Beethoven and "Adelaide."

Beethoven in his maturity would have been glad if he could have destroyed some of his early works, among them the septet and the song "Adelaide," the great popularity of both of which annoyed him because he had written so much better things for which he would have preferred that popularity. It now seems that he was not pleased with "Adelaide" at the time when he composed it. Richard Batka has found an anecdote indicating that this was the case in the memoirs of Beethoven's friend Pixis, who died in 1874. A man named Barth, who had a beautiful tenor voice, one morning called on Beethoven. He found him in a bad humor, on the point, the moment the visitor entered of tearing up a manuscript. Barth asked him what was the matter, and Beethoven answered. "Oh, I wanted to write a song, and I succeeded in finishing it, but now I don't like it and want to destroy it." "Let me look at it," exclaimed the tenor. He sat down at the piano and sang it at sight so effectively that the composer's face beamed with joy. A fortnight later this song—it was "Adelaide"—was being sung all over Vienna.

Banting on Banting

William Banting, who has given his name to a verb, held that fat people who want to grow thin should eat five meals a day. In his "Letter on Corpulence," which ran into ten editions and was translated into French and German, Banting states that "low living brings the system into an impoverished state without decreasing corpulence. I have discovered that quality in food is the chief desideratum and that the question of quantity is mere moonshine. I take the most agreeable and savory viands, meat and game pies that my cook can concoct, with the best possible gravies, jellies, etc., and drink sherry, claret, brandy, gin and whisky. I endeavor, however, to abstain as much as possible from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer and potatoes." On this regime Banting brought down his weight forty-six pounds in twelve months.—London Chronicle.

No Gentlemen Crooks.

Dr. Bertillon, the French expert on criminal mensuration, has discredited one of the pet ideas of the novelists and playwrights. The gentleman criminal, he says, does not exist in real life. Arsene Lupin and Raffles are inventions and nothing more. No matter how expensively they may dress or live there is always something which betrays the professional crooks to the trained observer. Crooks, he says, are mostly specialists. And not only do they find it impossible to pass as gentlemen, but gentlemen for the most part would find it exceedingly difficult to make a living as crooks. So it seems that even if a gentleman has all the will in the world to be a crook, or a crook to be a gentleman, early training will prove stronger than desire and the two things cannot be made to mix.—New York Sun.

Where He Drew the Line.

The Duc de Raguse once explained to the Countess de Boigne the nature of his connection with the emperor in a phrase which is more or less applicable to whole nations. He said: "When the emperor said, 'All for France,' I served with enthusiasm, when he said, 'France and I,' I served with zeal, when he said, 'I and France,' I served with obedience, but when he said, 'I,' without France, I felt the necessity of separating from him."—Argonaut.

Squelched.

He was trying to make an impression on a pretty nursemaid who had a little boy out in the park.

"I wish you were my governess," he simpered.

"So do I," said the girl.

"What would you do?"

"I'd take those cigarettes away from you and get your hair cut."

Then he passed on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cheering Her Up.

Molly—I was so put out and cross at the party last night! Kate Green had on a dress exactly like mine. Polly—Yes, but how it must have disgusted her to see you with a dress like hers! That ought to make you happy, I should think.

Rapt in His Art.

Musician—I tell you, ladies, we artists cannot succeed unless we give up our very souls to our art. Why, last week I was so rapt in a composition which I was playing that a thief stole the violin from under my chin and I never noticed it.

Where Divorce Was Futile.

"In ancient Greece when a man was divorced the law provided that he must not marry a woman who was younger than his first wife."

"Did they ever have a divorce case in ancient Greece?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Fashioned.

"How old fashioned they are!"

"So?"

"Yes, they still keep their fathers' and mothers' pictures hanging in the living room."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Big a Meal.

Tramp—Madam, could you spare a poor man something to eat? Mrs. Stingy—I will call my husband. Tramp—No, thanks, madam, I am no cannibal.

Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.—Colton.

Paid by Police.

