

STATUS OF THE BLOODHOUND

Supreme Court of Kansas Rules That the Animal's "Testimony" May Be Considered.

The ruling of the bloodhound in Armstrong's criminal jurisprudence is not as it appears, despite the able and exhaustive opinion derogatory to the dogs rendered by Judge Sullivan on the supreme bench of Nebraska.

That opinion was so favorably received and was shown such respect by courts in other states that its character as a precedent seemed to be fairly well established. But now an opinion of precisely the opposite import has been handed down by so near a "home" as the supreme court of Kansas.

OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS GOOD

Those Who Find Their Way Into Juvenile Court Are Dressed in Latest Style.

Mrs. Virginia Murray, matron of the Juvenile Detention Home in Columbus, is authority for the statement that the old-fashioned girl doesn't find her way into the juvenile court.

A majority of the girls appearing in the juvenile court are devotees of Dame Fashion. "It is no uncommon thing to see a little girl of twelve or thirteen dressed like a woman of many years, in hobble skirt and décolleté gown," says Mrs. Murray.

Then this good woman who sees so much of waywardness, who comes into direct contact with so many youthful incorrigibles, gives this splendid advice to mothers:

"I advise mothers to pay more attention to their daughters' wardrobes. 'Fur coats, high-heeled shoes, open-work hats, and very low cut dresses are articles to be tabooed.'—Springfield News.

Gray Uniforms in Night Battles. Probability of much night fighting in the future gives added value to the gray uniform of the German soldiers.

Modern Photography. Motion photography is so far advanced that a London photographer advertises that he will make motion pictures composed of six hundred (600) separate pictures for a sum of \$5.35.

His Sense of Humor. Mrs. Youngwedd has been taking cooking lessons through a correspondence course.

Although there was a marked improvement in the culinary department of the Youngwedd household the husband lost no opportunity for poking fun at his wife's cooking.

My dear, what would you like for dinner this evening? "Well," he replied, smilingly, "I'll have lesson four with exception of a little of lesson 3 and perhaps the manuscript of lesson 12 for dessert."

The Real Thing. "Oh, Mary! Jim and Bill fought a duel over me!" "How romantic! What happened?"

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NOT HER IDEA OF A LADY

Rebuke for Smashing the Dishes Called Forth the Indignant Scorn of the Servant.

A housewife who lives in a suburb of New York feels keenly the rebuke she received from a servant who made a brief visit to her home recently. When the question of employment came up and matters of history were asked, the maid said:

"Oh, yes! I been workin' in fine families. I won't work in any family what ain't a good one."

There is seemed necessary for the housewife to give assurances on her part. The bargain was made and the girl was installed. The first day everything went well, the second there was a crash in the kitchen and the mistress found that two plates from her prize set were in bits.

"You ain't goin' to ask me to pay for that, is you?" asked the girl with great surprise.

"Certainly," was the reply. "You should be made to pay for the other things also."

There was a fine scorn in the servant's manner and voice. "I guess I made a mistake," she said. "You told me you was a lady. I ain't never seen a lady what wouldn't let me break as many things as I wanted and never say a word."

Whereupon, with dignity, she dropped her work and went.

NO PLACE TO WIN AT CARDS

Custom in American Club at Manila Makes Lucky Player "Buy" for Everyone.

"When you play cards at the American club in Manila," said an American just returned from the Philippines, "the worst thing you can do is to win."

Of course there were exclamations and questions. "Well, you see, it's this way," continued the returned one.

"There is but one thing for the possessor of the 'natural' to do. And, I ask you, where are his winnings when he has done it?"

Origin of Thunder. Once upon a time three Indians went hunting. They walked for three long days and nights but could see neither game nor forests.

One Indian, on returning to the earth, told the Chippewas that by offering up smoke as a sacrifice to the thunder it would stop thunder.

Gave Life for Brother. A pathetic story of how a seven-year-old boy sacrificed his life for his six-year-old brother was told at the Hackney (England) coroner's court the other day at the inquest on Walter Days.

The Musical Laugh. So much do we hear and read of the attraction of laughter that we find it almost shocking to realize how very seldom a musical laugh is heard.

Flight of Seeds. It is popularly believed that winged seeds from trees travel to great distances on the wind, but the investigations of a British scientist who has spent much time at Singapore, indicate that winged seeds have a far narrower range of flight than have "powder" seeds and plumed seeds.

Sure Sign. Mrs. Clumber—There's no doubt about it. We have at last arrived in good society.

Mrs. Clumber—Why are you so sure? Mrs. Clumber—We go with people who don't want us and who never give anything that's really enjoyable.

LAD HAS A REAL GRIEVANCE

New Baby Sister Deprives Him of Attention, and He Shows the Effects.

Since the stork brought a little girl to a family living in the Bronx the heir, who had attained to four years of dignity before the sister came, has had his nose very much out of joint.

Yet at times the feeling of deprivation of old-time attention will come to the surface. Then the boy will take himself to the darkest corner to be found in the flat, push himself closely up against the wall and begin to whimper in low tones.

