

THE SAILOR MAN'S APOLOGY.

Profuse Explanation Made in the Lingua of the Sea.

An old salt, who navigates a bicycle when he is in port, was working a rapid passage the other day, when he collided with a lady cyclist. After they had extracted themselves from the wreck the sailor made an apology, from which she could gather little except that he was sincerely sorry.

"I am sure I ought to be scuttled for it, mum," he said, rapidly, "but I couldn't get yer signals no more than I were feeling through a fog bank. I was blowing for you to pass to port, and steering my course accordin' to salute proper, your craft refused to obey her rudder, and you struck me for'ard. Afore I could reverse, your jibboom fouled my starboard mission riggin', your flowing gown snarled up in my bobstay, blew out yer pneumatic, parted yer topping lift and carried away my jacksaade down haul. As I listed I tried to jibe, but I capstened, keel up, and you were foundering in the wreckage."

STRANGE ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT.

Country Has Remained Unchanged Through Centuries.

Many tourists who have crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria and have made the three hour journey thence by express to Cairo, establish themselves in one of the fashionable hotels, do a little shopping in the native quarter, see a mosque or two, a native wedding, ride a camel the quarter mile distance from the Mena house to the sphinx, and perhaps go as far as to visit Saqqara—a day's excursion from Cairo—then return homeward fancying and also declaring that they have seen Egypt.

So they have, in a sense; but Cairo is no more representative of Egypt as a country than New York is of the entire United States. To see upper Egypt, with its fellician life, its mud cities, and its quaint scenery, is like turning the leaves of an old history and studying the engravings, for neither the country nor the people has changed to any appreciable degree since the days of Mohammed, unless it be in the accomplishment in which all seem to be equally well trained—that of begging baccacheeb. Egypt is spoken of as becoming modernized, but there is no indication of anything more modern than 2,000 years ago between Cairo and Luxor—or, more properly, the little English city of Kom Ombo, beyond Luxor, where an English company has been formed and agricultural experiments are being carried forward.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

The value of trade secrets as a business asset was emphasized recently by a decision of the court or errors and appeals of New Jersey, compelling the American Can company to reimburse an eastern concern for having used one of the latter's secret processes in manufacturing tin. One of the employees of the eastern concern, which is known as the Vulcan Detinning company, left his position and some time later secured a place with the American Can company. To the officers of that company he then told of the methods that were used by the rival firm, and these at once were adopted by the American company. There was a suit, and now, after several years of litigation, the American Can company has been found to have no right to make use of the secrets of its competitor.

Boo-Hoo Fever.

In the intense heat the young captain smiled. "This recalls to my mind," he said, "boo-hoo fever." "Boo-hoo fever? What is that?" "It is a fever brought on by the heat among our soldiers in the Philippines. A mild fever, it becomes high and active only when the weather grows unusually hot. Then it throws our young men into a strange delirium. They cry and weep. They boo-hoo."

The Selfish Two-Step.

Our social pleasures are becoming more and more selfish. This is well typified in the popular dance of our times—the two-step—where two people may spend the entire evening enjoying themselves without touching the general social life of the assembled company. The square, line and ring dances, now so sadly out of style, are old folk forms, generated by the social cooperation of the group, reflecting the joys, sorrows, occupations and interests of the people.—Charities and Commonsense.

DRIVER TELLS OF STRAIN.

Nervous Tension of Man at Wheel of Automobile.

