

SHAVED DURING A SERMON

Old General McClellan Didn't Want to Hear It, So He Went to the Barber's.

"The last Democratic attorney general of the state of Maine, old General McClellan," the old resident said, "once lived here in Kansas City. He came west just after the Republicans had gained control of the state, which disgusted him with affairs in New England."

"The general was a religious man, but he preferred his own method of worship to that of any church."

"But in spite of his pet aversion his wife persuaded him to accompany her one Sunday morning to hear a preacher who at that time was noted in Kansas City for his vociferous oratory."

"The McClellans had a pew close to the front of the church, and as the general strode down the aisle his long, snow white beard flowing far down on his chest, he made a most imposing figure. The preacher ascended the pulpit, read a verse from the Bible, and uttered the first words of his sermon."

"But he had progressed only a little way when he paused in dismay. The old general, realizing that the part of the service which he most disliked—the preaching—had begun, picked up his hat, walked down the aisle with a stride as imposing as that with which he had entered, and left the church."

"After a pause the preacher continued with a rather frenzied address. He finished with an imposing, well-rounded sentence. The organist began to play, when—back into the church stalked General McClellan, but without his beard! He had made use of his time to have his face clean shaven, a change that he had been contemplating for some time."—Kansas City Times.

CHANCE TO OBTAIN WIVES

Turkish Government Doesn't Know How to Dispose of 400 From Former Sultan's Harem.

Has anyone any use for 400 wives? If so, the Turkish government would like to get into communication with them. This is the number of women contained in the harem of the former sultan, and the problem of their disposal is becoming a serious one. Most of them are natives of Albania and Arabia, and two distinct efforts have been made to return them to their friends and relatives, but the latter absolutely refuse to receive the women, having, apparently, no further use for them. Under these circumstances, the authorities at Constantinople are in something of a quandary, since the cost of their maintenance is a considerable item; and as many of them are quite young girls it would seem as though they will remain a burden on the state for many years to come unless someone or other can be induced to take them over.

The situation is a distinctly humorous one, but it is not the form of humor that appeals to the Turkish government, and the cold-blooded suggestion has been brought forward that they should be disposed of summarily. There is small chance of this awful suggestion being carried into effect, however, owing to the firm attitude of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople, who insist that the women shall be treated with due respect and consideration.—Modern Society.

Man's Lovely Way.

The Virginia state legislature has gone and passed a law, becoming effective September 17, that requires all sheets adorning the beds of public hostilities to be eight feet long and clean. In consequence hotel managers are in a flutter of providing fall household supplies, and sheeting is being ordered by the bolt to meet Old Dominion needs. Now, wasn't that just like a man to resort to law in order that his "tippy toes" may not be trodden nipped in winter and mosquito-bitten in summer? asks the Baltimore Sun. A woman would have drawn her little pink toes to any height of discomfort in order to adapt herself to abbreviated sheets, would have worn fleece lined slippers, would have soothed herself with mosquito repellent ointments. That's a woman's way; but lordly man, arising from discomforted slumbers, bids him to the nearest place of justice, flings off a law, says "Let there be adequate sheets." And, lo, there are sheets to his liking, even if hotel keepers hustle.

Ministerial Salaries.

According to a new government bulletin the ministerial profession is not in so bad a case in this day and generation as we are sometimes led to suppose. In 1909 there were 164,380 Christian ministers in the United States; they were increasing at the rate of about 4,000 a year, and they were paid an average salary of \$462. It is estimated that this year a hundred million dollars will be paid in this country for ministerial salaries, and twice as much more for maintenance of churches, missions, extensions and congregational expenses. Three hundred millions is a fair sum of money—twice the cost of the pension list; more than our annual payment for new automobiles.—Harper's Weekly.

Providential.

Mother—Why should we make wills a doctor when there are so many new doctors every year?
Father—But think of all the new ailments.—Mcgruder's Blatter.

HOW TO TREAT UMBRELLAS

They Should Be Dried Open After a Rain and Left Unrolled When Put Away.

