

SUPERIORITY OF THE FEMALE

Same in All Ages as Shown by the Nature of Chivalry.

The old toast was right—women are the superiors of men, but not in intellect, nor in those brawny qualities which are necessary for a tussle with the world, says a writer in *Appleton's*. They are superior by right of gentleness, purity, faith and the old sweet instinct to serve and to bless. Men haven't time in these crowded modern days for the fairer aspects of existence, just as in the days of Aucasin and Nicolette they were too much occupied with fighting and hunting to do more than place their hopes of nobler, better things in the white hands of some woman whose heart would cheer for them what they could not cherish for themselves. This, then, was and is the real nature of chivalry, despite the enthroned ladies and guarded pages and madrigals and sonnets and the splendor falling on castle walls and all the rest of it—this recognition of heaven sent in the sweet face of a beloved woman; this need to be prayed for and forgiven; this remembrance of some other world made real by the soul of a fair lady—fair whether in king's courts or tending sheep by the meadow brook; this reaching out toward beauty because a girl's hair was gold and her eyes blue; this belief in mysterious things because a girl passed out of vision—and was hungered for, and when seen again brought all heaven with her. "And I saw a damsel, as methought, all in white with a vessel in both her hands, and forthwith, I was whole."

"FRESHNESS" THAT MET REBUKE

Young Lawyer No Match for Veteran Jurist in Repartee.

Judge Allen was noted for his wise decisions and the promptness with which he delivered them. But when a delicate point of law came up, involving matters of the highest consequence, he always "reserved" decisions. His way of stating his position was as follows: "Gentlemen, this is an exceedingly serious problem. I'll go home and shoot a few bullets, and meet you in court to-morrow morning at ten o'clock with my verdict."

One day an ambitious, but fresh, young lawyer sought to have fun with Judge Allen. When the customary statement was made by his honor the budding lawyer remarked: "Did the court ever shoot bullets on my neck-vein? I believe I have the finest meadows and bats in the whole country. It is your honor's privilege to shoot there whenever you feel like preserving decision." "How low do the bats fly?" asked the judge. "Oh, about 11 feet, your honor; you hardly have to pull the trigger at all; you can knock 'em down with the muzzle of your gun." The venerable jurist chewed a little harder on his cud, then "handed down" this, which nearly killed the young lawyer: "The court says thank you, but the shooting is too low. Why, some lawyers fly lower than that, and you can knock 'em down with a batting stick."

Diplomacy.

A spring wagon full of all kinds of potted plants stopped in front of a house in the Bronx a few days ago and the householder and his wife, who were deeply interested in floriculture, looked at the flowers with a view to making a purchase for the improvement of their garden. The vendor rattled off the names of the varieties of roses and other flowers, but nothing in his stock seemed to interest the couple. Finally he pointed to a pot and said: "There's something you should have for window boxes or hanging baskets." "What is it?" asked the man. The vendor looked hard at the prospective customer, and, making him for a Jew, whom he feared he might offend, said: "That's a Wandering Hebrew." "I didn't want the vine any more than I wanted the group," said the man from the Bronx, "but we bought it just as a reminder of the Wandering Hebrew."

King Edward's Letters.

Thus far the typewriter has not found its way into the royal palaces as a transcriber of the king's private and semi-official documents and for addressing envelopes. Nor has shorthand been called into requisition. But time is of not so much importance as accuracy in the king's correspondence and notebooks filled with shorthand notes might possibly go astray.

The king, it may be added, is a very prompt correspondent. Letters are replied to at once whenever possible, and even communications from absolute strangers and touching on matters of minor importance are carefully acknowledged and if necessary answered without undue delay.—*Til Pitt*.

Real Friendship.

Any friendship that is worth the name is not a matter of reason or choice, but rather of magnetism and temperament. It can last almost everything of friction, jar, annoyance or pain, and still spring up again with renewed vitality. It may not only spring up with renewed vitality from experiences that would annihilate any lesser bond, but the renewal may be regeneration as well, and transmute it into an infinitely higher condition. Even in weakness it may be raised in power.

