

ESKIMOS' OWN LAND

EUROPEANS CANNOT COMPETE WITH THEM IN ARCTIC.

Agile and Fearless, the Native Will Easily Scale Ice Heights Where Explorer Pursues Way With the Utmost Difficulty.

"In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than in Ellesmere Land," writes Harry Whitney of Cook-Peary fame. "Ordinarily I should have believed these mountain sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow, quite unscalable.

"In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm set boulders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

"In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice-clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber.

"As if by magic, and with little apparent effort, the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath.

"I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back and one look robbed me of any desire to try it.

"The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point of land to another. Often when they told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand it developed that we were far from it. This they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

"The Eskimos have a white man 'stung to death' from every point of view. They not only can go to sleep promptly but sleep soundly and well as they travel, when circumstances permit. They get sustenance, too, by eating hard frozen walrus and seal meat or blubber. This I could never do, for it is so strong in flavor that it invariably nauseated me, though I did succeed very well with raw hare or deer's meat when I had it."—*Outing Magazine.*

John's Choccolates.

The office force of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway company at Eighth and Master streets had a good laugh on John, one of the clerks, the other morning, says the Philadelphia Times. He was telling his companions of a girl he was going to call upon that evening. All went well until after luncheon, when a package, very neatly done up, arrived for John. That got the boys; they had to see what was in it. When John went out they opened it and found it contained chocolates. These they took out and replaced with coal.

In the evening John called on his fair one and presented her with what he thought was chocolates. Of course she went on saying, "Oh, John, what did you bring these for?"

At the same time, glad he did so, she opened the box, took one out, and put it in her mouth. All of a sudden she said:

"Why, John, that's awfully funny candy."

After lighting the gas she discovered it was coal. John made all kinds of excuses, but failed.

Auction Sale on Large Scale.

The old adage that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives applies in a measure to the fact that there were sold by auction in New York last week between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 worth of carpets and rugs, the product of a big carpet mill at Yonkers, N. Y. The sale was conducted on the upper floor of one of the big buildings along Fifth avenue in the wholesale district, and continued from Monday morning, when it opened, until Saturday evening at 7:30. It was attended by buyers from all over the country, who spent the entire day in the auction room, taking only a brief respite at noon time for luncheon. The luncheon was provided at the restaurant, so that the buyers did not have to leave the building and consisted of a supply daily of 5,000 sandwiches, 30 gallons of coffee, 20 gallons of consommé and 500 bottles of beer. On Friday fish was served to those who do not eat meat.

Restrained by Modesty.

Lisa Cipriani, the well-known Italian writer, told at a dinner in New York an amusing story of her little brother: "Ritchie, when angered, used to say, 'I am going to run away.' Then my mother would answer, 'All right, run away; but your clothes are mine. You came to us naked and asked you shall leave us.'

"And Ritchie would plead, 'One little pair of trousers!'"

"No," my mother would reply, 'it is not good for you to run away, and I can't let you have even one little old pair of trousers for such a purpose.' "Ritchie would plead again, 'One little old pair of trousers!'"

"But his mother was firm and, thanks to her firmness, Ritchie never ran away."

SOME IDEAS ON HYPNOTISM

Results Achieved by Touching the Bumps on the Head of a Prepared Subject.

"There is one curious phenomenon in hypnotism which I have never been able to explain satisfactorily and which seems to be ignored by the modern hypnotist," says a writer in the Metropolitan. "It was first studied by Braid. It is called phreno-magnetism and has been advanced by phrenologists in proof of the correctness of their localization of the mental faculties on the head.

"As far as I know it has never received serious consideration from scientists, perhaps because based on two theories that modern science has not yet accepted: first, that there is such a thing as animal magnetism and, secondly, that the phrenologists have correctly located the faculties on the human head.

