

WAS NOT NEW TO HIM.

Had Long Been Eating Chop Suey Under Another Name.

An amusing story is told of Senator Joseph Ross of Oakdale, Mass. The senator had sent his wife and entire family away to the mountains and was to visit them in a week or two. In the meantime he was to get his own breakfasts and to take his other meals at a nearby restaurant.

An old friend of the senator had for a long time urged him to try the popular "chinese dish 'chop suey,'" but the senator had always refused.

Just before he went to join his family he met his friend and the subject was again brought up, and this time the senator agreed to try the celebrated dish, and together they went to Chinatown.

The food was set before them and the senator's friend eagerly watched him to see how he would like the new preparation, and was surprised when the senator on tasting the "chop suey" expressed great disappointment.

"Don't you like it?" said his friend. "You must admit it is something very fine—something very rich and rare."

"It may be to you," said the senator, "but it is neither rich nor rare to me. Why, do you know, he went on, 'this is the same thing I have been having for breakfast for the past two weeks, only I didn't know it.'"

MAD DOG EASY TO AVOID.

Lose Control of Body and Never Attack People, Says Doctor.

Mad dogs do not attack people. This is the statement made by Dr. P. M. Hall, city health commissioner of Minneapolis.

"When a dog has the rabies," said Dr. Hall, "he has lost control of his body and what he does is mechanical. His jaws snap involuntarily and if he encounters any object, whether animate or inanimate, he is likely to bite it. But a mad dog does not attack as does an angry dog. He does not pick out a victim nor use any strategy."

"For this reason dogs suffering from rabies are less dangerous than is supposed. No grown person need fear them, for all he has to do is to get out of the way. The dog will not chase him. Of course, young children are in danger, as they do not know how to dodge the brute. A well directed kick in the jaw delivered by a man of ordinary strength will put a mad dog out of business for a time at least and is much easier to land than it would be if the dog were merely angry and had control of himself."

Child Missed Pleasure.

It is a far cry from guerillas to "Lit the Lord Fauntleroy," but the story reminded a man who heard of it of an experience which befell Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. When her now famous story "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was running as a serial she happened to be on a train bound for a New Jersey suburb. In the seat across the aisle sat a small girl and her mother. The child asked the mother to buy the last number of a magazine so that she might read the new chapters of Fauntleroy. The leaves were uncut and after trying in vain to get her mother to lend her a hairpin to use as a paper knife the child began hacking out the uncut pages with her hands. Mrs. Burnett took one of her own visiting cards and handed it to the youngster. The child cut the leaves with it with out even turning it over to see whose name it bore, and then returned it. She never knew that she was within two feet of the author of the story which she was reading with such eager interest.

Burglar Artist.

Karoly Janos, once a painter of considerable repute, but of late years known as the associate of criminals has been arrested under remarkable circumstances.

He was ransacking a house when he came across the portrait of a very beautiful young woman which evidently had been left unfinished by the artist. The brushes and paint boxes being scattered about.

Forgetting his errand, he picked up the brushes, and began to add the finishing touches to the picture. He was discovered hard at work by the astonished owner of the house, who promptly sent for the police and had him arrested.

The Sanitary Bible.

"A sanitary Bible," said the dealer, "you see, it's bound in celluloid, and can be readily washed and disinfected. It is for use," he went on, "in such antiquated law courts as still require their witnesses to 'kiss the Book.' Book-kissing has often caused serious disease. But with our sanitary Bible, which may be disinfected after each kissing, the witness's health is absolutely safeguarded."

Shake! Says the Norwegian Waiter.

Whenever we gave a sufficient pour-beire in Norway we were rewarded either by a charming little courtesy and 'mande tak' (many thanks) from chambermaid or waitress or a serious handshake from porter, driver or guide. This habit of thrusting out the hand for a farewell shake, a little annoying to English travelers, is a sign of that independence which is so pleasing in Norway.

The Likeness.

