

NO FAITH IN POSTPONEMENTS

Distress of a Mother Whose Child Contracted Whooping Cough on the Eve of a Journey.

Just when Mrs. Ackroyd had finished packing her trunk and after William Ackroyd had bought railway tickets for her and their two daughters, little Bessie came down with a severe case of whooping cough.

"It is unfortunate, but I don't know what you can do except sit down and wait for four or five days. It may be safe then for you to start away."

When her husband got home that evening Mrs. Ackroyd was weeping.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," he said. "It might be a good deal worse. Our little one is likely to get along all right. The doctor says the case isn't an unusually severe one, and when I telephoned him this afternoon he said he thought it might be safe for you to start away by the end of the week."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go. I never postponed anything yet that didn't turn out sadly. I once postponed a wedding, and the marriage never took place."

Half an hour later William Ackroyd was still sitting in a corner alone, thinking it over.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TOBACCO USED AS MONEY

In the African Interior Kentucky Leaf is Bartered to the Natives for Their Products.

Kentucky leaf tobacco is now put up for the African trade. In the interior of Africa leaf tobacco is practically used in place of money to barter with the natives for their products.

The wants of the natives are few. Food and most of their clothing are supplied by nature. They follow the primitive custom of acquiring personal property in the form of cattle, wives and children, and depending on the children in old age for support.

The natives often refuse money in exchange for their products, but will take tobacco, spirits, cotton goods, etc. In fact, in some parts of the interior tobacco is an absolute necessity in trading with the natives.

This tobacco is generally retied in smaller bundles so that the African merchants can figure out how the distribution of this tobacco would calculate, and to facilitate these calculations the tobacco is tied in various styles, that is, so many bundles to the pound, from four to ten as desired.

The Fatal Whisper.

"I had a funny dream last night," said the little girl. "I dreamed I was being married again. But up I was sitting by my new husband-to-be, having a perfectly lovely time; he was awfully handsome in my dream. I forgot just who he was, but he was awfully handsome—when all of a sudden I turned to the man who sat on the other side of me and said: 'Oh, I forgot! I haven't got my divorce yet.'"

"Then this man whispered back to me: 'Hush! Don't let a little thing like that worry you.'"

"I wasn't going to. I was about to drop the subject and go on marrying—this was a dream. Silly—when I looked around for my new husband-to-be, and he was gone. What say? Yes, I reckon you are right. He must have heard the whisper."

Russian Mail Inspection.

In Russia one letter in every ten passing through the post is opened by the authorities as a matter of course. Some kinds of paper can be steamed open without leaving any traces and this simple operation is finished by re-burnishing the flap with a heat instrument. In the case of a seal a matrix is taken by means of a seal bread before breaking the wax. When other methods fail the envelope is placed between pieces of wood with edge projecting one-twentieth of an inch. The edge of the envelope is first flattened, then roughened and finally split open. Later a hair line of strong white gum is applied and the edges are united under pressure.

Kittens as Reformers.

Captain Wallace of the Bath night police force, has a couple of young kittens which are very much at home in the police wardroom in City Hall. When prisoners are brought in and locked behind the gratings in the strong room just beyond, the captain allows the prisoners possession of these pets and the unfortunate behind the bars in most cases seem very much interested in watching the kittens play. Captain Wallace has a theory that the antics of the hoodlum pets will suggest to the minds of the prisoners who are brought in, the innocence of their boyhood and possibly produce reform.—Kansas Journal.

HIS ERROR WAS OVERTALKING

Conclusion Reached by a Mississippi Darkey Who Was Brought to Trial Accused of Murder.

Private John Allen of Mississippi, tells a speech on wool made by Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana some time ago and sent out extensively by the senator. After a time the senator concluded not to send out any more copies of that speech.

"Reminds me," said Private John, "of the case of a negro I knew down in Mississippi who was to be tried for murder and who had promised the prosecuting attorney to plead guilty."

"The time came for the trial. The prosecuting attorney had no witnesses. He thought none was necessary. While the other business of the court was being cleared up a local lawyer sat down by the negro and asked: 'Do you want to get out of this?'"

