

HOW TOTS REGARD DOCTOR

Reason for Sudden Affection Was Not at All Complimentary to Physician.

A Chicago physician gleefully tells a child story at his own expense. The children of some faithful patients had measles, and during their rather long stay in the improvised home hospital they never failed to greet his daily visit with pleased exclamations. The good doctor felt duly flattered but rashly pressed the children, in the days of convalescence, for the reason of this sudden affection. At last the youngest and most indiscreet let slip the bitter truth.

"We felt so sick that we wanted awfully to do something naughty, but we were afraid to be bad for fear you and the nurse would give us more horrible medicine. So we were awfully glad to see you, always, 'cause you made us stick out our tongues. We made us stick out our tongues."

Another laughable "doctor" story deals with little Edna, who played mother with such realistic enthusiasm that her immediate maternal ancestor one day found the child weeping violently over a supposedly defunct doll.

"My dear Annie has died and gone up to heaven," the child mourned, between sobs.

"What was the matter with her?" inquired the sympathetic but somewhat perplexed listener.

"She had the doctor dreadfully," came the surprising reply.

ON WRONG HONEYMOON ROUTE

Soot Marks Telltale Evidence of What Occurred While Going Through Tunnel.

All of the passengers were amused at the dovetail tenderness of the honeymoon couple from the rural districts, and when the train emerged from the tunnel the flashily dressed commercial salesman thought he would have some fun at their expense. "Ah, here, neighbor," he said in a loud whisper as he touched the nervous bridegroom on the arm, "don't you know there are rules against kissing on this road?"

"Rules against kissing?" faltered the frightened countryman.

"Certainly! You were kissing while coming through the tunnel!"

"How in the world did you find that out, mister?"

"Why, by the soot marks. There was one on your nose before we entered the tunnel, and now there is one of the same size on the bride's nose."

And just then the pretty bride began to stamp her foot impetuously and upbraid her awkward spouse.

"That, now, Miss, what did I tell you? Told you not to come on the soft coal route. If we had come on any other route, they wouldn't have bled us!"—Judge.

A Wary Chap.

There is a Milwaukee man who has been prosperous in business, and whose note is worth something with a reason that he is willing to write it for. Not so long ago he received a check from the United States government for ten dollars to his firm. He took it to the postoffice to have it cashed.

The clerk said he could cash it if the man would "endorse" it.

"Oh, no, you don't," the man answered. "I promised my partner when I went into business with him that I would never endorse any paper in the firm's name."

"Well, then, just write the name of the firm across the back, that will answer the purpose," the wily clerk persuaded.

"Sure, I'll do that," and he did.

Too Great a Risk.

A certain gentleman who resides in Adams county, Kentucky, stopped with some of his friends for the night, and after his horse had been cared for at the barn, and red, the following conversation occurred between the two old neighbors:

"Sam, have you got anything to drink?"

"Yes, Bill, I have about the quantity sufficient for us both to have a good drink in the morning."

"Sam," said Bill, "the older you get the less sense you have. Just suppose now the house burns down to-night, and we have barely enough time to save ourselves and the drinks perhaps. I want to tell you right now, Sam, that we are not going to run any such risk. We will take the drinks tonight."

Protecting the Men.

"All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from after the passing of this act impose upon or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects by secret, painted, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool from stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."—An act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II.

Handing It to Him.

"I'd like to be rich."

"How rich?"

"Just rich enough so that you would marry me."

"Big! Aren't you ashamed for wanting the money in the world?"

WASH FOUR TIMES A YEAR

Old Dutch Custom of Quarterly Clothes-Washing Required Immense Quantities of Linen.

Every one has heard of the German and Dutch method of accumulating soiled clothes and of having a washday only two or three times a year. Not every one realizes, perhaps, that the custom was brought over to this country from Holland and that the Dutch settlers long continued its practice. In these days of ever-ready laundry, it is strange to read of our New Amsterdam ancestors four times a year. Helen Evertson Smith tells about it in "Colonial Days and Ways."

The custom of quarterly clothes-washing was maintained notwithstanding our summer heats and the immense quantities of clothes necessary to keep up the state of cleanliness required by Dutch instincts. A New Englander who had married a citizen of New York writes, in 1760, of this practice which was undoubtedly strange to her.

"Grandmother Blum is so deep in her quarterly wash this Week, that she has time only to send her love."

