QUEER BLUNDERS IN COURTS

French Judge Divorces Petitioner's Lawyer—Similar Error Made by Magistrate in England.

Some years ago, it is said, a legal blunder of a most extraordinary character was committed in one of the divorce courts in Paris. By some misapprehension on the part of the presiding judge, whose papers and mind had got confused, he actually mistook the name of an advocate who had been arguing a petition for the name of the petitioner himself, and in granting and signing the decree of dissolution of marriage of the petitioner unwittingly substituted the advocate's name for the petitioner's, and thus divorced the lawyer from his wife instead of granting the prayed-for release of the advocate's client. As the lawyer had no desire for separation from his wife, and as there was no process for annulling an absolute decree for divorce, even to meet such a remarkable case, it became necessary, through the judicial error, for the man of law to remarry his spouse without delay, and this he did.

A somewhat similar error was committed in the English Court of Chancery. There had been a litigation over some property, which was held by one man and claimed by another of the same name. In evading some order of the court the holder of the property had committed a contempt, and on this being called to the attention of the judge an order issued for the summoning, not of the guilty party, but of the claimant of the same surname, and the order, a very severe one, was actually in execution before the error was discovered.

THINGS THAT A MAN FORGETS

He Seldom Keeps the Saw Sharpened or Remembers Where the Glass Cutter Is.

Once in a while you find a prudent and practical man who keeps about him all manner of tools and things that come in handy when needed, but generally a man waits until the need overtakes him and then he begins to scheme and plot. He breaks a window pane, and having a large pane, decides he will cut it and fit it in. But he has no glass cutter. Then he stuffs a rag into the broken pane or pastes a piece of paper over it, and waits for spring.

He finds it necessary to saw some plank, and remembers that he intended to have his saw sharpened and set. So he gnaws off the ends of the plank with the saw and looks about for the hammer.

Confound it—the handle's broken. He's been intending to get a new one, but it is such an unusual thing he has never gotten at it.

That's a natural human failing. Careless, maybe, but just as natural as to leave a street car and forget, caring nothing about its future operations or its future destination.—Dallas News.

The Nervous Hostess.

The hostess with a highly strung temperament is to be pitied, and so are her guests, even though her words be honey sweet. She transmits her nervousness to the very atmosphere of the house and makes all therein feel that they are hovering on the brink of a volcano. Would you know at once the woman who has this unfortunate failing? Then watch any pet dog or cat that she encounters. If it shrinks from her touch, though she may be in a calm mood, you may judge that something amiss in her nature has been detected by the sensitive being. Animals and children discover such irritability instinctively, and there are some grownup human beings who retain this insight. The only thing to do when the hospitality of the nervous one has to be accepted is to cut the visit as short as possible and to yield as much as possible to all her whims.

Work and the Lady.

What is a lady? asks the London Week-end. The lady of the Victorian age was a soft, ornamental, purry creature like a cat. She curled up by the household fire and purred when she was given cream. When the cream was denied her she scratched. She was the most hopelessly, helplessly selfish creature living. Work? No. She was not supposed to be of any use whatever. But then in those days a man was not supposed to work if he laid claim to being a gentleman. Now this is changed, and no man, whatever his connections may be, is permitted to be a parasite on his relations. The time is coming when the woman, too, will be required to do her share of the world's work, instead of playing the parasite on brother or cousin or uncle or whatever the nearest male relative may be.

French Family Life.

It is a threadbare criticism by Englishmen that the French have no word for "home." They have "foyer," which answers nearly enough; but even if that be thought to stand for something different, the obligations of family are strong and general. The respect and affection of English sons for their mothers do not compare with those of French sons, and in France family ties extend to relations whom we in England should regard as having no claim upon our consideration. The frothy gaiety and the solidity of the French character exist side by side in permanent dualism—mobility for the visitor to see at a glance; solidity for him to discover if he takes the trouble.

