## HOMELY GIRL A NECESSITY

**Has Many Qualities That Make Her More Popular Than Her Beautiful Sister.**

In these days the homely girl is an absolute necessity, for she is like a cooling, quieting draft.

She comforts tired workers on their return from the whirl of busy towns; she can make a humble home—or a mansion—a place of happiness.

Her simplicity is her greatest charm. She pursues neither ambition nor ideals, but confines herself to the essentially useful things of life. Man, under her benign sway, becomes again as a little child: he drops the world for a time, and revels in the delight of domesticity, and returns again to the fray like a giant refreshed.

All her arts, too, are simple, easily fathomed; she practices no deep-laid wiles; yet she is a final and all-powerful factor in human affairs. The very directness of her purpose gains her end.

The "homely girl" is seen at her best, of course, in the home, smiling happily and wearing a big apron. She dusts and cooks with quiet enthusiasm and manages her household as if it were an important principality. Her cooking, be it whispered, is divine, and thus she claims reverent admiration from many masculine minds.

Her work seems a genuine delight to her. She toils with a merry heart, and, when the time comes for play, she disports herself with an equally simple and delightful pleasure. Artificiality shrinks from her presence.

As a wife, the "homely girl" is, let it be known, pre-eminent. She wraps her heart and soul around home and husband. No detail is too small for her ardent attention.—Philadelphia Press.

## UNIQUE IDEA FOR GATEPOST

**Constructed of Stones, Each One of Which Represents a Friend of the Owner**

"Unique and interesting adornments to a suburban home are the entrance posts leading to Cheerynook, a bungalow on Long Island," said the returned visitor. The low stone dike which surrounds the property is terminated by two huge pillars, which seem to welcome the coming guest. Each stone in this gate post represents a friend of the owner. While the dike was being built I was invited out to spend the week end. I was taken down to a heap of bowlders in the back garden and asked to make a selection. After that my host took me to his toolroom, where, with instruments of all sizes, I was requested to carve my name, the date and place of birth on the stone. I was invited out again last week and found that all the carved bowlders from various friends had been set into the gate posts, and I must say they have formed a truly interesting monument to friendship."

**City and Country Children.**

According to William S. Sadler, M. D., a well-known Chicago physician, the child that is reared in a suburban town is much better off as regards health, morals and happiness than is his city cousin. In the course of a strong paper in on "Suburban Life," Dr. Sadler says: "Next to pure air there is probably no single influence so mightily influencing child growth and health as sunlight. Children are just as dependent upon sunlight for health and growth as are plants, and lack of sunshine unerringly produces both plants and babies which are pale, sickly and emaciated. It is the glorious sunshine that paints the bloom of health upon the cheeks of both the bud and the babe. The vital resistance of babies and children against disease is largely proportional to the amount of time they are able to spend out of doors in the sunshine."

**Odd Freak of Conscience.**

In one corner of the customers' room of a brokerage concern in the New York Wall street district, are a coat rack, an umbrella stand and a water cooler. The office boy discovered when the room was full of anxious customers and blue with tobacco smoke a silk umbrella, on the stand, to which a sealed envelope addressed "To the Oowner" was attached with a piece of pink twine. The owner was found leaning over the ticker and was glad to receive his umbrella, which he had given up for lost. The note read: "It was raining like ——, you know. I could not resist the temptation. Thanks, awfully." All questions as to who had a lapse of conscience failed to disclose the secret, and the promise of a reward had no effect on the office boy, who declared that he did not know "who had been short of umbrellas and took the one in question to cover."

**National Bank Reserves.**

The law requires every national bank located in the three central cities, New York, Chicago and St. Louis, to maintain a reserve in bank of 25 per cent; the same rate is required for other reserve city banks, but one-half of the amount may be deposited to their credit with correspondents in central reserve cities. Country banks are required to maintain a 15 per cent reserve, two-fifths of which must be in bank and three-fifths may be with correspondents.

**Excitement.**

"People do not pay as much attention to studied oratory as they used to," said one statesman.

"No," replied the other, "in modern legislation studied oratory is frequently less exciting than the roll call."