"'Yasir! Yasir, reckon I does.'"

"'Have you got five dollars?'"

"'No, sah, but I kin git it.'"

"So the negro raised the five and gave it to the lawyer, who told him to say nothing, but when the judge asked him to plead, to plead not guilty instead of guilty."

"The negro was arraigned. He pleaded not guilty."

"'Look here, you black scoundrell!' yelled the prosecuting attorney, 'what do you mean by that plea? Didn't you promise me a dozen times you would plead guilty?'"

"'Yasir, I done promised that,' replied the negro, 'but I reckon I done overtalked myself.'—Saturday Evening Post.

THE CALL OF THE PROMPTER

Firesides All Right for Some, but This Lady Much Preferred the Footlights.

The lady at the fireside laid down the sock she was darning and softly sighed. She was still fair and there were many attractive curves in her mature figure.

Her large and expressive eyes turned toward the mantel with its many ornaments. There she saw herself in various photographic poses. At the right she was Flossie Bloom in "The Single Taxer."

At the left she was Fote Bonzo in "The Sun God." In the center she was Minerva Van Skinner in "The Earth Worm."

A soft pink flush stole across her smooth cheek. There was the souvenir programme of the hundredth performance of "The Gaiety" at the Van Rensselaer. What a night of glorious triumph that was!

On the sewing table was her scrapbook of dramatic notices, discreetly called.

"Firesides are all right," she murmured, "but oh you footlights!" She looked at her rounded arm, she stared down at her dainty foot. A queer pale smile came to her, a lone violin gave forth a quivering squeak, the misty blend of 1,000 white faces confronted her.

"Why should I profane my art by darning socks?" she cried.

Then hurrying the inoffensive foot-wear into the grate, she went back to the stage.

Strongest at Thirty-One.

Inasmuch as a man's muscles develop with age it would appear logical that the older he gets the stronger he should become, but such is not the case. Experiments made with thousands of men show that the muscles of the average man have their period of increase and decline, whether he used them much or little. The average youth of seventeen has a lifting power of 280 pounds. By his twentieth year his power has increased to such a degree that he should be able to exert a lifting power of 320 pounds, while his maximum power is reached in his thirtieth or thirty-second year, 365 pounds then being recorded. At the expiration of the thirty-first year his power begins to decline, very gradually at first, falling but eight pounds by the time he is forty. From forty to fifty the decrease of power is somewhat more rapid, having dropped to 320 pounds at the latter age, the average lifting power of a man of fifty, therefore, being slightly greater than that of a man of twenty. After fifty the decrease in strength is usually rapid, but the rate of decrease varies so surprisingly in individuals that it has been impossible to obtain accurate data as to average strength after that age.

Fatality of Camel Fights.

Camels are usually peaceable beasts, but at certain times of the year they become aggressive and provide the Arabs with a sport as cruel and picturesque as the bull fights of Spanish countries. The combat is always of the fiercest description and one camel is killed before the fight ends. The fatality in every fight is due to the fact that camels fight with their necks and knees, never with their teeth. Each camel endeavors to twist his neck around that of the other in a manner that will suffocate, to catch his adversary's neck between the knees and choke off the breath or to crush the body between the knees. The hold that wins the fight is exerted until the loser is dead.

Razors and Husbands.

"The only time I regret not being supplied with a husband just at present," said the little girl, "is when I have a razor. It's funny about husbands, too, and their razors. My first husband used to go into a store and buy a razor for that purpose, but the second one picked out the sharpest one he had and handed it to me."

LONG HEAD AND ROUND HEAD

Thought Inspired by Observations on Two Classes of Boys in a City School.

There are men today who in fancy, at least, are navigating the air, and the most ingenious machines have been built. That dream will be realized and the air will be filled with human birds. What lacks today is not counsel, but only sufficient power.

