

VARIETY SECRET OF CHARM

This Explains Why Our American Women Are So Attractive to Foreign Visitors.

Foreigners are impressed by the peculiar attractiveness of American women, writes Grace M. Gould in the Woman's Home Companion. "They say that, next to their own women, it is the American woman who charms the most."

"Now why is this so?" "It is because of the infinite variety of the American woman, which pleases the eye and holds the imagination. When any large number of women are under observation, attractiveness must imply constant change for human nature, soon wearies of what is monotonous. If the first, last and every woman that the foreigner saw all looked and dressed alike, the first might well be the last, for any interest he might feel in them.

"His experience is this: He meets the tall and stately wife of his club friend, whose poise and elegance are her conspicuous characteristics; next, he takes in to dinner a stuffy, cooing young creature without any poise at all. Later, perhaps, he meets a blue-stocking girl, who looks at him critically through her lorgnette; and from her he turns to a demure, mouse-like maiden, whose infrequent gaze is soulful and who says little, but who says it so intensely. The flirtation girl and the athletic girl come in their turn, and he finds it all exhausting and bewildering.

POETRY DIDN'T BOTHER HIM

Barkeeper Was Busy With His Potatoes While The Two Literary Lights Talked.

Le Gallienne and an acquaintance met on their way home late one evening, and as they walked, started to discuss poetry. Le Gallienne advanced theories that the acquaintance did not agree with, and the discussion grew warm.

"Let us go in here," said the acquaintance, pointing to a saloon that had an after-hour back door. "It's easier to talk when you're sitting down."

"They took seats in the back room and ordered. The barkeeper put the drinks before them and then continued his work of peeling potatoes for the next day's free lunch.

Meanwhile the discussion on poetry continued. Le Gallienne, to illustrate his theories, quoted passages from Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Coleridge and other poets. An hour passed and the barkeeper stood up:

"Well, gents, it's time to close up." "I hope we haven't bothered you with our talk," said the acquaintance, thinking that the barkeeper must at least have been impressed with the unusual flow of literary talk.

"Oh, no, you didn't bother me," replied the barkeeper. "I was busy with my potatoes."

Ermine at the Coronation. The finest ermine skins come from the continent. Those from America are not nearly so fine in quality. The former skins have been practically used by the best West and houses, but a good many skins come in from America, and a good number of these have undoubtedly been used for coronation robes.

The statement from St. Louis that \$50,000 skins were used for the coronation of the czar of Russia's cloak caused much amusement, and is regarded by the trade here as an example of American humor. When we come to think of it, a quarter million skins does seem a bit tall, considering that at the March sales in London, which are the biggest of the year, only 150,000 skins were offered. These fetched as high as 240 shillings a timber, which is 40 skins, while the average price was found about 250 shillings.—London Correspondence Fur News.

Mean Man. Professor John Dewey of Columbia was talking about a legislator who had turned traitor to the suffrage cause. "A man who could be so mean to women," he said, "must be the original of the Clayton bill story."

"A convict in the Clayton jail, you know, managed to do a little flirting over the wall. He flirted for some weeks with a burrow girl who milked the cows in a field adjoining the jail, and one evening he called to her and they struck up a conversation. Every day after that for a year or more, the girl came to the wall. Then the convict, getting tired of her, told her it was so use waiting for him, as he was in for life."

A Sleeping Quarter. I would suggest that certain streets not made thoroughfares should be classed as residential, both in the poor as well as in the rich parts of London, for the clerk and shop-girl need sleep as much as any of us, and that in these streets between say midnight and 2 a. m. or 3 a. m., or 7 a. m., according to the locality, the motor horn should not be blown except for urgent cases—that is in case of imminent danger to life.—Lord Montagu in the Star.

Self. Daniel emerged from the Bear den. "They were literary men and wouldn't hurt a fly," he explained.

LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS

Little Girl Learns That She Will Not Be Loser by Her Generosity.

