



WASHINGTON AS BUSINESS MAN.

Probably the Largest Land Owner in the United States.

As a man of business Washington was extremely methodical. Everything was figured down to the penny, and there was no guesswork about the returns from any of his properties.

Just after the Revolutionary War Washington and Gov. Clinton of New York obtained 6,000 acres in the Mohawk valley.

In the location of the new capital on the Potomac Washington introduced a plan in the vicinity of the present city of Washington and built many houses.

As a farmer Washington early drifted from the exclusive cultivation of tobacco to other crops, and later introduced a system of rotation by which the soil did not become exhausted.

The Richest Man of His Time. As the years went on Washington's lands increased in value and when he died he was one of the richest men of his time.

Washington's Rules for Conduct. When Washington was 12 years old his elder brother, Laurence, found neatly written in a book rules for behavior, which the lad had set down for his own guidance.

Washington Conundrums. "Where did Washington take his first ride?" "When he took a hack at the tree."

Washington's Rules for Conduct. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

Speak not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is better than precept.

Labor to keep in your heart that little

spark of celestial fire called conscience. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

Seek not to lessen the merits of others; neither give more than due praise. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of any.

Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome. Give not advice without being asked; and, when desired, do it briefly.

Gaze not on the marks and blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret, deliver not before others.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Treat with men at right times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Do not in haste to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust. Be not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your worst enemy.

The Thoughtful Parent. Just after the Revolutionary War Washington and Gov. Clinton of New York obtained 6,000 acres in the Mohawk valley.

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GOOD Short Stories

Speaking of the difficulty students experience in remembering the exact situation of the mitral and tricuspid valves of the heart Professor Husley once remarked that he remembered that the mitral (so-called from its resemblance to the headgear of the church dignitary) must be on the left side, "because a bishop could never be in the right."

In one of his earliest cases, Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish liberator, made a retort which attracted considerable attention to him. He was cross-examining an awkward witness, who declared that he had drunk nothing but his share of a pint of whisky.

According to the testimony of an American correspondent in Porto Rico, we still woefully lack popularity among the natives there. This is his description of the manner in which a suit, to which an American is a party, is conducted in one of the insular courts there: Court—You are plaintiff in this case? Litigant—Yes, your honor. Court—You are an American, I presume? Litigant—Yes, your honor. Court—You lose.

"Macaulay Improves, Macaulay Improves!" Sydney Smith remarked one day: "I have observed in him of late flashes of silence." The "sonorous vivacity" of this enormous talker nettled Smith, who found it impossible often to voice his own wit and wisdom.

Among the clever epigrams which occur in Mrs. Craigie's new society drama, "The Wisdom of the Wise," are: "Mrs. Blatren has made so many experiments that she has had no time to gain experience."

"There is nothing a woman more enjoys," said the Cornfed philosopher, "than monkeying at making something out of something it ought not to be made out of."—Indianapolis Press.

Quick Exit. "Mr. Lew told me that he was a Yale man. Do you know what class he was graduated from?" "From the sophomore class."—Harlem Life.

Accommodating Old Man. He—I asked your father's consent by telephone. She—What was his answer? He—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Harvard Lampoon.

A Valuable Dog. Mr. Suburb—Yes, he's a splendid watch dog. Paid \$500 for him. Friend—Well, he's worth it—splendid animal! Splendid! Finest I ever saw! But, by the way, what's this other dog for? He's a mere mongrel! Fact is, he's a common cur.

The One Concerned. The Bride (three times widow)—That Dicky Small is one of the most important men I ever saw. Why, Alfred, just after the ceremony he came up and wished me many happy returns. The Groom (after glaring on it a minute)—I guess it's up to me to go out and smash his head or go and take out a life insurance policy.—Denver News.

Good Advice. "Don't you give a veteran something to eat, mum?" said Tired Thompson to Mrs. Whiffet. "You never never a soldier, I'll be bound."

Had Them in His Head. Professor to Student of Surgery—Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull. Student—Ah—er—I do not at the moment remember, but I know that I have them all in my head.

Past Tense. "She married a millionaire, didn't she?" "You mean that he was a millionaire at the time she married him."

Didn't Miss Any. Mrs. Statistress—Did she marry her first love? Mrs. Stockyard—Oh, my, yes! Her first, second, third and fourth.—Norristown Herald.

To Divert Them. Pittsburg Man—What would you folks do if a mob of rioters should come charging down Broadway? New-Yorker (busily)—Start a policeman to shooting at a dog.—New York Weekly.

Told in Washington. "Is the correspondent of that publication a well-informed man?" "I should say so!" was the answer. "Half the time he's the only person in the world who knows whether what he tells is true or not."—Washington Star.

