

Selections

TAILLESS CATS.

Considerable Doubt Still Exists as to Their Origin. M. Gustave Loisel, a naturalist charged with a mission to the Isle of Man, has just published a long report of a visit to that island, where he was able to observe the existence of tailless cats, about which there is a lack of precise data and which Darwin studied for some time.

It is rather surprising that there is a divergence of views on the characteristics of the animal at present. It is nevertheless recognized that it is rare. M. Gustave Loisel had difficulty in procuring a Manx cat, the seller asking from 375 to 625 francs each.

There is much discussion about the coats of these cats. Some people say they are black, others sandy, others again variegated. As for the tail, some say they have tails without having them; others say that, though there is no tail, yet there is some. M. Loisel says the tail is lacking, is reduced to a sinewy, knotted, twisted fillet under the skin. The posterior part of the animal is well developed, as if that part had been nourished by the tail and had absorbed it. This gives the animal a distinctive form.

Did the species originate locally? This is possible. On the other hand, in a Dorsetshire village there is a number of tailless cats, progeny of a female cat which lost her tail through accident.

Did the species come from a distant quarter? This again is possible. The common cat is mentioned in a text dating from the ninth century ("Laws of the Welsh Prince Hoelida") as a rare animal of recent date. The tailless cat is only mentioned at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Or did this species come from a wrecked vessel coming from Prussia, where cats of this kind do not seem to have been abundant, or Japan, Malaysia or the Crimea, where the existence of cats without tails is on record?

As a matter of fact, nothing is known for certain. M. G. Loisel records that cats without tails have a profound antipathy toward the ordinary cat. He has, moreover, come across another interesting variety in the Isle of Man, a species of chickens without rumps. Possibly the climate is unfavorable for the development of posterior appendages.—From L'Etudiant Egyptien.

An Elective Monarch. A million of men have died to preserve the constitution as it is, but Providence has passed no law exempting Americans from the pressure of events or the operation of necessities. They will have to accept them, willingly or unwillingly, and will gradually find that the only effect of the changes is to make their choice of a president, and therefore of his cabinet, for cabinet ministers in America are legally only clerks—more and more a matter of vital importance. The president of the United States will in no long period of time be the greatest elective monarch history has ever known.—London Spectator.

Lime to Protect Oysters. One of the greatest foes to the oyster industry is the starfish, which frequently covers large areas of the sea bottom to a depth of eighteen to twenty inches, sometimes blanketing entire beds of oysters. The stars are very hard to destroy, says Popular Mechanics, but it has been discovered that their steady advance can be checked with lime. The lime is placed in paper bags and dropped along the boundary of the oyster bed. A paper bag causes it to descend through the water, and beyond the lime barrier thus formed not a starfish will pass. A better means for getting the lime to the bottom is being devised.

Life Saving Clothes. A Norwegian inventor has patented a suit of clothes which will protect its wearer against drowning. The clothes are lined with a nonabsorbent material made of specially prepared vegetable fiber which without being too heavy will effectively hold up the weight of a man in the water. Twelve ounces of the new material will, it is claimed, save a person from sinking. The invention has been tested with favorable results at Christiania. Successful trials were also made with rugs made of the same material capable of supporting two persons in the water.

Three Raisers. It may be interesting to recall the names given in Germany to the present kaiser and his two predecessors. The first was "der gretise kaiser," the second "der reise kaiser" and the present "der weise kaiser." It is perhaps hardly necessary to say, that this means "the gray emperor, the wise emperor and the traveling emperor," but, at any rate, the names are a happy inspiration.—London Globe.

Having Fun With Eagle. All kinds of fun is being poked at the eagle on the new ten dollar gold pieces. It is declared that the bird wears pajamas. Some people call them pantsjackets. Ornithologically speaking, the abused bird, however, is pretty nearly perfect. The adult eagle in life, has the pantaletted appearance. The bird can't help it, and why should the artist turn nature fakir?—Chicago Post.

A PERSIAN SERVANT.

He Was Poetical Even if Useless and Dishonest.

