

BOASTING A POOR EXERCISE

Loosens the Fiber of the Brain and Makes Men Soft and Flabby.

Boasting is a poor intellectual exercise. It seems to loosen the fibers of the brain and make them soft and flabby.

The Medical Journal treats the matter scientifically and learns from psychology that the keeping of the mind on bustling uncertainties renders it inefficient in the consideration of serious things afterward.

We suspect the Medical Journal is right, and Dr. Hale's illustration is pat. And if you want to make an effective thinker of yourself, it would be well not to get daft on any game.

COLONEL READY WITH BLUFF

Writer of Detective Stories Found Himself at Home in Somewhat Trying Situation.

The late Col. H. K. Shakelford, who was a prolific writer of detective stories, had as much presence of mind on one occasion as was ever shown by any of his heroes.

Hate and the Man.

Why must women bear most of the burden for slavery to dress when men certainly has no more freedom than she? This could be illustrated in a number of different ways.

Language of the Professions.

Scientific terms are ordinarily swamped without mercy into the medical certificates that are brought into courts of justice.

At a recent court session M. Masse, the presiding judge, interrupted the reading of a medical certificate.

"When will these doctors resolve to abandon their gibberish and speak French?"

"Monseigneur the president, the doctors remain as they were in the time of Mollere."

The presiding judge said with a sigh: "They are worse than in the time of Mollere. In that epoch at least the doctors made use of a kind of Latin, that one could understand. Today no one can understand them at all."

Newsboy Pulled His Beard.

If Frank Carlo, who has been described as the loudest mouthed newsboy in New York, had only stopped to reason that it is not the usual thing for a person to return to have his beard pulled a second time after once suffering that indignity, the newsboy might not be serving a 10-day sentence in the workhouse.

Modern Childhood.

"I guess the good old days are gone forever."

"Spring your plait." "I asked my young niece if she knew who Cinderella was. She said Cinderella was a character in a musical comedy, but that it wasn't fit for old people to see."

ALONG THE INDIAN FRONTIER

Kachins Are a Wild and Warlike People, but Are Most Hospitable to Travelers.

"Hidden in the mountains on both sides of the frontier road are villages of Kachins, a wild and warlike race which causes much anxiety to the Chinese and to the peaceful Shans inhabiting the neighboring valleys."

"They are hospitable to people, these Kachins, offering a welcome to any passing traveler without question or hope of reward. This spirit of hospitality, indeed, is carried to a point which might almost be considered extravagance."

"The result was a broken leg, and, in consequence, he now appeared in court to sue his host for damages. The erring host paid up quite cheerfully, and the international incident was thus amicably settled over the body of a sacrificial pig."

FIRST SCORE FOR THE MAJOR

Man of Law Wasted Time in Contemplation, but His Opponent Was Quick to Act.

There lived at one time, in the fashionable quarter of Dublin an eminent lawyer who afterwards came to occupy a position on the judicial bench. He was a man of high professional attainments but of testy and irritable temper.

The Fat Rooster.

Very few people credit chickens with having much sense; but at least one young rooster proved, without doubt, that he was wiser than he looked. This cockerel has a habit of ruffling up his feathers during feeding time, and as he was about twice as fat as the rest of the fowls, his owner decided to watch him and to try to find out the cause of his queer behavior.

In Thankfulness.

Notwithstanding all that I have suffered, notwithstanding all the pain and weariness and anxiety and sorrow that necessarily enter into life, and the inward errings that are worse than all, I would and my record with a devout thanksgiving to the great author my being. For more and more am I unwilling to make any gratitude to him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies," for any benefits or blessings that are peculiar to myself, or my friends, or indeed to any man.

Probably Not.

"The doctor says I mustn't read any thing exciting." "I've brought you a nice book entitled 'How to Know the Wild Flowers.' I don't think that will increase your heart action very much."

EASIER THAN TO EXPLAIN

How the Man Who Had Been on Long Spree Squared Himself at Home.

Congressman Edward W. Townsend of New Jersey, very much in the public eye as the author of "Chimnie Fadden," the other day emerged hurriedly through the swinging doors out of the house, grabbed an acquaintance by the arm and rushed him down through the document room and into the open air.

"What's it all about?" demanded the friend when he got his breath. "Something tells me that a roll call impends," said Townsend, "and, for a reason I have, I'd like to be reported dead or absent. Either would be easier explained than my vote. Which reminds me of a story."

"A long time ago I worked on a newspaper in Carson City, Nev. There was another fellow on the paper who was a good deal of a rummy and who used to go off on long sprees. One day he disappeared and nothing was heard of him for a month. He just got aboard of a train and started east, and at St. Louis he got a bun, the record of which is still preserved in the archives of the brewery just back of the town. He forgot home and mother and everything else. When he came to at the end of 30 days he felt that he was up against it a bit at home."

