

CASTE A BARRIER IN INDIA

Snobbery Gilted Into Fanatical Religious Faith Pale Description of Social Conditions.

First of all caste is a question of birth, and there is no entry except by birth. A worker in a coal mine may become a part owner thereof, and his daughter marry a peer, and his grandson become a peer of England.

If a man is excommunicated by his caste fellows in India, no one of the caste will eat with him, accept water from his hands or carry him. His own wife will not touch him or speak with him.

A Brahman clerk has been known to distribute legal documents by throwing them down at the end of the village street in which live his low caste brethren.

If one could picture to oneself social snobbery lifted into a fanatical religious faith, it would be a pale description of the iron subdivisions of caste in India.

WHERE WE NEED PROTECTION

Not Against the Autocrat, But the Outgrown Social Institution.

It is not the autocrat, but the outgrown social institution against which society requires protection. Not the legislature or the executive, but the constitution and the prevailing judicial and administrative procedure, are in the way of progress.

Chinese and Vaccination.

"Unless it is absolutely necessary I never like to get a Chinaman started on the vaccination game because he never knows where to stop," said a missionary.

Little Willie Again.

"Pa!" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery.

"Pa!" came the little voice again.

"What is it, Willie?" replied his father, sleepily.

"Turn in here; I want to ast you sumpin'!" said the little voice.

"Bo pa rose up from his dunny and, putting on his bath-robe and slippers, marched into the nursery.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.

"Say, pa," said little Willie, "if you was to feed the cow on soap would she give shaving-cream?"—Harper's Weekly.

Mental Fog.

"My brightest pupils," says a young tutor, "have occasional weeks of blankness which resist my most subtle methods, and I have come to the conclusion that they are suffering at such times from a form of mental indigestion."

In Line.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, as that is she told me to come to you—she says you—

Pater—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles?

Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss.—Brooklyn Life.

Surprise.

"Aren't you surprised at Lord Lurvy for contracting such enormous debts?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I'm not surprised at him; only his creditors."

QUEER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Flute Made From Bone of Defunct Enemy and Drum Cover From Skin of Leader.

The Guildford gentleman's discovery that a tolerable tune can be played on a bicycle pump is not so wonderful, after all. Did not Richard Strauss include a schoolmaster's omelette in the orchestra for the performance of "Electra," and a new instrument called the heckelphone, which should be useful in electioneering?

IDEAS AS TO ADULTERATION

How Different Ages Change Opinions—Hops Once Considered as Harmful as Ale.

"Different ages have different ideas as to what constitutes adulteration," says a writer. "Most people nowadays regard the hop as a staple ingredient of beer, but in the seventeenth century the city of London petitioned parliament against its use in brewing, describing it as a 'wicked weed, which spoils the drink and endangers the lives of the people.'"

The Doors of Old South.

The restoration of the interior of the Old South meeting house is rapidly progressing. From many odd quarters parts of the old furnishings have been collected and placed in their original positions.

The Boy's Reason.

An old man, upon seeing a small bare-footed lad playing in the street of a western town one day, approached him and said: "Young man, why are you not attending school to-day? Some day, when you grow up, you will regret all this wasted time."

Fame.

"It is a great honor for a statesman to have his portrait circulated before the gaze of posterity on our national currency," remarked the treasury official.

Keenly Observant.

"Do you think that college professor is correct in saying poverty will become obsolete?"

THIS WAITER WAS SATISFIED

Old Negro Receives One Dollar for Every Cent He Collected From Wealthy Man.

"The shrewd waiter will accept a tip, no matter how small it is, and pretend that he is satisfied," said a hotel manager yesterday.

"A wealthy but eccentric New Yorker arrived at the hotel early in the season, and Scott took charge of his table. He took his three meals at the same hours each day.

"After he had finished his last meal the waiter said to the waiter: 'Scott, how long have I been here?'"

DOCTOR'S FEE IN JAPAN

Physician Receives a Present of as Much as Patient Can Afford.

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity in Japan: "When the twin enemies poverty and disease invade a home, then he who takes sought from that home, even if it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," remarked a recent lecturer on "Life in Japan," "a doctor will not only give his time and medicine free to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide over his dire necessities. Every physician is his own dispenser and there are very few apothecaries' shops in the empire."

