

NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBORHOOD

Mr. Goodheart Experiences Joy of Suburban Life in Gay Spring Time.

Mr. Goodheart (a suburban resident)—Good morning! What can I do for you this bright and beautiful morning?

First Neighbor—I noticed you hadn't begun making garden yet, and I thought I'd just step over and borrow your spade.

Mr. Goodheart—Certainly—certainly. Here it is. Good day.

Second Neighbor—How do, Mr. Goodheart? Will you let me have your hoe for a few minutes?

Mr. Goodheart—Yes. Certainly.

Third Neighbor—Good morning. I see Mr. Spinks has your spade and Mr. Pinks just passed me with your hoe, and, as you can't do anything with a rake without a spade and hoe to break the ground, I concluded I might just as well drop in and borrow your rake. Thanks.

Fourth Neighbor—I see you are not making any use of your wheelbarrow, and—

Mr. Goodheart—I will need the wheelbarrow the moment I begin making garden.

Neighbor—O, yes, of course. But you can't make garden without a spade, and hoe, and rake, you know, and I'll rush back with the wheelbarrow quick as I see the spade coming back. Thanks.

Mr. Goodheart—Now don't forget that I shall need this wheelbarrow just as soon as Mr. Spinks comes back with my spade.

Fourth Neighbor—O, I'll have plenty of time to get through with the barrow. Spinks told me he'd be busy with your spade for a month.—New York Weekly.

HOW TO END FOOT WORRY

First Find the Cause of the Discomfort and Then Get Rid of It.

The girl who has worn jumps and tennis shoes for months will not have a happy time with her feet when she gets back into high shoes.

She should break herself in gradually, using shoes from last season for the first few days. If the ankles have swollen from being unconfined for so long, use laced shoes, so that the pressure can be regulated.

There will doubtless be a sense of burning at first. This can be eased by spraying the feet night and morning with cold water. If the sensation is excessive, rubbing with alcohol will relieve it.

Where high shoes irritate the feet from pressure, dust the feet well with lycodolium. If the sense of swelling and discomfort continues, visit a chiropodist. Much discomfort in cold weather would be avoided if the condition of the feet were watched.

If after such care the feet and legs still continue swollen, go to a physician. Often there is a tendency to kidney trouble in the fall that can be easily checked if taken in time. One of the first signs is irritation of feet and legs.

One specialist declares that much of the foot worry of which women complain in the autumn and blame on high shoes is due to excessive use of food during the hot months.

As there is no surer cause of ill-timely than foot discomfort, do not bear the annoyance, but seek the cause and get rid of it.

Big Salmon Caught With Fly.

Judge D. W. Prosser, the well-known fishery authority in Newfoundland, is good enough to send us an account of a big salmon which was caught with fly at Delaney's Point, Little River, Codroy, a short time ago. The captor was C. A. Walker of Boston and he had a fight of an hour and three-quarters with the fish before his guide succeeded in gaffing it.

The gaff broke but the fish was successfully landed. It weighed 41½ pounds some time after it was caught. This is the heaviest salmon caught with fly in Newfoundland so far, though one of 38 pounds was killed by J. F. Duggitt and one of 32½ pounds by J. Wagstaff. As a rule Newfoundland salmon do not run large, but the last few years have seen a decided increase in the number of big fish in the river, if we may judge from the fishery reports.—Field.

Finde No Hymns for Men.

The Rev. Dr. William E. Barton of the First Congregational church, Oak Park, has discovered that there are no hymns for men in the hymn books. "In looking over the hymnals for hymns that would be suitable to go with a sermon on Christmas 'Manhood,'" he said, "I found material about 'Mother's Bible,' 'Mother's Prayer,' 'Mothers in Heaven,' but so far as men are concerned either the fathers of the church had no religion or the writers of hymns have not discovered it."—Los Angeles Examiner.

Washington a Marvel.

It is not fair to call George Westinghouse a human dynamo, because a dynamo must be driven by something, and Westinghouse drives himself. He is a human power plant, a living force. If he were not a man he would be one of the mechanical marvels of the world. Today he owns more than 15,000 patents, and his own inventions number 200.—Harper's Magazine.

