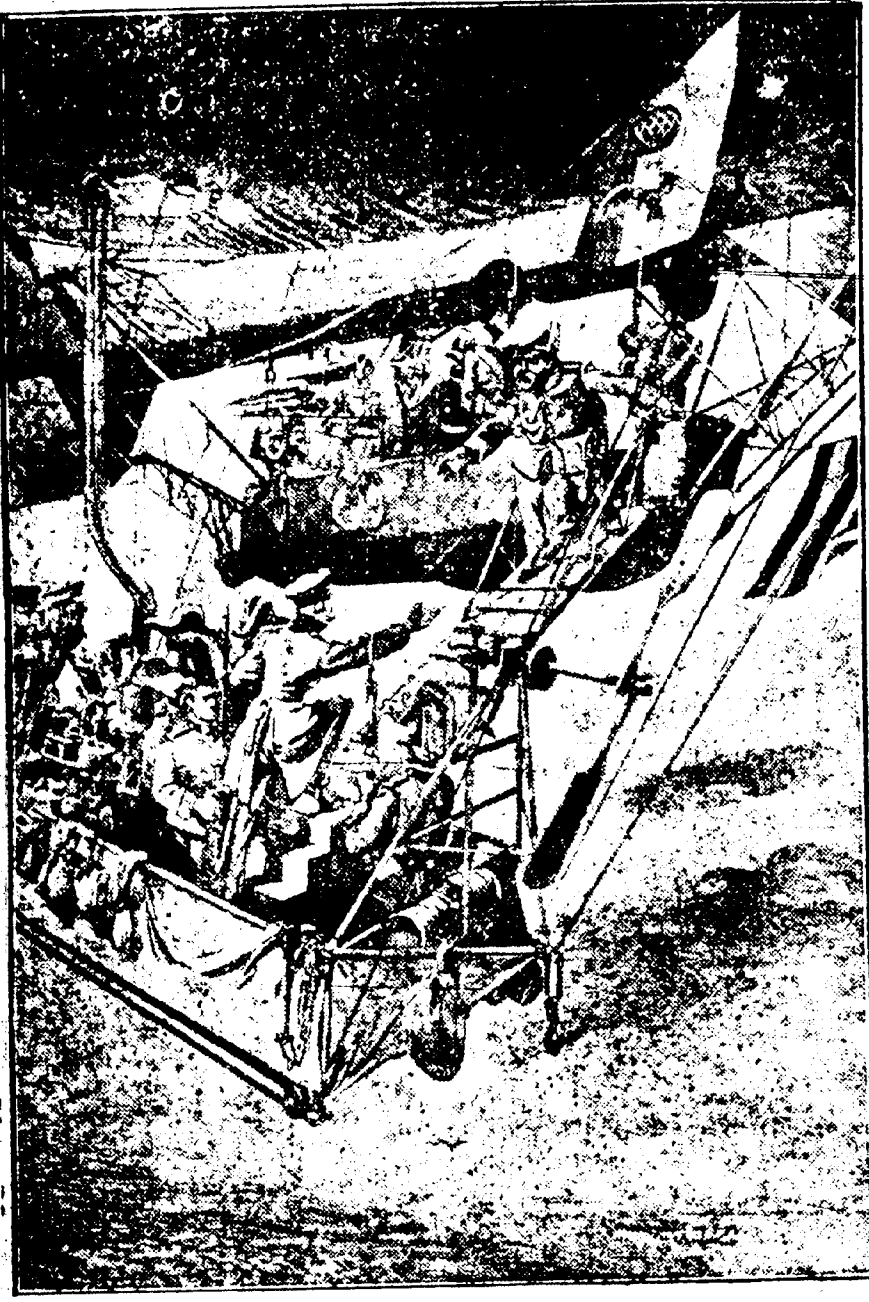


A ROYAL MEETING OF THE FUTURE



A German artist, firmly convinced that the aeroplane and the navigable balloon have come to stay, insists that in a few years such a meeting as the one pictured above will be comparatively common. He shows the Kaiser and King Edward of England meeting in mid-air accompanied by military ceremony.

