

NAMING THE STATES

ORIGIN OF RHODE ISLAND HAS BEEN A PUZZLE.

Pennsylvania Was Not Named for William Penn, Its Founder, But for His Father, the Then Famous Admiral.

Some curious information has been collected by the antiquaries concerning the origin of the names of certain of our states. Of Massachusetts, for instance, it is said that when John Smith explored the coast of New England in 1614 he found the shores of this state inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the Massachusetts. The word means "near the great hills," being composed of "massa," great, "wachuash," hills, and "et," near. Thus the name in the Indian tongue was "Massa-Wachuash-et," to which the first explorers added an "s" to make it plural, and shortened the name to its present form.

The origin of Rhode Island has been a puzzle to historians. Some writers tell us the name is a corruption of the Dutch words Roode Eylandt, signifying Red Island, given to it by the Dutch discoverers because its shores presented a red appearance. But they do not present a red appearance.

Others, with more probability, have traced the name to Road Island, meaning the island near the roadstead. Competent authorities have doubted the correctness of this explanation, because there is no piece of water near by which sailors would naturally call a roadstead. We should not know where to find a good "riding," in the sailor's sense of the term, without running into Narragansett bay. The favorite derivation at present is more simple. One of the leading settlers of Newport was a man named Rhodes, and the island was probably named after him, perhaps in jest, perhaps in compliment. The original order fixing the island of Newport, dated 1644, decreed that the name should be "The Isle of Rhodes, or Rhode Island." The same appellation was afterward applied to the state, of which Newport was a part.

Connecticut, a name so baffling to foreigners, is Indian, and means "land on a long tidal river." The Indian form of it is Quin-neh-tukquet. In some of the early records it is spelled Quinetucket. The most curious thing about the name of Pennsylvania is that it was not derived from the founder of the state, William Penn. It is William Penn himself who records the fact:

"This day (January 5, 1681) my country was confirmed to me by the name of Pennsylvania, a name which the king (Charles II.) would give in honor of my father." Penn wished to call the region New Wales, but the king persisted in naming it after Admiral Penn, then a man of far greater renown than his son, the Quaker, whose effigy surmounts the city hall in Philadelphia.

It is the opinion of many authorities that the Indian word Kenticuckee did not signify "dark and bloody battleground," as many have supposed. They incline to the belief that the word means "at the head of a river," and that it was used to designate the place where the Indians gathered previous to migration southward. This spot was near the source of the Kentucky river. The best conjecture as to the origin of the name Tennessee is that it comes from Tanasse, the name of an Indian chief whose tribe was settled upon one of the branches of the Tennessee river. This, however, is disputed. In the names of our states several languages are represented, the English, the French, the Indian, the Spanish and the Latin.

Great Singer's Generosity.

Among the stories told by Arthur Pouglin of Malibran, the great singer, is one of her stay in Venice. She was to give six performances at one theater there, when Gallo, the director of the Teatro Emeronto, being on the eve of bankruptcy, begged her to give two at his theater, promising her £120 for each. She consented, but when Gallo went to take her the second payment, he entered saying: "Here is the sum we agreed on." "What sum?" she replied with an air of surprise. "Oh, the £120 for yesterday's performance." "I don't want your money. Take it all away and spend it on your children. You shall kiss me and we'll be quits." Did the good fellow believe his ears? His two performances had brought him in £400 in sound figures, had saved him from bankruptcy, and to crown his joy, he kissed Mme. Malibran. This magnanimity to a poor Venetian was received publicly by a frantic ovation, and crystallized in verse, while the theater was renamed Malibran.

Knew One of Them.

Gadabout was boasting of his extensive acquaintance. No celebrity could be mentioned unknown to him. He was intimately acquainted with all of them. Finally Dobson inquired: "Did you ever happen to meet the Slamese twins?" Gadabout reflected a moment and then said:

"Well, I am not quite sure that I met both of them, but I knew one of them very well."

Looking for the Worst.

"Bliggins is a confirmed pessimist." "Yes. The only time he feels sure of seeing any sunshine in life is around hog day."

WIFE'S PLAN DID NOT FAIL PROBLEM FOR WOMEN SERVING A COURSE DINNER

Hubby Shelled Out Promptly When He Realized Who Wrote the Letter to Her.

