

WIT AND WISDOM.

A man of few words and many deeds is like a garden of many vegetables and few weeds.—Chicago Daily News.

Suspicious and Willy Conductor—
"Do you mean to say that child is not over five?" "He's just four."
"So I thought. All over three have to pay full fare."—Philadelphia Times.

"You fell into the creek with your new breeches on." "Yes, pop. You see, I fell in so quick I hadn't time to take them off." "A smart answer, my son. So suppose you take them off now."—Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Stockman—"Take this telegram, my boy, and run with it." Messenger—"Not on your life. I've got strict orders to walk wid your telegrams. De writin' is had enough widout shakin' it up."—Indianapolis News.

Mr. Newcome—"So you're glad your sister's got me for her steady company, eh?" Johnny—"Yep. Tommy Brown's sister's got steady company, an' Tommy works him for candy an' things to beat the band."—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Karpe—"How do you like Mr. Gushley?" Miss Sharpe—"Fairly well, but he must think I'm awfully stupid and unobservant." Miss Karpe—"Why?" Miss Sharpe—"Because he remarked last night: 'Oh! Miss Sharpe, you have no idea how pretty you are!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Lacked Reciprocity.—"I haven't much use for Blithersley," said the proud papa. "Why?" asked the proud mamma. "I listened to him for an hour to-day while he told me about what his baby had said, or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about ours he left me, saying he had to catch a train."—Baltimore American.

DOG BAGS SOMETHING NEW.

Are Used by Theatrical People for Carrying Their Pets While Traveling.

A novel thing in travelers' equipment is the dog bag. It is produced by a specialty of things for theatrical people, and it is used chiefly by the carrying of pet dogs from place to place in their constant traveling when on the road, says the New York Sun.

The pets carried about the country by theatrical people, mainly women, include dogs of various kinds and sizes up to and including dogs as big as fox terriers. It may be that the dog owners are on the road eight or ten months in a year, and constantly moving as they are some means of getting the dogs about easily is especially desirable. The devices by which in ordinary circumstances women smuggle pet dogs into cars are familiar. Sometimes they are carried into a car under a coat, sometimes in an ordinary traveling bag that is opened to give the dog air as soon as the passenger is settled in her seat in the car. But such are only temporary expedients of occasional travelers. People carrying pet dogs and traveling all the time want some better and easier means than that. Baskets have always been more or less used for this purpose, but the dog bag is more convenient.

The dog bag is made in the form of what is called in the trade a cabin bag. This is a bag of a kind now in common use as a traveling handbag. It has a box-shaped body with vertical sides and ends and with the top sloping. In its general form it is somewhat like a cabin, hence the name.

Obviously the cabin bag was the most desirable for this use, because with its straight sides it afforded the most room inside, and so gave the greatest comfort to the dog. Made up as a dog bag one end of the bag is taken out entirely, and in place is set a wire screen. Sometimes both ends for greater ventilation are thus equipped. Over the grating is a leather curtain, which may be opened or closed.

The measure of success attending carrying a dog in this manner must depend, of course, somewhat on the dog, which must keep quiet, as, however, he commonly does. Dogs are intelligent, to start with, and they soon become accustomed to travel and to playing their part well. There is, for instance, a story of one dog thus carried that, if out of its bag, would get back into it at the word.

This dog's owner, installed in her place in the car, would open the dog bag and let the dog jump out for the greater comfort to be found in the ampler space between the seats, keeping meanwhile an eye for who ever entered the car. The conductor appearing presently coming through the train, she would say to the dog:

"Jack, here comes the conductor." Whereupon the dog would itself open the bag, throwing up with its nose the two leaves that formed the top of it and hopping into the bag to have the top closed down by its mistress, and then it would remain as quiet as a mouse until the conductor had passed.

Dog bags are made usually to order to accommodate the particular dog for which they are intended. The price, of course, depends more or less on the size and quality. The dog bags most commonly sold range in price at from three to six dollars; but there are sometimes made for this use fine bags costing \$15.

Ambition.

Ambition is a good thing, but a man should never fly higher than he can mount.—Chicago Daily News.

THE JEWS IN GREECE.

Full Rights as Citizens Are Denied the Race in King George's Realm.

