

ANCIENT CITY OF SHANGHAI

Where the Chinese Gentleman of Leisure Passes His Time Enjoyably.

Shanghai affords a curious study of the combinations of the western influence and the native city, according to James F. J. Archibald in Burr McIntosh's Monthly.

The shops of the native quarter are of endless interest and the hucksters, peddlers and beggars all form a part of the curious mixture of the past and the present.

WOMAN AND HER BARGAINS

Temptations That It Is Well for the Ordinary Daughter of Eve to Resist.

Women are such curious creatures. They continually see in the shops things that attract their eyes, and they have "the price."

The next morning they gaze at the purchase in despair. Although they admire it fully as much as they did when its charm originated that of its companion pieces on the counter, they wonder how they are to make use of it.

It is here that a woman with imagination has the advantage of her less gifted neighbor; here that a practical woman excels and here that there is no hope for the woman who, like "our Missouri cousin," must "be shown."

To one of the "brain builders" no material, however seemingly hopeless, is thrown away. When ticketed and labeled to her memory the sudden purchase itself is put away until in running through the shops, in walking or when visiting, the necessary combination seems to come. The bit of stuff is taken out and something useful or beautiful is evolved.

If you like the Missouri cousin resist the so-called bargain.—Chicago American.

Antiques.

"Speaking of antiques," said a friend at a wedding the other night where there was an "antique mirror" wedding gift, "reminds me of our visit to Schereningen last summer. We were sitting on the beach watching the bathers being drawn in and out of the water in their portable bathhouses.

Experiments in Breathing.

Scientists of Europe have lately been conducting experiments in the art of breathing, and as a result have developed some interesting conclusions. The theory is advanced that, by abnormal control of the breathing powers, the breath being held for an unusually long time, a person may ascend into the astral realm and commune with things higher up. One of the scientists claims to have demonstrated that rapid breathing of pure air acts as an anesthetic and renders a person immune to pain as long as it is maintained. Of course, after the rapid inhalations cease the pain will be felt. By a little training a person may induce sound sleep by deep and rapid breathing for a few minutes.

A Poultry Point.

"Always ask for the right leg of a chicken or turkey," said a chef. "If the left leg is offered you refuse it. It will be tough and stringy." "You see, these birds nearly always roost on one leg, the left. Hence that leg becomes very muscular. The sinews are like steel. It is an excellent leg from the athletic point of view. But the favored right leg remains tender and juicy. Therefore, as the advertisements say, 'Ask for and insist on getting the right leg.'"

TRUE TO MASTER'S TEACHING

Generous Deed of Dr. Marcus Whitman, Missionary Physician of the Pacific Coast.

For some things there can be no adequate payment in money. Dr. Marcus Whitman, the missionary physician of the Pacific coast, knew that very well, says his biographer, Rev. Myron Ellis. Once on the Wallawalla river a poor, sick immigrant, weak from eating "blue mass," was taken to see the doctor. The story is best told in his own words.

Mother Whitman came and raised the wagon cover and said: "What is the matter with you, my brother?" "I am sick, and I don't want to be pestered much, either."

"Bub, bub, my young friend, my husband is a doctor, and can probably cure your ailment. I'll go and call him."

So off she clattered, and pretty soon Doc came, and they packed me in the cabin, and soon he had me on my feet, again.

I eat up a whole band of cattle for him, as I had to winter with him. I told him I'd like to work for him to kinder pay part of my bill.

Well, Doc set me to making rails, but I only made 200 before spring, and I got to worrying 'cause I had only \$50 and a saddle horse, and I reckoned I owed the doctor \$400 or \$500 for my life.

Now, maybe I wasn't knocked out when I went and told the doctor I wanted to go on to Webfoot, and asked him how we stood; and doctor p'inted to a cayuse pony, and says: "Money I have not, but you can take that horse and call it even, if you will."—Youth's Companion.

ANIMALS' POWER OF REASON

French Scientist Advances Arguments to Prove Their Possession of Thinking Mind.

Professor Lipnary, who has made long researches into the habits of domestic animals, in a lecture the other day at the new Dogs and Cats home near Ruell, said that he was convinced that animals have a certain amount of reasoning power. He declared that a simple kind of reasoning and reflex thought must be admitted to exist among them.

