

MAKE HOMES IN TREE STUMPS

Firs of the Pacific Northwest Are Put to Many Uses After They Are Cut Down.

The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are hewed down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

To make a stump house the material from the interior is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of suitable thickness. A roof of boards or shingles is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling.

The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump home has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes in an enclosure for chickens or hogs.

Next to the big trees of California, the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds covered over with trailing vines.

STORY PURPOSELY MADE LONG

Teller Wore Out Patience of Listeners, but He Accomplished His Object.

On one of the rivers in China a passenger boat had just started when a man came running up and called out, "Stop, stop! and take me on board."

"You are too late," replied the boatman.

"If you will let me come I will tell you a tale," the man called out.

Now everybody likes to hear a story, and so the passengers persuaded the captain to take the man on board, and he began:

"Once upon a time a famous general led an army to the south to fight an enemy. On their way they came to a river which they had to cross. They were only able to build a very narrow bridge, so that they had to cross over one by one. Tramp, tramp, tramp; one after the other—tramp, tramp."

The man kept on saying, "Tramp, tramp, tramp" for some time until the people grew tired of it. At last one said: "Yes, but go on with the story."

"You must let them cross the river," the man replied. "One after the other—tramp, tramp, tramp."

Presently the people stopped him again and asked him to miss all that part of the story, but the man replied: "They cannot cross the bridge in a short time; they must go slowly and carefully, one after the other, tramp, tramp, tramp," and so the man kept on and would say nothing else.

At last the boat reached the end of its journey and the story was never finished.

Use for Electric Road.

The young son of a New York doctor has the entire second floor of the house fitted up as a playroom.

In the middle of the room he has a large pool in which half a dozen frogs swim all day, and in another corner of the room he has a small tree planted in earth brought in for that purpose. Running between the pool and the tree the boy has a miniature electric railroad, much larger than the average toy railroad.

Friends of the boy's father who view the room are surprised to see such a funny combination of playthings. The other day one of the father's friends asked the boy what the electric railroad was used for.

"That railroad," replied the boy, "is used to ride the frogs from the pool to the tree every day so they can get the air."

Why He Wanted a Dog License.

A young man, flushed of face, carrying a Chihuahua dog, rushed hurriedly into the state courts building the other day and asked excitedly for the dog license bureau.

"You're in the wrong house," a policeman advised him; "you'll have to go up town to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for that."

"Wow," exclaimed the young man, as if in pain. Then he confided his story to the "cop." "You see," he said, "I just bought this 'mutt' for the girl I'm going to marry. Then we went over to the city hall to get our marriage license. When we got there she chased me out to get a license for this hairless brute. She's waiting for me now," he added, "but I guess it's no dog license, no marriage license," and the troubled youth bolted for the subway and the animal headquarters at Twenty-sixth street.—New York Tribune.

Worrying Worker.

O, those worrying workers, how they take all the best out of what should prove their greatest blessing by their forebodings. They will get more out of life if they take to heart these words of Beecher:

"It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery but the friction."

Blazon this to hang framed above your desks, you despondent ones.

SURPRISE FOR THE BARBER

Wielder of Razor Had No Idea How Many Strokes of Implement Were Necessary.

The barber was just about to lean over and ask the customer in a low whisper if he didn't want a facial "massage." But the customer forestalled him by looking up suddenly and asking a question himself.

"How many strokes of the razor are required in shaving the average man—or, rather, how many strokes do you make in shaving me, for instance?"

"O, I dunno," replied the barber. "Never thought of it."

"But you must have some rough idea. You've been in the business a good many years, I take it."

"Yes, about nine years."

"Well, how many strokes do you think it takes?"

"O, mebbe 150—or 175; not more'n that."

"You're wrong," laughed the customer. "Some time ago I fell into the habit of counting the razor strokes when I'm being shaved, just as a means of resting my mind; you can't think about your business when you're counting the short, quick strokes of a razor. So I've got to be something of an authority on the subject. Counting it as a stroke every time the razor is moved forward and drawn back again, it takes between 600 and 700 strokes as a rule—that is on my face it does—my beard's pretty tough. Of course, when I shave myself with a safety razor it doesn't take anything like as many because you can cover more facial territory at a single stroke. I have been shaved in a barber chair with as few as 500 strokes, but as a rule it is nearer 700. Kind of surprises you, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," says the barber.

REMOVED STAIN FROM NAMES

Titles Bestowed in Derision Made Honorable Through Deeds of Distinction.

