

MOVING IN SCOTLAND

ON MAY 28 OCCURS THE ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF "FLITTING."

One Day In Each Year When Furniture Vans and Chaos Reign Supreme—An Odd System, Built Up on the Caution of the Landlord.

In Scotland May 28 is annually given over to a perfect carnival of "flitting." In England houses of the higher rents are taken by the year at any quarter day and the lower rented ones by the month or even by the week. The flitting is thus spread over the year, and no confusion arises. The Scottish system is to let houses by the year from May 28. Even the smallest, consisting of only one room, are so let. On the great day in any large town the sights afforded range from the laughable to the pathetic.

As soon as it is daylight the vans previously "trysted" begin their work; the goods are loaded up with more haste than care and to the accompaniment of the good housewife's lamentations as some cherished household god is roughly flung into the van.

Arrived at the destination, further troubles are in store. Perhaps the new house is not yet vacated, and, as the van is required for other removals, the goods are dumped down in the street, and there the poor family is left stranded for the time. Occasionally some streets—in Glasgow, for instance—present an appearance of wholesale evictions.

So numerous are the demands that vans cannot always be obtained, and every kind of vehicle, including horseless carriages, popularly known as "burleys," are pressed into the service, supplemented by father, mother and the children, each carrying pictures, mirrors or other cherished articles too precious to trust to the tender mercies of some ramshackle conveyance.

These processions are moving along all day. The representative of law and order, upon this day at least, is very lenient, his gruff "Move on!" is less in evidence, and his ready notebook gets a rest. There are no "cases" of obstruction reported, although often loaded vans have to remain in a street all night.

It may be that the "policeman" grasps the humors of the situation, or perhaps a fellow feeling influences him. No doubt his own flitting is in progress, and he retires off duty to some strange abode, there to assist in carrying in his goods, to sup off a crust of bread and cheese and sleep on the floor, as others have to do.

A stranger naturally inquires the cause of this one day given over to chaos. It is to be found in the caution of the Scottish landlord. It is difficult to obtain a house at any other time than the lawful removal day, and the canny house owner has prudently secured his rent a fortnight previously, May 15.

"Moonlight" flittings are thus practically unknown, and there is little loss of rent from that cause. The rents being payable half yearly only, the cost of collection is reduced, as is the risk of loss, to a minimum. The system entails great hardship to workmen-compelled to change the scene of their labors. They frequently cannot obtain a house until term day and have consequently to take lodgings and support their family in another town.

If fortunate enough to obtain a house, the landlord steps in and requires his full year's rent to be paid or deposited in bank before he allows the goods to be removed. The unfortunate head of a household is also responsible for the full year's rates of his "new" house, although he may have paid in full at his vacated house.

The only advantage to the tenant is security of tenure for twelve months and the certainty of being accommodated at the expiry in the general scramble. Of course it happens sometimes, through new houses being erected, that some one is able to start the ball rolling a day or two before term, to the comfort of all involved in the particular circuit; but, generally speaking, May term day in Scotland is not an institution to be admired and copied. Strange to say, Sandy not only takes this day philosophically, but is much more addicted to "flitting" than people south of the Tweed, some families moving regularly every year without any apparent necessity. One would scarcely expect the worry and discomfort of the day and succeeding temporary chaos to be voluntarily undertaken, but the fact is so.

The continuance of the system itself is a standing monument to the British long suffering and law abiding nature.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Great Bargain.

Mrs. Winks—A peddler was here today, and I got the greatest bargain—a whole pound of insect powder for only 10 cents. It looks just like dirt, but it's awfully effective. I tried it.

Mr. Winks—Worked, eh?

Mrs. Winks—Yes, indeed. The peddler said I should put a little in water and apply it boiling hot, and I did, and it killed every insect it touched.—New York Weekly.

Leading Up to It.

Bobble—You know them preserves out in the pantry wot you told me not to eat?

Mother—Yes.

Bobble—You know you said they'd make me sick if I et 'em, didn't you?

Mother—Yes.

Bobble—Well, they didn't.—Ohio State Journal.

The Blessing of Poverty.

"What a blessing is poverty!" exclaimed the old man.

"A blessing?"

"Why, yes. When you're real down poor, you have such a good time hopin' for the best!"—Atlanta Constitution.

MISTOOK HIS MAN.

A Cautious American Tourist and His Traveling Companion.

A cautious American traveling from Paris to Nice some years ago found a stranger in the compartment in which he had secured a berth.

"Are you Mr.?" said the stranger.

The American in surprise answered affirmatively.