Here is a little scheme which a wife tried on a good—but rather tight—husband when she wanted a particular something for Christmas, which is commended to wives of a like mind. One night when he was comfortably seated after dinner smoking his pipe, she brought out a bundle of papers and said she had hesitated for a long time whether or not to read him some letters she had received. He pricked up his ears, seemed interested and she took the rubber band from the package, telling him he must promise not to ask who the writer was until she had finished, and then not to go gunning for her correspondent. He promised, with curiosity at boiling point, and she began to read:

"My own darling," she began, "I think of you all day and dream of you by night. Wherever I go you are with me, and I live for you alone. The other night when I discovered that you loved me—" at this point husband's pipe went out and he sat up very straight.

"What?" he said, rising with a red face, "who the—"

"Now," said his wife, "you promised to wait until the end, to be quiet until I had finished." "But—" said her husband. She continued to read, "your eyes are my sun, your mouth is the mouth of dreams, your lips—"

"Well, I'll be—" said her husband, furiously.

"I dream of a day when you'll be mine and mine alone," read on his wife calmly, "and I long for the day when I can call you—"

"Stop that!" shrieked the irate husband. "Who wrote that rot? Just let me get my hands on him—"

"You've got your hands on him now, dear," said his wife, sweetly, "you wrote these letters when we were engaged." He sat down and lighted his pipe.

"What did you say you wanted for Christmas?" he asked.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Insanity Not Inherited.

"Most persons think that insanity may be directly inherited," says Homer Folks in the State Charities Bulletin. "This belief is undoubtedly wrong. One may inherit a greater or less tendency toward insanity. Mental instability may be inherited, just as weak constitutions may be inherited. Those who have reason to believe that some of their ancestors suffered from mental troubles need not be unduly alarmed, for this fact does not make it certain that they will suffer likewise. These tendencies toward insanity may lie dormant during the whole lives of the individuals. But such persons should take the proper precautions to prevent the development of this tendency. As a weak constitution may be built up by healthy habits, so may mental instability be made stable by good mental and physical habits. The individual whose family has had mental trouble may often escape the disease by proper surroundings, healthful and temperate activities, and proper mental and physical habits. The most important fact in heredity is that the vast majority of ancestors of every individual were normal. Heredity tends, therefore, rather more strongly toward health than disease."

Joys of Litigation.

Another case illustrative of the old saying that some men take real delight in "going to law" is before the court of an interior county of Pennsylvania. And as so often happens in such litigations, it began in a quarrel about a cow.

The cow wandered into a field of growing wheat and ate her fill. The owner of the field sued the owner of the cow for damages which probably would have been fully covered by a verdict of \$10. But the owner of the cow, with a reputation as a "fighter" to maintain, brought a cross suit, and that started a war which has raged ever since. It began more than five years ago, and in that time there have been half a dozen different suits over the affair, including one for false arrest and one for slander. The litigants have already paid upward of \$1,000 and as much more for counsel fees, and as both parties are men of means the controversy is scheduled for a long run. The cow whose stolen lunch started it all is dead.

Hooked Perfect.

A few nights ago an old family friend was calling at the apartment of Gen. George Pennington Borden, U. S. A., retired. The general and his friends were conversing on military tactics when Mrs. Borden entered the room and with the brief explanation, after greeting the guest, "Maid's busy," indicated to the majestic warrior that he was to fasten those two buttons at the back of her blouse which defy the most agile feminine contortions. Meekly the veteran arose, murmuring, "How are the mighty fallen! What rights are left to men when a brigadier general of the United States army must button a blouse in the back? How can I pose as a military tactician when I can be driven into a corner by a simple wave of a feminine hand?"

Despite his wail, the struggle was soon over, and the gallant soldier was rewarded with the information: "You did that very well."

"Thank you, my dear," said the general mournfully. "I am glad to have my humble talents recognized."

CAN ONE ASK ANOTHER WHERE SHE GETS HER CLOTHES?

It is Done in France Without Censure, but Here the Fair Questioner Might Be Considered Most Impertinent.

"Have you the right, when you see a beautifully dressed woman, to ask her politely where she gets her clothes?"

The speaker, beautifully dressed herself, was drinking tea and eating scones at the Acorn club. Her words evoked tremendous interest among all the dainty occupants of the dainty room, and a former ambassador's wife said:

"That question is very important. It has troubled me, in fact, all my life. I once put it to the test. That was three years ago. I sidled up to a very stunning girl who was buying silk stockings in a department store, and I said:

"Your dress is so pretty—do you mind telling me where you got it?"

"She looked me up and down as if I were dirt. 'I got it in Paris,' she snapped, and turned her back on me. I walked away so crestfallen! To this day my cheeks burn when I think of it."

All the women laughed gently, sympathetically, over their tea.

"And it wasn't as if you hadn't been well dressed yourself," one said.

"No," said the ambassador's wife. "I had on a new Paquin."

