

SEE ONLY RED AND YELLOW.

These the Dream Colors. According to Dr. Havelock Ellis.

Red and yellow are the dream colors if Dr. Havelock Ellis is right. No other hues come to the dreamer of dreams. Sirroth has declared that red is the most primitive of colors, and long ago protoplasm from which human beings derived their origin on the new earth probably responded to or was affected by red color waves.

In the depth of the sea the algae or sea weed are red. With the savage red is the favorite color, and for a bright piece of red calico African savages gladly would give valuable elephant tusks.

Red strikes the note of intense emotions. It is the color of joy, exultation, jubilation. Savages paint themselves red, and rejoice at seeing each other in burning hues. German women of the early ages daubed their bodies with brilliant red and yellow, and considered themselves must beauteously adorned.

RELIEF FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

Where the United States is Behind European Countries.

The plan for establishing a state labor colony, incidentally calls attention to the backwardness of the new world in two important matters, the relief of honest men out of employment and the suppression of vagrants. Here for the work done chiefly by private organizations, in a few large cities, there would be absolutely nothing in the United States which a Swiss, German or Dutch charity worker might compare to the labor colonies of his native land.

Sun's Heat.

Popularly speaking, the heat of the sun is such that the total annual output of all the earth's coal mines would serve to keep up the solar radiation for only one-forti-millionth part of a second. If the earth was a solid mass of coal and could be supplied to the solar furnace it would last just 36 hours. The same difficulty attends the attempt to mentally realize the amount of the solar heat that is appropriated by our planet.

How She Kept Young.

Some one once asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was 80 years old and her energy was waning, but she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interests.

And this was her answer: "I know how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to hand congenial."

Why Should He Boast?

"I have seen London," said the speaker, waving his left arm, "I have ridden through the streets of Paris; I have stood among the monuments of Berlin; I have feasted my eyes upon the beauties of Vienna; I have gazed upon the eternal hills of Rome, and I—" "Yes," interrupted a man in the gallery, "but I'll bet \$40 you've never seen Main street in Scrubgrass, Penn."

An Easy Way Out of Trouble.

"We simply can't go on as we have been going," he declared. "We are spending more than I'm making. You surely must be able to understand that such a state of affairs can't last long."

Why He Had To.

"New," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

No Show for It.

"They say Esperanto has so many synonyms and so many words which sound alike that anybody will be able to write poetry in it."

THE "LANGUAGE" OF ANIMALS.

Various Cries and Calls Not the Medium of Communication.

Huxley thought that because of the absence of language the brutes can have no trains of thoughts, but only trains of feeling, and this is the opinion of most comparative psychologists. I am myself quite ready to admit that the lower animals come as near to reasoning as they come to having a language. Their various cries and calls—the call to the mate, of alarm, of pain, of joy—do serve as the medium of some sort of communication, but they do not stand for ideas or mental concepts any more than the various cries of a child do.

BOUGHT AND FOUND THEM NOT.

Few, Indeed, There Seem to Be Who Really Love Nature.

One came from another world. He went down Fleet street and saw the weary, witless men who wrote daily of Nature and her beauties. He went to a theater and heard those who sang of her charm. He went into the country, and heard peasants grumbling of their lot and sighing for the town.

"I have seen those who live with Nature, those who ravish her splendors, those who write and sing of her. Now, where are those who love her?"

Gotham's Limited Skake.

"If there is any one thing irritates me," said a Chicago man who was spending a few days in the metropolis, "it is the habit that some of you New Yorkers have contracted of giving one or two fingers in place of the full hand shake. I've had the experience half a dozen times this trip, and I'm heartily tired of it."

Forethought.

A lad of ten years living in a suburb of Baltimore was recently taken into town to spend the day with his grandfather.

At dinner he ate himself into a state of great satisfaction, his relatives the while looking on in wonder. Finally he was actually forbidden to eat any more.

On the way home the lad pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing at it.

"What is that, Bobby?" asked his sister.

"Only a dog biscuit," came from Robert, in apologetic tone.

