

MENDING TROUSERS POCKETS

Mrs. Billtops Objects to the One Ingenious Method That Pleases Her Husband.

As some sage has remarked, said Mr. Billtops, the longer we live the more we find out. You take, for instance, the mending of a trousers pocket that has a hole in it down at the bottom, so that you are in danger of losing out of it your keys or your pocket knife or such small change as you may there carry.

Now I supposed there were just three ways of mending that pocket, three and no more. One way would be to put a patch on it, another way would be to cut off the bottom of the pocket and sew on a new section, and still another way would be to put in an entire new pocket; but the tailor to whom I took these trousers to be fixed up has shown me a fourth way that made me laugh for its simplicity and at the same time as I thought ingeniously.

He just folded over the bottom of the pocket high enough up to cover the hole, and then just stitched the pocket across through the folded over part and the main body of the pocket, this you see something that could be done in a minute and that at the same time served its purpose. I admired it for its ingenuity and effectiveness, but Mrs. Billtops doesn't look at it as I do.

"She says that if it's a sloppy way of mending a pocket, that it makes the pocket shallower, for one thing, and that then that folded over part, making the pocket of double thickness, makes a ridge there which is not desirable. She says that she has mended pockets that way herself, but that it is not a good way, and I guess she's right; she generally is."

TIN A GOOD SOUND BARRIER

German's Experiment With Telephone Booth Convinces Him It Should Be Put in Walls.

Any one who in a telephone booth has been disturbed by loud talking outside, or some other noise to interrupt the electric conversation, will be interested in an article in a German periodical, Der Gesundheitsingenieur. The writer tells how he dealt with this difficulty. He had been making some acoustic experiments, which convinced him that if a wooden telephone booth were lined with tin, all noises would be excluded. He nailed sheets of tin on the wooden walls, with the result that an expert, who had laughed at his idea, was so impressed that he forthwith proceeded to construct a number of such booths. Not are telephone users the only ones who may profit by this experiment. The writer referred to appeals to architects to introduce tin, or aluminum, in the walls of houses generally, to deaden sounds. He is convinced that if this were done the neighbor's daughter's piano and other life, except, of course, in summer, when all the windows are open. The tin manufacturers may be trusted to see to it that this plan is properly pushed and advertised.

Where Men Are "Pretty."

A British investigator is so galled enough to state that the reason why women are as much of a beauty as men are is because of the beauty that they are more indolent and not so prone to "exercise their brains" as men are. Intellectual labor and assiduous attention to business are, according to this authority, matters extremely prejudicial to the development of physical beauty.

In support of his theory this Briton points to the Zoro, a tribe of British India. Among them, it appears, women hold the place that in other countries is pre-empted by men. The Zoro woman manages the affairs of state, engages in business on her own account and does not restrict herself to the narrow field of woman elsewhere. On the other hand, the Zoro man has nothing to do but eat the meals and look after the children. The natural result of all this, says our authority, is that the men of this singular tribe are "very pretty" and the women unusually plain.

Brought Bees to Earth.

A rather novel way of capturing a swarm of bees was adopted in North Hants, England, recently, where a gamekeeper found that a roving colony had settled high up on a beech tree fifty or sixty feet above the ground in his garden. A man went to his assistance and spread a cloth on the ground on some hay just beneath the swarm. The keeper fired a shot which cut away the bough from which the bees hung from the tree. They fell like a bunch of grapes on to the cloth, and a "skep" was immediately placed over them. The swarm weighed nearly five pounds, and the bees appeared to be none the worse for their treatment.

Strange Juvenile Delinquency.

An extraordinary case of juvenile crime recently occurred at Rosenfeld, near Munich, where two choir boys have been sentenced to several years' imprisonment for poisoning sacramental wine. The elder boy stole some hydrochloric acid, and the younger who was assisting the priest at mass, poured the poison into the wine. The first person who tasted the wine fortunately noticed that something was wrong, and a strong emetic was administered by a doctor in the congregation.

