

Advice to criminal lawyers: When in doubt try the brain storm.

Sometimes it looks as if Providence had provided just about enough extremely rich young men to serve the world as horrible examples.

The king of Siam has started on a pleasure trip accompanied by his twelve wives. An entirely original idea of having a good time.

It doesn't seem right that human life should be so cheap when everything else is so high. The era is one of high living and quick dying.

As might have been expected, Archie Roosevelt has whipped the diphtheria germ and hopes some day to be able to tackle a mountain lion or a bobcat.

King Edward has a collection of 170 curious walking sticks, but he doesn't get half as much fun out of them as Mr. Roosevelt does out of one big stick.

Senator Cullom would like to see Mr. Harriman in jail, but as it is not the railroad manipulator's chief mission in life to please others he will try to keep out.

A Harvard professor says the earth is at least 1,000,000,000 years old. Think of that any time you are inclined to imagine the earth couldn't get along without you.

Snakes are reported to be unusually plentiful in New Jersey this year. Perhaps it would be well for some good blind-pig hunter to establish himself in that State.

A writer in the London Daily Mail says a journey around the world can now be accomplished in forty days without any hardships. Perhaps he doesn't regard "tipping" a porter as a hardship.

One of the sons of Emperor William will, it is reported, enter Harvard next fall. He will be accompanied by a military aid, and we are positively assured that it is his fixed intention not to submit to any mollycoddling whatever.

John D. Rockefeller says existing stocks cannot be watered, and Andrew Carnegie declares that Wall Street is the gambling headquarters of America. These two gentlemen are likely to lose the confidence of some of our most prominent financiers.

A Mississippi court has made a ruling which will appeal to boys of all ages, if not to lawyers. A boy had slugged a tree and had been burned by an electric wire. His parents sued the company. The defendant argued that the boy had no business in the tree. But the judge ruled that it is the inalienable right of all boys to climb trees. This certainly recognizes the principle that a universal assumption of right in time makes a universal right.

Prince Henry of the Netherlands, husband of the queen, proved his humanity and his courage when the steamer Berlia was wrecked off the Hook of Holland. He leaped that some passengers were left on the vessel, and took command of the rescue party which finally brought them off. When he came ashore with them he was cheered to the echo by the enthusiastic Dutchmen gathered on the beach. King Edward has bestowed on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in recognition of his bravery.

"If employers would give the waiters, say, 5 per cent of the amount of the bills of guests that they serve it should be a satisfactory arrangement all around," suggests a Baltimore man. "The waiter would have just as much object as ever in having the customers give him a big order and would therefore try to please him. The customer would not have to forsake his natural principles against tipping in order to get good service and the hotel or restaurant that followed the plan and didn't allow tips would get so much more business that the proprietor could easily afford the 5 per cent commission."

In spite of the disinclination of certain European powers to discuss the question at all it begins to look as if limitation of armaments would be the most important topic considered at the approaching world's peace conference. Of course, no one expects that the conference will take any positive action looking toward the limitation of armaments, though it is not in the least unlikely that Great Britain through her premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, will make a definite offer to give up building one of the six new Dreadnoughts now ordered in return for the abandonment of one such warship by France, Germany and the other great powers. The millions consumed in building these monster warships, which in less than a generation will be sent to the scrap heap, are pressing heavily upon the working classes all through Europe. The world is slowly coming to a saner and more sensible standard.

