

EYEBALL LENSE FOR ACTORS

Oculastic Boon to Performers Who Are Afflicted with Near-Sightedness. The enterprising optician has come to the rescue of stage folk who are afflicted with near-sightedness...

Chorus and "show" girls are debarred from the privilege of wearing glasses. It is no uncommon thing for the visitor behind the scenes to see several members of the musical play wearing eyeglasses...

QUEEN'S AUTO ADVENTURE.

Misap to Car Compels Mother of Italy's King to Put Up with Humble Lodgings. Queen Margherita, the queen mother of Italy has done more to make herself known to the rural inhabitants of her son's kingdom...

TRICK OF AN ELEPHANT.

Circus Animal Gives Cigarettes a Thorough and Unwelcome Drenching. A circus train was pulling out of Spokane, Wash., a few weeks ago, when suddenly the injector "broke" and persistently refused to take up water...

Could See Something Comic.

A waitress in a restaurant in a northern town is known to the members of the establishment for her ready wit. An occasional customer went in the other day for dinner. After receiving his order the waitress handed him a newspaper to while away the time that would elapse before dinner was served...

"Father" of the World's Press.

Kin pan, an official paper of China, is the oldest journal in the world, dating back to 911. It became a weekly in 1831, a daily in 1850, and now a tri-daily. The regular issue is 8,000 copies. The morning edition is printed on yellow paper and is confined to trade interests...

FATHER HAS AN AWAKENING

Finds the Ways of To-Day Are Different from Those of Forty Years Ago. Unlike the man who shirks all responsibility in shaping his son's career, there is occasionally one who causes just as much trouble by an overdone parental interest...

The son married a young woman who knew nothing of work, and didn't want to learn and they set up in a modest home with one servant. This was too much for the father, who remonstrated with them for their extravagance. He said that they were beginning wrong, and by way of teaching them to get along on a small amount of money...

AN EGG OF ANCIENT DATE.

Fossil Recently Discovered in Arizona by a Prospector Is Something Rare. A romance of science has been the recent discovery of a fossil egg in the Gila river, in Arizona. A writer in the American Journal of Science says that a prospector, examining stones, came upon what seemed to be a water-worn pebble...

Her majesty slept in an old-fashioned four-poster, and found the water frozen in her room in the morning. Carpet there were none, but good will in plenty, and when she appeared at breakfast she remarked to the delighted landlady who was serving that the delicious odor of the lavender scented sheets was still with her. The parish priest had had a little more warning, so that when the queen appeared in the church for morning mass he was ready for her in freshly starched vestments, while the faces of his acolytes were shining after a free application of soap and water...

FACTS ABOUT CORAL BEADS.

The Genuine Are Full of Imperfections and Are Still High in Price. "If you wish to buy coral beads," remarked the jeweler enthusiast, according to the Philadelphia Record, "you must go to a reliable dealer. Why, even celluloid may be so shaped and tinted that the average person would not know the difference. There's one way to tell, however, if the chain be cheap. In this case the very perfection of the beads will convince the would-be purchaser of their spuriousness. A string of small beads, at say, \$3 or \$10, will be full of little imperfections, if they be real. The larger the bead of real coral the more expensive. The old carved coral jewelry of long ago went out because it was imitated in celluloid till you couldn't tell the difference between pieces that cost three dollars and \$50. Just because the pretty beads in delicate pink are so expensive most persons fancy that branch coral chains, five feet in length, that sell at one dollar and less, are not real. But they are, and they are cheap because they are made of the tip ends of the coral branches, which are too small to be carved into anything at all. All along the Italian coast these chains are sold for a lire and a half (30 cents). Sorrento being the favored purchasing place..."

Horses' Shoes Get Hot.