Cats, more than dogs, he said, learn to imitate their masters' voices. A pet canine has different ways of asking for different things; and their cries are fully understood. This fact seems to prove that the animals make an effort to raise themselves to the level of human beings.

It is also well known that dogs, cats and birds having become familiar friends, understand the meaning of certain words without a person's gesture. The intelligence of a bird he compares to that of a child. If a strange canary is placed in a cage containing several others, all will stop their chirping and singing to look at the newcomer; and it has often been observed how one of the birds will pick a feather out of the stranger and bound away. This is merely to tease the intruder, as children are seen to do when strangers come among them.

As for animals in circuses which are so clever. This cleverness Professor Lipnary attributes to habit rather than any particular intelligence.

Reducing the Hips With Toothpicks.

One of the newest and cleverest flesh reducing methods includes only toothpicks—and a teacup as its apparatus. "Stand close up to the wall somewhere," directs the exponent of this method, "first making sure that there is a high mantel shelf or other shelf so far above your head that the uplifted hand can just touch it. The toothpicks—50 of them—are to be thrown on the floor just in front of the toes, and with one sweep of the body a toothpick is picked up and placed by a stretching of the arm, in the teacup which stands on the high shelf. This motion brings in the bending of the body at the waist, which reduces the abdomen, and the twisting of the torso, which makes the waist supple and slender and reduces the hips an inch a week.

Lightning.

Although there is a hidden law underlying each lightning flash is as fresh and capricious as cyclones say of women. Some of the incredible actions of lightning read like mysterious dreams of Poe. Superstitious savants still seem to endow it with a kind of intelligence, an intelligence that seems midway between the rough, lumpy intelligence of the universe and the discriminating intelligence of animals. Keen, capricious, malicious or stupid, farseeing or blind, behold it squirming, writhing, twisting out into space, harmlessly flickering among man and trees, or loaded up to the clouds with instant death and destruction.

Japanese and Damascus Blades.

The Japanese blade, placed almost on a par with the Damascus product in art and utility, differs from the Arabian weapon in one material detail of manufacture. Instead of having a uniform high temper, which gives the remarkable flexibility possessed by the Damascus blade, the Japanese sword has two tempers, a hard and a mild steel.

The edge of the blade is hard with the finest temper, the body and back of a milder temper sufficient to give some elasticity. A Japanese sword cannot be bent half double with the pressure of a hand; it is very nearly straight.

EASY TO ACQUIRE WEALTH

Any One Can Lay Up Treasures on Earth if He is Willing to Pay the Price.

An old confidential clerk in a New York banking house has just died, leaving an estate of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, all saved out of his wages and acquired by investment. Far from being a difficult feat, this is rather easy. Any bright boy who fancies such a career can repeat it.

Suppose an office boy of sixteen has in two years saved by pinching himself \$100. He can loan it at legal interest on good personal security or invest it to yield five per cent. In the former case, if the yield is kept reinvested it will grow to \$3,200 by the time he is seventy-five; in the latter case to \$2,100.

But the boy keeps on saving. His wages are raised from time to time, and as his second, third and succeeding \$100 come more quickly, each in turn is set on its way to grow into thousands. At thirty-five he has a salary of perhaps \$2,500 a year and saves \$1,800 of it or more. The savings of that single year, kept invested at legal interest, will grow to \$20,000 in 40 years. But already he has many other dollars at work for him—or rather for his unloving heirs. As his salary grows he saves and invests more, and still more. Probably he will see frequent chances of profitable usury. But he will never take a risk. He is a faithful and trustworthy though not brilliant employee. He does not become dissipated or gluttonous, and so has no use for doctors. His employers appreciate him and he gains their appreciation into more living, growing gold.

Of course he never marries. He spends nothing on enjoyment or self-culture or travel. In the end he dies a lonely death, and from the famous will case that follows the lawyers profit mightily.

There are probably a few boys in New York today who will do this very thing. It is in them to do it. But is it worth while?

CARES FORGOTTEN IN SLEEP

When Beneficent Nature Allows Unfortunate Humanity a Brief Respite.

I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable.

But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into the basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight, then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars.

Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of it? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

A Big D and a Little One.

