

# THIS IS HOW YOU SEE A MAN AT THE 'PHONE.

Dr. Sylvestre, whose name has flashed around the world as the inventor of a wonderful device by which you cannot only hear by telephone, but see by phone as well, has allowed several illustrations to be made of the visual telephone machine, although he will not as yet show its working fully, because he says to see it is so simple that a man could go away and make one himself. So until the machine is bought by the French government for \$5,000,000, the price he wants, the doctor will not exhibit the device.

The illustrations show the different parts of the invention, and something of its workings. It consists of a small circular mirror, with a hole in the center, to which is screwed a tiny electric light of a little more than one candle power. The mirror is fixed to the microphone plate of the telephone and a pair of little brass pencils connects the current and the apparatus. In a mysterious looking hood two acids mix drop by drop, and out of a spout comes a phosphorescent vapor, falling on the mirror. If, when telephoning, a sheet of white paper is placed in front of the mirror, the room from where the person is telephoning may plainly be seen, and also the person.

Dr. Sylvestre was sitting in his laboratory in the dark one night some weeks ago, awaiting the slow working of some chemical process. He has in his laboratory a theater 'phone. He was listening to the opera, when suddenly on the white wall of his laboratory he saw the stage scene from the theater, colors and all. Investigation revealed to him the secret. He has made half a dozen tests that have convinced him that the visual telephone is practicable, although at first sight he admits it seemed to him as if it may have impressed others when he first heard of it—Incredibly phenomenal.

"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa! And mother says if you give us each sixpence we mustn't lose it!"

It is said that men in a savage state never have toothache. It is also said that there was never a man with toothache who was not in a savage state.

Investigation will reveal that every successful man gets down to work early.



DR. SYLVESTRE'S METHOD OF PICTORIAL TRANSMISSION.

### PRUDENCE.

Prue—for Prudence—is her name. How it does belie her! For in foolish madcap pranks No girl can outvie her.

Always in some mischief new. Seek some new folly. Often to be mourned next day In deepest melancholy.

Always thoughtless when she acts. Never once malicious. Forever getting into scrapes—To me she is delicious!

Prudence! What a name for her! How it does belie her! Yet in winking charm—for me—No girl can outvie her!—Somerville Journal.

### THE STRAWS OF DEATH.

THE regiment was settling down for the night with some grumbling and much profane jesting. For Western volunteers possess a sense of humor superior to the most trying conditions. Somewhere in the darkness the Filipinos were taking pot shots between their cigarettes, as an occasional zeal attested.

"There go the typewriters," cried a young private. "Firing at fireflies, as usual. No sleep to-night."

"Typewriters" was a contemptuous appellation given to the Fourteenth regulars, because the popping of their magazine guns in the distance slightly resembled the noise of the machine of peace.

"Put your mouth on the safety notch," ordered the captain from the right of the company. "They're sending out the outposts. Get their bearings, so that you can shoot around them if the ball opens up."

Two men were receiving final instructions from the colonel previous to venturing into the hostile country in front. "Sneak out about two hundred yards," ordered the officer, "and lie low. If you see any signs of an attack, try to get back and warn us. If you can't get back, you must warn us somehow, and take your chances. No need to tell you to be careful. You hold the lives of many men in your hands. Good luck, boys."

This sort of work is called Cossack outpost duty, and men detailed upon it should not be men of family or nerves. A few nights previously two nervous men were detailed upon it. One of them fired at a white pariah dog. The shot caused the Filipinos to concentrate a series of volleys lasting thirty minutes in the direction of the outposts. The Americans awakened from a sound sleep and let go several unauthorized volleys. Consequently the two nervous men, being between two fires, were ridden with two kinds of ammunition.

The two men detailed for this evening's work were of different mettle. "Moriturus salutaris, colonel," said one, with a reckless laugh. With the easy nonchalance of veterans they gave the rifle salute, and, sliding over the top of the trench, disappeared into the night.

"There go two good men," observed the colonel.

The two men tiptoed across the dry rice paddies, each holding his rifle at the ready. There was no sound except the occasional hiss of a random bullet or the faint and distant pop of a rifle.

"Guess this is far enough," said one of the men, at length. "Here is a little hollow. Why, it is almost as safe as the trench. The other acquiesced with a faint murmur, and they sprawled upon the ground facing the enemy's territory.

ly for a moment; then he lay motionless.

"For God's sake, Billy, what's up?" cried Osbourne, in an agonized whisper. He laid his hand on the man's face, but jerked it away horrified, for it touched something warm and wet.

"She's mine!" he muttered, with fierce triumph; then, "Poor Billy."

