CLOTHES A BUSINESS ASSET

Beit-Supporting Woman Who Would Succeed Should Be Well Dressed.

Any woman who has her way to make in the world, whether in social or business circles, must recognize that dress is one of her chief assets. a writer in the Delinestor says. The officiency of a saleswoman, a stenog rapher, a teacher- in fact of any womon who works -- is judged by her dress Shabbiness is almost always taken as a sign of all success and it is a popuar if somewhat fallacious theory that teal merit and ability always succeed Carelessness is quite as blighting to nes prespects as shabbiness. It may not be altogether just or fair, but it is true that wherever you go your so-. al position, your income, success or fulling your ability and character are;

appraised by the clothes you wear. If nere starting in business-I don't rare in what capacity-and had only a very little money to invest, I would put it into clothes-clothes that were suitable, attractive and well made. It is what financiers call "a good risk" -an investment that is almost certain te turn out well.

I don't for a moment advocate extravagance in dress except for women of large means. With them extravagance is more than excusable—it is justifiable. It keeps money in circulation that would otherwise be idle. It gives legitimate employment, which te the wisest and most beneficent form

of charity, to women who need work But for women in moderate circumstances a parsimonious attitude loward dress is a false and often fatal economy. If you want to succeed in anything, look successful, able, competent. Otherwise you can never inspire confidence in others, and to look successful, presperous, assured, you must Le well dressed

SWORDFISH WEATHER VANE

"Still Pointing to Wind, as It Long Has Done, on Block Island Barn.

"There are more hotels at Block Sland now than when I was there \come years ago, and more people," raid a man just back, but I found at wast one familiar object there that pleased my eye, that being an old weather vane.

"On the road running to the south from the island's center of population to the remarkable clay bluffs that rise to the height of a hundred feet or more along the island's southern shore there is a barn above whose cupola turns a home-made wooden vane fashkined in the form of a swordfish. The bardy fishermen of Block Island hunt sort of fish that finds a home in or that traverses these waters, and here "the swordfish weather vans seems not only striking but strikingly appro-

riate. "The rape is about six feet in length, which to be sure would be imali for a swordfish, but which is "lig for a weather vane; and there it was still, the only swordfish vane I ever saw, and a pleasure it was to see it still there and still turning easily and as ever pointing true to the

Better Man of the Two.

A pretts, fresh-looking young woman and a dreamy eyed man got on a street car Hardly were they seated when a look of intense despair spread over the man's face.

> "What's the calamity now?" asked his companion pleasantly, but with a trace of alarm in her voice. "My cuff links!" he exclaimed

> tragically. One of them is broken and an end is missing. I never can heep my cuff together until we get home. What shall I do?" with a wild accent on the "shall."

> The woman laughed with relief and answered cheerfully: "Oh, that's easy. Give me what's left of your broken sleeve link."

> He obeyed. She leaned down, quickly twisted a button from her shoes, booked it on to the damaged bit of jewelry and passed it, ready for immediate use, to the man with a triumphsat "There!"

Translated into English.

Every one has heard the story of the Englishman who was told, when asking what was done with all the su-'perfinous fruit grown in California-"We eat what we can and and what we can't we can."

The joke was told to another Engbehman, who received it with a rather sickly smile, and upon his return home gave his own version of it

Queer people, those Americans," be said. "Peculiar sense of humor. They told me as one of their choice jokes that when asked what they did with their fruit that was left over. they answered that They are what they could, and what they couldn't they could."

A Skeleton Defined.

The superintendent was in the habit of dropping in to the different class youms and demanding a recital of lessons from the pupils. One day her active mind hit upon physiology as the study for examination. But the tittle girl to whom the first question was put so bewildered the superintendent and made her lose her patience that there were no more questions of a similar nature asked. "Tell me," eaid the superintendent, "what a skeleton is " The little girl thought for a short time. "A skeleton?" she asked "A skeleton? Why, a skeleton Is a man with his insides out rid his outsides off "

DETROIT'S GOOSE MARKET

Where Housewives Buy Living Birds for More Than One Reason.

