

WHERE SHE WAS AT HOME

Pretty Girl Not Interested in Jokes Finally Found Something That Was Worth Reading.

A Pretty Girl was riding down town in a Charles street car the other day, reading a copy of one of the humorous magazines, says the Baltimore American. Evidently someone had presented it to her, for no woman was ever known to stop at a stand and buy a funny magazine. But this Pretty Girl was reading the magazine carefully and conscientiously, judging by the expression. Not a smile troubled the soft curves around her mouth. She looked long and earnestly at the political cartoon and there seemed to be a sort of pity in her eye as she turned to the next page. Down the columns she went, looking attentively at all the pictures, but she never smiled.

A man on the back seat became interested. On the next page was a joke that he had read the day before and nearly split his sides laughing over—likewise two of his friends to whom he had told it. When the Pretty Girl read this she would certainly smile. But she didn't.

Then he noticed that she was growing sterner, then disdainful, but she read the whole of that magazine through, read it conscientiously.

All at once she heaved a sigh of relief. She had reached a page on which was an advertisement for a brand of face powder and for a new make of corset, and as she went from one page to another containing the advertisements, her attention was no longer conscientious, but it was far more enthusiastic.

WINNING COMPLIMENT.

The beautiful girl shook her head in the negative.

"No," she said, after a moment's deliberation, "I can never—no, never—be your wife. But I'll tell you what I will do. Just to show you that there is no hard feeling on my part, I will be present when you marry some other girl and bombard you with my shoes for luck."

Ah, here was an opportunity. Quick as a flash the young man responded:

"Please don't. If you must throw old shoes borrow them."

"And why not use my own?"

"Because they are so small we could never detect them from the rice."

Flattery won. The beautiful girl decided then and there that the young man was altogether too clever for any other girl, so she reversed her decision and the cards are out.

SUPPLYING A MIDDLE NAME.

"Many a young person is shocked by the sudden realization that he has no middle name, just before commencement each year," said a high school instructor. "It's surprising the number in the classes each year who haven't the middle initial. When it comes time to put the full names on the commencement invitations or programme those who have only two names feel mighty cheap. One day just before commencement last year I heard a group of boys having a heated argument about something and I stopped to listen. They were trying to decide on a name for one of their number so that he could have a first-class name to put in the class roll. They finally decided on one that he agreed to and he was christened right there."

RT. REV. SAWBONES.

The bishop of Selkirk, Scotland, stated recently that during his sojourn in the Arctic regions, hundreds of miles away from doctors and nurses, people had come to him to have fingers taken off and teeth extracted. One woman came 1,500 miles to have a tooth taken out. He practiced on his wife and she practiced on him. Once, when he lived among the Eskimos in a snow-house, he became suddenly ill with pleurisy, and he thereupon mixed mustard and snow with splendid effect, and made himself well again. His predecessor as bishop amputated a man's leg with a common saw and butcher's knife.

ALWAYS NEAR.

"We would like you to go on our personally conducted tours," said the ticket agent.

"Don't care about it," replied the meek little man behind the mountain of baggage.

"But wouldn't you like to know that some one was always keeping an eye on you?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. My wife is going along."

ROSE WORTH MUCH MONEY

Represents \$25,000 a Year as Payment for Plot of Ground Owned by English School.

Quite a picturesque formality took place the other evening at the historic St. Olave's and St. Saviour's Grammar school, in Tooley street, the occasion being "rent day" as well as speech day. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the churchwardens purchased on behalf of the parish a field in the old parish of Horsleydown in order to endow the school—then, of course, a very small one. The revenue brought in more money than was needed, and a portion of the field was leased to trustees for the benefit of the poor. The lease was for a term of 500 years, at the yearly rent of a red rose, payable at midsummer if lawfully demanded. The lease is now held by the trustees of the united charities of St. Olave and St. John, and they provide maintenance scholarships for girls and boys. In accordance with annual custom the rent was demanded, and a red rose was presented by Mr. Fells, a governor of the school, to J. Temple Scriven, the warden. Originally the field was purchased for £30. Now the total income from it is about £5,000, a portion of which is devoted to the provision of pensions for the aged poor. Hence, in the vicinity of the famous Tooley street a "red, red rose" is worth £5,000 a year.—London Telegraph.

A STRANGE COFFIN.

