

TWO OF A KIND

By GEORGE E. STREETER

He sat in front of the post office every working day throughout the year. No one seemed to know his real name, but the townspeople called him Armless John, and being otherwise remarkable for a peculiar kind of stammer, he was for some years the object of pity.

According to his own statements he had lost his arms in a variety of ways: the juvenile population had been informed that sharks—or bears—had eaten his lost arms; to very old and simple-minded ladies it was "fire-damp," or "on the railway," or just "accidents."

His memory being somewhat treacherous, he sometimes had to listen to this kind of a remark: "Why! you told me last month that you lost your arms in Peru—now you say it was in Australia; you must either be lying, or had a lot of arms to start with."

To all such personal and unkind observations, the stammering beggar would reply somewhat like this: "Wa-wa-wa-wa! I in-en-sin-ble in the t-t-t—at the time? How'd I've a-s-s-pose? (He had a habit of breaking off like that.) "But I lost 'em, you b-b-bet."

A man of perhaps fifty years of age, shabbily dressed, stopped one morning in front of Armless John. "Nice morning," said the stranger. "Fid-fid-fid, sir," agreed John. "Yours is a bad case, my friend," rejoined the other.

"How did you lose your arms?" "Gun p-p-powder explosion at Mel-mel-bourne." "Australia?" "The beggar shook his head. "That's my native place," added the stranger.

"I don't mean there. Mel-mel-bourne in Kentucky is the p-p-place, all right." "You're a liar, Phillips. Do you know Sing Sing?" asked the man. "Never there," answered John, now looking for the first time in the other man's face.

"Yes, you were, my friend. You and I spent about five years there. What an old fraud you are! How do you manage to dispose of your arms like that?" John was speechless, as well as stammerless, though still apparently armless.

"I hope ye won't squeal on me, Tom?" he remarked. "That all depends. Have you got a large family, as the sign says?" inquired Tom. "There's six of us altogether, including the dogs."

"Well, you'll have to pay me so much a week, and I won't say a word," replied the other. "There ain't enough comin' in to do that," said John dolefully. "Something must be done," remarked Tom. "I haven't got work, and I can't get any."

HELPED BURGLAR TO ESCAPE

Four-Year-Old Miss Is Regretting That She Was So Polite to Her Visitor.

Burglars always have been the pet aversion of Margaret Bowsley of Omaha, eight years of age. She admits she is just scared to death of a burglar.

When it was too hot to play Margaret slipped into her nightgown and crept up on the lounge in the guest room to rest.

Looking up from the wallpaper sample book with which she was amusing herself Margaret beheld a strange man standing by the dresser. He wore a workman's black cap and carried some electric-light caps.

"Oh," he said pleasantly, "I'm the electric-light man. I've come to inspect the lights and I got sort of mixed up in the rooms."

"I'll show you the way," volunteered Margaret, and she jumped up, slipped on a tiny kimono and escorted the electric-light man all through the upstairs. Now the police are looking for the man with a black cap and two electric light cords and Margaret's family call her "the burglar's pal."

An Indian Santa. The jolly Old Saint Nick of white children did not visit the Indian reservation in central New York this year. In his stead there was a real Indian Santa with a headgear of feathers and other garments worn by Indians when Santa first came to America. He was trimmed with corn tassels and in place of a whip, which to the Indian children means cruelty, he carried a corn stalk to drive his team.

None of the little red babies on the bleak reservation were forgotten. He left them arrows, snow snakes, corn bread stuffed with fruit, cookies shaped like pine trees and chipmunks and a kind of sausage made from the livers of wild animals. Honey made up for the lack of sugar; Syracuse churches, the Indian Welfare Society and other allied organizations were active in preparing this Christmas.

Stirred Up a Pudding. One Sunday some friends of ours were spending the day with us. While I was preparing dinner the woman came into the kitchen and asked me if there was anything she could do to help me. I told her she could stir up a chocolate pudding. She fixed it and when it came time for our dessert my husband, who is always saying things he hadn't ought to, remarked: "Edith, this is the poorest pudding I ever knew you to make."—Exchange.

