

THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF SHOW

Flincky Action of Wife of English Fireman Duplicated in Our Own Country.

Before a justice, in a small English town of the south coast, there appeared, not long ago, a wife who accused her husband of assault and battery. The man admitted that he had seized her and thrown her down, perhaps roughly, yet not without making sure she would fall upon a soft place.

The fire company of his village, he explained, was composed chiefly of volunteers, whose uniforms were kept in their homes and kept in repair by their wives, a task that no wife performed more faithfully than his own; in fact, she was too careful of it.

When a night alarm was given for a fire in the quarter between the glue factory and the wharves, and he jumped up to dress, she had positively refused to allow him to put it on, declaring that smoke and cinders were bad enough, but when it came to salt and glue and fish-scales as well, it was beyond all reason; his oldest trousers and a pea jacket were plenty good enough. He had remonstrated and she had vituperated.

"But I didn't lay a finger on her, your honor, not till she 'eaved a kittle at me 'ed when I grabbed for me boots," he protested, "and then it come to me 'twas no less than a public juty to chuck 'er on 'er bed where she couldn't hinterfere; and what I see to be my juty, I ups and does. So I chucked 'er."

Were ducking still the accepted punishment for rixenish wives, she might have been awarded poetic justice at the nozzle of a hose. As it was, the case ended, amid general laughter, in the discharge of the aggrieved husband, and a reprimand to the too careful wife.

In our own country, and in a community by no means rustic, a little incident but a few days ago proved that it is not only the better halves of firemen who can be too flincky. The firewagon, responding to a still alarm for a chimney fire, was met by the son of the house, who eagerly snatched an extinguisher, while the firemen were snuffing the hose. But the eagle eye of the chief was upon him.

"Here, here!" he cried, authoritatively. "Don't meddle with that extinguisher, young man. Why, it's only just been polished!"—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Women Want Ballot. Miss Margaret Chung, a young Chinese woman, is at the head of the movement which proposes to form an organization of American women for the purpose of assisting and encouraging the women of China in making the best use of their newly acquired right to the ballot. She is the secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Chinese-American League of Justice at Los Angeles, Cal., and a member of the Chinese Protective association and of the Chinese Women's Reform club.

"Without the assistance of their Caucasian sisters the Chinese women may never reap the full benefit of the franchise," Miss Chung declared when talking about the proposed organization. "When the new republic of China granted the franchise to women it was the most significant step that could have been taken in the interest of progress. Only a Chinese woman can fully understand what is meant by giving Chinese girls an equal chance with the boys. It heralds the dawn of a golden epoch, more than ever before in the history of China. More and better missionary work can be done for China by instructing and encouraging the women in the use of the ballot than in any other way."

Quite Harmless. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the district visitor. "Do you harbor madmen in this village?" She pointed to the subject of her interest—a little man with very small eyes and large spectacles, who was dodging from house to house like a demented human bee. He approached each door with the trusting smile of childhood. He left with a volley of language such as could only emanate from long and bitter experience.

"Oh, nobody takes no notice of him, miss," answered the old tenant. "He's quite harmless—been so these 20 years."

"Poor fellow," said the district visitor. "And what is the exact nature of his complaint?" The tenant smiled compassionately as he replied: "Optimism, me'am. He calls for the rent every Monday, and actually allows himself to fancy he's going to get it."

Magie of September. September seems to me to be the fairy among the months of the year. She is so crowned with gold, so full of play and magic spells, she has no work to do, and it is she who transforms the green woods and gray marshes to wonderlands of fairy fire, and brings the great pale moon back round and full night after night into the skies. Yes, September has a magic!—St. Nicholas.

Home Run in Boston. Here is how they describe a home run in Boston: McEwens struck the ball a terrific blow; propelled it in a lateral direction to the uttermost lengths of the field. By means of this notable performance he was enabled to complete the entire circuit of the bases. The audience applauded cordially.

AZTEC BALL PLAYERS

HAD GAME REQUIRING HIGH DEGREE OF SKILL.

Stars of the First Magnitude in the Big League Today Would Have Found Nothing Easy About These Contests.

No, the first game of ball ever played on the American continent did not take place the first time the home team walloped the visiting "ginks" way back in the last century. That "game" seems to have been played several centuries ago.