Far up Hastings street, where long rows of poplar trees mark the ap proach to the Polish settlement, says the Detroit Free Press, is a market the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in the city. On a vacant corner, surrounded by

a high fence, an enterprising east sider has established a goose and duck market that attracts patrons from far and near. The women of the neighborhood are a trifle particular as to how they buy their poultry. The guaranty of freshness furnished by the fact that a goose or duck is alive is not of so much consequence as the knowledge that feathers, which might otherwise be wasted, can be transferred to the ticks so much in vogue in this quarter. Thus it comes that on market day, which is almost any morning of the week, the housewife with a longing for poultry journeys here, enters the inclosure, selects the fowl that strikes her fancy or appeals to her mature judgment, and stands by, while the proprietor, with a long pole on the end of which a wire hook is fastened, proceeds to separate the bird in question from the rest of the flock and deftly slip the hook about

its neck, making it a captive. There is much dickering. Often the first choice does not prove satisfactory and a second and third bird is snared and inspected carefully to see that the feathers are thick enough and that it is sufficiently plump. When all the preliminaries have been attended to the purchaser pays over the price, grabs the bird firmly by the legs, with its head handing down, or tucks it snugly under her arm and waddles off home, the envy of her neighbors, who may not be able to indulge in such a luxury:

MODEL PENNSYLVANIA ROAD

Hummelstown Pike so Constructed That It Withstands Traffic Wear ... and Weather.

A model road is the Hummelstown pike, near Harrisburg. It is made of a mixture of water gas tar, cement. tiquid asphaltum, road oil, carbolic disinfecting powder, sulphate of copper, and oil of wintergreen. The sulphate of copper is used to prevent the oils from becoming ignited, and the wintergreen counteracts the odor of the others. There is nothing disagreeable about the smell. A curious effect of the mixture is its disinfecting power. During the past year there was not a single contagious disease in that section. The cost of applying the mixture is 51/2 cents a square yard. The cement holds the dirt together like stone, and the oils make it waterproof, so that it really sheds water. The road is never muddy, and, unlike a tar road, does not become shppery in winter time. Prost has no effect on it at all, as the mixture will not freeze. The cost of applying is very small, as it is sprinkled on like water. That the method and the mixture is a perfect success has been shown this summer Despite the heavy automobile and wagon traffic, the road is perfectly smooth and very hard, and it has met the test in every way --Washington Herald.

False Doctrine.

The late Dr. Theodore Wolf, professor of chemistry at Delaware college, set officeholders a rare example of unselfishness by having his fees as state chemist greatly reduced on the ground that they were exorbitant.

"Dr. Wolf," said a Newark man. was a delightful lecturer. I often dropped into the college to hear him. I'll never forget one of his lectures on quack medicines.

"He told us about an early patient of his, a man who dosed himself with about a half-peck of pills and two or three gallons of quack medicine every week.

"There was nothing the matter with the fool, but all this silly medicine swilling, and Dr. Wolf told him so, but it did no good.

"Then Dr. Wolf appealed to the man's wife to stop him, but she declared that it couldn't be done. She had quoted at him, again and again, she said, the verse in the liturgy that pointed out his sin, and-

"'But where,' interrupted Dr. Wolf, bewildered, where does the liturgy say anything against taking; quack medicine?"

"She was prompt with her reply: "From all false doctoring, Good Lord deliver us!""

A Hand-Me-Down.

A well-known advertising expert, responding to the toast "Sartorial Progress" at the banquet of the recent convention of the Tailors' National association, spoke somewhat as follows:

"I am glad that you clothiers who advertise nowadays print pictures of men's and boys' fashions. Thus you smarten up the country and tend to abolish the dreadful custom of cutting down dad's suit to boy's size. I remember how in the distant past my little brother rushed whimpering into the sitting room one night.

"'What's the matter?' I asked, sympathetically

"'Oh, he murmured, 'pa's had his beard shaved off, and now I guess I've got to wear those old red whiskers!" -Lippincott s

Have Them or Get Them. "It is said that impetuous people have black eyes " "Yes, and if they don't have them they are apt to get them."

