

BANDON RECORDER.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

It should be fostered and Studied With Seriousness.

Caroline Hazard in her "Education of Women" says, "How few of us study to put things persuasively, to reach a proper climax, to retire gracefully from a subject." It is a common saying that the art of conversation has disappeared from among us, and yet it is an art held in honor by all men. Telegraphic speech has taken the place of the more careful and elaborate forms of conference. But it is an art which should be presented to all young people and which they should study with seriousness and attention. Nothing really inspires, nothing really creates enthusiasm, but the perception of an ultimate ideal, whether it be in art or music or in any other of the realms of spiritual thought. This ideal of beauty has to come to the aid of every form of expression, lifting and raising it into its own kingdom. The student who has even begun on such a course of training, who can see beauty in everything in the created world and in the realm of thought, has certainly begun to be beautiful in himself. For beauty most truly passes into the person who studies the beautiful. No one can give out what he does not have to give. He must first absorb beauty at the great natural reservoirs and fountains of the beautiful before he himself can become truly beautiful in life and character and so able to transmit beauty to all around him.

ANCIENT BABYLON.

Its Great Wall Was One of the Wonders of Those Days.

According to Herodotus, the ancient city of Babylon stood on a broad, level plain and was an exact square of fourteen miles each way, making the entire circuit of the city fifty-six miles. It was protected both by a wall and a moat, the latter being broad and deep and kept constantly filled with water. But the wall was the wonder of wonders, being 50-13 feet in width and an even 200 feet in height. This monster barrier was provided with 100 gates, all of solid brass, the lintels and side pieces being in bronze. Cross walls ran along the banks of the Euphrates, each provided with twenty-five gates, which corresponded to the number of streets running in each direction from the river.

The most remarkable edifice inside the wall was the temple of Bel, a pyramid of eight square stages. On the summit of this pyramid stood a pure gold image of Bel forty feet high, two other smaller figures of the same precious metal and a golden table forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. This wonderful city first came prominently into the history of the world in the year 747 B. C., but since the time of Alexander the Great it has been a ruin, the site having at one time been entirely lost.

THE GREAT CONDOR.

It is the Most Difficult Bird in the World to Trap.

Probably the great condor is the most difficult bird in the world to trap. One of the great vultures, it inhabits lofty peaks of the Andes, hardly accessible to man. It builds its nest among the topmost crags, often on a ledge of some precipice with an almost perpendicular drop of many hundred feet.

An extremely wary bird, it shares with its congeners the proverbial "eagle eye" and is thus able to see immense distances while yet unseen by man. Its wings have a spread of twelve feet, and though its flight is heavy, it can sustain itself for long periods in the air.

To trap it men ascend to its haunts and shoot some animal of considerable size. This is skinned, and a man lies down by the body under the skin and waits, perhaps for hours. Soon condors come flocking round until one settles on the skin, when the man below grips its legs, flings the skin over it and stabs it to death.

The strength of these birds is enormous, and the condor hunters often have their arms broken by strokes from their powerful wings.

The Offending Handkerchief.

It is in fact a grave sanitary question whether the handkerchief does not do more harm than good as it is ordinarily used. When we assume that the nose does not need to be wiped, we face a reasonably broad proposition as to the danger of the handkerchief as a disease propagator. Most nasal catarrhs are of an infectious character, notably those of grip origin.

Contrary to a general law of asepsis, the handkerchiefs saturated with disease germs, instead of being promptly washed, is stowed for hours in the pocket, with a result that can be easily imagined. Is it any wonder then that catarrh is constantly fostered by a system of auto-infection?—Medical Record.

Would Win Either Way.

"Would you still want me to be your wife if my father was a poor man?" asked the beautiful heiress.

"Yes," the duke replied after a little pause. "In that case I would be enough of a curiosity to get rich exhibiting myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Probably There Now.

Bobby—Pa, did you ever see an arm of the sea?

Father—Yes.

"Where was it?"

"It was hugging the shore the last I saw of it."—Smart Set.

An Appeal.

The Owner—See here! That trunk never did you any harm, did it?

The Porter—Any harm? Of course not.

