

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

How Friction Between Mistress and Maid May Be Avoided.

Women spoil their servants because they do not trust them, and the fault is more with the mistress than with the maid, for women who are educated and mature should be clearer and wiser in their dealings than women who are not educated and who, because of their antecedents and limited experience, are so immature that in many ways they are very like children.

If the maid suspects her mistress of trying to get every bit of work out of her that is possible and of paying her the smallest wages that she can persuade her to take, if the mistress is sure that the maid will do as little work as she can and will "strike" for the maximum wages, what else can they be but enemies, how else can they look at each other but askance? Fancy having in your house not only a perfect stranger, but one who considers you to be her enemy, with the certain knowledge also that she is unfriendly to you. And yet that is the kind of discord which exists every day and all day in "the best regulated families."

A practical knowledge of the work to be done, an ability to convey that knowledge to servants, to observe without nagging and to show friendliness without familiarity—all these will enable us to give to a maid a sense of personal freedom and responsibility and a practical knowledge of the details of her work which will tend to dissipate the hostility engendered by years of misunderstanding.—Century.

FLOATING GARDENS.

They Have Them Anchored With Living Hedges in Mexico.

The imagination of man has always been impressed by floating islands. In ancient times such islands were regarded with superstitious reverence, and the romantic story of Delos—the natal Isle of Apollo and Artemis—is but one of the many cases recorded in classical literature of vagrant islands in the sea.

Pliny says that in the lake of Vadimonis there is a dark wood which is never seen in the same place for a day and a night together, and he describes the islands called Calamane (i. e., "made of reeds"), in Lydia, which were not only driven by the wind, but could be pushed about from place to place with poles.

Floating gardens—some natural and some artificial—have flourished in many parts of the world from early times. They are particularly advantageous in regions exposed to floods, where a garden planted on terra firma would be ruined by these occurrences, while the floating garden is undisturbed by the rise of the waters. The famous floating gardens of Kashmir are a case in point.

The lake of Xochimilco, near the city of Mexico, is nearly covered with floating gardens, called chinampas, on which are raised vegetables and flowers for the city markets. They are formed of floating masses of water plants, covered with soil and secured by poplar stakes. The latter take root and surround the islands with living hedges.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Origin of Curtain Calls. The first curtain call took place on the evening of Feb. 26, 1743. On that memorable evening Voltaire's "Merope" was performed for the first time in Paris. The author was known to the Paris public, but nothing that he had seen of his had pleased them so much as "Merope," and the enthusiasm found expression in noisy demands to see the author. In a letter Voltaire says this of the incident: "They dragged me out and led me by force to the box occupied by the Duchess de Villars and her daughter-in-law. The whole theater seemed to have gone mad—all shouted to the duchess to kiss me. The noise became so great that the lady finally obeyed. So I was, like Alain Chantier, publicly kissed, but he was asleep, while I was wide awake."

Can't Keep a Good Man Down. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may be times when ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down, and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about and see if this failing has not injured every person you have ever known to fall into it.—Abraham Lincoln.

In Luck. "How's your son getting along since he graduated as a doctor?" "Splendidly." "Building up a good practice?" "Yes, indeed. He's only been practicing a year, but he's already got one family which pays its bill promptly on the 10th of every month."—Detroit Free Press.

Cruelty. "I hate to put some of my photographic subjects on my plates." "Why so?" "Because they are such sensitive plates."—Baltimore American.

A Literary Noise. Her—What's that rasping sound in the periodical room? Him—Oh, that's where they are filing the magazines.—New York American.

What is not good for the swine is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

AN ELUSIVE LAKE.

Queer Antics of an Erratic Body of Water in Switzerland.

In the canton of Valais, in Switzerland, at the foot of the great Aletsch glacier, lies a small body of water, Lake Marjelen, of which the Journal des Voyages reports a strange fact.