"Think of the powerful influence that great wealth gives," people say. "Surely that must be a source of great happiness." Here, however, popular opinion is wrong. Money possesses virtual energy only when transformed into actual work, and this transformation is only possible by introduction of another factor, personality. The merely rich man, the man who merely carries coupons, who sits immovable on his money-bags, possesses neither power nor influence. His wealth attracts only beggars and scoundrels, and if he does not shut himself up behind strong locks he finds himself surrounded by a crowd of questionable persons whose presence certainly does not make him

happy. Power and influence come to the rich only when he possesses personality and takes an active part in common life, in sympathy with his fellows. It is not even necessary for him to possess wealth, but only to control riches. The energetic president of a corporation with a capital of a hundred millions wields infinitely more power and influence than the passive possessor of a billion. Only the circulation of money, active money which is working, brings power and influence. Dead capital lends no splendor to the possessor, who remains just as insignificant as if he did not own a dollar. At some distant day, perhaps, we shall have gained sufficient mastery over the earth and ourselves to make it yield plenty for all of us. Under such conditions every man will be judged only according to his personal qualities, irrespective of his money. The talented, active, and useful man would rank high above the pig-brained millionaire. The moral satisfaction which the higher-developed character considers infinitely much higher than the physical satisfaction in the way of food and clothes—the glorious feeling of power and influence—is already understood by the modern captain of industry, who thinks, works and acts, but not by the passive millionaire larder at Newport. Money is a powerful weapon, but it is not the man who guards the arsenal where weapons are kept who counts, but the soldier who uses them and wins battles. True, money does buy pleasures, castles, cottages in charming places, yachts, private cars may be had by anybody who has money enough. But there are things which cannot be bought, and these, as it happens, are the very things that count most for happiness. Honest loves, genuine sympathies, sentiments tender and true and tastes pure and refined—these, the soul of happiness, cannot be bought by any man's money. True, a million dollars will build a mighty mansion, but it cannot buy that mystic something which makes a happy home even in a hovel. It may surround one with a host of sycophants, but cannot buy one friend. Yes; money is a good thing to have, if its possessor can only remember that manhood is more than money. Money helps to happiness, but there are other things that help a good deal better.

NO. A SQUARE DEAL.

Mexican Gives Cause of His Grievance Against American Partner. In looking up some mining claims in Mexico, I found myself making inquiries of a native named Don Estanzo, says a contributor to the Baltimore American. His greeting was anything but cordial, and he answered my queries in a way that gave me no information. I was rather surprised at this, and a few days later expressed myself to a friend of the don. He couldn't see through it, but said he would find out why things were thus. In a couple of weeks he came to me and said:

"Senior, I know why Don Estanzo gave you such coldness."  
"Well?"  
"A year ago he was in the mine business with one of your countrymen. At that time he was in love with Americans. Together they did business—much business. It was pleasant between them. They were like sisters. If one said so then the other said so. Nothing was the trouble for a long, long time."

"And then there was trouble, eh?"  
"There was. My good and sincere friend, Don Estanzo, he saw a chance."  
"Chance for what?"  
"To beat that American out of thousands of dollars—many thousands. He improved that chance and did beat him."  
"And is that why he is down on Americans now?"  
"Ah, no. When your compatriot had been beaten he went to the courts. He said it was a swindle. He called for justice."

"And did he get it?"  
"Not at all; but what did he do? Instead of leaving the case to the judge, whom my friend could have bribed for \$5,000, he demanded a jury, and it cost my friend four times that sum to keep what he had swindled. It was a very bad policy—very bad. It gives my countrymen the idea that you will not get what you call a square deal."

A SOURCE OF DISEASE.

Beware of the Man Who Blows Smoke Through His Nostrils. A popular practice of many smokers consists in discharging the smoke inhaled, especially from cigarettes, through the nostrils. This is even considered by some to be essential to the full enjoyment of the flavor of the tobacco.

The London Lancet, while acknowledging that perhaps under ordinary circumstances no harm is done to the smoker save to his sense of smell, has sounded a note of warning against the habit as a possible discriminator of disease. Hay fever and other annoying complaints have been spread through unsuspecting households by the unthinking visitor who habitually blew smoke through his nose.