The washing was done in an outdoor house called the bleckeren, where the water was boiled in immense kettles, and all the other processes of the laundry work carried on. The work required was not less than a week, frequently two weeks.

During the time preceding this cruelly hard labor, the soiled clothes were accumulated in very large hampers of open basketwork. This custom originated the necessity for the great stores of linen with which every bride was provided.—Youth's Companion.

VERY COOLING TO THINK OF

Artificial Ice Is Purer and Can Be Sold Cheaper Than Natural Product.

No longer are dealers and users of ice compelled to stand sentinel over nature, with all her vagaries, and wait for ice to be frozen for them. Only a few years ago ice was gathered from anywhere and everywhere, and none could guess what sort of refuse contaminated the waters, rivers, canals, ponds and pools where it was gathered. No longer does the citizen in the midst of a mild winter take alarm at the prospect of no ice or ice at an almost prohibitive price on account of its scarcity. The manufactured ice is purer than that of nature, without flaw or blowhole, free from admixture of snow and therefore more lasting. Artificial ice is one of the great discoveries of the last few years and has been reduced to such a system that it can be sold at a good profit cheaper than that which was formerly sawed out, loaded in vehicles, hauled to railroad or steamer landing and shipped by rail or by sea to the vast and ugly storage houses, where it was taken from masses of sawdust as it was sold.

The Great American Can.

To the Malay peninsula every year go about 1,300,000 one-gallon tin cans, containing American petroleum. Thousands of the cans are used as water buckets. The interior of a Malar, a Tamil, or a Chinese home contains American tin cans of all sizes and shapes, fit to some useful purpose. Sieves are made by puncturing holes. Thousands of dust pans are made from the cans by removing one side, curving two sides and attaching a large wooden handle. Baking and cooking utensils of all kinds are also skillfully manufactured from them and may be seen in thousands of homes.

For storing articles of food against onslaughts the tin can is a blessing. Hundreds of men are engaged in manufacturing tin cans into funnels, pepper and salt casters, coconut and nutmeg graters, lamps, biscuit tins, tea and coffee pots, ladies' mugs, cake patties, Chinese pipes, oil pumps, money boxes and the framework for false teeth.

So necessary has the American tin can become to these people that to be deprived of its manifold uses would cause a real hardship.—Consul-General Du Bois, Singapore.

The Wonders About Us.

Let not care and humdrum deaden us to the wonders and mysteries amid which we live, nor to the splendors and glories. We need not translate ourselves in imagination to some other sphere or state of being to find the marvelous, the divine, the transcendent. We need not postpone our day of wonder and appreciation to some future time and condition. The true inwardness of this gross visible world hangs like an apple on the bough of the great cosmic tree, and swelling with all the juices and potencies of life, transcends anything we have dreamed of superterrestrial abodes.—John Burroughs.

To-Make a Home.

What do you include when you think of housekeeping? If you take it to mean merely the work of the house—rich could be accomplished by a hired servant, then perhaps it does not matter that you should miss such things as opportunity for thought, daily reading, etc., says Home Notes. But if you make housekeeping mean home-making and home-keeping, the formation of a home into a center for the life of the soul and spirit as well as of the body, then you must cultivate your mind, not keep it always to the level of the mundane things of life.

WAS ONE GREAT LARGE FOOL

German Applicant for Citizenship Gives His Opinion of Subject of Polygamy.

Herman Sebesth, a wood turner from Germany, was among the first of a score of applicants seeking "papers" from a federal judge in Kansas recently. Herman had been in America seven years, and his conversation, albeit a trifle warped, was quite understandable.

So it was with no great effort that the judge and others understood Herman solemnly to assert that liberty was the capital of Missouri and that Abraham Lincoln was the first president of the United States.

So far, so good. The questions of law and morals proved a bit more difficult.

"What do you think of polygamy?" the assistant district attorney inquired.

"Vot iss?" parried the examinee, puzzled.

"Polygamy—polygamy," the interlocutor repeated. "Do you believe it is right, proper and lawful?"

Herman was stumped. There appeared to be no word in the lexicon of the Vaterland that sounded enough like polygamy to give Herman even a false start. The judge ventured a hint.

"What do you think of a man that would have several wives at the same time?" the court asked.

That was easy. Herman looked vastly relieved.

"Oh," he rejoined, positively. "I think such a man would be one great, large fool." And the court was so well satisfied with Herman's moral attitude and right intent that the "papers" were forthcoming despite the applicant's minor inaccuracies in history and geography.