"However this may be, phreno-magnetism is a phenomenon which can be tested readily by anyone interested. The technique of phreno-magnetism is this: When the subject is in the hypnotic sleep the operator, standing behind him, places the tips of his fingers upon the subject's head and waits. Soon the subject will begin to act or sing or speak. Anyone acquainted with the phrenological system of localization will recognize at once that the actions or words of the subject correspond to the organ on the head which has been touched by the operator.

"Thus if you touch combativeness the subject is very apt to quarrel off and strike some one or speak of war or a drum. If you touch veneration he is very apt to lift his eyes and pray. I have heard a very eloquent sermon thus inspired in a subject who was gifted with a ready tongue.

"Touch the organ of color and he will speak of beautiful colors. Touch tune and he will sing or whistle. Touch caution and his face will express vivid fear. I remember that one subject started me by shouting 'Look out!' and making a leap that he could scarcely have equalled in his waking state. When I touched the faculty of caution he thought he saw a snake."

The Long Bow.

James A. Patten, the millionaire cotton speculator, was talking in a Chicago club about his recent trip to England.

"The English," Mr. Patten said, "take a great interest in self-made men. Every English reporter who interviewed me asked for a sketch of my life, and in each of their articles they dwelt on my humble beginning."

"Well, you weren't ashamed of it, were you?" one of his listeners asked. "Neither ashamed nor unduly proud of it," Mr. Patten answered. "Some men who have worked their way up from a very poor beginning delight in telling of the hardships of their youth. Often, though, I am afraid they exaggerate, as a friend of mine once did in preaching to a young and rather extravagant clerk."

"To amount to anything in the long run," said my friend, "economy and a sense of order are absolutely necessary. Why, when I was your age, young man, I possessed but one brush for my clothes, my teeth and my shoes."

Odd Job for Carpenters.

"What do you think of this for a specialty?" said a man who knows the ins and outs of Long Acre square. "There are carpenter shops in this neighborhood where the chief source of income is boxing chorus girls' hats. It's become pretty much of an industry since the hats grew so large that they couldn't be tucked into trunks. The girls which they were about to start on the road used to drift into carpenter shops with handboxes under their arms and ask to have them shipped just as they were. But the express companies can't accept packages so dimly hung together. The agent would direct the girl to a nearby carpenter shop to have the box crated and that's how the business grew. Oh, the carpenters get about 50 cents a job and in the course of a week those half-dollars make quite a neat pile."—*New York Sun.*

Flour From Beets.

A Belgian farmer announced some time ago that he had invented a process by which beets could be ground into flour, but there is nothing to show up to this time that he has been able to put it into practical application. He said that the beet flour made excellent feed for horses and cattle and that it had also proved highly successful for making fine pastry.

According to one report it was said that large beet growers not only in Belgium, but in certain districts of Germany, were preparing to open mills for the grinding of beet into flour. So far as can be learned the process is a well-guarded secret.

Kelly Has Reached London.

For 8 hours and 59 minutes and 45 seconds Prof. L. L. Dee had been lecturing upon the burning questions affecting political economy.

"And now," he concluded, glancing at his chronometer, "I should just like one of the students to state concisely what he considers to be the greatest question at present occupying the minds of men in this country."

From a far corner of the auditorium, cutting the proverbial hush like the proverbial knife, came the response, clear and concise:

"Has any one here seen Kelly?"—*Answers.*

SOFT-WINGED PEACE

ONCE MORE BROODED OVER CLABBER HOUSEHOLD.

Head of the Family Arises and Declares Himself—Moral Contained in This Story Not Hard to Perceive.

Mr. Clabber had stood all the rest with as much equanimity as he could muster. But when Mrs. Clabber began to sniff and sniff and sniff just because he was smoking his old briar pipe—then indeed Mr. Clabber stood up for his rights as a sovereign man.