In one way Persia reminds one dimly of England, for there are such things as difficulties with servants even in Teheran. The author dismissed one of his servants, who, as he had been a tailor, was incompetent to do anything but sew on buttons. The man protested, "What will become of me now that I have been eating your salt for such a long time and am driven out into the streets?" He was reminded that he had only been employed for a fortnight. He answered that he felt it had been for years. He was told that he was no good, but his volubility only increased. "How can I be no good after having stayed with you? Can you forget what Sa'd said: 'A piece of clay having fallen into the Hammam from my beloved's hand into mine, I said to it, Art thou musk or ambergris that I am drunk with thy perfume, which catches at the heart?' It answered: 'I was but a worthless piece of clay, but I was in company with a rose for a moment. This companionship transformed me or else I should still be the same piece of clay that I was.'"

One can pity the state of an English mistress confronted with such an argument. The author kept his servant another week, and he remarks disconsolately that in that time he discovered that if the tailor was a poet he was also a thief.—London Globe.

ADVERTISING.

The Mightiest Factor in the Modern Business World.

"Advertising is today the mightiest factor in the business world," writes Truman A. De Weese in System, the Magazine of Business. "It is an evolution of modern industrial competition. It is a business builder, with a potency that goes beyond human desire. It is something more than a 'drummer' knocking at the door of the consumer, something more than mere salesmanship on paper.

"Advertising is a positive creative force in business. It builds factories, skyscrapers and railroads. It makes two blades of grass grow in the business world where only one grew before. It multiplies human wants and intensifies desires. The result is that it forces man to greater consumption, hence stimulates his production to keep up with his buying desires.

"Before advertising was developed into a fine art and before it became a factor in the commercial world the business of the manufacturer and merchant was to supply the normal needs and desires of the human family; merchandising was bounded by man's necessities and by his meager knowledge of the luxuries which he deemed within his reach."

Hint of Untidiness.

"If you want to study human nature just try being a salesman in a department store for even a short time," said the clerk over his evening meal. "There isn't a day but I have a quiet laugh over the remarks of customers or, more frequently, would be customers. Today, for instance, I was approached by a well dressed elderly woman with the request to show her some cups and saucers. She did not want china ones—something in porcelain for 'common everyday use,' she said. I brought out samples, and finally her choice simmered down to a plain white and the other a white with a dull grayish green figure. As if to account for her decision she said to me in a most confidential tone: 'I guess I'll take the gray ones. They won't show the dirt so soon.'—New York Press.

A Pugnacious Super.

When F. R. Benson, the actor, was training two armies of "supers" for a battle, he had some difficulty in persuading the weaker side to submit to be conquered. Even at the first performance the vanquished force, which included a somewhat pugnacious Irishman, who may be called X, upset traditional usages by severely mauling its victors, and the play must have suffered if the hint of one of the warriors had not been taken.

"Look a here, Mr. Benson," he said. "If you want us to be beaten, you must put X in the other army. That's the only way."—London Standard.

Margaret's Alphabet.

Little Margaret was having difficulty with the alphabet, which was being taught her in the good old way. The letter H was a desperate pitfall. If she could not remember, so her mother said, "See, Margaret, it looks like a gate." That was an inspiration. Now Margaret is in clover. She never forgets, but this is what she says: A, b, c, d, e, f, g, gate, i, etc. Her mother sees still harder work ahead in making the little maid forget.—Washington Star.

Proved.

De Millon—I must say I am very much disappointed in you. You told me that when you were married you would prove that you had business ability. Du Porely—Well, my dear sir, I did prove that when I married your daughter.

Doesn't Agree.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks. "If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

Carved His Name.

Naybor—That boy of yours seems to be a bright one. He'll cut out a name for himself some day. Peuple (angrily)—He's done it already on our new piano!

HIS TERRIBLE EYES.

Senator Cass Could Almost Paralyze a Man With a Look.

Giant heads, bodies and brains were Webster and Cass. All the strength of New Hampshire granite was concentrated in those two sons. To look upon them made the ordinary man feel small. Wonderful eyes they possessed, and men have been known to shiver with dread when one or the other allowed his glance to fall upon them. Cass could look through a stranger in a way to make his brain burn and his knees knock together. One searching stare seemed to destroy all mentality and fill the victim with paralytic emotions.