An American Sign in Egypt. "American Bazar," in huge letters over a shop in Alexandria, Egypt, attracted the attention of an American. Curious to know what kind of goods might be for sale, he entered and asked the proprietor if he were an American. In French came the answer: "Yes, I am an American."

Wants More Settlers. A body of capitalists has contracted with the Ontario government under heavy bonds to place in Algoma, western Ontario, 500 settlers per month for five years. The representative of the capitalists, Mr. Clergue, called for England recently and will open emigration agencies forthwith. It is expected and hoped that the emigrants will be chiefly British and will consist largely of skilled workmen.

A Cruel American Parent. The Mother—My dear, your father is obdurate. He says that after raking and scraping, as he vulgarly expresses it, and getting into debt, and making other sacrifices, he can only allow you \$500 apiece for your clothes. The Girls (in chorus, weeping)—Well, we'll get even with him yet!—Life.

Landlords in Holland. In Holland no landlord has the power of raising the rent or of evicting a tenant.

Not Serious. Passenger (to station porter)—Now, it's 4 o'clock and the time table says the train arrives at 3:14. Station Porter—Oh, well, you mustn't take the time table too seriously.—Flegende Blätter.

Affection's Shrine. "Pauline has one side of her bonnet devoted to photographs of her lost beau." "So many dead?" "No; married."

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE. HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Do you see that man over yonder? He has just had greatness thrust upon him."

"How so?" "Why, he's the only public man in the country who when asked to tell what would happen in the new century said he didn't know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can Get Along. "Do you think it is desirable for a man to study the dead languages?" "No, sir," answered Mr. Cumrox, with emphasis. "If queer words are what a young man aspires to, the golf and base-ball reports in any good daily newspaper will supply all his wants."—Washington Star.

A Difference. "She accepted me, but wouldn't let me sit by her on the sofa." "Why not?" "Said she'd just paid eighty cents to have her white dress done up."

A Domestic Explosive. Little girl—Papa, what is powder? Father—It is something people get blown up with. Little girl—Is that what makes you scold, mamma so when she puts it on her face?

An Illiterate. Jane—What did you ever reject John Gray for? Kitty—He was so illiterate. Jane—Illiterate? Why, I thought he was a man of superior education. Kitty—Well, he wasn't. He didn't even know the rudiments, for when I told him "No" and thought sure he would read between the lines, would you believe it, the gump picked up his hat and went home.—Detroit Free Press.

The First Course. "Miss Keedick is taking the first course in the Female College of Journalism. It will last three months." "What is the subject for the first few months?" "Learning to sharpen a lead pencil."

Looked Like It. Dog—I wonder if those are what they call goo-goo eyes?

The Feminine Kind. Johnson—Does your wife speak French? Thompson—She thinks she does. "You don't speak it, do you?" "No."

"Then how do you know she doesn't?" "I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and I'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache."

Justice. "Won't you give a veteran something to eat, mum?" said Tired Thompson to Mrs. Whiffet. "You never never a soldier, I'll be bound."

Madam, added the tramp, "you do me a grievous injustice. I have done nothing but soldier all my life."

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Freaks of Fortune. Mikey—Chimny's got a pair o' skates for Christmas, an' a red pencil, an' a one-bladed knife, an' five cents' wort' o' gum an' a bean shooter, an' a pair o' suspenders, an'—

Terrence—Gee! Some fellers seem ter be born wit' a silver spoon in their mouth!—Puck.

Unsurmountable. Wunn—I seem to have the worst luck in the way of getting my feet stumpled over in street cars.

Tuther—It's their size, I guess. People don't stumble over mine. Wunn—Just run again them, do them?—Indianapolis Press.

Inadvertently Pleasant. "I didn't know it was to be a comic opera."

"Well, you knew it was to be an opera given by an amateur company, didn't you?"—Chicago Record.

Uncertain. Briggs—How long has Miss Perty been on the stage? Griggs—Two or three marriages.—Chicago Record.

Study in Economics. "She accepted me, but wouldn't let me sit by her on the sofa." "Why not?" "Said she'd just paid eighty cents to have her white dress done up."

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BLIND BARBER IN MICHIGAN. Sharpness in Hearing Makes Up for His Lack of Vision.

In Detroit, Mich., there is a barber who is stone blind, yet does a thriving business in spite of his inability to see. Edward Max, proprietor of the Cadillac barber shop, during his blindness, which lasted for seven years, has managed his business entirely by touch and hearing.

One would think that even customers of longest standing would hesitate before going to a man who could not see, but Mr. Max has not only not lost any of his old customers, but has added many new ones to his trade since he lost his sight.

