

Topics of the Times

The man who can discover the discoverer is wanted now.

The next man who brings in the pole will find a congested market.

The course from the pole to the lecture platform is well charted, anyhow.

His wife being away on a visit, King Alfonso has grown a set of whiskers.

Many a baseball game is lost on account of the superior playing of the other side.

Some newspapers spell it "Eskimau," and others "Esquimo." Try to get together, brethren.

You may observe that whether or not you accept the excuse for an increase in the price of a necessity the increase sticks.

Everything looks favorable for a good crop next year. Would that we could say as much for early Christmas shopping!

In New Guinea, as the London Chronicle reminds us, the women propose. And to anybody who has seen them the reason is clear.

There is comfort and joy in the thought that we are to have a good apple yield this year. Otherwise we might have to eat Ben Davises.

By this time next year, people will frequent the housestops and take their evening recreation by watching aerobauts trying to hog the aerial lanes.

Fortunately for their records, neither explorer fished through a hole in the ice at the Pole and caught a good string, while the biggest one got away.

Funny to hear those aviators kicking about the condition of the aviation grounds, isn't it? You'd think that all they'd want would be a large bunch of nice smooth air.

When Peary and his party reached the Pole the Eskimos cried out: "Ting neih, timah ketisher." This must have been disappointing to those who expected them to yell, "Excelsior!"

Eskimo wives and mothers, it is said, never suffer from the ailments that afflict the matrons of a higher civilization. But it is no more than fair that there should be some compensation for being an Eskimo wife.

San Francisco is getting ready to celebrate the discovery of San Francisco Bay. For the benefit of those who have forgotten, it may be mentioned that San Francisco Bay was discovered by Gaspar de Portola, who doesn't seem to have had a single Eskimo in his party.

A test case is to be made in the New York courts as to what criminal statute is violated by the offense technically known as "talking back" to the police, and whether arrest and punishment in the matter are justified by the law. The question of illegal arrest is really a serious one, as the whole matter of personal liberty, upon which the principles of this government are founded, is involved.

The word "lobbyist" has generally been used, with good reason, as a term of reproach, yet it is well to remember that one may have commendable reasons for approaching legislators and trying to influence their deeds. In Washington, during the last session of Congress, a woman was spoken of as "one of the most aggressive lobbyists ever seen at the Capital." She was acting, however, merely as the representative of California clubwomen, and her mission, happily successful, was to help insure the preservation of the giant redwoods, which are one of the glories of the state.

Meat has been officially introduced as a part of the Japanese army diet, and, as a result, the Japanese board of agriculture has sent a commission abroad to investigate and take steps for introducing the breeding of cattle in Japan. One reason for the change of diet is to avert a repetition of the scourge of beriberi which sapped the strength of the army during the Russian war, and was said to have been due to the rice diet, and another purpose is to add to the stature of the race by a general introduction of meat eating. Here in the Occident there is an increasing conviction that the meat diet has its penalties as well as its benefits.

A recent visitor to one of the largest of American cities stated that it "was not the subways nor the tall buildings that impressed him so much, as the great number of prosperous, well-kept, good-looking old men." "They are," he said, "seen on the streets by the thousand, carefully dressed, leisurely in movement, yet apparently actively concerned with affairs. It is a stronger indication to me of the accumulated wealth of the established success of the city, than anything else I have seen." These old men are splendid specimens. The game of life interests them and they have the good sense to keep actively employed in it rather than to confine themselves to their homes or to eat their hearts out

in their own inactivity. Lowell said of Emerson that he "has that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar and presents him to us always the unwashed contemporary of his own prime." Whitman foresaw for America a race "of splendid and savage old men." We are accustomed to hear "the hurry of business life" derided and American ideals of life unfavorably contrasted with European. But the results in many cases are not so bad, after all. Look at our splendid and effective old men.

