

WRONG IN THEIR JUDGMENT

Youthful Physiognomists in Fault at Placing Object of Their Admiration.

They were youthful enthusiasts in physiognomy. On the seat opposite in the train was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and serious expression. "Splendid face!" one of them exclaimed. "What do you suppose his life-work has been?"

"A lawyer," suggested the other. "No-o; there's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer."

"Maybe a banker?" "Oh, no. A man with an expression like that couldn't have spent his life in merely turning over money."

THE SECRET OF JOURNALISM

Office Boy Discovered It and Met the Usual Reward That Awaits the Pioneer.

They have an office boy on a New York newspaper—or, they had one, rather, as the tenure of office boys on newspapers average about two weeks—who was the staff's despair. Not that this is distinguishing or definite; but this boy's literalness and stupidity were the last words in those office boy arts.

It was Eddie's duty to empty the exchanges from the two large mail bags every morning, spread them, and carry them upstairs to the exchange editor's room. Invariably he would lay them upside down, so the scissors and paste man would have to turn them himself.

"Why do you do that, Eddie?" asked the exchange editor one day, his patience gone. "I can't read the papers that way. Do you know why you have to bring these newspapers up here?"

"Yes, sir," answered truthful Eddie. "Well?" "Cause Mr. Jones tells me to."

"No, no! Good heavens! Do you know what newspapers are for? Do you know why they're printed?" "Yes, sir, to sell."

They don't argue any more with Eddie. They just fired him, although the literary editor, who shared the room with the exchange editor, maintains that Eddie's answer was the best of many possible ones.—Sunday Magazine.

Two Work Horses Earn \$13,500. Among recent stories of work horses, that told of two belonging to a New York contractor is especially interesting, the animals being 26 and 25 years old respectively, their present owner having had them both for over twenty years and neither one having cost him a penny for repairs.

Deciding that after years of service they were entitled to live for ever after in the country, he sent them to his stock farm, but to his surprise they lost flesh and gave other indications of sadly missing the old routine, so that he had them brought back to easy routine work on aqueduct and subway. It is estimated that the humane and intelligent treatment given these animals up to the beginning of this year has netted their owner in service the equivalent of \$13,500, and this is certainly a telling economic argument for kindness.—Vogue.

Made Them Open Their Eyes. None of the men paid any particular attention when the girl got on the car. She was just an ordinary, kind-faced girl dressed in plain colors. Her clothes were neat and clean and she had neither beauty nor lack of it sufficient to justify a second glance.

But inside of 30 seconds every woman on the car was craning her neck like a kid in front of a Punch and Judy booth to get a better look at the newcomer.

"Of all things!" exclaimed one. "You know I never saw one before—that is not on a woman. I've seen them on men. Not a bad-looking girl—otherwise."

Oh, no, the girl wasn't any bearded woman from a museum. Here's all there was to it: She was wearing a celluloid collar!

Blood Transfusion. There is nothing more dramatic in surgery than a transfusion of blood—to see the patient take on the rosy hue of health, to waken out of his lethargy, show an immediate live interest in his surroundings, and actually recover under the eye of the operator.

In adults we must not permit the amount transfused to equal the normal, for fear of suddenly overtaxing the heart; but in the case of young children who have had severe hemorrhages there may be complete recovery without a period of convalescence, so that at the termination of the operation the patient is well.

SEES PERIL IN SHINY SHOES

Take Up Too Much of Wearer's Attention, Says a Writer in a New York Newspaper.

It has become a matter of some doubt in the minds of many people whether patent leather shoes should be worn in the streets. Is it safe or is it not? Should we endanger our lives in the distraction of traffic when, by wearing slightly less shiny shoes, we could give our attention to dodging automobiles and ducking street cars. No child should be allowed out alone in patent leather shoes—that is decided without a moment's doubt; but even a people of maturer years are not quite responsible for their own safety when wearing patent leather shoes.

