

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Even an empty cupboard contains much food for thought.—Chicago Daily News.
Philosophic Murphy (recovering from a 20-foot fall) Well, I had to come down for nails, anyway.—Glasgow Evening Times.
"The Old Order Changeth."—Snaggs has an idea patented that he expects to bring him millions. "What is it?" "A device to change a bicycle into an automobile."—Baltimore Herald.
First Manager—"Is that piece at your house a problem play?" Second—"It is a problem whether we are going to get out of it whole, if that's what you mean."—Boston Transcript.
The Main Thing—"Miss Futilites, the star, was too ill to appear to-day, so there was no performance." "Did they refund the money?" "No. They showed pictures of her latest gowns on a screen instead."—Detroit Free Press.
"They're after you," said the first dog, "and they're going to shoot you for biting that bank cashier." "I know," replied the alleged mad dog, "and I'm trying to lay low in the hope that they'll examine his accounts and find some extenuating circumstances."—Philadelphia Press.
"Ye, Johnnie, what is it? 'Ma, isn't pa half bright?' 'Why, what makes you ask such a question?' 'Cause I heard Mister Highball say that if pa was half bright he would never have married you.' 'Mr. Highball is a bad man, Johnnie. Your papa is one of the brightest men this country ever produced.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Aunt Hannah—"I suppose the young ladies complimented you upon your new gown?" Imogen—"The hateful things! They didn't have a word to say, not one of them, except Grace Sitwell, and she was worse than all the others. She looked at it slyly, and then said: 'It's becoming, and, of course, that's the main thing!'"—Boston Transcript.

THE JUDGE'S BURGLAR TRAP.

Unique Conception That Proved to Be a Trifle Faulty in One Important Particular.
It was election night at Hawleyburgh. "Judge" Moon's party had won a rare experience for the judge, since it usually happened that if there was a chance for his party he got over on the other side some time before election, relates a writer in Lippincott's.
But the judge had been too late this time, and found himself on the winning side. He went home very late and a bit uncertain in his mental and physical operations—a rare thing for the judge.

The judicial suspicions were aroused the instant he entered his front gate. There was a faint light burning in the hall, as he could see through the ground glass door. This was unusual, since Mrs. Moon never encouraged late home coming by any such concessions. The judge knew that something was wrong. He steadied himself on the piazza and put his mind on the problem. He settled on burglars as the most reasonable explanation; a gang of desperate criminals, were inside plundering his house. What to do was the next question. There was a night watchman in Hawleyburgh, but the judge knew that he was asleep in Baker's wagon shed long before. The judge felt no desire to go inside and grapple with the offenders personally. Then a brilliant plan of action popped into his head.

The judge lay down flat on his back and propped up the soles of his feet against the door so that his legs were shored up at an angle of about 45 degrees. He clasped his hands across his breast peacefully and closed his eyes. "There," he murmured, "got 'em like rats in a trap—rats in a trap. Hold door shut with feet—shut with feet—so burglars can't get out—can't get out with plunder—plunder. When strengthed and refreshed with rest—strengthed—shall go in and seize 'em—go in and seize 'em. Burglars like rats in a trap—rats in a trap—trap." The court slumbered.

As the level rays of the rising sun shot across the veranda Mrs. Moon opened the door with a decided pull. The judge's heels smote the threshold with a thud. The lady took one step backward in ominous, awful silence. The judge struggled to his feet. "Does that door open in?" he demanded. "It does," answered his wife, coldly. "Ah, I see—I see," he exclaimed. "I'm a victim of circumstances—victim of circumstances. They slipped out and replaced my feet. If that door had opened out to 'a' had the finest mess of burglars bottled up this morning that you ever saw—you ever saw—saw, I mean!"

Proof Positive.
Roy's papa is a boot and shoe dealer. One day a box of liquid shoe blacking was received at the store, which Roy helped the clerk unpack. One bottle was found broken.
Afterward Roy's papa and the clerk were conversing about the blacking in Roy's presence.
The clerk said: "I wonder if it is combustible."
Roy replied: "Oh, yes, it is, 'cause one bottle come busted."—Cleveland Leader.

