## TEST OF A GOOD FRIEND

**Must Be Content to Take Second Place When Occasion Requires, and Be Even Loyal.**

We must be comfortable friends, not bewildering, not burdensome.

If it be hard for a married woman to be a good friend, it is still harder to be the good friend of a married woman. Yet, however devoted her husband may be, she needs one. No one but a woman can understand a woman's troubles—small and great; but she should be on her guard even with her most intimate friend—that friend often so cordially disliked, yet bitterly endured by the husband, who feels himself outside all confidence immediately she appears.

How often have the seeds of ill content, unfounded suspicions, deceptions and misconceptions been sown by the intimate friend?

How easily could the first ruffled feelings have been smoothed, and the first dispute settled, had she not been present with her well-meant interference!

The right friend is anxious never to be in a false position. She is content to take the lower place, and would be distressed were it otherwise.

She can be loving without gushing; helpful, but not officious; ready, but never in the way.

She can praise encouragingly, and yet not flatter; counsel, yet not "advise." Hear everything, and be discreetly silent.

She bears absence without complaint, and apparent forgetfulness without suspicion. She never looks for explanations, and she is loyal without saying anything at all about it. But such a woman has to be lived up to, for she expects the same high-mindedness in you also.—From "Marrying and the Married."

## WANTED SOMEONE TO PROTEST

**Indifference of Tenants Meant That Patrick Had to Buckle Down to Hard Work.**

Patrick was the laziest man that ever tried to hold a job as driver of a coal wagon. Three mornings in succession a sadly disgusted Patrick was routed out by an energetic yard master to deliver coal at a little past 7 o'clock in quiet neighborhoods where the outraged citizens threatened to shoot Patrick, hang Patrick or, at the very mildest, arrest Patrick if he dared to move another lump of coal before 8 o'clock.

"Vurry well, sur-r-r," said Patrick amiably each time and curled up in the early sunshine for half an hour's snooze.

On the fourth morning his route lay in a different direction. At the same unearthly hour the first bushel of coal rattled down the iron runway. Patrick shut off the outflow and looked up at the windows. Not a head appeared, not a voice bade him desist. Patrick sighed in disappointment. Another volley of coal was released. Still no protest. Then Patrick wearily crossed the street and routed out the janitor of a big apartment house.

"Say," he said, "ain't nobody in any of these houses got spunk enough to kick because I'm unloading coal before 8 o'clock?"

**Laundry Marks of Foreign Countries.**

In foreign countries some strange methods are adopted for identifying the contents of the washtub. In some parts of France linen is defaced with the whole name and address of the laundry stamped upon it, and an additional geometrical design to indicate the owner of the property. In Bavaria every patron of the washtub has a number stamped in large characters on his linen. In Bulgaria every laundry has a large number of stamps engraved with designs, and in Russia the laundries mark linen with threads worked in arrow shapes. In some Russian towns the police periodically issue regulations for laundries. In Odessa books of marks are furnished annually to the laundry proprietors, and these marks, and no others, can be used to identify linen.

**Sexton, Verger or Sacristan.**

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government food expert, was talking of a "new" sort of food preservative. "They are all the same thing under different names," he said. It reminded him of the old caretaker of an Episcopal church, of whom he once heard.

The old fellow, as he sat on a tomb in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title.

"The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "though they may change the words they use. Look at me, here. I used to be the janitor. Then we had a parson who called me the sextant. Doctor Thirdly give me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says I'm the sacristage."—Youth's Companion.

**The Latest Air.**

"I'm looking for a breezy march," said the bandmaster in a Chestnut street music store the other day.

"How about this one dedicated to the Aero club?" the facetious clerk asked.

"I suppose it is written for wind instruments," the bandmaster countered.

"Well, the air is easy," the clerk shot back, and the interchange stopped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Some Poetry Pays.**

"Who is the gentleman seated in the large touring car?"

