

The Secret of Youth.

Youth is what we all love to have and to hold, and since Ponce de Leon's time many a way of conserving it has been prescribed—dosing, drinking, sunbathing, systems of exercise, bathing, rubbing. Any one of these things may help the individual, but not every individual. And let us not forget that youth is in great measure a gift of the spirit. Children are young because for them life abounds. They find springs of energy within and stores of refreshment without. Wonder, curiosity, the enjoyment of 10,000 trifles, a short memory for punishment and pain—all these things make for youth. Quarrels, resentfulness, suspicion, worry, grumblings—these bring harder lines around the mouth, hardened arteries, old age. Nothing is so small to delight a child, given the right conditions, nothing too big to darken, for very long, the agonized sky. That is the secret of youth. Draw the curtain, Master Manager. On with the human comedy!—Catherine's.

Curiously Absentminded.

Henri Poincaré, the famous French physicist and mathematician, was remarkably absentminded. One day he was looking in a closed bookcase for a manuscript. During the search he set the lamp on a shelf in the case and in a moment of abstraction closed the door of the cabinet and sat down in darkness. After he had pondered for a time on the disappearance of the light he came to the conclusion that he had suddenly become blind. That seemed to him quite possible since his eyes were weak anyway, and he groaned at the thought of his deplorable condition. Suddenly to his surprise a stream of light appeared, coming from the adjoining room, and he remarked with much satisfaction, "My sight seems to have come back again." Not even then did he think of the lamp in the bookcase!

Made the Match.

During his last stay in Washington as Chinese minister, Wu Tingfang attended the wedding of the daughter of the chief justice of the supreme court and said to one of the bridesmaids: "When will it be your turn to become a bride?" "I do not know," she answered. "I have not yet been asked." So the amiable Chinese minister said to one of a group of young men standing near by: "This is a beautiful lady. Would you not like to marry her?" He replied, "I shall be most delighted." Both the young woman and the young man naturally were somewhat embarrassed by Mr. Wu's pleasantness, but three months later they were married.—New York Times.

Street Traffic of London.

The control of London traffic by the police has been a matter of slow evolution. A century ago, when George IV. died with the lord mayor soon after his accession, it took his escort two hours to force a way through the crowd which filled the streets from his palace to the Guildhall. And it was not until about thirty years ago that the existing system of regulating traffic at crossings was instituted. At the beginning it required four policemen at every important junction to do with difficulty what two constables and sometimes one now effect by a motion of the hand. But the men in blue stuck to their task and hung on to horses' heads and unsmiling rebellious drivers till the reign of law and order was established.

Argentina Humor.

On the prairies of Argentina, where the chief mode of travel is by horseback, the rancheros often make use of the Spanish expression, "comparar tierra." The literal translation of that phrase is "to buy ground." The South American rough riders think that when you fall off your horse you occupy the ground where you land almost as if you owned it, and if you make much of a hole in the earth where you strike, as you are very likely to do when you are riding a fiery Argentine mount, they say that you have bought the ground—and begun to dig the return for a house.—Youth's Companion.

Dancing at Berlin's Zoo.

What would one of the largest of the cities of the United States think of going out to the zoo and dancing there until 3 o'clock in the morning? Yet this is nothing unusual in Berlin. There one goes to the zoo to see the animals if one chooses, but also to dine and to dance. The zoo is really a very delightful rendezvous for dining, especially in summer; the music there is notably good.—Spur.

A Chicken Hawk in Flight.

Saw chicken hawk in flight, which suggests the notion of a motorcar. No flapping, no soaring, but a series of quick, explosive beats of the wings, each sending the bird forward in a leap of several yards. The flicker gives five strokes, then a jump.—From "A Farmer's Notebook."

Modest.

"Now, Willie," said the visitor to a little fellow who had been in school only two weeks, "who is the smartest boy in your class?" "I'd like to tell you," he replied, "but papa says that I mustn't boast."—Chicago News.

The Sixth One.