The strangest coffin of which there is record, perhaps, is one for which the British war department is responsible. The story is that a workman engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance in the Woolwich arsenal, lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing 12 tons of molten metal. The metal was at white heat, and the man's body was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell about it. The war department authorities held a conference and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and the mass of metal was actually buried, and a Church of England clergyman read the services for the dead over it.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?



Old Gent—Where are you living now?
Young Gent—Just down by the river. Drop in some day. I shall be so glad.

TWO MONTHS' ABSENCE.

"But, my poor man," said the kind housewife, who had given the tramp some stationery and a stamp to write to friends in the east, "why do you state 'If not delivered return after 60 days to writer?' Surely it won't take 60 days for the letter to journey to New York?"

The tramp smiled.
"No, lady," he confided, "it won't take 60 days to get to New York, but it will be 60 days before I will be able to receive it. You see, mum, I expect to pass two months in de workhouse."

"WHAT'S IT GOOD FOR?"

"Rattlesnake oil ten cents a glass" was the sign the traveler saw in the dry country.

"What's it good for?" he asked.

"Most anything, stranger," was the reply. "Three glasses will make you rich as Rockefeller, four will make you outrun a railroad train, an' six will put you so high on the Halleluia hill you'll holler hello to the angels an' think the stars are fire coals to light yer pipe with."—Atlanta Constitution.

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.

Mrs. Caller—You seem cheerful despite your husband's failure in business.

Mrs. Sharp—Oh, yes; most of his property was in my name.

THE DANISH SMART SET

Remarkable Wave of Religious Fervor Has Swept Through the Palaces of Copenhagen.

The queen of Denmark will hardly appreciate all the gay things got up in London in her honor, for she is a royalty devoted only to good works and caring less than nothing for the sinful pride of worldly affairs, says a writer in the London Sketch. I understand it causes real distress to her majesty when she has to attend a ball. This austerity in the most exalted circles has brought about a social revolution in Copenhagen, which, once the most light-hearted and irresponsible of capitals, is now given over to religious fervor and a rigorous pietistic revival such as once in 50 years or so seems to sweep over northern Europe. Stendhal, in one of his stories, describes how one of these religious storms even reached Paris and affected certain oversensitive duchesses in the Faubourg St. Germain with curious results.

One who knows the "inside track" in Copenhagen assures me that it is now the fashion in that once lively city to give parties at which the guests get up in turn and confess their sins aloud. This is a custom which, if introduced into London, would add considerably to the piquancy of our present monotonous entertainments and give an interest to the season of 1907 which would alone for arctic skies and lack of social enterprise.

CAUTIOUS.



He—It is reported that you and I are engaged.

She—Of course you denied it?

He—No, I was afraid to do so without first seeing you.

ALMOST TOO ARDENT.

An ardent scientist and an enthusiastic linguist was the late king of Siam, father of the present monarch. He was much interested in translation from his own language into English, as the British consul at Bangkok knew only too well. That official was once aroused in the middle of the night by the arrival of a state barge and an urgent summons to the palace. Dressing in haste, imagining that at least a revolution had taken place, he hurried to the king to find his majesty wrestling with a Siamese-English dictionary for the right rendering into English of the troublesome Siamese word "phi." The consul had been snatched from his slumbers to decided between the various interpretations of ghost, spirit, soul, evil angel, devil and deuce!

FOLLOWING THE MONEY.

A man who spends most of his time traveling went to his favorite restaurant a night or two ago and the waiter who appeared to serve him greeted him with a smile.

"Hello," said the traveler, "I haven't seen you in some time."

"No," responded the waiter, "I served you last at Palm Beach."

"You have traveled some, then?" said the man.

"Oh, my, yes," replied the waiter. "In the winter I go south and when the season is over I come back to town. Then I get a job at one of the Saratoga hotels for the racing season, and I generally end up at Newport. You must follow the people with money, sir, if you want to do well in this business."—N. Y. Sun.

THE STOVE PLAGIARIST.

One of the efficient agencies for the pulling down of profits has been the tendency of many stove manufacturers to be mere copyists in their pattern department, complains A. C. Mott, in Metal Worker. It is notorious that the pattern copyist seldom copies quite so closely as to prevent his stove from costing more than the original, but he almost always goes forth and cuts the price of the original, in order to "introduce" his new piece of goods.

WAYS OF THE GYPSY

Life in the Open Air Has Made Them Healthiest Persons in the World—Hint for the Consumptives.