At irregular intervals every three or four years Lake Marjelen completely and suddenly disappears. The phenomenon always occurs during the last days of August. Without warning the lake empties itself, and the great quantity of water that it contained disappears through fissures in the rocks to swell the waters of the river Rhone. So rapidly does the lake empty itself that the water level of the Rhone rises several meters in a few hours, and the valley is flooded. An old custom grants a new pair of shoes to the first peasant who comes to announce the disappearance of the lake to the inhabitants of the valley.

All the autumn, after the disappearance of the waters, the basin of Lake Marjelen remains dry, but during the following winter and spring it gradually fills again.

Scientific men believe that the phenomenon is caused in some way by the neighboring glacier. Little by little the melting ice raises the level of the lake until at the end of three or four years the accumulated water exerts such an enormous pressure upon the sides and bottom of the lake that the basin gradually becomes as porous as a sponge. At some point or other the water begins to escape. Then it flows more rapidly until at last it pours through the fissures on every side.

CONCENTRATION.

Do Only One Thing at a Time, but Do That One Thing Well.

The man who makes good is the man who can shut out of his mind all but one thing. An unsuccessful principal of a school once said that every teacher ought to be able to do three things at once. Of course he was wrong. The teacher who does one thing at a time and does it well is giving the pupil the best possible object lesson in concentration.

We have to learn to think clearly amid distracting noises, to go forward on a straight and narrow way without diversions and excursions that waste our time and our substance and to keep at work regardless of the "tired" feeling, the "spring" feeling and whether the fishing is good or not. When the soft breeze comes in at the window we must stiffen the moral fiber against its allurements. We must pin our attention firmly to the turgid and dry geometry of a legal brief or the scribbled figures of the daybook or the busy system of a mercantile establishment and let every other thought await its turn at the end of office hours.

You may have heard a great lawyer in action in a crowded courtroom. What was the secret of his power? It was that he would not let the jury's attention or the witness' tongue wander from the relevant facts. He kept insistently to the straight line that is the shortest distance from point to point. He curtly dismissed all that was superfluous, immaterial and calculated to blur the salient outlines of the matter in controversy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wasted Medicine. "There is one loss sustained by druggists that very few people know about," said the experienced clerk. "That is in the prescriptions that have to be made over, the same as clerks, stenographers, writers and artists, no matter how painstaking, occasionally have to do their work over. The most careful drug clerk in existence is bound to make mistakes sometimes in measuring and mixing.

"He may pour in too much of some kind of liquid or sift in too much of a certain powder. In most cases the overdose would not really affect the value of the medicine, but the conscientious clerk is not going to take chances on murdering anybody, so he throws away the whole mixture and makes up another prescription."—New York Times.

The Neighborhood Traveler. It is written, and the world believes it, that travel is the infallible, exclusive cure for provincialism. Perhaps! Ultimately that depends on what the man takes with him in his wanderings. Merely to go accomplishes naught. In fine, one need not travel at all. If the man with the common eye will but use his eyes he may bring all the world to him. The Alps and the Rockies are worth seeing, indeed, but the man who is capable of really seeing them, if among them, is capable also of beholding landscape and glory in his own neighborhood.—Booklovers' Magazine.

Slightly Inconsistent. "A patriot should not be concerned with matters of mere pecuniary compensation." "And yet," replied Senator Sorghum, "when a man is rich enough to be independent of such considerations, they won't let him run for office."—Washington Star.

Profane Golf. "Do you think golf a suitable game for women?" "I should say not. Why, I saw a man playing once, and all he did was to walk around a field with a club in his hand and stop every few minutes to swear."—Buffalo Express.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Thomas Carlyle.

BUILT TO STAND.

The Supreme Confidence One Engineer Had in His Work.

There is something inspiring about the self confidence of the men who do big things. A number of years ago the country was horrified by the news that Galveston had been swept by a flood. But the mud was hardly dry in the city's streets before plans were made for building a great sea wall to keep out the waters. George W. Boschke was the engineer to whom this gigantic undertaking was intrusted.

