

LEARN TO ADMIRE RIGHTLY.

A Charitable Consideration of Unpleasant Things in Others is Advisable.

"To be governed by our admirations rather than by our disgusts," says Dr. Van Dyke, "should ever be our resolve."

That we may be governed by our admirations we must escape from the control of our disgusts, writes Frances Worden, in Ledger Monthly.

There are two ways of doing this, and like Huxley's paths to truths, they both "meet at the top."

One is to forget our dislikes, and the other is to have no settled, unchangeable disgusts. Unfortunately, to a mind not fully under the guardianship of the great and mellowing power of a love which envelopes all, and which is full of charity for all, an honest disgust is pertinacious in its grip.

At all events a tendency toward a more charitable consideration of the real merit or demerit of those things which are unpleasant will give us more completely to the government of our admiration and at the same time will lift us above petty animosities, small envies and groveling ambitions, and beget within us a spirit of loving forbearance and an ardent resolve to see the best of all which is presented to us in the shifting scenes of life.

It will help us to be not eager to detract but quick to praise; it will aid us to remember that oftentimes things judge us instead of submitting themselves to our judgment.

The fine picture, the great book, the splendid poem are never pleasing to those who have not the ability to appreciate and enjoy them; and it is to such persons that we may generally look for words of criticism and detraction.

HAVANA COURTSHIPS

Pedestrian Feats of a Young Man Who Is Infatuated.

The Senorita Communicates with Her Fan and the Swain Does All Kinds of Pedal Stunts to Avoid Her Mother.

When the sun goes down life begins for the Havanease. Then they come forth to enjoy the cooler air of the roofs and balconies.

Here, for instance, is a pretty senorita leaning forward from one of the windows further down the street, fan in hand. There is a novice who passes and repasses her window, not once in the evening, but scores of times.

When the mother is safe in the background you may see the senorita as she leans forward, carefully counting the sticks of her fan. He understands that signal and knows that she desires to speak with him.

After awhile the novice loses hope of speaking with his sweetheart and enters a carriage which has already passed and repassed him three or four times, with two friends of his.

Usually, in such a case, when a young man is strongly attracted he obtains an introduction at a dance or through a friend of her family, and is invited to call at the house, provided the mother approves of her daughter's making his acquaintance.

What will be the end of this little romance? The neighbors all wonder; and, as all mankind loves a lover, they do not feel that they are taking a liberty in watching this game of hearts.

See, she opens her fan as it is turned downward in her hand. She is asking him to write to her. Tomorrow night you will see a letter transferred from one to the other.

You are doing nothing unusual in watching your neighbors thus closely. As you walk down the street in the evening you can see into the interior of each house.

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Real courtesy, it must be borne in mind, is not arbitrary form, but a thoughtfulness regarding the pleasure, comfort and happiness of others.

Have some bread cut into fine slices and toasted to a nice brown color; onto a slice lay a crisp lettuce leaf, onto which put two very thin slices of fried crisp bacon, then a slice of turkey or roasted chicken, again a slice of boiled ham, two small slices of crisp fried bacon, last a lettuce leaf, and place on all another slice of toast.

"Do you believe in long or short engagements?" asked Miss Frocks of Miss Kittish.

HOW COLD IS ICE.

Never Can Be Warmed Above 32 Degrees, Yet Goes as Much Below as the Weather Does.

Is ice any colder in winter than in summer? Most people suppose not. They understand that ice is ice and cannot be any colder or warmer, says a scientific paper.

If a thermometer is buried in ice in summer it will indicate 32 degrees. If you throw a piece of ice into boiling water and leave it there till it is almost gone, what is left will still be at 32 degrees. Ice can never be gotten above that temperature.

But while ice can never be warmed above 32 degrees, it will go as much below that as the weather does. An ice-man delivering ice one zero day in January was asked whether his ice was any colder than in July. He thought not. But as a matter of fact a piece of summer ice, if he had had it, would have been something of a foot warmer for him, as it would have been 30 degrees warmer than the air of the bottom of his wagon.