"That is the poet laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## WOMEN AT A PAJAMA PARTY

**Aristocratic Chicago Suburb Agog Over Recent Feminine Function Given There.**

"Have you heard about it?"

That's the prevailing greeting in Kenwood now and the answer to the natural request for more information is:

"Sh—, don't say a word—the pajama party."

The aforesaid pajama party took place Thursday afternoon at a Prairie avenue mansion. The nine matrons present were enjoined to the strictest secrecy, but the secret traveled so fast from friend to friend that it reached the ears of a reporter.

"Such lovely colors—the pajamas were dreams—and we all did look just perfect," is the way it passed from ear to ear. "It's such a comfortable manner in which to enjoy a social afternoon," said one of the women present, "and I believe they will become popular in Chicago."

The guests at the party brought their various hued pajamas with them, but not in suit cases or handbags. They wore them, concealed only by automobile cloaks or long coats.

"What if the auto had skidded on the way and spilled you out into the street?" was suggested to one of the matrons.

"Heavens! I never thought of that," she gasped. "I would have died of embarrassment."

None of "those present" would volunteer a detailed description of the silk slumber costumes or disclose the topics of discussion at the party.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## TRUMPING A PARTNER'S ACE

**Normal Function on the Part of the Lady in Game of Neighborhood Whist.**

I wouldn't waste an evening on a game of nice, talkative neighborhood whist unless some beautiful woman, clad in cheerfulness as a garment, trumped her partner's ace and then, noting his blank gaze, remarked:

"Oh, what have I done? I didn't mean to do that. That was a mistake."

A Kansas City woman engaged in a game of whist and her partner was her husband's friend, says a writer in the Minneapolis Journal. He threw an ace and she trumped it and he cursed. And her husband sat right there and heard it and didn't resent it! The lady promptly sued for a divorce and it was granted her.

It is not to complain of the husband that I write, but to express astonishment at the lack of self-control of the husband's friend when that really most jubilant of events took place, namely, the trumping of the ace by somebody's wife. Taking conditions as they were, ought not the trumping of his ace to have brought the husband's friend to light and cheerful laughter, not sarcastic, but just good natured and bubbling like? The event made no great difference in the world's history, or would have made none, had it been properly received. And it may be laid down as a rule of the game never to "rear up" and holler "Fire!" when the lady who trumps aces performs her normal functions in neighborhood whist.

**Bohemian Wedding Rings.**

"Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the city jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women. They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' ring cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear a wedding ring there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in a while it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for their big fingers."

**Proud of His Punishment.**

The very poorest folk are proud of something or another. They like to be marked off from their neighbors, and no price is too heavy to pay for the distinction. A British naval officer was stopped by a dock laborer who claimed to have been shipmates with him a quarter of a century before. The officer had forgotten all about it, nor could he remember.

"There was me and my brother, sir," prompted the man, reproachfully; and this touched a chord of memory.

"I tell you what I do remember about you and your brother. The day I left the ship you were both strung up, one for three dozen, the other for four, but which was which——"

"I was the four dozen," said the laborer, proudly.

**Respect Forfeited.**

"Biggins and his wife are going to have trouble," said Mrs. Bridgeton.

"Why, he is absolutely devoted to her!"

"I know he is. But how can a woman love a man who persistently trumps his partner's ace?"

**Those Foolish Questions.**

"How did you get the black eye?"

"It was caused by the hatrack."

"Accidentally?"

"No; I think it attacked me purposely."

## REGRETTED DEATH OF BIRD

**Example of Tibetan Sensibility That Will Astonish Many of Our Readers.**

The Audubon society has an unconscious branch in Tibet, or one may say, since such compassion exists in that distant country, that a similar influence is unnecessary. In Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya" the traveler speaks of the sorrow of Oang Gye, the son of the governor of Saka-Dzong, when one of the caravan shot a wild goose. He was quite overcome at this brutal murder, and could not conceive how the servant could be so heartless and cruel.