Stimulation Cure is Rational.
The stimulation cure is really one of the most rational modes of meeting some disorders of the system. Like every other procedure in therapeutics, its power for good has been very greatly exaggerated, but it has found a true and abiding position. Some few disorders of the digestive and other important organs arise from overfeeding. Such patients cannot be drugged into health. Strong purgatives do good, but abstention from 50 per cent. of the accustomed dietary does more good.

TELEPHONES IN SMALL TOWNS.

They Are Much Used and Convey Some Amazing Questions and Replies.
Modern improvements are being proposed to advance most rapidly in the large cities, and it is true that in all devices that expedite business the commercial energy of a city drives it to accept the latest and the best. But people in the cities have not mastered the whole art of living. Many of them, indeed, might learn from the citizens of the small town and the village. A writer in the Outlook says that after staying in a household in a small town, where the telephone is used without stint—without any limit on the number of calls which is imposed on the subscriber to some large municipal telephone companies—he feels that city people miss a great deal of the comfort, pleasure and convenience of the telephone.
"After breakfast my hostess settled into a comfortable chair beside the telephone, ordered her groceries, and then called up her friends, invited them to an afternoon tea, and chatted about club lectures and the servant question.
"In the house where I was staying the telephone was not fastened to the wall, but was on a long cord so that it could be carried to the bedroom. In this way the woman might summon the police in case of burglars, and once when she was too ill to get out of bed, she sent for the doctor by means of the telephone at her side.
"I heard, too, some amusing stories of servant-girls introduced for the first time to the telephone. One cook, fresh from Ireland, stood in awe of the instrument for many weeks, and then when the bell rang, always hurried to put on a clean apron before she answered the call. Evidently she felt that she was in the presence of some unknown person who could see as well as speak and hear.
"Another servant-girl astonished a dinner party by appearing at the door of the dining-room and asking her mistress: 'Is this Mr. McGinnis' grocery store?'
"Of course not, Bridget! What do you mean?"
"Well, sure, they asked me over the telephone this minute, ma'am!"
"O'ne lady who called up a friend was answered by the maid, who had learned to use the instrument, and had developed a pleasant 'telephone voice.' The woman who had called, thinking it was the mistress, and not troubling to call her by name, asked her cordially to come to a meeting of the Colonial Dames.
"Another woman called up a friend over the telephone, but could not make her friend understand her name.
"'Mrs. Blank—B-I-A-N-K.'
"'I can't get the name.'
"'Well, never mind the name. Come to my card-party on Friday.'
"'She could feel her friend at the other end of the wire draw herself up with dignity as she answered that she could not come. Then the woman who was to give the party realized what she had asked, and promptly wrote a note. Her friend came to the party, and they had a good laugh over the matter."

TALK TO THEMSELVES.
Men Who Have Been Overworked Are Much Given to Audible Murmuring.
"O'ne of the curious signs of New York's absorption in its money task is the number of men you hear talking to themselves, oblivious to their immediate surroundings," said a traveling man at the Southern the other evening, according to an exchange of that city.
"If one could catch the meaning of these mutterings, one would hear, I fancy, the real tragedy of the city. Stand for a few minutes on lower Broadway and you can see scores of men whose lips are moving in mumbled speech as they walk hurriedly, with eyes fixed on the ground, dodging through the throng with some strange guiding instinct in their feet.
"Many of them are well dressed, but most are a bit shabby, and have the scars of a lost battle on their tired countenances. They are the crippled of the long campaign for wealth, who are now strugglers in the rear led on by hope and memory to get into the line for one more fight. They make a sorry spectacle when you stop to scrutinize them a little.
"Then there are others who will find around the stock tickers in cafes, hotels and other public places. The ticker seems a running accompaniment to their dreams; they murmur familiar words of the stock mart; they are back again in the whirl of things where fortunes rise and fall like battle aces. To me these are the most pathetic figures in this city of contrasts.
"O'ne is a half humorous element, too. One night I was hurrying home in the rain. The muck of the storm was thick upon the streets, and few people were out. In the soaked circle of light shed by a discouraged street lamp stood an old man, miserably clad and dripping from every stitch. He did not try to beg, and I think, scarcely noticed me; but stood in a helpless attraction, muttering in a cracked and quivering voice:
"'Grandpa's so wet; grandpa's so wet; grandpa's so wet.'"