"Ha!" said the stranger. "I inquired at the booking office who was to be my traveling companion."

The American realized that this was no ordinary man and soon found himself almost hypnotized by the stranger's commanding eye.

When the man proposed cards, the American suspected that he was a professional gambler. He made many excuses, finally saying that he cared for none of the games which his companion suggested.

"All right," was the disconcerting reply; "we'll play anything you like."

When the American mentioned an obscure French game, which he hoped the other would not know, and found his suggestion taken up eagerly, he was more than ever suspicious.

"But," asked the American, "do you know how to play it?"

"No," was the reply, "but you can teach me."

The American now had little doubt that the man was a card expert, looking for a victim, but, as no suggestion of high stakes was made, he concluded to venture and after some hours' playing had seen nothing on the part of his fellow passenger that looked like cheating.

But when next morning his companion suggested that they play again to while away the time the American grew suspicious again and pleaded a headache.

When they entered the station at Nice, the man handed the American his card. It bore the name of Lord Russel of Killowen, lord chief justice of England.—Youth's Companion.

THE OLD TIME DERBY.

And How It Differs From the Meet of These Rushing Days.

It is strange, indeed, to look back upon the manners and customs of the racing world in the year of the first Derby and contrast them with the new methods. In 1780 there was the journey down to the little Surrey town, and a coachman thought himself lucky if he could force his way from Westminster to Epsom in twelve or fourteen hours without dislodging a wheel en route. None but the richest class could afford to drive there at all, for those were days when tradesmen thought, like John Gilpin, an outing once in two years as much as they could afford.

In those days, too, a visit to Epsom meant making a week of it. Lodgings had to be taken in the town by those who were not fortunate enough to be invited to share the hospitality of some local magnate. Racing began about 11 a. m., and after witnessing one or two heats the company would retire to the town to dine, returning later to witness the conclusion of the sport.

Nowadays the man of fashion for the most part elects to travel to and fro by rail. He gets his Derby, as it were, while he waits. It is quite possible for him to partake of an early luncheon in Pall Mall, witness the great race without acquiring a wrinkle in his collar or disturbing the nap of his box hat and land back at his club in time for 5 o'clock tea and the special editions of the evening papers.—"The Classic English Derby," by Edward Spencer, in *Outing*.

Baked Milk.

When offering food and drink to the invalid, one should avoid things very sweet and very sour, as they are often very hurtful to weak stomachs. Most sick people can take milk, but in many cases it is not well to give it raw. Baked milk is good and may be taken fearlessly into the most delicate stomach. To prepare this properly put two quarts of fresh sweet milk in a jar covered with white writing paper, tightly tied down, and bake it in an oven moderately hot until thick as cream, which will take about eight or ten hours. A less quantity will not require so long.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Singing Pose.

Crossing on an ocean liner recently was a woman who sang whenever she was asked, but she imposed conditions. You were not to mind her attitude. She sang with her hands clasped behind her neck, her elbows akimbo on a line with her pompadour, the eyes fixed on the smokestack, if she could have seen up through the promenade deck. She said it was her method. Other women suggested that the only method about it was her idea that she looked pretty that way. She sang in this attitude at the ship's concert.—New York Press.

A Question of Degree.

Suave Young Shopwalker—May I inquire, madam, for whom you wish to adopt mourning?

Lady—It is my brother-in-law who is dead.

Shopwalker—Certainly, madam. This way to the mitigated grief department, if you please. Thank you!—London King.

Expensive.

"I've quit joking my wife about women carrying their pocket handkerchiefs in their pocketbooks," said Tenspot. "It didn't pay."

"How was that?" asked Hunker.

"She said she'd carry mine in hers if she had it. Handed her out \$10 on the spot."—Detroit Free Press.

Cultivate patience. As you get older you will find that it is the only talent you are expected to have.—Atchison Globe.

DON'T READ IN BED.

It is a Dangerous Practice While Lying Down, Says an Authority.

Reading in bed is seriously advised, so the newspapers say, by a physician as conducive to "repair and resting," "relieving congestion," "emptying the veins overfilled by prolonged eye-work," etc.

It is plain that placing the head back in a horizontal position so absolutely meets the whole problem of a relief of congestion by gravity—and it is such a very important problem—that it seems strange that people with weak eyes do not habitually practice reading in a recumbent position perfectly comfortable. Such advice, carried out with absolute care as to light and the position of the book, would in the case of a thousand busy people add largely to the number of hours which reading could be indulged in without detriment to the eyes or general health.

