

A FANTASTIC FRIGATE.

The Captain Did the Best He Could With the Pain He Had.

Before the days of steel ships the allowance of paint in the British navy was very small, and sometimes the officers had to pay large sums in order that their ships might maintain a decent appearance.

Sir John Phillimore resorted to a curious expedient either to soften the heart of the navy board, or, if that proved impossible, to express his opinion of the situation. He painted one side of his yellow frigate black and white and used the rest of the black paint in printing on the other side in large letters, "No More Paint."

The navy board wrote to call his attention to the impropriety of his conduct and signed themselves, as they always did officially, "Your affectionate friends." Sir John made reply that he could not obliterate the objectionable letters unless he were given more paint, and signed himself in turn "Your affectionate friend, John Phillimore."

The naval authorities then called attention to the impropriety of the signature, to which Sir John responded in acknowledging the letter that he regretted that the paint had not been sent, and ending, "I am no longer your affectionate friend, John Phillimore."

LIKED BLACK VILLAINS.

Audiences in Shakespeare's Time Wanted No Neutral Knaves.

There has been a drouthy amount of late majesty talked about "Richard III." recently. "It is to be feared," says the London Times, "that Richard III. has seen his best days," and the Manchester Guardian says boldly that the play, with all its paraphernalia of villains and victims and ghosts and weeping queens, is perhaps best enjoyed nowadays with laughter.

Not so did playgoers think in Shakespeare's time or for centuries later. For at least fifty years after it was written "Richard III." was probably the most popular of the Shakespearean plays. It was printed ten times in thirty-seven years—more than any other of the plays during a similar period of the early century.

Critics have wrangled long and loud over the problem, but there seems no getting away from the conclusion that the audience of King James' time regarded his villainous black and blue hero as bad and entirely free from those ambiguous and neutral tints which are so perplexing in, say, "Macbeth." London Observer.

A Man Who Knew Everything.

Thiers, the French statesman, was a victim of many whimsies. None had stronger hold on him, says Mr. Gabriel Hanotux in "Contemporary France," than his desire to get every body to recognize his universal competency.

Of an applicant for the post of director at the Sevres manufactory, Thiers said: "He is no more modest than I am, and then he stopped."

"Ah, oh! M. Thiers," said his lecturer, "you find it hard to say what you could not do."

"That's the truth! That's the truth!" cried the statesman gleefully.

One day Thiers, speaking of a high functionary, "He is no more suited for that office than I am to be a drugist. And yet," he added, catching himself up, "I do know chemistry!"

Force of Light.

Light has an actual mechanical pressure and can be measured in the laboratory. It has been found that the sun's light in itself presses against the earth with a force something like 70,000 tons. As the surface of a sphere varies as the square of the radius, and as the volume or mass varies as the cube of the radius, and as the mechanical pressure of light on the whole surface varies as that surface, and as the force of gravity varies as the mass, it is easily seen that the pressure of light does not decrease so fast as the force of gravity, so bodies beyond a certain minuteness could not reach the sun, but would be repelled by the mechanical force of its light.

Treating a Cut.

When you have a cut, a scratch, a bruise or any other kind of injury, paint it with iodine. As soon as injured dip a toothpick with cotton rolled on the end of it in the iodine and pat over the wound without washing. The iodine will kill all germs in the dirt that gets into the wound, while washing only drives the germs farther into the flesh. When painted with the iodine wrap the injured part in a clean cloth for a couple of days.

A Submarine Record.

Although the submarine is, in a way, nearly 300 years old, yet the first under sea destroyer to sink a hostile warship without also sinking herself was the E-9 of the British navy, which in September, 1914, blew up the German cruiser Helia in Heligoland light.—Ar gonaut.

A Terrible Slight.

"What do you think? A man brought back the umbrella he took from our hall stand."

"H'm! It speaks well for the honesty of the man. I should say, but it is a terrible slight to the umbrella."—Exchange.

"The easiest thing I know of," says a philosopher, "is to begin to save up some money next month."

How They Saved the Gunner

By F. A. MITCHEL

The ships had met in deadly contest. For hours they had pounded each other, rammed each other, torpedoed each other. Some had gone down with crews ranging from 500 to 1,000 men. Some had limped away from the shot and shell, but the bulk were afloat and still firing. At last one side gave in under the longer range of the other and steamed away.

