W.

Modern Inventions Permit Rejuvenation of Valuable Product.

Worn-out rubber, like worn-out silver, is something that does not exist in these days. Ever since the advent of bicycles and automobiles, both of which draw heavily on the world's rubber supply, and ever since the hundred and one uses to which rubber is put in connection with electricity, the material has become more and more scarce and valuable, so that even the old rubber shoe and the worn-out rubber boot may throw out their chests in pride at being worth really something. Nothing containing rubber is discarded nowadays. The old rubber coat over which the spring tires of a motor car may run on a country road to-day may some day find a resting place in the soft tresses of a woman's hair after having been transformed into a handsome comb.

Even vulcanized rubber, which, owing to the sulphuric process to which it was subjected, was formerly valueless, is now subjected to a process which rejuvenates it and makes it fit to be worked up again for the purposes of the manufacturer. Immense quantities of this product, which forerly was assigned to a rubbish heap, are now treated and admixed with a certain percentage of new gum, enough to cheapen the price of most rubber goods turned out by the manufacturers to-day. Old rubber, however, can be used by itself without any addition of fresh gum, the process of treatment being a simple one.—Answers.

THEN WAS THE TIME.

Southerner's Peculiar Plea for Promotion of Harmony.

Dr. G. Watson James, for many years on the editorial staff of the old Richmond Dispatch, now out of existence, tells this story to show how gentle and sweet was the feeling between the Methodists North and the Methodists South right after the war.

It was a raw and wet day when the doctor took a Mississippi steamer at New Orleans. He was accompanied by a Virginia Methodist. On board was a party of about 200 Northern Methodists who had been to some important conference away from home.

The Northern Methodists hugged the warm sides of the great exposed boilers of the steamer.

Another steamer came up astern, and a race was started. The doctor's craft was losing by inches, and the captain had the furnaces roaring and full head of steam on.

When an explosion seemed to have been overdue a half hour, the Southern Methodist went out into the cold and drizzle and raising his hands toward the gray sky uttered this invocation:

"O Lawd! Far be it from me, yo' 'umble servant, to wish any of Yo' people harm, but if Yo' are still in the biler bustin' business, now's Yo' chance."—New York Times.

To the Man Who Tried.

Not all of life it is to win;
True hearts respect the man
Who lifts his banner and goes in
To do the best he can.

Three times, Sir Thomas, you have sought
To lift the trophy up,
But all the Shamrocks that you brought
Have failed to win the Cup.

So gallantly you led the fight,
So true your pluck and pride,
We claim with heartiness the right
To praise the Man who Tried.

The world has smiled on you, Sir Tom,
And may it while you live;
Forgive us if we keep you from
The Cup we could not give.

How better far than rank or fame
It is to be content—
To take with gratitude, not blame,
The goods the gods have sent.

So now, Sir Tom, restrain your tears,
Nor rail against the Fates;
Content you with the Cup that Cheers
And not Inebriates.

—New York Sun.

Dangerous Exuberance.

A quaint and most disagreeable detail of Lord Curzon's recent visit to Koweit was the constant fusillade of ball cartridge kept up by his native escort. It does not appear that anybody, strange to relate, was hurt by the bullets, which must have been dropping all about in the surrounding country; but it is quite common in that part of the world for bystanders to be injured by these peculiar demonstrations of enthusiasm. Blank cartridge does not satisfy the feelings of these races when they are excited; they must, apparently, have the sensation of danger as well. The pure negro, on the other hand, even the Duhoman and the Fan, is quite happy so long as he may make a satisfactory noise.—Montreal Herald.

Glass Money.

Glass money has been used from time immemorial by the Arabs of Fezzan and Tazili; and in Upper Burman are huge leaden tokens issued by the late King Theebau, and which still do duty, although they weigh three-quarters of a pound apiece, and it takes seven of them to equal in value a single Chinese dollar.

Millions for Memorials.

An official of the English war office estimates that half a million has been spent in the country during 1903 on memorials to those who fell during the South African war.

Deaths From Smallpox.

During the fiscal year 1903 there were reported in forty-four states 42,590 cases of smallpox, with 1,642 deaths, a mortality of 3.86 per cent.