The surface traversed by the tobacco smoke before issuing from the nose, it is remarked by the Lancet, is moistened with the natural secretion of the mucous membrane lining it, and this secretion is mingled with the fluid discharged from the conjunctival sac protecting the eyes. It therefore contains numerous micro organisms, which, floating in the air, have become attached to the moist and sticky surface of the conjunctiva, as well as those which pass over the surface of the nasal membrane. As Tyndall long ago showed, germs are completely filtered off from the air inhaled by the extensive and irregular surfaces presented by the turbinate bones. These germs are carried into the air by the man who blows smoke through his nostrils.

Daily Duties.

The best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions and sentiments in a man's life are of little value if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

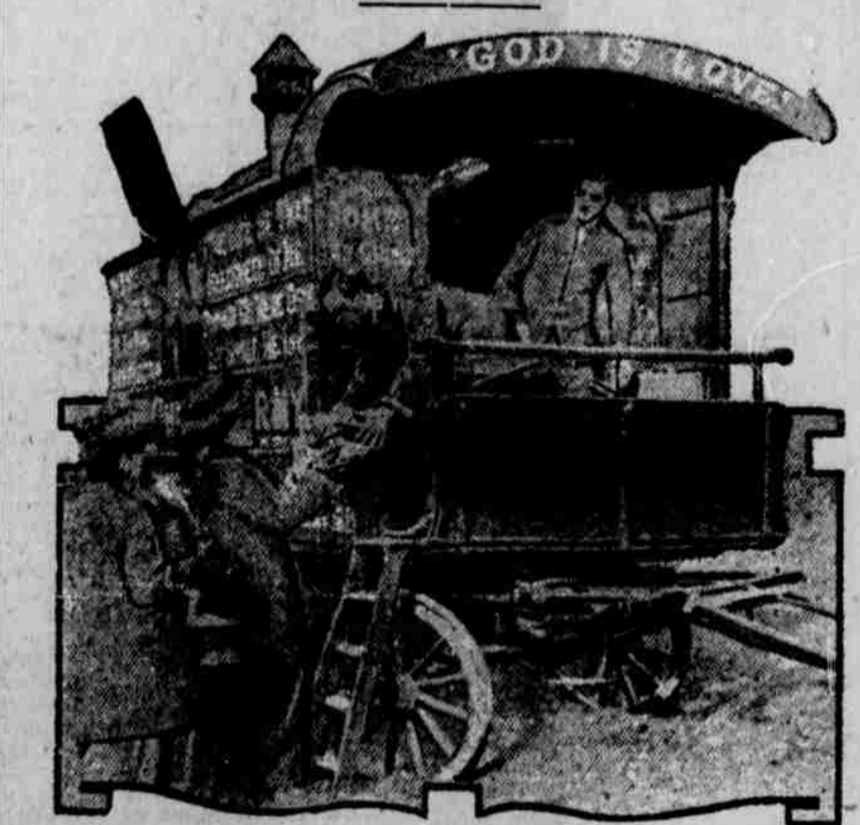


One of the most important lessons for a beginner to learn is to hold the camera in the proper position during exposure, says the Circle. Whenever there are corners of buildings or other objects which give vertical lines, the camera must be held absolutely level. If this is not done, the buildings in the picture will appear to be falling either backward or forward, according to the way in which the camera was tilted.

There are times, however, when the camera may be tilted to advantage—in some cases it is an absolute necessity. For example, in photographs of clouds, waterfalls, balloons, etc., the camera may point upward; while in taking pictures of people swimming or bathing, children at work or play, etc., it may be pointed downward. Very successful photographs of prominent speakers, parades, crowds, etc., have been taken when the camera was held upside down. It makes no difference in the negative whether the camera is right side up or not. By holding the camera in the way suggested many a photographer has secured good pictures, while others who tried to use the camera in the usual way made absolute failures. Often by holding the camera by the side of the body and pointing it backward, one may secure pictures of children at play and of older people in natural poses without the knowledge of any members of the groups.

