

BEST ATTITUDE FOR SLEEP

French Physician Says Position Which One Finds Most Comfortable Is Best.

As practically everyone is more or less addicted to the habit of sleeping, the question of the best and most beautiful attitude during slumber is of general importance.

Modern authorities are not at all agreed on the matter, however, one of the greatest heart specialists declares that it is quite immaterial whether a person sleeps on the right or left side.

JOKE ON POLICE SERGEANT

Thought He Had Officer Trapped in Undertaker's Shop When Pinocle Game Was On.

"Here's the best joke I ever heard on a sergeant," said a high official in the police department. "He was going rounds when he saw a policeman whom we call Mullaney go into an undertaker's shop where there is generally a pinocle game in the back room."

"After a time he sent in word by one of the men working in the shop that he knew Mullaney was in there and that he had better come back on post, because the longer he waited the worse the complaint against him would read."

"There was much commotion in the back room, and as there were a number of coffins being loaded on a wagon outside they put Mullaney in a coffin and loaded him on the wagon. They drove him down the street a couple of blocks and Mullaney climbed out. He stroked back up to where the sergeant was doggedly watching the door and saluted."

"Hello, rounds, pleasant evening, isn't it?" he said, and the sergeant stared for a moment and then stamped away too mad to speak."—New York Sun.

Polyglot Chicago.

The introduction of Polish as a course in the public schools of Chicago, by Superintendent Ella Flagg Young, is an interesting experiment, though some may regard it as a rash one.

Trick May Earn Monument.

Pioneer residents have inaugurated a movement to have a tablet placed in the new state capitol of Minnesota in memory of Joseph Rolette, who, in the early days saved the prestige of St. Paul.

Don't Forget the Waiter.

"Well, our vacation is over. We leave for home today." "I see the waiter has decorated our table with rosemary."

Measurement.

"Your wife thinks a lot of you, doesn't she?" "I suppose I might say so," replied Mr. Meekton. "When she starts in to tell me what she thinks of me it takes a long time."

WE ARE NEVER SATISFIED

The Thin Man Bemoans His Fate, and the Fat Man Starves to Become Thin.

We are never satisfied it seems, and the growls and wails of discontent rise all about us, showing that others feel as we do.

The thin man bemoans his fate. He eats fattening things and yearns to be fat, and the fat man starves himself as much as a fat man's self control will admit, and longs to be thin.

Over in the valley they grow alfalfa—great crops of alfalfa that bring in money, and our farm won't. It hurts our feelings, but over on the alfalfa farm they can't make a peach tree grow worth a cent, and they're kicking about it enviously.

It would seem that Nature would know better. Discontent is not natural, and it would appear that Nature might rig up some sort of an exchange by which discontented people might swap.

The poor man who aches for dollars could go there and give his appetite for half the sickly rich man's pile, and it would be gladly given.

The woman with the ostrich feathers her sailor brother brought her could swap with the envious woman for a diamond and thus control her own longing.

All we'd have to do would be to go to the exchange and register, and Nature would do the rest. We'd list our discontented state and tell what would make us feel better, and sooner or later the exchange would be made and two discontented people would be made more contented.

TALKED IN MUSICAL TERMS

Policeman Shows Result of Long Duty at Door of Concert Hall.

All amateurs are familiar with the musical term "syncopation," but for the benefit of the non-musical it may be said that it is a word relating to time or rhythm, the precise meaning of which will be sufficiently indicated by the story.

A celebrated conductor was conducting a long series of concerts, and he had observed that it was always the same policeman who was stationed at the nearest door to the orchestra. Remarkable upon this, he was informed that the officer in question was becoming quite an expert in musical terms, etc., so long had he been on duty inside the hall.

"Well, who's that woman up there?" "I don't know. I never saw her before."

"Well, she didn't pay." But the insistent passengers demanded attention and the man at the box had to drop the subject, although he looked into the car later, glaring with especial disfavor at the youth who disowned acquaintance with the woman whose fare remained unpaid.

The Colonial Shilling.

The value of the Colonial shilling was gradually reduced from the English standard as the result of persistent coin slipping. As early as 1672 Massachusetts raised the rating of the Spanish dollar to 6s and Connecticut took similar action the following year.

In 1682 Massachusetts established a mint and began to coin shillings that were 22 1/2 per cent. higher than the sterling standard. In 1683 the Spanish dollar, weighing approximately 17 pennyweights, was rated at 6s 3d, while Pennsylvania valued it at 7s.

The consequence of these variations in the colonies was that in 1707 parliament passed an act providing that the Spanish piece of 8 reales (dollar) should not be valued at more than 6s, but Bullock tells us in his "Monetary History of the United States" that this law was almost universally ignored.

