

NO COMPANION FOR A BATH

Frightened Hippopotamus Nearly Drowns His Keeper at the Zoo in London.

A hippopotamus is not the most delightful bathing companion in the world, especially on a dark night in a small tank and with a snorting, bounding hippo as badly scared and as anxious to get out of the tank as you would be.

One night recently, after the zoo was closed to visitors and all the animals had been bedded down for the night, the keeper saw his charge locked up in his sleeping quarters, a compartment adjoining the swimming pool.

Sometime later in the evening's soot watchman heard the hippo making queer noises as if it wanted to get up and take a bath, so the watchman let the animal out.

Still later the hippo keeper returned and decided to take a plunge in the hippo's tank. He stripped and dived in. Then followed an exciting struggle, which took place mostly under water.

DISCORDS THAT MAR LIVES

Not Always Easy, or Possible, to Blend One's Notions into a Perfect Harmony.

Carlisle says that "spiritual music can only come from discords set in union." It is a good thought to keep in mind, and the meaning of it is worth an intellectual struggle to get at.

There are many of that sort. They only believe some little fact. The next day that is forgotten and another appears, bringing a new view and a new purpose with it.

And how is that done? Easy enough. By avoiding our low standpoints, our vain opinions, our limited stores of knowledge, and getting up on a mount where a sermon was once preached, and listen to that. There the discords melt into harmony and become celestial music.

Called the Bluff.

The only way you can legitimately keep out undesirable persons from a hotel is to raise the price or to assert that your house is full," said a hotel clerk.

"A couple once came up to register whom I sized up at once as the kind we were particularly anxious not to take in. 'I am very sorry,' I said to the man, 'but the house is absolutely filled and the only thing I could offer you would be a small suite.'"

"What's that?" demanded the traveler, and I explained that it consisted of a small parlor, bathroom and bath.

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Twenty-five dollars a day," I replied.

"I guess that will be all right," said the stranger calmly, and he registered. He had me.

Holland's Trade in Flower Bulbs.

The cultivation and exportation of flower bulbs has been carried on in Holland since 1750, but the trade did not begin to attain its present enormous proportions until the last twenty or thirty years of the nineteenth century.

Wonderfully Realistic. The Customer—There's something wrong with these grand opera records. There's a terrible racket in each one that spoils the effect of the music.

LABOR VERSUS SCHOOL LIFE

Millionaire's Son After Eight Months' Struggle in Tannery Vainly Returns to His Studies.

This is the manner in which a self-made millionaire met a crisis in the life of his son and heir.

The boy replied that he was tired of school and wanted to go to work. "All right," said the father, "but take time to think it over. Work in this case means work, and not sitting at a desk or loafing around the office."

The father put him in a tannery in which he had an interest. He became a member of a gang of men scraping flesh from hides. He went on the payroll at \$10 a week, the same as the others, and out of that paid his board.

He stood it manfully for eight months; without a kick. Then he went to his father and owned to his mistake. "I need more education, and want to go to school," he said.

"All right," said his father, "but on what terms?"

"I'll stand at the head of my class," he answered.

I have seen his reports. In every case he stood "A." Next year he enters Yale.

MAN MUST REST TO WORK

Laborer Who Misses Sunday Losses Efficiency, a Frenchman Says After Conducting Experiments.

Prof. Jules Amar has submitted to the Academy of Medicine in Paris the results of his study of the man machine, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

It would seem from these experiments that man is indeed superior to all mechanism; with the very slight exception that he always wastes energy during the first five minutes of work before regaining his equilibrium.

It would seem that Monday's human labor is the most inferior and Tuesday's the most superior, owing to the curious action of Sunday as a rest day; the Monday lassitude of the French workman is proverbial. And it is found that the workman who does not rest gradually loses his energy, and this is now a subject of keen interest among scientists.

Early Christians in New York City.

The Methodists of New York City over a hundred years ago started their first organized charity. The record of this early venture is preserved in a volume in the library of the Methodist Historical society. On November 12, 1808, at a meeting held in the school at Worth and Hudson streets, the Assistance Society for Relieving and Advising Sick and Poor Persons in the City of New York was organized.

Colors Give Up Their Secrets.

The famous blue color given to the porcelain manufactured at Sevres has long been believed to be the result of a secret process, and many legends exist about it. It has, however, been recently shown that it is a mistake to suppose that Sevres blue cannot be produced elsewhere.

Honestly Answered.

A good reply was once given by Miss Mary Moncrieff, an elderly spinster without any pretensions to good looks. She was at a dinner party at Perth and the late Thomas Duncan, procurator-fiscal, who was sitting opposite her, addressed her.

A FATHER'S TIMELY WARNING.

The Winsome Charms of the Right Girl Exceed All Possible Horror of Heredity.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman, "I presume you have come to ask me for my daughter's hand?"

