A WORD TO THE TRAVELER

Foreign Communities Are Apt to Judge Nation by Conduct of Its Citizens Abroad.

When you travel be sure to put into your grip alongside of the other neces maries your very best manners, be cause you will not only need them, but it behooves you to use them abroad even more than you do at thome, says Charles B. Loomis in Smith's Magazine.

When you are in your own town where you are well known, a little grouchiness a bit of petulance, or even a sudden burst of temper is likely to be taken at its proper valuation; you are an esteemed citizen and you. are not to be judged by an isolated act of bad manners. You can be rude to the postmaster and get away with it, because, as a general thing, you are polite to every one and you have an established reputation for urbanity and courtesy.

But when you are on your travels, those with whom you come in contact will judge you by each separate met, and not only will you be judged but the section from which you come will also be judged; and, as people are not always sure just where a traveler hails from, the wrong locality may suffer in public estimation solely on account of your thoughtless acts-acts for which you apologize to yeurself by saying: "Well, a fellow can act as he likes when he's among

strangers." America is not the greatest nation on earth, but I believe she can be. I believe that with help from the artloving Italians, the information as-- mimilating Jews, the hardy and industrious Swedes, and all the other nations-never forgetting the good old Puritan blood that acts as yeast for the whole lump, she will become the greatest nation on earth in the course

And it lies with you travelers to help the good cause along.

HOMES OF WILD CREATURES

Polar Bear's House in the Snow-Molly Cottontall's Simple Abode The Wolfe Den.

When the long arctic night approaches the polar bear retires to some sheltered spot, such as the cleft of a rock or the foot of some precipitous bank. In a very short time he is effectually concealed by the

Beaty snowdrifts. Sometimes the bear waits until aftor a heavy fall of snow and then digs m white cavern of the requisite form and size. Such is his home for aix long months.

The common little cottontail or socalled rabbit, does not live in a burrow, as does the English rabbit, but makes a slight depression in the ground, in which she lies so flatly pressed to the earth as to be searcely distinguishable from the soil and the siried herbage in which her abode is situated. The rabbit is strongly atsached to its home wherever it may be placed, and even if driven to a great distance from it contrives to regain its little, domicile at the earliest

opportunity. One of the most gruesome among animal homes is the wolfs den. This is simply a hole dug in the side of a bank or a small natural cave generally mituated on the sunny side of a ridge and almost hidden by bushes and loose boulders. Here the wolf lies snug; in and about his doorway lie. the remains of past feasts, which, coupled with his own odor, make the wolf's den a not very inviting place. -St. Nicholas Magazine.

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It Made Him Pensive. There is a certain Philadulphia bachelor who is fond of children. Once when he was riding on a Chestnut street trolley car a woman satopposite him with a baby in her arms. Suddenly the baby began to cry. Every one in the car seemed to be anneved and a general scowl west around. That is, every one except the bachelor. He tried to show by the bemign expression of his face that the crying of the baby was sweet music to him. He smiled at the youngster, but the noise only grew louder. Finally he leaned across the car.

"Perhaps there's a pin sticking him," he said in a stage whisper, and after the manner of one who understands all the complexities and troubles of baby life. There was a profound silence in the car until the moth-

er amswered. "No; there's no pin sticking bim," she said at last, in a tone of scorn, and with much emphasis on the last word. Then she continued: "He's scared because you're making faces at him." After that the bachelor lapsed into

Densivences.

The First Wire Nail. Although the wire sail is a small thing, it would be a big thing to de without. Probably no one could estimate the millions or billions or triltions-whatever the number may bethat are used in a single year. Yet the first wire nails in the United 1973. The first machine for their States were made no longer ago than Dusseldorf and set up in Covington, Ky. Later this single machine was multiplied by four and a company was organised. In 1884 the manufacture of wire natio was begun in Beaver Palls, Pa., and the product was already beginning to grow in popularity and usefulness. Just a year later a strike semporarily shut off the manufacture of cut nails, and the wire nail was in such demand that the manufacturers were swamped. From that time dates the supremacy of the wire nail.