When the proud time came that little Elmer was to discard kilts for manlier garb his young and inexperienced mother made those important garments, his first pants. She made them bloomer fashion, as was then the style, and perhaps she was a little generous with the material, for when Elmer, attired in them, went to grandma's room and proudly but anxiously turned round and round before her that lady exclaimed:

"Why, Elmer! You look like an Amsterdam Dutchman!"

Little sister, who had been standing, a breathless audience, in the doorway, fell precipitately down the hall to mamma's room.

"Mamma," she said in a shocked whisper, "grandma says bruvver look like a dam Dutchman!"

The Scientist's Experiment.

And they all said: "It's go—you've proved your theory and suffering humanity owes you a great debt from henceforth." And they crowded around him and wrung his hand cordially and thankfully and praised him. But I hardly saw or heard these things, for I ran at once to my little darling and snuggled close to it where it lay and licked the blood and it put its head against mine, whimpering softly, and I know in my heart it was a comfort to it in its pain and trouble to feel its mother's touch, though it could not see me. Then it dropped down presently, and its little velvet nose rested upon the floor, and it was still, and did not move any more.—From "A Dog Tale," by Mark Twain.

No Doubt.

"I wish I was rich." "Oh, you'd probably have your troubles then." "But I could find plenty of people to listen to them, I'll bet!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What He Was At.

"What's that boy yelling at?" asked the farmer of his son. "Why," chuckled the boy, "he's just yelling at the top of his voice."

MERCY UNKNOWN TO NATURE

Life Hard and Cruel for All the Lower Creatures, According to Theodore Roosevelt.

In an article in Scribner's, Theodore Roosevelt made the following complaint of the cruelty of nature:

Death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation—these are the normal endings of the stately and beautiful creatures of the wilderness. The sentimentalists who prattle about the peaceful life of nature do not realize its utter mercilessness; although all they would have to do would be to look at the birds in the winter woods, or even at the insects on a cold morning or cold evening. Life is hard and cruel for all the lower creatures, and for man also in what the sentimentalists call a "state of nature." The savage of today shows us what the fancied age of gold of our ancestors was really like; it was an age when hunger, cold, violence, and iron cruelty were the ordinary accomplishments of life. If Mathew Arnold, when he expressed the wish to know the thoughts of earth's "vigorous, primitive" tribes of the past, had really desired an answer to his question, he would have done well to visit the homes of the existing representatives of his "vigorous, primitive" ancestors, and to watch them feasting on blood and guts; while as for the "pellucid and pure" feelings of his imaginary primitive maiden, they were those of any meek, cowlike creature who accepted marriage by purchase or of convenience, as a matter of course.

IDEA IS TO DECEIVE SPIRIT

Reason for Queer Language Employed by Malaysians When Gathering Camphor.

In Johore, on the Malay peninsula, there is employed one of the strangest languages in the world, used for a most curious purpose. This tongue is called Pantang Kapor, or "camphor language," and is a medium employed by natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree, but only when they are at work.

It is a superstition of these natives that should they use the language of the district, the Malay or aboriginal Jakun, they would be unable to obtain their camphor.

The Malay natives firmly believe that each species of tree has a spirit or guardian angel that presides over its affairs, this spirit being known by the name of Bisan. This divinity's resting place is near the trees. Then, too, the spirit of the camphor tree is held to be extremely jealous of the precious gum, so that it becomes necessary to propitiate her, inasmuch as she would, should she learn that hunters were in quest of it, endeavor to interpose obstacles to their mission. Accordingly the natives speak in a tongue that the spirit may not understand. It was for this purpose that the mysterious "camphor language" was invented, and it consists of an odd mixture of Jakun and Malay words that have been curiously altered and reversed.—Harper's Weekly.

Servant's Humorous Error.

Mr. Smith, an American traveler, arrived one day in Berlin. On the way he picked up a smart German as a servant. In Berlin, every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book which is kept for police examination, so Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name. "I have already registered mitor," said Fritz, "as an American gentleman of independent means." "But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?" I copied it from mitor's portmanteau," answered Fritz. "Why, it isn't on my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith; "bring the book and let me see what you have put down." The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, in his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him as "Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather!"

Oldest Club.

There are many chess clubs in this city, but the one which holds the record for age is the New York Chess Club. It was organized in 1800, and its membership roll contains the names of many of the most noted players the world ever has known, many being active members and others being in the honorary membership class. Names also are to be found there which have figured largely in politics, commerce, art, letters and war. By the same token it may be said that the club's record of match games, national and international, held under its auspices is an inspiration to all modern players who con it.—New York Press.

