

COW'S HORN NURSING BOTTLE

Description of Old-Time Baby Raising That Will Make Modern Mother Shudder.

The original nursing bottle was a cow's horn, to the small end of which were sewn two pieces of leather, as a finger of a glove, and the infant drew its nourishment between the stitches.

CARICATURES ON THE STAGE

Appeal to Playwrights to Make Their Characters a Little More True to Nature.

At the anniversary festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund J. L. Griffiths, United States consul general, spoke a word of appeal for some improvements in the drama.

Naming the Gerrymander.

The gerrymander was christened in 1813, although it must have been in operation long before that. A staunch old Federalist, Gov. Elbridge Gerry, controlled through his legislature the redistricting of Massachusetts under the census of 1810.

In the office of Benjamin Russell, an ardent Republican editor, hung a map of the state as newly subdivided by Gerry and his men.

Catching Speed.

Two wild-eyed horses wearing dilapidated harness and drawing a battered delivery wagon stopped at the stable door.

Originator of Mothers' Day.

Mrs. Anna M. Jarvis, the originator of mothers' day, is said to be a typical Quakeress of the old school. Her subject in having one day in each year set apart for mothers is because of her gratitude to her own mother.

The Test.

Madge—I refused Jack eight times before finally saying "yes."

Persevering.

Patience—Say that isn't the tooth I want pulled.

Me Got It.

Lady—Yes, I've an umbrella that needs mending, but how am I to know that you will bring it back?

Umbrella Mender—Have no fear, mum.

Umbrella Mender—Have no fear, mum. I'll charge more for mending than I could sell the umbrella for.

PAID PENALTY OF RASHNESS

Snake Charmer Finally Killed by Reptile Which She Had Made Her Particular Pet.

Miss X—, a snake charmer well known among show people, firmly believed that one of her snakes was really fond of her. She could do anything with it—fondle it, kiss and caress it.

And then, one day, without any warning, directly after a performance, when she was caressing it in her own room, the snake suddenly threw back its head, looked at her steadily, and with lightning-like swiftness struck her between the eyes, leaving two tiny punctures.

SACRED MOUNT OF ARARAT

People of Vicinity for Many Years Considered Its Heights Impenetrable to Soals.

"Ararat is not a mountain that is climbed every day, or even every year," says a writer. "Seventeen ascents have been recorded. When James Bryce, unaccompanied, made his remarkable ascent in 1876 he was told by every one whom he met in the vicinity of the mountain that the top had never been reached, and what was more, it never could be.

"Had not St. Hagop tried again and again to reach the summit in order to silence the skeptics about the ark, but found himself each morning on waking quietly deposited at the base, whence he started? Finally an angel presented him with a piece of the ark for his pains, but told him to cease his attempts to reach the forbidden ground.

"That was in the fourth century of our era, but the piece of the ark is still to be seen at the monastery of the Echmiadzin, where dwells the catholicos of the Armenian church. That Russian or a stray lone Englishman had really reached the top of Ararat was not to be thought of."

Foretold in a Dream.

A fatal accident that was foretold in a dream was described yesterday in an inquest at Old Hill, near Birmingham, on the body of a miner named Benjamin Westwood, who was killed at the Fry Colliery.

His brother William said that on Tuesday night he had a dream, and in it he saw his brother killed. He added: "I did not go to work on Wednesday morning, for my dream made me so ill that I was unable to do any work since."

"In my dream I saw a considerable quantity of coal fall from the roof on to my brother, knock him down and kill him, and from what those who witnessed the accident have told me, my dream was fulfilled. I did not go to my brother's house to warn him, as I was too ill to leave home."—London Chronicle.

100,000 Beggars in Gotham.

One hundred thousand beggars, of whom 8,000 are professionals, infest New York city, the world's richest city, at present, according to Charles K. Blatohly, superintendent of the Joint Application Bureau of the Charity Organization society. This means that vagrancy is more widespread in New York than ever before, presenting a situation that is viewed with considerable apprehension.

Lifting the Jonah.

"Jim, how much do I owe you? Twenty-three dollars, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Over for how long?"

"For two years."

"Yes. Well, I begin to believe that \$23 is an unlucky number to owe a man."

"Good!"

"So here's a dollar—that cuts it to twenty-two, doesn't it? Goodbye."

Me Got It.

Lady—Yes, I've an umbrella that needs mending, but how am I to know that you will bring it back?

MERELY OBEYED THE RULES

How the Late Tom Johnson, in Early Life, Squirmed Out of Very Tight Places.