"You are right," I answered. "I am myself sorry for the wild geese. But you must remember that we are travelers, and dependent for our livelihood on what the country yields. Often the chase and fishing are our only resources."

"In this district you have plenty of sheep."

"Is it not just as wrong to kill sheep and eat their flesh?"

"No!" he exclaimed, with passionate decision. "That is quite another matter. You will surely not compare sheep to wild geese. There is as much difference between them as between sheep and human beings. For, like human beings, the wild geese marry and have families. And if you sever such a union by a thoughtless shot, you cause sorrow and misery.

"The goose which has just been bereaved of her mate will seek him fruitlessly by day and night, and will never leave the place where he has been murdered. Her life will be empty and forlorn, and she will never enter upon a new union, but will remain a widow, and will soon die of grief. A woman cannot mourn more deeply than she will, and the man who has caused such sorrow draws down a punishment on himself."

I had heard in the Lob country similar tales of the sorrow of the swans when their union was dissolved by death. It was moving to witness Oang Gye's tenderness and great sympathy for the wild geese, and I felt the deepest sympathy for him. Many a noble and sensitive heart beats in the cold and desolate valleys of Tibet.—Youth's Companion.

## THINKS THE DOG UNDERSTOOD

**Mike Gave the Sign of Surrender, According to the Book, and Believes It Worked.**

Mike, although very ignorant, went out among the farmers to sell a book called "Languages of the Lower Animals." In the chapter on dogs was this statement: "For a dog to turn on his back is understood among dogs as a gesture of surrender. If two strange dogs meet on the street, and one shows fight, if the other turns on his back he will not, as a rule, be molested."

Mike depended upon this idea to sell the book, says the Montreal Herald. When near Farmer Haines' gate, Mike suddenly stopped, dropping his books, and turned pale. A big dog, with shaggy head and glaring eyes, stood showing his teeth. Flight was useless. A low, savage growl came from the dog, and Mike, falling to the ground and turning on his back, said gently: "Yez knows the sign o' surrender, sor!"

The dog was called away by Farmer Haines, but Mike still thinks he was saved by the idea of his book.

**Clerk Knew His Business.**

Up to the night clerk's desk goes Abe Perlmutter, a Chicago traveling man, says Success Magazine. "I wonder," he says, "could you find me somebody to play a game of pinochle for an hour or two tonight?" "Why, says the clerk, "I guess so," and he runs his eye over the register. "Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Gutwillig." Before long Mr. Gutwillig is found and introduced to the pinochle-hungry Perlmutter, and a game is arranged. "How did you know I played pinochle?" Mr. Gutwillig asks the clerk. "Oh, I——" begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man, triple plied with wine. He staggers up to the desk and says: "Shay, I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm lookin' f'r a scrap!" Thus the clerk: "Boy, page Mr. Kelly and Mr. O'Brien."

**Value of the Apple.**

Few realize the efficiency of apples in throat disorders and indigestion. Apples contain more phosphoric acid than any other fruit, and everybody ought to know that the best thing to do to promote the action of the liver and thereby secure sound sleep is to eat an apple before going to bed. Apple puddings of all kinds, apple sauce or salad of apple and celery for lunch, baked with cream for breakfast, any and all ways, the apple is the old stand-by which, for health's sake, one cannot afford to do without.

**Of Course.**

Inquisitive Lady—And what is this little box for?

Nerve-Racked Clerk—Oh, for odds and ends!

Inquisitive Lady—But it has two compartments. Why is that?

Nerve-Racked Clerk—One for odds, madam, and the other for ends.

**Respect.**

"Hiram," said Mrs. Corntassel, "it takes you twice as long to drive the pigs as it used to."

"I know it. You wouldn't expect me to speak harsh words to a lot o' critters that's worth $11 apiece, would you?"