Quartz Mills in Alaska.

Alaska has produced more than 200 million dollars in gold since 1868. So far only placer gold has been mined, except at Treadwell; but new quartz mining has assumed first importance, and quartz mills are going into Alaska in great numbers.

Chauffeur as Critic.

"Dramatic critics could take a lesson from taxicab drivers in the art of damning a play," said a western man. "In addition to their capability they have a peculiar opportunity for exercising their talent. The other night I told a chauffeur who had driven us to a certain theater that he might call for us and take us home."

Rushing for Trains.

Mrs. Charles Whitney, who lives in Overbrook and whose husband comes to town every morning, called the maid yesterday with rather excited direction.

"Oh, Sarah!" she said, "I hadn't noticed how late it is. Go upstairs and tell Mr. Whitney to hurry or he'll miss his train."

Well Illustrated.

"Sometimes a virtue can be exaggerated until it becomes a vice," said the earnest adviser.

HOW TO READ SHAKESPEARE

Suggested Trains of Thought Ought to Rise Above Reader's Version of Author.

You talk about reading Shakespeare, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him.

I think most readers of Shakespeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words.

NEW KIND OF SPEED FIEND

Explains to Guileless Friend How He Happened to Be Arrested Six Times.

A few weeks ago a man who "was tired of motoring" sold his machine to a guileless friend.

Yesterday the purchaser approached the man from whom he had bought the car with a troubled expression on his face, and in the tone of one who has determined to do a disagreeable duty, do it at once.

"Look here, Jack," he began, "you're a friend of mine, and I—I don't want to make any attacks on your veracity. But you told me that you had been arrested six times in that automobile you sold me."

"Now, I've tried my best, and I can't get her up to five miles an hour. Would you mind telling me how you happened to be arrested?"

"Certainly," said the man who had got rid of the motor car, "that's all right. I was arrested six times. It was for obstructing the highway."

From the Blue Bird.

In Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" little Tyltyl goes to some far-off heavenly place to learn that love abides with him at home. There he meets Mother Love. He says he wishes to stay with her always, where she looks so beautiful to him.

You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once and for all, how to see me when you see me down below. Do you understand, Tyltyl, dear?"

"The Highest Kite Flights." The art of flying kites is carried to its greatest perfection at the large aerological observatories, and the best records of altitudes up to date have been made at Mount Weather, Va., and Lindenberg, Germany.

Mortification Well Earned.

An Englishman, alone with Richardson, the novelist, said to him: "I am happy to pay my respects to the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' for at Paris, and at The Hague, and in fact, at every place I have visited, it is much admired."

Land of the Free.

Stranger—So this is a real, live burg, eh? Citizen (of Gethsemane)—You just bet it is! Why, we've already collected a fat fund to encourage aviation parties to land here!

Stranger—Clever idea—what inducements are you offering? Citizen—Free landage, free gasoline and the freedom of the city!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

COBB WENT OUT OF HIS LINE

Fake Stories Are Accepted, But When Writer Sends in a True One He Is Dismissed.

Years ago Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous writer, was a correspondent for various out-of-town papers while working in Paducah, Ky. Not a great deal of genuine news for out-of-town consumption is manufactured at Paducah.

"When I had satisfied his thirst for knowledge, he told me to fire Cobb. I know all the stories he has written are fake," said he, "but I can't stand for that one he sent us yesterday. I like some sanity even in a fake story. It must sound as though it might, possibly, under certain conditions, be partly true."

"So," said the ex-telegraph editor, "I fired Cobb. He made no protest about getting fired in a letter he wrote me. It served me right for getting out of my line," said he. "That was the only story I ever sent you that was wholly true."—Cleveland Leader.

WORLD'S BIGGEST BABY FARM

Wonderful Foundling Asylum in Moscow Started Originally by Empress Catherine II.

The biggest baby farm in the world, known locally as the "home of the playing card babies," is situated in Moscow. This wonderful foundling asylum was started originally by the Empress Catherine II, and is maintained, oddly, by a tax on playing cards.