As We All Know.

Repeater—Your new house doesn't look much like the architect's original design.
Victim—No, but it looks more like it than the coat looks like the original estimate.—*Smart Set*.

VISITOR WAS SHERLOCK HOLMES

Marvelous Powers of Deduction That Astonished Storekeeper.

Though it had happened a long time before, the honest storekeeper still spoke of the occurrence with awe. "It was this way," he said. "I was standing behind the counter in my store, thinking of nothing in particular, when a hawk-eyed gentleman walked in, followed by a quiet, unassuming chap. "The hawk-eyed gentleman, after looking all about, turned to me. "Do you or—perhaps—sell coffee?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "And sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Nice raisins, too, I take it?" "Yes, sir; we have a very superior line of raisins." "He paused a while. Then, turning to me again: "'Choose?'" "Yes, sir—good cheese." "At that he beckoned to the quiet, unassuming chap and whispered in his ear. "'What do you make of it?'" "Not a thing." "Watson—it's a grocery store!" "No." "I'm sure of it, Watson." "Marvelous!" "And signing to his companion to follow, the hawk-eyed gentleman stole away with catlike tread, looking warily about him on all sides. "Not until after he had gone did I realize who my distinguished visitor was."

BUILDING UP WORLD'S CITIES.

Growth of Centers of Population in Past Century.

The century just passed has witnessed an enormous multiplication of large cities and their rapid growth. In 1801 there were in all Europe but 22 cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, of which only London and Paris had more than 500,000 and none reached 1,000,000. At present there are 150 cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, 55 above 500,000 and seven of more than 1,000,000. In the entire world there are 13 cities of 1,000,000 or more inhabitants, including the European seven. M. De Perle, a French student of comparative statistics, attributes this unprecedented increase to the fact that the combined efforts of science, industry and invention have actually changed the face of the world. Chemistry, steam and electricity, railways and steamers, gold and credit have all appeared during this period and have given birth to men and to affairs an impetus like the stroke of a magic wand.

Tender Tribute.

The author of the following gem is now being assiduously hunted for by all the Kansas newspapers. Tenderly she laid the silent white form beside those that had gone before. She made no outcry, she did not weep. Such a moment was too precious to be spent in idle tears. But soon there came a time when it seemed as if nature must give way. She lifted her voice and cried loud and long. Her cries were taken up by others who were near and it echoed and re-echoed over the grounds. Then suddenly all was still. What was the use of it all? She would lay another egg to-morrow.—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Horse's Eyes and Ears.

Never buy a horse that shies without first having a veterinarian examine his eyes for cataract, as the tendency to shy is more often than not the result of defective vision. It may be only a small, bluish white speck to begin with, but even at that stage it impairs the sight, and it is incurable, says a writer in *Country Life in America*. Any one versed in equine character reading can learn much from the way a horse carries his ears. If they are always "pricked up" or carried forward, he may be partly blind or deaf, or both. If the ears are always laid back he is nervous or vicious, and in either case will give you trouble.

See Marmalade.

The analysis of a remarkable Japanese confection is reported in a recent bulletin of the College of Agriculture in Tokyo. This is no less than a "bee marmalade," said to be made of young wild bees and seasoned with soy. The results of the analysis show that the reputed composition of the sweetmeat is quite correct. The marmalade is said to be exported in airtight tin cans. A French commentator remarks sarcastically that it will doubtless be welcomed at tables where they serve grilled locusts, as in Africa, or the Chinese dainty made of silkworm cocoons.

He Hits Back.

There had been a domestic spat at breakfast. "You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding "you are not like my two former husbands they were tender men." "I never doubted that they were tender, Maria," ventured the meek man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time." And he just cleared the front porch two yards ahead of the rolling pin.

Cruel Cander.

