

METHOD OF LOSING FRIENDS

Chronic Grumbler Quickly Becomes Known as a Person Whom It is Well to Avoid.

The chronic grumbler is not a good companion nor in any way an admirable person.

We fly from her as from a contagious disease. Nothing so certainly affects one's spirits as being in the constant company of a person who has a grievance.

The cherishing of discontent with our circumstances, business, dress, or any other thing in life soon robs us of beauty and marks the countenance with the lines of worry and ill temper that tell their own unhappy story.

Why anybody who is young should indulge in grumbling as a pastime is one of the puzzles that never are solved, yet such people there are, and we meet them in our sorrow almost every day.

If they happen to be passengers on a railway train they pile their bags and bundles on an extra seat for which they have not paid, are conveniently blind to the weariness of other passengers who are standing, and assume the aspect of martyrs when the conductor courteously but peremptorily informs them that they must make room.

On a street car they object to having the windows open, though the air may be laden with impurities from the congestion of the crowd; they scold and fret at the throng or the conductor and rail at Providence in general because everything in life is not arranged with a view to their comfort.

Don't be a chronic grumbler. It doesn't pay to waste one's precious energies that way.—Exchange.

SOLVED BY A COMPLIMENT

Natural Indignation of Adelaide Nellison Quieted When James O'Neill Made His Explanation.

Adelaide Nellison, who was universally acclaimed the greatest of Julietas, said that James O'Neill was the most gifted of all Romans, despite the fact that the American actor once did an indiscreet thing, which riled the actress and which might have lessened their friendship had it not been for the quick and superlative wit of O'Neill.

It was immediately following a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" after the principals in this immortal drama had made the customary end to their miserable existence. Miss Nellison, somewhat flushed, accosted O'Neill, who was walking toward his dressing room.

"Mr. O'Neill!" exclaimed the actress. "I think you did an awfully impolite thing in that last scene."

"What did I do?" asked the actor, trying hard to hold back a smile.

"What did you do?" you know well enough what you did. When you pretended to kiss me you not alone kissed me, but you bit me."

"When did I bite you?" asked the actor.

"In my sleeping scene," said the actress, still ferocious, but losing ground.

"Ah, in the sleeping scene," said O'Neill. "Madam, the realism to your superb acting is appalling. I didn't bite you. You were dreaming!"

Browning's Disappointment. Robert Browning's great hopes for his son were not fulfilled. One of the poet's disappointments was the rejection of a statue by "Pen" sent to the academy in the '90s.

Though Pen Browning's statue was rejected, two or three pictures painted in Belgium, clever in a hard, realistic technique, but very far from beautiful, were hung at the academy. Browning was sensitively anxious about the reputation of these works.

On one occasion, when he was showing his son's pictures on a studio Sunday, he said to a friend who mentally noted the saying with its rather strained modesty: "You see, people expect so much from him because he had a clever mother." One of the pictures, by the way, represented an exceedingly large pig. There was no kind of impression about it. It was a pig seen through so temperance of all.

Some Quiet Hotels. The hotel that stands out most prominently in my recollection is one in Liqueur, where, even while you are sitting at the dining tables, vendors come in from the streets to sell you food. At this same hotel they have two charges for baths—eight shillings if you insist on clean water and about four shillings if you are willing to take a second turn at the tub.

Another instance of a quaint hotel is in the town of Africa, in Peru. Here they are using at the present time the hull of an old American man-of-war, which was taken inland by a great tidal wave many years ago and has since been fitted up as a hotel and is in great demand.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Nothing New. "I see," said Hilkins, "that a French scientist has discovered a method for staying off old age."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Wilkins. "There's nothing new in that. A man can stare off old age by jumping off the Eiffel tower; or dropping a lighted match in a powder barrel while sitting on it; or by rocking the boat when he's out on the water; or by riding over Niagara falls sitting astride a log. Those French scientists make me tired with their hulloaloo over nothing."—Harper's Weekly.

ARE ONLY WON BY PATIENCE

Things Best Worth Having in Life Belong to Those Who Can Wait to Conquer.

It is always costly to raise money on expectations. It is the same with many advantages we secure in life. We saddle the future with the debts of today, because we are too impatient to wait. It is patience that brings us whatever is best worth having. Maturity and strength of character are won by waiting. They cannot be forced up in a day. It is the mature man who comes and sees and conquers, because he has ripened and is ready for action. The man who fails is almost always the man who has not been patient.