"Mrs. Clabber," said he, arising and speaking with much dignity, "ever since I came home this evening from a hard day's work in the marts of trade you have sought every reasonable and unreasonable opportunity to aggravate, irritate and otherwise annoy me. You have frowned and scowled and your conversation has been confined to monosyllables. You have burned the steak and you have undercooked the potatoes. Knowing that I like my rice pudding soft, you have let it cook hard. You have mislaid my slippers and have lost the evening paper. Knowing that I like to play with the canary, you have put him to bed."

"Nor, madam, is this all. You have grumbled and you have growled. I repeat it, madam, you have growled. You left your sewing in my easy chair. You opened a window so that the draft nearly blew my head off. You are wearing that old Persian wrapper which you know I dislike, and you have referred to my family four times—each time in disrespectful terms. You have sniffed when I have gently remonstrated with you or—worse yet—you have either remained truculently silent or you have banged a door. Not only have you banged plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, windows and overdoors. And now, Mrs. Clabber, when I light my pipe you begin to sniff in such a manner that I can stand it no longer. What, madam—what is the reason of all this? Oh! You are out of sorts, are you?"

"I see! Out of sorts! Permit me to suggest, Mrs. Clabber, the strong advisability of laying in an early supply of 'sorts.' Your present paucity of 'sorts' is wearing and distressing to a degree. It threatens the happiness—the life happiness, Mrs. Clabber—of two human beings. I do not know where sorts are to be had, but let me suggest that you apply there, wherever it is, as soon as possible for a generous stock. Sorts are evidently necessary to your wellbeing and happiness and I think it would be advisable for you to lay in enough sorts to last you over an emergency. You, being out of sorts, have used all mine and I find out that I am out of sorts myself. That is why I am putting on my hat, Mrs. Clabber. That is why I am putting on my coat and taking my pipe with me. I am going out to see if I can accumulate a few choice sorts and bring them back with me. Perhaps when I return you will have found a few available sorts and—What? You think you have scraped a few together now?"

"Well, well! This is encouraging news, Mrs. Clabber. I see, too, that you have recovered that pleasing smile which was ever your dearest charm. And so, madam, I will take off my hat. You may hang it on the rack. And here is my coat. I think that now you can even find my slippers. And my tobacco jar. Bless her heart! And now I know she is going to sit on the arm of my old armchair and light my old briar pipe. Ah, yes! It is very evident that we have all sorts of the very finest sorts back in stock again, Mrs. C. Out of sorts, indeed!"

The After Dinner Smoke.

Mr. Gladstone was one who cherished the old view that women and tobacco ought not to be brought into association. Sir Edward Hamilton records that he would recall a dictum of the fourth marquis of Londonderry, a magnate of fashion in Gladstone's earlier days, that no man ought to enter the society of ladies until four hours had elapsed after he had smoked a cigar. This was one reason why Gladstone hated the modern fashion of smoking after dinner, though his own dislike of the smell may have counted for a good deal.

But "Cranford" shows us that women and the pipe could be associated by extreme politeness—before the pipe was smoked. The courtly old bachelor, getting out his pipe and spitting after dinner hands the pipe to his former love that she may fill it for him before leaving the table; and it is explained that this was the pink of old-fashioned compliment.

Big Tim Requested "No Flowers."

Among the thousand or so persons who sailed from New York a few days ago were Big Tim Sullivan, of the state senate and the Bowery, William Randolph Hearst and Prince Tokugawa Iyessato of Japan. Big Tim earnestly asked his friends to please omit flowers. Said Mr. Sullivan: "I'm no opera singer or titled gentleman, but plain Timothy D. Sullivan."

Nevertheless, Big Tim's crowd of followers was so large that the leader could not go on board the ship until a few minutes before sailing time, so impatient were they on shaking hands. There were no flowers, as requested, but the bare of three brass bands and the parting shouts fully made up for this deficiency.

COULDN'T TRIFLE WITH ART

Mr. Davis Learns a Lesson as the Result of Trying to Do His Own Whitewashing.

"Pay a man to dab a little whitewash on a fence!" Mr. Davis snorted indignantly. "If I couldn't do fool work like that I'd sell out," he said. Mrs. Davis sighed, bringing up the sign from the deep well of experience.

