

CHANGE IN GAMBLE'S LUCK

Under a \$5 Bill, Then Two Tens, but the Next Find is Something Else.

George Gamble struck a streak of luck the other day. Mr. Gamble, incidentally, is manager of the Pere Marquette fast freight line. He walked into a hotel in Kansas, and there, upon the lobby floor, he saw a small green wad. "A \$5 bill," marveled Mr. Gamble when he unrolled it.

A week or so later he ambled into the lobby of another hotel in another state. The first thing his eyes lit upon was a pellet of green near the clerk's desk. Business of making a hurried dive for it and then discovering two \$10 bills, packed together. Mr. Gamble observed that he was sure enough in the middle of the lucky run. He wondered what he would find next.

He came to town, walked into the Cadillac, and there, in the middle of the lobby floor, appeared that familiar little emerald bulb. Mr. Gamble sidled toward it, trying to look as if he was looking another way. Just at that moment a small dog butted in. He seized the little green wad and trotted toward the street. Mr. Gamble abandoned his pretense at indifference and dived for the mutt. "Grab um," begged Mr. Gamble; "catch um."

A gentleman standing by the door obliged. He took the little bundle out of the dog's mouth; then he looked up at Mr. Gamble. "This yours?" he asked.

Mr. Gamble thought he would take a chance. "Yep," he said; "it's mine. I just missed it." The gentleman handed over the bundle with an odd look at Mr. Gamble, and went away hastily. Mr. Gamble examined it. The wrapper was of soft green paper. It had broken in several places from the dog's teeth. Inside was a pair of lady's garters.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ALL ALONE IN THE STORM

Inside, the Merry Country Party Wotted Not of the Fortorn Figure Out in the Cold.

It was bitter cold. The snow fell thickly, and, driven by the wind, it beat relentlessly against the faces of those who were not sheltered. A wild night, indeed. Midwinter, and in the open country, and one of the coldest nights in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

He stood not far from the winding, snowbound road, his face turned toward the highway. A forlorn object in that great storm.

His old felt hat, jammed roughly on his head, but ill-protected his face and ears from the chilly blasts. He wore an overcoat, only a light and much-frayed jacket, more fitted, indeed, for summer weather than the zero temperature of that night. His hands were unprotected by gloves, while his trousers, thin and worn, fluttered about his legs. He wore no shoes.

Inside the great farm, close by, the lights blazed merrily, and through the windows, from which the shades were drawn, could be seen many young people passing hither and thither. A merry country party—youth and laughter.

And now through the storm others make their way to the farmhouse. They are bundled up warm and comfortable, and defy the snow and the cold. They are happy in the anticipation of the joyful evening before them. Care and worry have no part in their minds.

They do not know that close by stands that ill-clad figure, with arms stretched appealingly forth, and if they knew there would be no pity in their hearts.

For it was the only old farmer's scarecrow.—William Sanford in Puck.

Flight of a Honey Bee.

George S. Demuth, now with the United States department of agriculture, but until recently at the head of the apary department in the office of the state entomologist, tells in the forthcoming annual report of the apary department, of proof he has of the great speed attained by honey bees in their flight. Mr. Demuth was shipping some bees from Terre Haute to Indianapolis in a special traction car, when a few of the bees escaped from the boxes in which they were being transported.

"When the bees escaped," said Mr. Demuth, "I watched their behavior and was surprised to find they had no difficulty in flying out at the open car door and flying ahead of the moving car. The car was going at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour. In my opinion, the flight of a honey bee may exceed the speed of the average rail-way train."

Smoking to Be Stopped.

Statistics gathered through investigation by the authorities of New York city show that 3,245 fires in 1910 and 2,337 in 1911 were caused by the carelessness of smokers, mostly in places of industry. Fire Commissioner Johnson, who has been studying the laws relating to the prevention of fires, as well as to their extinguishment, has discovered a statute which forbids acts which endanger the health or safety of any considerable number of persons, and he is going to attempt to make it applicable to smoking in factories. He has therefore ordered 40,000 notices printed in English, Yiddish and Italian, forbidding smoking in factory buildings. These will be universally distributed and followed by vigilant and constant inspection to prevent the violation of his order.