The Owner—Well, then, don't treat it as if it did.—Brooklyn Life.

The Yankee Twist.

The beginning of an international misunderstanding or the continuation of an old one is contained in this dialogue from the Philadelphia Ledger:

"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton proudly.

POLLY LARKIN

Leap year, and now there is another opportunity given our fair daughters to change their names if they so desire. They can do their own proposing, and if their erstwhile bashful lovers then fail to come to time and show no inclination to accept the proposal and become happy benedicts, they can turn their attention toward other friends and win those lack who have been driven away by the ardent devotion of these young men who are jealous of the attention of other gentlemen to them yet still have no intention of ever marrying themselves. Many a young girl who would love to have a home of her own and who dreams of this fulfillment of her hopes some day, goes on entertaining the same young man who dame gossip has already rumored is to be her future husband, basing her information on the fact that he is constant in his attention. Week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, he comes. All the other friends have one by one ceased calling until the young man, the persistent caller, is left to woo and win the object of his affection. Months and years roll by and then some charming young lady comes into the neighborhood, and this lover of years' standing suddenly finds this stranger friend and forgets to call for the first time in years. The flimsy excuse he gives may be listened to the first time, but it soon gets to be an old story. He drifts away entirely, and she becomes embittered and lives to herself. If she is wise she keeps her heartaches to herself, but nine times out of ten she tells her dearest friends her troubles and talks entirely too much for her own good. It may be hard to bear her disappointment in silence, and she feels better for the time being if she can open her heart to her friends. Their sympathy may be like balm to her wounded heart for the time being, still the day will come when she will wish that she had remembered that there are times when silence is golden, and there are some things the best said about the better. She will find that this young man whom she firmly believed was the embodiment of all that was good, true and noble, was after all nothing but common clay, and she will wonder where was the charm that endeared him to her and congratulate herself that fate was kind to her after all. Still there are others who will allow an affair like the above to blight their lives for all time. They are usually of a dependent disposition, however, and once disappointed they lose all faith in men and brood over their sad experience until they become embittered and morose. There is where they make a mistake. There are plenty of good, true men in the world, and she should not condemn them all because of this one unworthy mortal.

I have a great deal of respect, and admiration as well, for a young friend whose engagement to a certain young man had been announced and preparations had been made for her wedding, which was to occur in a few weeks. He jilted her without a word for another girl. After the first shock, which she kept to herself, not even her own relatives realizing how deeply she was wounded by the fickleness of her intended, she was her own sweet, lovable self again. Did she give up going into society and let the world know that she cared? Not a bit of it. It was an effort, but she made herself the life of the little gatherings and social parties and was seemingly the lightest-hearted one among them. Her old friends flocked around her and she was lovely to them all. Even the man she had been engaged to for a time forgot his new love and tried to smooth over the trouble, but she would have nothing to do with him. "I don't know anything to do with him," she said. "I shall ever care for anybody again as I cared for John at one time, Polly, and I don't know that I wish to, for I think the independence of a bachelor maid is delightful. Free to do as I like through this life, go where I wish and ask no odds of anybody. I like all my friends but do not care for one more than another. The more I study the life of a bachelor maid the more fascinating it is to me, and with friends, books, flowers, birds and congenial surroundings, what more do I want? The other girls can marry and settle down. I will keep my freedom and independence. I came near making the mistake once, but I will not do it the second time."

Going back to this habit of young men keeping company with the same young lady to the exclusion of other gentlemen friends and who have no intention of marrying makes me think the plan of a gentleman who has a large household of daughters a very good one. Whenever a young man shows a particular interest in one of his daughters and commences calling regularly, always asking for the same young lady, he makes it a point to have a personal interview with the young man and the main topic of conversation is—"his intentions." It only lasts for a few minutes, but it is a try-out for the young man. If he is in earnest and really has intentions of trying to win the young lady for his wife, it is all right, providing he is in a position to support a wife, otherwise he is quietly informed that his attentions must cease, as other suitors are being kept away and the young lady in question cannot possibly devote all her time to him. This method has worked like a charm and nearly all the daughters have married well and have comfortable homes of their own. Only the young members of the family now are left to be watched out for by this careful father.

