

THE SOFT ANSWER.

General Scott's Retort to His Whist Partners' Apology.

After his retirement General Scott passed the summer of 1932 at Cuzco, a hotel, West Point, where every evening a party of gentlemen adjourned to the general's sitting room for their game. Being a good player, the host was usually victorious, but if he and his partner were ever beaten Scott's re was made manifest.

One night it happened that the usual party was missing. What was to be done? The general must have his whist. There happened to be staying at the hotel a judge, who was asked to do the favor of taking the fourth hand. With some protest on his part he agreed to do it. By cutting for partners the general and the judge played together and were beaten—horribly beaten.

Knowing how it irritated the general to lose the game, the judge as he rose from the table said in his most dignified and courtly way: "I formerly played a fairly good game of whist, but have been out of practice so long that I am somewhat rusty. I hope that fact may be taken as an excuse for my mistakes."

Whereupon the general arose with equal dignity and retorted, "I am glad to learn that I have been playing with latent talent and not with a natural born fool!"

MISSED THE MARK.

It Was Not the Minister's Fault That His Shaft Went Astray.

Mr. McDougall was a Scotsman, and of him a good story is told. He was a large, pompous man, intolerably self-conceited and arrogant—in fact, his conduct toward his neighbors was so offensive that the good people successfully requested their minister to preach a sermon directed at their vain neighbor.

The day came. The little kirk was packed, though a few tender-hearted souls stayed at home, not wishing to witness their neighbor's humiliation. The sermon began, and Mr. McDougall disposed himself to listen. The man's infirmity was sketched with bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation grew more scathing his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the service he swung down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"Well, what did you think of the sermon?" the latter ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir," was the answer, "but personal. The minister aimed his shots too directly. Poor MacFarquhar! I felt sorry for him, but the man's conceit is enormous, sir!"

A Sheer Waste of Money.

"When I played politics and little else," observed "Indian Jim" Finlay, "I was delegated to raise a subscription to buy a solid brass chandelier for a well known politician who first saw the light of day in the Emerald Isle. It was to be a present to him to be installed in the parlor of a new home he was about to move into. Among those I tackled for a contribution was an Irishman who had been born in the same town and came across the pond about the same time as the politician. I told him what was to be bought with the money, and as he put his name down for a dollar, he burst out:

"I was born and brought up with Shank, and it is like throwing money in the river buying the likes of him a chandelier, as the devil of a note can be play on it."—Kansas City Journal.

Boston's Spinning School.

Comparatively few people know that there was once a "spinning school" at Boston common. Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston" records that upon the arrival in Boston of some Irish spinners and weavers a spinning craze took possession of the town, and the women, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, flocked into the spinning school, which for want of better quarters was set up in the common, in the open air. Here the whirl of their wheels was heard from morning to night. Thirty-five years later the Society for Encouraging Industry and Employing the Poor again used the common as a spinning school, about 500 young women appearing there, seated at their wheels, as a sort of example and advertisement.

A Curious Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wade of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to spend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St. Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a saucer with three dice upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

A Worse Stage.

Mrs. Crawford—Now that the honey-moon is over I suppose you find your husband has grown economical with his kisses? Mrs. Crabshaw—He has reached a worse stage than that, my dear. He has grown economical with his money.—Illustrated Bits.

Solitude and the Crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—Colton.

Legend of the "Mouth of Truth."

In front of the old basilica of Santa Maria in Comedini, at Rome, there is an enormous block of marble, resembling a huge face with a widely gaping mouth. It is called the Bocca della Verita, or "mouth of truth," and in the days of ancient Rome the legend ran that if any one who had told a lie placed his or her hand within that yawning cavity the jaw would descend and cut it off. The Bocca della Verita is a large round stone of white marble about five yards in circumference. It is pierced with two holes representing eyes, an opening for a mouth, a slightly raised nose, and two locks of hair are carved on each side of the forehead. The stone is of great antiquity, and, according to some, it was laid on the altar of Jove, and those suspected of perjury were led to it and obliged to confess by touch the same threats as are used to children now. It is most likely, however, that the stone served as a sluice to some ancient sewer, for others like it, used for this purpose by the Romans, have been found.—Wide World Magazine.

