

FOUR FED ON \$2.50 A WEEK

Woman Rears Family of Healthy Children on Inexpensive Diet—Menu Is Varied.

Boston—How a family of four is fed for \$2.50 a week is told in the annual report of the Associated Charities. A woman with three small children, is allowed a \$2 grocery order and 50 cents in cash each week and three quarts of milk daily. She works for her rent. So well does she manage the small allowance that one of her children recently survived double pneumonia because he was so well nourished, according to her doctor.

The report contains a menu for each day of the week, showing just how the frugal mother manages to make meals meet. The nourishment that the physician spoke of is derived mainly from oatmeal, potatoes, macaroni, peas, and bread. Beef stew is served every other Thursday.

Aside from this, meat appears but twice in the weekly menu. Smoked shoulder, stewed liver or other meat that can be obtained for little money is served at the Sunday dinner and what is left is consumed Monday at the noonday meal.

The remainder of the Sunday dinner, the big meal of the week, consists of mashed potato, bread and butter, macaroni and tomatoes, crackers, bread and butter and rice pudding. Tuesday's dinner is listed as soup and crackers, bread and butter, and cereal pudding. Wednesday's dinner is macaroni and tomatoes, crackers, bread and butter and rice pudding.

Thursday's consist of tomato soup, mashed potatoes, bread and butter, bread pudding; Friday's, fish chowder and crackers, bread and butter; Saturday, boiled potatoes, peas, bread and butter. Each week the order is shifted and creamed potatoes or some other dish not costly is served as variety. Bread and milk or milk and crackers are served for supper.

Once a week cocoa is served and Saturday night brings home-made brown bread and white bread and jam, with boiled eggs every other week. Oatmeal or wheat flakes and milk, with an occasional batch of corn cake or a dish of white bread, dispose of the breakfast problem.

And on this diet healthy children are being reared.

ENGLISHMAN GETS WIFE EASY

Prospective Heir of \$20,000 Gets Hundred Letters of Advice and Offers to Marry.

Boston—John E. Mason, the young Englishman who is to receive \$20,000 next May, has since his predicament has become public, received an even hundred letters brimful of advice. While the most of them are from women who have decided that they were created for him and him alone, some are from members of the sterner sex. They run through a range of every human emotion.

One New York woman writes: "I see you are looking over marriageable ladies. Well, I am a nice young lady and would like to get acquainted with a respectable young man, which I think you are. I would like to have you come to New York."

Another New York miss says: "I can help you get that \$20,000 and help you add to it. Are you on?" Mason is on the eve of obtaining a good position, but the wife problem still perplexes him.

REVIVES THE HOPE DIAMOND

Paris Newspaper Publishes Story Asserting Famous Gem Was Not Lost at Sea.

Paris.—The Intransigent as a result of private inquiries gives a new story of the famous Hope blue diamond, according to which a Paris jeweler named Rosenau bought the gem when Solomon Habib's collection was sold last year at the Hotel Drouet. Rosenau, it is asserted, resold the diamond to an American collector, who objects to his name being published.

The reputation for bad luck borne by the big diamond is said to be kept up by jealous collectors, with the object of reducing the price. The Intransigent adds that it was not Solomon Habib, but another Habib—curiously enough also a jeweler—who was drowned in the wreck of the steamer La Seyne, when it was said the Hope diamond was lost.

TRAPS ALBINO MUSKRAT

Fairfield, N. J.—James Marsh of this city trapped a white muskrat recently in the Big Pierce swamp. In Caldwell, N. J. The animal has pure white fur and pink eyes. Hunters and trappers who have killed hundreds of muskrats every spring for many years in the lowlands bordering the upper course of the Passaic, Pompton and Rockaway Rivers say that they never before saw an Albino muskrat. Marsh has trapped also seven minks, five skunks and twelve possums thus far this spring.

EGG-LAYING CONTEST SET FOR NOV. 1

Mexico, Mo.—November 1 has been selected as the date for the opening of the national egg-laying contest to be held in the central national experimental station in this city. Entries from 18 states already have been received, while hundreds of inquiries are coming in from them from foreign countries.

