

Never a One Day President.

The periodic assertion is made that on Sunday, March 4, 1849, Senator David Rice Atchison of Missouri, who was then president pro tem of the senate, was president of the United States "virtually." He never was "virtually" or otherwise.

In 1793 congress enacted that in event of no president or vice president being ready to succeed the first officer should devolve on the president of the senate next on to the speaker of the house. The succession was changed in 1886. Now, Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore were in Washington on March 4, 1849. It being Sunday, they permitted an interregnum to follow until the next day. Mr. Atchison took no oath as president, and without taking such he could not exercise the office. Mr. Taylor could have taken the oath at any second subsequent to noon on March 4. No pompous inauguration is demanded. The chief justice need not administer the oath. Arthur took it in New York before Judge Brady at 2 a. m. and Mr. Roosevelt in Buffalo before United States Judge Hugel.

The "virtually" of Mr. Atchison is visionary unless by some bolt from the blue the elected officials had been removed.—Pittsburg Post.

Glory Everywhere.

A Methodist minister was much annoyed by one of his hearers frequently shouting out during the preaching "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like. Though often reproved, the happy member persisted in expressing himself.

One day the minister invited him to tea and, to take his mind from thoughts of praise, handed him a scientific book, full of dry facts and figures, to pass the time before tea.

Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!"

"What is the matter, man?" asked the minister.

"Why, this book says the sea is five miles deep?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep I need not be afraid of their ever coming up again, glory!"

The minister gave up hopes of reforming him.

A Daring Escape.

The annals of Shug Nug are full of daring escapes. A typical case was that of Pallister and Rohlf, two convicted murderers. By frequent appeals they had headed off the day of their execution, and at length decided on escape at any cost—even that of life itself. Late one night Pallister called for a drink of milk, and as the official on duty opened the cell door to give it him he was seized, dragged in and overpowered. The desperado then locked the officer in the cell and, after securing his keys, released his comrade Rohlf, when they in turn overcame and disarmed the second night watchman. This done, they offered release to three more prisoners with whom they had made friends. These declined the doubtful benefit, however, whereupon the two murderers climbed the skylight, reached the boundary wall and dropped to liberty by the broad Hudson, which they crossed in a small boat.—New York Tribune.

Up Two Stumps.

Little Johnny was in the habit of wanting more victuals put upon his plate than he could eat. His papa decided to break him of the habit. One day as Johnny insisted upon being served until his plate was well filled his papa said, "Johnny, if I give you this you will have to eat every bit of it or I will punish you." Johnny promised that he would, and bravely did the little fellow try to do so, but in vain. It was too much for him. He would try again and again and then look sorrowfully at his papa. Finally, laying down his fork, he said: "Papa, if you was me which would you rather do, get a licking or bust?"

Our Language.

An intelligent foreigner is said to have expressed himself after the following fashion on the absurdities of the English language: "When I discovered that I was quick, I was fast; if I stood firm, I was fast; if I spent too freely, I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast. I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one \$1 prize,' I was tempted to give up English and learn some other language."

A Little of Everything.

"The weather used to be in four acts—spring, summer, autumn and winter."

"Well?"

"But now nature seems to have gone into vaudiville."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Live Furs.

"Mamma, look!" exclaimed Mary. "Those furs are just like mine."

"Why, Mary, you have no furs," replied the astonished mother.

"Yes, I have," said Mary, "and they are filled with kittens."—School Education.

A Mercenary Boy.

"When I was a boy," said the man who insisted that men were more mercenary than women, "I had a little friend named Willie. Willie appeared one day with a fine apple."

"I'll give you this apple," he said to a little girl, "for twenty kisses."

"The little girl was amazed. That was not at all like Willie. Nevertheless she consented."

"Shut your eyes," said Willie. "Sit down here and shut your eyes. And, mind you, if you open them the bargain is off."

"The little girl obeyed, and slowly, very slowly, the kisses began to fall upon her lips. One, two, three, four (a long pause), five, six (another long pause), seven (pause), eight, nine, ten (intolerable pause)."

"Oh, Willie, hurry!"

"I'm not Willie."

"The little girl opened her eyes in astonishment and drew back her pretty mouth from the advancing lips of a strange boy, a very common, shabby sort of boy, whom she had never seen before."

"Why, where's Willie?" she cried.