Thus goes the old familiar song. "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." On second thought, however, one may interpose an exception or two. Let the memory go back to the "parlor." In the recollections of childhood it does not figure as one of the popular home institutions. There was something sacrosanct about it that did not appeal to boys at least, and the girls didn't seem to give it much appreciation until Horace and Arthur accumulated sufficient courage to inaugurate the custom of calling around on Sunday afternoons, sitting on those frail and artistic Louis XIV. chairs and assuming the joyful expression of slaves on the block while passing stereotyped compliments upon photographs in the family album, many of which pictured numerous freaks of the genealogical tree. Ed Howe, in his *Atchison Globe*, quoting an architectural authority, says that the American parlor, as an institution of the home, or adjacent thereto, is passing, adding: "That word 'adjacent' is used advisedly, and with a distinct recollection of some parlors all have seen. In the house they were, of course, but they were far enough from the home; perhaps adjacent is a little too close, since they remained a dungeon except on grand occasions like funerals, or weddings, or entertaining the presiding elder. So the parlor's doom will leave no aching void. It was something in the void itself, when most of an institution; devoid at least of comfort or cheer, of sunshine or fresh air. And the chairs ranged about in such excellent order, added to the somber light that filtered through shades and shutter which strove to shut it out, made of it a nice, grim death chamber, which purpose it served frequently, and better than the others, being better suited to the purpose."

Every human activity may be considered from the esthetic as well as the practical point of view. No special powers of discrimination are needed to enable the reader of this extract from the *Chicago Ledger* to determine where to place each of the two men whose conversation is reported.

The man with the benignant countenance framed in side-whiskers came to a stop and spoke genially to the sturdy fellow who was planting the tree on the lawn.

"Ah," he said, "yours, my friend, is a noble task."

"How iss it?" inquired the husky individual.

"Yours is a noble task. Now, when all nature is sear and disconsolate, you are looking forward to the coming season of sunshine and flowers, and are doing what you may to beautify and gladden the earth."

"It take a vagon-load of r-rich eart' for de hole vare diss tree go."

"Yes, yes. Just so. I was speaking metaphorically, so to speak. I was referring to the time when this umbrageous verdure should—"

"Diss issn't dot kind of a tree. Diss iss a moundain-ash."

"Very true. And a beautiful species it is, I have no doubt. How splendid it is to realize that one may be a humble instrument in the furtherance of the plans for making glad the waste places! In years to come you will journey, perchance, to this spot and gaze upon the towering monarch of the forest which shall arise from the shrub you are planting, and to your soul will come the cheering knowledge that it was your hands that made it possible. Even next year you will come here, no doubt, and—"

"Yess. I gome next year upt pull der tree oud again if der feller don'd saddle his pill. He iss slow pay."

AN ARBOR-DAY IDYL

Sparrows Served as Woodcock.

Friends of State Senator Sterling R. Catlin, of this city, who attended a dinner he gave the other night, are now wishing they had not accepted, for a joke he played upon them became public property. The main course at the dinner was named as woodcock, and the guests remarked how small and tender they were.

It was noticed that Senator Catlin did not seem to eat much of his, and to-day the guests learned why, for, as a joke, he had them served with common sparrow instead of woodcock.—Wilkesbarre dispatch to New York American.

Better Not.

Nephew (just returned from abroad)—That franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris.

Aunt Hepsy—I wish, nephew, you'd fetch home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about.—Boston Transcript.

The Cylinder Printing Press.

In 1814 Frederick Koenig invented the cylinder press in London. It was used here first in 1827. Koenig invented it to the order of Walter of the London Times, the world's greatest newspaper in those days.

On the Orient Express an enigmatic gentleman with a mauve ribbon in his buttonhole hastens to Paris, writes a correspondent from the French capital. The Cologne Express carries another. The Sud Express a third. A fourth comes by the English packet. From Lisbon and St. Petersburg two start; from Rome and Constantinople two arrive. All wear the pale mauve ribbon.

They are the cooks of four great kings.

