"A Dandy"

"It's a dandy," said the warehouseman, in conclusion. "You ought to take your wife and go see it."

"I think I see myself," said the packer. "It must be a jim dandy. No, sir, I guess I'll pass that up. I know better ways to put in an evening."

"I thought you liked to take in a good show," said the warehouseman. "It's the best I know of."

"Well, you're welcome to all of them kind," said the packer. "Yes, I like a good show, but that ain't what I call good. Think I want to see an old guy killed and the wrong feller doin' time for it an' his kid dyin' an' his wife starvin' out in the snow? Not much I don't."

"You must be a chump," said the warehouseman. "What's the difference as long as it all comes out in the end? In the last scene don't they throw the hooks into this guy Chauncey good and plenty? Didn't I tell you? This Jack Hardy breaks out o' the pen an' Chauncey trails him to the cottage where his wife's been stayin' ever since she was reskyerd from the river an' the woman she's stayin' with is Chauncey's wife what he deserted, an' she's got him dead to rights with the papers he thought was burned. So when the cops bust in the door to get Jack she springs the papers on 'em an' jest as Chauncey's climbin' out through the winder the loot pulls his gun an' gives him his. What's wrong with that?"

"It's all right if you like it, I guess," said the packer. "I don't see what you had to feel good about when the cop shot him. Anyway the kid died."

"She come to life again darned quick if she did," said the warehouseman. "My wife an' me seen her eatin' a lunch o' rye bread an' bologna an' beer when we went into the rest'rant after the show to get a bite."

"It's all right about that too," said the packer. "I didn't s'pose they telephoned to the undertaker as soon as the curtain went down, but you felt bad while the dyin' act was goin' on."

"Sure," said the warehouseman. "She done it as natural as life. The old woman wet her handkerchief till you could wring the water out of it, cryin'."

"You must have enjoyed it."

"I cert'nly did."

"That's the diffrunce between you an' me. I'd sooner see a bally or a couple o' good Dutch c'mejuns. I ain't huntin' trouble myself. I'd sooner give 30 cents to keep out of it than to see it. If I want a good time I'll take in a voddervil show an' see somethin' worth seein'. You take a good tumblin' act or sleight o' hand or bell ringers an' it gives you somethin' to think about an' don't give you the blues. I see a guy the other night played the clarinet with his nose."

"That's right. He played a toon on it. 'Stid o' putin' it to his mouth he held it up to his nose an' snorted down it. 'Harrigan' was what he played. An' there was an armless wonder that drawed pictures on a blackboard with colored chalk. He had Taft an' Bryan an' John D. an' Teddy an' a lot more. Swell!"

"You're nutty," said the warehouseman.

"Maybe I am," returned the packer. "I've been havin' a touch o' lumbago an' the landlord's threatenin' to put the furniture on the street if the rent ain't paid next week. I'm paying interest now on a loan o' $50 that I got from one o' these sharks an' that keeps me wigglin' that an' the doctor's bill."

"That's hard luck," said the warehouseman, sympathetically.

"It's hard enough for me," said the packer. "If the boss 'd raise my pay an' I could get them debts out o' the way maybe I'd go to see 'A Demon's Revenge' just to tone down my high spirits, but as it is I ain't interested in Jack or Chauncey or any of them. I've got troubles of my own."

"Well, I don't know as I blame you," said the warehouseman.—Chicago News.

The Sweetest Songster.

Over the breakfast Miss Dorothy, the enthusiastic ornithologist of the boarding house, discussed the merits of the nightingale, lark, thrush and so forth.

"And which, Mr. Hunker," exclaimed Miss Dorothy, "which of all the song-birds are you fondest of?"

"I prefer the hen, Miss Dorothy."

"But the hen isn't a song-bird at all!" objected Miss Dorothy.

"Well," replied Hunker, tapping another hard-boiled egg, "it's the only bird whose lay I care for!"

Undoubtedly.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pesimist."—Tit-Bits.

Uses of Adversity.

