

GREEK GIRL SPONGE DIVERS.

Globe Trotter Writes Enthusiastically of Expert Himia Maidens.

"We were cruising in the Mediterranean in the late fall," said a globe trotter, "and on a golden afternoon we stopped beside a little fleet of sponge divers.

Nearly nude, the divers sat on the edge of the boat. They held big stones that would help them descend. One at a time they inhaled three or four long breaths, and then plunged with their great stones into the blue water.

One boat interested us; its divers seemed so graceful and young. We drew nearer, and, by Jove, the divers were all girls.

"They were young Greek girls from Himia, an island near Rhodes. It seems that in Himia the sponge diving is carried on by girls altogether. These girls seemed very expert.

"Their dark hair knotted on their shapely heads, they reclined on the sun-warmed deck till their turn came. Then, graceful as stage dancers, they leaped overboard, and in the sea's dim green depths tugged at the black sponge growths.

"The captain said the Himia girls were not permitted to marry till they had brought up a certain quantity of sponges from a certain specified depth."

MEANT END OF FRIENDSHIP.

Long-Headed Woman Knew Trials of Dresser and Dresses.

A well-to-do woman, who, through change of fortune, was obliged to earn her own living, decided upon dress-making. She applied to a number of friends for patronage. To her chagrin several of them refused.

"I shall not let you sew for me," said one woman frankly, "because I value your friendship so highly. We are excellent friends now. If you make my clothes we shall not be. I never yet saw friendship that was strong enough to stand the test of wrinkles, crooked seams and sagging skirts. Of course, I don't say that your work will be marred by those defects, but it is likely to be, and I am not going to take any chances on a severing of our mutual regard. Even David and Jonathan would have been calling each other names if either had stuck a needle in the other's wardrobe. I am willing to lend you money and to spend days in looking up other customers for you, but when it comes to making my clothes, never."

Antiquities at Ephesus.

One of the most valuable pockets of antiquarian treasures discovered in recent years has been unearthed by D. G. Hogarth of the British museum, who is engaged in archeological explorations at Ephesus. Some of the coins among the 4,000 objects taken out at the atomium are attributed to dates between 700 and 600 years before Christ, antedating the time of Croesus. Some of them are of still remoter periods, and are believed to be older than any other coins known to be in existence. Among the most interesting discoveries are rude terra cotta figures of the goddess Artemis, while some of the objects—jewels and crystals, amber and beads, bone, ivory, bronzes and articles made of gold, silver and electrum, were probably devoted by devout worshippers to the personal use of Artemis.

Photograph That Calls Police.

A photographic device that will call the police by telephone adds a new hazard to the ever-increasing dangers of the burglar's profession, says the Technical World. When an attempt is made to force a window or door with which the proper connections have been made, an electric current operates a photograph in the garret. The machine calls up central and asks for the police station. The photograph then informs the officers of the robbery, giving street and number, and repeats this information as long as the receiver is down. Meantime the intruder, all unconscious that an alarm has been rung in, virtually walks into a trap, and if the call is promptly responded to is soon in the lock-up.

Wealthy and Practical Sheriff.

Robert W. Chandler, the millionaire sheriff of Dutchess county, New York, is believed to be the richest American citizen holding such a position. He went into office on a reform wave pledged to economy and is making good. He is feeding prisoners for a little over 50 cents a week. In order to reach this figure Deputy Sheriff Townsend cut off plum pudding and ice cream for dessert on Sunday. On learning this Mr. Chandler said: "That's all right. They will be asking for cocktails before dinner, and the exchequer won't stand for that."

Doing Our Duty.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

Demand for Hooks and Eyes.

Hooks and eyes are indispensable in women's attire, holding the folds together so neatly without the use of the conspicuous button. There are a number of makes of hooks and eyes, and the annual output for them is estimated at \$640,000.

PENMANSHIP OF THE GREAT.

Individuality in the Styles of Noted Authors.

