

SHE'LL WISH SHE WASN'T NEW.

When her duty's manifold,
And her hours of ease are few
Will a change come o'er the spirit
Of the woman who is "new?"
When she's drawn upon a jury
Or is drafted for the wars
Will she like her "freedom" better
Than the "chains" she now abhors?

When she's running for an office
And gets "left" and has the blues
Won't she wish that she was back in
The "oppressed" old woman's shoes?
When the ship of state she's steering
'Mid a storm of mad abuse
Won't she wish that for the ballot
She'd ne'er thought she had a use?

When she finds that she is treated
'Like a man," oh, tho' she's longed
For just that, won't she be tempted
Oftentimes to think she's wronged?
When no man e'er gives his seat up
In a car, or deigns to hold
Her umbrella when it's raining,
Won't she wish that she was "old"?

Won't she think the men "just horrid,"
Left to hustle for himself,
Where she's looked on as a rival
In the race for power and pelf?
When man's reverence no longer
Is accorded as her due,
When he treats her as a brother,
She'll be sorry that she's new!

—Boston Globe.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

No one brought into casual contact with Edward Flint would have suspected that he was of unsound mind. None the less he was one of the most dangerous lunatics that I had in the X— asylum.

He had been an exceptionally able lawyer, and, up to his 40th year, had been making a large income. Overwork had, however, told upon him, and he was suddenly seized, while in the company of some friends, with acute homicidal mania. He had been with me for four years, and, on the average, had an attack of mania every six or seven weeks. During his period of lunacy he was so ferocious as to demand constant care and supervision, and of course, as a result, had to be detained in the asylum.

In his saner intervals no man could have desired a pleasanter companion, and it was my constant habit to spend half an hour or so a day in his congenial company. One day, just before his periodical attack, he told me the following story, which is of such a unique character that I give it just as he told it to me. At its conclusion, wrought up to a pitch of fury, he made a determined attack on me, and I nearly paid for my tale with my life, being only rescued with difficulty by the attendants.

"It was what the world would call a successful man, and on my fortieth birthday I reckoned I was making over £2,000 a year. I had always been a lonely man and had never had the least inclination toward female society, contenting myself with my work and my books. One day, however, I had to wait upon an old gentleman who had recently come to our town for the purpose of drawing up his will. When this was done I was introduced to his daughter, a girl about 20. Ethel Millikin was not what might have been called a beauty; still, I knew at once that I had met my fate. To you, doctor, married young and happily, it may sound ridiculous for a middle-aged man to be talking of love, yet to me it was a desperate fact. I will not bore you with her description; suffice it to say that, trembling, I took my leave and went back to my office. There I thought long and deeply over this new phase in my life, and finally resolved that, cost what it might, I would marry Miss Millikin, and that if I couldn't—no one else should.

"It was clearly absurd for me to attempt to win her love in the usual way, the disparity in our years was so great, so I decided to win her respect first. "I took time over it and quietly interested myself in her pet projects, subscribed to her sick fund, lent her books, and was of use to her in many ways. Already she regarded me as a very dear friend, and, I have no doubt, would soon have learned to love me.

"One night I was to take her and her sister to the theater and had booked three stalls. At the last minute, however, to my secret joy, her sister had a bad headache and was unable to go. We went as arranged and I decided to put my fortunes to the touch during the performance. On our arrival the theater was crowded and, to my intense annoyance, I found a young client of mine, Sir Edward Berkeley, in the next stall to ours. I was obliged to introduce him and had the mortification of seeing that Miss Millikin had made an impression on him. What chance had I against a young, wealthy and handsome man? And with jealous eyes I already saw the Chateau d'Espagne of love, that I had so carefully reared, in ruins.

"On our return from the play Berkeley insisted on accompanying us to Mr. Millikin's house and was introduced by me to him.

"The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, which I was powerless to prevent; and one day Berkeley burst into my office in a great state of excitement and asked me to congratulate him!