Yet it seems tame counsel to advise people to wait. The young especially are apt to think that they can go forth and possess the world. They believe in a sudden raid, a quick seizing. They think it both tedious and weak to delay. They tell themselves that success is for him who can grasp it. They reach for it too eagerly and fall heavily to earth.

It is never wise to envy another person the things that are won easily. If we covet anything at all, it should be those things that are won with slow patience, fruits of ripe and mature growth, fabrics raised carefully on a secure foundation. These things, though we may well covet them, are the gifts that we may all win. They are difficult, but they are always possible. Patience is their condition, and patience in proportion to their value. Being worth much, they cost much, and yet their price is always within our means.—Arthur S. Salmon.

WHY ERMINE FUR IS COSTLY

Process of Trapping the Animal is Peculiar One, and Entails Hardship on the Trapper.

"This stole of imperial ermine is worth \$1,000," said the dealer. "Dear? Nix. Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!"

"In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel, or ermine, turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine only turns to a greenish white—like this \$400 greenish white stole here."

"In the second place, the ermine were caught young; for, when fully developed, their coat is coarse and stiff—as in this \$250 stole—and to catch them young, the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur."

"The tongue trap is a knife, an ordinary hunting-knife smeared with grease, that the hunter lays in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it loves to lick—and so it licks the knife blade—and is caught fast, its tongue, in that zero weather, frozen to the steel."

"Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this, don't begrudge a good price for it; for every ermine in it was tongue-trapped in subzero weather, a mighty slow and painful hand process."

Good Conversation. I heard someone planning a luncheon lately, and she said she'd selected her topics—what the people would talk about. She said she intended to "keep the ball rolling." Not a dull minute. Everything spicy and sparkling and bubbling. Talk about one thing and then about another. Ring the bell and change the course. Press the button beneath the table and bring on your spicy story, as the maid brings on the salad. Lord! Lord! what a luncheon that must have been! Who, alas, can be apt to order? Or bubble or sparkle or be brilliant or even bright? These gifts are of the gods. Sometimes we are and sometimes we are not, but it's a cinch that none of us are brilliant when we try to be. Good conversation consists in talk spontaneous. It has its source in a full mind and a full heart. Do I hear some one saying, "And in a full glass?" Ah, but even the full glass brings out in talk only the native wealth or poverty of the talker. I'm sure that must have been an awfully good luncheon.—New York Press.

Gambling Profits. M. Empereur shows what huge fortunes have been made by running licensed gambling tables, says a Paris letter to London Truth. Three brothers who ran for thirty years the casino of Coburg, Aix-les-Bains and Pau, have netted 230,000,000. One of them was a coachman, another a cook and the third one a groom. The present losses of the gambling tables of the Bellevue and Municipal casinos of Biarritz is a former public house keeper. He clears 280,000 a year and is worth 11,200,000. At a small casino like that of Dinan the lessee, a former cafe waiter, still quite a young man, has put by 280,000.

Regular Stairs. A lawyer was cross-examining an old German about the position of the doors, windows and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction occurred.

"And now, my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in the house?"

The German looked dazed and unsettled for a moment. "How do the stairs run?"

"Well," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "ren I am downstairs dey run oop."—National Monthly.

GIVES BACK WHAT IS GIVEN

Life, in the Main, is Just and Almost Inevitably Returns Good for Good.

The echo is the principle of life. You get back from the world the message you give it.

Neither this nor any other truth is true in all particulars; very often you receive evil for your good and good for your evil, harsh words when you sent forth only kindness, and injustice in return for your deeds honest and well meant, but like all truths it is true in general.

In fact, the essence of every truth is a generalization which the mind is able to pick from a mass of confusing particulars.

Is it a cold, hard-hearted, unfeeling world to you? Then I very much fear that you have given to it a selfish, narrow, egotistic heart.

Is it a tolerably good sort of place, and do you find men and women as a rule just and kindly disposed? You must have been yourself an honest and generous nature.

Haven't you had days when everything seemed to go wrong? You said you must have gotten out of bed with the wrong foot first. You have fumbled all you undertook, your fingers have been all thumbs, and everyone about you has seemed smitten with the grouch.

In all this you have been but seeing yourself as in a glass. It is your ugly mood that dims the shining surface of a really pleasant world.

Nothing is so unerring as the total universe. Time and nature seem now and then slipshod, and do things unjust and uncalled for, but they always make it up in the long run and pay every soul back a hundred cents on the dollar.—Woman's World.

NO NEED TO WASTE MONEY

Father's Common Sense Answer Should Have Driven Nonsense From the Mind of Son.