"Smythe & Co. are going to erect a five-story building." "Will it pay?" "That's another story."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He that blows upon dust fills his eyes with it.—Danish Proverb.

Outrageous Fortune.

Rastus was sorely wounded. From his face gore flowed in rivulets, and in the outer covering of his substantial head there were sundry gashes and openings. He had been the victim of a brutal assault. The physician who treated him for his wounds was sympathetic. "Great heavens," he said, "Somebody has beaten you up in a terrific manner. You must have been hit at least nine or ten times." "Dat ain't no joke," said Rastus, who was still trembling. "I don't believe I wuz able to git out ob de way ob anything dat wuz throwed at me." "Then you ought to learn a lesson from it," suggested the doctor. "Hereafter you ought to stay far away from people who indulge in this sort of thing." "Dat ain't no chance," Rastus objected gloomily. "You know, boss, I ain't got de price of no divorce."—Popular Magazine.

Sirius the Mighty.

Writing in the London Times as to the effect upon the earth if the gigantic star Sirius were as near to us as our own sun, Mr. Scrivener has said that the change that would overcome land and sky would transcend everything hitherto dreamed of. In the heavens would be poised a brilliant globe twenty-five times larger than the sun appears to us, emitting for millions of miles into space gigantic fire rays and coronal streamers. Bombarded by terrible heat, the earth would become red hot, its atmosphere dissipated, its vegetal covering erased, its ocean basins turned into barren wastes, while iron would flow like water. The distance from us of Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars, is so great that its rays require eight and a half years to reach us, notwithstanding that light travels 186,300 miles a second. Sirius travels through space at 1,000 miles a minute.

Met of a Frenchman.

It is rather a cruel fact of history that a large proportion of the early settlers in Australia were convicts and men who had failed to make good at home. Australia was fixed upon by the British government as a suitable spot for its outcasts because of its extreme distance. Although it is now years since the arrival of the last convict ship, Australians are still sensitive about this objectionable use of their country. Apropos, G. E. Jacobs, in his book on Australia, tells of an Australian who, in conversation with a Frenchman, wound up a long and beautiful harangue on the excellence of his countrymen by saying, "We are the best chosen race in the world." "True," murmured the Frenchman, "you were most carefully chosen by the best English judges."

They Got Their Answers.

When the ship owning millionaire Sir Donald Currie was asked by a heckler at a political meeting at Greenwich if his father had not been the local barber, he admitted promptly, "It is true—and if your father had been a barber you would have been the same."

When Mr. Lloyd-George, who is proud of his lowly birth and bringing up, was asked a similar question, he scored as swiftly and even more severely. The heckler unwisely inquired if he remembered that his grandfather used to drive a donkey and cart. "You will have to forgive me, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Lloyd-George apologized. "The cart had quite escaped my memory, but I see the donkey is living yet."

Birds That Shine in Dark.

That certain birds of prey are sometimes luminous at night is a fact well known to observant naturalists. It is explained by the presence on their feathers of the phosphorescent spores of certain fungi that grow upon the trees in which they roost. But the Bulletin of the National Acclimatization Society of France records the observation of a white swan that was luminous all night from July to October of last year, while none of the other birds that inhabited the same lake could be seen after dark.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Envious.

First British Workman—I see it says you are a workman in France as just woke up at 6 o'clock in the morning? "I've been working seven days a week," he replied, "but I've been called 'im by name, 'e was oblivious to the fact that she was there. Second British Workman—Marvelous! Got a gift, 'Erb!—London Telegraph.

Recuperation Often Necessary.

"So you favor an absolutely honest administration of city affairs?" "Sure," replied Boss McNabb. "That is, for awhile. You can't keep taking it from the people all the time. You've got to let up now and then and give them a chance to get some more."—Washington Star.

Still Recruiting.

"What is that army officer who had charge of the enlistments doing on sick leave?" "Still working on his job." "How's that?" "He's recruiting his health."—Baltimore American.

Near a Decline.

"I'm rather afraid Clara Vere de Vere is going into a decline." "Why do you think so?" "I'm going to propose to her this evening if I get a chance."—Judge.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be.—Pythagoras.