The healthiest persons in the world are gypsies, and they live in the open air, but there is an erroneous idea that gypsies are people who defy the elements to destroy their health. On the contrary, they are very careful, indeed, of their health, even though living out of doors. They never go to bed with the draft blowing over them, but have free circulation around them, yet protected from rain and wind. While sometimes seemingly scantily attired, they always are warmly clothed beneath, wearing warm underclothing. The consumptives who go to places for their health are now living exactly as the gypsies, and because of the disease being considered contagious, many must live in tents. It is here that the efficacy of pure air is being fully demonstrated, for it often effects a cure if the patient is not too weak when the treatment begins.

IN 1950.



"Does baby want to take a walk?"
"I think not, Mary. I have a perplexing defect in my arship to correct, and it will take my spare moments to do so."

GO OUTSIDE OWN LINES.

Of course, outside of the independent and salaried professional inventors is the great army of men who, while actively engaged in occupations embracing every line of human endeavor, develop new ideas, often of great value and just as often altogether out of the line of regular work, says the Engineering Magazine. An inquiry into the personalities of a few dozen inventors to whom patents have been granted during the last year shows some remarkable facts. Among them a sea captain has patented a steering gear for automobiles, while a carriage builder has invented a ship's capstan. A blacksmith has papers for a fishing reel, a shoemaker for a typewriter, a physician for a door lock and an undertaker for a hoisting derrick, and many others show just as strange deviation from their regular walks of life.

DANCE PLEASED WHITTIER.

Miss Emma Thursby, whose concert tours with the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, made her the friend of his family, was often a guest during the summer in his home, the James Russell Lowell house at Cambridge, Mass.

In an article in the Philadelphia Press Miss Thursby says that Longfellow, who was devoted to Ole Bull's playing, was often a visitor, and there she first met Whittier, the poet.

The beautiful old man was then 70, and had never seen a dance. One night Olea, Mr. Bull's daughter, danced a Norwegian spring dance. There was a little fear that Whittier might be shocked. He was not.

"Please repeat it," he said. "It is the first dance I have ever seen, and I think it very beautiful."

GOOD OLD TIMES.

As wits, theologians, politicians and writers, the women of 150 or 160 years ago were certainly in advance of those of to-day, yet apparently they had no wish to push man from his proper place. They waged no sex war; they held no anti-matrimonial views. They made good mothers, they were excellent housewives, they were socially charming, they managed to be personally attractive. In many directions they had the advantage of us.—London Lady's Pictorial.

ENGAGED AGAIN.

Geraldine—Didn't I promise to marry you when we were here a year ago?

Gerald—Yes, we are playing a return engagement.

HISTORY OF THE SCARAB

Ornament Now So Popular Had Its Origin in the Scarabaeus, Sacred Beetle of Egypt.

A scarab in ring or pin is now the accepted amulet and a favorite gift to one's best friend. It is impossible for the layman to tell an "antique" from a manufactured scarabaeus, so it is a case of where "ignorance is bliss" with the average person. The first ring setting for the scarab was said to be the swivel, and they certainly make a very attractive ring mounted in this way.

The question is frequently asked, "What is a scarab?" And unless much interested in such things the subject is not looked up.

The scarabaeus is the sacred beetle of Egypt. It was an object of worship in olden days and was most carefully embalmed at death. The ancient Egyptians believed the heart to be the center of intellect as well as the source of life, and removed this organ when the embalming process took place, a model of the scarabaeus being put in its place.

A Chicago man has what Mr. Breasted, the Egyptologist, says is one of the finest "heart scarabs" in existence. There are many varieties of this sacred beetle, as the monuments in Egypt show. The scarab was the favorite insignia of both men and women and was worn as a charm to protect from harm and insure desirable qualities to make them attractive.

It is now supposed that the signet ring given by Pharaoh to Joseph bore the shape and markings of the scarabaeus. Many hard stones were used for these models, the turquoise matrix, lapis-lazuli, jasper, amethyst, agate and onyx being much in favor. Some of the ancient ones are cleverly cut and were used as models, also as coin of the realm. The finest are found with the mummies in old tombs.

STRENGTH OF MUSHROOM.

Illustration of the wonderful strength of growing vegetable matter is afforded in a forceful manner by a mushroom brought to the office of the News by T. J. Trusler. The mushroom, which is of the edible kind, grew under the asphalt pavement of the Middle Drive. Its strength in growing was sufficient to bulge up the pavement for a radius of more than two inches and finally to break off the lump of asphalt.

