

WAY OF CHEATING TELEPHONE.

How a Long-Distance Line Was Worked for a Free Message.

It has just been discovered that a new kind of free toll service graft has been worked on the telephone companies of Lansing, Mich. A few days ago the traveling representative of a business concern located in a distant city came into town, canvassed the trade industriously and loaded several orders of good size.

After his day's work was done he went to the telephone and asked for "long distance." After the usual preliminaries he called for his brother in the distant city. The brother could not be located.

Well, then, perhaps the operator could get his sister. No, his sister also was out. He was sorry, but would call again later and left the booth without having to pay toll, of course, as he did not get his party.

The next day he departed for pastures new, and the telephone company was none the wiser. But the house had received a correct report of the business done by the drummer that day, and the toll was saved for himself or the house. The brother's name stood for the amount of his sales and the sister's for the character of the order.—American Telephone Journal.

SEEMED OF DOUBTFUL QUALITY.

Aged Darky's Expressed Objection to Powder Offered Him.

One day, after listening to a story particularly offensive with age, Lincoln McConnell, the Georgia evangelist, told this:

An old darky went into a store down in Georgia and asked:

"Say, boss, got any gun powder, brah?"

"Yes, we have gun powder."

"Lemme see some of that theah gun powder."

The dealer showed him some.

"Pore a little of that powder in my hand."

The old darky took the powder near the light, ran his forefinger around and around in it, looked at it critically, and then smelled it two or three times.

"And you say this heah is powder?"

"Yes," answered the dealer, sharply: "that is powder. What is the matter with it?"

"Dunno, boss—the darky shook his head doubtfully—but hit smells to me like it's done been shot off befoah."

—Judge.

Monument to Themselves.

Funds have been raised by the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs and by a Palisade league organized by this federation to secure land for a small park on top of the palisades, the preservation of which from the quarrymen was originally due to the federation, which began the agitation ten years ago. A committee, of which Miss Demarest of Passaic was chairman, selected the site for the park, and the land was secured for the club women by the Interstate Park commission. They are going to call it Memorial park, and will build a memorial structure on the top of a high crag, from which a magnificent view of the Hudson is visible. An artistic railing and seat will also be built on the edge of the cliff. The structure is to have an inscription dedicating it to "those men and women who in the opening years of the twentieth century wrested these noble cliffs from destruction." The park is otherwise to be left in a state of nature.

A Strange Hairpin.

"This," said the bachelor, leading his visitors through the flat, "is my famous collection of hairpins."

The hairpins, a hundred or more, filled a Louis Quinze cabinet. Some were of gold, some of silver, some even of shell. "This is the strangest," said the bachelor, "this hollow glass one. See, there is a fluid in it, a perfume. And here is a tiny hole, so that when the pin lies obliquely in the hair the perfume is emitted slowly in delicate drops. It is a Japanese hairpin," he concluded. "A geisha in a Yokohama tea house gave it to me. I can still see her, as she sat on her cushion, playing the samisen, while very slowly, in drops resembling tears, the perfume fell on her amber-colored cheek."

Origin of Picture Postals.

A few days ago it was mentioned in a French newspaper that picture postal cards were originated by a German. The French press has now come forward in its characteristic jealousy of the French reputation for invention, with the statement that a French bookseller, Bernardin, was the inventor of picture postals during the Franco-German war.

Bernardin's cards were decorated with a picture of the camp of the army of the Sarthe, and had the inscription, "Souvenir of the National Defense." Beneath were the words, "Family Honor, Fatherland, Liberty."

The postals were sold mostly to the soldiers from Brittany, who through them kept their family and friends informed as to their whereabouts.

Jane Know.

The teacher in this beautiful verse, children, the poet says the flowers were moistened by the dew. Do any of you know what moistened means?

Little Jane—Please, teacher, I know. Me an' Tommy Green and Bessy Pratt was playin' on th' dock an' Tommy fell in th' river an' got moistened.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DATE FROM PREHISTORIC AGE.