When the late Tom Johnson started in life he drove a horse car in Indianapolis. One night there was a big storm of sleet and snow and the tracks were almost hidden. Johnson was on the night shift, and in the storm he drove his car two blocks beyond a curve before he realized the car was off the tracks and slipping along on the ice.

He tried to pull the car back and failed. Thereupon he unbitched the horses, drove them back to the barn and left the car where it was.

"Next day the superintendent called him. 'Here, Johnson,' he said, 'what do you mean by driving a car off the track and then leaving it in the street?'"

"Why," Johnson replied, suavely, "that's in the rules for drivers and conductors."

"In the rules for drivers and conductors?" roared the superintendent. "Where, I'd like to know?"

"Certainly," replied Johnson. "It says always to be polite to passengers. Do you remember the kind of a night last night was? Well, there was a lady on my car who didn't have an umbrella and she lived two blocks from that curve. So I drove her home."—Saturday Evening Post.

NOT ALTOGETHER A DEFEAT

Bride Had Made One Reservation She Intended to Live Up To.

A clergyman tells the following story: He was marrying a young couple. All went well until he reached that part of the service where the bride has to say, 'I will love, honor and obey.'

The first part of the sentence she would say all right, but on reaching the word 'obey' she refused to say it, but made some kind of noise very like it.

The clergyman again repeated it, but she still refused to pronounce the word distinctly.

The parson now became rather vexed about this and informed the young lady that unless she said it correctly this time he would refuse to marry them.

The bride, rather crestfallen, again repeated the words, but on coming to the fatal word she again hesitated, but eventually pronounced it distinctly.

As they were on the way to the vestry she whispered to the minister, 'Well, I shan't shine his shoes.'

Making Use of the Rhine. The German Rhine is commercially the most important stream in the world. It furnishes a most illuminating contrast to the decadent Mississippi.

The United States has expended more money in the twenty years ended in 1907 on the most important stretch of the Mississippi, 206 miles between St. Louis and Cairo, than the German central government has expended in the improvement of the Rhine from Strasbourg to the frontier of Holland, a distance of 355 miles.

Yet the amount of tonnage handled on this portion of the Mississippi in 1906 was 374,083 tons, while that on the Rhine in the same year was between 40,000,000 and 45,000,000 tons, an amount from eighty to 100 times as great.—American Review of Reviews.

How It Was Remarkable. An elderly gentleman of rural appearance had hastily seated himself in the cross-town street car, says Judge, when a young lady who had followed him in approached him.

"Sir, did you lose a five-dollar bill?" she asked.

"For a moment the farmer observed her with a surprised, curious look, then said convincingly: 'Yes, ma'am, I did.'"

"Then here it is," said she, handing the bill to him. "I picked it up behind you from the car floor."

"Thank you very much, young lady, for your honesty. This is a most remarkable happening!"

"Oh, I don't think so, sir! I believe every one should return the money in such a case as this. What is there so remarkable about it?"

"Why, I lost my five-dollar bill two years ago!"

FLY KITES ON FEAST DAY

Japanese Perform Clever Maneuvers in the Air With Their Monstrous Rival Flyers.

In Japan there is an annual feast day for boys, when each house having male children hangs out strings of paper carp, which inflated by the breeze become lifelike monster fish.

"It was on this feast day," says a writer in the Wide World, "that we left Yokohama for Kamakura, once the eastern capital of Japan, now merely a quiet little seaside village."

"As it was such an important occasion, the whole world made holiday, some families hurried to the seashore to fly their enormous humming kites, from which the parents appeared to derive quite as much enjoyment as the children. The loud hum emitted by the soaring kite is caused by a piece of thin bamboo, which is stretched tightly across from shoulder to shoulder."

"This taut bamboo filament not only acts as an aerial harp but bends the whole kite, so that its surface is concave instead of being, as in our kites, a plane. The noise when some three-score or so of these monsters are in the air at the same time is deafening."

"The Japanese kite has no tail, but is furnished with numerous long, streamers. Great competitions are held by the owners of the kites, and occasionally a mimic battle will be fought in the air, the rival factions endeavoring by means of powdered glass, which has been previously worked into a definite length of the kite strings, to saw through a rival's string, and so bring the vanquished kite tumbling ignominiously to the ground."

UNCLE CAL GOOD REASONER

Fired Question at Camp Fire Astronomer That Probably Was Hard to Answer.

"The late George Cary Eggleston was in the Confederate army," said a New York editor, "and, as Memorial day approached, he would narrate at the Authors' club many a memory of war times."