Popular Mechanics says that a horse shoe with metal shoes should not be driven rapidly on an asphalt pavement. The heat produced is painful to the animal and may be injurious. It cites an instance where two men indulged in a friendly horse race on asphalt. One of the horses cast a shoe and when the rider picked it up it blistered his hand and did not cool off for several minutes. At each step the horse slips a little and this constant friction of the metal shoe under weight upon the sand in the pavement generates a high degree of heat.

Breakers Ahead.

Johnny—Ma, what makes paw throw dirt in your face? Mother—Why, your ridiculous child, what do you mean by such an absurd question? "I don't care. I just heard him tell Mr. Gayby that he didn't have no trouble throwin' dust in your eyes."—Chicago Sun.

PLANTS GO INTO HYSTERICIS

Harsh Treatment Causes Them to Act Like Highly Nervous Human Beings.

According to an expert in the botanic gardens at Washington, recent experiments there tend to confirm the theory that plants are possessed of nerves and that some species are irritable and nervous to a marked degree. The genus mimosa comprises about 200 species and most of these exhibit peculiarly irritable natures if touched or handled in the wrong way. The mimosa pudica, the botanical name for the most sensitive of all plants, is so highly organized that it is kept in a state of neurasthenia most of the time. A puff of wind, the tramping of his feet nearby or the rude touch of the hand will cause this plant literally to go into nervous hysterics. It appears that the exciting noise or commotion strikes the nerves of the plant and causes it to close up or droop its leaves. Hundreds of sensitive plants have been diagnosed in the botanic gardens and the observers of the plants have traced the nerve centers to their foundation.

In certain of the plants the ends of the nerves have been located. Thus, if mimosa pudica is touched with ever so fine a point at the base of a plant or along its axis, the most remote pair of leaves will shiver and begin to close. Finally, when all the leaves have closed the pinna, which has been touched will droop. The shock has been so great that the whole nervous system has been temporarily disarranged. However, like all nervous, irritable people, there is a point beyond which fright reacts a control of the system begins to manifest itself. If the sensitive plant is shaken for some time it recovers from its attack of neurasthenia and some of the leaves will begin to open again. Finally, it is said that the most sensitive part of the plant is at the base of the secondary leaf stalks, where an immense number of nervous corpuscles or delicate tissues are located.

HANGED AN UNKNOWN MAN

One of the Most Curious Cases in the Annals of Montana Criminals.

The most dramatic incident I ever witnessed occurred in the county courthouse in my town," said Judge F. H. Woody, a prominent lawyer of Missoula, Mont., according to the Washington Post. "A desperado, and perhaps a professional burglar—though that was never proved—shot down two young residents of the town early in the morning of August 14, 1902, in cold blood. One of his victims died immediately; the other, a man named Paul Goldenbogen, was thought to be mortally wounded and lay in his cot at the hospital for weeks, momentarily expecting death, but finally got well. The murderer was arrested, but there was only slight circumstantial evidence against him and it looked as though he might go free.

Finally the prosecuting attorney saw that there was only one thing to do, and that was to bring in Goldenbogen and see if he could not identify the accused. So he brought the wounded man into the courthouse, attended by two doctors, both of whom said the excitement would endanger their patient's life. The poor fellow really presented a pathetic picture; he was so feeble he could scarcely talk, and several times he collapsed, but with the application of restoratives rallied, and told a complete story of his attempted assassination. His identification of the prisoner was immediate and so absolute that no one in the audience doubted the fellow's guilt, and the jury promptly found him guilty, and the death penalty was pronounced. The fellow was hanged without ever revealing his name or history, and the case is one of the most curious in the criminal annals of our state."

PAID FOR HIS LONG WALK.

Gambler Who Lost at Faro Bank Had His Money Returned to Him.

A man who lives by his wits and other invisible resources played faro bank in Tacoma a short time ago until he lost all he had, which was considerable. He was in the class which is commonly denominated "wise guys" by the "knowing ones," and when he dropped the last of about \$300 he sauntered carelessly over to the "head push" of the house and remarked in an indifferent tone: "I've walked 53 miles to-day and I'm awfully tired."