The Finding of Omar.

It was the late Mr. Bernard Quitch's father who published FitzGerald's "Omar," and, finding that the thing didn't sell, he relegated it to the penny box. Its subsequent success was due to a fortunate accident. Two friends of Rossetti came across the poem and thought it worth reading. Rossetti read it and recommended it to Swinburne. What followed Swinburne has himself told. "Having read it," he writes, "Rossetti and I invested upward of sixpence apiece—or possibly threepence; I would not wish to exaggerate our extravagance—in copies at that not exorbitant price. Next day we thought we might get some more for presents among our friends, but the man at the stall asked two-pence! Rossetti expostulated with him in terms of such humorously indignant remonstrance as none but he could ever have commanded. We took a few and left him. In a week or two, if I am not much mistaken, the remaining copies were sold at a guinea. I have since * * * seen copies offered for still more absurd prices. I kept my penny-worth (the tidiest of the lot) and have it still."—London Chronicle.

Twelfth Century Football.

In the twelfth century football in England was a game for the streets. The chronicler of that period tells how after dinner the city youths "addressed themselves to football," and how the scholars of each school and the apprentices of particular trades would each have their peculiar ball. There were spectators, too, in those days—enthusiastic spectators. Fathers would come to watch their sons and "become as youthful as the youngest, their natural heat seeming to be revived at the sight of so much ability."

In later years one recalls a famous ball game played in Hyde park in 1844, then. There was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen on one side and fifty on the other. One party played in red, the other in white. And—here the historical value of the contest—Cromwell was a spectator and applauded the "great agility of body" displayed.

Aldine Editions.

The introduction of the sloping Roman letters which are known to everybody as Italics was made by Aldus Manutius of Venice in the latter part of the fifteenth century. He was the most famous printer of Italy and perhaps of the world. The books he printed, known as Aldine editions, are much sought after by collectors. His first volume in the new type was a Vergil published in 1501 at the price of about 2 shillings of our money. Aldus, in fact, was the pioneer of cheap literature.

The Aldine mark is a dolphin twined about an anchor with the name "Aldus." If any reader, says Mr. J. A. Hill in the Imprint, finds a cartload of old books with this mark in his attic or lumber room, he is duly advised not to use them for lighting the fire. They would probably buy him a great annuity for the sake of his declining years.

How Koreans Advertise.

Although the Korean has stubbornly refused to adopt western ideas, he has always recognized the value of advertisement. When a Korean opens a new shop or has any particular wares he is anxious to dispose of or when a nobleman desires to convey a certain piece of intelligence to the people he seeks the services of the sandwich men in the Hermit Kingdom, however these men do not carry boards upon which the desired information is made known to all and sundry, but resort to the medium of picturesque flags, upon which the announcement is inscribed. Anything from one to a dozen flags may be requisitioned, and these are carried through the streets by boys and men, forming a picturesque moving advertisement.—Wide World Magazine.

Not His Fault.

One of the women belonging to the Mothers' club at the settlement house came to excuse herself from the meeting with her face swollen and highly discolored. She was hiding it with a shawl, and she explained earnestly: "He wouldn't have done it for anything, not for a hundred dollars. But he wasn't himself, and I said something that crossed him. Then he done it, but he's sorry. I black awful easy, anyway."—Everybody's.

Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by invisible violet rays from the sun and not by heat. The temperature to which stokers on Atlantic liners are exposed is far higher than the heat from the sun in the most tropical countries, yet the men are not affected in the same manner.

Woman's Two Ages.

Joax—Shakespeare told us all about the seven ages of man, but he didn't say anything about the two ages of woman. Hoax—And what are the two ages of woman? Joax—The age she says she is—and the age she really is.—Philadelphia Record.

Husband and Wife.

Husband means house bound; wife, weaving one; son is the cleaner; daughter is the milkier; splinter is the unmarried sister of husband or wife, who is the spinner.

Scotland's Grouse Moors.