FREE PLEASURES IN LONDON

Finest Music in Churches and Sights That Will Interest The Relic Hunter.

In London there are pleasures to be had for nothing, as was explained to me by a hard-working woman with no money margin for enjoyments. With two feet and a pair of boots she could hear music every evening during Lent from Westminster Abbey to St. Alban's, Holborn, and the church in Soho which rivals the restaurant in attraction.

Some London relics have wandered farther afield than the Black Boy of Clement's Inn. Swanage possesses quite an assortment. The entire stone facade of the Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, is to be found in the High street, whither it was moved from London in 1882. Facing the sea is a Gothic clock tower taken bodily from London bridge, where it had been erected as a memorial to the Duke of Wellington. And in several roads about the town may be seen iron street posts, inscribed "St. Ann's Soho" and "St. Martin-in-the-Field."

Wily Sexton.

Visitors to the Old North church are shown through the historic old building usually by an elderly man who seems obsessed with a love for the church. His fund of reminiscences is refreshing, and the most interesting thing he recounts is the story of how the lanterns were placed in the belfry.

According to his version of the historic incident, the sexton overheard some English officers talking in the house he lived in, and immediately hung the lanterns. Returning to his room, he saw that his shoes were caked with mud and hid them, replacing them with a dry pair. The officers, after they learned that a signal had been hung from the belfry, rushed to the room of the sexton, but, finding his shoes dry, became convinced that some one else had hung the lanterns and then locked all the doors of the edifice.—Boston Journal.

Woman as Jail Governor.

Mrs. Jenny Porchet, who has charge of the prison at Aigle, in the Canton of Vaud, France, is now 52 years of age, and 31 years ago she married the then prison governor. At his death the authorities advertised for a successor, and among the applicants was his widow, who had managed the prison during her husband's long illness. Another point in her favor was her physique. In height she wants only an inch of six feet, and possesses the muscles of a wrestler. The prison commission doubted her fitness, but when she offered to try her strength against the most powerful gendarme, all doubts subsided. The prison is said to be the best managed in Switzerland.

There's the Rub.

"Why is it that you are so strongly opposed to extending to women the right to vote?" "My wife has become a suffragette." "Well, what of it? Do you find that she neglects the children or that she isn't paying enough attention to the business of running the house?" "No, it's not that. She's become so blamed well informed on public matters that I have to keep busy reading all the time in order to prevent her from finding out my ignorance concerning such things."—Judge.

HOW HE SOLVED PROBLEM

Squire Perkins Quickly Explained the High Cost of Living to the Village Loafers.

We were sitting around the redhot stove in the lobby of the village tavern, and just when a silence had fallen upon the group one man turned to another and asked:

"Squar' Perkins, if you don't mind, I'd like to ask you a question." The squire didn't say whether he minded or not, but the other went ahead with:

"It's about this 'ere high cost of living. Have you ffiggered out what's the reason for it?" "I have," was the answer. "Then I'd like to hear it."

"Did you raise any wheat, corn or oats last year?" "Noap." "Any potatoes, beets or carrots?" "Noap."

"Didn't raise nothing whatever to eat?" "Guess I didn't." "Just take all you could of what other folks raised?"

"Looks that way." "And not around and let your wife take in washing to support you?" "Why, she likes to wash."

"Well, I've answered your question. You and 100,000 lazy loafers like you boosted the cost of living!"

I expected to see a row follow, but none came. There was a minute of suspense and then the questioner yawned and stretched and exclaimed:

"Well, by thunder! I've been puzzling over that matter for morn's a year and here you have solved it in three minits!"—Detroit News-Tribune.

HARD-WORKING SWISS DOGS

They Are Used as Draft Animals and Are Not Always Well Treated.

An amended law for the prevention of cruelty to animals, such as that which came into force in England on New Year's day, is much needed in Switzerland. Not that the Swiss as a nation are cruel to animals, one of the best proofs of which is the number of sleek learned to be kind to cats they have generally learned to be fairly kind to animals in general. But, whether from thoughtlessness or some other cause, there is a good deal to be desired in the way draft dogs are treated in Switzerland. Dogs, as every visitor to the country must have observed, are still employed there for drawing or helping to draw all kinds of light carts. Most milkmen and bakers employ dogs when taking around milk or bread. Butchers and vegetable fruit sellers also use them. These dogs are, of course, all of strong build, but of very different breeds, those most commonly employed being of the St. Bernard or mastiff race. On a market day the streets of Berne are full of them. As a rule they do not look ill fed and their harness fits them well. Nevertheless, it is evident that they are often hard worked, for they may be seen lying stretched full length asleep on the cold, wet ground, or even on the snow, and this, after they have been heated by the exertion of pulling, frequently causes pneumonia or rheumatism.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Laziness.