A lady who picked up the first pages of this article said, "That is all gospel truth, Polly, but you can rest assured that I did not wait for leap year to propose. It may have seemed decidedly out of place, but you see I had been coming to our house for about two years steadily. First it was only once or twice a week, then it got to be nearly every night in the week he would drop in, and he was always at our house for dinner on Sundays and holidays. Yet he never proposed or let the slightest word fall in regard to his intentions. I simply got tired of burning gas for him every night, and besides, the young men who used to enjoy dropping in to our house every few evenings, and you remember what lovely times we had together, for I think they enjoyed father's and mother's company as much as they did mine. They ceased coming altogether. I liked J— immensely, yet I did not intend to devote my whole life to him if he was not in earnest. If our home was just a convenient place for him to drop into and rest after his day's work was over and on Sundays as well, it was all right and he was welcome to come, but in that event I was not going to waste my time on him and would have the old friends coming in as of yore. He didn't like that proposition one bit, and when in desperation I proposed to him one evening he was the most grateful mortal you ever saw. He said he had been trying to propose to me for months but couldn't get his courage up to that point. I think there are a whole lot of cases just like J—'s. The men are simply too bashful to propose. I have come to the conclusion that the girls should, leap year or not, do their own proposing. If they don't want to get married there is no need to waste any time on them. You can give my experience for the benefit of other girls, but please do not give my name."

In Philadelphia if a man proposes to a girl and is accepted on Sunday, no breach of promise suit can be brought, for the simple reason that even if the proposal was bona fide, it is worthless because having been uttered on Sunday. It will hold good on any of the working days, however. This ruling was made in a prominent breach of promise suit in Philadelphia recently.

Horseshoe as Food.

A considerable quantity of horseshoes is eaten in London. One firm of slaughterers kills 25,000 horses annually, and they receive the carcasses of another 10,000, which are killed in all parts of England. Curiously enough, London is the only town in Great Britain where the catman flourishes, and there appears to be a surplus of sixty tons of sound horseshoe weekly of which the cats of the metropolis do not account for. There are sixteen licensed horse butchers in the metropolis, who are mostly patronized by Germans and the Scandinavians, and although the trade is carried on sub rosa, it is hinted that a very large proportion of the tinned delicacies which figure on our breakfast tables owe their origin to the horse.

Few Have Limbs Alike.

Physiologists and scientists have been making some curious experiments with a view to determine the relative length and strength of right and left limbs. Fifty and nine-tenths per cent of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left; 16.4 per cent had the two arms of equal length, and 22.7 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women 48.9 per cent had the right arm stronger than the left; 24.5 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right. In order to arrive at the average length of limbs fifty skeletons were measured—twenty-five of each sex. Of these twenty-three had the right arm and left leg longer, six the left arm and right leg, while in seventeen cases all the members were of more or less equal length.

A Perfect Cartridge.

France claims to possess the most perfect rifle cartridge in the world. It is two years since De Galiffet made the claim, in a somewhat oracular manner, without indicating that it was based upon the cartridge. This, however, is now openly stated. It is in the trajectory that the perfection of the explosive lies, causing the ball throughout the range of its course to follow a virtually direct line from the muzzle instead of rising and descending as in almost all other rifles. This directness of fire obviously increases the danger by fire to an enormous extent. It is estimated that as between equal numbers of French and German riflemen, the French rifle would be twice as destructive.

In some countries a man may get a divorce if his wife does not know how to cook. That ought to be a cinch. Bisuits like Mauser bullets and pies that would double up the bowels of the deep would make any man cry for home and mother.

Maine's pavilion at the World's Fair will be a log cabin adorned with mounted fish and game, canoes, paddles and trophies of the chase. Landscapes and photographs will illustrate the Pine Tree State's resorts.

MODERN UTOPIAS.

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who cannot read and write. On the northeast coast of New Guinea the island of Kutab, surrounded by a wall of coral 300 feet high on one side and from 100 to 100 feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly every one is well off, and there are no paupers. Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but in the rare event of a man wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absence he will take only the smallest sum he requires and place a message in the hole, telling of his urgent need and promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is invincible in his independence.

