

BEE BOTH BUSY AND BRAVE

It Never Seeks Notoriety But Resents Interference With a Vigor That Arouses Respect.

It was Maeterlinck who idealized the bee. The master of modern playcraft found in the busy insect a bookful of entertaining marvels. The bee is not only the symbol of industry but it is the exponent of good government, of good order, of practical socialism.

Incidentally the tiny creature is fiercely sensitive regarding its place. Its home and its right to pursue happiness in its own uneventful way in the Omaha Union depot two hive of bees fell off a truck, and the inmates buffeted and disturbed, swarmed through the great inclosure seeking the unknown enemy and speedily clearing the floor of everything animate. For an hour they held possession of the station, held it against all comers, until expert advice was called in and the marauders were lured back to confinement.

In England an accident of a similar character occurred when a hand hive was broken open in Waterloo station and a panic promptly followed. But all the stories concerning the bee cannot be accepted without investigation. The bee never poses. It never seeks notoriety. All it asks is to be left alone—and it resents interference with a vigor and effect that are at times overwhelming.

A creature so tiny and yet so resolute, that can hold up all traffic at one of the leading railway centers of the country is entitled to a good deal of respect—and respect is a tribute which the bee has commanded even as far back as the promised land, which flowed with milk and honey.

JUMBLED ORATOR WAS A HIT

Valedictorian Got Badly Mixed Up But the Result Pleased His Audience Immensely.

The trouble with the valedictorian was that he had started orations on three different subjects and abandoned two, after committing them to memory.

This may account for the fact that the trouble ensued early in the engagement.

The youth made a good getaway and was covering the ground steadily when he suddenly switched. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," he cried as he took careful aim with his index finger at the gallery. "Such were the inspired words of Patrick Henry as he faced the astonished gathering, and pointed to the throbbing lid of the steaming kettle. If he had turned aside at the crucial moment, if Hannibal had not braved the minions of the English king, the power and helpfulness of harnessed steam might have been left for the discoverers of a future age. But such is the inexorable decree of fate. Hannibal swept down upon the plains of sunny Italy, the seeds of American independence were deeply rooted, and the steam engine was given to an amazed world. If James Hannibal—I should say Patrick Watt—I mean Liberty Henry—had hesitated—or looked back—the course of empire would have remained unchecked and history would have been rewritten."

Then he sat down amid tremendous applause.

Here's to laughter! The sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocences, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead on the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangies melancholy, for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is why kings envy peasants, plutocrats the poor, the guilty the innocent; it is the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the waters of gladness, the glint on the gold of gladness. Without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of sadness. Laughter!

The First "Lady in Trade."

Perhaps the most notable instance on record of the feminine street trader is that of the "white widow" otherwise the duchess of Tyrconnell, the Frances Jennings of the De Grammont memoirs, who, at the time of the revolution in 1688, according to Horace Walpole, "being reduced to absolute want on her arrival in England and unable for some time to procure secret access to her family, hired one of the stalls under the Royal Exchange and maintained herself by the sale of small articles of haberdashery. She wore a white dress, wrapping her whole person and a white mask, which she never removed, and excited much interest and curiosity."—London Chronicle.

Knew His Business.

A negro, having won a dollar at a crap game, decided to spend it on having his fortune told. The fortune teller led him into a gloomy room with dirty hangings and misty red lights. She took his palm, traced it with a dollar, spread out her cards, and then said: "You are very fond of music; you like chicken; you have won money at craps; and you have been in jail." The negro looked at her with bulging eyes and finally ejaculated: "Mah goodness, lady, why you jest read mah inmost thoughts!"

ROMANCE IS NOT YET DEAD

Little Incident of the Streets of San Francisco Shows That It Still Lives.

At the corner of Twenty-second and Guerrero streets a young man waited for a car. Out of the corner of his eye he saw two other people waiting—a boy just out of his teens and a young girl. A sult case stood near them. The boy leaned against a plate glass window and looked impatiently up the street.

"I wish that car would hurry!" murmured the girl in a tone of voice low, but not so low that the near-by young man could hear.

"What if your father should come along?" the boy muttered. "Gee, if your father should come along before the car gets here!"

"Oh, he won't," the girl said, with a simulation of unconcern. "He never walks along here where the cars go. He doesn't like the noise."

"If your father should come along first?" muttered the boy. That was evidently the thing uppermost in his mind.

And the young man who stood near by smiled to himself to know that romance is not dead, but still lives—in the mission!

And he smiled again to think that of the two the girl seemed the cooler. —San Francisco Chronicle.

WAS HATER OF CONNECTICUT

Lewis Morris Carried to His Grave a Bitter Grudge Against That State.