Remarkable Pictures Found in Grottoes of Spanish Town.

Prehistoric pictures hang in the grottoes of Altamira in Spain. At the entrance are found all kinds of kitchen refuse, mussel shells, broken bones, antlers, and flints, and crudely hewn tools of stone, all embedded in greasy black ashes. On the walls and roof of a hall 75 feet long and nearly 19 feet broad are animal pictures, some hewn, some painted, black, red, or other colors. These animals, drawn singly or in groups and usually strongly faithful to nature, belong to a world that inhabited almost all Europe at the end of the ice age, but is now almost extinct in the south of the European continent, and are recognized as the wild horse, wild boar, stag, bullock, cow, goat. There also are a considerable number of peculiar drawings which finally were concluded to be human beings. They have an animal head with strongly projecting snout. It is supposed by some that these remarkable creatures with their arms, hands, legs and ears are dancing persons with arms uplifted to implore and with animal masks. But this supposition is held to be highly improbable. As the artists of remote antiquity knew how to picture various animals with perfect fidelity to nature it is thought that in this instance they also drew from life and that at that time there still lived in Europe such creatures closely related to the common ancestors of man and ape. The artists themselves remain mysteries.

When the artist came to kindergarten the day following something was wrong. She began crying almost as soon as she entered the room, and refused to be comforted. The cause of her grief did not develop until the blanks were called for. Then little Susie sobbed:

"I forgot my excuse for being borned."—St. Louis Times.

HOME AS SEEN IN TWO LIGHTS.

Sexes Have Varying Ways of Looking at Sacred Thing.

The home is the kernel of life. There is no danger that daughters will despise marriage and a home. They will take to it only too readily when the magic hour strikes, but parents may well deliberate before they wantonly strengthen a girl's innate tendency to seek a home of her own. For there is a sweet dignity of maidenhood and womanhood which is sacrificed in an inordinate quest for a husband and home.

With sons it is different. Many men need to have the home principle fostered and built up. They must be made not only good hearted, but must have their nomadic instincts carefully repressed and taught to center around the sacred life of home.

Then, when once the notion of home and its paramount importance is fixed in his mind, a young man is perfectly free to go forth and find a maiden to share it.—Woman's Life.

WHERE HE WANTED LIGHT SHED.

Hearer of Oration Was Interested in Practical Subject.

It was an open-air meeting on the public square in the evening. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd present, and the principal speaker of the evening was ready to make the effort of his life. He did make it. He showed that the opposition party had ruled America 36 times in the last 100 years, and that on 36 different occasions his party had stepped in and gathered the remains and made a new Goddess of Liberty of them.

He made scores of statements. He backed them up with statistics taken from the family almanac.

He roared. He orated. He stood on his hind legs. He sawed the air and pitted the poor millionaire. He sawed it some more and promised every laboring man a house and lot.

Then, amidst such an outburst of enthusiasm as scared boys off the roost three miles away, and woke up infants to cry with cold, he closed and stood with folded arms. A thousand men rushed to shake hands and congratulate him. A hump-shouldered man led them, and rammed and jammed and elbowed until he stood beside the proud orator. Then he held out a toll-hardened hand and said:

"Say, mister, that was a darned good speech of yours, but you didn't say whether the price of turnips was gon' to be up or down this fall. I've got a load out here, and I'd like to know."

Cold Storage Rats.

The attendant came out of the cold storage room with an awed look.

"Rats are wonderful," he said. "We thought modern plumbing would abolish them, but they live in the clean light and dryness of the best modern plumbing more comfortably than they did in the damp and filth and darkness of the past. We thought the modern light would abolish them, but the Lusitania has as many rats as had the Columbia caravela. And here—"

"And here I find rats in our cold storage rooms at temperatures that freeze the breath and cause it to fall in the form of snow. To and fro they prowl, their coats are thick and warm like fur, and with frost on their whiskers they feed heartily on meat and game frozen to rocklike hardness."

