

THEY CLEANED HOUSE

A UNIQUE PARTY WHICH FURNISHED MUCH AMUSEMENT.

It Was a Prearranged Affair by an Ingenious Hostess and Was Decidedly Enjoyable for All.

"We shall clean house on Tuesday evening. We need your help. Please come dressed for work." This was the surprising invitation sent out to a number of her friends by a young hostess for a May entertainment that proved to be such a jolly one that it is worth trying by others, says the New York Evening Telegram.

Fully half the fun was made by the costumes in which the guests appeared. All of the women were in short skirts, some washable and others of wool. Nearly every sort of kitchen apron was to be seen. A voluminous artist's frock enveloped one girl. On her head she wore a servicable sweeping cap of red and white plaid gingham, and she carried in her hand a feather duster, which she had brought with her. A bunch of house cleaning "rags" were tucked in the belt of another worker. Among the men "jumper" suits predominated, although there were a number of comfortable bicycle costumes and one gaudy sweater. Several men thought it appropriate to wear linen dusters, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, and these looked like enterprising grocery clerks.

If ever any house seemed to need attention it was that one on that particular evening. Apparently the litter of a year's sewing lay on the floor and cobwebs hung from pictures, chandeliers and every possible projection. To make the place neat would not have been the task of a moment at best. As it was, when this was attempted, every innocent snipping of cloth was found to have been strung on a fine thread and to be but one of a long chain of them. Every raveling turned out to be the end of a spool of thread and every cobweb, all of which were of string, proved itself to be but the end of yards and yards unwound from a ball. Pieces of tape there were, which led to the original rolls, but neither these nor any other end drew directly to its source, but each was tangled or even knotted with the rest of the litter.

The work of cleaning up consisted of carefully disentangling every end and winding it up and of gathering up the chains of snipping and putting them in a waste paper basket. A little colored paper marker was found at the source of every end, and as these were reached they were collected and put into little bags, which the hostess had supplied to every one. The guest who found the most markers was rewarded for such industry by the gift of a "Busy Bee." It was a toy insect, which buzzed when wound up. A more elaborate present might be given if desired.

A "picked up" supper, consisting of cold foods, except coffee, was served to the cleaners at the close of their labors. It was a real supper of pressed chicken, thin slices of boiled ham and a potato, nuts and cress salad. The dessert was fruit jelly and whipped cream. For table decorations was a May basket centerpiece with tiny broom sweepers for the women and little wooden pails for the men.

During the evening some of the guests, like witches, found time to "brush the cobwebs from the moon." Through a big ball of bright yellow paper long ends of yarn had been threaded with a needle. The moon was hung from the chandelier in one of the rooms and those who "brushed" it entered into a contest to pull out the most cobwebs in three minutes, using the left hand only and drawing out one at a time. The prize was a small pot of "green cheese," which the moon is made of, as every one knows.

The two prizes presented during the evening were given at the table and the pleasure of opening and displaying them was increased by the award of a diploma with the bee. It was a mock certificate, enrolling the winner a worthy member of the Janitors' association. His cleaning powers and personal qualities were described at length most comically, these particulars having been added at the last moment by the hostess.

Higher the Waves the Fewer. As the liner cleared the heads and the heavy swell of the open Atlantic became noticeable, dinner was served. The 25 plates at the captain's table were filled, and as the soup appeared the captain addressed his table companions. "I trust that all 25 of you will have a pleasant trip," he said, "and that this little assemblage of 24 will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon those 22 smiling faces as a father upon his family, for I am responsible for the lives of this group of 19. I hope all 14 of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe we seven fellow passengers are admirably suited to each other, and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—"

"Here, steward, bring on my fish and clear away these dishes."—Chicago Journal.

Coat, Vest, Pants. "He hasn't a coat to his back." "Why not?" "Because vested interests control everything." "No wonder that the poor man pants for a more equal distribution of wealth."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Chance Needed. If some people could just get a chance it wouldn't take them long to show the world what they couldn't do.—Puck.