HIS ENERGY WAS WASTED

Inebriated Gentleman Is Perplexed Over Occurrence on Street Car.

He was tall and he was lanky and politely inebriated. He carefully negotiated the curb and pulled solemnly at a dead cigar as he boarded a crowded street car. He leaned limply against the tallboard and gazed vacantly out into space over the heads of his fellow-passengers. As the car jerked forward he lurched backward and split himself between the rails.

The kind conductor gathered him up and anchored him safely to a window bar. He looked around him in wrinkled perplexity and at last he spoke:

"Clisson!" he asked of the small man on whose toes he was standing.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Wheel, wheel broke?" was his next query.

"No, sir," answered the little fellow. A silence, then.

"Splosion," he inquired.

"No, sir," said the short one. More silence.

"Smatter, then?" he queried pertinently.

"Nothing, sir," meekly returned his victim.

"Notin' smatter!" he ejaculated with a frown; "I'd known that I wouldn't get off!"

The Combustible Olive.

As long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century, a famous Georgian actress, Mrs. Kitty Clive, felt the call of the nerves commonly associated with modern women. The whole green room, according to the author of "Garrick and his Circle," feared her tantrums.

Her character stood high, but her clean, wholesome nature and honest heart scarcely offset her temper. She was the one player Garrick feared, and he did everything he could to dispense her nerve storms, or, if they broke, assuage them. It is among the legends of the English stage that he said to her:

"I have heard of tartar and brimstone, but you are the cream of one and the flower of the other!"—Youth's Companion.

Slightly Modified.

Little Viola had developed the habit of holding her thumb in her mouth, even while eating. Mother had resorted to all sorts of methods to correct the child and finally in desperation said:

"Viola, the first thing you know you will swallow your thumb, and then what will you do?"

"Well, mother, I should hate to swallow it because I'd have a heaven of a time without it."

"Why, Viola," said the astonished mother, "where did you hear an expression like that?"

"Well, well," hesitated the little girl. "I didn't hear it exactly like that, mother, but I thought it would sound better."

A Passing Acquaintance.

"Harry," said the traveling man's wife, "I have a letter from a friend in Loneshurst. Have you any customers there?" The drummer said no.

"Then you don't know anybody in that town?"

"Not intimately. Of course I know everybody there by sight."

"Why, how can that be?"

"They all come down to the railway station when the five o'clock afternoon passenger train stops to let the overland express go by."—Youth's Companion.

She Deserved a Lathering.

Mrs. Hasbleigh—Something wrong with your glass of water, Mr. Boarder? Boarder—There's a hair in the tea. Mrs. H.—Impossible! I shaved that too myself.

HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE

Certain Class of Acquaintances Who Make Gray-Headed Man Feel Foolish.

"There are certain acquaintances in whose presence I feel very self-conscious," said the gray-headed man. "They are people who talked with me over the telephone when some infernal racket that cannot be explained to outsiders was going on at my elbow. A lawyer called me up the other day when my wife's cousin from Mount Vernon, who always comes to our house to adjust their matrimonial differences, were engaged in one of their periodical battles. The woman had the floor just then, and all the time the transmitter was open she continued to launch abuse at her husband. The next day I received a confidential communication from the lawyer setting forth his terms for getting a divorce."

"Then sometimes as a matter of accommodation, we take care of our neighbor's two dogs. The ringing of the telephone bell is the signal for them to yelp and howl. I am convinced that many people think we are dogs' boarding house. A man asked me the other day if the price of dog biscuits had gone up along with the rest of life's necessaries."

"Once when I lied for the women folks and swore that there wasn't a soul about the house but me some one struck up a tune on the piano just as I uttered that classic lie. As I said, those and other persons who have heard queer noises at our house over the telephone make me feel very foolish."

ART OF WRITING VERY OLD

New Discoveries Carry Back Existence of Written Documents Centuries Beyond Phœnician Record.

The revelations made at the remains of a great prehistoric palace at Knossos, in Crete, which is believed to be the original of the fabled "Labyrinth," would seem to carry back the existence of written documents on Greek soil some eight centuries beyond the earliest known monuments of Greek writing and five centuries beyond the earliest dated Phœnician records as seen on the Moabite stone.

These discoveries, therefore, place the whole question of the origin of writing on a new basis. It is thought that the Cretan hieroglyphs exactly correspond with what in virtue of their names, we must suppose to have been the pictorial originals of the Phœnician letters on which the alphabet is based.