"Once, in Monte Carlo," said a widow, "a girl asked me at Ciro's who made the coat-suit I was wearing, and her question delighted me. It was a tribute to me and my dressmaker both. I was but too glad to give that pretty girl all the information she desired."

"In Paris," said an heiress, "the leading dressmakers send their mannequins, or girl models, to the races, to fashionable hotels, and to the promenade in the Bois and the Rue de la Paix. This is in order that women may ask these girls where they got their lovely frocks. Frenchwomen, you see, don't mind asking one another that."

"The French are so intelligent," said a lady novelist.

Then, after a pause, the original speaker said:

"I've often wanted to ask strange women where they got their clothes, and my husband has often wanted to ask strange men where they got theirs. Neither of us has ever dared, though. Yet we've been asked ourselves, and tremendously flattered, we've replied politely. My solution of the problem is this: Intelligent persons, like the French, are pleased when the question is asked them, and therefore, if you are sure your strangers are intelligent, don't hesitate; but, if your strangers are unintelligent—snobs or pseudo-aristocrats—then, beware, for, no matter how deeply pleased at the question they may be at heart, they will snub you horribly, and you will walk off as ashamed as though you had been caught trying to pick a pocket."

Books With Uncut Leaves.

In this country and Germany the practice of publishing books and magazines with uncut leaves has largely fallen into disuse, but it is still common in France, where its prevalence provides a dissatisfied author with a cause for grumbling. In "La Grande Revue" among other hindrances to the reading habit which is so much in need of encouragement, at any rate from the author's point of view, he instances the practice of publishing books with uncut edges. Time, he says, is growing more valuable every year and yet the reader of a French volume of average proportions has to spend about twenty minutes in the pettifoggery work of cutting the leaves in order to get at the contents. Some people of course who take their reading in leisurely fashion rather like being checked by the need for using a paper knife, but the ordinary reader does not want to be bothered in this way. He likes to go straight ahead without being compelled to cut his way through the book as he proceeds.—Westminster Gazette.

Queer Form of Insurance.

Lloyd's have insured people against many strange things, but few quaint inquiries have been made than that of an undertaker, who asked the other day at what price underwriters would relieve him of any liability from shocks caused to private people by his coffins being taken to the wrong houses at night.

Underwriters did not feel themselves competent to quote a premium offhand, but expressed their willingness to consider the proposition provided details were supplied, such as the annual turnover, the number of such shocks known to have been given and their severity.

She'll Be Caught Sometime.

Sifkins—Is there any truth in the report that Bank's wife suffers from kleptomania?

Timkins—No; I think not. I understand it is the shopkeepers who suffer.—Stray Stories.

Unselfish Wisdom Demanded.

"A man should attend strictly to his own business."

"Maybe so. But that policy would never enable him to cut much of a figure in the state legislature."

Description of Highly Successful Meal That Called for Minimum Amount of Work.

"One day when company came on the maid's day out, we followed this plan of serving our dinner of four courses," said the woman who studied housekeeping problems. "We have a nest of tables which match the dining room furniture. The two largest were placed, each at the left of the person at the head and foot of the table. We omitted a soup course and served meat, salad, dessert and nut courses."

"The meat and condiments were the only dishes on the table. On one of our side tables we placed the vegetables on trays for passing, and the salad with its accessories—dressing and cheese; on the other side table the dessert and nuts, changes of plates and a pitcher of water. At the end of the meat course the soiled dishes and metal platter changed places with the salad paraphernalia, and a napkin covered the used dishes. At the end of the salad course, it and its accompaniments changed places with the dessert and serving dishes. At the end of this course an exchange was made with the nuts."

"On a third nest table in our living room we had previously placed our coffee percolator and cups and saucers, and to that room we adjourned for our after-dinner coffee, after lifting the two small tables containing all the soiled dishes into the butler's pantry. To get the cloth off the dining table and leave the room, which opens into our living room, in perfect order was the work of but two minutes. By following this plan we found it unnecessary to leave the table once during the meal, and we did not have the annoyance of having the table filled with food that should not appear in a mass."

AVOIDING WASTE OF BREAD

Economy Easy to Practice and by No Means Insignificant as Matter of Expense.

There are many ways in which bread may be wasted.

Bread, where economy is studied, should not be eaten before it is 36 hours old, and it becomes stale and unpalatable after three days. The bread should be stored in a cool place which is free from dampness.

In the pantry should stand a special covered receptacle for pieces of bread, crusts and scraps. A large earthenware pan, a wooden butter tub or box or a large flour tub may be utilized.

