

GO FROM HOME TO HEAR NEWS.

German Idea of Life in America is Something New.

A German newspaper with a large circulation publishes at regular intervals little articles from America which are probably read with much interest abroad...

"It is on that account that one can find these safe-deposit vaults in all parts of New York city, and there people take their valuables when they do not require them for public show..."

DANGERS OF SEDENTARY LIFE.

English Physician Points Out Positive Necessity for Exertion.

A very good illustration of the dangers attending a sedentary life is given by Sir William Grove...

"To keep itself healthy, it must exert itself for its food; this, and perhaps the avoiding its enemies, gives it exercise and care, brings all its organs into use..."

Plans a Big Game Preserve.

Henry Carnegie Phipps, whose engagement to Miss Gladys Mills was recently announced, is planning to have one of the largest game preserves on Long Island...

The young people, who will probably be married the first week in December, are to live on a beautiful new estate near Westbury...

The Rift in the Cloud.

It was toward the end of the noon hour, and one of the clerks stopped to chat with the telephone operator before going back to his ledgers.

"Have you noticed," he inquired, "how the price of everything is going up nowadays?"

"Have I?" sympathized the girl at the switchboard.

"Terrible, isn't it. Now they have even raised the price of milk. Next thing we'll have to pay a dime to ride on the street cars."

The girl sighed with apprehension. "Well," she said, "it's dreadful, but as long as chewing gum remains the same I suppose I can exist!"

In Kansas.

"How did you make out on your run through Kansas?" queried the friend.

"Pretty rough," replied the motorist. "Cyclone came along and carried the machine into the next county at the rate of 60 miles an hour."

"When I should say so. While I was picking myself out of the mix-up and counting the bruises a constable came along and arrested me for speeding."—Chicago News.

Advancement.

Miss A.—And that nephew of yours who—or ran away, don't you know, and joined the army, how is he getting on?

Miss B. (proudly)—Oh, very well, indeed. He's just been made private secretary to the lance corporal of his regiment.—Punch.

Ol for a Stronger Term!

"Dear—Mr. Wimbleton spoke of you in glowing terms last night. He—I am gratified to hear you say so. I have always regarded him as a fine judge of men."

"No," replied her husband, savagely, "neither would I if all these ladies weren't present."—Philadelphia Press.

HIS SOUND FINANCIAL ADVICE.

Pat Had Better Scheme Than Making a Run on the Bank.

The comedy of life is always mercifully near the tragedy, and even bank runs produce an occasionally funny bit.

Recently, when Wall street was filled nearly all day with a surging crowd trying to get to the teller's window in a trust company there, two water-side characters appeared from the direction of the East river.

"Phwat's all the row about?" "Bank run," said he. "Phwat's that?"

"The people are afraid the bank will close up before they get their money out. There is a lot of trouble with the banks and the people think it is safer to get their cash."

"Ob, yis, I seen somethin' about that in the papers." "Well, that's the answer. That's what they are trying to do."

"And how do they do it?" "They write a check for the amount of their money in the bank and give it to the teller, and he pays them the cash."

"That's cashing a check, isn't it?" "Yes, that's right."

"Sure, I know what a check is. Had one or two myself. But why do they go to the banks when they think they may close up? A bank at this time is no place to go to, sure. Why don't they go to a saloon and get it cashed there? That's where I always had mine cashed."

PUSHED HIS INQUIRY TOO FAR.

Discovery That Brought Disillusionment to Austrian Emperor.

Regarding the public agitation for baths in elementary schools in Austria, a story is going the round of court circles of a recent experience of the emperor, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

The emperor stepped into a veritable lumberroom, filled with a choice collection of broken desks and chairs and waste paper that completely hid the bath equipment.

The emperor stepped quickly out again, and as he did so was heard to murmur: "Serves me right. Why was I so inquisitive?"—Youth's Companion.

Vegetables Without Cultivation.

F. M. Carroll, of Chicago, says the Drovers' Journal, is showing the possibilities of city farming on a half acre lot, corner of South Park avenue and Twenty-third street.

Early potatoes are ready to be gathered in 90 days instead of the usual 110. His plants are neither cultivated nor irrigated.

In the fall an 18-inch mulch of horse manure is placed on the soil and allowed to settle during the winter. This lasts for four years and prevents evaporation of moisture.

Lettuce and radishes are planted on the surface, corn, potatoes and tomatoes in the earth beneath the mulch.

A Polite Turndown.