Certainly the one who gives this strange and pernicious advice could never have tried the plan. Some years ago there was described a patented device for suspending the book over the horizontally placed head of a sick person whereby reading would be possible without holding the book in the hands. Even then one wonders how the light could be made to fall properly on the page. Without a method of the kind not even a well person could hold a book five minutes above the eyes.

Reading in bed has ruined thousands of good eyes. Unless one sits up in bed as if in a chair it is impossible to hold the book in such a position that the arms are not quickly tired and so that the light falls on it properly. When reading lying down, there is a traction upon the inferior recti muscles which is highly injurious. Every patient should be warned never to read in bed except when sitting up as vertically as in a chair.—American Medicine.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist veins.

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary in that it was plainer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and in order not to err in my calculation I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Origin of the Rattlesnake Flag.

One of the most common devices used on the American flags during the early part of the Revolutionary struggle was an embroidered rattlesnake above or below the legend "Don't tread on me!"

The origin of this design has been traced to a remark made by Ben Franklin. At the time the flag was adopted, or immediately before, England was shipping her criminals to America and turning them loose on the defenseless colonists. After several murders had been committed by these unwelcome immigrants Ben Franklin (some say in a joking spirit) suggested that the colonists retaliate by sending a cargo of rattlesnakes to the mother country and turning them out in the gardens of the nobles.

Speaking of Royalty.

Damocles had been invited to dine with the king of Syracuse. Upon taking his seat he instantly saw the sword hanging by a hair above his head.

"I suppose," he said to the king, "you call that the hair apparent." Dionysius, pretending to see no humor in the remark, replied, "I don't know about that, my boy, but if it falls upon your head it will make some crown prints."

This shows that the ancients were not averse to joking even under trying circumstances.—New York Times.

The Laugh.

Chumpley—That hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night.

Pokely—Of course he had some excuse?

Chumpley—Yes. He said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh!—Tit-Bits.

A Secondary Consideration.

"She's allus so 'fraid of somebody swipin' dat dog."

"Am it wuff anyting?"

"Waal, in dis byah neighborhood a t'ing doan' have to wuff nuffin to git swiped."—Puck.

A Sad Case.

Pat—Poor Mike is did.

Terry—Yes. He never even lived to enjoy his life insurance.—Baltimore World.

A PET ECONOMY.

Almost Every Man Maintains One, Small Though It May Be.

"Got a match about you?" asked the bookkeeper of the chief buyer.

"Wonder you wouldn't buy matches once in awhile?" growled the buyer.

"I've been supplying you with matches for years."

"I never buy matches—never have and never will," said the bookkeeper.

"It is my pet economy. Most every man has one."

And the bookkeeper was right. Nearly every man has a pet economy and will go to a great length to indulge it.

At the Union club they still tell of a worthy old member who was particular about using a certain kind of soap, but was not willing to buy it. They used the soap at the club, and he appropriated the cakes as fast as he needed them. He needed so many that the steward changed the brand.

The same spirit of economy in small things makes other people stuff themselves with bread in order that no butter may be left on their plate and wasted. Hundreds of men would not dream of buying a lead pencil. To save buying stationery others write their letters at hotels which are generous in providing writing materials. Scores of men and women save pennies by picking up discarded newspapers in the elevated trains and ferryboats. And so it goes. It is not so much the actual money saved that moves people in these little schemes; rather an inborn desire to economize in something.

But to return to the bookkeeper, the buyer and the matches. The bookkeeper continued:

"You are stingy with your old matches. I'll just take a lot, and then I'll be independent of you."

Then he emptied out half the box.—New York Tribune.

SHOES.

Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel.

Never wear a shoe or boot tight anywhere.

Never come from high heels to low heels at one jump.

Never wear a shoe that will not allow the great toe to lie in a straight line.

Never wear leather sole linings to stand upon. White cotton drilling or linen is healthier.

Never wear a shoe with a sole narrower than the outline of the foot traced with a pencil close under the rounding edge.

Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract.

Never have the top of the boots tight, as it interferes with the action of the calf muscles, makes one walk badly and spoils the shape of the ankle.

Never think that the feet will grow large from wearing proper shoes. Pinching and distorting make them grow not only large, but unsightly. A proper natural use of all the muscles makes them compact and attractive.

A Sure Thing.

A tattered, forlorn miss of fifteen summers entered the office of a young real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals, but this day he was so busy that he didn't know "where he was at." So, with a swift glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

"Well, what do you want?"

"P-p-p-lease, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cuckoo clock?" replied the girl hesitatingly.

"Buy a ticket on your cuckoo clock? What the deuce would I do with a cuckoo clock even if I should get it?"

