

BANDON RECORDER.

SAGACITY OF MR. SAGE.

His Reason For Refusing to Advance Another Loan.
One day a young man of Russell Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of \$10 for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later the young man came to see him again and this time asked him for \$100, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to ante. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to do it again."
"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back, and I did."
"Yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage. "You paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good morning."—*Collier's Weekly.*

A Peruvian Superstition.

The girls of the Peruvian highlands believe as firmly as any heroine of Theocritus that a person possessing a lock of another person's hair can will pain, disease and even death to the owner of the hair, and thus when maidens give their betrothed lovers the customary plaited tress it is virtually their life and all their power of suffering that they give into those trusted hands.

If the man should prove unfaithful and disease descend upon the unhappy woman, she is not, however, utterly lost. The experienced matrons of her village have means to transfer the complaint to a tree, to an animal or to cast it into running water. The patient must rise in the early dawn, touch a certain plant in a certain manner, say, "May thou wither and I flourish again," or bind her complaint to a tree in a given fashion, taking care never to pass again before that tree lest the disease, recognizing its former possessor, return to her again.

Trees in Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are peculiar trees that are supposed to be particularly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the kami or god whose particular property it is. If the tree be injured in the name of any one the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled and she thinks revenge would be sweet she makes a straw mannikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful she may also make one of her betrothed rival. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and, clad in a white nightdress only, with high clops on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod, on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake, praise your wife when she deserves it! It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with one hand and give it with the other.
"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?" It will take you only a minute's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully and should be freely bestowed.—*Exchange.*

Animals and Sight.

In the water fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem, perhaps, unlikely to anglers, although some of them can cite instances showing that fish cannot see far. Snakes seem to have a very mediocre sense of sight. The box, for instance, does not see at more than a quarter of its own length. Different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better off; they see at fifteen to twenty times their length.

A Narrow Feeding.

Smarticus—I didn't know Offiseeker had had any experience as a tight-rope walker.
Smarticus—He hasn't.
Smarticus—Without it I don't see how he's performing the feat of which he is accused—running on his own mer-its.—*Baltimore American.*

Under the Spell.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth and so forth.
Cleverton—And she believed you didn't she?
"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—*Life.*

Bravery.

"John," whispered the good woman in the dead of the night, "there are burglars downstairs."
"You go down, dear," replied John sleepily. "They wouldn't dare to strangle a woman!"

An Exchange of Compliments.

"Man," remarked Mrs. Dinsmore reflectively as she dressed for going out, "is fearfully and wonderfully made."
"And woman," added Mr. Dinsmore who was waiting impatiently, "is fearfully and wonderfully made up."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Big words are the toms in which we bury our ideas.—*Powley.*

POLLY LARKIN

Polly has been asked repeatedly during the last few months by young girls who expected or desired to come to San Francisco to reside, what it would cost them to live here? What they could get for a small room for, and do their own cooking? What was the cheapest board they could get, and a list of questions it would require a column to answer. I have been investigating, however, and have asked several young ladies who have their own way to make in the world how they managed. All had the same story who did their own house-keeping—they got along nicely, but had to learn to economize. The only young lady who who boarded was fortunate enough to find a home with a friend and paid her the modest sum of \$18 a month. As a rule it is \$20 at the lowest figure and from that up to amounts that would treble the working girl's salary.

One young lady, who has to depend upon her own resources, said, "It is just this way, Polly. I was raised in the country where we had our own butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit in abundance and plenty of milk to drink. We had our own ham and bacon as well, so when I landed in San Francisco I was completely at sea when it came to managing. I actually did not know how to buy. I found boarding out of the question, at least in places where I wanted to go, so I secured a modest little room (we would have called it a store-room in my own home) in a private family. I had them take out the bed and put in a comfortable couch, so as to make it as much like a little sitting-room as possible. I made a cover of delph blue denim so I could have it laundered when it got soiled, and put a founce around it so that it covered the couch and came within about an inch of the floor. All I had to do at night was to take the cover off, and there was my bed, ready for occupancy. I got silk-linen of various colors to brighten the room and covered my sofa cushions, although the pillow I slept on was securely buttoned in a cover of blue and white figured denim to match the couch cover. I had to economize in space as well as with my money, so I got two iron brackets and screwed them into the wall. On these I fastened a board I paid a carpenter fifteen cents for and which he stained a cherry or mahogany color for me. Then I produced five cents worth of little gold hooks and placed them into the under side of the shelf and hung my dainty little tea-cups on them. All the cups were the gifts of friends. On top of the shelf I arranged the saucers and a pretty little tea set that had belonged to my mother. I didn't like one of the straight, stiff-backed, common-looking chairs, so I visited a second-hand store and found a little old-fashioned rocker with a rawhide seat which I bought for twenty-five cents and treated it to two coats of dark red paint and tied a red plush cushion on it with bows of red ribbon. All my friends have complimentary remarks for my little red chair. I bought a small cracker box for ten cents and fixed a lid on it with hinges and gave this three coats of paint left from my chair. A friend of mine burned me a piece of red leather in a design of acorns and leaves and fringed the edges to a depth of about three inches. After cushioning the top of the box with hair I tacked my red leather cover on it with big gilt tacks. Behold a receptacle for shoes and slippers and a pretty stool as well. I converted the ugly bureau into a dressing-table with a few yards of Swiss, and I am as proud of that as anything I have in my room. I forgot to tell you that I pay \$8 for my room, which is considered very cheap.