No man dared take liberties with Cass. In 1843 the proprietor of the National hotel in Washington was a man who so closely resembled the great senator from Michigan, that he was often mistaken for him. An old friend, returning from a journey, entered the lobby and, seeing him leaning against the desk, slipped up behind and hit him a terrific whack on the shoulder, saying cheerily and simultaneously: "Hello, old man! Here I am back again. How are you?" Senator Cass straightened up his six feet three and, turning upon the assailant his terrible, bloodshot eyes, almost annihilated him with a look. Not a word was spoken. That look was ample. The stranger was so "rattled" that he could not even apologize, but slunk dejectedly out of the hotel.

Later in the day when congress was supposed to be in session the stranger returned to the hotel to shake hands with the proprietor and tell him all about the Cass incident. Walking bravely up, he laid his hand down on his friend's shoulder and, without waiting for a greeting, surprised him with: "See here, old fellow, you got me in a deuce of a scrape this morning. Why, you know, I took old Cass for you, slipped him on the back, nearly taking off a shoulder, and the old fool looked at me as if he wanted to commit murder. The darned old lunatic, why doesn't he stay out of here? He knows"—Again the great senator from Michigan straightened up his six feet three, again he turned his bloodshot eyes, again he looked and again the victim fled. Two mistakes of that kind in one day!

CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Traits Which Are Readily Disclosed by One's Gait.

"There's a concealed man coming down the street," said the girl in the group on a corner. "How do I know? By his walk. I can tell the chief trait of any person's character by watching him or her walk. For instance, if a man walks with a heavy lift to his hips he's sure to be obstinate. If he stinks down a little on his heels he has a comfortable attitude toward life and the world in general—in fact, he's a bit lazy. That woman coming down the street now is a gossip. Any one could tell that because of her mincing, fussy gait. Indecision is the chief characteristic of that woman's character across the street. Don't you see how she swings her foot rather hesitatingly in the air before she puts it down?"

"The man who walks with his knees leading is sure to be of the pious type—the disagreeably pious type, I mean. You see that old clogger who is crossing the road with his stomach seeming to lead the rest of him—well, of course it is evident that feeding is his chief delight. When an intellectual man walks his head leads. That girl who sways so is self conscious. Yes, that girl going down the street has a pretty walk, gliding and quiet, but watch out for her; she is treacherous in the extreme.

"The man who puts his feet down especially solidly is heavy and somewhat stupid. That little person crossing the road with a quick, clean step is energy personified, but he has the sort of energy which has no regard for the rights or feelings of others. The girl coming out of that store has an ugly streak in her nature. Don't you see how she puts her foot down unwillingly as if she were saying: 'I won't! I won't! I shouldn't advise any man to marry her.'

"Of course I don't pretend to know thoroughly a person's character by his walk, but I do discover his predominant characteristic."

The Quality of Mercy.

A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as Wild Bill, was tried before a federal court in Georgia and was adjudged guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record and at last, informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only unmixt pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill suddenly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth and turned to leave the courtroom with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this: "Well, I s'nah an glad he wa'n't mad at me!"

Proving It.

"Keep up your courage, old man," said the passenger who was a good sailor to another who was leaning over the railing and paying tribute to Neptune.

"Never mind me," came the answer between gasps. "I've always heard that it took travel to bring out what there is in a man."

Painfully Natural.

Playwright—Is her acting natural? Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural! Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for \$25,000 and who was in the audience actually fainted.—London Tit-Bits.

DATES AND FIGS.

Frugal Fare of the Desert Wanderers of the East.

While journeying across the desert Mrs. A. Goodrich-Freer, author of "In a Syrian Saddle," met a lonely traveler bound for Medeba. On hearing that the caravan was bound for the same place he asked permission to join them. Incidentally he furnished an illustration of the difference between necessities and luxuries.