"An obliging man is in one respect very much like a man with a paying business building." "What is that?" "Both would like to extend their office."

CHILDISH EYES SEE MUCH.

Household Shams Cannot Be Concealed from Them.

"My father's house is full of 'fakes,'" said a 12-year-old playing in a neighbor's house. When asked what he meant he recited one article after another—all cheap imitations of expensive things.

A little girl who had turned 14 said to a friend: "Mamma says I mustn't pretend; that to pretend is to lie. But she pretends as much as I do. She pretends that she has a stained glass window in her bathroom when it's really only colored paper pasted on the glass. Of course, mamma's a woman, and I'm not. I suppose I'll have to wait until I grow up before I can pretend."

When the remarks of these two youngsters were repeated to the parents they were amazed that the points had fastened themselves on their children's minds. But it is here, nevertheless, that the pernicious habit of allowing shams and imitations in thousands of our American homes is creating its worst havoc upon the children at the most formative periods of their lives, says the Ladies' Home Journal. And yet we expect a child to ring true in his thoughts and character when, on every hand, he is surrounded in his parents' home with things that are sham and an imitation.

PLEASURES OF THE RICH.

Writer in Life Sheds New Light on the Subject.

There has, from time immemorial, been a disposition to criticize the habits of the very rich, on the ground that they permit themselves too many pleasures. There is popularly supposed to be a kind of unseemliness in the spectacle of a plutocrat indulging himself in steam yachts, private cars and golf links, summer camps and so forth.

In reality this shows a mean spirit toward the very rich. Why, indeed, should we grudge them the few pleasures they have, when there are so many that they cannot buy?

Certain brands of friendship or a good digestion or hard working and conscientious children, cannot be obtained by the very rich. Instead, they have to content themselves with all the cheaper things that money can buy.

Let them therefore enjoy themselves in their small way. They deserve to be made happy over trifles, assuming that they always have the necessary capacity.—Life.

Swiss Shoemakers.

Swiss shoemakers work ten to 12 hours a day. "The factory workman," says Special Agent Butman, in a United States government report, "is required during the summer to begin his labor at 4:30 or five a. m. This early hour is demanded in order that the fresh energies of the workers may be obtained by the employer, as nearly all artisans are engaged to a greater or less degree in agriculture for personal benefit. During the winter season work in factories commences at six o'clock; 15 and 20 minute rests are allowed at nine and four o'clock, respectively, when refreshments of beer and bread are taken. From one to 1 1/2 hours are allowed for dinner. The principal food of Swiss shoemakers consists of bologna, bread and cheese, with beer; fresh meat is seldom eaten, unless on feast days; soups are served on Sundays."

Place He Was Fitted For.

The village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was completed all the summer people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the luncheon which was to follow the dedication exercises.

The day and the carpenter's turn came. "Ladies and gentlemen—dear friends," he began, his good, brown face very red indeed. "I am a good deal better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking!"

Then he realized what he had said and sat down amid roars of laughter.—Youth's Companion.

Variations of the Pulse.

The normal pulse has a wide range, but is always faster in females than males, and steadily declines from birth to death. Eminent physicians have thought it possible to tell a person's sex and age from the pulse alone. The average rate at birth is 160 beats a minute in girls and 150 in boys; at the age of four or five, 110 and 100; in maidens and youths, 95 and 90; in mature women and men, 80 and 75; and in elderly women and men, 60 and 50. In one recorded case the pulse of a healthy man of 87 was only 30 a minute. The pulse varies with stature, position of body, exercise and health, and in disease it has been known to fall to 14 a minute.

Cause Enough.

Carson—I hear your typewriter left you in a huff. Gebhart—Yes, I put my foot in it. Carson—What did you do? Gebhart—I had dinner with my wife one day last week.—The Bohemian.

Meeting the Demand.

"Why do you say disagreeable things about people?" "It's because of my obliging disposition," answered Miss Cayenne. "So few of my friends can be interested by any other kind of conversation."

MOST COSTLY OF FABRICS.