Whatever may have been the connections between Greeks and Jews in the past, the points of contact between them at the present day are comparatively few, for the Jewish population in the kingdom of King George appears to be not only small, but stationary. Its numbers, which in 1891 are given at 5,792, are returned in 1901 as 5,800, or a net increase of eight in ten years. Smallness of numbers need not affect the natural interest which English Jews feel in their Greek brethren, and particularly English Jews, for it was largely owing to the efforts of the British government that Greece became an independent kingdom. Moreover, the fact that the Ionian islands were a direct gift from this country to Greece intensifies the interest of English Jews in the fate of their brethren in that part of the Greek kingdom. It is true that the handful of Greek Jews have no legal or state made disabilities like the Jews of Russia and Roumania, says the Jewish Messenger. In principle the fullest equality obtains. But in practice, even so ardent an apologist for the Greek government as Dr. Bellel has to admit that it would be "preposterous" to argue that "the Jews actually enjoy in Greece full rights."

When the premier of a country publicly declares that all Jews ought to be put back 50 years it is idle to contend that the Jews of that country are emancipated in fact, whatever they may be in name. The truth of the matter seems to be that in emancipating the Jews the Greek authorities, like the authorities in France, were considerably in advance of the sentiment of the people as a whole. This popular backwardness found brutal expression in the ritual excesses some years ago—excesses which drove Jews away from the Ionian islands, where they had once enjoyed the fullest liberty under the British and whose effects have even now not entirely vanished. It seems as though the long enslavement of a people tends to crush out its ideas of liberty and to make of it a tyrant when it in turn becomes free. The case of Roumania, perhaps, is a much more striking illustration of this than that of Greece. Still, the decorations conferred by the Greek government on several Jews may betoken the development of a better feeling toward the Jews. In the ordinary course of things it would only be natural to anticipate the evolution of the ideas of a people like the Greeks in the direction of liberty of thought and freedom of conscience.

INSIDE JAPAN.

Plot Fights Proface Death Struggles But There Is No Wife-Beating.

In spite of these qualities of easily aroused antagonism, of pride and Spartan ideals, the Japanese are an essentially gentle race—more so than the Anglo-Saxons. Broils in which one man hits another are of rare occurrence; blows are generally the preface of a death struggle, says Anna N. Benjamin, in *Ainslie's*. The women may often suffer from the prevailing ideals of morality, which are yet much lower than ours, but there are few wife-beaters, and the home atmosphere is almost always outwardly peaceful. It follows that a little true politeness on the part of the foreigner goes a long way, and almost invariably meets with a warm recognition; you rarely appeal to the Japanese in vain. They are as quick to respond to an act of real kindness as they are to resent an act which has a tinge of arrogance. Our government allowed several transports with returning volunteers to stop at Yokohama, and so hundreds of American soldiers visited that city and Tokio. One of them hired a bicycle and was taking a ride about the streets of Yokohama when he ran down an elderly Japanese man. The soldier rang his bell several times, but the Japanese apparently paid no attention to it, and the American found himself promptly arrested and taken to court, where he was fined ten "yen" (five dollars). He protested that he had done everything possible to avert the accident, and asked why the man made no attempt to get out of the way. The policeman then told him that the man was blind. The soldier looked dazed for a minute, then felt in his pocket and brought out a ten-dollar bill. "Here," he said, "it's the last I've got, but he can have it," and he turned it over to the blind man. The Japanese were deeply touched, and that same day a delegation of policemen hunted up the soldier and gave him back his fine.

Great Skua in Danger of Extinction. The fishermen of Dieppe, Boulogne and Gravelines are accused by the Society for the Protection of Birds of catching that rare species of gull known as the great skua and using it as bait. The great skua is already in danger of extinction and its only known nesting place now is Fouls, a mountainous islet off the west coast of Scotland. Steps are being taken to have the breeding grounds closely watched this season. Fouls was the last haunt of the extinct great auk.—London Express.

Practical Art.

Critic—Not a bad stretch of landscape, but haven't you laid out more than enough of it in water?

Artist—Not a bit of it. The picture is for a client who made his money in stock-watering operations.—Boston Transcript.

FANCIES OF THE FASHIONABLE

New Features of the Season's Waists and Gowns—A Cape and Jacket Combination.