This should be kept clean, emptied every day or every two days, wiped out carefully, and loose crumbs removed, and scalded or scrubbed once a week, for unless this is done the bread quickly becomes moldy and unfit for use. All crusts, heels of loaves, trimmings from toast, etc., that cannot be used at once should be placed in this.

There are a great many ways of using the accumulated pieces, principally in the form of puddings. When the housekeeper arranges the menu for the day, puddings in which bread can be introduced should be often served, though not necessarily in the same form.

In every fixed menu provision should be made in it for a daily use of pieces of bread. It is difficult to detect the use of bread in many puddings if the fragments are carefully prepared beforehand.

Meat Loaf.

The meat loaf was made from the beef that was left over from last night's dinner. There was meat, potatoes, carrots, onion and gravy left. We put all except the gravy through the meat chopper; put the meat, vegetables and gravy into a bowl, add one teaspoonful onion juice, one teaspoonful finely chopped red or green pepper, season highly and add fresh bread crumbs enough to form into a loaf; put into a pan that has been brushed with drippings, cover with bread crumbs and brush with well-beaten egg and bread crumbs again. Put into a hot oven and bake 30 minutes. Set aside to get cold. Then slice and garnish with parsley and diced red beets if you have them. This can be baked the day before.

An Adjustable Ironing Board.

This board is light and easily adjusted, does not take a minute to put up or take down, and can be put on any height table, as it adjusts itself. In ironing skirts, etc., the end being open, it does not have to be lifted to place the clothes over it. For material use one piece of lumber 1 by 12 inches by 5 feet, for ironing board, two pieces 2 by 2 1/2 inches by 3 feet for cleats, and one piece 2 by 2 1/2 inches by 6 feet for legs. After smoothing and shaping the lumber, put the cleats on with screws, and a bolt hinge for the adjustable leg. The leg should be shaped as illustrated, for this allows it to fit any height table.—Woman's Home Companion.

Boiled Fruit Cake.

One cupful of water, one cupful of sugar, 1/2 cupful of lard (use a little butter, too), 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of cloves; 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup currants, 1/2 cup citron (or as much as desired), 1/4 teaspoonful of salt. Put all ingredients on the stove in an enamel pan; let them boil up for two or three minutes, then set aside to cool. When luke-warm add two cups of flour, sifted, with 1 teaspoonful of soda; flavor with lemon and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

COASTING.



Coasting, coasting down the hill. When the evening's nice and still. When the moon shines in the sky, And the coasters shout and cry. At their play, and snow is deep. With an incline smooth and steep; When the sleds and old "hobs" go Like greased lightning o'er the snow. Then it is that fun is had, By the little lass and lad. Ah, we knew their joy, for, lo! We were children—long ago!

SIMPLE MACHINE FOR BOYS

Will Transform Right and Left Motion into Rotary Motion of Other Without Being Seen.

Probably you know that every machine, no matter how complicated, simply transforms one kind of motion into another. The locomotive transforms the straight push of the piston rod into the rotary motion of the driving wheel. A sewing machine transforms the push of the foot into the rotation of a wheel, and that again is transformed into the prick of the needle.

Here is a little machine that any boy can make which will transform the right and left motion of one hand into a rotary motion of the other without his knowing it, says the New York Sun. Take a short piece of lath and cut some notches in the edge with a penknife. Then cut out a little disk of stiff card, color it if you like and stick it on the end of the lath with a stout pin.

Now hold the end that is further from the disk with your left hand and rub a penholder or a round pencil up



A Simple Machine.

and down the notches. You will find that the disk will begin to spin, no matter how steady you try to hold your left hand, which shows that you must be moving it in a small circle or the disk would not spin.

SPOTTED DOG AT A BARGAIN

Chauncey Depew Bought Animal from Circus Man, but Neglected to Get Umbrella With It.

Chauncey M. Depew has a keen sense of humor and loves to tell good short stories. The following one is a fair specimen, which, although not new one, is very funny:

"When I was quite a young lady about fourteen years old, my father lived on an old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day I went to town to see the circus, and while there I saw for the first time one of those spotted coach dogs. I bargained for it with the owner, and trotted him happily with my new possession. When my father saw it his good old Puritan face fell, and he said sadly:

"Why, Chauncey, we don't want any spotted dogs on the farm! It would drive the cattle crazy."

"I succeeded in obtaining permission to keep him, however. The next day it was raining, and I took the dog out in the woods to try him for a coon. The rain was too much for the spots, and when we returned home they had disappeared. I hastened to town and hunted up the man who had sold him to me.

"Look at the dog," said I; "his spots have all washed off."

