

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Cannons were first used in 1340. A man's heart beats 92,100 times a day. It is said that no real Mormon ever plays poker. Greater New York consumes 1,388,000 quarts of milk a day, and the people never see a cow. It costs on an average \$200 to put out a fire in London and \$700 to extinguish one in New York. Classes for the study of German and Yiddish have been organized by London's commissioner of police. Skeletons are now being sold in Russia for \$1.15. Before the outbreak of the war in the east they were worth at least \$7. Sugar refining in Russia gives employment to more than twice as many people as the grinding of grain—110,000 against 48,000. Of the 72,000,000 acres of land making up the total area of Argentina 24,000,000 are arable. The principal crops are corn, wheat and flax. Reports just issued show that the Irish flax crop last year yielded 33.7 ston per acre, which was well above the decennial average of 29.9 ston of fourteen pounds to the stone. Dr. William Henry, an English physician, states as the result of experiments that in all forms of animal life, insects included, exists the taste for alcohol. He says that fishes are the only "totalitarians" in creation. A recently discovered manuscript written by a schoolmate indicates that Napoleon I. knew so little of the French language when he was sent to the military school at Brienne that a private teacher was engaged for him. Fifty numbers of a newspaper 300 years old have been found in the state archives at Stettin, Pomerania, containing quaint descriptions of the plague, shipping disasters, etc., the news of January being given only in August. Perhaps the finest museum in existence is that in Agra, India, which was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself. It was twenty-two years in course of erection, and at it 20,000 men were constantly employed during that period. A man arrested in Dinapore, Bengal, died before his case could be heard, but the local magistrate nevertheless tried and convicted and fined the dead man and then ordered the heirs, his nephews, to pay the fine. The high court has reversed the judgment. Argentina reaches into the equatorial belt on the north and through the temperate zone on the south, having thus wide ranges of temperature. Two-thirds of its people nearly are native. Italians to the number of almost half a million lead the foreigners. Far eastern punctuality was illustrated the other day by the viceroys of Wuhan, China, who had an appointment to review 5,000 school children at 8 a. m. and appeared smiling on the review ground at 2 p. m. The children had waited for him six hours. Professor Tuven, Danish court painter, sold a copy of the painting of King Edward's coronation to the czar for 12,000 rubles. Upon the presentation the bankers said the czar's checks were never paid in full. His Russian majesty afterward made up the difference. The watchman who is maintained by the railroad at the base of Mount Washington during the winter slipped while descending the mountain recently and rolled about 300 feet before he was stopped by a rock. He broke no bones, but was badly shaken by the fall. It is very seldom that a steamship of 1,000 tons disappears, leaving not a trace, in a voyage that should have taken only five days. But that is the case of the Idun, which sailed from Drammen, Norway, on Nov. 15 from Preston, England, with a load of wool pulp. At the Paris Opera Comique recently the refrain of a song, "Au feu, au feu" ("To the Game") was mistaken by a spectator for "Au feu, au feu" ("A fire"), and by repeating the words at the top of his voice he created a temporary panic among the audience, says the Paris Echo. Scotland is becoming alarmed at the increase in the number of "burns" or "scalds." Chairs enough are now known to have furnished a dozen Burns' cottages. Even the well known habits of the poet will not account for the array of Burns' cups and mugs that are scattered around the world. In the larger towns and cities of Cuba telephone systems are in operation, and permits are granted from time to time for the construction of private telephone lines connecting plantations, etc., with railroad stations, stations of the rural guard, nearest city hall or adjoining plantations. A lot of land was sold at North Adams, Mass., at auction the other day for \$2,500. The bids started low, and all but two bidders dropped out when \$200 had been offered. When \$2,150 had been bid the opponent raised a cent, which was immediately raised a cent, and the bidder got the property.