Tact. "I suppose my biscuits are not like the ones your mother used to make." "Of course, they are not, my dear. Yours are fit to eat."

NUT-BEARING NATIVE TREES

Of Them All the Hickory Is Easily the Best Known, and Grows Nowhere Else.

Of the nut-bearing American trees, hickories are perhaps the best known, being strictly North American trees, none now growing in any other part of the world. Of the 14 known species one is Mexican, the other 13 growing east of the Rocky mountains. Indiana boasts of six species, of which the shagbark, or shellbark, is the most noted, because of its nuts and peculiar bark.

The wood of most of these species is tough, strong and flexible, but because of its value for implements and fuel the finest trees of our forests have been sacrificed, the crop of wild nuts decreasing as a consequence.

The pecan is the largest of our hickories, being a native of the southern and southwestern counties of Indiana and growing to perfection in the rich, moist soils of river bottoms. The black walnut grows west from western Massachusetts to Minnesota. Its branches are stout and spreading forming a round-topped tree when grown in the open.

TAKES SOME TIME TO DINE

Meal Taken in Arabian Bazaar Is Something Like a Progressive Game of Cards.

In his book, "War in the Garden of Eden," Kermit Roosevelt gives a picturesque description of restaurant life in the Arabian bazaars: "I wandered off into the bazaar to get something to eat. In native fashion, I first bought a big flap of bread from an old woman, and then to a pickle booth to get some beets, which I wrapped in my bread. Next I proceeded to a meat shop and ordered some lamb kababs roasted. The meat is cut in pellets, spitted on rods six or eight inches long, and laid over the glowing charcoal embers. In the shop there are long tables with benches beside them. The customer spreads his former purchases, and when his kababs are ready he eats his dinner. He next proceeds to a coffee house, where he has a couple of glasses of tea and three or four diminutive cups of coffee to top off, and the meal is finished. The Arab eats sparingly as a rule, but when he gives or attends a banquet, he stuffs himself to his utmost capacity."

Where He Eats.

"You see the fellow sitting over there?" said customer No. 1 to customer No. 2, in a dairy lunch. "Yes," replied No. 2. "Well," said No. 1, "I never see him but I think of the story of the two college chums, who met for the first time in years. Their meeting was in a cheap restaurant. One of them was waiting table and the other was a customer."

"Why, John, do you work here?" said the customer, with great surprise. "Yes, I work here, but I don't eat here," replied the waiter. "Now the fellow you see over there is a publicity man for one of Indianapolis' largest hotels."—Indianapolis News.

Really Not Her Fault.

Auntie took Elsie to the shoe shop for a pair of shoes. They were out of certain sizes and the child fancied a particular pair. Auntie told her to be sure and get them large enough and she was quite provoked the next day when, having worn them for about an hour, Elsie complained of their being too tight and hurting her.

"I just knew those shoes were too small for you!" angrily said auntie. "They wasn't a bit too small, auntie," defended Elsie, "but I duss my foots growed awful since yesterday!"

Famous Woman.

Louise de La Ramee, best known by her pen name of Quida, was born in England in 1840. She wrote many romances of great and varying power. Among her earlier and melodramatic ones are "Strathmore," "Chandos," "Under Two Flags" and "Idalia." Others dealing with social intrigues were "Moths," "In a Winter City" and "Wanda." She devoted much attention to humanitarian work, especially to the prevention of cruelty to children and to lower animals. Some of her romances have been successfully dramatized.

The American Soul.

The American soul is a peculiar affair. It is circumscribed by environment, by inherited prejudices. It is for the most part incapable of comprehending itself, much less the soul of another people of another temperament and genius, ripened by plenitude of years and by a hundred generations of genius which has studied the art of living. So the American soul meets the French soul—a meeting of the poles.—C. H. Kelland.