"Oh, you won't get it, mister. Please buy a ticket."

He bought.—Kansas City Independent.

"Dogwood Winter."

A man from North Carolina who was visiting in Philadelphia in the course of conversation used the expression "dogwood winter."

"What do you mean by dogwood winter?" asked his host.

"Don't you really know what dogwood winter is?" demanded the man from Hickory, N. C. "There is always a spell of it in May when the dogwood tree is in bloom. For several days there is cold, disagreeable, cloudy weather and often a touch of frost. Down our way it never falls, and we call it dogwood winter. I thought the phrase was general."

The Colors in Battle.

Some people may not know that the colors are not now taken into action. Before a corps proceeds on service they are placed in safe custody, as suits such honorable insignia, and "when Johnny comes marching home again" they will be all the fresher for not being carried through dusty lands and trying rivers. The men whose duty it would have been to carry them and stand by them to the last are nowadays employed in less sentimental, if more useful, duties.

One Attraction Missing.

"Say," said the young writer who had been engaged by the circus man to write up a prospectus of the show, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary on this thing. Have you a thesaurus?"

"No, by thunder!" said the circus man. "We've only got a rhinoceros, but I'll cable over and buy one."—New York Times.

The Big Fire.

"Yes," said the conductor. "I remember it very well. That was in 1897, the year of the big fire."

"What big fire?" asked the other man.

"Don't you recollect? Twenty-nine fellows on our line were bounced for knocking down."—Chicago Tribune.

THE GAME OF GAMES.

Golf, Says This Writer, Involves Art, Science and Inspiration.

It is true that there is a point of view from which golf may be regarded as an extremely simple game—the very simplest of all the games with a ball and a club, says William G. Brown in the June Atlantic. The player's object is simple and single to the point of simple mindedness and singularity, one might say—to put a small ball in a small hole with the fewest possible strokes. But so are the objects of the highest ambitions, the guiding stars of careers the most perplexed and devious. It is true, likewise, that all the countless strokes a golfer makes are resolvable into three kinds of stroke—driving, approaching and putting. But Mr. Everard, in a lecture unsurpassed for truth and brilliancy by any in all the extremely clever literature of golf, has declared that to make those three strokes right one must have "art, science and inspiration."

From the moment the ball leaves the tee, whether it be topped, pulled or sliced or whether, struck in proper fashion a trifle below the medial line and urged forward with an exquisite free lashing out of the wrists, it takes flight as with wings and seeks its true course as with a mind and purpose of its own until it drops into the cup with a tintinnabulation that no louder clang or pean ever surpassed in its suggestion of victory and consummation, there is no foreseeing what perplexity or temptation to carelessness or overconfidence it will present.

Not twice off the tee ground and the putting green will the possibilities and probabilities of the stroke be quite the same. In the lie, the wind, the distance to be traversed, the obstacles to be carried, there are variations not to be reckoned by any known mathematics.

Then, as the match approaches its dreadfully quiet climax of defeat or victory, the responsibility may grow positively appalling. The very deliberation which, impossible in most games, is so characteristic of this, so far from lessening the strain on one's nerves, undoubtedly heightens it. One has time to estimate the emergency, to realize the crisis.

Not the fiercest rally at tennis, not the longest and timeliest home run at baseball, not the most heroic rush at football, requires a more rigid concentration of thought and energy or a more dauntless courage than the flick of a putter that sends the ball crawling on its last little journey across the putting green when the put is for the hole and the hole means the match. There is not a quality of mind or body—I will not except or qualify at all—no, not one, that life itself proves excellent which a circuit of the links will not test.

The Declaration.

It is a rather curious fact that while facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence were common enough several years ago and were largely used for advertising purposes they are now very scarce—so scarce that a Philadelphia collector recently paid \$10 for one bearing the advertisement of a western railroad. The original document, preserved in glass, is still to be seen in the possession of the department of state in Washington, but it has become so faded as to be nearly illegible, by reason of which a photographic reproduction would be valueless. James D. McBride had plates made and secured a copyright on them in 1874, but these plates were later destroyed by fire, and none are now in existence. Consequently the copies that have been preserved are constantly increasing in value.—Philadelphia Record.

Drury Lane.

Drury lane was named after the great family of the Drurys who once lived there, and Clare market after Lord Clare. The fame of Drury lane is worldwide. Who has not heard of the famous pantomimes at Drury Lane theater and of the many famous actors and actresses who have played there? Who has not read of the wild exploits of Nell Gwynn, the flower girl, who obtained such an ascendancy over the Merrie Monarch? Pepys calls her "Pretty Nell" and records how he saw her in Drury lane "standing at her lodging's door in her smock sleeves and bodice, a mighty pretty creature."—Chateaubert's Journal.

