

MISFIT FAMILY IN A FLAT.

News from the South West with Difficulties in New York Apartments.

Southern people who come to New York to live have a lot to learn. They are accustomed to plenty of room and freedom. They do not know what a flat is until they bump up against it, says the New York Sun.

Not long ago a family of six including a servant who had been in their employ from childhood, moved here from the Palmetto state. The head of the household came on first and rented a flat on the upper West side.

The family followed after the household effects reached here. When southern people move they take everything with them. The family arrived on the same day that three big vans loaded with goods backed up in front of the flat house.

Several articles were of such dimensions that they could not pass the doorway until they had been taken apart. One old-fashioned wardrobe was not built on the portable plan and it had to be sent to a second-hand dealer, who had almost to be threatened before he would buy it.

Another article which caused this southern contingent to wonder how people in New York live was a cooking stove—they do not call such an article a range in the south. It was a rather curious sight to the people in the block to witness the unloading of several joints of stovepipe—something seldom seen in this city.

When the outfit was taken upstairs the family discovered that there was no arrangement in the flat for a cooking stove. The janitor—another institution unknown to the people of the south—was called in and asked where the cooking stove was to go.

There is no hole for the stovepipe, said the head of the family.

When the janitor pointed out the gas range, and explained how it was operated, the family gathered about the new-fangled arrangement in wonder. The family servant, who had been accustomed to an oven in which a whole hog could be roasted, declared that the gas range wasn't big enough to bake a pan of corn bread. And when you cut corn pone out of the menu of a southern family you shut one of the gates to Paradise.

Ice and the kids were wrapped from heat was taken downstairs and stored in the basement. To sell it would have been disgusting to South Carolina.

The grand piano, built when lumber was cheap, had to be hoisted in. That's the way most pianos are put into flats in New York. But it was new to these people from the state of John C. Calhoun.

They declared that there wasn't a rope in New York stout enough to lift it. But the piano mover said he would be responsible and the hoist was made.

"However you fit it out if it de house catch fire!" asked the good old servant, whose eyes had expanded to twice their natural size.

When the old instrument reached its destination it occupied a third of the room. A bit of colonial furniture had to be sawed off to fit into one of the bedrooms.

The day was dying out over the Hudson river hills when the last load was packed in the flat and the head of the house went out to market for dinner. He returned expecting every store in the neighborhood was closed.

"The store in Chinatown keep open till ten o'clock," he declared.

And then a procession moved out and along the street until it rounded up in a restaurant. There the southern contingent had their first dinner in old New York. Returning to their circumcised quarters they gathered about the grand piano and while one of the family woke up the neighbors in the block.

SOME ODD OCCUPATIONS.

People in New York City Who Have Queer Ways of Making a Living.

People sitting around in the sunshine of Battery park a few days ago were astonished at the sight of a diver disappearing into the bay with a powerful hose stream. This was something new in the diving line, it seemed to them. Was the diver going to fight flames with his hose at the bottom of the bay?

Later, however, relates the New York Times, they learned that the diver was simply using the hose to force to the surface certain jetsam that had gone to the bottom with a pier which collapsed a few years ago. There was a horse and cart down there. The diver did not want the horse, but the ironwork of the cart, and that of certain wheelbarrows and tools which had gone down was of value.

This is only one of the many queer ways by which enterprising people around the Battery make a living. The park there probably holds the record for queer methods of maintaining the elusive income for which we are all fighting.

There is the man who makes a business of robbing people, but of course he is not honest. There is another man who watches in the summer months for people to leave things on the benches, and takes care that they are in his possession before the rightful owners return.

Then again there is the man who makes a trip around the park every morning picking up papers and rags and fruit skins, all of which he sells to paper mills. Now and then this person picks up a scribble, a ring, or something equally valuable, which he sells in the Bowery.

But the queerest person to be seen around the Battery park is the man with the little dinner pail. He wears very speedy clothes; he is gray-haired, and the curiosity one feels over his general appearance is further excited by an old-fashioned pair of spectacles that forms the dividing line between his shaggy eyebrows and his bushy beard.

He goes around every morning just after daylight with his little dinner pail picking up minute objects from the grass. A young man who crosses the park very early on his way to work saw him engaged in this mysterious work the other morning. The young man's curiosity had been steadily growing for two months.

"Say, old man," said he, "I'm very curious to know what you do for a living, working with that dinner pail in the grass every morning?"

