Clean Sidewalk and Satisfied Cat Resuit of Bringing Brains to Bear on Situation.

It was a bad combination—a hot iday, a tired policeman, and a pail of schowder spilled on the sidewalk of Madison Square. The policeman gazed wearily at the ever-widening pool of hot and recking chowder. The passfing pedestrians picked their way gingerly round its outskirts or stopped to look inquiringly at the helpless policeman It was clearly within his province, and after a few thoughtful mops of his heated brow, he turned and walked briskly off toward a neighboring basement. It looked businesslike, and a crowd gathered to see him cope with the situation.

A New York crowd is most easily Interested, and they stood in serried ranks, waiting for the return of the policeman with mop and pail. He returned even before they expected him, but they had not reckoned on the resourcefulness of the police force, for under his arm he bore a half-starved cat of the summer-in-New-York variety, which he set proudly down in front of the appetizing mess.

There were two "miaus" of strangled ecstasy-then lap! lap! accompanied by a rhythmically waving tail, and in five minutes the sidewalk was immaculate and a placid policeman was leisurely making his rounds, followed by a satisfied and admiring pussy.—Youth's Companion.

#### HARD TO CONVINCE SKEPTIC

Unbeliever Fell Back on Doubting Watch on Which Time .∕∵Was Kept.

It was in the Fourth ward, and prominent ward worker was discussing the working of the voting machine. He finsisted the machine was the only way of voting; that a man could express his wishes on it with far less trouble than with the old blanket ballot which it superseded.

"Why, I voted in my precinct in less than four seconds, actual time," he declared.

"G'wan!" was the rejoinder of the man who was looking for an argument. "What're ye givin' us?"

"I tell you I voted in less than four seconds, a complete ticket, judges and all, and all of the bond issues, and by the watch at that." "Whose watch?"

"McGonigle's." "I thought so. It's a d-d poor watch-that's all I've got to say."-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Lost Maine Border Line.

the border where South Thomaston and St. George adjoin owing to the iniability of anybody to find any record, survey or other means of determining where the line is. The location cannot be determined within half a mile. and there are many hundred acres of land and many homesteads of which nobody knows whether they are in St. George or South Thomaston. One gentleman who has paid taxes and woted in St. George all his life, informs us that he does not now know where he lives. His property and poll have been assessed by both towns, both threaten to sell him out for taxes if he doesn't pay. He positively refuses to pay taxes in both towns, and for the present, until somebody can tell him where he lives. will not pay in either.—Rockland Opinion.

The Golf Widow. Time: Saturday, 2:25 p. m. Mrs. T. Mashie at the window looking out wistfully into the June Suniabine.

Mr. T. Mashie appears, every detail of his costume suggesting a longing for the links. His cap is in his hand and his clubs within snatching distance. For the fraction of an instant he leans nonchalantly against the doorway.

"Well, my dear," he asks, "how shall we spend our half holiday? Shall we motor or drive or walk? Because," rapidly, as Mrs. T. Mashie is about to apeak, "if you really don't care about mny of these things, I have an engagement to pay golf at half past two andby Jove, I must be off at once!"-Smart Set.

Whistiers, Not Singers. A young man and a young woman' stood at the foot of the steps leading? to the New York Metropolitan Art museum. They were evidently undeeided whether it would be better to go

in or stay outside in the sunshing park. "Let's go in," said the young man, at last, and to make the suggestion more forcible, he added, "Isn't there an exhibition of Singers going on in the

museum now?" "'Singers!'" exclaimed the girl. round-eyed. "Oh, you mean Whistlers.

Yes, let's go in."

Eggs Scarce in England.

This country is not alone in facing an egg problem. England is endeavording to stimulate egg production, and a misisonary egg train is planned to be dispatched through western England and Wales, where it is said that the legg indstry is at a low ebb. The Unitted Kingdom now imports noarly one-

half the eggs consumed.

A Paradoxical Reply. "Doctor, do you think eyeglasses will alter my appearance?" inquired

Mrs. Gunson anxiously. "I shall at least expect them to improve your looks," replied the phydecian.—Lippincott's.