## PROSPECT FOR QUIET NIGHT

**Hotel Guest Was to Have Lively Company During the Hours of Slumber.**

There is something fearful in too much attention and overdone hospitality is one of its worst forms. One can fancy the consternation of the tired guest in this story, which happened away in the backwoods of Arkansas. A tourist going over the state on horseback stopped for the night at one of the popular "hotels" of a certain locality.

The hotel was a log and slab affair of three rooms and the same number of beds, but the proprietor was the proud parent of nine wild and woolly looking sons of under 12 years of age. After a supper of "hog and hom'ny" the host said to one of the boys:

"Come, Billy, get the broom straws."

Nine broom straws of unequal lengths were produced by "Billy." The father hid them in his hand in such a manner that only an end of each straw could be seen. Then each boy drew a straw.

"Ha! ha!" said the merry parent, jovially. "Bill, you an' Buck an' 'Lige git the short ones."

"What does that mean?" asked the guest, whose look of amusement faded away when his host said:

"Mean? Why, that's a little way we have o' settling which three of 'em shall sleep with anybody that happens to stop overnight with us.

"I 'spect you'll find Buck and Bill and 'Lige mighty lively bedfellers, but don't you be afeard to give 'em a warming up with your boot or a bed slat if they git to training too high.

"Go 'long, boys, an' pile in with this gent, and mind that you behave yourselves."—Youth's Companion.

## WOULDN'T BREAK HIS RULE

**Elderly Widower Who Certainly Might Be Said to Be "Set in His Ways."**

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, the popular writer, was talking about marriage.

"A pretty girl," said Mrs de la Pasture, "couldn't make a better resolution for 1910 than not to marry an old man, no matter what his wealth. She might also resolve not to marry a widower. Widowers are, as you Americans say, so set in their ways.

"They tell about a pretty girl of 20 who married a rich widower of 50. He was very much a widower. The girl was, in fact, his fourth wife.

"Well, on the return from the honeymoon, the husband, after dinner, took up his hat, overcat and umbrella.

"The wife, beautiful in a white decollete gown that was no whiter than her shoulders, said:

"'Where are you going, dear?'

"He gave her a stern look and answered coldly:

"'My dear, I am not in the habit of telling my wives where I am going every time I step out of the house.'"

**Let the Dining Room Be Cheerful.**

How often we find commonplace dining rooms in the homes of well-bred people—dining rooms that are not only humdrum, but have a depressing atmosphere, which could really be avoided if certain fundamental rules were adhered to. It is most important, when furnishing a dining room, to have it cheerful—in fact, it is of even more consequence than that it should be artistic. In a cheerful dining room you are sure to find optimists; in a gloomy one, misanthropes. The cheerful dining room must have an exposure that gives plenty of light, as well as air. Nothing plays such an important part in the decoration of a room as the window treatment. We need never be afraid of too much light and glare, because the brilliancy of a sunny exposure can always be softened by a restful color scheme of walls and woodwork, and tempered by a judicious form of curtain treatment.—Suburban Life.

**Led by the Nose.**

An analytical chemist was retained as a skilled witness some years ago, where there are questions of analytical chemistry. There was one case where a farmer had bought some artificial manure, and he was being sued for the price of it. He resisted payment on the ground that the material had none of the qualities of manure at all. The expert chemist was one of the witnesses, and had stated that, although the substance had the smell, it had none of the chemical qualities of manure. Under cross-examination he was asked, if that was so, how did he account for hundreds of the best farmers having taken the manure for many years. "They must have been led by the nose," returned the witness.

**Wren and New Years.**

Had old custom but survived, the wren would have been in great request to-day, especially in Ireland and Wales. The new year would have seen processions, each headed by a wren in a lantern. For it was formerly the custom to carry a lantern, tastefully decorated with ribbons, and containing a wren, round each hamlet and village, and make calls on dwellers in cottage and hall. The bearers, swinging the lantern at each door, would favor all whom it might concern with a song and receive a monetary reward. Another industry gone!

**A Trunk Rummager.**

"How did you come to give that new man such a responsible place in your millinery department? Has his experience justified it?"

"Yes," answered the merchant. "He used to be a customs inspector."