"And do you realize the responsibilities of married life; what you will have to—"

"Indeed, sir," interrupted the youth, "you need have no fears with regard to Janet's future. I have a good position in my father's bank, and my prospects are excellent—in fact, I am to be made a director of the institution in a very short time."

"Very good. But that was not exactly the matter I intended to refer to. Have you—have you ever looked over Janet's mother carefully?"

"How do you like my wife?"

"Oh, that's all right, then. Well, sir, though you may not believe me, when Mrs. Peck was twenty-two she was just as sweet and pretty and charming as Janet is now; was just like her, in fact."

"Yes, really?"

"And you still want Janet?"

"Life would be a nightmare to me without her."

"I suppose, then, I must yield. But," he added, as the young man rushed away, "my conscience is clear, anyway."

AUTOMATIC SAVINGS BANK

Outgrowth of the Postal Savings System in Italy Has Proved of Great Value.

The automatic savings bank was the outgrowth of the postal savings bank system in Italy, and has proved of great value and convenience. In a cast iron pillar there are three slits. In the top of one a ten centime piece may be inserted—if false it is rejected through the second slit, but if good a slip of paper, a printed receipt, drops from the lower slit.

The advantages of this plan are obvious. The laborer is encouraged to save a tiny fraction of his wages each day without the trouble and loss of time incident to going to a possibly remote postoffice to make his deposit. There is, of course, a large saving of clerical work to the postal savings employees.

Training for the Ministry.

Nothing is more necessary to the community, whatever the religious opinion of its members may be, than the steady and constant supply of men of high education, of consecration, of fervent training, of inspiration and of lives devoted in act and word to the service of the divine and of humanity. Unless such men are in the community its great moral forces will cease to have their expression, their direction, their inspiration and their representation.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that, in spite of the many movements, particularly through our Young Men's Christian association, which has been active during the last decade as never before, the supply of clergymen is not keeping up with the growth of the country, but it is gratifying that this supply is increasing. It is notable, however, that the share of those who become clergymen with a college education is decreasing. Down to 1895 the schools which require college training furnished about two-thirds of the total number of men fitting for the ministry. In 1910 they furnished one-half, or 3,815 out of the total number, which, including 312 women, was 7,587.—Philadelphia Press.

A Lucky Beggar.

Robert Newman telephoned the police: "I want you to find my trousers," he said.

"Did you look under the mattress?" asked the telephone clerk in the chief's office.

"No," said Newman.

"Give me the description," he said.

"All right. The number on the case is 5574569 and the number on the works is 5133475."

"What are you talking about, anyway?"

"My watch."

"I thought it was your trousers."

"Yes, a beggar called here and asked me to give him a pair of trousers. I did. After he was gone I discovered I gave him the ones with my watch in them. Find that beggar, will you?"

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Article Not Wanted.

Little Jimmy Patterson, visiting with his mother's family in the Alhambra apartment, was taken to call on some friends on the South side.

"Why, James?" she exclaimed, "what will the people do without this article?"

"Oh," replied James, "they all wear hood shoes. Not one of them wears button shoes."

"They have to use for beer openers in his family.—Cleveland Leader.

NOT ADVICE, JUST BACKING

Repenting Heiress Did Not Want Friend's Practical Views, but Wanted Silk Stockings.

The heiress had married a struggling young artist, and mamma and papa were not any too well pleased. In consequence the parental supply had been cut off. The heiress was perfectly loyal, however, to the man of her choice, had full faith in his future and tried hard to help him, but she found his present rather difficult, as she was not accustomed to economy.

"Of course I love Arthur," said the heiress loyally, "and he really isn't close—just anxious to make good with mamma and papa, but he has no idea how hard it is for me to buy cheap goods. Just think of my having to wear stockings that cost only 50 cents a pair!"

"Never mind," said her friend consolingly. "It is just as easy to keep lisle stockings clean as it is silk."

"That's exactly the trouble," moaned the heiress ruefully. "I wish it were not. If I could make the plea to Arthur that lisle hose could not be kept clean it might have some weight with him. Besides, I should have more nerve, in that case, to insist on having silk ones. The next time I tell my troubles to anybody I shall pick out some one who will tell me that only the most expensive stockings can be kept perfectly clean."

"Oh," said the adviser in dismay, "is that what you want? I thought you wanted the truth."

"Oh, did you? Does anybody who seeks advice ever want the truth? What I want is silk stockings—and somebody to back me up in getting them."

MEASUREMENTS OF WHALE

The Length of Yearlings is Estimated at From Thirty to Thirty-Five Feet.

A government official, who has made a special study of whales, states that the average length of a full-grown sulphur-bottom whale is just under eighty feet. This estimate disregards the exaggerated reports sometimes spread by sailors, and is based on actual measurements of many individual specimens. These seem to be credible accounts of whales reaching a length of from eighty-five to ninety-five feet, but the authority quoted has never seen any of that size.