When the light was over the captain of the Terror was going about among the wounded, encouraging a word of praise to some, encouragement to the other and sympathy to the dying. While speaking hopefully to a far who had lost an arm he heard a voice behind him.

"Cheer up, Tom, we're going to sail for home. Think how proud father will be of you when I tell him how you served that gun, how when every other man of the gun squad had been disabled you hung on and fired the final shot that saved that submarine and saved the ship from being blown sky high. I think I see mother and the girls and little Jim coming down the walk to meet us, mother putting her arm about you, weeping for joy at getting you home and a pride in your bravery."

"Steady, old man! You're going to pull through. The blood has stopped flowing. All you want is something of the grit you showed in sinking that submarine and saving us all by the cool pointing you did at that submarine. Brace up, my boy, and all will be well. Keep your mind fixed on—Sal! Think how she is waiting and watching for you to come back to her. You bet we'll have a rattin' wedding. Think I see myself as best man, pulling you up, and I see Salie tryin' to keep back some of the smiles that crowd on to those pretty red lips of hers, her eyes dancin' with happiness and pride in the gunner that sank an enemy ship and saved his own from a sub."

The captain, while listening to these words turned and saw two men, one lying on the deck, pale and lifeless, the other kneeling beside him, holding his hand. He had known that bad and entirely free from those ambiguous and neutral tints which are so perplexing in, say, "Macbeth." London Observer.

"He might be dead, sir, if he heard a gun or a volley or if the marine would rattle a drum. He kept up till the light faded, but when the firing ceased he fell away."

At this point an order was signaled from the admiral to give chase to one of the enemy's ships that was lagging behind the rest of the retreating fleet. The captain of the Terror transmitted the order to the proper officer and to man the forward guns. As soon as the Terror came within range of the vessel she pursued there was a loud boom.

Tom opened his eyes. "We're at it again, Tom," said his brother. "Wouldn't you like to be at that gun? You can't do that, my boy—not just now, though you will in time. No doubt you'll fire many a shot after you've got your strength back."

There came from the fore-castle the roll of a drum. The captain had ordered it. He had ordered the firing, not that he expected to damage the retreating vessel, but that he hoped the brave man who had saved his ship might be tidied over the shoals of death and saved for his reward.

Tom made an effort to sit up. His brother gently held him down. "Not yet, old man, not yet. You'll be in it again soon enough."

"What's goin' on?" asked Tom in a feeble voice. "I thought we'd whipped 'em."

"So we did. We knocked the smith greens-out of 'em. One of 'em is tryin' to get away, and our men are trying to sink her."

"Are they doing it?"

"You bet! A few more shots will do the business. You're lookin' better, old fellow. There's the light of life in your eye. You're going to get well and."

"You're going to be an admiral some day," supplied the captain, who had returned from directing the operations against the enemy's ship to direct the saving of the hero of the fight. "You're to be mentioned in orders and promoted and sent home on leave, and at the next fight you'll probably command a fleet."

With this the captain went off to attend to other matters.

"Billy," said Tom, "get me some grog. I reckon I'm going to pull through."

Tom did pull through, and every thing his brother had pictured came to pass. Some of the things the captain had promised were fulfilled too. Tom has not yet become an admiral, but he is an officer and in line of promotion.

ART OF BEING ALONE.

Try Taking to the Woods and Being Natural For Awhile.

The art of being alone is worth cultivating. Unless you have really tried it you have no idea how unusual and refreshing it is. City life and even modern country life are not conducive to its practice. It is very different from being lonesome and quite another matter from being ill. It is found at its full flower only in the woods, and its best development requires some adjustment and practice.

The first experience is apt to leave one somewhat baffled if not frightened. We live so much with other men and with the evidences of their activity that we hardly know how much is ourselves and how much some one else in the woods and it need not be the remote wilderness—we can divest ourselves of all that is not really a part of us. We can learn how small—perhaps how large—we are. We can soak up impressions with time to taste them and consider them. We can learn the true value of wind and clouds and sun and shade. If we feel like it we can talk out loud to ourselves, and there will be no one to think us crazy. We can sing and no one will tell us we are off the tune.

In short, we can be natural for once in our lives free from the warping effect of what other people think that is surely an experience worth while—putting.

OUR FIRST FOREIGN WAR.

When Tripoli Tried to Bring Tribute From Our New Republic.