"Me, of all men! How I managed with impotent rage at my heart to keep a smooth and smiling face I do not know; but, to add to the bitter irony of the situation, I had to receive instructions to draw up my successful rival's marriage settlements. I could have cheerfully murdered him as he sat in his chair so bright and cheerful, with the happiness of youth glowing in his face. Suddenly his face twitched, and he hastily put up his hand to his brow.

"What is it?" I eagerly asked, hoping he might be going to be ill.

"Nothing—only neuralgia. I have suffered from it for years and have tried everything, and seen all the doctors; but to no avail. So now I take the best of it."

"So saying, he got up and took his leave, to go and make love—curse him!—to his fiancée.

"No one knows what days and nights I spent, although I worked until my body was aching; my brain would not let me sleep. I roamed up and down my room, planning impossible methods of revenge, only to see the futility of it all. The times are not suited for melodrama, and if I could only watch and watch and—wait."

"On morning I crawled down to the office feeling utterly done up and listlessly examined my correspondence. Among it I noted one from an old friend who was practicing as a physician in Paris. Tossing the rest of the letters to the managing clerk, I began to read my friend's long letter. Suddenly a paragraph in it seemed to stand before my eyes as if written in fire. It ran thus:

"You will, I know, be keenly interested in a marvelous discovery that Dr. Luys, of this city, has just made. He is our great authority on brain diseases and also dabbles in hypnotism and other kindred subjects.

"He has established beyond any doubt that it is possible to remove the delusions of an insane person—previously hypnotized—by means of a thin magnetized steel band worn around the patient's forehead for about a week. This is sufficiently marvelous, but is nothing to the fact that if a sane man or woman wears the band previously used by the lunatic the delusions of the latter pass in their entirety to the wearer, who becomes an echo in every action of his predecessor."

"At last! At last! Crushing the paper in my hand, I revelled in the exquisite revenge the letter revealed to me. My brain, preternaturally excited, in a few moments planned the whole scheme. Violently ringing my bell, I informed the clerk who came hurrying in that I had to go to Paris at once on urgent business. I told him to ask Sir Edward to meet me at the office in four days' time to finish the settlement, and I started at once for London en route for Paris.

"Fatigue was gone. Once more alert and active, I felt as if treading on air. On the journey rehearsed and rehearsed the scheme I had planned out until I thought it perfect. I at once, on arrival, hastened to my friend's house and pretended that I had not received his letter. After breakfast he took me to Dr. Luys' clinic, and there I saw that the powers he laid claim to were indeed his. Selecting the neekest-looking of his assistants I gently touched him and drew him aside. In my best French I told him that if he came to my hotel that evening with the band just removed from the lunatic who had been relieved before my eyes, I would give him 2,500 francs, or £100. At first he would not listen, but at last he did, and I went back to my hotel, content. That evening I left Paris with my 'revenge' carefully packed in a small box. On arrival at my house I slept for twelve hours, a thing I had not done for weeks, and awoke ready to carry my scheme through.

"I see you shudder, doctor, but I felt calm as fate itself.

"The following morning I was closeted with Berkeley for some time, poring over deeds of title and old, musty documents. I purposely delayed, in order to fatigue him. Presently I saw the tell-tale contraction of his face, and I knew he was mine. Leaning across the table, I said:

"I had intended, Sir Edward, half ruining myself in giving you a wedding present; but I have altered my mind—I will cure your neuralgia instead."

"What?" said he, eagerly; "I'd give anything if you could; it's the only cross I have to bear."

"Well, I'll cure you on one condition."

"Name it—I'll do anything."

"That you give me your solemn word of honor not to disclose to anyone the method of cure."

"All right; only cure me."

"Well, I'll tell you, first, why you have had to promise. You must know that this office—that is, myself—is the repository of half the secrets of the town. This is because everyone thinks I am a model for solid common sense. Now, if you blurted out that I had advised you to use a half-spiritualistic, half-quackish remedy, why, my reputation as an embodiment of practical sense would be gone. I used myself to suffer from headaches, and do now, for that matter, and had tried every remedy that the doctors could suggest. At last I was persuaded to try a spiritualist, to whom I went at night. He gave me a thin band to wear whenever I had a headache, and he said it would relieve it if due to overwork, or cure it if due to neuralgia. It was to be worn for eight days constantly, and, to enable you to do it, I suggest that we both take a week's holiday and go to some small fishing village and try the treatment."