Well, you know something now about my furnishings, simple though they are. I think I have the cosiest and most home-like little nook imaginable, and it is the envy of my friends. Now about the cost of living: My little coal-oil stove, two burners, cost \$1.50, and the utensils, including a top for the stove, about \$2 more. Sunday I have a nice little steak that costs about 20 cents, and on Monday I use the tough part for a little stew with vegetables—five cents' worth is all I can use. Tuesday I get ten cents' worth of frankfurters and sauerkraut. That means two dinners. Thursday I get fifteen cents' worth of chops, which are enough for two meals, and Saturday I have cold boiled ham or bacon and eggs, etc. Twenty-five cents' worth of potatoes will last me a month, so will fifty cents' worth of coffee. I never drink tea, so that is cut out of my bill of fare, leaving \$1.50 for vegetables, rice, etc., a dollar's worth of bread, fifty cents or a dollar for fruit, you can easily see what my dinners cost me. For breakfast I have either hot rolls and coffee or toast and coffee with eggs when I choose, and berries and fruit in their season. At noon I have cheese sandwiches or ham or tongue sandwiches and fruit. You see my living is not very extravagant, and yet I do not starve myself by any matter of means. I have surprised both my father and mother, who claimed I could not live on the salary I was to receive. What I have done other girls can do just as well."

Another young lady, who is as artistic as she is clever, showed me her room and it could have well been the envy of many girls who have all their pin money given them and have never a care of what is coming into the house tomorrow, what is going out and how it shall be replenished. "When I came to the city, Polly, it was really against the wishes of my parents. They did not like the idea of my being alone in

PROPER BREATHING.

INHALE THROUGH THE NOSTRILS, AND NOT THE MOUTH.

Normal Breathing Will Help Materially to Induce Perfect Development—Without Normal Breathing Such Development is Impossible.

That nature intended man for all climates is unquestioned, but if man live other than nature intended he should be content with dire consequences so far as health is concerned. And why is it that certain individuals enjoy better health in certain climates than in others?

To my mind, the reason in a major part of cases is that they are mouth breathers and bear better the mild than the severe climate.

Who are afflicted with chronic throat and chest affections? The mouth breather always, and we will never stamp out such conditions as pulmonary tuberculosis, together with numerous other affections of the respiratory tract, until we, the human family, have learned to take every inspiration through the nose.

I have taken the liberty to divide mouth breathers into two classes, confirmed and moderate. The first breathes almost continually with open mouth. The second is not conscious that he breathes, other than through the normal channels and will not admit that he does otherwise until you convince him such is the case. It is my custom to engage the doubting one in conversation or have him read for me, when he will be surprised to learn that he has spoken several sentences or read many paragraphs without once closing his mouth. He it is who, after lecturing or reading aloud or perhaps singing, is dry of mouth and husky of speech and wonders why.

Treatment: Restore the nose to as nearly a normal condition, physiologically speaking, as possible, and then insist upon your patient using it. So long as the spray, douche and solution treatment generally are patronized just so long will we fail to get good results, for, as Dr. Leland remarks, the nose wants air and not water. Douching and spraying are contrary to nature and should never be practiced.

When the patient is a mouth breather through habit, and this may be determined by having him breathe first through one nostril and then through the other, it is my custom to order him to breathe forcibly through his nostrils at the rate of the respiration per second for ten seconds, this to constitute one exercise, to be repeated often, perhaps eight or ten times during the day. He will find that this more than compensates for his spray, for having used the spray in the morning he is "blinded" as he expresses it, long before noon. His nose can exercise at will and thus keep it free. The exercise I prescribe for all patients during the process of repair following operations, to be continued until they are confirmed nasal breathers. A mouth guard should be worn at night for a few weeks.