They cannot be, no matter what their strength of character. If one's shoes will shine, so one must watch them, and if one walks with one's eyes riveted on one's flashing feet, one of necessity bumps into something, and it is nothing less than cold luck if the something is a lamp-post or a post-man instead of a flying fire engine. And then one's progress is so slow. Absorbed, captivated, held spellbound by one's own boot tips, one is so very apt to arrive late at the place one was going to or forget completely one's destination and sinking onto a park bench have one's feet slowly about, bewitched by their sparkling high lights. Holland has most wisely and kindly opened up a wide thoroughfare for those persons who prefer roller skates to other modes of conveyance, and as nothing more than a humane precaution the city ought to set aside one street for those incorrigibly venturesome people who will wear patent leather boots in public.—New York Evening Sun.

YOUTHFUL VICTIM OF CUPID

And the Boy Was Ready With the Excuse That Has Done Duty for So Many Centuries.

John Duncan is six years old, and lives in a nice, comfortable house at No. 2058 East Ninetieth street, says the Cleveland Leader. He started in to get an education at Bolton school not long ago, but the beauty of a little girl of about his own age proved far more attractive to him than did anything that his patient teacher could offer. Whenever the opportunity came this youthful lover would steal over to his heart's desire and fairly smother her with true lover's kisses.

In vain did the teacher protest against these ardent manifestations of affection. The kisses multiplied in number and increased in their warmth until finally a note was sent to John's father, who is an erudite and distinguished lawyer with offices in the Ferry-Payne building.

"Why, my boy," said the father, seriously, "how could you disobey your teacher?" "The six-year-old Lochinvar made no reply.

"Why did you keep on kissing this little girl?" "Well, papa," said Johnny, joyously, "she certainly did look good to me."

And the inquisition ended then and there.

The Language of Rapture. She was one of a Sunday walking party which was wending its way southward to the brow of West Rock. At a turn in the path there burst on her view that vista which seldom fails to impress the one for the first time beholding it, a view hardly to be equaled in this part of New England.

At her feet lay the resting city in its length and breadth, its streets and houses and public buildings standing out clear in the leafless springtime. Eastward was sentinel East Rock, with its heavenward pointing shaft reflecting the westerling sun. Southward were the waters of the blue harbor, and further the blue waters of the sound, while one could almost discern in the dimmer distance the white sands of Long Island. It was an impressive vision, and the beholder was visibly impressed. Her ruby lips parted in a burst of rapture, and this is what she said:

"Ain't it classy?"—New Haven Register.

When a Big Hotel Falls. Talk not of loot till you have seen a big hotel or fashionable restaurant in bankruptcy! The riot of pillage that follows the collapse of one of those extensive enterprises is incredible until you have verified it with your own eyes. Tip did not see the sack of Pekin by the allies, but he hazards the assertion that it could not have been a marker to the knock-down-and-drag-out methods that follow the appointment of a receiver for a twentieth century caravansary. The amount of capital invested in such a venture is large, of course, and much of it is represented by portable articles. Despite utmost care, it's next to impossible for a stranger to get a line on these assets, and many of them vanish before he learns to keep track of the often insignificant remainder.—New York Press.

Neglected. Dame Rumor—Oh, what I know about you! Mrs. Grundy (eagerly)—Cut it loose, my dear! Start something! Cry it from the housetops! Purvey the publicity to your heart's content! Dame Rumor—Don't you care? Mrs. Grundy—Care nothing! Why, people think so little of me nowadays that I really require the services of a bustling press-agent to keep me from drifting into innocuous desuetude!

DYSPEPSIA AS TIME SAVER

According to This, Undesirable Allment Is Positive Benefit to Man Who Has to Work.

