

A Tank Offering

Betty is a weakness for dressing the part, when I found her last Tuesday afternoon arrayed in a blue, floppy, artistic garment and an air of pensiveness I shuddered. I was almost sure that she had offended the cook. She finds it rather that potentate. But to a cook who has talent and in the matter of savorious possibilities genius much may be forgiven. Sarcasms are not to be despised. I sighed.

"Oh, such a luncheon!" she moaned by way of greeting.

"It was the cook."

"When's she going?" I asked gloomily.

"It's a funny thing."

"Not that sort of luncheon, you stupid old boy. Cook's not leaving."

"Oh, well," I said in a relieved tone, "if you will play tricks with your digestion."

"She stopped me with an indignant glance."

"Dick Ferris lunched with me," she remarked.

"Dick Ferris?" I whistled.

"Do not make that foolish noise," with great dignity. "Yes, with Dick Ferris. What of it?"

"My dear," I began confusedly.

"Don't call me 'my dear.' I do not live in the suburbs. I had quite enough of that at luncheon time."

"You don't mean to tell me, madam, that Dick Ferris called you 'my dear'?"

"Of course not. It would not have been half so bad if he had. He talked to me as if I were 30—and plain."

"Why, I thought he used to—to?"

"What?" And she regarded me a trifle more hopefully.

"Well—long ago—"

"Not so very long ago," she murmured.

"Eons ago," I persisted. "He—well, he was one of the—followers."

"I'm not cook," she laughed. "But it is true. He did—follow, and he has been supposed to be breaking his heart in some outlandish place."

"Ah, I understand," I said brightly.

"His heart is whole again, and you don't."

"Again I was withered by a look."

"Am I that kind of person?" she demanded wrathfully. "Don't I always try to marry off the friends of my unattached days?"

"Well, perhaps." But she doesn't really like them to get married, and if she does help on the process I notice that the girls are never wildly enthusiastic over her.

"No, it wasn't that at all. You are altogether wrong."

"Certainly," I conceded politely. "I never thought it was that. But what was it, then?"

"He has changed so abominably," she said vigorously. "He has become so conventional, so narrow, so—so suburban. Very different from the Dick I—I—"

"You—er?" I interrogated.

"You know."

I did. I knew more than she would have believed possible.

"May I have some tea?" I asked meekly.

I got it and surveyed Betty for a few seconds. She looked more than pretty, and as for Dick—bah, a thousand Dicks would not matter!

"So you find disillusionment pursuing your youthful steps?" I inquired, with interest.

"It's all very well for you to sneer," she said. "You have no sentiment in your nature. Now, don't say it's your misfortune—not your fault. You say that about everything, from dropping a spud to losing \$1,000."

"I wasn't going to say it," I protested.

"Really, you are treating me very badly."

"Poor old boy! But the remembrance of that idiot ruffles me."

"That idiot," I said. "Which idiot?"

"Dick, of course. If you will be so stupid—"

"But you were talking of sentiment. What has that to do with stupidity?"

"A great deal—sometimes I was stupid, long ago, when I believed that Dick—and I was certainly sentimental this afternoon," with a half guilty, wholly fascinating look at me—"and I will tell you, I was making a tank offering."

"A tank offering?" I repeated, genuinely puzzled. "But why should you? It isn't Lent or anything, is it?"

"When denseness reaches a certain point," said my companion oracularly, "it should be a capital offense."

"What have I done now?" I exclaimed despairingly.

"Who mentioned you? I was speaking generally. Ordinary people. Men, you know."

"That's not the point. I want to know about the tank offering."

"Oh, well," she began guiltily.

At that moment Parker entered the room. I can never rid myself of a dreadful suspicion that I do not meet with Parker's approval. She glanced coldly at me and said:

"A parcel for you, ma'am."

"Open it, Parker," said her mistress, looking amused and slightly mischievous.

And Parker, the irreproachable, undid layer after layer of paper, finally bringing to light an elaborately chased silver cigar box.

"You extravagant person!" I said.

"What is it?"

"The tank offering."

"But what is it, really?"

"Dick's wedding present—stupid!" said my wife.—Black and White.

Wearing Black Stockings.