ALWAYS A SOCIAL NUISANCE

Bad Habit of Making Puns is a Thing That Sensible Persons Will Avoid.

Puns are perfectly awful. Almost any teacher of rhetoric can tell you that. It comes about the middle of the book or maybe it is more toward the back.

A punster is therefore a person of inferior intelligence. Shun a punster. There is absolutely only one way to treat him and that is with silent contempt, with the accent on the silent. If you encourage him he will haul out his whole stock and fire them at you. If you curse, revile and upbraid him he will only congratulate himself that his effort at supposed wit has been understood by his auditors, which of course is an insult to you, but don't notice it. If you hit him over the head with a club he will probably come up smiling and remark that it was a "decided hit" or a "funny crack."

It is impossible to insult a punster. No matter what you say he falls to work with a zest to dissect your remarks for word plays.

No. Keep silent. That's the only way. He might think you are too shallow to appreciate him, but never mind. If you ever feel the desire coming on to make a pun just remember that you cannot play on words without making a discord and that's no pun, but a figure of speech.

MILD BLUFF DID NOT WORK

Girl's Well-Meant Effort to Ascertain Name of Acquaintance Rather Unfortunate.

"I never can remember names, and it's the most embarrassing thing," said the absent-minded girl. "Only yesterday morning I made a terrible blunder. Molly and I were in a Broadway car, and at Forty-second street a young man got on board. The minute he saw me he smiled, raised his hat, and calling me by name, sat down beside me. I knew I had met him on several occasions, and if I had been alone I should have bluffed it out and he would never have known that I couldn't place him. But there was Molly, and I did feel too silly chatting with him about people we knew, and not being in a position to introduce him. I had had the same experience before, and on several occasions had found out the name of a person by asking innocently how it was spelled. I thought I would try it this time, so, turning to the young man, I said:

"I had an argument with a girl the other day about how you spell your name. Do tell me."

"In the usual way," he replied, looking at me as though he thought I might be mildly insane.

"The usual way?" I repeated. "Yes," he said. "J-o-n-e-i!"

A FRESH START

A girl came in and sat in front of them at the play, she and her escort. "What a lovely profile," said he. "Beautiful! Delicate little upturned nose, small mouth, deep, pretty eyes. Isn't she beautiful, beautiful?" "Beautiful," said she, "but not half so much so as the man she is with. Isn't he the handsomest chap you ever saw? Look at his color, his mustache, his lovely head of hair. So many men are bald or beginning to be bald. I do love to see a fine head of hair on a man."

"You know," he whispered, "it always makes me sore to speak of people beginning to be bald, and you know why."

"Will you let up on the pretty profile if I cut out the bald head?" she asked. "Yes," said he. "All right," said she.

CARRYING IT TOO FAR

"Precedence, so far as it goes, is a very fine thing," said Frederick Townsend Martin at a dinner at the Cafe de l'Opera in New York. "The English, though, carry precedence perhaps too far."

"A bishop entertained a number of clergy at his episcopal seat. His guest of honor was another bishop. This gentleman, at breakfast one morning said to the butler:

"Why, this is a bad egg! Phew! Pah! What an atrocious odor! Really, my man, I'm surprised."

"The butler, with a serious face, examined the egg closely. Then he said, frowning and shaking his head:

"I beg pardon, my lord. A most regrettable thing has happened. The stupid servant has given your lordship, in mistake, a curate's egg."

WOMAN A CLERK FOR 60 YEARS

The death of Miss Martha Mitchell of Alfred, Me., at the age of 78 years, closes in all probability the most remarkable business career of any woman in the state. Miss Mitchell was born in Alfred, educated in the schools of the town, and lived in the old house until she died. She entered the office of the register of deeds as a clerk about the year 1849 or 1850, and she has worked there or in the office of the register of probate ever since. Miss Mitchell did not leave her position at the desk until two weeks before she died.