"I paused and waited with throbbing heart for his answer.

"How awfully good you are, Flint! I can never repay you for your kindness; I owe you more than I can tell already. Why, you introduced me to the loveliest—"

"Stay! stay! Don't begin that. I will arrange to start next Monday. Will that suit you?"

"So it was agreed, and he left the office in high spirits, while I sat on and thought of Ethel, my wife, in the future."

"In the little village of Ancorn I bound the fatal band round his forehead. I could not hypnotize him, but I felt sure that my intense desire for the success of the band would be as good as any other man's hypnotic power. And so it proved, for, on the eighth

day, I found Sir Edward Berkeley-Ethel's promised husband—in his bedroom, a gibbering lunatic. I at once secured the steel band, which was soon destroyed, and then summoned assistance. With great difficulty we had him removed to an asylum, and I went back to break the news to his fiancée. I did it, I flatter myself, well, and then left her alone for a month. Then I gradually began once more to frequent the house, until I stood again in my old position. Berkeley had been away for five months, and I thought the time had arrived to speak my mind to Ethel. I went one afternoon to see her, and, if possible, to win her. Sitting at her side, I was just going to speak, when I heard a step on the stair and turned round, and to my amazement saw Sir Edward Berkeley himself. Then I saw all was over—a blind fury seemed to seize me. In a moment I was on him. Ah! I have you now—I have you at last—"

With a bound Flint was upon me. I fought for my life, but fortunately assistance was at hand, and, fighting, yelling and struggling, the maniac was secured.—London Sketch.

TWO JOKES.

And, of Course, One Had to Be Funnier than the Other.

Mr. Giddy invited two friends to dine with him the other evening, and when the first of them arrived he found the host in a very merry mood.

"Glad you got here first," he said. "I've got a joke on Jonesby that the boys will tell around the office for a year, and I want to tell you about it before he comes."

"Jonesby is something of a joker himself, isn't he?" returned the guest.

"He thinks so now, but he won't after he finds out. You see, he's played a lot of fool tricks on me that he thinks funny, and I've been waiting to get even. Of late he's taken to buying lots of neckties and keeping a comb in his desk, and the boys think he's in love with the typewriter."

"Well, that's no joke, I'm sure."

"I wasn't sure about it myself until to-day, when I saw him sneak in and lay on her desk a big candy box, done up in white paper and tied with blue ribbons. If he hadn't run away as fast as he could he'd have heard me laughing, for I couldn't restrain it another second."

"Well," said the guest, who was wondering how soon dinner would be served.

"Well, I knew I had him then, so I just grabbed the candy box and slid it into my overcoat pocket, just as the typewriter came into the room."

"Did she suspect?"

"No; I guess not. She asked me what I was laughing at, and I told her I'd just seen a fat old man slip on a banana peel. She smoothed her hair down and said she didn't see anything funny in that—she knows I'm married, you see."

"I see. We have typewriters at our office, too."

"Yes. Then I invited Jonesby to dinner to-night; I brought the box of candy home—I'll bet it's good, too! Told my wife to put it on the dinner table. I'll tell old Jonesby the joke after it's all eaten. Won't he be mad, though? Sh—that's him. Don't say anything. Hello, Jonesby, old man; you're late. I thought you weren't coming."

"I am a little late," returned the newcomer. "The fact is I stayed later than usual at the office this evening. Fact is, I'd put up a joke on the typewriter and I wanted to see what she'd do."

"Joke on the typewriter, eh? What was it?" said Mr. Giddy, winking at the first guest.

"Put a box with two mice in it on her desk. I knew she'd think it was candy, and—what's the matter, old man?"

"I—I want to tell my wife something," faltered Mr. Giddy.

But just then a series of the most appalling screams coming from the direction of the dining-room told that he was too late!—Chicago Times-Herald.

The School "Shows Off."