When in 1566 the count of Barlament characterized the league of Flemish nobles arrayed against his Spanish sovereign as "a band of beggars" the league, until then without a name, enthusiastically adopted the name, and called themselves the "League des Gueux."

They made the name a badge of honor for all time. In a similar spirit the French and American soldiers in Rhode Island during the war of the Revolution christened themselves the "sansculottes" at a feast they gave where potatoes and similar viands constituted the menu, and the distilled juice of the corn, and any man considered himself disgraced if he appeared with a whole pair of breeches. This name, originating in this country, was transferred to France, where it was applied as a term of reproach by the aristocrats to the revolutionists of 1789. That the revolutionists did not so regard it is indicated by the fact that in the new calendar they adopted, beginning with September 22, 1792, they applied the term "sansculottes" to the five (or six) supplementary days placed at the end of the last month to complete the year, each of the 12 months having 30 days. These examples from history show how names given in dishonor can be redeemed in honor, a reflection in which those who think they are misnamed may find consolation.—Army and Navy Journal.

Helping Out the Gun.

Gadebusch, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in celebration of the birth of the grand ducal heir decided to fire the regulation salute of 101 guns. An ancient cannon was hauled out for the purpose, and the firing began. Unfortunately the powder ran short after the ninety-third shot and there was no means of obtaining any more in the town. The burgomaster was in despair, especially as 93 shots indicated that the grand ducal baby was a girl. At this moment the municipal bandmaster came forward with a luminous proposal, which was eagerly accepted. He dispatched his big drum major to the market place, where he struck eight powerful strokes on his instruments to make up the 101 shots, and thus the situation was saved.

Winter Home of Deer.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful.

Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening, or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

An Experienced Waiter.

At the first meal on board the ocean liner Smythe was beginning to feel like casting his bread upon the waters. His friends had told him that when he began to feel that way he should stuff himself. He tackled a cutlet first, but it didn't taste right. He observed to the waiter, "Waiter, this cutlet isn't very good."

The waiter looked at Smythe's whitening face, then replied: "Yes, sir; but for the length of time you'll 'ave h't, sir, h't won't matter sir."—Lippincott's.

SIMPLY A MATTER OF LOGIC

Relative Growth of Corn in Straight and Crooked Furrows Easily Accounted For.

He was a long, lank mountaineer, leaning on the log "rider" of a log fence in the shade of an Ozark post oak. Behind him, hitched to a dilapidated plow, two bony mules, with drooping ears and lazily flapping tails, drowled in the sun.

"Fine crop of corn you've got there," said the passer-by, who had stopped for a drink from the gourd dipper at the spring. "But aren't those rows rather crooked?"

"I reckon so," answered the farmer, surveying the straggling rows of discouraged looking corn. "Yes, they're right smart crooked. I reckon it'd break any snake in two to follow them rows."

"What's the reason?" inquired the one thirsting for information. "Isn't it just as easy to make 'em straight?"

The "native" shifted his "galus" on his shoulder, and changed his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other. "Well, you see, stranger," he imparted confidentially. "A heap more corn'll grow in crooked rows than in straight ones."

"You don't say! How do you account for that?"

Flapping the rope lines over the mules' backs and preparing to make another furrow across the corn patch, the mountaineer replied: "There's a heap more crooked rows than there's straight ones. Haw, Buck, git up," he said.

SALESMAN HAD BRIGHT IDEA

His Knowledge of Human Nature Enabled Him to Rise to Head of His Profession.

"Young man," says the automobile manufacturer to the new salesman who has astonished the organization by the rapid fire sales he has made in the two months of his employment. "I must congratulate you on your work."

"Thank you, sir," replies the new salesman, modestly.

"I know we build the best auto in the market," says the manufacturer, "but even at that I cannot understand how you can sell ten times as many machines as the very best man we have had prior to you. How do you do it?"

"Well, sir," explains the new salesman, the light of honest pride in his eyes. "I always ask the customer to take a ride in one of our machines as the first move toward getting acquainted with its riding qualities. Of course he accepts the invitation. I then take him out on the boulevard and get arrested and fined for fast running. After that there is no argument."

Ten minutes later the new salesman leaves the private office with a block of preferred stock tucked away in his inside pocket.—Judge's Library.

First English Horse Races.

Chester possesses plausible claims to be the birthplace of the British turf. It was one William Lester, who about 1609, being mayor of Chester, did cause three silver bells to be made of good value to be run for upon the Roodee Dee.

This seems the earliest definite establishment of a horse race. From the nature of the prize was derived the proverb "To bear the bell," though the bells in this case existed long before the "ring." Our ancestors being more easily satisfied in the matter of amusement than their degenerate descendants there was apparently only one contest. The "Chester cup," which has been substituted for the "best bell," is now worth £2,500, to say nothing of Cheshire cheeses for the three placed horses.—Westminster Gazette.