One has so much more time on one's hands when one's appetite is bad than when it is not. Eating does not take up much time apparently, and yet when one is eating nothing the days are so long and so much gets itself done. Of course, one does not waste any time in being hungry; there is that to be thought of. One does not for three-quarters of an hour before each meal prow around exclaiming: "Luncheon is not ready? It isn't? How queer! Yes, I know it is not one by any of the clocks, but it feels fearfully one to me. I think on the whole you better give me a buttered roll." There is that three-quarters of an hour saved. Then there is the actual time of eating which is sometimes unconscionably long, as well as all the time one would spend in digesting if one had eaten anything worth digesting. Added to this there are a number of odd minutes picked up during the afternoon which would otherwise have been spent in regretting that one had eaten so much and determining not to do it again. Altogether, dyspepsia is as efficacious a time saver as anything at the moment thought of. Not sleeping well ought to help out tremendously; but it does not, for if one loses three hours' sleep at night one takes up 14 waking hours in explaining what a martyr one is, giving a minute description of how sleepy one feels, and this, combined with one or two little naps one has to take, wastes time shockingly. All mention of the time spent in convincing people that one was awake three hours, in spite of the fact that one did not hear a single clock strike the quarter hour, has been purposely left out.

DESCARTES' RULES OF LIFE

Admirable Guides for Conduct Set Forth in His "Provisional Self-Government."

In the discourse of Descartes upon "The Method of Using One's Reason Rightly," he says that he had always had an intense desire to learn how to distinguish truth from falsehood in order that he might be clear about his actions and that he might be able to walk surefootedly in his life.

Therefore he resolved to set up what he termed "a provisional self-government," of which these were to be the rules. I give the rules as somewhat broadly paraphrased by Mr. Huxley:

First—That he would submit himself to the laws and religion in which he had been brought up.

Second—That he would act, on all occasions which called for action, promptly and according to the best of his judgment.

Third—That he would seek happiness in limiting his desires rather than in attempting to satisfy them.

Fourth—That he would make the search after truth the business of his life.

Descartes was just coming of age when he laid down for himself these rules of life.—From "Personal Power," by William Jewett Tucker.

Cuts and Court Plaster. Many people make the mistake of using court plaster over a cut. The plaster closes the wound prematurely, preventing the natural cleansing of the wound and the egress of any particles of dirt which may have entered. It also keeps the edges moist, encouraging the pus formation. In the treatment of a cut do not be in too much of a hurry to stop the bleeding. Unless an artery is severed, which becomes evident by the forcible spurting of the blood, there is no need of haste. Each moment of free bleeding aids in rendering the wound antiseptic, as the blood coming from within cleanses the wound better than any other application. After free bleeding has been allowed for a few minutes let a stream of hot water, which has previously been boiled, run over the wound. This will cleanse the edges and check the bleeding.—Family Doctor.

One Acre. It is possible to make a living on one acre of land. The thing is being accomplished in more places than one. A resident of San Bernardino, Cal., for many years made a good living on a single acre of land. Around the acre was a row of fruit trees, from which he realized \$400 for a season's fruit. From a quarter of an acre in strawberries he made \$200. From the rest of the acre he took three different crops of vegetables, and was so successful with them that he sold \$1,000 worth, besides keeping a pig and many fowls. It is said that in the suburbs of Paris a man, on less than an acre of land, under glass and heated by underground pipes, makes ten crops of asparagus a year, for which he receives \$11,000.

Her Superiority. Jennie and Viola, both five years of age, had been mentioning their numerous possessions and mildly boasting about them. "I've got the most clothes," said little Jennie. "Yes, but I've got the most dolls," replied Viola. "Well, I've got more brothers than you," answered Jennie. Viola seemed done up for a minute, but for a minute only. Then she came out with, "Well, I've got the biggest feet." In a proud tone that appeared to settle the matter. And it did, so far as Jennie was concerned, for she replied sadly, "Yes, I guess you have," and nothing would console her.—The Bellinctor.

BOYS WERE NOT PAMPERED

Spartan Simplicity the Keypnote of Life in English Schools a Century Ago.