"You'll muss yourself all up," she protested, "and it will hurt your back—" Mr. Davis laughed scornfully. "Just you watch me," he said, with confidence. Then he went out and bought a whitewash brush. He paid a quarter for it, and the dealer had tried to make him buy one for 75 cents.

"Seventy-five cents for a whitewash brush!" Mr. Davis was so angry he steamed. Then he bought a bushel of lime and went home. The lime was a fine powder when it came and when mixed with water became a watery fluid with flakes of white on top. The lime stayed in the bottom of the tub.

When he used the new brush it shed hairs like a setter dog in summer and, being wet, showed that it possessed two thin rows of hairs on either side and none in the middle. Also, when the whitewashing dried the fence looked in nowise different from its former ugliness. Mr. Davis considered. His back hurt. There was lime in his eyes and he was mad clear through.

He went into the house and found Mrs. Davis preparing to go down town, so he went back to his work. As soon as she was safely out of sight he headed for a negro shack he knew and resurrected Uncle Peter, who was 76 years old and had been whitewashing and doing odd jobs for 70 years.

He turned the job over to Uncle Peter, who threw his brush into the alley, emptied the whitewash and procured \$2 from him. With a wheelbarrow Uncle Peter disappeared and shortly returned with a barrowload of lump lime and a brush and set to work. Mr. Davis sat on the steps with his pipe and watched him work.

When Mrs. Davis returned her husband was washed and shaven and the fence was glistening white. "Why, you did do it!" she said. Her evident surprise nettled her husband. "Of course I did," he said; "I do all I set out to do."

"All by yourself?" inquired Mrs. Davis, admiringly. "Well," confessed Mr. Davis, "I got Uncle Peter to sorter help me."

A Quaker Wedding.

"Before God and in the presence of these friends, I, John Smith, take thee, Jane Doe, to be my wife, and I promise to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband." That is what the bridegroom says at a Quaker wedding, as nearly as the writer, who attended one last week can remember it. Then the bride says the same thing, interchanging names and substituting "wife" for "husband." After that they kiss and sign their names to a document which is read before the meeting, and which all those present may sign afterward. That's all, and it's enough. The young people marry themselves, taking the covenant without a clergyman's intervention, without even a presiding officer to say "We have with us today," etc. It is a mighty valid marriage ceremony to those who witness it, and there is a sweet simplicity about it that gives it a charm and dignity no less than priestly robes, stained glass and organ music could impart.—*New York Evening Mail.*

French Women in Politics.

Madam Durand, one of the leaders of the feminist movement in France, makes the suggestion that while conscription continues in force, a compulsory nursing service for all women over twenty-one—save mothers—be instituted. Another question which the women there are considering is the forbidding of the sale of absinthe which, as all who have lived in Paris know, is responsible for the ruin of many a career. In France women know that a breath of ridicule would kill their cause, and so their methods in pursuing the elusive vote have to be the most dignified. In spite of the fact that they have big odds to contend with, the cause is undoubtedly being fought ahead in Paris. A regular electoral campaign is being held and daily meetings are in order. Both press and politicians have had their attention attracted by the work the women are carrying on and are giving it considerable time and attention.

Mustaches Compulsory.

Mustaches have been made compulsory in the Austrian army, or, rather, an old ordinance has been revived by a rescript from the war ministry, it is said, on the personal wish of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The original compulsory mustache order dates from before 1848, and its author was General County Oulaki, the successor of the famous Radetzky in the war with the Italian states, who himself possessed an immense flowing mustache and who wanted every man in the army to grow one too. The new order at the same time upholds the exclusive privilege enjoyed by the Windischgratz regiment of dragons, which distinguished itself in the battle of Kolin, where Frederick the Great was defeated in 1757, in memory of which they were allowed to shave. Since then there has not been a mustache in the regiment.