Among these are Aleph, the ox's head; Beth, the house; Daleth, the door, and so forth. This contravenes the old theory of De Rouge that the Phœnician letters were derived from early Egyptian forms signifying quite different objects.

Setting the Pace.

"Pacemaker at a banquet is what I should call the unique job," said the city salesman. "I met a man the other day who holds that title among the artistic eaters of the town."

"He doesn't make any money by it directly, but it pays for most of his meals. He got the job through his ability to chew at just the right tempo."

It doesn't lag, he doesn't bolt. At all big dinners where persons of different habits are brought together some one with an even jaw movement who can set the pace in eating facilitates the progress of the meal.

"This man is not labeled pacemaker at those affairs, yet his air of knowing the polite tempo in mastication impresses the other diners and they try to imitate him. Laggards hurry, the swift delay. Waiters keep an eye on him, because they have been told, and when he finishes a course they clear the table."

A Fat Reducer.

Before starting to starve or drug off your extra layers of fat try the effect of this simple exercise, which is a great reducer of adipose tissue.

Standing with knees close together, rise on the tips of the toes, and, at the same time, elevate the chest and force down the palms of the hands as if pushing hard on a board. Bend the hands up slightly so the muscular strain comes on the fleshy part of the hand close to the wrist.

Do this whenever you happen to think of it during the day, and you will soon notice a decided difference in your flesh, particularly in a prominent abdomen.

Before and After.

The young Prince Tsai-Tao, during his visit to America, welcomed criticism of Chinese customs, and retorted politely with counter criticism of the customs of the United States.

The prince, at a fashionable luncheon in New York, sat beside a lady prominent in a rich and rather fast set.

"Prince," said this lady, "I think it's dreadful that in China a bride never sees her husband before the wedding day."

"Well," said the prince, with a grin, "here in America you never see him after it."

Slap on the Wrist.

Tightwad—Did you ever notice, m' dear, that nearly all those misers reported in the papers are single men?

Mrs. Tightwad—Yes; but that's natural. Married misers are too soon to be worth mentioning.

MERCHANT HAS PROPER IDEA

Doesn't Like the Way Big City Stores Are Run and Tells Why.

The summer visitor in a small seaport town was amazed and amused at the assortment of merchandise displayed in the little store at the head of the wharf.

The showcase was devoted to an assortment of candy at one end and a lot of cigars and tobacco at the other end, and no barrier between. Next to the showcase stood a motor engine valued at several hundred dollars.

Thinking to please the proprietor, the visitor remarked that even the large department stores in Boston could not boast of such a collection.

"Well," he said, "I ain't aping them stores. I can tell you I aim to keep what my folks want. When a man wants an engine for his boat he wants it, and if the fish are running he can't wait to send way to Portland or Boston for it. He wants it when he does, then and there."

After a little pause he continued: "I don't like the way they do business in them big stores, anyway. Why, when you go into a store up to Boston the first thing you know somebody asks you what you want."

"Now, I never do anything like that. If a man comes into my place I pass the time of day and ask him to set, and after he's set and talked a while if he wants anything he'll tell me. I never pester a man to buy. Maybe he ain't come to buy; maybe he's come to talk."

ORIGIN OF THE GUN SALUTE

Inspired by Desire of One Nation to Show Friendliness for Ships of Another.

The origin of the salute with guns is supposed to have been inspired by the desire of one nation to make a show of friendliness for the ships of another. In the old days of smooth-bore and muzzle-loading cannon it required several minutes to load and fire the gun, and this lapse of time was meant to indicate a friendship trust in the mission of the warship of another power.

In the beginning of the salute in the United States the one for the Union gave one gun for each state. Finally the national salute was fixed at twenty-one guns. The president as well as the presidents of foreign republics and sovereigns of foreign states are saluted with twenty-one guns. The salute for ambassadors of this or other nations is nineteen guns. The vice-president of the United States also is entitled to a nineteen-gun salute.

Admirals and cabinet members are entitled to seventeen guns, ministers plenipotentiary and vice admirals fifteen, and the commanding officer of a ship of war seven.

A few centuries ago England, claiming supreme empire of the seas, required the warships of other nations to lower sail on meeting an English man of war. This custom long ago disappeared, although small saliboots of English warships still let go their sheets when passing a flag officer.

Cause for Suspicion.

