

THING HE CAN'T DO WITHOUT

His Regular Sleep, and This He Finds He Must Have at His Regular Hours.

"One thing that I find I must have," said a man of mature years, "is sleep, and in order to keep fit and able to work I must not only have my full amount of sleep, but I must have it in my regular sleeping hours."

"When I was a youngster I could go without sleep, or I could take an hour or two at any time of the night and get up the next morning and go to work as fresh as a daisy, but it isn't so now. If I cut off an hour or two's sleep now I am dull next day. Not until the next day after that, after a full night's sleep, do I come back all right. And even after my full number of hours of sleep, if these have been begun an hour or two later than usual, with the sleep continued later, I don't feel chipper; I must have my full sleep in my regular hours. I am nervous for this on the supposition that I now have strength enough to keep me going through the day in good shape, just so long and no longer; if I work or sit up later I overtax my strength and so make myself correspondingly over-tired, and to recover from this I must come back to my accustomed ways of living."

SAVED FOR FURTHER SERVICE

Good Old Teapot, Precious Relic, Could Not Be Allowed to Become Prey of Flames.

The hotel is in flames. Sadly the guests and servants gaze at the roaring pyre. Suddenly they see the proprietor dash madly in at the blazing doorway.

"He has gone to rescue someone!" they gasp.

Tensely they wait his reappearance. One minute. Two minutes. Three.

Has he perished in that crackling furnace?

No! No! See, there he comes, unscathed and scorched, but safe.

What is that he carries so carefully in his arms? It is the hotel teapot, half-full of nice black tea.

Cheers rewarded the proprietor for his noble act of sentiment.

For twelve years the teapot had stood on the back of the kitchen range, boiling faithfully away. For twelve years it has poured out its lifeblood in response to the calls of the transient world for drink, and the tea leaves in its dark old depths will do for many years to come.—Newark News.

Young Girl's Brave Act.

Remarkable bravery and presence of mind were displayed lately by Gwenie Franklin, aged 16, of New York, when she saved two boys from being burned to death. Half a dozen youngsters beset in war costumes of Indians were playing around a "mound fire" in a vacant lot when George McCallough, aged six, got too close to the fire, and his clothes became ignited. His brother, Alexander, a year older, tried to beat out the flames and the fire spread to his clothing. The girl leaning out of the window of her home saw the accident, and the two brothers rolling on the ground. She ran out of doors, leaped over a fence and holding first one boy and then the other, heaped sand over them till the fire was extinguished. Both boys were unconscious, but not seriously injured.

Seen Recognize Man as Friend.

Charles Potomack, employed by the Maverick apertures near San Antonio, Tex., has unusual control over bees. He handles them with as much ease as one would in playing with kittens or a harmless pet. While working with them he goes "surrounded and bare-headed, and pays no attention to the insects as they crawl over his exposed hands and arms or pile up in great clumps on his face. Recently he had a picture taken holding a small hive in his hands on which a swarm had settled. The bees formed a kind of long beard hanging below his waist and his entire face was covered with these that tumbled from the hive. Old bee keepers say that his feat in handling bees was the most remarkable in the world. He claims that he has not been stung in two years.

Wasted Effort.

"I want you to subscribe something to the fund we are raising for the purpose of giving Senator Bunk a grand reception when he comes from Washington. How much shall we put you down for?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Why, you must admit that Senator Bunk has made a grand record in congress. He has succeeded in making himself one of the leaders of the most dignified deliberative body on earth."

"Yes, but he's got all the offices at his disposal filled, so what's the use?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cheese-Playing Automata.

There have been several automaton chess players, but it should not be necessary to say that they were all thwarted by the man behind the machine. At the great fair held in the Crystal Palace, in London, in 1881, an automaton played the game beautifully; and so early as 1753 Baron Von Kempelen of Hungary invented an automaton that was the marvel and wonder of the time. Von Kempelen went all over Europe with the "Turk."