## MISSIONARY TELLS OF WORK

**Labor and Perils of Those Who Go Among Savages to Carry Gospel Message.**

In the course of a lecture on "The Savages of New Guinea" at the London Institution, A. H. Dunning referred to Dr. Chalmers, the great missionary, who died in the island, and said that for many years there was no photograph of the Goaribardil tribe which murdered him. He placed on the screen a portrait of a savage who was not only a member of the tribe, but he had reason to believe was the actual man who struck Dr. Chalmers down and helped to eat him. A profile photograph of the same native showed an extraordinary receding forehead, the sign of a low type of humanity. The savage was taken prisoner in the course of a governmental expedition to recover the remains of Dr. Chalmers' fellow victim, Mr. Tompkins, and he was generally stated by the other natives to be the man who struck the missionary.

Mr. Dunning gave an amusing account of his adventures among the savages, one of his stories relating to a bottle of strong smelling salts. The first man who smelt, under the impression that it was a "white man's love charm," was so startled that he fetched a friend to try. Then they formed the salts into a sort of trust and scoured the neighborhood for recruits. Nobody gave the show away. They brought new people up one after the other, propped them up against a tree and sat round like Christy minstrels to wait for the result.

Kissing or fondling was unknown in New Guinea until the advent of the missionaries. These were seen kissing the children and the custom spread. Having been kissed by oily natives, he preferred the old style of salutation.

## IMMENSE DEPOSITS OF SODA

**Shallow Lake in African Valley, Twenty Miles in Extent, Covers Much Wealth.**

Further details of the journey just concluded by Mr. Fred Shelford, the well-known engineer, in connection with the projected railway to be constructed from the Uganda railway to Lake Magadi, have been received.

This wonderful lake, which is only reached after a long and difficult journey over uninhabited and waterless country, is described as follows by Mr. Shelford:

"Lake Magadi is picturesquely situated amid weird surroundings at the bottom of a valley 3,000 feet deep. On one side are mountains 6,000 feet above sea level, and on another a range having an altitude of 8,000 feet.

"There is no sign of human life, but on and about the lake are immense numbers of flamingo.

"From the surrounding mountains the lake, which is ten miles long by two to three miles in breadth, looks like an ordinary sheet of water of somewhat reddish hue. On reaching the shores, however, we found that the water was only a few inches deep and covered a hard surface looking exactly like pink marble. This is an immense deposit of soda, which was bored and found to extend to a considerable depth, thus indicating an area of at least 20 miles of solid soda.

"The heat upon the soda lake was very great."

**Brighton.**

Brighton, which is patronized by kings and neglected by novelists, is not without its literary associations. Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor in his later life, and a tablet to his memory was recently unveiled in the parish church of St. Nicholas, where he worshiped in company with the Thrales. Charles and Mary Lamb were at Brighton in 1817, and Mary told Dorothy Wordsworth that she and her brother found the air of the Downs almost as good as the Westmoreland mountains. Among other Brighton lovers may be mentioned Fanny Burney, Horace Smith, Theodore Hook, Thackeray — who thought of "Vanity Fair" as a suitable title for his most famous novel while staying at the Old Ship—Dickens, Harrison, Ainsworth and Macaulay.—London Chronicle.

**Opposed Use of Cocoa.**

The use of cocoa, which was imported by the Spaniards from Mexico in 1520, was even more vigorously opposed than the use of tea itself in France. Cardinal Richelieu, for instance, in a letter to his brother Alphonse, says: "I cannot conceal from you my apprehension that the drug called chocolate, which you are using freely, may be harmful to your health, and I think it would be better for you to have recourse to ordinary remedies." Physicians went so far as to say that chocolate could cause a continuous and mortal fever.

**Helps Poor Girls.**

Mrs. James J. Storrow, wife of the Boston banker, is interested in a number of charities, among them being the girl's bowl shop. In the spare time which the girls have, they make pottery articles, which they sell, the money to be used for purposes of education. Mrs. Storrow has a girls' library club, and every summer she sends a number of girls to the country, 14 at a time.

**He Took It.**

The Wife—I wonder if all men are as big fools as you are?