Prosperity is not without many fears and disasters; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant, when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

PROF. CHEVALIER'S MUSIC CURE

Temperamentally There Are Four Kinds of People, Says Boston Physicologist

THINGS SOON SEEN DIFFERENTLY

Treatment for "Hot and Dry" Nature Is to Pound Out Something Dreamy—Hypnotism Is an Aid—Tunes That Toss a Thrill.

Boston, Mass.—If your boy goes out into the street and insists on walloping another boy in the eye and mussing him up generally, take him (your boy) to Prof. Arthur Chevalier and let the professor give him the music cure. That will make Willie so good that you'll wonder if he's sick. Prof. Chevalier believes that music hath charms to make a boy behave.

"It is the temperament," said the professor in explaining his theory for the correction of bad boys and the alleviation of the neighborhood. "There are four kinds of people, boys and men alike," he continued. "There is the hot and dry kind, the cholerisch auf Duetsch; and there is the warm and flowing, the sanguinisch. The third sort is the cold and sluggish, the phlegmatisch. Then comes the cold and dry kind, the melancholisch. They may be soothed and taught and made to see things from a different angle.

"This is not a fad, this is serious. Music will help these boys. Music will make them softer. Music, the right kind of music, believe me, will change their natures and they will drop into the proper groove of life and go on and on as nature intended that they should go on. They are off the track.

"Lots of people are off the track. It is what you call in English (the professor speaks a fine quality of German) mixed up, you know, mixed up. Then there are kinds of music that would not do at all for some temperaments. Sit here. I will show you. I will convince you. You are a skeptic. I can tell it. Sit by me."

The reporter sat. Prof. Chevalier attacked the piano. He reeled off something calculated to suit a hot and dry temperament. It was soothing, all right. It was dreamy. It would make little Willie go right out and apologize to Fauntleroy Jones. And Prof. Chevalier can make a piano talk.

"That is it," exclaimed the professor rapturously as he concluded his treatment. "Don't you feel calm now?" The reporter felt very calm.

"Now will I give to you the treatment for the sanguinisch temperament," chortled the professor while the reporter braced himself for the onslaught. That was a good one. It was calculated to fit right in with a warm and flowing temperament.

The sort of tunes calculated to toss a thrill into the cold and sluggish variety followed and you had to wake up. For the melancholisch the professor tore off a bunch of real good ones three treatments. Mme. Constance Chevalier assists her husband sometimes in administering the cure. She is a brilliant pianiste.

"If the musical treatment will not entirely correct the incorrigibility of the boy or the girl," continued Prof. Chevalier, "it may become necessary to try hypnotic suggestion. That sometimes aids.

"I will now tell you of the forests and the trees and the moonlight on the piano."

He did. He led you out into the night and made you dance with the moonbeams. You soon began to understand why the moon is Luna.

"Is it not grand?" asked the professor. It was. The professor also dabbles a bit in "astrology, sympathy, phrenology, palmistry, occultism, hypnotism, magnetism, high class magic and music."

BOY FINDS REAL FATHER.

Adopted Fourteen Years Ago, Is Reunited to His Relatives.

Meriden, Conn.—After having lived for fourteen years with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Leard, under the supposition that he was their only child, Harry Leard" has discovered that he is the son of James H. Mackey, of this city, and a reunion between the boy, his brother, three sisters and his father has taken place.

The Leards had the boy in court on the charge that he had become incorrible since learning they were not his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Leard testified that they took the child when his mother died and had cared for him ever since.

For the Life Hereafter.

In brief, to be honest, to be fearless, to be just, joyous, kind. This will make our part in life's great and as yet not fully understood play, one of greatest glory, and we need then stand in fear of nothing—life nor death, for death is life. Or, rather, it is the quick transition of life in another form; the putting off of the old coat and the putting on the new; a passing not from light to darkness, but from light to light as we have lived here; a taking up of life in another form where we leave it off here; a change not to be dreaded, but to be welcomed with a glad smile when it comes in its own good way and time.—From Ralph Waldo Trine's book, "On the Open Road."

