince them that it would be a dangerous expedient.

"Jack" Shelton is a man of authority in those parts. He carries a gun to back up any statements that may be contradicted, and therefore no one has ever successfully combated him or found him guilty of a "nature fake."

Consequently when he dropped into the office of his town paper, the editor evidently gave him all the space he needed to enunciate his ideas on the application of the whistle to the rattler.

"Should you ever encounter a rattlesnake," said Shelton, "and it was all put in cold type forthwith, 'don't you be afraid. Don't fight him. Just whistle softly—ever so softly—just as though you were rocking a baby to sleep—something pathetic. If you can think of it, in a minute you'll see the gentlest snake possible. He'll close his eyes and his whole body will quiver."

"I saved my life once in this way. I was practically at the mercy of a snake when I tried the scheme. I whistled with all the music that was in my soul. And in nine shakes of a dead ram's tail Mr. Snake seemed to lose all his fighting power and appeared to close his eyes and go to sleep. That was the signal for me to cut and run."

"But, remember, and don't let anyone cut this out, after you've smoothed him with your whistle don't stay too long."

SEES FLYING SQUIRRELS.

Potent Moves Hunter to Repeat and Sign Pledge.

Poptown, O.—Sandy Andrews has signed the pledge, and henceforth will be found sitting cross-legged on the driver of the water wagon. It all came about when he went hunting for squirrels the other morning.

Recollecting that it would be cool ritting in the woods at dawn waiting for the squirrels to pop out of their holes in the chestnut trees, Sandy took with him a flask of anti-chill.

He consumed a large part of it and was gazing up through the branches when he caught sight of a squirrel. He was about to fire when the animal leaped straight into the air and began to fly among the trees in a most graceful way.

The hunter was astounded. He had never heard of squirrels flying and he doubted his eyes.

Two more squirrels came out, and they, too, started to fly. Then more kept coming.

"This is no place for me," cried Sandy, as he picked up his gun and hurried home. "I've seen many things in my life, but when I behold flying squirrels it's time to inculcate the prohibition movement."

DEEDS TINY BIT OF LAND.

Document Transfers Sixteenth of an Inch of Real Estate.

Warsaw, Ind.—A deed for one-sixteenth of an inch of land has just been made by Jacob Rosenstock, of this city, on a slice of property which he owned in Cleveland, O. A purchaser of an adjoining piece of property attempted to jump his contract on a technicality.

Louis Rosenstock, a son of Jacob Rosenstock, of Warsaw, is a member of a Cleveland real estate firm, which recently sold to a Cleveland man a lot with a frontage of 120 feet, the real estate company selling the property for a bank. A few days later the purchaser decided that the property was not wanted by them and refused to accept the deed, claiming that the bank could give title to only 119 feet 11.98 inches frontage.

As it happened Mr. Rosenstock, of this city, owned 95 feet adjoining the property in question, and as soon as he received word of the hitch in the sale deeded a section of his lot, less than half an inch of frontage, to the real estate firm, so that a title could be given to a full 120-foot frontage. The deal went through.

Routed Burglar With Chair.

New York.—Frank M. Franklin, a lawyer, who lives in an old-fashioned house at 205 2d avenue, had an encounter with a burglar and came off victorious. He was aroused from his sleep by one of his children, who heard a noise in the dining room and started to cry. Mr. Franklin got out of bed and ran into the dining room in time to see a man with a revolver climbing through a window. The burglar aimed the revolver at the lawyer, but before he had a chance to fire Franklin seized a chair and threw it at him.

The burglar, bewildered by the attack, dropped to the yard, a distance of twelve feet, and although he was injured, he managed to climb over the fence and escape.

Mr. Franklin often has large sums of money in the house, and he believes the burglar knew it. Since July burglars have paid him three visits.

Women Carrying Walking Sticks.

New York.—Canes and swagger sticks for young women are the latest fad here. Several of the feminine exponents of the idea have been seen in Fifth avenue carrying slender canes.