NO CHIMNEY IN THIS HOUSE

Heating, Lighting, and All Other Necessary Things of the Kind Done by Electricity.

According to the Technical World Magazine a citizen of Schenectady, N. Y., without waiting for the importunities of designing salesmen, built a handsome residence in which there was no chimney, furnace, register, radiator, baseburner, gas fixtures or cook stove. By making inquiries of the coal dealer, the contractor and the local electric light company, and then doing a few simple sums in arithmetic, he established the fact that electric heating, cooking and lighting appliances could be installed as cheaply as the usual steam heating outfit and coal or gas ranges with their necessary chimneys, and that the cost of operation would be as low, or at least that any small increase would be more than offset by enhanced comfort and convenience. When this model electric house was described to the New York Electric society the fact was developed that it was by no means the only one of its kind.

Other houses at Schenectady and elsewhere have been heated successfully by electricity, though some of them, having been built before the dawn of the electric era, may have left-over chimneys, steam radiators and other relics of a less advanced

In fact, tireless inventors have made electricity in the household as handy as the provrbial pocket in a shirt. With an electric outfit housekeeping becomes a delight.

HONORS MEMORY OF FRIEND

Annual Tribute Proves How Strong Was the Attachment Between Two Opposite Characters.

No finer tribute to the friendship that existed between two men was ever paid than the silent tribute which Captain Henry C. Hathaway, the veteran whaling skipper of New Bedford, pays each Decoration day to his friend John Boyle O'Reilly, who died in 1890.

For 20 years this sea captain has been coming up from New Bedford each Memorial day to lay a wreath on the grave of his friend in Holyhood cemetery, Brookline, Mass., and this year, in company with Judge M. C. Murray, he performed the same duty, -for it long ago became a duty with

Mm. It was Captain Hathaway who aided John Beyle O'Rollly to escape from the British penal colony at Bunbury,

Australia, in 1869. There is something romantic and very much out of the ordinary in this friendship of those two men who mee as total strangers O'Reffly, a hunted felon in the Australian bush, and Henry C. Hathaway, first mate of the whaltng bark Gazelle from Ne ford. He took his own life in his hands the day he rescued O'Reilly, and he saved the latter from death on two occasions thereafter.

The Track of the Storm. The following essay on "a thusderstorm" by a twelve-year-old author was given to the Manchester (England) Guardian for publication:

"The usual sign of a thunderstorm is the rapidly darkening sky. After a few seconds has elapsed a peal of thunder makes the very earth quiver, while the trees tremble and the houses shake. Another second and a flash of lightning vividly crosses the sky, lighting the whole earth for a moment, and then down gushes the rain till it touches the earth, and the wind rustles silently through the trees. Then ensues a struggle between water and the things that bar its rush down the mountainside. Houses and cattle and women and children are all swept away by its impetuous rush, leaving everything behind a desolate waste. Many lives are lost through a thunderstorm, and many silver and gold medals won by people who gallantly rescue other people at the risk of their own lives. When at last the turbulent torrent has stopped, leaving destruction everywhere, it little thinks of the damage it has done, and it is heartrending to hear the cries of the little once who have no home, no

An Extenuating Condition. When John Corbett, the Chicago contractor and well-known Democratic politician, was associated with George W. Jackson in the construction of the various Chicago tunnels he took a personal interest in his employees, particularly where the character of the work

father and no mother."

was dangerous. During the construction of the subway Mr. Corbett noticed two of his men-Jim Clancy and Mike Caseycarelessly shifting a couple of cans of dynamite to another section of the

tunnel. "Here, boys, look here," warned Mr. Corbett, "you've got to be more careful with that dynamite. You're hasdling it like a bucket of mortar. Why, don't you know the last time there was a dynamite explosion here ten

men were killed?" "Shure, Mister Corbett." whispered Claney, "'twon't be so bad this time. There's only two av us."-Mack's National Monthly.