The first foreign war in which the United States was engaged began in 1801, when Tripoli issued a declaration of war against the new world republic. The ruler of the placid African state had learned that the United States had paid larger sums to Algiers than to himself and demanded a greater tribute. This was refused, and on June 10, 1801, he declared war.

An American squadron under Commodore Richard Dale was dispatched to the Mediterranean and was followed by squadrons commanded by Commodore Morris and Commodore Preble. The war continued till 1805 and was characterized by several feats of valor performed by American sailors. The boy of Tripoli and the other Barbary rulers who had long preyed upon the commerce of America and Europe were brought up with a short run.

Prior to the Tripolitan war the United States and France fought several engagements, but war was not officially declared and the difficulties were settled without recourse to open and armed hostilities. New York World.

Painfully Explicit.

The proprietor of a certain hotel in Europe posted up the following warning to his guests:

"Gentlemen who come in this hotel, not say anything about their meals. They will be charged for, and if they go out to breakfast or dinner, and if they say that they will be charged, unless they bring it to the notice of the manager, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for, and not any one else, and unless they bring it to the notice of the manager they will be charged for the least things not, as we will be allowed afterward about it, and nothing will be allowed to define anything out of it."

After this explicit information these surely could be no excuse for misjudgment.

Antiquity of the Senate.

The senate is historically much older than the lower house, or house of representatives, as it is called in our country and time. In the remote time, while as yet there was no such thing as a science of government, the tribe was wont to look to its old men, on account of their wisdom and experience, for advice in all matters pertaining to the tribe, and those old men were the first senators. The word senator comes from "senex," meaning old. As civilization advanced and a government became a fact the senate continued to be composed of the old men, and when by and by the second chamber, or council, was added the senate continued to receive the larger measure of reverence and respect.

A Taste For Soap.

Surely one of the queerest of tastes was that of the historian Prescott, of whose life in Rome Mrs. Hugh Eraser tells in "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." She says that he used to keep a cake of soap on his writing table and nibble at it constantly, "saying when he was remonstrated with that people should be clean inside as well as out."

A Proof.

"His teacher says George has a wonderful memory. He can run off, with out a mistake, even the most unimportant details."

"Yes, I heard him the other day tell the names of all the vice presidents."—Baltimore American.

Easily Seen.

"This baby of ours will never be a success in practical politics."

"Why not?"

"Too much of a squeaker."—Baltimore American.

Never That Way.

"Darling, do you love me still?"

"You have never given me the chance to find out, my dear."—Baltimore American.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Blonides.

For Young Folks

Taking Pictures on the Sand at Palm Beach.



Photo by American Press Association

Palm Beach, Fla., is the winter playground of many society folks from New York and other northern cities. By going south they miss the joys of winter, such as skating, coasting, snow balling and other healthful sports.

Most of our young northerners if they had their choice, would prefer to stay where the snow blows rather than spend it where the sun shines warmly all the time. That makes two summers in one year, which is almost too much of a good thing. The pure, bracing breezes of our northern climate put roses in the cheeks of the little people who brave its chilling frost. But we can't all think alike, so many enjoy the balmy breezes of the southland. The boy with the camera taking pictures in the sand is Master Jack Ruth, of New York. He seems to be having a good time and perhaps did not observe the camera man when he turned the tables on him by snapping his photograph.

Feeding the Birds.

Whenever boy scouts take a winter hike a chance offers for that good turn to be done. By taking along a few pounds of cornmeal or a bagful of breadcrumbs and scattering some here and there in sheltered spots in the woods for the birds a great deal of substantial comfort and happiness may be given. After heavy snows, when fallen weed seeds and insects are covered up, or especially after sleet storms, when everything is coated over beyond possible finding for several days, many a little feathered "bummer" gets empty and birds, with their excessive vitality and the necessity of keeping up a high normal temperature, are quickly weakened by lack of food and fall victims to resulting cold. It is not a rare thing to find many small sojourners in the winter woods frozen to death after a cold snap.

Boy Scouts Honor Anniversary.

Nearly 150,000 boys, members of the 7,375 troops of the Boy Scouts of America, assembled in special troop meetings on the evening of Feb. 8, in honor of the sixth anniversary of the incorporation of the boy scout movement in the United States. Promptly at 8:15 o'clock every scout stood at attention and repeated the scout oath.

On my honor I will do my best—
 1. To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the scout law.
 2. To help other people at all times.
 3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

Questions and Answers.