Umbrellas require a great deal of attention to keep them in good repair, but at the same time they are well worth it, and repay all trouble. How often have our bonnets and hats been saved by them from ruin when we have been caught in a sudden down-pour with no shelter near?

After one of these downpours, on arrival home the umbrella should not be stuck in the stand and left to drain, as the moisture, gradually accumulating in the silk just above the ferrule, causes it to rot and go into holes in a very short time. It should be placed open in a dry, airy room until it is thoroughly dry. Many people roll up their umbrellas while still damp, and then think the silk must have been common when they find it in holes.

When put away, the umbrella should be left unrolled, for if it is constantly kept in a tight roll the creases are apt rapidly to wear through. One's best silk umbrella should never be put in the stand where the common-property ones are kept, as anyone coming in in a hurry, and placing stick or umbrella in the same place, is very liable unintentionally to poke a hole right through, and no amount of darning or covering the place with black coat plaster will ever restore an umbrella to its pristine beauty.

Many umbrellas, nowadays, after they have seen some service, though sound in other respects, are disfigured by worn-out elastic and dilapidated, discolored tassels; these should be promptly discarded, and new ones, which can be bought for a trifle, securely fastened on.

LAW APPLIES TO WEALTHY

Rich New Yorkers Are Required to Tell What Education Their Children Are Getting.

Wealthy residents of the Fifth avenue section of New York are receiving calls these days from polite policemen in uniform, who inquire how many children they have and what educational advantages the youngsters are receiving. If the reply is that the young persons are studying at home under the direction of private teachers the policeman makes a note of that on a white card. Within a few days a special inspector of the board of education calls.

He asks the governess or tutor what Algeon and Genevieve are studying, what Fraulein or Mademoiselle is teaching, and if the course of instruction is equivalent to that required in the common schools. So far the authorities have been satisfied.

George H. Chatfield, who supervises the collecting of statistics about the children of school age under the aegis of the permanent census board, said that the policemen and inspectors are received by parents and guardians throughout the fashionable residential districts with much courtesy and had all their questions answered.—New York Herald.

Anti-Toxin for Fatigue.

Discovery of an anti-toxin for fatigue has been announced by a lecturer at the University of Erlangen in Germany. He claims to have discovered the poison that is liberated in the human tissues by the breaking down resulting from effort, and that he has found the natural antidote for it, which the body itself provides.

He has succeeded in some remarkable experiments, in producing both fatigue and restoration from fatigue, in animals inoculated, first with the fatigue toxin and afterward with his anti-toxin. He noted that all animals show increase of endurance following rest after work. He argued that this indicated an overproduction of an element in the blood capable of neutralizing the fatigue poison.

Deducing that this element could be isolated and that the bodies of animals could be made to produce it in usable quantities, he experimented till he accomplished those results. His success has been so remarkable that it has attracted wide attention, and promising results have been attained in treatment of serious diseases by other scientists.—Family Doctor.

Packing a Gun.

Now that another citizen has "packed a gun" to the detriment of this nation, is it not time that, as a nation, we set our faces against this custom of "gun packing" and make the carrying of concealed weapons the actual crime that it is instead of the unconventional liberty that we make it? There are thousands of American men of undoubted courage who have never "packed a gun" on any occasion; thousands of deaths have been caused by the accidental discharge of cheap revolvers while in the possession of people who didn't know how to handle them; and we know of no authentic case where the average gun "coter," taken unaware, has been able to take the least advantage of his firearm.—Denver Times.

Character in Shoes.

A kindly old doctor in Geneva has invented a new method of reading character which he calls scarpology, or "know a man by his shoes." He says that a pair of boots which have been worn for two months will reveal to him the age, social position, personal habits and even the moral character of the wearer. The economical man, the vain woman, the slovenly person of either sex, the taker of constitutions—all these are easy to recognize.

SPARK FIRST WAS A SOUND

Origin of the Word Traced to the Aryan Root "Sparg," a Crackling Noise.