HIS THRIFTY COUR, IN REVOLT.

Cause of Deacon's Opposition to Pastor's Exchange of Pulpits.

Although the Rev. Mr. Carter knew that the senior deacon of his new church was a thrifty New Englander, he was not entirely prepared for some of the evidences of Deacon Getchell's peculiar thrift. "I don't know as I favor your exchanging with the Harborville minister more than once in the year," said the deacon, shaking his head at Mr. Carter's suggestion of a second exchange. "I thought you all enjoyed his preaching," said the minister, with surprise. "I had understood so."

ACT AS SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's. Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself in her eyes in some magnificent way—to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe.

A Harder Job.

The tributes to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way. "He's a real good boy, that boy of yours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and Capt. Lothrop James added his word of approval.

A Fairy Story of To-Day.

They were going to the theater. He had reached home at 6:30 o'clock, and an hour later was ready to start. There was just time to reach the playhouse by eight. She had had nothing to do all afternoon except to dress, yet it was 8:1 when she came from her room with her hat and coat on. "I am afraid we shall be late," she said.

Their Marks.

"The seal or signet ring," said a jeweler, "once had a very practical use. In the Middle Ages, when nobody but the priests could write, men stamped documents with their signet rings, as the illiterate now make their marks. The signet rings of noblemen bore the owner's crest or arms. The rings of merchants bore intricate monograms, trademark or the like. There are certain old continental firms that preserve in cabinets the seal rings worn by their founders—rings whose seals are inscribed with the trademarks still in use."

Not That Color.

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come quick; there's Fido! I saw him!" the family grew somewhat dubious. One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried. "I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!" "Oh, no; I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Disappearing Home Life.

The flat dweller ought not to keep a dog, prefers not to keep a cat, cannot have a garden, has no chance of keeping a house, has no possible place for memories and, most emphatically of all, has no use or accommodation for babies. Although it may be possible to make homes without kittens, or babies, or flowers, or memories, or cupboards, the spirit of home is hard to woo and win without any of them.—Fortnightly Review.

ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT.

Listener Kindly Supplied Most Important Part of Story.

"Then," said the teller of the thrilling war story, "the intrepid general swung himself on his trusty steed." The listeners leaned forward. "And plunged through fire and smoke onward where duty called him." The suspense began to grow breathless. "About him scores of men dropped dead or wounded." The suspense flashed growing breathless. "But still he galloped onward, erect and fearless. At last he reached the front ranks. He waved his sword. With a wild cheer the shattered ranks closed up. Led by that intrepid man, they advanced. Everywhere the enemy gave way before him. The day was won. He had snatched victory from defeat."

WAS NO PLACE FOR LUCINDA.

Unfortunate Reference to "Ha'n'ts" Drove Colored Maid Forth.

When the southern lady left town and moved to the old manor house of her ancestors, she was accompanied by her maid. "And now, Lucinda," remarked the mistress, as she showed the maid through the gloomy old mansion, "here are the haunts of my great-grandparents." The next day Lucinda packed her trunk and started for the station. "But what in the world is the matter?" demanded her mistress, in surprise. "Haven't we treated you right?" "Oh, yes," assured Lucinda, keeping an eye on the dark, wide hallways. "Then why in the world are you leaving without notice?" "Ah, can't help it, missus; Ah can't help it. Ah couldn't think ob workin' any place where dere was ha'n'ts."

Aunt Harriet's Omnipotence.

In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. On one occasion a grand-niece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at a playmate and stamping her foot, said: "I hate you, and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your man servant, nor your maid servant, nor your ox, nor your ass." Her mother sternly reproved her, asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes, the ten commandments."

How to Keep Young.

It is true that the neophobia of the old has its cause in mental attitude rather than in physical decay. It is not that the mental power is less, but it is natural for a man to rely on the thinking he did in his twenties and to refuse to reopen questions he "settled" half a lifetime ago. This atrophy of thought can be avoided if the danger is foreseen, and a man deliberately forms the habit of breaking thought habits. It can be escaped if a man recognizes that he is borne on a stream of social change and that, instead of trusting to the perspective in which things appeared in his youth, he must look and look again.—From Social Psychology, by E. A. Ross.

