

## INTUITION.

Instances of the Way It Is Exercised in Everyday Life.

A surfer, motorman awakened a tram of the sort not long ago when he stepped on it shortly at a crossing. There was apparently no one there waiting to get on. A woman was standing on the curb, not even looking toward the moving car, yet when the car came to this corner the motorman brought it to a standstill, and, sure enough, the woman hurried out of the crowd and clambered aboard.

"How'd you know that woman wanted to get on?" he was asked as the controller was thrown on again and the car started with a jerk.

"Just felt it," he laughed; "didn't know it. A fellow's affected that way in this business. How many people nowadays signal the motorman when they want him to stop? It's some sort of power, I guess, that tells me. I can't explain just what it is."

This patient knight of the motorvoiced one of the most bewildering psychological truths found in the entire downtown propaganda, where about every nip and tuck of the human habit, custom or peculiarity finds a shining place. Taking metropolitan humanity as a whole, there are few who do not use intuition in the course of the average workday.

A certain teller in a large Chicago bank recognizes intuition as a faithful and valuable ally, one that can be put to good uses, though one that is not infallible. "J. Rufus Wallington" may stroll into this bank, take a thousand dollar check over the counter in a blue manner, and something may "tell" the teller that the check isn't any good.

"I just feel it," he explains this strange power of intuition.

And the check may be turned down, or, on the other hand, something may "tell" the cashier that the man is good—he just feels it.

Scuffers are referred to the average policeman.

Does the city detective always know a crook when he plucks him out of a downtown crowd, when the man's back perhaps is turned to the officer of the law?

He feels that the shoulders and neck ahead of him—the head crowned with a battered derby—is wanted. Often he does not know the crook's name and could not tell why he arrests him until the man is hauled back to the station and his photo is found gracing the limelight in the rogues' gallery some months or years back, the intuition in a case of this sort being extremely strong, as records prove amply.

Policemen and detectives are supposed to study the photograph, the terse history and "story" of each crook as they are placed on the city's police records. We know that the mind of mortal man cannot carry all of this data in his mind, which is a good indication of the wonderful power of intuition which will draw the detective to the crook like a magnet from among a crowd of a thousand people.—Chicago Tribune.

## Wigs in Colonial Days.

The first colonists wore often their own natural hair. The cavaliers had long and perfumed love-locks, and though the Puritans had been called "Roundheads" their hair waved also over the band or collar and often hung over the shoulder. The Quakers also wore long locks, as the portrait of William Penn shows, but by 1675 wigs had become common enough to be denounced by the Massachusetts government and to be preached against by many ministers. The care of these wigs was a great item, often £10 a year for a single wig, and some gentlemen owned eight or ten wigs. Little children wore them. The Massachusetts Gazette in 1754 chronicles the feet of a runaway negro slave who wore a curl of hair tied around his head with a string to imitate a wig.

## To Frost a Window.

A frosted window is often a convenience. It admits light, but not sunshine, and it is, of course, impossible to see through the glass from the outside. Any window may be frosted by making a strong solution of epsom salts in hot water and applying to the inside of the glass with a brush. Care should be taken to cover the glass completely and not to allow the liquid to run. When cool the salts will be deposited on the glass in crystalline form, giving a beautiful frosted effect.

## Don't Neglect Headaches.

"In young children headache should never be neglected," says the Hospital. "It is a more significant sign in them than in older persons and may indicate the onset of acute or dangerous disease. In some instances it is the result of educational pressure. Many an adult suffers from headaches as the result of premature strain on the brain during school life."

## DRIVING AN ELEPHANT.

The Mahout's Hook and Spike and His Use and To.

"The dog is man's companion; the elephant is his slave," writes Samuel W. Baker in "Wild Beasts and Their Ways." The dog shares with his master the delight of hunting and defends him from an enemy's attack, but an enemy might kill an elephant's mahout and the beast would not interfere to save him. He never volunteers his services, although he can be trained to do certain acts, for he has a wonderful capacity for learning. But he will not do them unless he is ordered to by his mahout, to whose guidance he submits because he knows that disobedience will bring punishment.

The mahout, sitting on the elephant's neck, governs the animal by an iron hook and spike, which resembles a boat hook and weighs from four to six pounds. The mahout drives the elephant forward by digging the point of the spike into its head and pulls him back by inserting the hook in the tender base of the ears. Without the hook the elephant is like the donkey without the stick. He obeys not from affection, but because he knows he will be punished if he disobeys.