One-Sided Cities.

If streets are one-sided, cities are, too. No one, as far as the present writer knows, has ever attempted to give an explanation of the fact that when a town sits astride a river that flows east and west, the north side has a monopoly of the best streets. It certainly is so in London, as it was in ancient Rome. Glasgow is another case in point. In Paris, too, the north side of the river has distinctly the advantage of the south. As for Newcastle-on-Tyne, its general attitude toward this overgrown and rather grimy quarter on the south bank of the Tyne is that of one who says, "Can any good thing come out of Gateshead?" Why should this be so? And why should the west end of every city you can find on the map be, from a social point of view, far removed from the east? Why is not Whitechapel Road Piccadilly? To the unprejudiced ear the names ring with equal music.—London Chronicle.

Unacquainted With Romance.

Being a poet, Tennyson was naturally opposed to the stern realism of the present day. "Scientific knowledge," said he, "is spreading, and is crushing all the romance out of children's lives. It was only yesterday," he continued, "I was walking in the fields with one of my nephews—a little chap of ten—when we came to one of those peculiar circles which the country people call 'fairy rings.'"

"Look," I said; "look here, my boy; here is a fairy ring. 'A what, uncle?' he said. 'Why, a fairy ring.' The old folk would tell you that these fairy rings are so called because the fairies were dancing here last night. 'Oh, uncle,' he replied, quite gravely. 'It is quite well known that these fairy rings, as you call them, are caused by a species of fungus.'"

Illogical Marriage.

Ritter—I don't see how Blanker and his wife could have married for love.

Salmó—Oh, they didn't marry for love; they married because they piled each other.

Ritter—Piled each other? Why, if they had had any real pity for each other they would never have thought of marrying.

MR. SMITH STILL GUESSING

Mystery of Letter of Introduction Remains a Puzzle and Solution Seems Afar Off.

When a local professional man, whom we shall call Smith, received a call some time ago from a stranger bearing a letter of introduction from his friend Brown, Mr. Smith gave the man a cordial welcome. For Mr. Brown is a close friend of Mr. Smith and he felt that any one recommended by him must be worthy of the highest esteem. He therefore laid himself out to be agreeable and helpful, in compliance with Brown's note. The stranger, whose name was Green, proved to be most agreeable on better acquaintance, and soon he and Mr. Smith became fast friends. About this time Mr. Smith and his new friend chanced to meet upon the street their mutual friend, Mr. Brown. Mr. Smith grasped the hand of Mr. Brown, greeted him warmly, and entered into conversation. Soon he noted that neither Brown nor Green displayed the slightest sign of recognition.

"Good gracious!" he thought, "have they quarreled?"

But a furtive glance showed him no trace of anger in either, and he was more nonplussed than ever. At last he could endure the awkward situation no longer.

"Gentlemen," he explained, "surely you two are acquainted?"

"No," said Brown; "haven't had the honor."

"No," echoed Green; "haven't had the pleasure."

"Well, I'll be swizzled!" said Mr. Smith. "Mr. Brown, Mr. Green, Shake hands."

Which they did.

And now, dear reader, if you can figure out the answer, please inform Mr. Smith who wrote that letter, for that is what he has been trying to find out ever since.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

LADY AND THE CHAUFFEUR

Explanation of Fascination That the Latter Has Exercised Over the Fair Sex.

Instead of echoing the conventional cry of "How could she do so?" a clever English lord, Montagu de Beaulieu, makes out a strong psychological case for the lady who elopes with the chauffeur.

There are several details to be taken into account—the smartness, the independence, the good manner, and frequently good education of the driver. But most of all there is the man himself as a creature of power. He is at the wheel. He acts. He controls. He exerts the fascination of the masterful. Furthermore, his allurement is strengthened by the subtle influences and elations of rapid motion. "No human person remains quite uninfluenced or normal in a good car by the side of a good driver and in congenial company."

We have the conclusion, then, that it is not all of speed madness to make unsafe highways. It can and does produce also the treacherous romance, leading to the dash in haste which is to be repented at leisure after the power is off. The obvious need for safety is of a common sense so quickened that it can keep up even when there is a greater than the third speed. Not psychology, but the lady must develop this factor in touring car discretion.

Accounting for Absence of Noise.

"You know I had something the matter with my ears," said the nervous man, "and I feared I was going deaf; and this morning I got the scare of my life. I thought deafness had actually settled on me."