The asylum, which is under the patronage of the royalty, consists of an institution standing in a hollow square round a garden, with lovely trees and lawns, where the children play. A great feature of this asylum is that all the servants there wear the red livery of the royal family, and its accounts are audited and kept by the Russian treasury department.

About fifty babies are received here every day, and after a sojourn of a month nurses take them to their own homes.

The Blue Rose.

A nurseryman at Painesville, Ohio, has developed a blue rose. This has been a quest of horticulturists, so the new rambler is a triumph of science. The green rose and the black rose are interesting freaks, but they are not beautiful. The blue rose, however, should be lustrous. It should have about it that velvet glow which makes the spell of roses. In the minds of poets and mystics the blue rose has long shed a fragrance over the garden of dreams.

His Probable Fate.

"Waal, some ways I'd like to an' some ways I guess I wouldn't," said honest Farmer Bentover, when the square dispenser of encyclopedias had paused in his siren song.

Many Dogs in France.

There are more dogs in France than most countries. Thus it appears that to one thousand inhabitants there are 75 dogs in France and only 28 in England, 31 in Germany and 11 in Sweden. Still, hydrophobia is extremely rare in the department of the Seine, the last case observed dating back to the year 1905.

Fewer Fogs in London.

Twenty years ago there were 54 foggy days in London during the winter months, whereas in 1909-10 there were only 11 during the same period. The fog fad has been scotched, if not killed," said Sir James Crichton-Browne at the annual dinner of the Sanitary Inspectors' association.

WAITING IS HARD TO DO

Most of the Chagrin and Remorse We Get for Ourselves Is Due to Impatience.

Wait! Is there anything in the world so hard to do? And is there anything so necessary to learn? Most of the chagrin and remorse we get for ourselves is due to impatience.

To wait does not mean to be idle or indecisive. It means, time your effort! What is impossible now may be easy at six o'clock.

The best things in the world grow. They mature and ripen. You can build a house in a few days, but it takes a tree years to be complete; and a tree is more wonderful than a house.

The higher the grade of your thought and feeling, the more you need to learn to wait. In education, in government and in religion especially we have to reckon with what Emerson calls "the slow maturing of the human mind."

I read somewhere the whimsy saying of a wise woman, that there were three things that amused her: The first was climbing trees to shake down the fruit, which if left alone would fall by and of itself; the second was going to war to kill men, who in a few years would all die naturally, and the third was that men should run after women, when, if the men would wait, the women would run after them.—Dr. Frank Crane

HATED ADVERSE CRITICISM

Actor Retorts to Critic's Opinion With a George Washington Story.

The late Frank Worthing, the well-known actor, was the subject of a recent discussion at the Pen and Pencil club in Philadelphia. A dramatic critic said:

"Worthing, though a superb actor, hated adverse criticism—hyper-criticism he always called it. To some adverse criticism of mine he retorted one winter night at the Majestic, with a George Washington story."

"He said I reminded him in my critical remarks of a Scot named Saunders."

"Saunders," said an American, "did you ever read the history of America?"

"Awe! I canna say I hev," Saunders replied.

"Then I'll lend you the book," said the American. "I'd like you to read about George Washington."

"What about him?" Saunders inquired coldly.

"George Washington," said the American, "was celebrated in history as the boy who couldn't tell a lie."

"Man, there's no muckle to boast about in that. He couldn't lie, ye say? Noo we Scot's he a higher standard o' veracity. We can lie, but we won't!"

When Paines Was Plety.

In the days of the Puritans the stocks were not unknown as a penalty for looking too healthy. Rudeness of complexion was a crime when a gaunt visage was regarded as an outward sign of sanctity.

Positively Rude!

Because she wanted everybody else to know as well as she knew that she had small feet the woman who had offered to lend rubbers to a friend, added apologetically: "But they are so big I don't suppose you can keep them on."

"Oh, I guess I can," said the friend serenely. "I have big feet, too."

Since then the woman with small feet has refused to see her friend, even when she brought the rubbers home.

Values.

Mrs. Scragginton—A clergyman receives \$5 or \$10 for marrying a couple, and by and by a lawyer is paid \$100 for getting a divorce for them.—Mr. Scragginton—Well, it's worth that more even, ain't it?—Punch.