

HUMOROUS.

Seizing the Opportunity.—Teacher—"When is the proper time to gather apples?" Tommy—"When the dog is chained."—Detroit Free Press.

Self-Approval.—"When I was a young man I was too proud to ask my father for money," remarked Mr. Cumrox. "Well," answered the youth with the fancy vest, "I hate to talk about myself; but if there is anything on which I pride myself, it's not being proud."—Washington Star.

Hub-and-spoke.—"What's wrong with that house we looked at yesterday?" Wife—"It's too big." Husband—"Well, the one we visited to-day, then?" Wife—"It's too small." Husband—"Say, what sort of a house do you want?" Wife—"Sir! I do not propose to commit myself!"—Boston Post.

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, for many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in America, and who lived all his life a bachelor, was talking one day with a young man from the west about a tax a western state was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain percent. for every ten years of bachelorhood. "Why, bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year." "Well," said the bishop, quietly and in his old-time vernacular, "it's wuth it."

WHO ARE FIT FOR MARRIAGE? This is a Puzzling Enigma Which Each Man Must Solve for Himself.

Enigmas are plentiful in this world, but none more puzzling than the query: "When should a man marry?" The clerk or mechanic earning anywhere from \$7 to \$15 per week has the same desire to make a home for himself with a presiding angel, of course, as do those more lucky young men with fortunes of their own. If the \$10 clerk, let us say, is really in love, he hangs to his heart not only the object of his adoration, but the delusion that the old adage is true, that "What is enough for one is enough for two." But frequently the maiden fair who is to do the presiding angel act does not agree with him on this point. She may have visions of seal skin coats, or even automobiles, and other "necessaries" of modern life. But it seems that the German kaiser has issued an edict, in view of the perplexed condition of the public mind, which settles the question in his country, at least, so far as army officers are concerned. The emperor has promulgated an order to the effect that no officer may marry unless he receives a salary of \$1,125 a year and has also an income of \$375 more. That is to say, if he and his future wife between them can muster \$1,500, the wedding bells may ring. The hopes of the \$15 young man are dashed, for officers who get no more than \$750 a year are forbidden to even consider matrimony.

Neither are the sons of the rich Americans without their matrimonial troubles, continues a writer in the Detroit News-Tribune. Every one of them must own a city residence and a country home or seaside "cottage," which interpreted often means a "palace by the sea." A writer in Harper's Weekly suggests that national legislation on this subject might be beneficial, the details being classified something as follows:

Bachelors who think the income of one is enough for two, \$20,000.

Bachelors who know the young women are in love with them, and who themselves are willing to go without clubs, cigars and valets, whatever they may happen to have.

Bank cashiers whose fiancées have extravagant tastes, \$50,000 a year.

Millionaires, \$100,000 a year and unlimited credit.

With the aid of some of these old-world ideas propounded by Wilhelm II, salutary reforms may be instituted here in the taking of matrimonial obligations.

Statistics of Education.

In education the three Slav countries—Roumania, Servia and Russia—are the least civilized. In these countries the number of those who cannot read or write is in the percentage of 80 for every 100 of population. Among the Latin races Spain has the least enviable record, namely, 65 for every 100; next comes Italy, with 48 to 100, and France and Belgium, with 14 to 100. In Hungary the proportion is 43 to 100, in Austria 39, in Ireland 21, in Holland 10 and in England 8. The white population of the United States counts 8 to 100, and Scotland 7. The countries purely German show a remarkable reduction in the number of the illiterate, the German empire having but one illiterate to every 100 of the population. In Bavaria, and above all, in Baden and Wurttemberg, there are scarcely any. In Scandinavia many ignorants is a species which has entirely disappeared.—Educational Journal.

Too Much Water.

Little Tommy, when told that he was growing fast, answered: "Yes, too fast. I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning!"—Little Chronicle.

Revival of Dormant Seeds.

Turnip seeds have been known to be dormant for seven years through being planted too deep, and after that time to sprout.—Nature.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The total income of Oxford university is about £410,000, and of Cambridge £350,000.

A motor car was used as a pulpit by the chaplain of a British volunteer regiment at the Colchester maneuvers. Dr. John Mathews, pastor of the Methodist church, of Nashville, Tenn., recently finished the first vacation he has taken since he entered the ministry, 57 years ago. He grieves because no one joined the church in the five weeks of his absence.