A PROTEST AGAINST "JOLTS"

Sources of Discomfort That Destroy Our Comfort and Help Shorten Our Lives.

"One need not fear that his liver will really be jerked out of place when a trolley car comes to a stop," says the New York Medical Journal, "but the sense of such an impending catastrophe is certainly something more than a jarring of the pleasant tenor of one's daily life. It is a source of discomfort that is needlessly varied in a thousand ways, and frequently recurring discomfort amounts to such wear and tear as must enfeeble the vital forces and tend in the long run to the shortening of life, for it is the continual dropping that wears away a stone. The jolts that madden a person also serve to undermine his power of resistance to the malign agencies that more obviously threaten his life.

That freedom from agitation which promotes contentment is well known to be highly conducive to longevity. Statisticians have demonstrated this; over and over again, and society ought to exert its full power in the effort to do away with all avoidable sources of discomfort—the heat of the subway trains, the screeching of locomotives, the clang of bells, the horrid stridor of motor car horns, and all things else that go to make life miserable. To be long lived, we need to be happy, and comfort is indispensable to happiness."

CHOATE'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

Why He Believes the Bible Story of Eve Being Made From Adam's Best Rib.

There is no part of the sacred writings that has so impressed me as the history of the first creation of woman. I believe that no invasion of science has shaken the truth of that remarkable record—how Adam slept and his best rib was taken from his side and transformed into the first woman. Thus, sir, she became the "side-bone" of man—the sweetest morsel in his whole organism! (Laughter.) Why, sir, there is nothing within the pages of sacred writ that is dearer to me than that story. I believe in it as firmly as I do in that of Daniel in the den of lions, or Jonah in the whale's belly, or any other of those remarkable tales. (Laughter.) There is something in our very organism, sir, that confirms its truth; for if any one of you will lay his hand upon his heart, where the space between the ribs is widest, you feel there a vacuum, which nature abhors, and which nothing can ever replace until the dear creature that was taken from that spot is restored to it. (Cheers and laughter.) Follow my example, sir, and place your hand just there and see if you do not feel a sense of "goneness" which nothing that you have ever yet experienced has been able to satisfy.—From a speech by Joe Choate.

Once Enough.

"I am not an inquisitive man," said the minister, "but there is one thing I would like to know. Why do people who marry more than once never get the minister who tied the first knot to tie the second or third or fourth?" "I have married enough couples to earn for me the title of marrying parson. Many of those people were prominent enough socially to get their doings recorded in the newspapers, and I learn through that medium that a fairly large percentage of them marry again. But they never ask me to officiate.

Memorial to Aviators.

At Louveciennes there is a memorial which commemorates the ascent of the first Montgolfier balloon. The brothers Montgolfier were on friendly terms with the celebrated statesman Bismarck d'Anglais, and they offered to make their first experiment in his park. Alas, the famous ascent, Francois Antoine Bismarck d'Anglais erected a little column to commemorate the event, simply bearing the date. The ravages of time are almost obliterated. To the casual observer this famous landmark is only a mystery, but Bismarck d'Anglais evidently saw the possibility of aerial flight by erecting this modest memorial.

Thickest Skin of Any Animal.

The skin of a hippopotamus is about the thickest covering worn by any animal on earth. That of the whale is only slightly thicker, but then the whale lives in the sea and not upon the earth. By reason of this thick hide the hippopotamus can laugh at ordinary bullets, which merely tickle him unless they strike him in the eye, the nostril or the ear. Therefore, when shooting hippopotami, the sportsman uses explosive bullets with sharp steel points.

There's a Reason.

Wilfred—Ma, I wish I was cross-eyed. Mrs. Gumbasta—What makes you wish such a foolish thing, my dear? Wilfred—Why, then I could stand on the sidewalk and watch a parade coming and going at the same time.