An Anti-Voice Conference.
Fifty mutes, representatives of various deaf and dumb societies, recently held a conference in Chartiers, France. The chairman called the assembly to order by pretending to ring a bell, and speeches were made in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

TRAVELERS IN SOMALILAND.

Interesting Account of the Sights and Incidents of a Trip in That Country.
The Somali camel, contrasted with the Indian camel, is very gentle. They seldom injure anyone. In moving about the camp at night one has often to pass among them as they kneel in rows, sometimes stepping over them or stooping under their outstretched necks, but I have never had an experience of a vicious camel in Somaliland. Even when undergoing firing operations they rarely bite, although the head is left free, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle.
This accommodating disposition is attributable greatly to the manner in which they are treated by the natives, who, though rather cruel to their ponies, never ill-use a camel. Many Somalis are utterly ignorant of loading, this work being done largely by the women. The camel is everywhere in the land. He is the great means of transport and is given in payment for wives and in settlement of the incessant feuds which render peaceable village and town life almost unknown in the interior.
As the troops make their way inland curious native villages formed of little huts and bent sticks covered with camel mats, and protected all round with a fence of cut thorn trees laid side by side will at first be common sights and the fresh camel milk obtainable at these is very refreshing on the long marches. The men of Somaliland use a curious white clay found in various parts of the country to dab on their heads, which makes them look like black footmen with powdered hairs. The unmarried girls wear their hair fuzzy, and the married women in a black net. The enormous ant hills in the land are a notable feature of the landscape.
The difficulties of the expedition will begin when it enters the bush country. The tall, light skinned, handsome, lithe, Somali chief with his spear and oxry skin circular targets is a curious contrast to the strong, dark Midgan, with his bow and wooden quiver of little poisoned arrows, which are deadly enough to kill an elephant in three hours. The former is a great believer in charms and horoscopes, and generally wears an amulet in the form of a verse from the Koran strapped to his arm or neck.
He loves a draft of the melted fat of a sheep's tail, and as long as he has plenty of "ghee" or clarified butter, with his rice and dates, he is happy. The latter is simply a barbarian and prefers his meat more or less raw. The Somali ponies are wonderfully good and hardy little animals, but are very badly treated by their owners. They are much superior to the Arab for use in Somaliland, as they do well on the grass there and require no grain, which is unobtainable in the interior until you get very far inland.

CHAT WITH A BURGLAR.
Funny Householder Engages Midnight Intruder in Pleasant and Helpful Conversation.
Just as the burglar was tip-toeing toward the dresser in the room of the suburban home, the humorist in the bed awoke and sat up, relates the Washington Post.
"Way, hello there, Bill," said the humorist in the bed, cheerily, to the burglar, who quickly flashed his glim on the face of the funny individual.
"O' how are you, pard," replied the burglar, easily. "Didn't know you was awake."
"O' how'd you get in, old man?" easily inquired the man in bed.
"Front cellar door," replied the burglar, calmly. "It was something easy."
"I'm afraid you won't find much doing around here to-night, eh?" said the funny householder, who had read of these easy little nocturnal dialogues with burglars, and was rather enjoying the experience. "I'm pretty high all out on the dough question just now. Too bad you hadn't postponed your visit till to-morrow night—to-morrow's pay day with me, and I'll have something like a couple of hundred in my jeans to-morrow night. I should think you'd keep kind of a dope-book on these things, eh?"
"O' that's all right, mate," answered the burglar. "No harm done. It is too bad I didn't wait till to-morrow night, but we've got to take a chance on losing out that way, y'see. I guess I'll make expenses, anyhow, before to-night's over—I've got several plants to work yet in another neighborhood. So long, I can find my way out all right, and I'll pull the door to."
"Good by, matey," said the humorist in bed, hugely enjoying his own ease of manner in the circumstances. "Sorry I couldn't have come to the front with a little of the duff to help you along, but you see how I'm fixed. S'long—be good."