Agnetta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is another Utopia example. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employees of a great distilling company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation and pays rent for his house. The surplus, after all expenses have been paid, comes back to him as dividend. If he wishes to go away or if he dies his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.—Detroit Free Press.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Life is short—avoid causing yawns.—Eleanor Glyn in "The Damsel and the Sage."

A man's conscience is the best barometer of his ability.—Owen Kildare in "My Mamie Rose."

Women's counsel may be not worth much, but he who despiseth it is not wiser than he should be.—Amelia E. Barr in "The Black Shilling."

Human nature is not always at its highest level, and heroic sacrifices arise only from heartfelt motives.—Sir George Trevelyan in "The American Revolution."

Life is the only real counselor. Wisdom unfiltered through personal experience does not become a part of the moral tissues.—Edith Wharton in "Sanctuary."

Do not attempt to do a thing unless you are sure of yourself, but do not re-inquire it simply because some one else is not sure of you.—Stewart Edw. White in "The Forest."

Don't be fooled by a cheer or by a crowd. Cheers are nothin' but a breeze, and as for a crowd, no matter who you are, there would always be a bigger turnout to see you hanged than to shake your mitt.—Alfred Henry Lewis in "The Boss."

The hedgehog runs the roads in England freely. He is a quaint little fellow, our hedgehog, having far more intelligence than people give him credit for. It is curious, as you stand perfectly still in the middle of the road, to see him come running along, then stop to sniff and whine and examine the high, strange object that hardly breathes lest he startle the little creature. Then, with a gentle grunt, he will pass you by. A very low yet decided bell gives, and he whines as well.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Shaking Hands at French Funerals.

It is the most painful custom at French funerals is the posting at the exit door of the church wherein the ceremonies take place of the male head of the deceased person's family, the widower or the eldest son or brother, whose duty it is to shake hands with every person who has been present at the obsequies when once they are over and people are going away. It is not etiquette for the gentleman to speak to anybody, but if he is moved from his weeping is considered a most appropriate action.

Preocious.

"Oh, yes, we were a very young couple—mere children, in fact. I was but a simpering schoolgirl in short skirts, and George was just a boy in jackets. I remember now pleased he was when he cast his first vote."

Motherhood Up to Date.

"Think of a woman with her social responsibilities having a child!"

Helping Out the Supply.

Magistrate—So you admit having been engaged in making counterfeit money?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor. You see, the supply of the genuine article is so very, very short!

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and don't dabble with sables and gloom your conversation.—Emerson.

Both Artists.

"My pa," said the blind man's boy, "can tell times from pennies and nickels from quarters by just feeling of them."

"Hub," replied old Hardbitch's son, "that's nothing! My pa can tell the difference by the smell."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A woman is never known to advertise for the return of stolen property "and no questions asked." She would ask questions or die.

PHYSICAL ACTIVITY.

Nothing Else Can Supplant It as a Preserver of Youth.

Next to air and food in the human economy comes exercise. We may have plenty of fresh air and a proper allowance of the right kind of food, and yet without helpful daily exercise these will not avail to keep the body in good condition. In answer to the question, "Why do we grow old?" a French writer gives these three reasons: "We do not get enough physical exercise in the open air, we are poisoned by microbes which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying, and we are depressed by fear of death." Of the three reasons it will be noted that he gives the place of first importance to lack of exercise. There is not a physical which can take the place of physical activity as a preserver of youth and energy. "Grow younger as you grow older by cultivating a moderate love of good, healthy, honest sport." is sound advice. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, playing golf, tennis or croquet or any other milder form of exercise in the open air keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening, fills the lungs with life giving oxygen and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver torpid. In short, it is exercise that keeps the body in tune and up to concert pitch, just as an exerciser keeps the voice of a music instrument in perfect tone.

EYES INCREASE IN SIZE.

Change Often Results in the Improvement of the Sight.

