



"Why does Algy always wear such a greasy coat?" "Wants people to think he owns a motor."

Some Red Saunders' Philosophy.

"Of all the worlds I ever broke into this one's the most curious," said Red Saunders, "and one of the curiosest things in it is that I think it's queer. Why should I now? What puts it into our heads that affairs ought to go so and so when they never do anything of the sort? Take any book you read or any story a man tells you. It runs along about how Mr. Smith made up his mind to do this or that and proceeded to do it. And that never happened. What Mr. Smith calls making up his mind to do this or that and proceeded to do it, when you come down to find out, nothing more nor less than that Mr. Smith pleasantly calls his mind dodging to cover under pressure of circumstances. That's straight. Old Lady Luck comes for Mr. Smith's mind, swinging both hands. She gives it a stem winder on the ear, lams it for keeps on the smeller, chugs it one in the short ribs, drives right and left in to its stomach, and Mr. Smith's mind breaks for cover; then Mr. Smith tells his wife that he's made up his mind—he, mind you! Wouldn't that stun you?"—McClure's.

Alias Women.

When Ainu, especially Ainu women, meet after a separation that has lasted some time they have a pretty way of telling each other their experiences in a sort of chant, and in the pleasant sound of their singularly sweet voices one forgets their wild and unkempt looks. The Japanese women are equally remarkable for the sweetness of their voices, but have the advantage over their Ainu sisters of delicate and dainty ways, the charm of which the most stolid globe trotter is constrained to own. If the women of Ainu-moshi, as the Ainu call their land, are the drudges of the men in their youth and middle age their opportunity for revenge comes with the lapse of years. The curses of an angry old woman excite the utmost terror in the bravest bear hunter. He flies, panic struck, from such names as sunnammas (many deer), tononippo (bald patch beard), or worst of all, ra-guru (corpse) or inao-sak-guru (godless fellow). After death her ghost is regarded with even deeper dread.

A Bird Friendship.

The rector of Woolston, Mr. Gilbert Coventry, told me of a wild rock dove which one of his stable boys had reared from the nest. It slept in the open, however, and had full liberty. Soon the good things on the rector's table attracted it, and it would appear through the open window at mealtimes, take hot soup with much zest and even sip sherry from a wineglass. At night it often slipped in and slept in the rector's bed in its back under the coverlet. One Sunday morning during the reading of the lesson the dove flew swiftly through an open window into the church and settled on the rector's head. Broad smiles spread over the faces of the elders and audible titters came from the youngsters. A gentle touch sent the bird down to the edge of the clerk's desk below, where it sat undisturbed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Art of Making Hay.

How and when men first learned to make hay will probably never be known, for haymaking is a "process," and the product is not simply sun dried grass, but grass which has been partly fermented, and is as much the work of men's hands as flour or cider. Probably its discovery was due to accident, but possibly man learned it from the pikas, the "calling larks" of the steppes, which cut and stack hay for the winter. That idea would fit in nicely with the theory that central Asia was the "home of the Aryan race" if we were still allowed to believe it, and hay-making is certainly an art mainly practiced in cold countries for winter forage.—London Spectator.

Myrtle.

The creeping plant we call myrtle is not a myrtle at all, but should be called by its proper name, periwinkle. Botanically it is Vinca minor. Long ago it used to be called "the ivy of the ground." Chaucer mentions it as "fresh periwinkle, rich of hew." The large blue flowers are very pretty. In Tuscan it is known as "the death flower" on account of its being so often planted upon graves, a custom which is beginning to prevail in this country. There is a pretty variegated leaved variety and also a sport with white flowers not so pretty as the blue.

A Poise.

A verbatim fragment from the law courts: King's Counsel (examining witness)—Did you—I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really; it was the 24th; it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really; he is the plaintiff—there is a counter claim, but you would not understand that—yes or no? Witness—What!—St. James Gazette.

In Nature's Kitchen.

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining tables at which sit a dozen students: One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

An Appeal.

The Owner—See here! That trunk never did you any harm, did it? The Porter—Any harm? Of course not. The Owner—Well, then, don't treat it as if it did.—Dressing G.A.C.

The Wax of Whistler.

His manuscript entered the studio. "Well?" said Whistler. "Lady Somebody, sir," said the servant (she was one of the great ladies of the British peerage). "Where is she?" "In her carriage at the door, sir." Whistler took no further notice of his servant, but resumed the reading of his proof sheets to me, and the puzzled footman, who was standing behind his master's back and facing me, shook his head slowly up and down, like Longfellow's Arabs, "silently stole away." Thus the reading went on for quite ten minutes longer, and the reader's sole auditor fidgeted more and more till, realizing how deadly cold it was on that March day, I called out to him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Whistler, but I think I overheard your servant telling you that a lady was waiting to see you." "Oh," said he, "let her wait; let her wait! I'm bobbed with these people!" Then he went on reading for fully fifteen minutes more, and after that (his voice was getting tired, I dare say) he condescended to go downstairs and receive her shivering ladyship.—F. Keppel in The Reader.