A little later he was motioned into the business office of the house and his losses were refunded to him. The house could not afford to have him distribute the news that he had lost his "wad" on a deck containing 53 cards.

Stork Messenger.

Some years ago an American clergyman, temporarily residing at Berlin, enticed a stork into his garden, caught it and placed a silver ring about its leg, on which was engraved "Berlin, 1888." He took it for granted that the stork would recarry its usual quarters on its return in the spring, which, indeed, proved to be the case. The surprise of the clergyman's household was great, however, when its members noticed that "their stork" now wore two silver rings upon its leg instead of one. The bird was recaptured, and—behold!—the old ring was back again and accompanying it another which read: "India sends greetings to Berlin."—The Pilgrim.

Comfort in That.

Jimmy—Ain't yer vaccination healed up yet? Tommy—Now. "Geel" don't it make yer feel bad? "Now" the doctor told mom I mustn't take a bath till it's all healed up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MEXICAN THIEVES' MARKET

Grounds Upon Which Tradition Says Many Crimes Were Committed.

The Thieves' Market, famed in guidebook and tourist romance, is undergoing at present an encroachment that threatens to place it shortly in the realm of real history, says the Mexican Herald. The ground is being cleared over nearly half of the space formerly occupied by the market, and the permanent booths are being torn down and reerected in the smaller space left.

Tradition has it—and most happily for romance in this fascinating land traditions in most cases are still as good coin as fact—that the Thieves' Market stands on the grounds of what was once a part of the spacious gardens of the "new house" of Montezuma. In the long days gone by, this garden, of spacious proportions, was the scene of many dark and dismal crimes, and many were the robberies and acts of violence that occurred there, for it was on a highway much used, and when night had fallen was very dark and dangerous.

The tale goes of the murder by a powerful officer of the sweetheart of one of his retainers, a crime that rankled in the breast of the poor Indian until, not long afterward, he took his revenge, and his master lay dead, killed in a drunken stupor by the wronged servant. The wronged man, rifling the master's pockets, carried away with him from the house all the trinkets and valuables on which he could lay his hands. Then he hid himself to the protecting shade of Montezuma's gardens, where he hid himself under the trees until the coming day should wake the city and he could pass beyond the guard without molestation. But when he had been hidden only a short while, the alarm having spread, a servant, more zealous in his own interests than to revenge his master's murder, found the guilty man and quickly and thoroughly dispatched him.

A neighboring gully, which had perhaps served a similar purpose before in these thrilling days, concealed the body, and the third murderer made away with the goods, this time to keep them safe and secure until the excitement had blown over.

FEW ENGLISH SAILORMEN.

There Was One in the Bunch and the Starboard Skipper Threw a Fit.

The skipper of the tramp steamer Bumping Billy was engaging a new crew, relates the Liverpool Post. "What's your name?" he said to the foremost applicant. "Giuseppe Grinoletti," replied the man. "Eytalian?" "Yes, sir." "Good; step on one side. And yours?" he went on to the next A. L. "Iran Isanoff." "Rusian?" "Bolish, sare." "Right; step alongside of Yewsepp. Next man?" "William Zwillinggud." "German?" "Ja." "Good; over you go. Next?" "Manoel Oliveria. I Portuguese seaman, senhor." "Step over then, Manniuel. Next?" "John Thompson, sir." "What?" "John Thompson, sir." "What in th-thunder—what the—what nationality?" screamed the horrified skipper. "English, sir," replied the man. For a full half minute the unhappy skipper stood speechless, his countenance turning from purple to orange, and from orange to gray; and then, with a gurgling gasp of "English, by gum!" he tottered, staggered and fell prone upon the ground.

Philadelphians Love Portraits.