The Husband—I guess not. I'm the only one who was a big enough fool to marry you.

## ON BEING A GOOD SPORT

**Many Others There Are Besides Those Who Indulge In Contests on Athletic Fields.**

The marks of a good sport in any athletic game are easily recognizable. In golf he plays his ball exactly where it lies and carefully observes every rule safeguarding the rights of his opponent and other players on the course. In tennis he never calls a ball "out" if there is the slightest doubt about it, preferring the loss of a point to the loss of his self-respect. In baseball or football he keeps constantly in mind the fact that he is a gentleman and gives his opponent credit for being as well bred, no matter how keen the competition or how great the temptation to resort to questionable methods of play.

Not that the athletic fields have a monopoly of the good sports. Far from it. Every mother who is uncomplainingly denying herself for the benefit of her children is a good sport. So is every father who pinches so that John may go to the Tech. So is every physician who cares for the poor and takes for pay the satisfaction of helping somebody. And the nurse who "turns night time into day time," but without the recompense of good fellowship or "the good song ringing clear." And the school teacher who mothers hundreds of children to their everlasting benefit, but herself is mother to none.—From Nautilus.

## TAXES IN THE OLDEN TIME

**In the Reign of George the Third One Could Not Even Escape Them by Dying.**

For taxes out of the common one must turn back to the days of George III. For in the reign of that monarch one was almost forced to "die beyond one's means." The army and the navy were in urgent need of money and the chancellor was at his wits' end. He thought of the dead and gravely suggested a tax on coffins. Which proposal recalls the day when one could not be born without involving a proud parent in a tax. A graduated tax. The birth of an eldest son, for instance, cost a duke as much as £30, whereas a cottager was forced to pay only two shillings. To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth cost money in those days!

Not only was there once a tax on hair powder, but hair itself has been called upon to pay its due share to the revenue. For beards were, at various times, taxed in England. Henry VIII. graduated his levy according to the status of the wearer, the sheriff of Canterbury, for instance, having to pay three shillings four pence for his beard, and Elizabeth fixed the same sum for every beard of over a fortnight's growth.

**Keeping a Friendship.**

"Time was," remarked a man prominent in Cleveland financial circles, "when if a close friend had come to me and wanted to obtain a personal loan and offered to give me his ring or his watch or his wife for security, I wouldn't have taken any security. I would have insisted that we were too good friends for that and if I lent him money at all it would have been without any collateral.

"Now I'm older and know more of the workings of human nature than I did then. If a close friend comes to me to-day to borrow money and offers to put up his ring or his watch or his wife for security I'll accept the security. For if I do not and he isn't able to pay me back shortly he'll begin to avoid me and from there it is only another step until he'll hate me. So long as he has given me security, however, whether he pays me or not, he does not feel under obligations to me and I retain his friendship and good will."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Eye Strain in School.**

A little boy or girl totally blind is an extremely pathetic sight, but next to this is a child wearing spectacles to piece out its defective eyesight. Yet such cases are declared by doctors to be on the increase, and they claim that many of them are caused by the eye strain to which those under ten years of age are subjected in the schools. A number of years ago a crusade was begun against nursemaids, older sisters and even reckless mothers who would expose babies' eyes to the direct glare of the sun when taking the helpless infants out for an airing in baby carriages. That crusade is by no means ended yet, and many a courageous woman will to-day stop a baby carriage whose occupant's unprotected eyes are being blinded by the sun, and will instruct the attendant to either shut out the light or wheel the carriage in another direction.

**How Glass Affects Bacteria.**

From the investigations of a German scientist, it appears that bacteria are affected favorably or otherwise by the character of the glass containing the water in which they are suspended. Marked differences in the behavior of cholera germs were noted, according to the kind of glass composing the vessels used. The degree of alkalinity imparted by the glass to the water is believed to be an important factor in these experiments.

**Consolation.**

"That candidate insists that he was defeated by the trusts."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "whenever a man gets the worst of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."