Mixing salt with ice makes it much cooler. The ice in an ice cream freezer goes down to about zero. This is why the point zero on our common thermometers was fixed where it is. It is supposed to be the lowest point which could be reached by artificial means.

Ice will cool down with everything else on a cold night to zero or below. What should prevent it? On a day when it is just freezing a block of iron and a block of ice outdoors will stand at 32 degrees. If the weather grows warmer the iron will warm up with the weather, but the ice will stay at 32 degrees and melt away.

As ice grows colder it gets harder and more brittle. There can be no "hickory bend" on the skating pond on a zero day, for the ice is then too brittle. Slivers of ice dipped in liquid air become so hard that they will cut glass.

"Never follow a woman better unless you have more faith in caprice, an invisible hunch or what they call intuition, than you do in science, study, actual observation, form and all that."

The speaker was a round-faced man with shrewd blue eyes, a summery suit and a Panama hat, who was waiting for the boat to take him to the next race meet on the big circuit, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"I played the pool box one season under my wife's directions," he continued, "and I made money. I'll acknowledge that, but it was the craziest, most tangled betting you ever saw. Down at Providence the boys come mighty near starting an inquest as to my lunacy. The horse got the money all right enough, but he had no license to, don't you see. There were 80 points against him, and I blushed when I backed him. It was positively the greatest fluke I ever made in my life."

Just then the feminine contingent fluttered in, and the wife claimed the money, and got it. "Trimmed again," he muttered and looked like a lost soul. Suddenly he straightened up, his eyes flashed, his cheeks flushed and he audibly promised himself that he would get even. He heard this from the Blue Grass girls as he left:

"Here, mamma, you promised me half."

Women and children are seen in great numbers in the crowd of pilgrims that surround the Greek church in Tokio, Japan, many of the women being of advanced age and coming from great distances. This church is supported by a strong and wealthy society, for 13,000 members are found in Tokio alone. The services are occasions of great splendor. The worshippers remain standing throughout the service, one feature of which is a long march through the center of the church and outside entirely around the building, the members of the procession chanting as they go.

At the head walks the bishop in robes adorned with costly jewels, and hundreds of children, from tiny boys and girls from the schools follow in the train. The pilgrims watch the procession reverently, each holding a small wax taper in his hand.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ah, darling," sighed the rejected swain, "this is too much. I cannot live without you."

"Well," said her brother, who entered at the moment, "I hope you'll not forget that I am an undertaker."—Baltimore American.

PITH AND POINT.

A woman may not marry the first man who proposes to her, but she will respect his good judgment as long as she lives.—Chicago Daily News.

"Are you a lover of music, professor?" Professor—"Yes, I am; but it does not make any difference. Just go on and play away."—Hellers Welt.

Boreum—"Scribbler, they tell me, is now quite a literary light. I must call on him." Wigwag—"Even a literary light may be out when you call."—Philadelphia Record.

Becker—"I see by the posters that Footlights, the tragedian, travels under his wife's management." Decker—"So do most men, but they don't advertise it."—Town and Country.

"Van de Boards is to star in the dramatization of the latest novel, and has already begun extensive preparation." "Have they begun rehearsals yet?" "No, but Van has had his picture taken in 17 poses."—Indianapolis News.

Browne—"Whenever a woman becomes unreasonable it's attributed to her nerves. Isn't that singular?" Towne—"Yes, but the unreasonableness of a man is attributed to his nerve, and that's still more singular."—Philadelphia Press.

Realistic—"That canvas of mine that I call 'Sunset on the Jersey Meadows' is the most realistic thing I ever did." "Is it?" "Yes. You see that stagnant pool in the foreground? Well, sir, I had to sprinkle crude petroleum oil over it to keep the mosquitoes off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Looked Like It—"John, dear," said the bride, after they had got to keeping house, with a never-vacant "spare room." "I believe all our friends think we are perfectly miserable." "Why, my dear?" "Well, they seem to be carrying out the idea that 'misery loves company.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Directory of the City Churches Contains Names That Make It a Study for the Curious.