Platinum Wire.

Platinum has been drawn into wire so fine that even when placed on a piece of white paper it is invisible to the naked eye.

RUSSELL SAGE ON SAVING.

Capitalist Is Glad He Knows the Value of a Dime.

Russell Sage was chatting with a friend on the subject of success. This friend remarked that he did not regard Mr. Sage as a wholly successful man because he had not been able to rid himself of the saving habits of his early days. Mr. Sage's friend was many years his junior and one whom he was solicitous about, because of his recklessness in personal expenditures. Turning on the improvident one Mr. Sage said:

"It is not much over a year ago when I used to hear even clerks in banks and brokers' offices speculating on what sort of an automobile it was best to purchase; even the big brokers could not sleep well for speculating over the proper horsepower for their automobiles.

"What do they ask one another today?" suddenly queried Mr. Sage. "I'll tell you. They ask 'Where are the transfer points on the surface car system of New York?' I tell you," that a penny saved is a nickel made and that a dime in the pocket is worth more than an imaginative dollar in the stock exchange. This old man," he concluded, "knows the difference between carfare and the price of an automobile, and he can indulge in either one he wishes to without worriment as to who sees him do it or what is the cost. There seems to be a certain element of success in being fixed in that way."—New York Times.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Congressman Hepburn's Consolation for Piece of Bad Luck.

Congressman Hepburn of Iowa is nearly always unlucky in drawing a seat, but of late years he has been able to retain his old seat, the member drawing it always exchanging with him. When he first entered the house he drew about the worst seat in the lot. As he sat down there he was grumbling over his bad luck, when he looked across the hall and saw the disconsolate face of the man whom he had beaten for the nomination and whom he succeeded in congress. Then he thought: "I'll bet that fellow would be satisfied with even this seat," and at once ceased to feel bad about his luck.

The Economy of Modern Methods.

The coke used in iron furnaces is made in the most approved manner. Coal straight from the mines is passed through a plant costing many thousands of dollars, which saves all the volatile portion. The tar and ammonia are washed from the smoke, the latter being crystallized into sulphate of ammonia and the former being made into pitch and creosote. The gas from these ovens is then conducted to the blast furnaces, where, in the process of iron making, it is forced through molten metal. Even then it is not allowed to escape, but is made to do service in heating boilers for generating power-producing steam. Each ton of coal thus treated yields 10,000 cubic feet of gas, 20 pounds of ammonia and 100 pounds of tar. The ammonia is used for refrigeration and fertilization; the tar is taken by roofing plants; and even the slag, the scum of the molten iron, is utilized in the manufacture of cement. About the only waste element is the heat escaping from the cooling ingots of iron, and some enterprising genius may yet devise a plan of storage battery whereby this lost energy may be used to hatch our chickens.

A Child's Poser.

Religiously inclined parents are more often than not subjected to embarrassing inquiries by their small children who have not reached an age where they are willing to take a theological subtleness for granted. A question was propounded by one child on whose religious training much care had been expended was not only a poser, but carried with it a profound and world wide significance. The small boy had been trained to ask in prayers that he should "be made a good little boy."

One day he had been far from good and his mother was remonstrating with him. "God does not like little boys to be naughty," she said. "God wants you to be good."

"Then why does he not make me good?" fell from the baby's lips. "I ask him often enough."

Whist Authority Dead.

Nicholas Browse Trist of New Orleans, who died of heart disease last week, was the highest recognized authority in this country on the game of whist. He served in the Confederate army under Gen. Kirby Smith, practiced law subsequently, and was raised to an honorable position on the local bench.

Steerage Immigration.

Of the steerage immigration last year 233,546 were Italians, 82,343 were Poles, 79,347 Scandinavians, 76,203 Hebrews, 71,782 Germans, 35,366 Irish, 34,427 Slovak, 32,907 Crotian-Slovenian, 28,451 English, 27,124 Magyars and 155,550 of other nationalities.

Mortality Among Employes.