White waists for women are made of plain materials. One pretty design has the upper part of the front of the bodice laid in fine tucks, about a dozen on each side. These are carried well down over the bust. The back is plain. The sleeves button around the arm with three brass buttons set well apart, and finished at the wrist with a narrow cuff, barely an inch in width, simply stitched once on the edge and turned back. With these waists are worn turn-down collars, with some neat tie. The buttons of the waist are large and plain gold, says the *New York Times*.

Pockets are to be seen on many of the first wash shirt waists that are appearing. There is one little round pocket on the left side, which in many cases has a flap of white to match the turned-down white collar stitched to the stock, of the same material as the waist, while there are similar cuffs on the sleeves.

This is to be another season of thin materials for shirt waists, if these first waists are to be relied upon, and it is probable that they are. These waists come, many of them, in materials with Madraslike stripes, but very thin.

A pretty dinner gown, with a princess back and jacket front, has the plainness of the back relieved in a rather original manner. Two ends of a sash of gray silk are fastened into the armhole seams in the back. These are crossed and carried down to the waist line and pass around the waist, to be tied in a soft bow in front. The ends of the sash, which is of a soft silk, are fringed out.

A new cape is a combination of jacket and shoulder cape. There is an underpiece of the material which fits down to the waist like a jacket. There is a similar fitted piece in front, with ends which tie once. The cape proper covers the shoulders and upper part of the arms. There are no sleeves.

New half-length coats are loose, curving in a little at the back and straight in front. They are cut a little low at the neck and fasten at the side.

The few new things in hats show big flats, the crown low and round, and the rather wide brim filled in with soft folds of silk, plain or in some fancy design, and frequently covered with chiffon. Pretty heavy rough straws are to be seen in many of these hats. Some French models show the hats of some kind of heavy corded silk.

SPRING BREAKFASTS.

Various Simple Dishes That Always Lead a Host to the Morning Meal.

If women who are early risers, yet feel a certain weakness and faintness early in the morning, will take a glass of hot milk as soon as possible after they get up, they will feel the benefit of it. Instead of doing this a great many women get up in the morning and do not eat until the entire family breakfast is ready and waiting. The worker feels weary and indifferent to food by this time, and it is difficult to tempt the appetite even with the most fragrant coffee or the crispest toast, says the *New York Tribune*.

A spring breakfast should always include a crisp tender salad. Nathaniel Hawthorne once described an ideal spring breakfast "fit to set before a king" as consisting of "hot cakes of golden meal, nice fried brook trout, toast, potatoes, fresh boiled eggs and coffee." Few better breakfasts could be ordered. There are people who have a partiality for a veal cutlet browned "very brown," as Dickens describes such breakfast meat, and "embraced by its rasher of ham." Delicate slices of calf's liver served with a dash of lemon juice are always accompanied by the thinnest slices of bacon tossed a few moments in the pan, until they are crisp and brown, and accompanied by water-cress salad dressed in vinegar and salt and pepper. It is the only salad that needs no oil. Sweetbreads can hardly be excelled as a breakfast meat. They should always be blanched the day before. Soak them in salted water for three hours, changing the water every hour, and then put them in cold water again and bring them to the boiling point. When they are fairly-boiling, drain them and throw them into ice cold water to cool. They are now ready to be fried, broiled, stewed in cream sauce, or served in any of the almost numberless delicious ways in which the modern cook serves the sweetbread, a delicacy which our unappreciative ancestors threw to the dogs.

Kitchen Pepper.

A great many housekeepers do not seem to know there are two kinds of kitchen pepper besides cayenne. Black pepper, which is generally used in flavoring, is quite an inferior article to white pepper. Black pepper is ground from the entire pepper corn, including the husk, while white pepper is ground from the inner portions of the berry after the husk has been rejected. White pepper is not only stronger than black pepper, but it is less liable to be adulterated with the dried leaves of other plants, black mustard and various cheaper articles. The family supply of pepper for a year should be purchased at some large trustworthy spice house, or some trustworthy place. A quarter of a pound of peppercorns ought to be purchased at the same time, as they are better for flavoring soup stocks and some sauces than ground pepper.—N. Y. Tribune.

GREAT WEATHER SHARPS.

Sailormen of the Gulf of Mexico of Olden Times Were Famous Squall Smellers.