When electrically charged wires are brought near each other we see what we call a "spark." We see a spark from falling meteors, from the firefly, from the struck metal and from the burning brand. What appeals to the eye we call the "spark," but originally it was what appealed to the ear that gave us the root of the word. It was not the appearance, but the sound that became a "spark."

Long before electricity received careful human consideration or spark phenomena were classified our Aryan ancestors started the little root "sparg" on its growth through the languages of that original tongue. These Aryans, some eight or more thousand years before our era, knew what fire was and used it. They were acquainted with burning wood and knew that it gave out a crackling sound. When they spoke of that sound they used the word "sparg," and it survived the ages and has become our "spark."

This "sparg" grew into the Teutonic base "sprak," from which has come numerous words that imply making a crackling noise. In Anglo-Saxon it is "spearcas," meaning exactly what we mean by "spark." Our Danish brother has it in "spraga," signifying to crackle, and in Icelandic it is "spraka," with the same meaning. The sound is always in the word, whether it accompanies the "spark" or not.

PETTY PRIDE IS LUDICROUS

Clearer Judgment Often Would Make Us Ashamed of the Things of Which We Boast.

Nearly everybody is proud of something. That is one of the curious streaks of human nature. I have seen a released jailbird strutting before her envious companions because of the number of occasions on which she had "done time." One man is proud because he once was presented to a king; another one because he is the second cousin of a prize fighter. This person is proud of his ancestry, and the other because he is a self-made man. The reasons for pride which various persons display are many and curious and various. Most of us do not outgrow the childhood boastfulness. Yet if we could see ourselves from the height of the pyramids, or from one of the tombs of the Chinese emperors outside of Peking, or from a cell in the recently uncovered monastery of Buddha at Sarath, or from a mountain side on Mars, we might perceive the futility and vanity, not to say ludicrousness, of our petty pride.

Often the things of which men are proud are those of which, were their judgment clearer, they would be ashamed.—W. T. Ellis, in Baltimore News.

Improving Americans.

"Nothing is fixed but the certainty of change," said Goethe, and we know that the future American will represent a change. He may be taller, or shorter, or thinner, or fatter than the American of today, but there is nothing in the existing state of society—to indicate that he will not be better in many ways. Confidence in this is based largely on the evident determination of the American of today to leave our institutions and our ideals better than he found them. Every American—native or foreign born—wants his children to have a better education than it was possible for him to secure. He wants to have his children live in a community of higher standards and ideals than he has; he wants betterment in local, state and national conditions; and the result of the want will be improvement and a demand by his children for still greater improvement.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Snakes.

A man in New York city went out in the country for a two-weeks' vacation this summer, and when he came back he had 200 snakes with him. He had his wife and two daughters along with him, but none of the family was afraid, although plenty of the snakes were rattlers. The man that made such a queer collection is the man that takes care of the snakes in the Bronx zoo in New York. His stock of crawlers was getting low, and so he laid in a new supply. He had rattlers, milk snakes, water snakes, ribbon snakes and black snakes. "When he got home he found that seven baby rattlers had been born on the way. Collecting all the 200 snakes brought the man only one bite, and that was from a water snake that has no poison glands.

A Boy's Ribs.

Of course, neither you nor any other boy can tell how many ribs you have got until you have asked a doctor, and you can't tell the cash value of them until you have had a lawsuit about it. Young Albert Scott, living in Medina, O., was sitting on a fence when the tire on a passing auto burst and a piece hit him and knocked him off the fence on to a wheelbarrow, and he had three ribs broken. His father sued for damages, and a jury said that Albert's ribs were worth \$200 apiece.

How It Was.

Dick—I know a girl who accepts rings from men she doesn't know.
Clare—I don't believe it. How could she?
Dick—Why, she has to, you know, she's a telephone girl.

NEST OF WILD ALLIGATOR

Built of Mud, Grass and Mold and a Natural Incubator for the Numerous Eggs.