Mr. Max is a young-looking, pleasant-faced man, who carries out his appearance in his disposition. He was quite ready to describe the way in which he carries on his business in spite of his great handicap.

"I can tell whereabouts in the shop my men are and what they are doing, just as easily as though I were looking at them all," he said, good-naturedly. "I know them all by their step, and when they move I can tell where they go. Every man, as you know, has an individual walk, just as he has an individual temperament, and as the different barbers in my shop walk about the marble floor I know whether it is Jimmy, who is nervous, or George, who is slow and very careful. It is, of course, easy to tell whether a man's hair or beard is being cut, the ring of the shears being very different in each case."

"I can tell when a man is being shaved by the scrape of the razor, and sometimes I know whether the beard is a stiff or a soft one."

"When a man is having an egg shampoo I hear the egg shell cracked and the egg beaten and I hear the customer go to the fountain afterward to wash his head."

"This may seem a little far-fetched, but everything done in a barber shop has some very characteristic sound, and if you had been in the hair-cutting business as long as I have you would recognize these movements and sounds as I do."

"I can tell just about what the day's business has been and what we ought to have made. My daughter is the cashier, and when she is away I make the change myself. I can tell all the coins by the feeling, but, of course, I do not know one bill from another, and I never attempt to make change for anything but a \$1 bill."

HUMOR IN THE AMBULANCE. Doctor's Story of a Man and Woman with Broken Legs.

"When I was an ambulance surgeon," said the young family physician, "I used to start like a fire horse at the sound of the call. I was just as much interested in the work at the end of two years as I was the day I began. It was the excitement of the life that made me so fond of it. I had all sorts of experiences at all sorts of hours. There was an element of danger in it, too, but that only added to the charm."

"One night I had a call from the West Side in the neighborhood of Chelsea square. It was for a drunken man who fell down and broke his leg. On the way back to the hospital with him I picked up a drunken woman to whom a similar accident had happened. There was nothing to do but put her in the ambulance along with the man."

"After that the ride across town was exciting enough for a cowboy. At first the patients sympathized with each other. Then they began to cry in chorus. At Broadway they fell to kissing each other. At Third avenue they were fighting like a pair of Kilkenny cats and I had my hands full in keeping them apart. The woman had scratched the man's face dreadfully and he had nearly closed her eye with a punch. When we struck the asphalt in 26th street they were singing. 'We have all been there before, many a time,' and such singing! The uproar attracted a crowd who evidently thought I had an ambulance full of lunatics. When we reached the gate they swore eternal friendship and at the office they parted in tears."—New York Sun.

Mr. Gillette's Tobacco Habits. William Gillette claims there is no righteousness in his tobacco reputation. He admits he likes a good cigar, but denies that smoking is with him a continuous performance, and asserts that coincidence rather than intention has made a devotee of the weed in the majority of his plays. It was Conan Doyle, he says, who made Sherlock Holmes a worshiper of pipe and cigar, while it was the dramatic effect of tobacco, as indicative of the stolidism of the smoke, which appealed to him when he equipped Col. Thorne of "Secret Service" with the habit.

Yet he does not deny that a cigar is his most frequent stage companion. An odd result of the association is the preference which the actor now has for the extremely dry cigar. Before he smokes a cigar he places it on a steam radiator and lets it dry almost to the crumbling point. "I found," he explains, "that a damp, fresh cigar would go out if I laid it down for a few moments. That would not do, for the relighting might prove decidedly embarrassing. A dry cigar will burn on. So I took to drying the cigars I smoked on the stage, and after a time I got to like them. Now I cannot smoke a freshly made cigar."—Boston Post.

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BRADSTREET'S REPORT. Trade Advice Are Reported to be More Cheerful.

Bradstreet's says: Trade advice are rather more cheerful. This applies as much as to current retail business which has been enlarged with wintry weather as it does to the opening spring trade which finds stimulation in the general confidence felt as to the general outlook for the year. Prices show exceptional strength, all things considered, the one weak spot being raw cotton which shares the rather usual tone manifested by the cotton growers and yarn markets. Foreign demand for our breadstuffs has been rather better. Specially cheerful reports come from the shoe and leather, the lumber and the iron trades, the strength of prices of the latter having been increased by the talk of pending consolidations although the volume of business is restricted from the same cause. Failures are smaller than of late and current railroad earnings show large gains over good returns of a year ago. "I know them all by their step, and when they move I can tell where they go. Every man, as you know, has an individual walk, just as he has an individual temperament, and as the different barbers in my shop walk about the marble floor I know whether it is Jimmy, who is nervous, or George, who is slow and very careful. It is, of course, easy to tell whether a man's hair or beard is being cut, the ring of the shears being very different in each case."

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