"The greatest weather sharps in the world," said a citizen who takes an interest in meteorology, especially of the goose brand, to a *New Orleans Times-Democrat* man, "were the old-time sea captains in the gulf and coast trade. Squall smelling was a necessary part of their business, for, as you probably know, the biggest dirty weather factory in the universe is the Caribbean sea. There are no such things as times and seasons down there and what's coming next is a matter of pure chance. It may be a dead calm and it may be a rip-roaring hurricane, so the men who cruised in those waters before we had any signal service to help them out had to keep continually on the alert and it's no wonder that some of them acquired a skill that seemed next door to supernatural."

"It became a sort of instinct, a second nature, with them and they couldn't tell how they did it themselves. They would predict changes before they were even hinted at in the glass; they would anticipate the very caprice of the wind and many a time they saved their ships and their skins by quick, sharp orders which for the moment appeared to be nothing short of preposterous. Of course, it was all a matter of minute observation, a good deal of which was no doubt unconscious. They had learned by long experience to read meaning in the different forms of clouds and the way the cloud strata lay in the upper air; the water was an open book to them and they would detect a hundred and one small atmospheric phenomena invisible to an ordinary observer."

"It was on the ship of one of these famous old weather prophets years ago on a voyage to Havana. We were just entering the harbor, when the captain, who had been moody and distraught for several hours, suddenly called the mate and ordered him to get anchored as quickly as possible and make everything fast for a hurricane. The mate made a mild protest. 'The glass is pretty steady, sir,' he said. 'Never mind,' said the captain, 'it's a-coming, all the same!'"

"The crew lost no time in carrying out the order and while they were at work making things trim the barometer began falling like a man tumbling down an elevator shaft. He had barely time to get in shape for trouble when a typical tropical storm came swooping out of the east and played havoc with the unprepared shipping. Several good-sized craft were knocked to pieces, but we escaped with no damage whatever. I tried to get the captain to tell me how he knew the gale was coming, but his answers were vague. That he 'felt it in his bones' was the nearest he came to a definite statement. This old tribe of prophets seems to have died out," added the meteorological enthusiast, "and the modern sea captain doesn't make any pretensions in that line. Storm smelling has become a lost art."

HE CONGRATULATED HIM.

And the Lean Man Who Knew Gave the Best of Reasons for the Felicitations.

They met in front of the Reed house. One was fat and black, with a wonderful expanse of mouth and a voice like a couple of foghorns. The other was black and lean and wizened, says the *Chattanooga News*.

Said the fat black to the lean black: "Why doan ye 'gratulate me, Brudder Johnsing?"

"What fer I 'gratulate you?" said Brudder Johnsing.

"What fer you 'gratulate me? Why, man, kase I done mar'd de Widder Jeff's'n."

"You is—you dun mar'd de Widder Jefferson?" squeaked out the lean one.

"I sho' is done mar'd dat lady," said the fat one with an air of great satisfaction.

"Den I does 'gratulate yer, wid my whole heart. I sho' does." The two separated, when the lean one turned to a knot of white gentlemen who had been interested and amused auditors of the conversation, and remarked:

"Yes, I 'gratulated him! Haw! haw! haw!—he! he! I sho' does. He's de wus enemy I has, an' I cert'ly 'gratulates. Why, boss," he said confidentially, singling out one of the spectators, "I was mar'd to dat 'oman fer a year myself. Yas, I sho' do 'gratulate dat man," and he moved off toward Market street chuckling and muttering to himself.

Fashions in Diamonds.

Today, to the diamond dealer, a stone purchased 20 years ago is in appearance as old-fashioned as a suit of clothes of that period is to the tailor. Instead of being cut oval or cushion-shaped, as diamonds were then, stones to-day are cut round, thus increasing the number of surfaces. It used to be the style to have a large table, as the upper surface of a diamond is called, and to obtain this a stone was cut in the form of a cushion. This style was changed not many years ago upon the discovery that by cutting a stone round and increasing the number of facets its brilliancy was greatly increased.—London Empire.

A Good Chance.

Little Thoms (who has been nearly drowned)—It was simply marvelous! As I sank for the third time all the incidents of my past life came vividly before me.

Dobbs (brutally)—I say, old chap, did you remember that fiver I lent you last year?—Tit-Bits.