MICE OF VARIEGATED COLORS

Interesting Experiments at Bronx Zoo, Which Have Produced Mice of Many Colors

LATEST ADDITION INTERESTING

Royal Purple in Color and Is the Only One of the Kind in This Country—Scientist's Ambition Is to Breed Tortoise shell Specimen.

New York City.—The color scheme of several families of mice has become altered in a remarkable manner by a series of experiments that are being conducted by Raymond L. Ditmars, curator at the Bronx Park Zoo, and several of his Japanese friends. By these experiments, in which the Darwinian theory of evolution has had a severe test, Mr. Ditmars and his friends say they have produced mice of variegated colors: yellow mice, purple mice, white mice, slate colored mice and mice that are partly purple and partly golden in color.

In fact the mice that have figured in the experiments of Mr. Ditmars and his friends look as though they might have been dyed like Easter eggs, but no artificial coloring has been used in the [illegible] of the color scheme in these [illegible]. They say "breeding and inbreeding has done it all."

The experiments began several years ago in Japan. The mice used were similar in some respects to the common house mice. The Japanese mice are a trifle larger, are just as prolific and quite as troublesome as their American cousins. But in some the Japanese [illegible]. Some of them are yellow, some gray and some white, while the American [illegible] are uniformly gray except in the cases of albinos.

The three colors of Japanese mice all belong to the same species. Zoologists say. Just why they differ in color is not clear, but one theory advanced is that generations of existence amid surroundings of white, yellow or gray as the case may be, has been responsible for the different coloring of the mice.

At any rate taking these mice of three colors, yellow, gray and white, the Japanese are interbred them and produced offspring in colors rivaling the coat of many colors.

These experiments in the recoloring of mice had been going on for several months when Mr. Ditmars became interested. The Japanese experimenters were friends of his. He joined forces with them and the experiments were continued in a room in the reptile house at the Zoo. This has been going on now for several months and at the homes of Japanese in this city. Some of the mice bred there have been sent to various parts of the country and placed in collections both private and public. A few of the highly colored mice have been sent to Japan.

While these experiments have been progressing at the Zoo Mr. Ditmars's friends in Japan also have been experimenting. One of the latest results of their investigations arrived at the Zoo a few days ago. It was a purple mouse, the first of that color ever seen here. Mr. Ditmars has produced some mice which are slate color and a number whose color seems to border on a light sky blue, but no purple ones had he ever seen until the one arrived from Japan.

The little animal is royal purple in color all except its feet which are yellowish," said Mr. Ditmars. "It is the most highly colored specimen I have ever seen. What we are all striving for in these experiments of breeding the mice of different colors is a tortoise shell mouse. Tortoise shell guinea pigs have been produced by interbreeding different colors, but as yet no such mice have ever been seen. It is not at all impossible that such a mouse can be produced, however. When it is the man who gets it will have a valuable animal.

"This purple mouse that has just come over from Japan I shall keep until I can get a pure yellow mouse of the oposite sex. I will then breed the two and see what the result will be. I have carefully examined the purple mouse to see if by any chance it has been dyed. I have found no trace of dye and am sure that no joke has been played on me by my Japanese friends."

WON $1, BUT LOST HIS LIFE.

Negro Eats Drinking Glass to Buy Ring for His "Best Girl."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Samuel Van Dorn, the eighteen-year-old son of Abraham Van Dorn, a negro, living on Rockaway Road, Jamaica, died recently from peritonitis. The last thing he said was:

"Dad, I bet 'Jim' Smith a month ago that I could eat a drinking glass. He bet a dollar that I couldn't. I won my bet, and my dollar's spent, so what do I care if I do die."

Van Dorn bought a ring for "best girl" with the dollar.

One Sausage Casing 73 Feet Long.

Carey, Ohio.—Truman C. Keller, farmer near this village, when butchering his hogs, made a sausage from single casing that is seventy-three feet and nine inches long. It was taken from a hog that weighed 3[illegible] pounds.

