

TAILOR'S SIGNALS GO WRONG

Tries on New Shoes and Brings Volley from the Bar Room.

The tailor's shop is above a saloon. The tailor likes his German joy, and is such a steady customer that the saloonkeeper decided to put in a dumb waiter for the purpose of shooting the lager up to the tailor without having to carry it up to him or wait for the tailor to run down.

"Ve shall have signals, no?" suggested the tailor. "Ven I stamp my foot on der floor voice, dot iss my beer. Ven I stamp two times, dot iss two beers, und so on."

"Dot iss it," responded the saloon keeper, with a smile that indicated his approval. "Von stamp iss von beer und two stamps iss two beers, und yet on so long as you stamp."

The saloon keeper had not been back in his bar room more than five minutes until he heard noise from above. He tried to count the stamps, but lost the count. He just loaded a dozen glasses of beer on the dumb waiter and sent them up. Then he went upstairs with four glasses more. As he entered the tailor's door he was surprised to find no one in the shop but the tailor.

"Vot's der matter, Herman?" he said. "Vot are you doing? Are you giving a party?"

"Vot you mean? For vy iss all dis beer?" queried the tailor.

"For vy iss all dose stamps if not for beer?"

And Herman, to his financial terror, suddenly realized that he had been stamping on the floor. He was trying on a new pair of shoes.

They didn't try to put the beer back into the keg.

DIVORCES RARE IN CANADA

Surprising Difference Between Statistics of United States and Her Neighbor on the North.

There is a surprising difference between the divorce statistics of the United States and those of Canada. While in this country divorces are granted by the thousand, on the other side of the boundary the number rarely reaches even two figures annually. Since 1867 there has been a grand total of 136 divorces granted in Canada.

The figures are given in detail in the St. John Globe as follows:

In 1867-68 one was granted; in '69, one; '70, '71 and '72, none; '73, one; '75, one; '76, one; '77, four; '78, three; '79, one; '84, one; '85, five; '86, one; '87, five; '88, two; '89, four; '90, two; '92, four; '93, seven; '94, six; '95, three; '96, one; '97, one; '98, three; '99, four; 1900, five; '01, two; '02, two; '03, seven; '04, six.

In 1905 nine were granted; in 1906, fourteen; 1907, five; 1908, eight, while the last season eclipsed all records with a total of 16.

Medicine Man Made Good.

In the August Wide World Magazine, C. H. E. Askwith of Ottawa, tells an amusing story of "rain-making." The prosperity of the Yukon is, as every one knows, closely bound up with an abundant rainfall, and in order to insure this the services of a "rain-making expert" were enlisted by the government and a committee of mine owners. He failed, whereupon Silas, hereditary chief of the Moosehide Indians, staked his reputation that his tribal medicineman could do more wonders than all the paleface's science. Nature, through a remarkable coincidence, came to his assistance—with the unlooked-for result that the Yukon got all the rain it wanted, and that the entire tribe of Moosehides went back to the faith of their savage forefathers. "The facts are strictly as I relate them," writes the author. "I was at that time editor of the Yukon Daily World, and took a small part in the affair."

Calls for Courage.

"No matter how watermelon may be cut up or served in fancy style, it never tastes better than when placed before one in the good, old-fashioned southern slice," said a man in the Waldorf-Astoria the other night. "I would have it oftener, but no one feels more conspicuous than the man who calls for it and has his waiter approach in state with the huge, scarlet slice. It seems as if every one in the room turned to stare. It takes nerve to eat watermelon. As for canteloupe and ice cream as a dessert they are all right if a little apricot brandy is put into the melon before the ice cream. That blends the flavor delightfully."

Hollow Mockery.

No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato in mold and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruit age of Paradise.—Charlotte Bronte.

Home of the Wild Bee.

A wild bee's home, as we all know, serves the purpose of a storehouse as well as of a place for the young to grow and develop. The entrance used by the bees is often very small, but always leads into a large room. The wax for their honey and brood cells is the only thing in the least like furniture which they require. The firmer and more bare the walls and floors the better for them.—St. Nicholas.

SURVIVAL OF OLD BELIEFS

Explanation of Fact That Parsley Always Has Been Associated with Life and Death.

One of the most curious features in parsley lore is that the plant is traditionally connected with both birth and death. The association with the former, though familiar enough, is the more mysterious, the London Globe says. All of us have heard in one form or other the explanation given by nurses to inquisitive children as to the appearance of a new brother or sister—"The doctor, or clergyman, found him or her in the parsley bed." It is possible that some may see a reference to this widespread fiction in the Roman folk story, "Filinagrata," but there can be but little doubt that the origin must be sought for in some of the oldest and most universal of primitive beliefs, those, namely, which related to the sympathetic connection between the fertility of certain forms of plant life and the increase of the human race.