The burglar nodded and passed out of the room, down the stairs and out of the house. The humorist in bed chuckled softly, and when he got up the next morning he told every body in the suburban town who would listen to him of the easy-going little talk he had had with the burglar on the night before.
That night the burglar came back to the humorist's house with a pal, put the funny man under the gun, and cased him of \$214.76 and his gold watch and chain, without any superfluous conversation whatsoever.
These incidents do not always wind up just exactly in the manner prescribed by the screech-ewokers in the comic supplements.

In Chicago.
Stella—Did she ask you to her farewell bachelor dinner?
Bella—No, but she promised me an invitation to her next divorce tea.—N. Y. Herald.

MYTHICAL GOLD MINE

Death Follows Searchers After Hidden Montana Riches.

Secret of Its Location Known to But One Man Who Died a Year Ago—Prospectors Still on the Hunt.

For 30 years gold hunters in Montana have been looking for a fabulous mine. At one time so many deaths resulted among the prospectors that it became a superstition that to seek the hidden wealth was to court death. The only man who knew its exact location was George Rea, a scout, guide and hunter, who died about a year ago and who was known to several Chicagoans, says the Tribune of that city.
Rea had revealed the mine to two men who were induced to put money in it, but the find did not equal the calculations—in fact, amounted to nothing. It is now a question in Montana whether Rea told the truth about the location or whether the fatal gold seeking which went on for 30 years was after a myth.

There are many who believe that Rea never disclosed the location and that the ledge which was worked was not the one he found. For that reason it is probable that the search for Rea's mine is not yet over.
Rea was hunting mountain sheep in the canyon of the Madison river. In Montana when the ledge was first discovered. He found a quartz bearing a seemingly rich ore, and not being a judge of metals he loaded his pockets with it and took it to Virginia City for examination. The assay proved that it was rich in gold and copper.

Shortly afterwards Rea killed a man and stood in danger of his own life. He had little money, but Sam Ward, at that time one of the leading criminal lawyers, undertook the case on the condition that he should receive a share in the mine. Rea was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, and he began his term without divulging the location of the mine. All he would say was that it was in the middle of the Madison canyon.

Now, the Madison canyon is one of the wildest parts of Montana. It is 20 miles long, and peaks after peaks of rugged mountains are piled on one another. The watershed drained by the river on both sides is almost endless, and considering all this, it will be seen that the description given by the hunter was no description at all.
This did not deter numbers of prospectors from undertaking the search for hidden gold. Within a short time, three prospectors had met violent deaths in the search, and the saying that to hunt for the mine meant death became almost a tradition.

One of the gold hunters was drowned. He and a companion had endeavored to cross the Madison on a raft and were swept from the logs. The one managed to reach the shore, but on looking back he saw the body of his companion tossing about in the water. Running at full speed he managed to get below the body, and wading into the river dragged it out. He discovered that there was still some life, but after using all the means of resuscitation known to him he was unable to revive the man. The burial was made in a snowbank—and the living prospector pushed his way back to a settlement.
In the spring an exploring party found the body in the snowbank and buried it.

Another death was that of a prospector who was thrown from his horse and killed. He was missed and his friends tried to find him. After awhile they discovered the horse standing as if tied to something immovable on the ground. This was found to be the dead body of the gold hunter, who had been killed instantly in the fall from his horse. The third death resulted from mountain fever and the skeleton of the prospector was found near his abandoned hut. A scrawl on a piece of paper told how he had died.

After Rea was released from prison he made no immediate effort to find his mine again. After about 20 years, during which time there were numerous other attempts made by prospectors, he interested two miners in the fabled wealth and conducted them to the location. They put thousands of dollars and two years of time in working the ledge. The first results seemed to substantiate the stories of the enormous value, but afterwards it was found that there were but a few strings of the gold bearing quartz and not a rich ledge.

If Rea told the truth when he conducted the miners to the spot then the men who met their death and the men who wasted time and energy were hunting a myth.

A Chinese Joke.
In his recent book on "China and the Chinese," Dr. Giles a specimen of Chinese humor which, if the source were not known, might well be mistaken for American humor.

There is a Chinese story which tells how a very stingy man took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head.
"O' what does this mean?" cried the stater indignantly.
"O' Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."—"China and the Chinese."