Go into the schools of the city and you will see there two classes of boys. There is the long-headed boy, who gives promise of thought and invention. He sits long over his books and in moments of reflection his eye has a far-away look. He is the seer. And by his side there sits the round-headed boy. Pick him out for action. He is into all kinds of mischief and careless for books than for play. But he will grow up to be the executive of his country. He will be the soldier.

He may not be the statesman, but he can be the politician and will bring things to pass. The same difference may be found among the girls, and every home has its Mary, who sits and learns, and its Martha, who is "cumbered with much serving."

This condition is essentially human. Some are giants in thought and others are giants in action. But why cannot we do all that we plan?

Well, we are feeble in action because of the unreliability of human life. This little moment of three-score and ten is not long enough to do very much, a writer in the Christian World says.

We begin as children. Have you watched the child with his blocks and toys? As he rocks his hobby horse he thinks he is scouring the plain and he encourages his toy with his infant chirrup. He plays at soldier with his little gun and as he builds his blocks into a house he fancies himself a master architect. But if you see that child in 30 years and he still plays with the same tops your heart is sad.

We expect the child to grow. We grow ourselves and the plans of the youth have no place in the thought of the man. The boy smiles at the wish of the child, the young man smiles at the boy, maturity smiles at the young man and old age smiles at us all. Walk down the street with your child and observe the objects which attract his fancy. Go down with him 30 years after and see how different are his tastes. And so we walk down life's highway and could now doubtless buy all that we once wished, but they have no charm for us now. And the plans that once we formed are today only matters of amusement.

Trousers Tax in France.

In France women are taxed from \$10 to \$12.50 a year for the privilege of wearing men's trousers. This, however, does not accord to every woman willing to pay the tax the right to don such garments. On the contrary, the government confers the right only as a tribute to great merit, making it, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor is given to men. The only women to whom has been granted the right to wear male attire were George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Deshayes, the Persian archaeologist, Mme. Fournier and the sculptor, Madame Fourreau and La Jeannette.

An instance of the jealous care with which in France this right has been guarded was shown in the case of Mme. de Valayre, the lady who, some years ago became so well known by reason of her propensity for fighting duels and her endeavors to get elected to the French assembly. Her petition to the government for the right in question was refused time and time again.

Had Him Tread.

He had never fished before, and his rod was new and shining with resplendent varnish. Faultlessly fitted, he was whipping a trout stream when, by some odd chance, he got a bite. A writer in Forest and Stream, who happened to come along, tells what occurred. The fisherman had hooked a one-pounder, from the way the line strained.

He was not playing the fish at all. With rod held straight ahead he was slowly and steadily reeling him in. How he managed to hold the fish was beyond me.

Presently the fish was directly below the end of the rod. Did he stop? No—he kept on reeling the fish in, and just as I reached the water's edge, the fish's head touched the tip. The man even tried to pull him through the ring.

Just then he saw me standing on shore, waving my arms. He turned to me with a bewildered look and said: "What shall I do now?"

"The only thing you can do now," I said, "is to climb up the pole after him."

Simplified Spelling.

"Why did you take Elvora away from school, Aunt Mahaly?" a lady asked her cook one day. Aunt Mahaly smiled scornfully.

"Cause de teacher ain't satisfactory tuh me, Mis' Mahly. What you reckon she tell dat chile ristydy? She 'dat IV spell four, when eren a 'idjut 'ud know dat it spells 'ivy.'—Youth's Companion.

Imperishable.

"Do you think it is a wise thing to send a boy to college, Binks?" asked Bippleton. "Doesn't he get out of touch with home influences?"

"Not altogether," said Binks. "He gets away from the home influences, but the 'touch' goes on forever."—Lippinott's.

THE ODD PHASES OF DREAMS

Sleeper Whose Hand Connects With a Lighted Cigar Thinks It is a Snake.

"Dreams are curious things," remarked the amateur psychologist, according to a writer in the New York Sun. "Time does not seem to enter into their composition at all. For instance, the other day I was sitting on the porch of a hotel with a friend of mine smoking after lunch. It was a drowsy day, and conversation lagged. Presently I saw my friend nodding in his chair. He had dozed off, holding his lighted cigar in his left hand, which was folded over his right. His left hand relaxed and the end of the cigar came in gentle contact with the right hand, inflicting a slight burn."