METHODS OF SUGAR MAKING

Up in the Hills the Lore Is Handed Down From One Generation to Another.

In these hills the lore of the woods and the best methods of sugar making, handed from one generation to another, are carried from the famous groves to the smaller ones. A helper in our second year told, between gasps, as she stirred "cakes" for dear life, that "at Miss Susannah's she wouldn't let us change hands nor even stir the other way. We had to get the light color."

Yet when some of our sugar pleased a local critic he said, "Will's folks make lighter color sugar'n yours, but 'tain't so good. They break the grain tryin' to stir it too much, and it hurts the flavor." He did not know physics nor could our helpers tell us the reason for their rules of thumb, for it has been an interesting hunt for us, from the variations of temperature in the different runs of our first year's sirup, to the intricate chemical and mycological problems not yet solved.

From our local helpers, from our reading and from years of varied experience, we have learned what effect every detail of knowledge and care upon the finished product.

But flavor depends upon the soil and the trees themselves. Our big, old trees on high land start early because of their southeastern exposure, and have long been famous for the flavor of their sugar. To the foundation we have added our study, and we have persistently followed every hint of better methods until we have advanced the price of our product, 400 per cent! We sold our first year's sugar, without grading, in large pails for ten cents a pound. Now we make it into three grades, soft sugar, cakes and cream, packing them in one-pound boxes, and get 40 cents for the best. —Outing Magazine.

JUST LIKE A FRENCH FARCE

Experience of Woman Who Told Husband Her Plans for Day and Changed Her Mind.

"I have come to think it is not a good plan to tell your family what you expect to do during the day," observed the young matron. "For instance, the other morning at the breakfast table I said to my husband that I thought it would be a good day for me to go out to visit a friend of ours. Later, telephoning my husband's mother, I told her the same thing. Indeed, I was then on my way to the station. Arriving there, however, I found the schedule changed and no train for two hours. Of course, that meant no visit that day, so I started out looking for a certain household article I had long wanted and intended as a surprise to my husband. As I hurried along through unaccustomed streets and passed a lot of excavating and building, I thought: Suppose a brick or something fell off that house and knocked me senseless, what would my husband think? However, nothing of that kind happened, but I ran across an old friend, a man, who promptly invited me to lunch. As I had told the maid I'd be out all day, I accepted, and in the restaurant whom should I meet but my husband's partner, and on our way home, when my friend blew me to a taxi, my husband's sister.

"Well, I felt as though I were in a French farce, and you may be sure I was glad I had a sensible, unexcitable husband. Never again, though, will I announce what I intend to do. I'll do it first and tell about it afterward."

Gave Father the Silence.

"I can sympathize with officers up at West Point who get in bad with the cadets and are punished with silence," said a New York man to a crony. "I started home one evening a week ago with the best intentions after promising my wife to be at the dinner table at 6:30. I don't remember all that happened, but I let myself into the silent house at 2 a. m. and got to bed unseen.

"Next morning I wasn't called for breakfast, but got to the table unaided on time. My wife and three daughters were there. 'Good morning, all!' I said as cheerily as I could. Not a word in response. Breakfast passed without a sound. That thing was kept up for three days. They wouldn't even talk to me by telephone. On the fourth morning things were natural again, but I was warned that the next silence might be longer."

Attribute of Success.

An American must not die; he must direct his energies toward success; success means making one's way in life; nine times out of ten, for ninety-nine men out of a hundred, that means the business world. To seize the business opportunity; to develop that opportunity through the business virtues of attention to detail, industry, economy, persistence and enthusiasm—these represent the plain and manifest duty of every citizen who intends to "be somebody."—Stewart Edward White.

Making Headway.

A reporter was sent around to make some inquiries concerning a new play that David Belasco was engaged in writing. "Yes," said David, "I am writing a play. What do you want to know about it?" "Anything you can tell me will be interesting," was the reply. "Well," was Belasco's response, "it is to have four acts and three intermissions—and I've just finished the intermissions."—Success Magazine.