The little girl's pansy bed was not thriving. Also the rose geranium bush was thin and scraggly. "You need to pick your pansy blossoms and geranium leaves more freely," explained the visitor. "For instance, suppose you give me a bunch of each." A look of dismay appeared on the small face. "Oh, but I have so few." Exactly. If you will try my rule you will have more. You save too carefully. Cut loose and give more freely. There's a great big lesson in it. The flowers will teach you how. It's just once. If my words fall I'll not ask you again. Reluctantly the little maid complied, but with a flushed and deeply dissatisfied countenance as the visitor remorselessly pushed the situation to its limit and refused to be satisfied while a pansy yet adorned the bed or a fragrant leaf of any appreciable size remained on the bush.

A week later the visitor was greeted by a smiling little face and a smiling pansy bed, royal in purple and gold, while the geranium bush sturdy held aloft a thick verdure of odorous leaves. "Are you satisfied, little girl?" "Oh, yes, I'm giving to every body now and have plenty."

LAST MINSTREL OF IRELAND

Thomas Smith, Aged Wandering Singer and Story Teller, Died Recently in County Meath.

An aged wandering singer, rhymester and story teller, who was said to be a descendant of one famed in the days of minstrelsy, died recently in the hospital in County Meath, Ireland. He was the last of the old school of so-called poets who lived by story telling and verse making at farm house firesides. His name was Thomas Smith, and according to report one of his ancestors wore cap and bells and served as a jester to a prince. In his boyhood Smith wore a faded doublet of alternating stripes of yellow and blue which had been handed down to him as a relic of his great-grandfather's fame as a countryside fun-maker.

His stories for the most part had to do with the fairies, and always presented the good fairy in the part of straightened tangles and easing the path of happy marriage. His visits throughout the country were made with scheduled regularity, and an evening with the poet was the occasion for a gathering of young folks. Like most poets, he was not thrifty, and died poor.

What Sweetens Fate?

A female house fly which has hibernated in a dwelling house, or elsewhere, writes Prof. F. L. Washburn in the Popular Science Monthly, may produce in the spring, at the lowest estimate, 150 eggs. Assuming that one-half of these hatch as females, and allowing that the breeding goes on without check for four months, we have as the descendants of a single hibernating individual 214,587,844,328,000,000,000,000 flies.—Now, a house fly measures exactly one-fourth of an inch in length; the distance around the earth at the equator is said to be 24,900 miles. It would take, therefore, 2,152,212,000 flies placed end to end to go around the world once. Using this number as a denominator, and the number of flies produced in four months from one mother as a numerator, we find she will give rise, in the course of a summer, to enough flies to encircle the globe at the equator 8,000 times, and have plenty of progeny to spare!

Awed Abyssinian Delegates.

An amusing mistake was made by two Abyssinian delegates of the Emperor Menelik to France. Awed by the splendor of his gold lace uniform and the solemnity of his imposing manner, they mistook the usher at the door of the foreign minister's office for M. de Seville himself. As they were brought into the ante room the usher was standing with his hand on the door handle ready to announce them. But at the sight of his silver chain, his medals, his sword, his gold topped cane and his three-cornered hat, the Abyssinians could not be expected to know they were in the presence of a mere servant. So bowing low repeatedly, they approached him slowly and with great respect until they were in reach of his coattails, which, one on either side, they seized in their hands and kissed. The usher did not know what to do, but the appearance of the minister relieved the situation.

Gloves and Kings.

Gloves have always been connected with royalty. When the tomb of King John was opened a century ago it was discovered that his hands were gloved. In France the gloves worn by the king at the coronation were consecrated by the officiating bishop, and at the recent English coronation a glove was thrown down as a challenge to any one to dispute the royal title.

When George II. was crowned an unknown Jacobite came forward and lifted the glove on behalf of the absent Stuart, and at the coronation of Edward VII. the duke of Norfolk handed to his majesty a pair embroidered with the dual arms because a manor connected with the duke's inheritance is held by the service of presenting the monarch with a right hand glove on the day of the coronation.