"Muvver don't like me." There is a cessation of the whimper for a moment; then it begins on a more emphatic scale and again comes in louder tones.

From this the protest goes into sobbing, and finally it comes to a climax in most heart-breaking tones: "Muvver don't like me."

This is the time for the head of the household to intervene, for she has learned by experience that whatever she might say before the psychological moment is ignored, in the softest tones she answers:

"Yes, dearie, mother does like you. She loves you with all her heart." From out of the darkness comes in a great, indignant cry: "I don't want you to."

Despairing sobbing follows, but it goes down as the musical patrol dies away, and finally a very penitent little boy comes out of the corner and plucks at his mother's skirt, looking for attention.

TO SAVE OLD MANUSCRIPTS

Japanese Silk, Thin and Transparent, Is Passed on Them and Preserves Them.

In the preservation of rare manuscripts and books an additional safeguard has been found in Japanese silk.

Its use has removed a fear that long existed in the minds of librarians that the rare old manuscripts would dry up and return to their original elements. Fortunately, however, the employment of a silk of extreme thinness and transparency has settled the question of the life of these manuscripts for the next two or three hundred years at least.

This silk is thinner than the thinnest tissue paper, the threads being finer than spider webs. It is pasted over the manuscript so firmly that it wards off all dust and air, and yet is so transparent that it does not interfere any more with the appearance of the manuscript than would an ordinary pane of glass.

For some time past the United States library of congress has had in hand the examination and protection of all its old manuscripts, employing for the purpose the silk mentioned. Unless one is an expert in old manuscripts, he is unable to recognize the fact that the silk has been used.

Women laugh in coquetry and they also use a light laugh to bridge conversational gaps. Women really use laughter in all their lighter moods. All laughter to be at all attractive must first be natural. So, then, the ideal laughter of a man or woman must have sincerity as its basis. And ideal laughter is always kind. Real mirth laughs with a person, never at them.

Early Christian Burial. There is an old saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne which shows that long after Christianity was introduced into the north it was the practice to bury the dead in unhallowed ground on the land where they died, and that a stake was set up over the grave.

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Every one was nonplused, and Poe had to give the answer: "Because no animal remains have ever been found in trap."—Youth's Companion.

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ABSINTHE AS A "TOOTH DOPE"

Bartender Finds Out One Good Thing About the Popular But Wicked Stimulant.

He had just had a tooth out—one of those extractions that seem to go to the root of all things—and dashed in to see his friend the bartender for solace. He called for whisky, and as he swallowed a toper's portion he explained the reason for his haste.

"All that?" inquired the toothless one. "Aren't you afraid it will lay me out?" "S'nooh," said the bartender. "Just put that in your mouth, don't swallow it, and let it soak in where the tooth was. It will fix you all right, stop the hemorrhage and the pain at the same time."

"Dangerous stuff that," said the bartender; "even those who use it admit its wickedness, its treachery to its friends, its general cussedness. But it's a good friend to the man who's had a tooth out or who has an ache in a tooth that isn't out. Don't know why—it isn't only the alcohol in it, but it's the best tooth dope I've found."

When I stagger into the office Tuesday morning clutching my hat, throbbing head the boss inquires: "What's the matter?"

Wednesday morning finds the same symptoms in me, and the same question comes from the boss. "Ajax had it this time," I say. The next day the boss questions me, and I say it was little Sinby's turn, and the next day Fritz and the next Peter. The boss is always sympathetic.

FISH FOR IRON THROUGH ICE

How the Swedes Get Ore From the Bottom of Some of Their Lakes.

The bottoms of many Swedish lakes are covered to a thickness of six or eight inches with fragments of iron ore of the size of peas. This lake ore consists chiefly of ochre, or hydrated oxide of iron, mixed with silicate and phosphate of iron, clay, sand and other impurities, and yields pig iron of very good quality.

In summer this curious mining operation is conducted in a similar manner from rafts anchored in the lake. Two miners can bring up about four tons of ore in a day. Steam dredges have recently been installed in a few places. About thirty years after the removal of the ore a new layer of the same thickness is found to have been produced by natural chemical processes.

Builders of Carnarvon Castle. Carnarvon castle is full of interest not only for the archaeologist and student of medieval military architecture, but also for all engaged in the economic interpretation of history.

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CAN'T STAND FOR EVERYTHING

Every Man Has Weak Spot in His Humorous Nature and Fails to See Joke.

A man who lacks a sense of humor is despised by all. But every man has a weakness somewhere in his humorous nerve. Every man knows of some joke which is amusing to all but himself.

I have six children and they each have toothache by turns. Hulstrod has it Monday, Ajax Tuesday, Aberlard Wednesday, Sinbat Thursday, Fritz Friday, Peter Saturday, and I have it myself on Sunday. Everybody in the house has it but my wife and the cook. One of them hasn't time, and the other cannot afford to have it. But as it is we are busy with it all week.

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They will be business men. Two young lads who are displaying the wisdom of Presidents of Railways.