"He's down the street," was the reply, "sellin' yer kisses for two apples apiece. Better shut yer eyes again. The next three boys is terrible ugly."

—St. Louis Republic.

On the Verge.

He considered it a parental duty to see that his daughter kept only the very best marriageable company.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been going with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, pa, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"

"Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"

"Well, pa, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the tassel of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening, when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I am going to live in some day,' and I said 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand, pa."

"Oh, ah, I see! Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Tit-Bits.

His Feelings Were Hurt.

It is strange how unreasonable some people are in business—how unreasonable and how inconsiderate of the feelings of others. As an example, there is the case of a fidelity company in New York which suddenly and arbitrarily canceled the bond it had issued for a man attached in a fiduciary capacity to an important concern. It was the most natural thing in the world for the man to display some feeling and to demand to know the reason for such action. And the inconsiderate head of the bonding company wrote him to this effect:

"Because you were convicted of forgery under another name in the year — and served a term in the state prison at —."

The recipient of the note felt so hurt that he couldn't reply. He still is silent.—New York Globe.

A Curious Cipher Code.

Prisoners confined in different parts of jail often use cipher codes in communicating with one another. In the Kansas City jail some years ago the officials came across a hard one. A fellow named Turner, in for forgery, invented the puzzle. The writing was on long narrow strips of paper, on the edge of which were letters and parts of letters that apparently had no connection and from which no words could be formed. One day a deputy who was passing the cell of a prisoner saw him passing a long strip of paper around an octagon lead pencil. He took the paper away, and on it were the mysterious scrawls that had worried the keepers. But the deputy got an idea from this, and, going back to the office, he wrapped the strip around an octagon shaped lead pencil and after several trials adjusted it so that the parts of the letters fitted together and made a sentence, though the writing was very fine. The writer had adopted the simple but ingenious plan of covering the pencil with paper and had then written along one of the flat sides. On unrolling it the writing was as mystical as a cryptogram, but when put around the pencil as it was originally it could be easily understood.

Why.

There is something almost plaintive in the truly English word "why." It may be indefinitely prolonged upon the lips. "Why" is almost poetical in itself and fitly introduces the best hexameter in the language:

"Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?"

Its uses in poetry are almost infinite, and one modern writer makes almost a line of it alone:

Why do the night winds sigh,
The sea birds wildly cry,
The summer clouds pass by,
The lilies droop and die,
The light fade from the sky?
Why—oh, why?

To most of the whys there is not a good because. The inquiring mind is

puzzled to account for many things besides its own existence. Hundreds of such questions occur to us at every step, and no satisfactory reply can be expected. Life is too short. Socrates was always saying "Why," and we have all heard of the man who called Pope the "little crooked thing that asked questions."—Exchange.

The Man Who Told the Tale.

It happened on a Pullman car between New York and Chicago. Dinner having been finished, the gentlemen assembled in the smoking room to enjoy their cigars.

"During the time I was in the war," said the quiet man, "I saw a very wonderful thing in the line of surgical operations. A friend of mine was shot through the right breast, the bullet passing clear through him. The presence of mind of his companion undoubtedly saved his life. He wrapped his handkerchief around the rump of his gun and, pushing it through the path made by the bullet, cleared the wound of all poisonous lead. I know it is hard to believe, but, gentlemen, the man still lives to tell the tale."

"Which man?" inquired the slim passenger on the other seat quietly.

"The wounded one, of course," exclaimed the old soldier solemnly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought it might be the other."

The Mania For Shopping.

One phase of the feminine mania for shopping is illustrated in John Foster Fraser's "America at Work." Speaking of the C. O. D. method of shopping and of the way in which it appeals to the woman with the slender purse, he says:

"If she has no dollars, that does not deprive her of the pleasure of shopping. She will walk into a big store, look over a dozen gowns and try on several before deciding. Then she will get a C. O. D. card and, visiting other departments, will buy a hat, rich underwear and a parasol. She will give a fine order. When the goods are delivered at the address she mentioned, it is found there is no such person as Mrs. Walker. True, she has put the store to a lot of trouble. Yet think of the morning of womanly delight she has had in her shopping."

The Right Place.

A dignified elderly gentleman riding on a train was annoyed by a boy sitting across the aisle. The boy had just finished his breakfast and was amusing himself by laughing at the old gentleman. Presently the latter leaned over and said to the boy's mother:

"Madam, that child should be spanked."

