

WHY WE HAVE NO LITERATURE

WINTER Says It is Because We Don't Read it and Have No Audience.

Mr. Bryce, in his American Compendium, calls attention to the fact that Americans have a way of deprecating themselves. A habit by which apparently they intend to forestall any adverse criticism.

In the meantime, the Englishman never understands America; it is true that in criticizing America he is likely often to hit the nail upon the head, but never understands the real spirit back of the race.

But the truth is that we do not read a literature. Why should we attempt to produce one, when we can have the benefit of so many others?

'SAUCE IN CHEWING TOBACCO

Flavor Given the Weed by Licorice, Whiskey, Honey and Many Other Things.

"I am a tobacco chef," said the saloon man. "I make the sauces that give us smoking or chewing tobacco, as a food chef makes the sauces which give us sole Colbert or poulet creole.

"Take this dark, sweet, jukky plug of 'havy brown,' so popular among the more prosperous type of teamsters. Well, the flavor of this plug is due to a sauce made of sugar, licorice, whiskey and honey.

"There is a mild, cool pipe tobacco that young college boys favor. Smell it. Very aromatic, eh? Well, it has been steeped in a sauce composed of the essential oils of citreosella, bergamot and casia.

"But it is when you come to the high grade Havana cigars, the cigar that sells for 40 or 50 cents, that you see the tobacco chef at his best. He doesn't make his sauces then of such common ingredients as sugar, bergamot, licorice and so forth. No, he makes them of bacteria.

"The flavors of the high-grade Havana tobaccos depend, you see, entirely on their fermentations. Each tobacco undergoes a different fermentation and here the chef comes in, applying the bacteria, or yeasts, which cause these fermentations, to the leaf.

"Yes, the tobacco chef of the highest type, the one who ferments Havana tobacco, handles the various breeds of bacteria as an ordinary chef handles pepper and salt, mustard and cloves and macs."

Enormous Cigarette Consumption.

South Africa smokes 654,660,000 cigarettes per annum, and will over 800,000,000 of them are retailed in six-cent packets.

Potato Exploded.

A potato, the size of a tea cup, caused extraordinary havoc in a home in Vancouver, Wash., the other day when it exploded in the oven of a range and shattered the cast-iron grate, blew open the oven door, and caused such a loud report that the maid thinking someone had shot at her rushed from the house screaming for help.

Then They Moved In.

Client—Before we decide on the house, my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all unhealthy.

House Agent—Er—what is your husband's profession, madam?

Client—He is a physician.

House Agent—Hum—er—well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy.—London Opinion.

The Only Thing She Could Do.

"My goodness! I can't understand how she could give up her child. They say it has really been adopted by a family that lives in the country."

ENCOURAGING MEN OF FORTY

Many Famous Persons Have Achieved Their Greatest Successes After Reaching That Age.

R. W. Leader, R. A., the well-known artist, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, affords one more proof that a man is not too old at forty, or even at eighty.

ARARAT NOT EASY TO CLIMB

Only Seventeen Ascents of the Mountain Where the Ark Rested Have Been Recorded.

Ararat is not a mountain that is climbed every day, or even every year. Seventeen ascents have been recorded. When James Bryce, unaccompanied, made his remarkable ascent in 1876 he was told by every one whom he met in the vicinity of the mountain that the top had never been reached, and what was more, it never could be.

Should Have Heeded Alarm.

Because it had lied to him before, James L. Ogden of Newark refused to believe the burglar alarm in his house recently, and now he is mourning the loss of several hundred dollars' worth of silverware.

Cat Makes Home in Church.

A black cat has made a home for herself and family beneath the organ in St. Paul's church, London, and all efforts to dislodge her have failed.

Parrot Frightened Burglar.

The cries of Oliver Twist, a South American parrot, which was awakened the other morning by a thief prowling in the home of his mistress, Mrs. M. Osburn of San Francisco, while she was absent, frightened away the burglar after he had gathered up articles worth \$32.

Feeding London's Zoo.

It cost \$22,490 to feed the animals in the London Zoo last year, hay, clover, and fruit being the three biggest items. Among the items were: Hay, 161 loads; straw, 308 loads; tares, 1,188 bundles; maize, 180 bushels; rice, 1 1/2 tons; oats, seed, 180 bushels; shrimps, 1,835 pints; and fish, 22 tons. There were 218 horses, costing \$1,508, and 157 goats; monkey nuts, 44 1/2 hundredweights; 97,884 bananas, 4,319 pounds grapes; 12,018 oranges, 938 3/4 pecks and 21 1/2 cases apples, 7 1/2 tons mangoes, 11,348 pounds potatoes, 5,506 quarters bread, 44,986 fowls' heads, 494 pounds sugar, 5,358 mice, and 3,875 sparrows.