"Where did you get it?"

"I knew I'd be hungry before I got home," explained Bobby, "so I took it away from Fido."—Harper's Bazar.

How Lord Kelvin Saved His Neck.

The late Lord Kelvin, when he was deep in some abstract problem, was very absent-minded and unpunctual. So much so, that his parrot used always to cry out: "Late again! Late again!" when the scientist came late to his meals.

"No Gulf of Mute Space."

The thousand soft voices of the earth have truly found their way to me—the small rustle in tufts of grass, the silky swish of leaves, the buzz of insects, the hum of bees in blossoms I have plucked, the flutter of a bird's wings after his bath, and the slender rippling vibration of water running over pebbles.

As She Understood It.

We were talking about honors, and I heard the story about Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R. A., when he was knighted, says a writer in the London Tatler.

"Oh," said a lady friend, "dear Sir Lawrence, I am so glad. I suppose, now that you have been knighted, you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman?"

YALE MEN TAKE TO THE LAW.

The Bar Still Attracts One-Third of the University's Graduates.

The statisticians at Yale have drawn up a table to show what occupations the graduates of the institution have chosen in the last century. From the table it appears that the ministry has fallen off greatly as an attraction.

When the century opened about 39 per cent of Yale graduates were ministers. Beginning with 1880 this number took a great fall. Since 1865 the average has been six per cent.

The averages for law and medicine have remained about the same. As a rule ten per cent of Yale's graduates are doctors. In law the figures have been steadily about 33 per cent.

In teaching and science the figures have increased very gradually from about two per cent to 11 per cent. The strongest upward tendency has been that of business. The farmers have fallen off ever since the southern planters ceased to enter Yale.

Business now attracts about one-third of the men, and the law about one-third. The other third is divided between the ministry, science, teaching, forestry and a few other branches.

TROUBLE WITH MODERN CHILD.

Too Early Made Acquainted with the Pomp of the World.

Miss L. E. Stearns, in her lecture on the "Thankless Child," in Milwaukee, pleaded for children to have time to be children. "I know of a Milwaukee mother who was surprised lately to find that at a birthday party which her daughter (a child of eight) had attended two hundred pages stood at the door to receive the gifts the children brought. The same little girl who was hostess at the party, when in a formal mood, is apt to call upon some child of her own age in her mother's carriage, accompanied by a footman and driver, and when she arrives presents her visiting card before seeing her friend."

Smallest Birds the Bravest.

Birds fearless are the humming birds. So fearless are these charming creatures that they readily will call upon windows of houses if they see the flowers within. They even have been known to visit the artificial flowers on a woman's hat when she was walking out, and other writers speak of their taking sugar from between a person's lips. In a room they become confused and being frail, are apt to injure themselves by striking against objects.

The Proud Maid.

Robert Barr, the English novelist, was entertained at dinner by a North Woodward avenue family. The men adjourned to the smoking room and the hostess lingered to give orders to the maid.

"O," said the young girl, "I was so proud to have been able to wait on Mr. Barr. He is the first famous man I have ever attended."

And then in a burst of maidenly enthusiasm, she exclaimed: "Perhaps some day I may be called to wait on Shakespeare."—Detroit Free Press.

Obscure Art.

"I'm afraid that you don't appreciate that composition," remarked the musician.

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "in all frankness, I must say I don't. It keeps me guessing."

"Yes, I always have three guesses—why anybody wrote it in the first place, why anybody plays it in the second place, and why anybody listens to it in the third."

Amenities of the Fair Sex.

Mrs. A.—I thought that Mrs. C. was a friend of yours?

Mrs. B.—And so she is.

Mrs. A.—Well, she isn't. She's a hypocrite.

Mrs. B.—How do you know that?

Mrs. A.—Because she tried to get me to say something mean about you.

Mrs. B.—She did? How?

Mrs. A.—Why, she asked me to tell her what I really thought of you.

Had Been Busy.