A grudge against Connecticut seems to have been the ruling passion, strong in death, of Lewis Morris of Morrisania, who died in 1816. Part of the will of this Connecticut hater is printed in case and comment as follows:

"My desire is, that nothing be mentioned about me, not so much as a single line in a News Paper, to tell the World I am dead; it is my Desire that my son Gouverneur Morris may have the best Education that so it be had in England or America, but my Ex-interwoven in their constitutions, that he never be sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut. Least he should imbibe in his Youth that, Lbw Craft and Cunning, so incident to the People of that Country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions, that all their art cannot Disguise it from the World. Tho' many of them under the Sanctified Garb of Religion have endeavour'd to impose themselves on the World for Honest Men."

Gathering Chewing Gum.

In Yucatan the gathering of the chicle chewing gum is an industry that employs the services of considerable bands of natives known as "chicleros." They go into the deep forests, under experienced leaders, armed with heavy knives of special make and pal's and ladles for the sap, and each one is provided with a strong rope, more than eighty feet long, to be used in climbing the lofty sapota trees, from which the gum is procured. The sap flows from slashes cut in the bark. A camp of chicleros, where the sap is boiled, resembles in some respects an American maple sugar camp. After months of work the chicleros return from the forests, laden with bricklike blocks of aromatic gum. The finest gum is collected from the fruit of the sapota, mostly by the native women, and it is said that it is seldom exported, because it is too well liked at home.—Harper's Weekly.

Full Justice Not Done to Gift.

When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married Stuart Robson sent a check for \$5,000 to the bridegroom. The comedian's daughter, Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift. "Felicia," said her father upon her return, "did you give him the check?" "Yes, father," answered the daughter. "What did he say?" asked Robson. "He didn't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears." "How long did he cry?" "Why, father, I didn't time him, I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute." "Fully a minute," mused Robson. "Fully, daughter, I cried an hour after I signed it."

The Explanation.

A man who had been brought up in a country village, but who had moved to the city, was visiting the scenes of his childhood. He happened to meet a boy who was considered to be a little "off," and thought that there was a good chance to find out from him about the people he used to know. Among others, he chanced to mention the name of an old schoolmate. "Why," said the boy, "he has been married seven years and has 12 children!" "Twelve children!" exclaimed the man. "How does that come?" "Oh," said the boy, "they had three to one, two to twicet, and one a good many times."

A Thought.

I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned to a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many forms of rhetoric for the profoundest experiences, namely, to waste away and die. When a man can read his thought has slackened its hold.—Holmes.

HIS REASON IS RETURNING

Insane Man, Formerly Member of National Guard, Drills Other Inmates of Asylum.

A Chicago man with a large acquaintance became insane within a year, and is now an inmate at a state asylum. One of his friends telephoned the hospital the other day to find out about him.

"He's the happiest man here," said the doctor, "and I look for his cure. He is getting big and strong and ruddy and he is doing wonders for 12 other patients."

"In conversation with him, I found out that he had been in the National Guard, and I asked him how he would like to drill a company. 'Fine,' he said. 'So I got him a uniform and a sword and gave him a canceled beer stamp for a commission.'

"In good weather he marches those 12 men all over the grounds as if he were the marshal of an army on parade. His soldiers are just as much interested as he and keep step proudly. I think they march four or five miles a day."

"When they are off duty and see him coming they step to one side and salute."

"Their physical condition is perfect, and I hope to see their reason come back."—Chicago Post.

TAKING A LOOK BACKWARD

Picture of Life Upon Our Atlantic Shore as It Was Two Centuries Ago.

Brush away the fog of a couple of centuries, and take a look at this our native land, as it then appeared. Here upon the Atlantic shore, the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenseless home. He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble; his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe, and life itself was in danger of leaking out from between the logs of his hut, even if it was fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife, and a jug of whisky. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild, gloomy and desolate place. Where the Indian squaw hung her young papoose upon the bough and left it to squall at the hush-baby of the blast, the Anglo-Saxon mother "now rocks the cradle of her delicate babe on the carpet of peace, and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed to a blooming garden and its limits are expanding with the mighty genius of Liberty.—Lorenzo Dow, Jr.

Uses for Cotton Waste.

Watch a man facing the problem of grease, with his motor. He has one unfailing remedy—cotton waste. If the machine needs cleaning, he produces his bunch of waste; if the oil is dripping to the floor, a handful of waste removes it. If his hands are greasy, he doesn't use a good towel, and then try to wash it; he uses cotton waste and burns it when it will absorb no more. If women who do their own work would go to the nearest hardware store and buy this inexpensive cotton waste, they would find their labors much lessened. The saucapan, or the greasy frying pan, if wiped with the waste soon after being taken from the stove, will need nothing more than rinsing. And dish washing would be made easy if all greasy and sticky dishes were wiped off with the waste before being washed.—Good Housekeeping.

