

THE FIRST STANDING ARMY.

Historians Agree That It Was Made Necessary by Building of the Chinese Wall.

To describe the warlike use of the wall properly, a military historian is needed, who can set forth accurately and technically all the strategy involved and the weapons employed in detail or in a lay view may help the general reader.

The very conception of a chain of thousands of strong blockhouses, linked by a rampart, and stretching over more than a thousand miles, he takes a mind that can conceive great measures. Vast resources were needed to execute the idea and to defend the wall when once erected.

VERDICT NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

Colored Jurymen Had Done Their Best, But Thing Sought For Was Not in Evidence.

A lawyer from New Orleans tells the story about a jury trial in a little obscure village, somewhere in Louisiana. "Of course, strange as it may seem, the jury in this trial was made up entirely of negroes. It seems that all the available white men were either at work or had gone hunting or fishing.

"When the evidence was all in and the prosecuting attorney, a white man, of course, had submitted the case without argument, the accused, fortunately, had no counsel—the judge, also a white man, ordered the jury, which could not agree in the box, to retire to an adjoining room and find a verdict.

"The jury retired. At last the judge would stand it no longer, and went in person to the room to see what was delaying the verdict. He found each of the jurymen crawling around on the floor peering under chairs and tables, and also into corners. The court was amazed. He did not know whether the whole jury had gone crazy or what was the matter.

"Here," he thundered, "what are you diggers doing?" The foreman arose, and, making humble obeisance, answered: "Yo' honah, tain't no use, we jes' haint find no verdict in dis here room. Fact is, yo' honah, I doan 't h'eb dere's verdict in here nohow."—Central Law Journal.

Consternation in Drawing Room. In "Stories of a Famous London Drawing Room," in the August McClure's, William H. Riding says: "The company always included many delightful women, and I remember the consternation caused among them one day by Burnham, the scout. He explained that he attributed his success as a scout to the acuteness of his sense of smell; it was like bloodhound's. There's no one here today," he affirmed, "who at any time anywhere in the future I could recognize in the dark. Yes, I could tell you, and you, and you, noddit at an alluring group in modish apparel, by the way you smell."

Decline of Ancient English Fair. After being held annually for 800 years Bosc Green pleasure fair has practically ceased to exist. Established by charter of Henry III, it ranked as one of the largest fairs in England for merchandise and lasted three weeks. All the large traveling shows in the country used to attend and they covered nearly four acres of ground. The fair is now limited to two days and when it commenced it only consisted of a few cheap penny devices.

Why Did You? "Why do women marry?" inquires the Baltimore American. "Usually because men ask them. Give us a hard one," says the New York Herald. "All right! Why do men ask them?" "But why call this still harder when you can answer it yourself?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ATE THE "DOCTORED" MELON.

Cow's Glimpse of High Life That Forever Gave Her a Distate for Ordinary Things.

On the hon-suckle-wreathed porch in the pleasant twilight the farmer told to his city boarders stories more or less true of country life.

"That cow Sukey of mine," he said, "won't touch watermelon unless it's champagne-soaked, New York style. Think of that now!"

The boarders thought of it with a good deal of cynical laughter.

"It came about like this," the farmer resumed. "I had a broker here last year who got very sweet on a young lady boarder, the daughter of a divine. Hearing the girl say she loved watermelon, the broker selected a splendid fruit himself in the township, brought it home, injected a full quart bottle of the best champagne into it, and put it in the icebox for dinner."

It seems the cook when she sliced open the melon—the injection had left no scars—smelt the liquor and thought the thing was spoiled. So saying nothing, she tossed it into the swillbox in the garden.

There old Sukey found it. She was wiser than the cook. She soon finished it off, lock, stock and barrel. Then she staggered to a shady tree, lay down, and snored like a cheap motor car for seven or eight hours."

"She woke up in a wretched temper, but she went to look at an ordinary undoctor'd melon since that day," he said.—Buffalo Express.

MESSINA'S ONE-LEGGED HERO

Cripple Who Rose to Heights of Heroism During the Disaster to Italian City.