A frequent cause of trouble with the feet is the wearing of black stockings. Care should be taken to select those with white soles, as the dye is extracted by the heat induced by confinement in the shoe and acts as an irritant poison. Itching, burning and swelling often are due solely to this cause. To mitigate the evil in some degree the stockings should be changed daily in summer and at least three times during the week in winter. The feet should be bathed every night in warm water and bicarbonate of soda—a tablespoonful of the soda to a basin of water—letting them remain in the solution until it becomes cool. They must be rubbed vigorously in drying and then bathed with alcohol.—New York Tribune.

His Part in the Quarrel.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand what you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?
Witness—Yes, sir.
"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."
"He seemed to be doing the listening."—Green Bag.

SHORTHAND WRITING.

Accuracy is of Much More Importance Than Speed.

"Speed is by no means the most necessary thing in shorthand writing," explained an experienced stenographer, "but with some teachers it is made the great consideration, often at the expense of everything else. The big thing in shorthand is legibility, for there are many who can write fast enough, but who are unable to tell what it means after it has grown cold. I have been a stenographer, depending entirely on it for my living, for 25 years. During that time I have, of course, picked up some knowledge on the subject. I have been the stenographer for two cabinet officers, four assistant secretaries and three or four senators. Incidentally I have worked for a year as the private secretary of one of the big bank presidents in New York city."

"All of this experience has proven one thing very conclusively, and that is that there is no necessity for any stenographer who does amanuensis work to write over 120 words a minute and in 90 cases out of 100 no necessity to write over 100 words a minute. Indeed, I know of at least 25 stenographers who are drawing the largest kind of salaries as private secretaries who have assured me that they have never been required to average as much as 90 words. Under these circumstances it seems strange that some teachers of stenography will excite pupils to write 150 to 200 words per minute and endeavor to make them believe that such a railroad speed is a necessity. Such a practice does actual injury, for it discourages many from even learning a moderate speed. "There have been instances where it may have been necessary for stenographers to be able to write over 200 and more words a minute, and there is a legend hanging about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for 10 or 12 minutes in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach 110 words and in dictating letters rarely reaches 100 words."—Washington Star.

SOME SURE THINGS.

Bets to Be Avoided by Those Who Never Tried the Feats.

Bets to be avoided by those who are cocksure they can do all things are those relating to athletic feats. It would seem that a good runner could easily give a start of 50 yards in 100 to a man who was doing the 50 yards by hopping on one leg. But few runners, if any, can afford to give that amount of start to any man who is at all strong on his legs. For the first five yards or so they go at practically the same pace, so that to run 95 yards while his opponent is hopping 45 he has to go more than twice as fast, and it is a weak man indeed who cannot hop 50 yards in ten seconds.

An ordinary wooden match is easily broken in the fingers, but, although there are many who will bet they can do it, none succeed in accomplishing the task if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

No one can crush an egg placed lengthwise between his clasped hands—that is, if the egg be sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg. It is safe to bet a man that he cannot get out of a chair without bending his body forward or putting his feet under it, if he is sitting on it, not at the edge of it.

Another equally certain wager is that a man cannot stand at the side of a room with both of his feet touching the wallscotching lengthwise. It is safe to bet any man, save one who is blind, that he cannot stand for five minutes without moving if he is blindfolded.

The Original Seven Wonders.

None of the original seven wonders of the world remains, except the great pyramid of Egypt. The tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, built about 350 B. C., was destroyed before 1400 A. D. The third wonder, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, was built 562 B. C. and was destroyed 356 B. C. The fourth wonder, the walls and terraces of Babylon, were erected about 570 B. C. They decayed gradually after Babylon had ceased to be the capital of the Assyrian empire. The Colossus of Rhodes, erected in 288 B. C., stood 64 years, was destroyed by an earthquake and lay in ruins for nearly 900 years, until a Jew bought it and took it on 900 camels to Alexandria. The statue of Zeus at Olympus was made 437-433 B. C., was removed to Constantinople and was destroyed by fire 475 A. D. The Pharos at Alexandria was built about 283 B. C. and was destroyed by an earthquake about 1300-1400 A. D.