Without the best butters, vinegars, wines, truffles, mushrooms, herbs, cream, spices and raw materials of all kinds, there is no grand cookery. The pantry chef hands out the ingredients of every dish completely garnished to his colleagues. He has one specialty. All cold dishes are his particular care. The kitchens of Edward, the Czar, Alfonso and Leopold are to-day near perfection. Francis Joseph up to ten years ago kept the most princely table of them all. When age forced him to go slow he still invited the archdukes and their suites. Then finally the force was handed over to the Archduke Ferdinand, whose simple living is natural and whose enthusiasm did not last a year. For the first time in 1,000 years the court of the Holy Roman Empire (till 1809) had no longer the greatest kitchen of the world.

To-day Francis Joseph eats alone. When he goes on a gastronomic spree it is with frankfurters and horseradish, with "spatzle" cakes. But the kitchens of Nicholas, Edward, Alfonso and Leopold are run on the great old lines of:

1. A pantry chef.

2. A chef of soups, entrees and hot desserts, including souffles, fritters (sweet or otherwise), hot fruit croutes, etc.

3. A chef roaster, who also directs all grills and fries.

4. A sauce chef, who rules over all that carries a sauce; fish, braised meats, etc., i. e., the majority of dishes.

5. A pastry cook.

6. A chef decorator. Do not think he decorates the table. He decorates

the food. Be it the czar's bear chops, the baby bear with bright glass eyes is brought in holding his own chops on a silver plate garnished with smilax. When Edward eats his favorite turtle doves they come boned, wrapped in a chaudi-froid sauce with cameo design in black truffles. They are ranged round a bed of Spanish chestnuts pure. But, above them, the beautiful birds spread their white wings.

Such "presentations" of the dish are the chef decorator's work. He—almost a taxidermist—spreads the tail of the peacock in his gorgeous feathers over the roast peacock, whose breast meat only is eaten. Never will the sauce cook try to roast nor the roaster touch a sauce. Those turtle doves pass from chef to chef, each adding what the lilac ribbon orders.

Quellian, head chef of the old sultan, taken over by the new, quit the Cafe de Paris six years ago on \$2,000 per year salary and an admitted commission on purchases of from \$6,000 to \$8,000. To-day he has a real dilettante to work for—the new sultan is a poet, rose grower and gourmet; but M. Quellian deplures the Turkish craze for stuffed meats of all kinds. They actually want the Rouen duck complicated with a stuffing—that terrible strangled "high" duck, whose sauce demands its liver festered in the sun!

M. Menager, head chef of Edward; and M. Peltier, head chef of Queen Alexandra, have fixed salaries of \$8,000, free lodgings and a rake-off of 3 per cent on all purchases accepted by them. Queen Alexandra has simple tastes—a breast of Bohemian pheasant, a slice of Danube sturgeon, or a saddle of Siberian young boar. On the contrary, King Edward probably knows more about great feeding than did Carlos himself. He delights in plovers' eggs. He adores little birds.

The art of these cooks is sublime. Each can give you a choice of 5,000 dishes. There are 125 ways of preparing eggs, 32 "on the plate" (not fried, but done in the bainmarie); 47 poached, 20 with cheese, 13 "en cocotte" (tiny earthen dish), 32 ome-

lettes, not to mention any use of hard-boiled eggs. Veal is cooked in 94 ways. There are 80 principal soups.

The nursing school of modern gastronomy is the Salon of Parisian Cufs. Here meet Paul de Amic of the Quirinal kitchens, Bosomporo of the Vatican, Quenon of Belgium; Borelli, with Prince Doria, and others.

A great catering combination it is able to undertake the most brilliant gala dinners at a day's notice. Its center is Paris. It is run by business men who can offer many advantages that an artist chef, thoughtless of money details, might not think of. It is the beginning of the end of princely kitchens.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk, and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

Busy Mr. Harries.

Gen. George H. Harries, commander-in-chief of the militia of the District of Columbia, is the busiest centurion in the land. In addition to being a soldier, he runs an electric light company and manages a traction company that is the wonder of those who know what good car service means. In addition he is a member of all committees of civic organizations.

"I met Mrs. Harries just a few minutes ago," said one of the general's friends by way of making talk when they met.

"Fine. I'm very glad to hear it," returned the general. "I met her myself last week."

Pecan Culture.