"I liked to hear his yarns about the child-like minds of slaves. He once told me, for example, about a grizzled slave named Uncle Cal, body servant to his colonel."

"As Eggleston sat before a camp fire one coolish autumn evening, watching Uncle Cal mend the colonel's coat, the crimson and gold glory of the autumn sunset turned the talk to astronomy, and Eggleston said: 'You see, Uncle Cal, the world is round, like an apple, and it goes round, too—round and round it goes all the time.'"

"His round an' hit goes round," said Uncle Cal, skeptically. "But what I want to know is, what holds it up?"

"Why, you see, Uncle Cal," said Eggleston, "the world goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up—by attraction, you know."

"Uncle Cal gazed from his coat mending to Eggleston with a patronizing smile.

"Honey," he said, "Ah reckon yo' hain't gone far 'nough in yo' reasonin'. Fo', if yo' surmisation was correct, what would keep de world up when the sun went down? Answer me dat, honi!"

Man That Looked Like Tom Reed. I remember meeting the late Fred-ERIC P. VIBERT DOWNTOWN one day some years ago. Our talk was interrupted by his pausing to regard very intently the figure of a passerby of almost herculean size. He said in his quiet way: "There is the man I have been looking for—and I don't know him! I wish I did. You see it is like this: I have an order from the State of Maine to paint a full length life size portrait of the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, whom I never saw. Now the man who has just passed has Reed's figure almost identically, as I gather from some very good photographs given me. If I could only get this man, or some one like him, to give me a few sittings for the figure, it would help out. But I have got to do the best I can." And he did, he always did.—From a letter in the Boston Transcript.

Teethpick Industry Threatened. Maine's great-teethpick industry is threatened. It is reported that the bottom has dropped out of the market, and that manufacturing in the new concrete mill of the International Manufacturing company will be curtailed. Within a few weeks the little month crowbars have been worth \$18 a case at wholesale, and today they are quoted at \$8, which is less than the cost to manufacture. The popular stock now on hand will be made into matches. To sum up, there is evidently a glut in the market, but nobody seems to know how it occurred. With one mill at Strong and two at Dixfield, all within a radius of 30 miles, three-fourths of the wooden teethpick industry of the world is represented.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Big Sailfish on French Coast. A huge sailfish, a fish rarely met with in the Atlantic, has been captured by fishermen of Concarneau, France, and towed to that port. The fish measures eight meters long and four meters in circumference and weighs four tons.

The fishermen are greatly disturbed over the presence in the vicinity of the fish's female companion, who followed her captured lord throughout the whole of the night he was being towed to port.

Primitive Canadian College. A great institution in embryo is the remarkable Emanuel college at Saskatoon, in the diocese of Saskatchewan. At the present time sixty young men are being trained there under Principal Lloyd to meet the rapidly growing demand for young clergymen in the vast territory of western Canada.

A picture of this college shows a lot of wooden huts of the simplest species, standing on the open prairie. Two towers rise in shades also. The men have nowhere to sit except in the lecture rooms or in their bunks.

She Probably Was Worth It. "I proposed last night and today I have to see the girl's father."

"A painful ordeal."

"Yes; I feel morally certain that he is going to borrow at least \$50."

WANT TO LEARN TO MILK?

One Way in Which City People Prepare for Their Vacations in the Country.

In the vast literature that is distributed daily, in one section of the upper west side, is a leaflet which urges every reader to prepare for country pleasures by learning to milk a cow, says the New York Times.

Then follows the address of a cow that is willing to furnish practice for the neophyte. She is an amiable-looking animal tethered in a roomy stable. "Want to learn to milk?" asks the cow's owner.

The visitor doesn't; she just wants to find out if anybody else does. "Sure!" says the owner. "Lots of 'em! Get my milking done for nothing nowadays. Somebody comes to practice three times a day. You see, come oftener if I'd let 'em. You see, one of the first things the real city folk do when they get into the country for a week or two is to tackle a cow and a milk pail. This is accomplished surrounded by spectators. The farmer's family, anyhow, looks on, and maybe several city folks."

"There are unlimited ways in which a fellow can make a fool of himself, but he can achieve absolute idiocy easiest by milking a cow for the first time. Contrarywise, nothing gives a man's reputation for coolheadedness such a boost as to come through the ordeal creditably. Apparently a lot of New Yorkers have decided to make a name for themselves by milking a cow without being kicked over, for I have just rented another cow to accommodate all the people who want to learn."