The Leather Bottle Inn of Pickwick

fame is still standing in the quaint old village of Cobham. Dickens spent several days and nights there before and after the writing of "Pickwick," and his visitors at Gads Hill were generally taken for a walk through the woods to be shown the picturesque

Leather Bottle Much the Same as

When Dickens Lived

There.

To-day it is a shrine for Dickens pilgrims, according to the Queen, who visit it in increasing numbers and leave their names in the well-worn bulky visitors' books. Still the house remains a village inn of an older time. with low ceilings, oak panels, small windows and heavy furniture.

It is very much as it was when the immortal Boz spent his time there creating the scene which is at least as well known as any other in the story of Mr. Pickwick's feasts and fancies; but the Dickens room, the bar parlor and in fact the whole house is overflowing with prints and pictures and sketches of the famous novelist and the creations of his fertile mind.

It was in the churchyard across the road from the Leather Bottle-as it was then known, though now more often calleasthe Pickwick Inn-that Mr. Pickwick reasoned long and earnestly with the despondent Tupman, who had fortified himself at the Leather Bottle for a premature departure from an unresponsive world.

The one street of the picturesque village of Cobham forms an avenue of neat cottages, with an atmosphere of contented old age characteristic of the county so famously described by Dickens as unapproachable for its "apples, cherries, hops and women." It is in one of the loveliest parts of Kent. about three miles from Rochester.

HAUGHTY DAMES ARE UPSET

Acrobatic Stunts in English Ballrooms Have Led Recently to Disaster.

Quite unpleasant contretemps can occur in a London ballroom, says the Gentlewoman, as witness the adventures of two ladies one evening not long ago. The cotillon was being danced and in one figure the object was to jump through a paper hoop.

This a well-known lady succeeded in doing, only to come violently into collision with another who was prepared to precipitate herself through from the other side. At least one black eye and other disagreeable results have followed this inopportune meeting between two fair but overhasty leaders of fashion.

Apparently the hallroom ing second only to the athletic field. It was during the season just closed that no less a personage than Mrs. George Keppel, a favorite with King Edward, came to grief in dancing the cotillon.

One of the figures demanded that the lady jump the rope, and in essay. ing this return to her somewhat distant girlhood Mrs. Keppel had what was described as "a nasty fall," which laid her up for some time.

Washington in a Tight Place.

For many years old Col. Lee resided in Ninth street, New York, nearthe Hotel St. Denis. He is still remembered by hundreds of New Yorkers for the bright manner and happy. apt remarks.

When the project for erecting an equestrian statue to Gen. Washington in Union Square was proposed, Col. Lee was entrusted with one of the subscription papers for circulation. Shortly after receiving it he approached a well-known chtizen and asked for a subscription. But the citizen declined to subscribe, stating. in a rather pompous manner:

"I do not consider, sir, that there is any necessity for a monument to Mr. Washington. His fame is undying; he is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Is he enshrined in your heart?" softly inquired the colonel. "He is, sir."

"Well, all I have to say," retorted Col. Lee, "is that he is in a tight place."

Fighting a Burning River.

Fires on the water occur usually when petroleum, gasoline or some other liquid hydrocarbons spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions, which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick, tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate. the other sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate and licorice root extract.

The soapsuds appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.

Bird Seeks Boy's Aid.

A story of a thrush chased by a hawk seeking human protection is told by a Ripon grammar school boy named A. W. Mason. He says: "While altting on a wall at night, with a gun beside me, watching for some rabbits coming out of their holes I suddenly felt something sitting on my arm, and looking up I saw a hawk hovering quite near my head, and a poor little thrush was sitting on my hand, so terrified that it was nearly dead.

"I waited till the hawk flew away with fright at me. The little thrush soon revived and flew away unhurt-Yorkshire Post.

MR. PICKIMICK'S MODED INN . CHASING THE COUNTERFEITER

How the Secret Service Discovers Makers and Circulators of Bogus Money.