Many a Mickle Makes a Muckle.

Many men of small income spend 5, 10 or 20 cents a day for drinks, cigars or other unnecessary things. Five cents a day saved and at the end of each year put to interest at 5 per cent would at the end of ten years amount to \$205.50; 20 cents, \$600; 25 cents, \$815. Ten cents a day so treated would in the same periods respectively amount to \$405, \$1,120, \$1,630. Twenty cents a day would amount to \$810, \$2,240 and \$3,290.

A Question of Funds.

"My doctor ordered a trip to Europe for me."
"Did you follow his direction?"
"No. He presented his bill and then took the trip to Europe himself."—Washington Star.

A Faultless Reply.

Examiner in Physics—What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of 45 degrees?
Pupil—it goes out.

WILD BOYISH TRICKS.

CRAZY PRANKS PERPETRATED BY COLLEGE STUDENTS.

A Cart Loaded With Bricks That Piled on the Roof of Harvard Memorial Hall—A Wild Decoration For a Statue of Justice.

"In all ages," said the man who observes, "boys have been boys, and if at times their play may smack of brutality, at others it is amusing and even clever. Some years ago at Harvard a cart containing bricks broke down in front of Memorial hall. It being then late, the driver left it there for the night. The next morning, securely resting on the ridge of the roof of Memorial hall, was that self-same load of bricks, although how it got there is to this day a mystery. The scuttle to the roof was far too small to admit the body of the cart. On the other hand, the cart was too heavy, it seemed, to have been pulled up by hand from the outside, and besides neither wall nor roof showed any sign of its passage. Yet there it was, and there it remained until at considerable expense to pockets and temper the college authorities had it removed and restored to its clamorous owner."

"The preparatory school to which I went was in a small country village. A fire was looked upon as a great affair and was attended by the students in a body. Once there our custom was to hurl ribald remarks and advice at the various firemen by name. To get even it was their habit, at unexpected moments, to turn the hose upon us. A few duckings taught us caution, and we at length were usually able to scamper away without a wetting."

"One bitter winter afternoon we gathered at a fire and engaged in our usual occupation of baiting the firemen. At length they tried to reach us with the hose, but having anticipated the move we were without its range. But unnoticed behind us had been standing the principal of the school. On his august person the stream of water descended like an avenging fate, and before the panic-stricken firemen could turn it away he was wet to his respectable skin. The water froze as it struck, and we were presently gazing upon a human icicle."

"At length we recovered sufficiently to go to his aid and, wrapping him in coats, drove him rapidly to his home, during which the entire school shook in his shoes, while the wretched firemen were for resigning in a body. But he was a thorough good fellow, and beyond a few words as to the wrong we were doing in interfering with a public servant in the discharge of his duty he allowed the incident to pass by unnoticed."

"The town hall was one of those hideous and black structures so common in the New England towns of 20 years ago, where the only attempt at decoration was a funeral cupola in the exact center of the roof, on top of which was a large figure of Justice. To the horror of the selectmen the town awoke one morning to gaze upon a transfigured Justice. A light blue crinoline skirt and red shawl enveloped her figure, and she looked coquetishly out from beneath the shadow of an immense poke bonnet. As a particularly happy thought, she was weighing two babies in the scales."

"Then came an awful row. The town had no hook and ladder truck, without the aid of which no one could be found to remove the garments. The nearest hook and ladder company was 12 miles distant and required not only the permission of the town council but the expenditure of cash to bring it over. The selectmen declared that as it was manifestly a trick of the students the faculty should pay. The faculty firmly refused, holding that there was no proof that such was the case. For ten days the controversy raged, and then the selectmen gave way and paid for the hook and ladder truck. The day the hook and ladder company was to come a storm sprang up which lasted for three days. When the goddess was finally stripped of her clothing, the dyes had run, and she emerged tinted with all the colors of the rainbow. She had to be painted afresh, the selectmen footing the cost with sullen faces."