MOONSHINERS HIS GUESTS

Young Man's Uncomfortable Experience in the Mountains of Northern Tennessee.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has just appointed a young man to a position in the bureau of forestry who can tell some stories which shed a light on the finer characteristics of the feudists and moonshiners of northern Tennessee, says the New York Press. This young man, who is a beardless youth, is the son of a lumberman, and he was selected to keep camp through the winter when the men were home resting from their hard work of the summer and autumn. One day in the dead of winter eight horsemen drew up before his hut and asked if they could stay all night. He assented, and not only sheltered them, but the next morning he got ready a fine breakfast of corn pone and bacon, with coffee, seasoned with condensed milk and sugar.

The men were very grateful, but they showed no signs of moving off, and their host got uneasy as night came on. The visitors were all heavily armed with Winchester, and he had nothing but a pistol, so he allowed them to stay for the night and again gave them breakfast. Then he told them bluntly that he could give them nothing more to eat, as the stores belonged to the company and he was held accountable for them.

"But," he pleaded, "I did the square thing by you, and I know you will not get me into trouble." The men heartily assured him that they would not, and they sat around all day without a bite to eat. They were preparing to sleep on the ground outside his hut that night, when he relented and invited them in. In the morning they prepared to depart without food, and the boy was grieved. Finally he told them to take all he had, but when they could, to replace it. In less than a week one of them returned with a full supply of everything they had consumed, even to the sugar and condensed milk. The young man afterward learned that they were moonshiners hiding from a government inspecting party. Naturally, the officers did not think it worth while to inspect the lumber camp.

FIND A NEW ANESTHETIC.

Fluid with Lengthy Cognomen Is Looked Upon with Warmth by Conservative Physicians.

"Chlorohydrate of Dimethylamino-benzoylpentanol." Such is the awe-inspiring title of the latest anesthetic. In order not unduly to alarm his patients, Dr. Fournereau, its French discoverer, has renamed it "Stovaine." It is injected into the spinal fluid, and within five minutes produces complete anesthesia in the body below the point of injection. The patient, however, does not lose consciousness. Its effects last for an hour and a half, and no unpleasant results have yet been observed, though it has been tried for some time in more than one Paris hospital.

English doctors are reluctant to experiment with it. "Once you have injected your 'Stovaine' into the spine," said a prominent physician recently, "you have no more control over it, but with gaseous anesthetics it is possible to stop the administration before the danger point is reached. As the quantity needed of any anesthetic varies with the individual patient, the importance of this control may be easily realized.

"In addition, there is always a danger of septic poisoning in hypodermic injections, and in this form of injection—into the spinal fluid—the consequences would be most disastrous."

JAPANESE ART IS POETIC.

Oriental Artist Seeks to Depict Sentiment in Canvas of a Landscape.

The oriental artist does not so much seek to transcribe nature as to suggest her moods, says Atlantic. His interest is centered in the poetic sentiment which she elicits. The saying of the Japanese that a picture is a "voiceless poem" is particularly appropriate to their landscape painting. Our best artists also seek to express the poetry of nature. But they find it in many things. Our aesthetic pleasure in landscape is a complex one. The Oriental, on the other hand, in conformity with his type of mind, finds it in the dominant character—in that which remains when all accidents are eliminated; in other words, when it has been simplified and idealized. "For a landscape painting," to quote a Japanese critic, "is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeal to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words."

A Slow Journey. The cable car crawled slowly on, with an occasional long pause at a threatened breakdown, relates the Auckland (N. Z.) News. At least an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said: "Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare." "When? I don't remember it." "Why, I paid you when I got on the car." "Where did you get on?" "At Nether Liberton." "That won't do! When I left Nether Liberton there was only a little boy on the car." "Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

The Fate of the Mary Celeste Has for Thirty Years Excited the Interest of Sailors.

Of all the unexplained happenings none seems so mysterious as that of the sea, for the waves keep their secrets. Among the many nautical mysteries which have been the talk of seafaring folk that of the Mary Celeste has for 30 years taken the lead. All sorts of explanations have been attempted, and the incidents have been used as the basis of a well-known sea novel, yet no satisfactory solution has been offered. A writer in the New York Evening Post has recently summed up the facts of the case, and strange once they are. The Mary Celeste was launched in 1869. Bad fortune attended her very start in the world, for being built of green timber, she stuck on the ways, and was floated only at great expense. Her voyages were unprofitable, and after a few years her captain, discouraged by continual loss, took his life.

