

CALHOUN AT THE OCULISTS

La Follette's Story of the Darky Waiter Applied to Those Who Fear Reciprocity.

United States Senator La Follette, discussing reciprocity, said with a smile: "These fears are groundless. They are groundless to the point of being ludicrous. They remind me, in fact, of Calhoun Clay."

WHY CELEBRITIES ARE FEW

Their Absence Permits the Imitation Swells to Shake Hands in a Sane Manner.

"Even if I didn't read the newspapers I would know that there are not many strange celebrities in town now," said the young man with strong social instincts.

Coope in Fields for Babies.

That necessity is the mother of invention is shown by the hundreds of little buildings resembling chicken coops which are scattered over the fields of Weld county to provide daytime homes for the babies of the Russians who work in the fields.

The Russian mothers are obliged to take their babies to the fields and have built these little structures of wood, covering them with canvas. At noon and once in the morning and in the afternoon the mothers visit their children, leaving them alone for the remainder of the day.

For Extinguishing Oil.

For extinguishing oil fires where water is both ineffective and dangerous, frothy liquids have been recommended. In a late test near Hamburg a mixture of one quart each of caustic soda and alum solutions yielded 15 quarts of a yellowish-white foam, having a density of 0.14, and this could be sucked up and distributed like water by a hose. A basement of 30 square feet, filled with benzine to 20 inches, was fired, and was extinguished in 78 seconds with 18 gallons of the frothy mixture, and a burning benzine tank, six feet in diameter and nine feet high, was extinguished in 13 seconds. The benzine was little affected, burning as usual after removal of the froth.

Old Maine House.

One of the oldest houses in Winthrop is the old Morton stand on "Turkey lane." The name may not be familiar to present residents of the town, but Turkey lane was no dream to a past generation.

Amusing Typographical Errors.

A double-barred typographical error is related in Henry H. Harrison's novel, "Quoad." A southern paper referred to a spirited old major as "that immortal veterinarian" and when it sought the next day to retrieve itself, at the major's insistent demand, the hateful words came out "immoral veteran." An equally amusing error was made on the occasion of a charity ball held in Buffalo. The society editor in describing the gowns of the women guests characterized one as having "iridescent trimmings." To her horror and surprise when she saw the article in print the dress was adorned with "indecent trimmings."

Another Discovery.

"Shakespeare was one of the ablest of brokers."

"How do you make that out?"

"By the number of stock quotations he furnished."

FIRST STEP DOWN IS FATAL

Will Irwin's Little Sermon Teaches That Hotels and Newspapers Must Remain Respectable.

Suppose you are an innkeeper, with a fine, respectable establishment. To stimulate profits you take down a few bars, begin to admit disreputable and unpleasant people. Your hotel enjoys great prosperity for two or three seasons, then suddenly falls toward bankruptcy. The hotel bore a reputation for respectability, the soiled characters wanted to enter in order to conceal their real nature and intentions. The newspaper bore a reputation for sincerity; prostitute causes wanted to enter in order to get by association the color of truth. As time passed, more and more disreputable people came to the hotel, so that it lost utterly its old reputation. As time passed the newspaper had to lie more and more boldly, suppress more and more brutally, and the public began to perceive. Finally, even the disreputable abandoned the hotel because it no longer covered their intentions. Finally, the corrupt powers which fed the newspaper discovered that its words carried no more force, that it was unable to further their causes, and they abandoned it to failure.—Will Irwin.

RUSE OF CHICKEN THIEVES

In New Jersey They Have Been Stealing White Leghorns and Dyeing Them Black.

Chicken thieves in New Jersey have adopted an astonishing ruse to baffie owners of the fowls they steal. Lately several poultry farmers discovered that valuable white leghorn hens were missing. A thorough search was made, but no one could be found in the section who had recently acquired white leghorns in a quantity in proportion to the number that had been missing. The first clue as to their disappearance came a few days ago, when Mrs. Edward Hall, who has a fine lot of white leghorns, found that walking among her leghorns were three black hens. She "shooed" them out of the yard, angrily, as they were of an inferior type. An hour later the evicted hens were still hanging around the place, and when she finally cornered one, intending to throw it outside, the fact was disclosed that the black hen was wet and the wet came from black dye. Investigation showed that the "black" hens were her homesick prize white leghorns.

Gentle Sarcasm.

She felt quite enthusiastic in a downtown cafe, this young woman.

"Walter," she said, "call me a taxicab."

A few minutes later the waiter came and said: "Your taxicab is here!"

Her escort, meanwhile, wondered why the taxi had been ordered.

"We're going to the —," she named another cafe, which happened to be right across the street—and is still there.

"All right," he said, "and they rode across the street in the taxicab."

Once within the other cafe, she looked about and saw her mother and several friends at another table.

"We can't sit at this table," she said.

"All right," acquiesced her escort. "Call a taxicab and we'll get another table!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Kissed a Dead Cow.

Told that her pet cow that had been struck by a rain was so badly injured that the animal would have to be killed, Mrs. Max Johnson, of the foot of Jasper street, Camden, kissed the cow several times and then walked away.

The cow was buried near where it was killed, and a board was placed at the head of the grave by the heart-broken woman, who, between sobs, explained to a number of persons that the animal had been the pet of the family for years.—Philadelphia Record.