Shorty Long's Escape.

"There used to be a cigar store round the corner of Fifth avenue and Wood street," said an old timer, "where they had a wooden Indian which stood on a platform during the day, but was always taken in at night to save it from mutilation by the boys about the neighborhood. Shorty Long was one of the well known characters of the town, an all round good fellow, who was always out for fun. On one occasion he started a burrah on Fifth avenue near Smithfield street and was pursued by the police, who gave him a hot chase down the avenue and were in a fair way to overhaul him when he rounded the corner and sprang on the box where the Indian was to be found during the day. There he took a position as much like that of the wooden chief as possible, and as he posed with outstretched arms the bluecoated guardian of the peace galloped past and disappeared down Diamond alley, while the cause of all the trouble left his pedestal and started out for some fresh amusement."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SOMewhat DIFFERENT.



He: "Did you ever hear Miss Pounder play the piano?" She: "No, but I've seen her work at it."

Sweeping Spoils Horses.

The horse does not like a nervous, fidgety, fussy or irritable man. He is too nervous and irritable himself, says Country Life in America. "Why is it," one teamster was heard to ask another, "that Phin's horses are always gaunt? Phin feeds well." "Yes," was the reply, "but he's like a wasp around a horse."

A well known owner of race horses, not at all a sentimental person, recently made an order forbidding his employees to talk in loud tones or to swear in the stable. "I have never yet seen a good mannered horse," he says, "that was being sworn at all the time. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word good to discharge any man in my employ if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."

Brides Pried.

To us it seems a curious whim on the part of our ancestors of the eighteenth century that in their marriage announcements they should so often choose and with such seeming complacency to enlighten the world with regard to the amount of fortune received with the brides. Here are two cases in point: "Mr. James Courts of Jeffrey's Sq., merchant, to Miss Peagram of Knightsbridge, £20,000." "W. Smith, gentleman, of the 2d Troop of Horse Guards, to Mrs. Ann Gardiner, a maiden lady, aged 45, said, near 70, with a fortune of £20,000."—Chester's Jew.

A Little Mixed.

Patient—Look here, doctor, I'm not going to starve to death for the sake of living a little longer.

Webster's Tiresome Habit.

Senator Hoar in his "Reminiscences" says that Daniel Webster had a tiresome habit in his public speeches of groping after the most suitable word after this fashion: "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, that great number of inhabitants, dwellers, here; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together here?" When the speech was printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.

The Streets of Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, in Holland, a city of ten miles in circumference, is mostly built on piles driven into the sandy subsoil, but the flowing of the tide and the debris of the Amstel river have made almost islands, and the city has more canals than streets. The watery ways are traversed by over 300 bridges, so that Amsterdam has earned the designation of the Venice of the North.

The Woman Must Speak.

Mr. Skrap—There's just this about it. It is impossible for us to live together and not quarrel. Mrs. Skrap—There is no possibility of our quarrelling if neither of us speaks. Mr. Skrap—Of course; but as I say, it isn't possible for us to live together and not quarrel.—Philadelphia Press.

His Problematic Tour.

"Did you ever appear in a problem play?" "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Last season I was doing sums with hotel bills, time tables and box office statements all the time I was out."—Washington Star.

A Matter of Opinion.

"Pardon me, sir, but isn't there another artist in this building?" "Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints."—Chicago Journal.

Not Known.

Young Husband—I have found a place where we can board and have all the comforts of home. Young Wife—But we shall want the company, too, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

It Should Be Fostered and Studied With Seriousness.

Caroline Hazard in her "Education of Women" says, "How few of us study to put things persuasively, to reach a proper climax, to retire gracefully from a subject." It is a common saying that the art of conversation has disappeared from among us, and yet it is an art held in honor by all men. Telegraphic speech has taken the place of the more careful and elaborate forms of conference. But it is an art which should be presented to all young people and which they should study with seriousness and attention. Nothing really inspires, nothing really creates enthusiasm but the perception of an ultimate ideal, whether it be in art or music or in any other of the realms of spiritual thought. This ideal of beauty has to come to the aid of every form of expression, lifting and raising it into its own kingdom. The student who has even begun on such a course of training, who can see beauty in everything in the created world and in the realm of thought, has certainly begun to be beautiful in himself. For beauty most truly passes into the person who studies the beautiful. No one can give out what he does not have to give. He must first absorb beauty at the great natural reservoirs and fountains of the beautiful before he himself can become truly beautiful in life and character and so able to transmit beauty to all around him.

ANCIENT BABYLON.

Its Great Wall Was One of the Wonders of Those Days.