The old man smiled and took the lid off the dinner pail, revealing a seething, squirming mass of earthworms.

"Many people have asked me the same question, young man," said he, gravely. "I am under contract to supply worms for the fish in the Aquarium over there. That is how I make a living."

HINDOISISM AND THE ZONE.

Exposition in Brief of the Theory of Transmigration by One of the Swami.

As is well known, a great majority of Hindus are firm believers in the transmigration of the soul. The doctrine, however, is but imperfectly understood in Christian countries. Students of philosophy, says the Chicago Chronicle, will be glad of the explanation which a Hindu swami, who signs himself "Anand M," gives of what transmigration really signifies to the Buddhist.

Twenty-five pages of close reasoning lead him to the conclusion, which he gives in the following paragraphs:

"To live in love with all that lives, not seeking or not caring for tomorrow's question, to make of this life an oasis in the desert of self-desire, to strive ever, even here and now, after the love and wisdom and the perfect good—this is for the Buddhist the supreme ideal, the glory of his dharma and the hope of all his ways. All else—all thought of future gain or life for self—is but a mockery and delusion. As something real, true, as Buddha has said, 'I am, I was, or I shall be' and it is all illusion, the dewdrop deeming itself a permanent and separate entity, though the waters which compose it lay yesterday in the ocean's depths and with the dawning light will rise and melt into the wandering air."

But if this universal life be ever changing, sorrowful and without a soul there is still, our religion teaches an end and a cessation. Thought is the creator of these worlds, the builder of this earthly tabernacle, the maker of illusion, and to him who gains the victory over thought comes in this life unutterable peace. He is the victor who here and now has triumphed over ignorance, hatred and illusion, and has passed where nevermore the waves of earth can come. To him is joy beyond all joy we know—the joy of liberation from this variety of life, who knows that for him rebirth is finished and his lot at end and that when death shall claim his body there will be no more of change or sorrow or delusion, even as the matter has said:

"The Mendelian Law.

The Mendelian law, with which the Mendelian law is regarded by biologists is evidently the fact that in a recent number of *Homotopia* a note that three articles are devoted to it. In accordance with this law, the characteristics of parents are distributed in hybrid offspring according to a numerical law, and the hybrids are not intermediate in their characteristics between their parent forms, but have changed characteristics of one parent or the other. The law was originally worked out in regard to certain plants.

THE TROTTER'S VALUE.

OF GREATER PROFIT IN GENERAL THAN DRAFT HORSE.

New England Breeders Prefer the Small, Hardy Animals for All Kinds of Hard Work.

No family of horses has yet been produced anywhere in this world that can be adapted to so great a variety of uses as the American trotter, says the American Horse Breeder. He can be used for profit on the race track and in the show ring, for pleasure on the city roadway, for light teaming, express and general delivery purposes in the city, for cart, plow, the harrow, the cultivator, the manure spreader, mowing machine, the tedder, the hay rake and fork and the family wagon in the country. He can be raised at less expense and will perform a greater amount of labor in proportion to his weight and the amount of food consumed than the Cleveland bay, the Percheron or the Clydesdale. When care is used in the selection of sire and dam he can outpace the Hackney and French coach horse, either in the showing or on the road.

There is no other horse that New England breeders can raise which is so sure of giving profitable returns. The heavy breeds of horses can be raised in the west, where forage is cheap, brought to New England and sold for less money than it costs to raise them here, and still leave a profit to the western breeder and dealer. The sires are so long and forage so dear in New England that breeders here can never compete successfully with those in the west in raising slow, heavy draft horses, and should not be encouraged to make the attempt.

With the stallions and brood mares that breeders in New England now have, they can compete successfully with any breeders in the world in producing sound, handsome, stylish good-dispositioned trotters and roadsters that at maturity will be able to hold their own in most company. They will not mature so quickly as those raised in California and Kentucky. As a rule, however, they are more tractable and docile, care less for trolley cars and automobiles, have better feet and legs and, if carefully used, until matured, they will do good service and remain sound longer than those raised elsewhere.

Trotting-bred animals that are not fast enough for the track or speedway generally make very satisfactory work horses. They are better adapted and more profitable for performing the usual labor on New England farms, and can pull a larger load in proportion to their size than the heavy, sluggish western horse.