Pecan nuts are grown successfully in several States, but mainly in those States south of parallel 40. Forty feet is generally the distance apart of the trees. If the triangular method of planting is adopted forty trees can be grown to the acre. Pecan trees may bear a few nuts at an early age, but paying crops cannot be expected under ten years, and full crops under twenty. The annual yield of a tree in full bearing has been variously reported at from one to twenty bushels.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WE ARE MEN ONLY AS WE BECOME MEN.

By Prof. George B. Foster.



Almost every language contains the equivalent of our old saying: "He's a chip of the old block." And then there is O. W. Holmes' bon mot: "Every man is an omnibus in which all his ancestors are riding."

More important still, the old church and the new science both know a law of heredity. Man is hereditarily burdened with predisposition to disease and vice, they both assert. Now, the old church had a plan of escape from this network of necessity. A divine decree of grace arranged for the salvation of a part of the race from the ruin of hereditary sin. But this sort of salvation does not satisfy the moral sense of the modern man. That a fixed number were arbitrarily selected to be saved from the curse under which our common humanity groaned—this conception has turned out to be offensive to the moral sense. No man wants that blessedness in which he must helplessly gaze upon the damnation of his brothers who were passed by in the decree of grace.

It is not whether we have inherited bane or blessing, it is what we do with our heritage that counts in the world of values. And we can convert our curse into a blessing, our blessing into a curse, both into character. The law of heredity which at the beginning of my career blinds me to its network can in the end free me from its network. I may be saved by the law from the law. Instead of thus denying the law we fulfill it.

AMERICA NO LONGER MERE SPECTATOR.

By Sidney Brooks.



It is difficult for Europeans, who live in a powder magazine and rarely have the fear of an explosion out of their minds, to realize the simplicity, spaciousness, and unhampered self-absorption of American life. Foreign politics is minimized by them at least as much as it is exaggerated by Europeans. Americans can hardly be got to take them seriously. A diplomatic dispute with another power, conducted on either side upon the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to their normal routine of existence. When you have mentioned the Monroe doctrine you have pretty well indicated the sum of the average citizen's interest in external affairs.

During several years in the United States I do not recall a single well informed debate in Congress on the foreign policy of the republic or a single member who ever treated his constituents to an address on such a topic. The operative opinion of the commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," still shrinks from any course that threatens "complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions. This is so even though facts and necessity have out-

run many of the formulas, prejudices, and traditions that a decade and a half ago were all but omnipotent. The peculiarity of America's position in the general scheme of world politics is indeed precisely this, that her people are unconsciously engaged in adapting their mental outlook to their achievements. The Spanish war landed them on a stream of tendencies that has already carried them far beyond their old confines, and is inexorably destined to carry them farther still.

UNITED STATES, PRECEPTOR OF JAPAN.

By Louis Ichige Ogata.



A visitor to Japan is at once impressed with the evident desire for education among the Japanese people that shows itself on every hand. The governmental regulation that makes education compulsory is really little needed, for the parents themselves show the greatest eagerness to give their children the best school advantages they can afford. In spite of the multitude of children who swarm the streets and the vast number who work in the fields and in various industries where the cheap labor of children can be used to advantage, school statistics in Japan show a much better percentage of children of school age in attendance than is shown in some States in America.

Recent reports show that there are about 30,000 public and private schools, nearly 120,000 professors and teachers, and about 5,295,000 students in Japan. There is hardly an incorporated city in the empire that has not at least one kindergarten. Many colleges and universities, public and private, furnish opportunity for higher learning to thousands of Japanese young men as well as women, but the crown of them all is the imperial university.

MARRIAGE AND GOOD LOOKS.

By Betty Vincent.



Girls, do you marry a man because he dresses well or because you love him? Do you love him because he is 6 feet tall and broad-shouldered or because he is honorable and a gentleman? From some of the letters I receive from young girls I cannot help inferring that their ideal is a combination of a clothing house poster and a showman in a musical production.