Light and Pain.

"Light is good for toothache," said the doctor. "Darkness is bad for it. If you are a toothache sufferer, haven't you often noticed how the pain in your jaw increases when, late at night, you turn off the lamp and try to sleep? Light, you see, is good for the toothache. There are a number of diseases it is good for—asthma, cold in the head, carache. These diseases in the dark all grow worse."

"Darkness is good for a sick headache and for neuralgia and for nausea. Haven't you noticed it? Light and darkness—they are remedies recognized at last, and today we prescribe them the same as we do quinine or nux."

Inconstancy.

"There's no doubt that women are fickle," said Mr. Growcher.

"I hope you don't mean me," said his wife.

"Yes, I do. Here you are saying this season's hats are perfectly adorable."

"Well, they are."

"And a year or so ago you were talking the same way about hats which you now describe as utter atrocities."

At a Disadvantage.

"Your family seems to enjoy going to Europe."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."

LITTLE SUSIE IN DEEP GRIEF.

Somewhat Humorous Explanation for Loudly Expressed Sorrow.

Miss Mary C. McCulloch, supervisor of kindergartens for the board of education, told this one to the Saunterer:

"When a child starts to school, it is provided with a blank to be filled in by its parents. Only simple questions are asked, such as the date and place of the child's birth, the nativity of its parents, etc."

"Little Susie was given one of these blanks, with the other new scholars, when she applied for admission to one of the kindergartens in the North End. All were told to have the blanks filled out and return them to the school the next morning."

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At the Breakfast Table.

The young wife dipped the ladle into the porridge and smiled inquiringly at the over-night guest.

"Will you have some hot Scotch, Mr. Dash," she asked.

"Hot Scotch? Where is it?" said he, in a perplexed tone.

"Didn't you know that oatmeal is called hot Scotch?"

"E—" Dash stammered, and then the young husband caught his eye, and was silent.

"I didn't know it myself till last year," she explained. "I heard George inviting his cousin over to the telephone to meet him at the office and have a hot Scotch. I didn't know what hot Scotch was till you told me, did I, George?"

George, very red, answered huskily: "No, my dear."

"Laughing at her own ignorance, the lady proceeded to serve the thick, pale hot Scotch."

More Liberality.

The religious as well as the secular press appears to be adopting a more liberal tone in the matter of moral instruction in the public schools. More stress is being laid on the principle of ethical instruction in all its branches, and they seem to be yielding the contention, so long and so stubbornly maintained, that theology must be taught in the public schools. That morality in its broadest sense should be an important feature of instruction none has gainsaid, and that a sound moral basis will lead to a religious life is beginning to be conceded on all sides. Given the moral basis at school, the child will develop religious belief at home in the direction of his environment and in accordance with the creed he is taught.—American Israelite.

His Inspiration.

"Tell me," said the soulful lady to the hack poet, "what is it that makes you turn out your heart-soft poems?"

The hack poet twiddled his fingers, much embarrassed.

"For instance," cooed the soulful lady, "take that delightful thing of yours, 'Whiffs from the Ineffable,' in the current number of The Art Set. What was it exactly that caused you to write that? Oh! I do so want to know. Was it a mysterious impulse to which you yourself cannot give a name, or a perfectly definite, easily traceable something—the divine afflatus, in short—the—the—Super-itch? Tell me, I pray you."

"It was neither," confessed the embarrassed hack poet; "it was a coal bill!"

Drawbacks.

"Really," said Miss Plancey, "I consider it a very good portrait of me. Don't you think it would be wise to have it enlarged?"

"Why—er—yes," replied Miss Brakes, "but then you'd have to make the mouth and ears larger, too, wouldn't you?"

Only a Dream.

Yonst—And did he awake to find himself famous?