TAKE MATES ON TRIAL.

MARRIAGE QUESTION SUCCESSFULLY SOLVED BY ESKIMO.

Explorer on Return from Far North Says Tribesmen Are Wedded Two or Three Times and Family Descendants are Unknown.

Washington.—Trial marriage among the Eskimos of Alaska and in the region of the Mackenzie river is a complete success and the life and morals of these people excel those of any civilized country. In the opinion of V. Stefansson, ethnologist of the Leffingwell Mikkelson polar expedition, who has just returned from the far north.

According to Mr. Stefansson the entire problem of conjugal relations has been solved by these people and divorce and family troubles are unknown to them except in some localities where missionaries have instilled ideas of Christianity and civilization into the Eskimos. Where Christianity has invaded the country there is considerable discord and family troubles.

In every instance, declares Mr. Stefansson, those farthest away from religion and civilization are exemplified by the white man have a much higher moral and physical standard than those who have been Christianized and civilized.

This conviction, he says, is borne out by the almost unanimous testimony of the traders and the Canadian mounted police, who penetrate this country. Their exemplification of the family, he asserts is superb.

When a boy reaches the age of 15 or 16 years, he marries a girl of about the same age or a year younger," says Mr. Stefansson. "There is no ceremony in this union, and it is seldom a permanent one. Cases are rare where couples first united have remained together. It is sometimes the second, and generally the third union, which proves lasting."

This last marriage usually takes place when the couple reach young manhood and womanhood, and it is the strongest of the three. If a couple upon first mating for any reason proved ungenial, the one wishing to do so simply marries some one else.

There are no ill feelings and there is no complaint, as it is considered that neither party has cause for complaint.

A peculiar feature of these matches is the fact that young couples are, as a rule, not very affectionate, which is a peculiar contrast, as when permanently settled and reaching the age of from 25 to 35, they become affectionate and loving in the extreme and never unnecessarily leave one another's side.

"Naturally one asks what becomes of the children springing from the trial marriages, but this is easily disposed of and in a most satisfactory way."

"Children are few in this region from various physiological reasons. In some instances they remain with the mother, in others with the father, but a majority are adopted by other and settled couples.

"Their care is no burden or expense, as these people are communists in every sense of the word and even should a mother be crippled or unable to keep her own children, they would never want, as food and clothing of every need of life is held in common by the community."

The Christianized Eskimos compare unfavorably with the so-called savage tribes, for where civilization has tamed them they are selfish and unwilling to share.

On the other hand, if a family living in the remote regions has food enough to keep it only one day, and starvation is staring it in the face, it would do more than refuse to share its food with anyone who came along than a Washingtonian would have to refusing a stranger a drink of water at the public pump. This communal idea is absent only where traders and missionaries, innocently enough, have taught their white men's methods and manners."

TOWN MAY BE IN CLOVER.

Looks Ahead to the Possibility of Freedom from Tax.

Pensacola, N. Y.—To live in a well-governed community without paying taxes is a present dream of Pensacola township in view of the proposed improvement of Petty's island, which is within the township limits. It is added to the assessed value of the township land, and if the \$2,500,000 park projected there really materializes its taxes will be nearly enough to run the whole township.

Pensacola is now practically a part of the borough of Merchenville, which it adjoins, and has all the advantages of the latter's police and fire protection without the cost.

The big increase in the taxables of the township is likely to cause the city of Camden to wish to bag so rich a booty, and it is not unlikely to lead to an annexation bill at the next session of the legislature, when all of Merchenville and Pensacola township will be attached to that city.

Blame Flies for Death Rate.

London.—The remarkably high death rate in Liverpool recently is attributed by the health committee of that city to the large number of flies which made their appearance during the warm weather. The large increase in infantile mortality is ascribed to the contamination of milk and other foods by the insects.

CHANGE IN SCHOOL METHODS.

Consolidated Temples of Learning is Now the Order.