Coleridge's record of the meals at Christ's hospital in his school days gives a detailed picture of what was once thought good enough for growing boys: "Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread, and some bad small beer. Every evening a larger piece of bread and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner—on Sundays, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and pea porridge. Our food was portioned, and excepting on Wednesdays I never had a bellyful. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied, and we had no vegetables."

The hardships of life at Eton in the old days were aggravated by bullying which, in the words of one of the victims, sometimes amounted to "a reign of terrorism." Provost Okes of King's college, Cambridge, contributed the following story:

"In July, 1826, contemplating matrimony, I went to the University Life Insurance society for a policy. I went before the board—some sixteen men. 'You are a fellow of King's, I see, Mr. Okes, from your papers.' 'Yes, sir.' 'I infer, then, necessarily that you were at Eton and in college?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How long were you in college?' 'Eight years.' 'Where did you sleep?' 'In Long Chamber, sir.' 'All the time?' 'Yes, sir.' 'We needn't ask Mr. Okes any more questions.' And they did not." It passed, as the Provost said, "if you meant eight years in Long Chamber and are alive at 29, you are a fairly safe life."—London Daily Chronicle.

READING TO AVOID THINKING

It Almost Seems That Things Have Been Arranged to Bring About Just That Situation.

The danger of thinking has been reduced to a minimum. One sometimes feels that life has been arranged in sole regard to this. There are more ways to avoid thinking than there are to avoid everything else put together. Some people live to a good old age without having ever thought; some are overtaken and made to stand face to face with their thoughts during a long illness and convalescence. Flat on their backs, with nothing to do, they can hardly be blamed for thinking. Their cases are exceptional and thoughts at such a time are not to be laid up against them. If there is no other mode of escape from an introduction to one's mind they can always read. It is a method which has helped millions of people. There was a time when it seemed that during a voyage one was in danger of being left alone with one's self, but libraries were installed in ships, newsboys on trains, and so on once more we were rescued. Then the dozen little activities of daily life help so—bustling, sewing on buttons—one manages to put off the thing we think we do most of all until old age, and when that is reached we comfortably decide to postpone our thinking once again, as we will have more time in the next world.

Mr. Rhodes' Unpaid Tailor Bill. The late Cecil Rhodes, whose African career had its origin in delicate health, was an intimate friend of Sir H. H. Johnston, who tells a characteristic story concerning him.

Mr. Rhodes was visiting Sir Harry in London at the time for the purpose of talking over African problems and settling some vastly important matters of policy when there burst in unannounced an excited individual flourishing a voluminous account which it appeared represented an unpaid tailor bill of Mr. Rhodes, incurred at Oxford and amounting to nearly two hundred pounds sterling. From various pockets Mr. Rhodes fished out notes and gold to the amount required and paid the astonished tailor on the spot.

Father Could Not Comfort Her. A little girl during a presidential campaign became very much interested, and made a flag to be carried in the parade. When the time came for marching she supposed, of course, she could go with the boys, and was very much abashed, when told that little girls did not march. She was inconsolable, and going home threw herself sobbing upon the lounge; her father tried to comfort her, but to no purpose, when finally, being able to endure it no longer, she pushed him away, saying: "You're not a little girl, you never will be a little girl, and so don't know how I feel. Go away."

Applicable. "Pa," asked little Philander Phyppe, "who was it said, 'The first shall be last?'" "I don't remember, son," answered Mr. Phyppe, who is keenly interested in automobile track records. "Probably some fellow who had tire trouble in the final lap."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Never. "Newspapers are full of inconsistencies." "No doubt. Still, you never see a millinery advertisement on the sporting page."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

CONSPIRE TO CAUSE NOISE

Treachery of Inanimate Objects When One Is Seeking to Avoid Awakening Nearby Sleeper.