When night comes on and the wind blows hard a gigantic evil spirit appears and with a huge iron rod knocks down the heaps of stones which the children have made, and they are so frightened that they run to Jizo and hide themselves in the big sleeves of his kimono, which have a miraculous way of increasing in size according to the number of children who seek refuge. Then the evil spirit disappears and the children begin again the work of heaping up stones.

Passing through cemeteries in Japan one sees tombs that have the image of Jizo carved upon them, as the parents take that way of gaining the special favor of Jizo for their children, and one will see little piles of stones built up by the parents and brothers and sisters of the children with the hope of helping in the tedious work of the little ones in the kawara.

Chicken Race War. "A sectional issue has arisen in our town," said the commuter. "Before it is settled I am afraid the civil war will be fought all over again. Anyhow, our southern friends are sure to indulge in some fire-eating language."

"A resident of our village, who undertook to raise chickens, received a crate of fowls from a South Carolina farm. When the neighbors learned where the chickens came from they raised a row. 'If you must get chickens,' they said, 'get northern chickens.' They don't crow nearly so much as southern chickens. There is something in the climate down there that makes a chicken crow four times as often as a chicken brought up in any other part of the country."

"That peculiarity of southern chickens was news to the amateur poultryman. He noticed, however, that his chickens really did crow more persistently and more vigorously than any other chickens he ever had known, and when an experienced poultryer assured him that they always would, because southern chickens always do, he sold them and bought New Jersey chickens instead. Now he is in hot water with the southern families in our town, and heaven only knows how the squabble will terminate."—New York Times.

Rented Wedding Cake. There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said; it looked all right and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right. "Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing, and we will keep it for a renter," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" someone asked. "Wedding parties," said he. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests, and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it, they rent it. Some times a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing, and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about \$3 a wedding."

Being Convinced. It is said that Andrew Carnegie's use of simple spelling has "irritated" some people on the other side of the water, who have read his published speeches on certain subjects. "The effect on the reader," says one man, "is irritating, rather than convincing." An American, commenting on this comment, says that if a person cannot be convinced by reason and sense, irritation is the next best thing. Now, whether or not one believes that irritation ever is or would be a wise method of procedure in causing good or bad, it is a notable fact that irritation often seems immediately to precede conviction. For example, take woman suffrage. I know of a dozen cases in which violent dislike of the idea turned almost without warning into approval of it. Will the irritation simple spelling arouses in the breast of many of us fade into acceptance of it?

Sure-Death Fly Poison. I read somewhere recently that formaldehyde and water constitute a good fly poison, and hasten to add my testimony to the many volumes already written on this important subject. The scheme will work, under proper conditions.

Purchase 5 cents worth (or more, if you have many flies) of formaldehyde at any drug store, and put two or three drops in a saucer of water. Then—and this is extremely important—catch a fly and hold him by the left hind leg with his head immersed in the mixture for three-quarters of an hour. When removed he will be quite dead. Repeat the operation until all the flies have disappeared.—Exchange.

Somewhat Like Eve. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes, at a dinner in New York, was describing a particularly intelligent little "country" weaver.

"In a soft and wistful August twilight," she said, "this little girl and I stood watching the milking. The little girl was complaining about her shabby clothes—the gift of some charitable organization. 'Eve,' she grumbled, 'quintly, as she looked down at her old-fashioned and ill-fitting dress—Eve had nothing but leaves to wear; and I have nothing but leavings.'"

PECULIAR BELIEF IN JAPAN

Seems Strange to Our Western Ideas Though There is Much That is Pathetic About It.

Among the Buddhists in Japan it is believed that the souls of children go after death to Su-no-ka-wara (the stony river-bed) and there they remain until they reach maturity under the care of Jisobosatsu, who is represented as a priest with a long cane in one hand and a ball in the other.

He is said to stand in the center of the kawara, where he preaches to the children as they pile up stones, one for the salvation of their father, one for the mother, the third for brothers, the fourth for sisters and the fifth for their own salvation.

When night comes on and the wind blows hard a gigantic evil spirit appears and with a huge iron rod knocks down the heaps of stones which the children have made, and they are so frightened that they run to Jizo and hide themselves in the big sleeves of his kimono, which have a miraculous way of increasing in size according to the number of children who seek refuge. Then the evil spirit disappears and the children begin again the work of heaping up stones.