HELPED SENATOR TO VICTORY

Political Opponents Made Mistake When They Raked Up a Story They Thought Would Hurt.

Senator Chamberlain c. Washington, who recently made his first extended speech in congress, on conservation, has reminded an old friend of Chamberlain's own experiments in conservation.

"When Chamberiain was running ic: the senate," said this friend, "the opposition went over his record with a fine tooth comb to find something injurious to him. One day one of the strikers rushed in and announced that he had it.

Chamberlain was president of a bank when he was a young man; it busted and was a horrible wreck. "Dig it up quick," announced the

campaign manager. The story was looked up and was true. The bank had failed, and

there were almost no assets. They were just ready to put out the story when an old friend of Chamberlain's came along and advised against it. "Won't do you any good," he insisted. "Take my word for it."

But the campaign managers had to do something, and so the story of the busted bank was given out and got due publicity in all the anti-Chamberlain papers. Next day the Chamberlain committee gave out a statement signed by all the directors and a lot of depositors of the bank. It said:

"It is true that Mr. Chamberlain was president of the bank when it failed. At that time he was a man of some property. He had never been actively connected with the bank management, and when he learned that it was closed and hopelessly insolvent he turned over his entire property and personally paid all depositors."

Whereupon the anti-Chamberlain people started hunting for a new roorback, and when election day came the man whose bank had failed ingloriously was triumphantly elected senator.

#### NOT FITTED TO MAKE RULING

New York Jurist Refused to See Corsets Tried On in Legal Dispute Before Him.

"Really, ladies, you must excuse me. I know nothing whatever about corsets and if that awful-looking harness you lay before me is a latter-day corset then I don't wonder that the plaintiff refuses to wear them and wants her money back. Please continue this case in a civil court. No, I positively refuse to allow the young women to don those cruel-looking things in my court."

Thus spoke Magistrate Barlow, who is a modest man, when he flatly fused to decide the issue as to whether or not the ample figure of a young woman plaintiff would look more comfortable in a No. 19 or a No. 18 corset, says a Pittsburg Dispatch's

New York correspondent. Miss Mabel Connolly, in making elaborate preparations for her Easter toilet, purchased a pair of corsets from Mrs. Calisher. Miss Connoily was positive that she selected a pair o. No. 19s, but when she arrived at her home she discovered that No. 18s had been given her. It was impossible, she said, to squeeze into the new corset because it was a 'long-hipped' one, and Miss Connolly's hips are not of that build. She hurried back to Mrs. Calisher and after a long dispute Mrs. Calisher refused to make an exchange.

Choosing Her Gifts. A charitable Englishwoman, who insists on a personal acquaintance with all her pensioners, recently contributed to the London World an account of some of her amusing experiences. A small girl of eight called at the lady's house soon after Christmas with a bundle under her arm.

"Please, yer ladyship," she began. "please, mum says thank yer kindly, an' says tell yer that down our way capes is worn now, an' if she was to wear this shawl yer sent 'er all the neighbors would think she was one of them ladies what sells flowers in the. street; so please, yer ladyship, mumsays will yer send 'er a cape 'stead of the shawl?

"Or if yer ain't got one, a picksher'll, do. One in a gold frame for the front room; an' please," concluded the child, with delicate insistence, "mum says she 'opes it'll be of Bobbie Burns and gentle Mary."-Youth's Compan-

Clerk Enters a Complaint. "The warmer the day and the busier we are the more trying customers seem to be," said the tired clerk. "To-day a well dressed woman bustled up to the counter of which I have charge and asked to see men's shirts. I spent the next twenty minutes showing her every style and color we carry. She seemed so interested that I took particular pains to please her. After inspecting the entire stock she rose and thanked me sweetly, adding: I didn't wish to purchase any. You

husband is very particular about the finish of his shirts." "Though I felt chagrined I really had to laugh as I returned the counterful of shirts to the shelves."

see I am making my husband some

summer shirts and I wanted to be

sure I was doing them right. My

That's the Way It Goes. "I guess I made a mistake. I wouldn't paint a doorstep for the old

"Well?" "And now I've got to paint the entire house for the new tenant."-Washington Heraid.