He finished his work while the world looked on with interest. Later he went up into inland Oregon to look after the engineering work of one of the great railroad companies that were opening up that vast undeveloped country.

Boschke was in camp, forty miles from the railroad, says the Technical World. One day an exhausted messenger rode in and handed a telegram to Boschke's assistant. The message said that the Galveston wall had been washed away by a second furious hurricane. The assistant was very much disturbed, but there was nothing to do but to lay the telegram before his chief.

Boschke glanced up from it, smiling. "This telegram is a lie," he said calmly. "I built that wall to stand." Then he turned to the work in hand.

His confidence was justified. The message was based on a false report. There had been a storm as severe as that which had flooded the city, but the wall stood firm.

AMENDED SHAKESPEARE.

The Actor Was Shy on His Lines, but Rose to the Occasion.

William Gillette in the course of an address made to the graduates of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts told this story:

"When I was in Booth's company years ago," the actor said, "we had to be up in many parts. Frequently the actors would have to double in a performance when the roles outnumbered the people. I remember one time we were playing 'Hamlet.' When the time came in the play's scene for the man to poison the king it was found that the particular actor selected for the part was on the stage in another role.

"Immediately the stage manager grabbed an actor who was getting ready to continue in another role. The actor was wrapped in a big mantle, handed a bottle and told to hurry on the stage and do the poisoning. Nobody would recognize him, said the stage manager.

"'But,' protested the actor, 'what are my lines?'" "Oh, you know," replied the stage manager.

"'That poetry stuff?'" "Sure!"

"'All right,' said the actor. Then he strode on the stage with his bottle, and, bending over the king, said:

"'Nobody here, nobody near! I'll pour the poison in his ear!'" —New York American.

Medicinal Heart of Oak. The virtue of a "cure," apparently, does not always lie in its ability to digest the senses. From earthworms for bronchitis and snakes for gopher one turns with relief to a "cure" for "all weaknesses of mind and body" which Coleridge encountered on a visit to Germany. It was indeed something to write home to his wife about. Here is its advertisement: "A wonderful and secret Essence extracted with patience and God's blessing from the English oaks and from that part thereof which the heroic sailors of that Great Nation call the Heart of Oak. This invaluable and infallible medicine has been gently extracted therefrom by the slow processes of the Sun and the magnetic Influences of the Planets and Fixed Stars." Such a tribute to mariners should do much toward cementing a friendship with Germany.—London Express.

When Porfirio Ruled. In 1897, when the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz was young, writes William Archer in the London News, there was an attempted rising at Vera Cruz. The governor of that place telegraphed to Diaz asking whether he should shoot the conspirators and received the economical answer, "En caliente, si." Some people argue that this meant, "If in the heat of action, yes," but who requires orders for shooting in the heat of action? The plain meaning is in American, "Right away!" or in English, "Without formality." So the governor understood it, and nine men were put to death.

Not in Her Class. "You know it is stated that a man's heart beats 92,160 times a day," said the young man.

"Every day?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Yes, every day."

"Well, if a young man's heart didn't beat more times than that the day he proposed to me I'd consider him a pretty cold proposition."—Youkers Statesman.

Historical Note. A small boy handed in the following on an examination paper in United States history: "General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."—Everybody's.

Wanted His Best Work. "What you need," said the doctor, "is an operation."

"Very well," replied the patient. "Which operation are you clearest at?"—Detroit Free Press.

FELINE WHISKERS.

Delicate Nerve Signals That Guide the Lion in the Jungle.

Because a cat can go about so safely and rapidly in the dark without injury to himself or without running into things nearly every one believes it is due entirely to the fact that he sees with his eyes in the dark.