An elephant whose mahout rules him responds to the secret signs of his driver. The gentle pressure of the mahout's toe, the compression of his knee, the delicate touch of his heel or the slightest swaying of his body to one side guides the mighty beast as a ship is guided by an almost imperceptible movement of the rudder. But the mahout must himself be cool and free from all nervousness if he expects the elephant to obey him.

Illustrating the fact that a poor driver makes a disobedient elephant, Sir Samuel says a man may sit a horse gracefully, but if he has not the gift of a "good hand" there will be little comfort for the animal and none for the rider. A rider with a "bad hand" makes the fact known to the horse almost as soon as he seats himself in the saddle. The result is that the horse becomes nervous and does not perceive what his master wishes him to do.

The elephant is not bitted and therefore is not disturbed by a "bad hand." But if the mahout is nervous or hesitates or vacillates he will be sure to have a "bad knee" or a "bad toe." His mood will influence his muscles, and the elephant feels that the mahout does not exactly know what he is about. Instead of obeying instantly the pressure of knee or toe, the animal vacillates, swings his head, becomes unsteady and if engaged in hunting or scenting a tiger turns round and runs away—made a coward by his master's nervousness.

## Forests and Deserts.

Whole provinces of the Tibetan borders of China have been converted into uninhabitable, sandy desert, which centuries ago were fertile and well watered and supported rich cities, apparently in consequence of the destruction of forest. The formation of desert is due in the first place to the destruction of forest, the consequent formation of a barren, sandy area and the subsequent spreading of the "disease" or "desert ulcer" by the blowing of the fatally exposed sand. Sand deserts are not, as used to be supposed, sea bottoms from which the water has retreated, but areas of destruction of vegetation—often both in central Asia and in north Africa started by the deliberate destruction of forest by man, either by artificial drainage starving the forest or by the simple use of the ax or fire.—Chicago News.

## Uplifting Father.

The men here of late have another fight on their hands, and it is with daughter's music teacher. Men having low tastes, like ragtime music, buy a piano and hire a teacher, that daughter, in the evening, may make them forget the day's worries with ragtime pounded out with enthusiasm. But daughter isn't allowed to play ragtime. Her teacher, if she is anybody at all, would not let her touch a ragtime sheet and father has to hear music in which there is a whole lot of hand gymnastics and not a jingle. This is in accord with the plot in which all women are implicated to uplift father in spite of his screams—Acheson Globe.

## Unknown to the Lawyers.

Judge —, one of the great lawyers of the last generation, charged a client a retainer of \$1,000 in an important case, but the parties got together next morning and settled the suit before the judge had opened a book or written a line concerning it. His client called to see if he would not refund part of the money. The lawyer seemed surprised at the suggestion. "Refund?" he exclaimed. "Refund, did you say? My friend, that is a kind of fund unknown to the legal profession!"

## AN EXCITING GAME.

Buddy Taught It to His Grandma and Explained It to His Father.

There is a good old lady living not far from Woodward avenue and the boulevard who looks upon all games of cards as a menace to the soul of man. There is not a playing card in her daughter's home, where she resides, and the person convicted of indulging in solitaire, casino, euchre or any similar pastime forfeits that old lady's esteem and wins in its place her sincere and deep sympathy.

She has a grandson who is not quite as saintly. He is going to high school and has been known to win 28 cents in one afternoon at penny ante freeze out and can rifle a pack without spilling any on the floor. He and his grandmother are great pals, and the other evening his father, who left a great many things behind him when he married, was startled to hear his son exclaim:

"I'll see you and raise you three, grandma!"

On the family sewing table grandma and the young man were playing an exciting game. They were using a pack of cards designed for a game known as our feathered friends and a dish of beans. On each card was the picture of a different kind of bird.

Presently grandma in an excited tone piped up:

"Now, Buddy, you forgot to ante again."

Father became interested. Grandma stayed up until 9 o'clock, half an hour past her bedtime, and when she reluctantly arose she said:

"Well, Buddy, I have nineteen more beans than you have, and I'll get all of yours away from you tomorrow night."

"My son," said father after grandma had left the room, "what's the game you were playing with grandma?"

"It's called beano," said his son. "You see, these cards are divided into four groups—birds of prey, song birds, game birds and domestic fowls. There are thirteen of each, and they are graded. The eagle, lark, grouse and turkey count the highest. The dealer gives each player five cards, and each one can lay aside as many as he wants and draw as many more. Everybody puts one bean in the middle of the table at the beginning."

"I—er—think I understand," said father. "Let you and I play a little game, so's you can teach me how."