On December 4, 1873, the Mary Celeste, bound for Genoa, was found by the British vessel Del Gratia about midway between the Azores and Lisbon, drift and abandoned. She was running under sail, her long boat was gone, and the chronometer and ship's papers were missing. It was evident she had been deserted in haste. By the log book it was judged she had been cruising without a crew for eight or nine days.

The vessel was searched carefully, but the mystery only deepened. A naked, dark-stained cutlass which was found on the cabin floor for a time caused a suspicion of mutiny, but a later examination showed the stains to be only rust. There were no traces of strife. On the cabin table lay cloth, needles, scissors and thimble—evidence of a woman suddenly interrupted sewing. The pumps were dry, the cargo intact, and nothing wrong with the spars or rigging.

The brig was taken to Gibraltar and investigations begun. There was an attempt to prove that the captain intended to lose his ship on one of the reefs of the Azores, but the case fell through. Obvious objections to this theory were the captain's wife and child on board and the risking of all lives in the long boat, so far away from land.

The most plausible solution is offered by the writer in the Post. He believes that the key is to be found in the nature of the cargo, in the quality of wood in which it was cased, and the position of the fore hatch.

When the Mary Celeste was boarded, her sails gave evidence that she was abandoned while running before a strong breeze, and had been rounded in order to launch the life boat. Her fore hatch was lying bottom side up on the deck. Her cargo was alcohol stored in red oak barrels. Red oak is very porous, and permits the escape of fumes under the pressure of high temperature. These alcoholic fumes mixing with the foul air of the hold may have generated a gas which blew off the fore hatch. Volumes of vapor pouring out would have caused the captain to believe the ship was on fire. Accordingly he lost no time in taking to the boat, intending to be out at a safe distance. There was no fire, but the vessel, caught by the wind, sprang away, and left the long boat to make a tantalizing and hopeless stern chase, and finally, no doubt, to sink beneath the waves. No one will ever know, but this is what may have happened.

The later adventures of the Mary Celeste were quite in keeping with her ill-starred early promise. She was sold for debt, and proved a bad bargain. Then she was wrecked off Hayti, and her officers were arrested for intentional destruction of the brig. The case in barriars was dropped, but the suspicion still lingers that the owners and the captain had an understanding that the vessel should never reach port.

MR. GROUTY'S STRATEGY.

How He Fixed It to Get an Undesirable Maid Discharged by His Wife.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grouty, as the door closed behind the new maid, "she's the most reliable girl I ever hired. Of course she isn't a beauty—" "Well, I don't know about that," interrupted Mr. Grouty with some suddenness. "It depends a good deal upon what you consider beauty. The girl has a lovely eye, hasn't she, Smith?" "A fine eye," said Smith. "And a beautifully rounded arm. Did you notice her arm, Smith?" "It was a nice arm," said Smith. "At this moment Mrs. Grouty arose suddenly and left the apartment."

"Say," said Smith, "what in thunder—" "Listen!" said Mr. Grouty. "The sound of voices in altercation comes from the direction of the kitchen." "Mrs. Grouty is discharging the new girl," said Mr. Grouty. "But I don't see," said Smith, "what—" "The truth is," interrupted Mr. Grouty, "the new girl couldn't broil a steak to save her life. Now do you see?"—N. Y. Times.

Browning as Brawler.

A correspondent writes to the London Chronicle that he once came upon Robert Browning in Piccadilly in lively dispute with a stranger, who had carried his closed umbrella over his shoulder or under his arm, with the sad sticking out. Browning, walking behind, struck down the dangerous point with an energetic stick. "I always do it," said the poet with just indignation, and in no measured tones. The man protested aloud, but Browning explained to the gathering crowd and justified himself fully. No one seemed to know how illustrious was the brawler.

HIS SUMMER WALTZ SONG.

With the Terrible Handicap of Originality, This One Stood No Chance with Publisher.

The man with the luxuriant hair and the roll of manuscript entered the music publisher's office with an air of assurance.