IS ALWAYS SOME CELEBRITY

Nobody Ever Recalls That in Previous Incarnation He Was a Humble Person.

Dr. Julia Sears, head of the "New Thought School," says: "There are enough people on the planet today who remember one or more of their incarnations to make it a certainty that reincarnation is a positive fact."

All right, doctor; we'll add this to our list of positive facts, which is already become somewhat unwieldy. Still, there is a question which has been puzzling us a good while, and we now make bold to ask: Why is it that, among all those people who remember one or more of their incarnations, not one can remember being an hod carrier, an undertaker's assistant, or an office boy in a soap factory? There is a strong tendency to run toward royal families, court musicians, and philosophers. Two or three persons can distinctly remember having been Joan of Arc, and the number of reincarnated Napoleons and Louis Fourteenth is growing all the time. But the man we are anxious to meet is the chap who can remember with pleasure his incarnation as the brawny "white wings" who pushed the scoop around the arena of the Roman Coliseum after the show was over and the animals retired, or the employe of the Imperial Health Department whose duty it was to descend into the Cloaca Maxima when it got clogged.

Another New Thought which comes at this moment is in connection with the statement of Dr. Sears that she was the Italian singer Marsina 400 years ago, was bitterly discontented, and now she longs to sing and cannot. There's matter for rumination in this. We shall hurry away now to tell the young woman in the apartment adjoining ours that the reason she longs to sing, or thinks she can sing, and cannot, is because she had a sweet pipe several hundred years ago and didn't make the most of it.—Puck.

SHE PICKED THE WRONG MAN

Woman With Prominent Jaw Did Not Get the Best She So Evidently Desired.

She had a jaw that somehow reminded one of the cowcatcher on a locomotive—perhaps because it was always somewhat in advance of her countenance. Also there was a look of determination in her eyes, and it was evident from the manner in which she elbowed other passengers aside, that she had no desire to be regarded as a shrinking violet. Yet she was rather good looking, and she was dressed in such a manner as to indicate that she was free from the necessity of practicing economy. After she had fought her way into the car she looked at the men who were occupying seats and then stationed herself in front of a smallish, gray-haired gentleman whose expression was kind and even lamblike.

The woman engaged his attention by kicking his toes. He curled his feet back under the seat and continued to read his paper. Then she "hemmed" loudly and bumped against his knees. He looked up at her, indulged in a sigh of weariness and tried to make room for her by crowding closely to the woman who sat at the left of him. She declined to budge, however, and the old gentleman again turned his attention to his paper.

Exasperated by such ungalant behavior on his part, the woman with the decisive jaw said in tones that in no wise suggested the haunting melody of a tinkling brook:

"I suppose I'll have to stand all the way home. I've heard of men who had the decency to get up when the cars were crowded, but I guess they're all dead."

"Madam," the little old gentleman mildly remarked, "I would give you my seat, but I'm saving it for a lady."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Centenary of Moscow Campaign.

One hundred years ago Napoleon set out on his campaign to Moscow, and it is perhaps only natural that Moscow and Russia generally should be eager to celebrate the centenary of a campaign which was so disastrous to the invaders. Already preparations are being made in Moscow to open the 1812 museum, and an immense number of objects relating to the campaign have been collected. The centenary has already been celebrated by a concert, which revived the marches and military airs of both armies, and some of these, according to the Debats, are most interesting and curious. More interesting still, as likely to recall the events of that year, will be the visits that are to be paid to the battlefields and the ceremonies that are to take place there.

Taking No Chances.

"Say, Cohn, do you know a nice girl with lots of money for me to marry?" "Yes, I know several and I got pictures here. Now here's a picture of Bessie Shelnberg who has three thousand dollars. And here's one of Rostie Wutzenstein who has six thousand dollars and one of Helen Goldberry who has a gold watch all paid for, three thousand dollars in the bank and I think I can fix it so you can live with her folks and it won't cost you anything for board." "Oh, that's nothing for me. I want a girl with some real money." "Oh, at least \$12,000 to \$15,000." "I got one for you. Sarah Weisenstein has got \$12,000." "That sounds good. Let's see her picture." "Oh, no; after \$10,000 no chances."