If we are to cure nasal catarrh and other respiratory difficulties, the respiratory tract being freed of all obstructions and irritable areas, the patient must be taught to breathe normally.

Irritable areas are not always detected by the probe; therefore we cannot depend upon that method, but must note that these patches have a characteristic appearance. They are found not only in the nose, but of the throat, the nasopharynx and pharynx as well and are of a pale, waterlogged appearance. They may be obliterated surgically or by cauterization, and if the nose thereafter is properly used like areas do not return. This may be said for all hypertrophic removals. To bring about a permanent patency of the eustachian tube the individual must become a nasal breather. Therefore it is absolutely essential to overcome or permanently improve most varieties of deafness and tinnitus aurium that the patient breathe through the nose at all times. The eustachian catheter is often harmful, acting as a mechanical irritant and thus assisting the progress of an already thickened and perhaps irritable membrane.

The dilatation of the cheeks of the patient and the inflation perhaps for the first time of the nasal air medicated and thereafter with air in its purity, or Professor Politzer's method, the patient being careful between times to continue his breathing exercise, are vastly superior to other forms of inflation. Air is what the thickened eustachian orifice needs to return it to a normal state, and this applies to the thickened or collapsed eustachian tube as well, also the accessory nasal cavities.

The oxygen treatment is familiar, but why use oxygen artificially when air breathed normally will supply it? Your patient can go to a milder climate and breathe with open mouth and be benefited, but would it not be far better for him to remain at home, breathe through his nose and fully recover?

Commence with the babe. Make it a special point that it breathe through the nose, if it cannot know the reason why. Certainly if the Indian mother recognized the necessity and insisted that her babe breathe properly the civilized mother of today should. Follow it from babyhood to childhood. Impress the necessity upon it as a child, and, barring accident, it will never breathe otherwise. If it is found following an accident from a fall or blow that the nose is not free have the fault corrected. Normal breathing will help materially to bring about perfect development, and without normal breathing such development cannot be attained.—*Medical Record.*

The Difference in Signs.
"She uses slang," said the cultured young woman in a tone of deep disapproval.
"That isn't the worst of it," answered Miss Cayenne. "She uses slang that hasn't yet received the sanction of smart society."—*Boston Journal.*

Why, Indeed?
She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him?
He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

NEW SHORT STORIES

In Its Natural State.

James H. McDonald is the highway commissioner of Connecticut and in the course of his travels through the 108 towns in the state sometimes finds himself at luncheon time without means of satisfying his hunger unless he will accept the hospitality of the first selectman of the town, which he generally does.

"I've eaten so much codfish as to make for the prosperity of the Massachusetts fishing industry," he said recently. "I expect before I die to turn into a pillar of salt, like Lot's wife."

Mr. McDonald tells a story of his visit to a small town, where he was thus entertained and where he listened to the same old apology for codfish.

"How do you like your codfish?" the housewife asked of the assistant superintendent of highway construction, R. G. Pike. "I like mine," he answered, "spiced up fine, with milk and potatoes, etc."

"How do you like yours?" she asked of a visiting town official, and he "loved" he liked a little more potato and made into cakes so thin as to brown easy.

"How do you like yours, commissioner?" she finally inquired of Mr. McDonald.

"If it is all the same to you, my good woman," said he, "I like mine swimming."

Mr. Crimmins and the Boys.
Along Fifty-ninth street, between Third and Eighth avenues, the boys know John D. Crimmins by sight as well as they know the cross-town conductors. They believe he owns most of the railways in town. The other afternoon the railway magnate and a companion alighted from a car at Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue, where a crowd of newsboys is usually assembled. He bought a copy of every evening issue offered and started toward the Catholic club.

"Hi, there, Mr. Crimmins," cried one of the lads, a handsome little fellow.

"Here's 10 cents for you," with eyes running over with mischief, "you've got lots of railroads! Give us a railroad or two, won't you?"

"Yes, give us a railroad," echoed the whole group.

Evidently much diverted and smiling roughly at his companion, Mr. Crimmins paused, drew a dime from his pocket and said to the ringleader, who was dancing excitedly around him:

"Young man, I am not giving away railroads today, but here's 10 cents for you. It is more than I had at your age, and if you use it as I used my first dime you may have railroads to burn some time."—*New York Mail and Express.*

Copied the Entire Sentence.
J. T. Trowbridge, the author, was born in Ogden, N. Y.