MARGARET WAS NOT HAPPY

Everything Was Going Wrong and She Used the Plumber's Language to Tell of It.

The M. B. Delys are blessed with children. This summer they are occupying a cottage on the lake, just west of Vermillion, where there's plenty of air, and sunshine, and water. Whenever his arduous duties permit, the president of the East Ohio Gas company hurries westward in the general direction of Vermillion.

The last time he went out he came upon his youngest daughter, Margaret, all huddled up on a bench, and unusually quiet.

"What's the matter, Margie?" he asked. "Anything wrong?" "Yes, indeed," replied the young lady. "I've stubbed my toe, and the kitten scratched me, and the boys won't play croquet with me, and mother won't let me go in bathing alone, and—"

"Why, why," said the father, sympathetically, "you are having a serious time, aren't you?"

"I'm having a heluvatime," was the unexpected reply. And then, noticing the astonishment on her father's face, she hid her head in his arm and added, with a blush of guilt: "That's what the plumber said."—Cleveland Leader.

FOR FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE

Prussian Plan for Traveling Schools That Will Give Them Much Needed Instruction.

Press accounts state that the Prussian government will in its next budget ask for a grant in order to provide for itinerating housekeeping schools.

These are to move from place to place and give instruction in housekeeping to the daughters of laborers, craftsmen and farming people. The plan of instruction comprises cooking, baking, conserving and putting up fruit, vegetables, and other food articles, dairying, feeding and care-taking of farm animals, poultry culture, raising of fruit and vegetables, sewing, repairing and cleaning of sanitation of the home, nutrition and health.

The course of instruction will take about eight weeks. Schools of this sort have been in existence in the Rhemish province and in some of the other German states and have been of great benefit. It is intended eventually to provide such an itinerating school for every county in Prussia.—Deputy Consul-General Simon W. Hansauer.

Cowboy Hats 2,000 Years Ago.

That there is nothing new under the sun is becoming more and more axiomatic. It is suggested that the Egyptians under Pharaoh knew of radium, that the Assyrians and Chaldeans were acquainted with electricity and that aviation was not unknown to the ancients. Now we learn that frescoes and bas-reliefs in Crete show that in the depths of past ages huntresses wore leather boots, with big hats like those used by American cowboys and that an archeologist has come to the conclusion that the fashionable Cretan ladies 2,000 years before the Christian era appeared in public with boots with heels, the straight mantle and jupe collette, in fact, just like a lady from one of the celebrated dressmaking establishments in the Rue de la Paix.

Has Room to High Position.

John Howard Hale, the largest peach grower in the world and the first man to make Georgia famous for this fruit, worked as a day laborer in Connecticut when a boy. He managed to save a few hundred dollars which he invested in peach trees, planting them on the mortgaged home farm. The first crop paid off the mortgage and opened Hale's eyes to the possibilities of his native state as a fruit producer. He increased his holding and others quickly took the hint. Later he went to Georgia and planted an immense acreage. He is a native of Glastonbury, Conn., aged fifty-seven years, and has written much on horticultural subjects.

Coming Business Men.

There is a candy boy on a railroad train running out of New York to a near by seashore resort whose ingenuity probably will place him at the head of the "best sellers." He came into the smoker a few days ago shouting his wares. There were no buyers. Then the wise youngster, playing on the New Yorkers' dormant gambling propensity, asked five men to contribute ten cents each for chances on a box of candy. He quickly got five "takers" on a 30-cent box. He made out five small slips from a pad that he carried, and the men drew. Within ten minutes the "candy bet-ter" had disposed of three boxes.

Mechanical Education for Girls.

"No girl can consider herself educated today if she cannot drive a nail or put a hinge on a door." Miss Mary Snow, superintendent of household arts for the public schools of Chicago, made this assertion in a talk on "Training for Girls." "I consider this mechanical knowledge a necessity," said Miss Snow. "Many women when confronted with the stupendous problem of coaxing a nail into a board would rather telephone the chief of police or the board of education for help. Generally they enlist the janitor or the hired man. It is a deficiency in their education."