"Was that glass Mrs. Shoddy gave the bride for a wedding present the real thing?" she declared it was. "She told the truth. She got it at a market-down bargain sale, so whatever the material, it was really cut glass."

COULDN'T TEAR HIMSELF AWAY

Really Excellent Reason for Reportorial Persistence.

Once a reporter went around to a certain residence in New York to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get, as few people have objections to giving them out for publication. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face. She retired into the house. Presumably the doorbell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the doorbell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir. "I had told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent!" So she sat still, while the doorbell rang again and again. At last she could stand it no longer. So, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked, severely: "Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man." "I can't!" roared the reporter, beside himself with exasperation. "You've shut my coat tails in the door!"

VALUE OF THE PRECIOUS STONES

Price Put Upon Them Can Be Nothing But Artificial.

The London Chronicle says that diamonds are getting on the public nerve with the cutting of the great Cullinan. They have split it, and are making two stones of it, and, when all is done, it seems that we must calculate the value in carats. It is a matter of so much a carat. And the Cullinan stone at its biggest will be worth less than four million pounds, while its little brother will be only half as valuable. And this is nothing to the "Braganza," which weighs 1,650 carats in its present state, and is worth, according to the expert, more than \$58,000,000. This is—we may say it bluntly—not true. You cannot cut a diamond, or drink it, or sleep in it, or make any use of it but to win a woman's smile. As a solemn fact of economy, it may be asserted that there is no man on earth who would give \$58,000,000 for a diamond. Because there is no man on earth that will buy a thing at the price he cannot sell it at. Now, is there a man who will buy a diamond for fifty-eight millions on the chance of another man's wanting another woman's smile?—*The Argonaut*.

A Little Chew.

One of our ablest industrial captains is always crowing the cud, as they say in ordinary slang; yet so far as he is concerned, in reality, lots of flanders chew gum, but this one in particular who never tasted chicle or rubber-elastic, as the boys call it, chews a bit of blitong. "Blitong" is a hunk of South American bull-buff the rump dried in the sun. It is as tough as rawhide, and will make a man who can digest it as strong as a bull kubb. Our industrial captain always carries a small shaving in his vest pocket, and when getting into a hard deal he takes a bite. It is just about as good as a piece of walrus hide, or the sole of an old shoe, but "it makes spit" and saliva is the soul of good digestion.

Wrecking the Typewriter.

"We sold one of our machines to Mrs. Van Rensselaer for her boy," said the typewriter man when he had fixed the machine so it would write: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," all right. "He was ten years old. It was Christmas time. She bought it for one of his Christmas presents. It cost her a hundred dollars. Two days after Christmas she 'phoned me to come up and see about the machine. I wish you could have seen it. The boy had taken it all to pieces. He hadn't left two little pieces of it together any more. He had it in a soap box. It was the worst wreck of a machine you ever saw. It took me two days to put it together again. I have great hopes for that boy."

Machine-Cured Sleeplessness.

A unique machine has just been put on the market which claims to cure sleeplessness. The machine resembles an instrument like an electric fan, the wings of the fan being studded with small round mirrors. It is based on the principle that most insomniacs can sleep at the window of an express train. The sight of the landscape rushing by them invariably brings on a refreshing nap. The machine with its whirl and glitter of revolving mirrors acts on the eye and brain in the same soothing manner and sends the patient off into a deep slumber.

On Being Mean.

The question arises, can one be economical without being mean? A man who is naturally mean will always be economical. If a man who is not economical attempts to become so he will learn to be mean. If he has a generous impulse he must curb it. During the first part of our lives we should be as mean as we can. When we have accumulated more than we need we should devote the last part to cultivating our generous impulses. No successful man is a philanthropist before he is 50.—*Life*.

NERVES OF LEARNED PEOPLE

May Be Calmed by Silence, Solitude and Sleep, Says One Writer.

