

**Multiplying by Machinery.**  
The clerical staffs of many of the big insurance companies have of late years been considerably reduced by the employment of mechanical calculators. One of these, the invention of a German, is a compact little affair resembling a music box. It may be made to perform almost instantaneously the most portentous sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication by one or two factors, division, squaring and cubing. It is required, for instance, to multiply 531,975 by 924. The first factor is set by touching the little knobs representing 531,975. To multiply by the other factor you turn a handle four times, push along a slide one place and turn the handle twice, then push the slide another place upward and push the handle nine times. The long multiplication is now done without a possibility of error so far as the machine is concerned, and the dial shows 491,544,900. In the same mechanical way may be done all the other arithmetical processes.—London Globe.

**Strange Timekeepers.**  
To ascertain the time at night the Apache Indians employed a gourd on which the stars of the heavens were marked. As the constellations rose in the sky the Indian referred to his gourd and found out the hour. By turning the gourd around he could tell the order in which the constellations might be expected to appear.

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel nuts chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Governor Wouter Van Twiller.

A Montagnais Indian of Canada will set up a tail stick in the snow when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the oncoming party can tell on arriving at the spot about how far ahead the leader is.

**Fighter of the Family.**  
The tough little boy with the red air and freckled face pushed up against the neat little boy and said impudently:

"My sister can lick your sister."  
The neat little boy did not argue the matter.

"And my big brother can lick your big brother."  
The good little lad winced.

"And my ma can lick your ma."  
The quiet lad shifted from one foot to the other.

"And my pa can lick your pa."  
There was a flash of pink shirt waist, the sound of some hard object coming in contact with a spongy substance, and the quiet little lad stood triumphantly over his adversary, quietly waiting for him to push his nose back into the center of his face where it belonged.

"But just remember this," he observed quietly, "you can't lick me."—Youngstown Telegram.

**The Famous "Green Man of Brighton."**  
In October, 1806, an individual was to be observed at Brighton, England, who walked out every day dressed in green from head to foot—green shoes, green gloves, green handkerchief and other articles to match. This eccentric person lived alone, knew nobody, and in his house the curtains, the wall paper, the furniture, even the plates and dishes and the smallest toilet articles, offered an uninterrupted sequence of green. Having started on his career, there was obviously no reason to stop, and with full consistency he carried this scruples so far as to eat nothing but fruit and vegetables of the same green color. The consequences were extremely disastrous. One fine day the green man jumped from his window into the street, rushed forward and performed a second somersault from the top of the nearest cliff.

**Climate and Food.**  
In the arctic regions human food is almost exclusively animal, because that is the only sort which is available in quantity. In the tropics, where vegetable food is abundant and animal foods readily decay, plant products are and always have been of very great importance in the diet. In temperate regions all kinds of food may be secured, and it seems reasonable to suppose that all kinds have always been eaten as they are today.

**Awaiting the Test.**  
Pilgrim—If I come in will that dog bite me? Mrs. Hawkins—We ain't no ways sure, mister. But the feller that let us take him on trial said he'd chew up a tramp in less'n two minutes; but, land sakes, we ain't goin' to believe it till we see it done.—Chicago News.

**He Got the Limit.**  
"Do you believe there is anything prophetic in dreams?"  
"Believe it! I know it. Only the other night I dreamed that I was at a church fair and awoke to find that my wife had been through my pockets and taken my last sou."—Exchange.

**He Knew.**  
"It's the first \$1,000 that's hard to get," explained the eminent millionaire.  
"I know that," responded the mere man. "I've been trying to accumulate it for the past forty years."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear like owls and bats before the light of day.