"From Ogden," he says, "I went to school at Lockport in my boyhood, and there was a Lockport stonecutter whom I used to like to talk to, for he had a mind as simple as a child's. I remember a job that he once undertook, the job of cutting a sentence from Scripture over the door of a little stone church. The committee who entrusted him with this job didn't comprehend his childlike, unreflecting nature or they wouldn't have couched their order in the terms they did."

"They wanted the sentence, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer.' He told them that they had better write it down for him. But they said it would only be necessary to write down the chapter and verse, and he could copy the sentence right out of the good book.

"Well, our Lockport stonecutter copied the sentence, but he didn't end where he should have ended. He went right on to the sentence's conclusion. The result was that the legend over the church door read:

"My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Selfish's Report.
That Lord Salisbury possessed a gift for repartee is well enough known, and the following will serve as an example of his powers in that respect: A heated discussion having been carried on for some time in his presence relating to a current topic, one of the most emphatic of the party remarked, "I shan't get any of you to agree with me, you are such a complete set of Philistines."

Lord Salisbury quietly asked if he recollected what happened to the Philistines. The reply was, "Certainly not." "They were smitten by the jawbone of an ass," was the caustic rejoinder.

Too Frank.
Many take advantage of what the call a true interest in our welfare in order to rub salt into our wounds. The man who boasts of his frankness and of his hatred of flattery is usually no frank, but only brutal.

The Diagnosis.
"Terence, what is the doctor's diagnosis of your case?"
"He hasn't told me yet, but I'm betting it'll be 'ivry cent av tin dollars.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

JAPANESE HOMES.

There Are No Doors or Passages in a Typical Dwelling.

The Japanese house consists in the main of a post at each corner and a roof. The roof may or may not be covered with heavy channeled purplish tiles. It makes little difference in the long run whether it is or is not, for it is not tiled the first typhoon that comes along removes it into somebody's garden anything up to a quarter of a mile away, and if it is tiled heavily enough to resist the typhoon so much the worse for the people underneath it when the first genuine earthquake arrives. But the odds are that it will be burned down before either happens, as the Japanese use very cheap lamps and very fiery petroleum and are regular children about fires. Of course something else is done to the four posts and the roof before they become a house in which births, marriages and deaths can take place. But really remarkably little is necessary. Crossbeams are naturally added to support the weight of the roof, grooves are made in the crossbeams and in the platform raised a foot or two above the ground which constitutes the floor. A Japanese house is all on one floor generally—in fact, one might say it is all one floor. Between the grooves in the floor and the grooves in the crossbeams are run shutters with paper panels to divide the houses into whatever number of rooms the owner may choose, which depends on the number of bedrooms he may require. There are no doors or passages in a typical Japanese house. In it every room acts as a passage into the room beyond it, and for the door you slide back the panel that happens to be nearest to you. For this sliding there are little bronze sunk handles in the wooden frames of the panels. The outside paper shutters do not come quite to the edge of the platform floor; the grooves along the edges are filled at night or in severe weather with wooden shutters, each of which is held in its place by the one that follows it, the last one being secured with a flimsy wooden bolt.

Manila has a total population of something like 300,000, about 10,000 being American and European born. The American population is estimated at about 6,000.

Philadelphia now leads the world in the number of Christian Endeavor mission study classes. It has fifty-six, twenty of which have been organized in the past year.

The outward appearance of many parts of London is changing very rapidly, and there are schemes for vast changes in the future with a view of overcoming the difficulties of street traffic.

The English post office gives 20 per cent better speed in delivering parcels than the private carriers and at a cost of 6 cents for one pound, 8 cents for two pounds and 24 cents for eleven pounds.

Every man, woman and child in the United States took, on an average, sixty-three rides on the street cars last year, according to a recent report of the census bureau. That was thirty-one rides more than they had taken in 1900.

Professor Piüger of the University of Bonn maintains that one-third of all the deaths registered in Munich are due to heart disease, brought on by the immoderate use of beer, and that tobacco also claims a large percentage of the victims.

An anonymous donor has offered to provide boots for every shoeless child in Sunderland. Each pair is to bear a stamp notifying that they are the property of the mayor and that any parent attempting to sell or any pawnbroker accepting them in pledge will be prosecuted.

The number of medical students in the United States for the last college year was 27,615. Of this number 24,930 were at the regular schools, 1,848 at the homeopathic, 1,408 at the eclectic and 339 at the physico-medical and non-descript schools. Germany, with more than two-thirds the population of the United States, has less than a third as many students of medicine.

