

IN GOLDEN AGE OF YOUTH

"College Life" a Thing Always to Be Regarded With the Tenderest of Memories.

The phrase "college life" is an Americanism and it has no equivalent in any other language but English. It describes, to those whose use with understanding and sympathy, an experience out of which grows a deep sentiment made up of pleasure, friendship, affection, loyalty and pride.

AND MR. VANDERBILT PAID

"Get the Very Best." Was His Instruction—Sequel Became Only a Matter of Course.

This is how the late Cornelius Vanderbilt found himself giving to an institution the same costly carpet he had just selected for his palatial New York home.

Saint Johnland is a church community on Long Island, where differences of faith play little part in the admission of some 200 children and old people.

"Get the very best," said Mr. Vanderbilt, who had just finished his new house at 1 West Fifty-seventh street.

"I don't suppose you know," he volunteered, "that this is the identical carpet selected by Mr. Vanderbilt for his new house!"

Need Not Be Drudgery.

Young American women would do well to heed the words of a recent lecturer on household economics, who said that housework need not necessarily be drudgery.

Victim for Each Building.

The belief, illustrated in the ballad of "The Bridge of Arts," that a human victim is required to insure the stability of a bridge or building survives in Greece today, J. A. Lawson says.

Fire Without Flame.

An English engineer named Bode has invented a way to have fire without flame. His apparatus consists of a porous plate or mass of fire-resisting fragments, within which he mixes inflammable gas and air in the right proportions.

Birds Commit Suicide.

A very strange occurrence in national history has been seen in the flooded country of the Fen district in eastern England.

ALTERED IN THEIR MEANING

Phrases, Passing Through Generations, Become Distorted Before Generally Acknowledged.

Word building is as much a piece of carpentry as is house building. Only it takes longer. Sometimes a century more. And by that time the word's first meaning is usually changed.

For example, the old word for "neighbor" was "sib." One's good neighbor was known as one's "good sib." This became shortened to "godshib," and later to "gossip."

Take the word "farmer" too. The old word for "farmer" was "boor." (And "boor" later was used for describing farmer-like or rough persons.)

You've heard the proverb, "Little pitchers have big ears." Well, it doesn't refer to the utensil that holds water or goes to the corner side door.

PRETTY LANGUAGE OF LOVE

In Switzerland Flowers Are Made Use of by Those Who Seek Their Companions in Life.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages especially in the Bernese Oberland there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers.

Another method which exists in the Canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flowerpot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait—perhaps days—for a reply.

Secret of Happiness.

Most of us begin well. When we are quite young, we are full of faith. We believe in others, and we also believe in our own powers of overcoming faults and failings.

But later most of us get discouraged. We find that our friends are not so noble as we thought them, that it is much harder to root out our faults and failings than we imagined, and perhaps in time to take up the foolish, soul-destroying idea that so long as we are "no worse than other people" it is all right.

Let us try to keep the high ideals that we learned at our mother's knee, to still keep our faith in human nature, no matter how often we may be disappointed.

Blankets Grow on Trees.

Blankets grow on trees in Ecuador, and while the idea of an all wool, fresh from the forest, bed covering might give insomnia and a headache to the child of civilization who likes to snuggle comfortably under several layers of down and wool, the natives find it all right, as in fact it is.

When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket, he hunts up a demajagua tree and cuts from it a five or six foot section of the peculiarly soft, thick bark. This is dampened and beaten until the flexibility of the sheet is much increased.

The rough gray exterior is next peeled off and the sheet dried in the sun. The result is a blanket, soft, light and fairly warm, of an attractive cream color. It may be rolled into a compact bundle without hurt and with ordinary usage will last for several years.

Nero's Claim to Distinction.

Aubrey Beardsley, the famous artist, once outbore Oscar Wilde, who was the greatest wit and conversationalist that ever lived.

"Mr. Wilde," he said, "you have forgotten to mention Nero's greatest religious achievement."

"I must confess I do not know to what you are referring," admitted Wilde.

PROPER DEALING OF JUSTICE

Judge's Stern Rejoice of Would-Be Briber Accompanied With Appropriate Reduction of "Seck."