Nothing Doing. A traffic policeman stood on the edge of a large crowd, trying to keep a passage clear on the sidewalk. A pedestrian stopped, and after crasing his neck fruitlessly, asked:

"What's the trouble, bose?" "A man dropped dead." "Oh, is that all? I thought it was a aght."

LET HAPPINESS SLIP AWAY

Too Many People Forget That in This World There Must Be Thorns Among the Rosse.

Everything nowadays is done too hastily, and many a man or woman has relinquished the right to happiness through silly impulse, when, perhaps, if they had given more thought to the matter they would have been less eager to take a step that in all probability they would later learn to

We have all at different periods in our lives had days and weeks and months that seemed all gray and blue to us, for sorrow and trouble blinds one for the time. And yet, afterward, looking back down the years, one can see that even in those days there was happiness and sunshine as well as sorrow and shadow. It is so, so true that we do not often realize that we are happy until that happiness has slipped away from us.

Men and women are too slow to forgive each other, not liberal enough, not "big" enough to overlook the shortcomings and remember only the good. Too many do not learn until too late that happiness is worth the little sorrows that go along with it. Nothing in the world is perfect except a sunset, or a spring morning, or a bit of blue sky. Certainly things on earth aren't perfect, and if we would be happy we must be reconciled to taking a few thorns with the roses.

MADE "BATTERY DAN" LOVED

Example of Humor Mixed With Knowledge of Human Nature of Noted New York Magistrate.

"Battery Dan," fisherman, baseball "fan" and politician of the old school, died recently in New York. As a magistrate, his plain, outspoken manner of administration, together with his common sense, made him more justly popular than many a more learned judge. He always maintained that the weak and oppressed needed a friend at court, and he was going to be that friend. A writer in the Boston Transcript tells this incident of

Battery Dan: While many of his actions had a humorous aspect, it was never denied that he mixed much knowledge of human nature with his decisions.

An understood boy was once atraigned before him by a 200-pound policeman.

"What is the trouble?" seked Bab tery Dan, peering over his giasees. "Your honor," said the policeman, "I arrested this boy at Canal and Lafayette streets for interfering with the police commissioner's automobile. He was driving a heavy team, and the au-

tomobile was unable to get by." "Horrible!" said the magistrate. "Young man, do you realize the seri-M of your offense

Sobbing, the youth said he did, "Well," continued Battery Dan, "serious as it is, I am going to discharge you. But I warn you that if ever you are brought into court on a similar charge I shall deal with you severely. I shall sentence you to the Waldort-Astoria for ten days with a muzzle on. I will teach you who owns the city."

Eating for the Love of IL Pawlow has given epicureanism in eating strong scientific support and many of Horace Fletcher's ideas flad orthodox justification. - The first rule d dietette conduct, according to Fletcher, is to est only when one is hungry and to eat only the things from which one anticipates enjoyment. He also teaches that one must eat in the way that gives the greatest sensual pleasure; that is, by thorough chewing and tasting. Also serenity of mind, pleasant surroundings at a meal, congenial friends, pleasurable conversation-in fact, everything that adds to enjoyment—aid the digestion. In other words, the process of digestion furnishes a beautiful illustration. of the influence of mind upon matter. The inspiring stimulus is not mechanicat, but psychic. The preliminary essential to the orderly assimilation of food is the keen desire for it.--Mo-Clure's Magazine.

Latest Rubber Joke. Two speculators, according to the Financial Times, were discussing the rubber boom, and the question naturaily arose as to how long the upward movement was likely to be maintained.

One of them, who had done very well, was inclined to be somewhat pessimistic.

"You know," he observed to his friend, "something will come along and spoil this boom. If it isn't home polities or an outbreak of war, it will be disease among the rabber trees. which, I'm told, once started, spreads like wildfire."

"Ah." retorted his friend, "the disease question is certainly a danger point. But I'm all right as regards that; the company I'm interested in hasn't started planting yet!"

