

THE JAPANESE.

He is Child, Fanatic and Emotional
Savage All in One.

He is a bundle of contradictions, and, measured by American standards, he is a bedlamite, straight from topsy turvy land. He may be a Chesterfield and a cheerful liar one minute and a red Indian the next—a sycophant and a weisher today and a Napoleon tomorrow.

We westerners have been taught to regard the little Jap as an amusing and precocious child given to obstructing sidewalk traffic with his polite contests in kowtowing, to suspending from the branches of the cherry tree his dainty poems addressed to his friends and to dawdling for hours over the ceremonial tea, and when we see him under the tent flap, bowing and laughing and playing checkers, he seems a velvet pawed kitten in khaki. And yet you and I have seen him in battle a ramping, raging tiger, greedy of Slav bayonets and afterward dragging himself to the field hospital, shot to rags, unwhimpering, a mere bull hide wrapped around a will.

We never knew a character until we have seen it put to the test under stress—least of all the combination of sphinx and Janus known as the Japanese. So studied, the embattled brown boy strikes me as a strange compound of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Peter the Hermit and Sitting Bull—child, fanatic and emotionless savage, all in one.—Appleton's Magazine.

OLD VIOLINS.

Reasons Why Ancient Fiddles Are Better Than New.

Fabulous prices are sometimes paid for old violins, and many an enthusiastic musician would part with his last dollar to possess one of the masterpieces of Stradivarius or Guarnerius or another of the famous makers of a century or two ago.

The questioned superiority of these old and often battered instruments has been variously ascribed to the peculiar quality of the varnish used in their construction, to the elasticity of the wood employed and to the ripening and improving effects of age and long use.

Of late years, however, much credence has been given the suggestion of an eminent authority that the real cause of the superiority of the old instruments is due to a peculiar warping of the wood to a higher arch, a buckling caused by the position of the "F" holes and sound post.

It might at first thought be supposed that the same effect could be produced by giving an equal arching to a new instrument, but the effect, if attained, is not permanent, because with age the arching increases until too great a degree of rigidity is the result.—Philadelphia Record.

"Plugging" a Hotel Guest.

The hotel detective stepped out of the elevator and walked over to the counter.

"Well, I plugged him," he said. "Plugged him? Who? What for? Where did you hit him?" quickly asked a friend who was standing by.

"Didn't hit him anywhere. Just plugged the keyhole of his door. Never hear of plugging before? When we have a guest whom we suspect is getting ready to leave without settling or whose credit is exhausted and fails to settle up, we just wait till he leaves his room and plug the keyhole in his door. Then he has to settle up or leave his baggage. The plug fits over the end of a key. It is placed in the lock and turned. The key is then withdrawn, leaving the plug in the door."—Kansas City Star.

An Oversight.

When Chappie got up the other morning he wandered around his apartments in his pretty pink pajamas, the very picture of woe.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired his valet.

"I don't know, Alphonse," he groaned. "I passed a most unhappy night."

Alphonse looked him over carefully. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I know what was the matter! The trousseaux of your pajamas were not creased. You must be more careful, sir. Those I had prepared for you were hanging across the foot of the bed."—Bohemian Magazine.

Cannae.

Cannae, where Hannibal won his greatest victory over the Romans, is situated on the opposite side of the peninsula from the city of Rome, on the river Aufidus and about six miles from its mouth. It was from this battlefield that Hannibal sent to Carthage three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of the Roman knights slain in the battle. Cannae is about 200 miles from Rome.

The Worm Turned.

"Am I to understand, then," asked a disappointed poet as the editor handed back his latest productions, "that you do not like my verses?"

"Yes; I don't think much"— "Ah, you don't think! I see—that explains it."

World Regeneration.

The world will only be regenerated by degrees and by reform of human character, a task that will always and of necessity remain the task of each and every member of the human race.—Saturday Review.

Vanity.