Miss Waring's Escort

By OTHO B. SENG

Six shabbily dressed men lounged in front of the fashionable hotel. Five, evidently comrades, conferred together in low tones; then one approached the sixth man, saying guardedly, "Are you one of us?" The man smiled half satirically. "Now, I'm de real ting, see?" His questioner turned away in disgust. The man laughed softly, the low, enjoyable laugh of one who appreciates. A tall young woman whose attire evidenced wealth and refinement entered the hotel vestibule. One of the five greeted softly. "Who is she, Dyke?" eagerly questioned another. "Miss Kate Waring of Denver. Worth half a million and eccentric. Visiting Cousin Dorothy. And me in this beastly tramp's rig?" Miss Waring's stately entrance into the great dining room was arrested by the head waiter. "This way, madam," courteously. "I will conduct you to the ladies' dining room." Miss Waring glanced about her. "It is not necessary," calmly. "I will remain here." "Ladies, madam, but ladies with escorts are served in the room at the right. I will conduct madam—" Miss Waring's calm glance surveyed the small crowded room at the right and then returned to the great, cool room in which she stood, with palms and ferns in profusion. She noted the many vacant tables and the number of ladies present. "I do not wish to go in there. I prefer to have dinner served here," making the statement tranquilly with the air of one accustomed to have deference accorded her slightest wish. "The rule is imperative, madam," with courteous firmness. "Ladies without escorts—" "Reserve that table by the window with the ferns beside it, the third on the left." And the graceful figure turned to the outer door. There was no hesitancy in Miss Waring's voice or manner as she addressed the group of shabby men. "Will one of you gentlemen do me a favor?" clearly and unsmilingly. Six shabby head coverings were off in an instant, and six more or less manly forms bent low before her. "Thank you all," gravely. "I want one of you to act as my escort and my guest, but I may be accorded the privilege—the secret lies curled a trifle—of having my dinner where I have chosen to have it. I will ask you, please," turning abruptly to the one who had designated himself as "de real ting." "Oh, but—" began one of the unchosen eagerly. Miss Waring's face and gesture forbade further words. "I thank you all for your courtesy. If this gentleman accepts—" "It is a privilege, madam," bowing gravely. "De real ting" is he?" cried Dyke reverently when they were out of hearing. "Did you observe his speech and that bow? He's one of the fellows set to watch us." "Nonsense, Dyke! There isn't a man in the class as old as he. He's seen actual tramping, I'll stake a thousand on it. Why didn't you tell Miss Waring who you are?" "Aren't we under oath not to disclose our identity?" demanded Dyke hoarsely. "I'll side, look at me." "I've got a table reserved," said Miss Waring to "de real ting." "I see it—third on the left." He led the way with easy grace, a light of amusement gleaming in his dark eyes at the evident consternation of the waiter, who hesitated slightly before seating the serene young lady and her strange escort. Miss Waring ordered the dinner with precision and discrimination. "I hope," she remarked, pleasantly when the waiter had gone—"I hope you approve my order." "There was not the slightest embarrassment in her manner or condescension in her speech—the man was her guest." "The order is perfect, madam, and permit me to say, admirably given." Miss Waring smiled. "Are all of Boston's?" she paused for an instant in search of a word that might not embarrass her guest—"summed, such Chesterfields as the six to whom I spoke?" "The others are Harvard students." "Harvard students?" in momentary bewilderment. "Oh, I know. They are doing penance." "That is the meaning, madam, though not the term they use." "Are you?" lightly, yet with an anxious tone in the low voice. "I am a genuine hobo." She passed her cardcase to him. "You should know who is your hostess," graciously, "and I will ask the name of my guest?" He took out two cards, writing on the back of one and returning it to her with the case. She glanced at the writing: JOHN LESTER HOBBS. NO ADDRESS. BORN IN BOSTON.

"Thank you, Mr. Lester. I hope you are as genuinely hungry as—as your profession would indicate." "I am, Miss Waring. I can do full justice to the dinner you have ordered. You might remind me if I forget anything. It's a long time since I have dined with ladies." The tone was serious, but there was a dancing light in the line eyes that Miss Waring caught, and she smiled sympathetically. There was but little conversation. Miss Waring was graciously courteous, as became a hostess, but even a dull man in Lester's place would not have presumed upon the situation. "I thank you for your escort, Mr. Lester," said the girl dismayingly as they passed out.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