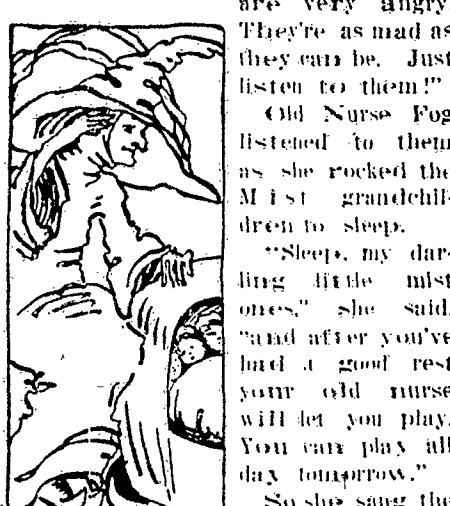
On the Lines.

McHoot, the Professional—Now, the ball lies so close to the hole, ma'am, you must use the putter. "Mrs. Homebody, the Novice—Oh, I never could knock it in with that thing. Run back to the club house, please, and get me a broom. Wealth for the South. Cottonseed, when roasted, will make good coffee, is the latest discovery of science. Women Ministers. There are approximately 3,000 women ministers in the United States.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAYHAM BONNER

THE ANGRY RAIN.



"Well," said the King of the Clouds, "my children, the army of raindrops, are very angry. They're as mad as they can be. Just listen to them!"

"Old Nurse Fog listened to them as she rocked the Mist grandchildren to sleep. "Sleep, my darling little mist ones," she said, "and after you've had a good rest your old nurse will let you play. You can play all day tomorrow."

"Nurse Fog listened, though it was hoarse and sounded as though she had a bad cold and a sore throat. "Ah," she said, "my little charges are now asleep, so I can talk to you, King of the Clouds. What is it you asked me to do?"

"I asked you to listen to the army of raindrops," said the King of the Clouds. "They're so very angry. They're just rattling all over each other in anger." "What is the trouble?" asked Nurse Fog.

"Didn't you hear?" asked the King of the Clouds. "No," said Nurse Fog. "I was busy singing the children to sleep, or, I should say, the grandchildren." "The children," began the King of the Clouds, "or, in other words the army of raindrops, or in other words the rain, began to pour down. Some of it went sideways, all of it went partly sideways."

"But a great deal of it went into windows and scurried about on the floors and played with the curtains and had a great deal of fun. "There was a little girl in bed whose name was Melly. Her window was right by the side of her bed, and the rain began to jump in and play on her head."

"A number of the drops landed on her forehead and they laughed and ran races right over it. "Well, she woke up and this is the point where the trouble began. "She felt her head and it was quite damp, and her forehead was wet. Then she noticed that the floor was soaking wet and that the curtains were hanging limply by the windows. "Gracious," she said, "isn't this the limit? This is too much. Why, it has rained right into my room and right on me and my curtains, and everything."

"Well, that made my children mad. They began to pour harder than ever and to pounce and get in as many windows as they could. "Of course there were many people who woke up and closed their windows and shut them out. Melly shut them out, too, and opened her window just a little bit of a way at the top so they hadn't room to get in and do any harm. "She was quite cross, she said, for they watched her, and she scolded hard as she mopped her floor with an old sponge. "They liked the good sleepers that night, for they could have all the fun they wanted and be just as naughty as could be without being shut out of the rooms. "But Melly made them mad. It was because of the way she talked. They could hear her from the tiny opening at the top of the window. "The idea," she said, "the very idea. What do they mean, what does that old rain mean coming in my room and in my window?" "That was what made my children mad. They said to me: "Of all the conceited creatures, she is the most so. We didn't pick out her room alone or her floor or her curtains. But she, the conceited little thing, spoke about what we had done to her and her room. "Yes, it made my children angry, my dear angry rain children," said the King of the Clouds. "I think it was very conceited myself," said old Nurse Fog. "For they weren't paying her any special attention, as she seemed to think. "Not a bit of it," said the King of the Clouds, "but we often find that sort of conceit, we rain creatures. We often find that each person thinks we're raining just for them or just because they don't like it! There is a lot of conceit in the world, and I don't wonder it made my children angry." ended the King of the Clouds. "I think it was very conceited myself," said old Nurse Fog. "For they weren't paying her any special attention, as she seemed to think. "Not a bit of it," said the King of the Clouds, "but we often find that sort of conceit, we rain creatures. We often find that each person thinks we're raining just for them or just because they don't like it! There is a lot of conceit in the world, and I don't wonder it made my children angry." ended the King of the Clouds. Fool Killer Defined. Small Bobby—What is a fool killer, father? Father (ex-soldier)—The gun he blows into, son.

