

WHEN PROFANITY WAS COMMON.

Two Good Stories Concerning Weakness of a Past Generation.

Dean Ramsay could not countenance profanity, but he managed to tell some good stories of a weakness which afflicted many in his time.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE TOWEL.

Heat and a Whisk Broom Recommended to Philadelphian.

"I remember," said Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia, "we all remember, the time when the mildest storm would make our water unfit to bathe in, let alone to drink."

The mayor smiled.

"The only man in those days who could ever find a good word to say for our water," he resumed, "was Peter Burness, the optimist of the court of quarter sessions."

"Actually," said to Peter one morning after a storm, "I couldn't take a bath to-day on account of the muddy water. It was like brown paste."

"Oh, I took a good long bath," said Peter. "When the Schuykill water is like that it is the best fluid in the world to bathe in. So medicinal, you know. Better than Homburg, or Marzenbad, or any of those places."

"But it is so muddy," said

"That's just the point," said Peter. "It's medicinal mud, full of all sorts of phosphates and things. To-night when you get home fill your bath, jump in and splash about; but afterward don't use any towels."

"No towels!" I objected. "There's a much better way than towels," said Peter. "Stand before the radiator and let the water dry on your body. Then brush it off with a whiskbroom."

The Ungainly Woman Golfer.

The men, seated before the fire in a hall of the country club, looked very smart in the soft greens and grays and browns of their golf suits. The shapely coats lent to their waists an added suppleness and to their chests a greater girth. The knickers, cut like riding breeches, gave their owners prosaic of legs, bank clerks and stenographers, the dashing elegance of the legs of the cavalrymen. But the women!

"We women," said a young lady journalist, "look like the deuce beside you men! You men have a regulation golf suit, just as you have a regulation evening dress. But we women disgrace the links in an old skirt and a sweater. Where is the future Worth or Paquin who will invent for women a golf dress at once neat and elegant?"

Earthquake on Schedule.

Speaking of the recent visit of the duke of Connaught to Italy specially to convey condolences to the government on account of the disaster at Messina, a correspondent in Black and White writes: "When, with the duchess, the duke was visiting Japan some years ago he remarked to his host at table, when the program for his visit was put before him: 'Well, I think you have planned everything connected with this country there is to see, but, be added, laughing, 'there is one thing you cannot put on your program, and that is an earthquake.' Hardly had he spoken, however, when the house began to tremble violently, and the servants standing at the door bowed to each other as the host said: 'Your highness, the honorable earthquake!'"

Hugo's Too Sanguine Vision.

Revival of the guillotine in France after these years of disuse would have given Victor Hugo's sanguine spirit tremble. Writing in 1867 his glowing sketch of Paris as the capital of the world he noted with joy that no place for the guillotine could then be found within the city. Executions had to take place outside the fortifications and he saw in this a promise that they would soon cease to be altogether. It is strange now to read Hugo's sure and certain hope that war and armaments were about to disappear, laughed away by the good humor of Paris, and that the twentieth century would almost have forgotten them. This was just three years before 1870.

When Time Stops.

First idiot—"I dropped my watch and it stopped."
Second idiot—"Well, did you expect it to go through the floor?"—Harvard Lampoon.

ACTOR USED TO HARD WORDS.

Therefore, Scenic Shifter's Request Came as Compliment.

Oscar Hammerstein was discussing the extravagance of the Metropolitan opera house.

"They have tried to corner opera," he said. "They have on their payroll more stars than they can use. That is why they hand out weekly thousands of dollars to singers who have not sung."

"I know that they tried to corner opera in order to cripple me, but I will say nothing against them," resumed the famous manager. "They have heard hard words enough. In the production of opera hard words are more the rule than soft ones; and you feel like the frosted Canadian actor."

"A Canadian actor once had a cold reception in New York, but he told me one night that at last he felt rather complimented. A scene shifter from a rival house had spoken to him in a way that seemed, by comparison with the newspaper criticisms, splendid."

"And in asking for two free seats this is what the scene shifter had said:

"'It ain't fur meself I want 'em. Oh, gee, no! I seem 'im wunst, ye know. They're fur the old woman. Like all the women, she jest wants ter say she's seen 'im. Don't worry none about the kind o' seats they are. Any old thing 'll do. On'y put 'er near the door, so's she kin git out in case she don't like 'im.'"

ROMANCE THAT YET IS REAL.

History Records Facts We Hesitate to Set Down as Such.