IMPROVEMENT!



Jones—Hasn't that Smithers girl improved?

Brown—Rather! Why, I can remember when she was such a modest little thing.—Pick-Me-Up.

ALL PROFIT.

"No use of talking," drawled the freckled youth on the roadside fence, "thar' certainly is money in cattle."

"In the stock-raising business, young man?" asked the tourist.

"No, not exactly, but an automobile ran over that spotted calf a few minutes ago and the man with the big spectacles got out and handed me a \$5 note."

"Five dollars? That's not so much for a good-sized calf."

"Yes, but, mister, the calf wasn't mine. Now, if I can only stand in front of another calf while he gets run over, I'll be right in it, be gosh."

RISE OF RUSSIA.

In the history of Europe down to the middle of the eighteenth century Russia is a blank. The foundation of the kingdom was laid by Ruric the Norseman in the ninth century. In the tenth century the Russians were Christianized, adopting the Greek form of Christianity. In the thirteenth century the Russians were completely overrun by the Tartars under Garghiz Khan. From the Tartars Russia was delivered by Ivan, who became czar in the time of Elizabeth. It was Peter the Great (1672-1725) who gave Russia for the first time a place in the states system of Europe.

THE FACETIOUS WAITER.

"Waiter, these are not likely Rocky Ford melons."

"How do you know, sir?"

"Why, by looking at them."

"You can tell in an easier way than that, sir."

"How?"

"By looking at the price."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POWERFUL LIGHTING SYSTEM.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Edison system is at the present time supplying the current equivalent of 1,500,000 16-candle power incandescent lamps.

AFRAID OF CONSEQUENCES.

Dog-Hater (tremulously)—See here, sir, will that dog bite me?

Dog Owner (scornfully)—Do you suppose he has no instinct of self-preservation?

ON THE JOB.

Gerald—Will you marry me?

Geraldine—Yes, but I shall want time to change my dress.

TRUST BURSTING IN BAGDAD

How the Problem Was Solved for All Time by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid.

Senator La Follette, at a dinner during the tariff debates, illustrated a statement with a story.

"The Caliph Haroun al Raschid," he said, "had once to wrestle with a meat trust in Bagdad."

"Beef for some reason, got a little scarce, and immediately all the butchers met in secret conclave and doubled their prices. Nasreddin, a millionaire, was the head of this trust."

"The caliph heard all about the trust from his grand vazier. He said nothing. But, a day or so later, he invited all the Bagdad butchers to the royal palace."

"The butchers, knowing their caliph's vulgar love for the common people, went to him with fear and trembling. But he greeted them with kind words, and, lo, in the great marble hall a superb feast was spread. The caliph, ere he left the room, waved them graciously to table."

"They ate heartily. The meat sores was particularly good. Where, though, was Nasreddin, Nasreddin, the millionaire organizer of their trust?"

"As they by turns praised the meat and asked one another where Nasreddin could be, the caliph returned. His aspect now was stern."

"Where," he said from his dais, 'is Nasreddin, O butchers?"

"Silence. No one knew. The caliph frowned as black as a thundercloud."

"Nasreddin," he roared, 'is here. You have just eaten him. Go home and reduce the price of meat, or your fate will be as his!"

"And since that day trusts have been unknown in Bagdad."

SHARES BOSTON'S BEAN FAME

New York and Boston Products Differ Mostly as to Color of Cooked Vegetable.

There are beans and beans. Boston baked beans, of course, have come to be revered as one of the distinctive institutions of our country, their fame being international. It is an old saying that "you have to go away to find out what has happened at home," and it is entirely probable that few New Yorkers are aware of the fact that there are New York beans. A traveler discovered the bean representatives of the two cities on a bill of fare in a Philadelphia restaurant the other day. He was curious enough to ask the waitress what was the difference between the two.

She was plainly surprised at the question. "Why, Boston beans are brown," she explained, "and New York beans are white."

She could not explain, however, why white beans should have the New York label attached. But she volunteered the information that there were almost as many calls for New York beans as Boston, such requests coming mostly from persons who were from out of town and possibly had an idea that New York beans had a little more "class," a little more metropolitan flavor, as it were, than the far-famed Boston product.

Condemns Sunshine Fad.

A well-known medical man condemns emphatically the form of vanity that leads people on their holidays to do their utmost to get sunburned. "Workers in city offices," he says, "who go into the country or to the seashore for only one or two weeks will deliberately sit about hatless in the blazing sun, so that they may come back looking brown and healthy. As often as not this practice will send them home far less fit for work than they were when the y started, for even if one escapes sunstroke the effects of the sun's rays upon the uncovered head are very bad. They will cause dizziness, headache, nausea and loss of appetite and will often upset the digestive system for many days. There are ways of avoiding the more serious effects of the sun, but personally I would advise the city dweller who must have a brown face to stain it with walnut juice and wear a broad-brimmed hat like a sane and sensible individual."