Embedded like a cap in the center of the mass of asphalt is the pileus of the mushroom. This is perfectly formed. The stipe or stem is slender and only slightly bent. The circular piece of asphalt displaced is about four inches in diameter and about an inch and a half thick. The surface is filled with seams and cracks, showing that the asphalt gave way slowly under the gradually increasing pressure of the mushroom beneath.—Indianapolis News.

NO CHANCE.



"How is it a smart looking chap like you never married?"

"Well, you see, when I was quite young I resolved I would never marry until I found an ideal woman. After many years I found one."

"Well, what then?"

"She was looking for an ideal man."

SNAKES FOUGHT TO DEATH.

A bitter battle for life between a blacksnake and a milk snake was witnessed recently by G. W. and Jacob Krouse, truth-telling Benton township citizens, the fight resulting in the death of the big blacksnake.

The men were out walking when they came upon the two in deadly combat. The blacksnake was seven feet long and its opponent only two feet, but the smaller was coiled around the blacksnake's body just back of the head and managed to squeeze it to death. The victor was then killed by the men.—Bloomington Cor. Philadelphia Record.

NEED FOR "OXEN TALK"

Men of Affairs Have to Use Vituperation Occasionally in Dealing with Colleagues.

Whenever Theodore P. Shonts, head of the Interborough-Metropolitan company, returns to his office and remarks: "I gave them oxen talk!" his secretaries know then some one got a good laying out. Of course, there is a story about the way "oxen talk" got into the Shonts family, and here it is:

His father was a western pioneer, and crossed the plains with an ox train. One of the party was a clergyman, and although he had the finest yoke, he was always getting stuck. The leader grew tired going to the rear every few hours to get the clergyman's oxen over the rough places, but under his fluent cursing the oxen never failed to move. Finally he said to the clergyman:

"Parson, you've just got to learn oxen talk. Damn 'em, sir. Cuss 'em right and left; it's the only language they understand."

Mr. Shonts' father learned "oxen talk" along with the minister, and both have found use for it on rare occasions in driving ox-like men.

MATCHED THE BOSS.

Boston and Cambridge people of an earlier day remember well Prof. Child of Harvard, a scholar who was likewise a live man. President Eliot tells with great gusto a story about his faithful attention to city politics.

Prof. Child always attended to his duties as a citizen of Cambridge. One night he went to a ward meeting at which a boss began to put forth some of his warped ideas. The college professor was speedily on his feet and scathingly denounced the boss and his methods.

After the meeting was over the good-natured boss, just to show that he bore no ill will, met the scholar on the stairs and genially handing over a cigar, said: "Have a smoke, profess?"

His antagonist straightened up, took the cigar, and said with great dignity: "Yes; I'll match you in any of your lesser vices!"

ELECTRICAL SHAVING.

They are trying it on the dog now at stables all over town, where my lady's maid can bring Fido or Rex or Mufti for his summer shave, says the New York Tribune. "It" is the new clipping machine operated by electricity. All you have to do is to bring the beast and place the machine just so and then switch the animal around and around in place until the job is done. In the stables where the new machine is installed the report is that it is a great improvement for both man and beast over the old hand process. Fido likes it and Useful Jack finds less provocation to break out into strong language at the twitchings of the animal. It doesn't take half the time consumed in the old process, it does a cleaner job and it is far less likely to annoy the subject operated on.

LIGHTNING'S PECULIAR FREAK.

Lightning played a peculiar freak recently when it struck the residence of C. W. Summerlin, who lives on the upper town road a short distance north of the city.

It struck the house, passing through the roof and ceiling, making only a small hole and setting nothing on fire. A streak was burned in the wall paper down one side of the room and a large mirror which was hanging on the wall had all of the quicksilver melted from the back of it. The lightning then passed out through the floor and into the earth.—Las Vegas Optic.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

Gobsa Golde, the octogenarian millionaire, dropped stiffly on one knee.

"Darling, won't you marry me? I'd die for you," he said.

"If one could feel quite sure," murmured the young girl, "why, then—"

She gazed doubtfully upon the rich old man, a shade of mistrust in her lovely violet eyes.

A LONG JOB.

A friend of the writer, who was looking for laborers, inquired of a Swedish neighbor about a certain countryman and friend of his, hoping to secure his services.

"Oh," replied the Swede, "Him got a long job now—he drive de team vile him brodder is dead."