CLUB DUES BASED ON WEIGHT

The business and professional men of the city whose weight is more than 200 pounds are to meet at the Hotel Grunewald to form a club. The semi-annual dues will be based on the weight of each member at one cent a pound. No applicant will be admitted unless he weighs 200 pounds or over. —New Orleans Picayune.

SHUNNED THE TACTLESS MAN

His Excess of Gallantry Decidedly Unpleasant to Woman of Good Sense.

The pretty young matron hastily edged away from a male guest who was approaching the corner where she stood.

"What is the matter?" asked the hostess, in surprise.

"Oh, if you will pardon me, I would rather not talk to that man."

"Has he been disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, no. I don't know him; but I recently overheard him talking with a mother and daughter, and he was trying to be very gallant. He was telling the mother how extremely young she looked, and he kept saying, over and over, 'Positively, I can hardly tell you from your daughter.' Of course that might have been very gratifying to the mother—though, I think not—but it certainly didn't make a hit with the daughter, especially as she is getting to those days when the less said about age the better. No, I am not sensitive about my age, but there is no telling what he might say. Anybody with so little tact that he cannot see both sides of a remark like that is likely to say almost anything to one, and those blundering things are so hopeless. If anybody gives you a direct blow, socially, you can retaliate, if you are that kind, but deliver me from a well-meaning, tactless person. If you'll forgive me I'll ask you to turn him over to somebody else—some old lady, preferably. I should think he might have some success in cheering her up."

SOAP PINCUSHION THE BEST

How and Why They Were Introduced Into the Hospitals by Surgeons.

In the operating rooms of hospitals and on the surgical carriages in the wards may be seen a piece of soap stuck with the varieties of pins which it pleases the doctor and the head nurse to affect.

The black headed pin long associated with crinoline dressings, retains still an honored place says the Alumnae Magazine of Johns Hopkins hospital. The history of the introduction of the soap into the hospital is interesting.

Three years ago Dr. R. H. Follis operated upon a patient at the Church Home. The patient was a tailor by profession and chanced to reside at Annapolis. When dressings were made he observed the difficulty with which the safety pins were put through the binder and suggested trying the method of the cadets at the Naval academy had evolved to help in pinning through their stiff ducks.

This simple but most effective device was a piece of soap as a pin cushion, and he further remarked that carpenters applied the same principle to screws. Dr. Follis immediately tried the plan, with such success that it has been generally adopted in the surgical service.

AVIATION 400 YEARS AGO

The proposed Scottish aviation meeting will not be quite the first gathering of the kind in this country. At least one of the French favorites of James IV., the luckless hero of Flodden, summoned the Scottish court to an exhibition at Stirling, where he proposed to fly by means of a pair of mechanical wings from the wall of the castle. This was exactly 400 years ago.

The rash inventor sprang boldly forth from the wall with his two great wings upon his back. But they proved quite insufficient for the contest with the force of gravity, and the inventor was lucky to get off with no worse hurt than a broken thigh. He ascribed his failure to the unwary use of the feathers of domestic poultry in the construction of his pinions rather than the feathers of some of the nobler birds. History does not record, however, that he made any second attempt.

SNUFF AND SALTSHIP

The "Bulletin de la Societe contre l'abus du tabac" informs us that the amiable Saint Vincent de Paul was an inveterate snuff taker. Nature provided him with an ample capacity for indulgence in his apparent weakness. The habit almost cost him his saltship. When the question of his beatification was under consideration "l'avocat du diable" brought forward the snuff taker as a sensuality. Fortunately among the papers of Vincent de Paul was found a physician's order in which he was recommended to take snuff freely, among other reasons, to clear his brain. Without this document there would have been no beatification and without beatification there would have been no canonization.

OTTER CAUGHT IN FISH TRAP

The pelt of the first otter trapped in Loyalsock creek for many years has been purchased by Michael Kellar, a leather dealer in Williamsport. The otter measured 54 inches in length. It is estimated that the skin, when tanned will be worth \$150.