Persons may share the common complaint of laziness without any appreciation of how far it is responsible for the saddest cases of mental and moral disintegration. Laziness is really the key to a large share of what passes for lack of balance and perhaps for insanity. It takes hold in the schoolroom where pupils slight the studies which would have done most to balance their mentalities, they proceed to emphasize this lappedness by refraining from every line of endeavor which is not to their liking. They find a hundred excuses for doing so, but nearly always their excuses are not reasons. They do only what they like until finally they do not like doing that. Then they drift and regret that the ravens of today are not as active in their charities as in the days of Elijah.

Died Cheering the Kaiser.

The bravery displayed by the musicians on the Titanic and the similar exhibition on the English ship Birkenhead recalls also the patriotic conduct of the band on board the German gunboat Itla, which went to the bottom of the Chinese sea on August 25, 1896. The scene was at that time described by one of the few survivors of the disaster, which claimed 118 of the Itla's crew. He said that the men stood at parade, the band played "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" with all the precision and force of which they were capable and swinging their caps, the officers and men went down cheering the kaiser.

Women Fought With Pitchforks.

A duel with pitchforks took place at Dijon, near Paris, France, the other day, between two women. They both worked in a biscuit factory, and were continually quarrelling. The women, in their workroom, tired of the perpetual bickering, advised them to settle their differences in a fight. The two women armed themselves with pitchforks and fought in a lonely field. News of the duel soon spread, and the police hurried to the field, where they found one of the women lying unconscious with a wound in her head.

PLAN TO FIGHT MOSQUITOES

Colonel Gorgas Devising Improved Methods of Combating Pest in Canal Zone.

Soldiers of the regular army who are in the canal zone or are to go there for the purpose of defending the fortifications will be pleased to know that experiments are going on now with a kind of fortification that has to do especially with the health of that region. Col. William C. Gorgas, medical corps, U. S. A., chief sanitary officer, has worked out a scheme for a permanent lining of ditches which will make them proof against the breeding activities of the mosquito. Having found that by controlling the incubation of insects, the fever situation was always kept in hand, the zone sanitary department turned its attention to the ditches which are so fertile a place for the production of mosquitoes, and the idea was hit upon of lining or "fortifying" them against the mosquito. So now there is being tried a Gatun new scheme for permanent ditch lining with concrete blocks, made of a mixture of sand, cement and cinders. After a while there will be no chance for the poor mosquito at all in the zone. The army sanitarians are now making tests to ascertain the effect of wind upon the travel of the insect, both against and with the prevailing air currents, and it is thought that approximate or exact data along that line will have a marked effect upon the cost of anti-malaria work. No data are available to show that the anopheles, or malaria insect, are blown by the wind or travel with it.—Army and Navy Journal.

WIGWAM HAS PASSED AWAY

Indians in Canada Now Make Use of Canvas Tents and Iron Stoves.

A novelist would find a veritable mine of data for stories of the severe life in the woods among any of the northern Indian tribes. During my stay among the Montagnais at Lake St. John two families descended from their winter hunting grounds to the post, being forced on the way to both their moosehous and peltries for soup to avoid starvation. Yet these same people were strong enough to travel and attend to the necessities of their camp. Within five days they returned again to the forest.

The canvas tents, which have entirely replaced the native birch bark wigwams, came into general use about twenty-five years ago. The first Indians to introduce them set up their tents and made camp in the space of an hour without having to cut the numerous wigwam poles or dig away the snow underneath, while the old bark lodge required the snow to be cleared to the ground on account of the fire in the center, the whole task consuming about two and one-half hours. The box iron stoves heat the tents very well and consume less wood than the open fire.—Southern Workman.

Conquering Smallpox Scourge.

Smallpox is no longer feared by civilized mankind. This is partly due, no doubt, to the immunization of the races through vaccination, and partly to the better methods of sanitation and preventive treatment generally. In the first year of our occupation of the Philippines, where smallpox was then an endemic or constant disease, there were 675 cases among our soldiers and 240 deaths. A system of rigid vaccination was adopted, and in the last five years there have been only five cases and not a single death. The army records in Porto Rico tell the same story, and seem to prove beyond question the efficacy of vaccination. Dr. S. C. Rockhill of Cincinnati reports that he has had much success in preventing the pock marking of the face in smallpox cases by painting the pustules with a lotion of nine parts glycerine and one part iodine. By this treatment also the patients get over the attack in from eight to fifteen days. Others prevent the pitting by keeping the patients in a room where no light whatever but red light enters.—Fathfinder.

Manufacture of Maniacs.

At a recent congress of neurology a paper was read in which the movement by which the growing young man carries the first shoots on his upper lip was labeled monstachloptropomania; the habit of twisting the cane seen in old drum majors, strophobadomania; that of putting the little finger into the ear, otodactylomania. Then we have "astomatodactylomania" who put the finger into the mouth, "onychophagomania" who bite their nails, "harmoniomaniacs" who drum with their fingers on window panes or tables and "trepodomania" who nervously move their legs.