The German police have a consuming curiosity about the visitor. They are polite, but the curiosity must be satisfied and it covers well-nigh every point upon which information can be given, says Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick in "Home Life in Germany."

Before you have been in Germany a fortnight the police expect to know all about you. You have to give them your father's Christian and surname and tell them how he earned his living and where he was born, also your mother's Christian and maiden name and where she was born. You must declare your religion, and if you are married give your husband's Christian and surname, also where he was born and what he does for a living. If you happen to do anything yourself, though, you need not mention it. They do not expect a woman to be anything further than married or single. But you must say when and where you were last in Germany and how often you have been and why you have come now, and what you are doing and how long you propose to stay.

Emergency Gas Pliers

If at any time you need a pair of gas pliers, perhaps to take off a gas tip that is not working well, and you have none at hand you can always make a pair that will do the work for the moment, although they might not be just the thing for a gas fitter. Take a large pair of scissors, and you will find that where the handles join the blades they usually open out into a sort of oval. By putting a piece of sandpaper or anything rough round the base of the gas burner you can place this open part of the handle of the scissors round it and then press the blades of the scissors together so as to get leverage enough to twist the burner loose. There are many little light jobs that can be done with a pair of pliers made out of a pair of scissors if you are careful to have something between the handle and the object so as to prevent the scissors from slipping off.—New York Sun.

The Baby and the Junk Scales.

When a son was born to the head of a certain family in an Ohio town the proud father rushed out of the house to borrow a pair of scales. Just as he dashed out of the gateway he ran into a junk dealer, who was calling out at the top of his lungs:

"Any rags, any bottles, any—"

"Look here!" exclaimed the excited parent. "Come into the house! I want you to weigh something for me."

The man did as requested. The pink mite was tied up in a towel and hooked on to the scales.

"Six pounds!" cried the nurse.

"Six pounds!" repeated the disappointed father.

The junkman smiled. "Don't let that worry you, my friend," said he. "Them is the scales I buys by. I guess the kid weighs ten pounds, maybe a little over that."—Detroit Free Press.

His Plea

"'Bleeged to yo, sah," said a disgruntled looking negro who had edged his way into the office of a prominent Arkansas attorney "and I wants to git a divo'ce fum muh wife on de grounds dat she has done been th'owin things at me fo' de last seven yeahs."

"Ah! And have any of the missiles seriously injured you?"

"Sah? No, sah! She didn't th'ow none o' dem sawt-uh ar-tickles at me. she dess flung dishes, and stove han'les and skillets, and a 'casional cat or dog, or suppin' dat uh way. And dey didn't none of 'em hit me—dat is, twell yit. But wid all dis yuh practisin' some o dese days she's gwine to git to be what they call a' expert and bust muh head'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Power of a Song.

A pleasant incident happened at the Crystal palace in London when Mme. Albani was once singing the "French Partridge." As soon as the concert was over one of the audience, a gentleman well known as a good shot and keen sportsman, called upon Mme. Albani and said, "Madam, I am sorry to say that I have shot many a little 'red leg' in my time, but after hearing you sing that song I will never kill another," a delicate compliment to a great singer—and to a song.

Two Ways.

A pompous physician who was inclined to criticise others was watching a stonemason build a fence for his neighbor, and thought the mason was using too much mortar. He said, "Jim, mortar covers up a good many mistakes, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the mason, "and so does the spade."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Too Costly.

"According to this paper," said Mrs. Naggs, "widows make the best wives."

"I don't doubt it, my dear," replied Naggs, "but nevertheless I don't feel justified in shuffling off at the present moment merely for the sake of making a good wife of you."

Love of Country.

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues which the Almighty has planted in the human heart, and to treason against it has been considered among the most damning sins.—Emery Storrs.

Fitness.

Author (invited to a very poor dinner, to himself)—A miserable dinner! I'll have to take care that I don't let anything witty slip out.—Fliegende Blatter.

It is characteristic of a good man neither to go wrong himself nor to let his friend go wrong.

Optical Illusions.