Who is it that tells inanimate objects when one is trying to avoid waking some one in the next room? They always know and their ghoulish tricks are really horrid to see. Chairs fall over on no pretext whatever. The mere brush of one's skirt and down they go with an awful crash. One's own innocence is so clear to one, but the chairs know how difficult it will be for you to fasten the blame on them, and with silent chuckles they implicate you a dozen times. Doors bang that at other times close with an invariable mousiness. Things at the opposite end of the room creak loudly quite shameless in the openness with which they dispense with all cause but their own wicked intentions. After a while one abandons caution and gives up going on tiptoe. If everything is determined to make such a fearful rumpus you might as well accept calmly the reputation for thoughtlessness which will be laid at your door with entire unjustness. Humans are not unkind to inanimate objects. Why should the latter always behave as though they had a grudge to pay off? It is churlish. It makes one wonder if the Japanese did not have deep reasons for discarding furniture. They believe in devils, but they prefer having them on pedestals, where they can be watched, rather than lurking about in household effects, ready to betray one at a moment's notice. There may be a great deal in this matter. It should be carefully investigated, and, if possible, cleared up.

NOT SO MUCH OF A WAITER

Genial Philosopher Proved That He Had Had Professor's Record Beaten to a Frazzle.

"There's romance for you," said little Binks, putting aside his morning paper. "This paper has a story of a college professor who met a beautiful girl twenty years old, fell in love with her at first sight, and then lost sight of her altogether. Now, after waiting 20 years, he is rewarded by leading her to the altar as his bride. Just think of it, waiting 20 years for a wife."

"What of it?" asked the genial philosopher. "There's nothing extraordinary about that. I've waited 35 years for mine."

"You? Waited 35 years? Why, I thought you'd been married that long," said little Binks.

"I have," said the genial philosopher. "That's how I know how long I've waited. I've waited for her to get her gloves on about three years. I've waited for her to change her hat about four years. I've waited while she said just one last word to the cook for at least five years; I've waited upstairs; I've waited downstairs; I've waited at church; I've waited at the theater, and I have waited in cabs, omnibuses, taxis, motor cars and the Lord knows what else besides. Fact is, Binksy, I've waited so long, so often and so regularly that between you and me that little college professor of yours, with only one wait of 20 years, strikes me as a miserable little piker."—Harper's Weekly.

A London Beggar's Money. Some unusual disclosures were made in a begging case heard at Westminster, England. The defendant, who was dressed in "rags and tatters," was seen outside the Roman Catholic cathedral on Sunday repeatedly touching his brimless hat to worshippers entering the sacred edifice. When taken into custody he had 68 shillings in his pocket as well as two bank books showing something like £60 to his credit. But more remarkable still was the story of how the money had been made. Defendant had for 12 years been a sandwich man, and he said:

"I've saved every shilling of it out of the one shilling two pence a day. I don't drink, and I save every half-penny. It's my money. Why should it be taken away? I defy any one to accuse me of getting it wrongfully. I never begged. I only raised my hat to the Blessed Sacrament."

Birds of Literature. The world emits a Shakespeare, a Shelley or Goethe but seldom. We cannot expect every decade to produce a poetic genius. But what we are hearing in our literary world today is perhaps just as remarkable as though there came a gush of exquisite melody from some master singer. It is a chorus of expert rhytmeters many of them worthy of a frame they will not achieve, but which would surely have been theirs had they lived fifty or a hundred years ago. These are the poets who chant or chirp in the magazines or the columns of the daily papers. They may not be nightingales, or gifted with the divine sweetness of Shelley's skylark, but they are songsters all the same.

A Man's True Worth. Every good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies people will say: "What property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask: 'What good deeds has he sent before him?'"—Mahomet.

OCCUPY NESTS BY SEASONS

Buzzards Seldom Use Same "Home" Twice Consecutively for Some Reason Unexplained.

The flight of the buzzard is as well nigh perfection as is possible to find. In fact, he might be called the most perfect aeroplane in existence. To see him soaring between the bare hills, with a vast green fertile valley below him, and with the spring sun lighting up his brown plumage as he slowly sails around, with outspread pinions, is a sight never to be forgotten.