BIRDS BUILD INCUBATORS

Marvelous Intelligence Shown by the "Mound Builders" in Malaya.

Some birds even depart from the custom of their class and build incubators in order to hatch their eggs without the trouble of brooding. The "mound builders" deposit their eggs in a huge pile composed of dirt, dead leaves, dry sticks and other debris of the woods. Seeing one of the first time in a Malayan forest, the traveler takes it for a mere heap of rubbish, and is surprised when his native guide proceeds to burrow into it in quest of eggs. But when the searcher, after removing the top layers, uncovers a clutch of eggs of a lively little chick, fully feathered and able to fly, the secret is out. The brushwood pile must surely be an incubator.

These birds have surely "bulldozed better than they know." It is easy for us to see that the mound acts like a gardener's hotbed. The slow fermentation of the vegetable rubbish heats it from within; the tropical sun from without. The climate of this habitat is squable; the difference between the night and day temperatures is small. The vaporizing that follows a heavy fall of rain reduces the temperature considerably even in the tropics. But the birds lay only in the dry season. The mound is loosely put together. Thus air is admitted to ventilate the eggs, and light enough to put the newly-born chicken on the track of the outside world. The mound is, in fact, an incubator in the rough, practically adapted to the needs of birds living in a warm climate.

NEW SONGS TAKEN FROM OLD

Even Suggested That Sousa's "Washington Post March" is Parody on "Old Hundred."

Every now and then somebody sends in a line about how some new song is stolen from an old one. Why talk about it? Most of them are. We've all noted how George Cobb's "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" is a steal from "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets." We have traced "After the Ball" back to "Little Fisher Maiden." We have even suggested that Sousa's "Washington Post March" was a parody of "Old Hundred." And we made a life long enemy of a German friend by insisting that Wagner stole a Parsifal motif from "Forsaken."

But say! Do you remember the old waltz we used to sway to, about 30 years ago—the words we hummed, and it being, "My arm around her slender waist. Her little hand in mine?" Yes? Got the air in your head? Now sing "Old Heidelberg, Old Heidelberg, Thy Sons Shall Ne'er Forget." Reward offered for a new air.

Intelligence in Horses. "I was over at the Hippodrome not long ago to see and hear those talking birds and their display of intelligence made me think of the horses that we used to haul our street cars in the days before electricity was adopted as our motive power," said Mr. George Mulhern the other day.

"I wouldn't want to swear to it, but I am almost willing to affirm that I have heard some of those horses say: 'Why don't you put on the brakes?' when the driver was asleep at an important stopping point. One ring of the bell was enough to tell them to stop at the next crossing, and no amount of persuasion would induce them to start until they heard the two clangs of the gong.

"There was a sort of standing order in force then. If a driver brought in a horse with the mark of a whip on its hide he knew enough to turn in his badge and not attempt to make any explanations."

Apples Without Cores.

Almost everybody has heard the story of the boy who asked his companion for the core of his apple, to which request the companion made the historic remark: "There ain't no goin' to be no core." Now Justice of the Peace David Barb of Chifford, Saskatchewan, says he has an apple tree and that tree bears apples. Should any person ask for the core of an apple from the tree he would be doomed to disappointment, because the apple does not have cores.

Justice Barb has brought some of the apples to this city and exhibited them. He says the tree that bears the apples never blooms in the spring, but through some freak process it bears apples the same as other trees. These apples are without a core and they are also seedless.—Columbus correspondence Indianapolis News.

Sermons in Stones.

Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia, in one of his brilliant addresses of the drama, said of an unimaginative and prosaic dramatist: "He it was, I am sure, who in his youth, on being asked in examination what Shakespeare meant by the phrase, 'Sermons in stones,' wrote in reply: "When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the date of birth and death of the departed one, and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a rural road you may see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest town, and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place, and so illustrate a lesson in geology."

When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the date of birth and death of the departed one, and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a rural road you may see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest town, and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place, and so illustrate a lesson in geology.

OLD-FASHIONED HIRED GIRL

Domestic Service in Family Used to Be an Institution of Pleasant Importance.