A Bastian Casulet.

Mrs. Kowler—But how in the world did you manage to live in that flat when the landlord is so set against families with children?

SERVED HIS TIME AT SEA

Youthful Experience of Sir Walter Runciman, Author of a Recent Book on Napoleon.

Sir Walter Runciman, author of the book on Napoleon, "The Tragedy of St. Helena," is a Scotsman. The sea early fascinated him, and at the age of twelve he ran away from home, strapped to a northeast coast port, and engaged himself as a cabin boy. His duties made his position anything but a sinecure and the treatment he received in it completed his disillusionment with reference to this particular vessel. The tyranny finally became unbearable and he managed to decamp at an Irish port. His love for the sea, however, remained, and before long he was earving on an American vessel, where he speedily became well liked. Unfortunately, his former captain, pigged at his successful escape, had him captured and brought back. Heavy punishment followed, with the not unseasonable consequence of a second flight, which resulted in his getting to a boat upon which he served the full term of his apprenticeship.

At the right moment he left the sea for the business of ship moving and management. He has found time to write three books besides his newest, and to take part in politics.

CHICKEN ROAST IN SCHOOL

Iowa Rural Teacher Makes School-house Center of Social Life of the District.

It is as true as it is strange that in Iowa many rural schools are so attractive that city boys are sent out of the city to attend the rural school. I know one country school in which there are six children from city schools. A "chicken roast" is the latest school attraction that I have known. A teacher is making the schoolhouse the center of social life for the district. She does not like the idea of having a dance in the school, and she will not have kissing frascades, so she plans various social functions with stunts and games that have abundance of life, that are new, that are harmless. She does quite a little along the line of refreshments, and every one takes a part in the preparation as well as in disposing of the feast. The greatest success she has ever had was a chicken roast. It was in the autumn, and was in the school yard. It was a close approach to a barbecue. Every man, woman and child in the district was there. Nothing else has ever aroused such an interest in the hills district.—Journal of Education.

Some Historical Stamps.

Many intensely interesting historical events have been recorded in postage stamps so that a large collection of stamps often shows in a most striking manner how history was made. There is a period of French history which is particularly interesting in this way because the stamps issued at that time so plainly show the changes in the ruling power from monarchy to republic and back again.

On one French stamp you see Mons. Barre's head of Liberty and the words "Republique France." On the following issue of stamps—those issued in 1849—Louis Napoleon's head appears instead of the Liberty, the words on the stamp being still "Republique France." After that there was a new stamp, on which Louis Napoleon's head still appeared, but the words "Republique France" were replaced by "Empire France."

Getting Out the Strength.

Among the applications for the cookship in a Richmond household was a rather dashing yellow girl. The lady of the house was rather doubtful as to the ability of the mulatto, and therefore propounded more than the usual number of questions to her. Some were fairly satisfactory; but when the interrogatories touched the question of making tea, the negotiations were declared off.

Blind Charity.

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale, but," said the nearby man to a New York Sun reporter, "I recently fell impulsively for a story new to me."

Both Had Grievances.

First Professional Humorist—Why so sad, old man?

Second Professional Humorist—I am the only one who takes myself seriously.

"That's nothing. I am the only one who takes myself humbrosity.—Life.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW

He Gives the Youngster a Little Advice as to When to Make Decisions.

"Don't," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "make any momentous decision when you're tired. When we're tired we want to get the question settled and we're ready to make concessions, to give way, and the other man is sure to get the better of us."

"We often hear it said that it's a good thing when in doubt about anything to sleep on it, and this is sound advice. The general theory of the benefits to be derived from sleeping on a question is that sleep clarifies the mind, but in coming to a settlement about a thing the most important advantage that we find in sleeping on it lies in the renewed strength that sleep gives us. It renews our courage, makes us ready not to give way but to stand up and fight and fit and able to fight."

"Don't be in a terrible hurry to settle things, Stevey, anyway. There are times when you must settle when the iron is hot, but as a general proposition don't be impatient to get things settled; it's the man able to keep cool and wait and let the other fellow do the worrying that generally gets the biggest piece of the cake."

"We may meet occasionally a man of high and unbroken continuous courage, but not often; the biggest of men have heart sag at times, though they may not show it; we are all human and much alike under the skin if that's any comfort to you; we all have our moods; times when we are buoyant and happy and times when we are low in spirits and depressed."

"Don't, Stevey, settle things when you are feeling low and dispirited. You'll take a different view when you come back, as you inevitably will, to the summit."

REVENGE ON WEATHER MAN

People Anxiously Looking for Right Conditions Chuckle When He Catches a Bad Cold.

A grin transfigured the face of the shipping clerk who had telephoned to the weather bureau for particulars on the day's atmospheric outlook. The grin conveyed a pleasing message to the manager.