## FROZEN TO DEATH IN ALASKA

**Klondike Pioneer Leaves Pathetic Note Willing His Goods to Indians.**

His feet frozen and dying in an Alaskan wilderness from lack of attention, Martin C. Harrison, a Klondike pioneer, left a will of eight words, reading: "Am dying; let natives have my stuff. Good-by."

Harrison's feet were frozen while going from Tanana Crossing to his camp on Nabesna river, a Tacoma (Wash.) dispatch to the San Francisco Chronicle says. The Indians on the Nabesna and Upper White rivers had requested his help in erecting log buildings for their use. A blizzard came up and during the blinding storm he broke through a small stream, whose cold water froze both lower limbs. Harrison was 200 miles away from medical care and wrote the note quoted, which was found in his pocket, when he felt himself dying.

Harrison had been employed as a special agent for the North American Transportation and Trading company on the upper Yukon and lately had located valuable copper claims on the Nabesna and White river. His family, which is living at Seattle, has been without tidings of him for months. Solomon Albert, a former partner of Harrison, left Dawson with a dog team upon learning that the latter had met with an accident. Harrison died before Albert reached him. The relatives of Albert are now anxious regarding his safety.

## WILY STROKE OF DIPLOMAT

**Mrs. Hobbs Had Nothing to Say After So Strong a Testimonial to Her Worth.**

The fact that Eben Hobbs had fairly won the reputation of being the laziest man in Willowby was no cause of regret to him. He sat incorrigible and imperturbably good natured under the fire of his wife's complaints. "I should think you'd 've sunk into the ground when all those men could make a good showing of what they'd done in the 20 years since Nate Pearson went away, and you hadn't a thing but broken down buildings to your credit," said Mrs. Hobbs, on one occasion.

"Lawzee, do you think I care what opinion o' me a congressman has?" inquired Eben, carelessly. "When they got through with their boasting—the whole postofficeful of 'em—I just looked around casual, and I said, 'What with my uncle William's being a master carpenter, uncle James a fust-class plumber and uncle Ed'ard at the top o' the shoemaking trade, there isn't one of you that's had the chances I have,' I said; and there wasn't one of 'em could deny it.

"And then, before they got their breaths drawed," added Eben, with a sidelong glance at his wife, "I said to 'em, 'And there wasn't another man in town had the sconce to step up and carry off Anne Rawles, which I did. A man that's always had chances,' I said, 'isn't likely to let the best one of all slip.' And I can tell ye, they were struck dumb with my words—every last one of 'em!"—Youth's Companion.

**Senator Frye's Fishing Luck.**

Senator Frye is an enthusiastic fisherman. He was once the guest of a family who arranged for him and other visitors in Eastport, Me., a picnic at the lake a few miles distant. The head of the family noticing that his brother, who had charge of the vehicles, had placed a supply of fishing paraphernalia in one of the wagons, asked why he had done so.

"They're for Frye," was the reply.

"But, man alive! There are no fish in that lake," the elder exclaimed.

"Well, Frye doesn't know it."

Frye didn't. On arriving at the lake he took the fishing tackle and trudged off, to return some hours later very warm and very much bitten by mosquitoes.

"Get any bites, Frye?" he was asked.

"Get any bites!" was the half indignant reply. "Look at my face!"

**Peculiar Case of Blood Poisoning.**

Prof. Samuel Rona, the well-known dermatologist of Budapest university, whose works are known throughout Europe, died recently under peculiar circumstances of blood poisoning contracted during the treatment of an erysipelas patient. The specialist had been examining a case in one of the wards of St Stephen's hospital.

It happened to be raining heavily, and the professor, it appears, crossed over to another ward without a head covering. Wiping the raindrops from his forehead he chanced to touch with a contaminated hand a tiny scalp wound the size of a pin's head. The virus thus entered his system and he died within a week. He was fifty-three years old.