SECRET SERVICE SECRETIVENESS

No One Ever Heard of a Detective Being Killed.

"Funny thing, but can you remember ever having heard or read of a Secret Service operator having been murdered?" It was an old New York detective speaking. "Of course you haven't, and yet they are in a line of work in which men are killed now and then, in spite of the fine way in which all the Secret Service men stand by each other. The fact is that the Secret Service keeps the murder of one of its agents just as secret as some important matter of State it has discovered. The Secret Service man when he joins knows that if he dies in the discharge of his duty he simply disappears and becomes as one who never lived. His relatives never know.

They are told he has gone on some far distant mission, in which he finally disappears and they begin to receive his pension. Yet while the murderer of a Secret Service man is never arrested or punished for the crime never even accused he is punished just the same.

I remember the case of a Secret Service man who was stabbed to death after midnight by an infuriated Italian counterfeiter in Mulberry street not half a mile from Police Headquarters. A Secret Service man drove up swiftly in a cab intended for the captured counterfeiter. The dying man was put in before he had left much blood on the pavement to tell of the murder. He died next day. No one ever heard of it nor of any punishment for this murderer. But the counterfeiter was shortly after brought up for counterfeiting and got a sentence long enough to keep him in State prison for the rest of his life.

The White Death

One of the most curious of the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountains is the mysterious storm known to the Indians as "the white death."

Not many years ago a party of three women and two men were crossing a part of Colorado in a wagon during the month of February. It was a delightful morning, very frosty, but with brilliant sunshine and the atmosphere as clear as crystal.

Suddenly one of the women put her hand to her face and said that she had been stung, then other members of the party did the same thing, but no insect could possibly live in that temperature.

A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist, a most unusual thing for that time of year. They drove on and in a few minutes a gentle wind began to blow and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond dust in the sunshine.

Still they drove on until they came to a cabin, where a man signalled them to stop. With his head all muffled up he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written:

"Come into the house quickly or the storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here."

No time was lost in getting inside and putting the horses under cover, but in less than an hour the whole party was seized with violent coughs and fever, and before the next morning one of the women had died with all the symptoms of pneumonia. The others managed to pull through after long illnesses.

Scientists call this phenomena frozen fog, but whence it comes has not at present been traced.

They Worked on Benches.

The dignified dame was not really English but she had mastered the dialect to some extent.

"My nevvew Erbert," she said, "wants to marry a school teacher! Fawncy! A person who works for a living! To be sure, now that I think of it, that is not always a disgrace. You, my dear, write for the press now and then, I am told, but you don't 'ave to you know. That is different."

"Yes," replied the young person to whom she was speaking, "but I may be said to have inherited a tendency to work. My father and grandfather both worked for a living, and they were not allowed even the luxury of a chair to sit on. They worked on benches."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the dignified dame, greatly shocked. "What did they—ah—work at?"

"Well, my father was a judge of the superior court, and my grandfather was one of the justices of the United States supreme court."

Directions for Amateurs.

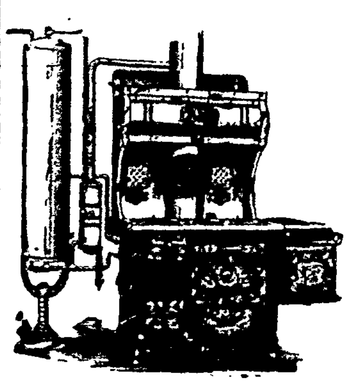
A writer in the Munich Jugend has published five signs which should be helpful to all who have to criticise pictures.

1. If the artist paints the sky gray and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school.
2. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist.
3. If he paints the sky green, and the grass blue, he is an impressionist.
4. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist.
5. If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.

Japan's Railroad Extensions.

The Japanese government intends to spend $75,000,000 during the next five years on railway construction and equipment. Among other items, appropriations are made for doubling 880 miles of track, and for constructing 900 locomotives, 1,000 passenger cars, and 19,000 freight cars.

THE RED CROSS



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