

HONESTY IS BEST POLICY

Candid Workman's Plea for Raise in Wages Met With Prompt Response.

At a table in the Philadelphia Manufacturers' club the other evening several manufacturers were gathered, discussing subjects with great interest and with as great impartiality. The talk switched in time to the question of wages and all had more or less to say on that point.

One of the men, who employs hundreds of workers, was called on to tell what he thought of the increased cost of living.

"Well," he said, "I know that my men are constantly asking for more wages and saying that they cannot live on what they earn, but one of them gave the richest excuse for a raise that I ever heard."

"He came into the office a few weeks ago and said that he had just been married and wanted more money. In a spirit of jest I said to him: 'Do you want to take home more money to little wife? That's what you want the raise for, is it?'"

"Oh, no, sir," he replied, "I want the raise for myself. The wife knows how much I am getting now, sir, and I can't knock down all of my present wages; she gets it all. I need the raise for personal expenses."

"Well, you men can easily guess he got that raise; he is too blamed honest to let get away."

MOVED THE CHURCH TOWER

Method of Increasing the Size of Sacred Edifice Employed by Belgians.

A large crowd gathered in the little village of Bocholt on the Belgian frontier to watch the unusual spectacle of a moving church tower. Some time ago it was decided that the church should be enlarged in order to accommodate the increased number of people in the village.

It being impossible to enlarge the church at the choir end it was decided to lengthen the nave. It was thought that this would involve the demolition of the tower, but to this, however, the authorities were opposed, holding that the tower was of great historical value, dating many centuries back, and to this opposition was added that of the villagers, who were against the scheme on sentimental grounds.

It was therefore decided to remove the tower, which is 90 feet high and about 3,000 tons in weight. This enormous mass of stone was cut away at the foundations, and a platform placed beneath it on rails. Slowly and carefully and with great patience by the workmen engaged in this extraordinary task the tower is being advanced inch by inch.

Its new place is about fifteen yards in front of the old one, and it is estimated that it will take ten days or a fortnight to reach the spot which is in readiness to receive the moving mass. While the operation was in progress the bells in the steeple were ringing loudly, as though to signal the extraordinary move it was about to make.

A Bird Sanctuary.

It is the custom during the summer months to leave the ventilating panes open in the old church at Hamstead Klavans, Staffordshire. A robin took advantage of this lately and built its nest in the wooden case of the organ behind the false pipes, where it did no harm to the instrument. It was sitting when discovered, and was allowed for this once to hatch and rear its brood, one solitary chick. A few leaves of an old prayer book formed part of the nest. The hen sat quite steadily during the service and took no notice of the organ. But the cock would not face the congregation, and only ventured to appear at the windows with food in his bill, but did not dare to come in. A thrush also built in a low laurel bush at the church door, where every one looked into it, but the boys all agreed it must not be touched, and the eggs hatched quite safely.—Field.

A Knetty Problem.

Sir David Gill, the famous astronomer, who has lately been appointed a foreign knight of the German Order of Merit for Science and Art, tells an amusing story of a meteorite which fell on a highland farm some years ago. Being a valuable meteorite the landlord claimed it as being mineral on his land; but the tenant pointed out that the meteorite was not on the land when the lease was drawn up. Then the landlord claimed it as flying game; but the tenant said it had neither wings nor feathers, and, as ground game, was his. The discussion was ultimately cut short by the revenue officer, who appeared on the scene and took possession of the meteorite, "because," he said, "it is an article introduced into this country without payment of duty."—The Bits.

Church Buried in Sand for Centuries.

After having been buried for several hundred years in immense sand drifts, St. Edmunk's church, in Cornwall, England, is now being used once more as a place of worship. The edifice was built about 1800 A.D. It is situated near the shore, in a section of the country which is almost devoid of vegetation, great sand drifts covering many square miles. High winds, blowing in from the sea, piled the sand up against the church, completely burying it. No attempt was made to dig it out for several hundred years. A few years ago, however, work was begun, and the ancient church was repaired and services held in it.

H. M. STANLEY AND THE DOGS

Karagau Chief Points to Odd Resemblance Between Native Canines and Explorer.

From time immemorial caricaturists have made use of the common observation that there is in certain human types a decided resemblance to familiar animals. A notable example was that of Louis Napoleon, whose brooding, aquiline countenance was readily converted into a bird of prey; sometimes the French eagle, but oftener and more strikingly a vulture preying upon France.

The dignified and venerable Charles Darwin accepted an observation of this sort as applied to himself and with a humorous perception of its coincidence with his favorite theories, while the resemblance between the countenance of Paul Kruger and that of an exceedingly sagacious gorilla was more than once remarked.