**Hope.**

Daysey Mayme Appleton sings in the church choir, not because she enjoys it or that she gets paid, but she has always read that the big operatic managers visit country church choirs every Sunday in order to discover some singer they can steal. So when there is a stranger in the church with a fur-lined coat Daysey Mayme looks at the ceiling when she sings and throws her voice higher than anybody's.—Atchison Globe.

**Even in Aviation.**

"Do you really believe this aviator will come back to the starting point?"

"He won't dare do otherwise. His wife is waiting for him there."—Fliegende Blaetter.

## HOBO HAS TRAVELED MUCH

**Though Young, He Speaks Many Languages and Has Circled the Globe Five Times.**

Franck C. Welch of Pittsburg and the rest of the world has just arrived in the City of Mexico over the National railway from Laredo, having ridden the distance on every portion of the train except the car seats and meeting with some discouraging delays on the road, the Mexican Herald says. Mr. Welch, known to hobodom as "Penn," left San Luis Potosi in a car of imported corn.

At the tender age of 11 years Mr. Welch, now 27 years old, had a difference of opinion with his father which resulted in his leaving home. With a boy champion he started to Boston, intending to sell newspapers enough to pay their passage to England. At New York city the changed plans for financial reasons, the companion abandoned the trip and Welch having exhausted his nerve and resources was weeping on the docks when a seafaring man hove to. This person happened to have a tramp steamer of his own and he adopted Welch for a four years' voyage.

When the boy got home he was so thoroughly saturated with the idea of traveling that he has been at it ever since. Five trips around the world and to every continent of it, and 11 trips across the United States besides numerous zig-zags into its various corners, have been included in his 16 years wanderings. He has kept a record of his tramps and has gathered a smattering of various foreign tongues besides a geographical vocabulary that is rather astonishing. He claims 540,000 miles of travel, making an average of 110 miles a day since he first left home. He has not willingly stayed in one place more then ten days and he claims to have been under arrest only twice in all the time.

## FOUND BOOTY OF PIRATES

**Long-Hidden Hoard Recently Discovered in City Close to Capital of Spain.**

Word comes from Colmenar, Spain, which is less than 20 miles from Madrid, of an interesting discovery of buried treasure, concealed by buccaneers during the eighteenth century.

A workman who was digging on the site of a ruined castle near the town unearthed a number of old Spanish gold and silver coins. He reported his discovery to his employer and a systematic search was made in the castle ruins.

After laying bare the foundations of the castle, which date from the time of the Moorish occupation, the explorers uncovered a dungeon which had been carefully sealed by the buccaneers. In this apartment, the walls of which were of extraordinary thickness, were two rusted iron chests filled with treasure.

The contents of the chests were carefully examined by experts, who believe that they form part of the booty obtained from ships captured more than 150 years ago. Old Spanish and Portuguese money formed the bulk of the treasure, but many gold and silver ornaments, including vases, jewelry and ecclesiastical plate, were also contained in the chests. The excavations continue under government supervision.

**Founding of Khartum.**

Khartum is not yet a century old and it owes its existence to an oriental form of treachery. When Khedive Mohammed Ali invaded the Sudan in 1820 he marched triumphantly to Shendi, where his troops were entertained at a banquet by the submissive natives. But while the khedive's high officials were seated at the feast they shared the fate of the viands and were themselves reduced to funeral baked meats. Full of fury the army fell on Shendi and demolished it. Marching south, the invaders reached the junction of the Blue Nile and White Nile. With the conqueror's instinct they recognized that the strip of land, with its few fishermen's huts, of straw, formed ideal strategical headquarters. So Khartum finally grew into the most sensitive part of the Sudan organism.

**An Odd Mixup.**

"I do some business with a man named Darling," said the New Yorker, "and that name put me in a queer situation yesterday. I wanted to talk with him about a transaction and asked the telephone operator to get me his office. His telephone was busy and I asked central to call as soon as she could get him. Pretty soon the bell rang.