In an article on "Nerves," published in Harper's Bazaar, the story is told of one of our noted scientists who went to Dresden to consult the famous specialist for broken-down nerves the hearing his symptoms the great physician said, sympathetically: "Ach, so? It is probable that you have—yes, all the gelehrten (learned) have neurasthenia naturally." The remedy suggested was "Play golf and go to Egypt. You can get Munich beer in Cairo, though it is disgusting;ly expensive there." "Silence, solitude and sleep are the sovereign remedies suggested for jagged nerves. Slight daily doses of the three 'S's' it is claimed, will prevent a nervous breakdown, and may be obtained by even the most busy people. But 'All the learned have neurasthenia' is at once a warning and a consolation to the brain worker. To 'drive the machine' with skill and care is the problem of the successful American. The writer of this article urges that we ought to thank God that we belong to the most nervous, restless, all-pervading race the world has seen since the days of Julius Caesar. It is our 'nerves' that make us what we are.

MAIN THING IS TO KEEP COOL.

Advice for Those Who May Lose Their Way in the Woods.

Let the man who is lost in the woods be very careful not to over-exert himself. His chief dangers lie in panic and overexcitement, and, though he may be in a great hurry to find shelter, he must warn him to go slowly. Two miles an hour, on an average, through the snow in the woods, is all that a man in his condition will be able to stand without overheating and its attendant dangers, overheating and perspiration. By exercising caution, a man may live through a week of what he is undergoing. To make this article brief, we shall suppose that he remains the road by the afternoon of the first day. He doesn't yet know, of course, just where he is. He should examine the tracks of the person who last passed that way. If being afternoon, he must follow the direction taken by the last passing vehicle or team, as shelter will be nearest in that direction. Had it been morning, he would have taken the opposite direction, as whoever made the tracks must have come from the place where he obtained shelter the previous night.—*Outing Magazine*.

Commerce.

If commerce hath wrought wonders till wonders never cease, not least among them is that in virtue of which we fatten bulls with wheat that falls—the nice distinction of meum and tuum whereby misfortunes are rendered into assets—thy misfortunes into my assets. A thousand years ago you might get it in the neck, and that would be about all—you would perhaps be the wiser, but no man would be any the richer. Now, however, the sun cannot burn up a Hindu's rice, or the hail pound a Russian's corn into the ground, without somebody's prosperity being boosted. And that is because, in spite of poets and other kickers, commerce has steadily come on.

Truth Versus Politeness.

Ethel was going to take supper with a little friend. "Now, dear," said her mother, "when you are leaving, you must bid Marian's mamma good night, and tell her you have had a very pleasant time." When the little girl returned, her mother asked if she had done as she told her. "Not exactly, mamma," was the reply. "Marian took the biggest piece of the apple and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me, but I told her mother good night, and I said I guessed Marian had had a very pleasant time."—*Judge*.

Natural Question.

Little Margaret went with her mother to the dock to see her aunt set sail on the big ocean steamer. Margaret had never seen the big steamer before and she watched everything with great interest. The monster of a boat slipped slowly away from the dock and Margaret waved her hand frantically with the rest. Then she looked up at her mother solemnly. "Mamma," she questioned, "does the water follow that ship all the way over to England?"

Delicate Way of Putting It.

"I met a relative of Bill Jones the other day, and he told me Bill had gone into business where he was making money so fast that he had to give it up and go into seclusion for a while." "So he did." "Is he at a sanitarium for his health?" "No, he's in the penitentiary for counterfeiting."

Room for Sophie.

Sophie, the maid, was cross, and little Richmond did not like her. In his prayer the other night he said: "God bless papa and mamma and Harold and Willie and Helen." "But you haven't said 'God bless Sophie,'" reminded his mother. "Oh, well," Richmond said resignedly, "let her go in with the bunch!"—*Bohemian Magazine*.

WHEN PA GIVES INFORMATION.

Just the Chance for Display of His Sense of Humor.