There was a wickedly reminiscent smile on father's face as he pulled the last of Buddy's beans at 10:50.—Detroit News-Tribune.

## Punctuation.

In the earliest Latin inscriptions and manuscripts no system of punctuation is followed. The full point (.) was gradually introduced, being placed on the level, middle or top of the letters. In the minuscule manuscripts of the eighth, ninth and following centuries the period, on the line or high, was first used; then the comma and semicolon and the inverted semicolon, whose power was rather stronger than that of the comma. Some say that the Caroline minuscules of the ninth century exhibit the note of interrogation, for which the inverted semicolon, which was gradually dropped, may have furnished the mark. The Greeks use the semicolon as an interrogation point. In English the colon is said to have been introduced about 1485, the comma about 1501 and the semicolon about 1570. In Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (1587) all the punctuation points appear, including the note of interrogation, asterisk and parentheses.

## Helping the Minister.

A Scotch preacher had in his congregation an old woman who was deaf. In order to hear the sermon each Sunday this old lady would seat herself at the foot of the pulpit stairs. One day the sermon was about Jonah, and the preacher became very rhetorical.

"And when the sailors threw Jonah overboard," he said, "a big fish swallowed him up. Was it a shark that got 'im? Nay, my brethren, it was ne'er a shark. Was it a sword-fish that eat him? Nay!"

"It was a whale," whispered the old lady excitedly.

"Hush, Biddie," said the preacher indignantly. "Would ye tak th' word o' God out o' yer ane meenister's mouth?"—Success Magazine.

## The Pleasure Was Mutual.

The friends of two American celebrities, one a stutterm and the other somewhat deaf, succeeded after much maneuvering in getting them to meet, and the event aroused considerable unholy glee.

Some time thereafter the stutterm was asked how the interview passed off.

"Oh, w-we g-g-got along f-f-fine-ly," he stammered. "I e-c-couldn't t-t-t-talk, and s-s-she c-c-c-couldn't h-h-hear me."—Lippincott's.

## A GREAT SINNER.

Even the Good Deacon Weakened on His Chances For Heaven.

Deacon Broadbent, a very honest and pious man, was conducting a religious revival with great success. In a word, his powerful exhortations had brought Calhoun White, the town's worst sinner, weeping to the mourner's bench. The deacon, gratified by this proof of his evangelical prowess, hastened to Calhoun's side.

"Deacon," sobbed Calhoun, "I ain't no use in mah comb'n' up. I's sinned away de day o' grace."

"No yo' hain't, Brudder Cal," said the deacon. "All yo' got to do is to gib up sin an' all will be forgiven."

"I's done gib it up, deacon, but dar hain't no salvation fo' me."

"Yes, dey is, hon. Dey hain't no sin so black but it kin be washed whiter 'n de snow."

"But I done stole fo' young tuckeys last week," said the penitent.

"Dat's all forgiven, Cal."

"An' free de week befo'."

"Dat's forgiven too."

"An' six fat geese"—

"The deacon suddenly frowned and stiffened, while the penitent sinner continued:

"—six fat geese outer yore own yard, deacon—dem fat geese wot yo' 'lowed to set so much store by."

"Wot's dat yo' say?" the deacon hissed furiously.

"It wuz me wot stole yo' fat geese, sah."

The deacon rose.

"I reckon, Calhoun," he said slowly, "I reckon I's spoken too hasty. Dis case o' yours needs advisement. I ain't sho' dat we's justified in clutterin' up de kingdom o' heben wid chicken thieves."

## Didn't Mean That.

"These," said the lecturer, indicating them with his pointer, "are the movable bath houses. Thousands of people congregate here during the summer season. Over here on the left is the hotel at which I stopped, and an exceedingly homelike place it is. I shall give you a nearer view of it presently. Although I was there a week or two and would gladly have remained longer if I could have spared the time, I did not take any baths for the reason—"

[Loud and prolonged laughter.]

"I meant, ladies and gentlemen," he resumed after the merriment had subsided, "that I didn't take any baths down at the beach. This audience is altogether too smart."—Baltimore American.

## A Task.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend less, to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence, to renounce where that shall be necessary and not to be unbittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## He Knew the Ropes.

During a special service in a Philadelphia church a few days ago the officiating clergyman engaged in calling those wishing to confess conversion to proceed to the altar when a stranger arose from his seat and slowly walked to the altar railing. The visitor informed the minister that he had decided to abandon his present mode of living and turn over a new leaf.