There are some 3,000 grouse moors in Scotland alone that are regularly let for their owners at an annual rental of about £1,000,000.

Always to think the worst, I have ever found to be the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.—Bolingbroke.

Set Right
By RYLAND BELL

Last summer I made a motorcycle trip, stopping nights at farmhouse. One night I stopped with a bachelor who did his own housework. I noticed that he washed the dishes by turning a hose attached to the pump on them. I asked him if he didn't think a better way would be as the women do it—in a dishpan, with hot water and a little soap. "Stranger," he said, "there isn't any way a woman does a thing that can't be improved on by a man. What's the use of 'goin' to the trouble of heatin' water and doin' the mop work when you kin do it this way?" "You evidently are not an admirer of women."

"Reckon if you'd been treated by 'em as I've been you wouldn't admire 'em neither." "What have they done to you?" "Oh, that's only one of 'em as I got anything a'm, but they're all alike. You can't trust 'em now."

"Well, now we've got it narrowed down to one, how has she offended?" "By this time she had washed the dishes and we sat down together on the front porch, and he told me the story."

"Down the road a spell 's the skule-house where I went to get larrin' when I was a leetle boy. One of 's gals lived up this way, and she and I used to come along home together. Her name was Alice Starkweather. She was mighty purty, and when we was goin' to skule together she wore her hair in one big rope down her back, and it reached party nigh to her ankles. Alice, she sidled up to me like a kitten to a warm brick. I wa'n't much of a boy for gals, but somehow Alice wouldn't let me alone. Ef I treated her kind a rough her eyes would git wet, and she'd look as if somepin awful had happened to her."

"Bimeby when Alice got to be about seventeen year old she was sent to boardin' school. I just stayed yere and begun work on the farm. My father was gittin' old, and he needed me. I wanted to go on 'arrin', but I couldn't. I argy'd that when Alice come home from boardin' school she'd have a lot o' bifalutin' notions about her and she wouldn't look at me."

"So when she did come I didn't go near her. I met her one day on the road to the postoffice. She looked at me kind o' queer and axed me why I hadn't been to see her. I knowed she didn't care nothin' about me no more, she havin' been to boardin' school and I havin' stopped 'arrin' and gone to work, so I says kind o' keepleas, 'You see, that's lots to do on the farm this time o' year, and I hadn't got time to go callin'."

"She walked on without sayin' anything more. You see, I was right. If she hadn't got upplish and considered me not good enough for her she'd done the way she used to do when she was a leetle gal, she'd tried to bring me round."

"How old did you say she was at this time?" "Goin' on eighteen." "Well, go on with your story." "Alice didn't go back to school no more. Her mother did that summer, and Alice had to take care of her father and do the housework. Every time she met me she'd put on some more o' them airs she'd got at boardin' school, till after a while she scarcely spoke to me at all. It only showed I was right about it in the beginnin', and I was glad I hadn't made a fool o' myself when she first come home by lettin' on I expected it would be the same between us as when she went away. If she'd stayed right yere and 'not gone away to git a lot o' bifalutin' notions into her head like enough she'd been livin' with me now. But that's the trouble with women, they stop over so easy."

He had finished his story, and it was evident that the rupture was as hard to bear now as it had ever been. He was smoking a clay pipe, and the rapidity of the puffs showed the state of his feelings. "My friend," I said, "don't you think it would have been wiser in you when your sweetheart first come home from boardin' school to permit her to show her feelings toward you instead of as I'm a-judging that she had changed?" "But she had changed, or she'd have tried to get me to treat her affectionate-like, same as she used to."

"She was changed, but not in that way. She had passed from child to woman." "What's that got to do with it?" "Everything you indicated that you had changed to her, and now that she had become a woman, she was too proud to win you back by the same methods as when you were children." "By gosh, stranger, I never thought o' that!"

"What you should have done when she came back from boardin' school was to let her show whether she had changed toward you instead of giving her the impression that you had changed toward her." "Well, now, that does sound kind o' sensible, doesn't it? What d'y'e think I'd better do?" "Go and tell her that you've made a donkey of yourself."