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?" "A hypochondriac, Wilfred?" "But just a moment, 'Pa' in this anecdote is not a good and kind father, yearning to impart useful information to his son, but one of those smart answer-givers whose main object in life is to get into the back pages of the magazines. Such fathers look upon their little sons, groping for knowledge, as providers of openings for senseless domestic epigrams. Hence—but we'll go back. "Pa" takes off his glasses and looks benignly at his son. "What did you say, my boy?" "Pa, what is a hypochondriac?" "That gives 'Pa' his chance. "A hypochondriac, Wilfred"—names like Wilfred add humor to this sort of thing. John, for instance, would fall flat and James would be indefinitely worse, but to resume—a hypochondriac, Wilfred, is a man who has such a dread of catching cold that, whenever he takes a bath, he stops up all the holes in the sponge for fear of draughts. And Wilfred not quite seven years old! Isn't it a shame?"

OBSERVANT PEOPLE ARE JAPS.

Trouble Is They Are Liable to Carry It to Extremes.

The Japanese are a most imitative and observant people and copy everything they see with minute fidelity. A Newport man recently engaged a Japanese valet, who was very attentive and satisfactory. His duties rarely took him into the kitchen but when he had a chance of watching the cook he did so with extraordinary interest. The cook caught a severe chill and left somewhat suddenly. The lady of the house was in despair, as she could not replace her. At last the valet announced dimly that he thought he could cook a little and the mistress gladly agreed to give him a trial. The first thing he started on was the potatoes. He took off his shoes and socks and put his feet in a bath of hot mustard and water. The lady wanted to know what on earth he was doing. He replied that he saw the cook do that when she was peeling the potatoes, and nothing would persuade him that this was not a necessary part of the process.

The Thundering Legion.

In the year A. D. 174 a Roman legion, made up wholly or in part of Christians, fought under Marcus Antonius against the Marcomanni. The Roman army was shut up in a defile and ready to perish with thirst, when a severe thunder storm, with heavy rain, relieved them of their distress, and at the same time so terrified their enemies that a great victory was gained. The Christians attributed their deliverance to the prayers they had just presented, and considered it miraculous, and the term "Thundering Legion" was applied to the soldiers.—*New York American*.

Moroccan Proverbs.

In an article on the people of Morocco a writer in *Pictaro* says: "They have some queer adages and some that closely resemble ours. Thus, they say: 'The camel cannot see its hump, but plainly sees one on its neighbor.' Who depends on his neighbor will go to bed hungry.' 'A wise enemy is better than a stupid friend.' 'Cross the rushing stream, but beware of the quiet, noiseless one!' In this world there are three things not to be trusted—luck, women and horses.' 'Mounting a horse, losing the hunting dogs and hearing carriage rattle drives dull care away.'"

Love and the Law.

Now love makes the mind clear and clear, so that it stops liking unclean things like bad food and ugly squeezed bodies and cigars. And love makes the mind kindly, so that it does not yearn for more than its share of other people's money. So in the gaining or the maintaining of health, too, love is the fulfilling of the law. And how about beauty? Why, beauty is merely health—plus love. Therefore, if you have love you have all things, for all things are ruled by law: love is the fulfilling of the law.—*Nautilus*.

Womanly Logic.

"Never," groaned the picture dealer, "never try to argue a woman into believing that she ought to pay a bill when she thinks otherwise. I tried it this morning—presented a bill for some stuff ordered two months ago. Here was the irrefutable logic: "'I never ordered any pictures.' "'If I did you never delivered them.' "'If I did I never got them.' "'If I did I paid for them.' "'If I didn't, I must have had some good reason for it.' "And if I had, of course, I won't pay."—*Wasp*.

A Terrible Sin.

"You say your titled son-in-law holds threats over you?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He has us where we can't give him any argument at all. Mother and the girls say we must yield for the sake of the family honor." "Is there—or a skeleton in the closet?" "Not at all. He simply announces that unless he has his own way he'll get naturalized and be a plain American citizen."