Work for Mining Engineers Well Versed in Practical and All Technical Details

"A sound physique and rugged health are important qualifications for the career of mining engineering. Extensive travel and the study of mines under a great variety of conditions are often necessary," says an article in Boys' Life on "When You Grow Up—Mining Engineer?" "One prominent engineer averaged 12,000 miles travel a year for 12 years, by steamship, horseback, snow shoe, and camel back, ranging from the arctic to the tropics. Even in ordinary conditions the mining engineer must stand the strain of irregular food and sleep, hardship, hard work, and frequent danger. Health, energy, concentration, keen observation, strict honesty, and tact are qualities necessary to any real success.

"The financial rewards of mining engineering compare favorably with other professions. While a young doctor or lawyer will be fortunate to get a living out of his work during the first two or three years, the mining engineer is practically assured of a salary at least sufficient for his support from the start. There is a demand for capable mining engineers and superintendents that know both the practical and technical details of mining. There is perhaps no field that offers better inducements to young men of intelligence, energy, and ambition. There are, of course, extremes of success and failure in this as in any profession. One large mining corporation engaged a prominent engineer for ten years at \$100,000 a year.

"The field of mining is so broad that the average man has no difficulty in finding congenial work in some of its numerous branches. The broad education of the well-trained mining engineer fits him to turn to the allied branches of chemistry, geology, metallurgy, civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering, so that he is a man of many resources. It is a profession which broadens the mind and gives opportunities for travel and profitable investment. The profession claims many men of the world-wide reputation. American mining engineers unquestionably take the lead in all parts of the world."

Mother's Cook Book

Character is the result of the cultivation of the highest and noblest qualities in human nature, and putting those qualities to practical use.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Luncheon Dishes.

When you can't think of anything new for luncheon try

Sardines on Toast.

Put the sardines in a hot frying pan or griddle and heat through. Place them on hot, lightly buttered toast and serve with raw onion chopped fine. The onion may be put in lettuce leaves and arranged around the plate. This dish will be found especially good for those whose appetites are jaded by the heavy food of winter. A pretty and good dessert is steamed rice surrounded by halves of canned peas with half a pecan meat in each center, with a syrup made of the pear juice with lemon and Canton ginger poured over the peas. Those who were fortunate enough to afford a few cans of fresh raspberries, strawberries or currants, crushed and mixed with equal parts of sugar, can have many dainty, delicious and attractive desserts.

Banana Cream.

Slice three ripe bananas and put them through a ricer, mix with a cup of strawberries, which were canned fresh. Heap in sherbet cups and garnish with whipped cream mixed with some of the strawberry juice.

Cabbage Salad.

Chop a small head of cabbage and two good flavored apples, a handful of rolled peanuts. Shell the fresh, crisp nuts and roll them on the bread board with the rolling pin until like coarse crumbs. Serve with any desired dressing.

Sweetbread Salad.

Parboil in acidulated water a pair of sweetbreads, drain and lay for a few minutes in cold water. Dry well and mix with equal parts of finely cut celery, cut the sweetbreads in small bits, add a few walnuts and serve with mayonnaise dressing. A good substitute for mayonnaise may be made using corn oil.

Orange Marmalade Sauce.

Take three-fourths cupful of orange marmalade, one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of water, boil five minutes, then chill. This sauce is delicious on ice cream.