GENIUS IS NOT INHERITED

Most Poets Who Have Had Sons Did Not Transmit Divine Infatuation to Them.

An examination of the question of the transmission of genius from father to son would seem to indicate that the sons of great poets are generally "dull dogs." The most eminent English poets had no sons, or lost them early; and the same observation is true of American poets also.

Poetic fever may be a flame that burns out in its own generation. Often the poet seems to put so much into his work as to sacrifice his paternity, and often, alas, the professional poet is too poor to marry at all. However that may be, many English poets are quit of the charge of begetting "dull dogs" of sons, for they never had any sons. Cowper, Butler, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Phillips, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray and Johnson all died without leaving offspring, and Marlowe, Pope, Keats, Swift, Watts and Cowper never married.

There are cases on the other side. Coleridge's son, Hartley, was a poet of respectable ability; all the Tennysons wrote poetry, so did all the Rossettis, father and children; Addison's father was a writer of some importance although Addison's descendants did not pass into the second generation. The same is true of Dryden's descendants. Milton's family and Shakespeare's became extinct in the second and third generation. Sir Walter Scott's baronetcy expired with his son.

SENSE OF GRATITUDE LOST

Hoops No Longer Gets Help From Negroes by Posing as Civil War Veteran.

An old tramp, who was resting in City Hall park after a long trip on the road, is authority for the statement that the attitude of the negro race toward the old soldier is not what it was.

"When I began hobnobbing years ago," said the man, "I could live on the fat of the land by appealing to the gratitude of the colored people. For four long years I fought to set you free, I said to them, but I was unfortunate enough to get off without a wound, so now the government won't help me and I am forced to beg."

"Of course I didn't fight for them—I was in short pants when the war broke out, but the negroes never stopped to reason out a problem in ages. After a song-and-dance of that kind the black man of fifteen, ten or even five years ago would dig up corn or share his last cup of coffee and his last scrap of bacon with me. But the present generation has lost the sense of gratitude. Whether a man did or did not fight for their freedom makes no difference, and the tramp who expects the old soldier wheeze to win him an easy living from the negroes is in danger of getting left."

Carried Too Far.

Jerome S. McWade, the millionaire collector of Duluth, discussed, on the Narragansett beach, the trend of modern fiction.

"Modern fiction is charitable to women," he said slowly. "Perhaps it is too charitable to women. Wells and Galworthy and Bernard Shaw are not content with letting the women go as far as the men—they let them go farther than the men."

"They are awfully charitable as a Duluth chap who got himself engaged to a notorious flirt."

"Why, Horace," said a friend, "you ain't engaged to Minnie Manser, are you?"

"Yes, I am," said Horace stovily.

"Why, Horace, that girl's been engaged, off and on, to nearly every man in Duluth."

"Well," said Horace, charitably, "Duluth ain't such a big place."

Passenger Pigeons Extirminated.

Measures were taken to ascertain whether the passenger pigeon had been completely exterminated (according to a government report). Under the stimulus of rewards offered aggregating altogether several thousand dollars many reports were received of seeing passenger pigeons. The information, however, proved incorrect on investigation, and it is practically established that of the vast herds of wild pigeons that formerly inhabited the eastern United States there is now but one survivor, a female bird eighteen years old in captivity in the zoological garden of Cincinnati.

To Alleviate Horner's Suffering.

A water-carrying motor car, the first of its kind in the world, has been placed in commission in Philadelphia by the Women's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as a dispenser of water to thirsty horses. "The car," says Popular Mechanics, "is mission clearly placarded on its body, will move slowly through busy streets in the parts of Philadelphia where troughs are not available, and any driver can stop and get a bucket of water free of charge."

A Peace Program.

"What we want is peace and harmony and politeness in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "And there is only one way to get it." "What is that?" "Find some way to convince the fellow who gets the worst of it that he might as well take his medicine and stop kicking."