A conversation with a prominent hatter developed the fact that among men of large affairs, where decided accuracy and strong mental equipment were requisite it was common to find an increase in the cranial development. A more detailed investigation among some of the large metropolitan hatters revealed the fact that many of them had for years by means of an automatic measuring device kept records of peculiarities of their cranial development. Many of our prominent men, which had led to the discovery (to which, however, little importance had been attached) that the skull often shows a decided increase in size after middle age.

Thus, if it is a fact that the human eye depends largely upon the surrounding bony structure for its size and proportion, it can readily be seen that in the case of an eye which presents abnormal visual conditions due to an inadequate development of the increase in the size of the skull referred to, accompanied, as it usually is, by generally improved physical conditions, would naturally tend to a corresponding increase in the size of the eyeball, thereby contributing to a possible neutralization of the visual defect.—Jeweler's Circular-Weekly.

LOCKS AND KEYS.

Their Use Can Be Traced Back to the Ancient Egyptians.

According to Denon, locks and keys can be traced back to the ancient Egyptians, more than 4,000 years ago. This is inferred from the sculptures on the great temple of Karnak, which closely resemble locks still in use there—clumsy, massive wooden locks, in which three pins drop into three holes in the bolt, when it is pushed in, and are raised by corresponding fixed pins on the big key. Similar locks and keys are found at Mosul, near Nineveh, the key being more of a foot long, quite clublike and often carried on the shoulder.

Keys are also mentioned at the siege of Troy, 1133 B. C. The Phoenicians are said to have exchanged locks for tin from Cornwall. Occasional notices of them occur in many Greek and Roman writers, Pliny ascribing their invention to Theodorus of Samos. Bronze keys and iron keys have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

Possibly far more ancient than these are Chinese locks, with springs and tumblers, some of them musical, almost exact counterparts of the famous Bramah locks of England in the eighteenth century.

Why Little Folks Are Big Eaters.

It has been laid down as a physiological rule that the requirements of adult diet depend not on the weight of the eater, but on the extent of his bodily surface. In the case of children this rule is further modified. An infant may weigh one-eighth as much as a grown man, but its surface is more than seven times as great. As the first requirement of the infant's food is to replace the heat that is continually being lost by radiation from all parts of the body, the latter fraction determines the needed proportion of nourishment rather than the former. But in the case of a growing child food is also needed to supply the increase of bodily weight. In all, an infant's ration may be five times as much as would be estimated from its actual weight alone.—Success.

The Whole Thing.

"I suppose," said the absconding cashier to the friend who had run across him in parts unknown, "that there was a good deal of talk about me after I disappeared?"

"I should think there was!" answered the friend. "Why, man, the weather wasn't mentioned at all for two weeks."

Helping Out the Supply.

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Which?

Lucille—Were you not embarrassed when Young Dr. Jones asked you for your hand?

Ethel—Dear me, yes! I hardly knew whether he wanted to take me or my pulse.—Puck.

The Great Secret.

Towne—You say it's impossible for a woman to keep a secret?

Brownie—Yes.

Towne—How about her age?

Brownie—She doesn't keep that a secret. She merely tries to.

A WHISTLER PICTURE.

The Dramatic Manner of His Finish and an Anticlimax.

Whistler was one day visited by a foreign artist, an old acquaintance, with whom Whistler had not as yet quarreled. He was received with genuine cordiality, and, artist-like, he ran round the studio looking at everything. One small picture seemed to charm him especially, and he said, "Now that is one of your good ones." "Don't look at it, dear boy," said Whistler airily, "it's not finished." "Finished!" said the visitor. "Why, it is the most carefully finished picture of yours that I have ever seen." "Don't look at it!" persisted Whistler. "You are doing injustice to yourself, you are doing injustice to my picture, and you are doing injustice to me!" The visitor looked bewildered, when Whistler, in a theatrical tone, cried out: "Stop! I'll finish it now!" Then he procured a very small camel's hair brush, fixed it on a little stick of paint on his palette, dipped the tip of his brush into it, and then, standing off from his picture and the action of a fencer with his rapier, he lunged forward and touched the picture in one spot with his pigment. "Now it's finished," said he. "Now you may look at it." This was all highly dramatic, and indeed very well acted, but as in the case of some stage plays, the final act of Whistler's performance proved to be an anticlimax. The foreign artist took his leave, but finding that he had left his umbrella behind him, called for it next day. The servant, recognizing him, told him that Mr. Whistler had gone out for the day, but invited him to go to the studio and seek his umbrella. He went there and found it, but also took the opportunity of having one more look at the picture which had been "finished" for his special benefit the day before, and then he saw that the little dab of wet paint which Whistler had so dramatically put on he had afterward scrupulously wiped off again!—Frederick Keppel in The Reader.