MAN'S RESPECT FOR ANIMALS

We Must Recognize That We Are Overseers of Other Forms of Life on Earth.

If we have any belief at all in a difference of moral faculty between ourselves and the animals we must recognize that we are, so far as our powers over nature will permit, overseers of other forms of life upon the earth, not merely for our own advantage, but for the good of the universe. We cannot deny that the struggle for life exists and that we must take part in it and do our best to destroy those forms of life which are hostile to ourselves. We cannot go so far in respect for life as to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to bacilli. But at the same time our respect for life is a sign of our triumph, however imperfect, over the struggle for life; and the greater this respect becomes, the more we are men conscious of the promise and significance of all life and the less we are beasts involved in the blind waste of nature.

Very slowly and imperfectly this sense of the promise and significance of all life grows in us. It is not only an intellectual, but rather a religious and emotional idea. It appears first in men like St. Francis with a prophetic sense of a nobler state of being. From them it is communicated by the beauty of their example rather than by argument, to other men; and perhaps when it has become a matter of course in all civilized human beings we shall find that it is of practical value and it will attain to a scientific justification.

TOLD ALL HE KNEW AT ONCE

Dyspeptic-Looking Man Successfully Choked Off the Conversation of His Fellow Passenger.

A dyspeptic-looking man had taken his seat in a railway carriage, when a fellow-passenger bent forward with a confidential "Pardon me, sir, but what—"

"Adam was the first man," he said, in a cold, dull monotone. "Moses was the meekest man; there never was any meekest woman. Columbus discovered America. In the winter of 1847 and 1848 potatoes formed almost the sole food of the Irish peasantry. White sheep eat more than black ones, because there are more of them. A door is not a door when its ajar. Golf is pronounced 'goff.' It is highly improper to wear a wide-awake with a frock coat. Yes, it is a good morning, and I have used everybody's soap."

Here the inquiring man attempted an interruption, but it was of no avail.

"The foregoing information," went on the accentless voice, "is all I know about anything of any name or nature—past, present or future. I want nothing in the world but quietude," he added, "and if you don't let me alone I'll throw my grip out of the window and jump out after it. I have spoken!"

Wonder of Nature.

During the course of a voyage recently, when midway between Marseilles and the Strait of Bonifacio, a "green flash" was seen at sunset. The sky was perfectly clear after a cloudless day, with little wind. As the sun approached the horizon the line "twist sea and sky" for about forty-five degrees each side of the sun became suffused with a rich dull rose pink and the waves reflected a marvelous ruby shade on their surfaces facing the sunset, while the other faces were an opalescent blue or green from the upper sky. The two colors flashed and changed in a marvelous way. Such intensity of coloring had never been seen by those on board. The sun set clean into the sea and about ten or less seconds after it had disappeared a bright green single flash, but like a railway signal lamp, but brighter far, met our view, and rewarded our watching for it.—Symond's Meteorological Magazine.

Rejects Favorite Dish.

One of the articles of food that have disappeared from the New York restaurants is the thick slice of cold roast beef. "It doesn't make any difference where you go or what you pay," said a New Yorker who always seeks this dish when he dines in a restaurant, "you never find the thick, cold slab of a few years ago. It is gone. The price asked for cold roast beef is everywhere higher than it was and the difference ranges all the way from five cents to a quarter. But neither the price nor the price seem to avail. The slice is certain to be about half as thick as it used to be. And I'm not the only man who'd pay even a greater advance for one of the old thick slices."

Female Education.

There is no division of opinion as to the goal for which our girls are educated. More and more out of the chaotic past the conviction stands out that each one of us is in training for the service of the race. A woman's goal, like a man's, is to give up her life that the life of the next generation may be safer and wiser and happier than this one. No higher education that is not foolish and ill judged can unfit a woman from bringing splendid children into the world and training them wisely. No higher education that is not foolish and ill judged can unfit a woman who is not blessed with children for dealing nobly and wisely and generously with the rising generation.—Harper's Bazar.