WANTED SHEET FOR SHROUD

Dying Man Insists on This Because He Intended to Do Much Haunting Later.

Unluckily enough, the progressive undertaker is often opposed by hunkerous relatives and sometimes even by the departed. One contributor to the Southern Undertaker, for example, tells how his plan to bury a prospective client in "clothes fit for gentlemen" was knocked out by the wish of that client, expressed shortly before death, to be swathed in a common bed sheet. To proceed: "I misunderstood him at first. I thought he meant an ordinary white shroud. I took it that he was simply a little old-fashioned and wished to revert to a primitive custom. But he quickly corrected that impression. "I don't mean anything of the kind," he said. "I want to be buried in a sheet—a plain, everyday white sheet."

"For once my curiosity got the better of my good manners."

"I will do as you ask, of course, I said, but will you kindly tell me why you want to be dressed in that peculiar style?"

"The old fellow's answer fairly staggered me."

"Because," he said, "I am going to do a good deal of haunting when I'm through with the flesh. I'm going to take the sheet along with me, so there'll be no delay in getting down to business. Lots of people have been playing me mean tricks all their lives. I have never been able to get back at them in their present state, but just wait till I get clear of these fetters! If I don't haunt them good and hard and make them wish they'd done the square thing by me it won't be my fault."—Baltimore Sun.

MAKING OLD NEWS TIMELY

How Dr. Charcot Used the Paris Papers While Isolated in the Antarctic Ice.

Making old news seem timely was one of the diversions of Dr. Jean Charcot, the French explorer, during his two years of isolation in the Antarctic ice, where he did some wonderful work in the scientific tabulation of tides and measurement of ocean depths. He carried with him two years' files of the Paris newspapers and on each day spread the papers of the corresponding day of the two preceding years on the table in the cabin for the benefit of his followers:

"I have recently turned out from a locker," recorded Dr. Charcot in his diary on July 7, midwinter, "complete files of the Martin and the Figaro for two years before our departure, kindly presented to us by their editors. Every day I put on the wardrobe table the numbers corresponding to the present date, and personally I have never read the papers so attentively or thoroughly."

"If I must confess it, the news, now so ancient, the scandals, the affairs, interest me just as much as if I had never heard of them. I had forgotten them nearly all, and I await the next issue with impatience. I am now much better acquainted with my country's politics and the world's happenings in 1907 than I have ever been, and probably than I shall ever be again."—New York Evening Post.

Old Connecticut Elm Destroyed.

The ancient elm tree, an old landmark that has stood on the banks of Middle Cove Bay for over two hundred years, was blown down during the storm of Monday and fell into the cove. All that is left of it are the large roots, sticking up to show where the old tree was once located.

After a heavy gale several years ago one large limb fell to the ground and from it were taken Indian arrow heads of perfect shape. They were probably shot or deposited there by Indians years ago, who used this locality for a camping ground. The height of the tree was about one hundred feet and its branches spread out about the same distance. The body of the tree measured some fifteen feet around. Red squirrels had made their home in it for years.— Essex correspondence Hartford Courant.

What He Couldn't Help.

Grown folk often experience some difficulty in separating necessary from unnecessary mistakes and blunders, but the childish mind usually is pretty clear on such points. Little Bob, for instance, was consuming orange juice with noisy gusto when his mother thought best to gently reprove him.

"It isn't nice to make such noises, dear," she explained, "and there's really no reason why you should do so. I'm sure you can help it if you try."

Said Bob, all innocent eagerness and candor: "Mother, I can help this noise," repeating the objectionable lip action, "but the little swallow-noise in my throat, I can't help, honest. God makes me make that!"

New Idea for Names.

A group of French feminists have received pledges from a certain number of deputies that they will support a bill which if passed will modify the names of all the French nation. Arguing that it is not just that the father's name only should be borne by the children, this section of feminists proposes that henceforth the father's name shall be followed by the mother's, so that all patronymics would become double names.