Home-Seekers in the Northwest.
Railroad men say that 70,000 home-seekers, with their families, have settled in Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The Canadian Pacific has carried over 100,000 people to Manitoba in the last year.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A damaged football has just been fitted at a London hospital with a celluloid nose.

Sloths, llamas and certain birds—notably some species of parrots—rate as slow movers.

The value of the exports of animals and animal products for the year ended June 30, 1932, amounted to the large sum of \$24,733,082.
Prof. Lawrence Bruner, state ethnologist at the University of Nebraska, has a collection of 60,000 grasshoppers, among which are to be found 20,000 distinct species.

Bequerel has shown that radium emits cathode rays moving at a velocity of over 120,000 miles per second. A particle traveling with this velocity, and starting from the earth, would reach the moon in two seconds.
The German Ornithological society has been conducting experiments with pigeons, and finds that when liberated at a height of 6,000 feet down to as little as 2,700 feet, they drop rapidly to a much lower region of the atmosphere.
At the end of 1931 the number of sailing vessels flying the British flag was 2,227; of steamers there were 8,147. Leaving sailing vessels out of account it is estimated by various well-informed officials of shipowners' societies that out of these 8,147 steamers about 6,947 were tramps and only 1,200 were liners.

A German ornithologist points out that the diminution in the number of song birds in his country is not caused entirely by the Italians who slaughter the migratory birds in winter by wholesale. Much is also due to the depredations of cats and to the disappearance of shrubbery in which the birds could hatch their eggs.

Nearly all the important manufactures entering into the export trade of the United States show an increase in 1932, the chief exceptions being iron and steel and refined mineral oil. Iron and steel manufactures show a decrease of over four and one-half million dollars, and mineral oils a reduction of four millions.—Copper manufactures showed the largest gain—\$12,000,000.

BIBLICAL DISCOVERIES.

Egypt Has Been for Many Years the Scene of Great Activity in Excavating.

The land of the Pharaohs during the last 50 years has been a scene of great activity on the part of the excavator. Here are brought to light not only the great monuments of antiquity, but the builders themselves who set up the monuments. In Babylonia a bas-relief picture of Amraphel, the contemporary of Abraham, was found, but in Egypt we are permitted to gaze upon the very features of the Pharaohs that knew not Joseph, but oppressed Israel, or the one that was forced to liberate them from their bondage. Every line in the Pentateuch which refers to Egypt has been shown through the excavations to be in remarkable accord with the facts revealed, says the Woman's Home Companion.

The discovery which has been more important than any other in throwing light upon the early history of Palestine, and which has had a greater bearing upon Biblical criticism, is the find of over 300 inscribed clay tablets in Egypt at a place called Tell-Amarna. They contain letters written by friendly powers and vassals from various parts of western Asia to the Pharaohs, Amenophis III. and IV., who ruled about the middle of the fifteenth century before Christ. As French is the diplomatic language throughout the world at the present day, as Greek was used in the time of Christ, and Aramaic in the time of Isaiah, the Babylonian language was used in the time of Moses. The letters are written upon clay tablets, mostly in the Babylonian language and script. They show how extensive was the knowledge and use of writing about the time of the conquest, especially in Palestine. This was in direct opposition to the theories of the negative critics, who claimed, in their efforts to show that the Pentateuch could not have been written in the time of Moses, that the people of that country were illiterate and semibarbarous. But still more important was the most welcome light thrown upon the condition of affairs in Palestine of that time, which is in such remarkable accord with the books of Joshua and Judges.

A Mean Institution.
The commencement exercises of the high school had passed off with entire success, and at the request of the principal the diplomas of the school had been delivered by Col. Wye, president of the school board, a worthy but somewhat pompous citizen, to whom nothing had ever happened to shake his high opinion of himself.
At the close of the proceedings the principal, with the praiseworthy purpose of saying something complimentary to his eminent collaborer in the cause of education, took occasion to observe:
"O' you acquitted yourself finely, colonel. Your remarks were well chosen."
"O' Well chosen!" echoed the colonel, turning red. "I want you to understand, sir, that those remarks were not 'chosen' at all. Every word I uttered was original, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

Truth Comes Out.
Miss (angrily)—I thought you said you could do plain sewing?
New Maid—So I did, ma'am.
Just look at the stitches in this apron you made. I can see them across the room."
"O' Yes, ma'am. Isn't that plain enough to satisfy you, ma'am?"—Chicago Daily News.

