

SIMILARITY OF MANY PEOPLE

Woman Says That Husband and Wife Who Resemble One Another Have Same Thoughts

The woman who is a close observer... discussing with a few friends the... of resemblances.

"I often see very ordinary persons," she said, who look almost exactly like some one else who is perhaps better educated or intellectually brilliant or socially prominent. For instance, some man working on the streets as I pass may look like some college professor I have seen except that of course the expression of intelligence and ability will be lacking. In other words, they are the same type, but their environment and experiences have been different. It is not at all unusual for husbands and wives to look alike, especially if they are elderly and have lived happily together many years.

"Another thing that interests me is that people who look alike have the same diseases. I can sometimes tell, half a block away, what diseases a person will be likely to have. I know a croupy child the minute I see one. I do not mean I can diagnose a case of croup. I don't know a thing about medicine or physiology, but I know the look of a person who would be likely to have diphtheria if exposed to it and of one who might have rheumatism later in life. It's all in the way they think, you know—or perhaps you don't believe that?"

WANTS MAN SHE PAID FOR

New Jersey Woman Asks a Commissioner to Hold Immigrant So That She Can Marry Him

Commissioner Williams expects an interesting session at Ellis Island when the inspectors pick out a husky shoemaker of Trieste and hold him for the arrival of his fiancée.

The commissioner received a letter from a young woman of Jersey City, who described herself as an orphan, twenty-eight years old, who had "to work all my lifetime for my existence." She wrote that she received a letter several months ago from a young man in her native city saying that if she would send him the price of a ticket he would cross the seas and marry her.

She explained that the man was "a shoemaker and healthy." She sent a second-cabin ticket for passage on the Red Star line Vadorland, which arrived the other night from Antwerp. Also she forwarded the healthy member of bad soles \$28.16 in cash.

She learned recently, she said, that his relatives in this country had planned to steal him as soon as he arrived and prevent the marriage. She wants the shoemaker herself, and asked the commissioner to hold him and unite them in marriage as soon as she arrives at the island.

The Literary Man

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk, and my daughter's socks and my wife's baby's building blocks, three yards of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut-out games, some scissors, and my wife's new walrus, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a soap book and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has written, some apple cores, the kids put there, one or two wads of hand-made hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hair brush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture-book or two or three, a picture book has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture postcards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double-crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.—Houston Post.

They Do Things Better in France

It is no easy matter to be married in France, says F. Berkeley Smith, in Success Magazine. One great thing in favor of so sacred a ceremony is that it cannot be hastily performed. It is an event requiring months of preparation, of the signing of endless papers, the certificates of birth and the consent of parents, until at last the wedding day, which has been arranged for to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned, including the legal authorities, arrives. If marriage is difficult, divorce is even more so. There are no such romantic and youthful adventures as eloping on a \$12 capital—handing ten to the accommodating person and wiring for forgiveness with the charm.

Couldn't Understand It

"This stock," said the promoter, "is fully paid up and non-assessable." "Well, if it's fully paid up," replied the man who was inexperienced in such matters, "I can't see why you want me to put money into it. Wouldn't that be unfair to the people who paid it up?"

VISITS QUEEN ONCE A MONTH

Bachelor Confided to a Friend the Reason He Doesn't Care to Mingle With Society

"A bachelor friend of mine told me a little story when we were at the play, which I have hung up in my collection of mind pictures, and I think it is a gem," said Colonel Rivers. "I had made the charge, that he didn't mix as much as he should. He replied that he did all his mixing with a two-year-old married couple and a pretty miss of 7 years. I asked him how that could be.

"The married couple have no children. They are not much on mixing themselves, but every fourth Sunday in the month they give a dinner to the seven-year-old miss, the only child of friends in the neighborhood. To this dinner the bachelor is invited. When the repast is finished, the young miss is entertained with music and readings which the child understands. Then the bachelor takes the little one to her home. The bachelor's description of the child's beauty and dress, and his reports of the clever things she says, and what is said to amuse the miss, would make a pretty Christmas book if it were written by anybody who knew how to make word pictures.

"My bachelor friend assured me that after he had enjoyed one of these dinners he had no desire to mingle in what is called modern society. 'If,' he said, 'I can get to what is described as Better Land, I shall ascribe my good fortune to the atmosphere in which I am a small factor every fourth Sunday in the month, in which three grown-ups are the subjects of a child queen.'"