An English curate who has just entered the workhouse at Tiverton, after being without employment for three years, had made 470 unsuccessful applications for a place. He had previously served 23 years as a curate, but found that vicars wanted only young men.

M. Michonis, a French millionaire, has bequeathed \$130,000 as a fund to enable French students to study philosophy and religious sciences in German universities, and \$35,000 more to the College de France to provide for a German university professor to lecture in Paris.

A four-story, centrally located Y. M. C. A. building has been opened in Shanghai, China, as the Saxon department. The success of this venture is assured by the strong financial backing of resident Anglo-Saxon merchants and bankers and by the appointment of Dr. H. G. Barrie as secretary.

It is announced at Cornell university that three women have signified their intention of studying civil engineering in that institution next year. This is a decided innovation for Cornell. Heretofore no woman has taken that course. One woman from Rochester several years ago completed a major part of the work in Sibley college. She gained the sobriquet of "Sibley Kate," by taking the foundry and blacksmithing shop work with the men.

Foxley parish, near East Dereham, has perhaps the most wonderful record in England. It has only changed its rector once in 110 years. In 1792 Rev. J. Sloughton took the living and held it until 1840, when Canon Norgate, the present rector, was appointed. The venerable canon is himself one of the oldest rectors in England, having a record of 66 years of clerical service. He preached a sermon on the coronation of Queen Victoria and had never had the assistance of a curate until this year.

ILLS CAUSED BY HURRY.

There Are Diseases That Are Attributable to the Stress and Strain of City Life.

To point to the hurry and stress of modern town life as the cause of half the ills to which flesh-to-day is heir has become almost a commonplace in aetiological diagnosis. The old-fashioned complaints, says the London Lancet, might almost excite a medical man's pity, so much do they seem to be crowded out by those active, widespread young fellows, neuritis, neurasthenia and a whole young family of nervous illness, the offspring of the strained existence of to-day.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link, and to-day it appears that the nervous system is the weak link of the organism. The weakness is not natural. It is acquired because the strain upon this link is so often almost constant and out of proportion to the wearing power of the material. Whether as generations advance individual nervous systems will more easily bear the labors asked from them or not, at any rate, it may fairly be assumed that in the early days of any new style of life the generations born under an old regime have the worst of it.

We may imagine future generations, perfectly calm among a hundred telephones and sleeping sweetly though airships whizz among countless electric wires over their heads and a perpetual night traffic of motor cars hurtles past their bedroom windows. As yet, it must be sorrowfully confessed, our nervous systems are not so callous. Some of us still start at the telephone ring and find the irregularities of the instrument a source of irritation and worry.

Fortunately, the very causes of nerve exhaustion so far as improved rapidity of locomotion may be counted one of them, provide one important counter-acting feature of town life at the present day. We are alluding to the facility with which those whose week days are spent in city toil may spend the seventh in breathing the fresh air and beholding the innocent joys of the rustic.

Without trains, electric tramways and motor cars, a wholesome change of scenery and surroundings would be scarcely possible in the limited time available.

We do not wish to underrate for a moment the value of parks and open spaces—the "city lungs." For many these afford the only possibility of a Sunday in at any rate comparatively fresh air. Those large numbers, though, who habitually find the Sabbath's rest in a day's wholesome exercise at some little distance from their work-day center may spare a moment from the usual condemnatory attitude toward the bustle, rush and clatter of up-to-date locomotion to bless the emans which enable them so profitably to enjoy the day.

Scalloped Corn.

Boil six ears of young corn; cut fast from the cob and put into a buttered pudding dish. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in one pint of hot milk, season it to taste and pour it slowly over a beaten egg. Stir well, and mix with buttered crumbs and brown well with the corn. Sprinkle the top in a quick oven. Serve hot.—Ladies' World, New York.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Josh bet Zeke that he could stay under water two minutes." "Did Josh win?" "Yep!" "Where is he now?" "Under that yet."—Philadelphia Record.

In the Name of the Profit.—I began didactically. "The fool and his money—" "Are the salvation of the industrious," interrupted the shrewd promoter.—Puck.

"What is optimism, anyhow?" asked the inspired idiot. "Getting the best out of it and congratulating the people who didn't!" said the cynical codger.—Baltimore Herald.

