

THE MANICURED DOG.

Without the Pampered Canine Pets of Small Society Women Have to Go Through With.

All the broken spirited animals that have forfeited their right to a rough and ready enjoyment of life for the privilege of luxurious living none is more subject than the society dog. He does not lick his face clean in his own fashion or leave it unwashed when soiled. Neither is he permitted to scratch and other wounds in dog fashion, says the New York Herald.

His basket is not merely a wicker affair for him to sleep in, but is as dainty as a lady's toilette and about as expensive. Many of these baskets are made by the mistresses of the dogs, and others are prepared by the young women who has taken up dog mania as a profession.

This young woman makes appointments daily at the homes of wealthy owners of dogs. She comes in the morning or afternoon, and brings with her a neat, little black bag that looks not unlike those carried by trained nurses.

This contains a set of fine white towels, a brush with an ebony back, a comb, soap, and the daintiest set of manicure implements imaginable. There is even a small jar of rosoline that gives the delicate nails a dainty tint.

The dog that is not manicured once a week and combed twice a week, and given a bath once during the seven days, and perfumed and considered in all manner of ways, is not considered fit to move in good society. Indeed, a dog that has rough, doggy nails is not considered, and the soles of its diminished feet are made as soft as the palm of a lady's hand, through the use of pumice stone and glycerine.

The first of the "treatment" begins with the bath, a delicately scented affair, with a perfume selected by the mistress.

The dog is washed and dried by an electric fan, if there is one in the house; if not he is rubbed and fanned until the fuzzy coat stands out like woolly sheep after the shearing has been done. The dog is dry and has been washed thoroughly with alcohol powder over its coat is sprinkled over it and dusted into the air.

After the bath the dog is curled, if there is a stray piece of hair that is not wavy the iron is heated and this lock is crimped and fuzed.

When it comes to the manicuring the dog must be patient and must suffer to be beautiful. It takes a full half hour of polishing and cleaning and rubbing to get the nails into proper condition. The reward for all this is to be taken when in an automobile or carriage and he made more miserable than ever.

The dog is to be pitted that is called on to lead a fastidious and elegant life. For a white dog a pink and white or blue and white basket is to be desired; for a black dog, an old rose, a deft blue, a yellow or cream is good. These are stowed up with pockets for the manicure set, a half dozen fine hemstitched towels for the dog's exclusive use, besides a pair of curling irons, such as our chauffeurs employ to give their mustaches a military appearance.

For a white dog a pink and white or blue and white basket is to be desired; for a black dog, an old rose, a deft blue, a yellow or cream is good. These are stowed up with pockets for the manicure set, a half dozen fine hemstitched towels for the dog's exclusive use, besides a pair of curling irons, such as our chauffeurs employ to give their mustaches a military appearance.

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A GREAT METROPOLIS

Magnificent Record of Kansas City in Fifty Years.

Rapid Strides in Commercial Importance from Year to Year—Greatest Railroad Center West of St. Louis.

When, on February 22, 1833, Gov. Sterling Price placed his signature to the bill for the incorporation of the "City of Kansas," not even the most exuberant of its 300 or 400 inhabitants could have dreamed of the magnificent future which would come to it within the lifetime of many of them. The 67 men who cast their votes on March 28, 1833, in the election which was to decide whether the charter of February 22 should be accepted or rejected, and who declared overwhelmingly for acceptance, could not have foreseen the large role they were destined to play as empire builders in the coming time, but they met the demands of the situation with true American courage and intelligence, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Kansas City's population of 4,500 in 1860, seven years after its life as a municipality began, grew to 32,000 in 1870, to 50,000 in 1880, to 120,000 in 1890 and to 164,000 in 1900. Standing midway in time between Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana and the centennial which is to celebrate that event by a great international exposition at St. Louis, the advent of Kansas City as a municipality was one of the most notable developments of the Louisiana province in the century. The bend in the Missouri river near the mouth of the Kaw, which made the little settlement at that spot—the Westport landing of an earlier day—the big river's nearest point to the New Mexican capital, decreed that it should be the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe trade, a distinction previously held successfully by Franklin and Independence. This physical fact gave Kansas City a social importance among the frontier communities of half a century ago which was the beginning of its fortune. The outfitting point for the Santa Fe traders, it was also the eastern terminus of the trails to Utah, Oregon and California, and an important station for the Indian trade of the frontier. When the rails of Huntington's and Oakes Ames' Pacific roads met at Promontory Point in 1869, when the first of the Atchison road's locomotives swept into New Mexico's capital in 1880, and when Villard's Northern Pacific, in 1883, established a through line to the big western ocean, the days of the California, the Salt Lake, the Santa Fe and the Oregon trails were over. But Kansas City's real growth had only just begun.