Bloom on the Egg.

"I know these eggs, at least, are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket, a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off my hands." Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh. "In that case," he said, "I will forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new-laid sort."

Dolls Become Idols.

A lady missionary recently left Crocydon for Qua Boo, on the west coast of Africa, taking with her a large assortment of dolls to give to native girls. On arrival, however, the missionary already there decided that the intended gifts should not be distributed, "because," it is explained, "the instinct of worship would in all probability exact the dolls to the position of idols." So they are all being sent back to England.

Careers for Young Men.

In a wider sense than ever the world lies all before the young—especially the young who possess ability—for them to choose. Many possible careers lie open to a man where only one presented itself 50 years ago. Able men find many other openings, each and all more financially remunerative. The church has ceased to be one of the three professions to which a young man's eyes were inevitably turned.—The Sunday Strand.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE IN FRENCH LAW

Hard to Correct.

Curious difficulties occasionally beset young people who wish to marry in France. A young Frenchman proposed recently to a Miss Eugenie and was accepted. The parents began collecting the mass of legal papers required for French marriages. Among the first to be obtained was Miss Eugenie's birth certificate, and when they got it they found that she was registered a boy. She is put down in the big book as a male, and a male she remains legally and administratively. Her parents pointed out first, that she was obviously, de facto, a girl; second, that the Christian name of Eugenie entered in the register was feminine; and third, that if she had been a boy she would already have been called up for the conscription, being of age. The authorities replied that none of these arguments were legally and administratively valid, and that she continued to be a boy.

WITH THE AIR HE BREATHED

Emigrant from the Green Isle Absorbed Americanism.

How long it requires an Irishman to become an American is another story. The federal statutes, of course, have their own crude opinions on the subject; but those authorities are apt to be influenced by prosaic fact rather than by divine instinct. It is told of two steerage passengers whose steamer entered New York on the morning of the glorious Fourth, that one of them, an Englishman, listened a few minutes to the tremendous cannonade and cracker firing that ushered in the dawn of Freedom. At last he turned to his companion and wondered what was the meaning of all the "blooming row." The other smiled scornfully. "Arrah, g'wan, you foreigner! This is the day we bate ye!"—Sunday Magazine.

Rare Gases in the Air.

Samples of pure air from a height of eight and one-half miles have been collected by Teisserence de Fort, the French investigator, in his observations on the rare gases, especially argon, neon and helium. The collecting apparatus—a vacuum tube drawn out to a fine point at one end—was carried up by a large sounding balloon. At the desired height an electromagnet device operated by a barometer broke off the point admitting the air, and a few minutes later a second contact sent a battery current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All samples thus obtained show argon and neon, no helium being found in air from above six miles.

The Way to His Vote.

Lord Beaconsfield's skill in picking up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a recent book by Mr. Henry W. Lucy. At the time that the "Imperial Titles Bill" was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was desirable. One evening in the lobby, Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder. "Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking," he said. "I really thought I saw again my old friend, Tom Moore." The vain little gentleman was captured.—Youth's Companion.

Lost Appetite.

A plant was found in India, a species of "veratrum," a small portion of which was taken medicinally by a victim of dyspepsia. He could neither eat nor drink without the greatest agony, yet he had to ride 20 miles a day in his avocation. After the second dose his stomach was renewed and his appetite returned. The plant is called "Indian's root." Let us have a bit of it. There are 7,000,000 adults in America who have no stomachs. They approach the breakfast table in fear and trembling, crying: "Oh, my God; have I got to eat again!"—N. Y. Press.

Skating.

Skating is believed to have been invented in northern Europe in prehistoric times. William FitzStephen speaks of it in London toward the end of the twelfth century; but it did not really catch hold until the Cavaliers who had been in exile with Charles II, brought it with them from Holland. On December 1, 1662, Mr. Pepys, having occasion to cross the park, "first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skates, which is a very pretty art." On the 8th he went purposely to see the sight and again found it "very pretty."