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RESEMBLE THE ANIMAL

PECULIARITY NOTED IN SOME HUMAN COUNTENANCES.

Men of the Highest Ability Have Had This Facial "Defect," Among Them the Great Scientist Charles Darwin.

The likeness of certain human types to familiar animals is a matter of common observation. Caricaturists, from the days of the Greek and Romans down, have made use of its suggestions. A noteworthy instance in comparatively recent years was that of Louis Napoleon, whose brooding, aquiline countenance was readily converted into a bird of prey—the French eagle sometimes, at other times, and even more strikingly, a vulture preying upon France.

In our daily speech we naturally describe men as rat-faced, hoggish or foxy in appearance, or say of a noble-looking old man that he possesses a leonine head. Still other persons we pronounce simian in their physiognomy, and although few of us would care to merit a personal application of that adjective, it need not be so uncomplimentary as one would imagine.

The dignified and venerable Charles Darwin accepted it as applied to himself with no resentment, and with a gently humorous perception of its pat coincidence with his favorite theories; while the resemblance of Oom Paul Kruger to an ancient and exceedingly sagacious gorilla was more than once remarked.

An amusing discovery of unhuman likeness was related by a friend of Sir Henry M. Stanley. When Stanley visited the Karaguas, an African tribe rather above the average in intelligence, he had with him a fine bulldog, whose puggy and pugnacious countenance possessed all the unlovely characteristics of the breed.

The Karaguas bestowed much attention upon this beast, and their chief, before parting with the white man, ingeniously pointed out an odd fact which he had observed. The Karagua men, flat-faced, snub-nosed and thick-lipped, looked, he thought, much like the English dog; while the half-wild Karagua dogs, clean-cut, keen-eyed and long-nosed, looked much more than their masters did, like the Englishmen.

Whether Stanley, who had every right to think well of his own personal appearance, relished this comparison or not, he could not do otherwise than take it in good part; and he had sense of humor enough to pass it on for the amusement of others after he got home.

Rising Young Man. "Is this Mr. Nibstreet?" asked the young man. "Yes, sit down," replied the wealthy proprietor of Nibstreet's United Stores. "You said in your letter that you wanted work."

"I did, sir." "There were several other applicants for the place, but I don't mind telling you that I was struck by your name, so I gave you the preference. Nibstreet is not a common name, you know, and when I saw your signature, Nibstreet Jones, I said to myself I'd give you a trial."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind. I hope I shall never disappoint you." "Your parents christened you Nibstreet, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly, sir. The fact is that my first name was Nelson until this week. But I never liked it, sir; really I didn't. The fellows called me Nell, and I have always wished for something manlier. But I never found a name that suited me right down to the ground until I saw your ad in the paper this week, 'Nibstreet,' said I, 'that's the very name I've been looking for all these years.' So I changed on the spot, sir, and Nibstreet I expect to remain the rest of my life, whether you give me the job or not."—Newark News.

The Quality of Mercy. Mayor Gaynor of New York had befriended a poor "down-and-outer," and for this a lawyer took him to task.

"The fellow's no good," the lawyer said. "He has only got what was coming to him. With his yellow streak the duffer deserved—"

But Mayor Gaynor interrupted the harsh lawyer with a smile. "Did you ever hear of the mother, he said, 'who visited Napoleon on behalf of a son condemned to death. The emperor said the young man had twice committed the same offense, and justice demanded the forfeit of his life."

"But, sire," cried the mother, "I don't plead for justice, but for mercy." "He does not deserve mercy," said the emperor.

"Ah, no; he does not, indeed," the mother admitted, "but it would not be mercy, sire, if he deserved it." "Well, then," said Napoleon quietly, "I will have mercy."

Return of the Moose. The first moose bought by the state of New York to restock the Adirondacks were liberated at Raquette lake the middle of July, 1902. The herd consisted of two bulls and four cows. At that time moose had been extinct in the great north woods for forty years. Protected by prohibitory laws, it is believed that in due time these lordly animals again will flourish in their old-time haunts in the mountain wilderness as they did before lax game laws and a succession of unusually severe winters wiped them out from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Hudson.