The railroads which abolished the Santa Fe caravans and the prairie schooners built up Kansas City. For years past it has been the greatest railroad center in the country west of St. Louis. It is in direct rail communication with every point of importance in the United States. In the number, extent and variety of its activities it leads all the other cities of anywhere near its size in the country. Ranking twenty-second among the country's cities in population in 1900, it stands tenth among them in the magnitude of its bank clearings, which amounted to \$900,000,000 in 1902. The two Kansas Cities, the one the second town in Missouri in point of population and the other the first in Kansas, form one business community. Together they had a population of 215,000 in 1900, and probably have at least 240,000 inhabitants to-day, as both are growing with great rapidity. They make the locality at the mouth of the Kansas river one of the busiest spots in the United States. Missouri's Kansas City, the larger and older of the two towns of that name, has seen many stirring scenes and helped to make a good deal of inspiring history in the time which stretches between the days of W. S. Gregory, its first mayor, and those of its present executive, James A. Reed, but it is safe to predict that its advances and triumphs in the half century of its life will be immediately surpassed by the glories which the next 50 years will bring to it.

Left at the Post. "No, Mr. Slown," said the fair possessor of the square chin, "I must respectfully decline to become your other half."

"But why?" asked the astonished young man who had figured from his form sheet that it was he under the wire in a canter.

"Because," replied the female extender of the frosty digit, "the man I marry must be brave and fearless. To-night you let out the information that you have loved me for five long, weary years, but have not dared mention it until the present writing. A man who has no more nerve than that would hide under the bed while his wife went downstairs to interview a burglar who was making a raid on the family larder. Therefore, Mr. Slown, I will work the piano for a little slow number while the curtain drops on the farewell scene. You will find your hat on the usual peg of the hall rack. Good evening."—Chicago Daily News.

Supposedly Past Hope. Ella: I suppose my engagement to Fred was a complete surprise to you? Stella: Your engagement to anybody would have been a complete surprise to me. Brooklyn Life.

He Slept in Peace. Miles: Did you encounter any of the big bugs while in New York? Giles: No, I stopped at a new hotel. Chicago Daily News.

HOW SOME MEN WORK

Curious Ways of Preparing Themselves for Their Various Tasks and Occupations.

It is curious to watch the preparations that men make before setting down to hard work. In a large office, for instance, here are some of the peculiarities one notices, says the Baltimore News.

One man takes off his coat and cuffs, puts on his hat, lights his pipe and is lost to his surroundings for a greater or less time.

Another man buttons his coat up quite to the chin, puts his hat on evenly, and with great care sits down to his typewriter, where he works away like a machine for hours at a time.

Another worker, when he has something really hard and strenuous to do, sits down at the typewriter of one of his fellows and pegs away. Nothing could induce him to stay by his own vine and fig tree, and when the other fellow comes in and demands his possessions he professes himself much aggrieved and utterly unable to think.

Then there is the worker who thinks that he is thinking by tearing off pieces of paper and throwing them abstractedly on the floor.

His neighbor draws, not skeletons like Tommy Traddles, but true-lovers' knots and sprigs of holly.

For all the men who put on their hats to go to work there is one who takes his off. He is an artist, and it is shocking to have to chronicle that he also takes off his coat, his collar, his tie, his cuffs and his vest. This unnumbered he feels that he can enter the race and get off a cartoon in double-quick time.