An amusing discovery of unhuman likeness was related by a friend of the late Sir Henry M. Stanley. When Stanley visited the Karagau, an African tribe rather above the average intelligence, he had with him a fine bulldog whose pugnacious countenance possessed all the unlovely characteristics of the breed.

Now it appears that the Karagaus gave much attention to this beast, and their chief, before parting with the white man, ingeniously pointed out an odd fact that he had observed. The Karagau men, flat faced, snub nosed and thick lipped, looked, he thought, much like the English dog; while the half wild Karagau dogs, clean cut, keen eyed and long eared, looked much more than their masters did, like the Englishman.

Whether Stanley, who had every right to think well of his own personal appearance, relished this comparison or not he could not do other than to take it in good part, and he had sense of humor enough to pass it on for the amusement of others after he got home.—Harpers.

FATNESS AND TEMPERAMENT

Climate, Not Laughter or Good Temper, is Cause of Stoutness, Says Professor.

"Let me have men about me that are fat." So said Caesar, who plainly believed that fatness was a question of temperament and soul. It is, indeed, one of the things which the most of mankind vaguely believe—that fat people are, on the whole, easy going, comfortable and good to live with. But, says the Family Doctor, if we are to follow Professor Lyde, it is all a mistake to suppose that fatness and temperament are connected. What makes people fat is not, as the adage has it, laughter or good temper, but climate. "From one end of Denmark to the other," says Professor Lyde, "you would not find a really thin man," which seems rather a huge generalization, even for a professor. But it is supported by reasons. The people, we are told, live in warm buildings and feed on milk and cereals. Moreover, the climate of the country has the weight reducing influence of warmer and drier lands. So that the men "get so lazy that they will not take the trouble even to cut up their food." We have an idyllic picture of Denmark as a country where everyone spends all his time eating sandwiches. It sounds cloying and thirsty.

Female Steeplejack.

A rare example of feminine nerve comes from England. Anxious to obtain unique photographs for sale in connection with a church, Miss Akiens, L. climbed a steeplejack's ladder to the top of the holy spire of St. Mark's church, Leicester, which is more than 200 feet high. Having reached the top, Miss Akiens, camera in hand, coolly walked round the narrow, unprotected staging and snapped some fine views of the town. So awe-inspiring was the sight that many of the crowd below walked away, declaring they could watch her no longer. Finally the intrepid snapshotter caused tremendous excitement among the onlookers when she climbed another ladder and reached the weather vane, on which she rested for some minutes. Miss Akiens claims the championship as lady steeplejack of the world.

Two of a Kind.

The old farmer stopped his scythe and unbent. Then he hailed his wife. "I thought 'Manda was got to help you with th' cookin' today!" he cried. "Manda's gone over to Salie Beasely's," was the reply. "They're havin' a garden fete for Priscilla Hinckley's friend from Tewksbury." She paused and looked around. "Wasn't Henry goin' to help you with th' mowin'?" "Henry's gone over to Tom Pitkin's to play golf with th' new minister." They looked at each other. "Two silly old fools," muttered the farmer.

Yes, Abijah.

"Yes, Abijah," the woman meekly agreed. And he went on with his lonely mowing and she returned to the quiet house with her basket of eggs.

Long Official of Noted School.

James Edward Gaffney, who for nearly 20 years officiated as the school clerk at Etou, has just retired. He had to know about everything connected with the administration of the school down to the initials of a member of the third form. The majority of famous Etouians' names are to be found in his "Tardy Book." He had to see that a fresh birch was made for every boy "swished."

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE

American Worker Is Capitalist of Labor World—Averages \$1.85 a Day.

A laborer must earn enough to support himself and his family; therefore, a closely accurate idea of the living expenses in various countries can be gained from a knowledge of the average wages paid a laborer in each.

The American laborer is the capitalist of the labor world, receiving in the United States an average of one dollar and eighty-five cents a day. The next highest average is found in Australia, where one dollar and sixty cents is paid. In Canada and the provinces a dollar and ten cents is the average. Only in these countries does the average wage amount to a dollar a day.

Brazil and Chile each average eighty cents a day. In Great Britain and Ireland it is seventy cents; in France and Central Europe, sixty-five cents; in Germany, fifty-five cents; and in Austria-Hungary, forty cents. The laborers of Spain and Portugal earn only thirty-five cents a day; while those of Italy and Malta must be content with twenty-five cents. In the Chinese Empire the average is twenty cents, and in Japan it is lowest of all, only fifteen cents a day.

Logically, one should be able to live as well in Italy on an income of four hundred dollars a year as in the United States on twenty-eight hundred dollars, and if a man in Japan should receive the American wage, he should be able to get along as well as the American whose annual income is five thousand dollars.