A peasant girl called half-witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt, and did it; it ought to be a legend but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three-volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world. It is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win the battle of Austerlitz; it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned saying easily: "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry: "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue, Garnier did say: "The blood of Danton chokes you." Strafford did say of his own desertion of parliament: "If I do it may my life and death be set on a bill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say: "The time will come when you shall hear me."

The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.

Misapplying Music.

"I went to a fashionable wedding the other day," remarked a man who has little time for such things, "and I was decidedly impressed by the character of the music that was played while the assembled guests were waiting for the wedding party to arrive. The principal number played by the orchestra was an air from one of the most modern operas. It marks the entrance of the heroine of the piece, who is coming on the scene to take part in a wedding of complaisance with the hero, who is generally regarded as one of the greatest blackguards of the world of opera knows. Every character on the stage knows that the Buddhist wedding ceremony that is to take place is a sham and the marriage turns out to be a tragedy of the shabbiest sort. And yet that music was played in a church that stands for intelligence if any one congregation in this town does."

Cult of Beauty in Bosnia.

Half a century ago a traveler in Bosnia found the poorest peasant woman an adept in the arts and adjuncts of the toilet. Her store of cosmetics was said to be "astounding," comprising oil of roses, rose water, extracts of musk, saffron and amber. She dyed her hair black and dressed with with "kna," while her eyebrows and eyelashes were darkened with a powder made from a green nut burned black (schischark). She painted her cheeks with powdered flower of the iris and her nails with yet another floral product. For a depilatory she used lime and alum. In spite of these aids, however, the beauty of the Bosnia woman was a fading thing at 30.

A Grave But a House.

Is a grave digger a builder? Is he a mechanic? If not, what in the dictionary of the labor unions is he? The grave diggers have made an endeavor to join the building trades council of Greater New York, and have been denied. The last home of man is not a house, say the builders. The grave makers say that as they dig in the earth, they should be classed with the men who make cellars, who have been admitted to the unions of the building trades. The failure of this logic is pointed out by the builders: People can live in cellars and in houses over the cellar, but never in or over the graves.

Danger and Precaution.

Irene—"A girl shouldn't marry a man ill she knows all about him."
Evelyn—"Good gracious! If she knew ill about him she wouldn't marry him."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

NOVEL USE FOR AUTHOR'S NAME.

Euphonic Syllables Unfortunately Were Badly Applied.

When Josephine Dodge Daskam, now Mrs. Bacon, met a college classmate a short time ago, the classmate congratulated her on the fame she had acquired and said: "I had startling proof of how well your name is known after you'd been out of college only five years. I was then on a trip abroad and was doing a little sketching in the picturesque parts of England. Several other artists were grouped near me one morning, all attempting to sketch a delightful bit of landscape, when a gust of wind blew my sketching sunshine over. A gallant young artist tried to pick it up for me. The wind bowled it over a little farther. Then he knocked over my stool in his gallant efforts, nearly upset my easel and had a very clumsy time of it, and all the while he kept muttering under his breath: 'Josephine Dodge Daskam, Josephine Dodge Daskam.'"

"Do you know her?" I asked finally.

"Who?" he asked, surprised.

"Why, Josephine Dodge Daskam. She was a college classmate of mine." "The young man turned a fine red and said sheepishly: 'No, I don't know her from Adam, but I've read a lot of her stories, and I always say her name when I want to swear, and can't. Her name is the nearest like cussing without being cussing, of anything I know of.'"

PROTEST OF THE CONSERVATIVE.

Voice Lifted Against the Modern Tendency to Change.

Let the conservative cry out as he will against our giving up the good old hostility with its clean beds, clean linen, and clean food for the glittering attentions of the latest \$5,000,000-hotel. We needs must love the newest when we see it. The order of our present life is that landlords, cooks and chambermaids shall all the time be making place for other landlords, cooks and chambermaids. Our hotels are under new management, our politics and business affairs are under new management—at least they are not under the old management. Our morals are no longer under the management of teachers and philosophers, but of yellow editors; our religions are no longer under the management of prophets and priests, but of neurotic women, trained advertisers, and sold business corporations. And the poor wayfarer, worn out by the continuous din and bustle of this world, is fast losing even the consolation he once had, of looking forward to an unbroken succession of pleasant days and dreamless nights—under a new management.—New York Post.

His Qualifications.

He was pleading his cause earnestly. "I am wealthy," he said, "and could make ample provision for you." She nodded and checked one point off on her fingers.

"I have had experience with the world," he continued.

"I have passed the frivolous point," he went on, "and I have the steadfastness, the age, and the wisdom to guard and guide you well."