That a cat can see to a certain extent in the dark is quite true, but it is doubtful if he could go about so rapidly in total darkness were it not for his long whiskers. Note a cat's whiskers and you will see they are always as long, generally longer, as his head is wide, and a cat's head is as wide as his body.

These delicate hairs that project from the muzzle of the cat family are wonderful mechanisms. Each one grows from a follicle or gland nerved to the utmost sensibility. Its slightest contact with any obstacle is instantly felt by the animal, though the hair itself may be tough and insensible.

Consider the lion stealing through the jungle at night in search of prey, when the least stir of a twig gives alarm. The lion's whiskers indicate through the nicest nerves any object that may be in his path. A touch stops him short before pushing through some close thicket where the rustling leaves and boughs would betray his presence. Wherever his head may be thrust without a warning from the vibrissa there his body may pass noiselessly. It is the aid given him by his whiskers, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, that enables him to proceed as silently as the snake.—New York American.

ARABIA LIKES LOCUSTS.

Not Only the Natives but Everything Animal Eats Them.

Locusts are today eaten in Arabia pretty much as they were in Biblical times. Foreigners as well as natives declare that they are really an excellent article of diet. They are best boiled.

The long or "hopping" legs must be pulled off and the locust held by a wing and dipped into salt before it is eaten. As to flavor, the insect is said to taste like green wheat.

The red locust is more palatable than the green kind. Some say that the female is red and the male green, but others contend that all are green at first, whatever the sex.

Locusts must be caught in the morning, for then they are numbed by the cold and their wings are damp with the dew, so that they cannot fly. They may be found in Arabia clustered in hundreds under the desert bushes, and they can be literally shoveled into a bag or basket.

Later the sun dries their wings and it is hard to catch them. When in flight they resemble what we call May flies. They fly sideways, drifting, as it were, before the wind.

They devour everything vegetable and are devoured by everything animal—desert larks and bustards, ravens, hawks and buzzards like them. The camels munch them in with their food. The greyhounds run snapping after them all day long and eat as many as they catch. The Bedouins often give them to their horses.—Youth's Companion.

Made For Fat Men. One of the narrow arches in the gallery of the chapel at Columbia university is not exactly symmetrical, although the defect is not noticeable to the casual observer. The reason for the widening of the arch after its original construction had rise in a somewhat humorous occurrence. One of the early visitors was a remarkably fat man, who found himself wedged into the arch when he tried to squeeze through and was extricated with some difficulty. The builders, recognizing the possibility of other fat people being numbered among the future visitors, decided to widen the arch, sacrificing symmetry and harmony to practical need, as the pier was so constructed as to bear no loss of width on one of its sides.—New York Globe.

Hecatan Tried To. "Phillip," said the teacher, "parse the sentence, 'Yucatan is a peninsula.'" "Yes'm," falteringly began Phillip, who never could understand grammar any way. "Yucatan is a proper noun, non'tive case, second person, singular."

"Why," asked the teacher in amazement, "how do you make that out?" "Yes'm," said Phillip, swallowing hard. "First person Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatan; plural, first person Yecatan, second per—"

But right here the teacher fainted.—New York World.

Poor Old Wise Ones. Some one has dug up the following from the Chicago Inter Ocean of Dec. 31, 1882:

"George M. Pullman, of the firm of Pullman & Moore, house raisers, is experimenting with what he calls a 'palace sleeping car.' The wise ones predict it will be a failure."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Progressive. "Some day," remarked the nice old gentleman, "you may be president of the United States."

"Mebbe," replied the son of the very big business man, "but if they want me they will have to raise the salary."—Chicago News.

A Man of Metal. "Is he a man of metal?" "Well, he is credited with iron nerve, a grip of steel and a heart of gold."—Baltimore American.

TREW THE MIKADO.

The Wrestler Who Wanted to Humble the Ruler of Japan.

Many anecdotes are still told in Japan about the late mikado, all of which are calculated to strengthen the admiration held for the deceased monarch on account of his benevolence and simplicity, as well as his wisdom.