Crimesonbreak—No; he dreamt he was famous and then he woke up.—Yonst's Statesman.

ASPERSION ON THE SECRETARY.

Serious Auditor Misinterpreted the Vivacity of Bonaparte.

Charles J. Bonaparte, attorney general of the United States, was presiding at a meeting of the civic reform league in New York, May, 1905, when a sequence of long, dull papers were presented. Between papers Mr. Bonaparte would arouse the jaded interest of the audience with humorous references and jokes. Each was punctuated with a vivacity of manner that indicated his French ancestry.

But—and here hangs the story—there was one in the audience to whom Mr. Bonaparte's name and work were unknown, who contemplated these manners with growing disapproval. He was a serious minded, bespectacled man, tall and spare, with a vagrant whisp' of gray hair rising from a much rubbed and wrinkled forehead, and who seemed deeply interested in the overly dull papers until Mr. Bonaparte began to enliven the dullness, when his whole attention was directed to the distinguished cabinet officer. He glanced at his program and then back to Mr. Bonaparte, and finally turning to his neighbor, asked: "Who is the presiding officer?"

"Ah! Bonaparte," said he reflectively upon being informed, and, after further grave contemplation, addressed his neighbor thus:

"Is that his usual manner or has he been having too much dinner?"—Los Angeles Times.

WORK HAD NOT BEEN DIVIDED.

Girl's Question Shed Great Light on Companion on Bicycle.

Marshall Geer, the chairman of the New York cotton exchange, was congratulated the other day, says the Brooklyn Times, on the superb order that his committee maintains.

"We do it by working together," said Mr. Geer. "We could accomplish nothing otherwise. Not to work together is, you know, a dangerous thing. I remember the time of the bicycle craze. I set out one hot August afternoon on a tandem with a pretty girl. There was before us a stiff 30-mile spin."

"Well, I worked like a galley slave that afternoon. The perspiration simply rained off me. I could hear my over-worked heart beating thunderously. My face was a kind of bluish red. But the girl kept beautifully cool."

"And at our ride's end, as I leaned the machine against the hotel porch she touched one of the pedals delicately with her forefinger and said:

"By the way, what are these little twirligigs for?"

Need of Knowing Music Well.

Probably three-quarters of all the nervousness incident to the public performance of music is due to the simple, prosaic fact that the performers do not know their pieces well enough.

The Circle Self-deception on this point is very common. The pieces have been learned almost perfectly, but not absolutely so. There are hard spots here and there that have not been completely mastered. The consciousness of this fact is quite enough to set the nerves on edge. The result is obvious. Go back to your work and practice until you have conquered it entirely and know it as well as you know the alphabet. Having accomplished this and having also unrooted the weed of self-consciousness, then and not till then, you feel at ease and do yourself and your music full justice before an audience, for it will be found that the distressing and disturbing nervousness has departed, never again to return, provided you continue faithful to these rules.

The Stop.

J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia, member of the waterways and forestry preservation commission, was describing on his return from Europe, a wretched railroad in Brittany.

"I never imagined such slow trains existed," said Mr. Moore. "They are certainly tedious to ride on. They bore you dreadfully."

"All sorts of stories—very likely ones, too—are told about the Breton trains. Thus it is said that one day, when an express pulled up in the middle of a dreary field of gray rocks, a passenger put his head out of the window and shouted angrily to the conductor:

"Well, what have you stopped this time for?"

"Engineer's dropped his cigarette, sir," was the reply.

These Absurd Jokes.

"How silly!" says Mrs. Jigstepp, looking up from her paper. "Here is another of those foolish jokes about a woman going shopping all day and coming home with a five-cent spool of thread."

"Yes, ha, ha!" chortles Mr. Jigstepp. "Just like a woman."

"Well, it isn't just like a woman, Henry Jigstepp. Not a bit of it. I don't see why those joke people are always poking fun at my sex. Shopping all day for a spool of thread! The idea! Why, I was downtown from two to four this afternoon, and got at least \$150 worth of things—and didn't have time to order my new dress and hat at that!"