Little Fred—Why is it that women are always complaining about their servants? Little Elsie—Oh, that's just to let people know they can afford to have 'em.—Chicago News.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose and lessens the use to all purposes.—Taylor.

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

Those of England Called the Most Obliging and Helpful.

There is no country where the matter of landing from American passenger ships is so easy and so expeditiously done as England, says the Travel Magazine. Of course it is a free trade country, the freest in the whole world. There are duties levied on tobacco and spirits, but travelers are allowed a half pound of tobacco in any shape and a half pint of spirits, which also includes perfume. Sugar is dutiable, whether in grain, sweets or in jam, but a small quantity is freely passed. In all cases, however, these goods must be the actual property of the passenger and be for his use and control. Cocoa, coffee and tea are also dutiable, as are reprints of English books. Outside of these things, as named, passengers can bring in anything—motors, cycles, horses, but not dogs, which animals are not to exceed six months' quarantine awaits. Keep dogs on the American side. The customs officials are life appointments—under the civil service—and will be found most obliging and helpful. In fact, they are a model to the customs world. Tell the truth at all times to these officials and you will be all right. They are marvelously keen on spotting the supposedly smart liar. Lying doesn't pay "anyhow, Hinnesey!" at home or abroad.

TESTATORS' LAST WISHES.

Strange Requests Regarding the Arrangement of Funerals.

Sir James Colquhoun's desire to be buried in full evening dress costume recalls, says the London Standard, curious last wishes of other testators.

George Herring directed that his remains should lie beneath a sundial at the Haven of Rest, Maidenhead. Queen Victoria planned the entire programme for her funeral, even choosing the music to be played, the anthems to be sung.

A couple of months ago a young lady who died at Reigate on the eve of her wedding was buried in her bridal dress, the friends who were to have been her bridesmaids attending the funeral in the gowns which they should have worn at the wedding and carrying in place of wreaths the wedding bouquets.

More singular was the funeral of Major General Algernon Stewart at Hascombe, Surrey. The coffin was drawn to the grave by the dead man's horse. The mourners walked, and the bearers wore old-fashioned smocks, each with its collar adorned with a text. The same men appeared in their mourning garments at the church service on the following Sunday.

Disqualified.

Although Mrs. Harlow loved her husband and admired what she considered his good points, it was a never-ending source of amazement to her that he had been chosen to fill the office of mayor for three successive terms.

"Everybody knows how much I think of James," she said in a dazed way to one of her husband's cousins. "I always said and always should say that he is as good as gold. But if you'll tell me whether you think a man who is color blind and who brings home toys that won't go when you wind them and who still thinks I could like olives if I'd only try is fit for such a position why, all I can say is I don't."—Youth's Companion.

A Chinese Idea of Foreigners.

The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water and then locked them up so that no one could see them on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might cry and weep, but the foreigner would not drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. Better for all of us to jump into the sea than submit to this."—South China Post.

Antiquity of an Old Tune.

When Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799 and the band struck up the tune which in England is set to the song "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliriously. They averred that they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the tune was brought to Europe from the dark continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders.—St. James' Gazette.

The Appetite.

"The appetite," said the physician, "is always a consideration of great importance."

"Yes," answered the man who is painfully economical. "If you have a poor one you worry about your health, and if you have a good one you worry about the expense."—Washington Star.

In Ignorance.

"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand."

"Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh, "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does."

Wrong Man.

"You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men."

"In that case," answered the applicant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

Money does all things. It makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers.—L'Estrange.

RAISING CHURCH FUNDS.

The Kaffirs Mix in a Lot of Fun With Their Generosity.