A young man, a cripple, with only one leg clambering with a crutch among the ruins, saved scores of people, says a writer in McClure's, giving an account of the Messina earthquake. Untrusting he searched among the wreckage, he brought back to us everything he could find, he took bits of chocolate out of his mouth to put into the mouth, forever open, of crying children. A marvel in truth, was the forethought of this man. Where did he unearth a crate of apples? He hid them, he defended them from the violence of the winds; and through the night he went among the ruins, distributing quarters of apples to each one of us in his turn, with calculating parsimony, with implacable justice. He explored the ruined city in every direction, to find a way to escape, to open a road for us. We could see him hinging like a mountain goat over the edge of frightful precipices. At night he never rested unless it were to make a pillow for himself for those who did not know where to lay their heads, amid the mire, the blood and the ruin. The name of this hero is Salvatore Stelliario.

Macadam and Vegetables. With good roads you would not need to buy your vegetables in the country. In many parts of New England small fruits and vegetables are bought from dealers who send to New York. New York gets them from New Jersey and Delaware, and the south. Your New York farmer does not raise vegetables in quantities because until recently roads did not permit him to market such a perishable product in quantities. This holds good of the very place where I live in New England. The same condition exists in the cow country and the grain country. Potatoes and onions your Dakota farmer can market in quantities. Therefore he raises them; but because bad roads cut him off from the market half the year he does not raise the more perishable vegetables. Vegetables he buys from California at fancy prices—another tax for bad roads. In fact, owing to bad roads there have been seasons when New Yorkers were paying \$1 a bushel for their potatoes and western farmers were glad to sell them at 15 cents for pig feed and starch.—Collier's Weekly.

Prof. Dayton C. Miller of Cleveland, O., says he has discovered a means of photographing sound. He claims by the use of his device it will be possible to distinguish on films the difference between the human voice and the tones of a musical instrument. The invention directly photographs the sound waves, magnifying them 2,600 times, and recording them on films.

In his invention Prof. Miller has used a harmonic analyzer, an instrument made in Switzerland, which separates sound waves into their component parts.—Van Norden Magazine.

Washing Pets. Cats and dogs should be washed at least once a week, says a writer. Do not keep the cats in a draft while the fur is drying. Any cat, even the alloy breed, is liable to suffer from oarache. Use warm water with a good amount of borax. Never rub soap on the fur or hair; have it dissolved ready for use. Keep the little poodle dogs on a blanket to dry. Cut the hair away from the eyes. This fringe that hangs over the eyes will cause blindness.

Magnetic. "I want a man with some expertness as a public performer," explained the stout man. "I think I'll do," said the applicant hopefully. "I'm the only man on our block who uses a lawn mower in the evenings"—Puck.

DEATH, THE GREAT LEVELER.

In the Republic of the Grave There is No Rank or Standing or Privilege.

In the democracy of the dead, all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor standing nor privilege in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dainties, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures, the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity which makes life so cruel and inexplicable ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished—John Ingalls.

LOVE OF MONEY AND POWER.

Two Traits That Are Distinctly American, But Lacking Wisdom, They Are as Nothing.

It would hardly be thought necessary for anyone now to advise young men about to leave college to "honor money, honor money-getting and honor power," yet such was the strong note of a recent orator at Dartmouth. If there is anything on earth or under the earth that oncoming Americans do not need to have urged upon them, it is love of money and love of power.

This may be said without indorsing in any respect the malicious, and, for the greater part, insincere attacks upon wealth so often made by demagogues and hypocrites. The passion for money and the obsession of money-getting have become altogether too conspicuous as American traits. They bring little content to those who are thus afflicted, and they awaken resentment in the breasts of millions.

In spite of new teachings and practices, knowledge still is power. Supplemented by wealth, knowledge becomes power, triumphant. Without wisdom the power of money is lawless and destructive—a curse to its possessor and an evil example to the world.

Conditional. The man of wealth showed her the check.

"This," he said, "will pay for a new piano for your daughter. I admire her ambition and her patience. She deserves to become a great artist."

The devoted mother smiled rapturously. "Ah," she cried, "you are too generous, sir! You are a true patron of the divine art! My daughter's efforts will be redoubled. Instead of practicing four hours a day, she will practice eight. Thank you, kind sir, thank you!"

"One moment, madam," the man of wealth hastily interrupted. "There is a small condition attached to my gift. Your daughter must sign this paper. It pledges her not to play the new piano within ten miles of my residence, or any of my apartment houses."

He held the check in one hand, while with the other he passed the contract.

Dogs Superior to Men. Dogs are property. Men are merely human beings, and as compared with the rights of property in dogs the rights of human beings go for the most part by the board. The owners of dog property may be and usually are outnumbered four or forty to one in any well-settled community, but the minority's dog property may make night hideous for the majority and apparently the majority is helpless without redress. Such are the safe guards which the law throws around property in dogs that it is more difficult to prove that the dogs of any given owner of dog property are pestilential disturbers of the peace than it is to prove a human being guilty of murder. Those who have tried this have found it to be so.