ANSWERING A CAMPAIGN LIE

Politician of Long Ago Was Resourceful and Knew With Whom He Had to Deal.

"A man was sent to jail recently in England," said a western senator in Washington, "for circulating a false report that King George had contracted a morganatic marriage while he was a young sailor, stationed at Malta."

"Since the morganatic marriage is one of a king's privileges, it is rather surprising that King George, in prosecuting this case, holds that it touches his honor."

The senator smiled. "However," he continued, "the king evidently disapproves of morganatic unions as strongly as the political supporters of Adams disapproved of a royal marriage for their candidate."

"A western supporter of Adams complained to a friend that somebody had been telling the voters that Adams had married a daughter of George III., an untruth which, he averred, would lose Adams every vote in the west."

"If that is the case," said his friends, "why not contradict the yarn at once?"

"Oh," replied the partisan, "that would not be of the slightest use; you don't know these westerners. They are pig-headed. They will believe anything and unbelieve nothing. No, we must not contradict this wicked lie; we must allow that Adams did marry a daughter of George III., but we must swear that Jackson, his opponent, married two of George III.'s daughters!"

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MONEY WEARS OUT QUICKLY

Enormous Wastage Through Circulation on British Gold and Silver Coins.

It is the duty of each loyal subject of the British crown not merely to refuse gold coin that is under a certain weight but to break it.

"Every person," the act reads, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break or deface such coin tendered to him in payment and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

But in spite of this act it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be under weight or spurious. Some months ago a Grimby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing machine, and as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund ten shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually a hundred million pounds in gold coin in England, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months seventy thousand pounds worth of gold and silver are rubbed off into the dust.

PHOTOGRAPHY NOT NEW ART

For Centuries Idea Has Been Understood But Only Recently Has It Been Perfected.

The first sunlight photograph of a human face was obtained in 1839 by Prof. John William Draper of New York university by the daguerreotype process. The centenary of Draper's birth has just been celebrated.

As long ago as the year 990 a Grecian princess, Eudoxia Makremboessa, observed and recorded what is supposed to have been the first photochemical reaction. Fabricius in 1556 discovered the darkening of silver chloride when exposed to light, and in 1727 J. H. Schulze, a German philologist, utilized the discovery for copying. The method was, of course, crude. Some years thereafter J. A. C. Charles prepared in France stunts shadow photographs, and Thomas Wedgwood made a camera and sought to take photographs on silver nitrate paper. They were not successes.

In 1816 Niepce invented a heliographic process. Daguerre became his partner in 1839 and together they perfected the process. Professor Draper carried the work forward and astonished the world with his photographic reproductions of the human face. Since that time photography has developed year by year, passing through the snapshot stage and on to motion pictures.

Women Police for German Cities. Berlin and Dusseldorf have decided to employ women police officers, and the capital city has already engaged a staff of 30. But their duties are strictly circumscribed. They are to concern themselves only with offenses against children, especially of the baby-farming variety, and in order that they may be properly equipped for the task they are empowered to break into any house where they believe that children are being ill treated. This drastic action is the result of several unpleasant scandals which the authorities are determined to check, but it would be interesting to know how these women police will proceed to break their way into a house that is barred and bolted against them. To invoke the brute strength of the male creature would be humiliating.

He Claimed Her Fossiness. A somewhat fussy elderly lady had asked the conductor for a transfer. "You'll be sure to tell me when we come to my transfer station, won't you, conductor?" she asked sweetly. "Yes'm," said the conductor wearily.

The next time he passed through the car the elderly lady, remembering the ways of conductors, said to him again:

"You won't let me go past my transfer station, will you, conductor? You'll be sure to tell me when I get there, won't you?"

The conductor sighed and looked at her gently and sadly. "I won't have to tell you, lady," he said. "I won't have to tell you, 'cause you'll ask me every time we come to a transfer station if that's where you get off."—Ex change.

Why He Is a Vegetarian. "Then to be converted you must have gone through an excess of sin, just like St. Augustine?" For a seasoned warrior was refusing all meat as dainties and choosing the vegetables. And he told why in answer to the casual question. He had been besieged in Mafeking. There was nothing but meat to eat there for quite a long time. He ate meat for weeks on end. And he does not want to eat any more. "Pass the potatoes, please!" And Baden Powell has become a vegetarian just because he had to eat too much meat.—London Chronicle.

He Knew. Miss Sweet—We all consider WILLIE the flower of the family.

Mr. Spooner—Yes, he's a blooming nuisance.