The justice of the peace was in a marked state of ignorance. He was approached by a man desiring a divorce, and he did not know what to do. Calling a friend to his side, he whispered:

"What's the law on this point?" "You can't do it," was the reply. "It's out of your jurisdiction."

The husband, observing the consultation, and feeling keenly his desire to escape from the matrimonial yoke, explained:

"I'm willin' to pay well; get the money right here in my sock." At this juncture the justice assumed his gravest judicial air. Obviously he was deeply pained. Never before in all his life had he been so howled down by grief.

"You know before you came here," he said sadly, "that it wasn't for me to separate husband and wife, and yet you not only take up the valuable time of this court by talking, but you actually propose to bribe me with money. Now, how much have you got in that sock?"

HAD IT PROPERLY NAMED

English Sailor May Have Forgotten Politeness, but He Had Appropriately Designated Dish.

A certain London clergyman who had been traveling in Greece found himself compelled to stay the night at a monastery at Mount Athos. The welcome was warm, but the food execrable, in particular the soup, which the guest could hardly force himself to swallow.

"English!" cried one of the monks, adding that an English sailor had been there not long before and recognized it.

"What did he call it?" asked the clergyman. The monk had to think for a moment before he could recollect the strange English name of that soup. Ah! he had it. It was "beesly muck!"

Mechanical Horse.

A real "mechanical horse" is being experimented with abroad. It is a "tractor" that is easily hitched to any horse-drawn vehicle, just as a team of horses may be, and combines all the advantages of the horse with those of the auto truck at an exceedingly low price.

The front wheel is used to steer by and it allows a turn being made at an angle of 85 degrees, thus giving remarkable turning ability in narrow streets. One of the greatest advantages of the "mechanical horse" is the fact that it may be kept constantly at work while unloading or loading is going on.

Cement Gun.

There is a cement gun which is used to apply a mortar covering to structural steel work. A mixture of dry sand and cement is shot from a nozzle by compressed air. A second hose delivers to the same nozzle a supply of water under pressure, and the mixture of sand, cement and water is shot out with a velocity of about 350 feet per second.

One of these guns has been used on the Panama canal in covering the sides of the Culebra cut with cement, to prevent the unstable earth from sliding into the canal.

Modern Medicine.

Our intuitions of a godhead, a beauty, a truth, transcending anything that earth can show, our persistent devotion to ideals that actual life always disappoints, our persistence of a perfection that refuses and eludes our practice—what can these things mean save that

"I am referring to his action of pouring oil on Christians and setting fire to them," said Beardsley. "Wasn't it Nero who lighted the first fire of Christianity that illuminated the world?"

FISH THAT FELL UPWARD

Brilliant Colors Have Been Noted at a Depth of Three Thousand Feet.

According to Sir John Murray, one of the greatest authorities on oceanography, the bottom of the sea is a desert of pitch black darkness, penetrating cold and eternal silence, says the London Evening Standard. Worms, sea puddings and coral polyps sluggishly crawl or sway in the almost currentless depths, and only two species of fish, both of them small, with much head and little body, have been found deeper than a mile and a quarter down.

The range of fishes in the sea is as though it were divided into layers, one above the other, and no fish can live above or below his layer. Thus many of the deeper fish—three-quarters of a mile below the surface—have been found feeding at the top; they had consumed a fish as large or larger than themselves and the bureaucracy had filled them out of the strata to which they were accustomed.

The physiology of a bottom fish is almost impossible to know, because they are built to resist a tremendous pressure of water, and when this pressure is released—as when they are brought to the surface in a net—sometimes the fish has burst; the organs are crushed beyond reconstruction.

Similarly if a fish of a higher strata ascends a bottom fish in the neutral zone where both can live, and—sometimes happens—his teeth become entangled so that he cannot let go and he is dragged into deeper water, he struggles frantically, for his breathing arrangements are of no use to him under the pressure of water in the lower strata of the sea. As a rule, however, the fish of the various depths rarely feed on those above or below them.