The Man of Fifty. The man of 50 may lack something in both ambition and energy, but he has the advantages of experience and sounder judgment. His years have been ill spent if he has not acquired a degree of wisdom. As for capacity, no employer of 50 or 60 years will admit that he is less able to do his part in the world than he was 25 years before. He probably rates his own powers considerably higher than they were at the earlier age, and if he retires from business at the latter period he does not confess that it is because he is no longer able to attend to his affairs as well as he ever did. He ought to be willing to judge of the ability of other men of his age with equal favor.

A Myth Officer. "What makes your youngest son so eager for athletics?" "Filial admiration," answered the worried-looking mother. "He betters all the stories his father tells about the wonderful things he did when he was a boy and is trying to equal the record."

NOT SUBJECT FOR CRITICISM.

Man Who Made Unthinking Comment on Little Teacher Made Haste to Change the Subject.

Two men were seated at a table in a downtown restaurant, when a little, thin woman, wearing an N. E. A. ribbon, took a place opposite them. She ordered some buttered toast and coffee. In 15 minutes she was through. She paid a dime to the cashier and went out. One of the men looked at the other and smiled.

"She didn't eat very much," said the other.

"She'll never be of extrava-gance" came from the first. "Ten cents for dinner. Say, she's worse than Rus-sell Sage ever was."

The other man was quiet a moment. Then he said: "I know who she is, although I'm not acquainted with her. She teaches school in a little town in Kansas. In all she works seven months a year and gets \$15 a month. She probably saved all year to take this trip to Denver."

The man who had made fun of the little thin school teacher scolded. "I wonder," he said, "why I, Denver's baseball fan, can't win more games."—Denver Post.

MADE DIVISION OF REMAINS.

Peculiar Circumstance Connected with the Disposition of the Body of Great Musician.

Lincoln, Gladstone, Chopin and all the great ones who would have reached their hundredth year had they lived till 1909, he deeply mourned, each in his country to whom history he gave honor," says Paul Herden, in the Berlin Post. "Some rest amid pomp and splendor, others simply, but all decently—all except Haydn, whose body lies in the Esterhazy vault at Eisenstadt, while his head is in Vienna. The head was stolen by a scientific ghoul named Peter, ten days after the burial. Peter had a collection of skulls, which he was compelled to break up, and the Haydn skull went to one Rosenbaum, through whom it was conveyed, years later, and by a circuitous route, to the Vienna conservatory. Dr. Lutzer, the mayor of Vienna, showed great anger at a recent meeting when he referred to the body of the composer of Austria's national anthem lying in Hungary, but was consoled when the fact of the head's being in Vienna was mentioned."

Ravens and the Hapsburgs. Henri de Weiddel tells the story of the late Empress Elizabeth and the ravens which Maximus Jokel gave in an article at the time of her majesty's tragic death.

Early in her life Elizabeth wrote some verses in Hungarian on the subject of the raven, the bird of ill omen, which plays a great part in the history of the Hapsburgs. According to the imperial postess a flight of ravens was hovering over Olmutz when Francis Joseph received from his uncle's hands the crown which was destined to inflict him with such miseries.

A raven followed Maximilian and Charlotte on their last walk before their departure for Mexico, and when Maria Christina was starting to receive the crown of Spain, which was one day to be so grievous a burden, a raven flew over the horses' heads and accompanied the carriage to the railway station. These incidents were the subject of the poem.

Fish Story of North Carolina.

A fish who would a-traveling go proved himself the champion jumper of the sound and landed in the tender of the Norfolk & Southern mail train and came on up to Kinston, where he was presented by Engineer Jack Neal to Mr. June Stevenson.

Capt. Neal told him that as the train was crossing the Beaufort-Moorehead bridge, recently he saw a fish jump out of the water and rising about 15 feet in the air land in the tender of his engine. His fireman, Alonzo Williams, picked it up and it was found to be a small hogfish. This is straight and vouched for by Capt. Neal and Fireman Williams and Capt. Will Hinant. That is sufficient evidence for us and we accept it unequivocally.—Rocky Mount Record.

Talk to Interest.

To keep a man interested—whether the man be your husband or lover—is to talk about things with which he is familiar and which he likes.