**Training an Elephant.**  
In training the elephant to perform tricks advantage is taken of the fact that the feet of the animal are peculiarly sensitive and he dreads any injury to them. Many of his tricks are based upon this principle. Thus he is made to place one foot upon a low pedestal; then the other foot is tapped gently, and he raises this and places it beside the other—to get it out of harm's way. The hind feet are treated similarly in turn, the front feet being hit every time they are placed on the ground. In this way all four feet are finally placed upon the tub. The trick of inducing an elephant to partake of a meal is very simple. Animals will naturally eat anything placed before them, and it is only necessary to open a bottle of "pop" once or twice and present it by hand when the animal may be trusted to find out for himself how to get at its contents. In all such cases the essence of the training consists in infinite patience, kindness and constant repetition, showing the animal over and over again how a thing is done in precisely the same way and then forcing him to do it himself.—Scientific American.

**The Old Man's Plea.**  
He got eight years in Sing Sing, but nevertheless the plea for mercy of Joseph Amos Washington Bruen was one of the finest prose poems ever uttered in the general sessions of New York.

The old man addressed the court as follows:  
"Deed, yo' honah, I can't say much, Mah record am sure against me. I hab served moh time than sixteen years in prison for de same offense. All I have to remark (an' I hope yo' honah will not be too stern) is dat I just simply can't keep away from a hencoop nohow when I heah dem pullets callin'."

Rudyard Kipling expressed the very same idea when he wrote those two familiar lines:  
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say;  
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

The chicken habit once formed is as tenacious and irresistible as the Burma giri habit.—Boston Globe.

**Can't Beat the Head Waiter.**  
"You can't get ahead of a head waiter," said a man who spends a great deal of time at one of the New York hotels. "Of course the tips at a hotel like this mount up, and, as there are several restaurants, if you give \$15 or \$20 to the head waiter of each one of them it is too much. I sweetened one head waiter, but neglected to give the autocrat of another restaurant anything. Soon I found that it was very difficult for me to get a table in that restaurant. The head waiter would always be looking another way or a table that I fancied had been engaged. I got even by giving my waiters extra big tips, and it soon got so that when I entered the restaurant half a dozen upraised fingers would beckon me. But soon the head waiter was on to my game, and it got so that almost every table offered me was claimed by the head waiter on the ground that it was reserved."—New York Sun.

**Pullman's Little Joke.**  
S. S. Beman, the architect, had the most to do with the building of the town of Pullman, although acting on certain suggestions from the founder of the colony. When plans had been completed and the perfunctory work of execution was under way the architect said to the car company chief:  
"Now that we are well started, Mr. Pullman, I want to ask you if you have given any thought to naming the town."  
"A great deal," said Mr. Pullman. "I think it is only fair that you should have recognition, and I have decided upon a composite name that will immortalize you and myself at the same time. We will do this by taking the first syllable of my name and the last syllable of yours."—Chicago Post.

**Browning and a Cabman.**  
The gondoliers of Venice are supposed to know their Tasso and Ariosto. The following little incident leads to the supposition that Browning's "Ride to Ghent" may possibly be found in the poetic repertory of the London cabman: A neighbor one day saw Mr. Browning alight from a hansom. The cabby looked at the fare in his open palm with an air of dissatisfaction and, wheeling round, delivered himself of this parting shot: "You may be a good poet, but you're a bad paymaster."—Mrs. Andrew Crosse in "Red Letter Days of My Life."

**His Calling.**  
"What are you doing now, Wigglesworth?"  
"Settlement work."  
"Settlement work? You don't look the part."

"That's what I'm doing, just the same; I'm collecting bills for old Spot-cash."—Exchange.

**An Easy Task.**  
Lover (mournfully)—Have you learned to love another? Flirt (who had just broken off her engagement with him)—Oh, no, George. I didn't have to learn. The man is very, very wealthy, and the love came spontaneously.

**"Music Hath Charms."**  
"What on earth do you keep clapping for? That last singer was awful!"  
"I know, but I liked the style of her clothes, and I want to have another look at them."—London Opinion.

Diplomats get more profit by listening than by talking even when they talk well.—Hanotaur.