KNEW VALUE OF GOOD WATER.

Greek Writer Advised Countrymen to Sterilize Fluid.

The ancient Greeks already recommended the use of sterilized water. Rufus of Ephesus in the first century of this era taught that "all water from rivers and ponds is bad, except that from the Nile. Water from rivers which flow through unhealthy soil, stagnant water and that which flows near public bathing places is harmful. The best water is that which has been boiled in baked earthenware vessels, cooled and then heated a second time before drinking." This hygienic prescription was intended both for healthy and sick people, since it was applied to the armies. "During marches and in the camps pits must be dug successively from the highest point to the lowest level of the place. These holes should be lined with clay such as is used for making pottery and the water should be made to percolate through it. The water will leave all its impurities in those pits." It may be inquired how the ancient Greeks, knowing the processes of sterilization and filtration of water which they applied to that of the most limpid waters, should have drunk without precautions the water of the Nile, which our microscopes allow us to declare "sound," but which is in appearance the most worthy of suspicion of all, and is so muddy, so yellow, that it resembles wine.

WIDOWS MORE THAN HOLD OWN.

Have No Trouble in Maintaining Advantage in Matrimony.

Sam Weller's immortal advice to his son still seems to hold good. Widows are still hard to beat in the matrimonial stakes. During the last year the spinners have practically had it all their own way between the ages of 20 and 40, but after 40 it has been the widow who has scored all along the line; see the Philadelphia Record. They would seem to acquire, after their fourth decade has been reached, a sort of charm which man does not possess. The spinner apparently gives up to readily, takes too modest a view of her seductive charms; whereas the widow, having a better knowledge of the frailty of the other sex, goes in and wins a second time.

Proving It.

When the earth comes between the sun and the moon it always casts a round shadow. A place chosen for an experiment to prove the roundness of the earth "was near Bedford, England, where there is a straight air-mile stretch of water. At both ends and in the middle of this stretch of water posts were erected, each of the same definite height above the water level. Upon looking with a telescope along the tops of these three posts it was clearly seen that the center one overtopped the other by about six feet, thus marking the curvature of the earth's surface. This experiment has been repeated, and with every latest appliance brought to bear to effect absolute accuracy. The statement as to how a ship at sea shows the tops of her masts first and then gradually parts below that, but above the water, is a familiar one, and satisfies most minds.

The Cosmopolite.

Breadth of view for his intolerance—narrowness—all that drove him absolutely wild. Little petty local prejudices—Oh, Lord! He used to boil positively with rage at all that sort of thing. And the man who made him really boil over was Sniggle.

Snigzles was a New Yorker,

and to Snigzles Manhattan Island was Alpha and Omega. Hence the rage of the afore-mentioned advocate of the breadth of view. "Why, Snigzles!" he roared, pounding the table with his fist. "Snigzles is the kind of man who would label a map of the universe 'New York and Vicinity!'"

The Goose Liver Trade. In Strasburg this month the canning of the famous goose livers begins, and will keep several thousand people busy till next April. The finest livers come from geese that have never laid an egg. Johann Claus, in 1790, began to make goose liver pate in a small shop. He succeeded, but a competitor named Doyen, adding truffles to the goose liver pastry, soon outdistanced him. Now all patees de foie gras contain truffles, all are made according to the recipe composed by the talented Doyen over 100 years ago.

At the Riding School.

"Mount your horse on the left side." "Why? What difference does it make?" "It's the rule." "But why should it be the rule?" "Because in the past horsemen wore swords. They wore them on the left hip. Hence, had they mounted on the right side, the sword would have cut in the way. So they mounted on the left, and we still mount on the left. Horsemanship is accustomed to it, and if you try to get up from the right you are liable to be kicked."

Knew His Wife.

"I spent some of my salary to-day. I think even a married man has a right to do so." "There's a great deal to be said on that subject."

"Well, I guess my wife will be equal to saying it all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.