A thought came that caused him to gasp and shiver. He hesitated, reached for the dead man's hand and loosened its clasp from the other straw. It was several inches longer than the one he had drawn.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "Oh, Billy!" he cried, shaking the dead man's shoulder as if to rouse him. "What shall I do?" Only the far-off popping of the rifles broke the oppressive stillness.

"I'm glad of it," said Kipling, enthusiastically. "And I'll tell you what we'll do with you! We'll lure you into the jungle, and have you seized and bound. We'll have you turned on your back, and get one of our biggest elephants to stand over you with his foot poised above your head. Then I'll say, in my most insinuating tone, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it, the lady or the tiger?'"

At one time Mr. Stockton was the guest of honor at a dinner given in Washington by a member of President Harrison's cabinet. When the dessert was served it proved to be two large plates of ice cream, one an orange ice in the mold of a tiger, the other of vanilla, in the form of a woman. The plates were set in front of the hostess, and she turned to her guest with a prematurely triumphant air.

"Which kind do you prefer, Mr. Stockton?" she asked.

"A little of both, of you please!"

### The Greatest Show on Earth.

During the Omaha exposition Senator Chauncey Depew and S. R. Callaway, president of the American Locomotive Company, were strolling about the midway, taking in the sights, when they were invited into a large hall to see the "greatest performance on earth." The hall filled up rapidly, and after a wait of ten or fifteen minutes the Senator said to Mr. Callaway: "This must be a good show—so many people are crowding in to see it." After some further waiting, during which the hall was jammed full, the late Senator and his friend stepped into the arena, stopping to shake hands with the Senator and Mr. Callaway, said: "I was in thunder as you fellows doing here? There is an old faker outside calling out, 'Come in and see the great and only Chauncey M. Depew! Only 10 cents to see the great and only Chauncey.'"—Portland Oregonian.

### An Every-Day Matter.

There are some circumstances under which it is easy to write a letter for another person, and others under which it is well-nigh impossible; but not all people agree on what the circumstances are.

"I'd just like you to write a letter to Pump for me, please, Missy June," said the colored queen of a Boston kitchen to her young mistress. "Jess a little short, every-day letter. It won't take you but 'bout a minute."

"What shall I say?" asked the lady, when pen and paper were at hand. "Tell me just what to say, Hester."

"Oh," said Hester, with a toss of her head, "I'd less like a few words. Missy June, Jess to tell him howdy, and say marry him, an' he'd better hurry hisself and make sure of Susy Jane, or most likely he'll be an' die a miserable ole bachelder. Dat's all."

### Important Detroit River.

The Detroit River is the outlet of the greatest bodies of fresh water in the world, aggregating 82,000 square miles of lake surface.

Many a man's success is due to the fact that he never attempts to do anything beyond his ability.

### Suggestive.

Ex-Senator Hill is a busy man, and probably had not the time to commit his speech to memory. Ex-President Cleveland has plenty of time, and probably had his Tilden Club remarks "pat."

### Contradictory.

It is said that men in a savage state never have toothache. It is also said that there was never a man with toothache who was not in a savage state.

### Investigation will reveal that every successful man gets down to work early.

## AS TO PUBLIC SPEAKING.

### Few Great Speeches Come Without Previous Study.

Some wonder has been expressed at the practice David B. Hill has lately adopted of reading his speeches to his audiences, though it is said that he reads with such a show of off-hand speaking that those in the crowd who can hear him but cannot see him do not discover any difference. Mr. Hill is a practiced public speaker, and can unquestionably do his subject justice without the use of manuscript. If necessity arises he is eminently satisfactory as an extemporaneous speaker. These are formative times, however, and he is probably anxious to keep his record straight, and to be able to produce the proof against misrepresentations.

Some kinds of speeches are not much hurt in effect by being read by the speaker. Others depend altogether on the style of delivery. Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, would not be a success as a speech reader. Deliveries that depend more on flights of phraseology and graceful emphasis than deep deliberation must be unburdened by manuscript.

Reading speeches is getting to be quite the fashion. Gov. Nash read his speech as temporary chairman of the Republican State convention from typewritten pages, and Gen. Grosvenor, the permanent chairman, also read his speech.

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Of one thing the admiring public may rest assured: Very few, if any, of the great speeches come spontaneously from the speaker without previous reflection and preparation, not only as to the sentiment and general line of thought, but as to the language employed. Even Ingersoll's great speech placing Blaine in nomination for President in this city in 1876, which seemed an immediate brilliant inspiration rather than a study, was rehearsed in bed to the speaker's anxious brother before the convention met.