A certain well known actor—an established star of the first magnitude, in fact—has a son who has always given the father a great deal of trouble. Despite his inherited talent, which would insure him permanent employment on the stage, the son shows a fondness for living on the income of his parent. He can see no reason why both of them should work.

One time the father got tired of advancing money to the son. An estrangement had been threatening for a long time. Finally, the father sealed the climax when, in response to a written "touch" for \$50, he sent the boy a \$5 note, with the added advice that that was the last money he should ever advance to him. To this threat the son sent the following answer:

"If you do not send me the \$50 I requested I'll use this \$5 in the purchase of a revolver and blow my brains out."

The father, in reply to this tragic note, sent back this one: "I have told you time and again that you will have to quit wasting my money on useless luxuries. Don't spend that \$5 for a revolver. Come up to the house and I'll lend you mine."

Remarriage in France. The marriage or rather remarriage statistics in the mairies of Paris made sad reading for the sentimentalists. Of 2,370 disconsolate widowers 148 remarried within a year. The defections increase with terrible rapidity in the second year, which sees 628 re-marriages from the ranks of mourners.

At the end of the third year only thirty-seven widowers remain. With the widows it is even worse. None remarry within the first year of their husband's decease, but it is feared that this is due not to fidelity but to the strict legal veto which obtains in France. Once the law's delay is at an end they go off with vertiginous rapidity. Of 1,907 weeping widows in eighteen months only four had not exchanged their weeds for wedding garments.

Transplanted Rubber Trees Thrive. Experiments covering a number of years in transplanting rubber trees from the original stock seem now to have justified the efforts of the growers. The former supply came almost entirely from the district bordering the Amazon and its feeders, but in recent years transplanting has been practiced on a rather large scale, the original stock having been taken from the old rubber districts and cultivated in portions of Brazil remote from the big river. One company, during the last year, gathered 192,750 pounds of rubber, compared with 41,983 pounds in 1910. The estimate for the current year is 325,000 pounds, all of which comes from the interior, far from the Amazon—Popular Mechanics.

Cribs for the Baby Guests. Among the luxuries, comforts and conveniences nowadays provided by the great hotel are cribs for the baby guests. Even in the finest hotels these are a comparatively recent addition to the house equipment.

Up to about five years ago when a separate bed was required for a baby's use a cot was put into the room and many persons traveling for the first time with a baby still ask for a cot. They are agreeably surprised when informed that a crib can be supplied if desired. In a big hotel there may now be kept ready for use a dozen cribs in the care of the housekeeper; cribs simple but of the latest style of construction, ready to be sent whenever they are wanted.

KNOW WHAT YOUR IDEAL IS

First Step to Real Success, Though Few Seem to Realize Its Importance.

Several years ago when I filled a position which brought me many visitors each day, and many more letters in the same time, I was overburdened with requests for advice from persons who wished "to succeed," "to accomplish," "to attain." But, as strange as the statement may seem to you, I can truthfully say that not one person—not one in a hundred of these earnest seekers was able to state exactly what he or she really wanted.

They were dissatisfied and discontented, and felt the vague urge of unmet need pushing them forward to further endeavor and attainment—but it stopped right there. Ninety-nine out of every hundred did not only for advice regarding the means of accomplishment and attainment, but also for information as to what they should really desire.

"Silly," you exclaim. Not a bit of it. I venture to say to you—yes, you who are now reading these lines, are not much better off regarding clear-cut ideas and ideals. You want, and want and want, of course—but just what do you want? Have you a clearly defined idea, and a clear-cut ideal of the object of your desire? Honor bright now, have you?—William Walker Atkinson, in the Nautilus.

GOOD WORD FOR THE WASP

In Industry He is on a Par With the Bee, Though Not of So Much Value to World.

Wasps appear to be well-nigh as industrious as ants or bees. One authority has declared that the cardinal doctrine of wasps is: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat." Division of labor is clearly seen in the wasp's nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as papermakers and masons. Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey.

Toward the end of summer, as all beekeepers know, they will force their way into beehives and carry off by their winged neighbors' honey. The drones of the wasp world, instead of being idle and luxurious, are sober, industrious and well-behaved members of the community. They clean the streets of their town with exemplary diligence, acting as public scavengers and sanitary officers. And they have their reward, for, unlike the bee drones, they live their allotted life in peace and quietness until winter involves them and their maiden sisters in one common cataclysm of death and destruction.—Harper's Weekly.