"'Hello,' I said, 'is that you, Darling?'

"'No, I guess you have made a mistake, Mr. ——,' a woman's voice answered. I would like to see that woman and make an explanation, but I am afraid she wouldn't believe me anyway."

**Not to Be Disturbed.**

A Voice Over the Phone—Is this Mrs. Tingler's residence?

The Maid—Yes.

The Voice—Is Mrs. Biddle there—Mrs. Atherton Biddle?

The Maid—Yes, she's playing bridge with her club. I'm sure she can't come to the phone.

The Voice—Well, just say to her right away, please, that her residence is burning.

The Maid—Thank you. I'll let her know as soon as they finish the set. I know she wouldn't want me to disturb her now. Good-by.

## FAMOUS OLD LONDON BRIDGE

**Men Whose Names Will Live in History Dwelt and Worked on the Structure.**

For centuries Old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters. Holbein lived and painted there; Osborne, the 'prentice lad leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewett, to the rescue of Sir William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the ducal house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the waggish shopkeeper. Crocker's dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London Bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a hugh wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland. Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century, and which, when it was on its last tottering legs, was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which is said to be nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's Cathedral.

## A USEFUL LITERARY WORK

**Good Literature and Adjustment for Ironing Board Made Most Enticing Combination.**

It was hard work selling books. The volumes, one of which the agent had to carry with him as a sample, were very bulky and heavy, and nobody seemed to want them. But the agent was a persistent fellow, and even the stubborn Mrs. Butts could not send him away unheard.

"We have all the books we can use," she was saying, "and we really can't afford any more reading matter. Why I haven't even opened the second volume of that Roman History you sold us last spring. Now, if you were selling one of those adjustable ironing boards—"

"I've got just the thing," said the agent, cheerfully. "There are 12 books in this set and you can use either one or two or three, and so on up to six to tilt your board any way you want to. And between whiles when your iron is heating you have good literature right at hand."—Youth's Companion.

**First Postage Stamps.**

The postage stamp made its first appearance in 1839. Credit for its invention was due to James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee who died in 1853. England adopted the adhesive stamp under royal decree on December 21, 1839, and issued the first one for public use on May 6, 1840. About a year later the stamp was introduced into the United States and soon afterward came into use in Bavaria, Belgium and France.

The machine for perforating sheets of stamps was invented and patented by Henry Archer in 1847. The English postal authorities would take no stock in it for some time, but G. F. Muntz, member of parliament for Birmingham, made such a firm stand for its adoption that on August 5, 1858, the house of commons appropriated $20,000 for the purchase of the patent and soon afterward perforated stamps came into general use.

**The Sin of Shaving.**

One of the severest sects of Old Believers in Russia has issued a manifesto directed against the "noxious evil" of shaving and cutting the beard. This heretical custom has, it is stated, been spreading among Old Believers during the last 30 years.

Shorn men and women with clipped beards come to church, kiss the holy cross and the holy icons, and are apparently unconscious that they are living in a state of habitual deadly sin. To make them realize the abominable nature of their criminal vanity it is now ordered that if a shorn man wishes to be married he is to be told that the church will not provide a grand wedding with singing and ceremonies unless he repents.

**In the Nursery.**

Better than chairs are low, broad seats built in all around the wall of the room. The seat should be eight or nine inches high, and from one to two feet broad, and may be put up by a carpenter at slight expense. The children may slide all along these and draw their toys beside them, and there will be less danger of bumped noses and bruised elbows from tipping over of the chairs. Little pillows with durable covers may be strewn about, for small, sleepy heads, or to make the seat less hard. Such a seat is best made of hardwood, if the floor is hardwood. If not it should be made very smooth and varnished, so that there may be no danger of splinters.

**Gender of Garlic.**

"Why is garlic masculine gender?" said the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the green grocers I buy from call it 'he.' They are mostly Italians, and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, ain't it?"—New York Press.

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