THOUGHT HE WAS A HOBO

Bar-tender's Suggestion to Rough Looking, but Wealthy, Patron, Was Meant to Be Kindly.

Tetlow is a man of substance and of some standing. He even lays claim to some literary ability, but he has careless habits. If his wife didn't watch him closely he would wear the same suit of clothes from one year's end to the other. He never thinks of getting shaved until some one asks him if he is trying to raise a beard. Naturally, he is apt to be misjudged by those who have nothing but his appearance to go upon.

Drinking whisky is one of his fads. He takes a drink when he likes it, and that is rather frequently, and he gets it wherever he happens to be. The other day he was in front of one of the new palatial hotels and thought he would see what sort of refreshment was served there. He asked for his favorite brand and the bartender set the bottle before him. Now Tetlow is not a heavy drinker, although a frequent one, so he poured out a very moderate amount.

The bartender looked his ill fitting and well worn clothes over and then glanced at the shallow drink he had measured out.

"See here, old man," said the bartender, "that's going to set you back 20 cents. You might as well get your money's worth."

Tetlow slammed down a ten dollar bill, got his change and walked out, leaving the drink untasted on the bar. "I thought he was a hobo," explained the bartender to his friends.

WHY THE VALISE WAS HEAVY

Mrs. Billingsly Was Taking Her New Flatirons to the Country Summer Resort.

The Billingslys were starting a summer outing in the country, and going to be away from home a week or two. The trunk had been sent to the railway station, a few blocks away, and nothing remained but to clean house and walk thither. Mr. Billingsly, the last one to leave the front porch, picked up the hand baggage and allowed the rest of the family down steps. One of the two valises he was carrying seemed tremendously heavy and before he had walked a block he stopped, set it down on the sidewalk and turned to his wife. "For the land's sake, Ferdie," he said, moving the perspiration from his brow, "what have you got in this grip-sack? The family silver?" "Nothing of the sort, Hiram," she answered. "That's hidden where nobody can find it."

"Then what makes this thing so heavy? It weighs a ton!" "I'm taking along that new set of patent flatirons I bought last week," solemnly responded Mrs. Billingsly. "There'll be some washing to do, and I expect to do my own ironing. I've seen the kind of irons they have at summer resorts, and they don't suit me at all."—Youth's Companion.

Not Like Kansas.

"Mrs. Madison was with me on a visit to Coney Island a few years ago," said Representative E. H. Madison, of Kansas, one of the insurgent leaders in the house. "and there we saw a banner across the front of a building. 'A Real Kansas Cyclone.' We may have been a little homesick, but anyway we were going to show our loyalty to our state and we went in. As the curtains were pulled aside it revealed a beautiful little city nestled in a valley between two high hills. Believe me, all the hills in Kansas piled one on top of the other would not have made one a quarter as high as the one that overshadowed this doomed city."

Keeping Hairs at Home.

Under the direction of its biological station at Copenhagen, the Danish government has begun an interesting effort to aid the fishermen of the Baltic by preventing the migration of eels from that sea into the ocean. The means employed is a "barrier of light" formed by placing fifty electric lamps along a submerged cable between the island of Funen and the coast of Funen. The effectiveness of such a barrier depends upon the fact that the eels migrate only during the dark hours. Accordingly, as soon as darkness begins in the season of migration, the lamps are illuminated, and thus a wall of light is interposed from which the eels recoil.

Entertainment in the Home.

A Louisville barrister escorted his wife and daughter to a lecture and then to his wife's annoyance disappeared. He was on hand, however, when the meeting was over. "Hello, there, Theodore," said a friend, meeting a barrister and his family in a street car, "been to the lecture?" The lawyer stole a look at his wife's face.

"No," he answered, "just going." From Success Magazine.

Work and Worry.

"Worry wears out more people than work does," said the ready-made philosopher. "Of course it does," replied Mr. Growber; "for the simple reason that so many of us would rather put in our time worrying about work than doing it."