Professor Stirling explained a variety of optical illusions, including the after effects of seen movements and entasis or convexity in curvature. He demonstrated how the Greek architects had realized the existence of entasis and had constructed their horizontal beams in convex form in order to remove the apparent concave appearance and had given to the pillars on the Parthenon and other ancient buildings just such a bulge as was necessary to destroy the erratic effect of a series of parallel columns.

In dealing with colored shadows Professor Stirling demonstrated the great difficulties that occasionally beset the designers of dress materials. Recently in Manchester, he stated, a dispute arose between a designer and the weavers upon the appearance of a pink shade in some finished material. The dispute would have ended in a lawsuit had not a scientist demonstrated the fact that the existence of pink was merely an illusion produced by a certain arrangement of other colors and that no colors had been introduced except those supplied by the designer.—London Standard.

African Superstitions.

Concerning the superstitions that are rife in Nigeria, Africa, a traveler says: "The bird which flies in at your open door in the sunlight, the bat which circles round you at night, the small bush beasts which cross your path while hunting, all may be familiars of witch or wizard or even the latter themselves disguised to do you hurt. Sometimes the terror of witchcraft will seat ter a whole town. Should the suspicion of witchcraft fall on any one only trial by ordeal can free him. The most usual trial is that of eating 'esere,' a poisonous bean which almost invariably kills the suspected person. The ordeals of boiling oil poured on the palms of the hands and of pepper corns inserted in the eyes are far less dreaded, not only because their results are practically never fatal, but because the physical anguish entailed is acknowledged to be less intense than that caused by 'esere.'"

The Two Ways

A hunter of the old school, who lives among the foothills of the Allegheny, was teased into making a wager of $10 that his antiquated gun would shoot a bullet through a railroad crosstie. The old hunter was confident of winning as he had tested his gun on crossties, hickory oak and even ironwood.

The bet was to be decided in the lumber yard back of the depot. The old hunter arrived at that place in advance of the others. He arranged several of the thickest crossties for the test by standing them against piles of lumber with their flat sides forward. Imagine his astonishment if you can when the man with whom he had made the bet upon arriving exclaimed:

"Flatways! Are you daffy, man? Turn them endways!"

The hunter of the old school lost.—Philadelphia North American.

Deadly Snakes.

The deadliest of snakes is said to be the mamba, an African cobra. It flies at everybody and everything. It goes out of its way to quarrel, it will even come down from a tree to solicit an interview. Over in India there is the great king cobra, or hamadryad, a size larger, quite as fierce, it has been known to chase a man on horseback. He had to ride for his life; but its poison is a degree less virulent. The difference however may be considered negligible and ceases to interest the patient after a few minutes. Among the Australian cobras the pit vipers of America and the great West African vipers there are species with evil reputations and the most alarming feature is that the aggressive snakes are all desperately poisonous.

August and July.

August the name of the month is accented on the first syllable. "August," the adjective, is accented on the second syllable. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that, though both started from the Latin augustus, they have arrived by different routes. The adjective is the French "auguste," while "August," commemorating the Roman emperor's title, is the French "août" and the middle English "augst" or "aust." "July" used to rhyme with "duly," even in Johnson's time, as it had done centuries earlier and as it does in southern Scotland to this day.

Goethe's Mother.

The poet Goethe owed much of his greatness to his mother, a woman well made to bear such a son, a perfect mother and, better still, his intimate friend and confidant. Brought up in strictly bourgeois and limited circles, with very little education, such were her natural intelligence and sympathy that she afterward became the friend of princes, poets and philosophers and her house a rendezvous for the great minds of her day.

A Good Memory.

Church—You say Flatbush has a good memory. Gotham—Sure thing. Church—Well, he borrowed $5 from me three months ago, and he's forgotten to pay it back. Gotham—Oh, no, he hasn't. He's never tried to borrow any more has he?—Yonkers Statesman.

He Got 'Em.

Friend—What was the title of your poem? Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams!" Friend—And what did the editor write to you? Poet—"Take 'em."—McCall's Magazine.

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.—Thomas Scott.

About the Same New.