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations." "Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa. "Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

Not for Him.

The Post—I understand you have furnished rooms for rent? The Landlady—The only thing I have at present is a handsome furnished suite on the first floor. The Post—I'm afraid that would be a little too sweet for me.

YOUNGSTERS TAUGHT TO SMOKE

Two Centuries Ago English Children Carried Pipes to School.

The practice of juvenile smoking in this country in the seventeenth century was practically universal, says the London Chronicle. Jorvin de Rochefort, a French traveler of that time, in an account published in 1671 gives a description of an evening he spent in Worcester. He was catechized by one of the townsmen as to the habits of the French people. "While we were talking about the town," he writes, "he asked me if it was the custom in France, as in England, that when the children went to school they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, in an account published in 1671 gives a description of an evening he spent in Worcester. He was catechized by one of the townsmen as to the habits of the French people. "While we were talking about the town," he writes, "he asked me if it was the custom in France, as in England, that when the children went to school they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, in that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw their tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health."

HOW BEETHOVEN BECAME DEAF.

Injured in Excess of Anger Caused by Inopportune Tenor.

Beethoven gave the following account of how he became deaf to Charles Neate. "I had to deal with a tiresome and capricious tenor. I had already written two great arias to the same words, neither of which pleased him, and a third, which he did not care for the first time he tried it, but which he took away with him. I was thanking heaven that I was rid of him and had settled down to something else when in less than an hour I recognized his knock at the door. "I sprang up from my table in such a rage that as the man came in at the door I flung myself on the floor as they do on the stage I fell on my hands, and when I got up I found I was deaf. The doctor said I had injured the nerves. "Lovers of the great master can occupy themselves thinking of things they would like to do to the luckless tenor."

Why They Quit the Farm.

One farm hand has learned the cause of so many sons and daughters leaving the beautiful farm and country and going to the city. A lack of order and system on the farm and too long hours for a day are what is driving the best minds from the farm to the city and shop, he says. What can we expect of a hand, or the farmer's wife and her posterity, in the way of intellectual development when they get out of their beds at 3:30 in the morning and work from that time until eight or nine p. m. And no attention paid to the sanitary conditions of the home and necessary conveniences on the farm for doing the farm work with the least labor and time.—Norwich (Conn.) Record.

Wanted the Painkiller.

Whenever two-year-old Ruland bumped his inquisitive head or bruised his adventurous body a bottle of some good old-fashioned lotion was brought out and some of its soothing contents applied to the injured part. Recently Ruland received his first spanking, an experience which was to him totally new, strange and mystifying. About all he understood of it was that it hurt and immediately after being allowed to wriggle off of the maternal knee he toddled toward the shelf on which stood his old friend, the bottle, and with hands upraised cried imploringly: "Botty, botty, give Wuland botty twick!"—Kansas City Times.

Revealing Ancient History.

In Laconia, Greece, where excavations are being carried on vigorously by English archeologists, the latest finds confirm many assertions by ancient authors concerning the Spartans. It becomes definitely known that Lacedaemonia was formed by the union of five villages; that only priestesses and citizens fallen in battle were buried; that children were bred in public, etc. But the most fortunate discovery is that of the most ancient Doric temple known. It dates from 600 B. C. It is built partly of wood and partly of sun-baked bricks.

An Experienced Walker.

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker. "He is a walker?" someone said. "Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, mark me, he will win." "Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice. Mr. Hayes laughed. "No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

Not the Kind They'd Keep.

"Is your climate rather changeable?" asked the tourist. "No, it isn't," answered the old settler who always contradicted. "If it was, don't you suppose we'd have changed it for something else years ago?"—Stray Stories.

Striving to Please.

"Yes," said the housewife, "yours is a sad story. But it isn't the same story you told last year." "Well, lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you surely wouldn't expect a man to go all day and not show any improvement!"