DRAWING NEAR TO THE END

Closing Years of Life Should Be Among the Most Useful and Enjoyable.

As a rule people mellow with age. As experience ripens into knowledge animosities should fade into charity and love and wisdom deepen. It is often impossible to ward off infirmity, but neither age nor infirmity need mean decrepitude, and age need not mean unhappiness. Nor should age narrow a person. It should distinctly broaden and deepen a man or a woman. What is more delightful than the grandmother in the home who can cheer and help by her seasoned experience and her glowing affection? She has been all along the highway of life and knows its pitfalls and temptations. Her last years should be her best for the opportunity they offer of helping others to walk where she walked better than she did.

Reminiscence is a concomitant of age, but it is no warrant for that narrow fallacy that the "good old times" were the best and the old person who can get away from this delusion can be happier with less effort than the one who lives entirely in the yesterday of life. How delightful it is to see an old person who keeps up with the times, reads the papers and new books and converses on the questions of the day, and how much more respect age like this commands than that that lies down to die just because the evening of life has come. What is there in death that such a life can covet?

Appropriate.

The kindergarten teacher in a certain Sunday school, who is also a public school teacher well on in years, announced to her class of little ones that as she was very tired and much in need of rest she would not teach them during the summer.

The children's sympathies were aroused and they collected in the class a sum of money to buy their teacher a gift.

One evening the mother of the boy who was the leading spirit in the movement asked: "What are you going to buy for your teacher?" "I'm not quite sure," replied the small boy, "but we saw something in the florist's window today that we thought she'd like. It was a pillow, all made of white flowers, and right in the middle in purple flowers it said, 'At Rest.'"

Not Room for the Dog.

"If you had a distinctly doggy man, with a partiality for doggy jewelry, there is one disadvantage in owning a dachshund," said the man who likes dogs.

"For the first time in my life I have chosen a dachshund for my faithful companion. Sometimes I wish I hadn't. The dog's all right, and I like him first rate, but getting a pin to match has been hard work. I got stuck after store I have marched with that dog, as was my custom with all my other dogs, and every place I have pet my usual question: 'Hava you a pin that looks like this dog?'" "Nobody had. I guess they thought there was too much of him to go on a pin."

Kind Words From Home.

"If people would only say what they think instead of waiting to write it," the woman remarked, "it would be a lot easier old world to live in. Now, there's the girl. She writes me from way back there in Kentucky that I am the sweetest thing in the world. That I am so patient and lovely and so handsome. She is telling them all how handsome I am. I am so clever she writes, and so smart! She's telling them that, too. If she had said all those things to me when she was here we wouldn't have had quite so many pitched battles as we did. I don't believe. I am quite sure we wouldn't."

NEED OF MECHANICAL POWER

Increase in Resistance With Speed More Marked in Water Than In Air.

Some mechanical operations require a surprisingly large amount of power, while others are performed with much less than the novice might expect; the secret is usually found in the speed at which the machine runs. The automobile, rated at from 15 to 60 horsepower, will serve as an example. It is heavier than an ordinary carriage and consequently is harder to pull even on level ground; on an upgrade, where the weight of the machine is being raised the height of the hill, the difference is much more marked, for no refinement of bearings can reduce the pull due to gravity. The vehicle drawn by a horse seldom exceeds a speed of ten miles per hour; a moderate automobile speed, the power required to draw it, would be doubled, even though the actual pull remained the same; as a matter of fact the pull would have to be greatly increased, perhaps doubled, in which case four times the original power would be required. The resistance of the air is trifling at ten mile per hour, at 20 it becomes serious, and when the speed is increased to 40 miles or more, a great deal of power is required to overcome it; an idea of the wind pressure on an automobile may be obtained from that felt on the body when exposed to a gale of wind whose velocity rarely exceeds 40 miles per hour. The increase of resistance with speed is much more marked in water than in air, as illustrated by the torpedo boat and freighter.—Caasler's Magazine.

CORNERS AND THEIR USES

Hardest Things to Corner Are Wheat, Guinea Pigs and Woman in Argument.

Corners are places to get people into. If the person cornered is a pretty girl, most men are equal to the occasion, instinctively, without advice. Similarly, if the object cornered is a necessity of life, squeeze the public. It pays. There may be a congressional inquiry, but in the end it will come to naught, and then the queering may continue without further interference from the chaparan.

The hardest things to keep cornered are wheat, guinea pigs and a woman in an argument. The first of these will overwhelm you by its mass, the second will dodge you, while the third will get out of the predicament by any one of a dozen ways, generally by making you think you're the cleverest, most irresistible dog in the world.

