

# Glimpses of Life in a Great City.

## Perils of Shopping.

"I've just lost a thousand dollars," said the girl with the pensive face, casually.

"Well, it's hard to keep track of such a small sum in one's purse," was the rejoinder the sarcastic young woman in the Morris chair made.

The pensive girl's nose wrinkled in disdain. "It was this way," she explained. "I was coming home with one of the latest novels my friend on the north side had lent me. The book I carried was brand new and I was going through a department store and happened to stop and look at some books in the book department. It was then I thought of it. They are always on the lookout for shop-lifters, you know, and it suddenly occurred to me that it was quite likely I would feel the heavy hand of a house detective on my shoulder, and I walked out of the store. In fact, I didn't quite see how a detective who was doing his duty could avoid nabbing me. There I was loitering around the books and intending to walk away with a brand-new, unwrapped novel under my arm. What grounds would the detective have for believing I hadn't stolen it? I decided to remonstrate gently but firmly with him. He would scoff. Thereupon I would consent to be led away. I would demand being taken to the manager. I would state my case to him in a quiet, ladylike, haughty manner which would cow him, so different would it be from the usual hysterical threats of the real shop-lifters. He would be convinced and apologize and hope it was all right. Then I would smile frostily and make no move toward going. 'Oh, no,' I would say, 'it is not all right. You know perfectly well what a box you and your bright detective have got yourselves into. I have a good damage case against this store and I intend to put it in the hands of my lawyer. Either that and the annoying publicity for you or you sit down and sign a check for a thousand dollars and hand it to me.' Of course he would be glad to get out of it for a paltry thousand and then I would depart, planning a summer trip to Europe."

The fascinated audience was listening breathlessly.

The pensive girl drew a long, long sigh. "But the horrid house detective let me walk out right under his nose and I flashed the book in his very face. I could have hit him I was so mad."

"It was a shame!" sympathized the listening chorus.

"I did shoplift once," the young woman with the reputation for painful honesty broke the silence. Everybody said, "What!" and sat up.

She shuddered. "It was this way. It gives me cold creeps yet when I think what might have happened to me. I was buying some cheap stick-

pins at the jewelry counter in a department store and had laid down on the card-filled trays on the counter a package I carried which was fastened with two crosswise rubber bands. When my pins and change came I picked up my package and sauntered out. I walked a block and was waiting on the corner for my street car

and give him their hand. No one responded, he repeated the invitation. "Come along," he pleaded. "Come up and give me your hand." Thinking the invitation was intended for her, Jess jumped off the bench on which she was sitting, trotted down the aisle and, reaching the minister, stopped in front of him, raised herself on her haunches and extended her paw. The man of God took no notice of the dog but nearly every other person in the house did, and the solemn and sublime gave place to the laughable and ridiculous. Seeing that nobody was going to shake hands with her, Jess, very much disgusted, trotted back to her seat.

There is hardly anything in the way of altering the face of the earth that the landscape gardener cannot carry out successfully, and any one who cares for a section of the Alps in his back garden has only to order it. The much-admired ruins at Virginia Water, which many people think are genuine, were all carefully placed in position by a firm of landscape gardeners, and there is in Shropshire a model of the world-renowned falls of Gelsbach, water and all, which owes its presence to the same art, while in Hertfordshire is a Norman castle in a most orthodox state of ruin, but built by a Sussex firm. Chiffs can be and have

been made, and a lake with a few islands or a babbling stream are quite easy tasks.

In Canada are a number of lakes where asbestos is produced, and one of the largest of these is near Sherbrooke, in Ontario. The serpentine rock is mined in open quarries, and after it has been carried to the surface, that bearing the asbestos is separated from the barren material by hand-picking. At a cobbling house the long-fibered asbestos is knocked off from the serpentine by hand if the veins are more than three-quarters of an inch thick, but in the smaller pieces this separation is made by machinery.

Within a few weeks the tunnel under the royal palace of the quinal at Rome will be completed. It will place the older part of the eternal city in direct and level communication with that new quarter of Rome erected since 1870 beyond the quinal. It is to be brilliantly lighted by electricity and will be carefully watched by the police, who are in dread lest it might serve some anarchist plot to blow up the palace above.

The largest mosquitoes in the world are found in the arctic regions.

Wild excitement and consternation were introduced last week by a practical joker in a poultry show at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. During the absence of the attendants the ducks were fed with corn soaked in whisky. They were soon intoxicated, and promptly began a furious combat. All the fowls in the neighborhood of the drunken ducks were excited by the uproar and it seemed that the show would have to end. Bromo seltzer was mixed with the ducks' drinking water and they finally became peaceable.

But Si replied: "Don't be nowise on easy, Dunc. I have rode a hundred miles to kill you, but I guess you ain't wised off here than you'd be in hell. So I forgives you. Fully and freely forgives you."

Si then started off, but wheeling suddenly pitched a silver dollar over in the field to the amazed Dunc, saying: "Here, buy that air poked-faced young un' a square meal. He looks hongry."

Si suddenly confronted him with his gun. Taken by surprise Dunc started and trembled a little at first, but soon recovering faced his enemy without blanching.

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when my hand chanced to rub the under side of the parcel. I felt something strange. I looked. There, slipped under the rubber bands were two cards, each holding a set of cuff links and shirtwaist buttons. They were expensive ones, too. When I got my breath I started and just ran back to that jewelry counter and almost threw the cards at the clerk, as I explained how I had accidentally walked off with them. I had chills all the way home.