"The secret was successfully kept as to how the goddess was decorated. The night previous to the occurrence there had been a show in the town hall. When it was over, the captain of the football team and two fellow conspirators had sneaked beneath the balize fronted stage. When all was quiet, they had ascended to the roof. Once there one end of a long rope had been attached to the captain's waist and the other to that of one of the others. The third man accompanied the climber to the base of the figure with the bundle of clothes. The skirt and babies were easily placed, but the shawl and bonnet came as harder work, the figure rocking fearfully on its base. The idea of the rope was that in case the dresser fell he would be saved from rolling to the ground. If such an accident had happened, when he bounded from the sloping sides of the roof he undoubtedly would have carried the football captain to the ground with him. They didn't think of this, however, and it gave them a greater feeling of safety."—New York Tribune.

A Sure Sign.

When a young lady begins to manifest an interest in the arrangement of a young man's cravat, his bachelor days are numbered. It is time to begin to hoard money.—Collier's Weekly.

It is the humble man that advances. He recognizes his imperfections and strives to improve. His progress is the result of his knowledge of self. The vain, conceited, arrogant man stands still.

LOVE RULES ALL.

And said I that my blood was cold
And said I that my blood was cold
And that my kindly fire was dead
And that I might not sing of love?
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recant prove?
How could I name love's very name
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame?

In peace Love turns the shepherd's reed;
In war he wields the warrior's steel;
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dark and drear,
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Sir Walter Scott.

THEY BUILT THE ROAD.

And Could Know Where to Get the Rails to Do It.

Jay Gould once wanted to build a short line to a certain place and found rivals in the field. To Sylvester T. Smith he gave imperative orders. "Get out as big a force as possible, and complete the road before the other fellows get wind of it, and we'll head 'em off." Smith reported presently. "Mr. Gould, we can get all the ties, fish-planks, bolts, nuts and spikes we want, but we can't get the rails." "Telegraph to every mill in the country, and pay any price," said Gould. "I have done so, and there is no chance for a delivery under 12 months." "Then," said the little wizard, "go somewhere and tear up something. We've got to have rails." He indicated the road to destroy, a branch or feeder of the Union Pacific.

Smith soon had the old road torn up and the new one laid down. Then came war. Stockholders of the Union Pacific learned of the enterprise and haled Smith to court to answer for tearing up a railroad that belonged to them. To their questioning he admitted all and had no excuse but that Jay Gould ordered him to do it.

"Who is Jay Gould?" some asked.

"What has he got to do with it?"

Up rose a young lawyer from New York to inform them that Mr. Gould owned all the bonds of the Union Pacific road, though not a dollar of its stock, and that he was absolute proprietor of the feeder that Mr. Smith had torn up. There never was a more surprised and mystified lot of men. They had nothing more to say.—San Francisco Argonaut.

SHE HAS A NEW VALISE.

Why She Bought It and Why, Also, She Will Not Lend It.

A Portland woman tells this story, which may have a moral: Several years ago her husband made her a present of a traveling bag made of black Russia leather, handsomely mounted and strong and serviceable. She had had it only a few days when the sister-in-law of her boarding mistress borrowed it to take with her to the White mountains. It looked so much nicer than her own was her apology. It had only been returned a few days when a friend who was going to take a little journey up among the hills of Oxford county begged the loan of it, and again it was taken down from "the upper shelf."

Then another friend was to make a visit of a few weeks in Montreal. Could she take it? She could and did. By this time the new look had vanished, and still its owner had had no occasion to carry it.

One evening a favorite cousin called. He was captain of a brig which was to sail for the coast of Africa the next day, but he himself was going on a steamer via England. Did his cousin have a valise she wouldn't need for six months or so? Reluctantly the traveling bag was produced, and that was the last time the lady saw it for two years, when it reached her by the hand of a sailor from the brig. But it was in such a battered and forlorn condition that she consigned it to the waste barrel.

In the meantime she had bought a new valise, which she declined to lend.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Thoughtful Little Wife.

Young Wife—My dear, there is a gentleman waiting in the other room. He wants to speak to you.
He—Do you know him?
She—You must forgive me, darling, but of late you have been troubled with a cough, besides, you take so little care of yourself, and—oh, if you only knew how anxious I am about you. Suppose I were to lose you, love. (She bursts into sobbing and throws herself on his breast.)