How high can whales spout? Photographs taken by the scientist referred to give a means of measuring with some accuracy the height to which the water is thrown. This appears to be much less than it has often been supposed to be. It is claimed that even the great sulphur-bottom whale, on the average, spouts to a height of only fourteen feet, although occasionally the height may be as much as twenty feet.

Why He Couldn't Remember. A kindergarten teacher tells a good joke on herself. She has been very strict in requiring written excuses from the mothers in case of absence.

The morning of the big snowstorm only a few of the babies made their appearance. The next day they all came with written excuses except one tot, named Willie. When asked for his, he said: "I did ferdit it."

He was cautioned to bring it the next day.

Willie's mother was quite disgusted. It seemed to her that any one with the slightest pretensions to gray matter ought to know the reason for his absence.

The next morning he arrived all rosy with the cold, and handed the teacher his excuse. It read:

"Dear Miss C.—Little Willie's legs are fourteen inches long. The snow was two feet deep. Very truly yours, Mrs. J.—"

Queer Hotel Custom.

Hotel customs throughout the world are varied. A hotel in France is on wheels and turns so that any room can be given sunlight. Regulations governing the length of bed sheets have been made in certain states. Probably the most unique custom prevails in Tempe, a town in the Salt River valley, Arizona.

Here the proprietor refunds the hotel charges to all his patrons on any day the sun does not shine. At first this seems benevolent, but looking into the matter we find that he has been called upon to remit to his guests only once in the last five years. Guaranteeing sunshine is an original feature.

Used to Light Work. A weather-beaten woman somewhat over six feet in height and with a pair of shoulders proportionately broad, appeared at a back door on Wyoming and asked for light housework.

She said that her name was Lizzie and explained that she had been ill with typhoid fever and was convalescing.

"Where did you come from, Lizzie?" the woman of the house inquired.

"Where have you been?"

"I've been workin' out on Howell's ranch," replied Lizzie, "diggin' post holes while I was gittin' my strength back."—Lippincott's Magazine.

BONAPARTE AND HIS RED MAN

Story of the Familiar of Napoleon, Disregard of Whose Advice Caused His Downfall.

The story of the Red Man was evidently current in Paris at the time of Napoleon's downfall. In a section headed "Bonaparte and His Familiar," contained in "News From the Invisible World," pp. 353-6 (one of Milner & Sowerby's publications, reissued in London, 1854), an anonymous correspondent, writing from Paris, names January 1, 1814, as the date when the mysterious visitant appeared. The account is given with much circumstantiality of detail, but differs materially from Cyrus Redding's version. Instead of being a person of small stature, the familiar was a tall man of imposing appearance, dressed all in red. Count Moie, in attendance on Napoleon, with orders to admit no person to his presence, was quite overawed by the mysterious stranger. He listened trembling at the door, and heard all that passed.

The familiar, it seems, was not an embodiment of the enemy of mankind, but rather the "genius" who presided over Napoleon's destiny. He ordered a certain course of action to be taken, and allowed three months for it to be carried into effect. Napoleon apparently refused to comply. They parted in anger, and in three months the emperor was a captive in Elba. "Even the French papers, when Bonaparte was deposed, resorted to this fact, and remarked that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished." On three different occasions the Red Man appeared to the Emperor: in Egypt, after the battle of Wagram, and in January, 1814.

In the process of transmission through the crucible of fervent loyalist imagination the story seems to have been altered or mutilated.—Notes and Queries.

VALUE OF THE IMAGINATION

A Reasonable Amount of Day Dreaming Does Not Prove Detrimental to One's Interests.

Life naturally must be more interesting to the person of vivid imagination than to one who lives only for the tangible things about him and who fears to dream as his fancy wills because reality bears heavily upon him. We do not think that even the man of affairs would find the indulgence of a few day dreams detrimental to his interests, while to those who look only upon the serious side of life and share only its darker aspects, a few dreams of what perhaps may come to pass would act as a tonic upon tired nerves. Our dreams are often companions to us, and sometimes we find ourselves moving unconsciously with them in a world far removed from our real habitation, but one whose promises seem easy of fulfillment and whose delights compensate for some of the hardships we may, perhaps, be called upon to bear during our waking hours.

The world which is our idea of happiness, with all its wonder of accomplishment and all its measure of appreciation—the world in which we naturally play an important part—who has not seen its shining sands, and lofty summits, and flowering paths, beckoning, ever beckoning, telling us how good it is to live and defying us to resist its appealing call? We cannot all gain its shores and discover long-hidden secrets, but, at least, we can turn its promises to our advantage and make our day dreams oases, as it were, in the desert spots of life.

The Need of Men.