"I have here," he said, "a popular waltz song that ought to catch on quickly this summer."

"That so?" wearily replied the music publisher, glancing over to where a blonde piano accompanist was dividing his attention between a cigarette and a blonde sweet singer who was practicing "Sweet Susquehanna Sambo" in order to attain a high register that would rise above the Coney waiter's lullaby—"Who wants the handsome waiter?"

"Really, my boy," he continued, "I really haven't time to have it played over. A brief description of your song will indicate its merits."

"Well, it has an original title, and—" "Oh," said the publisher, "that fault can be easily corrected. But let me ask you about the rhythm in it. Do 'true' and 'blue' and 'you' rhyme in the chorus, and does it contain such phrases as 'I love you so' and 'Don't say no, eh'?"

"Why, no. As I told you, I have steered clear of all such hackneyed expressions—"

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you have no line about the moon is shining and an answering echo 'my heart is pining'?" Doesn't 'eyes' connect with 'prize,' and 'skies above' furnish an excuse for dragging in 'love'? Your song contains none of these things?"

"Why, no; this popular waltz song is on original—" "Original!" roared the music publisher. "Do you want to bankrupt me? Why should I publish such a crazy song? Skiddoo! Git!"

POTATOES \$2.190 A POUND

"Boom" of Once Expensive Vegetable Is Over and Now It Sells for Exceedingly Low Price.

A year ago Consul Mahin reported from Nottingham, England, that a new variety of disease-resisting potato was selling at \$2.190 a pound for seed. Its "boom" is over.

A contributor to the Nottingham Guardian announces that the Eldorado is now obtainable for less than a shilling a pound. The collapse was not due to a lack of disease-resisting power in that tuber. According to one deponent it was the earliest seed potato on the market, while another considered it "the most disease-resisting potato that has ever come before the British public."

Last year's harvest was not good and farmers are short of money; other potatoes fell in price, and the Eldorado was sympathetically affected; dealers who would not pay a fancy price for it "ran it down," to excuse their not having it for sale, and so on.

A contributory cause of the Eldorado's loss of prestige is believed to be the extensive practice of forcing it under glass and taking cuttings from the product—a practice discountenanced by Lincolnshire growers generally as producing abnormal and untrustworthy results.

IS COLOR A PROTECTION?

This Theory Has Been the Same Upon Which Darwin Based All His Accepted Ideas.

This theory of the protective coloration of animals has been one of the generally accepted ideas in all works upon natural history since Darwin's time, says John Burroughs, in Atlantic. It regards the color of an animal as much the result of natural selection as any part of its structure—natural selection picking out and preserving those tints that were the most useful to the animal in concealing it from its enemies or from its prey. If in this world no animal had ever preyed upon another, it is thought that their colors might have been very different, probably much more bizarre and inharmonious than they are at present.

Now I am not going to run amuck upon this generally accepted theory of modern naturalists, but I do feel disposed to shake it up a little, and see, if I can, what measure of truth there is in it. That there is a measure of truth in it I am convinced, but that it has been greatly overworked in our time, and more put upon it than it can bear, of this I am also convinced.

Penguins of Interest.

The penguins, of which about a dozen species still exist on the rocky islands and coasts of the southern hemisphere, are of unusual interest as the survivors of the great flightless birds. Human greed has been attracted to these rare creatures, and Dr. E. A. Wilson, an English naturalist, points out that within the last few years thousands of them have been slaughtered for oil on Macquarie Island and the Auckland, not less than 200 tons of the oil having been recently placed on the market. A new scheme is to establish great oil cauldrons in the Auckland islands. Thus far the "rookeries" of these islands have suffered comparatively little from man, but the carrying out of the new project will bring speedy extinction to one of the most unique life forms of the world.

Drives Them to Cover.

Inquirer—From your own experience and observation are the results of the new style of ball the pitchers are delivering this year satisfactory? Baseball Magnate (with enthusiasm)—Splendidly. Everybody wants to get into the grand stand now, behind the wire screen.—Chicago Tribune.

TASTES AND INCOME.

HARD TO MAKE NECESSITIES CONFORM TO SALARY.