**Woman, the Diplomat.**  
Herbert Spencer insinuates in one of his sociological works that the direction, the coquetry, the finesse—nay, all the arts which we find so adorable in women—are modified forms of hypocrisy. Before the advent of civilization woman had in pure self defense to practice an elaborate deception. In order to please her brutal lord and secure predominance among dangerous rivals she had to disguise her natural sentiments and return caresses for blows and smiles for disquietude. As she could not accomplish her purpose by force, she became an expert in domestic diplomacy. The craftier, the more guileful she was the better were her chances of survival. And thus it has come to pass that, though the necessity for intricate behavior is now much lessened, women practice today, in a more elusive and refined way, the arts which the instinct of self preservation imposed upon their barbarous ancestors.—H. H. Boyesen in "Literary and Social Silhouettes."

**Peru's Garden of the Gods.**  
"In the Andes, half a thousand feet higher than Pike's peak, is to be found the Peruvian Garden of the Gods, admired by every traveler fortunate enough to visit it," writes William V. Alford, F. R. G. S., in the Century. "It is locally called the Rock forest, though in no sense of the word is it a forest. It simply resembles one when viewed at a distance of ten miles. The traveler may be forgiven the error of thinking it a forest as he sees it for the first time and forgets that he is no longer where trees grow, but within half an hour's ride of the highest city in the world, Cerro de Pasco, perched like a condor on the high peaks of the Andes."

"The Garden of the Gods in Colorado boasts of a few spectacular rocks, but they are few in number, and the area which they cover is not large. The Andean garden covers nearly a hundred times the ground and in beauty and interest surpasses its northern counterpart in the same ratio."

**To Give Him the Sack.**  
Two noblemen in the reign of Maximilian II.—1564-1566—one a German, the other a Spaniard, who had each rendered a great service to the emperor, asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Maximilian said that as he esteemed them both alike it was impossible to choose between them, and therefore their own prowess must decide it; but, being unwilling to risk the loss of either by engaging them in deadly combat, he ordered a large sack to be brought and declared that he who should put his rival into it should have his fair Helena. And this whimsical combat was actually performed in the presence of the imperial court and lasted an hour. The unhappy Spanish nobleman was first overcome, and the German succeeded in enveloping him in the sack, putting him upon his back and laying him at the emperor's feet. This comical combat is said to be the origin of the phrase "Give him the sack," so common in the literature of courting.

**The Day of the Carver.**  
Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his slices was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly. A lord, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference. New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the tidbits according to precedence there was no end. The old time carver, in fact, was born and then made.—London Standard.

**A Delightful Change.**  
An artist met one of his fellows a few days ago whom he had not seen in several years. Both are very well known men. Their greeting was delightful.  
"Well, old man, what are you doing now?" said No. 1.  
"Clipping coupons," was the easy reply. "With the same pair of scissors with which I used to cut the fringe off my cuffs."—New York Sun.

**Didn't Feel Comfortable.**  
So great was the indignation of the American colonists in 1765 against the stamp act that the Connecticut stamp officer rode into Hartford on a white horse to deposit his resignation, with a thousand armed farmers riding after him, and said he "felt like death on a pale horse with all hell following him."

**Turtles Are Slow.**  
"Here!" called the impatient guest. The obsequious waiter came to his side, says Judge.  
"Seems to me that soup I ordered is a long time getting to me."  
"Yes, sir, but you must remember, sir, that you ordered turtle soup."

**The Idea.**  
"Come, dear. Can't you hurry a little? We'll soon be too late to go to church at all."  
"Oh, no, dear," she said softly while slowly buttoning her gloves; "we can't be too late. I've got on my new suit."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**The Nipa Tree.**  
The palm-like nipa tree of tropical Asia has a sap exceedingly rich in sugar, but so salty that its utilization has not been found profitable.