"No storm in sight, eh?" he said. "No," said the clerk; "but that wasn't what I was laughing at. That fellow down there has got a cold. He's so hoarse he can scarcely speak."

"A cold, has he?" said the manager, and then he also smiled. In the course of the day hundreds of people about town chuckled gleefully because the weather clerk had lost his voice. The clerk was aware of the hilarity his affliction caused.

"For the first time since I have been connected with the bureau," he said, "I have been able to make the people happy. As soon as an inquirer perceived that my head was all stopped up he began to feel better. If I had predicted a tornado within six hours he would have laughed. Nothing that I can think of makes such a strong appeal to the new general public's sense of humor as a case of influenza in the weather office."

The chief and three of his clerks had colds not long ago, and everybody who heard about it thought it the best joke of the season. Apparently they consider us responsible for their own sniffing, and they rejoice in a belated revenge."

FIRM'S SIGN WAS CHANGED

Bulky Lumber Dealer Gave Way to Son When Latter Passed Him in Weight.

"When I knew John Flake," said a Westchester politician, "he was in the lumber business on the West side of New York city, with his son as a partner. Both were heavyweights and both had the same name. John, Sr., for years had scaled about 360 pounds. He was a mammoth man, being more than six feet tall, very wide and very deep chested. His son was constructed on similar lines, and they were styled by their intimates as the 'heavyweight firm.'"

"Father," remarked the son one day, "I rather think that I've been gaining on you lately and I wouldn't be surprised if I weighed more than you do now."

"Foolish talk, my boy. I'll bet you by 100 pounds. You are heavy, but you are not in my class yet."

"Let's get on the scales and find out. What do you say?"

"Quite willing to submit to the test," they weighed. John, Sr., balanced the beam at exactly 362 pounds. John, Jr., scaled 365. Although astonished, John, Sr., merely said: "I didn't think it, John, and you certainly don't look it, my boy."

"Separating," the young man gave no more thought to the incident, but the next day he was further surprised. The firm's sign had been changed. Hitherto it had read "John Flake & Son," but now the deposed heavyweight had transformed it to "John Flake & Father."

COULDN'T HEAR SCHOOL BELL

Fascinations of the Bright June Morning Made Boy Deaf to Call of Duty.

A big bumblebee lay helpless upon a plantain leaf under the morning glory vine—a sad example of the effects of too much intoxicating drink. He had imbibed honey freely all the day before and now, past eight o'clock of a bright June morning, when his fellows had been at work for hours, he sprawled, half paralyzed, a shocking sight to busy people.

I took a blade of grass and tickled him gently in his yellow plump region. He raised one leg—he was lying on his side—and waved it toward me in feeble protestation. The gesture spoke plainly. It said: "Lemme lone, can't yer. Jus' wants have M'N nap."

"A little nap! A little nap, indeed, on that morning when all the garden was rustling and humming and whirring and twittering with life. The robin, who was the father of a hungry family living in the apple tree, was hunting worms on the lawn; the portulacas had been open for half an hour—ever since the sun had touched them; the fat toad who lived near the yellow lilies was awake and looking about with slyly twinkling eyes (he had probably been up all night, too); and the morning glories had been unfolded since daylight. The school bell rang. But I did not hear it. A school bell on such a morning? No, I did not hear it.—The Outlook.

Disinfecting Theaters.

A committee of French doctors has been instructed to submit to the Paris police a scheme of regulations for minimizing the danger of the dissemination of infectious diseases at theatrical performances. It is proposed, in the first place, that every theater shall be disinfected after every performance by means of sawdust steeped in antiseptic. It also is recommended that windows and doors shall be kept wide open in the intervals between the performances, that the cushioned seats shall be sponged with antiseptics, that the cloak-room attendants shall undergo regular medical inspection, and finally that the air of the house shall be sterilized once a week by means of steam charged with formaldehyde. Pestiferous microbes certainly will need to be of a very hardy character to resist this drastic treatment.—Westminster Gazette.

Jewel Box Alarm.

Paris is now interested in my lady's jewel box with burglar alarm works in it. When the burglar picks up the box, or tampers with it, the thing gets busy with more noise than an alarm clock. Tip's advice to any lady who is warned by an alarm clock jewel box that a burglar is in the room with her is to refuse to be wakened by it and to interfere with his enterprise. Same advice to men. That device lets Mr. Burglar get too near before setting up its clanging clamor. The less fooling anybody does with burglars at close quarters the better. The kind of burglar alarm to recommend itself to people who think their lives are more valuable than precious stones would be one that would tell you the dark-lantern visitor was coming when he was five blocks away from your house.

Halcyon Days.