There have been brought to light an astonishing number of forms of fish, and especially of prawns of a brilliant red color. Living in the ocean at a depth of 1,000 feet. But, astonishing as it may seem, these brilliantly colored fish and prawns, instead of being conspicuous in the water at that depth, are almost invisible when almost any other color could be easily seen.

MAKE SOMETHING OF LIFE

Not Without Reason Should Any Pass Through the Joys and Tribulations of the World.

Thousands of men breathe more and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and some were hated by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and as they perished—their light went out in darkness and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy.

Childish sarcasm seldom is so intended. Utterly it is the result of the keen, clear judgment springing from instinctive and instantaneous realization of the truth. But sometimes it has a cutting ring.

"Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, for instance, are devoted home missionaries. Their children are well used to being told that highly desirable articles of food and clothing are not for them but 'for the Lord' or some ecclesiastical equivalent. This fact occasioned little Jessie's recent sharp speech.

"Oh, mother, those cookies smell good!" she cried, entering the kitchen in which her mother was busied. "Are they for the Young People's society or the Sunday school picnic?"

"Neither, dear," was the answer. "They are for you."

Jessie, who had forgotten all about her imminent birthday, was surprised and delighted.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed again, her eyes dancing, "are we really going to have some ourselves?"

It is so easy to love an ideal, and love it ardently. It has no obtrusive incarnation. It does not fret nor vex us; it doesn't sip its tea or coffee with a disagreeable noise; it never puts its knife into its mouth; its boots never creak when you have a headache; it never worries you with questions when you wish to be silent, and it never leaves you when solitude is irksome. It is beautiful, inaccessible, adorable forever; and we may love it till the heart grows sterile for earth, waiting to bloom in heaven.

Yet in my poor humble way of thinking there seems to be more merit in loving these poor human creatures whom we see about us every day than in loving the distant, inaccessible ideal that can neither be better nor worse for all the love which we can lavish on it.—From "Klirnie," by M. F.

Something to Higher Life.

The Hindus have a theory that after death animals live again in a different form; those that have done ill in a higher grade, those that have done ill in a lower grade. To realize this they find a powerful incentive to a virtuous life. But whether it be true of a future life or not, it is certainly true of our present existence. If we do our best for a day, the next morning we shall rise to a higher life; while if we give way to our passions and temptations we take with equal certainty a step downward toward a lower nature.—Lubbock.

NOISELESS HOUSE IS SOUGHT

America Expected to Lead the World in This as in So Many Other Things.

Antifreak shutters, rubber-soled shoes, soft rugs, cultivated modulation, suppression of all emotional excitement and restraint upon children in the house of a perpetual "hush" are some of the features of the noiseless home that is recommended by the new organization for the suppression of the excesses of American noise. It is recommended by this society that builders use the noiseless method of construction of houses so that muffled hammers shall install mufflers for noise features in all edifices. A soft, supple silence in every home is recommended for the relief of the nerve-wear and tension that the modern hurry-hurry conduct of houses is said to have upon those growing up in them. In addition to all other devices for the noiseless home has been recommended the antinoise appliances, in the form of a halter to strap around the morning organs of those thus afflicted, so that they will be prevented from their noisome pastime.

The noiseless home, says the Baltimore American, is said to be the coming necessity, and upon this is contingent the suppression of unnecessary noise on the streets. The time is coming—of course, it must come—when all the activities of life will be conducted as noiselessly as the use of a battery of noiseless rifles in war fare.

AWAY WITH CLASS HATRED

Distinction of Condition Should Be Forgotten if the Ideal Ever is to Be Attained.

Perhaps there is no feeling more subtle, more elusive, and more difficult to eradicate from human nature than the sense of "superiority."

In a hundred different ways it manifests itself, and no class of society seems free from it.

The professional man's wife "condescends" to the grocer's wife, the clerk's wife patronizes the mechanic's wife, the "charlady" looks down on the "starchy," and so it goes on.

Is it any matter for wonder, then, that those who clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, who fare sumptuously every day, who are surrounded by all the culture, all the beauty, and all the luxury which modern civilization can provide find it hard to believe that a common humanity binds them to people who dwell in hovels, whose hands are begrimed and knotted with barren years of soulless labor, whose backs are bent beneath the terrific burden imposed upon them from their cradles, and who dwell continuously in the company of the grim specters of disease and poverty?