Finally New York and North Carolina settled upon a rating of 8s to the dollar, and this valuation was gradually accepted and retained until our national monetary system was established.

Simple Spelling Move.

A conference between representatives of British and American societies to extend the movement for a simplification of English spelling has just been held at University college in England, with a large number of professors connected with English universities, and the following from America: Dr. James E. Bright of Johns Hopkins university, Charles H. Grandgent of Harvard university, Dr. George Hempel of Leland Stanford university and Dr. Brander Matthews and Dr. Calvin Thomas of Columbia university.

Foolish Question.

"Are you going to permit your son to play football when he goes to college?" "No, I'm going to keep him from it in the same way that I have kept him from smoking cigarettes."

AN EXCLUSIVE POOR FARM

No One Can Be Admitted or Assisted Except Those Who Once Paid Taxes.

Providence, R. I., enjoys the use of the most valuable poor farm owned by any municipality in the world, all because Ebenezer Kutz, Dexter in 1824 made a bequest leaving a big, stone-walled meadow and several parcels of land for that purpose. Today the property is valued at no less than \$100,000, and is in the center of one of the most fashionable residence districts of Providence.

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WHY CONDUCTOR WAS MAD

Because Youth Disowned Acquaintance With Woman Whose Fare Remained Unpaid.

There was an uncomfortable congestion at the rear end of the pay-as-you-enter car, every one trying to get out of the rain and mud and only a third having their nickels ready. A young man gave the conductor a quarter, received his five nickels and dropped one of them into the box.

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Game All Right.

While playing an engagement in St. Louis a couple of seasons ago, Tom Lewis struck up an acquaintance with a wealthy Texan living in the same hotel. There was a ball game scheduled that day between the Browns and a visiting club and Lewis invited his new friend to go out and see it.

The battle was a particularly hot one, the game going to an eleven-inning tie. When they got back to the hotel the Texan, who had become imbued with some of Lewis' enthusiasm, began to recount the scenes and close plays of the game to the hotel clerk.

"Well," said that worthy, "I'm glad you saw such a good game." "Well, now," said the Texan, "I reckon as how it was a good game all right. Why, sir, them two passel of youngsters just played and played till plumb dark and nary one made ary one."

Passing of the Tollgate.

The passing today of the old tollgate at the northern entrance to the city is well worthy of the fireworks, oratory, and general jubilation which it has inspired. Strangers entering Baltimore by the Reisterstown road could hardly believe that this was really a city of the fifth order, when a village functionary had first to lift a bar and demand their pennies before they were permitted to enter the sacred metropolitan confines.

Mr. J. B. Duke's Ploughing.

In spite of the distractions of the Tobacco company's reorganization, Mr. James B. Duke bestows much attention upon the work of developing and beautifying his three thousand acre estate, Duke's Park, near Somerville, N. J. Not infrequently on his tours of inspection he personally directs the laborers. One day he took the plough from the hands of a slow, awkward foreigner, saying:

"Here, let me show you how to plough a furrow. I've not forgotten how I did that when I was a boy in South Carolina."

Another day he took the place of the boss of a gang of workmen and before he got through he dismissed five for inefficiency.

The Sullivan Law.

Magistrate—Did he carry concealed weapons? Policeman—Yes; he had his fists in his pockets.

HOW HISTORY IS DISTORTED

Russian Text-Book Shows Curious Instance of Tampering With French History.

Reasons of church, state or other policy have frequently caused the scholars of one country to tamper with the history of another with which it has been intimately connected. A curious instance of such a distortion of French history was that found in a Russian textbook, used in all Russian public schools, and edited by a great Russian scholar, Iovaiski.

"Louis XVI. was a good and peaceful king. After a long and tameless reign, in which he was most happy in his choice of minister of finance, he died quietly in Paris, beloved by all his people. His death was caused by a hemorrhage."

"The successor of Louis XVI. was his son, Louis XVII. During his reign the brave royal army, commanded by General Napoleon Bonaparte, captured the larger part of the European continent for the French crown. But the faithless Napoleon showed tendencies toward misusing his power, and was suspected of harboring dishonest schemes against the legitimate ruler. With the help of his majesty the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, his plans were frustrated, and he was deprived of all his possessions, honors, and rights to a pension. He was then exiled to the island of St. Helena, where he died."

TO LAUNDRER PAPER MONEY

Indiana Man Devises Machine That Will Wash and Iron Soiled Bills.

It costs the United States government one and one-third cents to manufacture a \$1 bill. When the bill becomes soiled through continual handling it is sent to the treasury department, which destroys it and issues a nice new clean bill in its place. The same may be said of all other paper currency of large denominations.