The following is an amusing game. Each player writes a question. On another slip of paper he writes an answer to the question. The questions are collected and put in a hat. Then the answers are collected and put in a different hat. Both are well shaken. Then each player draws a question and an answer. The result is very funny. For instance:

"Do you like roses?"
 "Yes, with mustard."
 "Do you like roast beef?"
 "Those that smell nice."

Not Fair.

"Say, Bob," asked George, "is it true that schoolteachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said Bob.

"Well, then," George said indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when we kids do all the work?"

The New Dress.

I've a new dress, don't you see, Robin, red-breast, in the tree? Tell me what you think of it! Do you like it? Does it fit?"

Don't you wish you wore a dress instead of feathers? Now, confound! Feathers are such funny things. I could never use your wings.

Still I guess they suit you best. Just as all girls should be dressed as I am, so do not mind if you think I've been unkind.

—Philadelphia Record.

Science and Nations.

True revolutionists, believe me, the real men of action, who are promoting truth and justice for the morrow, are scientists. Governments fail and pass away; nations grow, shine with splendor and decay. But what matter? The discoveries of science will go on with increase, will give mankind more and more light and certainty. The close of a century is a small matter; the march of human progress will always be resumed; human nature will insist on having knowledge, whatever may be the obstacles. It is foolish to object that we never know anything; we have got to know all we can that we may attain the greatest happiness. And therefore I say, how foolish are all the political disputes that excite nations! While the salvation of progress is supposed to be involved in the fate of a ministry, it is really the scientist—the man of learning—who will be the master of the future when he shall be able to enlighten men with a new spark of truth. All injustice shall cease when truth shall reign.—Emile Zola.

A Doctor of the Old School.

Doc Robinson never looked wise and kept things to himself about a case. He'd let one tell him every little symptom and listen respectfully, and he'd never go and whip out one of those surveying instruments and go all over a patient as if he were laying out a new state road. No! He'd crack jokes, gossip delightfully and suddenly turn around and ask Margaret if that wasn't a brand new dress she had on, feel little peppermint candies to the children and sit with several on his knees while he talked. He made his calls a pleasant affair. Every one in the house enjoyed it and got the benefit of it—even the invalid. "Well," he'd say reluctantly, "Kit and I've got to go along, though it's mighty comfortable sitting here by your fire. We gotta go."—Philadelphia Record.

The Habit of Saving.

The United States is thrifter than it is commonly given credit for being because of its most frequently quoted motto—do not give all savings deposits and because a vast deal of savings goes on outside of savings institutions. Yet it does not live up to its opportunities by a long way. One of the country's ablest business men said not long ago that any one could tell whether he was going to succeed or fail by his ability to save. If he could not save he could not succeed. At an early maturity to save for a man with an income above the bread line and no unusual luck implies a lack of self-control that is not conducive to success.

Like nearly everything else, it is a matter of habit, and with a little determination to begin with—the right habit is as easily formed as the wrong one. Try it—Saturday Evening Post.

Such a Thoughtful Woman.

When the man and woman started down the subway stairs the man felt in his pocket for tickets.

"By George!" he said, "I can't find 'em! I've got to stop in all this mob and buy tickets."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said the woman. "I have them. When I came downtown I remembered what you said about those people who buy you one ticket at a time making such nuisance of themselves, so, as I had 15 cents to spare, I bought three tickets. I have two left. We can get right on through."

So the man and the woman drifted along with the pushing crowd to the point where the ticket checker held them up and demanded tribute. They the woman looked in her purse for the tickets. Suddenly her face assumed a painful blankness.

"I haven't got 'em," she faltered. "I was in such a hurry when I came through that I must have dropped all three tickets into the uptown box."—New York Herald.

A Note That Was Paid.

History is constantly repeating itself. Once upon a time a landlady in Washington called on President Andrew Jackson and told of a government clerk who owed her a big bill for board. In those days it was easy to have access to the White House. President Jackson listened to her story and advised her to get a promissory note from the clerk and put it in a bank. She replied:

"I've done that twice, general, and he won't pay even then."

"Is that so?" said the president in surprise. "Now you go and get his note and bring it to me. I simply want to see it, and I'm sure that the clerk will pay that note. Go and bring it to me."

The landlady did so, and soon returned with the promissory note. The president turned it over and wrote across the back of it his own indorsement: "A. Jackson."