He—Come, my dear, silly child, do be calm, do be calm. People don't die of a slight cold. Still, if it will verify you, show the doctor in. Who is it?
Dr. Pallot, eh?
She—It isn't a doctor. It is—it is—a life insurance agent!

Siam's Weights and Measures.

In Siam the liquid measure used is derived from a coconut shell which is capable of holding 839 tamarind seeds, and 20 of these units equal the capacity of a wooden bucket. In dry measure, 839 tamarind seeds make one "kanahn," and 25 "kanahns" make one "sat" or bamboo basket; 80 "sat" make one "kwien," or cart. This is an example of the primitive origin of most units of weights and measures.

Forethought.

"What did you buy so much of this cheap and worthless coffee for?"
"For these new neighbors of ours in case they prove to be of the borrowing sort. If they don't, you can throw it away."—Chicago Tribune.

The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through 19 different processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

Switzerland's expense for the keeping of each inmate in the insane asylums is \$48 a year.

FACES ON THE WALL.

BY BOB M. CHEYNE.

My friend Topper is inclined to obesity, not to that cool, self-possessed obesity that marks the man of the world, not to that good natured, rotund fullness of person that knows it can't hurry with comfort and so is content to stand serene in the throng of nervous humanity breaking out in personal smiles of complacent indulgence on all the fuming little world around, not to well groomed portliness, but rather to the nervous, self-conscious type of adiposity that characterizes the woman with the market basket one sees in street cars. Topper, in other words, is both fat and fussy.

We, Topper and I, have an unspoken understanding that brings us together every Monday night in the back row at the Grand Opera House. I was a little early last Monday night, but, crossing to the aisle at the left of the house, found Topper in his usual place. May my friends never have the pain, my foes the pleasure, of seeing me in such a state as I found Topper. His chin on his breast, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, my fat friend, the picture of abject misery, sat staring at the waistcoating of alabaster counterfeiter running around the walls of the audience room and lobby. I forced my way past him, since he seemed in no way inclined to move, and, sitting down in my accustomed place, awaited his tale. I know his moods, and this one was sure to have a tale.

For some moments he sat motionless, except for the heaving of his shirt bosom, which rose and fell with his labored respiration like the Nancy Lee anchored at full tide, his starched linen creaking ominously as it strained on his gold stud buttons. Surprised at his long silence, and more at the faint odor I detected of high balls gone by, for Topper rarely indulges, I was about to speak, when Topper turned. Laying his hot, fat hand impressively on my wrist, he moaned in a sepulchral tone, "Well, Bob, it's all up with me."

I waited to hear whether it was a visit from his wife's mother or a lost bet, when, to my great surprise, he continued: "Yes, Bob, this intemperance is a terrible thing! Cut it all out, old man, before it's too late!"

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed. "Why, you old fat fool, when it comes to bibulousity you're not even energetic, let alone ambitious."

This was actually the first time I had known him to take anything for a month. "I know I don't often touch it, and even today I don't think I was in the last round, but it's got me—got me dead."

"Got you?"

My friend edged over like some foolish young thing and in a horrified whisper exclaimed: "I see things!"

This, coming from my superabundant friend, was certainly dry humor, and only the helpless expression on his face overcame my desire to laugh. It was evident Topper was serious.

"I said he," laying his finger on a spot on the marble baseboard of the wall, "I know you'll say I'm a fool, but I can see a face there just as plain as though it had been drawn by an artist."

"And so it has," I laughed, for a striking likeness of a young girl, décolleté and charming, smiled out at me from the masonry of the base beneath his finger.

"Has what?" he inquired languidly.

"Has been drawn there," I replied. "I can see it; any one can see it."

The faint smile of relief this assertion brought him faded away as he moaned: "Yes, but I see dozens of them. Did some one draw faces all over these walls and pillars and everything else? I don't see them here and there and here! Don't you see them?" All this time he was thrusting and stabbing excitedly with his forefinger. "There's a man, and here's an old woman with a hooked nose, and there's a baby with a little hood on its head, and here's—"

"I don't see 'em," I commanded, for in his enthusiasm Topper had risen and was following the marble baseboard across the back of the house toward the lobby. Topper sank down in despair, the tide of emotion in his troubled breast still threatening the moorings of his shirt bosom.