"It was funny that the Widow Way should hunt up and marry a man of the same name." "Not at all. She said she couldn't be happy without having her own way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Judge—"Yes, Richsmudde declares that he is a 'self-made man.'" Fudge—"That's true enough; if he only had stopped there." "Indeed." "Now he's gone to work and made a fool out of himself bragging about it."—Baltimore Herald.

"Are they fond of their New York home?" "Oh, awfully fond. They spend their winters in Florida, their springs in Lakewood, their summers at Newport and their autumns at Lenox, but they are simply devoted to their New York home!"—New Yorker.

"Auntie," said the judge to the battered lady of color, "did your husband strike you with malice aforethought?" "Deed he didn't, judge," was the indignant reply. "He didn't hit me wid dat mallet afore he thought; he'd been figgerin' on dat er long time, judge, deed he had."—Baltimore News.

"See here," she said, "just tell that clerk I can't wait. I've got to catch a train, and he's been gone fully ten minutes looking for a pair of shoes for me." "Pardon, madam," replied the floor walker, "but the smaller the size the harder it is to find, you know." "Well—er—if he'll only hurry a little I'll wait for the next train."—Philadelphia Press.

IDENTIFIED THE CALLER.

Amelia Was Slow at Remembering, But She Helped Her Mistress Out Very Well.

Servants left at home to look after the house do not always give lucid descriptions of callers that come in the absence of host or hostess. They frequently do give vivid, if ludicrous, details, however, says the New York Herald.

A Georgia lady having in her employ a young negress whose strong point was not remembering names, one afternoon went away, leaving the colored woman in charge of the premises.

Callers in that town were not always so formal as to leave their cards, and upon return Mrs. G. found that a visit had been paid her, but that Amelia had forgotten the person's name.

Mrs. G., being a punctilious individual, was anxious to know to whom she owed the courtesy of a return visit.

"Think, Amelia," she said, earnestly, "think hard now." She sat down opposite the girl and waited for the process to go on.

"No'm," said the darky, pathetically, "I caan't recall dat pesson's name to sate mah life fer glory."

Mrs. G., groaning, visions of the angry caller, who would receive no call in return for hers, rose before her.

"Amelia, now listen to me—what was she like—what did she wear—was she tall or short—had she dark eyes?" seized with an inspiration that it was Mrs. D., a well-known and sarcastic acquaintance, who lived far downtown.

Amelia was suddenly inspired. "I know what she were like," she said, solemnly, "she had box toes and rosy jaws."

In a flash Mrs. G. knew the fair visitor's name, and Amelia was vindicated.

TARANTULAS IN SEVILLE.

The Spanish City Is Suffering from a Plague of the "Dance-Compelling" Insect.

In Seville, in addition to the many other things that bite, and those who have visited that wonderfully interesting place know they are not few, the townspeople and those who live in the neighborhood are suffering from a plague of tarantulas, reports the New York World.

The Sevillians do not mind the ordinary biting things, but the big spiders drive them frantic. The Spaniards believe that the bite of a tarantula produces a madness for dancing.

Although it has been scientifically proved that the bite of the tarantula is not really dangerous and does not of itself inspire the bitten with the dancing mania, it is impossible to disabuse the ordinary Spaniard of their ancient superstition. As soon as the bite begins to work the sufferer believes that he is compelled to dance, and that his dancing impulses can only be allayed by the tones of the "tarantela-guitarre."

In Orsuna, as in other towns, there is a "guild of tarantula players," who earn considerable fees by sending round their members to heal the sufferers from the tarantula bite. The victim lies in bed, and as soon as his musical physician begins the monotonous clang of the "tarantela guitarre" the patient rolls about wildly in the bed until he has worked himself into a fearful sweat, which carries the mild tarantula poison out of his body, and with the poison his mad desire to dance.

His Nationality.

Teacher (taking customary school census at beginning of year)—Well, Fritz, what nationality are you? Fritz—Me? Why, I'm a black republican, every time.—N. Y. Herald.

NEW USES FOR RIBBON.

Made Into Flowers and Bows for Dress and Hat Ornamentation. Very Attractively.

Thirty bright yellow stamens, a branching, aggressive pistil and a round place for them to grow upon, and you have the center of the latest thing in ribbon flowers, reports the New York Herald.