USES OF TELEPHONE.

It Is Brought Into Play in All Departments of Life.

But It Has Grown So Common In These Days of Wonderful Inventions, It Is Not Sufficiently Appreciated.

We have become so used to including the telephone among the comforts of home that it is doubtful now if we really appreciate all of its advantages. The telephone is more than an instrument over which to talk to the butcher and baker, it is a medium sometimes for furthering treason and stratagem and acquiring spoils, says the Baltimore News.

Does a young woman receive a call from a masculine friend who bores her to extinction and she is ingenious, she gives her brother or sister, or, as legal documents say, her next friend, a look of entreaty, and directly he disappears, and almost immediately the telephone rings, and the young woman is summoned, and comes back to say that her grandmother is ill in the next block and she must go to her at once.

When the visitor has departed the rescued one thanks her rescuer warmly and adds a blessing for the telephone itself, such is the intensity of her gratitude.

Sometimes the telephone saves the self-respect of young men who have quarreled with their sweethearts. To go back to pay a visit after he has flung himself out of a house declaring he will never darken its doors again, would not be consistent with any masculine dignity, but it cannot be considered as a confession that he was in error in his premises, if he calls up the young woman who has insulted him by telephone the next day but one, and asks her in a voice made carefully frigid any one of the following questions:

Have I any books of yours which you wish me to return?
How shall I send your letters back, by mail or by messenger?
Will it inconvenience you at all if I send to your house to-night for my copy of Omar?

Did I injure the glass in your front door when I shut it night before last? I am afraid I used almost too much emphasis.

Do you still wish me to take you to the theater, or shall I send you the tickets and allow you to select your own escort?
If the young woman replies, with proper tact, diplomatic relations will be resumed in a shorter time than it takes to write all this, for it is ten to one the young man is in the drug store on the nearest corner, although his voice sounds as far away as the polar icebergs.

It is a mighty good thing, by-the-by, that that invention has never been perfected that was once talked of and that was designed to permit the users of telephones to see each other while conversing, for not only would this be inconvenient to the men who declare they are in their offices, when in reality they are at the club engaging in the great American game, but also would it be exceedingly disagreeable to the young woman who holds conversations over the wire with the man who acquires her most with her golden hair hanging down her back and wearing her bath robe for such things are.

Imagine the feeling of the youth who expects to take a girl to dinner at 7:30 o'clock, when he is called to the lilies of the field, calling her up an hour before this time, only to behold her with an air of indifference, and a glance at her hair and a dab of powder on her sweet nose.

This is purely a fancy picture, for curl papers are as much out of date as crinolines, and powder went out with the fashion of wearing the hair in queues; but, just for argument's sake, try to imagine such a contretemps. Would it not break up many a promising affair of the heart?

To return to our mutton, the telephone is a most valuable invention. It reunites loving hearts, and it furnishes reasons for jealousy to lovers who need prodding, and excuses to those who wish to get away from home—but it is great enough as it is, and we do not want any improvements with it in the line of machines to see around corners. We have troubles enough already, and too much knowledge doesn't add to any one's happiness.

Where Life is Strenuous.

Here in the northwest one encounters the living representation of the strenuous life. Here men work together in a way unknown anywhere else. The east is insular, every man for himself. The northwest—indeed, the whole west—has learned the value of cooperation and community interest. Migrating to a new country with difficulties and dangers on every hand, the people have been forced to combine and stand with solid front to the world. As a result, innumerable organizations have sprung up having for their purpose the advancement of some community interest.—Ray Stannard Baker, in Century.

Properly Classified.
"O' We've been having a little dispute as to the difference between courage and foolishness, and we have decided to leave it to you."
"O' Well, state your case."
"O' How would you classify a man who walked into a powder-mill smoking a pipe? If that doesn't require courage, what does it require?"
"Nothing at all."
"Nothing at all?"
"O' That's it. The less a fellow has of everything, including brains, the more likely he is to do it. You couldn't call him foolhardy without flattering him."—Chicago Post.