Drinking Health.

This was a Roman custom. The drinking was accompanied by some such words as "Here's to myself," "Here's to you" and "Here's to I shan't see you." The ancient Greeks also drank health. When Thersamenes was condemned to drink hemlock he said, "Hoc pulcro Critice."

The ancient Saxons also had the same custom. Hengist invited King Vortigern to a banquet to see the new levies. After the dishes were removed Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist, appeared before the scene holding in her hand a golden cup full of wine. She then made oblation and said, "I wish in modern English means, 'Lord king, your health.' The king drank and replied, 'Here's to you.'"

The Greeks handed the cups to the person they toasted and said, "This to thee." Our custom of holding out the cup comes to us from ancient Greece.—American Queen.

Thistles.

In the fourteenth century thistles were used as food for cattle, and they were considered as a crop. In the old priory of Lindisfarne there is a note in the archives of 1344-45 of thick leather gloves required for the harvesters of the thistle crop. It is curious that, though the thistle is the emblem of Scotland, the Scot never seems able to say which kind of thistle is the true national emblem. It is said that a thistle which resembles Carduus marianus was figured on the old coinage of the day of James V., who was first to put thistles on the Scotch money. The horn spoons sold in Edinburgh sometimes have little silver thistles on the end of the handles.

The Cook Approved.

Out in Columbia road lives a genteel woman of ample means, who recently advertised for a cook. The establishment is entirely in accord with an excellent social position, but is by no means pretentious, so when a well recommended cook called and mentioned her price as \$40 a month the lady of the house answered that a wage of that figure was quite out of the question.

The cook dived a little on her superior ability in the matter of getting up smart luncheons and dinners, but the mistress of the house answered that she wouldn't think for a moment of paying \$40 for a cook. The chef lady rose to depart. She was perfectly affable, and the gentleman's determination evidently impressed her as most commendable.

"I see how it is," she said approvingly. "You are trying to live within your income."

And she departed, doubtless to find somebody who isn't making that effort.—Washington Post.

Twenty Shots in His Head.

At the present time there is a keeper on a Hertfordshire estate who has about twenty shots in his head. Nearly thirty years ago this man was accidentally shot by an under-liver, and there were twenty-two holes in the hat he wore, which is preserved to this day. The injured man never had the shots extracted, was long between life and death and completely lost his hearing.—London Standard.

Accurate Painters.

The famous Tintoretto, in a painting of the Israelites gathering manna, showed them armed with guns, and a latter day Neapolitan artist has depicted the holy family crossing the Nile, in their flight into Egypt, in a magnificently ornamented barge.

Inference.

Dorothy—What Frank Werser ever could have seen in Bessie Brown is past my knowledge.

Bella—Why, Dorothy, I didn't know you cared so much for Frank.—Boston Transcript.

Marriage.

"Marriage is like a besieged city."

"In what way?"

"So many of the people are trying to get in and so many to get out."—Life.

The world is overloaded with people who were just going to do something when somebody else got in ahead of them.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Fine Voice.

Jones—Yes; one of the best in the world. Otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

What's in a Name?

Roehling, who built the Brooklyn bridge, has a street named after him to perpetuate the fame of his achievement. Alderman Holler, who made the Williamsburg bridge a success, was thought worthy of equal honors. But the idea of a "Holler street" conveyed suggestions not consonant with euphony, and the project was voted down. Such is the handicap of a name.

In the less fastidious time before the creation of municipal art commissions Holler might have had his name thus embalmed along with Goerck and Jones and Jacobus and Ryer and Viele and Crimmins. From the Battery to Gun Hill road and from Featherbed lane to the Bowery there is comprised a collection of street names more noteworthy for their variety than their picturesque-ness.