We note that a so-called "hired girl" has lived with one family 54 years. What a compliment that is to the girl, and likewise to the family! The domestic service in a family used to be an institution of pleasant importance, and the relationship often extended through many years. It is not uncommon to have the same girl in the family ten or fifteen years.

In those days domestic service was regarded as just as honorable as keeping store or running a typewriter, which it is. We remember a girl at our home many a summer ago, who came from a prominent family in the country, and she stayed years for \$1.25 a week, but \$1.25 amounted to a great deal more than it does in these degenerate days. That girl maintained a beautiful way over the family joys. She was supreme and modest at the time. The children would go to her for bread and butter pieces and to have their clothes buttoned up. She sat at tables with the rest of the family. But that was in the golden age before the maids and servants came, and when a quiet and loving service was the best test of a person's worth.

We need a new word for "hired girl." Servant, domestic, maid or kitchen girl conveys a meaning of inferiority which does not belong to the case. Such a person is a superior being. Anyone who holds the destiny of a family in her fists is no subordinate. She occupies a throne from which graciousness is expected, though not always forthcoming. A good hired girl is like an honest man, the noblest work of God.

AS GOOD AS COUNTERFEITS

Real Nutmegs Substituted for Wooden Ones on Connecticut Convention Badges.

The Connecticut delegation to a Republican national convention at Chicago took along a lot of badges, each ornamented with a wooden nutmeg. The badges were very popular. The delegates from other states thought it a great joke to wear a genuine Connecticut wooden nutmeg.

Presently the man who had charge of the badges came to Senator Bradedge and said:

"Senator, we're in a fix. All our wooden nutmeg badges are gone and there is still a great demand for them. What can we do?"

"Get some more."

"But there are no wooden nutmegs in Chicago. We had to have these especially made for us back home."

"All right," directed the Napoleonic Bradedge; "go down to the grocery store and buy 400 or 500 real nutmegs and stick them on the badges. They'll never know the difference."

And they didn't.—Saturday Evening Post.

Coed Rhodes.

He possessed few intimate friends, and not even to all of them did he disclose his hand. Mere acquaintances disliked his moody silence, varied with fits of rather boisterous fun. They considered him excessively merose, rough and overbearing. And it must be admitted that he was a good hater, violent when thwarted, and at times blunt to the point of rudeness. It is difficult to be sufficiently unconventional to shock a mining camp, but he shocked it. In dress he was almost irreproachable. He seldom took pains to ingratiate himself with any one, and a man who too openly scorns his fellows must expect to suffer social ostracism and to have his character traduced. It would be idle to deny that for a time there were unfavorable rumors in circulation regarding him, or that he was, in many circles, unpopular. But, like Gallo, he "cared for none" of those things.—From His Life by Sir Lewis Mitchell.

Darn the American Flag.

"Darn the American flag," is the latest order of the government. Edward Everett Hale's hero was sent to sea for life for putting it only a shade stronger. The new order is in line with the government's policy of retrenchment and the starchy banners that fly every day from the staffs of the thousands of government buildings throughout the land will be worn to a frazzle before they can be replaced.

Not long ago the government employees were instructed to exercise greater economy in the use of lead pencils and to use both sides of scratch paper in figuring out memoranda and in writing the rough drafts of letters. Now the flag is to be darned.—Washington Special to New York World.

American Influence in Canada.

Wherever the American goes in force and in proportion to his sympathetic reception he leaves as a side issue the indelible impression of his vivid personality. In such wise he is changing the sedate old maritime provinces so very rapidly that you can hardly find any difference between them and Maine or Massachusetts. This is in obedience to a natural law which must bring about such results. His manners, his speech, his codings, his means of communication, whether by land or sea, are entirely reciprocal with Canada; but as he is mighty and Canada is feeble numerically, the greater, as usual, includes the less.—F. T. Bulfinch in London Mail.

HER FIRST GREAT EFFORT

Mr. Newlywed Did Not Complain When Cough Syrup Was Used for Pudding Sauce.

The newly-weds had just completed their bridal tour of Canada, and as the blissful honeymoon had ended without a hitch, all that remained for the happy pair was to begin life in their little suburban home.