Material That Commands Price of \$200 a Yard.

The fabric sparkled like spun glass. White, it yet emitted rainbow scintillations—red, yellow, green and blue. It was softer than gossamer to the touch.

"It is," said the dressmaker, "the costliest fabric in the world. Pele's hair is its name. It comes from Hawaii and I have imported it to make a gown for a millionaire grafter's wife."

"Its cost is \$200 a yard. There is enough here for one gown. The piece is worth \$2,000."

"Pele's hair is a fabric woven by nature herself in a factory incredibly romantic. The factory is the crater of the volcano Mauna Loa. In the crater surges a lake of fire and the drops of lava on the lake's edge are spun by the wind into this delicate stuff, which resembles somewhat the strange, dry, firm foam that the wind churns up and tosses on the beach in great storms."

"This is real, genuine Pele's hair. There is a fake kind, much cheaper, that an American makes in Hawaii by projecting a steam jet against a thin current of melted slag. The fake kind is beautiful, but it does not give off those jewellike scintillations."

LION AT A DISADVANTAGE.

Daytime Sleep Was Fatal Mistake to Monarch of the Jungle.

It is seldom that the king of beasts is discovered at such a disadvantage as happened the other day near the Theta mine.

A gentleman from the mine was taking a stroll round with his rifle when he saw some kind of animal lying stretched out in the open. On approaching within 20 paces he was greatly astonished to see that it was a full grown male lion lying on its side.

Thinking that there was little doubt that the animal was dead, he went within ten yards, but becoming impressed with the danger of his position should the animal be alive, he gave a shout, when he was astonished to see the animal raise its head, look round at him and give vent to an angry roar of defiance. Quickly raising his rifle he had just time to take a steady aim, and by a lucky shot killed the animal as it was in the act of rising. The beast proved to be a magnificent African male lion.

The moral is that lions should not take a siesta in the open and that it might be as well for the hunter to shoot on the next occasion before shouting.—Grosio Times.

One Advantage of a Long Night.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun" was a subject assigned to Judge Berry at a feast shortly before his last sickness, says the Boston Herald.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun!" he exclaimed. "Ah, gentlemen, I find that a most inspiring subject. In the land of the midnight sun, I've read, the days are six months long, and so are the nights. Just think what a blessing that would be to some of us. Why, if one of my creditors came to me and said: 'Berry, I want you to pay up that \$100 you owe me,' it wouldn't bother me in the least. 'My dear fellow,' I would reply, 'come around day after to-morrow and I'll pay you,' and then I wouldn't hear any more of him for twelve months."

Decay of Famous Mexican Pyramid.

The residents of Cholula, in the state of Puebla, Mexico, are alarmed over the cracking of the historic pyramid of Cholula and the impending destruction of the temple. The crack in the pyramid extends a long distance and is 20 centimetres wide.

The weakening of the pyramid is due to the decay of its base, caused partly by the taking away of earth from the supports with which to make adobes. The chaplain has invoked divine protection. Prof. Leopold Batres, Inspector general of archaeological monuments, has gone to Cholula to make an examination of the premises.

An 800-Year-Old Football Game.

The very ancient and quaint Shrove Tuesday custom of playing football in the public thoroughfares was observed at Lotherstone and Warwickshire, says the London Daily News. The game had its inception anterior to the signing of Magna Charta, and regularly for more than 800 years the custom has been observed in the old Watling street town. Business was entirely suspended this year, as usual, while the game was proceeding and many tradespeople joined in the fun.

Farm Life in Rhodesia.

Mr. Trollip's farm, near Fort Gibbs, has been visited by two rhinoceros lately. They are very truculent in their behavior and are doing heavy damage to his crops, besides being a source of danger to all on the farm. Mrs. Trollip was also surprised by a crocodile when fishing on the farm. The reptile plunged into the water from the opposite bank, and made straight toward her.—Rhodesia Herald.

Advertisement.