Tommy's Amendment.

"Plew deep while sluggards sleep," was a favorite proverb of Benjamin Franklin," said the teacher.

The next day she said: "Tommy, what was that proverb about the sluggards I repeated yesterday?"

"Plew more while sluggards snore," answered Tommy.

PASSED THE OPPORTUNITY ON.

Patriotic Prominence Handed from One to Another.

Greatness is thrust upon some individuals, patriotism on others. When the patriotism does not belong to one's own country the situation may prove embarrassing. Such it was in the case of Agostino Polidori, the great-grandfather of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The incident is given in a life of the poet by his brother, Polidori, an Italian, was in Paris at the taking of the Bastille in 1789. He tells the story of his unexpected prominence and his extrication from the uncomfortable position.

I was passing by the Palais Royal while the populace was running to assault the fortress, and having encountered a highly powdered wig-maker, with a rusty sword raised aloft, I, not expecting such thing, and hardly conscious of the act, had the sword handed to me, as he cried aloud:

"Take it, citizen! Fight for your country!"

I had no fancy for such an enterprise, so finding myself sword in hand, I at once cast about for some way to get rid of it; and, bettering my situation from the man of powder, I stuck it into the hand of the first unarming person I met.

"Take it, citizen!" I repeated. "Fight for your country!" Then I passed on and returned home.—Youth's Companion.

ODD FACTS ABOUT MACEDONIA.

Uncertainty of Tenure of Law Retards Country's Prosperity.

Of life in Macedonia a traveler writes: "It would appear from the markets of the large towns that the most profitable field of business is in firearms and large knives. But these do not adequately indicate the extent of the trade, for beneath the surface a large importation of modern rifles is carried into what is left of European Turkey. Here is another strange contrast. I have seen in the mountains the villagers collected for hunting bears with ancient flint-lock rifles, while the Turkish gendarme carries a Martini, and this again was vastly inferior to the Mausers or Mannlichers which accompany a rebel band. The best of the thought and effort and wealth of the people is thus turned away from real to false industry."

Ancient Trees.

Brazilian cocoanut palms live from 600 to 700 years, and the Arabs assert that the date palm frequently reaches the age of 200 to 300 years. Wallia's oak, near Paisley, Scotland, is known to be more than 700 years old, and there are eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, which were known to have been flourishing in 1395. The yews at Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire, were old trees when, in 1132, the abbey was built, and a redwood at Mariposa grove, California, is a magnificent centurian. Baobab trees of Africa have been computed to be more than 5,000 years old, and the deodarum of the Himalayas is considered to be of a still greater age. Humboldt said that the "Granadingo" tree at Trotava, on the Tenerife, was one of the oldest inhabitants of the earth.

One Peril of Dentistry.

"The greatest snag a dentist can run up against," said one of the clan, "is the office of a deceased dentist, whose widow would like a competent man to take his place. You see such advertisements all over. Beware of them. There's a double meaning to that insidious ad. You must not only take his place as a competent dentist, but if the widow takes a shine to you, you must replace him also as a husband."

It's terrible. Positively the only way I got out of it alive in one instance was to do such poor dentistry that the people wouldn't come to me even to get their teeth pulled. At that I think if I had showed the slightest willingness to learn the trade she would have permitted me to fill the place of second husband and dentist combined."

Warned by the Beacon.

The bachelor and the benedict were wending homeward their weary way.

"Ah, you lucky married man!" sighed the bachelor. "Think of having a hearthstone, a real home, a waking welcome! Look—there is a light in the window for you!"

"Gracious! So there is," muttered the benedict. "Well, there's only one way out of that—let's go back to the club."—Stray Stories.

Clearly Not.

Physician—What are your habits as regards outdoor recreation?