The buzzard usually chooses a ledge on a cliff for an eyrie, but in certain parts of Wales there are a few well used nests in trees, and as these are generally used by some bird of prey each season, they grow to an enormous size. The buzzard does not as a rule, use the same nest two consecutive seasons, but returns to it the third, and after that allows another season to elapse before occupying it again.

Two nests are often constructed in one diggle, and an amusing incident happened a few years ago in one of these places. The hen laid one egg in each nest, and as it was quite impossible for her to sit on both at once, we did her a good turn by placing one of these eggs in the nest with its companion. The result of our kindness was that a collector passed by about two hours afterward and put both eggs in his collecting box.

When I thought the matter over I came to the conclusion that that old buzzard was not half such a fool as we took her to be, and if we had left the eggs as we found them the bird might have had a chance of rearing one youngster.—Country Life.

FELT GRIEF HE EXPRESSED

Circumstances Under Which Verdi Produced the Sublime "Miserere" In "Il Trovatore."

Men of genius are confessedly creatures of mood. Grief and adversity have often been a real help to them, rather than a hindrance. Poe, it is said, produced "The Raven" while sitting at the bedside of his sleeping but dying wife. Many similar instances might be cited, but an anecdote of Verdi, told by Carlo Ceccarelli, will suffice.

On one occasion, when Verdi was engaged on his well-known opera, "Il Trovatore," he stopped short at the passage of the "Miserere," being at a loss to combine notes of sufficient sadness and pathos to express the grief of the prisoner, Manrico.

Sitting at his piano in the deep stillness of the winter night, his imagination wandered back to the stormy days of his youth, endeavoring to extract from the past a plaint, a groan, like those which escaped from his breast when he saw himself forsaken by the world. All in vain!

One day, at Milan, he was unexpectedly called to the bedside of a dying friend, one of the few who had remained faithful to him in adversity and prosperity. Verdi, at the sight of his dying friend, felt a lump rise in his throat; he wanted to weep, but so intense was his grief that not a tear flowed to the relief of his anguish.

In an adjoining room stood a piano. Verdi, under one of those sudden impulses to which men of genius are sometimes subject, sat down at the instrument, and there and then improvised the sublime "Miserere" of the "Trovatore." The musician had given utterance to his grief.

John Wesley's Ascetic Life. During the whole of his residence in Georgia Wesley slept on bare boards and fed on the plainest vegetarian food—as a rule on bread. He drank neither wine nor beer. His first act on landing was to smash the rum casks and to impose upon himself and his comrades—all members of the Holy club—a vow of abstinence. No trace can be discovered of a single day or hour given to recreation. All his reading, his conversation, his writing, even in the grammars and catechisms he compiled, were religious. The nearest approach to recreative reading that I have been able to discover in the diaries is Milton and Plato. The diversions of earlier years—tennis, cards, shooting and the like—are conspicuous by their absence. Even when "shaving" he "meditates."—Harper's Magazine.

The Forrest-Macready Riot. Astor place not only was a social center in the old days, but also the battleground of the partisans of Forrest and Macready. Forrest-Macready riot on May 10, 1848, was a spirited set-to between the partisans of the two actors, and there was a hot time in the Astor triangle while the riot lasted. The fighting occurred in front of the old opera house, which stood where the Mercantile library now stands. Now the two actors, the opera house, the social center, which was scandalized and terrorized by the riot, and the partisans who participated in it have passed away.

Would Call Again. For two hours the fashionable lady kept the draper exhibiting his goods, and at the end of that period she sweetly asked: "Are you quite sure you have shown me everything you have?" "No, madam," said the draper, with an insinuating smile, "I have yet an old account in my ledger which I shall very gladly show you."

He did not need to show any more. The lady left the shop, saying she would call again another day.