HIS ELOQUENCE WAS USELESS

Colonel Morgan's Futile Attempt to Persuade Cleveland to Grant Pardon to a Murderer.

Col. Franklin Pierce Morgan of Washington and New York never made but one great speech, and the story of it is pathetic. His audience was Grover Cleveland, then president of the United States, and his purpose was to secure a pardon for a murderer named O'Neil, in whom the colonel had become interested. "I'll never forget that day," said the colonel in telling about the incident. "I had told Dan Lamont the day before that I intended to ask Cleveland to pardon O'Neil, who was a creature of the dark places at times, but a pretty good fellow at that. Cleveland had taken the precaution to send to the department of justice and get the papers in the case. I got up early the next morning, had a massage and was feeling tip-top. I got in to see Cleveland and I spoke 20 minutes. Never in my life, before or since, have I been as eloquent as I was pleading for that fellow O'Neil. The end of every sentence I uttered brushed the edges of a cloud. I concluded my argument, confident that I had swept the president off his feet. 'Mr. Morgan,' he said, 'is that all you have to say on behalf of your friend?' Mind you, he said 'friend.' 'Yes, Mr. President,' said I, 'I think that's all.' 'Mr. Morgan,' he replied, 'never as long as I am in the White House shall that consummate scoundrel—consummate scoundrel, mark you—get out of the penitentiary.' 'What's the use of eloquence, anyhow?' concluded the colonel.

OLDEST LIVING CREATURES

Giant Tortoise Brought to London From Mauritius Probably Entitled to That Honor.

What species of animal lives to the greatest age is a question that has not been satisfactorily answered, but it is contended that a giant tortoise brought to the London zoological gardens from Mauritius about ten years ago is probably the oldest living creature whose age is positively known.

This tortoise, which weighs a quarter of a ton, has lived at least one hundred and sixty years, as historic documents prove.

It is said that one hundred years is a good old age for an elephant and that no other animal except certain birds and reptiles and the whale reach this span of years. In 1821 there died at Peterborough, in England, a tortoise whose age was said to be two hundred and twenty years. One instance, at least, is known of a tortoise which was still growing when eighty years old.

Tragedy in Prison Cell.

Some time ago a whole family was murdered at Fotherby, in southwest Wexford. Two men named Stewart and Shaikhin were charged with the crime, and although protesting their innocence to the last the former was hanged and the latter sentenced to a long term of hard labor. It was subsequently ascertained that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and the real murderers were arrested and tried by court-martial in Chernigoff and sentenced to death and were confined in Chernigoff pending execution of their sentences. Two of the men were found dead the other day in their cell. They had been strangled by their companion with a piece of twisted linen. The three had drawn lots as to which of them should kill the two others, and then commit suicide. The man who lost fulfilled the first part of the bargain, but at the last moment shrank from going away with himself.

First Telescope Preserved.

Very few people are aware that the first practical telescope—the one which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter in January, 1610, is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. It is about three hundred years ago since this instrument was first turned toward the heavens. Unlike the present astronomical type, it had a concave instead of a convex eyepiece, just like the opera glasses now in use. When Galileo first exhibited his new telescope to the dogs and an enthusiastic assembly he was overwhelmed with honors, because it was thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the republic a great advantage over their enemies.—Strand Magazine.

Rain Defeated Napoleon.

The plan of Waterloo as laid down by Napoleon was a most brilliant one, and had it not rained on the night of the seventeenth of June the man of destiny would in all likelihood have kept his throne. Had it not rained and made the land miry he would have had his artillery in position four days before he actually did, and Wellington would have been disposed of long before Blucher's arrival. Even as it was, the Iron Duke was pretty well used up when the Prussian came up on his left. Napoleon's genius never shone more brilliantly than it did in his last campaign. He was defeated by the elements.—Literary Digest.

Disproven.