How little a street name serves to recall to posterity the celebrity of the present! Of the group of streets just west of Broadway toward the old Greenwich district—Mercer, Wooster, Green—how rarely does the pedestrian remember that they bear the names of generals famous in the war of the Revolution! As for Sullivan street, a possible misapprehension may be corrected by the intimation that it was not named after an ancestor of "Big Florrie" or "Little Tim." General Sullivan's laurels are pretty well faded nowadays.

The Eye on the Chinese Junk.

Few people know why Chinese junks have an eye painted on the port side of the bow. A Cantonese legend explains the origin of that singular custom in a way that is suggestive of Anglo-Saxon humor.

A great Chinese mandarin who lived centuries before the Christian era, finding himself in need of a navy, sent for the royal boat builder and ordered him to build a certain number of ships. So the builder drew up plans and presented them to the mandarin. But the plans evidently did not suit his majesty, for he flew into a violent rage and ordered the boat builder from his presence.

"Then how shall I build them, your celestial highness?" he pleaded.

Thereupon the mandarin drew off one of his slippers and threw it at the boat builder, who fled from the room. At the door he turned for a moment just in time to catch the mandarin winking at his prime minister.

The boat builder picked up the royal slipper and used it as a model and then painted one eye on its bow to represent the royal master's wink.

Only Two Birthdays in Sixteen Years.

No one person in many thousands but who celebrates a birthday once a year, and when this eagerly looked for day comes but once in four years it seems a long, long time, especially with little folks. But how about a birthday that comes only once in eight years?

Miss Pauline Stone, who lives in Seven Hills, was born Feb. 25, 1888, and, although she will be sixteen years of age next February, she has had only two birthdays—in 1892 and 1896. The year 1900 would have been a leap year but for the fact that it was a centennial year not divisible by 400, and therefore February had but twenty-eight days, and Miss Stone had no birthday. It is interesting to remember that since the beginning of the Christian era only four centennial years have been leap years. Next February, however, will give the young lady a birthday, and she is looking forward to the time with great interest.—Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer.

The Russian Army.

The Russian army in point of numbers is the largest in the world. Nearly 6,000,000 young men reach their majority in Russia every year, and each is bound by law to spend five years in the army. If all were taken they would make an army too large even for Russia, so only 2,000,000 go to the colors with the army or the fleet, and the rest go to the reserve. The lowest peace strength of the Russian military establishment, therefore, numbers more than a million men, with 42,000 officers. In war practically all these young men join the stupendous figures of 4,500,000 men and 75,000 officers, for whom there are provided 500,000 horses. Men who are in a position to guess shrewdly say there are more than 300,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria or near it now. The number that can be put in the field there is limited only by the will of the government.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Moons of Saturn.

One of Saturn's moons, called Mimas, about half the size of the earth's satellite, is so close to the planet in its circling that it seems to cross the face of the latter at an astonishing rate of speed. Of the seven other Titan has a diameter of 3,300 miles, Iapetus 1,800 miles, Rhea 1,500 miles, Dione and Thetys each 500 miles, while Enceladus and Hyperion are very little fellows. Several of them in the sky, together with the flaming ring of star dust stretched athwart the heavens, must make a gorgeous spectacle by night on the Saturnian sphere.

Cost to Be a Clubman.

A bachelor to be thoroughly in the swim in New York must pay out at least \$500 in club dues yearly. This expenditure is like an admission fee to a country fair, as it gives only the privilege of spending real money. The dues to the Union club are \$75; the Racquet, \$75; the Coaching, \$35; Tuxedo, \$100; University, \$90; Riding, \$100; Country, \$75; New York Athletic, \$50; Fencers, \$30; New York Yacht, \$25. The initiation fees run, between \$100 and \$500.—Exchange.

Born Diplomat.

The famous portrait painter, though down his brushes with a sigh.

"What is the matter?" asked his elderly blossom of a customer.

"It's no use," he sighed. "I can never reproduce your loveliness."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Fine Voice.

Jones—Yes; one of the best in the world. Otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.