We were very grateful, says the writer, for coffee and an excellent lunch of sausage, bottled meat and jam, with white bread, brought from Jerusalem. We ate our dainties with some sense of guilt, as the newcomer produced his lunch of dates and figs.

Dates and figs, he informed us, were the natural food of desert wanderers, sufficing to the body, stimulating to the mind. The wheat, the flesh, above all the alcohol of civilization, were mere irrelevancies.

Was it not diet such as this—and he waved a pair of sensitive hands over his ascefic larder—which had enabled him to reply to the inquiry of a personage as to how many hours a day he could ride in the desert, "Twenty-four, your majesty, since a day does not contain twenty-five?"

Was it not on a diet of figs and dates that he had ridden sixty hours without dismounting? Was it your meat eater, your wine drinker, who remained sound and wholesome when necessity obliged him to refrain from abluion for twenty-one days?

At this point he carefully counted his date stones, observed that two more were yet due to his appetite and finished his frugal luncheon.

ONLY A TRAMP.

Raising the Curtain For a Moment on One of Life's Tragedies.

A recent incident which holds in its simple outlines the possibility of past tragedy is described in the New York Times. It is another illustration of how careless the world is of the individual and how thick is the cloak which one may wrap about his personality. Not long ago a laborer employed by the Erie railroad in Jersey City was run over by a train and had his leg cut off.

A policeman telephoned for an ambulance. The injured man lay on a grass patch, apparently bleeding to death. Just then a typical railroad tramp in dirty rags sauntered along. He tapped a policeman's elbow.

"May I ask what's the matter, officer?" he inquired.

"Man bleeding to death," replied the policeman.

"Would you mind if I looked at him?" asked the tramp. "I might be of service."

"Go ahead," responded the officer.

Bending low over the wounded laborer, the tramp asked for water to wash his hands and then begged the crowd for clean handkerchiefs. With a half dozen deft, rapid twists he made a tourniquet and stopped the flow of blood.

"Are you a doctor?" some one asked as the man slipped away through the crowd.

"I used to be," he replied as he hurried off.

Patriotism in the Making.

Patriotism in New York is cosmopolitan. They have a flag drill in the schools in which the children of every race and clime, as the hymn book says, are taught to salute the stars and stripes and give "their heads, their hands and their hearts to their country." And in some of the big downtown schools you may see children from homes German, Italian, Syrian, Scandinavian, Jewish, Hungarian, Chinese, Armenian, Greek and heaven knows how many other nationalities all joining in this picturesque ceremony. It gives one a realizing sense of the variety of material which it put into this crucible we call a city and which in another generation or two will be simply American.—Boston Transcript.

Talking Through the Nose.

So called "talking through the nose" is not talking through the nose at all, but rather failure to do so—that is, instead of letting the tone flood into the nasal cavity, to be re-enforced there by striking against the walls of the cavity, which act as sounding boards for the tone confined within that cavity, we shut off the cavity and refuse the tone its natural re-enforcement. It takes on as a result a thin, unresonant quality which we call nasal, although it is thin and unpleasing because it lacks true nasal resonance. The only remedy lies in ceasing to shut off the cavity.—Katherine Jewell Everts in Harper's Bazar.

Frog's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent writes: "My son, aged ten and a half years, was working in the garden when a viper about two feet long glided past him. A good shot with a stone about the size of a cricket ball broke the reptile's spine, while a sharp edge of the granite cut open the belly, thereby restoring to freedom a frog, which hopped out of its prison unurt.—Madras Mail.

Speaking.

"Did you think Miss Jenkins has speaking eyes?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied the young lady. "If she had, her mouth wouldn't give them a chance to be heard."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Young Baby.

From a morning paper: "Nurse wanted to look after young baby, age about eighteen." We do not know much about the subject, but is that particularly young for a baby?—London Globe.

AN ILL FATED SHIP.

Mystery and Tragedy That Encompassed the Great Eastern.