The nervous tension under which the driver of an automobile races labor has been graphically described by two Vanderbilt cup chauffeurs. Clement says: "When you first start, the ground seems to be rising up in front of you, as if to hit you in the face—that is, until you get your auto eyes adjusted. But even then there's always the thrill, and you haven't time for anything but the thrill, and the watching of the long, narrow road in front. You haven't time to see what is on one side or the other. The people—that's about all we had on the sides in the Vanderbilt cup races—just seem to be a black-and-white border to the dark streak in front. Yes, you hear them shout, but by the time you realize it you are gone." And Wagner describes his sensations in Outing as follows: "Beginning the eighth lap nearly eight minutes in the lead, the mental and physical strain became acute. My brain was in a dissy whirl, and my hunger amounted almost to famine. But the price of satisfying it was prohibitive when every minute counted. The constant crashing and lunging of the car, the vigilance required at the frequent turns, the haunting fear of fatalities, and the anxiety regarding tires and mechanism were so exhausting that we lost over two minutes on the eighth round. Hunger remorseless and fanged was gnawing, gnawing, gnawing with almost sinister persistency, as it seemed. So we began the ninth and final round."

WAS GIVEN WRONG STEER.

Cleveland Man the Victim of Mean Practical Joker.

A Cleveland (Ohio) man was coming down from Toledo the other day when he noticed a little crowd on a station platform and at once concluded it meant the departure of a bride and groom. The train only stopped for a minute or two but the Cleveland man had time to see a lot of handshakes, and then, as the train started, a young fellow on the platform thrust a card through the open window and said, "Say, old man, hand that to the couple who just got aboard, won't you?" The Cleveland man nodded and the train sped on. He looked at the card. It bore the word "Congratulations!" Then he went up the aisle to where the newcomers were seated and smilingly handed the card to the bridegroom. "What's this for?" growled the stranger. "Just married, aren't you?" the Cleveland man chuckled. "Just married!" roared the stranger. "Just married! Why, you miserable shrimp, me an' my wife here are havin' a spat at this very moment over what we are goin' to do with our 21-year-old son!" Just married! You measly little—!" But the Cleveland man had fled. And now he vows he'll never again be made a catapaw for another practical joker.

Two Historic Cabarets.

Two old Seveva cabarets, each with an interesting history of its own, will be included in the porcelain sale at Christie's, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. The first, painted with festoons of flowers, was formerly the property of Marie Antoinette, and was given by Louise Lefevre, her valet de pied, to George Earl of Essex, and by him to Miss Fannie Kelly, the actress, in 1818, from whom it descended to the present owner, who is Miss Kelly's adopted daughter. The second, painted with musical and amatory symbols, was presented by George IV when Prince of Wales to Mrs. Robinson, the celebrated actress, and at the sale of her husband's effects was purchased by John Graham. In the same sale will be found a Chippendale mahogany bookcase, exquisitely carved, which was formerly at the Kensington palace, in the room in which George II. died.

Clinched.

The insurance agent had exhausted his arts. With tears welling from his eyes and in a voice quivering with emotion he had recited the harrowing tale of widow and orphan in dire distress through the untimely death of their thoughtless protector. But the farmer was unmoved. "Nope, I guess I'll not take any today," he said, and reached for his red bandanna. "But," said the wily agent, "with every polly goes an almanac, a plug of Greenville, a brass watch, an accordion and a bottle of liver medicine, besides a brass band to head your funeral procession. Gosh ding!" came the reply. "Give me one. Nobody can ever say Joshua Hay neglected the welfare of his loved ones."

The Kaiser and Mr. Carnegie.

During the first meeting of Emperor William and Andrew Carnegie on the deck of the Hohenzollern at Kiel, when there came a pause in the conversation, Mr. Carnegie, in a candid spirit of banter, said to the emperor: "You know, your majesty, that I never cared very much for kings." "But there was one king you cared a great deal for," said the emperor quickly. "And who was that?" "Your majesty is very right," laughed Mr. Carnegie. "Robert Bruce is buried in my town."

An Exhibition Stunt.

"Maltitudes are the fourth and fifth pairs of head appendages of chilopods." "What's that to me?" "Nothing. I occasionally like to display a bit of knowledge that nobody else can possibly have."

WASPS ARE PUT TO WORK.

Original Paper-Makers Domesticated and Installed in Texas Factory.