"Charlotte Bronte's handwriting seemed to have been traced with a needle, and the penmanship of Bryant was aggressive, well formed and decidedly pleasing to the eye." Thackeray's writing was marvelously neat and precise, but it was so small that microscopic eyes were needed to read it. Longfellow wrote a bold, open back hand, which was the delight of printers. Joaquin Miller writes such a bad hand that he often becomes puzzled over his own work. The handwriting of Capt. Marryat was so microscopic that when he rested from his labors he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper. Napoleon's handwriting was worse than illegible. It is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war. Much of Carlyle's temperament may be read in his handwriting. He wrote a patient, crabbed, oddly emphasized hand. The chirography of Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, Moore and Gray was easy to read and ran smoothly. It was not expressive of any special individuality, however. The writing of Dickens was minute, and the author's habit of writing with blue ink upon blue paper, with frequent erasures and interlineations, made his copy a burden to his publishers. Byron's handwriting was a mere scrawl. His additions in his proofs often exceeded in volume the original copy. To one of his poems which contained only 400 lines in the original, 1,000 lines were added in the proofs.

WOMAN A GOOD WALKER.

Postmistress in England Has Traveled 100,000 Miles on Foot.

An extraordinary instance of the arduous work done at some of the remote branches of the post office service is reported from Newnham, near Baldock, Herts, where Mrs. Clark, at the age of 68, still fulfills the duties of postmistress and "post-woman," says the London Tribune.

For 20 years she did most of the outside work of the office, while her sister was postmistress, and during the last 15 years she has walked 32,000 miles in delivering letters. In the whole 35 years she has traveled about 100,000 miles on foot. With a large postbag strapped across her shoulders and wearing a little cloth cap and heavy boots, she trudges regularly on her rounds in spite of rain or storm or snow.

Mrs. Clark began her association with the post office at the age of 14 and has thus been in the service for 52 years. Her ordinary daily round is 11 miles, and her work often makes it necessary for her to plod along lonely country roads by night. She knows every inch of the district, and she even dispenses the use of the lanterns which many of her neighbors carry when abroad in the darkness.

Many Ideas of Earthquakes.

While civilized man is trying to grasp the meaning of an earthquake the uncivilized of all ages have long ago solved their doubts. In Mongolia it is the breathings and skippings of a huge frog that causes the quakes; in China a gigantic dragon; in India a world-beating elephant; in Celebes a hog; and in other countries the scheme is varied by the introduction of a bull and a tortoise. Earthquakes in Siberia are believed to be due to the frolics of mammoths who live in the center of the earth, while in Vancouver Island it is the spirit of evil with his marshaled hosts of all the wicked people who have ever lived.

Good Way to Do It.

"Your success in business," said the able interviewer to Mr. de Billionaire, "makes you a person of more than ordinary interest to the public, and your views on financial subjects are generally considered of exceptional value. Now, for the benefit of struggling young men, will you kindly say what is the best way to become rich?"

Mr. de Billionaire leaned back in his chair and meditated.

"We are getting up a little symposium on the subject," urged the able interviewer, "and we are especially anxious to get a few words of advice from you."

"Well," returned Mr. de Billionaire thoughtfully, "I think you may quote me as saying that my own personal experience has taught me that the best way to become rich is to get all the money you can."—Judge.

The First Scapegoat.

The word "scapegoat" originated in an ancient Hebrew custom practiced at the feast of the Passover. Placing a young goat upon the altar, the priests would pray over it, asking that all the sins of the people be visited upon the goat.

Then, after each member of the tribe had transferred his guilt to the victim by laying on his hands, the animal was turned loose in the forests to be devoured by wild beasts.—Sunday Magazine.

Charon.

Charon, the boatman of the Styx, was thought by many to be of Irish blood. For invariably, as he was casting off from the hither shore, he would call out to his cargo of souls: "Now, then, look alive!" This was doubtless as near an approach to an Irish bull as the then state of civilization permitted of.—Puck.