"An alligator's nest is an interesting thing," said Alligator Joe. "Wild alligators build their nest on the bank of a river or in marshy place. They are made of mud, saw grass and leaves and mold. They are sort of natural incubators, for the eggs, which are laid from 35 to 80 in a nest at one time, are hatched out by the steam which comes up through the mud as much as by the sun. Around the nest a pile of grass is laid, sometimes as high as six feet, and from a distance resembles a stack of hay. The mother gator has her den near by. She makes it by burrowing into a bank of soft mud, and sometimes it is 70 feet or more inland. The only way to get her out of a den like that is to take a long steel rod and thrust it down the tunnel, which is always slanting. When the gator feels the prodding she will come out to see what the trouble is. It takes alligator eggs two months and six days to hatch. When the little ones come out the mother calls them together by a noise which is something between a cluck and a grunt, and they all scramble down from the nest to her den. If it is on the edge of a river the den is filled with mud. As the mother enters the den she swishes her tail around with terrific force, killing the smallest fish, and when they float the little alligators nab them up."

"A mother alligator will sometimes have four or five dens, and she takes her brood from one to another, repeating the swishing process in each one until the young ones have had a full meal."—Leslie's Weekly.

STAGE DRINK IS REMARKABLE

It Cannot Be Spilled, and Intoxication Ensues Immediately After It Is Swallowed.

What we have always noticed about the stage drink is its terrific potency. That there are other points of interest in this thing we do not deny, and we are inclined to agree with the writer in one of the weekly papers, who says that "our actors, even the best and most experienced of them, have not the faintest notion how to drink naturally and with the air of men who are enjoying the process." And we have frequently noticed the curious unspillable quality in the musical comedy drink. In this particular type of potation, which is set to music, and which we may call the gay drink, the careless gestures of the fagon holders who do not actually drink until they have waved the goblet upside down have been known to make strong and thirsty galleries burst into tears, commingled with reproaches. When falsely accused Frederick suffers a momentary attack of depression, and decides to set out for territories exclusively canine, he pours into small liquor glass a little very pale brandy, and, with a desperate cry of frenzy and despair, drinks it at one go. Sometimes it is half a glass of non-corporal claret. But the result is the same. Falsely Accused Frederick instantly starts his Apache dance with the grand pianoforte, and Friends Who Believed in Him, entering at that moment, say: "Good heavens! he's drunk." The drink is potent. It cannot always be a case of weakness of head.—London Globe.

Iroquois Regard for Language.

Language was looked upon as a sacred gift, and was as much a part of the body as the head or limbs. For this reason an Indian never spoke the language of another nation except in the capacity of interpreter. When a council was held between tribes, the orator conducted the debates in their own language, and the words were translated, when necessary, as they fell from the lips of the speaker, by those who had been trained for that purpose. It was considered the greatest possible affront to their ancestors and to the Great Spirit for the Iroquois to speak any language other than their own. Deaf mutes among them were pointed out as people who were not satisfied with the language of their fathers and in consequence had lost the power to speak or hear.—From "The Legends of the Iroquois," by William W. Cassel.

Obscure Weed.

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 any one had grasped the magnitude of the evil it had been carried by cattle along all main stock routes and jumped the Victorian watershed into Gippsland. It has now completely taken possession of something like twenty thousand 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 \$250 an acre.—Westminster Gazette.

Earlier the Better.

Trude Pa—Did you tell that young man who calls on you every night that I was going to have the gas turned off promptly at 10 p. m.?
Daughter—Yes, papa.
Trude Pa—And what did he say to that?
Daughter—He said he would consider it a great personal favor if you would have it turned off at 1:30.

PERSONAL SECURITY'S PLACE

How Rogers, the Banker Post, Taught a Lesson to the Irresponsible Sir Frederick.