Financial Genius.

"Do you think there is any such thing as financial genius?" "I am sure there is. I know a young man who has it in a marked degree. After he had persuaded the beautiful daughter of one of our most prominent jewelers to become his wife, he went around and induced the old man to let him have an engagement ring at the cost price." "I don't see any indication of remarkable financial genius about that." "Wait. When he and the girl broke their engagement, he took the ring back to her father and got him to pay eight per cent. interest on the money that had been invested."

Good Snake Story.

This story is told of the late Dr. Emil Reich: "One day while traveling he lay down to rest in the shadow of a bush and fell asleep. He awoke with a start to find that night was coming on and that rain had begun to fall. Quickly snatching up his umbrella, he tried to open it, and finding it worked stiffly, he pressed the spring vigorously. Suddenly there was a sound of ripping and tearing and a snake fell to the ground split in two. The reptile had apparently swallowed the umbrella so far as it could!—Exchange.

Cook Without Pans.

A missionary in an account of life in the South Pacific says: "The problem of cooking without pots or pans is already solved. The natives of the South Pacific cook their food in a hole in the ground, a wood fire being made at the bottom and covered with stones. On these the food is placed, wrapped in leaves, and the whole covered with earth. The result is delicious. When cooked the food is served on leaves, thus doing away with the necessity of crockery. I lived in the South Sea Islands without crockery, cutlery, chairs, tables or beds."

MAN OF FALLEN FORTUNES

He Was Stirred to New Ambition by the Act of a Cigar Salesman.

"Cigars of the brand I used to smoke," said the man of fallen fortunes, "are, like those of many others, made in various shapes and sizes, to be sold at various prices, and of my favorite brand there was one particularly size and shape that especially pleased my fancy and that I always smoked. Stogles I usually smoke now, but occasionally, when I feel that I can spare the money, I go in and buy a few of these fine cigars."

"For one of these occasional fond smokes I went in this morning and, looking down into the case, I named my brand and reaching into the case the salesman brought out a box. But these were not of my size and shape. I indicated the ones I wanted, and the salesman brought out that box—cigars at six for a dollar, of which I now took three. I noted casually the card on the box which the salesman had first brought out, and that card I confess gave me a little thrill of pleasure and then, what was better, a stir of ambition."

"The cigars in that other box were three for a dollar, and had not the salesman brought them out to me confidently as if I were that sort of a customer? He certainly had, and I must look up. And if I looked it, why should I not be it? Why should I continue to be a stogie man? Why should I not retrieve my fallen fortunes and far surpass them—come to be not merely a six but a three for a dollar man?"

WHAT TRUE EDUCATION IS

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's Idea of the Right Development of the Human Mind.

What is an education? It is the right development, in the right direction, all the time, of the whole being, for the purpose of giving one as much life as possible for himself, and to share with others.

This means that the whole person must be taken into account. Education means more than a one-sided development of one talent or ability; it means symmetrical and manifold growth. The reason why there are not more interesting people in the world is because so many people are content with a one-sided development. They are willing to be musicians and nothing but musicians. They are willing to be newspaper men and nothing but newspaper men. They are willing to be lawyers and nothing but lawyers; teachers and nothing but teachers; ministers and nothing but ministers. And so their range of thinking, of conversation, and of action is limited. True education takes into account a whole being, with many different possibilities—a life which has in it the elements of surprise and an eagerness to know everything which can be known about a very great world in order to sympathize with and enter into the thought, so far as possible, of all sorts and conditions of men.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in the Christian Herald.

One on the Locusts.

"You know," said Silas, as he drove Mr. Commuter to the station, "them there seventeen-year locusts is curious beasts. Oh, I've watched them. I know their ways. They comes up out of the ground and they makes for the nearest tree, and they climbs up the trunk till they gets to the leaves. Leaves is what they're after!" "Tother day I seen a man standin' in the road, a-lookin' up at a telegraph pole and a-laughin' to beat the band." "Wot yer laughin' at, friend?" says I. "See all them dom seventeen-year-old locusts, a-scuttlin' and a-scurryin' up that there pole?" says he. "Yes," says I, "what of it?" "I'm just a-thinkin'," he says, a-most doublin' up a-thinkin', "what an April fool it'll be for them when they gets to the top!"

Cleaning Gilt Frames.

Where is the home that has not its quota of gilt frames, be they tiny and few or large and many? And the problem of keeping them bright, how many know it? This is information that ought to be pasted in your scrap-book on one of the pages "C" for cleaning. For cleaning gilt frames there is nothing better than a wad of fresh bread sprinkled with a few drops of benzine and ammonia (benzine away from fire) and you will find that the moisture in the bread is enough to absorb the stronger qualities of the ammonia and what remains of it on the surface is sufficient to supply the frames with a pretty appearance of newness. Wash off the frame afterwards with water in which a little borax has been added.