At one time wrestling was a favorite pastime at the Japanese court and his majesty was able with ease to throw all the court attendants and officials. One man, however, Yamaoka Tetsutaro, was very anxious to throw the emperor because he was afraid that the latter might become too proud of his prowess in that and other sports. Finally the emperor challenged Yamaoka, and the latter threw the sovereign with great force.

The monarch, so the story goes, was not too pleased at the defeat, but was too good a sportsman to say anything. Later Yamaoka resigned his position at court on the plea that, though he had defeated the emperor for the good of the throne and the country, yet in doing so he had subjected his sovereignty to a heinous indignity. The monarch, however, absolutely refused to accept the resignation, saying:

"You have done well to show that the ring is no respecter of persons, and I appreciate your loyal spirit in beating me." At all events Yamaoka was in high favor at court thereafter.—Tokyo Gazette.

MAKES NIAGARA A DWARF.

A Waterfall in British Guiana That Is 822 Feet High.

The Kaieteur waterfall, in British Guiana, is the highest waterfall in the world. It is unsurpassed grandeur and beauty, as the Potaro river, unobstructed at its brink by islands or huge masses of rock, huris itself in full flood into a great abyss.

Peering over the precipitous and sheer rocky face, within 100 feet of this avalanche of water, is an awe-inspiring experience. The total height of the fall is 822 feet, or five times that of Niagara, which boasts only 164 feet. The fall is generally seen at the dry season, and consequently the name Kaieteur means "Old Man's fall" and was so called after an old man who lived in an Indian village years ago.

One day the natives, exasperated at the old man's bad temper, put him into a boat and let the boat carry him over the falls. The boat was, tradition says, turned to stone and is now a large rock at the foot of the falls, while the old man's ghost haunts the spot at night, and no Indian will approach. The fall, if harnessed, could generate a horsepower of 1,264,864.—New York Sun.

A King In Disguise.

A ruler who journeyed to the scene of his inauguration in disguise was the king of Roumania. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern traveled to Bukharest in 1896 in defiance of the powers when war between Prussia and Austria was imminent. In Switzerland he had a passport made out in the name of "Karl Hettlingen," going to Odessa on business with a special note recording that Herr Hettlingen wore spectacles. At the Austrian frontier a customs official demanded his name, and the prince had forgotten it. Happily Councillor Von Werner, who accompanied him, had the presence of mind to create a diversion by insisting upon paying duty for some cigars and meanwhile the prince consulted his passport. So he proceeded safely on his second class journey.—London Chronicle.

Strenuous Chivalry.

It is complained that modern conditions are killing "the chivalry of the middle ages." But medieval tales and romances show what that chivalry really was. Wife beating was a common incident on the part of those knights and gentlemen whose gallantry was a mere convention. The Chevalier de la Tour-Landry in his book of counsels to his daughters tells them the story of a woman who used to contradict her husband in public. One day, after expostulating in vain, he knocked her down, then kicked her face and broke her nose. "And so," comments the good chevalier, "she was disgraced for life, and thus, through her ill behavior and bad temper, she had her nose spotted, which was a great misfortune to her." But not a word is said about the husband's brutality.

Nice Discrimination.

That her two grandmothers did not hold quite the same place in her esteem was indicated by Mildred, a little girl of eight years, after she had heard the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

"Oh, dear me!" said Mildred, "I just couldn't stand it to have my Grandmamma Ryce eaten up by a wolf, and I could hardly stand it to have my Grandmamma Turner eaten up by one!"—Woman's Home Companion.

She's One.

"I'd like to get a little runabout if I could afford one."

"I know how you could get one for the asking."

"How?"

"Ask our next door neighbor's daughter to marry you."—London Mail.

A Cruel Thrust.

"'Tis true you see me in reduced circumstances now, but I once rode in my own carriage."