PUTS ALLIGATORS TO SLEEP

Man Declares He Has Peculiar Power Over Saurians, and Apparently Proves It.

Bert Swan is the name of a man who can catch alligators with his hands, turn them on their backs and make them as helpless as infants. The alligators Swan handles are not the giants that bask in the mud of tropical rivers, but they are sufficiently formidable nevertheless.

It is wonderful with what quickness these saurians can snap at a man. Swan gave a little session with his pets for the benefit of a correspondent of St. Nicholas and this quickness of action on the part of the alligators was fully demonstrated before the little private performance ended.

The first task was to get the alligator into the open where the light was sufficiently good to permit of snapshots. This was done by two men grasping the alligator, one seizing his jaws with a lightning movement and the other grabbing his wildly waving tail.

In the open the alligator proved as wicked as could have been wished. Swan's method of catching him was to hold the hands in readiness and wait for a favorable chance to grab the upper and lower jaws. As this was done while the formidable rows of teeth were apparently aching for a chance to snap the man's arm, it was no simple matter to catch the jaws and imprison them.

Swan waited a long time before he saw his chance and the eye could scarcely follow the movement of his hands as they were darted toward the outstretched jaws. Once the jaws were closed in the man's vice-like grip it was a simple matter to slip one hand under the snout, seize one of the clawing legs with the other and turn the alligator on his back.

The owner of the alligator says he has found a way to hypnotize the creatures. Be that as it may, it is true that he made the wicked little saurian lie perfectly still for as long a time as he wished and then raised him in his arms and carried him around like a baby, the animal being apparently sound asleep all the time. When Swan put him down and touched his throat with a finger he awoke once more into vicious life and began snapping as before.

The alligator cannot move very quickly on his legs and it is easy enough to avoid him when he comes at you, but to try and pinion his jaws is another matter and a task that no one would care to try unless gifted with lightning-like agility and the quickest of eyes, as well as with muscular hands.

Peary Relics.

A Houlton merchant is displaying in his show window the following articles, which were sent him by Chief Engineer Wardwell of the Roosevelt, Peary's arctic ship: A pair of Eskimo trousers, a sealskin hood, a blue fox tail, a woman's necklace, several images carved from walrus ivory, a sealskin coat, an Eskimo doll, tobacco pouch made by the natives of Greenland, a pair of sealskin boots, a bunch of sinews used to sew clothing in the far north, a pair of walrus tusks, the horn of a narwhal, the skins of seals and of a musk ox calf, a piece of beryl from the northern part of Grant Land and a crystal from Cape Sheridan, which is 32 degrees 27 minutes north. Mr. Wardwell is a Bucksport man.—*Kennebec Journal.*

"Paying the Groom's Debts."

It is understood from members of the family of Count Sigra, who married Miss Harriet Daly, daughter of the late Marcus Daly, that the bride's dowry was \$6,000,000. Of this amount, however, only \$400,000 will be immediately at the disposal of the bridegroom; that sum to be applied to the settlement of the count's debts. The comfortable balance of \$5,600,000 remains an American investment from which the young couple are to draw the interest.

So runs a recent society note in a New York paper, and the shame of the happening is so common that it excited no comment, notwithstanding its affront to the dignity and sanctity of marriage and the low standard of both manhood and womanhood which it implies.—*Cleveland Leader.*

New Idea in Shopping.

"I can stand for some things, but not everything," said the clerk as he watched a stylishly dressed young woman leave the store.

"What is the matter?" asked the proprietor, who had walked up unobserved.

"That woman who just left hustled up to the counter and asked to see men's shirts. I spent 30 minutes showing her every style and color we carry. After inspecting the entire stock she rose and thanked me sweetly, adding: 'I didn't wish to purchase any. You see I am making my husband some summer shirts and I wanted to be sure I was doing them right. My husband is very particular about the finish of his shirts.' And they say married women are so considerate." The boss smiled and walked away.

A New Kind of Farm.