Another warning to beginners is necessary. Do not try to take a time exposure while holding the camera in the hand. Even if the camera is held against the breast and respiration stopped, the action of the heart is sufficient to cause the box to vibrate and spoil the picture.

CHURCHES ON WHEELS.



"If the people won't come to church, then take the church to the people," is the advanced view taken by a band of English evangelists who are trying to solve the problem of spreading the gospel. The churches are specially constructed wagons, fitted up as homes for the workers. The idea has grown until now there are eighty wagons in commission, carrying 180 evangelists. Last year 40,000 services were held from these wagons and thousands of country homes visited. To get from one place to another farmers are dependent upon to donate the use of their horses. Housewives along the route help the evangelists' domestic economy a great deal by presenting them with home cooked bread, pies and cake.

PASSING OF "LAGNAPPE."

By agreement among the retail dealers of New Orleans, says a writer in the New York Evening Post, the time-honored institution of "lagnappe" has been abolished since the beginning of the new year. The word means something given "on the side," gratis, to a customer. It comes from the Spanish-American word napa, which means "to boot."

No matter how small the purchase, something had to be added "for lagnappe." Generally this something was a small delicacy—a piece of candy, for example. Increasing competition and never-decreasing greed made the shopkeepers develop all sorts of schemes for keeping up the custom with the smallest possible cost.

The children, who have been eager to run errands in the past just for the sake of the reward found in lagnappe, suffered from this deterioration of the custom to such an extent that the board of health finally had to interfere. And it was at the instance of the authorities that the retailers at last decided to take the revolutionary step of abolishing lagnappe entirely.

Complaints have already been heard from numerous mothers that hereafter it will be very hard to get the children to do the errand-running. But that the change is for the better, no sensible person will be likely to doubt.

The custom thus wiped out was peculiar to New Orleans only through its particular form and by reason of the firmness with which it was established as an undeniable right. Department stores which give trading stamps are simply doing in another way what the merchants of New Orleans have been doing for more than a century.

The same custom was common in northern Europe as late as the seventies. It dates back to the days of plain barter, when it served as a sop to the feelings of the party who had the losing end of a trade.

Lives the Trolley Costs.

If along every mile of street railway track in the United States a headstone were raised for every death by accident the routes we daily travel would resemble one long-drawn-out cemetery. Within the limits of greater New York the total number killed last year rose to 227. For every person killed a number are injured, some of them crippled for life. That this slaughter and maiming is criminally needless is sufficiently attested by a single fact:

In all London in the last year of record (1903) the total number killed was ten. According to the royal traffic commission the tram cars of London for 1903 carried 405,079,203 passengers. The total traffic of greater New York last year was a little over 1,100,000,000 passengers carried. These figures, how-

ever, include subway and elevated traffic, while the records of London do not. But even on the basis of a comparison of traffic the number killed in London is equivalent to about twenty-seven, against about 227 for greater New York. And this is no exceptional instance.

What is true of New York is true of almost every other large city in America. What is true of London is true of almost every other large city in Europe.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Paris Clubs. Election to the exclusive clubs of Paris is a very serious business. The proposer and seconder must not only know all about their candidates, but be able to bear witness to their antecedents and even to their forefathers. They must write to all their friends and ask them to support their candidates. When the election takes place, they must not only be in the room, but approach each member individually as he comes up to the ballot box and ask him for his support.

When the member has been elected, he arrives the first day as a kind of stranger and with his hat in hand. He is then formally introduced by one of his proposers to each member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still expected to go around the room with one of his proposers and be formally introduced. This lasts for a week, by which time he is assumed to know all his colleagues, though a foreigner who is extra punctilious and insists on being introduced to every member of the club gains considerably in popularity.—London Saturday Review.

A Similarity. "Did you ever try the stock market," asked the Eastern man. "No," answered Bronco Bob. "But it's my guess that a deal in stocks is pretty much like a deal in furs. You want to fight shy unless you know the dealer."—Washington Star.