FEARING A DISTRUSTFUL MAN

Bunyan's Fine Description of Individual Who Had No Confidence In Himself

Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of that had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I hear that he lay roasting at the Slough of Despond for about a month altogether; nor durst he, for all he saw several good ones before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hand. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said, he should die if he came not to it; and yet was dejected at every difficulty and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way.

Well, after he had lain in the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshiny morning, I do not know how, he ventured, and so got over; but when he was over he would scarce believe it. He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was.—From Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress."

A Dog and a Bum

In a vacant lot at the corner of Eleventh and Larimer streets was an old white dog that wasn't well. He crawled over near a billboard and lay down. Lots of people saw him, but nobody paid any attention to him until a trampish-looking fellow came along. He was "Hard Times" personified. He went over and petted the dog.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked. "Sick?"

The dog seemed to appreciate the unkind one's attentions. The man patted him a little more.

"Well, I'll get you a drink," he said. He went to a saloon near by and returned with a tin basin full of water. The dog lapped up some of the water and the man poured the rest on the animal's head. In a couple of minutes more the dog arose and slowly walked away, wagging his tail. He was much better.

Just an old dog—just an old bum—that's all.—Denver Times.

The Situation

One day a farmer drove into town with a load of produce and spent the rest of the day and part of the night with convivial companions. On his way home he fell asleep, and his wagon came in contact with a tree by the roadside, starting the horses into a burst of speed. They broke away and went clattering down the road. The farmer slept on. He was thus found next morning at daylight by a stranger on horseback.

"Hello!" called out the horseman. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

The farmer peered up and down the road in a dazed way. "Well," he said, "my name is Rogers and I've lost a blamed fine span of horses."

Then he got down from his seat and inspected the vehicle. "And if I ain't Rogers," he added, "I've found a blamed fine wagon."

Witticism Hearers Appreciated

Simon Ford was discussing the ethics of speech-making. "It was a long and tedious speech, but I listened attentively. I like to have people to listen to my speeches, you know, and turn about is fair play. Well, I'm glad I listened, because if I hadn't I have missed one of the best wads I ever heard. 'And now,' said the speaker, 'just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, 'I am drawing near my clothes.'"

LESSON LEARNED FROM LIFE

How to Give Good Measure of All Things, and Get None But Little in Return

"Life" said a courtier one day, near the end of a beautiful career. "Life resolves itself finally into just what you can make of yourself. It has really very little to do with conditions or events." This saying carried the more weight with those who heard it because it came from one who, despite continual outer thwartings, sprang sunshine and courage, incidental wherever she came. Not what she could get out of life, but what she could put into it, concerned her—and the measure of what she found to add to mere living brimmed over.

There is yet another rule of great value to apply to life when it seems most difficult. It is to give good measure of all desirable things, and demand but little. Modest demands—social, financial, domestic—help to solve the problem of content. Do you chance to remember the final paragraph in Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina"? Levin, who records it, had found it difficult to supply himself with a reason for being; and after thought, study and experience, he gives us this solution: "My inner life has won its liberty; it will no longer be at the mercy of events, and every minute of my existence will have a meaning sure and profound, which it will be in my power to impress upon every single one of my actions—that of being good." If these words set down here sound trite and childish, read in connection with the whole great novel—one of the greatest of the last century—they have profound value.—Harper's Weekly.

WOMEN HAVE STRONGER EYES

Records Show That the Gentle Sex Have Better Sight Than the Men

Expert ophthalmologists, such as have records of thousands of cases of more or less defective vision, agree that the eye of the woman is no more near sighted, and no more far sighted, than that of man. Physiologically the two sexes are on exactly the same level throughout the whole structural condition of their eyes.

But there are records—disputed, it is true, as being incomplete—which show that men are twenty times as liable to color blindness as women; the averages show two women out of every thousand color blind, where there are forty men found wanting on that score. The critics of those records contend that men, being examined far more numerously for color blindness by reason of their callings, are much more liable to have the defect revealed.

The Brief Proclamation

When F. F. Low was governor of California, there lived and flourished a lobbyist named Nap Broughton, who was equally noted as a wit and as a stutterer. Going down the street one day in November Governor Low saw Broughton carrying home a turkey.

"Ah, Nap, you're taking advantage of my Thanksgiving day proclamation," was the greeting which the governor extended to him. "By the way, he added, "wasn't that a pretty good proclamation?"