Now comes a Shelbyville, Ind., inventor, F. B. Churchill, with a machine for washing, ironing and otherwise laundering paper money. According to the Inventive Age, Washington, the treasury department redeemed \$1,183,000,000 in soiled bills last year and issued new ones in place of them. Eighty per cent of the bills might have been washed at a cost of one-tenth of a cent per bill and reissued at a considerable saving in cost to the treasury department.

Mason and His Precious Gold Pieces.

John Mason, the player, has carried three \$20 gold pieces in his change pocket ever since the new issue of that specie, the two new coins, St. Gaudens' with and without "In God We Trust," and the old piece with "Liberty's" head. At the stage door of the Thirty-ninth Street theater in New York recently an old man begged the actor to help him secure a night's lodging. John tossed the beggar supposedly two silver half dollars, but in reality two of his favorite gold coins.

"Forty dollars, mister," cried the man. "Not on your life," called Mason, as his cab moved away, and then to his companion, "Think of that—because I give him more than he asked for he thinks I'm easy—demands \$40."

Mason pushed him back, exclaiming, "Not twice in one night, old man!" "But do you mean it?" asked the beggar. "Certainly," answered Mason. "Forty dollars, mister," cried the man. "Not on your life," called Mason, as his cab moved away, and then to his companion, "Think of that—because I give him more than he asked for he thinks I'm easy—demands \$40."

The Growing South.

The south is forging ahead at a great rate. The fourteen southern states, with Missouri and Oklahoma, have a population of 32,000,000, or only 18,000,000 less than the total population of the United States in 1880. Since 1880 the sixteen southern states have increased the annual value of their mineral production from \$20,000,000 to \$340,000,000, as against \$450,000,000 in the whole country in 1880. Their manufactured products have a value within \$2,000,000,000 of the value of the whole country thirty years ago. In 1880 the railroads of the country had an aggregate length of 93,300 miles. The southern states now have 87,000 miles. From southern ports were exported last year goods to a value only \$100,000,000 less than the value of all exports from the country in 1880.—Chicago American.

Good Thought, Anyway.

Little John Brice loves to walk with his daddy through the woods. Last Sunday these two had a famous walk together, scaring up a rabbit or two, and looking for squirrels. Suddenly John stopped, in a listening attitude. Then, "I know what makes the wind," he announced. "It's the trees whispering," he informed his father, who had been waiting for the result.

Behind the Band.

"My wife is much interested in the comet." "The comet? The comet was here last year." "I know. She's putting old newspapers under the carpets throughout the house and catching up with the news as she puts 'em down."

FORTUNE IN RARE COINS

Fat Picking for Watchful Cashiers in Stores, Bartenders and Street Car Conductors.

Cashiers in stores and restaurants, ticket agents at theaters and railroad stations, bartenders and conductors on cars are in a fair position to become collectors of rare coins, as they handle every kind of money piece from foreign coins to old-time money of the United States.

"I have a tin box filled with rare United States pieces," he related, "and I could have a collection of foreign coins if I so desired. You would be surprised to see how anxious some men are to get a drink at the expense of spending a rare old coin for its face value. Silver and paper currency that pay a good premium are given to my bartenders for face value. I have often noticed a reluctance on the part of the holder before parting with the coin. He will give a last look at the money and then place it on the bar for the refreshing beverage. One man told me that a coin had been in the family for nearly a century. He wanted only one drink and was afraid I would not take the coin because of its age. I gave him the drink and he was overjoyed."

"Why did you stop the services, Dorothy?" she was asked. "Oh, the dolls decided not to have them any more."

"But why were they started again?" "They all voted that way, that is—Dorothy hesitated, but she added, regretfully, "All except the clown and the Teddy bear."

"Why are the clown and the Teddy bear sitting so far forward?" inquired Dorothy's father. "Oh," was the reply. "I thought they most needed to hear the sermon."

PUT ON MOURNER'S BENCH

Little Dorothy Explains Break in Devotional Exercises for Her Family of Dolls.

Little Dorothy is the daughter of a minister. She has a family of fifteen dolls, one of them being a parson. Dorothy is devoted to her treasures. For a long time she held religious services for them, but suddenly the services were discontinued, only to be as unexpectedly resumed.

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Impossible Road.

Chauncey M. Depew frequently deprecates the comparisons that are drawn between American and European railroads. "These comparisons are unfair to us," he once said at a banquet in New York. "When I'm told how very safe the European railway is I think of the Nola Chucky line."

"The president of the Nola Chucky line once waited on me to request an exchange of courtesies. I interrogated him, and he said proudly: "On our line, sir, not only has a collision never occurred, but on our line a collision would be impossible."

"Impossible?" said I. "Oh, come, I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things, but impossible is a large word."

"It's literally true with us, sir," he replied. "How can it be?" said I. "Why," said he, "we own only one train."

Taxing Bachelors.