In illustration of the way in which teachers' lessons are frequently lost on their pupils, a Chicago teacher tells a story of some of her pupils "showing off" under her auspices. She had been drilling into them one afternoon the difference in the meaning of the words "taught" and "learned," over and over again, in the presence of a late visitor, she had explained the use of each of the words, and had given them several examples in which the words were correctly used.

"Now," she said, "I think you have learned your lesson as well as I have taught it to you. Willie, will you give me a sentence with the word 'taught' in it?"

A fair-haired urchin on the front seat spoke up promptly:

"I 'taught' it was time for school to let out!"

"No, no! Mamma, you may give me an example," she said, turning to a bright girl farther back.

"I 'taught' it was time to go home," answered Mamma, with an air as if she had done exactly the right thing.

And though she tried several times more, no other form of the word than the variation "taught" could the teacher get out of her school.

Nothing.

"Pat," said Tommy to the gardener, "what is nothing?"

"There ain't any such thing as nothin'," replied Pat, "because whin ye find nothin' and come to look at it, there ain't nothin' there."—Harper's Round Table.

A man wastes a lot of time every day talking foolishness, and in listening to foolishness as it is talked by other men. No wonder his business suffers.

Whenever we hear a woman say that she loves housework and the care of a home, we long to carry her off.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Young Politician Recently Appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Theodore Roosevelt, who was recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, became a character of national interest as president of the Board of Commissioners of Police of New York City. Roosevelt is a striking example of what a rich young man of energy can do if he tries. Coming of a wealthy Knickerbocker family he might have turned out, as so many others have under similar conditions, a 5th avenue "chapple." But he didn't. When he was at Harvard, he distinguished himself by studying as hard as if he had his living to make after he was graduated.

He had barely taken his degree and returned to New York when he became active in politics. He was unmercifully snubbed by some of the older politicians, but in less than two years he was elected a member of the State Assembly, where he served for three successive terms. He had been a legislator but one term before he became the leader of the Republican minority and was a candidate for Speaker. He took a hand in national politics, too, and led the band that routed the stalwart



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

forces when Roscoe Conkling and others tried to force a third term for Grant on the party.

In 1886 he ran against Abram S. Hewitt for Mayor of New York and was badly beaten, but not discouraged. When Gen. Harrison became President, he appointed Mr. Roosevelt a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and in that capacity he served for six years. He only resigned his post to become president of the police board of New York City, and in that office he directed with characteristic boldness such a shake up as no municipal department ever had in that misgoverned city since the time of the Tweed exposure.

In private life he has found time to thoroughly enjoy himself in his own peculiar style. He runs a ranch in Dakota, and when he is not hunting for official corruption he is shooting grizzlies, roping steers or taking part in cowboy frolics.

THROWING THE DISCUS.

A Novel Sport Unearthed from the Antiquities of Greece.

A sport new to modern times has been adopted from the Olympian games of ancient Greece and may become a favorite among athletes of classic tastes. It is said that the pastime of throwing the discus was invented in Persia, and Homer states that it was a favorite diversion of the troops besieging Troy. Originally the discus was of stone, and disks of this character were used along with those of metal



THROWING THE DISCUS.

down to the latest classical times. Homer represents some of his heroes as contending with a lump of iron perforated in the center for the passage of a handle, the prize for the winner being nothing more or less than the discus itself. Some of the Americans who visited Athens last year are trying to introduce discus throwing among college games. But the matter has not yet passed the theoretical stage. It is time for something new in sport, however, and throwing the discus, combining as it does both strength and skill, is a formidable candidate for public favor.

A Fellow Feeling.

"You don't look literary," said the poet, "though you say you are. Those rags—"

"Hold!" cried the tramp. "I have been trying to make a living by selling your books!"

Then the poet put his arm around him and they went in and ordered dinner.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not Even Then.

"No, my dear, it's no use talking. I shan't give up smoking until I'm dead."

His Wife (bitterly)—What leads you to believe that you will give it up then?

—Brooklyn Life.

CRISP FORMS OF THOUGHT.

SOLOMON AND TUPPER TWISTED TO SUIT A MODERN TRADE.

The Wisdom of the Sages and the Wit of the Masses, Even the Work of the Missionaries, Are Grist in the Mill—They Are Poached Upon by Authors and Advertisers.