According to Herodotus, the ancient city of Babylon stood on a broad, level plain and was an exact square of fourteen miles each way, making the entire circuit of the city fifty-six miles. It was protected both by a wall and a moat, the latter being broad and deep and kept constantly filled with water. The wall was the wonder of wonder, being 3613 feet in width and an average of 75 feet in height. This monster wall was provided with 100 gates, and the towers, the battlements and side walls being in bronze. Cross walls ran along the banks of the Euphrates, each provided with twenty-five gates, which corresponded to the number of streets running in each direction from the river.

The most remarkable edifice inside the wall was the temple of Bel, a pyramid of eight square stadia, on the summit of this pyramid stood a pure gold image of Bel forty feet high, two other smaller figures of the same precious metal and a golden table forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. This wonderful city first came prominently into the history of the world in the year 747 B. C., but since the time of Alexander the Great it has been a ruin, the site having at one time been entirely lost.

THE GREAT CONDOR.

It is the Most Difficult Bird in the World to Trap.

Probably the great condor is the most difficult bird in the world to trap. One of the great vultures, it inhabits lofty peaks of the Andes, hardly accessible to man. It builds its nest among the remotest crags, often on a ledge of some precipice with an almost perpendicular drop of many hundred feet. It shares with its conspecific the proverbial "single eye" and is thus able to see immense distances while yet unseen by man. Its wings have a spread of twelve feet, and though its flight is heavy, it can sustain itself for long periods in the air.

To trap it men ascend to its haunts and shoot some animal of considerable size. This is skinned, and a man lies down by the body under the skin and waits, perhaps for hours. Soon condors come flocking round until one settles on the skin, when the man below grips its legs, flings the skin over it and stabs it to death.

The strength of these birds is enormous, and the condor hunters often have their arms broken by strokes from their powerful wings.

A Sharp Dig.

Mrs. Buxton—That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age today. Mr. Buxton—Did she say you were getting old? Mrs. Buxton—No, indeed! She said I "still looked quite young."—Exchange.

Henpecked.

"Hi Peck had ter git out o' bed 'n' nail a ladder fer that sharp tongued wife o' hisen." "Fore feller! Driv from pillar ter post!"—Princeton Tiger.



HE WAS FOLLOWING THE TRACKS OF A CALE, AND HE SEEMED TO BE CONSIDERABLY EXCITED.

RETIRED OF TWO WARS.

Rear Admiral Cotton, New Commander of the European Squadron.

Rear Admiral Charles Stanhope Cotton, who succeeds Rear Admiral Crowninshield, retired, as commander of the United States European squadron, is a veteran of the civil war and is regarded as one of the most intelligent and highly capable officers in the naval service.

The new commander of our fleet in European waters is a native of Milwaukee and entered the Naval Academy in 1858, when only fifteen years of age. He was graduated four years later, just in time to take part in the civil war. Young Cotton was in command of a quarter deck battery on the old Minnesota when the Confederate ironclad Merrimack made her attack on the wooden fleet in Hampton Roads. He beheld the historic contest between that formidable ironclad and the little monitor, a contest that revolutionized methods of naval architecture.

He also served on the St. Lawrence when she captured the Petrel and on the Onondaga at the battle of Mobile Bay. At the close of the war he went to China and the East Indies on the Shenandoah. In 1883 he again went to the



REAR ADMIRAL COTTON.

Asiatic station in command of the old Monocacy, conveying Mr. Foote, the American minister to Korea, to his station when the Hermit Kingdom was opened up to the world in the spring of that year.

During the Spanish war Admiral Cotton—he was then a captain, having reached that grade in 1892—was in command of the auxiliary cruiser Harvard and at the battle of Santiago rescued thirty-five Spanish officers and 437 men from the shore, where they had taken refuge after the sinking of their ships. Rear Admiral Cotton was promoted to his present rank in March, 1900. Before his present assignment he was commandant of the Norfolk navy yard. Rear Admiral Cotton's flagship will be the cruiser Chicago. It is said that the substitution of the Chicago for the battleship Illinois as flagship on the European station was the cause of the retirement of Rear Admiral Crowninshield from active service.

Artists and Poets.

Artists and poets are like stars—they belong to no land. A strictly national painter of a strictly national poet is bound to be provincial, a kind of village pump. And you may write inscriptions all over him and build monuments above him, but he remains a pump by a local spring.—Robert Orange.

His Ideal.

Editor—What do you mean by "a girl of rare intelligence and one who refused to take advantage of alleged advantages offered her?" Critic—Simply this: She does not dance, sing or play, but she can sharpen a lead pencil, drive a nail and keep a secret.

Wrecking a Woman's Life. When a woman says to a man, "You wrecked my life," it may mean nothing more than that he married her and made her a wife, whereas she might have been an artiste.—Atchison Globe.

A man may be won by flattery. He can be retained only by cookery.—T. W.

Easily Settled.

Long Haired Visitor (entering timidly)—I have here a little poem written on snow and— Editor (interrupting hastily)—Written on snow? We can't use anything that isn't written on paper. Sorry. Turn the knob to the right. That's it. Good morning.