"I am your debtor, Miss Waring," earnestly. "If I were not a hobo I would ask when and where I might pay my dinner call." A sudden impulse prompted her reply. "Tomorrow evening. My present address is on the card you have." In all her twenty-five years Kate Waring had never before been so curious or so anticipative. She smiled approval at the card he sent up, a slip of paper with "John Lester" boldly written. She was still smiling when she entered the drawing room, but the smile vanished as she noted the fashionable clothes he wore. He was quick to see the change. "You are sorry I came? It was taking an advantage—" "Pardon me, I am somewhat disappointed. It was a pleasure to find something of interest. I do not like imitations, not even an imitation hobo." "It is now that I am the imitation, Miss Waring. The clothes are hired for the occasion." She held out her hand cordially. "Consider yourself welcomed, Mr. Lester, and allow me to say that the clothes are very becoming." He flushed boyishly. "It's five years since I've worn a rig like this. I hardly know how to put it on." Miss Waring led the conversation to topics of interest to a man of education and refinement—books, music, the drama—finding her companion conversant with the best. "Will you tell me something of your self?" she asked presently—"why you are a wanderer and how you live? Even a traveler must eat, I suppose." He hesitated but an instant. "I have tramped for five years. I work while in a place till the devil drives me on again—the devil of my conscience. I suppose it will yet drive me back to—" his face grew grave and his voice harsh, but he kept steadily on—"to Denver, where I am wanted for the murder of Manuel Laredo, a Mexican, whom I killed on Starlight ranch." She rose excitedly. "I bought Starlight ranch last year. Manuel Laredo is among the workmen there?" He hesitated to his feet, his face aglow, his eyes filled with sudden joy. "He did not die, and I am not—" Then his face paled again. "I forgot," loudly, "there may be a dozen Manuel Laredos; those Mexican names—" "It is the same man," she interrupted positively. "I have heard the story and seen the scar of the bullet on his cheek." She talked on, waiting for him to regain control of himself. "We should be friends, Mr. Lester. Royal Thornton is my stepbrother. I have often heard him speak of the trip abroad that you two made together years ago. I know now why your name seemed so familiar. Will you go back to Colorado?" He took her outstretched hand in both his own. "As your escort, Miss Waring?" She smiled assent, flushing beautifully.

A NOTABLE DEBUT.

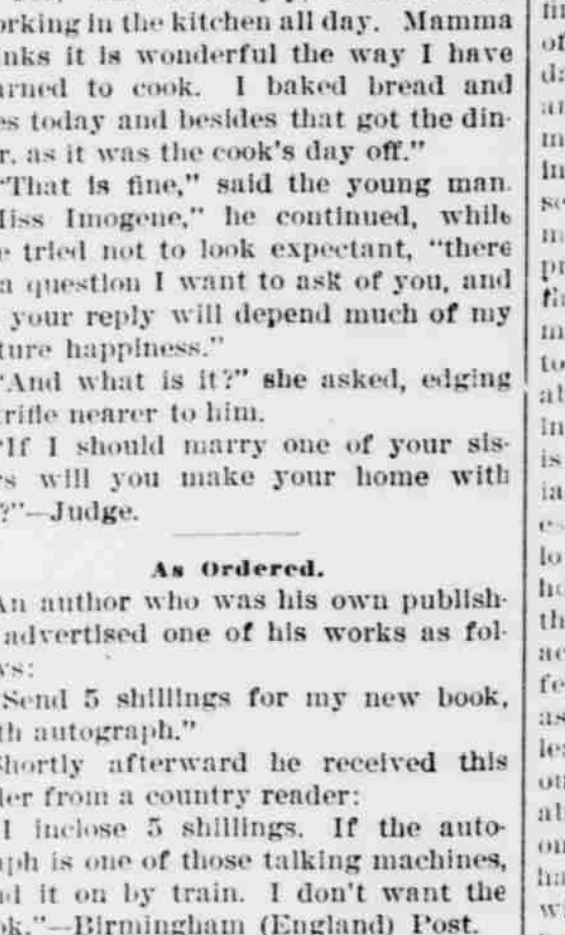
The Witty Debut of Borulwaski, the Famous Little Pole. A very notable debut was Borulwaski, the Pole, of whose debut the following story is told: As a boy of fifteen, when he was just one inch higher than a two-foot ruler, he was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who was so charmed by his grace and good looks that she seated him on her lap and gave him a hearty kiss. "And what do you consider the most interesting sight in Vienna?" she asked the boy. "What I now behold," he answered. "And what is that?" "Why," said the tiny courier, "to see so little a man on the lap of so great a lady. Naturally a youth who exhibited such a ready and courtly wit had a distinguished career before him. From that day Borulwaski became the pet of the courts of Europe. He was a special favorite of Stanislaus II., who took him to England and introduced him to George III. and his family, and for more than half a century he made his home in England. Borulwaski, who at his tallest was a yard and three inches high, had a sister whose head was just level with her big brother's shoulders. He was not only a handsome and courtly man, but a scholar of repute. He lived in five reigns and was laid to rest in Durham in 1877 side by side with the Falstaffian Stephen Kemble.

HEART DISEASE.