"Why do you allow yourself to be posted at your club?" "Well," answered the easy-going youth, "it's a large club and a swell one, and no one would know I was a member of it unless I got posted now and then."

TOO MUCH POETRY WITH MENU.

Wicked Trick Played by Merry Damsels on Their Kind Hosts.

At one of the hotels are two young men, continually looking for a good time, says the Mexican Herald. At the same hotel are two young ladies, school teachers, but who are not living up to the rules laid down for staid school teachers while they are on their vacation. The young men and the school teachers became acquainted and the young men tendered an invitation to dinner, which was duly accepted. As both young ladies are passably good looking, the young men anticipated an agreeable evening. Hardly had the four seated themselves at the dinner table when the young ladies started a discussion of the poets. The discussion ranged through the list from ancient to modern times, the young ladies doing all the talking, while the young men, being out of their element, supplied an occasional monosyllable to the conversation, and all their efforts to turn the conversation to other channels proved fruitless. One of their friends, happening to see the party, says that the male members presented a heart-breaking picture of distress. A few hours later they were discovered at a convenient bar and it took a good many drinks to revive them. Since then they have had many inquiries about poetry from sympathetic friends.

OSTRICHES \$800 A PAIR.

Nevertheless, Raising Them Is Not a Get Rich Quick Scheme.

The ostrich business in the United States is fairly prosperous, especially in the Salt river valley, Arizona, where 1,500 of the 2,200 ostriches in the country are owned.

This is a new line of animal industry for Americans and there is much to be learned. We have not thus far produced such fancy birds as have some of the more experienced breeders in South Africa, but the size seems to be increasing and the health of the birds is all that could be desired.

So far serious ostrich diseases have not troubled the American raiser; even the so-called barring of the feathers has not been observed. Ostriches need a hot, dry climate, such as is found in the southwest. The rainy portion of the south is far less desirable, although this is sometimes mentioned as suitable for ostrich raising.

Alfalfa pasture is also essential; an acre of alfalfa will carry four ostriches and, which is of far more importance, will keep them in good health. Our American ostriches are now worth \$800 a pair at four years of age. No one should imagine that ostrich farming is a get rich quick scheme, for the birds are not ready for mating until they become four years old.—Country Life in America.

The Wrong Number.

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone bell rang vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hello!" he called. "Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?" "Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink OI am a box car?"—Harpers Magazine.

Baths Limited.

Owners of country houses no longer hesitate to ask the co-operation of their guests when it seems necessary. In all the bathrooms of a palace on the Hudson river, which entertains many visitors in the course of a year, says the Sun, there hangs this sign: "Guests are kindly requested not to draw more than three inches of water into the tub."

Since the host of a famous house had the courage to put up this sign his neighbors have become equally frank in requesting their visitors to help them out.

Poisonous Caterpillars.

Several kinds of hairy caterpillars are known to have a poisonous effect on the human skin, notably the caterpillar of the processionary moth, so called because the caterpillars march in procession after their food. The scientist Reanmur found that this caterpillar's hairs caused him considerable suffering in the hands for some days and when he rubbed his eyes his eyeballs, too, were inflamed. Even approaching too near the nests of these caterpillars has caused painful swellings on the necks of certain persons, from the caterpillar hairs floated by the winds.

Echoes from the Past.

Montezuma had offered the conquering Cortez a room full of gold and silver if he would go away and leave him in peaceful possession of his kingdom.

"Don't try any of your Monty games on me, old man," laughed Cortez. "I'll have to ask you for more mazzamas than that."

As this was the next best thing to offering him a job as police inspector, the hapless monarch forbore to urge him any further, and died shortly afterward substantially as narrated in the school histories.

Reading Through Salt.

In San Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, a mass of crystalline salt almost four miles long, said to contain nearly 90,000,000 tons, and to be so clear that multi-sized print can be read with ease through a block a foot thick.

WHEN WAGES WERE LOW.

Salaries of Long Ago Really Larger Than They Seemed.