## A CASE OF PRONUNCIATION

How Absorbed Lawyer Was Brought to Pay Attention to Pretty But Frivolous Miss.

Roger A. Pryor, a general in the Confederate army, and afterward a noted lawyer and judge in New York. could never brook a mispronounced word. In "My Day" his wife records an amusing incident in this connection. Once, at the White Sulphur Springs, a Virginia girl was under her care. Her husband was absorbed in study, and did not render the homage to which the pair of blue eyes were accustomed.

"I don't think the judge likes me," she complained. "He never has a word to say to me. He looks as if he was always thinking about some-

thing else." "Lizzie," I suggested, "you must mispronounce a word or two, and we'll see what effect that will have."

We put our heads together and made out a list for her to commit to memory. At dinner she fastened her eyes upon our victim, and began, offoring a flower: "It's not very pret-

ty, but the per-fume ----"I beg your pardon, Miss Dash, perfume, accent on the first syllable!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, you are so kind, judge! This just il-lustrates---"Illus-trate, my dear young lady, accent on the second syllable. But

pray go on." "Two never had anybody to tell me any of these things!" she moaned.

"If you only would-" "With pleasure," came the cordial response. "A beautiful young lady should be perfect in speech as in all;

things." The little minx played her part to perfection. Presently, overcome with the ludicrous situation, she excused herself, and my dear innocent remarked, as his admiring eyes followed

uncommonly sensible girl. "An that!"

# TIMBER THERE IN PROFUSION

Belt of Two Thourand Square Miles of Best Pina Found in Newfoundland.

The commercial woods of Newfoundhand are birch, jumper, pine, fir and sprum, the latter being in greater quantity, but much of it is rather too small in diameter to accure profitable returns in its manufacture into lumber. It is more suitable for pulp wood, and for this reason some of the lumber manufacturing companies have closed down, and it is estimated that others will do likewise. The lumber manufactured is used principally for house and general construction pur-

Information has been received that there is a pine belt of 2,000 square miles, running through the Exploits and Gander valleys, containing the best grades of white pine on the market, which is worth from \$50 to \$55 per 1,000 feet. The remaining pine in the country appears to be intermingled with other woods. To get it out. therefore, involves more labor, and it is unprofitable unless the other woods necessarily cut at the same time are also utilized.

Post Had a "Cinch." Poets, as a rule, are not good business men, but an exception is one of a little group of writers and artists who dine every evening together and talk shop. The poet very often reads: the verses he has composed, and sometimes the comments are not exactly flattering. "That's rotten." exclaimed an artist on hearing one of these effusions recently.

"Til bet you five dollars I can sell it to a magazine," replied the post. The wager was made, and the artist lost. Since then the poet has made several similar bets with his scoffing friends and has won them all. He was chuckling over it to an outsider the

work," said the rank outsider. "Confidence, nothing," laughed the poet. "I couldn't lose. I never read a poem to those fellows until I have first sold it!"

other day. "You must have wonder-

ful confidence in the merit of your

A Rather Duff Pearl.

There is an anecdots in J. A. Hammerton's "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," which hints at the possibility of the great novelist's fountain of talk being sealed at times.

A lady who had friends in Surrey who were on terms of some intimacy with the novelist was greatly charmed on one occasion when visiting there to find that Meredith was to be one of the guests at dinner.

She prepared berself for a rich ingathering of his celebrated flowers of witty talk.

But he was singularly silent throughout the visit, and the only Meredithian phrase the lady could carry away with her was his remark. when reaching across his neighbor for the salt:

"Excuse the picnic stretch."-Youth's Companion.

Aneedote. Man told us this the other day. We never heard it before, but we don't know whether it's original, so we won't stand for it. Merely repeat it: "How can you tall a Yale man from

a Harvard man?" "Well, a Yale man always acts as if he owned the world."

"Yes?" "And a Harvard man always acts as if he doesn't know what vulgar person owns the world, and, furthermore, he doesn't care to know."