One rumples his hair into the untidiest condition possible, and another smooths his, as he thinks, until it is of the slipperiness of glass.

One makes notes in shorthand and another "slaps" the dust off the desk with his handkerchief before he begins, and lays every paper even. All save one, use but two fingers in writing on the typewriter, but manages to do great execution with these two.

The back of the head is the part that every hard worker selects for his hat. Once there, he seems to feel that his foot is on his native heath and that his name is MacGregor, and he defies anyone to break up his train of thought. It is all very interesting, and gives an excellent opportunity for the intelligent to study natural history as it relates to the genus man.

SAVING THE CHILD.

What Jones Said He Would Do and What He Did Do in a Critical Situation.

"If a person swallows poison by accident or purposely, instead of breaking out into incoherent and multitudinous exclamations, dispatch some one for the doctor."

"That sounds sensible," said Jones, as he read the above advice aloud to his wife one evening, relates London Tit-Bits. Then he read:

"Meag-ible run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much mustard, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, and then down with the mixture."

"There, my dear," said Jones to his wife, "you'd better bear that in mind in case one of the children should accidentally get hold of poison and I shouldn't be at home. But you women lose your heads at the very time you ought to be self-possessed and have all your wits about you."

The very next day the servant came running upstairs and gasped out: "Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mr. Jones! The baby! He's swallowed half a bottle of biddynum, and—"

"Good gracious!" shouted Jones, jumping three feet into the air and yelling like a hoologan. "The child'll be dead in ten minutes. What are we going to do? Run for the doctor! Get some of the neighbors in! Are we all going to sit here and see the child die? We must have help! Help! Murder! Can't you think of something to do? Here, what'd I read the other day? I told you to remember it. It said half a glass of salt to a teaspoon of water and a cup of mustard, didn't it? My word! Has the child got to die while we all sit here doing nothing? Give him warm water and soda! Run your finger down his throat! Do something! Put your head out of the window and yell for help!"

And while he was doing so himself, and a crowd was collecting in front of the house, Mrs. Jones, who had said not a word, discovered that the child had swallowed nothing but a teaspoonful of vanilla syrup.

Andalusian Specters.

Upon a mountain in Andalusia quaint spectral forms are frequently seen. Whenever there is a heavy mist and persons are ascending the mountain they appear in all their ghostly splendor, and sometimes so suddenly as to strike dismay into the hearts of those who see them for the first time. Of course, it is all a trick played by the sun. When a mist partially shrouds the mountain the sun is naturally obscured, and then recognizes himself by projecting the shadow of any person who is ascending the mountain, until it assumes the form of a gigantic specter. N. Y. Herald.

Mastodons in New York.

Sixty mastodons have been found in New York, mostly along certain well-marked belts. Outside these belts the state is barren. They, therefore, had distinct feeding grounds, and that, too, in a not very remote time. They are usually found resting on the boulders of old streams and in a comparatively thin layer of peat.—Science.

POINTS ABOUT PIGMENTS.

What It Is That Colors the Leaves and Flowers and Everything in Nature.

A pigment is a substance which imparts color to an object, as does paint. White light is made up of waves of different lengths, which, when falling upon our eyes, gives us the sensations of red, blue, green and so forth, according to the length of the waves. When all the different waves reach our eyes together, then we see white. A pigment absorbs or stops some of these waves of light and reflects others. Thus if it is a red pigment, it absorbs blue, yellow, green and violet and reflects red. If it is a yellow pigment, it reflects yellow only. All bright colors are not due to pigments; for instance, there is no pigment in the rainbow. The colors of the rainbow are due to the fact that waves of sunlight are reflected from the round raindrops at different angles, according to their length, and so the white light is split up into the different colors of which it is composed. The same is true of a glass prism, says the New Mexico Bulletin.