"The old country schoolhouse of not so long ago will soon be a relic of the past," said James Tiche of Albion, Pa., according to the Washington Post. "Although one traveling through the country sees many of these old fashioned structures, he does not realize that they are rapidly being deserted and that a consolidated schoolhouse will be met with farther up the road. These new buildings are graded, and many have several high school courses, so that one teacher now teaches only one class, whereas in the old days the pedagogic taught everything from the alphabet to Latin. Of course, the consolidated schoolhouse is not so convenient to all the children, as they have to go a greater distance, but all of them ride to school nowadays. The consolidated school is much cheaper to the community, and what the farmer saves in taxes he puts in sleighs and wagons, so that his children may ride. Pupils can also remain at their home school much longer than they formerly could, and this also is a great saving. We may expect great results from this change, for the farmers with their poor schools have turned out some wonderful men, and they should do even better under the new conditions."

STAND BY ONE ANOTHER.

One Place at Least Where Women Befriend Women.

"There is just one place," lamented the grocer's clerk, "where woman is the friend of woman. That is in a grocery. If a woman happens to get stung by a poor brand of tea or coffee or soap or anything else, she takes precious good care no other woman whom she can influence shall suffer from the same cause. In buying anything else women go on the principle that misery likes company, and allow their sisters to run into all kinds of errors they themselves have been guilty of. But in the matter of buying groceries they treat each other like Christians. For that spirit of helpfulness the grocer usually pays. It is responsible, for example, for all those packages of coffee over there in the corner being thrown on our hands. One woman tried a sample, she didn't like it, and she made it her business to see that no other woman whom she met in here should throw her money away on that sort of coffee. And it is the same way with everything else—if one woman sees anything in doubt as to the quality of any article, she advises to the best of her ability."

Capacity of a Munich Porter.

An English family touring in Bavaria, called at the world famous Hofbrauhaus, the pride of Munich, recently, writes our correspondent. To the waitress serving them the head of the family in a matter of fact way, simply held up his five fingers. To the family's astonishment the waitress came back with five quart pots filled to the brim with beer. The visitors heavily struggling with the beer, but only managed to dispose of about one quart between them. Knowing that it would be considered an insult to leave beer, they called a porter and ordered him to finish it. In less than five minutes he related the Bavarian accomplished the task. Wiping his mustache, he demanded sixpence for the job, and having obtained the money, instantly ordered and equipped another quart pot.

A Celebrated Celebrate.

A young and handsome rover was recently engaged for a fashionable church. One of the waiters, with a sly grin, said for a joke circulated the rumor that the new parson belonged to the order of cellulose, thinking thereby to haffe the spinsters and widows of the congregation who were many. One matron, with several remarkable daughters, assembled those and a few young friends about her, and gave the group a solemn warning, "Now, girls," she said, "you must not fall in love with the rector. You know he is a celebrity!" And a celebrity the poor man remained so long as he was rector of that church.

Farmer Feeds the Bees.

John R. E. Wright, who lives on a farm two miles north of Kimer, N. J., has the third story of his house bored with holes, which swarms of honey bees have found, much to his delight. The holes lead to closets in the bedroom, and the unsuspecting bees make honey where it can be gathered from the inside by simply opening a door. It is Wright's keenest delight to take a friend and a loaf of bread to the third floor, open a closet door and start a feast of bread and honey.

Centenarian Killed by Wasps.

Mrs. Cox of Glaston place, Forest Hill, was stung on the neck by a wasp while entertaining a number of friends in celebration of her 105th birthday and died the same night. Mrs. Cox was able to read and sew without the aid of glasses, and had not known a day's bad health for the past 37 years. Her husband, who died last year, was 98 years old.—London Express.

Feeling His Loss.

Higgins—I see Tighs is wearing a mourning band on his hat. I wonder if it is for his first wife? Wiggins—Of course not. He married again last month. Higgins—Yes, I know he did, and I am under the impression that he is just beginning to feel his bereavement.—Chicago News.