A pair of compactly made, well-fed and thoroughly seasoned trotting-bred horses that weigh 950 to 1,025 pounds each will do more farm work of ordinary nature than a pair of western horses that weigh 1,200 to 1,300 pounds each. The smaller, active, hardy animals are preferable for almost all kinds of farm work, excepting, perhaps, the manure spreader and stone drag, where the great weight of the western ones gives them an advantage. But even in that kind of labor a pair of horses of the size and type of the smaller trotting-bred animals will make a more profitable team than a pair of large, heavy western ones.

The original Justin Morgan, founder of the Morgan family of horses, weighed only about 950 pounds, yet he could and did pull a heavier load in the shape of a log on the ground than a 1,200-pound horse could start. The Morgan horse, a son of Justin Morgan and not as large as his sire, could pull a heavier load uphill on a steep and bare ground than the large, heavy team horse. Though inferior in weight to the large animals, the small ones, as a rule, are superior to them in the quality of muscle and in nerve force, that quality which gives them weight-pulling ability.

New England farmers will make a great mistake in trying to breed heavy draft horses. It will be much more profitable for them to select trotting-bred mares that are good individuals and mate them with trotting stallions that are bred in producing lines and have individual merit as well as breeding. The best of the produce of such will sell for good prices for track, speedway or carriage horses. The rest will make good, serviceable work horses, and farmers of New England will find it more economical to use such than to buy heavy, sluggish western ones that are not admitted.

New Metal from Ceylon.

Specimens of a remarkable mineral newly discovered in Ceylon have been sent to London for analysis. The hope that this substance might prove to be a source of wealth is containing large quantities of thorium, of which in ancient days man's race appears to have been first founded; but on the other hand, there seems good reason to believe that its potentialities in other directions are much greater than anyone could have guessed. It has already yielded signs of containing two elements hitherto unknown to chemists and it may well turn out to be the most precious product of Ceylon isle.—Philadelphia Record.

A Hearty Farewell.

The old friends had enjoyed their three days together, in spite of the fact that last was not a conspicuous quality of either of them.

"You have quite a pretty place here, John," said the guest, as he took a final look about him on the morning of his departure. "Quite a pretty place, though it looks a bit bare as yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young," said the host, comfortably. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again. Then you'll see how much improved the place will be, and they shook hands with mutual affection and good will.—Youth's Companion.

PORTUGUESE POLITENESS.

An Illustrative Instance of the Extreme Courtesy of the Old-School Personages.

As a picture of social intercourse the following is given by a former earl of Carnarvon in his book on Portugal and Galicia, published half a century ago. In that unchanged and unchanging part of Europe the manners of the old world have been preserved as nowhere else on the face of the earth.

I remember, he says, a striking instance of the great extent to which more ceremonial is carried by Portuguese of the old school. I called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, and ascending a magnificent staircase passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated.

Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation.

My host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound. When I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us. When I had gained the place I had just left on the second, the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments.

At the baristers I made a bow and, as I thought, a final salutation. But no, when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first, and upon each of these occasions our heads bowed, with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at last completed.

I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars I turned and found his eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and maintaining his pace so as to go through his share of the ceremony on each pillar.

As I approached the hall door our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual. The bishop stood with uncovered head till I was driven away.

ISLAND RISES AND SINKS.

Singular Effect of Submarine Eruption on the Coast of South Africa.

A remarkable phenomenon has recently occurred in Walvis Bay, on the west coast of South Africa. The bay is a commodious and spacious harbor, access to the two chief rivers of that part of Africa, it owes its name to the numerous schools of whales that formerly abounded there, says the New York Sun.

The bay is largely cut off from the ocean by a peninsula extending northward. The end of the peninsula is called Pelican Point, and it was in the waters near this point that the people living on the shores of the bay saw a very strange sight when they arose one morning.

They saw lifted above the water near Pelican Point a new island. It was about 100 feet long and 50 feet wide and rose to a height of 16 feet above the sea. It was very steep.

Some boats filled with men from the shore approached this new bit of land and found that it was composed entirely of mud so stiff in texture that the men could walk easily on the surface. It was mud, pure and simple, but the surface was rapidly hardening. The people gave it the name of Mud Island.

The island was destined for a very short existence. The day after it was discovered it began to sink, and seven days later it had entirely disappeared from view.

An article on the appearance and disappearance of Mud Island has just been printed by the South African Philosophical Society, of Cape Town. F. W. Waldron, the author, says there is no doubt that the appearance of the island was due to a submarine mud volcano in the neighborhood of Pelican Point.