This they did, and Edwin and Angeline were about to dine together one evening. The sweet young wife had prepared a dinner with a supreme effort to make it one to be remembered all their lives. Surely he would not forget this, mused the wife, as she timidly rearranged several knives and forks which her husband had disarranged with his sleeve.

Like a brave man and a good husband he bravely stuck to his task, declaring that he had never tasted anything like it, and he praised his wife for her expert cooking.

"Really, darling," she cooed, "on your word of honor, do you like what 'wife' provided and cooked for you?" "Like it!" he answered. "Why, I never tasted anything like it in my life," suppressing a shudder.

"Everything from soup to pudding?" she persisted.

"Yes, sweetest, every mouthful." "O, darling, how relieved I am," she added. "I was afraid lest you would complain. You see I quite forgot to order the sirup for the pudding sauce. I had to get something, so I took your cough sirup. But I was afraid you'd taste it."

LOSE LITERAL APPLICATION

Three Old Portuguese Proverbs Which Will Likely Fall Into Desuetude.

There are three very old Portuguese proverbs which will now be likely to fall into desuetude, or which will, at least, have lost their literal application.

They are the following: "Querels que vos sirva, bom Rey, daine, de que viva." (Would you have me serve you, good king, give me the means of living.) "Qual o Rei, tal a lei; qual a lei, tal a grei." (Like king, like law; like law, like people.) "Ao Rey pertence usar de franquesa, pois tem por certo nao cahir em pobreza." (It befits the king to be liberal, for he is sure of never falling into poverty.) There do not appear to be so large a number of proverbs in the Portuguese language, which may be differentially compared with English ones, as there are in the French, Spanish, German and some other languages.

There are many which are practically identical with the English, while there are naturally others having no equivalent in the English language. "Ao homem osado a fortuna lhe da a mao." ("To the bold man fortune holds out her hand.") is very similar to our "Fortune favors the brave."

Is There No Romance?

Because our young dramatists have begun to get hold of the life about them, must they always treat it as farce or photography and cease entirely to follow the glimmer of romance or the fairy fancy of childhood or the laughter that is close to tears?

Must there be no poetry on our stage any more—which does not at all necessarily mean good, honest and sane poetry, but poetry in the sense of the old Greek word, "poiesis," or "making?" And we not to see Miss Penobdy's "The Piper," just because it does not happen to be in the style of "Baby Mine"? It would be good even to see the old E. H. Sothers, in sword and cloak, making love over a sun dial in a moonlit garden, just to recall to our minds that such things still be in the world. It would be good to see something—anything—idyllic and graceful, and quiet and full of verbal felicity a world away from this wilderness of vulgar slang.

Anti-Burglar Device.

An English electrician, C. E. Kelsey, professes to have invented an apparatus which will make the activity of the burglar and perhaps of the holdup man somewhat precarious. The apparatus can be fixed in front of a hotel, shop or other building or within a residence and by pressing a button a Herizian wave signal is transmitted over an area with radius of two hundred to three hundred yards, reaching any vehicle fitted with a receiver. The waves pass through buildings and sound a bell or buzzer attached to a taxicab or to a policeman's helmet, where an indicator will show where the cab or policeman is required, the bell or buzzer being sounded once, twice or three times, according to the nature of the call. When the burglar hears a burglar in the house all that will be necessary, says the inventor, will be to press the button and the policeman will do the rest.

Pennsylvania Hunters.

The extent to which the state's forestry reserves are used by hunting and camping parties is shown by the fact that over 600 permits to enter state land have been issued so far this year. These permits include 3,550 persons, many of them hunters.

The increase of visitors to state lands for the purpose of recreation has been notable and some of the properties which the state has acquired to safeguard water sheds and timber supplies have proved to be popular camping grounds.—Philadelphia Record.

FORMOSAN WEDDING RITES

A Reluctant Bride and a Porcine Sacrifice at London's Coney Island.

With full Formosan rites, including the public sacrifice of a pig, two inhabitants of the Formosan village at London's White City were married recently. The bridegroom was Sarongai Busabree, a young man of twenty-four, with the reputation of a mighty hunter among his fellow tribesmen; and the bride was Eugisaeala, a maiden of twenty-one.