College Women and Marriage.

A good many women do not marry. Probably the proportion of marriage worthy the name would be found, if we could make an accurate census, as large among college women as among others. It is not a college course that takes a woman out of the marrying class, but something with which her education has rarely anything to do—native traits, or domestic responsibilities, or the lack of a calling for matrimony, or accident, or any of a thousand things which might have diverted the current of your career, and mine without our voluntary complicity.—Francis E. Leupp, in the Atlantic.

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 fine 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 380 a Greek princess, Eudoxia Makreobessa, observed and recorded what is supposed to have been the first photochemical reaction. Fabricius in 1566 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 single 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 helleographic 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 Calmed Her Furies.

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."—Exchange.

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 meats at dinner 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.

CIGAR DEALER'S READY WIT

Philadelphian Takes Advantage of Customer's Mistake to Hasten Payment of His Account.

Harry Petosky, who conducts a cigar store in Philadelphia is the possessor of an old-fashioned typewriter upon which he makes out bills and occasionally writes a letter. At the end of every typewritten page he is in the habit of putting H. P. —I. C. S., the first two being his initials and the last set for Independent Cigar Store.

A few weeks ago, in writing to a delinquent customer to remit his account, he forgot to attach the series of letters. The customer, noting the deflection in the letter, answered at once, saying in part: "What has become of your stenographer since you wrote me last? I notice you did not put H. P. —I. C. S. on your letter."

For the time surprised at the false impression he had been creating, Harry, with ready wit, answered at once: "I had to fire the poor girl this week, because you're holding a week's salary that I wanted to give her. Please remit at once."

HE WAS ON THE WHITE LIST

Newcomer Learned Why. Having Subscribed, He Never Was Banned by the Local Band.

A Frenchman bought a house in the country, and had hardly settled there when the local band called and asked for his subscription to its funds. He put his name down for contribution, which, as he understood, entitled him to be serenaded on Sundays. Sundays came, and went. The band played at various houses, but never at his. Finally, the London Telegraph says, the band called, not to play, but to collect the donor's subscription. He said: "But you have never played to me." The bandmaster looked surprised. "What does monsieur think of us?" Does he suppose that if we had played we should ask him for money?" Monsieur evidently does not know our band. Monsieur, having promised a generous contribution, is on our white list, that of the supporters whom we spare."

The Trimmer's Trick.

I took the trouble to watch a trimmer fill a basket with ordinary potatoes, writes "Tip" in the New York Press. He took an enormous potato too big to sell to any wise buyer. He put this potato on end with its crown up in the basket and then he built upon it a kind of trelliswork or bridge, piling on the fine sized, nice, round baking boys on top. When the customer buys, the potatoes are poured as quickly as a flash into a big bag and it is only when the housewife gets home that she finds the giant-sized potato nearly filling the bag, and she wisens up when she cuts up the big, fat boy for boiling. As a rule, the big ones have a great big hollow heart and inside as black as a man's hat. Nowadays they are selling tomatoes and other truck on baskets of paper and fill up the basket to the top and then pile in the produce and put on the price.

Venice.

Of the books about Venice there is no end. For the historian the Queen of the Adriatic has always possessed a peculiar charm, and there are any number of histories of the famous city-state. Of course the great reservoir of information concerning the Venetian republic is the "Archives of Venice," published at intervals throughout the years and still being regularly added to. In order to become posted on the monetary system of the Venetian Republic one would have to wade through many works bearing generally upon Venetian history. There is no single exhaustive work along that particular line, but in nearly all of the histories of the republic may be found something illustrative of her wonderful financial system.

Early Weapons.

The earliest weapons of mankind—of the cutting, thrusting, hacking and stabbing variety—were undoubtedly suggested by the natural weapons of the animals—the tusks of the boar, elephant and walrus, the sword of the swordfish and norwal, the pointed antlers of the deer and the short horns of the steer. In fact, it is well known that these weapons, taken directly from the fruits of the chase, were actually employed by men before they made for themselves any other weapon than the club. The sword is simply the buffalo's long curved horn made into steel and flattened out, just as the dirk is deer's antler made out of the same material, and on to the end of the chapter.

True to the Death.

Not long since the driver of the engine on one of the Belgian lines of railway saw a large dog on the road way between the metals. He put on the whistle, yet it did not move, but only stood and barked furiously at the approaching engine. Still on, on, came the train, and still there stood the dog, more furious than before. The train passed, and at the next station it was noticed that a part of a dress was clinging to the wheel guard. A messenger was sent back, when a dead child was found, which had evidently fallen asleep, and whom the noble dog tried to protect to the very last, giving his very life sooner than flinch from his trust.

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