They tried at first making them wholly out of gathered ribbons, but that only produced roses in bud form. Then the ribbon flower bloomed anew into great, flaring, bright-eyed beauties, that make the windows of shops mightily attractive.

Ribbons used to be thought capable of being worn in just one way—as ribbons.

Now they have grown into a dozen uses entirely distinct and apart from that.

First they were employed as "couch" work on fancy things that women made and after awhile they even left the field of sash and tie and became "draw strings" in the undershirts.

Now, in the general outburst in the use of ribbons, they are no longer knotted or bowed or wired into loops for hat trimmings, but are shirred over wire loops and form butterflies, from which depend myriads of tiny bows.

The roses, buds and leaves are so cunningly devised that as they rise from blue or pink stems they have a quasinnatural appearance, and often adorn a corsage in lieu of real flowers.

The pink and red and yellow and white "single roses" for the hair are made in satin ribbons, and nestle close of the ear like those in old-fashioned miniatures, only these are fadeless.

Ruffles of ribbon are worn, and ribbon forms insertions in dress goods, is made into stocks and used as puffings on the edges of various useful articles. It is made into garters and into numberless articles of fancy work, among which are "all piece" sewing bags, the opera glass cases and eyeglass holders.

Ribbons have been found useful because they lend themselves to so many purposes in their natural form. They have a finished edge when a selvage is wanted, and they can be twisted into a bow when all other things fail. They are useful substitutes for agrettes in the corsage, and nothing so good for a belt has been found. They make the daintiest of reins for a cottillon, and the flowers into which they are formed this year suggest confetti time.

RULES FOR POPULARITY.

Eight Which Every Young Person of Either Sex Would Do Well to Follow.

First—Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and developed. A full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding, says the New York World.

Second—Remember that one may be witty without being popular, voluble without being agreeable, a great talker and yet a great bore.

Third—Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything not only renders herself disagreeable to others but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

Fourth—Be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh is worth far more socially than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Fifth—Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other, and ill-natured people are always disliked.

Sixth—Be sensible. Society never lacks for fools, and what you consider very entertaining nonsense may soon be looked upon as very tiresome folly.

Seventh—Be cheerful. If you have no great trouble in your mind you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will generally be avoided.

Eighth—Above all, be cordial and sympathetic. True cordiality and sympathy unite all the other qualities enumerated and are certain to secure the popularity so dear to every one.

Tired Feet and Tired Nerves.

Nervousness is unknown in the Celestial empire because the only footwear soft, thick, silent felt, almost without heels, and it may be said that the ill-shaped, hard, noisy shoes with heels of varying height worn by the western nations have their effect upon the nervous organization of the wearers. There can be no doubt that we would be more even-tempered if we wore soft, noiseless shoes, at least indoors. After a laborious day it is inexpressible relief to exchange the thick-soled, stout shoes for a pair of soft house slippers. Tired feet and tired nerves will find much relief in a hot foot bath with a handful of sea salt thrown in. Let the feet remain in the water till it is cool, then dry them with a rough towel and don clean, warm stockings and soft shoes. Tender feet may be invigorated and hardened by rubbing them with alcohol at night, and also by wrapping them in a bandage wet with alum water.—American Queen.

Philadelphia Potatoes.

A new dish is Philadelphia potatoes. Boil small new potatoes in their jackets and let cool, then skin them and cut in thin slices. For three cupsful so prepared make a sauce with one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one and one-half cupsful of milk and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Butter a shallow dish, put in half of the potatoes, season them, add half the sauce, then the remainder of the potatoes, and sauce. Over all pour a well-beaten egg and bake in a quick oven until the egg is set.—Albany Argus.

WORK FOR "REDUCED LADIES."

Employment for Gentlewomen Who Have Been Deprived of Position and Fortune.