Haggard Caller—I haven't time for that, doctor. You see, I have to ride two hours every day on one of the interurban railway lines and—

Physician (hastily interrupting)—Him! It isn't exercise you need, anyhow.

His Natural Grade.

"I see where the baby prince of Spain is an officer in the army. In what division is he?"

"I don't know, but it's natural to suppose that he is in the infantry."—Baltimore American.

City Supplied the Novelty.

Tourist (to native)—Look here, my man, I suppose you know all the sights down here?

Native (surveying him with interest)—O, no, mister, there's always new ones a-comin'.

SWINGS MINE DEAL

YOUNG GIRL MAKES SALE OF PROPERTY FOR \$200,000.

Eighteen-Year-Old Stenographer of Denver Shows Western Pluck in Handling Business During Absence of Employer.

Denver.—Out in the wilds of Wyoming 18 years ago, on one of the big cow camps, there came into existence a woe mite of humanity. The howl of the coyote, the screech of the eagle and the merry song of the cow boy in his round-up fitted tunelessly to the lute cry of the babe.

It was an advent to western life under western conditions. The little human bud, born of the plains, reared and educated by nature among the carmine blossoms of the cacti and the odorous sage-brush, imbued with the natural instinct of slapping the brand tag iron on the calf when it is roped, has pushed her way into commercial importance in a manner that many a tired business man might well envy.

For an 18-year-old girl to turn a \$200,000 deal is no common occurrence. It would cause many a man of the great commercial world to cheat up a bit, but when Miss Lulu K. Thomas, of Denver, induced eastern capitalists to "sign up" for nearly a quarter of a million of dollars she showed no signs of having done anything out of the ordinary, but turned around to her typewriter and with a sigh of relief which meant: "Well, I hope the boss will be pleased," she commenced the old grind of getting out dictations.

Miss Thomas entered the employ of a local mining company about two years ago, when she was but 16. She has learned the business from top to bottom, and a week ago when her employer found it necessary to be out of the city for a few days he left the girl in charge with instructions to "sell the Sanare de Cristo mine if you get a chance."

Negotiations had been under head way some time with eastern capitalists for the Sanare de Cristo mine, in southern Colorado, but matters were dragging very unsatisfactorily. Two days after Miss Thomas had been left in charge of the office in the Temple Court building, Fifteenth and California streets, a lawyer and two other gentlemen called.

"What can we do for you?" asked the girl.

"Oh, nothing, I am afraid," replied the lawyer, with a look of disappointment. "We came here to see about the Sanare de Cristo mine, but you say the boss will not back for a week."

"That is true, but possibly I can attend to the matter," said the little stenographer.

"Well, it's a pretty big deal, and—pardon me—but I hardly think you better take it up now," and the lawyer looked upon the wee mite of a girl in a sort of "you-think-you-can-but-you-can't" way, and the callers started out.

"Now, look here," said the girl, in true western style, "if you mean business and want that mine you better take it, and take it right now, too. You are not the only buyers after the Sanare de Cristo mine, and besides, I can handle the deal if you want it."

This was an eye-opener. The man sat down, talked the matter over carefully, and in half an hour the whole deal had been transacted, the papers having been previously signed and Miss Thomas duly authorized to close the deal.

It was one of the biggest deals that have been turned for some time, and Miss Thomas is receiving congratulations. A gold-studded check and a vacation on "full pay" were her reward.

CAMEL'S RECORD OUTDONE.

Illinois Woman Goes 35 Years Drinking Only Tea, and That at Meals.

Alton, Ill.—Mrs. Mary Craig, living on the line between Jersey and Well counties, ten miles north of Alton, lived 35 years without drinking water. She is 77 years of age and is strong enough to serve as housekeeper for her son, William Craig, with whom she lives on his farm. Early in life she was the wife of a steward on an ocean vessel, and she spent so much time at sea she stopped drinking water entirely. At meal times she would drink a cup of tea, and never took