The story is told in Joubert's "Popular Errors Concerning Medicine," published in Bordeaux, France, in 1579, that one Conelle, a jester at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, insisted once upon a time that the trade which had the most followers was that of doctor. To prove his assertion he left his home one morning to go to the palace with his nightcap on and his jaws wrapped up. The first person he met stopped him with the question, "What is the matter with you, Conelle?" "A terrible toothache." "Oh, is that all? I'll tell you what will cure it." And every person he met had some advice to give him. When the jester reached the duke's chamber the same question and answer were repeated. "Ah," said the prince, "I know of something that will take the pain right away." Conelle instantly threw up his kerchief, saying, "And you, too, monseigneur, are a doctor! I have only passed through one street in coming from my house to you and have counted more than 200 of them. I believe I could find 10,000 in the city."

The Golden Yam.

The golden yam that elaborates the sun and the soil into a sugar which makes saccharine seem sour, was set apart by our first parents as the overlord of all the tubers. The history of its Irish rival may be definitely traced to the foster care of Raleigh. It spread into Lancashire. Its path through the Low Countries may be followed as clearly as the march of the army worm. But the genealogy of the yam is lost in the morning mists of antiquity. It is supposed to be identical with the mandrake for which the orient peoples dug as for hidden treasure. Beyond all peradventure it was the yam to which the Spanish gave what afterward became the generic name "batata," modified into our own collective "potato." Its purple flowers were hailed as the harbingers of nature's richest largesse while Humboldt was still doubting whether nature originally had anything to do with the creation of the Irish potato.—Washington Post.

His Daily Square Meal.

The eccentric Dr. Fordyce, a well known professor of chemistry of the eighteenth century, believed that man required only one meal a day and for twenty years he practiced what he preached. At four he would present himself at Dolly's chophouse, in Paternoster row and immediately upon his arrival the cook would place a pound and a half of rump steak upon the gridiron. While it was cooking the doctor would amuse himself with some such trifle as half a broiled capon or a plate of fish, and a glass or two of brandy. Then came the steak with a full accompaniment of bread and potatoes and a quart tankard of strong ale. This was followed by a bottle of old port, after which he would stroll to his rooms in Esser street, where he met his class and gave lectures on chemistry.—London Chronicle.

An Impressive Sight.

On his return from his first trip to the United States recently a German physician was asked which one of the sights had made the greatest impression on him. He said: "I saw Niagara falls and on my return to New York came through the picturesque Adirondack region. It was all majestically beautiful, but to a certain extent I was prepared for what I saw. But in a little mountain hamlet where my friends took me to a Wild West show, I saw an Indian in feathers and war paint drinking beer out of a bottle and holding in his hand a piece of your American pie, which he devoured between gulps. It was a picture so unlike the one I had formed of the Indian that I think it made the greatest impression."—New York Tribune.

One Eyed Giants.

Sir John Mandeville saw all sorts of queer things and wrote about them in his celebrated books of travels. It was in 1336 that the veracious Sir John visited a certain group of isles (yes he called them) which was inhabited by a race of one eyed giants. Of them he says: "In one of these yles ben folk of grate stature, as giantes, and they ben hideous for to loke upon. An thei han but on eye, and that is in ye middyl of ye front." He also tells of another one of these "yles" inhabited by a race of one legged dwarfs each having three eyes.

An Implosion.

An implosion, as the term indicates, a bursting outward, a sudden collapse, is the direct opposite of an explosion. The conditions most favorable for the production of an implosion exist at great depth in the sea. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, about two and a half tons to the square inch, a pressure that is several times greater than that exerted by steam upon the piston of a powerful engine.

What Is the Use?

If a man succeeds by acting on your advice he feels that he would have acted as he did without being advised by you, and if he fails because he neglected to heed your advice he blames you for not making it stronger than you did. So what's the use?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Discount.

Angry Citizen—Say! The sleeves and pants legs of this suit are away too short. The Tailor—I told you you were getting 10 per cent off.—New York Globe.

So It Does.