**Jean Valjean Didn't Fit in China.**  
The eloquent advocate, Maitre Gans, once went to China with his cousin, Marcel Bing. When they found themselves at Sianfou, in the heart of the Celestial empire, they made the acquaintance of a certain Ian, an under-prefect, who prided himself on his literary attainments. He begged them to dine with him and served them a European repast, of which the first dish was a preserve of hot gooseberries. In the course of the feast he apprised them that a beautiful French novel had just been translated into Chinese. "It is," Ian explained, "the history of a very honest brigand. He succors a poor unfortunate girl. He is the defender of the weak, and he has much trouble to escape a gendarme who has sworn his destruction. Do you know this writer? He is called 'Igorio?'"  
"Victor Hugo," corrected M. Gans, who with infinite perspicacity had comprehended that the novel "Les Misérables" was meant.  
"Perhaps," said Ian, "it may be that I do not pronounce well. In China we call him Igorio. His romance is interesting, but it is a little disconcerting. There never was an honest brigand in China."—Cris de Paris.

**How Battles Are Won.**  
Napoleon had this to say of the way in which battles are gained: "In all battles a moment occurs when the bravest troops after having made the greatest efforts feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage, and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretense, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity and to invent the pretense. At Arcola I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized that moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet and gained the day with this handful. You see that two armies are two bodies, which meet and endeavor to frighten each other. A moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. When a man has been present in many actions he distinguishes that moment without difficulty. It is as easy as casting up an addition."

**Hunting in Russia.**  
Nearly all the dogs used in hunting wild animals in Russia not only attack but endeavor to devour their quarry. With the borzoi and gontcho it is entirely different. At an early age they are put into training with old and experienced dogs, so that they soon learn how to properly attack their adversary. They are slipped three at a time after a single wolf. When one of the dogs gets nearly side by side with the wolf he makes one bold spurt and with the fore shoulder strikes the wolf so that he is knocked over or else grips him by the neck. Each of the other dogs, coming up, strikes the quarry in the same manner as he tries to rise, finally pinning him to the earth, so engaging him until the hunter arrives. The sportsman then either kills the animal or takes him alive, the latter being much more exciting.—Wide World.

**Turned It to His Advantage.**  
An instance of the usefulness to other people of illegible handwriting is included in the vast collection of anecdote and fable that deals with the writing of Horace Greeley. One compositor could never get used to his appalling scrawl, and in rage at the continual "typographical errors," Greeley sent a note to the foreman ordering him to discharge the man at once, as he was too inefficient a workman to be any longer employed on the Tribune. The foreman did it, but the compositor got hold of the note and took it to another office, where the foreman, after much puzzling, finally read it "good and efficient workman and long employed on the Tribune" and promptly took him on.—London Chronicle.

**Some Shakespeare Statistics.**  
A Shakespearean enthusiast with a turn for statistics has discovered that the plays contain 106,007 lines and 814,780 words. "Hamlet" is the longest play, with 3,930 lines, and the "Comedy of Errors" the shortest, with 1,777 lines. Altogether the plays contain 1,277 characters, of which 157 are females. The longest part is that of Hamlet, who has 11,610 words to deliver. The part with the longest word in it is that of Costard in "Love's Labor's Lost," who tells Moth that he is "not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."

**Sticking to It.**  
Magistrate—Now can you describe the horse in question? How big was it, for instance? Witness—It was sixteen feet, y'r honor. Magistrate—Come, come! Remember you are on your oath! Don't you mean sixteen hands? Witness—Indeed, thin, it was hands I meant. And did I say feet, y'r honor? Ah, well, I'm on my oath, so we'll let it stand. Sure, thin, it was sixteen feet, y'r honor.—London Punch.

**Proved His Case.**  
Mother—The whipping you had yesterday does not seem to have improved you. Your behavior has been even worse today. Willie—That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was as bad as I possibly could be yesterday. I knew you were wrong.

**Worldly Wisdom.**  
Father—In choosing a wife one should never judge by appearances. Son—That's right. Often the prettiest girls have the least money.—Exchange.  
Prejudice squints when it looks and sees when it talks.

## IN LIFE'S AUTUMN

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