The colors of flowers and leaves are due to pigments; so also the colors of most birds and butterflies, though sometimes feathers and butterfly scales are so constructed as to reflect the light at different angles in the manner of a prism. These prismatic effects in birds and butterflies are known from those due to pigments by the fact that the colors change according to the angle at which the objects are viewed. One of the commonest kinds of flower pigments is that which is either pink or blue and is called anthocyan, which is to say flower blue. This sort of pigment is seen in many wild and garden flowers, and also in some leaves, as those of the cultivated coleus. It is pink when the sap is acid, blue when it is not acid or alkaline. In some flowers, such as the forget-me-not, the sap of the buds is acid, and they are accordingly pink, but later it loses its acidity, and they become blue. If you take some blue flower and soak it in dilute acid, it will shortly become pink.

Another group of pigments varies from scarlet through orange to yellow. These are such as color the rays of sunflowers and the red and yellow autumn leaves. The yellow flower which colors leaves is called xanthophyll, which means leaf yellow. The green color of leaves is due to still another pigment, called chlorophyll or leaf green. This substance is of great importance to the plant for other reasons than that of its color.

White pigment are sometimes found in butterflies, but white flowers do not owe their whiteness to pigment. Flowers are made up of innumerable little cells, and in white flowers these are filled with air. The little particles of air reflect all the light, and so the flowers appear white. You can prove this by violently squeezing or crushing the petals of a white flower, when they will become translucent. The same is true to snow, which is white because of the innumerable particles of air entangled between the ice crystals. If snow is crushed or beaten down, it loses its dazzling brightness entirely.

If you have no snow, you can see the same thing in a piece of cubic sugar. It is very white, but drop it into your tea and it at once loses its pure whiteness, while little bubbles of air rise to the surface of the tea. A very important animal pigment is haemoglobin; this is found in our blood corpuscles, and gives the blood its beautiful scarlet color. In small quantities it looks straw yellow, so that red blood corpuscles seen under the microscope do not look red at all. The haemoglobin, like the anthocyan, has two different phases. When it contains oxygen absorbed from the air in the lungs it is bright scarlet; but as the blood travels round the body this oxygen it set free, and the haemoglobin thus becomes reddish purple, as it is in our veins. You can see the bluish or purple veins at your wrist, and you know very well the color of scarlet blood as it flows from a wound.

Reanimating the Heart.

The Russian feat of reanimating the heart of a child that had been dead 20 hours is shown by Dr. R. Romme to be nothing new. The heart is not the delicate organ generally supposed, and for a long time physiologists have understood the possibility that it could be restored to action, the effect being of shorter duration in the human heart than in that of lower animals. A current of arterial blood, or a solution of salt charged with oxygen, is a common means of restoring the beating to dead hearts. By massage, the exposed heart being rhythmically rubbed with the hand, Prof. Prus, of Lemberg, has succeeded in reanimating 35 hearts out of 100, and by combining massage with electricization M. Batelli, of Geneva, has revived dead dogs, and kept them alive as much as 24 hours. Human beings have been revived by the latter method, though only for a short time. Medical Journal.

Minnow's Big Male.

It is believed that the largest minnow in the world is owned in Callaway county, Mo. The animal is the property of "Mike" Murray, of Hereford, and it stands 18 hands high and weighs 1841 pounds. The minnow is barely three years of age, and its owner expects to have the phenomenon weigh upward of 2,000 pounds by the end of the year. Mr. Murray is not working the minnow, but is feeding it for exhibition at the St. Louis world's fair in 1904.—Boston Budget.

THE DIPLOMATIC CASHIER.

Patronage of Restaurants Depends Largely Upon Taste of Girls at the Decks.

"I'll give you three meals a day for two weeks if you get me a cashier girl," said a restaurant manager to his steady diner at noon one day lately, relates a Chicago paper.

"That's easy. I suppose any girl that is pretty will do," replied the man, searching vainly for a third oyster in the stew he had just received.

"Most people think so," continued the proprietor, as he settled himself for an argument. "If you were in the business from the inside you would find out different pretty quickly. The cashier has to do more than to make change and ornament the place.