DISSERTATION ON THE SHIRT

Writer Uncoerks Vials of Wrath in a Few Indictments of Uncomfortable Modern Garment.

The onward march of civilization has its obstacles.

Shirts being made for man and not man for shirts, every time a man gets a new shirt or one comes back from the laundry the moral uplift needs the application of the safety brake and the emergency clutch to keep us from dropping into the cellar again.

Shirts are made of various kinds of materials. After the sewing is finished they are left for a few hours in a strong mixture of glue and concrete. This fastens the back to the bosom and sticks the sleeves together. Buttonholes are then made in the neckband, and the hand is then stepped in cement so that the buttonholes cannot be opened. The bosom is then adorned with buttons. These buttons are sewed on with one weak thread, so that when you try to button the shirt, after having pried it apart with a paper knife and strong language, the buttons will fly away merrily.

Shirts that are laundered are always sent back with the lower button buttoned in, and all the buttonholes glued tight.

Dress shirts are made with reinforced bosoms, with little round holes where the studs are only supposed to be placed. These bosoms are absolutely inflexible, and the studs cannot be inserted without the aid of a sledge hammer, which is damaging to the disposition.

The man who will invent a buttonless shirt, which cannot be starched in the neckband, will earn a monument which will be illuminated at night.—Chicago Evening Post.

AND READY TO FIGHT AGAIN

Cat Refused to Be a Party to Proceedings by Which She Officially Died.

Jerry the pet cat of the Stois family of Bloomfield, N. J., considerably startled its mistress when, the other afternoon, it appeared at the kitchen door after having been buried as dead during the course of the preceding forenoon. Jerry is of a warlike disposition, and during a recent combat, sustained such injuries that the family decided to put him out of misery. Accordingly the garbage man was prevailed on to place the pet animal in an old tin boiler, pour in chloroform and put on the lid. In a few minutes Jerry was "dead." He was buried and the Stois children covered the grave of their friend and playmate with flowers. But life to Jerry was sweet, so when Mrs. Stois opened the kitchen door later, she found him waiting for admittance. Mrs. Stois screamed and ran, but her husband let the cat in, and declared he would not permit the warrior to be "killed" again.

Ancient Painters.

Among the Greeks the most famous painters were Cimpon of Cloona, Polygrotus, Zeuxis, Apelles, Apollodorus and Parrhasius. Of these the greatest were Zeuxis, who is said to have laughed himself to death over the picture of an old woman that he had painted, and Apelles, who, according to some accounts, painted cherries so perfectly that the birds pecked at them, thinking them real. Apelles was a contemporary of Alexander the Great, and was commissioned by the conqueror of the world to paint his picture. His greatest work was "Venus Rising From the Sea," painted for the Temple of Esculapian, at Oena, and costing, it is said, over \$100,000. It is claimed that no artist was able to complete his unfinished pictures, many of which he left at the time of his death.

Upper-State Street Beggars.

"Even your street beggars are up-to-date here in New York," said an old serving out-of-door man as he tossed a nickel into the hat of a professional beggar wearing a badge "Victim of the Recent Fire." "I've never known it to fail," he continued, "that after a fire, an explosion or any other big accident there was a noticeable change in the appeals made by your street beggars. Another thing: note his shrewdness, as he doesn't specify any particular fire, but simply the recent fire. The desire to keep ahead of the times seems to be deep seated in all New Yorkers, and just after some great accident the street beggars are sure to make the most of the situation, and make their appeal to the public along the latest lines."

What He Wanted.

It was after the explosion, and Henderson sat on a rail fence gazing ruefully over the scene of ruin. One of his wheels was still rolling onward over the pile. Another hung from the limb of a tree. Other sections of the car were strewn about the highway, far and near.

"Ah me!" sighed Henderson. "To think that only last night I was laughing against an assembled car! By Jove! I'd give \$100 to anybody who'd come along at this very minute and assemble mine."—Harper's Weekly.

Après.

"Jack's little windfall from his uncle came in nicely, didn't it?" "What did he do with it?" "The obvious thing. Just as he got the windfall, he found his machine needed a windbreak."