More men are needed in the world today than ever before, because there is more to do—more different things to make, more actual people to support. Fifteen years ago the bicycle-makers would have been frightened into bankruptcy if you had told them that in 1910 their trade would have almost disappeared. But what do we see now? The coming of automobiles has given work to all the bicycle men and thousands more. And it is so in other businesses and professions. The point to remember is that, while the form of work changes, the work in every field remains, and even increases. The real claims are not all taken up. Alexander the Great was only a fool when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He didn't see his eyes to see with, but only to weep with.—Saint Nicholas.

Buy Millionaires.

I often call the boys of the public schools of New York millionaires, not because they have, or ever will have, millions of dollars of their own, but because they have millions upon millions of minutes to spend. A boy of ten, for example, has a prospect of living until he is 70, which means that he has a fortune of over 30,000,000 minutes. Of these millions he will have to spend nearly a third, or 10,000,000, in sleep, and another third in eating his food, shelter, clothing, and other necessities of life. But he will still have a large fortune to spend as he pleases. The failure or success, or at any rate the largeness or narrowness, of his life, will depend largely on how he chooses to spend this surplus.—Book of Knowledge.

Modern Improvements.

Patient—Doctor, I'm having an awful lot of trouble with the gas in my stomach. Doctor—Yes, yes, I know. Those old-fashioned fixtures are giving people a lot of trouble this fall. Just step into the next room, and I'll have my engineer wire you for electric lights.—Puck.

HENRY JAMES ASKS A DRINK

How the Noted Novelist Might Have Given Expression to Desire to Quench Thirst.

I would like—like with a degree of longing so entirely out of all proportion to the length of time, expressed in hours, by the clock, since I last refreshed myself, or at least my palate, with at least temporarily satisfying viands which you, here in this place, by grace of the king's favor, are permitted to dispense—and dispensing, grow fat upon the just and unchallenged profits of your ancient and honorable occupation—that I may lay myself open to the light-tongued and unjust charge of inebriety—that is habitual inebriety, which knows not the true value of time and place, and inappropriate circumstance (and which brainless accusation I can, I assure you, disprove); unlike, rather, with the natural thirst—unlike by the strong persuasion of long-harbored habits—of physical exercise in the open air, on this sun-kissed morning (albeit a trifle overburdened in the matter of temperature), a glass—and not necessarily a glass commensurate with my physical bulk (for which I am not wholly responsible, although I do not wish to be misunderstood in the matter of filial devotion), but a glass which is neither too large nor too small economically to satisfy the modest clamor of a palate parched with the unavoidable heat and dust of a summer-besieged roadside—no rain having fallen for several stifling days in succession, as near as I can remember (and I do not pretend to keep unerring account of these trifling things—nor offer any excuses for my failure to do so)—a small glass of sherry.—New York Mail.

WEBSTER AND THE MAGICIAN

Secretary of State's Clever Retort to the Joking Remark of Signor Blitz.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state.

Glancing at my card, he turned and readily extended his hand with, "Welcome, signor! No horse pocus among my papers," covering them with his arms.

After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.

"You, a magician, an office seeker, signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I aspire to; all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman, in his deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."

"The treasury notes, signor?"

"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 75,000 left after their counting!"

"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."

He Who Laughs.

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge his love for the ridiculous. People laugh with him just as long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh at him. There is in addition, however, a deeper reason for this than would at first appear.

Do you know that you feel a little superior to every man who makes you laugh, whether by making faces or verses? Are you aware that you have a pleasant sense of patronizing him when you condescend so far as to let him turn somersaults, literal or literary, for your royal delight? Now, if a man can only be allowed to stand on a dais, or raised platform, and look down on his neighbor, who is exerting his talent for him, eh, it is all right—first-rate performance!—and all the rest of the fine phrases. But if all at once the performer asks the gentleman to come upon the floor, and stepping upon the platform, begins to talk down at him, ah, that wasn't in the program!—Heimes.

He Will Never Know.

"Johnny," said the teacher to a boy eight years old who had been looking intently at a picture in the school reader for several minutes, "what is it that interests you so?"

"A picture, ma'am," was the reply.

"Let me see. Ah, yes—a picture of a young man from the city about to milk a cow out in the country."

"But it wasn't a cow, ma'am."

"No, it is not a moving picture."

"Then, how'd I ever going to know that he sat down and began milking, and the cow hauled off and knocked him 15 feet with one foot and the bottom of the milk pail out with the other?"

How She Hurt Her Finger.

"What's de matter, Miss Clara?" asked Rosa, the Browns' colored laundress, seeing Miss Clara nursing her finger with a pained look on her face.

"I bruised my finger with the hammer the other day and it hurts stiff," was the reply. "I has dat, too!" exclaimed Rosa, eagerly, "feels like a tinglin' all down de palm of my han', but mine jes' comes from slappin' de chullum on de hid."