"George" a Favorite. Women writers who take a masculine pen name seem particularly attracted by the name of George, perhaps because it carries a suggestion of sotidity and strength that is satisfying to a woman who means to write comething very different from the convestional feminine novel. Two of the earliest "Georges" were George Eliot and George Sand. An American anthor, Julia Constance Fietcher, writes over the name of "George Fleming." New comes Geerg Shock (without the o) completing the historic number of "four Georges."

GETTING RID OF THAT CORN ONE MORE THAN HE NEEDED

Sleepy Passenger Left Train in a Hurry With Part of Another Man's Wearing Apparel.

Attorney Clifford Wise had occasion to go to a point in Indiana the other day on one of the fast trains that make only one or two stops between here and Chicago.

He was due in Elkhart-or whatever Indiana town it was early in the morning. The porter called him about half an hour before the train pulled in there, according to instructions Wise had given him the night before. When the train slowed up. however, and the porter rushed to Wise's berth to get his grip, he found Wise still under the covers sleeping peacefully-having intended to get up within a minute or two after the porter called him and then entirely neglected to do so.

There was a wild rush. Wise's business was too important to permit of him going on to the next stop and returning by another train. The porter said he might hold the train an extra minute, but not any longer. Wise managed to get into his shirt and trousers and hurried down the aisle with other articles of clothing dangling over his arm, and the porter hastening after him carrying all the things that Wise had overlooked.

The train went on and Wise gathered up the various articles that lay at his feet, to go into the station and find a quiet place to finish dressing. He hadn't even been allowed time to get on his shoes. His eyes fell on

these. What do you think? There were, three shoes there! He counted' em,

one, two, three! Some unknown passenger rode on to Chicago with only one shoe in which to step off into that great, grimy, sordid city-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REVOLT AGAINST BIG HAT

General Protest Seems Likely to De Away With the Enormous Feminine Headgear.

The day of the large hat and the overelaborate coffure seems to be over. In England the sudden donning of mourning has altered all the fashions to a remarkable extent. The large hat has almost disappeared and with it the mass of false hair that was necessary to make it keep its proper position on the head.

In Rome a petition has been laid before parliament urging that prohibitive duties be placed upon the large headgear fashionable there, also that wombe taxed heavily for the switches of hair which they coll and plait around their heads. These duties are necessary, say the petitioners, because women have seemingly lost their judgment regarding bats and coiffures.

In France special sermons have been preached against the big hats in several parishes. One preacher suggested that women should come to church without hats at all so that men could contemplate the altar in peace, while others have urged the women of their congregations to observe what is fiting in church and dress their heads modestly and quietly.

Naturally with all this opposition the big hat is becoming unpopular smong women of various nations, and with its disappearance among the English women, who first wore it, its vanishing elsewhere becomes a matter of course.

Then They Understood. It was in the "quick lunch" restaurant. The little man when he entered appeared to be in deep meditation. Every few seconds he would gase vascatly across the table and

"It is doubtful! It is doubtful!" The other "quick lunchers" became interested.

"Expect some money and doubt if it will arrive?" ventured one. But the little man shook his head

sedly.

. "The recovery of some sick friend is problematical?" asked another. "Haven't a friend in London." responded the little man with a vacant

etare. "Thinking about Barnsley's chance of winning the oun this year?" added

a third. "Not interested in football, sir." "Then tell us what it is that is so doubtful."

The little man held up a cup. "This egg, gentlemen. I have broken it

But his questioners were gone.-Tit-

The Dancing Mania.

Bits.

The "dancing mania" of the middle ages came on the beels of the great plague known as the "Black Death." It was some sort of nervous disease. and to now supposed to have been what is known as "St. Vitus' dance." It began in the year 1374, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and spread all over Germany, the Netherlands and Italy. The dancers formed circles hand in hand, and, appearing to have lost all reasen, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, until, in their wild delirium, they fell to the ground in sheer exhaustion. Panting and foaming at the mouth, they would suddenly spring up and begin the dance again, to be again exhausted, and so on until they died. The mania involved millions of people and held on for more than two con-

Demand for Vencor. The growing scarcity of finished woods has led to as annual production of over 1,100,000 square feet of vencer.