The otter was caught by a boy who had a trap set for suckers in the creek. The otter followed a fish into the net and, becoming ensnared in the meshes, drowned.—Philadelphia Record.

TOO SUSPICIOUS FOR COMFORT

Stubb—I notice your wife doesn't wear her 500-button gown to church now. Penn—No; it was too embarrassing. Every time a button turned up on the collection plate the pastor glanced at her.

FAULT IN CHINESE SAILORS

They Never Learn to Tie a Knot Properly, According to a Veteran Skipper.

"I don't know why it is," said the captain of the tramp steamer South Brooklyn, 60 days out from Hongkong, "but you can't teach any of those Chinese sailors to tie a real knot."

"There isn't much need aboard a steamer for the rope knowledge that used to be so much the part of a foci's training, but we do need splices and knots now and again, just the same. Those Chinese there, who were signed on as A. B.'s, can do anything needed in the way of splices that would make an old tar green with envy, and they'll fix up deadeyes better than most of the men I've shipped."

"But you can't get one of 'em to tie a right knot. Teach 'em again and again, they remember the lesson for half an hour. Next time there's a straight everyday knot to be tied the Chinese foci's hand makes up the same old granny."

"Every child that tries to tie a knot makes a granny. This kind of a knot is made up by passing the ends around each other in the reverse direction, making the ends stand out at right angles. The ends should be wound around each other in the same direction. When they come out of the knot they should lie alongside the line on either side of the knot. Such a knot won't slip. But a Chinaman can't learn for keeps—not he."

"The Lascar and Malay and Kanaka learn the right knot easily enough. In a storm that's one of the things we have to guard against if we have Chinese sailors."

JOKE WAS ON THE TEACHER

Instructor Discovered All Too Late Just Whose Petticoat It Was That Showed.

After the teacher had trained her class of mixed pupils to habits of comparative neatness she instructed them to keep a watchful eye on each other. If hands were soiled, shoes rusty or unevenly laced each embryo Sherlock who noted anything amiss was requested to write on the blackboard, "Somebody's shoes are unlaced," or a similar warning.

One morning every child in the room hastened to the board and wrote, "Somebody's petticoat shows." Forty sentences thus glaringly proclaiming the brazenness of a petticoat moved the teacher to unusual watchfulness and as one little girl after another crossed the room she kept a sharp lookout for the obtrusive petticoat. But none appeared. So far as she could see every petticoat present was modestly keeping itself within fashion's bounds. Her enlightenment came when the board was needed for arithmetic. With eraser in hand the teacher faced the class and said:

"Has 'somebody' tidied herself up so that I can now erase this warning?" "No-o-o," shrieked every child in triumph. "It's yours, teacher."

MILTON'S NATURAL HISTORY

The pigeons that found nesting places in St. Paul's cathedral were probably the only species of bird with which Milton was familiar in his early years—unless we make an exception of the ubiquitous sparrow. He went in his seventeenth year to Cambridge, where he made acquaintance with the sedgy flats of the Cam and took as much interest in birds and flowers, beasts and trees as his greater interest at that age in literature and philosophy would permit.

But for him the most accurately observant period of life for nature study was over—the period of from eight to 16 years of age—and he therefore fell into mistakes in his use of imagery and description of natural objects. He strews, for example, the laureate hearse of Lycidas with flowers that are not all in bloom at the same season; he gives the lark's nest a thatched roof, and he calls the honeysuckle eglantine.—From the Scotsman.

THE BAND ON THE SILK HAT

Lecturing on "Clothes" before the Selbourne society of London, Eng., Wilfred Mark Webb said the band on the silk hat had originated from the habit of tying a band round a shawl placed over the head, while the bow at the side could be traced to remote ages, and was in its transitory stage on Scotch bonnets and children's sailor hats.

All ornaments on men's hats were on the left side, due to the fact that in older times, when it was frequently necessary to use the sword, it was obviously desirable that such decorations should not impede a cut with the weapon.