The Inexorable "Must" Is Everywhere in These Days of Growing Expensiveness and Cannot Be Avoided.

"I have the tastes of a millionaire and the means of a tramp," is a saying of our friend the Sanscrit professor. Of course, he meant the tastes which only a millionaire could afford to gratify, for the making of most necessities depends not a little on the absence of tastes. This wide contradiction which yawns between large desires and limited incomes counts for a good deal of the interest of life and society and helps to keep the world going, says Ellen Olney Kirk in the Philadelphia Ledger. "Everybody orator have \$50,000 and not a cent more," said the Nantucket man. "For that were possible it would make a dull world; but it is not possible. For divide the world's wealth equally today and by to-morrow some will be richer than others. Thoreau tried to prove that a man of education and ideals could build his own home, raise his own beans and live on almost nothing a year. But he lived only for himself, without wife or child, and his pursuits were those of a rich man. He liked books and leisure to read them; nature and ample time to study and observe it and friends to meet with and discuss the knotty problems thereof offered to New England philosophers. He could afford to be the most exclusive of men. His saying, 'I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a silken cushion,' contains the essence of the aristocratic idea."

A recent writer in the Atlantic Monthly takes up the subject on its more practical side, and from the point of view that most college professors are paid too little makes a careful survey of the necessary expenses of a man with a wife and two children, obliged to live in a style that is sufficiently creditable to the university to which he is attached. His summary of the needs of such a family is most comprehensive, even taking into account a possible operation for appendicitis (is it not time, by the way, to begin to insure against appendicitis?) Nothing is left out, and in the list of actual expenses nothing seems excessive. The family of four keep one servant, and for the five there is a grocery bill of \$25. This, with \$15 for meat, \$5 for milk and \$10 for fruit, vegetables, butter and eggs, makes a monthly total of \$55 for the table. The item of \$140 a year for the taxes of four persons is a moderate sum to call for admiration. Still, counting everything, insurance, charities, amusements, outings, the annual sum total reaches the amount of \$3,150, while the average salary for professors is but \$2,000. The writer's conclusion is: "We and our wives face an impossible problem," the only solution being the possession of some private means.

"The must is hard," says Goethe, "but only by the must can we test our powers. To live by caprice requires no particular effort," and accordingly the professor's wife would, we trust, be able to reduce her husband's schedule and bring it within the prescribed limit. Indeed, the old-fashioned idea would have been to live on less than \$100 a month and save the rest for a rainy day. But the tastes of millionaires are with us. Everybody has a piece of cut-glass or blue china to live up to. Every bride's paraphernalia is suitable for a princess, and there is something tragic in falling below the scale which such elegancies impose.

Going without might seem the best remedy when one wishes to adjust expenses to means, but we are all so interlinked with other people that our possible economy is the deprivation of those who depend on us. Let us decide to cut off the fruit supply, and the agony depicted in the face of the Italian who brings us bananas and oranges convicts us of cruelty—almost meanness. Authors complain if people do not buy their books; so do painters if the public does not buy their pictures, but all the time the anguish of soul of the fruit vender, whose fruit spoils because no one will purchase, goes unspoken. And think of what an accumulation of bitterness there must be in the heart of the cab drivers who "tout" for a fare! With what scorn they must resent our ignoble economy, which deprives them of that needed margin of income. Such heartbreaks lie on the other side of silence.

In spite of the growing expensiveness of everyday life, the inexorable "must" is everywhere, and it may as well be remembered that it is frugality and not luxury which keeps the world wholesome; also that in the question of tastes versus means the people of taste have endless consolations and revenge which make them comparatively independent of means.

Truth in Error.

A Kansas exchange has an editorial entitled "The Twine Plant Doesn't Pay," referring to the plant at the state pen. Unfortunately one of the letters slipped out of the line before the whole edition was printed. The copy received by the Telegram reads: "The Twine Plant Doesn't Pay."—Kansas City Devocees' Telegram.

Railing Passion.

"You have only two months longer to live," the physician told him. "Then don't say anything about it, doctor," said the consumptive sport. "I can get a whole lot of bits on that proposition."—Chicago Tribune.