"Going down Madison avenue I met two carloads of children coming up in open cars filled with children and all waving their arms and making a mighty stir. I couldn't hear a sound, not a whisper, and then I knew I'd gone deaf, sure enough; but when those carloads of shouting children had gone by then I could hear the rattle of the wagons in the street and the clatter of the horses' hoofs and all that, and then it came to me, what was a fact, that those cheering children were a bunch of jolly deaf and dumb children going on a picnic. And that was a great relief. I felt sorry for the children, but a little more cheerful for myself."—New York Sun.

Virtue in Silence.

It is a good plan to speak the truth when one can, but there are times when the truth should be put aside under the shadow of kindness.

One is not called upon to put into words every thought that comes into the topknot. One's dearest enemy may look as pale as a boy after a tussle with his prize oration or as dejected as a burial permit, but why tell him of it? There is no chance of a doubt that he does not know it. You are not giving any fresh or valuable information.

If one cannot say pleasant things, is it not much better to keep still? Truth is commendable and necessary, but there are times when silence makes a bigger hit.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

Big Job.

Citizen—Yes, the city is going to spend \$3,000,000 in improving our parks.

Stranger—Indeed? What is the scheme?

Citizen—We are going to remodel them to look like the souvenir postals of them.—Puck.

TO LIVE A LITTLE LONGER

Ever the Elusive Hope of Humanity, From Which It Seems It Can Not Be Separated.

The fountain of youth is the dream of the young. At thirty the springtime of life is all but gone. Lines come upon the face, scored by cares man has not yet the wisdom to throw off; the girth becomes matter of consideration, the feet begin to lag, the stairs grow long. Then comes the regret for the quick years. It cannot have been a mere dream which came to Ponce de Leon in Porto Rico and lured him to Florida in search of the magical island of Bimini and the mountain whose waters gave youth forever to the hardy voyager.

No longer do we seek immortality in remote geography. No longer do we look to the philosopher to give us length of years. We have had revealed to us the uselessness and the iniquity of the colon, all too late to risk its excision. We have been informed that we do not really grow old; we yield to arterio-sclerosis. Still we have the hope that aging humanity has always had. The years of a man are the years of his colon and his aorta.

Now comes from Paris our latest hope for the years declining. Modestly, Dr. Doyen, the discoverer, announces no absolute elixir vitae. He thinks only that he is nearer finding it than any one before him. The tale comes to us in the newer jargon, un-known and magnificent. It is mycolastine which is to prolong our years to a considerable extent. It is to dissolve germs which in their activity might wreck us; it is to give new strength to the phagocytes which are the devourers of our inner ill. In a barbarous phrase it is to decupelize, to multiply by ten, the power of our resisting agents.

As we look back we can spare without regret the fountain of youth. Always to be calow might not be an un-mixed blessing. But to keep forever the years of man, to hold the stores of memory, to live steadily and to live whole, to find at last the elixir of life—such as this has charm for us in these adult centuries as it had in the childhood of man.

INSTINCT OF THE REALIST

Writer Wanted Game Played to the Limit, Without Departure From Proprieties.

A story about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong. When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make-believe games and insist that they be carried on, too. One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, and frequently good education of the driver. But most of all there is the man himself as a creature of power. He is at the wheel. He acts. He controls. He exerts the fascination of the masterful. Furthermore, his allurement is strengthened by the subtle influences and elations of rapid motion. "No human person remains quite uninfluenced or normal in a good car by the side of a good driver and in congenial company."

We have the conclusion, then, that it is not all of speed madness to make unsafe highways. It can and does produce also the treacherous romance, leading to the dash in haste which is to be repented at leisure after the power is off. The obvious need for safety is of a common sense so quickened that it can keep up even when there is a greater than the third speed. Not psychology, but the lady must develop this factor in touring car discretion.

Accounting for Absence of Noise. "You know I had something the matter with my ears," said the nervous man, "and I feared I was going deaf; and this morning I got the scare of my life. I thought deafness had actually settled on me."

"Going down Madison avenue I met two carloads of children coming up in open cars filled with children and all waving their arms and making a mighty stir. I couldn't hear a sound, not a whisper, and then I knew I'd gone deaf, sure enough; but when those carloads of shouting children had gone by then I could hear the rattle of the wagons in the street and the clatter of the horses' hoofs and all that, and then it came to me, what was a fact, that those cheering children were a bunch of jolly deaf and dumb children going on a picnic. And that was a great relief. I felt sorry for the children, but a little more cheerful for myself."—New York Sun.