Green Parts of Potatoes Contain Solanin, Poison

Several cases of poisoning from potatoes, the most recent being in Leipzig, have been reported. Perhaps it is not generally known that the green parts of potatoes contain a poison called solanin, 0.2 grammes of which is sufficient to produce bad results. There is always a minute quantity of this solanin in potatoes, but when these are mature never exceed to do harm, unless they have sprouted and the sprouts have not been removed before cooking.

Scout Naturalist Advises Boys Not to Limit Walks to Roads and Beaten Paths

"Do not limit your winter walks to the roads and the beaten paths," advises Edward F. Bigelow, the scout naturalist, in Boys' Life. "That may be necessary in the marshland of the summer, but when the freezing weather has been prolonged take to the swamps. But be careful. Even the coldest weather sometimes leaves treacherous places in the underbrush and in other sheltered spots. Sometimes the frost is only superficial even when ice on the open ponds is thick. A little good, plain common sense will discover the riches and avoid the danger. One never can see the best parts of a brook bank from the opposite bank. They must be seen from the middle of the stream. I never thoroughly realized that until I started out with camera and rubber boots so that I could safely go into water about a foot and a half or two feet in depth. The ice fringes, the ornate palaces, the wonderful recesses, the strings of jewels, the fairyland caves are all beyond our most vivid dreams. I cannot sufficiently emphasize this, because I know that there are scouts who will not believe, no matter how often I reiterate, I did not believe it myself until I tried it, and the trial was almost by chance. But when I discover this foreign fairyland, I hold it in my possession and frequently explore it. There are many puzzles in that icy region. One cannot even imagine how some of those formations could have been made, but some of them may be puzzled out, and solving the problem is always entertaining and more so than finding the answer to word riddles. Things are more interesting than words."

Character is the result of the cultivation of the highest and noblest qualities in human nature, and putting those qualities to practical use.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

YOUR LAUGH

Contrary Statement. "That was a paradoxical report our doctor made about the typhoid in the family." "What was it?" "That it was the well water which made us sick."

False Notes in the Harmony.

Young woman (scoffing fully)—Life is one grand, sweet song. Old Bach (dolefully)—Yes, but some of us have very poor voices.

A Sad Materialist.

"Your favorite musical instrument is the ukulele?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "It doesn't make much noise at best; and when you get tired of listening to it you can demolish it without anything like the expense that would attach to smashing a grand piano or a good violin."

Fatal Defect.

"Why did you dismiss Henry, a fine steady fellow, sure to make a good husband?" "Yes, I know all that, but how could I be happy with a man who pronounces garage to rhyme with carriage?"

Fatal Mistake.

"How was it you didn't keep that splendid cook of yours?" "Unfortunately, I invited an old millionaire to dine with us."

His Preference.

"It is queer our lawyer friend is so fond of dogs." "Why is it queer?" "You would suppose his preference was for something more in the fee-line species."

Like From Like.

"An amateur detective I know gave his wife for a present a magnificent cat's-eye ring." "I suppose he earned that cat's eye by pussy-footing."

Each Chinese Syllable Has an Average of 105 Meanings

The Chinese language, before the attempt was made to give China a national writing in what is now known as the Chu Yin Tzu-Mu, was entirely made up of monosyllables, there being 420 in all in the official Pekingese dialect. The imperial dictionary, still the standard, although it is two centuries old, contains 44,449 words. Each Chinese syllable has an average of 105 meanings. They are distinguished by the slight difference of pronunciation and by the association of one word with the one next to it. Each of the 105 variations of the same monosyllable is an entirely distinct word to the Chinese. Each has an ideograph which bears no suggestion of the 104.

Must Have Good Tools.

As long ago as the time of the cave dweller, prehistoric man learned that the best arrow or spear was tipped with the best piece of flint. In brief, to do good work you must have good tools. In the terms of today, this means that the expert or specialist must be preferred to the untrained.—William Roscoe Thayer.