HIS NAME MOST APPROPRIATE

"Knapp" It Was and Drowsy Delegate Proceeded to Live Up to Cognomen.

During the morning prior to the opening of the national convention, a special meeting of those delegates already arrived was held to discuss and vote on some preliminary measures. These met in a smaller hall, opposite the convention hall; and when they were all assembled in the study room, one of the members leaned back wearily in his chair and promptly fell asleep.

After an hour's session, the chairman called a vote on a certain measure. All responded but the sleeper, whose snores now and then echoed through the room.

"Here! wake that man up!" demanded the chairman, at this point. "What's his name, anyway?"

No one being able to tell, and no one following the chairman's order to wake the sleeper up, that functionary at once called upon a ballot clerk to carry out the order. So accordingly the clerk hurried down the aisle to the drowsy, shook him vigorously by the arm, asking him his name the while.

With a broken snore that perforated the atmosphere, the sleeper awoke.

"What's his name?" again called out the impatient chairman.

At this, the clerk straightened up from the unknown member's chair, and announced, to the accompaniment of a roar of laughter:

"Mr. chairman, he says his name is Knapp."—Judge's Library.

STEEL SPECKS IN THE FLOUR

Man of Science Announces Gravely That This Is One of the Causes of Appendicitis.

Dr. Edred M. Conner of London, alleges that appendicitis is due to white flour. Steel from the mill rollers gets into the flour. We eat this minute steel and as it goes round the head it shunts off on the blind side. In time it stacks up like a culm heap and irritation ensues.

A good part of the steel is absorbed, to be sure. That explains why it is not found in any of the cases operated on. But the point is, no doubt, that more than the 10-penny nail of iron allowed to each mortal is taken in and the body's magnetic equilibrium is thereby upset. The man who invented graham bread died of indigestion, but if he had drawn a magnet through it before baking he would have removed the steel particles and might have lived forever.

The wise cook today will buy a small magnet and thoroughly stir her flour with it before putting in the water and yeast. Let her wipe off the magnet every little while. The black specks that adhere are tiny bits of steel. Bread made in this way may be eaten without fear of appendicitis.

Soft-Toned Bells of China.

The natives of China use large bells of their own make in many of their temples and monasteries, writes the United States consul at Foochow. I have noticed all through Japan and China that the tone of the monastery and temple bells is very soft and smooth, due to the superior quality of the material used in their manufacture and to the absence of iron clappers, the result being a marvelous softness and mellowness of tone. The bells are never swung, being always suspended in a fixed frame, and the sound is produced by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet. This makes the soft tones which are so delightfully melodious.

Surely Queen of All Hens.

A certain industrious hen, interested in the welfare of Petaluma, Cal., has gone so far in her efforts to spread the renova of the city of eggs and broilers that she recently placed four yolks in one shell. Her sealousness was discovered by a firm of egg merchants, Whitcomb & Baker. The egg was slightly larger than normal. It looked like a regular egg until a candle gave an X-ray view of four small yolks. A hunt is still being made to locate the hen. In the same shipment were a number of other eggs containing two yolks, but the egg with the four yolks is said to break all records.

Radium Breeses for Coot.

Radium laden breezes are the very latest thing in the treatment of goit. One of the papers read at the German Medical congress was on the application of radium in the aerial state. Radium emanatoria have been established in Berlin and at Bad Homburg, and now it is to have one. A special apparatus in which radium is placed in a current of air is fixed in a room and all the patients have to do is to sit in the room and talk or read newspapers, or play draughts; the radium in solution in the air does the rest and affects the blood through the lungs. This treatment is especially recommended for all goity ailments.

Question Tea Perennial.

"I had a mighty queer surprise this morning," remarked a local stock broker. "I put on my last year's suit and in one of the trousers' pockets I found a big roll of bills which I had entirely forgotten."

"Were any of them receipts?" asked a listener who seemed to be a pessimist.