Corners are also points of vantage on the street at which idle, and oft-times vicious, young men congregate to discuss the respective merits of Johnson and Jeffries. These same corners are frequently owned by other idle and vicious young men resident in Paris or Berlin for the purpose of discussing the respective merits of Jeanette and Gretchen. The ownership of this kind of corner is especially desirable during the present period of high prices.

The Frog That Would a-Flying Go.

Since flying fish and flying squirrels exist, it is not so surprising to be told that there are also in the world flying frogs. All these animals have instinctively made use of the fundamental principles of the aeroplane, the perfection of which is beginning to impart the power of flight to man himself. It is in Java that the flying frog—Polypedates lewinardtii—is found, and Prof. Stedjeck of the University of Cracow describes it as being of a magnificent clear green color, with white belly, while membranes between its fingers, which enable it to glide on the air, are of yellow. But it changes color like the chameleon. It inhabits trees and bushes, and is active only at night, living on insects. When disturbed it extends its aeroplanes and launches itself a considerable distance through the air.—Youth's Companion.

The Fishhawk's Warning.

"The fishhawk tells us when the shad begin to run up the river," said a Gloucester fisherman. "We have learned that it isn't much use to cast nets, no matter how mild the weather may be, until Mr. Fishhawk swoops down on us." "When he comes sailing up the bay we know it's time to get to work. Lots of farmers down Jersey would never think to start planting until the fishhawk comes. I don't believe they have ever been later than April 12, though. They work their way up the coast from Florida and the other southern waters early in March, when the fish begin to come north. They follow the big schools of herring, as a rule, because the herring swim close together, and the hawk has easy picking. The shad follow the herring, and when the fishhawk comes we know the shad are not far behind."—Fishing Gazette.

It Sounded Hopeful.

A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation. "Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?" "No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to"—Human Life.

UNIQUE PAPYRUS DOCUMENT

First Aboriginal Decree of a Roman Governor Ever Found at Fayum, Egypt.

A unique papyrus document has just come into the possession of the Berlin museum, which already owns one of the finest collections of papyri in the world. It was unearthed at Fayum, Egypt, and is distinct from the papyri found there in that it is an original decree of the Roman governor of the Egyptian provinces, whereas all the other documents found there, though highly interesting, are mere copies of the originals.

According to the official description it is a letter dated December 27, 209 A. D., from the Governor Subastianus Aquila, who had an evil reputation as a persecutor of the Christians, to Theon, the administrator of the Arsinoean region (now Fayum), to the effect, after the usual formal greetings, that "Niger, the son of Pappirus, sentenced by Claudius Julianus—vir perfectissimus—to five years penal servitude in the stone quarries is to be released, his sentence having expired. In the eighteenth year of the Emperors Lucius Septimius Severus, Pertinax the Great and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, this first day of the month Tybi."

Penal servitude in the Numidian quarries was reckoned after the death sentence. It was inflicted for robbery of temples, wilful firing of crops, selling secret philters and betrayal of state documents. Convicts had half their heads shorn, were heavily shackled and underwent terrible torments from exposure to the blazing sun and insufficient food, as may be seen from the Epistle of Bishop Cyprian of Carthage, who a few years later, during the reign of the Emperor Valerian, wrote to the Christian convicts in those same quarries consoling them in their terrible sufferings.

GREYHOUND JOINS COYOTES

Pet of an Oregon Farmer Responds to the Call of the Wild.

A once tame greyhound, owned by Martin Smith of Sandy, has become wild and now lives with the coyotes it formerly chased in the surrounding hills. It has been three years since this greyhound heard and responded to the call of the wild, and it has never ventured back to his old home in Sandy except to come to the outskirts to steal chickens from hen roosts.

The companion of this greyhound is a coyote and they have frequently been seen together running through the outskirts of Sandy. Several persons have tried to get photographs of the strange couple, but have failed. The greyhound has lost all desire to return to his former home and has become even more wild than his companion. The animal has quite a history, having been raised from a puppy in the neighborhood. One day he disappeared from his home and several weeks afterward was seen with the coyote, which has been his constant companion ever since.—Portland Oregonian.

Paint Made of Smoke.

Take a small quantity of Pittsburg air, wash thoroughly and turn loose again, advises a writer in Success Magazine. Strain the wash water and add certain ingredients which a Pennsylvania man claims to know about. The result is a paint which is said to be durable and cheap and especially adapted to tin roofs and iron work. The same air may be recaptured and used again, but the smoke is ruined forever.