In the Brooklyn directory, lately issued, there are the names of five William McKineys and a George Dewey. A search for odd names reveals many such, says the Eagle of that city. If it is true, as Mr. Bryan proclaimed a short time since, that President McKinley is also emperor of Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc., then he can form the nucleus of a court right here in Brooklyn with a King, Prince, Duke, Lord, Baron, Earl, Knight and have them looked after by a Mayor, Alderman, Constable, Counselor and Judge.

Part of his empire is here now, comprising England, Ireland, Wales and France, and people by English, Irish, Welch, French, German, Dutch, a Prussian and a Turk. There is also in the directory the names of Adam, Eve, Cain and Able, Moses, Solomon and David. Six months of the year are represented by March, April, May, June, July and August; we have Day, Night, Noon and Weeks, besides Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter. We have a few Bridges, too many of one kind and not enough of another; Bands, a Bouquet and Horax, which is put up in a Bag, Box or Bale.

Brooklyn can also boast of a Westminster Abbey and also a Church and Chapel, built of Brick, Stone and Wood, that is looked after by a Bishop and Priest and kept clean with a Broom and Brush by the Sexton, who also devotes a portion of his time in tolling the Bell. Hell and Hazes are in the midst of us, but possibly there is no connection between the two. Financially the borough is pretty well fixed, having a Banker and Banks with Money, Bills, Penny and Sterling and minerals and metals such as Gold, Silver, Copper, Nickel, Zinc, Brass, Iron and Steel and also a few precious stones such as a Diamond, Pearl, Opal, Garnet and Ruby. Should a person be hungry he would be able to make a meal of Ham, Bacon or Lamb, with Beet and Onions, Bread, Cake-bread, Rice, Sugar and Pepper, and find a Milkman to give him something to drink unless he prefers Beer, Lager, Ale or Porter.

If he cared for anything else than the above, a Bird, Quail or Partridge might suit his fancy, and for dessert he could have an Apple, Peach, Pear, Quince or a Berry. Should he happen to be from the west, a piece of a Bull or Bullock, a Buffalo or a Bear might suit his fancy. Some of the trades are represented by a Barber, Shoemaker, Bookbinder, Painter, Baker, Carpenter, Tailor, Butcher, Tinker, Brewer and Cooper. If Brooklyn ever opens an aquarium, she would have for a beginning in the Fish line, Shad, Pike, Bass, Haddock, Sturgeon, Herring, Salmon and a Turtle of different colors such as Black, White, Brown, Blue and Green.

It is hardly fair to close without mentioning our old friends, the Smiths. They are still "it," more numerous than ever, and it is to be hoped that they will always remain at the head of the list, although it looked a short time ago in Manhattan as if a mysterious tribe by the name of John Doe had started to wrest the supremacy from them, as far as numbers were concerned.

Mrs. Whyte—Men have very poor judgment. Mrs. Browne—Yes; but it don't do to tell them so. If you do they are apt to make sarcastic references to the time when they got married.—Somerville Journal.

Seven-year-old tea plants yield four ounces of leaves apiece, or 700 pounds of tea to the acre.—Scientific American.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

Present Chaotic System Condemned by Philologists.

Efforts of Phonetic Reformers to Bring About Changes Batted by the Unreadiness of the Public to Accept Them.

Prof. Brander Matthews writes in the Century of "The Simplification of English Spelling"—a reform of which he is an advocate.

"In a communication to a London review Prof. W. Skat remarked: 'It is notorious that all the leading philologists of Europe, during the last quarter of a century, have unanimously condemned the present chaotic spelling of the English language, and have received, on the part of the public generally and of the most blatant and ignorant among the self-constituted critics, nothing but abusive ridicule, which is meant to be scathing, but is harmless from its silliness; and it cannot be denied that the orthographic simplifications which the leading philologists of Great Britain and the United States are advocating have not yet been widely adopted.'