The brother went to Robert's room early in the morning to spur him to preparation. "How will this do?" asked Robert, as he raised himself from the pillows. Then that great speech was delivered for the first time, and to only one man—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Convalescing.

Father—Dorothy, has this young man any failings?  
Daughter—Well, papa, he plays ping-pong.

### Convalescing.

Patience—Doctor, thanks to you and your medicine, I feel like a new man again.  
Doctor—Never mind, you'll soon be yourself again.

### The Critics.

Ida—Yes, it was a case of love at first sight on his part.  
May—Hi! What a pity he didn't take a second sight.

### An Innocent Tip.

She—It's awfully silly in a young man to rock the boat when he takes a girl out for a row.  
He—Yes; but I suppose he likes to hear the girl scream.

### Unbiased View.

Younghub—There's nothing like matrimony for teaching a young man the value of money.  
Oldsaw—That's right. A dollar a man gives to his wife looks twice as big as the dollar he blew in on her during courtship.

### Rather Envious.

She (to her fiancé)—I am sure you think that Smith girl pretty.  
He—Yes, I think she is pretty—er—tail.

### Comparison.

The Boarder—I don't believe I eat enough to feed a bird.  
The Landlady—What kind of a bird? An ostrich?

### Her Excuse.

Friend—But are you going to jump right into colors? Why not wear half-mourning for awhile?  
Widow—Because you know some great sage advised us never to do things by halves.

### Quite Suitable.

Stone Cutter—What inscription do you wish on the monument?  
Widow—Well, as he was my seventh husband, just put a hand on it pointing like this, and underneath the line "Seven Up."

### Long-Winded.

Tess—Mr. Gayley's stories are rather broad, don't you think?  
Jess—Perhaps, but fortunately they are not as broad as they are long.—Philadelphia Press.

### Both Useful and Ornamental.

Mother—I don't see that you learned anything either useful or ornamental at that school last year.  
Pretty Daughter—Oh, but you don't know. For one thing, I learned how to make my shoelace come untied whenever I wish.—New York Weekly.

### The Limit.

Parson—So you consider Brudhad Smith to be very skeptical?  
Deacon—Skeptical? Why, pawson, ef he was allowed to reach de pearly gates he'd chip off a piece to see if de pearl was genuine.

### Delicate Insinuation.

Miss New York—I thought so much of our old yacht that I had a pair of canvas shoes made out of the sail.  
Miss Chicago—Gracious! Was it large enough for that?

### In A. D. 1905.

Mrs. Updote (to maid)—Maria, you need not set out the capsules for Mr. Updote's dinner. I have received a Marconigram that he will not be home until 10 o'clock, as his Santos-Dumontobile has had a breakdown.—Judge.

### Secret Out.

Smith—Brown is certainly a good man. He always speaks well of his neighbors.  
Jones—That isn't due to his goodness. He is anxious to sell his house and lot.—Chicago News.

### Increase of Election Districts.

The number of election districts this year is increased from 1,537 to 1,543.

Be sure your sins will find you out if you are ever a candidate for office.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—Sayings and Doings that are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"So you be an artist?" interrogated the old farmer at the station.  
"Yes," responded the dapper young chap with the easel, "and I paint still life."  
"Yeen do? Well, come out an' sketch yur farm hands during working hours."  
—Chicago Daily News.

### Won Their Hearts.

Sandy Pikes—So yer got de kids' sympathy an' dey give yer two ples. Did yer tell dem yer lost yer fingers in de war?  
Pelliced Pete—Naw, I sed I lost dem shootin' off firecrackers.

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## COURTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

### Barriers to Love—Making that Surprises the Americans.

Justice, a weekly paper published in Manila, prints the following from an American contributor:

We have for a year been trying to make out of what courting by the Filipinos consists, and are yet not sure that we know much about it.

We have seen some of it going on from the streets and the windows of our neighbors. The other evening, from 9 to 10, a dusky maiden leaned from the upstairs window and talked with a man of probably 25 years. We do not know how much love they talked, but the chances are not much. These people are not much given to flattery or love-making, at least so far as outward appearance goes.

A young man and a young woman never go riding or walking together, nor do they visit alone together in their homes. Some member of the family is always present, and the conversation is general. After the engagement is announced the intended seems to go to see the-to-be-bride as often as he chooses. We know a couple; the man is a widower of about 33 and the girl 16 or 17. It is said that the man is well to do, and the senorita is fairly good-looking. The man has a boy about 7 years old, and it is not infrequent for the father to take the boy with him when he goes to see his sweetheart, which is fully four times a week.

The girls are not backward about talking to anyone in the presence of their family or friends. And they can talk, too—about everything they know about.