If the heart of the man is tender and kind, what can it matter if every feature on his face is hopelessly crooked? The doll-faced man is as bad as, and worse than, the doll-faced girl. The rugged man of sterling worth is the man to guard a woman's future and happiness. If you are impressed with a man's smartness of dress stop and think, girls, how that same man would look in rough and simple working clothes. Ask yourself, too, if you would be willing to give up many of your own little vanities that your husband might gratify his own fastidious sense of adornment.



On the Orient Express an enigmatic gentleman with a mauve ribbon in his buttonhole hastens to Paris, writes a correspondent from the French capital. The Cologne Express carries another. The Sud Express a third. A fourth comes by the English packet. From Lisbon and St. Petersburg two start; from Rome and Constantinople two arrive. All wear the pale mauve ribbon.

They are the cooks of four great kings.

Without the best butters, vinegars, wines, truffles, mushrooms, herbs, cream, spices and raw materials of all kinds, there is no grand cookery. The pantry chef hands out the ingredients of every dish completely garnished to his colleagues. He has one specialty. All cold dishes are his particular care. The kitchens of Edward, the Czar, Alfonso and Leopold are to-day near perfection. Francis Joseph up to ten years ago kept the most princely table of them all. When age forced him to go slow he still invited the archdukes and their suites. Then finally the force was handed over to the Archduke Ferdinand, whose simple living is natural and whose enthusiasm did not last a year. For the first time in 1,000 years the court of the Holy Roman Empire (till 1809) had no longer the greatest kitchen of the world.

To-day Francis Joseph eats alone. When he goes on a gastronomic spree it is with frankfurters and horseradish, with "spatzle" cakes. But the kitchens of Nicholas, Edward, Alfonso and Leopold are run on the great old lines of:

1. A pantry chef.

2. A chef of soups, entrees and hot desserts, including souffles, fritters (sweet or otherwise), hot fruit croutes, etc.

3. A chef roaster, who also directs all grills and fries.

4. A sauce chef, who rules over all that carries a sauce; fish, braised meats, etc., i. e., the majority of dishes.

5. A pastry cook.

6. A chef decorator. Do not think he decorates the table. He decorates

the food. Be it the czar's bear chops, the baby bear with bright glass eyes is brought in holding his own chops on a silver plate garnished with smilax. When Edward eats his favorite turtle doves they come boned, wrapped in a chaudi-froid sauce with cameo design in black truffles. They are ranged round a bed of Spanish chestnuts pure. But, above them, the beautiful birds spread their white wings.

Such "presentations" of the dish are the chef decorator's work. He—almost a taxidermist—spreads the tail of the peacock in his gorgeous feathers over the roast peacock, whose breast meat only is eaten. Never will the sauce cook try to roast nor the roaster touch a sauce. Those turtle doves pass from chef to chef, each adding what the lilac ribbon orders.

Quellian, head chef of the old sultan, taken over by the new, quit the Cafe de Paris six years ago on \$2,000 per year salary and an admitted commission on purchases of from \$6,000 to \$8,000. To-day he has a real dilettante to work for—the new sultan is a poet, rose grower and gourmet; but M. Quellian deplures the Turkish craze for stuffed meats of all kinds. They actually want the Rouen duck complicated with a stuffing—that terrible strangled "high" duck, whose sauce demands its liver festered in the sun!

M. Menager, head chef of Edward; and M. Peltier, head chef of Queen Alexandra, have fixed salaries of \$8,000, free lodgings and a rake-off of 3 per cent on all purchases accepted by them. Queen Alexandra has simple tastes—a breast of Bohemian pheasant, a slice of Danube sturgeon, or a saddle of Siberian young boar. On the contrary, King Edward probably knows more about great feeding than did Carlos himself. He delights in plovers' eggs. He adores little birds.

The art of these cooks is sublime. Each can give you a choice of 5,000 dishes. There are 125 ways of preparing eggs, 32 "on the plate" (not fried, but done in the bainmarie); 47 poached, 20 with cheese, 13 "en cocotte" (tiny earthen dish), 32 ome-

lettes, not to mention any use of hard-boiled eggs. Veal is cooked in 94 ways. There are 80 principal soups.