SQUARE JAW IS AMERICAN.

Type of Man Who Makes His Way in Spite of All Obstacles.

In commenting on the British Medical Journal's statement that "The American of today presents a firm, square jaw, broad brow and clear, keen eyes, which together usually render the recognition of his nationality a matter of no great difficulty," a New York editorial writer says:

"From these features we single out the square jaw as the American feature. The American nose is not much to brag on, and if the American forehead is unusually high, that is a case for the hair specialist, not the physiologist. But no other race of men have such jaws as the American. If anything, they may be a little overdone. There is too much bone. The chin is long, square, overassertive. It militates against the perfect oval of the classic countenance. Some of us are inclined to the prognathous. It would seem that the house of Hapsburg has cousins among us. But all in all, it is a good fault. Thank heaven, we are not a sheep-faced folk.

"The history of this people is recorded in their jaws, not in their noses. Their individualistic jutting chins tell that they have had to make their way and have inherited nothing but the disposition to do it. The rooding chin, the fish jaw are the penalties of being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth."

SPOILED EFFECT OF SCENE.

Unfortunate Tipping of Candle Too Much for Audience.

The late Joseph Jefferson took delight in telling a story of "business" in the earlier days of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia. "Camille" was being played and all was going with intensity. Then came a scene between Camille and Armand. In the course of which a servant was to enter with lights. "In those days," said Mr. Jefferson, "sea island cotton was stage ice cream just as molasses and water were stage wine, sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses. Armand and Camille were seated at the table, where they had been enjoying such viands as these, and their dialogue was making the very best of an impression on the crowded house. Then in came that maid servant with the wabbiest sort of a candelabrum. The scene was so engrossing that she was scarcely noticed, but when she sat down her burden between the lovers and one of the candles toppled out and put the ice cream in a blaze—well, the strain was broken. The entire audience burst into laughter and the curtain had to be rung down."—Harper's Weekly.

The Talking Tree.

An alumnus of St. Stephen's college said of the late Bishop George F. Seymour: "Bishop Seymour founded St. Stephen's and we treasure here many anecdotes about his wardenship. The bishop was fond of trees, and one day, walking with a young lady, he pointed out to her some of the fine trees in the neighborhood. She professed great interest and delight. She cried: 'How the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirs up the kindest emotions of the soul!' Then, patting a great, rough trunk, she went on, 'You superb oak, what would you say to me if you could talk?' The bishop smiled. 'I believe I can be his interpreter,' he murmured. 'He would probably say, 'I beg your pardon, miss; I am a beech.'"

The Danube.

The Danube is not the largest or longest river in the world, but its beautiful blue waters flow through countries in which 52 languages and dialects are spoken. Its total length is 1,875 miles, and the Danube basin covers an area of 300,000 square miles. It bears upon its current four-fifths of the commerce of Eastern Europe. "The Beautiful Blue Danube," a waltz composed by Johann Strauss II, is perhaps the best known and most popular piece of dance music in the world. It has caused possibly a million marriages, and may have prevented a few. This same Strauss, by the way, who died only eight years ago, was the composer of 400 waltzes.

Was a Bit Rattled.

In a Boston court, one day recently, a bit of merriment was caused by a witness on the stand. She was a colored woman, and very nervous. "Where do you live?" asked the lawyer, after ascertaining her name. "In Boston," was the answer. "And on what street?" "Camden street." "Now, how long have you lived in Boston?" "Ten years." "Prior to your coming to Boston where did you live?" The witness hesitated, her eyes rolling from side to side; then, just as the lawyer was about to repeat the question, she said: "On Dover street."

When Courage Failed.

"A man should always have the courage of his convictions." "Yes," answered the member of congress gloomily; "but when it comes to voting to increase your salary even the stoutest heart is liable to forget its high sense of justice and moral duty."—Washington Star.

Accounted for Increase.