"How 'reduced ladies'—women who have been reduced from affluence to poverty—shall be cared for or assisted in maintaining themselves is a question that is perplexing a good many of those interested in philanthropic work, says the Chicago Chronicle. Fortunately the class unable to help themselves is very small, particularly in the United States, but there are yet some who need a helping hand, at least until they have succeeded in establishing themselves comfortably. The manager of a bureau which furnishes employment to many women, herself of the class which she finds so discouraging, said to a reporter:

"Many a day and many a night I shed bitter tears when I knew I must face the world and carve my own fortune. But no one knew that I finished. One thing, I think, saved me. I believe always that a lady elevates any position she may hold, and so I was not ashamed to work. Then, too, I had faith, and never doubted that if I did my best all would sooner or later be well with me. Fortunately, I was not lacking in endurance and perseverance, which are prime elements of success, and was not wanting in a modicum, at least, of tact and commonsense. When I received an offer of three dollars a week I actually cried for joy, because I knew it was a 'starter.' Ashamed of it! I was as proud as Lucifer of that first hard-earned money.

"It's the gentlewomen who 'can't do menial work' who furnish the knottiest problems. One's heart aches for them, because they are so ignorant of the world and because they so effectually block their own way. They come here with long tales of woe and with barely a penny in the world, and when we make practical suggestions to them they scorn work as menial and a disgrace to their ancestors and go back to bewail their fallen fortunes in their furnished hallrooms over scanty bakery fare. Ask one of this kind to take a position such as we can find for a person without training or experience in any line, and no matter how attractive the salary offered she rehearses for the tenth time the grandeur and glory of past generations and reminds us haughtily of her family tree. They have even come with scrapbooks from which we have been expected to read long accounts of their past social triumphs. I have heard the changes rung on these subjects until my head whirls when I think of them. When I hear a woman say that the position we offer is beneath her I know that either that woman will learn some hard lessons or that, never learning them, she will be a flat failure and finally come to dependence."

BRIBED BY COMFORT.

The Love of Ease and Convenience Interferes with the Success of Many a Man.

Many a man has bought his comfort at the cost of the achievement of his aims. Few people are willing to be inconvenienced, or to submit to discomforts, even for the sake of future blessings. They would succeed, if they could do so in an easy and pleasant way; but, the moment they have to sacrifice their ease or their comfort, they shirk from the effort, says Orion Sweet Marden, in Success.

It is astonishing what people will sacrifice in order to get comfort, or even temporary relief from whatever annoys or harasses them. They will let golden opportunities slip, by procrastinating, for the sake of their comfort, until the chances have gone. They do not like to get up early in the morning, because they are so comfortable in bed. They do not like to go out in a storm or in cold weather, because it is so cozy at home or in their offices, and so they lose many a chance.

Many people can be bought by comfort, when hardly anything else will tempt them. They think so much of their ease that they cannot bear to exert themselves. Love of comfort and ease must be classed among the great success-hinders.

People like to do pleasant, easy things. They cannot bear to take pains, or to put themselves out in any unusual way, if they can possibly avoid it.

Thousands of people are earning small salaries to-day because they cannot bear to exert themselves to win promotion. They prefer to remain on a low rung of life's ladder, for the sake of temporary comfort and ease, rather than to put forth the efforts that would carry them upward.

COMMON SENSE CURE.

For Women Who Have Acquired the Habit of Worrying, There is Nothing Better.

I once asked a physician what cure he could suggest for the worrying habit. "I would prescribe common sense," he said, "and if a man or woman hasn't got a stock on hand and cannot cultivate one the medical man is powerless." This worrying nonsense grows. The best means to cure it lies in the hands of the woman herself, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

If she will just call a little horse sense to her aid, resolve not to borrow trouble, to be cheerful and think upon the right side of things, she will live longer and be able to retain her beauty. Every woman has the strongest desire to keep her good looks. Why then does she take the course which is sure to make her yellow skinned, dull eyed and thoroughly unlovely?

The English woman is greatly admired for her utter refusal to worry or to be worried. Consequently she looks young at 50. Undertaking no more than she can comfortably carry out, and firmly believing in the coming of another day, she does not procrastinate, but simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill health and an early old age. She is a frequent bather and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else. She sleeps nine hours and also takes a nap during the day, arranging her work in the most systematic manner. Her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours—they are for rest. She eats heartily, but of the most digestible food, and would rather have a mouthful of good food and go partly hungry than eat a whole meal of cheaper things.

Grapes in Sirup.

Fill cans with fresh ripe grapes, pour full of boiling water and let stand until the grapes change color, then turn off the water; fill with a sirup made of half sugar and half water boiled together ten minutes; pour over the grapes hot, seal air-tight. These are delicious.—Housekeeper.