And the temperature dropped immediately to a point where everybody felt comfortable.

DIDN'T SEEM TO WORK OUT

Dog Owner's Idea Bright Enough, but Somehow Her Memory Got Twisted.

To Miss Bounce, who knows nothing whatever about dogs, and can scarcely tell a greyhound from a St. Bernard, Mr. Kennel presented a fine young Airdale terrier. He was extremely wide awake and active, even for a pup, and the young lady was kept constantly on the alert to prevent his getting into mischief or running into danger. Casting about in her mind for a suitable name for this restless animal Miss Bounce remembered that in her school days she had learned in her philosophy that "wind is air in motion." What more appropriate name, then, for the young Airdale than Wind. So Wind he was called. His name, thought Miss Bounce, also will aid me memorically to remember the name of the species to which he belongs.

"What kind of a dog is that pup of yours?" asked some one a few weeks after the christening.

Miss Bounce's eyes roved anxiously for an instant, but steadied themselves directly as she replied with serene confidence. "He is a Wind Hound."

GRIPS AS MUSCLE BUILDERS

Traveling Salesman Seems to Have Idea Which Might Really Be Called a Good One.

After dinner they were discussing athletics, and each had his favorite method of reducing or building up. The traveling salesman proudly called attention to a remarkable development of biceps which swelled up beneath his coat sleeve.

"Very good, indeed," said the professor, testing with his fingers. "How do you accomplish it?"

"My method is extremely simple and takes no time away from my work. In fact, it is a result. These muscles have been developed by carrying heavily loaded 'grips,' as we usually call our big handbags on the road. I always carry two, loaded as nearly alike as possible, so I shall not grow one-sided. I began with only one grip, and swung it from one hand to the other, as fatigue impelled, but I found that it is actually easier to carry two than one. I am perfectly balanced with two, and I assure you I need no extra gym work for strengthening my arms, shoulders or back. I almost could carry a piano in each hand if the instruments were not so cumbersome."

Actor's Proper Place.

Mahlon Ivans, Jr. of Merchantville has a reputation as an actor and takes part in nearly all of the local shows. In the last show that was given, Shorty had one of the leading parts. After the show, while he was taking off his makeup, an elderly man made his appearance in the doorway. "Are you Mr. Ivans?" inquired the old man. "Yes," replied Shorty, as he motioned him to be seated. "Well," the old man continued, "I just want to tell you something. I've been watching your acting tonight. You should not be playing in this town; you should be with Mansfield, Booth or Irving, or Joe Jefferson." "Why-why?" said Shorty. "These actors are dead." "I know it," said the old man, as he turned on his heel and left.—Philadelphia Times.

Wanted the Day to Himself.

Nothing makes us quite so weary as these elaborate, gotten-up-ahead-of-time jokes that some people stage and spring with such a dramatic effect. Our Washington correspondent told us of one of these, the other day. A man went into the patent office, last week, and said he wanted a copyright. They steered him to the right department, and he opened up like this: "This is Saturday, is it not? Thank you. I understood that you will not issue a copyright on Sunday?" "No, sir. That is the rule."

"But you will issue a copyright on any other day of the week?" "Yes, sir."

Rapid Increase of Life.

As illustrating the enormous power of reproductive increase in the vegetable world, the case of a common weed, the *Silybum Sophia*, may be cited. This weed produces three-quarters of a million seeds, and these, if they all grew and multiplied, would in three years cover the whole land surface of the globe. Darwin calculated that the slowest breeding of all animals, the elephant, would in 750 years, from a single pair, produce 19,000,000 individuals. Rabbits would, from a single pair, produce 1,000,000 individuals in four or five years.

The Wheel Trunk to Eternity.

Time is the most important thing in human life—for what is joy after its departure?—and the most consolatory—for pain, when time has fled, is no more. Time is the wheel trunk in which we roll on towards eternity, which conducts us to the incomprehensible. There is a parting power connected with its progress, and this operates upon us the more benevolently when we daily estimate it. Listen to its voice, and do not waste it. But regard it as the highest tribute good in which all finite things are received.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

RED HAIR WAS NEW TO THEM

Indians for a Long Time Insisted That White Man's Scalp Must Have Been Painted.