He paused for an answer.

"The points you make are strong ones," she said, "but they lead undeviatingly to the conclusion that you would make an excellent father for me. You have all the necessary qualifications, but just now I am looking for a husband."

The Aeroplane in War.

Judging from the present outlook, it seems that the field of the aeroplane in military work will be distinct from that of the dirigible balloon. It will not be able to carry great weight, like the dirigible, but it will be much swifter. Being smaller and more compact, and requiring no gas-making apparatus, it will be more easily transported. A single supply ship could carry a whole fleet of them, and they could be quickly put in action. They will probably become the cavalry of the aerial army, while the heavier and more formidable will constitute a combination of infantry and artillery.—From Henry B. Hersey's "The Menace of Aerial Warfare" in Century.

Holland's Way.

In Holland there are few able-bodied paupers. There is a tract of public land containing 5,000 acres, which is divided into six model farms, and to one of these is sent the poor person applying for public relief. If he voluntarily serves until he learns agriculture he is allowed to rent a small farm for himself and he what is called a free farmer. Every pauper who is thus reclaimed to honest regular industry is so much gain to the state. There is also a forced labor colony, where beggars and vagrants are sent and made to do farm and other work, whether they like it or not.

Very Pleasant.

"It must be nice," said the caller to the author's wife, "to have your husband at home so much of the time."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Richard Darlington Spriggles. "It gives me a chance to go out."—Harper's Weekly.

Just What He Wanted.

Reporter—How many were in attendance at that ward caucus you held the other night?
Politician—Why, I can give you only a rough estimate, but—
Reporter—That's exactly what I'm after. How many roughs were there?

EASILY SET MATTER STRAIGHT.

Apology of "Cub" Reporter Something of a Masterpiece.

"Whenever I see the name of Senator Tillman in print," said an old newspaper man, "I am reminded of a little incident that occurred several years ago when I was city editor of a little paper in a southern city."

"Late one night a South Carolina correspondent wired that he had failed to get a desired interview because the senator had taken a train for Washington, but that we might catch him ourselves when the train passed through our city. Hastily searching a time table, I found that the train mentioned was due in a few minutes. There being no other reporter at hand, I seized Bud Lunkly, a raw reporter fresh from the country, told him to meet this train at the station and get some sort of expression from the senator on a subject then of much importance."

"Some time later Bud strolled calmly in and informed me that after a personal search of every car on the train he had failed to find Senator Tillman."

"Do you mean that you looked into all the sleeping car berths, Bud?" said I.

"Yep, that's what I done," said Bud. "But, Bud," I exclaimed, in consternation, "weren't a good many of these berths occupied by ladies?"

"Sure," said Bud.

"But what did you do when you found a lady who had retired?"

"When I busted the curtain open and looked in and a woman jumped up and screamed, I took off my hat and says: 'That's all right, lady, you ain't the man I'm looking for!'"

GOT MANTELS AT A BARGAIN.

Society Woman Probably Would Do Well in Business.

A well-known woman of society has recently finished her country house, and, to the envy of her neighbors, has beautiful colonial mantels of white marble in all her bedrooms, and equally beautiful old timers, more elaborate, in Italian marble on her lower floor, says the New York Journal. Each allows for a huge open fire. These she got by spying from her automobile a sign of "Second-hand lumber for sale" on the grounds where an old hotel was being razed. She recalled that in her childhood she had once visited some children who were staying at the then fashionable though old-fashioned hotel. The memory also came of a high carved mantel in the so-called nursery, from which goodies were reached for the impromptu juvenile tea party, and, turning back, she discreetly alighted from her automobile some distance away and proceeded to find the contractor. As a result of her interview she proudly says \$150 or \$225, as she waves her hand toward these perfect marbles.

Stupid Remark Made Trouble.

A Paris police station was invaded the other day by a young lady, an old gentleman, a small dog and the conductor and 24 passengers of an omnibus. The old man had been sitting next to the young lady, who had the small dog in her muff. "I would give half my fortune," he said, "to be in your little dog's place." "It would be the right place for you," said the lady, "for I am taking him to have his ears cropped." Her reply led to high words, and the passengers joined in, a free fight ensued, and the entire party went to the police station, where all the names, including that of the dog, were duly noted. The omnibus had to wait for its conductor, and arrived at its destination two hours late.

Finds a Friend in Court.

Justice Harlan of the supreme court was on circuit in West Virginia some years ago when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair.