After a counterfeit is detected a description of it is widely circulated through the newspapers and publications whose subscribers are chiefly bankers and cashiers, and then the service begins the work of discover ing the makers and circulators of the bogus money. Sometimes the paper used by the counterfeiter may afford the clue which leads to his undoing; sometimes purchases of the peculiar shade of green ink that is used in the printing of the backs of the notes may be traced, for the legitimate users of these materials are all known in the trade, and outsiders who purchase such things are apt to be remembered by the salesmen who keep in constant touch with the agents of the service. It has happened that information from these sources has led to the discovery of a counterfeiting plot before a single note has been issued, but this is a rare bit of good fortune. Later on there came the photo-mechanical process where the camera was employed to lay the pattern down on a metal plate and etching fluid took the place of the graver. Inasmuch as camera and acid lack individuality, the difficulty of identifying the engraver was increased tremendously. There are thousands of photo-engraving estblishments in the country, each one of which is completely equipped with the apparatus and materials needed in the making of a counterfeit, and yet you can count on the fingers of one hand the cases where the equipment and technical skill of these places have been used illegitimately. And that I think is a pretty fine tribute to the innate honesty of the craft; at any rate, it goes a long way in sustaining one's faith in human nature - National Magazine.

HE TRANSPLANTED A POND

Dean Hole's Story of What an Enthusiast Will Do to Have a Garden,

Many a country laborer, as Lord Rosebery said, will do much for the sake of a garden, but few perhaps would be willing to go to such pains in the pursuit of their hobby as did an enthusiastic navvy with whom Dean Hole once came in contact.

This man, having obtained the position of gatekeeper on a railway. found himself the possessor of a barren gravel pit as an apology for a garden. The dean, who knew the spot well, visited it some 12 months after the man had taken possession, and the sight which met his eyes astonished him.

"Was it a mirage I saw upon the sandy disert? There were vegetables fruit bushes and fruit trees, all in vigorous health, there were flowers and the queen flower in her glory." "'Why!" [exclaimed, what have you

done to the gravel pit?" 'Lor' bless yer,' he replied, grinning. 'I hadn't been here a fortnight afore I swapped it for a pond!"

"A further inquiry elicited the fact that this most ardent garden lover had, after an agreement with a neighboring farmer, removed with pick and barrow his sandy stratum to the depth of about three fect and wheeled it to the margin of an old nond, which had been gradually filled up with leaves and silt. The rich, productive mould from the pond he had taken home to his garden, replacing it with gravel and leveling as per contract.

Ardent in His Sympathy. Naturally Dr. Macnamara gets some extraordinary letters. He is rather proud of one which he received from an old country clergyman not long after he had found occasion to criticise the clergy as a body somewhat

Apparently it had struck a sympathetic chord in this particuar personage, for the reverend gentleman wrote the following warm invitation: "If you like a day with the hounds i can mount you; we have a capital billiard table at the vicarage; I am a good judge of whisky, and I smoke like a furnace."-Tit-Bits.

No Doubt of His Party. A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter of a country paper who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. --- ?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the matran decisively. "But I want to know what party he

belongs to!" pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said. "I'm the party he belongs to."

Makas' Idea of Hospitality.

The commander of a punitive force in the Cameroons sent to chastise some recalcitrant natives has just made his report to the German government. The tribe giving trouble is known as the Makas, and they delight in cannibalism.

The chiefs, according to the report, fatten slaves to eat them. Cant. Dominik says that it is the custom of the country, should visitors arrive unexpectedly, to bring in one of the slaves and kill him as we should a fowl for the entertainment and welcome of the

Between Friends. Edyth-Jack says I was made to

kiss. Mayme-A diplomatic way of referring to your turned-up nose, wasn't

THINGS ABOUT PARSLE

The Plant is Connected in Tri dition with Both Birth and Death.