The gulf certainly seems almost impassable, but it must be bridged before any advance can be made in the direction of the abolition of class war and class hatred.—Chicago Tribune.

Something New to Her.

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Snake's Fond of Music.

Science has recently been studying the question as to whether or not snakes have an appreciation of music. This applies particularly to the cobra, which responds to the piping of a gourd instrument played by the East India fakir with a rhythmic movement suggesting a dance. The conclusion seems to be that it answers to the musical notes much in the same way as a dog does—that is to say, through a special or nervous sympathy. When the whistles blow at noon in the Bronx zoo the wolves set up a great howling in concert. Whether or not they enjoy this sort of music is disputed, though probably they do, for some dogs undoubtedly take pleasure in harmonious strains and will run a block to sit in front of a hand organ and "sing," while other dogs unquestionably suffer from certain kinds of music, and express their pain in lugubrious howls.

Asked and Answered.

A languid swell was visiting a charming young society lady, and as they sat on either side of the fire his heart was full of a burning desire to say something not only complimentary, but brilliantly flattering.

So, after revolving the matter in his mind, he said: "Ah, Miss Lillie, why are those fire-tongs so like me?" He meant her to guess, or hint to tell her: "Because they glowed in her service," or were "prostrate at her feet," or something of that kind.

Miss Lillie, looking solemnly demure, said she didn't know, unless it was because they had two thin legs and a brass head. He was groping blindly for the front door before she had recovered from the shock of her own folly.

WITH WHISTLER AT WORK

Great Artist Had His Own Method of Producing Masterpieces Which the World Prizes.

The studio was surprisingly different from the room he previously used in Lindsay row, and entirely unlike the studios usually occupied by other artists. I remember a long, not very lofty room, very light, with windows along one side; his canvas beside his model at one end, and at the other, near the table which he used as a palette, an old Georgian looking glass, so arranged that he could see his canvas and model reflected in it. Those who use such a mirror (as he did constantly) will know that it is most merciless of critics. I marvelled then at his extraordinary activity, as he darted backward and forward to look at both painting and model from his point of view at the extreme end of the long studio. He always used brushes of large size, with very long handles, three feet in length, and held them from the end with his arms stretched to their full extent. Each touch was laid on with great firmness, and his physical strength enabled him to do without the assistance of a mahlstick, while the distance at which he stood from the canvas allowed him to have the whole of a large picture in sight and so judge the correct drawing of each touch.—Way's "Memories of Whistler."

NEW LIGHT ON OLD PROVERB

Showing That the Early Bird is Not Always the One That Gets the Most Worms.

Once there were two birds. One was an early bird, and the other was a lazy sort of bird which never got out much before eight o'clock in the morning.

The early bird caught a worm. The early proverb-maker happened to be there at the time, and made a note of it.

Now, this worm that had been caught by this early bird had a wife and ten children. When the worm left home that morning his ten children were just getting up and his wife was preparing breakfast.

No doubt this worm had gone out for his morning walk to work up an appetite for breakfast, but such are the uncertainties of life—he never returned. The family of worms waited until about eight o'clock, and then, highly alarmed, started out to look for Papa Worm.

At this time the bird that was a lazy sort of bird was just getting out to look for a bite of something to eat. He saw the family of worms—and had a fine breakfast.

Moral: It's not always the bird that gets into the proverb that gets the most worms.—Lippincott's.

Sponge as an Animal.

Nothing is less like a living creature than the common bath sponge, yet the fact remains that sponges do form a very important species of the animal kingdom, eating their food and living their lives much as any other animal would do.

The actual existence of a sponge commences with the separation from the parent of a tiny particle. This particle, whirling through space, eventually attaches itself to a piece of rock, and from that time it seeks its own livelihood.

At the very commencement, with some species of the sponge family, the baby sponges feed upon yolk cells, in which are stored food supplies. By-and-by, as the youngster develops, the currents in the water sweep into a kind of bag the minute particles of food required, and the same currents carry off undigested matter.

There are many varieties of sponges found at different levels of the ocean, some clinging to rocks, others to mud.

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