ENORMOUS WASTE OF COAL

One Reason Why the Use of Oil as Fuel Would Be of High Economic Importance.

The United States is by all means the greatest coal producing country in the world. In 1850 the production of coal in the country amounted to 6,266,233 tons. Thirty years later it had risen to almost 64,000,000 tons. In another twenty years this industry had grown to over 240,000,000 tons. Ten years more passed and the production of coal in the United States by the census of 1910 was over 400,000,000 tons. For the year just past it is estimated at about 500,000,000 tons. But in the production of this coal the industrial experts inform us there is wasted 250,000,000 tons. In other words, the United States is using its coal supply at the rate of 750,000,000 tons a year, and this consumption is increasing, as shown above, at an enormous rate.

By the western sea and throughout the great southwest the production of coal is not of great direct interest. In this portion of the country petroleum largely takes the place of coal, and in the production of petroleum California leads all other states in America and indeed all the world. This is a new industry compared with coal. The statistics show that in 1898 the United States produced little more than 60,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum, forty-two gallons to the barrel. In 1910 the production of petroleum in the United States surpassed 132,000,000 barrels. At the present time in California the consumption of oil runs to about 225,000 barrels a day.

There is no such waste in the use of oil as that indicated above in coal. Indeed, the waste in the oil industry from beginning to end is a matter of comparative insignificance.

Signs of Age. There are various ways of telling when a man is getting old. One of the surest ways by which he may know it himself is to find that young women address him as "sir." "One 'Yes, sir,' will age a man by an indeterminate sentence of anywhere from one to five years. Then there is the mustache, which, if allowed to get out into the open, instead of being closely shaved, will show the serene and yellow, or rather gray. (This is not to be spelled 'grey,' but 'gray.')

Then, again, there are the wrinkles which add themselves one to another in the forehead, but there is one sure way of telling of advancing years, which beats all of the others, and it never fails. When a man is seated between another man and a pretty girl and another passenger enters the car, if the man moves in order to make room for the newcomer and moves towards the man in the seat, thus allowing the new arrival to come between him and the pretty girl, instead of moving closer to her himself, he is really, truly getting old. And nobody will notice his advancing age any more quickly than the pretty girl.

His Golden Text. A union Sunday school service was held in a St. Louis church a few months ago, and the superintendent had thought that in order to make the service more impressive it would be a good plan to have six-year-old Johnnie go to the rostrum and repeat the golden text of the morning. This Johnnie consented to do. The golden text was "I am the bread of life."

When it came time for Johnnie's part of the program he rose from his seat with calm assurance and walked boldly down the aisle to the rostrum. Once upon the rostrum, with the sea of faces confronting him, Johnnie's calm assurance suddenly disappeared. He looked entirely different from the platform. He hesitated, standing first on one foot and then on the other. Finally in a shaking voice he shouted: "I am—a loaf—of bread!"

Have You a Dream Pillow? The "dream" pillow may measure 15 by 10 inches and may be stuffed with eiderdown or hair as it is liked, hard or soft. Carry it when you travel. Take two plain linen covers with hemstitched hems. A third cover of heavy satin, with a monogram embroidered in blue, is useful for a steamer chair.

Easy to pack is an automatic air cushion that, when inflated, is 9 by 16 inches. It is of cloth, with a silken finish and fits into a flat leather case, measuring 5 by 11 inches. Extra linen covers can be made to fit this pillow if it is to be used at night.

Overdoing It. Woodrow Wilson, at a luncheon at Spring Lake, said of a boy athlete: "I am afraid he sets athletics too far above English, mathematics and history. His aunt said to him the other day: 'I'm delighted to hear of your success on the school baseball team, Harold; but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball.'"

"Yes, aunt, I know," said the boy, "but, hang it all, I'm afraid I'm too light for football or rowing."

The Male Boy. Governor Marshall of Indiana said the other day that he who demands special privileges of the government is a beggar. "Millionaire or not," said the governor to a reporter, afterward, "the man who holds out his hand for help begs. The fact is self-evident. It needs no proof. Even to state it seems superfluous—seems like the shout of young Benedict, who entered his club roaring: 'Hurrah! A young son! It's a boy!'"