MR. COMPTON IN GREAT LUCK

Story That Conveys Moral to Man Called Upon to Give Advice to His Wife.

Mrs. Compton had laid out four dresses on the guestroom bed, and before breakfast she led her husband in to look at them. "Now you know how much I rely on your taste, Henry," she said. "I want you to decide which one of these I shall wear to Mrs. Darley's luncheon today. Please say exactly what you think."

Mr. Compton hesitated, and then plumped.

"Now that blue," he began, "isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, it is," said Mrs. Compton, and she tossed the blue gown on a chair. "It's too dark altogether."

"Then there's the black," and her husband frowned thoughtfully. "Of course—"

"Yes, of course,"—and Mrs. Compton tossed the black gown after the blue one—"It's handsome enough and light enough, with that gold neck, but it's beginning to show wear."

Mr. Compton breathed heavily. The real test was at hand. A fawn-colored gown and a gray one were left.

"Well, I don't pretend to be a judge of these things," he said, playing for time. "I only know what I like. That gray dress seems to me just a little—er—more—"

"There! I knew I could depend on you!" And Mrs. Compton joyfully flung aside the gray gown. "It is more severe, and the style's a bit trying. I shall wear the fawn-colored one, and be so glad to know you chose it for me."

"Whew!" said Mr. Compton, as he fled downstairs. "Suppose I'd been a little quicker and got out that 'suitable.' It's a lesson to a man to be deliberate when he's giving advice to his wife."—Youth's Companion.

FRANTIC SEARCH FOR WOOD

Superstitious Customer in Modern Barber Shop Had Hard Time to Find the Object Desired.

"Well, how's the neuralgia?" queried the barber, sympathetically, as he poised the razor over Thompson's lathered face in a tonsorial emporium.

"Haven't had any since last"—and then the barber was dumfounded to see his customer rap hard on the arm of the chair. He was further astonished when Thompson sat up, jumped to the floor and ran to the marble wash bowl, where another customer was in process of being shampooed.

Thompson reached under the stool on which the customer was sitting, and rapped it. Then, with a look of dismay he turned wildly and made a sprint to the cigar counter at the far end of the room. There he rapped his knuckles on the wooden frame, while barbers and customers, in various stages of barbering and hair cutting, stopped and stared.

"It's all right," he grinned from behind his coat of lather. "Had to touch wood, you know, after making that statement about not having had neuralgia. I sure don't want it again." "You surely don't have much wood in these places," he observed as the barber somewhat gingerly began the shaving operation anew. "This chair is made of enamel, glass, nickel and leather, that stool steel is made of some kind of leatherette composition, and I do believe the only thing in your shop made of wood is that cigar counter frame."

Then Thompson's barber and the other barbers went on shaving.

Superstition Royalty Respects.

Canterbury Cathedral, like most Gothic cathedrals, is decorated with innumerable niches for statues. At Canterbury a series of these niches is occupied with statues of kings and queens of England, and there are only four niches left unoccupied. An old tradition has it that when all the niches are filled the throne of England will come to an end. Queen Victoria was approached with a view to a statue of herself being placed in one of the four remaining niches, but her late majesty was aware of the old tradition, and refused.

One wonders whether in the future there will be four monarchs of England sufficiently indifferent to superstition to defy the tradition and allow their effigies to fill the unoccupied spaces.—Stray Stories.

Oranges Once a Prohibited Fruit.

Oranges were for some years a prohibited fruit in Holland. When the Batavian republic was established the badge and color of the stadholder's family became so hateful to the popular party that, not satisfied with expelling their prince, they passed a law forbidding the sale of oranges and carrots, and ordering all persons who grew lilies or marigolds in their gardens to pluck up the plants and destroy them. This prohibition remained in force until 1806, when Napoleon made his brother Louis king of Holland.

Sweet Little Harry.

"Ma," said little Harry, "I'll tell you what you ought to do." "What dear?" his mother asked. "You ought to go over to live in some country where the people are Mohammedans." "What on earth ever put such a thought as that into your dear head, darling?" "Cause over there they think all fat women are beautiful." "Harry! If you dare to open your mouth again this evening you will be sent to bed with nothing to eat."