She—A flirtation is always lots of fun. He—Yes, but sometimes it takes a long time to find out just who is having the fun.—Philadelphia Record.

A Wasp's Strategy.

A mud wasp was seen to alight within an inch or two of a spider's nest on the side opposite the opening. Creeping around toward the entrance to the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it and for a moment remained perfectly quiet. Then, reaching out one of his antennae, he wriggled it before the opening. A moment later he withdrew the "feeler." This overture had the desired effect, inasmuch as the head of the household, a big spider, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which it was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp with a quick movement thrust its sting into the body of its foe, killing it easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated by the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he evidently became satisfied that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were lugged off one at a time.—Harper's Weekly.

Belgium's Curious Land Law.

One of the curious phases of the land law in Belgium is that the earth of a landowner beyond a certain depth does not belong to him. Should the owner of the surface discover a coal or gold deposit underlying his property he must first obtain a government concession before he can begin mining operations. The land beyond the prescribed depth in which wealth in the raw has been discovered may be conceded to a person other than the surface owner, who may operate under certain government regulations, one of which is that the owner of the surface is entitled to 3 per cent of the value extracted. The mine pays to the government an amount determined by the value and importance of the concession after which it must pay to the government a sum proportioned to the value of the total extraction.

Great Expectations.

Aunt Sallie came to the town's Lady Bountiful one day and asked for the loan of a dollar.

"What do you want a dollar for, Aunt Sallie?" the Lady Bountiful inquired.

"Please, ma'am," said Aunt Sallie, "I'm goin' to git married."

"But if your man hasn't even a dollar to pay for the marriage license how will the pair of you get along?"

"Well, ma'am," said Aunt Sallie, "tomorrow's your birthday and we're both comin' to your picnic in the birch woods. You always give us somethin' to take home from your birthday picnic and the day after there's your usual free basket distribution for the unemployed. That'll keep us a week easy and by that time Joe and me'll be on our feet mebbe."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Curious Archipelago

The Maldive archipelago, lying in the Indian ocean several hundred miles southwest of the southern point of Hindustan is inhabited but it rarely sees visitors from the civilized world. These islands all composed of coral rock are no fewer than 11,000 in number. Few of them rise more than seven or eight feet above the sea level although they contain coconut palms and other forms of vegetation. Hundreds and hundreds of little islands ranged round in a circle with narrow and shallow channels between, form atolls or rings having quiet waters within. Occasionally in this unique group an individual island is found in the form of a ring with a smooth lake inclosed in its coral embrace.

Handel's Pensions.

No other musician of his time was so fortunate in money matters as Handel. For a "Te Deum" composed to celebrate the peace of Utrecht he was given a pension of £200 a year until his death making £9,600 in all. Another of his compositions secured a pension of a similar amount from George I., and for the last twenty years of his life he drew a further £200 a year from Queen Caroline. So, although he lost £10,000 in an unsuccessful attempt to run opera in London, Handel died possessed of £20,000, the largest fortune realized by any musical composer until the dawn of the nineteenth century.

The Dogcart.

A memory of the times when dogs worked for a living in England is seen in the "dogcart," which originally was literally drawn by dogs and, until prohibited in 1839 by act of parliament, was the workingman's usual means of taking a run into the country. Strong half bred mastiffs were usually employed, and these thought nothing of conveying their masters fifty or sixty miles in a day with no more sustenance than bread soaked in beer.

Contrasts.

"Look at that careworn looking man in deep thought and the merry dog with him chasing his tail. Yet both are doing the same thing."

"What's that?"

"Trying to see how they can make both ends meet."—Baltimore American.

Nothing Doing.

Miss Pilippe—A penny for your thoughts! Professor Hardfax—You'll find them all collected in four volumes, but the price is $1.25 a volume.—Exchange.

A Tense Matter.

Millie—Was that your intended with whom I saw you yesterday? Grace—Yes, my present "future," so to speak.—Satire.

Bad promises are better broken than kept.—Lincoln.

The Three Fates in Greece.