"The other day I got the politest turn-down," said a bond salesman, "that ever happened. I had been talking from 11 o'clock till almost noon to a man I'd known at college, trying to interest him in \$10,000 of what I considered very exceptional bonds. Finally he looked at his watch."

"Bob," said he, "it's lunch time." "That's so," I answered. "Bob," he went on, "if I buy those bonds will you take me out to lunch?"

"Of course," I said, "Why, sure." "Well, Bob," he concluded, "you'd better have lunch with me this noon."

Innocent Childhood.

Little William—My father has charge of over 20 men. Little Jimmy—Huh, that's nothing! My father has charge over your father!

Little William—Well, my father makes more money than your father. He doesn't own the shop.—Bohemian.

Natural Deduction.

Farmer Goatee—How'd ye keep the boys out of your melons? Farmer Fodderface—Circulated a story about a ghost ha'ntin' my place. Farmer G.—Where'd ye git the idee? Farmer F.—Wal, some of my melons was bein' split away.—Kansas City Times.

In Glowing Terms.

She—Mr. Wimbleton spoke of you in glowing terms last night. He—I am gratified to hear you say so. I have always regarded him as a fine judge of men.

She—Yes, it was one of the worst roasts I ever heard.

REAL CAUSE OF THE SMASHUP.

Railroad Sign to Blame for Accident It Was Intended to Avert.

The old dinky was suing the railroad company for damages. The man contended that, not being warned by whistle or engine bell, he had started to drive his rig across the company's track when a shunted box car of said company crashed into his outfit, causing the death of the horse, loss of the wagon and minor injuries to himself.

After the prosecution had closed its side of the case, the company's lawyer called the old dinky to the stand and went at him. "Mr. Lamson," he began, "your rig was struck by the box car in full daylight, was it not?"

"I tink dar was some clouds overhead, suh," answered the caviling witness. "Never mind the clouds! And only a few days before this accident the railroad company had put a new sign at that crossing."

"Dar was a sign dar, y-as, suh." "And didn't that sign say 'Stop! Look! Listen!'" "Now, dar am, do whol' accensation ub de trouble!" declared the dinky, with animation. "If dat stop sign hadn't caught dis chill's eye jes' 's Ah war squar' on dat track, dar wouldn't 'a' been no smashup!"—Bohemian.

POWER OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

Accumulated Wealth Soon to Make Influence of House Enormous.

It has been calculated that at the present rate of accumulation the Rothschilds will own by the middle of the present century some £2,000,000,000 sterling, or nearly enough to pay off the national debt three times over, says a writer in the Grand Magazine, of London, England.

The imagination is staggered and fails to realize the power which is represented by such figures. It could finance, or it could stop, a war; it could delay the industrial development of a country for a generation; or it could, on the other hand, enable a country which it favored to beat all its industrial rivals.

A power like this must have its fingers on all the arteries through which flows the life-blood of commerce, the ebb and flow of which it can regulate uncontrolled.

For Happiness in Marriage.

I have spoken of the only true and right motive for marriage, and venture my opinion that marriage should not be too eagerly sought by either sex, but rather waited for until the certainty has come that one loves worthily and well. I mean, that for a man to say to himself, in cold blood, that it is time he should marry, and, for that reason, to look about for a wife—instead of being aware that he loves and therefore desires to marry the one beloved woman—is, to my thinking, as unwise and in almost as poor taste as for a girl to discover that it is time she were settled in life and, in consequence, set about trying to attract a husband. In neither case is happiness in marriage likely to be the result of such a quest.—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Out of the Schoolroom.

A schoolboy was asked to give some information in regard to the Cary sisters, the once famous New England poets, and he said of them: "The Cary sisters were two poets who lived in Massachusetts most of the time. They went to New York where they made many fast friends. Their fastest friend was John G. Whittier." At the time of the Longfellow centennial, when the school children were writing so much about him, one boy wrote: "Longfellow's poems were mostly of his own composition, but he wrote 'Talis of a Wayside Inn' where others did the talking. He was the poet lorryet of our country and was a crackerjack when it came to real poetry."—Lippincott's.

Spectacles for Cows.

A Russian firm which manufactures optical goods has just completed an order for 40,000 pairs of glasses to be worn by cows. These spectacles are necessary because the steppes, the great Russian prairies, are covered with snow for six months in the year, but during part of the time delicate fresh grass tips protrude from the white and dazzling mantle. The cows then are turned out to feed on the new grass, but if their eyes are unprotected from the dazzle of sunshine on the snow it gives them snow blindness. Hundreds have died from this cause; but a rude, cheap kind of spectacles, made of leather and smoked glass, was invented, and since has been used with great success.