Forty years ago the Indians in Colorado knew but little of the white man, and nothing hardly of his ways or habits except from tradition. Among the people who went to settle in Colorado at that time was a man with very red hair. He and his party were thrown among the Indians, who thought at first that his hair was painted, just as they painted their own bodies and faces.

An old chief came up to him one day and looked at his hair very carefully.

"Ugh!" said he. And then, turning to the interpreter who had the party in charge, he wanted him to ask the man where he got the kind of paint that would color, and yet not be greasy or look dabby. He was told that the man's hair was not painted, but he would not believe it. He once more walked up to the man and scrutinized his locks, running his hand through them and looking at his fingers.

The red-haired man became a little nervous, and half fancied that the chief was calculating how nice a red scalp would look hung to his belt. The interpreter, however, laughingly told the man what the chief had said.

Two or three more of the Indians then gathered around the party, and they and the interpreter had a pow-wow. Finally the interpreter asked the man if he would object to putting water on his hair.

He saw the Indians would not believe that it was painted, until they saw that the water would not wash the color out. The man took some water, rubbed it on his hair, and then showed his hands to them. But it took four or five days of wondering examination to convince them that he had not found some peculiar paint, and got himself up in a bright red suit of hair.

CUT OUT FOR A FINANCIER

Youth Beginning Well and Father Seemed Abundantly Justified in His Reasoning.

The old man was perched upon a high stool, figuring up the day's sales of dry goods, groceries and hardware, when his son came in with a rush.

"Bay, Pop," exclaimed the young man, "if I can buy a three-hundred-dollar horse for one-fifty will you take a chattel mortgage on him and help me out with the cash?"

"What kind of a horse, my son?" inquired the father cautiously.

"Bay, 4 years old, sixteen hands high, weighs 1,000 pounds, and sound in wind, limb and bottom."

"That sounds good to me, my son, and I want to do all I can to help you along in the world," and he reached down into the safe for his roll. "How much do you want?"

"A hundred and forty-nine, fifty."

The old man gasped and caught hold of the desk.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"A hundred and forty-nine, fifty. I've got half a dollar."

Slowly the old man shoved the roll back into the safe, and said softly, "you are wasting time trading horses. What you ought to do is to go into the loan and trust business."—Lippincott's.

Fond Hearts Finally United.

After waiting 30 years for her to become a widow, George Steagart, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has married Mrs. Marietta Tobern of Hazleton. When they were young in Germany, they fell in love, and would have married had it not been for the opposition of their parents. They tried to elope, but were discovered and caught before it was possible for them to wed. Steagart, despondent and angry, emigrated, and his sweetheart, who was married a year after he left, followed a few years later with her husband, who died a short time after his arrival. Steagart later discovered that his old sweetheart lived in Hazleton. The old courtship was begun again and culminated in their wedding the other day.

Light on Habits of Snakes.

The popular theories regarding the cobra's musical car, and the snake's power of fascinating birds, are speedily by a statement made the other day by Professor Barnard who has been studying this species of snake in Ceylon. The serpent's traditional love for music is a pure fable, he says. The only effect of music is to excite the reptile's curiosity, which is excited by any loud and acute sound. The cobra protrudes its hood from its burrow, like on hearing the snake charmer's flute, the rattling of a chain, or the sounds made by beating the ground with a stick. Barnard also concludes that the power of fascination upon birds is purely imaginary.

A Wide-Awake Constable.

"Ye say ye ain't been speedin', eh?" said Billie as he stopped the car. "Nary a speed," said the chauffeur, trying to be amiable.

"When did ye leave Quinceville?" demanded Billie, suspiciously.

"Five o'clock this morning," said the chauffeur, with a wink at his companion.