THE SECRET OF THE OPAL.

A Little Tale Which Illustrates the Fact That It Is an Unlucky Gem.

The newly-received opal ring fell from her finger suddenly, and rolled away across the floor. The Man, stooping to recover it, fancied that it gleamed like a tear. The Girl, happy in its possession, delighting in its play of life and color, insisted that it shone like a smile or a star. The Woman, watching the pair reminiscently from the window seat, thought that it looked like a drop of blood, says the *Chicago Tribune*.

"I am old-fashioned enough to be superstitious about opals," she said, presently. "I don't really suppose there is anything in the old idea, but I'm sure I shouldn't care about having one for an engagement token. Even the commonplace diamond would be far better, in my opinion."

The Man smiled indulgently, yet with the suggestion of a sneer. The Girl, glancing at his face that moment, saw something in the strong features and half-veiled expression that she had never seen before. She looked at the Man as she might have looked at an utter stranger, studied for the first time. Then she shivered a little, unaccountably, turning away.

"It's my turn to be superstitious now," she smiled. "Somebody must certainly have walked over my grave just then."

The dawning sneer on the Man's face grew stronger, tempered, as it was, by his tenderness for the Girl.

"You must learn to repress those ridiculous tendencies, dearie," he said, his voice something sharp with the impatience he had longed to express toward the Woman. "There is nothing I dislike and despise more than absurd ideas of that kind. I am afraid I shall ride roughshod over all such fancies on your part after we are married."

The Woman shivered now, but she said nothing. The Girl looked at the Man with wide eyes, fascinated by that uncomprehended something she had never seen before. As comprehension grew the timid look in her eyes deepened, struggled with a growing determination, vanished in troubled sadness. She withdrew her gaze from the strong, kind, plain-featured, and slightly hard face before her with difficulty, and turned then toward the open window. The meaning of those small, hard lines and wrinkles about his mouth and eyes became plain to her as her glance fell away from them.

"No," she said, quietly, "you will never ride roughshod over any fancies of mine. I have changed my mind. We shall never be married."

When the Man went away his face was white and his eyes angry. He carried the opal ring in his hand and never knew it. Becoming conscious of its presence there half an hour later, he slipped it into his pocket with a sigh.

"I'll be growing idiotically superstitious next, I suppose," he muttered, grimly, with a smile at his own weakness, "but it certainly does look like a tear."

The Girl meanwhile, dry-eyed but pallid, was talking it over with the Woman.

"Opals certainly do mean tears," she said at the conclusion of the talk. "But that one didn't look like a tear to me, somehow."

"It didn't look like a tear," said the Woman, quietly; "it looked like a drop of blood."

GRACE AND CARRIAGE.

Weighed in the Balance Against Beauty of Face and Form Always Wins.

A woman may have a face as perfect in its classic outlines as that of a Greek goddess, her figure may be well proportioned, and yet she may appear unattractive because she does not carry herself well. Beauty of feature and form weighed in the balance against grace and carriage is always found wanting, says Hester A. Bennett, in *Woman's Home Companion*. My lady's gowns may be modeled after the most elegant Worth creations; her chapeaux may come from the shop of a Parisian milliner, and yet it may be a source of annoyance to her that she does not make as smart an appearance as the goddess of her children.

Why? Simply because she does not stand properly. The minute she stands lightly poised on her feet, with knees straight, chest well out, stomach flat, shoulders back, and the body from the waist tilting ever so slightly forward, she has acquired a certain smartness of effect that no amount of beauty nor fine clothes could give. A woman cannot stand correctly and look slovenly. And yet how few women do stand properly! An awkward posture is the chief fault in the beauty of American women who have passed 30. One must note with regret the settled figures and protruding abdomens, for it is the tendency of the body to fall back heavily to the heels unless there is some exercise to offset the action. The springy step soon becomes a thing of the past, and walking, instead of being a rhythmic falling forward, becomes a jerky up-and-down movement. The abdomen, from that time begins to protrude unpleasantly and grace is lost.

Fruit Custard.