At an early hour the village was garlanded with corn and leaves and the native occupants bedecked themselves with finery. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom were temporarily separated from the other natives, who occupied the time in making a procession round the exhibition, carrying instruments of war and chanting weird songs. After this they assembled in an open hut in the center of the village and two sturdy men appeared carrying the pig, which was screaming lustily. It was killed instantly with a spear thrust through the heart and the carcass was singed over a fire of rushes, skinned and cut into small pieces. The pieces were placed in pots and set to boil over charcoal fires. Before this had happened the bridegroom had to fetch the bride. She offered resistance and wept a great deal, but seizing hold of her the lover placed her upon his back and carried her to the open hut, where all the company squatted round a table raised two or three inches from the ground. Then the food was fetched, the pieces of semi-cooked food being handed round with chopsticks. The feast was interspersed with weird chanting. The chief theme was supplied by the words:

"We are now one; we love each other."

The proceedings lasted well into the evening. The bride preserved a most stolid demeanor throughout, but the crowd of Europeans were hugely delighted and cheered and clapped enthusiastically.—London Graphic.

The minister leaned toward the conductor and told him who he was and what he had in the basket. The conductor looked rather doubtfully at the basket, and then at the reverend gentleman, and, shrugging his shoulders, stalked away.

"Well, blast me," he muttered, "I never saw nothing in the rules against carrying a lion, and I can't put the preacher off."—Philadelphia Times.

ANKLETS COMING IN AGAIN

Present Fashion of Short Skirts Responsible for Return to Barbic Shackles.

Anklets are now to be purchased in the West end, but we should say the sale for the barbaric shackles will be limited. There are certain to be a few women, to whom freak fashions specially appeal, who will adopt the new idea, though the sensible, level-headed English girl is not likely to take it up.

The anklet idea is the outcome of the present fashion of very short dresses, high-heeled patent leather shoes, and brightly-colored stockings, which in itself is bad enough without the addition of a bangle to further attract attention. The "fashion," it goes without saying, comes from Paris, where it has been taken up to an extent, but only by those inclined to eccentricity in dress.

But, after all, the wearing of anklets would be merely the revival of an old fashion. Three generations ago it was not unusual to see a bangle round the ankle, and a famous wearer of this ornament was the wife of the third duke of Cleveland, the old duchess who died in 1833, at the age of ninety-one. She had very small feet, and, to display them, would often sit upon a table, and let her anklet fall down over her foot. One day a friend equally proud of her small foot, asked the duchess—or Lady Caroline Powlett, as she was in her younger days—if she might try and get the anklet over her foot. Lady Caroline consented, and, to her great disgust, her friend was able not only to put it on, but to kick it off, so easily did her foot go through it.

Rocketeer Enjoys This One.

When he was motoring Mr. Rockefeller was a random story-teller and joker. He once told me that if he could not tell stories and could not joke he would have been, dead forty years ago. To illustrate his taste in stories and fun, let me recall a few. Here is one Mr. Rockefeller credited to his New York lawyers:

A farmer was driving a team of horses with a heavy load up a steep hill. Down the hill came a man in a little, light buggy and cried out: "If you do not turn out for me I will serve you the same as I did another man I passed back yonder."

At this the farmer with the heavy load turned out. When the other man had passed the farmer stopped his horses and called after him. "Hey, what did you do to the fellow back there?"

"Oh," was the answer, "I turned out for him." This story of a successful bluff seemed to tickle Mr. Rockefeller hugely.—American Magazine.

An Island for Sale.

The Isle of Lewis, the principal island of the Outer Hebrides, is to be sold by order of Major Matheson. It extends about 500,000 acres, the island provides sport with deer, grouse, woodcock and snipe and it has three salmon rivers.

The principal mansion, known as Lewis Castle, standing in 200 acres of grounds, overlooks Stornoway. It was visited by King Edward and Queen Alexandra in 1904. It has also been visited by King George, and the late Duke of Edinburgh on one occasion spent a week there. The population of the island is about 25,000, of which Stornoway has about 4,000, the majority of the remainder being crofters.—London Standard.