If a floorwalker or detective had noticed them as I was leaving the first time he'd have put me in the police station sure as fate. There would have been absolutely no way of proving I hadn't intentionally taken them. At the best, the firm would have let me go with a solemn warning never to do it again. And I know I'd have been a thief from that day in spite of myself, just to carry out their set idea of me. Sort of hypnotic effect, you know."

"H'm!" commented the sarcastic girl. "The moral we draw from these harrowing experiences, young women, in regard to shopping, is—don't. Besides, think of all the things you can buy with the money you save!"—Chicago News.

OUR SWEAT SYSTEM.

Miles of Glands Contained in the Human Body.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface as the skin of the back. The pores in the ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external of the body. They run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin, and there they link up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating twenty-eight miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end!

These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority, says a writer in *Almslee's*. They are the figures of men who have given their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large for you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400,000 sweat glands on the human body, each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven miles or twelve miles. Take your pick. Our motto is: "We aim to please. If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority." I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly, according as the person works in an icehouse or rides a bicycle up-hill. From the average person in a year's time there oozes through the pores of the skin 1,500 pounds of water.

The exact length of our year is 365 days, 6 hours, 15 minutes and 48.6 seconds.

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## Huldah's Graham Bread.

The Bests are very fond of graham bread. Mrs. Best is a New Englander, and naturally knows good baking. She knew or thought she knew what it tasted like, also; but since the advent of a new, green girl her opinion has changed, says writer in *Chicago News Record*.

When Huldah, the new girl, came Mrs. Best labored industriously teaching her the family ways, and on Friday, the regular baking day, set her to making a graham batch. All went well until the doorbell rang and callers were announced. Mrs. Best went in to receive them and left Huldah to finish mixing the bread according to minute instructions.

After the guests' departure Mrs. Best returned anxiously to the kitchen, but Huldah had the mixing all done and set away to rise. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Best went to see how the loaves looked before they went into the oven. Huldah removed the cloth and revealed four oblong pieces of sponge that resembled half-worked putty. Mrs. Best frowned in a dubious fashion and remarked that they looked queer. Huldah looked innocent and replied that she "haf done just wot missus tel her." Mrs. Best told her to set them nearer the heat in case

they should take a notion to rise further, but at the end of another hour they still had a discouraged look, and Huldah put them into the oven.

With the cheerful perversity of things inanimate they came out looking beautifully crisp and light and Mrs. Best began to think herself deceived. The bread was served and heartily partaken of, though every one agreed it had an odd taste, and occasionally a gritty section would startle them into a firmer suspicion that something was really amiss. Nevertheless Huldah stoutly declared she had followed the recipe to the letter.

As the bread grew older the gritty substances became more pronounced and Mrs. Best began investigating in earnest.

"Huldah, what did you put into that bread?" she asked.

"Ay poot sugar, butter, salt, yeast and flour."

"Is that all?"

"Wael, ay poot in two kins flour."

"What kinds?"

"Graham an' whaite flour."

"Why did you do that?"

"Ay not haf nuff graham, so poot in kittle whaite."

"Show me the flour you put in."

Huldah brought out the flour in a yellow paper sack. Mrs. Best gave a gasp and hurried Huldah out to the garbage box with her apron full of bread. The flour Huldah had used was whitening, a substance used for polishing silver.

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For years there has been much talk of building a railroad between Manitoba and Hudson Bay as a new outlet for the wheat of the Canadian Northwest. It seems likely that this project will never be carried out, but the new scheme, announced only a few months ago, of connecting the foot of Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie with the southwestern shores of Hudson Bay is now advancing at the rate of half a mile a day. This is the Algoma Central railroad, building mostly with United States capital, but assisted by the Canadian government, which has made invaluable concessions to the company. About seventy miles of the road are now completed. Some years ago Mr. R. Bell and other Canadian explorers first revealed the region to the southeast of Hudson Bay. They declared that it contained a great abundance of spruce and other valuable timbers and also much fine, arable land. It was thought that the corresponding region to the southwest of the bay must be equally valuable, but very little was known of it until early last summer when a number of mineral and timber experts were sent out on the proposed route to ascertain the possibilities of the country. There was reason to believe that spruce abounded and the main purpose of building the road was to secure large supplies of wood pulp for the paper mills at Sault Ste. Marie. But it was thought that investigation would reveal other important resources and this belief is justified by the reports now coming in. The prospectors say that vast forests of spruce, pine, hard woods and other cedar lie all along the route. There are also great beds of pottery clay, iron ore, copper, gypsum and other minerals besides millions of acres timbered with maple, beech and oak that will make fine, farming lands when once cleared. The Ontario government has made a contract with the company to locate on these lands several hundred families a year for the next ten years. An emigration office has been established in England and it is expected to send out the first party in the coming spring. It is said there is spruce enough along the line of the road to supply pulp for large paper interests for many years. Consul Harlan W. Brush has reported from Niagara Falls, Ontario, that it is the intention to establish a "seaside hotel" at the terminus of the railroad on Hudson bay. Game is plentiful there, scores of lakes and rivers teeming with fish may be easily reached, and the scenery, the bracing climate and the hunting and fishing are expected to attract thousands of tourists.—New York Sun.

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