The annual mortality in the United States is: For railways, one person killed for every 1,052 employes; for coal miners, one person killed for every 744 employes; for seamen in merchant vessels, one person killed for every 133.

Children Now Have Rights.

For picking up and kissing a little boy in the street a Birmingham (Eng.) man has been fined forty shillings, or one month's hard labor, for assault.

GETTING HIS HAND IN.

Why Man Was Practicing Diving Through New York Crowd.

At the Brooklyn bridge approach the other day a man was observed making frantic rushes into the thick of the crowd. As everybody who goes to Brooklyn during rush hours does this, it is necessary to explain why this particular man was observed.

At first no one paid any attention to him excepting one old fellow with heart disease whom he jostled, and two young women with bundles who were knocked off their feet by the rashness of his charge. Everybody else was too intent on sprinting past his neighbor or adroitly disabling a rival to bother about such a commonplace occurrence.

It was the repetition of his rushes over the same ground and not the ferocity of his behavior or his disregard for the softer sex that finally made him the subject of remark. When for the third time he retreated over ground thus gained, and as often returned to the attack, a small, dyspeptic-looking bridge jumper whose corns had been rudely trodden upon ventured a remonstrance. Subtly inserting his elbow in the abdomen of the center rush, after the most approved bridge jumping tactics, he courteously inquired, "What seems to be eatin' you?"

A look of pained surprise overspread the features of the rusher. "You needn't be so unreasonable," he answered with offended dignity. "If you must know, I promised to do my sick wife's Christmas shopping in New York on Saturday afternoon, and being a bit out of condition, I was just getting in form. But I didn't mean to make myself conspicuous, I assure you."

And somehow the apology really did make him conspicuous for the moment.—New York Herald.

Wonderful Human Hand.

The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motion so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so free, so powerful, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath each moment, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. In the hand are twenty-nine bones, from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility and elasticity. On the length, strength, motion and mobility of the thumb depends the power of the hand. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing, and, accordingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand.

Italy's King as a Sportsman.

The King of Italy is devoted to all outdoor sports, more especially tennis, shooting, yachting, motoring and fishing. There is a story that once on returning from a very bad day's fishing, the King met a poor man who had been very much more successful. The King stopped the man and asked for a light. The man noticed that the fish the King was carrying were few in number and small, and, not recognizing the King, chaffed him on his bad luck. "You might be the King," said the man, "with that little lot." "Why?" asked the King, slightly embarrassed. "Well," said the man, "everyone knows that he's all right as a King, but he's no sportsman."

Well Known Bostonian Dead.

William Durant, treasurer of the Boston Transcript Company and for seventy years a faithful employe and guiding spirit of that corporation, died last week in his eighty-eighth year. Mr. Durant was born in Boston, studied law for a short time and in February, 1834, became a clerk in the Transcript office. Eight years later he was business manager, which position he held until 1879, when he also undertook the duty of treasurer. In 1886, at his own request, he was relieved of the presidency, but until his death was treasurer and director.

Refused Customary Holiday.

Postmaster General Payne upset a long-established custom by refusing to give the 2,000 employes in his department a half-holiday the day before Christmas. He had intended to do so, but after consultation with some department chiefs he found that such a course would cause serious delay in the volume of work, so he decided to keep everybody at work as usual. Mr. Payne's action is in line with President Cleveland's contention that it was a deliberate violation of law for heads of departments to give clerks such a half-holiday.

Is a Believer in Exercise.

Mayor McClellan of New York occupies nearly half an hour each morning in walking to his office. He says that he needs the exercise, and when in Congress walked to the capitol each morning. He is a healthy looking young man and seems capable of any amount of work.

Electricity in Farm Work.

The use of electricity in connection with farm work is being strongly advocated. The idea that the light is deleterious to vegetation is said to be all wrong and that the contrary holds good.

Accidents in New York.

The number killed in street accidents in New York city has been during the year almost two for each working day.

Willing to Take What Was Left.

She wore one of those hats shaped like the shell of a soft clam. It skipped the back of her head altogether and protruded far in front. The snow and frost had clogged the door of an Eighth avenue car when she wanted to get out. The conductor got it half way open and she tried to squeeze through. The hat had paved the way for her when the conductor concluded to shut the half-opened door in order to get a better purchase for opening as far as it would go. There was a sickening crunch of wire and feathers. She found, wrote the conductor's number on a magazine she carried with her and got off the car.