## DENNY'S WAY OUT OF IT

**Friendly Clock Enabled Him to Satisfy Both His Hunger and His Conscience.**

When Denny of the South side and Matt of the North side get together there is certain to be something doing. They were playmates on the "ould sod" and their friendship has survived many years and vicissitudes. So, when they met recently in the downtown section it was to be expected that a bit of a celebration would ensue. The celebration consisted of a general "looking things over," which things were mostly of a liquid nature and served in small glasses, and their tributes to "auld lang syne" lasted till well on toward midnight. At this time they found themselves on Smithfield street near the bridge, where their attention was attracted by a succulent display in a restaurant window bearing the sign "Home Made Pork Pies—Like Mother Makes—Ten Cents."

"Foine!" cried Denny. "We'll get a couple to ate as we walk along."

They had just completed the purchase of two portions of the luscious display and emerged from the place when loud and clear from a nearby belfry came the stroke of 12.

"Bad luck to us!" cried Matt in dismay, "'Tis Friday morning at all, at all, an' us wid twinty cints worth iv pork pies an' divil the bite dast we ate iv it."

"Musha, musha!" gasped Denny in equal consternation.

Together they gazed hungrily at the tempting viands, as they leaned against the railing of the bridge. Then, as Denny's eye wandered aimlessly over the river, a glad light suddenly overspread his countenance.

"Whist, lad, we're saved!" he whispered excitedly. "Come along over to th' Erie daypo an' ate yer fill. It's only elivin o'clock there."—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

## A NEW USE FOR CATFISH

**They Are Utilized in Portland, Oregon to Aid the Sewer Cleaning Department.**

If the sewer is not broken, it can be cleaned by passing a rope through it, to be pulled backward and forward until the obstruction is loosened and removed. The street officials have a great deal of such work to attend to, and the worry connected with getting the rope through for a long time had them at their wits' ends. At last, however, they discovered a quick, sure and easy method.

The workman goes to the river, catches a catfish, ties a string to its tail, and drops it down a manhole into the sewer, when it at once starts for the river, and forces its way through any obstruction not as solid as brick, dragging the string after it. Then the workman goes as far down the sewer as he deems necessary, and picks up the string, which he uses to draw a wire through the sewer, and with this a rope is pulled through, and the sewer is soon cleared.

**Why Dickens Wrote "Christmas Carol."**

I noticed a statement in one of the papers recently that Dickens wrote his "Christmas Carol" with the express object of reviving the popular interest in the Christmas season and its festivities. This is a pleasing fiction which had often been previously met with. The fact is that Dickens wrote the "Christmas Carol" in the autumn of 1843 because he was short of money and in great need of $5,000. The most candid chapter in Forster's "Life" is the one (in the second volume) which relates the tale of Dickens' disappointment and despair when he received the "Carol" accounts, for instead of the $5,000 he "had set his heart and soul upon," the sum due to him was only $1,150. Dickens wrote: "My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad." Dickens ultimately cleared $2,630 by the "Christmas Carol" on a sale of 15,000 copies.—London Truth.

**Equipment of Swiss Infantry Soldier.**

The Swiss infantryman is very heavily burdened. Not to mention the weight of his uniform and the small tent on his back, in full marching order he must carry a load of 21.8 kilogrammes, and this comprises only a single reserve ration and one ration of bread. His haversack weighs 200 grammes more than the German haversack, his overcoat is heavier by 500 grammes, and in addition he carries a second pair of trousers (one kilo). His heavy rifle with bayonet weighs 5.4 kilogrammes. This weight exceeds that of the French rifle by 500 grammes, the German by 700, the Italian by 900, and the Austrian rifle by 1,100 grammes. — La Vulgarisation Scientifique.

**Thought It a Club.**

Glenn H. Curtiss, at a dinner, said of flying:

"A man learns quickly and easily to flay. There are here to-night, ten to one, future record-breaking aviators who are at this moment as ignorant of aviation as Mr. Rockefeller.

"Mr. Rockefeller, you know, was asked some years ago if he liked golf.

"'Golf?' he replied. 'I have never even seen the game. I wouldn't know how to hold my caddie.'"

**A High Jumper.**

Horseban—You don't mean to say you came off at that bit of a fance?