Without a word he seized his hat and strode away, making some four feet at each step. About 10 o'clock he came in acting as if he had been drinking champagne. A great load had been lifted off his mind and a great happiness had come to him.

Temperature of the Body.

The heat of the body varies at different ages and different times of the day. Except when you are suffering from fever you are never so hot as when you are born. The temperature of a newborn baby is about 102 degrees, but during the first day it rapidly goes down to 97½ degrees, rising again to a little above the average temperature of a grownup person, which is about 98½ degrees. The heat of your body varies as much as two degrees in twenty-four hours. The minimum is reached about 4 o'clock in the morning, when your vitality is at its lowest, and the maximum about 4 in the afternoon. People who work by night and sleep during the day, however, are coldest in the afternoon and warmest in the early morning. It is a remarkable fact that we nearly always die if our blood varies more than a few degrees either way. A temperature below 95 degrees or above 105 degrees is generally fatal.—Pearson's.

Criminals and Crime.

Is the criminal so because he wants to be so? No more wicked fallacy was ever foisted upon a credulous world than this. Nobody at any period of the world ever wished to be criminal. Every one instinctively hates and fears crime. Every one is honest by nature. It is inherent in the soul. I have never met a criminal who did not hate his crime even more than his condemners hate it. The apparent exception is when the man does not consider his act a crime. He has killed because his victim exasperated him to it. He has robbed society because society made war on him. The offender hates his crime. But he is not ashamed of it?

Now, that is true. He is not ashamed of it in the current sense. He hates it, he fears it, but it does not fill him with a sense of sin.—H. Fielding Hall in Atlantic Monthly.

Why Not Schools For Men?

No man ever feels the need of education so much as the man who sees opportunity for advancement open before him, but who does not dare to take it for fear that he can not rise to it. It is useless to say anything about such a man about neglected opportunities, and it is equally futile to say the same thing to the youth who is neglecting his studies. The first cannot go back and live his boyhood over; the latter cannot comprehend his danger, nor will he believe in his own possibilities, nor can he really study intelligently things for which he is not sufficiently mature. The few who mature early enough in life to go through technical schools or colleges are provided for. Can we not provide men's schools for those who mature normally?—American Magazine.

A City That Was a Failure.

Of all the seven cities of Asia perhaps Sardis has the most interesting and romantic history, and yet, with all its natural advantages, its wealth, its famous rulers, its wise counselors, its victorious armies, it was the greatest failure of them all, says the Christian Herald. The richest man in the world, Croesus, was king of Sardis, the wisest man, Solon, was her guest, and yet, through overconfidence and lack of watchfulness, time and again destroyed, until at last the disintegrating rock and soil from its own citadel, loosened by the winter rains and buried down by destructive earthquakes, buried the city thirty feet deep from the sight of man. It became a dead city, and it was buried by the forces of nature.

Regulating His Sleep.

John Wesley recognized the evils of oversleeping and gave a recipe whereby one may find out how much sleep he really wants. It was derived from experience. "I waked every night about 12 midday awake for some time, and I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. I procured an alarm which waked me next morning at 7 (an hour earlier than I rose the day before), yet I lay awake at night. The next morning I rose at 6; notwithstanding I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at 5, nevertheless lay awake. The fourth morning I rose at 4, as I have done ever since, and I lay awake no more."—London Chronicle.

No Matter Who.

A party of women were being escorted through the state house the other day by a bowing and scraping guide. The women were of the enthusiastic type and raved over this and that and said, "Oh, simply too gorgeous." Finally they were shown the portrait of a former governor. "Oh, superb, isn't it?" said one of them, "and an excellent likeness too. A portrait of whom did you say it was?"—Boston Traveler.

The Fishless Fisherman.

"So you took a day off from your work and went fishing?" "Yes," replied the man who insisted on being cheerful. "Have any luck?" "Certainly. A day off is luck enough."—Washington Star.

A Wafer.