"Five this mornin', eh?" said the constable, catching the wink. "Taken ye six hours to come four miles. Well, I guess I'll run ye in, anyhow, only I'll change the complaint from over-speedin' to obstructin' the highway."—Harper's Weekly.

SNAPS FOR THE ALLIGATORS

Goose Raiser Finally Found Out Just Why His Flock Did Not Increase.

The oldest of us can remember being told that "Little Hoppeep lost his sheep," but as they came home at last, Hoppeep was not so badly off as was Bob Vorus, who six years ago started a goose farm on his mill pond, near Lumpkin, Georgia.

He knew the value of feathers, and thought the people would appreciate the opportunity of obtaining them near home for making pillows and beds.

His big mill pond was such a fine place for them to swim and live and raise their young in. So he got five hundred pairs of geese and put them on his pond.

Their nests were built in the rushes along its banks and their melodious voices reverberated from end to end of the pond. But they did not increase, according to Bob's notion, their numbers were diminishing perceptibly.

A dead one could be seen occasionally drifting along the edge of the bordering rushes. At first Bob thought it might be minks, otters, skunks, foxes, or what not that were destroying them, but soon found out that it was alligators for he actually saw one of the ugly reptiles catch a goose and pull it under water. Partly eaten geese would sometimes be found.

HE WAS A DANGEROUS RISK

In These Rushing Days the Pedestrian Has No Show at All With Insurance Company.

Here was a case where it seemed as if everything was settled. The insurance company's doctor had reported that the man seemed to be all right, and the man himself had certified that he was not engaged in any dangerous occupation.

"I lead a sedentary life," he told them. "I work in an office and we have no danger or excitement."

"How about sports?" the examiner asked. "Do you football? Baseball? Do you box? Do you belong to an athletic club?"

"No—none of that stuff. I guess I'm a safe risk."

"Do you scorch?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you drive your car faster than the speed limit?"

"I have no car."

"What? How do you get about?"

"I walk."

"Risk refused. A scorcher is a dangerous risk, but a pedestrian has no chance at all. Buy a car, old chap. Sorry—good night!"

Picked Up Here and There.

"It's a shame the way they crowd these cars. The passengers should rise up and insist on getting a chance to sit down."

"You may send me up the complete work of Shakespeare, Goethe and Emerson—also something to read."

"I'd like to dance and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."

"Yes, her husband robbed her of every cent she had—and just think, she only married him because she was afraid of burglars!"

"Hello! Is this the butcher? Well, you may send me up a roast of beef, and remember, please, butcher, to have it rare. That's the only way my husband can eat it."—Boston Transcript.

Living Portrait of Mark Twain.

A singular story comes from a small town in Pennsylvania, according to Harper's Weekly. On April 11, 1910, a cow was born on a farm near Albion, at almost the identical moment when Mark Twain died at his home in Connecticut. On her right side, outlined in dark brown against a snow-white background, is a profile bust of that author. The likeness, which was plain at the birth of the calf, has grown more and more distinct, until it is now impossible to fail to identify the well-known features. Naturally, the cow was named Mark Twain. It is safe to say that the great humorist would have appreciated this joke of Nature at his expense.

Prince's "Pull" Abolished.

According to custom in China the members of the imperial family are above the law. Prince Can-Chi had been doing just as he likes recently, fortified with this immunity. There is not a hygienic law that this interesting person has not broken, and his great recreation seems to have been, to defy the police. At length to the endurance of the police there came a limit, and the matter was brought under the notice of the regent, who has not only abolished the "conviction," but the prince's recreations also, and given instructions that in future he must act as an ordinary citizen, or stand the consequences.

Training School for Burglars.

An academy where burglary was being taught on the most approved lines by experts in the profession was discovered by the police at Berlin lately. The principal, who was an old convict, examined each student in the various branches of the science before granting the leaving certificate, which was equivalent to a degree in burglary. In return for their training, board and lodging, the students were expected to pay a fixed sum and a percentage on their profits during the first year or so after they entered the profession.