#### CRUSADE AGAINST THE KISS

Modern Science Has Decreed That It is Dangerous and Should be Condemned.

Kissing in its modern promiscu'ty is pernicious and should be condemned as dangerous

The custom probably had its origin not in affection, but in suspicion. In primitive times, when the sense of smell was perhaps more acute than that of sight, bringing the faces together was a means of identification and of distinguishing friend from foe. We have now other better developed senses, psychic and physical, which tell us of friendship, and kissing has become a mark of affection, rather than a test of it.

It is not against this that the hygienist-the sensible one-protests. but against the meaningless and dangerous habit of pecking at the lips of every one, especially of the defenseless infant. It is really an affront for a stranger, or even an ordinary friend, to kiss a baby on the lips, and the act should be resented.

Kissing among members of the family is hygienically permissible, fortunately It is of course through the transmission of bacteria that kissing is harmful. But each family has its own domesticated bacteria, as it were, of the same species as those inhabiting other people, but somewhat modified by constant interchange. Against these each member of the family is in a measure immune. They are like an ill-natured pet dog that respects the members of the household with which it lives, and will not bite them, but snaps and snarls at strangers.

Kissing should, therefore, be a family greeting; for strangers or ordinary friends the handshake suffices. Above all, the baby's lips should be sacred .--Youth's Companion.

## THREE PARTS OF ENGLAND

Region of Great Industries, Small Factories and Cathedral Towns Are Noted.

England, as every attentive observer has noted, falls roughly into three parts. North of a line drawn from the Dee to the Humber there is the England which is almost as new as America, the England of coal and iron, cotton and wool, the England of great milis and mines and of industry on the immense scale. That is the England, the capitals of which are Manchester. Sheffield, Leeds and Bradford, the cities whose names stand throughout the world for modern English manufacturing supremacy and commercial enterprises, and this England has pronounced decisively for the government, for free trade and, above all, for democracy.

Just to the south of the line there is the midlands, the region of which Birmingham is the capital, the region in which industry is carried on for the most part in small factories by struggling employers. That England has on the whole, gone against the government.

Finally, there is the south, the feudal England, the region characterized by cathedral cities, small market towns and rather decayed residential boroughs.

In size of population, in wealth, inindustrial significance, and in virility the urban north as unquestionably outweighs the urban midlands and the urban south as it has unquestionably given its verdict for the cause of DECETTERS.

Sense of Direction in Animals. The remarkable faculty which cats. dogs, pigeons and other animals possess of returning in a straight line to a point of departure has awakened much curiosity on the part of naturalists. Some refer it to instinct, some to intelligence similar to man, some to an internal mechanism which makes the animal simply automata, but none of these attempted explanations does anything toward solving the mystery. One of our ablest modern scientific writers supposes that when an animal is carried to a great distance in a basket its fright makes it very attentive to the different odors which it encounters upon the way, and that the return of these odors, in inwerse order, furnishes the needful guide.

# Most Mysterious Disease.

Rabies is a most mysterious disease, so much so that doubtless there have been many deaths from so-called hidden rabies in country people, never even suspected as hydrophobia. Some more furious cases could easily be mistaken for acute violent insanity. Others look like acute general paralysis, always bringing death. There seems as yet no remedy for hydrophohis except to kill does mercifully and by wholesale. Hydrophobia is gradually and strongly taking a firm hold in this country and American character seems too shiftless and variable to keep up and drive the pest out by years of patient, persistent use of the muzzle, as was done in England .-New York Press.

Over-Zealous in Care. Some years ago the captain of one of his majesty's ships, while in quarantine at Auckland, New Zealand, owing to one slight case of fever, received some valuable carrier pigeons. He gave his colored servant strict orders to take great care of them. A few days afterward the captain, wishing to make use of the birds, inquired of his servant if he had taken care of them. "Oh, yes," replied he; "me hab taken berry great care of dem. Day no fly away, 'cause I hab clipped dere wings!"

## BEFORE DAYS OF LAWYERS

Evolution From the Crude and Barbarous Rulings of the Powerful In Primitive Times.