"What," asked the teacher, "is the meaning of the word wafer?" "A wafer," replied Maurice, aged nine, "is a kid without any father or mother."—Chicago News.

But Which Is Which.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?—Merely a matter of sex, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Followed Suit.

On the day of the admission of M. Rostand to the French academy the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" gave a breakfast to a few of his friends, the guest of honor being Mme. Bernhardt. The actress was dressed in a handsome gown, which had been made expressly for the occasion. At the end of the breakfast she arose and in an impressive manner took a glass, held it high and said, "I drink to the greatest of French dramatists, M. Rostand, and I drink after the Greek manner." She then poured the contents of her glass over her head and gown.

Two of Rostand's small sons were sitting at a side table wearing new velvet suits, also made for the occasion. In the silence which followed Bernhardt's dramatic tribute the elder of the boys arose and, imitating her manner, said, "I drink to the greatest of poets, my papa, and I also drink in the Greek fashion!" and straightway deluged himself and his small brother with the contents of his glass.

A Curious Army Toast.

Of all the British regiments the Welsh fusiliers have the most curious army toast. It forms part of the ceremony of the grand dinner given annually on St. David's day. After the dinner the drum major, accompanied by the goat, the mascot of the fusiliers, bedecked with rosettes of red and blue ribbon, marches around the table, carrying a plate of leeks. Every officer or guest who has never-eaten one before is obliged to do so, standing on his chair with one foot on the table, while the drummers beat a roll behind his chair. He is then considered a true Welshman. All the toasts are coupled with the name of St. David. It is in much this way that the toast with highland honors is drunk. Each guest stands with one foot on his chair and one on the table and the pipers, a-pliping, parade the room.

"Inn" and "Hotel."

The Saxon word "inn," taken in its present sense, was probably in use before the conquest, whereas the purely French word "hotel," as generally applied to "an inn of style and pretension," dates only from about the time when officers of the British army of occupation returned from Paris with exotic accounts of Meurice's and a dozen other hosteries of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Honoré which threw the humbler accommodations offered by the average British inn out of that period into the shade. At the commencement of the nineteenth century Frenchmen taught the London innkeeper the science of hotel keeping, before the beginning of the twelfth century the Englishman had begun to return the compliment.—Country Life.

The Palm Tree of Capri.

I knew a palm tree upon Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig leaves and lustrous oleanders. It overhung the balcony and so looked, far overhanging, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream mist of southern Italian noons it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away, or at sunset the Isles of the Sirens, or in the full moonlight the oranges of Sorrento. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born it looked across to pleasant Posillipo, where Vergil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the bay of Naples.—George William Curtis.

Burton's One Book.

Robert Burton, who was buried in Christchurch cathedral, Oxford, was an author of one book and one book only. His "Anatomy of Melancholy" has been a favorite of many celebrated authors. Milton, Byron and Lamb were impressed by it; Sterne was greatly indebted to it, and Dr. Johnson avowed that this was the only book that could tempt him out of bed two hours before his usual time of rising. Such praise, coming from so great a worthy, stimulated public interest in a deservedly valuable work which had been allowed to fall into obscurity.

The Offer.

George Ade in his quality of cynical bachelor said at the Chicago Athletic club: "I was sitting with a little girl of eight the other afternoon. She looked up from her Hans Andersen and said, 'Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?' 'Yes, my child,' said I."—Exchange.

A Tragedy in Clothes.

Husband—Did that dress suit case come? Wife—The one full of dreadful clothes from the office? Yes, and they came just in time to give away to the missionary society. Husband (in a sepulchral voice)—It belonged to an Englishman—I have invited home for dinner.—Life.

The World Is Learning.

Briggs—Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who lend? Griggs—No, sir. My experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend.—Life.

Hospitality.

"Use one teaspoonful of this cocoa in hot water every day. The can will last thirty days." "But suppose there's company, missis?" "Why, then, of course, use more hot water."—Fliegende Blätter.

Developers.

"What is the best way to teach young people to develop?" "Get 'em a job in some good photograph gallery."—Baltimore American.