My mind was working on a tactful scheme for drawing my friend's thoughts away from these forms of his imagination, when, my eye resting on the marble, the face of an old man met my gaze. Slightly disconcerted, I looked away, and a pillar of the same material coming within the circle of my vision, was confronted by two faces in profile, back to back like the mythical Janus. I felt a strange sensation down the seam of my coat collar and looked again toward the slab on the wall. There was the old man's picture, unaltered. I rose, certain that it would fade away on my approach. To my surprise, it bore the closest scrutiny and returned my questioning stare with the mildest affability.

I spoke to Topper, who stood expectant at my elbow, and we walked into the lobby, where we could continue our search away from the curious stare of the now rapidly gathering audience. It was the same there—faces of every possible conception, formed by the multifarious lines veiling the composition of those slabs around the lobby, stared and grinned and smirked and scowled and glared at us from whatever point we scrutinized. The attendants of the theater, noting our actions, joined us, as did one or two friends coming in, and all, with some slight effort, could discover the puzzle faces. It is all like the old picture cards that contained a fox and a goose and a crow and a man and an eagle, et cetera ad libitum, all the mystic recesses of one leafy tree top. After seeing them the wonder grows in one's mind that they have been so long passed by unnoticed.

The orchestra struck up, and as Topper and I fell into our seats a smile of relief broke out on his face that lent an unmistakable evidence to the back of his neck and bore unimpeachable testimony to the fact that our greatest horrors are born of the imagination.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mysterious Box.

There is a mysterious package in the keeping of the Bank of England, the contents of which will perhaps never be divulged. This is a box which was deposited with the bank in the lifetime of the first Duke of Wellington, with instructions that it was not to be opened except with his consent and that of two or three other persons of great eminence, all of whom have long since been dead. It has always been supposed that it contained state papers of the highest importance.

A DISMAL FAILURE.

The Last Joke He Tried to Play on His Dear Wife.

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pan out well."

"Elucidate."

"You see, she has a habit of hoisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last, she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't she nags at me until morning. A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little ways and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said: 'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window. It's like a bake oven in the room. Get up and see.' So I got up, went to the window and threw the sash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then flung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke. 'Poor old Jim,' she quietly said, 'he's tumbled out of the window in his ragged nightshirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning!' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"Stood there like a fool for a minute or two and then sneaked into bed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ONE MEAL A DAY.

Pronounced a Secret of Human Health and Happiness.

It is by no means impossible that the newest world lecturer will allude to the delays of the single meal reform. The one meal a day plan was successfully practiced by some 80,000,000 men of the healthiest, wealthiest and most intelligent nations of antiquity for nearly 1,000 years.

No unprejudiced observer can deny that for the vast plurality of our fellow men there is no other practicable way to live up to the principle of the sanitary maxim, "Never to eat till we have leisure to digest."

Nine out of ten laborers have to hurry from the breakfast table to their daily work and cannot count upon more than a few minutes of afternoon meal rest. The same in rolling mills, shipyards, railway yards, workshops and schoolrooms.

Less than a year's time would suffice to give the one meal habit the force of a second nature, and those who would like to form an idea of its universal observance during the classic period of antiquity should read Peter Bayle's dissertation on "Domestic Life in Athens and Rome" or De Quincy's humorous essay, published in the second volume of miscellanies under the title, "Dinner, Real and Reputed."

There would be time for play, for reading, for the enjoyment of art and entertaining conversation.

Stuntings would be known only from the traditions of insatiable barbarism. The granger's youngsters would get afternoon sports enough to think life on a farm decidedly worth living. No after dinner martyrdom would tempt truants, housekeeping drudgery would be lessened two-thirds.

—Felix M. Oswald, M. D., in Health Culture.

A Telegram That Talked.

At one time when the late George Drew Barrymore was playing in San Francisco a fabulous sum was offered her by a local theater for her services for a few weeks. The offer was exceedingly tempting, but her contract with Charles Frohman stood in the way. However, on the nothing venture nothing won theory, she telegraphed a detailed statement of the offer she had received to Frohman in New York, explained how anxious she was to