Apparently Lacked Confidence. "You are too cautious. Why, I don't believe you'd bid \$1 on a \$20 gold piece." "Not if you offered, the gold piece."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Practical. "What did she say when she heard he was dead in love with her?" "She wanted to know if he carried any life insurance."—New York Times.

Too Busy to Feel Funny. The London Ladies' World has discovered that "successful people are usually quite devoid of humor." The man who brags usually has a lot to say about the things he is going to do; what he has done is far less important.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE HORRORS OF TRAPPING.

By J. Howard Moore.

"The most of the skins used for furs are obtained by catching their owners in traps, and death in some instances comes at the close of hours or even of days of intense suffering and terror. The principal device used by professional trappers is the steel trap, the most villainous instrument of arrest ever invented by the human mind. It is not an uncommon thing for the savage jaws of this monstrous instrument to bite off the leg of their would-be captive at a single stroke. If the leg is not completely amputated by the snare of the terrible steel, it is likely to be so deeply cut as to encourage the animal to gnaw or twist it off. This latter is the common mode of escape of many animals. Trappers say that on an average one animal out of every five caught has only three legs. A trapper told me recently that he caught a muskrat the past winter that had only one leg. The poor remnant was caught by the tail.

"In order to guard against the escape of the captive by the amputation of his own limb trappers are advised by their guide books to use traps with small pans, so that the limb of the captive, coming directly in the center of the trap, will be clutched close up to the body. No amount of self-mastication can then free the unfortunate. It may gnaw its fettered foot and in the frenzy of its agony break its teeth on the unyielding steel, but it can never get away. Here the unhappy captive must remain until it starves to death or freezes or perishes from thirst or pain or until the particular 'paragon' who carries on this accursed business comes along and confers on it the favor of knocking out its brains.

CENTRAL AMERICAN TURMOILS MUST CEASE.

By Maj. Edwin C. Hardy.

While it is the habit to ridicule the conflicts that periodically occur between Central American countries, it appears that the present one, involving Nicaragua and Honduras and Salvador, is regarded somewhat seriously by those especially who have financial and business interests in the countries. Since the outbreak of hostilities the State Department at Washington has received many inquiries in regard to it from all parts of the United States, indicating a growing interest about those countries and an increasing impatience on the part of many American business men with the recurrence of these eruptions in the body politic of Central America. There is undoubtedly now a considerable sentiment that, sooner or later, our government must exercise more openly and firmly its influence to deter the Southern peoples from resorting to arms to settle every trivial difference which they have.

Data regarding the foreign trade and population of the more important of the Central American States is not without interest. Nicaragua has a population, in round numbers, of 430,000, and its trade with the world in general amounts to over \$5,500,000 a year, about two-thirds of which is with the United States. The population of Honduras, according to the census of 1902, is 775,000. The trade with the United States is more than one-half of the total trade of the republic and amounts to \$4,500,000. Salvador has a population of 1,007,000 in

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray,  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin Just for to-day.  
Help me to labor earnestly And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed, Father, to-day.  
Let me no wrong or idle word Unthinking say;  
Set thou a seal upon my lips Through all to-day.  
Let me in season, Lord, be grave, In season gay;  
Let me be faithful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.  
And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb away,  
Give me thy sacrament divine, Father, to-day.  
So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;  
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Through each to-day.  
—Ernest R. Wilberforce.

A Broker's Love Affair

you think you can sit down to that kind of drudgery for that pittance and keep the business to yourself?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Now, then," said Barclay, "the matter for which I have engaged you is aside from the regular business. By the way, what is your name?"  
"Mary Nelson."  
"Well, Miss Nelson, I don't want you to talk outside this room about any of the business you have to transact here. If you do there'll be trouble."  
She turned her demure face toward him and said "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently that he noticed her eyes.  
So they got along very nicely without any nonsense. Barclay would come in the morning, look to see if the sailor hat was hanging on the peg, grunt "Good morning, Miss Nelson," and then sit down at his desk.  
His heart was constructed on solid clockwork business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him.  
"Where is that young woman?" No one knew.  
The next day when she came he reminded her fiercely.  
"It annoyed me very much," he said. "You should have sent me word. It's irregular and unbusinesslike."  
She looked at him in her meek way. "My mother is dying," she said. "I have neglected her to-day so as not to disappoint you."