Family Facts.

It was little Flossie's first day at school. Her name had been registered and the teacher asked: "Have you any brothers or sisters?" "Yes, ma'am," answered Flossie. "Are you the oldest one of the family?" "Oh, no, ma'am," returned Flossie. "Pa and ma's both older'n me."—Woman's Home Companion.

Nothing for the Judge.

"Have you," asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my last cent."

HORRORS OF OLD SEA VOYAGE

Graphic Description of Miseries Endured by the Sixteenth Century Traveler.

If the passenger did not find himself in a position to get counsels of perfection carried out, this is what he would experience: "In the galley all sorts of discomfort are met with. To each of us was allotted a space three spans broad, and so we lay one upon another, suffering greatly from the heat in summer and much troubled by vermin. Huge rats came running over our faces at night, and a sharp eye had to be kept on the torches, for some people go about carelessly and there's no putting them out in case of fire, being, as they are, all pitch. And when it is time to go to sleep and one has great desire thereto, others near him talk or sing or yell and generally please themselves, so that one's rest is broken. Those near us who fell ill mostly died. God have mercy on them! In daytime, too, when we were all in our places busy eating, and the galley bore down on the side to which the sail shifted, all the sailors called out 'Pando,' that is, 'To the other side,' and over we must go; and if the sea was rough and the galley lurched, our heads turned all giddy, and some toppled over and the rest on top of them, falling about like so many drunken yokels. The meals the captain gave us were not exactly inviting; the meat had been hanging in the sun, the bread hard as a stone, with many weevils in it, the water at times stank, the wine was warm, or hot enough for the steam to rise, with a beastly taste to it; and at times, too, we had to do our eating under a blazing sun. . . . Bugs, etc., crept about over everything."—E. S. Bates, in the Atlantic.

SIMPLE LANGUAGE THE BEST

Two Good Examples That Should Impress Themselves Upon the Minds of Young Writers.

Benjamin Franklin once decided to rewrite the Bible. He got as far as the allegory of Job. He erased the passage "Doth Job fear God for naught?" a question supposed to have been put to the Almighty by Satan. This is how Benjamin, who was bent upon making the Bible dignified, academic and scholastic, transformed that passage: "Does Your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?"

Improving upon the simplicity of simple English always has just that effect.

By way of contrast between this pompous foolishness and the writing of a gifted man with a sense of humor, I note that Mark Twain in "Innocence Abroad" tells how he left a room at night when he was a boy, having found a corpse upon the floor:

"I went away from there. I do not say that I went away in any sort of hurry, but I simply went—that is sufficient. I went out at the window and I carried the sash along with me. I did not need the sash, but it was handier to take it than it was to leave it, and so I took it—I was not scared, but I was considerably agitated."

Young men who are meditating a literary or journalistic career, as well as young men who think of writing for a living, will do well to study Mark Twain. Then they can pick up the thousand-legged Latin derivatives as they are needed from the writings of Burke and the speeches of college presidents and professors.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Noses of Our Ancestors.

Ancient white men had immense bony buttresses like a billy goat's bulging out above his eyebrows, he had brow and no forehead, and no bony bridge of the nose to speak of. So when such an evolutionary granddaddy got a sockdologer over his eyes and nose with a flat or a club it didn't much matter. He did not have to have the bridge of his nose raised by a surgical engineer, nor have his eye painted by a "black eye artist." The same kind of clubbing today would not only spoil a man's looks for life, but might end him then and there. It is pretty clear that the white man's nose is a type of the white man's mind in everything bespeaking gentle manners.

Old Pennsylvania Bank Notes.

The state treasury at Harrisburg, Pa., which frequently receives "shilling" and old forms of currency, was recently asked to pay the value of two notes of the Northampton bank of Allentown, which a citizen of that part of the state had discovered at his home. The notes were dated in the late '30's and one was for five dollars and the other for ten dollars. It was found upon inquiry that the bank closed its doors at one time and the writer had admitted it. The notes will be returned if the writer wants them or will be kept among the curiosities in the capitol.

A Diet of Wild Honey.