"Noo, t-t-too long," said Nap with some effort.

"That's funny," said the surprised governor. "Why, I prided myself especially on the brevity of the proclamation. I don't see how I could have made it shorter."

"All you n-needed to say was p-p-praise G-g-god from whom all b-b-blessings F-F-F low."—Ex-Governor Barber of California in New York World.

First Find of Gold in America

North America has counted as a gold-producing continent only since the late forties. But it might well have done so for nearly two hundred years. According to the history researchers, in the voyage round the world which began in 1719, the privateer, Captain Shelvocke, found in certain California valleys "a rich black mold which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust." "Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds, "against the thought that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

What Will He Do With It?

A house wandered into a downtown barber's shop and after being shaved sat down in the bootblack's chair.

"How do you get paid?" Wages?" he asked.

"No, sub," answered the bootblack. "I work on a pubcentage—40 percent mine."

"Shickshy p'cent yours," said the house, deliberately, "Shickshy p'cent." "Yes, sub."

"You take in hundred dollars you keep shickshy?"

"Yes, sub."

"You take in thousand, you keep shickshy hundred."

"An' hundred thousand, you keep shickshy thousand."

"Yes, sub."

"My, my," said the house in puzzled manner, "what're you gonin' to do with so much money?"—Cleveland Press.

ARE MEN MORE EMOTIONAL?

Charles M. Alexander, Evangelist, Says Women Are Harder to Arouse Than Male Sex

"Chicago women are less emotional than Chicago men. It is easier to make the men in an audience sing than the women."

This was the verdict of Charles M. Alexander, singing evangelist of the Chapman-Alexander revival, after a week's work in Chicago. Psychology to the contrary, the visiting singer holds to his contention that such is the case in this city, and attributes much of the success of the revival thus far conducted to the enthusiasm generated in the men.

"The hardest thing in my work here in Chicago," said Mr. Alexander, "is to arouse the women to song. The men respond much more readily, but the women are hard to reach. I don't know why it is, but that is the case here. The way I get to the hearts of an audience of business men is to talk to them just like you would to a group of boys. Speak simply and you can make more of an impression than if you attempt any eloquent flourishes.

"People ask me why it is that I can get the song out of an audience that I do," he smiled. "I'll tell you how I do it. You must get on a mutual basis with every one in the crowd. You must sing to the individual and reach every one. You reach every person in the audience just as if by a wireless message.

"Behind all this, I attribute the success of my work to the firm conviction that I have," he explained. "I go heart and soul into each meeting, realizing that no service will bring any lasting results without the rousing, heart-reaching gospel music. It is the life of an evangelistic meeting. Knowing this and the great good that attends my effort, I can work unceasingly."

GENIUS WHO DIED UNHONORED

Common Soldier Described Plan of Battle to Napoleon, Who Probably Lost a Marshal

During one of the Italian campaigns, on the eve of a great battle, a common soldier stepped out of the line, as they often did with the old republican liberty, and said: "Citizen general, I know how you will beat them tomorrow." And he began to describe a plan of operations.

Napoleon swiftly interrupted him: "Be quiet, you scoundrel!" The soldier was describing, word for word, Napoleon's own plan of battle, which he thought was utterly unsuspected by anybody else.

The day after the battle he sent for the soldier—he had noted his regiment—but found that the great talent had perished in the simple form of a soldier and he had probably lost a marshal.

Lisbon in Peppy's Times

Peppy's Diary gives an unflattering picture of the Lisbon court in his day. On October 17, 1661, he talked with "Captain Lambert, fresh from "Portugal," who told him it was "a very poor, dirty place; I mean the city and court of Lisbon. . . . That there are no glass windows, nor will they have any. . . . That the king has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pinking sometimes, to his own table; and sometimes nothing but fruits, and now and then half a hen. And now, that the infants is become our queen she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table, which is not ordinary." Some few months later, when some "Portugal" lady had come to London, Peppy's found them "not handsome, and their farringales a strange dress. . . . I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the reclusive practice of their own country."—London Chronicle.

Aburd Milkman

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's famous food expert, said in Washington, apropos of food adulteration:

"One ingenious chap defended the use of chemical preservatives. All preservatives were chemicals, he claimed. Salt which preserved bacon and mackerel was a chemical, and therefore, borax or salicylic acid should be no more dreaded in themselves than salt."

"It made me laugh, that defense. It reminded me in its absurd impudence, of the milkman to whom a customer said:

"Why do you persist in putting water in your milk?"