"The day was cold and damp and the room in which the sitting was had been badly heated. It was not long before counsel had begun his argument that he said:

"Your honor, I most pause long enough to request that the window opposite be closed more tightly. I feel the draft on my head."

"The court sympathizes with you," solemnly assented Mr. Harlan. "The court has the same kind of a head."

The Walls of Jericho.

Some remarkable discoveries have been made on the supposed site of ancient Jericho, near the Dead sea, by a German expedition, headed by Prof. Sellin. The ancient walls were found at a depth of eight feet, and many interesting features of their construction revealed. The wall consisted of three parts, a rock foundation, a sloping rubble wall 20 feet high and from six and a half to eight feet broad, and a top wall of clay bricks. In one place the latter part of the wall reaches a height of eight feet. The walls are estimated to have extended 900 yards; 450 yards have already been laid bare with the aid of 200 workmen employed by the expedition.

A Traveling Clock.

The new traveling clocks are in every sense what their name implies. Instead of the square ones that took several inches of valuable space in the traveling bag, these new ones are a thin model watch, encased in leather about four inches broad and long. They are made to fold flat, just as the leather picture frames do, and can be tucked in the pocket of one's bag without encroaching on space.

NATURE OF CERTAIN TESTIMONY.

Rude Inter-ester of Justice Really Had Good Excuse.

Judge Frederick E. Crane of New York was complimented at a recent dinner on the modest simplicity with which he administered justice.

"Well, we are not uncomplaisant, we judges," he replied, "though from our air you might often think we were. When I begin to feel uncomplaisant, I call to mind, as a corrective, Judge O'Brien of Dublin."

"Judge O'Brien was delivering his decision in a will contest. The testator had gone to America, and nothing had been heard of him for many years. Hence he was supposed to be dead, and they were dividing up his estate according to the will he had left behind."

"Judge O'Brien, a very pompous man, read on and on."

"And it is plain to me," read Judge O'Brien, "that when the testator said he bequeathed this farm and appurtenances to Bridget O'Hoolahan, by appurtenances he meant all that portion marked A and colored green on the plan."

"You're a liar," shouted a voice from the rear of the court.

"Arrest that man!" stuttered the judge.

"And the man, a thin old fellow, was dragged struggling before the bar."

"How dare you, sir? Who are you?" Judge O'Brien demanded.

"O'm the testator!" was the reply, in a scornful Irish-American accent."

REVERENT MAN IN MISFORTUNE.

Bishop's Unfortunate Experience with Crowd of Skeptics.

Melba, describing Australia in an interview, said:

"My fellow-countrymen are like your westerners of the seventies. They have a delicious humor and a mocking skepticism."

The bishop of Ballarat rode one night into a little township of his diocese that he had never visited before. It was late and rainy. The only building with a light in it was the office of the local paper, and the bishop knocked on the door with his crozier.

"Hellow below!" cried a voice, and a head popped out of the window above.

"I am the bishop of Ballarat," said the prelate, mildly. "Will you be so good as to direct me to a hotel?"

"From the roomful of compositors came a loud burst of laughter, and another man stuck out his head and said to the bishop in a tone of kindly reproach:

"Look here, old man, you've had about enough hotel for one night! Go home and go to bed, or you'll get run in as sure as shootin'!"

Hotels and Food in Argentina.

There is an abundance of hotels and pensions in Buenos Ayres and, although some of these are exceedingly dear, good accommodations can be had for about the same prices as in larger American cities. While the food, in general, cannot be called bad, the heating facilities of the hotels are miserable. This is all the more to be lamented as the winter months, June to September, are quite cold here. The so-called steam heat of the larger hotels, which, by the way, is installed only in the corridors, is nothing more than a farce, and the small kerosene stoves which one may order for his room against good extra pay are insufficient to counteract the cold drafts from doors and windows.—From a Buenos Ayres Letter to the Chicago Daily News.

Express Yourself.

Express yourself. If your railroad crowds its passengers by putting on an insufficient number of cars, let each crowded passenger write a candid expression of opinion to the passenger agent. If your trolleys are crowded, don't lazily submit—express yourselves. Not to each other, but to the man who is running things. Make it hot for him. He is there to serve you. Don't be gentle sheep and bleed contentedly when you are herded together. Be goats, and butt in. Reforms are never anything but the fruit of a strong popular expression.—Charles Battell Loomis.

Anger as a Virtue.