"Great guns, boy!" exclaimed the dealer, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get it?"

"Great guns, boy!" exclaimed the dealer, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get it?"

GREAT STRENGTH OF SNAILS

Hitched to Toy Wagon by Harness Made of Twine They Will Pull Weight of One Pound.

Take a pair of snails, and improvise a form of harness out of fine twine or thread. To this attach a toy wagon or model lorry. On this in turn place a number of weights.



Athletic Snails.

and when the snails start moving you will see, to your great surprise, that they can pull after them a weight considerably nearer a pound than you ever had any idea of.

The Snow. New-fallen snow is often white. But true it is, alack! That snow that falls in city streets Is quite as often black.

GOT THERE AT LAST

STORY OF THE SHIPWRECK AS TOLD BY A WOMAN.

There Was a Joke in It but It Took Her a Long Time to Reach the Point, According to Tale Related by S. E. Kiser.

A story that S. E. Kiser told at the recent banquet given by the Chicago Association of Commerce for the sons of members follows:

"I told you about the difficulty of getting a woman to see the point of a joke. Now, there is another kind of woman. She is the woman who starts to tell you a joke and has difficulty in reaching the point of it."

"One of the loveliest little women that I ever knew had this trouble. She had once been unfortunate enough to be in a shipwreck. The vessel on which she was a passenger had been driven upon some rocks and was rapidly pounding to pieces when the life-savers succeeded in shooting a line over the upper works of the boat, thereby rescuing the passengers one at a time by means of the breeches buoy. There was a little incident connected with the woman's trip from the ship to the shore which she told in about this way:

"O, it was the most awful experience I ever had in all my life. I do hope nothing of the kind will ever happen to me again, but do you know when I was about half way between the ship and the shore swinging on that little bit of line and expecting every minute was going to be my last, the funniest thought suddenly popped into my mind just when I was there half way between the ship and the shore, and O! how those waves dashed and roared beneath me as I swung there just as if they were going to tear me into pieces in a minute. My, it was awful! But as I say, I was there half way between the ship and the shore when this funny thing came to my mind of all the places in the world. I can't imagine why it came to me there. You know my husband always treats me like a mere child, he doesn't let me handle the money and wouldn't even allow me to go around and buy a piece of steak, but just as I was there about half way, as I say, this funny thought struck me—and my, it was dark, awful dark!

"Well, as I was there, I say, swinging on this little bit of rope about half way between the ship and the shore, and suddenly this funny thought came to my mind. Now, the captain, I thought, was a coward the minute we got on the rocks, because he gave up, but the mate was one of the bravest men I ever saw in my life. But there I was half way between the ship and the shore and with nothing but that little bit of rope between me and death, expecting every minute to be the last minute of my life, and suddenly this funny thought sprang into my head and I was thinking also that my children would have a stepmother inside of a year if I was drowned, and, O, how it thundered and lightened, and my, how wet I was, I never was so wet in my life. I sometimes think it runs in our family, because I had a cousin drowned at sea. Well, as I say, there I was, about half way between the ship and the shore, swinging there, and suddenly the thought popped right into my mind just as suddenly as if some one had spoken it to me right out loud—suddenly the thought popped into my head there, 'Well, I had the breeches on for once anyhow!'"

Entertaining the Duke.

That irrepressible artist, the late Phil May, "saved the situation" at the Savage club one night in a very happy manner. It was an occasion when the late duke of Teck was present, and on account of this royal visit the entertainment committee thought it incumbent upon them to substitute for the usual free-and-easy show a strictly conventional entertainment, which, for all the duke's good nature, plainly bored him to death.

The proceedings went on in a funeral gloom very alien to the surroundings, till, in despair, one of the committee begged Phil May to cheer things up a bit, as only Phil May could.

"Phil" asked for some black chalks and a drawing board. The duke had just become a grandfather by the birth of the present prince of Wales, but few saw Phil May's drift as he drew, in his own inimitable style, an infant in long clothes grabbing at a feeding bottle, till he surmounted the whole with the prince of Wales' plumes.

The duke was convulsed with laughter and the evening was saved.

More Police for New York.

The police department of New York asks the board of estimates to appoint one thousand more policemen for next year in that city, and to grant an appropriation of \$2,500,000 additional for the department. The appeal is urged on the ground that London, with only one-third more population than New York, has almost double the number of policemen.

Intending Immigrants Turned Back.

About two hundred and fifty thousand immigrants are turned back every year by the immigration officials of this country. To guard the ports and boundaries against those to whom the law forbids entry, the government employs nearly two thousand trained men.