Virtue in Silence. It is a good plan to speak the truth when one can, but there are times when the truth should be put aside under the shadow of kindness. One is not called upon to put into words every thought that comes into the topknot. One's dearest enemy may look as pale as a boy after a tussle with his prize oration or as dejected as a burial permit, but why tell him of it? There is no chance of a doubt that he does not know it. You are not giving any fresh or valuable information. If one cannot say pleasant things, is it not much better to keep still? Truth is commendable and necessary, but there are times when silence makes a bigger hit.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

Big Job.

Citizen—Yes, the city is going to spend \$3,000,000 in improving our parks.

Stranger—Indeed? What is the scheme?

Citizen—We are going to remodel them to look like the souvenir postals of them.—Puck.

SHOWS BENEFITS OF YAWNING

Has Great Value in Diseases of the Throat—Strengthens Respiratory Muscles.

Dr. Emil Bunzl of Vienna, in speaking of diseases of the throat and remedies, said that yawning had its great value. Yawning has recently been recommended independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

"According to Dr. Naegeli, of the University of Luettich," said Dr. Bunzl, "yawning brings all the respiratory muscles of the chest and throat into action and is, therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. He advises everybody to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration. In many cases he has found the practice to relieve the difficulty in swallowing and disturbance of the sense of hearing that accompany catarrh of the throat. The patient is induced to yawn through suggestion, imitation of a preliminary exercise in deep breathing."

"Each treatment consists of from six to eight yawns, each followed by the operation of swallowing. It should be added, however, that it is quite possible for deep breathing to be overcome, particularly by persons with weak hearts and it is at least open to question whether the obstacles to free respiration, which the yawning cure is alleged to remove, are not useful in preventing the entrance of germs and other foreign bodies."

REAL NECESSITY OF THE AGE

Misguided People Who Would Abolish Poverty Herein Shown the Error of Their Ways.

Forgive those who would abolish poverty, for they know not what they do. To abolish poverty would hurt business immeasurably. There are a great many people who get their livelihood by dispensing charity. If poverty were abolished, they would have to join the army of the unemployed. Furthermore, all the technical knowledge of how to assist a pauper without pauperizing him would be wasted.

Then there is another end to it. When a man gets rich he invariably has two tasks before him. First, to build and try to inhabit a larger house than any other man ever built and tried to inhabit, and, second, to engage in some unique and picturesque charitable enterprise. A reporter, serving up a modern quick lunch biography of rich magnates, would be entirely at sea if he could not catalogue the beneficent activities of the said magnates.

What would a poor rich man's life be worth if he could not give a little of his too much in order that he might pass down into the files of history as one who loved the poor, one who loved the poor so much that he got immensely rich and thus set them a shining example, besides offering them generous hand-outs?

Without poverty, no charity, and the three graces would become a duet. Hinc illae lachrymae.—New York Times.

The Languages of Paradise.

Every language has its admirers; in "Lucile" the author, Owen Meredith, maintained that when he heard French spoken as he approved he "found himself quietly falling in love." Edward Hutton is another instance of this lingual fascination. In stating his preference in his enchanting "Cities of Spain," he recalls an interesting medieval legend. He says:

"And as I listened to the splendid syllables of the Castilian tongue that rang eloquently through the twilight I remembered the saying of that old Spanish doctor of whom James Howell tells us in his 'Instructions for Foraine Travell,' to wit, that Spanish, Italian and French, these three daughters of the Latin language, were spoken in Paradise; that God Almighty created the world in Italian and the tempter persuaded Eve in Italian and Adam begged pardon in French."—Youth's Companion.

Worth Remembering.

Many a man, like the ancient Persian, Ali Hafed, who wishing to be rich and place his children on thrones through the influence of wealth, has searched in vain north, south, east and west, when there were acres of diamonds on the old farm, found there by the observant man, who dug in his own garden. Your fortune is in the shop where you work, in the store where you wait, in the house where you sit, or on the farm where you cultivate the soil. Your riches are within your present reach. There are riches in every rubbish heap. Only to the mummified, conservative, visionless traditionalist no more progress is possible. You cannot do better anywhere than just where you are. What you need, others need.

Artist and His Work.

The great artists, like the great heroes, have always done whatever came to hand. Michelangelo grumbled and said he was a sculptor when Julius II. set him to paint, but he painted the roof of the Sistine chapel. Shakespeare chafed at the popularity of the fool in the drama of his time, and then produced the fool in "Twelfth Night" either of them had waited for perfect conditions and an inspiration untrammelled by circumstance he would have done nothing. They produced masterpieces because they made the best of things as they were. And this is the business of the artist in life.