Kindness to Animals.

Far out on the very edge of town is a little schoolhouse, the first and second grades of which are commanded by a pretty little normal school graduate. Her pupils are all sons and daughters of the warmer sort of impulsive foreigners and have all reached a state of adoration for their teacher and vie with each other in ways to please her. One day she had dwelt especially upon loving and caring for dumb animals. The next day little Pietro remained in his seat when his schoolmates dropped out to play. Teacher was busy at her desk and did not notice him until she felt a little fist tugging at her sleeve.

"Why, Pietro," she exclaimed, "what is the trouble?"

"Nothin', teacher. I just wanted to tell you how I was good to dumb animals yesterday," he promptly replied.

"Why, isn't that nice? Pietro, just what did you do?"

Pietro drew himself up to his full three feet and proudly asserted: "I kissed the cat!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Inertia of Bodies.

Lay a visiting card on the tip of the left forefinger and on it place a penny. A quick flick of the card with the right second finger will remove the card without disturbing the coin. Another trick which illustrates the inertia of bodies is to knock away the bottom of a pile of draftmen without upsetting the pile. This is effected quite easily with the help of a fat ruler. The remaining draftmen are removed successively by a number of smart blows.

A more spectacular and apparently risky trick consists of drawing a newspaper away from under a glass filled with water. Provided, however, that the table is smooth and the paper be pulled away smartly and horizontally there is no danger of the water being spilled: A certain well known conjurer is able to remove the tablecloth from under knives, glasses, plates, etc., as laid for a meal without disarranging them or doing any damage.

Proof of a Conspiracy.

The following story is told in explanation of the reason why the teaching of chemistry in Turkish schools was forbidden some years ago. It had been proposed that this science should be added to the curriculum, but the first thing that struck the eyes of the ruler of the faithful on opening an elementary textbook of chemistry was the formula for water, H2O. "Here," said the sultan, "is proof of a conspiracy to undermine my authority in the eyes of my subjects. H two O! That's nothing but a sly way of intimating that Hamid II. is a naught."

For Charity.

A millionaire who was looking over his wife's cash account the other day, said:

"I notice here, my dear, an item of \$500 for charity. That's rather steep. What is it for?"

The lady flushed as she replied: "It's for my new gown embroidered with autumn leaves and fruit that I'm going to wear at the charity ball next week, and I think it's very mean of you to mention it, so I do."

The Voting System.

"And how do you vote at your club meetings, Jane?"

"Oh, I always vote as Mrs. De Passay votes."

"And how does she vote?"

"Why, she's troubled with a lisp, and so she always votes no."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Properly Humbled.

Ajax had just concluded his great stunt of defying the lightning. "Fuh!" snorted the married man. "That's nothing. I have just defied my mother-in-law." Whereupon Ajax felt like the proverbial pinhead.—Philadelphia Record.

Fairy Tales.

Maud—In that book you just finished did they marry and live happily ever afterward? Marjorie—Gracious, no! I don't read fairy stories any more.—New York Times.

Heredity.

Howell—Do you believe in heredity? Powell—I should say I did! I married the daughter of a judge, and she is always laying down the law to me.—Judge.

The Mean Thing.

Stella—Jack was on his bended knees to me last night. Bella—Well, poor fellow, he can't help being bow-legged.—New York Sun.

Making a Magnet.

The simplest way of magnetizing a bar of steel is that known as "single touch." The bar to be magnetized is laid on the table and the pole of a powerful magnet is rubbed from ten to twenty times along its length, always in the same direction. If the north pole of the magnet is employed the end of the bar first touched will also become a north pole, while the opposite end, at which the magnet is lifted before returning, will be a south pole.