One of the most carious features i parsley lore is that the plant is tre ditionally connected with both birt and death. The association with the former, though familiar enough, is th more mysterious. All of us hav heard in one form or other the explar ation given by nurses to inquisitiv children as to the appearance of a new brother or sister: "The docto -or clergyman-found him or her b the parsley bed." It is possible tha some may see a reference to thi widespread fiction in the Roman foll story "Filinagrata". But there can be but little doubt that the origin mus be sought for in some of the oldes and most universal of primitive be liefs, those, namely, which related to the sympathetic connection between the fertility of certain forms of plan race. The subject is, however, a once too large and too recondite to be more than referred to. The association of parsley with death is more explicit. It is nointed out that the name of the ill-fated son of Lycurgus from whose blood the plant was fabled to have sprung, has the meaning o "doom bringer," and that this in itselindicated parsley as essentially ; death plant. It was therefore in practically universal use for strewing the graves of the dead-so universal, in deed, that it became a conventions phrase with regard to any one in "ar ticulo mortis" that the next thing he would need would be parsley (for his grave)-to be in need of parsley came to be a recognized periphrasis for "to be on the point of death."-London Globe.

JAPAN MUSHROOM GROWING

Attention Paid to the Preparation of the Soil-The Main

Crop.

The Japanese have an interesting method of growing a kind of mush room known as the wood mushroom agaricus shitake.

This species, which is much prized as a food in Japan, is related to the so-called honey fungus, a species very destructive to the roots of trees and woody plants. This latter species, it may be noted, is one of the causes of phosphorescence in decaying wood.

The Japanese method of growing their mushroom seems to consist en tirely in preparing the ground for it A coppice of red oak, beech or chest nut of some twenty years growth is cut down just after the fall of the leaf. The wood is then left lying for 100 days. It is then cut into lengths of three or four feet and the logs are lacerated with large pruning knives Spores settle on the wounded parts and the mycelium of the fungus spreads through the tissues of the wood.

Next year a crop of mushrooms springs up. The production of mush rooms may go on for six years, but the main crop is gathered the second year. The attempt is now being made to cultivate the wood mushroom in Germany in the Japanese manner

First Use of Iron.

As a result of his interesting investigations, Dr. Ridgeway concludes that the smelting of iron originated in centrai Europe, and especially in the region known as Noricum, equivalent to modern Austria and Bavaria.

In Egypt it can be traced back to the ninth century B. C., and in Libys to about 450 B. C. First mention of its use in China goes back to 400 B. C. while in Uganda it is said to have been in use only some five or six cen-

The above date for the first use of iron in Egypt refers to the metal obtained by smelting. The use of native iron in the form of meteorites dates back to remote antiquity. The weapone made from these were obtained, like flint implements, by chipping. And if is interesting to remember that recent investigations have shown that the iron of many meteorites is a sort of natural steel.

A Championship Tie.

Baggs and Jaggs met, and Baggs and Jaggs got yarning.

"I once knew a man, dear boy," began Baggs, "who was so ticklish on the bottoms of his feet that whenever he took a bath he had to walk about afterwards on a blotter. It was the only method of foot-drying that wouldn't throw him into fits."

"That's nothing, my dear fellow," retorted Jaggs. "I used to board at a place where the landlady was se nervous that, whenever the wind blew she had to go out and grease the cor ners of the house, so the wind wouldn't

creak when it went round them." And then Baggs wept bitterly, for he had long held the championship, and was loth to relinquish it.

Hair Famine Predicted.

Hair has considerably risen in price. In the city of Limoges, the prin cipal market for hair, a kilo of hair worth £2 a few years ago now fetches £4 10s. This rise has been caused by the increased size of hats, which necessitates an extra supply of hair sc as to offer a proper basis to the new structure.

Moreover, the young French peasant girls are less anxious to part with their tresses; and the dealers in hair are unable to cope with the demand made nnon them. The crisis is attaining huge proportions, and wearers of false hair would do well to lay in a stock or they will be compelled to pay famine prices.

CHIEF COCK OF THE POPE

CONTRACTOR AND THE CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF THE SECOND STATE OF THE SECOND STATE OF THE SECOND SEC

Stefano le chicetro Te Eusy Position in the Vatican.