Expressman—When you started on your trip you had one trunk, but I see you have two now. Wedderly—Yes, when I started away my wife packed my trunk, but when I got ready to return I had to do my own packing. That accounts for the extra trunk.

GLADSTONE AS AN ORATOR.

Great Statesman Had Many Tricks for Use in Argument.

In his prime, in a great debate when political parties were set in battle array, Gladstone's transcendent oratorical gifts had full play. There was marked contrast in his manner of answering a question addressed to him in his ministerial capacity. After purporting to make reply and taking some ten minutes to do it, he sat down, frequently leaving his interrogator and the house in a condition of dismayed bewilderment, hopelessly attempting to grope their way through the intricacies of the sonorous sentences they had listened to. If, as happened in expounding a bill or replying to a debate, he desired to make himself understood, he had no equal. Sometimes he, with gleaming eyes—"like a vulture's" as Mr. Lecky genially described them—pointed his forefinger straight at his adversary. In hottest moments he beat the brass-bound box with clamorous hand that occasionally drowned the point he strove to make. Sometimes with both hands raised above his head, often with left hand leaning on the box, right hand with eased fist shaken at the head of an unoffending country gentleman on the back bench opposite; anon, standing half a step back from the table, left hand hanging at his side, right uplifted, so that he might with thumb-nail lightly touch the shining crown of his head, he trampled his way through the argument he assailed as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through a jungle.—Henry W. Lucy in Putnam's.

NO LONGER A GENTLEMAN.

Traveler's Social Status Reduced in Eyes of Porter.

The members of a football team were in my car going to another city to play, said a sleeping car conductor. They had to ride half the night, and so they took the sleeper. One youth had 80 cents to spend, and when he went to bed he decided to hide that money so nobody would find it. When no one was looking he slipped it into the toe of one of his shoes. Then he put the shoes under the berth and went to sleep to dream of his fortune below.

"Well, along in the night the porter came in and began his work of shining shoes. He found the jay's shoes with the 80 cents in it and you ought to have seen him smile. 'Dis man am suttinly a gentleman,' he said. 'Jes' think—leavin' no 80 cents—jes' fo' blackin' his shoes.'"

The next morning when the player found his 80 cents gone he almost had a fit. He made the porter give him back his money. The porter was mad. He came to me and said:

"Say, boss, you know that feller Ah said was a gentleman fo' leavin' me 80 cents fo' blackin' his shoes?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, he ain't no gentleman—he's a jay. He was usin' dat shoe as a bank."

Wise Old King.

When King Solomon returned from the hunt he found his 700 wives in tears.

"Why, my dears," he hastened, "what is the cause of this unusual weeping?"

"Why," sobbed the wives in chorus, "when you left this morning you did not call each of us a priceless jewel as you have been in the habit of doing."

Solomon laughed.

"Of course not," he chuckled. "Did you not see the tax assessor standing in the shadows? If he had heard me say I owned 700 priceless jewels he would have levied on the whole throne."

Which goes to show that the ancient king was just as wise as a modern multimillionaire.

A Train Tip.

"No matter how fast and rough the pace," said a brakeman, "you can write with perfect ease and comfort on a train if you hold a cushion in your lap."

"You rest your tablet and your arm on the cushion, and somehow or other neither jolt nor jar disturbs you. The soft cushion nullifies every tremor. Your writing is as legible as if it had been done at your desk at home."

"We railroaders have a good many accounts to make up while traveling, and hence we usually have a cushion handy. Drummers and other experienced travelers are great hands to borrow our cushions from, as when they have a little correspondence to attend to."

Gives Diver Strength.

The difficulty a diver experiences in lifting weights beneath the water is partly overcome by a new Italian invention, which has been formally adopted by the government. The mechanism is a diving suit, the artificial arms of which are worked from the inside by the wearer. The leverage thus secured enables the diver to lift objects heavier than he could otherwise handle. In addition to this improvement over the old method, a high-power electric light that will penetrate the water for some distance is placed in the helmet.

The Pressing Need.