What's Geography Good For?

This is from the philosophy of Mrs. Louise Schmitt, who berated a teacher for not promoting her daughter because the latter was deficient in geography. "Teacher, you don't know it all, I guess," said the irate Mrs. Schmitt. "I wish it that my daughter gets through school so she gets a man. Never mind about the geography; just promote her without it. Why, my other daughter, she didn't know geography and she got a man. And you know all about geography and you ain't got any man at all. What is this geography good for? See that my daughter gets through school."

Serious, Indeed.

"Lady," said the tattered tramp at the gate, "can't yer spare me a dime on a very urgent collection?" "What do you call an urgent collection?" asked the busy housewife. "Why, yer see, I have just been fined \$20,240,000 for ridin' on an ol' car an' I've only got two days to get it together."

Living Books.

Aprina Indian library is an interesting one. An Arizona judge, who has been studying this tribe, says that they select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for living libraries of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors of many years ago.

More Practical.

"Did you hear that the professor had succeeded in squaring the circle?" "No, I didn't; but if he would figure a while longer and tell a man how to square his wife when he comes home at two a. m. I think he would have a more appreciative audience."—Nashville American.

READ THE WRITINGS OF TO-DAY.

American Intellectual Life Shaped by Living Authors.

The journeymen writers write almost all that almost all Americans read, says Walter Page in the Atlantic. This is a fact that we love to fool ourselves about. We talk about "literature" and we talk about "hack writers," implying that the reading we do is of literature. The truth all the while is, we read little else than the writing of the hacks—living hacks, that is, men and women that write for pay. We may hug the notion that our life and thought are not really affected by current literature, that we read the living writers only for utilitarian reasons and that our real intellectual life is fed by the great dead writers. But our hugging this delusion does not change the fact that the intellectual life even of most educated persons, and certainly of the mass of the population, is fed chiefly by the writers of our own time. Let us hope that the great writers of the past do set the standards whereby a few judge the writings of the present. But, even if this be true, it is still true also that the intellectual life of the American people is chiefly shaped by current writing.

SHOWED THE PATH OF DUTY.

Timely Advice That Shaped the Destinies of Great Men.

At a critical time in the life of John Wesley, when, to save his soul, he was about to retire into a remote privacy and give himself up to prayer and self-discipline, an unknown adviser, a "serious man," gave him back to England and humanity by saying to him: "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to Heaven. Remember, you can not serve Him alone. You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of a solitary religion. A few words spoken by a servant stand before his long-suffering brother, into life and liberty of soul. And when Whitefield was setting out for America some wise friend said to him: 'If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood. And he went to the Kingswood colliers, and in his so doing the great evangelical revival in England was begun."

Women as Story-Makers.

Women write with color and spirit; an unexpected number of them are showing genuine humor. A few have brute force, as well. Women novelists have the sense, too, of situation; they construct plots that are intricate and then carry them through with dash. They manufacture good dialogue, and they know human nature under all aspects save one. The woman who handles man domestically, perhaps, though there is often more of masculine objection to his concessions. But she cannot maneuver him in a book. Man, though, has plumbed woman's heart and charted it better than she could do herself. Until she can do as much for him, he has no fear of being entirely ousted from the field of fiction.—Cleveland Leader.

Through Purifying Process.

A business man who had purchased a Salvation Army paper from one of the blue-bonnet peddlers, handed her a five-dollar bill which he asked her to turn into the treasury with his compliments. As she thanked him, he said: "How do you know how I made that money? Perhaps it is tainted." She looked at the money for a moment, and then folded it up and put it in her purse, as she answered: "No money can be so bad that it cannot be fumigated in passing through our treasury. In this gift, sir, you have done good for yourself, good for the army, and good for some poor sinner who needs aid. How can money be tainted that does so much?"

The Family's Night Out.

In one large family a peagboard on which the members can record their outgoing and incomings at night is a valuable article. It is a board with holes in it like a cribbage board, arranged in two vertical columns. Each column has as many holes as there are persons in the family, with the names in between. When "George" goes out he puts his peg in the "out" column and when "In," the last one who puts the last "in" for the night has to lock the door and make things secure for the night.

George Eliot's Church.