Whether Solomon invented all his proverbs, or gathered them from many sources with a nicer sense of permanent worth than Mr. Tupper exercised in his later compendium, is and ever will be an open question. Solomon's copyright ran out long before Tupper's time, and he is now poached upon with impunity by all classes, from authors to advertisers. But, taken by themselves, proverbs well repay careful study. Students of ethnology find in the proverbs of the different races the clearest proofs of their real characteristics, for they are the shrewdest and yet most intimate expressions of their daily life.

Judged by the comparison of these homely sayings, it will be found that all nations are of one kindred, possessing common needs, common aspirations, and seeking similar reliefs from toil and labor. On the dustiest shelves of our libraries may be found collections of all the proverbs of the different nations, quite a large proportion of the work having resulted from the interest which missionaries have taken in their earnest studies of the uncivilized peoples whom they seek to instruct. That the shrewd sayings of the Scotch or the bright bits of the Irish should be carefully collected gives little cause for surprise; but a collection of Abyssinian proverbs, those of the Tamil language, of Icelandic lore, of the Sanscrit, South Sea Islands, Chinese, and Hottentot Solomons does excite curiosity. The missionaries have found it a pleasant as well as a profitable task. It delves deep into the idioms of the language, tells with unerring accuracy the mental tendency of the people, and by introducing the foreigner into the inner thought of both home and trade shows him the real life of those who adopt them as every-day expressions.

It is impossible to read the well-collected proverbs of the Chinese without realizing that a home life exists in that flowery kingdom which rivals that of many more civilized countries. No Solomon, no descendant of Abraham, could eclipse the trade proverbs of the Chinese. They touch on trade with a keenness and thoroughness which proves them to be masters in that school. The baser life of the Hottentot, the loose morals of the fellow, the independent spirit of the Briton, are all crystallized in their national proverbs.

In England and many other countries it was formerly very usual for a tradesman to select some proverb as his motto, and thus post his principles plainly over his shop door. It remained, however, for an American house to appropriate the proverbs of the world en masse and use them for their own advancement. New Yorkers who ride on the elevated roads, or people who in less favored localities still jog along in the slow street cars, are familiar with the blue and white proverbs which proclaim the merits of Sapolio to the world. Every omnibus in London and almost every "tram car" in England is similarly adorned.

They made their first appearance on the Broadway omnibuses, were gathered out of over 4,000 pages of the world's collections, and twisted to suit the case. Many are beyond easy recognition in their new dress, many are entirely original, but these are also printed between inverted commas, which lend a glamour of antiquity to them. To-day we are told that over 20,000 of these blue cards are displayed in public conveyances carrying over 6,000,000 passengers daily.

Condensed thought generally requires padding to make it intelligible to the masses, just as the stomach of the horse must be distended with hay to make the oats digest readily; but with proverbs it is quite otherwise. Their popularity is only reached because they have passed muster as being clear to every mind. They tell their story with a directness and brevity which pleases the public, as the dictionary did the old Scotch woman—"They air braw stories," she said, "but unc' short." Turned to tell the practical story of Sapolio, they often acquire new interest. Who reads the advice, "Be patient and you will have patient children," without an innate respect for the advice which follows, not to fret over house cleaning, but do it easily with Sapolio? And who can repress a smile when the Sapolio artist pictures the patient father and the



impatient twins defying the proverb? But the mother will be back sooner if she follow the advice. Our familiar "The pot calls the kettle black" takes a new interest in its Italian form. The pot says to the pan, "Keep off or you'll smutch me." The universal toll of the world finds expression in the Catalan phrase, "Where wilt thou go, Ox, that thou wilt not plough?" Almost all nations possess a proverb which declares that "if you forbid a fool a thing, that he will do," and with confidence in the good will of the public the advertiser of Sapolio puts it in this form:

"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." So we say for variety: "Don't use Sapolio—but then you're not a fool."

A touch of nature which makes all the world akin" springs out of the quaint thought that "A needle, though naked itself, clothes others." Who can hear it once and ever see a needle without recalling it? Who fails to recognize the picture it suggests of the aid given to the poor by the poor, and of the help which is everywhere gained from the humblest of assistants?