Philadelphia has more portraits painted than the people of any other city in the country," said Miss Van Leer, a New York artist, the other day. "The people here are noted in the art world for the number of big orders they give for family portraits. I suppose the matter is very easily explained. The home idea prevails to a much greater extent in Philadelphia than in any other city, and as a consequence of this stability there is a great desire to have one's ancestors on canvas. In other cities it is only the wealthy and the very distinguished who have their portraits painted, but here people in moderate circumstances, and of modest fame are willing to pay comparatively large sums to have their lineaments preserved for the benefit of their posterity."—Philadelphia Record.

An Impostor.

Green—Brown claims to be a poet. Smith—Well, he isn't. "How do you know?" "He asked me to change a \$20 bill for him the other day."—Chicago Daily News.

EDISON IS INFORMED

FACTORY EMPLOYEE GIVES THE ELECTRICIAN SOME POINTS.

Didn't Know His Man and Entertained the Wizard with the History of His Own Works. In one of the great machine manufacturing plants devoted to electrical appliances, visitors are constantly being received from all quarters of the globe. The guides who take these visitors through the works have all kinds of experiences, says the New York Sun.

It often happens that the visitor who knows the least about electrical matters will ask the stiffest questions and make the most disconcerting remarks. It is rather staggering, for instance, after you have made your clearest and most concise explanation of the phenomenon of the flow of electricity through a wire, as you understand it, to be met with the comforting remark: "After all, Mr. —, you do not really know what electricity is!"

The average working electrician worries no more about the nature of the force he handles than he does about the doctrines of Confucius. One of the line-men demonstrates the idea by the recital of past experience: "When I worked on a third rail at Hartford, the boss says: 'Youse fellows don't care where the juice comes from or where it goes to, all you care about it is where to get it and where not to get it.' So you, Hinsawey, keep yer crawlar offen that laid rail or you'll hev a beautiful short-circuit and a private-technical display they'll make ye so blind ye'll not tell bad whisky from lee water for six months."

One engineer at the factory, who may be called Steve, because his name is something else, is frequently detailed to take visitors about on account of his fund of information and his clear, lucid manner of explanation. On one occasion he escorted a guest from the west—a light-haired little gentleman who seemed duly impressed with all he saw, but made no comment. He was apparently drinking in and criticizing every word which young Steve uttered, and that steadily and patiently, until the young gentleman grew nervous and suspicious.

"This fellow," he thought, "must be some smart electrician, and he is just taking all my statements with a huge grain of salt." At last, when they arrived back at the office and Steve was feeling tired and limp, the little gentleman held out his hand and said: "I'm exceedingly obliged to you. I don't know much about the electrical trade. I'm a barber. If you ever come to Chicago, look me up."

Steve had recovered from this and was beginning to look and feel like himself once more when he was again detailed to escort a visitor through the works. This was a silent and unassuming man who paid considerable attention to rather insignificant machines and details. Consequently, Steve rather hastily concluded that he had another barber to amuse.

Moreover, as this quiet visitor showed little or no surprise at or appreciation of the many really remarkable machines and operations, Steve was aggrieved, and for the honor of the works determined to shake some enthusiasm out of him. So he proceeded to load him up with many wonderful stories.

He pointed out a dynamo so powerful that it never had been and never could be run up to full capacity, it being utterly impossible to control the current. He gave a dissertation on the incandescent lamp and its manufacture, asserting that its discovery was due to the accidental observation of a lightning flash playing on a two-pronged fork in a pickle bottle. Waxing eloquent, he rose on his toes, stretched out his right arm and exclaimed: "And so, that inestimable boon to mankind, the incandescent lamp, was born!" At this moment his visitor stepped up to a workman who was winding coils, slapped him on the back and said: "Hello, Dan!" The man started, looked up, and his face flushed with surprise and pleasure as he grasped the outstretched hand. "God bless my soul! It's my old boss," he exclaimed, "Mr. Edison himself!" Steve staggered back and sat down on a casting. He tried to think it over, to recall some of the stuff he'd been telling—but his mind was a blur. One thing only stood out distinctly; he had told the Wizard of Menlo Park, the inventor of the incandescent lamp, that it was the evolution of a pickle bottle and a two-pronged fork! Then he disappeared.