The phenomenon was accompanied by unusual exhalations of sulphurous gases, which have often been observed in that neighborhood. He believes that the large mortality of fish in Walvis Bay, observed from time to time, is due to these exhalations.

The island was due to enormous quantities of mud issuing through orifices on the sea floor. The mud was spread around and piled up until it finally appeared above the water as an island.

With nothing but a mud foundation to support the great weight the lower part of the eruptive matter gradually spread out and the large mud bank sank again below the surface.

Toilet for Horses.

A beauty hospital for horses has been established on the continent. Here horses have their coats electrically massaged, their hoofs manured, and their teeth filed and whitened, and here they learn to stand properly and to move in all the fashionable gait. Probably the most interesting and novel operation to witness is the electrical massaging of a horse's coat. This has the same effect on the coat of a horse as the scalp of a man. It makes the hair thick and the coat glossy, and, where the skin has been rubbed bare, it brings on a new growth.

Looking Too Closely.

Wallace—Try one of these cigars; they were smugled.
Ferry—Really? (Puff puff) Smugled past the board of health, you mean.—Stray Stories.

EARN HARD LIVING.

SEWING MACHINE AGENT NO LONGER MAKES BIG MONEY.

Average Receipts Have Fallen from One Hundred to Twelve Dollars a Week—Poor Outlook for Agents.

"The canvassing business is played out in Chicago," said an old sewing machine agent the other afternoon as he stopped to rest while in Jefferson Park, according to the Tribune.

"I've tried of late years to sell almost everything—spring beds, clothes wringers, books, albums, furniture, and novelties besides my regular line—and I find it about as hard to take orders for one thing as another. You see, the selling business has been done to death and people are sick of being bothered day in and day out with agents of this and that article. Then many agents are entirely unscrupulous. They tell all sorts of yarns to make a sale, and almost everybody is susceptible, even of us, who try to get along with as little lying as possible."

"What wages can the average canvasser earn?"

"Years ago, when the sewing machine business was in its glory, I used to make \$75 and \$100 a week selling machines here in Chicago, but now it is exceptional when I make over \$25. And that amount is far above what the average agent earns. I should say that \$10 or \$12 is a fair average for canvassers generally. There is no money in it any more. People who used to buy from us now go to the stores because they consider it more respectable to do so or because they imagine they can save our commission. It is more difficult to get at housekeepers now than formerly. All tenement houses and flats that are erected nowadays have the hall doors provided with patent locks and bells of such a character that it is almost impossible to get inside without letting one know who you are, and this is fatal to success. Sometimes we manage to get upstairs by 'tipping' the janitor, but that is expensive, especially when you don't make a sale, which happens so often as to be almost the rule. Of course we always get the door of our apartment house open."

"A few days' experience of this kind usually deters a new man, and it is exceptional for green hands to stick to the business for more than a few weeks at the utmost. Hence the sewing machine companies and other concerns employing canvassers are compelled to advertise continually. Of course they never state openly what they want you to do for they will know that no man worth his salt would notice such an ad." They put in a want ad that reads something like this: "Wanted—A man, about 25 of normal address, who is quick to learn and willing to work. Apply at store, corner of Bank and Bank, after nine a. m."

"Now the average man out of work will suppose the position to be that of a regular salesman and there is usually a large number of applicants for the place. These are met by a host of managers, who carry out a glowing picture of the canvassing business. They say that the best part of many is the amount of work, and of course a few dollars a week being indicated to draw largely by the advance of five or six dollars that is paid for a fortnight or so until it is seen whether the man can sell or not. This money is deducted from his commissions when he earns them.

"Nine-tenths of the goods handled by agents are sold on the installment plan. The credit system still prevails to a remarkable extent among the middle and lower classes of this city, and after years of experience I think it is a general thing, a good one. It is certainly a great help to poor people. The abuses of it are greatly exaggerated. The dealers are seldom unjust. They cannot be so, because of the notoriety such a course generally incurs."

Korean See-Saw.

Korean girls are fond of playing see-saw. A bag full of sand about a foot in thickness is placed on the ground. Above this is placed a plank, and stretched alongside as a propping board for the children to grasp as they steady themselves by it as a rule. The young Koreans do not sit down, as English or American girls would, but stand erect on the ends of the plank. One gives an upward spring, and as she alights on the board gives the other a skyward toss, which she catches in turn, throws the first girl off a little higher. And so the sport goes on until in their upward flight each girl is thrown two or three feet into the air. Frequent risks are necessary, but the pastime is the occasion of much merriment.