SEA'S PERILS EVER PRESENT

Maneuvers and Sham Battles Cannot Be Held Without the Element of Danger.

It is the great distinction of the sea that its peace maneuvers are never sham fights. To whatever branch or grade of the naval service a seaman may belong, when he is on active service he is always face to face with "the real thing." A mistake of any sort, a pardonable miscalculation, a momentary failure of nerve or attention, or even some small unavoidable accident, may involve the forfeit of many lives. Hence the magnificent training the sea imposes in manliness, resourcefulness and self-control. The submarine branch of the navy has undoubtedly risks and dangers of its own, as the sad tale of previous disasters plainly shows; and when a catastrophe unhappily occurs it is of a nature to make a profound impression upon the public. But in relation to the number of submarines in commission, and to the constant exercise they undergo, the picked officers and men who serve in them do not incur a risk out of all proportion greater than their comrades in other branches. Danger and risk are no peculiar prerogative of the submarine. Daily faced in the routine of duty and daily overcome, they form the very foundation of naval character, and are a pledge, in no small degree, of the security upon which as a nation we repose.

BRAVE EFFORT AT ENGLISH

Japanese Correspondent Knew What He Wanted, Though Meaning Was Rather Vague to Others.

For the genuine "English as she is spoke" we must go abroad among educated Orientals, who can spell and read English to perfection, but find it impossible to master the syntax of our language. A firm dealing in fishing tackle, having sent a circular to a merchant in Tokio, Japan, received the following communication:

"Dear Sir in Yours: We should present to your company the bamboo fishing rod, a net basket and reel, as we have just convenience; all those were very rough and simple to you laughing for your kind reply which you sent us the catalog of fishing tackle last, etc. Wishing we that now at Japan there is was not in prevailing fish gaming, but fishermen in scarcely there now, but we do not measure how the progression of the germ of the fishing game beforehand. Therefore, we may yield of feeling to restock in my store your company's fishing tackle, etc. Should you have the kindness to send a check further country's even in a few partake when we send the money in ordering of them, should you?" "I am yours, yours truly."—Detroit Free Press.

Goethe's Birthday.

An amusing story, taken from Bode's book on Goethe, appears in a Paris contemporary. In August, 1818, Goethe went to Carlsbad for the cure, and placed himself under the care of Dr. Rehbenn. One morning when he rose he requested Charles, his domestic, to place a bottle of red wine and a glass in each of the two windows in the room.

Then the poet walked round and round the apartment, stopping at each window to drink a glass of wine. When he had nearly emptied the bottles the doctor arrived. "Ah," said Goethe, "you are come. Do you know it is my birthday?" "No," said the doctor, "it is not your birthday. It falls tomorrow."

Only the production of the almanac could convince Goethe that he was a day out in his reckoning. When he discovered his mistake he gave vent to a strong expression which Scott puts in the mouth of Capt. Nanty Ewart, and, after a long pause, turning to the doctor, said: "Then I have got drunk for nothing."

The Lucky Number.

An amusing story concerning the Greek naval lottery appears in a Paris journal. It seems that the tickets were hawked about the Piræus and were eagerly purchased from the combined motive of patriotism and the excitement attendant upon a gamble.

One day a hawker stopped outside a milk shop and, seeing an ass standing by laden with eggs, cheese and butter, to tantalize the animal took one of his tickets and gave it to the beast. The poor beast was struggling with it in the hope of extracting something eatable, when a grocer on the opposite side of the way who had seen what was happening, rushed across and rescued the ticket. "That ticket," he said to the hawker, "will win a prize, and I will buy it." He did so and the ticket drew a prize of thirty thousand francs.

Awkward.

"I am pleased to meet you again," he said. "Thank you," replied the lady, who had once been his wife. "How are the children?" "What children?" "Ours." "We never had any." "Oh, I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me. I mistook you for some one else."

First Aid.

Edith—Who are you writing to, dear? Ethel—Jack's written me that his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm trotting him a line.