Shirtwaists are very useful and may be made quite ornamental by little insertion here and there, but men do not care how they are made.

Neither do they hunger and thirst after new cookery receipts. The housemaid's blunders and Johnny's tendency to wear out the knees of his stockings are important to you and any other woman who can afford a housemaid and has a Johnny to darn for, but you simply can't make a man see their importance, so why try?

Terrifying Threat.

"Halt or I'll shoot at you!" cried the policeman.

The hold-up man only laughed and continued to sprint.

"If you don't halt I'll shoot up in the air!" shouted the cop, desperately. The criminal threw up both hands and submitted to arrest. Liberty was dear to him, but the risk was too great.

In the Garden.

Rose—Isn't that vine a fool to run up so many feet in a single season? Tulip—I should say so, but, you see, he's only a sucker.

ACCEPT VERDICT OF YEARS.

And Thus, and This, and That, Can a Woman Be Said to Have the Best of Life.

Woman has been told, to the 29 years mark, at least, that she is to her portion. It's always the same old claim. It's on one hand, and it's for lack of recognizing those that so many women who wish to hold their youth grow old and gray.

"Timely" when it comes to the terms. This motto was adopted by a charming grandmother, in her 60's. She had made the motto of Emerson's, "Be saying her own, and make no visible effort after youth." To say, "I was away in my hair, and for my hair face had its hair, but my hair had been tried by the sun, not by the sun. Young in spirit at any age, she entered a fate for competition with sweet sixteen. She knew better. The people who like sweet sixteen do not like 65, however made up to resemble it. But it is equally true that the people who like 45 when it is dawning, do not care for sweet sixteen to any extent. On these terms, accepting their frankly, 46 can work out its own salvation, but only on those terms. That was her wisdom.

A woman, indeed, who does not belong among her contemporaries, so to speak, can never have the best of life. A child who prefers other people to play-fellows has not an ideal childhood. A girl who is too serious and mature for her age loses the lovely comradeship of youth. And equally, a woman who refuses to enter middle age with her contemporaries loses the pleasures of middle age, which are real pleasures, and is very apt to make herself ridiculous in the bargain. Youth of spirit can be had at 50, at 60, at 70, on the abiding terms. Accepting life as it ripens is to ripen with it, and to cease to grow old by losing that fear of growing old, which is the most unhappy part of the passing of the years.—Montreal Herald.

HE DISTURBED THE SCHEDULE.

Unfortunate Result of Man's Interference in the Affairs of the Household.

The Von Doe family has a clock that runs an hour in every 24. It comes pretty near to requiring an account and a card index for the Von Does to tell the exact time. First they must recall the last time the clock was set and then subtract from the time recorded one hour for every day since the clock had the same time as other clocks.

When John Von Doe arose the other morning he looked at his watch and turned the clock back an hour, assuming a duty that usually had fallen upon his wife.

That afternoon he called up his wife to tell her he would bring two friends home for dinner and to be sure to have the meal on time.

When they arrived at six o'clock Mrs. Von Doe sat in her chair reading a magazine and hadn't made a move toward getting anything to eat. The conversation turned to the clock.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Von Doe, "I thought it must be about as late as the clock said and I called up the telephone exchange a while ago. The girl said it was six o'clock, the same as the clock did, but I didn't believe her because I hadn't set the clock back and I never knew it to be less than an hour fast."

Bourbons Played Out.

The Bourbons, in the old phrase, "learned nothing and forgot nothing," and so they are played out. They do not suit modern conditions. In the old days they had produced the great Conde and such monarchs as Henry IV. and Louis XIV. of France. But in the great crises of the last century they gave Europe only men like Louis XVIII. of France, who ran away to Belgium when Napoleon returned from Elba, leaving his friends to die for him in the Hundred Days; like the infamous king "Bomba" of the Two Sicilies and his son Francis, whom Garibaldi so easily vanquished, and like the amiable connoisseur of ballet performances who has just passed away.

Modern Europe no longer cuts off the heads of such would-be rulers by divine right over better men, but it sees no reason for intrusting to them the difficult task of directing governments.

The Way of a Woman.

The suffragette was practicing her address for the Woman's Rights club at her own little home. Her words were defiant. "Women are the real rulers," she orated. "Men are marionettes. Since the beginning of time woman has been the real power behind the throne; now she fearlessly demands her place on the throne. She is triumphant; she defies the world; she—"

The doorbell rang. The man with the book agent manners bowed. "May I see the head of the house a moment?" "He is not at home," said the suffragette, slamming the door and resuming her oratory. "Let me see, where was I?"—Lippincott's.