Speech Abruptly Ended.

"The people who get one idea or one term and never change," said Representative John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, the democratic leader of the house, "is always being to my mind an episode at a dinner I attended once where a scholarly and eloquent pioneer was telling of the dangers that beset him in his early days in the west."

"I can remember once," he said, "when I was traveling from one town to another, a tremendous thunderstorm came up. The scene was frightful, awe-inspiring. I expected every moment that the lightning would strike the tree under which I had sought shelter."

"Why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?" shouted a man at one of the tables, and the speech ended right there.—N. Y. World.

Both Extracts.

Customer—Have you any extract of beef?
Waiter—Yes, sir. Brown or white?
"Brown or white?"
"Yes, sir. Beef tea or milk?"—Philadelphia Press.

KINDNESS FOR HOODLUMS.

How the Children of the New York Slums Are Looked After by Settlement Workers.

The reform of youthful hoodlums by other means than through the club of the policeman and the reformatory has been undertaken by two New York organizations, recently. To transform such youths into orderly young men is the work which the West Side Neighborhood House and the East Side House are now attempting, reports the Sun of recent date.

The workers in these settlements are generally men of calm and personal popularity. They investigate the gang spirit thoroughly and learn its cause and the means by which it can be transformed into something better. They come into immediate contact with the members of the local gangs and study the mental and moral possibilities of each and in what way each member can be influenced.

Most of these gang youths live in tenement houses of the lowest order with an environment not calculated to awaken their better nature. They either congregate on street corners, in groups or at some other rendezvous, their homes, such as they are, are merely regarded by them as temporary lodging places.

One fortunate circumstance in the work of reforming these wild youths is that the gangs do not have an organization, and by a proper persistence and a real kindly interest this form of organization can be turned from one of criminal propensities into a law-abiding organization, ambitious for decent development, deep sympathy for their leaders, whose influence and example one way or another permeate the whole company.

The settlement workers visit the tenement houses, enter of themselves with out any patronizing airs on the personal acquaintance of each member, win over the captain first, and after him his following, and before the gangs are actually aware of the fact the organizations are converted into orderly clubs.

Rival gangs which formerly fought fiercely on the streets and attacked one another at the top of a chance meeting are brought together in the settlement houses and are induced to forget their animosities and their predatory life and become members of a normal club.

The settlements give them the use of gymnasium and other beneficial and elementary facilities. This transition is not being accomplished suddenly. It is a gradual process and sometimes the greatest difficulty is experienced, particularly in offering the spirit of rivalry among the more vicious.

AMERICAN CANAL AT LAST.

It Has Become Possible for the United States to Control a Trans-Isthmian Waterway.

Title to the property of the French Panama Canal Company, and cover exactly over a strip of land not miles wide across the Isthmus of Panama, are now vested in the United States. The stockholders of the French company recently ratified the agreement for the sale made by them and transferred their rights to the company, and the republic of Panama voted the canal strip to return for the payment of \$10,000,000. This sale was the completion of a long and difficult task for the United States.

and control a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a waterway that will double the speed of the navy and the whole country.

It has been many years that the canal has been the dream of the United States. It was the dream of the fathers, and it was the dream of the present. It was the dream of the future, and it was the dream of the past. It was the dream of the present, and it was the dream of the future. It was the dream of the present, and it was the dream of the future.

As the United States controls the canal strip, it must govern Congress, not being ready to decide what form the permanent government shall take has followed the example of the congress of 1803 in dealing with the Louisiana purchase and has given to the president power to appoint all civil, military and judicial officers, and to preserve their duties until March 1, 1905. By that time it is believed a satisfactory plan of government can be devised that will maintain order among the thousands of men who will be employed on the canal.

The Art of Clear Denial.

Few people think and talk with precision and in logical order, even of the man whose trained intellectual ability is made manifest in their deliberate sentences. In disputed judicial opinions and legal documents there now often appear redundancy, complexity of the thought and carelessness of expression, of which the heaviest interpretation is made from the chaff is next to impossible. Moreover, we discover in many contemporary literary productions, books, and what not, little sentences that they are stated by men who had not mastered the art. The difference between written and dictated work is made apparent in the absence of anything like individuality of literary style and in a machine-like uniformity in which there is no more literary style than in an ordinary commercial letter.—N. Y. Sun.

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