Don't Let the Idea That You Have It Scare You Into Stupidity. Comparatively few people know that it is rare to find a perfect heart beat. What is termed "palpitation" is an irregularity in the beat. It is most commonly caused by undue disturbance of the digestion; by undue indulgence in tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol; by worry or by excitement. Many persons detecting such an irregularity, think they have some serious disease of the heart that may end their life at any moment. This is a very grave mistake in a double sense—first, as to the fact itself, and second, as to the influence on the health of such a morbid idea. Again, there is a notion that heart disease is a destructive process; that the flesh is affected in much the same manner as when the skin is ulcerated or the lungs are consumptive. That is very seldom true. The most serious disorders of the heart are quite different in their nature. When a man or woman is under the impression that he or she has heart disease there is one obvious duty—to visit a reliable doctor, have the heart examined and either have one's fears set at rest or be given such advice as will serve to remedy the condition.—Home Notes.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Smart Skirt For Misses. The smart skirt here pictured may be worn with any style of shirt waist or blouse, and the design is adaptable to a variety of materials. As illustrated it was made of brown moirai, with ma-



TUCKED CIRCULAR SKIRT.

chine stitching for a finish. It is circular in shape, and three groups of inch wide tucks are laid in the lower part. The fullness in the upper part is taken up in fine tucks, and an inverted box plait finishes the back. Cheviot, serge, voile and linen are all suitable for reproduction. The medium size will require three and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

YOUR WORK.

Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial. Do it in the spirit of an artist, not an artisan. Make it a stepping stone to something higher. Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done. Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before. Make perfection your aim and be satisfied with nothing less. Do not try to do it with a part of yourself—the weaker part. Recognize that work is the thing that dignifies and ennobles life. Regard yourself as a coworker with the Creator of the universe. Accept the disagreeable part of it as cheerfully as the agreeable. Choose, if possible, the vocation for which nature has fitted you. Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be. Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.—Success Magazine.

First Jewelry Store.

It may interest women to know that the first jewelry store was started in the city of Chang On about 5,000 years ago. The Celestial millionaires of that period knew nothing of the fascination of diamonds, because diamonds were not in vogue at that B. C. period. Pearls and jade and coral and other unpolished mineral substances had to content them, and, as if to make good the glitter of rubies and tarras, the princes of Chang On employed artisans to fashion them the most wonderful gold and silver ornaments, which in themselves were far more costly than diamonds. Boston Herald.

Order.

The chair lady rapped sharply. "It should not be necessary for the chair to remind members," she said severely, "that under our rules of order, to say nothing of common courtesy, only one member may be silent at a time. Any member who becomes silent at the same time that another member is silent is distinctly out of order."

Economy.

"You say you are economizing?" "Yes." "But you bought a twenty-five cent cigar."

Dog's Kisses Caused Tumor.

The danger of kissing dogs is illustrated by the experience of a young lady which is told in the London Lancet. She had been in the habit of fondling and kissing a pet dog, and when she developed a tumorous growth it was discovered that her trouble was due to the presence of a number of worms which had been transferred from the dog to the tissues of her cheek.

A WONDER OF RANGUN.

The Great Shony Dagon Pagoda Covered with Pure Gold. Rangun, the principal city of Burma, grew up around the sacred spot on which is built the great Shony Dagon pagoda, one of its principal wonders. "Rising to a height of 399 feet, its size is greatly enhanced by the fact that it stands on an eminence that is fifty feet above the level of the city," says a writer. "It is covered with pure gold from base to summit, and once in every generation this gold is completely renewed by public subscription. Yet throughout the interval the process of regilding goes on perpetually. Pious people who seek in this way to express their veneration and to add to their store of spiritual merit climb up daily with little fluttering packets of gold leaf, which they fasten on some fraction of its great surface. There is no more picturesque sight offered by it than that of a group of these silken worshippers outlined high against its gold in the act of contributing their small quota to its splendor. The pagoda itself has no interior. It is a solid stupra of brick raised over a relic chamber."

Well Earned.

Stinjay—See here, when are you going to pay me back that dollar you borrowed? Borroughs—Why, man, alive, I earned that dollar. I had to work with you for a couple of hours before I got it out of you.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Pushing.

Chesterfield Chauncey—Could you spare me an old pair of trousers, mum? Mrs. Winrow—Yes; do you want any more else? Chesterfield Chauncey—Oh, yes; I'd like about fifty millions and a seat in the senate, but dat kin wait.—St. Louis Republic.

WOMEN AND BANKING

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A Veteran Banker Exhibits a Curious Line of Sample Cases That Came Under His Observation in the Course of Business.