There are other and more complicated methods, known as "divided touch" and "double touch" in which two and even four magnets are employed.

A steel bar can also be magnetized by placing it within a coil of insulated wire, through which a galvanic current is circulating. The magnetism induced in this way, however, is weak compared with that which can be procured if the same strength of current is employed through the intervention of an electro-magnet.

Disraeli Pleased Carlyle.

Carlyle's opinion of Herbert Spencer as "the most unending ass in Christendom" must, of course, be read in conjunction with Carlyle's derision for mankind in general. "Mostly fools," he cheerfully thought of us all. Disraeli, we know, he would not have at any price—not a word of him. Ruskin was a bottle of soda water. "A bad young man" was his sum-up of another eminent writer. But these hostile phrases were subject to considerable modification if the man against whom they were aimed came near enough to Carlyle to do him a personal favor. Even to pay him a personal compliment. Disraeli, whom he had described as a mountebank dancing upon John Bull's stomach, offered Carlyle a baronetcy and elicited from him, together with a refusal of the title, many tributes to his magnanimity. He said, very little about Disraeli, henceforth in print, and in private he spoke of him only as "a very tragical comical fellow."

The World's Largest Flying Bird.

Among the most notable birds in the London zoo is what is generally regarded as the largest flying bird in the world. It is known as the lammergeyer (lamb vulture or bearded vulture). This giant bird is from India and is the largest of all eagles or vultures. Its wings measure over four feet full grown. The lammergeyer is found in mid Europe, Asia and north Africa. It is said to live mainly on carrion, but it is not averse to creating chaos or gout over a precipice with a blow from its tremendous wing, afterward flying down to the body to obtain a meal. Even mountaineers have been reported as having fallen victims to this method of assault.—London Mail.

A Dignified Duchess.

When Marshal Lefebvre was made Duke of Dantzig the new duchess, who was the original of Sardou's Mme. Sans-Gene, went to the Tuilleries to thank the Empress Josephine. Unaccustomed to call her by her new title, the usher entered to take the orders of the chamberlain in waiting. He returned and addressed her, "Mme la Marchese may enter." The lady looked askance at him, but entered the salon, and the empress, rising, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with engaging graciousness, "How is the Duchess of Dantzig?" La Marchese instead of answering winked intelligently, and then, turning toward the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door, "Hey, my boy," said she, "what do you think of that?"

A Misunderstanding.

A young lady who wished to purchase a bicycle entered a shop and, according to the Christian Register, began looking at the different wheels and asking questions about their price and quality.

Young Lady—What is the name of this wheel?

The Clerk—That's a Belvidere.

Young Lady (after a stony glare at the clerk)—Can you recommend the Belva?

Blue Blood.

Two queens of England had a "barmaid" for grandmother. The story runs thus: A Westminster barmaid married her master, a publican. After his death she found a second husband in Mr. Hyde, a lawyer, who in later years became lord chancellor and Earl of Clarendon. A daughter of this union married the Duke of York and was the mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.—London Tit-Bits.

Our Lumbering Language.

"By Jove," said Dubbs, "what's the matter with Tommy Rocks? He looked to me as if he were just going away."

"Think so?" said Wiggles. "Why, I saw him last night, and he didn't look very spruce to me."—Judge.

Amorced.

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning he read on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupil expected there would be a cyclone, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" and opened the school as usual.

Afraid of Him?

"You are not afraid of me, are you?" yelled the lawyer at the witness who had been scared speechless by his cross examination.

"No, no," muttered the witness, and the lawyer had saved the point in the record.—Green Bag.

The greatest of faults, I should say,

is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

TESTED HER TEMPER.

And She Took Her Medicine With Thanks and a Laugh.

"What was the coolest act of self-possession you ever witnessed?" a friend asked of a noted animal trainer.