"Say," shouted the man in the company's uniform, "if I hear anything more of this, be sure and send me what's left of that hat. There's quite enough of it left to make a good one for my missus."—New York Press.

Birds Little Known.

A recent number of the Emu contains reproductions of two very interesting photographs, the first showing the "run," or "playhouse," of the great bower bird (chlamydera nuchalis), and the second a flight of bare-eyed cockatoos (cacatua gymnopis), estimated at between 60,000 and 70,000 in number. Considerable interest attaches to a note on bird sanctuaries in New Zealand, where, it appears, all the surviving flightless species are now protected by the government.

She Muffled the Pup.

She was pretty enough to be worth looking at, and when she took her seat in a car on the Sixth avenue "L" Smithers, who sat opposite stole a few admiring glances over his evening paper. She unbuttoned her fur-lined coat and began fishing into a big bearskin muff in her lap. First she drew out two handkerchiefs. Then came her purse, a bottle of perfumery, a bunch of keys, a pair of gloves and—a black and white puppy with soft brown eyes.

The man on the same seat with Smithers seemed to be on the verge of apoplexy.

"That beats a juggler's hat," he growled. "Wait a minute and she'll fish out the fried eggs, American beauty roses and the live rabbit."—New York Press.

Governor's Long and Busy Life.

George Laird Shoup, first governor of Idaho, who is dead at the age of 68, had a picturesque career. He was 11 years in the senate. While colonel of the Third Colorado cavalry he pursued a band of hostile Comanches 500 miles, captured them, recovered the spoil of several merchandise caravans they had attacked and compelled the chiefs to sign a treaty, which was afterward observed in good faith. Mr. Shoup weighed about 300 pounds and was very tall. His rugged good nature and strong, shrewd character won him friends in national politics, as they had as a mining storekeeper in his early years.

REPUTATION EASY TO LOSE

Little Fable of Guy de Maupasant Points Good Moral.

To illustrate the ease with which a reputation may be shattered, the New York Sun summarizes this story by Guy de Maupasant:

A peasant perceives a piece of string lying in the village street and stoops to pick it up. As he puts it in his pocket he notices his enemy looking at him from a neighboring doorstep. Ashamed at being seen picking up so trivial an object, he turns hastily away, in evident confusion.

But a pocketbook has been lost, and the peasant is arrested, charged with having found it.

In vain he protests that it was only a piece of string he picked up. Nobody believes him. But, as there is no further evidence against him, he is released.

He goes from friend to friend telling his story, showing the piece of string. But they all turn away. He is an outcast.

He tells his story to strangers, to any one who will listen. Practical jokers get him to tell it to amuse them, as soldiers are urged to tell the story of their battles. His mind, struck at the root, grows weak; he takes to his bed; at last he dies, clutching the piece of string, protesting his innocence in his delirium.

No one can tell a practical joke's end.

Under the Spell of 13.

"We are getting pretty well accustomed the vagaries of numbers in our business," said the manager of a counting machine factory the other day, "but we have a machine in the shop now that is enough to make a superstitious man turn gray or shoot himself out of hand. Here it is—No. 31513.

"You will notice in the first place that the units of the number total 13, that the last brace of figures are 13 and that the first pair are 13 reversed. Well, it was sold on Dec. 13—here is the record on our books to prove it—and it was returned to us for repairs on a Friday.

"What was the matter with it? It skipped the number 13. Yes, sir; it worked perfectly in every other detail, but it would not register the figures 13.

"Do you see the repair tag on it? Number 1300, and that the tag came round to that machine in the normal run of business in our repair shop. And what do you suppose it cost us to sell that machine in the first place? Here is the expense account of the salesman who took the order, and it is $13 to a cent.

"Can you beat that for a combination?"

No Trace.

Patience—"They say there are microbes in kisses."

Patrice—"Yes, but isn't it a lucky thing that they don't leave any marks."