In the more primitive times the man was the head of all family relations; his wife, his children, his servants, were his to do with as he would. If a babe was deformed, sickly, or a girl, where he wanted a man-child, he had only to say the word and it was slain or exposed to the elements and wild

beasts Later kings arose, and when such an one ruled a tribe or nation "whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive." Suspicion in the king's mind meant death, swift when merciful and lingering through untold torments when kingly hatred or policy so decreed. In due time the priest became at times superior to patriarchal; prince and kingly tyrant and claimed: his human sacrifices to appease the outraged gods.

Not only the criminal and the captive enemy perished. "In Ur of the Chaldess," when Abraham left the city with his childless wife Sarai. both doubtless rejoiced in their hearts that no man-child of theirs hadgasped out its budding life on the altar of Hurki, the relentless moon god. Under systems so crude and cruel man lived subjected to strong thieves. and slaying mercilessly brute and man who lessened by fraud or force his limited substance. From a general paucity of necessities and luxuries and the ease of escape beyond the reach of post or pursuit, arose the Draconian laws, which put to death millions of human beings for crimes that today are petty offenses indeed.

Naturally this "king's justice" was an inquisition and not a trial, decided not on abstract rules and carefully weighed evidence, but by whatever rude justice, mercy, policy or favor might rule the royal mind or judge's reason for the time. Execution followed fast upon sentence, and when the Assyrian's face was covered and he was led forth he knew that bitter torture or sudden death was close at hand.

Whoever questioned the justice of the king or the decision of the judge or priest might be a brave man, but, seldom survived the resentment of his. judges. Therefore the lawyer is a modern innovation.

## TRIBUTE TO GREAT WRITER

Japanese Accords Deserved Hener to: the Memory of Good Friend of His Race.

We Japanese have been regenerated. by Hearn's sudden magic, and baptized afresh under his transcendental rapture; in fact, the old romances which we had forgotten years were brought again to quiver in the air, and the ancient beauty which we buried under the dust rose again with a strange yet new splendor. He made us shake the old robe of bias which we were without knowing it, and hegave us a sharp sensation of revival. However what impressed us most was that he was a striking figure of protest. He wrote to Mr. Otani: "While this rage for wasting time in societies goes on there will be no new Japanese literature, no new drama, no new poetry-nothing good of any kind. Production will be made impossible, and only the commonplace translation of foreign ideas. The meaning of time, the meaning of work the sacredness of literature, are unknown to this generation." He was, indeed, the living proof of the power of solitude with which he tried to master these problems, and with which he succeeded.—Yone Noguchi in the Atlantic.

Deadly Mountain Crevices. In some of the high plateaus or mesas of the Rocky mountains, cays a writer in the Wide World Magazine. there are to be found, a short distance from the edge, cracks or fissures not more than four feet wide and often as much as 80 feet deep. During the terrific bliszards that rage in the winter these crevices are filled to the level, and cattle and horses which are not acquainted with the country frequently drop into them, their struggles only causing them to sink deeper and deeper. The cracks, into which the sun never penetrates, are like refrigerators, and the hapless brutes, when death has come to their relief, simply dry up and become, to all intents and purposes, mummies.

# Pre-Columbian Voyages.

Concerning the subject of the discovery of America, John Fiske says: "Nothing can be cleaser from a survey of the whole subject than that these pre-Columbian voyages were quite barren of historic importance. In point of colonization they produced the two ill-fated settlements on the Greenland coast and nothing more. Otherwise they made no real addition to the stock of geographical knowledge. They wrought no effect whatever upon the European mind. In no sense was any real contact established between the eastern and western haives of our planet until the great voyage of Columbus in 1492."

Not as Bad as Me Had Feared. "I should think," said the beautiful young widow, "you would resent Mr. Brown's remarks concerning you."

"What has he been saying about me?" asked Senator Piffle. "He says you are a politician and

not a statesman." "Oh, pshaw! I don't mind that. I was afraid you were going to tell me he had been saying I was not true to my party."

# WESLEY'S WORK IN GEORGIA

The Great Methodist's Motto, "Be Diligent," Waz His Rule of Action Consistently Adhered To.