"Well, I guess you're looking for yarns about lions and tigers," replied he. "I've seen all the best tricks and some mighty quick stunts that weren't in the regular program, but I saw something that hit me harder than any of these. It was at dinner at a palatial hotel in Palm Beach. Opposite me sat a young lady with her dowager mamma and a swell that I took to be the fiance. The girl was beautiful, dressed like a princess and a lot more human looking than her two companions. By some blunder a very awkward waiter served her, and in one of his flourishes he managed to pour the contents of a full finger bowl squarely on the girl's head. The water trickled over the elaborate coiffure, reached her face and dripped on her bare arms and neck. Mamma positively shrieked; my lord fiance began to bluster, but that thoroughbred American beauty glanced at the waiter's crimson face and gave a clear, sweet laugh.

"I'm so thankful it wasn't coffee or soup," she said, and not another word. "That was the coolest act of self-possession I ever saw."—New York Press.

THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

It May Justly Be Called One of the Miracles of Nature.

The trunk of the elephant may justly be considered as one of the miracles of nature, being at once the organ of respiration, as well as the instrument by which the animal supplies itself with food. Nearly eight feet in length, endowed with exquisite sensibility and stout in proportion to the massive size of the animal, this organ will pierce trees or gather grass—raise a piece of artillery or take up a nut, kill a man or brush off a fly.

It conveys the food to the mouth and pumps up enormous draughts of water, which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks. A glance at the head of an elephant will show the thickness and strength of the trunk at its insertion, and the massy sub-bones of the face and thick, muscular neck are admirably adapted for supporting and working this powerful and wonderful instrument.

An Unruffled Statesman.

In the early days, when the people sent their wisest men to make the public law, a man of peculiar traits, but of sterling worth, was sent to the Massachusetts legislature from the town of Douglas. He wore an old-fashioned farmer's frock, which was saddy out of place in the legislative hall, where some of the fastidious statesmen from Boston and other cities vied with each other in the correctness of their attire.

Soon after the arrival of the Douglas man one of the Boston representatives, seeking an opportunity to have fun at his expense, called out to him, "Have they no smarter men than you to send to the legislature from your district?"

The man from Douglas smiled innocently as he replied, "There's a heap of smarter men up my way, but the mischief of it is they hadn't got no clothes good enough to wear down here!"—Boston Herald.

Geometry.

Geometry, so called from its original application to measuring the earth, is generally believed to have had its origin among the Egyptians. It probably sprang from the surveyor's art. The annual inundation of the Nile carried away all landmarks and boundaries, and some scientific means of settling the disputes incidental thereto had to be devised; hence surveying, the undoubted fountainhead of geometry. Geometry is said to have been introduced into Greece by the philosopher Thales about the year 600 B. C. The science was cultivated by Pythagoras through whom it was made popular in Greece from which country it spread over the then known world.—New York American.

Irving Would Have to Hustle.

When Henry Irving was making one of his last tours of the country he found himself with an open date in Michigan. His manager wired the manager of a small opera house in a nearby place, asking if he could use Irving on the night in question. The following message came back:

"What does Irving do?"

The manager used up much expensive space on the wire explaining the leading points about Irving and for his pains received the following reply: "Cannot use Irving in this town unless Irving can parade!"—Judge.

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PHONE 271

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TALE OF A ROYAL RELIC.

Window Panes Upon Which Henry of Navarre Had Not Written.

Mrs. Andrew Lang, writing in Blackwood's, tells of a Frenchman in whose chateau was a window on which Henry IV. had once scratched the inscription: "Dieu garde de mal ma mie, le 22 de Septembre, 1588—Henry." The inscription when M. Eudel first saw it was in two lines of big, clumsy letters. Two years later, being again in the neighborhood, he revisited the chateau, when he was astonished to find that the inscription was now in three lines, with the letters much more neatly uniform. After some effort he got hold of the secret. For forty years the inscription on the window had been the guide's pride and pleasure till, in one fatal moment of inattention on his part, an Englishman had cut the pane of glass out of its setting and walked away with it in his pocket.