There was a mystery about that ill fated ship. Nothing went right with her. She stuck at the launch, and it cost an extra \$350,000 over and above the sum set aside for the purpose to get her into the water. On her trial trip her boilers burst, killing some of the stokers. Then she ran aground and carried on so outrageously that her crew thought her surely bewitched. She had started badly. While she was building a pay clerk sent by one of the contractors with \$6,500 in wages for the men disappeared. It was not unnaturally assumed that he had bolted with the money. His wife and family were left unprotected, with the stigma of his supposed crime upon them.

Thirty years after her launch the Great Eastern went into the cemetery. While she was being taken to pieces the ship breakers discovered between the skeleton and outer casings of steel the skeleton of a man. Papers which had fallen from his clothes enabled his identity to be traced. It was the skeleton of the pay clerk who thirty years before had disappeared. There was no money; that was never recovered.

The supposition is that the poor fellow on going on to the ship was pounced upon by workmen who knew that he had the money with him; that they stunned him and, having a small place in the side of the vessel to complete crammed his body in and built him up in it. No reward would have induced a sailor to sail in that vessel had he known of the terrible secret sealed up in her walls.—Chicago News.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

The Way the Writer Got Even With the Heartless Editors.

"Lafcadio Hearn, that wonderful writer, worked on newspapers in his youth," said a publisher, "and the ruthless way his studies were changed, cut and butchered was a great loss to his heart."

"In after years Hearn took a malicious joy in collecting stories about editors—editors and their superior and omniscient way with manuscript.

"One of his stories was of an editor to whom a subscriber said:

"I enjoyed that poem on the three ages of man in today's paper, Mr. Sheers; I enjoyed it immensely. Do you know, though, I thought that it was originally written the seven ages of man?"

"So it was, sir; so it was," said Editor Sheers pompously. "Yes, the extract was originally written the seven ages of man, but I had to cut it down for lack of space."

"Another story concerned a weather reporter. A reporter, discussing the weather, wrote that winter still lingered in the lap of spring.

"The editor as he read over the article called the reporter up to his desk and told him that he would cut out that sentence about winter lingering in spring's lap. He said the idea was good enough and original and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of school girls."

Staring at Royalty.

Royalties are early cured of any shyness of being looked at. They are there to be seen, and both the king and queen when they go to the opera and turn their glasses on the occupants of opposite boxes are openly amused by the disconcerted looks of persons who feel abashed under the inspection. Not a trace of self consciousness is left on the face of an English royalty, with the exception of perhaps a single princess under an artillery of glances. Such attentions are anything but repented. Indeed, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire used to say that when the butcher boy ceased to turn round after her in the street she would know her reign was over.—London Chronicle.

Didn't Agree With Him.

A Carolina man was recently inspecting a farm owned by him and operated by an old friend who had pressed into service every member of his family, including his aged father.

"The old man must be getting along in years," said the owner.

"Yes, dad's nigh on to ninety," was the reply.

"Is his health good?"

"Well, no. The old man ain't been himself for some time back."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"I dunno, sir. I guess farming don't agree with him no more."—Success Magazine.

Cheap Fun.

He—You talk about men playing poker. It is no worse a vice than the shopping habit of the women. She—Perhaps not, morally speaking; but, then, it takes money to play poker, whereas a woman can shop all day without it costing her a cent except what she pays for car fare.—Boston Transcript.

Might Have Known.

An austere looking lady walked into a furrier's and said to the shopman, "I should like to purchase a muff." "What fur?" demanded the man. "To keep my hands warm, you idiot!" exclaimed the lady.—London Scraps.

A Distinction With a Difference. Editor—You see, a story has to be just so to get in our magazine. Author—Well, what's the matter with this one of mine? Editor—It's only so-so.—Puck.

A secret is seldom safe in more than one breast.—Swift.

COIN MOTTOES.

Inscriptions That Were a Joy to the Cynics and Critics.

A collection of coin mottoes gathered by an Italian student, Amerigo Scarlatti, was published in Minerva, an Italian periodical. Scarlatti is of the opinion that such inscriptions, though not intended to be cynical, too often admit of such an interpretation through the irresistible habit of the public of ignoring the intention of the designer and applying the motto to the coin itself.