"But do you know of anything cheaper, sir?" the milkman asked."

A Geographical Lesson

Col. Cecil Lyon, Republican national committeeman from Texas, went to Mexico City with a friend of his on one occasion, and while he was there, sat in for a ten-cent limit poker game in which his friend was the banker. The colonel won \$28, but his friend deferred payment until they had returned to their home in Texas. Then he gave the colonel \$14.

"How about this?" asked Lyon.

"Well, you see," explained the friend, "you won \$28 in Mexico, where one American dollar is worth two in the currency those people use. Consequently, you get only \$14 for \$28."

—Popular Magazine.

EVOLUTION OF THE NECKTIE

It Was Intended at First to Protect the Throat, and Its History Dates Back to the Stuarts

The necktie, now a purely ornamental detail of dress, once had a distinctly practical use. It was intended to protect the throat. Its history may be traced from the time of the Stuarts in England, when immense ruffs which served as neckcloths and collars, were worn. Later neckcloths or cravats were adopted, and no doubt were a welcome change from the stiff, uncomfortable ruff. They were of Brussels or Flanders lace, tied in a knot under the chin, and the ends being allowed to hang square. Still later they were worn much longer, the ends being passed through the button holes of the waistcoat.

The lace neckcloth was succeeded by small cambric bands, but was re-introduced in Queen Anne's time, and did not go out of use entirely until about 1735. Then a broad silk ribbon, tied in a large bow in front, was worn, and this in turn was followed by a white cambric stock buckled in the back, and by muslin cravats, which were tied in front in an immense bow.

In the early part of the last century the stiff linen collar had begun to be worn, and the cravat was passed twice around the collar, and tied in a fanciful bow in front. About 1820 cravats were made very wide in the center, and tapered off toward the ends. Forty years ago stocks and cravats began to disappear and scarfs to take their place. From these scarfs, gradually growing smaller, was developed the modern neat necktie.

THACKERAY'S DAMAGED NOSE

Inquiry About It Embarrassed Dinner Table Guest, Who Was the One Who Broke It

Thackeray occasionally met in society, and I remember participating a dreadful blunder during a dinner at which he was one of the guests. As luck would have it, I chanced to be placed next to a Mr. Venables, to whom I had only been introduced that evening. He seemed a pleasant man and we were soon engaged in an agreeable conversation, which eventually turned upon the great satirist sitting some little distance away, with whom I observed my neighbor appeared to be well acquainted. Thinking this was a good opportunity of clearing up a point about which at that time I was completely ignorant, I asked him: "Perhaps you can tell me whether the malformation of Mr. Thackeray's nose is natural or the result of an accident?"

To my great surprise, Mr. Venables seemed much upset by my question, stammering out: "It was injured in an accident at school." I could not understand his confusion, but, asking some one its reason after dinner, fully realized what an unfortunate question I had asked, when I learned that it was Mr. Venables who, as a boy at school, had broken Thackeray's nose in a fight.—Exchange.

Disraeli as a Greek Pirate

Mr. Churchill's holiday adventures in the near east have not been quite so picturesque as those of another British parliamentarian who went yachting and touring there 30 years ago. "You should see me," wrote Disraeli from his friend, James Clay's yacht, "in the costume of a Greek pirate—a blood-red shirt with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue-striped jacket and trousers." The party visited an Albanian bey; he could not understand their language nor they his, but his wine and their brandy put them on terms. "The bey drank all the brandy; the room turned round; the wild attendants who sat on our feet seemed dancing in strange and fantastic whirrs. The bey shook hands with me; he shouted English, I Greek. 'Very good,' he had caught up from us. 'Kalo, halo,' was my rejoinder. He roared; I smacked him on the back. I remember no more."—London Chronicle.

Sport in British East Africa

One day, having carefully spied our ground, we decided to go after a rhino. The wind was right, but when we were within 300 yards of him two lions and a lioness jumped up. "Simba, simba!" lion, whispered the excited gun-bearer, and hurriedly changing our solid bullets for soft-nosed, we got on our ponies and had a most exciting few minutes. The lioness was a good deal of trouble, before she was killed. We also shot the two lions, and having seen this done and sent the porters back to camp we rode quietly homeward. On our arrival we had quite a reception; the porters ran out to meet us, shouting and singing, and dancing around the lion skins in the most absurd manner to the accompaniment of a grunting chorus.—Wide World Magazine.