One of Wesley's rules, inherited from early Oxford days and handed down to his "helpers" in later days. was this: "Be diligent; never be triffingly employed." His own output of solid work in Georgia was extraordinary. He mastered at least three languages and taught two. He built a house, fenced and planted a garden, felled trees and helped to make roads. He compiled and published the first: hymn book ever used in the English church, and prepared a second, translating hymns, composing others and selecting from the best sources.

He had a long, wide and difficult: parish. In the library of the London, colonial office I found a map, drawn. probably by an early eighteenth century survey officer, which reproduces! Wesley's American circuit, bounded, by the Savannah river and extending. south to the frontiers of Florida-a. territory of pathless woods, swamps and savannahs: a seacoast studded with a perfect labyrinth of islands and indented by river estuaries and creeks. On foot or in pettiawgas and scout boats he worked his parish, traveling in all winds and weathers, and feeding sparsely.

Wrapped in his cloak, he slept on: the ground, or on deck, drenched withrain and night dews, his clothes sometimes frozen to the earth; fording rivers, losing his way in swamps., reading prayers and preaching to planters and Indian traders and boat men, singing and reading and praying as he went, observing all his rules, wasting no time, evangelizing every man, woman or child he met with, caring with infinite tenderness for the sick-the bond slave of Jesus Christ, the friend and pastor of lonely colonists.-From "The Journal of John Wesley," by Nehemiah Curnock, in Harper's.

## RESULT OF TOO MUCH MONEY

Prosperity and Certain Forms of Blindness Seem to Go Hand in Hand.

Prosperity is a disease which attacks those who have too much money. It is a virulent ailment, and affects its victims in various ways, says a writer in Lippincott's. Sometimes it induces almost total blindness, so that its victims may ride on an elevated train or other vehicle through blocks of slums filled with poverty-stricken people, without being aware of it.

In other cases men suffering from prosperity have been known to hand the poor great quantities of books, even when these poor did not know where their next meal was coming from.

In still other cases, sufferers from prosperity, which many doctors look upon as a species of megalomania. have secured complete control of an important article of food, such as wheat, and, when the people objected to the resultant increase in price. roundly cursed them for their pessimism and lack of confidence in the integrity of the business world.

The malady would yield readily to treatment, but for the unfortunate fact that those afflicted with it seem to enjoy it.

# Care of Clocks.

The household timekeeper needs regular care and superintendence if it is to keep time accurately. A responsible member of the family should be put in charge of it, to wind and regulate it.

A clock should be wound, as far as possible, at one stated time, and be regulated at fixed periods; it should be kept locked so that mischievous persons may not play with it; and ita face, hands, etc., should occasionally be delicately dusted. A periodical oiling may also be necessary and for; this purpose employ the purest oil. purified by a quart of limewater to a gallon of oil. Shake this, allow it tostand for a few days, and then carefully pour off the pure oil without disturbing the sediment. The oil should be applied to the works with a camel'm hair brush.

# Memory and Intellect.

The possession of a great memory. does not necessarily mean a strong intellect. Mozart, when only 13 years old, played a new opera from one hearing, which had been composed especially to test his skill. But in addition to reproducing the opera from memory without missing a note, he introduced in the second playing the van riations, which struck his cultured hearers dumb with amazement. Blind Tom could probably have reproduced the same opera. He did play Lisst's celebrated Hungarian opera after hearing it once without missing a note, but he could not have created what Mosart did. He had Mosart's memory, but not his intellect.

The Brute "Love," cooed Mrs. Simper. "I bought a necktie for you this morning at a bargain sale."

"Did you really?" "Yes. And-boo! boo-you don't seem to appreciate my thoughtfulness

a bit!" "Oh, yes I do, but I'd appreciate the gift more if it were a cross-tie. We need kindling."

in Fig-Leaf Days. First Prehistorio-Where did Adam get such an awful grouch?

. . .

Second Ditto-He's kicking because his spring clothes don't make him look as broad shouldered as the fellows in the advertisements.—Puck.