Texarkana, Tex.—Another of the forces of nature is to be turned to account, and the vicious wasp will be made to furnish paper. This insect is the original paper-maker, and it builds its home of pulp. Observing this, Jeremiah Tubbs is collecting millions of wasps and installing them in a factory building near here. In the factory is a collection of unique machinery. It is the intention of Mr. Tubbs to domesticate the wasps to such a degree that, like honing pigeons, they will return to the factory each night. The first instinct of a wasp is to build a home, and, taking advantage of this, the ingenious inventor will have the insect enter a small compartment and place a layer of paper on a roll. As the roll moves around slowly the paper-making process will continue, and since millions of wasps will be busy, it is expected that the plant will have a capacity of ten tons a day. This is not a large output, but since the quality of the paper will be high, and since there is no cost for raw material, it will be very profitable. As the wasps hibernate during the winter, no effort will be made during the summer toward finishing the paper, but the whole time will be occupied in turning out the rough product.

WILL DIG UP DOGS.

Constable to Do So if Claim for Burying Them Is Not Allowed.

Beranton, Pa.—High Constable Allen Johnson and Blakely borough are at odds. To be exact, by Blakely borough is meant the burgess, the borough council, and everybody else who has had a hand in holding up the high constable's bill for burying dead dogs. The high constable is fighting for a principle. He wants justice and \$70 for interring the dogs, and the borough finds itself the defendant in a suit brought by its efficient guardian of law and order. Part of the duties of the high constable of Blakely, it appears, is to rid the borough of roaming and ownerless curs. That Johnson did his duty well is not disputed by the citizens, for the streets have been more free of snarling and dangerous canines during Johnson's tenure than at any time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but when Johnson put in a bill for \$70 for killing and burying dogs the borough fathers put on their spectacles and howled. Now Johnson is howling, and the tenor of his howl is that if the money is not paid he will exhumate the dogs.

JONAH RULED OUT OF COURT.

Judge Unwilling to Decide Whether Whale Really Swallowed Him.

St. Louis—Jonah and the whale have been thrown out of the circuit court of St. Louis county. Judge McElhinney in a decision declared himself unwilling to listen to arguments along the line of biblical questions. He does not wish to go on record, either, as having determined whether the garden of Eden was a myth or a reality. He says all this has nothing to do with the points of law at issue in the case of the Biblical College of Missouri against Rev. George W. Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman subscribed \$5,000 to the college some time ago, and then refused to pay it because he said the institution was not orthodox. He says the college teaches its students that the miracles related in the Bible are myths. The college sued for payment of the subscription. By the decision the case will be tried merely on points of law, the attempt to bring in Jonah, Lazarus, and other biblical characters being ruled out of order.

BANKER BUILDS GLASS HOUSE.

New York Man Who Believes in Sunshine Plans Novel Dwelling.

New York.—That C. Parker Woodbury, banker, 44 Pine street, has no wish to indulge in the reprehensible pastime of throwing stones at his neighbors, is demonstrated by his determination to live in a glass house. He has engaged Albert Swazey, an architect, to draw plans for the novel dwelling, which is to be erected at Beechhurst, Long Island. Bricks of compressed opalescent glass will form the walls. The interior partitions are to be of the same material worked into thin slabs, and, of course, the roof is to be of glass. In fact, everywhere possible glass is to be employed. Mr. Woodbury is a great believer in sunlight. "I have had this idea of a glass house in mind for a long time," he said, the other day. "If the light is good, it is manifestly better for a man to live in a house where he can enjoy sunlight all day than in one which is built of nothing but bricks. I am positive my experiment will prove all I expect from a health-giving standpoint."

Old Curiosity Shop Doomed.

London.—Old Curiosity Shop, near Lincoln's Inn fields, in which American tourists have spent thousands and thousands of pounds, will be demolished soon. Countless Americans have accepted this store as the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens. But it never has been established that the great novelist had it in mind when he wrote his story of "Little Nell."

WANT WHIST PLAYER BACK.

Chaplain Had Been Banished to Monastery by Superior.