A QUESTION OF THE RULES

Conductor Could Find Nothing Against Carrying Lions, So Preacher Stayed On.

Rev. Dr. C. H. Woolston, widely known because of his use of object lessons in his church at Port Richmond, and who is probably the only minister in the world that took a live lion to church with him, told the following story of that event at the Lemon Hill assembly week services the other day. To be sure the lion was only two or three weeks old, but it was a live lion just the same.

Doctor Woolston put the animal in a basket and took it aboard a street car. He explained that a baby lion cries much like a distressed cat mew. When he got on the car the lion didn't like the motion or the close confinement and started in to bewail the fact.

According to the doctor, a woman across the car spoke with some slight acrimony of any man who would carry a poor cat in a basket. Doctor Woolston was not moved to compassion and the noise continued. Finally the woman called the conductor, who in turn went to Doctor Woolston. "My dear sir," he said, "it's against the rules to carry cats on these cars."

"Is it?" asked the minister, and said no more.

Meanwhile the sounds kept up and the conductor got angry.

"Sir," he said, "you must not be allowed to break the rules. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to get off the car unless you dispose of the cat."

The minister leaned toward the conductor and told him who he was and what he had in the basket. The conductor looked rather doubtfully at the basket, and then at the reverend gentleman, and, shrugging his shoulders, stalked away.

"Well, blast me," he muttered, "I never saw nothing in the rules against carrying a lion, and I can't put the preacher off."—Philadelphia Times.

PURE CONTEMPT OF COURT

Irate Driver Would Have Magistrates Wear Their Gowns on the Street.

Magistrate O'Connor was picking his disgruntled way through the rain the other day, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star. He had hailed a street car from the pavement, and sheltered under his umbrella made for the rear platform, when a four ton furniture van whirled on him, drawn by three bristly trotting horses. Magistrate O'Connor escaped demerit by a brisk side-wise leap. He called a remonstrance to the driver. As far as he could see, that personage had his head thrust around the corner of the furniture van, while he called back interesting items to the magistrate. Magistrate O'Connor chased him in the street car, caught him at a blockaded corner and had him arrested. The driver appeared before Magistrate O'Connor himself, when the latter had gotten into his silk robe of office.

"I could send you to the workhouse," said the still angry magistrate, "but I will let you off with a fine of \$5. I intend this as a warning to all reckless drivers." The driver looked at Magistrate O'Connor sullenly, and thrust his hand into his pocket. He peeled off five ones and started for the clerk's desk to pay.

"Hold on there," said Magistrate O'Connor, gathering up a bunch of his silk gown in nervous hands. "Haven't you anything to say for yourself?" "Yes," said the driver, sourly. "They ought to make you guys wear them Mother Hubbards on the street, so's a feller could dodge yuh."

Cement Supplanting Lumber.

Two years ago there was an over production of 100 per cent starting cement manufacturers in the face, as the estimated capacity of the plants at that time was 160,000,000 barrels per year and the consumption only 50,000,000. Present conditions indicate a consumption of 75,000,000 barrels this year. This increased demand, coupled with the fact that large eastern manufacturers for two years have sold large quantities south and west at unprofitable figures, has caused the advance. The increase, we believe, is largely due to the sale of Portland cement to farmers and other small consumers and the general prosperity of the south and west. Western dealers report sales of sixteen barrels of cement per 1,000 feet of lumber, against one barrel per 1,000 feet five years ago.—Manufacturers Record.

She Changed Her Mind.

Henry B. Harris relates a story of an actress very well-known, both in this country and in England.

A manager desired her services very much for a part which he had, which fitted her personality. The actress insisted that she be featured and on this point the manager demurred. Finally it was agreed between them that if she scored a hit her name in all advertising matter should be twice the size of that of the rest of the cast.

The dramatic critic in his review of the play, unmercifully roasted the performance of this actress, and gave all the rest of the company fine notices.

Along about 11 o'clock the following note was sent to this manager:

"Dear Mr.—: I have reconsidered by ultimatum, and you needn't feature me."