The peasantry of Greece firmly believe that the future of every child is determined by three fates, known as the Moral. The trio is supposed to be three old and wrinkled women who dwell in a mountain cave and who come simultaneously to the house in which a new baby has made its appearance. In order that their aged and uncertain feet may not be hindered, all furniture is carefully set aside, and honey, cakes, bread and wine are set out so that the important though invisible guests may refresh themselves. If the household is sufficiently wealthy to possess a little real money, this, too, is placed on the table with the food. All things, good and bad, are in the hands of the three fates. On no account must the child's beauty be alluded to at the time when the visitors might be present. To do so would cause its good looks to instantly disappear. Nothing must be said to annoy or displease the Moral, and this makes the situation a bit difficult, as no one is quite sure what might or might not displease them.

David Garrick's Realism.

In depicting moments of mental anguish, disorder and passion David Garrick was unequaled. "I liked him best in 'Lear,'" says a contemporary. "His saying in the bitterness of his anger, 'I will do such things—what they are I know not,' and his sudden recollection of his own want of power were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, 'Be these tears wet? Yes, faith!' putting his finger to the cheek of Cordelia and then looking at his finger, was exquisite." And in reference to the same character another tells us: "He rendered the curse so terribly affecting to the audience that during the utterance of it they seemed to shrink from it as from a blast of lightning. His preparation for it was extremely affecting, his throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together and lifting his eyes toward heaven presented a picture worthy of the pencil of a Raphael."—"David Garrick and His French Friends."

Strength of a Spider's Web.

When taking into consideration the materials employed, the size of the insect and the thickness of its thread the web of a spider is almost incomprehensibly strong. Late experiments have shown that a single thread of a web made by a spider which weighed fifty-four milligrams, supported endwise a weight of four grams, or seventy-four times the weight of the spider itself. When a spider spins a web to let himself down from the ceiling or from the branch of a tree we may be certain that he is in no danger of falling, but that he could carry many more of his kind on the same thread. The threads of the web when interwoven and reenforced one by another have a very considerable strength and are able to hold bees and wasps, themselves very powerful in proportion to their size and to bend without breaking under a weight of dew and rain.

Under the Carriage Wheels.

Furious driving was one of the charges brought against the French aristocracy at the revolution. Said Mercier: "In Paris the people are weak, pallid, stunted—a class apart from other classes in the state. The rich and the great who possess equipages enjoy the privilege of crushing them or of mutilating them in the streets. Hundreds of victims die annually under the carriage wheels.

"I saw," wrote another observer, Arthur Young, "a poor child run over and probably killed and have myself many times been blackened with mud. If young noblemen in London were to drive their chaises in the streets as their brethren do at Paris they would speedily and justly get very well thrashed or rolled in the kennel."

Fish That Take Cold.

Fish are not equipped to combat rapid changes in temperature because the temperature of the water in the ocean, lakes and rivers beneath the surface remains virtually stable. Some fish, such as carp and trout, when taken from warm water and placed in water several degrees colder take cold. The cold attacks the skin and the fins, and various portions of the skin present a cracked ridgelike appearance. If returned to warm water the fish usually recover, but sometimes the disease which seems to be a sort of eczema, eats into the muscles of the fish and proves mortal.—New York Sun.

The Beard in Tunis.

In Tunis when a reigning prince finds it necessary to go outside his immediate family to choose his successor he follows an odd custom. There the wearing of hair on the face is the exclusive privilege of sovereignty. When the prince selects a successor he sends the court barber to the fortunate individual to notify him that he may wear a beard. This intimation is equivalent to a formal announcement that he has been selected as the heir presumptive.

Awful Fix.

"Peggy's in a terrible fix."

"What's the trouble?"

"She's just counted up and found she's refused a dozen offers of marriage, and now, though she's crazy to marry Dick, she's afraid to accept him because he's the thirteenth."—Boston Transcript.

Suitable Argument.

"How did you manage to meet that carpet man's argument?"

"In a business way. I just floored him."—Baltimore American.

The man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life.—Stevenson.