What He Thought.

"Pa what do you call a person that reads heads?" "A phrenologist, my boy." "Yes? Then he must be one of those things. She felt of my head this afternoon and said right away: 'You've been swimming.'"—Detroit Free Press.

ATHLETICS AND "THE GATE."

Some Possibility That the Latter Is Out of Place on University Playing Fields.

When one figures up how many professors could be paid or how many students assisted, if \$200,000 could be divided up among them, the expenditure of that sum at Yale last year on what are called the four major sports seems large. The particular money, however, could hardly have been secured for any except the uses to which it was put, and as from those same sports there were receipts amounting to \$110,000, the financial showing, as such, is satisfactory, or at least better than it would have been with the balance on the other side of the ledger. The boys who have done these big sums, too, showed by keeping within their income that they are getting out of athletics a certain amount of business training.

It is noticeable, looking at the matter from this point of view, that only football was profitable. Baseball comes out only a little better than even, but rowing and track sports had to be debited with heavy losses. The business man would therefore say, "Drop rowing and track sports, run time baseball under a suspended sentence, and devote red-hot attention to football." That notion of the kind will be done or even considered is proof that the whole idea of combining business with sport is somehow wrong, and that the amateurs who attempt it are veering toward professionalization so far as their financial outlook is concerned.

The ideal method would be to make nothing at all out of sports, but to consider the money spent on them, not as a loss, but as the price of physical development and innocent amusement, both of which are worth buying and paying well for. "The gate," some observers cannot help thinking, is out of place on university playing fields. All the abuses and excesses of athletics are due to it or related to it, and without it most of them would disappear.

WONDERFUL WEAPON OF WAR.

Immense Possibilities in New Engine of Destruction—Both Sides Are Involved.

Mr. Francis Bowles, president of the Erie River Shipbuilding Company, recently chief constructor of the United States navy, relates a good story, showing the humorous side of the daily life of the head of a big ship building concern.

A perfectly normal-looking man recently called on Mr. Bowles at his office and explained at some length that he was an inventor possessing an invention which would revolutionize modern warfare. Thinking that the easiest way to be rid of his unwell come guest would be to hear him out, Mr. Bowles ordered the gentleman to be brief. The inventor then proceeded to outline this modern engine of war as a torpedo whose course and speed were to be arranged, directed and controlled from the firing ship at a distance of several miles, so that said torpedo would navigate itself nicely into the middle of an enemy's formation. On arrival at this point a key touched on the firing ship would detonate the high explosive contained in this new torpedo, causing a hole in the sea of 500 feet depth and proportionate diameter.

Into this "hole" the enemy's fleet was to drop accommodatingly. The sinking of the waters would form a wave of a hundred feet in height, which would swamp any opponent so fortunate as to avoid being dropped "in the hole." The inventor did not mention the effect of said wave on the "home talent" anxiously awaiting the outcome on the firing ship. Upon the lack of a proper show of enthusiasm by Mr. Bowles the caller regarded him disapprovingly, but brightened considerably as he was about to leave by offering the chief a thirty-day option on his invention.

Missing Islands.

It is reported that the Nimrod, the stout little ship that carried Lieut. Shackleton and his men to Antarctica, has accepted a commission that will lengthen her homeward voyage by a few weeks. She is going to search for some missing islands. They are on the map, but whether they are actually in existence is very doubtful. A group bearing her own name—the Nimrods—was searched for in 1951 and could not be found. Another, the Emerald—not our Iberian sister—has not been seen since 1841, when it was described as possessing "lofty, high peaked mountains." "Dougherty Island" has not been sighted for half a century. Possibly the convivial mariners of a bygone generation, surveying the horizon through capacious tumblers, occasionally fancied they saw islands as well as sea serpents.

Sportive Prospects.

"You have settled a liberal allowance on your titled son-in-law?" "I have," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Do you think he can manage to keep out of debt?" "I dunno about that. One of us is bound to feel more or less pinched. Which it is will probably depend on whether I can persuade him to play poker or he can induce me to try basketball."

A Literary Note.

Summer Boarder (just arrived from Boston)—What are the six best sellers in this locality? Farmer Stubblegrass—That depends on whether you want to store potatoes or cider in 'em.—Puck.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Publ. par la Nouvelle-Orleans, sous la direction de M. J. B. P. 112.8