Cynical—It is quite impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Respectful—I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.

THEY KNEW THAT BAD ROAD

Mark Twain Tells How Three Natives Dodged Tax of Hauling Stage Through Mud.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in the national movement for good roads, and had many a tale to tell about the incredibly bad roads of some sections. A Hartford man recalled the other day this experience of the famous humorist: "I once had 30 miles"—so Mark Twain began—"to go by stage in Mississippi. The roads were terrible, for it was early spring. The passengers consisted of five men and three women—three large, well-developed women, swathed in shawls and veils, who kept to themselves, talking in low tones to the rear seat. Well, we hadn't gone a mile before the stage got stuck two feet deep in the black mud. Down jumped every man of us, and for ten minutes we tugged and jerked and pulled till we got the stage out of the hole. We had hardly got our breath back when the stage stuck again, and again we had to strain our hearts out to release her. In covering 15 miles we got stuck eight times, and in going the whole 30 we lifted that old stage out of the mud 17 times by actual count. We five male passengers were wet, tired and filthy when we reached our destination, and so you can imagine our feeling when we saw the three women passengers remove, as they dismounted, their veils, their shawls and their skirts, and, lo and behold! they were three big, hearty, robust men. As we stared at them with bulging and ferocious eyes, one of them said: 'Thanks for your labor, gents. We knowed this road and prepared for it. Will you licker?'"

DOG KEEPS PEACE IN FAMILY

Lucky Cur Whose Appetite is Compared to Prove Innocence of His Master.

My most interesting patient is a bull-dog owned by a man down on Ninety-seventh street," said a veterinarian. "Every afternoon, between four and five o'clock, the dog and his master take a walk. Just before they go home they stop in here and I give the dog an appetizer.

"He is such a healthy looking beast that it seems wicked to waste drugs on him, but it is only by keeping him toned up so he will eat them out of house and home that the man can slay his wife's suspicions. Formerly the daily wanderings of the pair were not quite as innocent as they are now. They had a habit of stopping at a saloon where the dog's prion of their refreshment was a sausage.

"That took the edge off the dog's appetite. Owing to domestic restrictions the man does not stop at the saloon any more, but if the dog is slightly off his feed no arguments will convince the wife of the couple's innocence.

"The funny part of the thing is that the woman used to hate the dog, and before her animus toward her reached a head she nearly starved him to death. These are happy days for him, when he has to eat his head off to keep peace in the family."

The Perfect Foot.

A woman's foot, when perfect, is beloved out well, both inside and out, with a high instep, short heel and long, straight toes, slightly spatulate at the ends.

This is the type of the most beautiful foot. It is, on the whole, a foot not frequently seen in its perfection, for often one or the other element of beauty is wanting. The rarest point of beauty is the hollowing of the outside of the foot.

If anyone would convince himself that the hollow of the outside of the foot is rare, let him watch the prints that seaside bathers leave when they step on a dry plank or walk. Most of such footprints show a greater or smaller hollow on the inside of the foot, but nearly every one shows a straight wet mark on the outside, says Woman's Life.

That water should flow under the arch of the foot without wetting it is an old and good rule where feet are concerned.

Small Homes.

Green things growing indoors are the most successful antidotes to winter ever devised. Thousands who cannot have a conservatory change the whole temper of a home by a few plants. There are many varieties of palm today, both hardy and decorative, and of ferns. Of the many blooming plants which do well indoors, the place of highest honor, considering what it has done for humanity in the main, must remain with the humble geranium. A single pot in a hall or bedroom often helps a young man or woman through a lonely winter. Many of the newer plants do not require direct sunlight in order to thrive. These plants are childishly elementary, but obviousness and human importance often lie very near together.—Collier's.

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.

The saying "let the cat out of the bag" probably had its origin in the trick of substituting a cat for a young pig in the days when it was customary for the country folk in England to take pigs to market in bags. These bags, in olden times, were called "pans." If anyone was foolish enough to buy an animal without looking at it, he was said to have bought "a pig in a poke," but if he opened the bag the cat would jump out and the trick was exposed.