Nodd—These new baby-carriages are simply great. When you are finished with one you can fold it up and put it away till the next time.

Todd—They are good as far as they go. What we really want, however, is a baby that can be folded up and put away.—Smart Set.

PUBLISH 364 LABOR PAPERS

In the United States and Canada—Reach a Wide Circle of Readers.

One hundred and eighty-five monthly and one hundred and seventy-five weekly journals in the United States and Canada are devoted exclusively to the advocacy of trade unionism, says a writer in The World Today.

These 364 publications, which number does not include socialist periodicals, reach a vast inconsiderable portion of the laboring community and exercise an influence in it which is little suspected.

There are in North America approximately 2,500,000 working people organized into trades unions, and each of them receives the official organ of the craft to which he or she belongs and usually one or two other labor papers.

But the prestige of these journals extends beyond the enrolled membership of established organizations. They number among their subscribers many sympathizers and non-union workmen; they are placed on the tables of reading rooms all over the country, and for every subscriber there are probably two readers. It is no exaggeration to say that they reach 5,000,000 readers, perhaps half as many more.

"READING MAKETH FULL MAN."

Wisdom and Advice Delivered by Francis Bacon.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them; won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read wholly, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had need of a present wit; and if he read little, he had need of much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.—Francis Bacon.

Amplified Fair Bostonian.

An Iowa man tells of an incident in connection with an exposition held in the state, whereat one of the attractions was the Indian department, where the red men dwell in their tepees and mimicked their own history in dances and mock fights. After one of these exhibitions by the Indians a Boston girl undertook to talk to a young Indian brave. "How much fight," she said. The red man smiled, grimly, drew his blanket closer about his stalwart form and replied: "Yes, this is, indeed, a great exposition. We flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attractive here. 'May I presume to ask you if it is that I have the honor to address?' The Boston girl had been talking to a Carlisle graduate.

Poets' Poor Pay.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" has its importance in the history of publishing as well as of poetry. We are indignant at the miserable reward which the author received for his work, two payments of five pounds each and one of eight pounds paid to his widow, making a total of £18 in all for the most famous poem in the English language. But what previous English poem had been made the subject of a formal legal agreement, providing for payments on the publication of each of the first four editions? What English poet had previously earned £18 by a poem, not by a dole from a patron or a gift of a sinecure, but as a matter of business from a publisher?

Pope Not a Medicine Taker.

The pope has appointed a man as his doctor whom he likes because he is "old-fashioned and not a grant." The doctor will have an old-fashioned patient, as little regardful of professional wisdom as the great duchess of Marlborough, who got better simply to confound the physician who predicted her speedy dissolution. When his gout was so bad all manner of remedies, pills, liniments and medicines were prescribed for his holiness, and he has told the world what he did with them. "I arrange the bottles and pill boxes before me and after looking at them I say to myself: 'These are the things which I ought to take.' But the idea of actually taking them produces such an effect upon me that I feel as if I had been cured."

Main Point.

The beautiful leading lady was in deep distress. "In spite of all I can do," she sobbed, "I fear that I am going stale. I have lost my diamonds, I have lost my pearls, my three husbands by divorce, my imported bull dog and my automobile. Now, is there anything else I can lose that will once more bring me before the limelight?"

Warfare Against Wood Pigeons.

A campaign is being arranged in South Devon, England, against the wood pigeons which abound there and which, it is calculated, are responsible for damage to crops running into thousands of pounds annually. The movement is being organized by the tenant farmers, but all the landowners and shooting tenants are being invited to cooperate. It is intended to line the borders of the great woods where the birds pass the night with guns, and when they return from their day's foraging to shoot them, this being the only way in which warfare can so successfully waged against them.

Profitable Work.

"I believe every man ought to eat good and plenty always," said the fat man. "It never pays to work on an empty stomach."

"I disagree with you," remarked the quiet stranger. "I've found that it often pays very well."

"That so? What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm a zzzzoon."