"When a man sneezes heartily he may know himself to be healthy. No person in poor health ever sneezes," says the eminent doctor Sir Jonathan Hutchinson. This statement will be challenged by those familiar with the plague, who know that hearty sneezing is its first symptom. Every one knows that a series of sneezes comes in the first stage of catching cold and that the hay fever victim sneezes to his great discomfort.

A student of music of the aborigines. Mr. Farwell, states that the Indians have innumerable songs which conform to a definite melodic system. Many persons have been led to believe that Indian music consists wholly of drums, whoops and yells, but in the face of twenty years' serious study of the matter and thousands of phonograph records this belief is fast disappearing. These melodies are all indissolubly linked to legends, myths, ceremonials or religious rituals of the greatest poetic and dramatic beauty.

Professor Schneider of the University of California, speaking in the Popular Science Monthly of the methods he has perfected for supplying cultures of identifying bacteria for the roots of plants of the bean family, says: "The successful outcome of the research will result in inestimable value to farmers. The modified microbial soil fertilizer will serve essentially as a living fertilizer. It will do away with the use of the well known guano, manure and other chemical fertilizers. It will do away with the need of crop rotation. It is hoped that the increase in crop yield resulting from the use of the microbial soil fertilizer will amount to 50 per cent to even 50 per cent, depending primarily upon the condition of the soil."

The Happiest Man.
"Marse Tom should be de happiest man in de room' wor!"
"Think so?"
"I sho' does. He spends three-fourths er his time buntin' an' de other fo' th' eatin' his bunts!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

At the Sulphur Spring.
Visitor—This water tastes just like bad eggs, doesn't it?
Servitor—Don't know. I'm not an actor.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Only one medical student in twelve holds a degree in arts.

The United States now takes half the world's crop of rubber.

Haiti devotes almost one-sixth of its revenues to free schools.

The profit to the government on pennies pays the entire expense of the mint.

Wild roses are found on every continent in the world excepting Australia.

In the city of New York there are 737,477 white persons born of native parents.

Germany sent the most Irish potatoes, the annual consumption being over 40,000,000 tons.

Chicago's building permits for 1902 aggregated \$48,000,000 and its wholesale trade was \$173,000,000.

There are in the United States treasury cash and bonds to the amount, in round figures, of \$1,080,000,000.

The proportional increase in the population of the cities was less during the past ten years than previously.

Mexico is buying abroad about \$75,000,000 worth of gold a year and selling abroad over \$135,000,000 worth.

Scotland not only leads in pure bred cattle, but by daily quotations on the London market leads on prime beef likewise.

One of the most prominent of oil magnates in Los Angeles is a woman, who is said to control about half of the whole product.

At an industrial school in Liverpool where 200 children were bathed in the same water several cases of pneumonia have occurred.

The birth rate per thousand married women under forty-five years of age in Australia for the year 1901 was 239. In 1891 it was 276.

According to the Massachusetts bureau of statistics there are 3,450 lawyers in that state, 5,497 physicians and surgeons and 3,737 clergymen.

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Art Treasures.
"I understand you have a number of art treasures."
"Any number of 'em," answered Mr. Curox.
"By the way, how would you define an art treasure?"
"An art treasure, as nearly as I can figure it out, is something that is considered all the more valuable for being secondhand goods."—*Washington Star.*

Saw His Finich.
"Oh, oh," exclaimed Mrs. Nargis. "I've bitten off the end of my tongue!"
"Well, I certainly feel sorry for myself," rejoined the heartless Nargis. "Hereafter there will be no end to your tongue."—*Buffalo News.*

A Hardware Talk.
"Yes," said the nut to the nail; "I gave me a terrible wrench to part from him, but I knew it would be only a matter of a few days before he would bolt anyway."

Sweet Simplicity.
"Auntie, ought Bertie Wilson to have smiled so often at me in church?"
"No, dear. Where was he sitting?"
"Behind me."



"HERE'S 10 CENTS FOR YOU."

with eyes running over with mischief, "you've got lots of railroads! Give us a railroad or two, won't you?"
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Copied the Entire Sentence.
J. T. Trowbridge, the author, was born in Ogden, N. Y.

"From Ogden," he says, "I went to school at Lockport in my boyhood, and there was a Lockport stonecutter whom I used to like to talk to, for he had a mind as simple as a child's. I remember a job that he once undertook, the job of cutting a sentence from Scripture over the door of a little stone church. The committee who entrusted him with this job didn't comprehend his childlike, unreflecting nature or they wouldn't have couched their order in the terms they did."

"They wanted the sentence, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer.' He told them that they had better write it down for him. But they said it would only be necessary to write down the chapter and verse, and he could copy the sentence right out of the good book.