To modernize an old shoppe, "Out of the mouths of babes shall come much worldly wisdom." Mr. K has two boys who are dearly loved. One day he gave each a dollar to spend. After much bargaining, they brought home a wonderful four-wheeled steamboat and a beautiful train of cars.

For awhile the transportation business flourished, and all was well, but one day Craig explained to his father that while business had been good, he could do so much better if he only had the capital to buy a train of cars like Joe's.

The new rolling stock was not in evidence, and explanations were vague and unsatisfactory, as is often the case in the railroad game at which men play. It took a stern court of inquiry to develop the fact that the railroad and steamship had simply changed hands—and at a mutual profit of 100 per cent.

How to persuade the blonde delicatessen store clerk to remove her hand from the scales when weighing cheese and bologna, so he would get sixteen ounces to the pound instead of twelve or thirteen, was the problem confronting the man who lurches late at night in his own room.

Try a few affectionate little pecks at her hand with accompanying complimentary remarks and she will let go all right," said an experienced friend.

The night after receiving that advice the man asked for a pound of smoked pork tenderloin. As usual, the blonde young woman rested her hand on the scales to steady them, and, hesitatingly, the man laid his palm on her stubby fingers.

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FLY KITES ON FEAST DAY

Japanese Perform Clever Maneuvers in the Air With Their Monstrous Rival Fliers.

In Japan there is an annual feast day for boys, when each house having male children hangs out strings of paper carp, which inflated by the breeze become lifelike monster fish.

"It was on this feast day," says a writer in the Wide World, "that we left Yokohama for Kamakura, once the eastern capital of Japan, now merely a quiet little seaside village."

"As it was such an important occasion, the whole world made holiday, some families hurried to the seashore to fly their enormous humming kites, from which the parents appeared to derive quite as much enjoyment as the children. The loud hum emitted by the soaring kite is caused by a piece of thin bamboo, which is stretched tightly across from shoulder to shoulder.

"This taut bamboo filament not only acts as an aerial harp but bends the whole kite, so that its surface is concave instead of being, as in our kites, a plane. The noise when some three score or so of these monsters are in the air at the same time is deafening.

The Japanese kite has no tail, but is furnished with numerous long streamers. Great competitions are held by the owners of the kites, and occasionally a mimic battle will be fought in the air, the rival factions endeavoring by means of powdered glass, which has been previously worked into a definite length of the kite strings, to saw through a rival's kite, and so bring the vanquished kite tumbling ignominiously to the ground."

UNCLE CAL GOOD REASONER

Fired Question at Camp Fire Answerer That Probably Was Hard to Answer.

"The late George Cary Eggleston was in the Confederate army," said a New York editor, and, as Memorial day approached, he would narrate at the Authors' club many a memory of war times.

"I liked to hear his yarns about the child-like minds of slaves. He once told me, for example, about a grizzled slave named Uncle Cal, body servant to his colonel.

"As Eggleston sat before a camp fire one coolish autumn evening, watching Uncle Cal mend the colonel's coat, the crimson and gold glory of the autumn sunset turned the talk to astronomy, and Eggleston said:

"You see, Uncle Cal, the world is round, like an apple, and it goes round, too—round and round it goes all the time."

"Hi's round an' hit goes round," said Uncle Cal, skeptically. "But what I want to know is, what holds it up?"

"Why, you see, Uncle Cal," said Eggleston, "the world goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up—by attraction, you know."

Uncle Cal glanced from his coat mending to Eggleston with a patronizing smile.

"Honey," he said, "Ah reckon yo' hain't gone far 'nough in yo' reasonin'. Fo', if yo' reasonin' was correct, what would keep de world up when the sun went down? Answer me dat, hon'!"

Mistook Snake for Whip. George Deady, a farm hand living in Wisconsin, had a not time on Friday and he failed dead away from fright, says a Putnam correspondent of the Hartford Courant.

Deady picked up what he thought was the tip of a horse whip in the grass beside the road, only to find that the horse whip was alive. It proved to be a black snake. It wound around Deady's arm and poked its head in Deady's face and grinned at him.

Deady let out a yell that could be heard all over Wisconsin and ran to Henry Pearl and implored him to pull the snake off his arm. Pearl refused to meddle, saying he was no snake charmer, whereupon Deady fainted in the road. Pearl says the snake then uncoiled, and wiggled off into the bushes. It was about five feet long.

At the Celestial Gate. The druggist approached the Celestial gate. St. Peter opened the portal for him and bade him enter and join the heavenly choir.

"Not so fast," admonished the compounder of pills. "Before I go in there I want to ask a few questions. Have you any city directories in Paradise?"

"No," replied St. Peter. "Any remedies for growing hair on bald heads and door knobs?"

"None." "Any soda fountains?" "We don't know what they are." "Do you sell stamps?" "We don't use them here." "And last, but not least, have you any telephones?" "We have not."

"Then I'll go in, for I guess this is Heaven, all right, all right."—Louisville Post.