The gentle Kaffir when he does become Christianized has his own ideas of the best method of raising funds for the support of the "cause." From the subjoined description of a native meeting sent home by a missionary it would appear that native generosity, although of a rough and tumble character, is distinctly productive of ways and means:

"Recently I attended a native tea meeting, at which more than £12 was raised by this very poor congregation. Their way of doing it was characteristic and amusing. They paid 2 shillings to sit down to tea. Then some one would pay 3 shillings for such and such a man to be required to get up again and leave the table. The man thus assailed would pay 3s. 6d. for leave to sit down again. There was a special table at which six could sit, paying an extra shilling each for the privilege. They had just got seated when a man paid 7 shillings to clear them out, and they paid another 5 shillings to sit on, and so it went on. They arrange all this themselves, and this is their way of giving to the cause. One man had a tin of sirup. He said he would pay 2 shillings to pour it over another man's head who had got himself up well in a large collar, etc.; this man paid 3 shillings to be let off, the first man 4 shillings again to do it, the other 5 shillings to escape, the first 6 shillings to do it—and did it, and, oh, the laughter and the mess!"

THE SACRED CODFISH.

Famous Emblem That Adorns the Massachusetts Statehouse.

A codfish carved in wood hangs on the white mahogany wall of the Massachusetts hall of representatives in the statehouse in Boston. Between two classic pillars it occupies a place of honor, directly opposite the desk of the presiding officer. This wooden fish is the renowned original sacred codfish of the Old Colony, and it has assisted at the deliberations of the lawmakers of Massachusetts for more than a century and a half, gathering sanctity year by year. It is a relic of the old building which preceded the present statehouse, and great is the dignity of this souvenir of colonial art and industry.

The following account of its origin is given in a Boston paper:

"Captain John Welch of Boston was the creator and carver of the celebrated fish. He was a wood carver of renown for his time and in 1747 established his business in Dock square. He belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company and afterward became its captain. He was called upon to contribute to the decoration of the colonial assembly hall, and as at that period codfish was the colony's main article of export Captain Welch conceived the idea of immortalizing the king fish of the Massachusetts waters. When completed the carving was finished off and colored so as to be a fac simile of life and was hung on the wall of the assembly hall."

A Fool's Identity.

Some of the best known people pass unrecognized by those to whom they should be known. Harold Frederick sat one night at dinner next a man whose very silence and taciturnity caused him the more closely covertly to survey him. Not a word was exchanged between the two. "Who was that hopeless idiot that I sat next to at dinner?" asked Frederick at the close of the meal. "That hopeless idiot was Cecil Rhodes," he was answered. It was the fact. The Colossus had been in one of the moods in which he would not talk, and Frederick, though he had seen his portrait a hundred times, had not recognized him.—St. James' Gazette.

Sagacity of the Ancients.

Many quotations came from the works of Thales, the Greek philosopher and one of the seven wise men. It was he who said, "Know thyself." "Few words are a sign of prudent judgment." "Search after wisdom and choose what is most worthy." "There is nothing more beautiful than the world." "Time is the wisest thing, for it invents and discovers all things." He also said that it was the hardest thing in the world to know oneself and the easiest to admonish another. In his youth Thales was urged to marry, but he said, "It is too soon," and later in life upon being urged again he said, "It is too late."

Where the Relief Would Be.

Dr. Story, the late principal of Glasgow university, taking a holiday in the country once, was met by the minister of the district, who remarked: "Hello, principal! You here? Why, you must come and relieve me for a day." The principal replied, "I don't promise to relieve you, but I might relieve your congregation."

Coming and Going.

"What kick have you against married life?"

"Well, if I don't keep my wife dressed in the height of fashion I have trouble with her, and if I do keep her dressed in the height of fashion I have trouble with her dressmaker."—Houston Post.

Her Loss.

Gladys—Edith is so sorry she took Herbert's ring back to price it. Penelope—Why so? Gladys—Why, the jeweler said seeing Herbert hadn't been in to settle for it, so he promised, he guessed he'd keep it.

Just the Other Way.

She—Did you ever take your motor car to pieces to see how it worked? He—Well, not exactly. I have taken it to pieces to see how it didn't work.

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