A baronet, who used to excuse his carelessness in meeting his financial obligations by saying that he had not the soul of an accountant, met his match in Rogers, who was known in London as the banker poet, Ralph Nevill tells, in "The Merry Past," of the baronet being ushered into Rogers' private office, where his easy demeanor and air of fashion favorably impressed the banker, who courteously inquired what his visitor's needs might be.

"I want about two or three thousand pounds," replied the visitor. "Can your house accommodate me?"

"Without doubt, sir. We shall have great pleasure in doing so. May I ask on what security?"

"Oh, personal property, personal security," replied Sir Frederick, carelessly.

Mr. Rogers smiled. "Will you walk this way, sir?"

He then opened a small door and led the way through various apartments and passages until they arrived at a small room fitted up with fire-proof vaults. Taking a small key from his waistcoat pocket, and opening a large iron safe or closet, he courteously waved his hand toward it, and said: "I must trouble you to walk in here, Sir Frederick."

"Walk in there? Walk in there! What for, sir?"

"My dear sir, we always keep personal securities in that closet."

The poor dandy was completely non-plused by this novel method of showing a client what value was attached to his personal security.—Youth's Companion.

ALPINE LAKES VANISHING

Same Drying Up Process Is to Be Noted in Many Other Mountainous Regions.

The gradual drying up of mountain lakes in arid regions like parts of the Rocky mountains, western Siberia and Turkestan is accompanied, the latest statistics say, by the disappearance of numbers of the smaller Alpine lakes or their shrinkage in size to mere ponds. Within a hundred years the number of Alpine lakes has dwindled from 3,278 to 2,466.

The same drying up process is noticed in other mountainous regions of medium elevation and normal rainfall such as the Reissengebirge on the Austro-German frontier and the Austrian Tatra. Not fewer than 118 lakes in the Tyrolean Alps alone have completely vanished and even in the lower Bavarian and Thuringian hills there are fewer lakes now than a generation ago.

There are various theories concerning this drying up process; the constant erosion of the beds of mountain streams and the percolation of water into subterranean channels are the most generally accepted explanations. Vegetation on the lake bottom is responsible in many cases for the drying up of the lower lying meres.

The Attraction of Tidiness.

Tidiness is one of the most attractive of feminine qualities. It is also one of the rarest. Early and persistent must be the training which carries the girl into womanhood with her "bump of neatness" well developed. Unless inherently fastidious during school days, she is liable to drift into careless habits which she never outgrows. One girl may have a trick of leaving shoes about her room. As a child she was permitted to do this, and as she grew older the untidy custom was never abandoned, for the simple reason that she herself did not notice anything unusual about it, and probably nobody else took the trouble to correct her. Another slovenly habit is leaving a bunch of combings in the comb or on the dressing table. Constant vigilance on a woman's part is necessary in these small matters if she would be thought really tidy.—Home Notes.

History of a Wedding Ring.

The ring used in the wedding of Sir Harry and Lady Verney is a ring which has been used for centuries in the wedding ceremonies of the family, and is cherished as a precious heirloom.

It contains an exquisite miniature of Charles I, encircled with diamonds, and was given by that monarch to Sir Edmund Verney, his marshal and standard bearer, who fell at Edge Hill on October 23, 1642. Sir Edmund's body was never found, only a severed hand bearing on one of its fingers this very ring, which was soon identified as his. The hand was buried in the family burial place, and the ring has during succeeding generations been religiously treasured by the owners of Claydon House.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Crushing Romance.

"It seems to me," said Batterby, "that we are knocking nearly all the romance and imagination out of life when we commercialize marriage—for that's about what we are doing. I like the good old way of courting, the way that was the classiest thing when knights were bold. I like the idea of galloping across the drawbridge and snatching up the girl of my heart and putting her on the saddle before me and galloping away like mad! Wouldn't that suit you?"

"No, it wouldn't," replied the other man. "The girl of my heart weighs 700 pounds."

WHY GIRLS EXCEL IN STUDY

Early Development of Their Perceptive Faculties Required by Their Weaker Physical State.