SQUARE PIES OF HIS YOUTH

Mr. Oldsome Is Reminded of Them by Advertisement of Griddle for Square Pancakes.

"I find in a newspaper," said Mr. Oldsome, "an advertisement of a griddle to cook square panscakes. I never before heard of a square pancake, but I distinctly remember that in my youth in my home we had square pies. If you've heard of square pies for heaven's sake choke me off right here, but if you haven't you might like to.

"Square pies were not exactly square; they were baked in straight side oblong tins that were square cornered. The pies baked in such tins were always either pumpkin or custard, never mince or apple or any sort of pie with works that were chopped or otherwise of such nature that they would easily fall out when a piece of pie was lifted.

"These square pies used to cut six or eight pieces to the pie. You cut first straight down the length of the tin from end to end in the middle and then you cut across at equidistant points either two or three times according to the number of pieces into which you wanted to cut the pie.

"This gave you either six or eight pieces in a pie, according to the number of crosscuts you made, the pieces being each square and all of approximately the same size, exactly so if the cutting was done accurately, as from long practice it was likely to be. But obviously the corner pieces had twice as much crust as the inside pieces. This, however, was not a disadvantage, for some people like more filling, some like more crust. I always used to ask for a corner piece."

WHEN HEINE SAW NAPOLEON

The Trees Appeared to Bow to the Little Emperor, Said the Great German Poet.

There came a day also when the young Heine saw Napoleon: "It was in the avenue of the palace garden at Dusseldorf. As I thrust my way through the throng I thought of the deeds and the battles which M. Le Grand had drummed to me, and my heart beat the march of the general—and yet at the same time I thought of the police order prohibiting riding through the avenue, penalty five shillings—and the emperor with his suite rode down the middle of the avenue, and the scared trees bowed as he passed and the sunbeams trembled in fear and curiosity through the green leaves, and in the blue heavens there swam visibly a gold star.

"The emperor was wearing his modest green uniform and his little cocked hat known the world over. He was riding a little white horse that paced so calmly, so proudly, so securely and with such an air. * * * Listlessly sat the emperor, almost loosely, and one hand held high the rein and the other tapped gently on the neck of the little horse. * * * The emperor rode calmly down the middle of the avenue. No agent of the police opposed him; behind him proudly rode his followers on foaming steeds and they were laden with gold and adornments; the drums rattled, the trumpets blared, and with a thousand voices the people cried: 'Long live the emperor!'"—New York World.

Uses of Corn.

Experts of the agricultural department have figured it out that more than thirty products are made from corn, exclusive of whisky. Among them are six kinds of glucose used in table syrup manufacture; four kinds of crystal glucose used in candy making; corn oil, used in making fibre paint and rubber substitutes; granulated gum, alcohol, fusel oil, cornmeal. From the stalk are taken cellulose, for packing holes in battleships pierced by bullets; varnish, paper pulp and live stock foods. And the humble cob has its many uses. When ground into corncob meal it aids digestion of cattle; it is used by the farmers for corks and by everybody for pipes. It has a high fuel value. Three tons of cobs produce as much heat as one ton of hard coal. Cob ashes fed to hogs keeps them healthy, and being rich in potash cob ashes makes a valuable fertilizer.—Kansas City Journal.

Salt Eaters.

Idiosyncrasy often takes the form of a special craving for, instead of an objection to, certain foods. Many people possess an extraordinary relish for common salt, and will eat it by the teaspoonful when opportunity admits. This sometimes leads to obesity and dropsy, but it has also the peculiar effect of increasing the weight. One young lady who devoured immense quantities of salt on every possible occasion, and emptied all the salt-cellars on the table at each meal, would increase as much as 10-lb. in weight in twenty-four hours, and was frequently unable to wear a dress which was quite loose for her on the previous day.

Oldest Civic Regalia.