At a cost of \$15,000 the three bells in Chilvers Cotton parish church tower are being recast and three others added, says the London Standard. As a child "George Eliot" (Mary Ann Evans), the famous novelist, attended Chilvers Cotton church with her parents, and long afterward she drew vivid word pictures of the ancient building and its incumbents. "Mr. Giffin" and "Amos Barton" were the vicar and curate respectively of Chilvers Cotton, the "Shepperton" of "Scenes of Clerical Life."

A Flare-Back.

"Budder Jones, if you didn't smoke, you might own a brick house, like what I does."

"Look here, man, don't you come pesterin' wif me like dat. You didn't git dat brick house by not smokin'." You got it by borrowin' mah newspaper to read, an' mah clothes to wear, an' mah vittles to eat. You may be a fly financier, but dat don't gib you no license to set up fer a human copy-book!"

A Mistaken Impression.

"Of course," said the analytical questioner, "there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "too many of us are getting the idea that all a public question is fit for nowadays is to serve as the topic for a good talk."

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Weary Willie—Gee, yer a wonder! How did yer manage ter git a hand-out from dat frosty-lookin' woman?" Hungry Higgins—Dead easy. Wen she opened de door I say: "Good mornin', miss. Is yer mudder home?"

COULD NOT BE DISHEARTENED.

One Man's Philosophy Rose Superior to All Afflictions.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore, when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blest with an overabundance last year."

In the winter his house was burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded: "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened. The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"Guess you are pretty well disheartened, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured some one. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said: "They were always cold, anyway."—Ladies' Home Journal.

NO LONGER A HERO TO HER.

Last Drop in Cup of Sorrow for Unfortunate Playwright.

David Belasco was being congratulated on the success of his new G. A. R. drama. "Writing plays is risky business," said Mr. Belasco. "Past triumphs don't count. He who has written 20 superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his 21st piece as any tyro."

"There was once a playwright who sat in the front row at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully."

"As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said: 'Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me now to return it to you.'"

Maine Buried Treasure.

As an illustration of how justice is sometimes meted out by our courts of law the case of the buried treasure found in New Vineyard serves well. Fessenden Hackett, while employed by Leonard Hackett found some old coin of the face value of about \$1,300 and bullion value of \$850. Both the Hacketts, brothers, claimed the coin, and Fessenden finally bought his brother's claim for \$560 in good money and took all the coin, comprising both domestic and foreign money. But he no sooner gets what he believes to be a clear title than two fellow-workmen with him at the time of the discovery claimed the proportional parts of the money and entered suit to recover it. Of the bullion value of \$850 Fessenden had already paid his brother \$560; now the jury has decided that he must also pay each of his fellow workmen about \$300, so the buried treasure he found, and which had a market value of \$850, he must pay \$1,150 for. In other words, he is \$300 and court expenses worse off than if he had found nothing.

Novel Telephone.

The dictograph of M. H. Turner, which has been attracting attention in London, is a novel telephone designed to give convenient communication between the various departments of a business house or factory. A box a foot long, half as wide and a third as deep has two recessed openings on its outer face, and a row of switches along its base gives connection with the different departments in the building. Flexible wires lead to the regular system of conductors of the establishment. The openings are transmitter and receiver, and special microphones of great sensitiveness focus and magnify the sound waves. Speaking in an ordinary tone, the persons conversing may attend to their usual work, walking about the room 10 or 15 feet from the instrument. The words spoken at that distance from the transmitter are loudly sounded at the receiver, but depressing a lever throws the loud-speaking attachment out of gear, when a small receiver at the side of the box is held to the ear in the usual way.

Wanted It Kept Up.

The family was gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunder storm when the mother bestirred herself of Dorothy alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illumined the whole room, she saw her youngest olive-branch sitting straight up in bed. Her big brown eyes were glowing with excitement and she clapped her chubby hands, while she shouted encouragingly: "Hang it again, God! Hang it again!"

Splash of a Raindrop.

Even the splash of a raindrop is of sufficient importance to receive scientific investigation. Prof. A. M. Worthington of the Royal Engineering college at Davenport, England, has found that a drop of water falling into water excavates a perfectly spherical hollow, which is lined with the liquid of the drop, reaches its greatest depth as the water rising attains its maximum height, but is enormously greater in volume than the water thrown out. With a fall of 80 inches the pit has 260 times the volume of the ejected water, with a fall of 16 inches, 44 times.

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