"Why, when you come right down to it, the cashier has to be more of a diplomat than the head waiter. She is the last person who has a word with the customer, and if she takes his money and lets him go away gravely it's certainly a customer lost. A good cashier is one who has the ability to hold patrons and a restaurant who has one is assured of success if it serves anything like food.

"When she sees a man coming to her desk with a meal check in his hand and a frown on his face she must 'jolly' him, so that when he gets hungry next day he will not remember that he paid 10 cents for a meal that he could not eat, but that there is a girl in the restaurant that is interesting. Then, there is the dignified old man whose self-esteem is flattered by a respectful 'good morning.'

"And it is so on with every customer. Nothing pleases a man who dines at restaurants so much as to imagine that he is remembered. It gives him a sort of 'at-home' feeling."

"Well, what is the matter with the girl you have now?" asked the man, who had given up the search for an oyster and was substituting crackers in his soup.

"Well, sir, she is too good, and that's the usual trouble," said the restaurant man. "She puts too much heart into her 'jollying' with the result that she is going to be cashier for one of my customers. Oh, I'll send a wedding present, but I'd rather lick the young fellow who won her."

INHALATION OF SMOKE.

Pernicious Habit of Tobacco Smokers That Is Harmful to Vital Organs.

On the labels of some boxes of cigarettes at present being sold to the public is a statement to the effect that the cigarettes are made of the purest tobacco and paper obtainable, and that, therefore, the smoke from them may be inhaled safely and without irritating the respiratory passages. We do not hesitate to say that such a statement is highly mischievous and that the practice of inhaling smoke into the lungs is attended with considerable danger to the health of the smoker, says the London Lancet.

It is to be feared that the cigarette is responsible largely for the prevalence of this objectionable habit of inhaling tobacco smoke. The pipe or cigar smoker is, as a rule, not addicted to it because probably the smoke is too strong or too irritating. But the fact that the smoke of a cigarette may be un irritating does not minimize the evil effect of drawing the smoke into the lungs, for by this method the absorption of the poisonous constituents of tobacco smoke (and all tobacco smoke is more or less poisonous) is very rapid, these entering quickly into the circulatory system by way of the pulmonary capillaries. Even in the mouth and nasal passages there is some amount of absorption, but this is trifling compared with that which takes place in the lungs. The practice of inhaling tobacco smoke is, therefore, strongly to be discontinued, and vendors of cigarettes should refrain from printing on the boxes mischievous statements such as that to which we have alluded.

There is no reason for believing that smoking tobacco in a rational way is productive of harm; on the contrary, it is the common experience that when moderately indulged in, it serves to allay restlessness and irritability, but the sequel to the habit of inhalation may, indeed, be dire the heart and nervous system being chiefly affected. Yet many cigarette smokers inhale the smoke into the lungs, as may be seen from the fact that very little of the smoke which they draw from the cigarette is afterward ejected.

Cat's Love of Fish.

One of the strange things in nature is the fondness of the cat for fish and its fear of water. There is no animal, not even those which prey upon fish and are adapted by nature to catching them, like the otter and muskrat, which is fonder of fish than the ordinary cat. There is no animal which dislikes the water more. State Press has seen a cat which leaped around a live box, where minnows were kept, and which would watch the surface of the water as closely as if watching a mousehole, and if a minnow came to the top it would be quickly slapped out of the water by the paw without even wetting the latter. This is not a fish or cat story, either. Galveston News.

Natural Outcome.

After executing a painting the artist wants it hung.—Chicago Daily News.

OUR STRENUOUS LIVING.

Makes Europe Rich in Elegant American Widows and Orphans and Kills Our Young Men.

It may be asked if American domestic habits have not something to do with the frequent breakdowns of American nerves. In perhaps the majority of cases, in cities, at least, the day is admirably arranged so as to give the business man no rest whatever until he gets into bed. It has come within our observation that, in our civilization there are three systems of living out the ordinary working day, says Harper's Weekly.