In an aggressive article in a New York review an American essayist has sought to explain this by the assertion that phonetic reform is hopeless, unspeakably, sickeningly vulgar; and this is an eternal reason why men and women of taste, refinement and discrimination will reject it with a shudder of disgust. Satisfactory as this explanation may seem to the essayist, I have a certain difficulty in accepting it myself, since I find on the list of the vice presidents of the Orthographic union the names of Mr. Howells, of Col. Higginson, of Dr. Eggleston, of Prof. Lounsbury and of President White; and even if I were willing to admit that these gentlemen were all of them lacking in taste, refinement and discrimination, I still could not agree with the aggressive essayist so long as my own name was on the same list.

"What strikes me as a better explanation is that given by the president of the Orthographic union, Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, who has suggested that phonetic reformers have asked too much, and so have received too little; they have demanded an immediate and radical change, and as a result, they have frightened away all but the most resolute radicals; they have failed to reckon with the immense conservatism which gives stability to all the institutions of the English-speaking race. As Mr. Smith puts it, 'there is a deep-rooted feeling that the existing printed form is not only a symbol, but the most fitting symbol of our mother tongue, and that a radical change must impair for us the beauty and spiritual effectiveness of that which it symbolizes.'

"A part of the unreadiness of the public to listen to the advocates of phonetic reform has been due also to the general consciousness that pronunciation is not fixed, but very variable indeed, being absolutely alike in no two places where English is spoken, and perhaps in no two persons who speak English. The humorous poet has shown to us how the little word 'rare' once served as a shibboleth to reveal the homes of each of the four young ladies who came severally from New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Kalamazoo. The difference between the pronunciation of New York and Boston is not so marked as that between London and Edinburgh, or between New York and London. And the pronunciation of to-day is not that of to-morrow; it is constantly being modified, sometimes by imperceptible degrees and sometimes by a sudden change like the arbitrary substitution of 'either' and 'neither' for 'ether' and 'neither.' Now, if pronunciation is not uniform in any two periods, the wayfaring man, though a fool, is not to blame if he is in doubt, first, as to the possibility of a uniform phonetic spelling, and, second, as to its permanence even if it were once to be attained."

The Sailor's Harvest. A captain of a yacht like the Aphrodite, says Lawrence Perry in a careful article about the most expensive of modern luxuries, receives about \$200 a month; the mate, between \$75 and \$100. Her seamen receive \$30 a month, and so do the firemen and others. The chief cook is paid at least \$50, and his three assistants, \$30, while the head steward, whose duty it is to look after the quantity and quality of the supplies, to attend to guests and to see that everything runs smoothly, is cheap at \$100 or \$125 each month. It costs about 50 cents a day, on an average, to feed each of the 60 men on the Aphrodite. Then take the cost of engineers' and mates' stores, the maintenance of the cabin and wine lockers, the various entertainments and you find that it costs not less than \$80,000 a month to run her; say \$80,000 a year. Such a figure was cited by a person who is in a position to know.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Here's an Old Beverage. "A tablespoonful of ordinary black coffee in a tumbler of cold water, with additions of ice according to taste," is a recipe which does not seem to promise much refreshment, but it is highly recommended by a London writer, who thinks it should be better known and more popular in English households than it now is. In France the beverage is a popular one, and a glass of it is now being served out to all the soldiers of the republic engaged in maneuvers. The coffee not only flavors the water, but colors it, so that by all appearances the drinker seems to be imbibing a tumbler of diluted red wine.—N. Y. Sun.

THE FALL OF MAN.

A Few Facts and Figures Presented by the Talkocrat of the Breakfast Table.

"The fall of man," said the Talkocrat of the Breakfast Table, laying down his paper and chuckling so hard the goldfish in the little mantel aquarium swam to the top to see what was the matter. "The fall of man! What a quaint conceit! Pretty good for me!"

"Tell us about it," said the young fellow they call Jeems, relates the New York Herald.