A good way of varying the simple custard is to put in each cupful before the custard is poured in a tablespoonful of either strawberry or raspberry jam; dried or crystallized fruits are as good an addition as is the jam. Chocolate custards are made by adding to the custard mixture enough melted chocolate to give a rich color.—People's Home Journal.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Sir Thomas More devoted the last few hours of over three years to the writing of his "Utopia."

A Roman journal estimates the value of the libraries in Italy at \$12,000,000, and that of the paintings, statues and vases at \$30,000,000.

The teachers of Oklahoma have given Gov. Barnes, of that territory, a pair of driving horses, in recognition of his work for the schools and colleges of the territory.

Fraulein Greta Balauf, a new German poetess, was a waitress last summer at the restaurant "Zum Krokodil" at Baden-Baden. Admirers of her talent had found her a more agreeable situation.

Walter G. Puffer, an orphan boy of 15, living at Poygan, Wis., has just received a teacher's certificate from the Winnebago county superintendent of schools. He passed such an excellent examination that the certificate was granted, although his youth shuts him out from immediate benefit.

A Montreal reporter described Rudyard Kipling as a "red-haired, squint-eyed little pomposity." An English commentator says the description is accurate in every respect, with the following reservations: First, Mr. Kipling is not red-headed; second, he does not squint; third, he is not pompous.

The English duke of Rutland regrets that he ever wrote and published verse, but the other day, when twitted by a political opponent with sentiments expressed in his rhymes, he replied: "I would rather be the foolish child who wrote these lines than the ungenerous middle-aged man who quoted them."

Father Scully, of St. Mary's parish, Boston, entertains deep-rooted dislike for lay bachelors, and on occasion has preached at them. Now he has gone a step further and announces that in future unmarried men between 25 and 35 in his parish must pay \$25 annually to some charity. Between 35 and 50 the fee will be \$50, and after the last-named age bachelors will be allowed to escape, as no woman would care to marry them then.

ABOUT SANDWICH ISLANDS.

These Are No Regular Steamers Among Them and No Regular Landings.

Charles Harding, of Boston, who was for some time connected with the Makawee plantation, on the island of Kauai, Sandwich islands, reports the *Washington Times*, says: "There are a great many errors common among people in relation to the Sandwich islands. In the first place people are in the habit of referring to the whole group under the name of Hawaii, which is, of course, wrong. Hawaii is the largest island, it is true, but not the most important. Its principal town, Hilo, is a small one, while the largest city of the islands, Honolulu, is on Oahu, quite a small island. On each of the islands is a precipitous mountain, at the base of which is a level plain of alluvial soil. It is on the plains that the crops are raised, though cultivation is carried sometimes quite far up the mountain slopes. As a rule a fine road runs along the edge of the beach, making a complete circle of the island, and by this means communication between villages is quite easy.

"On the windward side of the mountain, during the entire year, there is a great deal of rain and because of the excessive amount of moisture it is difficult to be sure of crops. On the leeward side it is continually dry and crops could not be raised were it not for irrigation. There are plenty of rivers, and the planters preserve the water in reservoirs for use when needed. The leeward side plantations are considered the best, for crops are always sure, and are in no danger of being spoiled by the rain.

"Communication between the islands is by no means easy, though during the time when the sugar crops are moving there are plenty of boats going back and forth. There are no regular steamers and no regular landing places. It is always difficult to get off in a little boat or to get landed. In many places the shore line is like a cliff rising out of the water, and no landing is possible. Then the passenger is rowed to the base of the cliff in a small boat and hoisted up in a basket, an exploit at the same time exciting and dangerous. But methods of communication are improving and many plantation owners are making contracts for a regular boat service once or twice a week. Wireless telegraphy has been tested between the islands, but the results were not satisfactory."

The "Noble" Gases.

The discovery within the past few years of several new elements, one of which, helium, had previously been recognized only in the atmosphere of the sun, has led to a chemical classification of the "non-metals" by Prof. Erdmann, of Halle, in which the name "noble gases" is bestowed upon helium, neon, argon, krypton and xenon. Oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen are called "chief gases." Presumably it is the inertness of the five gases grouped as "noble," their apparent indisposition to form miscellaneous alliances, that has earned for them their aristocratic title.—Scientific American.

A Philanthropist.

She (haughtily)—I happen to know that you have already proposed to two other girls this year.

He—Yes, dear, but I assure you it was only out of compassion.—Detroit Free Press.