A man who served as a hackman in Hempstead, Long Island, for over 50 years died. Some days previous, as he sat dozing in front of the railroad depot, a commuter said to him: "You must have seen some queer things, Lank, in your half century of going to and fro?" "Dunno as I have," was the slow answer. "Just backed."

HIS ARTISTIC SOUL REVOLTED.

Young Painter Saw Period of Suffering While Earning Needed Money.

The young artist, almost on the verge of starvation, had just accepted an order from an elderly spinster to paint her portrait. When the terms and appointments had been fixed and the spinster was descending the rickety studio stairs, a student friend of the young painter, who had overheard the deal, rushed in from the next room to offer his congratulations.

To his surprise, however, he found his friend sitting downcast before his easel, his head in his hands.

"Why, Francois, why so downhearted?" he inquired, stopping short to stare at the artist. "Didn't I just overhear you bagging an order to paint a face at 1,000 francs?"

"Yes," replied Francois, sadly. "And your need of the money is something fierce, isn't it?"

And the other nodded.

"Then, my friend, you should be kicking the ceiling in your lucky strike!"

The artist now lifted his head slowly and gazed pitously at his companion.

"Melvin," said he, "did you get a glimpse of her?"

"No."

"Then," said the other, allowing his head again to fall into his hands, "you do not know, my friend, what torture I will have to undergo from morning till night for a whole week studying that face!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

YOUNG CONVICT WAS A GENIUS.

Australian Saved from Penitentiary Later Did Remarkable Work.

In the gardens attached to the houses of parliament, Melbourne, there is an elaborately sculptured fountain, embellished with human figures, birds, flowers and various other ornamental work in stone. This fountain has a remarkable history. It was constructed entirely by a convict named William Stanford, within the walls of the Melbourne jail. When a young man of 21, Stanford, in a weak moment, joined a band of bushranging desperadoes, was captured and sentenced to terms of imprisonment amounting in the aggregate to 21 years. One day Col. Champ, the governor of Melbourne jail, was astonished to find a beautiful angelic figure which Stanford had carved out of a meat bone. He showed it to the leading sculptor of Melbourne who declared that the young man was a natural genius. The sculptor visited the jail and gave Stanford some lessons in the art. A petition for pardon was industrially signed, and Stanford was released. He became one of the most successful sculptors in Melbourne, and completely lived down his juvenile criminal escapade.

As to Hogs.

A venerable Chinese laundryman, who likes to tell a tale or swap a lie, said the other day: "In China every gentleman works for a living, except the hog. Hog no work at all." Hogs do work in some parts of Ireland, and in the lowlands of Germany are beasts of burden. Abraham Lincoln used to tell about them in his younger days working in Indiana and Illinois. In the backwoods, when a chimney was to be built, or a cabin daubed, the workmen dug a big hole in the clayey ground, filled it about half full of water, scattered a few handfuls of corn therein and turned loose the swine. The latter plunged in after the corn, and in a short while had converted the contents of the hole into excellent mortar.

Look Forward.

Forget your faults and failures. Or remember them only to learn the lesson they have to teach, the frailty or folly or wickedness of spirit which they should disclose to you—the vanity that weakens, the pride that hardens, the greed that corrupts. Let your past be not a ball and chain tied to your ankle to keep you back, but a journal to tell you what road you have traveled. Then, looking back only long enough to see where you are and what your course should be, forget the things that are behind and press forward.—The Outlook.

Luminous Birds.

Owls do not appear to be the only luminous birds. The authors of "The Water Birds of North America" allude to the phosphorescent plumage of the great blue heron. The breast feathers of this species, it appears, are furnished with a downy, light-emitting substance. The bird itself is known as the "bird-lantern." It is suggested that the luminosity may be of service to the bird, both by attracting the fish and enabling it to see them.

To Call Out Stations.

"The number of people who speak the English language is now estimated at 175,000,000," remarked the boarder who had been gleaming statistics from a patent medicine almanac.

"So?" rejoined the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the mahogany. "It's a wonder they don't employ some of them as guards on the elevated trains."