The Arterart institute of Chicago, which since 1900 has taught more than 600 unskilled women home and art occupations that have enabled them to become self-supporting, is preparing to enlarge its scope by establishing an educational farm. The Arterart institute is an educational combination of school, club and workshop, reaching from the home to the business world.—*American Educational Review.*

TRY TO BE HAPPY

AT LEAST ONE MAY ATTEMPT TO CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

According to Philosophers, the Possession of a Joyous Disposition is Worth More Than an Annuity of Generous Proportion.

Pleasantly entertaining the auditors in Judge Cabanias's court the other day, the attorney for Mrs. Charles Wesley Reed spoke some eloquent words on the philosophy of cheerfulness. "A cheerful nature," he said, "like a Claude Lorraine glass, tinges all objects with sunlight." And he quoted with approval Hume's remark that it is better to be born with a cheerful disposition than with an income of ten thousand pounds.

Lifting the attorney's relations from their environment of personal application to Mr. Reed, there is much to be commended in what the lawyer said, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. Cheerfulness is, indeed, greatly to be desired in the world, though whether a cheerful nature is necessarily a more valuable possession than ten thousand pounds a year may be open to some argument. It is possible, for instance, that ten thousand pounds a year might of itself procure at least a type of cheerfulness.

But of the general usefulness of being happy there can be no two opinions. The man who sings at his work, whatever his occupation, can do more in the same time and do it better than the one who follows his pursuit in silent sullenness. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, for what the sunshine is to the flowers smiles are to humanity.

It is possible, of course, to be too enthusiastic over the importance of cheerfulness. To confront every situation with a cheerful grin is neither humanly possible nor would it tend to effectiveness of action. Always to look at the silver lining which is supposed to border every cloud, and not observe the cloud itself, is also likely at times to be a mistaken policy. But the habit of seeing the best side of every great, while giving a certain necessary attention to the other side, is one which is very well worth the while of every person to cultivate.

There is a difference between being cheerful and being mirthful. The latter condition should be accidental, arising naturally out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it. Cheerfulness, on the other hand, is something which, being a habit of mind, can be made continuous. It is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek, and where it is lacking, unless temperamental infirmities be the cause, there must be ill-health, excessively severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Carlyle, although he did not succeed in making Mrs. Carlyle very cheerful, recognized to the full the value of cheerfulness, and at least in his writings did much to impress its importance upon people. "There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness," he wrote in one of his works. "This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor."

The person who has a cheerful nature is in possession of a very valuable asset in life, and, fortunately, it is a disposition which can be cultivated and does not depend, except in a minor way, upon inherited traits. It is a positive duty to be cheerful where possible, and the occasions when it is not possible are only those exceptional ones when all rules seem to fail. To brood over hopes unrealized or to fear calamities to come is only to fasten a chain on our thoughts which makes for inefficiency and renders success improbable.

The cheerful live longest in years and accomplish more for every year that they live. Simply as a selfish propensity it is abundantly worth cultivating, for it is a form of riches, and riches are what most of us want.

German Acquaintance.

The egg cups imported into India at one time all came from Great Britain. The Indian egg cups, however, very small, and the egg cups did not fit. A German traveler noticed this small item and got his firm to make smaller egg cups and export them there. All the trade is now in German hands.

In Africa the scissors imported from Sheffield were found to be rather dangerous weapons to place in the hands of the natives, owing to their sharp points. The Bolington Steel works sent a lot of round-pointed scissors out, which found favor, and now Germany has captured the whole market.—*From "Germany of the Germans."*

College Student to Wed.

Miss Bertha Robinson, of Cambridge, Mass., is to be the first married under-graduate at Wellesley college. Miss Robinson, who is in her junior year, has just announced her engagement to Arthur W. McLean, a Boston lawyer. President Hazard and Dean Peggletch, of Wellesley, have granted her a leave of absence to prepare for her coming marriage, with the understanding that she shall be allowed to return next September as a member of the senior class and obtain her degree the following June.

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