"Brother," said the clergyman, "do you think you can walk the straight and narrow path?"

"Straight and narrow path!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why, parson, that will be a cinch for me. I've been a tight rope walker for fifteen years."

## Timid Applause.

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria dramatic performances were given at Windsor castle under the management of Charles Kean. The audiences being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was naturally not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theater.

One evening the queen sent an enquiry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments), when the actor replied, "Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased."

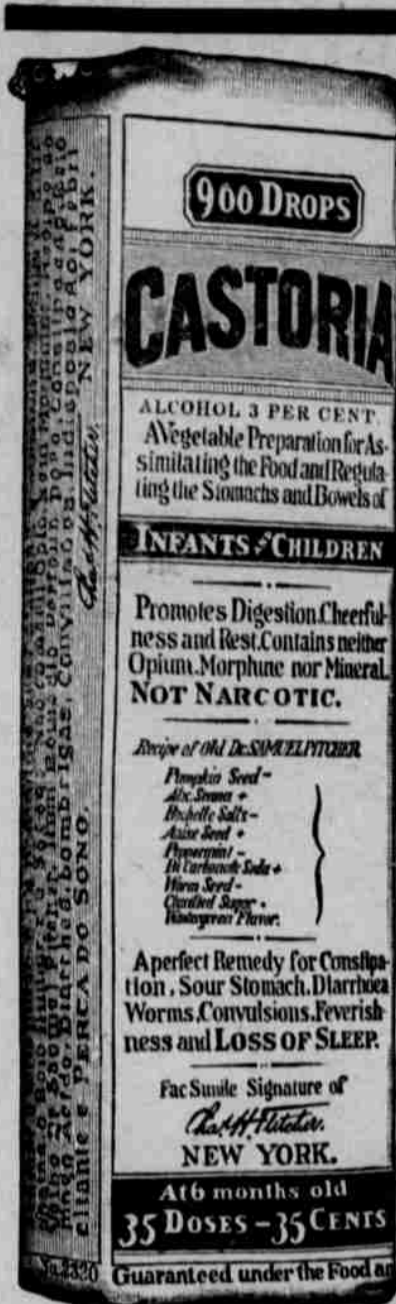
Back went the enquiry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of hand-clapping and exceedingly gentle foot tapping. James Wallace, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, pricked up his ears and inquired, "What is that?"

Mr. Kean replied, "That, my dear Wallace, is applause."

"God bless me!" retorted Wallace. "I thought it was some one shellin' y peas."

## The Sturdy Infant.

At a performance of "Dora" many years ago, in a western city, when Mary Morrison made her exit to bring on her little Willie of four years she was shocked to find a lubberly boy of at least fourteen, and as he was the only Willie at hand on he must go, though he was well nigh as big as his mother. The Farmer Allan of the play, being equal to the emergency, instead of inquiring, "How old are you, my little man?" endeavored to remedy the matter by saying, "How old are you, my strapping boy?" But he failed, for the boy, who was instructed to say from "four to six," said it with such a coarse, sepulchral tone as to drive the good natured grandfather to claim: "Forty-six! You look it, y boy! You look it!"



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## A Loss All Around.

Two Englishmen on a visit to Ireland hired a boat for the purpose of having a sail. One of the Britons, thinking he would have a good joke at Pat's expense, asked him if he knew anything about astrology.

"Be jabbers, no," said Pat.

"Then that's the best part of your life just lost," answered the Englishman.

The second Englishman then asked Pat if he knew anything about theology.

"Be jabbers, no," answered Pat.

"Well, I just guess that's the very best part of your life lost," said the second Englishman.

A few minutes later the boat capsized, and Pat began to swim. The Britons, however, could not swim, and both called loudly to Pat to help them.

"Do you know anything about swimology?" asked Pat.

"No," answered both Englishmen.

"Well, be jabbers," replied Pat, "then both of your lives is lost."

## COMING SPORT EVENTS

The national amateur boxing championships will be held in Boston early in April.

The flag to flag automobile contest from Denver to the City of Mexico will start from Denver May 1.

Herreron, the South African, and Gardner of London, the two latest long distance runners to turn professional, will meet in a match race to be held in London the latter part of March.

The international chess congress will open at Hamburg, Germany, on July 16. Dr. Lasker, Dr. Tarrasch, Carl Schlechter, A. Rubenstein, Geza Maroczy, D. Janowski and Frank J. Marshall will be invited to play in the grand masters' tourney, and eighteen lesser experts will play in a minor event.

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