"Confound it, Miss Nelson!" said the broker, jumping up. "What do you mean by having a mother ill and not telling me?"  
"I must get married."  
Very punctilious and discreet was Barclay. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Brighton "A." It was a good investment.  
Then he set about it in the most extraordinary Wall Street manner.  
"I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties, I want a mature, sober, economical, modest, healthy, god-tempered, affectionate, sagacious, loving, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary."  
When you get one of these financial intellects regularly to business he knows what he is about, and he doesn't make any mistake.  
So Barclay set up a matrimonial bureau in his private office.  
He would advertise.  
No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but a straight business proposition.  
It would involve immense clerical system—very well, he would dictate answers for an hour every morning.  
"First thing to do—get an extra stenographer. Must be business-like girl—girls, had, but have to put up with it."  
One morning there came to Barclay's office a girl with a small waist, a pearl-gay pelisse over her shoulders and a corneal ring on her finger.  
"I am a stenographer," said she very meekly. "I came to answer an advertisement."

Barclay Ashton, stock broker, had a reformed look in his eye.  
"I am going to settle down," he said methodically, calculatingly and firmly. "I must get married."  
Very punctilious and discreet was Barclay. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Brighton "A." It was a good investment.  
Then he set about it in the most extraordinary Wall Street manner.  
"I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties, I want a mature, sober, economical, modest, healthy, god-tempered, affectionate, sagacious, loving, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary."  
When you get one of these financial intellects regularly to business he knows what he is about, and he doesn't make any mistake.  
So Barclay set up a matrimonial bureau in his private office.  
He would advertise.  
No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but a straight business proposition.  
It would involve immense clerical system—very well, he would dictate answers for an hour every morning.  
"First thing to do—get an extra stenographer. Must be business-like girl—girls, had, but have to put up with it."  
One morning there came to Barclay's office a girl with a small waist, a pearl-gay pelisse over her shoulders and a corneal ring on her finger.  
"I am a stenographer," said she very meekly. "I came to answer an advertisement."

"I am a stenographer," said she very meekly. "I came to answer an advertisement."  
Barclay was signing checks. It was one of the busiest moments of his life. Finally he glanced at her.  
"Young woman, I want a discreet, confidential secretary to answer correspondence. She's got to be here early in the morning, attend to business strictly. The salary is \$6 a week. Do

telling me? What do you mean by coming here to-day? Will you never get any business in your head?"  
He opened the door.  
"Here, Sam, get a hansom."  
And Sam saw the sailor hat in his hand.  
About a week after this the office had three baskets of letters in it. Barclay used to come in, look at the vacant desk and go away again.  
"Then the sailor hat reappeared. Barclay shook hands with Miss Nelson, congratulating her on her mother's recovery.  
"Pshaw, don't mention it, my child. I am about as kind as the average business man—no more, no less. We've got a lot of business here."  
They both laughed.  
For a week the business of the office went on as usual.  
It was a Monday morning. She had

round figures and has a foreign trade of \$10,100,000 a year, of which a little more than one-fourth is with the United States, or \$2,700,000.

These countries are capable of much greater development than they have attained, but in order to attract the population and capital necessary to the development of their resources peace and order must be assured. This cannot be had under existing conditions, and there is no promise that these will be materially changed in the near future. What is manifestly needed is a union of the Central American republics and the establishment of one stable government, but all efforts hitherto to bring this about have been futile, and, while it may eventually be accomplished, the time of its attainment is probably remote.

THEATRICAL STANDARDS.