Wild honey as a change is an agreeable sweetener, but after a few days constantly partaking of it the European palate rejects it as nauseous and almost disgusting. Our experience extended over a fortnight, during which period our food consisted solely of it and maize. It has escaped the Biblical commentators that one of the principal hardships that John the Baptist must have undergone was his diet of wild honey.—National Geographic Magazine.

EACH ELM COST PINT OF RUM

How the Shade Trees of Kittery Point Were Planted by Patriotic Citizens.

One of the most striking attractions of the old town of Kittery Point has long been her towering elms, says the Kennebec Journal. They rise magnificently above trees of all other varieties and in summer with their foliage encompass her quaint streets in delicious green coolness, transform the fine old place into a veritable seashore fairyland, and last but not least enrapture the summer visitor.

For nearly two miles along the highway, which for the most part follows the shore of the harbor, these splendid specimens rear themselves at fairly regular intervals, though the ax has in time past brought some of the monarchs crashing to the earth.

The story of the circumstances attending the planting of the giants, as it has been handed down from father to son, runs as follows: "Major Thomas Cutts, one of the old town fathers, who conducted a fishing business, foreign commerce, a store and a tavern in the famous Peppers mansion (built 1682) conceived the very commendable idea of beautifying his native town by setting out trees.

"Accordingly in 1791 he gave one Samuel Blake the contract. Samuel's remuneration was nothing more or less than a pint of rum, doubtless brought from the West Indies, by one of the major's pinks, for each tree planted. There were originally 90 of them, and they extended from the Seavey lot, near where the First Christian church now stands, to the 'Top of the Point' or the shore of Spruce creek."

WORTH KEEPING IN MEMORY

Life's Lesson That, Well Learned, Would Lessen the Number of Unhappy Wives.

It is a lesson that men have apparently never decided to learn, that marriage is for life, not life for marriage, and that the world is teeming with other interesting things. It would make most wives vastly more capable, more interesting, and certainly happier if they could bear about with them the same conviction that the world is full of other interesting things. It would be balm to many an unsuccessful marriage. For, despite all the wisdom in the world, all marriages are not, and cannot be made, happy and successful, and certainly the fewer these failures that are flung out for public adjustment the better.

Let men and women learn to make a workable compromise, and make the very most of the other interesting things in life. For, in the end, in marriage as in life, we experience only ourselves. What we get out of life is just what we have put into it. And if any undertaking is a failure to ourselves just as well bring it home to ourselves and say: "I am a failure along that line." For, of marriage as of life, I know no profounder truth than that we can experience ourselves.—Harper's Bazar.

Wrinkles.

One of the chief causes of wrinkles among girls who are "getting along" and women who are spoken of as "stilly young" is their reluctance to wearing glasses when the need arises. Instead of recognizing and frankly acknowledging the symptoms of imperfect or failing sight, these misguided young women persist in straining their eyes with the effort to find the right focus for seeing any particular object until the whole face is a mass of wrinkles and the worried expression becomes fixed for good. Wearing glasses a year or two earlier—for the time being—would not only prevent the unsightly wrinkles, but also because of the relief from nerve strain, would give a serenity of expression that would take years from the apparent age. The transition period when the wrinkles are fast receding before the shadows of the approaching thirties. It is cheering to know that the shadows grow lighter with each successive decade.

The Sneeze a Good Omen.

In the Odyssey, just as Penelope had uttered the words: "If Ulysses should come . . . soon would he with his son be revenged upon the violence of men." Telemachus "sneezed loudly," and Penelope, laughing happily, urged the "stranger" who, as we know, was none other than Ulysses himself—to be brought to her presence. "Dost thou not see," she says, "that my son has sneezed at all my words?" Xepophon hailed a sneeze from one of his soldiers as an omen sent from Jupiter; another similar incident is retailed in the wars with Cyrus the younger. Theoretic speaks of a happy bridegroom welcomed by a lucky sneeze; Catullus makes Cupid's sneeze propitious to a pair of lovers, and the list of allusions might easily be amplified.

Motives.

"Brother Titewad is the stingiest member this church ever had." "How can you say so? Didn't he give you that beautiful memorial window?" "He did. And why? So he could be gazing at it with a benevolent and rapt expression when we are passing the contribution plate!"

Still Unwearied.

Music Teacher—Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked "rest?" Pupil—Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired.—Life.