MUSICAL TREAT FOR MINISTER

Reverend Gentleman Was in Some Thing of a Hurry, But Couldn't Be Allowed to Miss This.

"So glad to see you," said Mrs. Dullard to Rev. A. Alexander Chopin-Fugue on the occasion of his first call at the Dullard home. "I am so glad that we have a minister who is especially fond of music, as I bear that you are. I have heard that you never miss a symphony concert when you are in Boston, and that you are a fine performer on the piano yourself. We have a great deal in common if you love music. All of my children are very fond of music, and I am so glad that they are home that they can play for you. This is our little Robert. He has never had but one term of lessons, but he can play almost anything he takes a notion to. Robert, sit down to the piano and play the 'Jolly Boy Waltz.' He can play it with hardly a mistake, so I want him to play it for you, and—"

"I really have time for—"

"He can play it in four or five minutes, and then I want him and his sister Lutie to play their duet for you. It is something they made up entirely by themselves, although Lutie is only eleven. And I do not want you to go until you have heard our little Percy play 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.' He is only seven, so of course we have to allow for some mistakes—"

"I am sorry, but really I fear that—"

"Percy, run upstairs and tell your sister May to come down. I want her to play her little piece for the minister. She can play 'Bringing in the Sheaves' with two hands. I am sure that you will enjoy hearing my little ones. Now Robert, let us have the 'Jolly Boy Waltz,' and I want you to play it the best you can."—Puck.

STIRRING OF YOUNG MANHOOD

Father's Idea of Teaching Little Son a Lesson Didn't Seem to Turn Out Just Right.

The little three-year-old son of a proud North side father and mother became so greatly interested in a phonograph belonging to one of the neighbors that he quite forgot to go home at his accustomed bedtime.

"Tell you what we'll do," said his father to his mother. "We'll put out the lights and pretend we've gone to bed. That will teach Master Bennie a lesson."

When the little chap hurried home, about eight o'clock, he stopped in consternation at the gate on noticing that the place bore a dark and gloomy aspect.

He called several times before his mother, too kind-hearted to keep him waiting any longer, answered him in make-believe sleepy tones.

"What is it, my child?" asked the mother.

With trembling voice the youngster replied:

"Mother, will you please tell Benjamin's father that his son is out here and wants to come in?"

"Next morning at breakfast the parents, who were prepared to hear their little son excuse his conduct of the evening before, were astonished to hear him exclaim:

"Papa, don't you think it's time I was having a night key?"—Youngtown Telegram.

Made Mouse a Pet.

A mouse two inches long, with a tiny red bow about its neck, was carried in the hand of John T. Powers into the lobby of the Van Nuys hotel recently.

When an inquisitive young woman saw the mouse was alive there was a scream that echoed through the peaceful corridors and a swirl of skirts and a hasty exit.

As a crowd of guests gathered Powers exhibited his pocket pet and detailed its history.

"I procured the mouse in El Paso," he said, "as he ran through my room one night. Since then he has been my constant companion. I have taught him to stay on my hand whenever I take him out of my pocket, and I feed him three times a day. His chief diet is milk, cheese and bacon. I have named him Billy. He sleeps at the foot of my bed in a basket. I have taken him to the opera and the theater several times. He seems to take more kindly to music than to the drama."—Los Angeles Examiner.

Why Coat Lapels Have Nicks.

The following is said to be the story of the origin of the nick in the lapel of men's coats: When Napoleon first felt the sway of ambition he tried to implicate General Moreau in a conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior, and was exceedingly popular, but in the circumstances, with the Man of Destiny in power, it was not safe to express publicly sympathy with Moreau. His admirers and supporters quietly agreed to nick their lapels to show their fellowship, the outlines of the coat, after the nick was made, forming the letter M.

Laughed Out His Name.

It is hard to be laughed out of one's surname. That is what happened to an inoffensive gentleman, Charles Sainsbury Pickwick, Esq., who after the publication of Dickens' famous novel felt constrained to advertise in the Times informing the world that owing to its having been brought into ridicule and made a byword by the novelist he intended to abandon his name forever. This was the more hard in his case because he proudly traced his name to a knightly origin—from "Piquet-ville"—"snur fast."