Had Hoped for Real Money.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church, provided we can get other subscriptions making the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife. "Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute \$100 in cash."—Town and Country.

ROOM FILLED WITH SKELETONS.

Grotesque Discovery Made in an Ancient Monastery at Carientini.

For nearly 38 years the monastery at Carientini, Italy, has been abandoned, although the chapel connected with it has remained open for public worship. Behind the sacristy is a floor which has always been shut and was believed to lead into one of the rooms of the monastery. The other day the syndic decided to make use of this room, so he had some workmen open the door. A terrifying spectacle met their gaze for the room was piled full of human skeletons, reaching almost to the ceiling.

The syndic ordered the skeletons, some of which were more or less mummified bodies, to be taken out and buried in the Campo Santo. They numbered a few over 4,000.

Naturally, a tremendous sensation was caused by these discoveries, and the wildest conjectures given voice to. According, however, to the oldest inhabitant of Carientini, the facts are as follows: When monks inhabited the monastery, a certain sum was paid them for the privilege of sepulture in the church. The church, however, was small, and when there was no room for any more corpses, the monks, rather than lose an important source of income, continued to receive bodies for burial, but instead of depositing them beneath the floor of the church, cast them into the rooms behind the sacristy, or into the pavilions close by, where they have just been discovered.

WORLD'S NEED OF STRONG MEN.

Should Be Better Than the Generations of the Past.

Some of us are disposed to be satisfied if we can be pretty nearly as good as the men of the last generation. That will not do at all. The men of this generation have got to be a great deal better men—bigger, broader, sounder, keener, braver, men—than their fathers were. If they are not they will be swamped with the business of the world in their hands. The entire ethical standard of financial life is being, and must be, lifted up. We cannot do the enormously increased business of the world to-day on the moral plane where we were living 25 years ago. If we attempt it we shall plunge ourselves in chaos. We have got to have higher principles of justice and equality and clearer notions of financial integrity, and stronger convictions of fidelity to trusts, and a deeper sense of the business responsibility of every man to the whole community.—Washington Gladden.

Still Accepting Bouquets.

"It is strange," remarked Mr. Squiggins to his grandson Horace, "what a fascination chorus girls exercise upon such young noddies as yourself. Take a woman as homely as a gingham umbrella and put her in the back row of the chorus, where she hasn't a thing to do except draw her breath and her salary, and the first thing you know a lot of foolish boys are sending her flowers, mash notes and jewelry and begging her to come out to sample hot birds and fix torties." "Pon my word, it's a queer thing—this glamour of stage life!"

"But grandpa," said Horace, "the actresses of the present day are far more fascinating than they were when you were a lad, 40 years ago."

"Not much, my boy! There are many on the stage now with whom I was acquainted in my youthful days."

Letter Writing.

Writing interesting letters doesn't come naturally to me, and there are a good many people with whom I must keep in touch through letters, if at all. So I have got into the way of keeping a notebook and jotting down in it brief notes to remind me of little bits of news that will specially interest my different correspondents. I even jot down a little joke sometimes, says Home Chat. Then, when spare time comes to write my letters, my notes are ready to hand, and the interesting scraps of news don't go flying away directly I put my pen to paper, as they used to do. Everybody tells me my letters are much more interesting than they used to be. If so, that is the secret.

A Road to Happiness.

It is not at all difficult to believe that it is easier to give it if it is the English girl, inasmuch as the former always knows exactly what she wants. But a fact which must not be lost sight of is that the American girl is admittedly entitled to demand what she wants, while she gets it because the American husband takes the view that it is easier to give it if it is wiser to refuse. The English girl, as a rule, loses her capacity for knowing exactly what she wants for the simple reason that she is aware that greater happiness lies in dismissing vain desires from her mind.—Lady's Pictorial.

Side Lights on History.

The Washington estate had just been named Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon of the British navy.

"You'll have to stand for it, George," said Maj. Lawrence Washington to his younger brother. "The patriotic American of the future, when he comes here to do honor to this spot as the sacred shrine of his country's liberty, will think it was named 'Vernon' on account of its abundant greenery."