Anger is one of the sins of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind, and with Jacob, sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt. Nor is it good to converse with such as cannot be angry, and, with the Caspian sea, never ebb nor flow. This anger is either heavenly, when one is offended for God, or hellish, when one is offended with God and goodness, or earthly, in temporal matters, which earthly anger may also be hellish, if for no cause, no great cause, too hot or too long.—Thomas Fuller.

A Turtle Which Doesn't Grow Up.

A Brooklyn boy who spent last summer in Connecticut found a turtle's egg in the course of his country wanderings. He broke the shell and found inside a perfectly formed turtle. He resolved to bring up the turtle for a pet and experienced no difficulty in feeding and caring for it.

Circumstantial Evidence.

She—is it true that Miss Blank is going to marry the prince?
He—Er—well, they have issued a denial of the story which contradicted the report as to the falsity of the rumor that the account was untrue.

HAVE COMPETITION IN PRAYER.

Quaint Ceremony Held Each Year in an English Churchyard.

In the little churchyard of Wotton, near Borking, the annual prayer competition for boys of the parish took place recently at the tombstone of William Glanville, the London Post says.

Glanville, a member of the inner temple, died on February 2, nearly 200 years ago. In his will he stipulated that money should be set aside to produce £30 a year, of which 10 shillings was to go to each of five prayer boys who should stand on February 2 yearly at his tombstone bare-headed, recite from memory the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments and Apostles' Creed, read the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and afterward write from dictation in a legible hand two verses from the same chapter. During upward of 200 years the competition has been maintained. The age limit is 12 to 16, and a boy can only succeed once.

Recently the boys assembled in the church porch, their names were taken and a selection was made for the competition, which is fixed in the local calendar as "Forty-shilling day." Then the competitors marched to Glanville's tomb and the signal was given for the recitation. Some of the boys, almost flammering through the lot, secretly rejoiced that it fell to their lot to recite the short commandments, but a moment later they were called to recite the second and fourth.

When a complete examination had been made the boys marched to the schoolroom, where the reading and writing exercises were conducted. In an hour the winners' names were announced and they each received 40 shillings—a cherished reward in the little village.

JIMMIE VIEWED WITH ALARM.

Saw Dreadful Possibilities in Advent of the New Baby.

"Well, Jimmie," said the visitor, "I understand you have a new baby here."

"Yes," said Jimmie, "he got here last Tuesday night."

"Whom does he look like, your father or your mother?" asked the visitor.

"We don't know yet," said Jimmie. "He seems kind of undecided yet."

"They tell me he has your father's nose," said the visitor.

"Yes," said Jimmie. "He has pa's nose, and ma's mouth, and Aunt Sarah's ears, and between you and me I'm for givin' him grandpa's teeth. He ain't got any of his own, and grandpa's got two sets. What I'm afraid of is that if they don't give 'em to him he'll get mine, and I need 'em in my business."

Monte Carlo's Balance Sheet.

The gaming tables at Monte Carlo are once again in full swing, and the casino is pouring into its coffers something like £4,000 (£20,000) daily toward the annual million or more it expects to clear before April closes. But enormous as the casino's profits are, its expenditure is proportionately great and includes some strange items. Thus it pays about £3,000 a year for clergy and schools, £6,000 for charity and £20,000 for police and courts. The maintenance of the casino runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds. And yet, in spite of these huge disbursements, the shareholders have little cause to grumble, for they pocket in dividends something like £500,000 a year; and, even in a poor year, can rely on a return of over 30 per cent. on their holdings.

Strange Regimental Customs.

A peculiar custom obtains in an English regiment, the Twelfth Lancers—the playing of the Vesper hymn, the Spanish chant and the Russian national hymn every night after the "Last Post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn be played every night. The playing of the Spanish chant is as a penance for the sacking of a convent during the Peninsular war. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian national anthem.

To "Save His Face."

A Boston painter who died not long ago was a broken-down wreck in his later days. Some feeling of pride and shame clung to him to the last, however, and, although he lived upon the charity of his friends, he never asked for money outright. In the crown of his hat he pasted this request: "Please lend me a quarter," printed in big, staring letters. When making a call he would doff his hat with much show of dignity, and there would be the mute appeal staring in the face his intended victim. The scheme never failed.

The One Exception.

"You say your insurance proposition is one of the best ever?"
"Yes, sir."
"Young man, you interest me. You're the first of the 4,126 agents I've met this year whose proposition wasn't positively the best."—Kansas City Times.

Letting the Other Fellow Worry.

"What will you do when racing is suppressed?"
"I don't know," answered the bookmaker, "but I'll get on some way. My observation is that people with easy money to distribute will always find some way of handling it to us."