"Business women of course," said a veteran banker, "understand the routine of banking from the customer's side of it about as well as men, but the queer ideas the average woman not in business has about a bank would make a totum pole laugh. "I lost an awful good account once because I couldn't convince a woman that a note put in the bank for collection is not money. She came in one day, made out a deposit slip and tried to deposit a note just due. The teller told her that he would forward it for collection. That seemed all right, and she kept on writing checks against her account. "She overdrew in a day or two and we sent her notice. She came down in a towering rage and asked me what my bank meant by insulting her. Overdrawn? Ridiculous! Why, she had deposited \$5,000 only a few days ago. What had we done with that money? "I tried to explain to her that the 'deposit' she referred to was only a note sent out for collection, that it had not been paid and might be returned unpaid. She drew into a passion. What did she care about it? She had given it into the bank, and she meant to have the money on it. "What were banks for? I cautioned her against checking against the amount of the note until it had been paid, but she went away in a huff and kept right on making checks until we had to stop her. We refused her checks, marking them 'No funds,' and then she withdrew her account. It turned out to be a dandy afterward, but to this day, I understand, she can't see any difference between notes, checks, drafts and currency. "Strange as it may seem, the number of women—honest, absolutely guileless women—who write other persons' signatures to checks is large. Only today, for instance, the daughter of one of our best customers came into the bank with a check for \$500 made payable to herself. "Her father's name was signed to it, and he had plenty of money in the bank, but his daughter had signed his name herself. We explained to her that we couldn't pay out money on such an order or request. "But," said she, 'we haven't a cent of money in the house. Papa is on the train somewhere between here and New York, and I—y—y—y don't suppose he'd hesitate to give us \$500, do you?" "That young woman did not understand why she didn't have as much right to use her father's credit at the bank as she had to use it at the dry goods stores and the butcher shops. I wanted to tell her that she had really committed forgery, but I didn't. I advanced the money on my personal account, and she went away a bit miffed and fancying that we were a fussy, unreasonable lot of money gatherers. "Things like that are always coming up in every bank. We had one depositor, an inexperienced young widow. She had over \$30,000 in the bank. One day she came in and wrote a check for the full balance, payable to herself. The teller stared and asked how she'd have it. Any way would suit her, she said, only she wanted the cash. "He sent word to me and began to count out the money in \$100 and \$500 notes. After counting them over she wrapped the whole sum up in a newspaper and went out. We were all puzzled, and we were afraid she might be robbed, so I sent two of the clerks after her to see what she did with the money as well as to protect her. She walked through the crowded streets about six blocks to another bank and deposited the whole \$30,000 to the credit of a poor young lawyer to whom, we afterward learned, she was engaged to be married. "I don't think he was then aware of her intention to transfer her money to his account or he would have advised her to get a certified or cashier's check instead of lugging her fortune through the downtown streets of a city like this. "The woman depositor who can't understand why other persons' checks deposited by herself are deducted from her account when they are no good is a familiar character in nearly every bank. "When such a check comes back and they are asked to take it up they will look unutterably scorn at the teller or collector and say: 'I put it back? Well, I guess not. Why should I pay it? I didn't make it out. Mr. So-and-so gave it to me, and if it isn't good that's his lookout. Go after him. That's ideal. Surely no one doesn't expect me to pay out my own good money for Mr. So-and-so?" "By drawing several diagrams, exerting much patience and diplomacy, you may convince such a woman that she has to cover the bad checks she deposits, but very often she refuses or fails to be convinced. She will probably insist on realizing on every cent the teller gives her credit for in her bank book, and if she doesn't get it she'll take her account to some other bank and resume her determination to have 'her rights.' Oh, the inexperienced woman is almost as annoying and far more numerous than dishonest women, so far as banks are concerned."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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"That Englishman who is visiting the Nuritches claims to be a lord." "Yes. And the Nuritches are working the claim for all it is worth."—Detroit Tribune.

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The "Thin Rice" of the Chinese.

The very first thing that a Chinaman takes when he gets up in the morning is a bowl of hot "congee," or, as he calls it, "thin rice." This is simply rice boiled away to a thinish drinkable consistency. If allowed to cool it would thicken into paste. Some care is required to make it properly. "If the water is visible and not the rice," says Yuan Mei, "that is not congee. If the rice is visible and not the water that is not congee either. The two must be indistinguishably blended before you can call the result congee."

Embroidered Madras.

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