The Metropolitan of Petersburg, Archbishop Antoni, has succeeded in earning the hatred of the card players of all Russia. Every one plays cards in Petersburg, men, women and child. The chief game among the upper classes is vint, a word which means "screw." It is whist with the screw on. Probably the most perfect vint player in the Russian capital was Fr. Komendantoff, the chaplain of one of the large grammar schools. His play was so admirable that he was often invited out to aristocratic gatherings, where he would play for the entertainment of the company. The fame of this priest at length reached the ears of the metropolitan and as this dignity was of opinion that a priest's fame should rest on some more solid foundation he sentenced him to banishment for ten years to a remote monastery on an island in the White sea. The sensation in Petersburg may be imagined. A petition is now being circulated begging the metropolitan to be merciful and to allow Petersburg to retain its darling. The petition has already been signed by three grand dukes, six grand duchesses and over 400 titled persons belonging to the aristocracy and the foreign diplomatic corps. A sentence in this curious petition runs as follows: "Fr. Komendantoff has been an influence for good in society, and many have been attracted to the church by his polished bearing."

Snake's Crown of Thorns.

Nature Story Told by the Man with a Reputation.

His friends sometimes called him a Nature faker, but he always strenuously denied the charge. "Then," he resumed, "we went to Southern California and in certain wild and lonely trails the rattler's crown of thorns strangely impressed us. 'Now, now!' they warned him. 'The rattler's crown of thorns has a steep sound. You know the charge that has been brought against you.' 'The rattler's crown of thorns,' he went on, quite unmoved. 'It was the skeleton of a rattler lying curled up in the grass, with a circle of great sharp thorns, a hedge of thorns, surrounding it. We found two or three of these odd and tragical things each day. The guide told us what they were. 'They were the signs of the vengeance of the bird called the road runner, a bird as big as a chicken. The rattlesnake eats this bird's eggs. The outraged bird, while the snake is asleep, softly, potently surrounds it with a circle of the sharp and thorny leaves of the prickly pear. 'Awaking, the rattler tries to scale this barrier. In vain. The long thorns wound him sorely, he suffers maddening pain, he can't get out. 'And in the end he bites himself and dies. Then his skeleton remains there, surrounded with a ring of dried thorns, a proof of the vindictive intelligence of the road runner.' 'The rattler's crown of thorns,' said a listener, and he whistled, and looked about him dubiously.

Cat in a Mine.

After spending two years in the depths of a coal mine a cat owned by James Warke of Ashley, has returned to him. The cat was such an inveterate thief that Mrs. Warke insisted two years ago that it should be killed or lost. Several attempts to lose it failed, and Warke, who is a miner, then put him in a bag and took him to one of the lowest levels of the No. 29 colliery. There he flourished and grew fat. There was due hunting, and the big mine rats being numerous and daring. Recently the mine was shut down, and as there was no more grain in the stables the rats left. Now there is no more hunting, and the cat made its appearance at Warke's home. How it got out of the mine is a mystery.

The Schiefachen.

In Germany they have an institution called the schiefachen. This is a little nap in the afternoon, between the ponderous early dinner and the coffee, which is served at four o'clock. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the Teutonic rite. "In a German country house, says an observer, 'I have seen with these eyes dashing cavalry officers in tight tunics and rattling swords, disappear about 2:30 o'clock, to emerge in an hour's time looking a trifle sleepy, but armed in every sense for the conquest of the fair. Students and professors, matrons and business men, tinkers and jailors, all take their 40 winks in the afternoon and get up strenuous and efficient."

A Famous Saying.

You have probably heard or read the famous saying: "I had rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome," and have wondered, perhaps, who first used it. Plutarch attributes it to Julius Caesar. The story is, as he tells it, that when Caesar came to a little town in passing the Alps, one of his friends said, in a jocular way: "Can there be here any disputes for offices, and contentions for precedence, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?" To which Caesar answered, very seriously: "I assure you that I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome."