"That note was paid at maturity."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Current Comment.

Are the marriage license bureaus keeping up with the divorce courts?—New York Sun.

Wanted—A new law which will make it possible to enforce the old ones—Minneapolis Better Way.

Leap year is hardly fairly started before there is an enormous increase in marriage certificates. Leap years ought to be every year.—Philadelphia Press.

China has just enough of the soldier's spirit to make it uncomfortable for anybody who tries to organize a new government.—Washington Star.

The Date of Buddha.

On the authority of the available inscriptions and the tradition as recorded in the Ceylonese chronicles the date of the nirvana of Buddha is found by the latest writer on the subject to be 487 B. C., and as tradition assigns eighty years as the period of his life he must be considered to have been born in the year 567 B. C.

Auction Sales.

Auction sales originated in ancient Rome and were introduced to enable soldiers to dispose of spoils of war.

EXTRAVAGANT EUGENIE.

The Empress Boasted That She Never Wore a Gown Twice.

It is true that the cost of women's dress has so increased that it is not given to the many to be as truly elegant as their grandmothers were able to be at comparatively small cost. But, then, those were the days when an elaborate ball gown consisted of yards of souses of turlatun or some other light and uncostly material.

Empress Eugenie, it is said, declared she never wore the same gown twice. She it was, by the way, who made Worth, the renowned Paris couturier, famous. The great luxury in those days was to wear several ball gowns during the course of a single ball. Dressing rooms were provided, and the ladies retired to reappear resplendent and as fresh as at the beginning of the evening. The gowns of the day, which were flimsy of train and spread by crinolines, suffered much from an evening's wear; hence these wasteful ways.

There is a tale of the lovely Empress Elizabeth of Austria which recounts her appearing at a function in a white robe gown, dounced and ample, decorated with garlands of real camellias, and changing both gown and camellias every now and then to preserve the impression of absolute and uncrumpled freshness.—Vogue Magazine.

Bird Stories.

A German scientific journal published in 1897 a story to the effect that a golden eagle shot in that year at Eszseg, Slavonia, was found to have a ring about its neck engraved on which were the arms of a Slavonian family, and the date 1646.

In 1793 the Gentleman's Magazine told about a hawk, captured when flying in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope and taken by an Indian ship to England, which wore a gold collar inscribed:

"This goodie hawk doth belong to his Most Excellent Majesty James, King of England, A. D. 1610."

At this time, it is estimated, had elapsed between its escape and its recapture, and it had flown a distance of 6,500 miles away from its former owner.

Have a Cheery Kitchen.

One should bear in mind that the kitchen is the engine room of the home, and the comfort and happiness of the family depend upon its running smoothly and well. Lack of system, inadequate equipment, inconvenient arrangement of furniture and utensils and the total absence of beauty and cheer are things that make drudgery of housework. Servants are as susceptible to surroundings as their mistresses, and the little aids to housework, such as cheerful aspect and pretty turnings, do much to secure a more loyal interest and co-operation. A harmonious environment in a kitchen will go a long way toward making a happy home.—Harriet Sisson Gillespie in Mother's Magazine.

Feminine Confidence.

"I shall never scold my husband again for spending so much time at the club."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, last night a burglar got into the house, and my husband knocked him senseless with a poker. I've heard several men speak of him as a poker expert. He has evidently been practicing at the club for just such an emergency."—Judge.

Near Enough.

"When I was a young girl," mused Mrs. Lapling, "a poet once sent me some verses. I read the first letters of the lines downward and found they spelled the words 'I adore you.' You know, they call that sort of poem an 'acrostic.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Enjoy It Now.

As to whether the nebular theory applies to this earth or not doesn't matter much now. The main thing is to enjoy it while we're living on it.—Florida Times-Union.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtue cannot reach it.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Be Natural.

Holmes says that there are six people present whenever two meet in conversation—the real A, the real B, as he sees himself, B as he sees himself, A as B sees him and B as A sees him. The remark comes back when one goes out upon the street and considers himself and the other people who pass, particularly those who seem on the slippery road to success. It is not they themselves who go by; it is what they would have other people think them. If they are young and inexperienced they must tighten up their faces with an artificial solemnity; if they are getting on in years they must affect an artificial snappiness. They wear their outward aspects like clothes.

One feels like crying in the ears of young men "Be natural. Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, but be yourselves."—New York Globe.

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