"Ha!" exclaimed he of the stony heart. "That must have been before you learned to walk."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

He who has three enemies must agree with two.—German Proverb.

READING THE ENVELOPES.

They Tell More Than the Name and Address to the Postman.

Envelopes tell more than the name and address of the person standing in the line at the post office. You can tell a postman when I deliver on a certain day every month an official envelope with the relief stamp of a furniture firm on the back of it I know pretty well that the envelope contains the receipt for an installment on the furniture. When that envelope fails to turn up I keep an eye open for the other signs of impending bankruptcy.

An envelope with a crease down the middle has obviously been inside of another envelope. This tells me the handwriting of the householder and the kind of stationery he uses. When I deliver one of these day after day at the same house I know that the envelope is out of work and is now waiting for its next assignment. But when the envelopes stop coming I am left to wonder whether the applicant has been successful—or can afford to make another trial.

Sometimes the postman will use to see what I'd got in my hand that he wouldn't wait till I'd pulled it out. I soon learned to keep my eyes very close every time I would have my envelope pressed down the middle, giving it the appearance of a letter.

Her Manner, Rather Than Her Beauty, Was Her Chief Charm. The only authentic portrait of Cleopatra that is known to archaeologists is a bust which appears on a series of coins. It is on the reverse and bears the inscription in Greek, "Queen Cleopatra, the Divine, the Younger." While on the obverse is the name of Antony, Dictator For the East and West.

MAGNETIC CLEOPATRA.

The workmanship of the coin is far from good, and this accounts in some measure for the undeniably defective appearance of the queen. Yet the likeness, as far as the features go, is a true one, for the other coins of the same series, though of a different type, give her the same features, an aquiline nose, a strong chin, a long neck and narrow shoulders.

The fact is that her beauty was not so remarkable as one would think from the spell she cast over Caesar and Antony. Plutarch, for instance, tells us "that her beauty in itself was by no means incomparable nor calculated to amaze those who saw her," but adds that the magnetic charm of her manner, the gracefulness of her movements, the persuasiveness of her conversation and her figure were most attractive.

Enjoyed What He Paid For. It is interesting to note the effect that reputation has on those who are not good critics of the efforts of public performers, as a clerk in a downtown bank was telling.

"I happen to know a celebrated concert artist," he said. "One evening she was in the city and had nothing to do, so she came up to our very humble flat in Harlem to spend a quiet, homelike hour or two. The night was warm, and the windows were open. After dinner she sat down at the piano and sang several songs for us. The next day I heard that one of our neighbors complained loudly about the 'yelling' in our flat and said that such nuisances ought to be prohibited. Two nights later that same neighbor paid \$2 a seat for himself, his wife and his daughter to hear our friend sing at a concert."—New York Sun.

Ptolemy's Big Boat. Ptolemy (Phlopotari) was fond of building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern. This vessel had four rudders or what some would call steering oars, as they were not fastened, each forty-five feet long. She carried 4,000 rowers, besides 3,000 marines, a large body of servants under her decks and stores and provisions. Her oars were fifty-seven feet long, and the handles were weighted with lead. There were 2,000 rowers on a side, and it is supposed that these were divided into five banks. That this extraordinary vessel ever put to sea is doubted, but that she was launched and used at times, if only for display, several historians are agreed.

A Case In Arithmetic. The teacher was hearing her class of small boys in mathematics.

"Edgar," she said, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days and your Uncle William can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"They would never get it done," answered the boy earnestly. "They would sit down and tell fish stories."—New York Post.

What the Teacher Taught Him. The small boy had just returned home after a most tumultuous day at school.

"What lesson," asked his father, "was the most impressed on you today by the teacher?"

"Dat I need a thicker pair of pants."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Friendliness.

It is not wise to rush into violent friendships with every one you meet, but it is a great mistake not to be on friendly terms with those with whom you come in contact.

An accusation of having done wrong should not disturb you—unless it's true.—Seth Brown.