Carlyle's Prediction.

America, too, will have to strain its energies, to crack its sinews and all but break its back, as the rest of us have had to do, in the thousandfold wrestle with the pythons and mud demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful, though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New Spiritual Pythons, as ugly as were ever born out of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of.—Thomas Carlyle.

Would Be Better, Indeed.

"Does the higher education unfit man for domestic life?" is a subject that is being discussed in the east. The general opinion seems to be that it would be better if men were better educated, at any rate, if they were so educated that they could improve their wives' minds a little. The narrow point of view of men is responsible for much wedded unhappiness.

That's Why.

"I would like mightily to enjoy riches."

"Then why don't you try to marry 'em."

"As I said, I want to enjoy 'em"

UNCLE SAM WANTS THE BEST

Spends Millions of Dollars Annually to Teach Improved Methods of Farming.

The department of agriculture is maintained by the United States at an expense of \$11,000,000 annually to discover and teach improved methods of farming, says a writer in the Delineator. Co-operating with it are 63 state agricultural colleges with free tuition. And a further important feature of the system is some 4,000 farmers' institutes, by which the classroom is taken to the fields wherever 50 farmers will gather together to hear lectures and experts. Sometimes these institutes are sent on wheels; a railroad train is chartered and an entire equipment for demonstration purposes placed aboard, accompanied by horticulturists, entomologists and botanists. At each little station a halt is made while the lecturers from the rear platform address the crowd that gathers round. Such are the "corn specials" of Nebraska and Iowa, the "wheat special" of Washington and the "fruit train" of Idaho.

COSTLY SNUFF.

China is the great snuff-taking country of the world, and there is a snuff there worth the theoretical fancy price of \$1,000,000 a pound, which is handed round at the great banquets. Its high value comes in this way. The rich Chinamen buy the bulk of their snuff from Portugal, where there are families owning private old-time recipes, who sell their snuff at from \$250 to \$750 a pound to the Chinese. Then the Chinaman keeps it many years, and the legal rate of interest being 32 per cent. per annum, its theoretical value soon increases. The Chinese carry it in beautiful bottles of porcelain and agate, miracles of art, which are worth from two dollars to \$1,000 each.

HIS SUBSTITUTE.

After dinner at the cafe the bachelor had invited the crowd to his apartment for a little music, etc. They were looking around.

"Lovely," said the pretty girl, "but you have no kitchenette. How in the world do you do without a kitchenette?"

"It is a great privation," he said, "but we manage to worry along fairly well. We've got a boozette, you know."

UNNECESSARY ADVICE.



"Hi, Bill; don't come down this ladder, 'tisn't there."

CROSS.

"I'm sure," sobbed the bride, "that George only married me for my money."

"Why, daughter, what makes you think so?"

"He brought company home for dinner last night and refused to wipe the dishes for me."

EVIDENTLY A CONNOISSEUR.

"Biggins is a connoisseur in cigars."

"He must be. Otherwise he might make an occasional mistake and give away a good one."

PESSIMISTIC.

Lady—Don't you get fearfully tired of doing nothing?

Tramp—Terrible. But I never complain. Everybody has their troubles.

MIGHT BE MISTAKEN.

He—Do you take me for a fool?

She—No; but my judgment is not infallible.—Boston Transcript.

CAT WITH DIAMOND EARRINGS

News Dispatches Credit New York Woman with What Seems Absolute Limit of Silliness.

The most luxurious kitten in London is a little pink Persian, which recently sat for its photograph in the studio of a well-known animal photographer, wearing a gold crown on its head and a gold order around its neck, says the Mail.

The pink Persian came from Windsor castle, and now belongs to Mrs. Anita Comfort Brooks, president of the Gotham club of New York, who is on a visit to London. This crowned kitten enjoys a perfumed bath every morning, and one of its favorite pastimes is to paw the keys of a grand piano.

"I was the first cat lover to think of giving a cat diamond earrings," said Mrs. Brooks the other day. "Bangles and necklaces had become so very hackneyed, and I wanted my cat to be unlike anyone else's. So I had the ears of a beautiful blue Maltese pierced, and bought my cat a pair of fine diamond earrings."

RECOVER GOLD FILINGS.

A small carpet in the San Francisco mint is worth more than its weight in gold, and is to be burned in order that the precious metal filings that have been sprinkling it for several years may be recovered. The carpet is in the adjusting room, where files are used to trim surplus gold from coins after they are stamped. It frequently happens that a piece of overweight falls to the floor and becomes embedded in the grain of the carpet, and it is nothing unusual for the government to get a thousand dollars' worth of gold dust out of the ashes resulting from the burning of one of the floor coverings. The floor-sweepings are treasured with the utmost care.