HELPED OUT GREAT NOVELIST

Schoolgirl Friend of His Daughter Supplied Names for Thackeray's Great Story.

A delightful Thackeray anecdote (which, so far as one remembers, is new) was turned up at the dinner of the Colquhoun club. The guests included Philip Newman, who recounted that his wife when a girl happened to go to the same school as the novelist's daughters and afterwards kept up an intimacy with the family.

One day, when she was out for a walk with Miss Thackeray, the latter mentioned that her father had started a new story but was at a loss to decide upon the hero's name. The future Mrs. Newman, with her fiancé in her thoughts, suggested that his name, "Phillip," might serve the purpose.

At that moment who should come up unobserved behind the two girls but Thackeray himself. Making his presence known by laying a hand on a shoulder of each of the young people, he asked why they were so deep in conversation. Thereupon Miss Thackeray, turning around, revealed the subject under discussion and told him her friend's suggestion as to the hero's name.

"Admirable," was Thackeray's verdict. "And now, my dear," he went on, "what is your own name?" "Charlotte," was the response, and Thackeray wore a look of satisfaction.

The result was the tale called "The Adventures of Phillip," in which the principal woman character figures as "Charlotte."—Pall Mall Gazette.

DANGEROUS COLOR IS BLUE

Men Who Voyage Above the Earth Prefer Red for the Covering of Their Balloons.

In case you ever feel tempted to buy a balloon, don't buy a blue one. Red ones are the best. There is a scientific reason why. According to the researches of M. Reynaud, caoutchouc is strongly attracted by the ultra-violet rays from the mercury vapor lamp with a quartz tube, which is a powerful source of such rays. This fact has a practical bearing in connection with balloon envelopes which are treated with caoutchouc.

Aeronauts are familiar with the discovery that the envelopes suffer during ascensions, and this is explained by the greater effect of ultra-violet rays at high altitudes. Experiment had already led to using yellow coloring matter on the envelopes, and red balloons are sometimes seen, but never blue or violet. M. Reynaud considers that red is the best color to use, as it not only absorbs the ultra-violet rays, but also the blue rays, and these last are likely to share in the bad action of the sun's rays upon balloons.

Valuable Find of Manuscript.

A very interesting and remarkable discovery of illuminated manuscripts and early printed books, ranging as far back as 1480, has just been made in the library at Oton Hall, says the Nottingham (Eng.) Guardian.

It came about in this way: The vicar of the parish, Rev. W. Laycock, obtained permission to go through the books in the library at his leisure. While so doing his curiosity was aroused by a locked and forgotten cupboard therein, which he proceeded to investigate. Its contents proved to be between forty and fifty volumes, which confirmed the impression conveyed by the antiquity of their appearance that they belonged to the very earliest stage of the art of printing, which was introduced into this country in 1474.

The majority of them are folio volumes, and with one exception they are all in their original bindings. The covers are carefully planned boards of solid oak, and the books are bound with stout leather faces, the backing and lining being fragments of illuminated manuscripts of a much earlier date, cut up as waste with a ruthless indifference.

Parchment From Human Skin.

It was a tradition of the horrostricken Scriptures of "Old Gaul" that the Abbe Rivas, attracted by the extreme tenacity and smoothness of the leaves of a Bible of the thirteenth century, became convinced that the satiny skin of a beautiful woman had furnished the parchment maker with raw material for his unrivaled product. In another instance, one Gayer de Sansale, a famous bibliophile of the College of the Sorbonne, at Paris, declared that some one had dressed and finished human skin to make the parchment used for certain Decretals.—National Magazine.

The Pessimist.

"Let us suppose that a man was on the lucky side of 35, that he had a beautiful wife, who loved him; that they had a healthy, perfect child; that he had a good job, and that they possessed a comfortable home. What more could any man want than that?" "Oh, if he had all those blessings I'll bet the cook would be threatening to quit or there would be something the matter with the furnace. There's no use expecting that anybody will ever find conditions perfect in this world."

But Wouldn't Have Long.

First Physician—What is your diagnosis of the case? Second Physician—The patient has money enough for an operation.