George said nothing, but his face instantly assumed that stern, commanding expression so familiar to all of us in the patriot on the two-cent postage stamp.

IMMUNE TO GERMS OF TYPHUS.

Doctor's Mistake Would Have Been Serious But for Good Health.

A man in sound health need fear nothing from typhoid germs, according to evidence brought out at a London hearing of a damage claim by the proprietor of a Malvern "Hydro" against the local council for contaminating his establishment's water supply. Dr. Thorne, one of the greatest English experts on typhoid, was a witness. The bacillus, he said, is so minute that a drop of water may contain a population equaling the entire world.

"I've swallowed millions," he remarked, cheerfully.

"How did you like them?" inquired the judge, immediately curious.

"I enjoyed the pleasure of anticipation for three weeks," said the doctor, "but after that I felt happy. It was an accident, however, I was testing water said to contain typhoid bacilli. The weather was hot, and one day I swallowed a glass of water at a gulp. Too late I discovered that it was a glass into which I had put the typhoid germs. Had my health been such to have made me a good subject, I should have suffered. As it was, I felt no ill effects."

HALLUCINATION A STRONG ONE.

He Was Sure Someone Entered His Room, Although Doubly Locked.

"I was lying in a hotel bedroom one morning," he said, "about half awake when I heard a key rattling in the door. Much to my horror, the door opened and the maid came in to make up the room, or at least so it seemed to me. I called out to her to leave and she did so. All this happened in a minute or less and I fell asleep again. When I woke up I remembered the incident clearly."

"When I came to look at the door, however, I found that it was not only locked from the inside with the key still in, but that a bolt was also shot. I was sure that I had seen the maid enter, but when I asked her later if she had, she said that she had tried the door from the outside and hearing me call out had departed. As far as I can make out it must have been a very complete hallucination about seeing her, called up in my mind in my sleepy condition by my fear that she might enter. I wonder if that has happened to many persons?"

He Understood.

During a financial flurry a German farmer went to the bank for some money. He was told that the bank was not paying out money, but was using cashier's checks. He could not understand this, and insisted on money. The officers took him in hand, one at a time, with little effect. Finally the president tried his hand, and after a long and minute explanation, some intelligence of the situation seemed to be dawning on the farmer's mind. Finally the president said: "You understand now fully how it is, Hans, don't you?" "Yes," said Hans, "I think I do. It's like this, ain't it? Ven my baby vake up at night and vants milk, I gif him a milk ticket."

A Strong Point Against Him.

"You say you have known this defendant for many years?"

"Yes, ever since he was a boy."

"Do you consider him to be of sound mind?"

"Well, I don't want to say anything against him if it isn't necessary."

"But you are under oath to speak the truth. Have you ever observed in his actions anything that would lead you to the belief he was weak mentally?"

"He married the daughter of a poor man when he might have become the son-in-law of a wealthy manufacturer who would have made him general manager of the business."

He Wouldn't Set.

A Washington photographer, now famous, told the other day how, in his youth, he was practicing his art in Cleveland when Mark Twain visited the town to lecture. Impressed with the humorist's splendid features, the photographer, at the lecture's end, sent up a note asking Mr. Clemens for a sitting. The reply that came back was characteristic. It said: "A sitting! Is thy servant a hen that he should set this thing?"

No Cause for Alarm.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor. I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are his symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time, and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Do not worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Prejudice.

"Robert, this spelling paper is very poor," complained the small boy's teacher. "Nearly every word is marked wrong."

"It wouldn't have been so bad," protested Robert, "but Annie corrected my paper, and she's mad at me, and for every little letter that I got wrong she crossed out the whole word."—Lippincott's.

Hardships of the Rich.

"They say old Gotalotte was pretty hard hit during the recent panic."

"Yes, poor old chap; I'm mighty sorry for him, too. He is so hard up that he can't afford to smoke anything better than three-for-fifty cigars."