DANGER PLACES IN STORM

Bell Wires, Open Windows and Fireplaces Should Be Avoided When Lightning Is Flashing.

What is the safest place in a thunderstorm? As a rule the safest place of all is inside a building which is provided with a perfect lightning conductor. The conductor, however, must have no defects. If it be broken or have a faulty earth connection it is then a source of grave danger.

In an ordinary dwelling house, unguarded as it usually is against lightning, a safe place is the middle of the largest room, where one is away from the walls, or of a still safer precaution is to lie on an iron bed drawn out from contact with the wall.

The most dangerous places in the house, we are further told, are near the bell wires, or an open window, or the fireplace. Outside the house the places of danger are proximity to walls and buildings and iron fences. Another danger is a crowd. The vapor which rises from a crowd tends to lead a flash toward the crowd. In the open country one of the most dangerous places is the bank of a river. Avenues of trees, lakes and hedges are likewise dangerous.

If any one doubts the danger of a Hawthorne hedge let him take his stand at a safe distance during a respectable storm and watch the effect. The lightning will dart along the hedge like sheets of fire. If the observer gets wet to the skin, so much the better for his safety.

ATHLETES OF OLDEN TIME

Those of Greece Wore Hair Cropped and Were Subjected to Very Careful Diet.

Some interesting comparisons may be drawn between ancient and modern athletes. The athletes of ancient Greece, for example, if they should appear to view today, would not be taken for a football team.

The old-time man of muscle wore his hair cropped, a distinguishing feature in a land of long hair. Trainers for the games led a very careful life. They were under orders for a rigid diet, which became especially severe just before the contest.

Their bill of fare consisted of fresh cheese, dried figs and wheaten porridge. A little later in the era meat was allowed, with a preference for beef and pork. Bread was not allowed with meat, and sweets not at all.

At one time a savage custom of diet came into vogue. Every day at the conclusion of practice the athletes were obliged to consume enormous quantities of food, which was digested in a long-continued sleep. The amount was gradually increased until huge meals of meat were taken. This diet produced a corpulence which was of advantage in wrestling, but injurious for other sports.

An Australian Plant Pest.

Just thirty years ago a lady at Bright, Victoria, planted in her garden a few seeds of St. John's wort sent her from the old country. The lady's intention was to have one or two of the plants at hand for medicinal purposes. The hardy weed, however, soon spread beyond the garden, and before anyone had grasped the magnitude of the evil it had been carried by cattle along all the main stock routes and jumped the Victorian watershed into Otagoland. It has now completely taken possession of something like 50,000 acres of agricultural land, and the agricultural department of Victoria is spending thousands of pounds in the endeavor to eradicate it, some of the methods tried costing nearly \$10 an acre.—Westminster Gazette.

Object to Slaughter of Lions.

According to some of the farmers of East Africa, the lion should be protected as a useful animal, notwithstanding the fact that once in a while he kills a man. The lion, they maintain, is a great destroyer of noxious herbivorous animals, such as snakes and antelopes, which are a scourge to the fields. In one district they say no fewer than 48 lions have recently been killed by hunters, and they estimate that this represents the saving of 25,000 to 40,000 snakes and antelopes, which would otherwise have fallen a prey to the lions that have been destroyed. Of course, the hunters shoot snakes and antelopes, but this fact, they think, does not counterbalance the destruction of those animals that would have been effected by the slain lions.

Curiosities of Smell.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibration of the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells, and not the liquid in the mass itself. If you do Cologne he poured into the nostril, the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.

A Gentle or Two.

Tenant—I hear you have a letter for me. Just give it to me, will you? Conscience—All right, ma'am, but I warn you, you won't be able to make much out of it. None of the servants, nor my wife, nor myself can read it.—Pala-Mala.