"I know it," said she, "but I don't believe in spanking a child on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said he. "Turn him over."

Appropriate.

The Monument Man after several abortive suggestions—How would simply "Gone home" do? Mrs. Newwoods—I guess that would be all right. It was always the first place he ever thought of going.—Puck.

Winning Her Attention.

"My wife never pays any attention to what I say."

"Mine does—sometimes."

"How do you manage it?"

"I talk in my sleep."—London Opinion.

Got What He Liked.

Host: Why on earth did you put poor Jenkins between two such chatter-boxes at the table? Hostess: Why, dear, you know he is so fond of tongue sandwiches!

Chiefly the mold of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

A Singer's Avarice.

We hear a great deal about the enormous salaries paid to famous prima donnas nowadays, and we also hear a great deal about their charity and good nature. In the reign of Queen Anne one of the most celebrated singers was Mrs. Tofts, who had a veritable craze for money making as well as a great deal of personal conceit. Pope, who never spared any persons or objects that he satirized, wrote an epigram that must have greatly annoyed the avaricious singer:

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along,
But such is thy avarice and such is thy pride
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

—London Standard.

He Was a Judge.

One of the consuls to Persia during a visit home said at a dinner in Chicago:

"Lady Drummond Wolfe once got permission to visit the late shah's harem. She took a friend with her who was about to be married. The two Englishwomen wandered over the palace, and presently the shah encountered them."

"Come here," he said to Miss Blank in his crude French.

"You are about to be married?" he said.

"Yes, your highness."

"It's late!"—Boston Post.

The Story of Starlight.

"Once there was a group of sportsmen who were all quite broke," said a Jockey club official. "They must, however, get in to the races, and one at a time they presented themselves at the paddock gate."

"I am the owner of Starlight," the first said. He was well dressed and imposing. They believed and passed him in.

"I am Starlight's trainer," said the second. His red face and bluff manner bore out his story, and they admitted him.

"The third man, small and thin, next appeared."

"Starlight's jockey," he said shortly and hurried through the gate.

"The fourth and last man of the group was very shabby indeed."

"Well, who are you?" they said impatiently when he presented himself.

"I am Starlight," was the meek reply.—Los Angeles Times.

Navel Oranges.

Possibly not every one has heard the anecdote about the dear old mother whose son had been promoted to be first lieutenant in the navy. He sent her a box of fine navel oranges from Florida and this brief note:

Dear Mother—Just a handful of navel oranges, something you will find especially choice. Devotely,
JACK.

Speaking of Jack to some guests at the house a few nights later as they were enjoying the oranges, she remarked: "Just the very best boy in all the world, dear, dear Jack. What a splendid sailor, and every inch an officer! But he never could learn to spell. Just think of a lieutenant spelling naval with an 'e' and a small 'n.' Isn't it embarrassing to a mother? Still it sounds all the same when you speak it."—New York Press.

Whistler's Odd Ways.

Lord Redesdale once gave a description of Whistler's methods to a meeting in London in support of a memorial to the great artist. He was painting, he said, a portrait of a lady. Whistler took up his position at one end of the room with his sitter and the canvas at the other end. For a long time he stood looking at his model, holding in his hand a huge brush full of color, such a brush as a man would use to whitewash a house. Then he rushed forward and smashed the brush full of color into the canvas. Then he ran back, and forty or fifty times he repeated this. At the end of that time there stood out on the canvas a space which exactly indicated the figure, the form and the expression of the sitter. There was a pathetic story attaching to the picture. The bailiffs were in the house when the picture was finished. That was quite a common occurrence, and Whistler only laughed, but he went round his studio with a knife and deliberately destroyed all his canvases, including this picture, which was to have been his (Lord Redesdale's).—Dundee Advertiser.

The Gentle Rebuff.

"Immeasurable are the rebuffs that the helpers of the poor, the seekers after charity for their suffering brothers undergo," said a New York charity organization official. "A friend of mine, a Methodist minister in a small western town, told me the other day of his last rebuff, a not unkind one. Entering the office of the local weekly, the minister said to the editor:

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud a man to make his sufferings known."

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing up his eyeshade, "I'm the only chap in the village who answers that description. What's this gentleman's name?"

"I regret," said the minister, "that I am not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be me," said the editor. "It is me, it's me, sure. Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work."

An Unburied Picture.