For three Sundays in succession the pastor of a certain church was gladdened by the appearance of a backward husband in his wife's pew.

Then suddenly this gratifying exhibition of an awakened conscience ceased. One day the pastor met the delinquent in a street car.

"I have not seen you at church for some time," said the preacher.

"No," was the candid reply. "I had to give it up. My wife got too suspicious."

"Suspicious?" exclaimed the pastor.

"Yes," said the man, "she got it into her head that I was up to some awful devilry outside that I was trying to do for by going to church. Nothing I could say or do could convince her otherwise, so in order to show her that I was living a square life I had to stay away from church."

Change in Man.

Men are not the same through all divisions of their ages; time, experience, self-reflections, and God's mercies, make in some well-tempered minds a kind of translation before death, and men to differ from themselves as well as from other persons.

Hereof the old world afforded many examples to the infamy of latter ages, wherein men too often live by the rule of their inclinations; so that, without any astral prediction, the first day gives the last; men are commonly as they were; or rather, as bad dispositions run into worse habits, the evening doth not crown, but sooty concludes the day.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Why He Carried the Lantern.

A blind man in Khoula (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night, bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern.

Some one, meeting him, said: "You're alone, are you? Of what use to you is a lantern?"

"I don't carry it to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

Note Your Exceptions.

One of the philosophers says that everything is sweetened by risk, but we must expect bank deposits.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And how about matrimony?

A NOVEL GOOD SAMARITAN

He Carries on a Great Work Among Criminal Classes Under Cover of Silence.

Somewhere in this broad country of ours there is a man quietly and silently working among the fallen and degraded ones of earth and accomplishing wonderful results. He is a man of stern initiative with great courage of conviction and the methods he uses in doing his work are simple and essentially logical.

For years he has been moving among criminals of all descriptions, raising them to a respectable position and starting them again along the path of virtue. His method, a little peculiar, is very simple. He meets the criminal on his own level, extracts a confession from him, gets his confidence and treats him as an equal. For drug fiends, drunkards and that class of criminals he obtains medical treatment, establishes them in good physical health, gets them a job and places them on a footing level with the active, self-respecting world. They respect this treatment and treat him square in return, and seldom ever do they go back to their former life of crime.

This kind of work our novel Good Samaritan considers recreation and adventure, and the good works he has done along these lines can never be estimated. Seldom does he fall in converting a case and the most unique side of his methods is that he entertains these poor fallen ones at his home with all the honor and respect due to men and women of honor and good reputation. The drunkard, drug fiend, safe cracker, Magdalen and professional crook are all represented among his converts.

The strangest thing about this man is that he refuses to let his whereabouts or identity be known to the general public. He prefers to work silently and unknown to fame.

HAD JUST CAUSE FOR PRIDE

Man Determines to Take Vain Wife Down a Peg and Is Shut Up.

The man admired his wife just about as much as a man can admire a wife; nevertheless, when he saw that she was devoting more and more time each day to mirror gazing he determined to take her down a peg. Said he brutally:

"I wouldn't be so stuck on myself if I were you, just because people happen to notice you when you go out. It ain't you they are admiring, it's your clothes. I heard a bunch of women say so just the other day."

Even an instant the shock to the woman's vanity was overpowering; then quickly recovering she said:

"In that case I am prouder than ever. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed the clothes myself."

And then the man shut up.

Well Worth the Effort.

The rind is bitter, but the core is sweet. The memorizing of Latin grammar and the thumbing of a Latin dictionary are the rind. The riches of the Iliads and the Odyssey are the core. The Iliads and the Odyssey are the core. The Iliads and the Odyssey are the core.

Habit Is the Depest Law of Human Nature.

It is our supreme strength, but also, in certain circumstances, our miserableness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way; it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law, habit and imitation; there is nothing more peramental in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice and all learning in the world.—Carlyle.

Were Well Taught.

The children of an infant school in Wales are taught very much by signs. The hand of the teacher sloped signifies "oblique," the hand held flat, "horizontal," the hand upright, "perpendicular." One of the Welsh bishops was preaching one day in behalf of the school, when, observing several children whispering together, he held his hand upright in a warning manner, meaning thereby to impose silence, on which almost the whole school, in the midst of the sermon, shouted out, "Perpendicular!"

Fair Arrival—But why do they call this unpicturesque spot under a craggy tree 'Lover's Leap'?"

Her Friend—Probably because you can't sit here five minutes without a caterpillar dropping down your neck.