The crystal mace of the Lord Mayor of London dates from Saxon times, as the workmanship of its crystal and gold shaft with jeweled head declares. From the time before the Normans this mace, which is barely eighteen inches long, has symbolized sovereignty over the city, when the Lord Mayor was still known as the portreeve, and London was an independent state. It is the oldest piece of civic regalia in the world, and it is seen only at the induction of the Lord Mayor on November 8 and at the coronation of the sovereign.

CAN'T LEAVE THE OLD FOLKS

Kansas Girl's Reason for Refusal to Wed Is the Occasion for Some Serious Thought.

A bride about-to-be in a Kansas town the other day suddenly refused to be wed. She gave her reason in a nutshell: "I can't leave the old folks." She echoed the tragic plaint of a familiar song.

It gives occasion for profound reflection; as, at first thought, this: how shall the line be drawn between filial love and duty and the urge of the supreme conqueror of lives—the God of Love? In all oriental countries this problem could not exist; the wildest of passionate love must yield before the ingrained obligation to a parental authority and due. In our own land the parents—not the child—raise the petitioning hand. That is what makes the Kansas girl's act remarkable.

When is a child justified in deserting her father and mother? For how long should she bide a wee? There is so much to be considered coldly, although it is difficult. These old parents, by the and-irons gave her life, nurtured her; gladly bestowed upon her the very essence of their love. Her growth was their daily scrutiny and sly remark; her development to womanhood, their wonder and pride. And then, as a singing, precious bird, she escaped from their cage. Thus it was for them, and is and shall continue to be for countless heart-broken parents.—Philadelphia Press.

DISHPANS MAY BE MUSICAL

Man Who Sleeps Mornings Thinks They Should Be Keyed to a Diatonic Scale.

"For a long time," said the man who sleeps mornings, "I have been hoping that some one would arise and invent dish pans in E flat and kettles in G major. The family above me apparently always washes its dinner dishes the morning after.

"Yet I do not know that the bang of a dish pan is as bad as the Mozartian melodies dispensed by the occasional hand organ. I have about come to the conclusion, however, that two generations hence mankind will be able to relish any metallic noise as music. There is Richard Strauss, you know, and Claude Debussy. We have got wonderfully used to sheer cacophony and some of us maintain, with what truth I do not know, that we like it.

"If I thought that in 20 or 30 years we would be able to enjoy the dish pan and kettle motifs I would never again complain. But I think that since we are making such strides in the direction of enjoying harsh sounds the inventors might meet us half way by inventing sets of houseware keyed to diatonic scale."

"Pins and Needles."

After being for a long time in a constrained attitude a peculiar numbness and pricking is often felt in the arm, leg or foot. This is caused by some interruption to the circulation and can usually be removed by rubbing or exercise.

The reason of the sensation, which is decidedly uncomfortable while it lasts, is that pressure for a certain length of time deadens the sensibility of a nerve. When this pressure is suddenly removed (as straightening out the leg after sitting with it doubled underneath the body) sensibility gradually returns to the nerve, and as each nerve-fiber composing the trunk regains its normal condition of sensibility a pricking sensation is felt, and these successive prickings from the successive awakenings of the numerous fibers have not inaptly been called "pins and needles."—From the Family Doctor.

Killing Cougars Saves Deer.

It is estimated that every cougar in the state causes the death of at least 50 deer during the year. Some expert hunters maintain that a big cougar of mountain lion will destroy as many as 100 deer in a single year. The estimate that the lives of 500 dear have been saved through the killing of nine of these wild beasts is regarded as conservative.

The trip of Winters and Thompson was undertaken for the purpose of killing off as many cougars as possible in two weeks and they returned bringing nine skins as trophies. The huntsmen have already sold the largest skins, one of which measures 8 feet 7 inches in length and the other almost eight feet. By disposing of these two skins for mounting the hunters are deprived of the state bounty of $10 apiece, because the present bounty laws require the cutting off of a fore paw.—Portland Oregonian.

Instruction in Cartoons.