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

WHEN THE "MINOR POETESS" CAME INTO HER OWN.

Though at First It Seemed Somewhat Surprising That Writer Really Was Only an Ordinary Woman Like the Rest.

The door latch rattled and Elinor Grahame, writer by profession, sometimes described as a "minor poetess," but just now a vision of flaming wrath, burst into the room where her sister was peacefully sewing. "Dora, does it stick out all over me?" she demanded. "What?" asked Dora, puzzled.

"The fact that I've published a slim volume of sonnets, and that two or three times a year my name appears in the magazines. I was out just now in the garden, weeding the lettuce bed, and that silly Elsie Farley came and leaned over the fence and asked if I didn't love communing with the flowers dressed in Mother Nature's own hue." and she looked down at her grimy green dress. "What did you say?" inquired Dora, placidly.

"I asked her for that recipe her mother promised me, and she said, reproachfully, 'O, Miss Grahame, I can't talk pickles with you!' and stalked off. In the city I walked un-molested; only three people ever asked me for my autograph, and here—"

"Here they can't help being a little proud of you because years ago you were a tiny girl in the district school," answered Dora. "I think it's dear of them."

"Well, then, why don't they treat me like a human being? Why must I always walk toward the sunset and commune with Chaos? Mrs. Elkins has invited me to the 'Ladies' Society.' I'm to speak a few well-chosen words concerning the 'Influence of Poetry on the Higher Life.' I think I'll advise her to read Edward Lear and cultivate humor. She said, 'Of course you won't have any sewing to bring, you're so literary.' I'm going to dress frivolously and take my most intricate embroidery."

That afternoon Miss Grahame sat in an inconspicuous corner, stitching assiduously and talking briskly to a demure little woman at her left. Both were enjoying themselves, and the air was charged with domesticity. Into this paradise walked Mrs. Elkins.

"Are you ready to inspire us, Miss Grahame?" she asked, pointing to a seat of honor at the end of the room. Next, looking at Elinor's "frivolous" gown, "What wonderful embroidery!" she exclaimed.

"I did it myself," answered Miss Grahame, a little shortly. "May I just catch these last threads, please, before I begin?"

The demure little woman was staring at her. "Are you the Miss Grahame?" she asked. "I thought you must be your sister. You're—why, you're just like the rest of us."

Elinor Grahame rose. "I am," she said, "and you're a dear, and the only one who has understood." She took the woman's hands warmly in hers then added, "You won't forget to send me that gingerbread recipe, will you?"—Youth's Companion.

Ichthyol a Kind of Asphalt. In a report on asphalt by the United States geological survey the following interesting remarks about ichthyol are found:

"A peculiar form of asphaltic material found in Austria finds application, after appropriate chemical treatment, as a medication under the name ichthyol (and used for erysipelas, eczema, etc.). It is not prepared in the United States. The raw material from which it is derived is a fossiliferous deposit which is found near Seefeld, in the Austrian Tyrol. The material mined at this place is carefully selected as to grade and is subjected to dry distillation. The distillate thus obtained is then sulphonated and subsequently neutralized with ammonia. The finished product resulting from this process is the commercial article known as ichthyol. The exact chemical composition of ichthyol has not been determined."

French Wedding Customs. There are many customs associated with the French wedding which American brides might copy. One concerns the duties of the maids of honor. An American who attended a fashionable wedding in the Madeleine, in Paris, recently was impressed with the following little ceremony:

The maids passed through the assembly of guests making a silent appeal for alms for the poor. At a wedding where no money has been spared and untold extravagance exhibited no one could begrudge the offering of silver expected to be dropped into the dainty "aumonières," or receptacle of filmy lace, ribbon and flowers, which when not in use, was hung on the arms in lieu of a bouquet.

Bad Books and Bad Children. "It is time that parents realize the immense importance of the reading habit upon the minds of their children. It is during childhood that lasting impressions are made. Childhood is the period of plasticity, the period of adjustment. 'Go with mean people, and you think life mean,' said Emerson. Read impure books, and books which give false views of life, and character is blackened. Many a boy has taken his first steps toward a criminal career from a bad book; many a girl has begun the downward way to ruin through the influence of corrupt literature."—Whurban Life Magazine.