LAND DIFFICULT TO REACH.

Arctic Expeditions About the Only Visitors Who Risk a Voyage to Greenland.

"No private vessel plies between Greenland and the rest of the world, either with passengers or cargo," writes Roger Porock. "Of the Dundee whalers very few remain and if they happen to take fresh water on the Greenland coast, their stay is limited—a matter of hours. Ten years ago some fishing schooners of Gloucester, Mass., frequented the Greenland banks, but after a couple of seasons found that the halibut catch was not to be relied on. In 1831 the Miranda, an American steamer, attempted a cruise with tourists but was wrecked at the gate of the first harbor she tried to leave. She foundered at sea, but one of the fishing schooners brought her people home."

"Apart from arctic expeditions, no other foreign visitors have risked a voyage for about two centuries. The whaling ships are handled by experienced men, yet the Vega was blown recently, her people barely escaping. For arctic expeditions one ship lost in each 20 measures the scale of risk. Fox, Ice parks, bergs, currents and death-trap reefs bar out all casual shipping on pain of death.

"There also exists an excellent international treaty, whereby most European and Americans are absolutely forbidden to enter Greenland. This treaty is enforced by Denmark on behalf of her royal trade, a government department, which is trying to save and civilize the native tribes of the country. By this means alone can the Eskimo people be shielded from disease, from alcohol and from interference with the hunting on which they depend for existence."

QUITE A MODEL YOUNG MAN

He Was Free from Bad Habits, But There Was One Objection to Him.

"Didn't that hurt you, sir?" The clerical-looking gentleman in the rear seat of the trolley car turned inquiringly to the nicely dressed and clean-cut young man who sat beside him as that individual winced slightly for his foot had just been stepped on by a portly man who was leaving the car, relates Cotler's Weekly. "Yes, sir, it hurt very much," he said, simply. "I thought so," said the clerical man. "Allow me to congratulate you on your control. I observed with pleasure, sir, that no oath sprang to your lips. Great pleasure to meet a young man like you. Have a cigar?" "Thank you, I don't smoke," said the young man. "Splendid!" exclaimed the clerical interrogator. "I smoke myself," he said, "because I lead a sedentary life. But I glory in a young man who doesn't. May I inquire, sir, if you know the taste of liquor?" "No, sir, never touched a drop." His new friend clasped him by the hand. There were tears in his eyes. "Remarkable!" he exclaimed. "In these unpropitious days it is indeed soul-satisfying to gaze upon such a model. May I ask, my dear friend, what high motive impels you to abstain from these influences that are sapping the life blood from the nation?" The young man smiled. "Certainly," he replied. "The fact is, sir, I find that I can't dissipate and deal fair bank at the same time."

CAMEL CARRIES A CISTERN

Stomachs Are So Wonderfully Constructed They Store Up Water.

The stomach of a camel is divided into no less than four compartments, and the walls of one of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by means of powerful muscles. Now, when a camel drinks, it drinks a great deal. Indeed, it goes drinking on for such a long time that really you would think that it never meant to leave off. But the fact is that it is not only satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with water, and as soon as each is quite full it is tightly closed. Then, when the animal becomes thirsty a few hours later, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

Great Oculist.

Probably the world's greatest oculist is Dr. Pagnustecker, of Wiesbaden, Germany, who is consulted by almost every European royalty and by aristocrats and plutocrats from over the world. He lives a life of absolute devotion to his work, seeing patients rigidly in turn, whether the poorest peasant or the wealthy aristocrat. At his own "klink" he performs all operations.

Examples of Chivalry.

New York's newest hotels have set an example in chivalry to the other restaurants which these many years have refused to serve meals after six p. m. to women without male escorts. Hotels nowadays cater to women in every way. They have luxurious dressing rooms and maids in attendance. Even the toilet articles are provided—powder and perfumes, smelling salts, pins, etc.