Alcyone, or Halcyone, the daughter of Aeolus, married Cory. Cory was drowned and Alcyone, on learning his fate, threw herself into the sea. The gods were moved by the tragedy of the young lovers; they brought them back to life in the form of halcyons, or kingfishers, and they decreed that for the seven days from December 22 to December 29 the sea should remain calm while the seabirds built their nests upon it. Those seven days, the last of the year, are therefore called the halcyon days, days of tranquillity.—London Globe.

Acte Plague English District.

An extraordinary plague of ants is causing alarm in the Durham, England, colliery village of Ryhope. One hundred and twenty miners' houses are infested with myriads of the pests, which swarm in the living rooms, causing serious discomfort and damage. The ants spread rapidly, and swarm about the cupboards and on the food in the houses. They are of a foreign species, and were brought to the village in consignments of Egyptian hay. The colliery owners have engaged experts to exterminate the pests. The infested houses are dealt with in turn, the ants being dug out in colonies and their nests destroyed.

Styles in Cigarette Cases.

The newest cigarette case is a combination of gold and platinum, very thin and perfectly flat, carrying only a single row of cigarettes. The curving styles are no longer considered the mode, the new cases being so flat that they are easily carried in the vest pocket. These are in gold with stripes of platinum, the stripes being sometimes one-sixteenth of an inch wide, or again five or six hair-bines of platinum wire to form a stripe, on the gold surface.

CHIEF DUTY OF SHEPHERD

It is to Shear the Sheep, According to Children of Whom Dr. Jowett Tells.

Rev. Dr. Jowett, at a dinner in New York, said, apropos of his ministry: "The cost of living is so high over here that I have decided, after all, to accept the generous salary that I first declined. I hope that this acceptance won't call to my congregation's minds, however, the story of the sheep."

"A minister, you know, was once addressing a Sunday school. It was a Sunday school of little children, and the minister in his address desired to compare himself to a shepherd, and his congregation to the shepherd's flock."

"What are these beautiful animals?" he said, pointing to a drawing on the blackboard.

"(Sheep) Sheep!" chorused the children.

"And the cloaked figure in the foreground—what is he?"

"A shepherd," the children cried.

"Exactly," agreed the minister, beaming with satisfaction. "And now, dear children, can you tell me what it is that the shepherd does for the sheep?"

"A score of little mouths opened wide, and a score of treble voices cried shrilly: "He shears 'em!'"

SURE SIGN OF CONVERSION

If the Seeker for Salvation Tries to Remove His Tattoo Marks, He Will Stick.

After a month of doubt as to the new convert's sincerity the missionary made up his mind that he was going to stick.

"He is trying to find some way to remove tattoo marks," said the missionary. "That is a sure sign that he means business." Tattooing is not necessarily incompatible with religion, but a lot of converts seem to think it is and are anxious to shed those marks along with their bad habits. Pagan designs that they picked up in tropical countries strike them as especially irremovable.

The average convert can worry along pretty comfortably with mermaids, anchors, and other emblems of the sea printed on his arms, but heathen gods and goddesses afflict his conscience sorely. In some cases of tattooing there is a repeated application of tannin that will remove the marks, but that is not always effective, and many a sincere Christian has to go through life with the picture of a heathen idol on his forearm.

Early School Books.

The horn book invented in 1450 and used considerably up to the close of the eighteenth century was the usual textbook of the elementary school. A thin slab of hard wood was covered with parchment, on which was printed the capital and small letters, numerals and some elementary syllables and words.

Over this a thin sheet of transparent cow's horn was placed and firmly bound so that no moisture could penetrate. To this the Bible and the sampler on which little girls painfully etched the letters of the alphabet, some "Godly sayings" and a border of herring skeleton, or some conventional pattern of impossible flowers and foliage and the legend "Henry Smith, her sampler," or the like, were about all that the children used up to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Window Glass.

Utility is the mother of nearly all decorative features. Windows were first designed to give light. The history of glass shows that the useful has taken decorative prominence. In old colonial houses glass in small panes was used probably because it was cheap. The sash was divided by small pieces of wood called mullions. After many years glass came to be used in large sizes, and of recent years it has been the practice to have but a single sheet, often in a very large size of plate glass. These are permissible only where the view warrants their use. The average house or cottage is better without them, as they suggest the show window of a shop rather than a dwelling.

Blind Charity.

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale, but," said the nearby man to a New York Sun reporter, "I recently fell impulsively for a story new to me."

"Boss," said this man as he looked at me, "I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together money enough to buy another pair."

"You know, if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself, and on that story I gave up without another thought."

Both Had Grievances.

First Professional Humorist—Why so sad, old man?

Second Professional Humorist—I am the only one who takes myself seriously.

"That's nothing. I am the only one who takes myself humbrosity.—Life.