The nursing school of modern gastronomy is the Salon of Parisian Cufs. Here meet Paul de Amic of the Quirinal kitchens, Bosomporo of the Vatican, Quenon of Belgium; Borelli, with Prince Doria, and others.

A great catering combination it is able to undertake the most brilliant gala dinners at a day's notice. Its center is Paris. It is run by business men who can offer many advantages that an artist chef, thoughtless of money details, might not think of. It is the beginning of the end of princely kitchens.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk, and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



The man who blows into an old gun to see whether it is loaded, never makes the foolkiller any trouble.

A woman can jump at a conclusion and hit it with both feet while a man is bringing his wits around the corner.

Some people never look up as long as they can stand up.

An enemy is an enemy, whether he carries a flag or a musket.

The organ's sweetest music does not come from the biggest pipes.

No school will do us much good unless we make life itself our school.

Sometimes the meeting is closed the tightest moment the leader says it is open.

Tell your troubles only to the Lord, and you will soon have joys to tell to everybody.

The thing that makes a bulldog famous, is that he hangs on like grim death to the end.

No man has done his whole duty to God who has done less than his duty toward his next door neighbor.

If every Christian always looked happy, how soon it would kill the saloon business and crowd the churches.

Aim high. It won't hurt your gun any more to knock the feathers out of an eagle than to splinter a barn door.

A NEIGHBORLY CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Grimes had a large lawn in front of his house and another at the side, and it was his custom to get up and run his lawn mower at 5 o'clock in the morning. In vain his neighbors protested. In vain they complained that he woke them up just when they were sleeping the soundest, and that they could not go to sleep again.

"Nobody has any business snoozing after 5 o'clock," he said. "Go to bed early and get up early. That's the way I do. Think I'm going to wait half a day for you people to sleep off the effect of your late hours, when my grass needs cutting? I guess not!"

Then his neighbors did a little planning. They found out that he went to bed at 9 o'clock, and they made arrangements accordingly. Punctually at 9 o'clock the next moonlight evening the sound of a lawn mower in action was heard directly across the street from the Grimes dwelling. Presently another one chimed in, then another and another, and in less than fifteen minutes at least a dozen were in active operation.

At 10 o'clock or thereabout an upper window in the Grimes house was closed with a vicious bang, but the rattle of the machines ceased not, and the noise became even louder. It was a bright night, and the industrious neighbors, bareheaded and in their shirt-sleeves, appeared to be enjoying their exercise. There was no more grass to be cut, but they continued to go through the motions. In accordance with the prearranged plan, there was no conversation. The lawn mowers were permitted to make all the noise, and they needed no assistance.

At 1 o'clock the window that had been closed was opened again, and the unkempt head of Mr. Grimes was thrust forth.

"Say," he called out, "how long are you fellows going to keep up that racket?"

"Not more than an hour longer," answered a voice.

"Well, say," spoke Mr. Grimes again, after a pause, "if I'll agree not to run my lawn mower before 7 o'clock in the morning after this, will you stop that noise and let me go to sleep?"

"We will."

"Well, it's a bargain," he said.

A Queen May Look at a Man.

There is an old story current in his home city, Brooklyn, about the late Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, which illustrates how a son is to his mother the most important being in the world. In Dr. Cuyler's case one could not justly question his ability and usefulness. Besides being a successful pastor he was the author of many religious books which were read here and abroad, as well as a frequent contributor to certain magazines.

When he was in England he and his mother corresponded regularly, and at great length, so the tradition goes.

One day a letter came in which he described his presentation to Queen Victoria. Mrs. Cuyler read it with eagerness, hardly able to wait till she had finished before telling some one what had happened. When she at last got through the letter she hastened to a neighbor's house and announced: "I've just got a letter from England, and, do you know, the queen has seen Theodore."

Musn't Waste His Time.

"Why not have our store physician keep busy between whiles?"

"As to how?"

"Offer bargain operations in appendicitis. Only one to a customer, of course."—Washington Herald.

The Tongue.

There are "blind spots" on the tongue which are insensible to some flavors.