THE LAY OF THE HEN.

Six Hundred Eggs Are Due from a Small Fowl.

"How many eggs is a hen wound up to lay during the term of her natural life, do you suppose?" said the man who has investigated. "No idea, eh? Well, sir, a good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular breed, but just hen—a good, healthy hen does not fulfill her destiny until she has turned out 600 eggs—fifty dozen. That's what Nature has fitted a hen to do in the way of eggs, and she gives her eight years to do it in," says a writer in Browning's Magazine. "The first year of her egg-producing life a hen lays only 20 eggs, but in the three succeeding years she rolls up the score of 370. This leaves only 230 that she must give that many cakies for in the remaining years that she must stand on duty in that line, and she divides the task among those four years so that in the eighth year she lays only 20 eggs again—the number she started in with. Then she has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she is in the hands of a thrifty owner, begins another career, short and delicate—this time as the summer-boarder spring chicken. "And speaking of eggs, there is a lot about them, familiar as they are to everybody that people don't suspect. Now, here's an egg that would be a rooster if it was hatched. Wrinkled eggs hold roosters in embryo. A proplastic hen larks in the egg with a smooth-shell. "There is water plenty in an egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer. So long as you can keep air out of your egg, it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The insidious oxygen is bound to find its way through an egg-shell's pores, and the only way to save that egg is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the instant you give an egg fresh air that instant you ruin its health."

Foolhardy Fame.

An Italian, whose name is of no consequence, climbed to the summit of one of the three highest peaks of the Mont Blanc range, called the Dame Anglaise. This peak is 11,400 feet high, and the last 1,000 feet of the ascent was over a smooth and practically perpendicular rock. It required 12 hours to make it, and when done the man of misdirected energy and enterprise actually thought he had achieved fame. But, after all, what sort of fame is it? The man had risked his life to accomplish what? To be able to say he had climbed to a spot on the mountains that no other person ever did? It is the sort of fame gained by the youth who fired the Ephesian dome. It will be remembered as an act from which no useful consequences can flow and in which he was needlessly imperiled in order that a fool might cry out, "I did it!" In the feat there was no contribution to science, to morals or to the general knowledge of the world.

Thought Brakeman Steered.

The little girl had become well acquainted with automobiles long before she had ridden in a railroad train, and she had even attempted to help her father steer on the family's automobile trips. When she clambered on the steam-cars for the first time she was much excited and her questions fairly tumbled over themselves. Finally she noticed the brakeman turning the wheel between the two cars. She watched him approvingly for a few minutes and then as he suddenly left the wheel she grasped her father in alarm. "Tell him to go back, papa; he must go back," she shouted. "Papa looked at her in amazement. 'Who must go back, Dorothy?' he asked. "Why, the man who steers," she said breathlessly. "He's left the wheel and we'll run off the track."

Compass Points and Health.

A quaint theory is that of a French mystic, who holds that the four points of the compass have an influence on human health and well-being. Traveling west, asserts this authority, induces melancholy; traveling eastward brings cheerfulness; southward, languor and irritability; and northward, calmness. It is a question of electrical currents, and the influence is felt not only when traveling, but also when at home. The best posture for working is to face either north or east. In these positions you receive positive waves of electricity, the negative currents coming from the other two points, south and west. Even the sleep is improved, it seems, if the foot of the bed be turned to the north or east. To sleep in the contrary position induces nightmare and general uneasiness.

A Rough Passage.

Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's phonograph school for parrots, said the other day: "There are worse things than a swearing parrot, and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and a lady bought him. "But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on shipboard in the ladies' saloon, for what he would do was this: "For hours at a time he would choose and rasp and hicough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly, 'Steward—bucket!'"

SALINA SCUM AT FISH, JR.

"Young Set" Was Prepared to Welcome Multi-Millionaire's Son.