"The h—! It won't!" exclaimed my friend, waking with a start.

"The sentence sounded so incongruous that I burst out laughing. 'Won't you?' I asked.

"'How long have I been asleep?' he asked.

"'Not more than a couple of minutes,' I replied.

"'It doesn't seem possible,' he said. 'During that time I had a dream that 'pretty nearly took me around the world. I sailed for Southampton, did England, France, Switzerland and a part of Italy, then through the orient to India. It was in India that I became much interested in one of the native snake charmers. He had the snakes crawling all over him and offered me one to fondle. I told him I was afraid it would bite me. He assured me that it wouldn't, and I took the reptile in my hand. It promptly fastened its fangs in me. I said, 'The h—! It won't!' and dropped it and then I woke up.'"

"I explained the episode of the lighted cigar," concluded the amateur psychologist and we both laughed."

ROME'S INFAMOUS PERIOD

Time When the Ancient City's Illustrious Personages Were Nearly All Notoriously Vicious.

It is well-known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the empire. This period has a very bad reputation; not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous lawsuits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Caesar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were disolute, when not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have escaped from this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Agrippa, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme or else depraved like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Maecenas, Tiberius, Nero—to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners outright, were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror.—Ougleimo Ferrero in Atlantic.

Wedding Music Wanted.

Has it ever occurred to young composers that the shortest road to fame and fortune lies in writing good wedding music? In no other department of the art does the supply fall so lamentably short of the demand. There are hundreds of thousands of weddings in America and Europe every year, and at nearly all of them appropriate music is wanted, yet there are barely half a dozen that have been universally accepted as suitable. In nine cases out of ten the Mendelssohn wedding march is played or the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," or both. Here are two great models of what is wanted; music which is simple, tuneful, sentimental, striking, exultant. The excellent strain is missing in the "Lohengrin" and "Wedding March" off the more conspicuous in the introduction to the third act, which expresses the wedding festivities within, and which should be played more frequently at marriages.—New York Evening Post.

Elephants Destructive.

The destructiveness of elephants is shown in a British blue book on the preservation of wild animals in Africa. An official report from Uganda says that "the elephants seem to have become more bold than they were two years ago. I came across flourishing gardens and plantations that had been absolutely wiped out by herds of wild elephants roaming through the country. The complete destruction wrought by these beasts is hardly credible, and the natives are getting desperate." The governor of Uganda reported that the elephants have become so bold that they not only feed at night in the native maize gardens, but actually enter the villages, remove the roots of the corn stores, and help themselves.

Bright Brown, Dull Green.

Brown had married the prettiest woman in the town and Green had married the homeliest, but thought she was a beauty. One evening they met and the conversation having drifted to their respective better halves, Green remarked: "I say, Brown, I think you and I married the two handsomest women in the village."

Brown looked at him in surprise a moment, but seeing he was serious, replied cautiously, and with pride: "Well, old man, I guess you are about half right."

But Green didn't see the point until he told his wife and she began to make a few remarks.

Not Doubting, Just Thinking.

The dealer in snuffboxes looked hurt. "You act as if you doubted my assertion that these snuffboxes were 200 years old," he said reprovingly.

"Pardon me," explained the customer with the polite sneer, "I was merely thinking they were not very tall for their age."—Chicago News.

HARD TO AWARD THE CREDIT

Fully Seven or Eight Scientists Shared in the Invention and Development of the Thermometer.

It would be impossible to ascribe the invention of the thermometer to a single scientist for the reason that no less than seven or eight of them shared in its invention and development.

Galileo was probably the first to devise a crude form of thermometer, about 1597; then Dr. Boil of Alcamo further perfected the instrument in 1609; Paolo Scarpi also contributed to the work in the same year; and in 1610 Santorio added to the instrument.

The Fahrenheit thermometer was invented in about 1726, and soon afterward Reaumur and Celsius came out with the so-called Centigrade. Fahrenheit's scale of reckoning is in general use in this country and England, while the Centigrade thermometer is used on the continent.