Cling to Their Superstition.

The Chinese, like the Indians, have their medicine men. The medical missionaries have done an admirable work in China, and now, albeit as a last resort, a portion of the 430,000,000 of population will appeal to them in preference to the native doctors. The London Lancet says: "In some localities the natives may still be found burning large quantities of gold and silver paper along with incense in the hope of averting, for example, a threatened invasion of their homes by cholera, plague, or smallpox, or firing guns and beating cymbals in order to frighten away the malignant spirits likely to give rise to mischief."

CONDEMNS THE MOTOR CAR

English Writer Says the Automobile Tourist Misses All the Charm of Journey.

A writer in T. P. O'Connor's London Weekly holds that the claims of the motor car to minister to our pleasures and our education are pretentious, exaggerated and absurd, and as such are to be condemned. He boldly asserts that the motor car sightseer may travel hundreds of miles and return home with no other impressions of his journey than that he stopped for a few moments at this or that place for luncheon, and supped and lodged at some other place, from which he flashed next morning sounding his "hook-honk" to drive the bewildered people of the country to the side of the road, that the destroying motor might pass in safety. He says: "As the motorist whisks through Enfield does he ever think how Charles and Mary Lamb 'played truant and wandered among the hills' there, making believe that the scenery was as good as that of Westmoreland? And 'Christopher North'? Do you remember how he set off to fish in Loch Tollia, thirteen miles away; arrived there, found he had forgotten the top joint of his rod, walked back, breakfasted, tramped to the lock again, fished all day, and then began his journey home? But a friendly farmhouse drew him from his track, and midnight found him snatching a bottle of whisky and a can of milk. When he reached home he had covered seventy miles. But could your modern motorist, with his flabby muscles and his love of ease, do as much? In his passion for speed he never deigns to understand the charm and suggestion of a half-obliterated milestone or a decayed signpost, to drink in the spirit of the countryside, or attempt to sense a life that harks back to the beginning of our history."

USE FOR HOUSEHOLD PETS

Psychologist Says Cats and Parrots Would Keep Lonely People From Committing Suicide.

A new use for cats, parrots and other household pets has been discovered by Dr. Colin A. Scott, professor of psychology at the Boston Normal school. He is reported to have said to an audience of public school principals in Chicago that one reason why people commit suicide is that they feel their own uselessness, and that if an unmarried woman has a cat or a parrot to care for it may give her something to live for and prevent her from taking her own life.

Anything else that awakens and holds interest in life would serve the purpose equally well—a fad of any sort, plants, a garden, what, novels, history, charitable work, crocheting, votes for women. The number of possible objects to keep a woman interested in life is unlimited. Even for elderly and disillusioned bachelor-maids, who find the world a lonesome place, there are countless fascinating subjects of interest.

Perhaps cats are among the least promising of such subjects, for cats generally are selfish and self-centered. They take all they can get and give as little as they can. No woman really ever owned a cat. The cat owns the woman. And possibly that is why the psychology professor suggested cats as preventives of suicide.

New Byron Memorial in Greece.

In further commemoration of the poet Byron, whose name is still deeply revered throughout Greece, the government has just passed the plan for the erection in Messolonia of a suitable monument to be surrounded by a small ornamental garden, upon the spot where Lord Byron died in April, 1824.

Already a monument exists here in the "Heroon," or burial place of Greek champions of freedom, many of whose mortal remains repose beneath a large mound.

The initiative in connection with the idea of erecting this further memorial is due to the prime minister, M. E. Venizelos, whose admiration for the English poet and friendliness for Englishmen generally have been demonstrated upon more than one occasion.

Repudiated the Idea.

Old John, the gardener, had been drinking again, and when he became sober Mr. Brown called him down. "This won't do, John," said he. "As I have told you before, I will not have a man in my employ who drinks."

"Oh, sure, 'twas but a mite of a drop I was after takin', Mr. Brown, an' I was niver to say drunk at anny time in me loffe."

John, said Mr. Brown sternly.

"You are a hypocrite. 'A Dimycrat, is it?' flashed John indignantly. 'Well, sir, not to be puttin' too foine a pint on, I've heard say ye was a Dimycrat yerself!'"

Rural Financier.

Boggs had managed to ditch his car, and after hailing a passing farmer tried to arrange a dicker for help. "Why, ya-as, brother," said the farmer, bringing his team to a standstill. "I'll help ye out. Let's see what it'll come to—one day's use of the team, \$5—"

"One day?" retorted Boggs. "Tisn't going to take you a day to haul that machine out, is it?"

"Why no," returned the farmer, "but arter I git the \$5 I don't callate to do no more work outli to-morrer."—Harper's Weekly.