Simple Applications of Moisture Frequently Will Banish This Most Annoying Excrescence.

A corn is not a callosity, although often so called, for the two things are produced in different ways. A callosity is due to pressure intermittently applied; a corn is due to more or less constant pressure combined with friction. A callosity is superficial; & corn is well-described in its Latin name, clavus, a nail. It is like a nail driven into the tender tissues of the lower layers of the skin and the parts beneath.

Paring a corn, the usual treatment, may give a little relief for a time by relieving the pressure, but soon the horny growth is pushed above the surface again and the condition is as bad as ever, or worse.

The only lasting benefit is from the removal of the entire growth and this is best effected by the application of moisture. Every night the sufferer should go to bed with a thin poultice or a wad of absorbent cotton saturated with glycerin and water on the corn, the surface before the application being thickly dusted with bicarbonate of soda. In the daytime an ordinary corn plaster should be worn and in the hole should be placed a very thin layer of absorbent cotton soaked in glycerin.

Of course after the corn has disappeared better fitting shoes must be worn so that none of the prominent parts of the foot are pressed upon and rubbed by the leather at the same time. If the badly fitting shoe is put on again the corns will quite certainly come back .-- Youth's Companion.

PITY THE POOR LIBRARIANS

This is Just a Sample of Some of the Troubles They Are Called Upon to Bear.

She tripped into the public library and vigorously poked over the index cards. She floated up to the information clerk, and, peeling off her sueden,

murmured: "Won't you please get a book called 'Here and There' for me? I can't find it anywhere."

The clerk ran a practised finger through the card files. "There doesn't seem to be such a book here," she said. 'Who was the

author?" "I don't know," responded the girl "But I'm going to the country for the summer, and Electra told me to read it-said it was all about nature. No such book, you say? Well, now, maybe it was 'Up and Down' Electra said.

out success. "It's awfully funny," exclaimed the girl. "Perhaps it's named 'In and

The clerk searched the files with-

Look for that, please."

Out.' Won't you please look for that?" Again the patient clerk ran through the index cards. "There's no such book here," she said at length.

"I declare! It's awfully funny." ejaculated the girt. "Ob, I know now what it must have been! Look for 'Back and Forth,' please.

The weary woman was making a vain search for "Back and Forth" when another clerk, who had overheard part of the conversation, returned from the book shelves.

"This is what you want, I think." she said, handing the girl a volume. It was John Burroughs' "Far and Near!"

Secret of Contentment. The great secret of contentment is to get out of each moment all the satinfaction it holds. It is a great mistake to waste one moment in restlessly looking for what the next may bring. I have seen people traveling who never enjoyed, hardly saw, the things they had come to see, because they were always planning what they were going to do next. They would pass through the most beautiful country with their eyes glued on hotel prospectuses and time tables. J have friends whose minds are occupied all winter with the summer's plans, and all summer with the winter's. They never really live at all. Such people are always restless and never either get or give pleasure to those around

German Betrethal Gustagn. When a maiden is betrethed in Germany she is called bride by her sweetheart, who addresses her thus until it becomes time to call her wife. Immediately upon betrothal the lovers exchange rings, which, if the course of true love run smooth, are to be worn forever afterward until death parts them. The woman wears her betrothal ring on the third finger of her left hand until she is married, and then it is transferred to the third finger of her right hand. The husband continues to wear the ring just as the wife wore hers when she was s bride, so that one can tell easily at a glance if a man be mortgaged as to his affections.—Woman's Life. Developing Their Jaws.

them.-Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Dr. Robbins, an English writer, calls attention to the development of the jaws of English boys who were taken out of the streets of London and sent into the British navy. He says: "Un doubtedly the important notable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analysing this, one finds that it was to be mainly accounted for by the merease growth and improved angle of the lowor jaw." The change is due to the reations of "hard tack" and "sait junk" upon which these isds had subsisted.

WANTED IT TO SHOW TO WIFE

Bibulous individual Evidently Was Ascustomed to Disbellef of His Better Half.