There is the French system, which is that of the continent of Europe in general; there is the English system; and there is the American system. The last combines the chief features of the other two. The Englishman goes to work late and comes away early, but during working hours he works all the time. His luncheon is light, and eaten hastily perhaps at his desk. For this he makes up by a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely dinner; while he has the early part of the morning and the latter part of the afternoon to himself. The Frenchman, on the other hand, goes to work early and works hard until noon. The American is apt to underestimate the energy with which the Frenchman works while he is working. But at noon work ceases, and he sits down to an abundant meal, well cooked, well served and eaten with an appetite and in peace.

After his dejeuner he has his pipe, or his smoke, and perhaps a game of dominoes or cards, while he discusses politics, the arts, or the topics of the day. He takes his two hours of refreshment as a matter of course; he has no pricking of conscience at wasting time, nor searchings of heart lest some one else should get ahead of him. Even the laborer, who in America eats his cold midday meal in a ditch or behind a pile of boards, generally sits down to a decent table d'etiquette served, and however coarse his food, has time to eat it as leisurely as the lower animals. Then with mind cleared and refreshed and body strengthened and recharged, laboring man and business man return to their tasks, to work hard and late. The American system, as we have said, combines the chief features of the other two. The American goes to work early, like the Frenchman; like the Frenchman, he works hard; but, like the Englishman, he takes no time to lounge at midday. His luncheon is the mere 'smack'; it is eaten in his pocket, not served at a table. As for any intellectual repose or mental distraction from the grim facts of work, not only is it not thought of, but the very idea would be laughed at to scorn. From the moment of setting forth to the moment of return mind and body are deprived of those proper nourishment and rest, if it is so to be called, that the European should have, the elegant American widows and orphans, and the shareholders at home to full of young men's graves.

A COOL FISHERMAN.

Forest and Stream Describes Him in the Art of Casting as Whopper.

How slowly now—A little nearer to the shore. There, that's right, steady, now. This is the only one, like a good fish. The left one, just a little. There, that's fine. Just by those three you a large one was caught the other day. How whizz! did you see that? A strike, did he make a beauty, too. An eight-pounder, I'll bet. Back water, quick, the fish is hanging. Steady, now—This is the place. I guess we've missed him—Now, just here he was again—He's gone! He's got it. Turn her out into deep water. He's in the lily pads, now, and a goodly one. Thundercat and he was a monster—Must have weighed at least 10 pounds—No, there he's—He's still hooked. He's all right—Steady, now. Put the oars in the boat—See the pole, he bends it nearly double. And doesn't he make the reel sing—Now, he has turned—He is coming toward us—Hand me that landing net—Quick! Quick! He is going under the boat—He will snap the line—Holy smoke! there he goes. Grab the line. Grab the line, I say—Have you got it—Keep him fast, now—Just a second—Steady, now—There he goes into the net—Here, he is in the boat—We have him. He is safe—And isn't he a beauty?—Isn't he a beauty, a sandy, a cracker-jack, a peach? He will go almost six pounds if he weighs an ounce—Wasn't he a beauty?—Did you see him make that three-foot leap out of the water?—You didn't. Man, where were your eyes?—How in now, and we will weigh him—How much did you say?—Four pounds and two ounces—Pshaw! that can't be right—Your scales are not accurate—Well, he's a beauty, anyway—It took a full hour to tire him out and land him—Three minutes, you say?—Oh, you are mistaken—That can't possibly be—it was surely longer than that—He was a fighter to the last. Excited, when I caught him?—Now, get a bit—Cool as a cucumber, just as I am now—He certainly is a beauty.

Sufficient on Itself.

Mrs. Krotchett—So you're determined to leave, eh? I suppose you'll be asking me for a reference?

Bridgeport—Oh, no, ma'am; I don't want it. The lady (O'M'ginn) knows you, and she knows O'M'ginn here for three months.—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—You have accepted George! Why, you know very well that I don't approve of him. Daughter—That's all right, mother. Neither does he approve of you.—Stray Stories.