Thus when Charles II., king of the two Sicilies, had engraved on his silver ducat the Latin words "Unus non Sufficient," meaning "One is not enough," all the world insisted on forgetting that the king referred to a single scepter and enthusiastically agreed with him that one ducat wasn't enough for any one.

On the contrary, a storm of ironical opposition was aroused when Louis de Bourbon, king of Etruria, in the early part of the last century inscribed "Videtur Pauperes et Lactetur" on his coins. The words mean "Let the poor see and rejoice," and of course every one wanted to know why a poor man should rejoice at merely seeing a piece of money.

On the papal coinage of 1573 bearing the arms of Gregory XIII. are the words "Et Super Hanc Petram" (And upon this rock). Of course the pope and the artist who designed the coin meant the words to refer to the papacy, but the evil minded applied them so maliciously to the coin itself that the issue was speedily stopped. A similar opportunity for evil tongues was afforded when the Knights of Malta coined an issue of dollars with the sign of their order, the Maltese cross, and their motto, "In Hoc Signo Militamus" (In this sign we combat). The ribald affected to take it as a confession that with their money was truly the sinew of war.

A Venetian lira dated 1474 has the somewhat ambiguous motto "In Tibi Solo Gloria" (To thee alone the glory). A sequin coined by Cardinal Regonico in 1744 bears the words "Veni Lumen Cordium," or "Come, thou light of hearts." Clement XI. issued a coin with an image of the Madonna, with the legend "Causa Nostrae Laetitiae" (Cause of our joy), and a Venetian piece with an allegorical figure of Justice, with the words "Nostra in hac elicitas" (Our happiness in this). All of these inscriptions were irreverently diverted by contemporaries from their true object to the money itself.

TOMORROW'S BIRTHPLACE.

Line in the Pacific Where It Shakes Hands With Yesterday.

Most people who have read Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" will remember how narrowly the traveler missed his bet, having forgotten that in following the sun from east to west he had gained one day.

When one crosses the Atlantic from London to New York he gains rather more than half an hour each day. From New York to Chicago another hour is gained, another to Denver, another to San Francisco, which is reckoning time eight hours later than London and of course the best part of a day later than Shanghai and Yokohama. In crossing the Pacific there comes a time when the day begins, where yesterday and tomorrow shake hands and where the traveler is cheated out of a day in his life.

In mid-Pacific, going west, one skips from Sunday to Tuesday. Going east he has one day of the week repeated—two Sundays or Tuesdays, as the case may be.

The line of the changing day is not a straight one. The islands in the Pacific take their time from the continent with which they trade and from which they were discovered. Thus the line of the change zigzags down the Pacific from south to north, dodging between the islands.

Hence it might easily happen that a ship which has already skipped a day would reach an island which clings to San Francisco time. In such a case it would be Monday on shore and Tuesday on the ship.

If the ship's jolly boat were lying at a wharf, it would be Monday on the wharf and Tuesday on the boat.

And if a person lives somewhere near the line he can get a sailboat and visit yesterday and tomorrow in the most delightful fashion.

Advance Thanks.

The phrase "Thanking you in anticipation" is now becoming common. I think it is one of the meanest ever invented and one of the most insulting, for it implies that, however much pains the worker may take, he will get no thanks for it afterward. Why should he? He has been thanked already. It further implies an imperious and insufferable demand which must and shall have immediate attention on pain of being considered no gentleman. Surely no one who really respects a correspondent ought to employ this touting bagman's phrase.—Professor Skeat in London Academy.

Succeeded.

Gaddie—You don't seem to have made a very satisfactory impression on Borem. Cleverley—I tried very hard to do so. Gaddie—Well, he told me you didn't impress him as a man he would care to associate with very much. Cleverley—Fine. That's very satisfactory. It's the very impression I wanted to make.—Philadelphia Press.

All in the Family.

Rector (shortsighted)—Well, Richard, hard at work, eh? Let me see, you are Richard, aren't you? Laborer—No, sir. It is John, sir. You 'ad the pleasure 'e' buryin' Richard last week, you remember, sir.—London Punch.