"Columbus," said an antiquary of Chicago, "got a salary of \$320 a year, less than a dollar a day. His captains got \$180 a year apiece. His crew got \$225 a month. To equip the expedition that discovered America cost \$2,800. The total cost of discovering America was \$7,200."

"Lawyers nowadays, especially corporation lawyers, think nothing of earning a million a year. In the reign of Edward IV, a baronet entered in his diurnal, or diary:

"Paid to Roger Flypott, learned in the law, for his counsel, three shillings, with four pence for his dinner."

"Ministers often make to-day \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year. The late Dr. Talmage made \$60,000. Yet John Knox only got \$220 a year, or \$4 a week, and that was a dollar more a week than Scottish judges got."

"Small salaries, those," concluded the antiquary; "but we must remember that in that epoch there were no trusts to inflate prices, and a dollar went a long way. In fact, a Christmas dinner for a family of six would have cost, in John Knox's time—for the turkey, 10 cents; cranberry sauce, 3 cents; potatoes, 1 cent; turnips, 1 cent; celery, 1 cent; plum pudding, 3 cents—total 17 cents, or less than 3 cents a head."

MOUNT GUARD IN BASKET.

Korean Soldiers Take Things Easy While on Duty.

"The Korean Tommy Atkins mounts guard curled up in a basket filled with rags and cotton wool," says an explorer of that queer country. "Even at the royal palace one sees this curious sight. The Korean warrior is not a giant; on the contrary, he is diminutive, only a little over five feet in height, or even less, so that the round basket which contains him is made only about four feet in diameter, and three and a half feet deep.

"In the inner enclosure of the royal palace two soldiers are placed on guard at a time, and the baskets are larger accordingly. The two warriors contained in them squat or curl up together like two birds in a nest. Their guns are generally left standing somewhere close by; but when the position to be guarded is a very responsible one, they are nursed in the basket with their owners."

Too Rapid Growth.

The minister's six-year-old son is of a very critical, literal turn of mind, and his father's sermons sometimes puzzle him sorely. He regards his father as the embodiment of truth and wisdom, but he has difficulty in harmonizing the dominical pulpit utterances with the world as it really is. His parents encourage him to express his opinions, and clear up his doubts as much as possible. So one Sunday at dinner, after a long period of thought, they were not surprised when he said gravely: "Papa, you said one thing in your sermon to-day that I don't think is so at all."

"Well, what's that, my boy?" asked the clergyman.

"Why, papa, you said the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow. That's too soon."

It Happens Every Night.

At the end of one of the sessions of the world's convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Boston, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens condemned the habit that so many men have of going out between the acts at the theater.

"I am in hearty sympathy," said Mrs. Stevens, "with a woman whose husband said to her, at the end of an interesting drama: 'Love was a play. I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act.'"

"No," said the woman, "but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."

Fever From Apes to Man.

Sir Patrick, in his recent lectures on tropical diseases, although accepting the theory that the only mode of transmission of malarial fever, is through the bite of the Anopheles mosquito, adds the statement, which will probably be new to most readers, that the mosquitoes are capable of becoming infected by absorbing the blood not merely of human patients, but also of anthropoid apes, and perhaps even of various other mammals, which, in an evolutionary sense, are related to man.—Youth's Companion.

Truthful Johnson.

Johnson was burned out of his hall bedroom last week.

"What did you lose?" asked a friend next day. "Everything but the clothes I had on," answered Johnson.

"Everything?" That's hard!" "Yep," said Johnson, "a pair of socks and an undershirt."

And the neighbors have named him "Truthful Johnson."

Honest.

Guest—Waiter, what do you mean by this? You bring me the fish first and the soup after.

Waiter (confidentially)—To tell you the truth, sir, the fish would not keep any longer.—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Filegends Blatter.

As to Breakdowns.

She—Would you rather walk or ride there? He—Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change.—Puck.

THE ACT OF A DIPLOMAT.

Wise Ranchman Averted a War in the "Hole in the Wall."