By Daniel Frohman.

The standards of the middle and lower classes—so placed from a money point of view—are higher, more sound, more durable and more in line with a desire for education. The people with less money go to the best and soundest performances. Light, trivial and flippant plays never succeed outside of the few large cities. Thus the foundation and the salvation of drama, declares Mr. Frohman in the Delinquent, as well as of the country, rests in the sound, wholesome taste of the middle classes.

It is a peculiar fact that while Shakespeare, of all dramatists, offers the greatest opportunity for scenery, he also, of all men who ever wrote, can best do without it. In fact, I believe Shakespeare owes his greatness in part to the fact that he did not have any scenery. He had to make everything clear without it; that is why his lines appeal to the mind as well as the action of the eye. Had he known different, Shakespeare would not have been nearly so great, because he probably never would have taken the pains. However, the converse isn't true. We are not hiding any Shakespeares behind scenery to-day.

WOMAN'S CITIZENSHIP DUTY.

By Herbert W. Ward.

A woman does probably her greatest share of her duty as a citizen when she makes a home a safe and happy harbor of refuge from a stormy world, when she brings up her children into noble manhood and womanhood, and when she does not destroy her husband and family by bad cooking and bad temper, but that same woman crowns her career as a citizen when she interests herself in and becomes a vital part of some problem of government. A woman who is successful in home life is desperately needed in civic life, suggests Herbert W. Ward, in Woman's Home Companion.

There is where you are needed. There is where the value of an independent, unpolitical organization of women comes in—an association that is formed to do the thing that men will not. What is your problem? Is it roads or schools? Sidewalks or the preservation of forests? The development of home industries or attractive school grounds? Make a start at once, no matter how isolated you are or whether you belong to a woman's club or not.

lung up her hat, and dusted her machine, when Barclay said, with a sad expression of countenance:  
"Miss Nelson, you've been a faithful and efficacious secretary, and I am sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is, I've found the woman I want, and, of course, I shall not need you any more."  
"Yes," he went on, "I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife. You remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, I've found most of them."  
"I am very glad, sir."  
"And you are the woman."  
Barclay extended his hands toward her. "Will you be my wife?"  
"Miss Nelson dropped her head. Then she stammered "No."  
A strange, new light came into her face. "Mr. Barclay," she said, presently. "I am a poor girl and you are a rich man. I could not fill your requirements, as specified in your letters to other women. Besides I love my independence, and no woman of spirit cares to be traded in like shares of stock."

Barclay fell to his knees. "My dear, you are right." His big frame shook with emotion. "I am a wretched, money-worped, business-soaked dog. I do not deserve you. But I do love you, with all my heart. May I pursue this, the dearest wish of my life? Will you permit me to prove my worth?"  
The haughty, contemptuous smile in the girl's face quickly gave way to the usual sweet and earnest expression.  
"By this admission," she said, taking his trembling hand, "I have profited enough."  
"Yes."—Kansas City World.

Date Back to Days of Joshua. Moor and Morocco are words unknown to the people of that troubled land. These people know themselves as Arabs and descendants of those valiant upholders of the Prophet's green standard who swept like a flood across North Africa at the time of the begira. The Morocco of the present day they found possessed by a sturdy race who claimed descent from the people who were cast out of Canaan by Joshua, the son of Nun. Their country, so far as its plains were concerned, was taken from them by the Arabs, and their fighting strength was made to serve the Arab cause in the conquest of Spain. They themselves gradually took to the mountains, to the Great Atlas. Here they have remained ever since, speaking their own language, maintaining their own customs and racial attributes and obstinately refusing to be absorbed by the Arab dwellers on the plains. These people are the Berbers; their tongue is called Shilha.

Standing and Sitting. David Slowpaw—I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be resented. Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal.  
Mr. Snip (tailor)—All right, and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal.—London Tit-bits.

Most men wear their pants too short because they are too lazy to let out their galluses.