A Good Prophet.

Cassidy—Kearney seems to be doin' well in his present job.

Casey—Ah, but he'll not lasht long in it!

Cassidy—He seems dacint an' sober now.

Casey—Aye, but he'll not lasht a month. Oi've said so iver since he got the job two years ago, an' Oi'll bet Oi'm right.—Philadelphia Press.

When Seen Afar.

"Is matrimony an ideal condition?" asked the little one.

"In perspective it is," answered her mother, with a quick glance in the direction of the man who was reading a newspaper at the breakfast table.—Chicago Post.

For a Man's Only a Man.

Mr. Bixby—There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know, it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out?

Mrs. Bixby—Yes. A cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.—Pittsburgh Press.

To be tricky and shrewd, that is not culture nor is it joy; but to be square and frank, that is culture, and it is happiness.—Schoolmaster.

The Griffon, the first sailing vessel on the great lakes, passed through Detroit river in 1679.

SHE GOT A SEAT.

But Not Through the Instrumentality She Had Invoked.

Humor does not abound in the vigorous atmosphere of the London two-penny tube between 7 and 8 p. m.; therefore the passengers jammed up near the fat, irate woman one evening last week greatly enjoyed the following:

"Thomas (this very loudly while jogging a mild little husband as they both away, clutching the leather loops overhead), get a seat for me, I tell yer."

Conciliatory whispers came from the mild man, who glanced timidly at the passengers his wife was pushing against.

Then: "Nonsense! Yer could find me a seat easy enough if yer wanted to."

More agonized whispers from the husband and more loud demands from the wife. There was great local relief when an irreproachably dressed young man politely gave up his seat. As the woman dropped heavily into it she beamed on him with "Any one can see yer're not my 'usband, sir."—Manchester (England) Guardian.

The Boethick Indians.

The Boethick Indians of Newfoundland, at one time the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, can now only be counted by one or two skeletons and a few skulls, so completely have they been swept away. The French employed the Mic Mac Indians of Nova Scotia to fight against and exterminate them. The Boethicks were a peaceable and quiet race, given to hunting and fishing. They used canoes made of birch bark and of skins of deer, like the Eskimo kayak. They had no pottery and used utensils of birch bark sewed together, but they employed soapstone dishes as lamps, their form being similar to those among the Eskimos at the present day.

They carved deer and walrus horns and the bones of the seal into ornaments, which they wore on their dresses, and ornamented their heads with combs. The carvings are in triangular patterns, and out of the large collections in the museum at St. John there are no two ornaments having the same pattern. Their stone implements were more rudely constructed than those of the western Indians.

Pat and the Jockey.

Pat went to a race course the other day and fell in with a number of sporting friends who were betting on the races. He was urged to bet, but steadfastly refused until he saw two of his friends win a large sum on one of the races. Finally, after much urging, he put half a crown on a horse, from which moment he became deeply interested.

As the horses came past the judge's box Pat's fingers clutched the back of the seat and his eyes were wide with excitement. The horse on which he had bet finished sixth. Without a word, but with a look of deep disgust, he got up and hurried down to the paddock where the jockeys were. Calling the youngster who had ridden that particular horse aside, Pat inquired in deeply injured tones:

"In hivin' name, young man, phwat detained you?"—London Chronicle.

Snake Bite and Whisky.

There is not on record an authenticated case of snake bite cured by whisky. Plenty of individuals bitten while under the influence of liquor have died, and large amounts of alcohol have failed to save life in many cases. Only about one in six of those bitten by venomous snakes dies. The remaining five are cured by anything they happen to have taken. Stimulation is excellent, but the giving of whisky to drunkenness by lowering the resistive vitality has undoubtedly been a causative factor in many deaths supposedly from snake bite that would otherwise not have occurred.—American Medicine.

Fatherly Finesse.

Father—I forbid you to allow that saphend Squid diggs to enter the house again!

Daughter—But I love him!

Father—I shall disinheret you! I shall shoot him! I shall—

Daughter—Boo-hoo-oo! (Later.)

Father—Say, wife, be sure you double Gwendolin's allowance today and give it to her early. I think she is going to elope with young Squid diggs tonight.—San Francisco Bulletin.

All the Difference.

Ticket Collector (to passenger in first class carriage with second class ticket)—Your ticket is second class, sir. You must pay the difference.

Passenger—The second class carriages were full.

Collector—Yes, but there was plenty of room third class.