"Oh, it's too gross, too gross," said the Talkocrat, evasively.

"What's too gross?" asked the boarder who uses blue chalk when he plays pool.

"Two hundred and eighty-eight," said the Talkocrat, triumphantly.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" laughed the old gentleman opposite. "Ha, ha! Ha, ha! I haven't heard that joke since the Andy Johnson campaign."

"And this," said the long suffering landlady, "is what I get from the man who came well recommended and promised to pay at the end of the week and not carry apples away from the table."

"They interrupted me," said the Talkocrat, sullenly. "Why don't they let me go on without punctuating me? I'm not a dime novel, madam. You don't have to break me up into short paragraphs to please the eye. If you hadn't interrupted me you'd all have been spared. But I get no consideration in this house. You always interrupt me when I am thinking."

"You know, Mr. Talkocrat," reminded the pretty school teacher, "your physician has forbidden you excesses of all kinds."

"Don't annoy me," responded the Talkocrat. "I'm going to tell you that I think it eminently fitting that the plurality of all accidents should have to do with the fall of man."

The boarders resumed their breakfasts. The goldfish returned to the bottom of the aquarium, where they could wink at the artificial turtle. The little dusky bird in the gilded cage rested its little yellow head under its little yellow wing. The Talkocrat, undismayed, started in. It was at just such times he talked best.

"One-fifth of all the accidents," he said, scribbling on a piece of paper, "are falls. To be exact, 212,000 out of every million mishaps come from missteps on stairs, pavements, chairs, ladders, through trap doors and the like. After the falls the accidents met with in connection with horses, carriages and wagons are most numerous. About ten per cent, or 101,000 out of every million mishaps, come from runaways, runaway horse kicks, horse bites, horseback riding, and so on.

"Then we have the laceration of the body, cuts with glass, edged tools, machinery, books, etc., 99,000 out of every million accidents. Other big parts of the accident whole are bicycle collisions, breakdowns, head-ends and falls; all sorts of smashes, hits by innumerable objects, injuries while lifting heavy weights, burns and scalds; injuries in various athletic games, stepping on nails and tacks, and lots of other sorts. This stepping on nails forms the smallest percentage, only 14,500 out of every million accidents being due to such causes."

"You talk like an insurance adjuster," said the auctioneer boarder. "Do you mind telling us where you get your figures?"

"I was born with figure," said the Talkocrat, proudly, drawing himself up, and folding his napkin in a double bowknot; "since which time I have invariably used figures in my speech. Good morning all."

HOW THE ENGLISH COURT. The Demeanor of Swains and Their Ladyloves When the "Popping" Takes Place.

A statistician claims to have learned some remarkable facts concerning the manner in which English men and women make love, says the New York Herald.

When they are about to propose, he says, Englishmen act in various ways. Thirty-six out of every hundred take the young ladies in their arms and then whisper the expected words. The others accompany their words with kisses, which the cold-blooded press on the ladies' cheeks, the self-possessed on their hair and the enthusiastic on their lips. Not more than two per cent. of these wooers go down on their knees when proposing. Ten per cent. of them are extremely timid when the crucial moment comes, and, no matter how hard they try, they cannot speak in the ladies' presence. They stop and close their mouths nervously, and all their endeavors to utter words of love are utterly vain.

About the demeanor of English women on such an occasion the statistician has also much to tell us. Sixty-eight per cent. of them, he says, blush when they hear an avowal of love and cover their faces with their hands. One out of a hundred is so overcome with emotion that she falls back on a sofa, and another one immediately rushes off to tell the good news to her friends. Ten out of every hundred remain like statues until the words are uttered and then fall gracefully into the arms of their wooers.

His Ambition. Clarence Doodleby (wincing) How stout you are getting! Gussie Noodleby (smilingly)—Ya-as? Then you've noticed it? Noticed it? Why, everybody is remarking about it. (Excitedly)—Wreally? And do you think I'll soon be in a condition to be able to sympathize with King Edward?—Puck.