I have found that one of the easiest and most interesting ways of teaching my growing boys current events is by having them make a scrapbook of the cartoons that appear in the daily papers and magazines. As soon as the papers have been read, the cartoons and pictures that bear on the leading questions of the day are carefully cut out and put in a special place till the end of the month. Then we look over them together and save for the scrapbook only the best and cleverest.

It is really surprising what a delightful little recreation this makes for the evenings. It encourages a discussion of current history, in which the father usually joins, and at the same time promises a feeling of good comradeship between parents and children.—Harper's Bazar.

PERFUME ABSORBED BY EGGS

Drug Store Clerk Is Convinced That They Should Be as Carefully Kept as Butter.

Englishmen were such peculiar chaps, the druggist said, that he was not a bit surprised when the strapping young fellow who had ordered an egg phosphate said, "Never mind," just before the clerk cracked the egg, and hurried out of the store, but he was surprised when the Englishman returned a few minutes later and apologized for his abruptness. "It was the place you took that egg from that scared me out," he said. "I noticed that it came from a box in one corner of the perfume case. How long had it been there?"

"Only a few hours," said the clerk. "We get fresh eggs every day."

"But you shouldn't keep them there at all," said the Englishman. "Don't you know that eggs are almost as bad as butter to absorb odors? The shells protect them a little, but it takes only a short time for a really strong perfume to soak through. I have had many a phosphate spoiled because the egg in it had been nesting against a cologne bottle."

The clerk said, "How utterly ridiculous," but he remembered that another customer had complained of a triple extract flavor to an egg drink, so later in the day he moved the perfumes back to another counter.

CLING TO THE RED KERCHIEF

In Other Respects the Women of Champery, Switzerland, Wear the Dress of Men.

Something of the old romance of Switzerland still clings to Champery nearly 3,500 feet above the Rhone Valley.

The inhabitants, about 800, still preserve certain local peculiarities of dress. The dark type greatly predominates, the women being handsome and well developed. The vivid scarlet kerchiefs which they wear knotted around their heads are singularly becoming. Even in the principal hotels this native head dress is worn by the waitresses.

Outside the village itself the women in winter wear men's dress—long trousers and jacket—but they still keep their red kerchiefs. Indeed, as they have to go about a great deal in deep snow, sometimes on ski, looking after the cattle in the stables and doing a good deal of work which in more prosperous districts is generally left to men, they could not very well keep to their skirts.

A Sixth Sense.

An interesting discussion arose at a recent college lecture concerning the "instinct of direction" possessed so marvelously by savage races, and by animals. Undoubtedly animals are aided largely by scent. In the case of humans it is different and some of the pupils argued that the primitive man is able to find his way in the densest forest without taking note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land, or the course of the streams. Therefore it was said he must be guided by a sixth sense, because none of the regular five senses could aid him. Other pupils, however, argued that the Indian found his way in places where there were no apparent guides because he knew how, because he had learned all his life how to do it, just as the writer, for instance, will write page after page of copy, spelling all the words correctly, but yet cannot, if asked, spell a simple word. This is because he learned the words long ago, and his spelling is purely mechanical. It is so with the Indian finding his way through the woods.

Invisible Indians.

All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen—making themselves invisible like certain spiders, which in case of alarm, caused for example by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct. —John Muir in the Atlantic.

Sydney Smith's Aversions.

Sydney Smith shared Lord North's dislike for musical concerts. "Nothing," he wrote, "can be more disgusting than an oratorio. How absurd to see 500 people fiddling like madmen about the Israelites in the Red Sea!" But Smith's pet aversion was music in the minor key. "It made him melancholy," according to G. W. E. Russell, "and had to be discontinued when he was in residence at St. Paul's." He lived, however, to repent him of his musical heresies. Late in life he said: "If I were to begin life again I would devote much time to music. All musical people seem to be happy; it is the most engrossing pursuit; almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."

The First Cause.