The poor guide hurried to tell his master what had befallen him. The owner of the chateau assured him that the accident was of no consequence and could soon be put right. And so it was! A piece of glass of the same tone as the other panes was procured and fastened tightly in its place. The guide received orders to turn his back so as to allow visitors to read the inscription—or, if they wished to steal it.

But it was necessary for the man to perceive in the nick of time what was going on and only consent to shut his eyes on the receipt of a handsome tip (the amount fixed beforehand) the two thirds of which was to go to his master.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Strenuous Career of William Walker, the Noted Filibuster.

William Walker, the noted filibuster and soldier of fortune, was born in Nashville, Tenn., on May 8, 1824. For a time he was an editor in New Orleans and in 1846 went to California. In the summer of 1846 he organized an expedition for the conquest of the Mexican state of Sonora. He captured several small towns, but his provisions and ammunition running short, he crossed the border into the United States and surrendered to the government officials. He was tried at San Francisco for violating the neutrality laws, but was acquitted.

Walker's next venture was an invasion of Nicaragua where he was for a time successful and had himself proclaimed president. Later he was driven from the country. Late in 1858 he started with a force of adventurers for Honduras, but a shipwreck caused a suspension of the expedition.

In June, 1860, he made a second attempt and captured the town of Truxillo, but was compelled to flee and subsequently surrendered to the captain of the British sloop of war *Leopard*, by whom he was handed over to the Honduran government. He was condemned by court martial and on Sept. 12, 1860, was shot to death at Truxillo.

First Recorded Yacht Race.

A race across the Atlantic ocean would have seemed a wild romance to King Charles II. when he took a leading part in the first recorded yacht race. "I called this morning," says Evelyn on Oct. 1, 1661, "with his majesty in one of his yachts, or pleasure boats, vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India company presented that curious piece to the king being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The king lost; going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his majesty sometimes steering himself."

Old Parr's Possible Age.

One of the last services Dean Stanley did for Westminster abbey was to cause the almost effaced inscription over the celebrated old Parr's grave to be recut. It is as follows: "Tho: Parr of ye County of Salop. Borne in AD 1483. He lived in ye reigns of Ten Princes viz., K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Ma., Q. Eliz., Ka. Ja., & K. Charles. Aged 152 years, and was Buried Here Novemb. 15, 1635."

The "old Countess of Desmond," who is said to have died at the age of 140, is mentioned by Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher and Sir William Temple. The

first assures us that "she did denture (refresh her teeth) twice or thrice, casting her old teeth and others coming in their place."—London Graphic.

The Way Spaniards Smoke. The Spaniards are the most expert smokers of the world. A native takes a heavy pipe at his cigarette, inhales the smoke, takes up a wine skin or bottle, pours half a pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth without spilling a drop, and then, with a sign of satisfaction, closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner and then blow out the smoke.

A Serious Moment.

"Tex," said the married man meditatively, "when you see a woman hanging out a line of clothes and the line slips and into the blessed lot down in the mud, that my boy is the psychological moment in which to leave that woman alone."

So it Was.

Magistrate John wife says you grabbed her by the throat. Tonic Prisoner (hiding the dot) was choost a beddy-bake. Philadelphia Record.

Unimpressed.

"Mabel," he said enthusiastically upon his return from the lodge, "congratulate me. I am now a grand exalted Poob Bah of the first rank."

"So," said Mabel indifferently. "I am a high and mighty duke of the grand duchy?"

"I have been elected to the degree of most excellent chancellor of the king's sacred circle."

"I am a grand earl of the early risers. I am lord of the inner chamber of sovereigns and as such entitled to all the perquisites and privileges belonging to such a lofty station, and what is more, I am a supreme king of the favored few."

"All right, king. Now go out in the back yard and beat the dust out of the rugs on the line. By the time you get through with that you'll probably be down on earth again," said she coldly. —Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Have It With Him.

Teacher (disgustedly): My boy, my boy! Where is your intuition? Boy—I ain't got any. I'm only here a few days, and I didn't know what I had to git.—Louisville Times.

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