Recumbent Friend—Fence? Great Scott, man, no! I caught in the telegraph wires.—Tit-Bits.

## DESCRIPTION HURT HIS PRIDE

**New Yorker Realized for the First Time Just How He Looked to His Friends.**

"When in Chicago last week," said the New York traveling salesman, "I met a man who has been lost to the sight of New York friends for 15 years.

"'I had no notion of leaving home for good,' he said. 'I just came west for a little lark, and expected to return in a few weeks. But when I read a description of myself in the advertisements the folks distributed all over the country, I made up my mind I would never go back. If I look like that,' I said, 'it's time I hid away somewhere.' 'Has deep-set eyes,' those advertisements said, 'protruding front teeth, a scar on the left side of his nose, and freckled complexion.' What man, I ask you, would want to show himself again after being told he looked like that?'

"'But, Bill,' said I, 'under the circumstances facts were necessary. Your teeth are prominent, you have got a scar, and you are freckled.'

"To my mind Bill's sensitiveness affords a possible explanation of the absence of other mysteriously missing men. May not they, too, have been scared away by the extreme literalness of the description of themselves? Might not they, too, have come home if it had been 'softened a little for print?'"

## NOT THEIR TIME TO DIE

**Wonderful Escape of Shipwrecked Sailors After Their Vessel Had Been Sunk.**

Those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters have had some fearful and wonderful experiences. In a wreck which occurred off the coast of Jamaica, the members of the crew were rescued in a remarkable manner. After their ship, a Glasgow sailing vessel, had broken up, nine of them clung to a rock which stood only four feet out of the water, and which was only four feet in length. With raging seas washing over them, holding a wounded comrade on their shoulders, they clung for 20 long hours to their only hope. And then some fishermen, at the risk of their lives, went to their rescue and brought them off in safety.

The second mate had an even more wonderful escape. He placed two bundles of wood under his arms in order that he might float, but he was the plaything of the waves, which tossed him between two pinnacles of rock, where he became jammed.

There seemed no possibility of food, but subsequently he had the good fortune to pick up six cases of prepared oatmeal, a tin of mustard and a cask of water which had floated miraculously from the wreck. He lived on the oatmeal, mustard and water for six days, at the end of which time he, too, was sighted and saved.

**Causes for Tuberculosis.**

Walter Sands Mills takes up the question of tuberculosis as a disease that does not attack healthy lungs in persons not predisposed, and is often recovered from, as is shown by autopsies. The causes that predispose to it aside from heredity are whatever reduce the vital force and resistance. The greatest ravages of the disease occur in the prime of life, when all the energies are in use for the struggle for existence. Domestic service predisposes women more than any other cause; inhalation of mineral and metallic dust, breathing devitalized air, other lung diseases, traumatism to the lungs, bad habits of living and unhygienic workshops all predispose to it. Prevention of the disease consists in keeping up the vitality of children and protecting them against infection.—Medical Record.

**A Boston Brahmin's Theory.**

A century ago William Tudor, Jr., a distinguished Bostonian, wrote a "Memoir on the Consumption of Toast in the United States and Its Effects on the National Character." Not to enter too minutely into his Linnaean classification of toasts, with its genera of dry, buttered and immersed, one may refer to his theory of the influence of toasted bread and crackers. The careless housemaid, he said, usually carbonizes the bread, from which he inferred that the original toast existed in that form. The saying that "fried bread will make the hair curl" led on his part to a great ethnological discovery—nothing less than the fact that burnt toast had been the ancient food of Africa.

**Good Joke on Voter.**

An amusing story is told of what happened to a pluralist voter in the 1900 election in England. He was a keen politician and believing that the vote he possessed in a distant constituency would be of value to his candidate engaged a special train to take him there. On entering the polling booth he found the engineer of the train at his heels. He then discovered that the engineer happened to be on the voting register of the same town and was taking the opportunity of his accidental presence there to record his vote—which was given for the other side.

**Reub's Good Idea.**

"What's tickets worth in the orchestry?"

"From a dollar and a half to two dollars."

"All right, here's $0 cents. Gimme one o' yez best. Now shut up! Ain't four bits from two dollars 'n a half ter two dollars?"