"I, sir," remarked the indignant citizen, "am a taxpayer." "Well," replied the political boss, "you have me to thank. You wouldn't be nearly as much of a taxpayer as you are excepting for my efforts."

CASE OF TELEPHONE GRAFT

How Poor People Manage to Have Messages Sent Without Paying the Toll.

The telephone on the desk in the animals' shelter rang and a woman's voice said: "Say, miss, there is a half-starved cat up here on One Hundred and Fourth street. Can you send up and get her?"

The clerk took the number of the One Hundred and Fourth street house, then the voice at the wire went on: "Say, miss, would you mind calling up this other number for me? It is where my sister works, in the Bronx. Tell her to come down. Jimmy is sick, there ain't a bite in the house, and I haven't got a cent to bless myself with, let alone a nickel to telephone to her, but, honest; there is a cat in the basement, and it's half starved."

The clerk sighed. "Worked again," she said. "That happens with discouraging frequency lately. We have left a small sum of money at certain drug stores to pay for telephone calls in regard to stray animals. Usually the druggist telephones the message himself, but if he is too busy he hands out a nickel, and trusts the person who has found the animal to do the telephoning. Some poor souls who would like to send messages of their own that they cannot afford to pay off have learned where those drug stores are, and ring in their own messages free, begging us to transmit them to the persons they wish to reach. In really serious cases we haven't the heart to refuse. This sounds like a serious case, so I suppose I shall have to telephone up to the Bronx."—New York Press.

HOW PERFUME IS OBTAINED

Beef Fat Is Exposed to Fresh Flowers Until It Is Permeated With Their Odors.

By a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in close boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of various flowers are obtained which could not otherwise be so effectively preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmine, tuberose, rose, orange flower and cassia (cinnamon flowers). From those six there are fifty or more combinations made for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with orange flower and jasmine, hyacinth is counterfeited by jasmine and tuberose and the lily of the valley by violet and tuberose.

The resources of the perfumer are, however, by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principle of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli and attar of roses. The later, which is not now used so much as formerly, is very difficult to obtain in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration. Very often geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering, as it does, into almost all perfumes except those that actually are limitations of flower odors or, as styled by perfumers, "natural," as, for instance, the heliotrope, tuberose, white rose and violet.

Un-Beautiful Lines.

Why not have a contest, too, to determine the Most un-Beautiful Lines in the English Language? There are any number of lines which might be entered. Here are a few: "Business is business." "Keep out—this means you." "What time was it when you came in?" "Please remit." "Haven't you forgotten something?" "In the interest of retrenchment——" "Dictated but not read." "Who's this round on?" "This is my busy day." "Take the next car." "Keep off the grass." "Yes, he's a nice man, but——" "You are hereby subpoenaed——" "Only four Saturdays in this month." "Standing room only." "I can't take this slick dime." "Who's shy?" "—but here's something just as good." "Hello, whiz this talking?" "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come." "Still, it may be for the best." "However, we thank you for submitting the manuscript." "I'll take a cigar and smoke it after dinner."

Memorial to French Ambassadors.

On one of the walls of the interior of the ministry for foreign affairs in Paris is a black marble slab on which are expressed in letters of gold the names of the officials of the department who died fighting for their country in the war with Germany in 1870. The ministry has decided to place another slab "comme pendant," on which will be inscribed the names of ambassadors and diplomatic agents who have fallen victims of their duties. The list will commence from the time of Louis XIV. A Paris contemporary says it will be long enough, and observes that probably this will be the first memorial of its kind erected in any country. The list will include the plenipotentiaries murdered at Rastatt and those who had to submit to indignities and cruelties at the hands of the Chinese, which led to the war with the Celestial empire in 1857.

Thoughtless.

"Which," asked the court jester, "came first, the chicken or the egg?" "Really," replied the monarch, wearily, "you should know better than to bring these questions of precedence to my personal attention. You know that they are entirely looked after by officials appointed for that purpose."