Not Prepared to Say

"Which," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "has the place in your estimation, Titan or Velasquez?"

"Well, really," her hostess replied as she put her new \$20,000 tiara into the jewel box, "I ain't never thought much about it. It seems to me most of the high priced ones are about the same; if you're got a mechanician that understand 'em."

Indians as Diplomats

"I have often wondered why the diplomatic corps of this country did not employ Indians," said W. J. Ker-shaw in an address on "The American Indian" at the first fall meeting of the Wisconsin Archeological society.

"They possess the one supreme quality of diplomat—ability to control their tongues. In addition to this the American Indian is an orator of no mean quality. He is a good worker, and it will be found that as soon as the white man stops treating the Indian both as individuals and tribes at the same time his abilities will be revealed."

THE LEGEND OF THE LARK

Japanese Have Many Stories About Their Birds, One of Which is the Following

The Ainu (the aborigines of Japan) have many legends about birds, one of which is very pretty. It is thus given by a recent writer:

"The skylark used to live in heaven. One day the God of heaven sent him down to the earth with a message for the gods who reside here, telling him to return the same day. But the little bird thought the earth such a nice place that he stayed to play. He was here so long that it began to grow dark, and he therefore determined to spend the night on the ground. The next day he arose in the air to return to heaven, but God met him when he was about six score feet up and said: 'Why did you not return as I told you?' As, therefore, you have disobeyed my words you shall not return to heaven, but live upon the earth. Although you may attempt to fly as high as heaven, yet you shall never be able to get any higher than one or two scores of six feet." The little bird was exceedingly concerned at this, and arguing with God, said: "Oh, great God, as the world you made is so beautiful I could not help taking a look at it and so got late. Although you chide me for this, yet I will fly back to heaven." In this way he answered God. But God did not consent. Therefore the little bird grew more and more distressed, and daily went as high as he could, pleading all the time; yet God would never consent to his entrance into heaven again. He therefore returned to the earth to play. After a time he ascended and did the same thing, yet God did not consent. The same thing continues to happen now every summer, but God never will allow him to return.

This, as I have said, is very pretty and even spiritual, but it seems to have been a happy incident, for it is in striking contrast to the other legends, which are more or less stupid and pointless.—Forest and Stream.

PRESS AS A HOSTILE POWER

In 1633 Roger L'Estrange, "Overseer of the Press," Advocated the Severest Restrictions

There was a time in England when government officials viewed the press as a hostile power, to be destroyed if possible, to be curbed at any cost. In 1633 Roger L'Estrange, "overseer of the press," brought out his "Considerations and Proposals in Order to the Regulation of the Press." He advocated the severest restrictions for authors and printers, as well as for "the letter foundry and the smiths and joiners that work upon the premises," and "the attchers, binders, stationers, hawkers, mercury carriers, peddlers, baird singers, poets, carriers, hackney coachmen, boatmen and mariners." A proposal of L'Estrange was that culprits convicted of having broken the law should be condemned "to wear some visible badge or mark of ignominy, as a halter instead of a hatband, one stocking blue and another red, a blue bonnet with a red letter T, or B upon it." A few years later L'Estrange went one better by declaring that newspapers ought not to be allowed at all. He said that the reading of them "makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and contemptuous, and gives them not only an inch but a kind of colorable right and license to be meddling with the government." In 1685 L'Estrange was knighted.

Excusable Confusion

One who construes strictly the words which are found in ancient story and song may not infrequently read into the text a meaning exactly opposite to that the writer attempted to convey. A little study of some of these words almost convinces one that black may be white, and vice versa. It is related that in the panic of 1857 a Frenchman in New York said he feared he should lose all his "propriety." We smile at this, and yet we learn that "propriety" and "property" have exactly the same French derivation. We hear one speak of an "anecdote" and know that a short, diverting story is referred to. Etymologically it means something as yet unpublished. To prevent, which is now to hinder, meant in its Latin original to anticipate. A girl was anciently a young person of either sex. Paradise, in Oriental tongue, meant only a royal ark. A knave was once merely a lad and a villain a peasant. To be silly was, in its ancient sense, to be blessed. An idiot was a private citizen, as distinguished from an officeholder, much the same as in the present day. Shame-faced comes from a good Anglo-Saxon term which means not one exhibiting shame, but one protected by shame, being therefore innocent and modest.

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