DIVORCE BY MESSENGER.

The Jewish women in Russia have presented their first petition to the douma. In this petition they beg that the legislation be enacted to prevent husbands from sending their wives a bill of divorce by messenger. As things are now, a Hebrew husband can divorce his wife, with the consent of the rabbi, by giving her a bill of divorce. If the wife does not wish to be divorced she can refuse to take the paper, and it does not become valid without her acceptance. When the bill is sent by a messenger the wife, not knowing what the paper is, has no means of protecting herself.—Chicago Journal.

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.

"Reginald, dear, you puckered up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature languorously, as she lay stretched on the beach surveying the frolics of Neptune.

"I intended to," replied Reginald hesitatingly, "but I seem to have got some sand in my mouth."

"For heaven's sake swallow it," exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system!"—Young's Magazine.

HIGH LIVING.

He had not been brought up in the haunts of the wealthy, consequently his first experience of close contact with those fascinating creatures had left him, so to speak, gasping. His friends gathered about him, seeking details.

"Are those new friends of yours so very rich?" he was asked.

"Rich? Rich? Why, boys," here he lowered his voice to an awed whisper, "they keep a complete set of help."

GOOD ADVICE.

"I'm going to lick Smith!"

"Why?"

"He said I was a horsethief and a liar."

"Did he prove it?"

"No."

"Then let well enough alone and don't get him any madder."—Cleveland Leader.

SUBURBAN AMENITIES.

Little Girl—Papa would like to borrow your lawn mower.

Subbubs—Tell your father I'm sorry, but I've made a rule never to let it go off my premises. But if he'd like to use it on our lawn it's at his disposal any time.—Boston Transcript.

GRACEFUL ACT OF GENTLEMAN

Physician's Delicate Manner of Refusing Poor Patient's Act of Self-Sacrifice.

Dr. Robert Glynn-Clobery, a delightful old character described in "Reminiscences of Cambridge," was a fellow of King's college, where he resided. During a long illness he attended a poor man, of whose family party a pert, talkative magpie made one, and as the patient observed that Dr. Glynn-Clobery always, when paying a visit, had some joke with the bird, he thought that perhaps the doctor might like to possess it.

Accordingly, when the poor man was well again, with overflowing gratitude, but with no money to pay a bill, he thought he could do no better than make his kind friend a present of the magpie; and so the prisoner in its cage was conveyed to his rooms in King's college.

The bearer met with a kind reception, but was desired to carry the bird back with him.

"I cannot," said the doctor, "take so good care of it as can you; but I shall consider it mine, and I entrust it to you to keep for me; and as long as it lives I will pay you half a crown weekly for its maintenance."—Youth's Companion.

STEAMBOAT CELEBRATIONS.

So gradual was the extension of steam navigation in this country that it has been figured out that if the communities particularly benefited by it are so disposed, celebrations of the "first steamboat" can be continued until 1939. Pittsburg, Pa., may lead off in 1911 with the centennial of the launching of the first steam vessel put in service west of the Alleghenies. New Orleans, Oswego, Natchez and finally St. Louis and Chicago can continue the series of centennials. In fact, if the world is centennial-minded and has not lost its interest in the history and romance of the steamship, the celebrations can be kept up practically another century. As it is the way of the world, however, to lose interest almost as rapidly as it acquires it, it is probable that observances will be limited to the larger cities and to incidents easily lending themselves to spectacular representation.

A SEASIDE DIALOGUE.



He (feeling his way)—I—I wish we were good friends enough for you to call me by my first name.

She (helping him along)—Oh, your last name is good enough for me!

BEATING MRS. LOT.

"It was not so very wonderful that when Lot's wife looked back she turned into a pillar of salt."

"Not a very wonderful thing to have happened in the age of miracles, perhaps, but nothing so wonderful happens in these prosaic days."

"Oh, I don't know; we were going out Main street last evening and when my chauffeur looked back he turned into a telegraph pole."—Houston Post.

BOYVILLE DIPLOMACY.

Mother—When I gave each of you boys an orange, Johnnie, you said you would not eat yours before dinner and you, Arthur, said the same. Have you deceived me?

Johnnie—No, ma; we didn't eat our own oranges. I ate Arthur's and he ate mine.

LONG-DISTANCE PICTURES.

Prof. Korn of Munich has established stations of distance photography at Berlin, Munich, Paris, London, Copenhagen and Stockholm. He believes it will soon be possible to take pictures at a distance, not only of individuals but of groups and scenes.