What can be more practical than the statement that "a hand saw is a good

thing, but not to shave with," which actually suggests the proper use of Sapolio. Slang never can be confounded with proverbial phrases. It seems universal, but it is merely a local form used to express a transient but popular idea. Years ago, when a general rush at hotel keeping



resulted in many failures, the slang ran: "He's a very good man, but he can't keep a hotel." All such phrases are local and temporary. They do not survive—indeed, rarely possess merit enough to reach a second year without evident decline in popularity. We have noticed that none of the advertisements of Sapolio make use of slang, and probably for this reason.

Naturally many of the best proverbs used in this connection relate to household cleanliness, and all the original ones are framed to that end. "Dirt in the house builds the highway to beggary," deserves recognition, despite its origin. Household sayings, in the sense of four-walled buildings full of furniture, are quite lacking in many Eastern tongues. We believe that no reference to clean housekeeping can be found in the Koran or even in the Bible, except that of the woman who swept the house to find her lost coin. Shakers rather slight the subject, but perhaps because it was not deemed important in that intellectual but dirty age or because he soared to grander things, we will not discuss, but the England of today well says of home, "The cleaner 'tis the cosier 'tis," and our American advertiser improves the opportunity to add that humble homes made bright with Sapolio are better than tawdry palaces? Alas, for the thoughtlessness of the man who forgot to ask whether his bride used Sapolio. The Scotch proverb records his case: "Ye hae tied a knot wi' your tongue ye wanna loose wi' your teeth."

A PROFIT ON BIG FAMILIES.

Mill Operatives Find an Advantage in Many Children.

The cable dispatches telling of the proposal of the French government to offer premiums for large families, hoping by this inducement to restore the native population to its size of a quarter of a century ago, merely broach, as something novel, a system which has for reasons not of statecraft, but merely personal, long been in operation in Eastern Connecticut.

In the mills, which are to be found wherever in this hilly portion of the State there is a water power, the workers are French Canadians. Big mills, with their hundreds and even thousands of operatives, are numerous, and little mills, each employing from twenty to thirty to 100 to 200 workers of both sexes are tucked down between the hills in all sorts of possible and seemingly impossible spots.

In the large mills is to be found a sprinkling of women of other nationalities, but fully 90 per cent. are French. In the smaller mills there are practically none but French workmen.

What surprises the visitor who has come out of a New England city like Hartford or New Haven to see how cotton and woolen goods are made is the number of children in the factories. Should this visitor ask the superintendent of a small mill to point out the children of one family he will name half a dozen in the room in which he happens to be; indicate another on the stairs and four or five in the various workrooms.

The father and mother may or may not be workers in the factory. If the family is large enough the mother is the housekeeper, and the onerous duty of the father is to escort his offspring to and from work. He goes to the mill with them in the morning and knows that they are all inside the gate before the hour for starting the machinery. At noon he conveys them home to dinner and back to the factory. At night he may come to take them home, but this is not an imperative duty. On pay day he comes to the factory and draws the wages of all of them.

This child farming is but one act of the drama of French factory life. The years during which all the children work and the father draws the wages are necessarily few. The fund for a life of ease must be made quickly. The female child, which at 14 is the source of greatest profit, is ready to marry one of her own class at 16, and she does so promptly. The new husband and wife will work on in the mill for the next five years, with occasional interruptions when there are additions to the family, and then they vanish. They have gathered their savings and gone to Canada to raise a family. They make no fuss about the matter. It is the regular thing. Ten years later, or even sooner, they will be back with a big string of boys and girls to earn money for them; they will gather the profits and retire for life to the Canadian farm, as their fathers and mothers did.

It is noticeable of late years that the operatives are more in haste to be rich than formerly. They rush back to the factories with smaller families than were common twenty years ago. Indeed, it is rarely now that families of more than thirteen are found, and few in the factory tenements exceed ten in number.—New York Times.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeve."

"Well, my son, what makes them?"

"Cause that's where their funny bones is."—Spare Moments.