Planola Within Rat

The wonders of science will never cease. Paris has received a delicate jolt by the exhibition of a rat which carries around a planola in its internal organism. A touch of its tail produces airs from the operas. M. Bertrand Lebaudy, the French zoological expert and savant, discovered that the ribs of the rat give out rhythmic tones when properly tickled. Making experiments, he found that these tones could be regulated by nerve pressure from an electric battery. The nerves of a rat lead to its sensitive tail, which does many duties besides acting as a whip broom in rat land. He tamed a fine specimen of the regular Parisian rodent, got it so that it would answer to his least command, fed it on a special diet and then charged its nerves from an electric battery. The rat became exceedingly sensitive and the notes from its body when tweaked by the tail quite audible. This story did not originate in Winsted, Conn., but came from a Paris correspondent.

Marshmallows

In a mountain camp this summer the cream ran short. The campers simply couldn't get it. They didn't even have the canned variety. A box of marshmallows was on the table when the campers sat down to lunch and one of the women looking into her cup of chocolate minus cream, began to eat a mallow. It didn't exactly go to the spot. Neither did the watery chocolate. In disgust she put the two together. The marshmallow went floating in the cup of chocolate, when, presto! there was something white and foaming! There was cream! Necessity and accident are indeed the mother and the father of invention. These people learned before their lunch was over that marshmallows take the place of cream. They do! They do indeed!

Stranded

A negro, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering; the mule was trembling with the cold. According to Everybody's Magazine, two congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the negro made no effort to depart, what ailed the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said, "Why don't you move on, uncle?"

The old negro pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied, "Cause dis yere mule won't go 'less I whistle at him, and it's so cold I cyarn't whistle!"

WELCOMED AN OLD FRIEND

John Burroughs Wrote of Pleasure Experienced on Hearing the Skylark in Honolulu.

One of my pleasant surprises in Honolulu—one that gave the touch of nature which made me feel less a stranger there, was learning that the European skylark had been introduced and was thriving on the grassy slopes back of the city. The mina, a species of starling from India as large as our robin and rather showily dressed, with a loud, strident voice, I had seen and heard everywhere both in town and country, but he was a stranger and did not appeal to me. Yet the thought of the skylark brought Shelley and Wordsworth, and English downs and meadows, near to me at once, and I was eager to hear it. So early one morning we left Pleasanton, our tarrying place, and climbed the long, pastoral slope above the city, where cattle and horses were grazing, and listened for this minstrel from the motherland. We had not long to wait. Sure enough, not far from us there sprang from the turf Shelley's bird, and went climbing his invisible spiral toward the sky, pouring out those hurried, ecstatic notes, just as I had heard him above the South Downs of England. It was a moment of keen delight to me. The bird soared and hovered, drifting about, as it were, before the impetuous current of his song, with all the joy and abandon with which the poets have credited him. It was like a bit of English literature vocal in the air there above these alien scenes. Presently another went up, and then another, the singers behaving in every respect as they do by the Avon and the Tweed, and for a moment I breathed the air that Wordsworth and Shelley breathed.—From "Holidays in Hawaii," by John Burroughs, in the Century.

BREAKING IT TO HIM GENTLY

Naval Officers Knew Just How to Treat Officious Lawyer Who Was "Butting In."

Courts martial are not infrequently held on battleships in the Charlestown navy yard. Sometimes a sailor will send for a Boston attorney to defend him, although this tendency is discouraged by the officers. Most attorneys know they have no absolute right to practice in a naval court, and can do so only by permission of the court, but occasionally a lawyer goes aboard who does not realize this fact.

A sailor who was charged with gambling had retained an attorney to get him off. This attorney, who had never had such a case before, went briskly into the officers' wardrobe, where the court was sitting, and without waiting on ceremony began to address the court in a blustering manner.

"Just a minute," interrupted the presiding officer. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Rudolph Smithers," the attorney replied, "and I am a member of the Massachusetts bar."

"Oh, you are Mr. Smithers, are you?" continued the officer. "Then you are the man whom the orderly wants to see." He called the orderly.

"What does the orderly want of me?" asked the attorney in a superior tone.

"Nothing very much," replied the chief justice; "he merely wants to show you off the ship."

Some Hand for a Sick Man

A certain man stayed out much later at night than his wife liked, and as he would never tell her where he had been she got their little boy to ask him.

One morning at breakfast the youngster said, "Dad, where was yer last night?"

"Never mind where I was," answered the father.

"But," insisted the boy, "where was yer?"