The superiority of female students, both children and adults, has been mentioned and explained hundreds of times, and yet the full pedagogic significance of the fact still seems to be ignored. The girls in many a co-educational college furnish an overwhelming percentage of the best students, and yet in later years the men take the lead in every one of the lines in which as boys they were so backward. It is all due to the well known fact that in her weaker physical state self-protection has demanded an early development of the perceptive faculties.

Age for age, girls perceive underratingly what boys scarcely notice. The differences between the two sexes are so great that it is unscientific to class them together, and there is a growing suspicion that each is injured by current co-educational method, the boys unduly stimulated and the girls retarded. In spite of this self-evident conclusion pedagogues seem bent upon the impossible task of making the boys keep up with the girls—a plan sure to be followed by far-reaching bad results. The boys are liable to become discouraged, while the girls are led to embark upon careers as wage earners in professions in which failure is inevitable.—American Medicine.

TRUSTED TO HIS JUDGMENT

Squire Lawson Had Plenty of That Left, but His Horse and Buggy Were Gone.

Squire Lawson never asked for or accepted any advice. One day he drove 15 miles to the nearest large town, and there left his horse and buggy in a side street in charge of a strange young man. They went off in search of an old friend of his, a Quaker. "They didn't leave a valuable horse and carriage to a stranger's care, Thomas," remonstrated the friend. "Thee'd better go get it and drive to the livery stable. This town is not like the little place thee lives in." "I looked the young man over," said Squire Lawson, "and in my judgment it was perfectly safe to leave him in charge. Let us say no more about it." "Very well," said his friend, but when, at the end of two hours, Squire Lawson took his leave, the Quaker shut his office and accompanied the squire to the place where he had left his equipage. It had vanished, and no inquiries brought any information as to where it or the young man had gone. "Well, Amos," said the Quaker, after an hour's hot, unavailing search, "thee has lost a horse and carriage, to be sure, but thee still has plenty of judgment left, I've no doubt."—Youth's Companion.

Fame and Notoriety.

And fame? Why, some good chap, after a lifetime's work, gets a silver loving cup. Who hears of this? Nobody. Fame does not so much as lift her trumpet, much less blow his name to the skies. But if Mister Theif gets out his hand and lifts the silver gobble, Fames grabs her bull's horn and blows and blows her name and picture throughout the land. Or buy a little, dinky bauble like a pearl or two in Europe. Who cares a farthing for a thing like that? Yes, but only try to stick it in your hat when Sherlock Lobb is on deck, and for out two, three days you will be heard of more than Caesar, and the Limburger of a sweet-scented reputation will slunk on forever in all your old clothes and acquaintances. There is the sublime penalty of friends. Curse them, they never forget!—New York Press.

The First Potatoes in Scotland.

It is claimed by a correspondent that the first person to grow potatoes in the open field in Scotland was Thomas Prentice, a parish laborer in the West Barony of the parish in Glasgow, near Chapel Green, that was in the year 1728.

It was about four years after that date that he (Prentice) entered the market with them and was very successful with his experiment, as he made \$1,500 out of it, which he sank in double interest, and died at Edinburgh in 1763. Robert Graham did much to bring the culture of the potato to perfection. He was the first to introduce the way of preparing the land for it. The last of the male line of the Grahams, it is believed, was James Graham of Auchincloch-Kilryth.

"Heraldry and Genealogy." "Heraldry and the Gent" every one with a sense of humor must be keenly interested in. There has been so much nonsense written on this subject and with such a pretense of learning that many people believe the College of Arms really can create a gentleman. The college, we fear, can manage nothing more than "gent," and for that they charge quite enough. Heraldry belongs to the antiquary. Modern coats in ancient style (prix fixe) are the last remnants of days which belong only to history.—Saturday Review.

An Effort Toward Romance. "When you first came to see me you stood under my window with a guitar and serenaded me," said Mr. Prosy's wife.

"Remember that, I haven't time to do so now. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Just let me know what hour will suit you and I'll pay a glass wagon to come around and play all you like."