One of the smallest of the German principalities is undertaking a very big experiment in financial legislation. The diet of the elder of the two principalities of Reuss, which lies in central Germany, to the southeast of the Thuringian states, carried recently a resolution in favor of increasing the state income tax by 5 per cent. of the tax on incomes between £150 and £200, and by 10 per cent. of the tax on incomes exceeding £200 a year in the case of unmarried persons of either sex who have reached their thirtieth year. The diet consists of twelve members, and the resolution was carried by seven votes against five. The super-taxation of bachelors has often been proposed in other German states, and was jocularly referred to as a possible form of imperial taxation by the Emperor William.

Dark Problem.

There are those who are dreadfully intolerant of ignorance about New York. The other day, for instance, a lady, obviously from many hundred miles away, boarded a Broadway car at Times square. "Does this car go to Third avenue?" she asked. A look composed of equal parts of pity, rage and disgust spread over the conductor's face. "Will you please tell me, lady, how this car could get onto Third avenue?" he asked coldly, as soon as he could enunciate.

Bill the Philosopher.

Wise remark, by Bill, the Philosopher: "There's one good thing about it. Anybody who talks about himself all the time hasn't time to be a knocker." "Know any of 'em?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

OLD PUFFS AND SWITCHES

Ladies of Twenty Five Centuries Ago Made Liberal Use of Borrowed Hair.

Caesar's wife may have been above suspicion so far as her morals were concerned, but the same could not have been said about her hair, any more than it could about the hair of the fashionable matron of today.

The Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian and Roman ladies of twenty five centuries ago made use of the most astonishing quantities of borrowed hair, and the Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their social rivals by piling upon their heads a greater tower of additional tresses. They also arranged curls formally around the head.

An extensive commerce in human hair was carried on, and after the conquest of Gaul, blond hair, such as grew originally on the heads of German girls along the Rhine, became very fashionable in Rome. Caesar did not disdain to mix a little commercial hair with his military enterprises and collected a vast amount of hair from the vanquished Gauls, which he sent to market at Rome, and in the Roman provinces a cropped head was regarded as a badge of slavery or at least of subjection.

The hairdressers of Rome were persons of real importance and charged exorbitant prices for forming the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, wreaths and diadems.

While pleasant weather linked the stone benches in front of the New York public library were occupied by couples whose presence could not be attributed wholly to their interest in the architectural scheme. They remained too long and their eyes spoke of other things.

"Don't you love the new library?" one girl said to another. "No; it takes too long to get the books."

"Well, I don't know about that. I haven't drawn any books yet." "What do you go there for, then?" "Oh, it is so lovely just to sit there." "Alone?" "No, not alone."

WHY THEY LOVE THE LIBRARY

Such a Nice Place to Sit, Especially if One Has Agreeable Company.

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Mad His Eye On the Boat. Alexander Carr has a reputation as a wit and story teller only equaled by his reputation as an actor. His latest story was told the other night and runs as follows:

Two Hebrew gentlemen, friends of long standing, went to the lake and each hired a rowboat for a trial of skill and strength. In the middle of the lake one tipped over his boat and sank from sight. Coming to the surface close to the bow of the other boat he shouted:

"Ikey, Ikey, save me, I can't swim!" "Carefully holding the boat a few feet away from his drowning friend, the other looked on unmoved.

Again the unfortunate one sank below the surface, and as he came up for the second time repeated his cries for help.

A third time he came up, and then, as he started to disappear from sight for the third and last time, his friend shouted:

"Able, if you don't come up again can I have your boat?"

Wanted to See It Bloom. Mabel Parr, just turned six, lives in Landerdale avenue, in Lakewood, says the Cleveland Leader. Her mother, a Scientist, has been troubled for some days with a cold sore, much to her little daughter's concern. When she could no longer restrain her sympathy she turned interrogation point.

"Mother," she asked, pointing to the slight disfigurement, "what is that you've got?" "That's a rosebud, dear," said Mrs. Parr.

Mabel was silent and thoughtful all the rest of the day. When she yielded to pressure she confessed she'd been worrying about her mother.

"I've been thinking about that rosebud," she said, "and wondering why that flower never blooms."

Not a Monothist. What might have been Oliver Herford's last witticism was delivered of the poet-artist in a recent attack of typhoid, when the malady was nearing its crisis. A frequent visitor was a clergyman of his acquaintance, who, leaving the sick room on this occasion, remarked cheerfully:

"Good by for the present, and God be with you." Mr. Herford was unable to lift his head from his pillow, but he responded feebly:

"The same to you—and many of 'em."

Primitive Reasoning. "Did you sell your vote?" "No, siree! I voted fur that fellow 'cause I liked him." "But I understand he gave you \$10?" "Well, when a man gives you \$10 'tain't no more'n natural to like him, is it?"—Washington Star.