As John O. Sproul, manager of one of the departments at the May company stood wondering if he ought to buy lingerie or furs to meet the weather conditions, he saw walking down the aisle a tall, lean man, who was all fired up like a factory running day and night shifts, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The man had turned on both drafts and the sparks were flying from the smokestack.

"Shay, fellah," began the stranger, addressing Sproul, "ha' you seen any-

thing o' my wife?" "I don't know," replied Sproul, stepping to one side to avoid the toxic influences of the man's breath, "I don't happen to be acquainted; with your wife. Take a look around here and perhaps you can pick here out." He waved his hand in the direction of a crowd of women. "I 'us to meet 'er here," the man

went on, "and-" "All right.". interrupted Sproul. "Take a look around."

In about five minutes the semipickled one returned. "Shay, ol' round face," he began,

familiarly, "I wanns receipt." "Want what?" "I wanna receipt—a receipt to show my wife. I promised t' meet 'er here and she'd never b'lieve I 'uz here

'less I show 'er receipt. See? C'n you gimme receipt?" Sproul, always considerate of a fellow-human in distress, scribbled, something on a piece of paper and

gave it to the stranger, who left with heart unburdened.

SUCCESS NOT DUE TO TACK

Altogether Different Reason Why Henry Horn Had Been Cheeen to Break Bad News.

In the second week of his pastorate the new minister appointed Henry Horn to make a scothing address to a band of the parish's insurgent work. men. The pastor had never met Henry Horn, because Henry seemed a hard man to corner for a personal interview, but a study of church records had convinced him that Henry possecond infinite tact and was just the man for the delicate mission. The day after he wrote apprising Henry of the new duty laid upon him Henry's wife appeared, pale with apprehension.

"It's out of the question," she said. "Henry can't talk to saybody."

"But he's just the man who can de it," said the pastor. "I chose him for his tact."

"Tact?" said she. "Yes, tact. The church papers show, that last year eight men in the parishi who were engaged in hazardous occupations suffered a fatal accident, and in each case Henry Horn wi pointed to inform the family of their loss. If he had not been a tactful man he would not have been chosen."

"Oh," said she, "it wasn't on account of his tact, it was his stuttering. Ib took Henry so long to tell it that the folks found out there was something. the matter before he got to the point and were saved the shock of hearing It suddist."

Oh, Base Ingratitude! The tramp paused before Mr. Jeffer son's gate, and hearing a steady sound from the direction of the wood shed. stepped lightly through the gate and round to the chopping block. "Ah," he said, "this is an invigore-

place here." "Yes, dat's what I's got, an' no mietake, said Mr. Jefferson, without a break in the cadence of the song of

ting sight, and you have a nice little;

the batchet. "A nice little place," said the tramp. "I'm giad to see it, for I was one of those who fought, bled and almost

died to set your race free," "Is dat so?" and the chopper permitted himself a sidelong glance of his caller, as he picked up a sticke "You must's' ben pow'ful young in dom days."

"I was a little drummer boy," said the tramp, "and to gratitude for my valiant past I should like you to lend me a quarter."

"To glad you done your duty," said Mr. Jefferson, calmly, "but I don' want to 'cumulate no more bitter mem'ries ob wat times, se I reakon I'll jes' detain my quahtah for m' own uses - as de chips is mighty liable to fly when I hits dis stick, so maybe you'd like to step out'n my yard befor I get be work on it, colonel."-Touth's Companion.

Church People Sued a Building. Probably the most remarkable as tion in which any model played a part was one that arese in a South of The land town. A factory was erected near a church, and it was alleged that the vibration caused by the machinery in the former interfered with the midweek services in the latter; during prayers, it was said, the church shoold and rattled ominously. I had to prepare models of church and factory; the factory is still being worked, so I negume that the action failed,-Andrew Soutar to Strand Magazine.

Not for Publication. "Who was that at the door Just now, Dick?" asked the young wife. "A bill collector, dear," was the husband's reply. "And what did you say to his

Dick?" continued the wife. "Remember, Richard, there are in dies present!" broke in the mother-in

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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