PUTS BAN ON LOVE BY MAIL.

Postmistress Issues Cruel Manifesto Against the Boys and Girls at Glassport, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The postmistress of Glassport, Mrs. R. M. Russell, who is past the "spooning" age, is not popular with the young men and women of that town. A flood of letters has passed through her hands of late. How the postmistress knew they were love letters is something the young people of the town are determined to fathom.

When they reached the post office they read a notice which said that no more "love making" would be permitted in the post office and that "all boys and girls under 18 years of age must have a written order from their parents before mail is delivered."

Mrs. Russell says the young people of the neighborhood have been stimulating their love affairs through the United States mail, many tender missives being exchanged. She says the parents complained, and to protect herself she posted the notice. The young people declare they will use their influence with the department to find out how the postmistress knew love missives were being received. Meanwhile McKeesport, three miles away, shows an increase in mail. Glassport young people exchanging correspondence through that office now.

BEAR LIVES IN HERMIT HUT.

Administrator Unaware of Grizzly's Presence Until Knocked Through the Entrance.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Near the old San Gabriel mission, within nine miles of this city of 200,000 souls, a hermit has lived for many years in a little adobe hut. He died and was buried. Not having any known relatives, Deputy Administrator Petermichel went out to the shack to take charge of the old man's effects.

In the 40 years that Senior Don occupied the adobe, no living soul, save himself, had crossed its threshold. As the hermit died suddenly away from the shack the deputy was the first one to break the solitude of the dwelling. When he pushed open the door it was so dark inside that objects were not distinguishable, so he peered inside. Then he was confronted by a grizzly bear which rose to his hind feet and with a blow of his paw sent the deputy flying through the door. The deputy did not stop to inventory the property, but took to his heels. The bear followed him out of the shack and then struck out in the direction of the mountains. It is thought that brain found the door of the shack open and entered, and that the door then got pushed shut by the bear, making him a prisoner.

CINDERELLA TAKES POISON.

Girl Forced to Stay at Home While Sisters Enjoyed Pleasures Wood Die.

New York.—Because her elder sisters could go to dances and theaters while she was forced to stay, Cinderella-like, at home at night after working to help support the family by day, pretty little Pauline Katz, 18 years of age, living on Second avenue, attempted to commit suicide by swallowing wood alcohol.

Prompt work by an ambulance surgeon saved the girl's life, but after being saved she sobbed that she wished to die, and threatened to attempt her life again if she had the opportunity.

For weeks Pauline has brooded over her lot in the long evening when she stayed at home after hard days of toil as a buttonhole operator in a downtown clothing factory. She worked at the machine all day, and on Saturday turned in her wages to help run the home.

She longed for the pleasures of life, but her parents told her she was too young, and forbade her going to dances or theaters or receiving the attentions of young men.

DOG ACTS BY GRAMOPHONE

A Variation in Parlor Tricks Which Amuses a Woman's Friends—Canine a Wonder.

New York.—A woman in town has taught her dog to do his tricks to her commands issued from the gramophone. In speaking the orders into the machine she allowed enough time after each for the performance of the trick asked for.

"Everybody is crazy to see Dodo do his tricks, and I get tired going through the performance with him. Then he looks so funny watching the mouth of the gramophone for orders."

"Perhaps you think it was easy to get him to do it. It took a lot of training, for it puzzled him to hear my voice on one side of the room when I was over at the other side. He won't do the tricks for anyone but me, so people say it gives the queerest effect to see him go through them before the gramophone when I may be miles away."

Weds His Subscribers Free. C. H. Hale, editor of the Sangamon (Ill.) Sayer, who was recently elected justice of the peace, has announced that he will perform the marriage ceremony free with two subscriptions. Old subscribers will receive half price. No marriage will be performed after midnight.

"Retrieve" Would Be Better. The report that the Russian soldiers in Manchuria see "burning with the desire to maintain the glory of Russian arms" excites suspicion of an error in transmission. "Maintain" doesn't seem to be exactly the right word here, says the Indianapolis News.

Pipe Dream? A London doctor has discovered that opium smoking will cure catarrh, neuralgia and lung troubles.