Rossetti secured permission in 1866 to reopen the coffin of his wife in order to secure the manuscripts of some poems which he had buried with her seven years before.

Some such incident might have occurred in connection with J. M. W. Turner if his desire to be buried wrapped up in his own painting of "Carthage" had been carried out. There was some difficulty in selling the painting, and the artist kept the canvas by him. He always said he would be wrapped in it when he was buried and even went so far as to ask Chantrey if as his executor he would fulfill his wishes on that point.

"No doubt," answered the sculptor. "I shall bury you rolled up in your picture if it is one of the conditions of your will, but I would take you up next day and unroll you!"

The Master's Title.

Professor Key when head master of a large London school was one of the most genial gentlemen that ever filled that position. He was fond of encouraging fun in his boys and was not unwilling to recount occasionally during class time when anything prompted it the manners and customs of countries he had visited. On one occasion he was telling his class about Spain and

1910.

"Do you know, boys, that when a man attains to eminence there he is not called 'sir,' but is given the title of 'don'?"

One of the boys here called out: "Then, I suppose, sir, they would call you Don Key?"

The gravity of the class was completely upset for the remainder of the afternoon.—Strand Magazine.

Price of His Treason.

Benedict Arnold died in London June 14, 1801. His life after his treason was a most unhappy one. He was avoided by men of honor and on many occasions deliberately insulted. He received a considerable sum of money from the British government and made several unsuccessful attempts to engage in business in British America and the West Indies and finally returned to London, where he died in obscurity. His second son, born in 1780, entered the British army in 1798, served with credit in many parts of the world and three years before his death in 1843 was made a lieutenant general.—Household Companion.

Running No Risk.

"What," asks the maiden aunt, "going to marry that Mr. Newswun? Why, you hardly know the man, Imogene. In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family or antecedents or habits or personal circumstances."

"That is true, Aunt Keturah. But you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."—Success Magazine.

A Definition.

"Paw," asked a thoughtful lad, writing his brow, "what's a pessimist?"

"A pessimist, John J.," replied his father, "is a man who, after a cyclone has blown his house away with him in it, goes back and grumbles at his lot."—Puck.

The Charges.

Ford—Your lawyer made some very severe charges against the defendant, didn't he? Brown—Yes, indeed, but you ought to see how he charged me!—Liverpool Mercury.

Great minds are wills; others, only wishes.—German Proverb.

Her Hidden Ambition.

There is an instance, rare in the profession, of a musician who had little enthusiasm for her calling, just as Fanny Kemble, the actress, was by no means enamored of the stage and would have quit it had not circumstances bound her there. A brilliant young violinist, a native of Holland, played one day for Edward VII, when he was the Prince of Wales.

"Is there anything you care more for than your Stradivarius?" asked the prince, expecting, of course, a negative reply.

The young Netherlander colored a little. "The violin is not an absorbing passion with me, your highness," she replied.

"Ah! Perhaps you have a leaning for another branch of art?" suggested the prince.

"Indeed, I have not," the violinist said in a burst of confidence. "But, your highness, I just love to cook! I really believe I should make an excellent chef if I had the opportunity to practice."—New York Tribune.

A "Fine Old Woman."

During the evening a gentleman came to Mrs. Siddons and said, "Madam, I beg your pardon for asking so rude a question, but in consequence of a wager allow me to ask your age."

She replied, "Seventy-eight years old."

"Hang it," said he, "I have lost! And he abruptly went away."

Mrs. Siddons immediately said, "Puppy!"

"Very true," I observed, "but why did you tell him you were so old?"

She replied, "Whenever a lady of uncertain age, as it is termed, is asked how old she is she had better add ten or more years to her age, for then the inquirer goes away saying, 'What is fine old woman?'"—Journals of Sir George Smart.

Foresight and Delicateness.

In Chicago is a woman who combines the functions of caterer and trance medium, serving her customers with refreshment psychical or physical, according to their wishes.

Either she or the sign painter whom she employed must be a humorist, for her sign reads thus:

"Madame Blank, caterer and trance medium. Groceries and Previsions."

Guaranteed Ghosts.

"No intelligent person pays any attention to ghosts," said the dogmatic person.

"Perhaps not," answered Miss Cayenne, "unless the ghost has been able to secure an introduction from some psychic research society."—Washington Star.

Church—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a porous plaster!—Yonkers Statesman.