The thermometer contributed little to science in the early stages of its development. It was not until the eighteenth century, when Fahrenheit, Celsius and Reaumur measured off the tube into degrees so that the exact rise and fall of the temperature could be reckoned, that it came to be of any considerable value.

Celsius and Reaumur took the melting point of ice as zero, or 0, degrees on their scale, while Fahrenheit took his from a mixture of snow and salt, which produced the greatest degree of cold he knew how to produce. For this reason 92 degrees is the freezing point of water in a Fahrenheit thermometer, and his other divisions are different from those of Celsius and Reaumur.

Celsius' scale is the one in universal use in Europe, and scientists are endeavoring to introduce it into England and America, on the contention that it is much simpler than Fahrenheit's. It is called Centigrade, or a hundred steps, for the reason that the tube is so divided that there are exactly 100 degrees between the freezing and boiling points.

DOMESTICITY IN YEAR 1920

Emancipated Woman Falls Down on the Posting of Letters and Has to Square Herself.

"Laura," said the husband of the new woman, sternly.

"What is it, dear?" asked the latter, in a conciliatory manner, for she saw that trouble was coming.

"Laura, during the last three weeks I have given you three letters to post addressed to dear papa. What have you done with them?"

"Posted them, of course," replied the wretched woman, in a determination to bluff it out if possible.

"Laura," the husband went on, "that is not true. I received a letter from papa today, in which he says he has not heard from me for a month, and anxiously asking if anything is the matter. Now, you have got those letters somewhere about your clothes, if you haven't lost them. I know just as well as I know that I am standing here that you never posted those letters. Now go through your pockets and see if you haven't got them."

The emancipated woman commenced to look through her pockets, and soon turned out the missing letters, which she laid on the table, with the remark:

"Well, I could have sworn that I put those letters in the corner letter box." The man sneered.

"You can't trust a woman to do anything," he retorted. "Hereafter I'll post my own letters, and I won't occupy your very valuable time with such errands. Before you go I want \$25 for household expenses."

The emancipated woman meekly laid the money down on the table and went away with the remark that she would leave the office early in the afternoon and come for her husband to take him for a nice walk in the country.

Famous Lovers of Cats.

A few people of considerable mind have always known how to treat the cat with honor. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to repeat the ancient story of Mohammed—how, dining upon his seat and fearful of awaking the cat that was sleeping on his stomach, he set off that part of his garment and left her undisturbed. Richelieu also found pleasure and relief in the society of cats, yet he can be regarded as only incompletely a cat lover. As kittens they appealed to him, and as kittens only. He loved to keep a family of them in his study until they arrived at a certain age; but when they were three months old he had them taken away and replaced by others that were younger. Mohammed also loved cats and wrote about them, as did Beodwin and Hoffmann and Gautier and Edgar Allan Poe.—July Century.

Freelance to You.

We hymned the freckle a year ago. In lyric periods we demonstrated that it is a beauty spot on the face of mankind. What words are left to sing of it? For 'tis in the freckle as an apple blossom, as the ocean is to one white-capped, as the armament to a single star. 'Tis in the freckle expanded, submitted, softened, raised to the tenth degree. How mystic is its creation—beginning doubtfully and far away. . . . First, guessed by faint asexual blazes. . . . Like all things beautiful, sun springs from the travail of pain. It blossoms from the 'burn,' the first result of the sun's rays. It is as if the sun first waded the temper of the individual whom he is soon to conquer with his unapproachable pigment. Who would think that first blush-blazing face, crimson neck, scarlet ear tips—could ever lead to beauty?—Collier's.

Cook a Professor of History.

Moscow university has a professor of history who is only a cook. The university telegraphed to the minister of education in St. Petersburg for a cook to be hurried to Moscow. The operator made a mistake in sending the message and the cook was a professor of history when he arrived at Moscow. He protested to the faculty that he knew nothing but pots and pans, but while the Russian red tape is being unwound he still holds his professorship, though no one attends his lectures.