Salina, Kan.—Salina mourns and refuses to be comforted over the announcement that young Stuyvesant Fish has "passed up" this city for Muskogee. The "young set" was ready to receive him upon presentation of his credentials and inforcements, and the old crowd, many of whom boast that they "used to know his pa," consider it nothing short of a personal affront that the young millionaire should "turn up his nose" at the "best town in Kansas." But the social "knockers" who had been in training with their hammers from the time it was announced that Fish was to locate here find no little satisfaction in his refusal to take the job of second assistant bill clerk in the Rock Island depot. They point out that Fish is not sincere in his democratic intentions, and that he turned down the \$40 a month job at Muskogee. They insist that, like all the grasping capitalists, the young man is "out for the dough." Some of the more bitter in spirit over their disappointment are leaning toward the doctrine of the knockers, but the more charitably disposed think he only went to Muskogee because he believed he could be more useful there. Muskogee is on a main line and Salina is not. The Rock Island only has one passenger train a day here—one "in" and one "out," and the opportunities are more limited for earning his salary. Nevertheless, Salina is in mourning.

SAVES LIVES AND A GAME.

Boy Rescues Two and Wins Ball Game All in One Afternoon.

Merriden, Conn.—Whether there is more glory in saving two lives than in winning a close baseball game is a matter of doubt in the mind of 13-year-old Henry White, son of George A. White, a Wallingford policeman, who put in a busy afternoon the other day. White was swimming in Community pool when he saw a drowning man who cannot swim, waded in. The latter went beyond his depth, and while his companions, who also were unable to swim, looked helplessly on, he sank twice before young White could grip his hair and tow him ashore, where he was revived with difficulty. On his way to town White saw Frank Langella and Thomas Kelly fighting, the former using a hatchet. The weapon had cut a deep gash in the Kelly boy's arm and was swiftly descending on his head when White knocked it aside. After running for a surgeon to attend the injury, White kept his appointment with his baseball team, and, amid much juvenile enthusiasm, completed his half day of exciting events by batting out a hit that was the game for his club.

CALLS TRAINS BY ODD DEVICE.

"Telegraphone" May Supplant the Unintelligible Station "Barker."

New York.—The telegraphone, the newest device for inducing war and peace on human throats, is being tested for the first time at the Grand Central station by the New York Central Railroad. It is a fair trial, the invention proves practical, showing of departing trains by station attendants will be dispensed with. The telegraphone consists mainly of seven large brass horns distributed over the station. These horns are connected by wires with a centrally situated booth. A railroad employe standing inside this booth speaks about the trains in a mouthpiece resembling somewhat a telephone mouthpiece, and the words are carried to the seven brass horns by the wires. But the original sounds are magnified when they issue from the mouths of the horns. Thus far, aside from a certain harshness of tone, the train announcements seem quite intelligible to passengers. A system almost identical with the one being tried in New York has been in use in the union passenger station in Chicago for some time.

Washington's Teeth in Peril.

Baltimore, Md.—A thief forced an entrance to the Baltimore Dental college but failed to get into the museum, where the false teeth of George Washington, a priceless curio, are kept. When Dean Foster was apprised of the thief's visit he was greatly alarmed until he found the famous teeth safe. It is believed the object of the thief was to steal these teeth, which are carved and ground from solid ivory. They were made by Dr. Greenwood of New York. The plate and teeth indicate that Washington had a large mouth. The sets for both the upper and lower jaws are fastened together by a closely wired gold spring. The door of the museum was scared and strained by the efforts of the burglar to force it.

Votaries of a Joyless Life.

Mount Holly, N. J.—Some interesting facts were brought out on the Fourth, while five men, each more than 70 years old, were watching the explosion of cannon crackers and pyrotechnics, three of them veterans, Chas. Fort, Willitt Shinn and James L. Anderson, confessed that they had never shot off a freeracker. C. Oakford Gaskill said he had never shot off a gun. Abraham Jones, the eldest of the group, qualified for a place among the conservatives by the assertion that he had never eaten an oyster or banana or tasted ice cream.