Stefano Inchiostro is the name of the pope's cook. He has recently been relating his experience in the Veneto, from which it is seen that his

post is a veritable sinecure. For 27 years he was the cook in the seminary of the Patriarch of Venice, the dignity held by the pope before his call to the chair of St. Peter, and consequently was well known to his holiness. On June 22, 1903, Stefano received a summons from his old mas ter to repair to the Vatican.

He went, and was conducted to the presence of the pope, and it was only the gentality of the pontiff that placed the cook at his ease, for he was greatly moved.

The cook enables us to have a glimpse of the daily life of his ven erable master, who is an example of Horace's "obiter" that change of place does not alter the man. After celebrating mass the pontiff takes a little coffee. Precisely at noon he lunches, in company of Mgr. Pescini and Mgr. Bresson. They are always served by a particular valet de cham

The repast is modest in the extreme. Some soup, a little meat from the soup, and rarely is there a roasted joint. At nine at night the pope takes his supper, more frugal, if possible, than the midday meal. Vegetables and a little meat is the night repast. In winter the pope takes more soup than in summer, made from dried vegetables.

His holiness is very fond of the "polentina" (soupe de mais), made as it was in the days past in Venice, and it is generally accompanied by some fish sent from Civita Vecchia or Venice

PLAYED A TRICK ON DARWIN

Youth Put Up Funny Joke on the Great Scientist When a Schoolboy.

The celebration of the Darwin cen tenary in England brings out a story of how Darwin, when a youngster. was the victim of one of the funniest schoolboy tricks ever played. A pleas ant youth, who had "credit" at certain shops, took him into an establishment and bought tarts and what-not, and walked out of the shop without paying. Darwin was surprised. "Oh, don" you know why?" said his sophisticated companion. "Don't you know that my uncle left a great fortune to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatsoever was wanted without payment to anyone who wore his old hat and moved it in a particular manner?" The magic hat was therefore forced upon the youthful genius, who was persuaded to enter and try its spell. He ordered cakes enough to gladden the hearts of a schoolful, and waved the hat vigorously at the shopkeeper. But the latter worthy was not under its influence. He made a rush for his customer, and what the latter suffered as he dropped his wares and bolted is not recorded.

Indiana Girl Runs Engine. Mis Harriett Spangler, yet in her teens, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Spangler of Union township, Indiana, probably holds the record of being the only girl engineer in the state. However this may be, she is an engineer and a good one, as any person may see any day should he find her running the engine for her brother's threshing outfit.

For several years while her brother was running his sawmill she often usurped the position of fireman, which she performed as well as a veteran, and the idea grew upon her that she might also be the engineer. She decided that she could run the traction engine for her brother's thresher during the season, and she got the position, which she is filling in an ideal manner.

She fires the engine and attends to the mechanism and can run the outfit on the road while traveling from one stand to another as well as anyone.

He Got Fever in Church.

The Forked Deer River Baptist association of Dyersburg, in Teanessee, built a new church and put in a furnace, the first one in Dyersburg.

On the night of the dedication of the church Mrs. Pettus and her son came in. The son had been suffering from chills and fever, but was convalescing. Mrs. Pettus asked for a nice warm place for the boy, and the sexton put him over a register.

After the services had begun the boy leaned over to his mother and whispered: "Maw, I gotter go home; I'm gittin' sick again. I kin feel the fever comin' up my pants' legs."

Why He Did Not Come. "Why didn't you come, Bobby, when I first called to you?" asked a mother of her six-year-old son.

"Because you told me last week, mamma," replied Bobby shrewdly, "never to accept an invitation unless it was repeated. So many people invite you once out of politeness but really don't want you to come."

Woman a Rural Mail Carrier. Mrs. Carrie Doherty King, of Crystal Springs, Miss., is the only woman mail carrier in her state. She delivers mail on a rural route, making à circuit of about 25 miles a day. In her girlhood she won many trophics for her horsemanship, an accomplishment that is now of great service to

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS refrencies in Louisians 4"dans tons lost State du Sui. Es publicité aftre donc les nommeros des nonneues des nontécesses. Lette de l'anconservant une Prantif il Millius Qualification 319.5.