The system is said to be in successful operation in a Pennsylvania factory where the smoke is passed through an atomizing spray. Six tons of coal of the nice smudgy kind will if properly treated yield five barrels of paint besides doing its regular work.

An interesting possibility in this discovery is a by-product in the way of sweet smelling fresh laundered air, excellent for breathing and unexcelled for hanging clothes in.

A Double Advantage.

It rarely happens in every-day life that any one has the privilege of testing the old adage of "killing two birds with one stone" so thoroughly as the hero of the following anecdote. Charles Godfrey Leland is responsible for it.

"I once knew a gentleman named Stewart," he wrote. "While camping out, en route, and in a tent with him, it chanced that among the other gentlemen who had tented with us there were two terrible snorers. 'Now Mr. Stewart had heard that you may stop a man's snoring by whistling, and here was a wonderful opportunity. So I waited until one man was coming down with his snore, diminishing, and the other was rising, crescendo, and at the exact point of intersection, moderato, I blew my car whistle, and so got both birds at one shot. I stopped them both.'—Youth's Companion.

It Hits Them Differently.

The same thing may affect different people very differently, says the New York Sun. Here is one man just back from the country, and this man says, as he senses the city's roar: "My goodness! This infernal racket makes my head ache!" But the man with him says: "Thank heaven, we've got back at last where we can hear something, away from the infernal quiet of the country!"

THE POLICE OF GERMANY

Prominence and Unlimited Authority Is Most Striking Feature to the Foreigner.

To a foreigner no feature of German life is more striking than the prominence and almost unlimited authority of the police. Many of its functions are such as in the United States would be entrusted only to a court of law. What seems almost equally strange, the greater part of these functions are exercised quite independently of the local government.

The minuteness and thoroughness of the work of the German police are a constant surprise to the foreigner. The policeman not only preserves order in the streets, but exercises a far-reaching authority in private houses. For instance, he undertakes the nightly locking of one's street door at a sufficiently early hour. He sees that one has his chimney regularly cleaned. He inspects, at stated times, one's stores and heating apparatus, and, while he is about it, he will look into a few other matters of domestic economy.

One feature of his activity strikes a good many American visitors with favor. In some places singing and piano playing with open windows are forbidden, and it is a common house regulation in large towns that no pianos may be played after 10 o'clock in the evening. The German policeman is also something of a food inspector in his way, and he keeps a sharp eye on vendors of food and of medicines. It is not an uncommon sight to see a German policeman halt a milkman's wagon and on the spot make an inspection of his wares. Should there prove to be anything wrong with them they are promptly seized and destroyed and the matter is immediately taken in hand by the higher authorities.

AN ISLAND IN THE CLOUDS

Rises 900 Feet Above the Sea and Its Top Is Perpetually Enveloped by Clouds.

White Island, thirty miles to the northeast of New Zealand, is perhaps the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising 900 feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds which are visible for nearly 100 miles.

The island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality, but sufficient capital was not subscribed. Therefore, the export of sulphur from White Island is still very small. In the interior is a lake fully 50 acres in extent, the water of which has a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark cloud that envelops the island.—Harpers' Weekly.

John D. and His Caddie.

John D. Rockefeller, on his seventy-first birthday, told a Cleveland reporter a golf story. "Golfing in Augusta one bright winter day," he said, "I had for caddie a boy who didn't know me. 'An unfortunate stroke landed me in a clump of high grass.' 'My, my, I said, 'what am I to do now?' 'See that there tree?' said the boy, pointing to a tall tree a mile away. 'Well, drive straight for that.' 'I lofted vigorously and fortunately, my ball soared up into the air, it landed, and it rolled right on to the putting green.' 'How's that, my boy?' I cried triumphantly. 'The caddie stared at me with envious eyes. 'See, boss,' he said, 'if I had your strength and you had my brains, what a pair for a foursome we'd make!'"

A Sparkling Novelist.

A New York editor, at the Century club, told a story about Robert W. Chambers, the well-known young novelist. "Chambers went one summer," he said, "to Sunapee with his brother. At the Ben Wren Inn the aristocratic old ladies in rocking chairs, seated on the cool piazza that overlooks the lake, were very much stirred up by Mr. Chambers' arrival. Whenever he appeared they gathered about him and talked books. 'Chambers was always ready for them. He had always on his lips some witty saying to double them up. 'Oh, Mr. Chambers,' cried an old lady one day, 'I admire 'Lorraine' so much! I've read it eight times.' 'Madam,' answered Chambers, with a bow, 'I would rather hear you say you'd bought eight copies.'"

His Literal Answer.

In all policies of insurance there, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer; but, feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would be aged as there put down." "Exactly I understand," said the agent.