Near the Hole-in-the-Wall country in Wyoming there is a peppery old cattleman whose range is as dear to him as his life, and from whose point of view a sheepman is a pariah.

His nearest neighbor is a strenuous and belligerent widow who keeps sheep. In consequence the line between their two ranches is as clearly defined as was the dead line at Libby prison.

Upon one occasion, however, the widow's sheep strayed upon the cattleman's range, and the old rancher's rage was great. He denounced her as a "trollop."

This epithet as applied to herself came to the ears of the widow, and, vowing vengeance, she hurried home to search for the word in her dictionary. But her dictionary knew naught of "trollops," so she sent away for a larger edition and had it freighted in.

The new dictionary when it came was as silent upon the subject of "trollops" as the old one, so the widow saddled her horse and rode some 20 miles to consult a ranchman whose educational advantages had been somewhat superior to those of her neighbors.

He listened attentively while she explained the circumstances.

"And now," she demanded, "what did he mean? What is a trollop?"

"Trollop, madam?" replied he gravely. "Is a very difficult word to define. Its meaning is subtle and elusive. It's hard to put into words, but it's a rare compliment Old Man B— has paid you. In olden days 'trollop' was a synonymous term for 'Queen of Sheba,' but as near as we can come at its meaning nowadays the definition would be 'The Sheep Queen of Poison Creek.'"

"Is that so?" exclaimed the mollified widow. "I've wronged that man. I'll stop and ask him over for supper on my way back"—Lippincott's.

Knew Who Used It.

Charles H. Hoyt, New England's great playwright, once visited a small town in Pennsylvania, where there is a hotel they say George Washington, the father of his country, used to stop at when he passed through.

In it they have a room he is said to have occupied at times.

Hoyt came through there once with one of his attractions. He arrived at the hotel after all the members of the company had been assigned rooms.

One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a very poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was.

When he came down stairs later, the gentleman who had got the good room said: "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington, when he came here."

"Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

Blunders in Memorials.

Some remarkable mistakes in memorials have totally escaped notice until it was too late to rectify them. The spurs on the bronze of Cromwell's statue at Westminster abbey, London, are the most interesting feature of the monument, although they generally get no attention at all from sightseers. They are worn upside down.

In a painted window on the staircase which leads from the floor of Westminster palace to the committee rooms an inscription on a sword wielded by the "Black Prince" has the words "Prince of Wales." Again, in the fresco depicting the embarkation of the pilgrim fathers in the corridor leading from the outer lobby at St. Stephen's to the house of lords the Mayflower is shown to be hoisting the Union Jack—a flag which did not come into existence until over 250 years after the days of the historic Mayflower.

Strung.

"Do you see that man walking slowly, his eyes scanning the ground, or glancing at every woman as she steps out or into her carriage?" queried a Fifth avenue habitue of the transient Bostonian. "Sure," was the Bostonese reply. "What about him?" "Nothing," only he's hunting for valuable jewels careless people drop in the gutter, or on the sidewalk. Plenty of business for him. Half New York loses its valuables that way every day. That chap knows it, too. No doubt he'll light on a 'find' before the night's over." "A sort of diamond scavenger," said the Bostonian, "that is, if you aren't stringing me."—Boston Herald.

Neither Time Nor Money to Waste. An underpaid son of Erin got into a wordy argument with a cullud gemmen of herculean stature on the rear platform of a street car. Blows followed. Meanwhile, the car arrived at the negro's street, and as he got off he yelled, "Git off'n dat kyar, you mick, en show whut's yo' made uv on de groun'!" Pat, in a hurry to get home to his wife and childer, and probably not caring to pay another fare, cried out: "Sure, an' there's not a single parth of yew wur'rh a nick-eil!" The passengers roared, and the car groped its weary way along.

Hard to Remember.

"She's pretty, but she doesn't look as if she had sense enough to know her own name."

"She doesn't, half the time. You see she's just been married to a Polish nobleman."