"Well, if you must know, I was sitting up with a sick friend."

"Oh, did yer sick friend die?"

"What an absurd question! Of course he didn't die!"

"Oh, but did you hold your sick friend's hand?"

"No," answered the father, "how foolish you are. Of course I didn't." And then he added, with a far away look in his eyes, "I wish to heaven I had. He held four aces!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Salaried Cat

The only salaried cat in the United States, so far as one can find out, has just died in New Orleans, and was given a proper burial. This was Old Tom, who for years had been carried on the board of trade as official rat catcher, with a salary of ten cents a day, and was never discharged, though in his later years he was as reluctant as other veteran office holders to get busy. But he had no enemies except of the feline sort, and his framed picture is to adorn the directors' room at the board of trade.—Springfield Republican.

Disinfecting Silver

There is a lunch room in Fulton street where, honest injus, they disinfect all the silver received over the cashier's counter. Tip has heard a good deal about removing the germs from currency, but this is the first time he ever saw it done. Over the counter slides the silver and into a big bowl of some sort of disinfectant it goes, plopp. The pile of change was taking its nice, wholesome bath all the time Tip was in the place.—New York Press.

BORROWING AS A FINE ART

Proof That This Bad Habit is Impossible to Eradicate in Some People.

Day by day, as Mrs. Worth's household and kitchen furniture and groceries slowly disappeared, she saw that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning, when Jimmy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boiler," Mrs. Worth determined to act.

"You tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed, I will lend her the boiler." In a little while Jimmy reappeared. "Ma wants to know what she borrowed."

"There is a quart of flour," began Mrs. Worth, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors"—she paused, recollecting—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—"

But Jimmy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again. "Ma says for you to write 'em down. I forgot some of 'em."

Mrs. Worth sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember. Jimmy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more reappeared at the back door and announced:

"Ma says if you'll lend her the wash-boiler to carry 'em in, she'll bring 'em home."—Youth's Companion.

POETRY IN PAGAN LEGEND

According to This, Woman is Made Up of a Compound of Many Contradictory Things.

"Our fable of the creation of woman is more poetical than your Christian one, which forms woman out of a man's rib," said a Hindu. "Listen, and see, if you don't agree with me. 'Twashti, at the beginning of time, created the universe and man, but when he came to create woman he found that he had exhausted his materials and no solid elements remained."

"Twashti needed a while. Then an idea came to him, and in order to make the first woman he took moonlight and the undulations of the serpent, the slenderness of reeds and the soft movement in the wind, the tears of a raincloud, the velvet of flower petals, the grace of a roe, the tremor of grasses, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the down on a dove's breast, the hardness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, and the warmth of fire, the cold of snow, the chatter of a jay and the coo of a dove—and out of these things Twashti created woman."

Glass Over Paintings

Yielding to the criticism of artists and art experts, the authorities at the galleries of the Louvre have removed the glass that covered and was supposed to protect some famous pictures. A few, however, are yet included in glass, and among these are the Antiope of Correggio, the Laura Dianti of Titian and the Concert Champetre of Giorgione. It is held that for all purposes of art, for study, for admiration, the canvases should be naked, as under glass all the fine qualities of these great paintings are lost. Examination of the paintings from which the glass has been removed shows that a number of them, among which is Titian's famous Man With the Torn Glove, have been injured by moisture that formed under the glass; others are the Antiope of Correggio, the Country Concert of Giorgione and the Virgin on the Rocks, of Leonardo da Vinci. "All these deteriorations," says a critic, "have been without doubt accelerated by moisture inclosed by glass."

In Simple Language

Beware of the habit of using big words. Like other habits, it grows upon its victim. A horrible example is instanced by the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The superintendent of a Sunday school in Philadelphia recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the school, the members of which are mostly children of tender age.

The visitor, a speaker well known for his verbose and circumlocutory manner of speech, began his address as follows:

"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of Saint Paul. It may be, perhaps, that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."

Bite of a Centipede

Jeff Fitch has had about the closest call of his life the last few days. About one week ago, while sleeping in his bachelor quarters, he felt something bite him and after applying some turpentine he thought no more of it.

A day or two later the wound began to swell and in a short time Fitch was a very sick man. He was removed to the home of Chris Powell, where for a time it was feared he would not recover. A search of the room where Fitch had been sleeping revealed a dead centipede upon the floor back of the bed, where it had fallen when the half-awakened man had crushed his tormentor. Fitch is now said to be out of danger, although far from recovered.—Arizona Republican.