BAD MEMORY

Yeast—You've been wearing that string tied about your finger for three days. Crimsoebank—That's so. My wife put it there day before yesterday, to remind me of something. "And did you remember it?" "Oh, yes; but I forgot to take the string off my finger before!"

THE NEW COMPASS

For the purpose of securing clearness, simplicity and precision in the application of compass errors the hydrographic office of the United States navy has adopted a new form of compass on which there is no north, south, east or west, but which consists of a circle divided into 360 degrees, beginning at 0 at the true north point and reading to the right.—Popular Mechanics.

JOKE SAVED HIS BUSINESS

Inspiration Staved Off Bankruptcy and Laid Foundation of Big Fortune.

"Rubber oysters and April 1 laid the foundation of my success," said a millionaire hotel man.

"I had a small saloon in them days, and things looked very black. They looked, in fact, like bankruptcy. So, in desperation, I cut an old rubber doormat into oyster-shaped pieces on April 1, and fried them in egg and bread-crumbs to a tasty brown."

"There was only one man in the bar when I fetched in that dish of smoking rubber oysters. His eyes glittered, and he grabbed a fork jabbed it into a big fellow, and took a hungry bite."

"Seeing the surprised look that spread over his face I turned away to hide a smile. He gave an awkward laugh and said: 'Them's fine oysters. I'll bring a couple of the boys in to sample them.' 'Sure enough,' he brought two friends a half hour later. The friends no sooner saw the appetizing rubber oysters than, setting down their beer, they each sunk their teeth in one."

"They, too, sent in friends for oysters. I fried up no less than three old doormats and two overshoes that April Fool. The whole town laughed, and the papers printed funny stories about my joke. My joint got real popular."

"In short, I was saved—saved from bankruptcy by rubber oysters."

WHEN THE BODY IS ASLEEP

University Professor Tells of Results Noted After a Series of Experiments.

Prof. R. M. Wenley of the University of Michigan, has just concluded a series of experiments, the results of which seem to completely disprove a long accepted theory as to the cause of sleep. It has been said that natural loss of consciousness is due to a lessened flow of blood to the brain. Professor Wenley declares that his experiments have shown the opposite. His summary of what has been demonstrated is:

The size or volume of the brain increases when the individual goes to sleep and decreases when he awakes. The size of the hands and feet increases when the man is asleep and becomes smaller when he is awake. In some cases the brain becomes smaller at first and then increases as sleep becomes deeper.

Striking evidence is furnished that the size of the arterial pulse from the brain increases steadily with increase in volume, that is, the dilating of the arteries after each beat of the heart is more pronounced. This is particularly true when the subject is propped up.

THE CHAMOIS TRAIL

Every day at noon at Grindelwald there is a rush of visitors for the telescopes, in order to gaze at one of the most interesting natural scenes in the Alps, "the chamois trail."

Regularly at this hour a herd of 20 to 30 chamois may be seen passing in Indian file up the yawning abysses of the precipitous Mettenberg rocks, separating two glaciers, the male animals leading the way, the king of the herd keeping 20 yards in advance, and on the watch.

At the bottom of the Mettenberg, where the slope is freed from snow, the chamois find a meager subsistence when their usual feeding grounds are under deep snow. It is a curious fact that the chamois descend to their feeding grounds at dawn, when there is little likelihood of avalanches, and return to their haunts at an hour when avalanches—for this portion of the mountain has frequent avalanches—have already fallen and the danger is past.

FLORIDA'S FIGHT WITH HOGS

Most intelligent of domesticated animals, says Prof. Shaler, is the hog. Half the history of Florida for the last 30 years has been a battle for human rights against this animal. He could roam our streets, root up our gardens, and there was positively no defense under the law.

If I were a poet I would sing a paean over his departure—for the legislature has at last recognized at least our equality. Last fall as I was entering the state an old sow with several piglets came to the steps of the car at Palatka, evidently desiring to mount the steps. The colored porter took a broom and cried:

"Shoo there, you black beast! This ain't your car nohow."—From the Independent.