There is little or no hugging or kissing, and absolutely none in the better-educated class before marriage, and so far as we know, but little after. We do not remember of seeing a man and woman kiss during our stay in these islands. It is not a lack of kindly regard, but not the custom.

The way the houses are built, the open windows, projecting over the street, make it very convenient for the lover to stand upon the sidewalk and "spark" his best girl.

It is our opinion that, to a marked degree, the girls belonging to the families of the better class are virtuous when they give their hands in holy wedlock.

### Carried a Full Line.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, of Kentucky, in the eminent bishop's in the Episcopal church, enjoys a good story as well as if he did not wear the cloth. He tells this one on himself:

A number of years ago he was going by train to one of the smaller towns of his diocese to hold services. He was enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and upon the seat facing him was a very large valise, containing his clerical vestments. A drummer sitting back of him, noticing his jaunty traveling cap, leaned forward and inquired:

"Traveling man, eh?"

"Yes," answered the bishop.

"What house d'ye represent?"

"The biggest house in the world." "Shillito" (the largest house in Cincinnati) asked the drummer.

"Bigger than that."

"Marshall Field?"

"Bigger than that."

"A. T. Stewart's?"

"Bigger yet."

"Well, what house is it? Those are the best I know."

"I represent, sir," said the bishop, impressively, "the house of God."

The salesman gave a gasp, then, glancing at the mammoth valise, exclaimed:

"Well, all I've got to say is, you carry a pretty full line of samples."—New York Tribune.

### The Clock Stopped.

"Ever hear a clock stop in the middle of the night?" said the retired burglar.

"I did once, and I never was much more scared by anything, for a minute, in my life."

"I'd just picked up a watch that was lyn' on the top of a bureau in a house that I was in, when all of a sudden there seemed to drop right down, somehow, a stillness that was like death; and I found myself standing there holding that watch and looking around in the dark in all directions, expecting something terrible to happen; and scared?"

"Why, for a minute I was scared almost out of my senses. And then all of a sudden it struck me that a clock that I'd been hearing ticking away good and strong up to that minute in the room back of the one I was in had stopped."

"That's all, but that was enough for me, and I just slid out."

"I like a quiet house, but I don't like one with that kind of stillness in it; and then, sometimes folks are woke up by a clock stopping just about as quick as they would be by the firing of a gun."

### A Question.

Whene'er I feed the barnyard folk My gentle soul is vexed; My sensibilities are torn And I am sore perplexed.

The rooster so politely stands While waiting for his food. But when I feed him, what a change! He then is rough and rude.

He crowds his gentle wifely aside Or corks them on the head; Sometimes I think it would be best If he were never fed.

And so I often stand for hours Deciding which is right— To starve him have enough, Or to satisfy and be polite.—Leslie's Monthly.

### Only Once!

A beam at a parish church not far from Dumfries was busy one day digging a grave when a stranger walking through the churchyard thought he would go over and have a crack with him. He found it no easy matter to draw old John into conversation. First he tried remarks on the weather, then expressed his admiration of the fine country side, but "Ay" and "No" were all the stranger could get out of him till he asked the question:

"Do people die often here?"

John straightened his back for the first time, and leaning on his spine, looked up in the stranger's face and solemnly replied:

"Weel generally, juist aince."

### Another General.

"Any letters for me, Pomp?" demanded the pompous old general as he hobbled out to the gate.

"No, sah," responded the colored mail carrier.

"No letters addressed 'General'?"

"One, sah."

"Then it must be for me. I am the only general in town."

"Ah, don't think so, sah."

"What general is it?"

"General delivery."

### His Belief.

She—Do you believe that people should marry their opposites?  
He—Certainly. That's why I am looking for a girl with money.

### Slight Variation.

Stubb—When you proposed I suppose she sprung that old gag. "This is so sudden!"

Penn—Nothing of the kind. She said, "You silly thing! Why didn't you say the word sooner and save gas bills?"

### The Wise Fly.

Once a foolish fly said to the Pirenologist Fly: "Come and let us make haste and alight on yonder bald head."

"Not so," said the Pirenologist Fly. "Con you not see that the bald head possesses an enormous bump of combativeness?"

This teaches us that a misfortune may at times possess advantages.—Baltimore American.

### Tennyson's Tactlessness.

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess when he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded any one's feelings.

Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it, for fear his hostess might be vexed.

On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm.

"I heard you liked these, so I brought them," he said, genially. It was his idea of a peace offering.

### Their Idea.

"Just think of those scientists climbing up those volcanoes and peeping down into the craters," shivered Mrs. Fosdick.

"They wished to get an inside view of the situation," explained Mr. Fosdick.