FRIENDS

"I have not the least particle of faith in him," she was saying. "He is treacherous as can be. I wouldn't trust him out of my sight. He hasn't a grain of honor in his make-up."

"This is the man you are to dine with tonight?" he asked. "Yes," said she. "You are great friends, aren't you?" "Well, yes," she admitted. "Pretty good friends."

ANOTHER KIND OF SCRATCH

"I hope you take good care of your doll, dear," said the mother. "Be careful and not scratch it." "Why, mamma?" "Because you'll spoil it if you scratch it." "It won't spoil it to scratch its head, will it, mamma?"

REFUSE TO BE DISCOURAGED

Japanese, Taken Either as a Race or as Individuals, Are Ever Optimistic.

The Japs are the most optimistic people on the face of the earth. Kick a cooie and he will get up smiling; tax him and he will wonder why he wasn't levied upon long before; give him a disaster and he will say it might have been worse. He knows no discouragement. Few races in history have been so heavily taxed as have the Japanese to overcome the cost of the last war. They look upon their huge debt lightly, and when the government told them they would have to pay it they laughed cheerfully—and went at it. Commercial activities were doubled, even tripled. A smart legislative body put exceedingly heavy taxes on cigars and tobacco, luxuries all Japanese forego. In doing this the white foreigner was made to help out the struggling masses.

Horses are as rare in Japan as buffalo are in this country today. One may walk a dozen blocks down the principal street of any Japanese metropolis without seeing a single horse. The owners of what few there are pay dearly for the privilege of keeping them. The friend of man in most other countries, here the horse is judged man's worst enemy. If the country were overrun with horses thousands of rickshaw coolies would be out of a job. Now a condition in which people are out of jobs is not good for any country, and particularly it is bad for war debts, as it lets them run on indefinitely drawing princely interest.—Bookkeeper.

THE WOMAN AND THE DOG

Simple Explanation That Made Crowd of Frightened Men Look Rather Foolish.

A crowd gathered at Tenth and Barton streets to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man. The fox terrier stood in the center of the group, with wide-open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move.

At this juncture, the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet-looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her, two or three men grabbed at her. She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:

"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth!" "Poam," she said contemptuously. "That's a cream puff he was eating." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

UNDISTURBED FEMININITY

"Women may be catty in little things, yet they have a childlike trust in each other's honesty," said the man. "If they hadn't they could never have sat serenely through the situation that faced several of them the other night at the opera. I had a balcony seat. Beside me sat a woman who discovered, at the end of the first act, that she had lost her purse. She thought it had slipped to the seat in front. The woman occupying that seat stood up, shook her wraps and looked under the seat, but couldn't find the purse."

"Still, it may be here some place," she said. "My own bag has slipped down to the seat in front of me. I'll get it when the opera is over."

"Then other women began to hunt for handbags and purses that had fallen. Some found them, others didn't. But nobody seemed to mind. They had a perfect faith that the things would turn up later and settled back tranquilly for the second act. Imagine a lot of men letting their purses lie around like that!"

NO BEGGARS IN COPENHAGEN

Copenhagen is a city of 600,000 inhabitants. During a week's stay I have seen no seller of matches or bootlaces, no gutter merchant, no blind or other afflicted persons about the streets asking for alms—not one single sign of distress due to poverty. I have explored the artisans' quarters by day and late at night. There is not a single spot in the whole of Copenhagen that could be compared even remotely to the slums in our large towns. There are no unemployed hanging about the street corners, no unkempt women standing idly at the doors, no ragged and dirty houses, with dirty or broken windows, mended with bits of paper, and a ragged apron or a torn bedcloth doing duty for a curtain.—Denmark letter in London Express.

OSLERIZING SOCIETY

A friend from Denmark who declares he knows tells me that the late king and queen of Denmark put down their undoubted and even extraordinary youthfulness of appearance and character to the fact that they never had anybody about their court who was over 40 years of age. Any gentleman or lady over that age was superannuated.—The Gentlewoman.

SO CARELESS

Child—Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side! Mamma (to nurse)—Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful to butter Elsie's bread on the right side.