Sounds Warning.

"If the duties of lawmaking and interpreting the laws are pushed upon the people of this country, one-man rule will inevitably result. The community is bound to center its confidence in certain men who represent their sentiments at the time. The government will eventually become a one-man system, and this man will have behind him the power of the people he is able to interest. This system created Julius Caesar. It is the very reverse of the representative government upon which this republic is built."—Jacob G. Schurman.

A Color Transition.

An aged colored man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home and thinking to have some fun with the old man, said:

"Sambo, if you burn that grass, the entire lawn will be as black as you are."

"Dat's all right, sah," responded the negro. "Some of dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as youh are."—Judge.

Just Why.

"Do you find the cost of living any higher than it was, say five years ago?"

"Yes, sir. Two of my daughters have not married since."—Washington Her.

Uncertain.

Hi—Did the cyclone that hit you last week hurt your house much?

Hi—Dunno! I ain't found it yet.

HURTS THE SENSITIVE CHILD

Constant Reminder of Its Deficiencies or Peculiarities Is Cruel and Often Harmful.

It is cruel to constantly remind children of their deficiencies or peculiarities, according to Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. Sensitive children are often seriously injured by the suggestion of inferiority and defects are exaggerated which might have been entirely overcome. This everlasting harping against the bad does not help the child half as much as keeping its mind full of the good, the beautiful and the true. The constant love suggestion, purity suggestion, nobility suggestion, will so permeate the life after a while that there will be nothing to attract the opposite. It will be so full of sunshine, so full of beauty and love, that there will be little place for their opposites.

The child's self-confidence should be buttressed, braced, encouraged in every possible way; not that he should be taught to overestimate his ability and his possibilities, but the idea that he is God's child, that he is heir to an infinite inheritance, magnificent possibilities, should be instilled into the very marrow of his being.

INFLUENCE OF SALT WATER

It Induces Some to Drink, Others to Be Profane, and Others to Tell Falsehoods.

When riding on the harbor steamboats use your ears. Then you will not need your eyes nor your brains. By paying heed to the intentionally audible remarks of your neighbor it will be possible to pick up more accurate information than in any other place in the city. The deck of a ferry or the rail of a steamer acts curiously on the human mind. If it does not know, it will risk a guess, and the wilder the guess the more willingly risked.

It is well known that salt water acts in freakish ways on the conscience. To some it brings an overwhelming impulse to get drunk; to others it brings a disposition to the freest use of profanity; and still others, who would never think of fibbing from the windows of a railroad train (dear old gentlemen, and innocent young girls), the instant they put off from the wharf begin to tell the most shocking whoppers.—Boston Transcript.

Pictures Spoil Cowboy.

Oregon ranchmen have a brand new plaint; it is that the moving picture show is spoiling the cowboy," said a westerner.

"Film makers demand their services and pay them handsomely for riding bucking horses in front of the moving picture camera or for taking part in an alleged western drama."

The cowboy ranchers are sore and ill cosoal their hostility. They declare the pictures only make one cowboy and give easterners wrong ideas of life in the cattle country.

"As a matter of fact, they say, riding bucking horses is but a small part of a cowboy's life. As for the traditional western drama, where the rancher's daughter marries the heroic cowboy who foils the traditional 'gun fighter' of the frontier, the dwellers of the range country have only contempt."

In Mock.

Young men with meagre salaries evolve financial makeshifts abhorrent to the moral and physical sensibilities of their opulent elders. Said one young sprig of boarding house gentility to another who expected to seek new quarters upon his return from a two-months' trip on the road:

"What are you going to do with all this personal truck that is cluttering up your room? It will cost you any-how a dollar a month for storage."

"Not the way I am working things," said the man who was going away. "I have purposely refrained from paying board for four weeks and the landlady will hold my stuff. Of course I shall square up when I come back and get it again, and in the meantime she will give it free storage."

Pattering Foods.

White bread is fattening because we rarely digest it completely. Starchy foods are quite unaffected by the gastric juices which digest the meats. Their digestive ferments are obtained chiefly from the saliva in the mouth, which therefore should be thoroughly mixed with each mouthful before swallowing. But white bread is so soft and lacking in substance that we unconsciously swallow it long before it has had a fair chance to become sufficiently fermented with the digestive saliva. The result is delayed digestion (if digestion takes place at all), and at the best the starch is very apt to be converted into disgusting, unwanted and unhealthful fat.

Inadequate.

The American tourist in France clasped his boatman guide on the shoulder and excitedly pointed to where, a few yards away, several fishermen were tugging at their lines and making a splendid haul from the sea.

"What are they catching?" asked the American eagerly.

"Fish!" was the prompt reply.

Uncertain.

Hi—Did the cyclone that hit you last week hurt your house much?

Hi—Dunno! I ain't found it yet.

IS EXTREME OF DESOLATION

Unfinished Card Game, With Pastboards Lying Just Where the Players Left Them.

Asked what sight represented to his mind the extreme of desolation, the renting agent said:

"An unfinished card game, with the cards lying just where the players left them: This morning I came across an interrupted game of hearts in a furnished flat that was vacated suddenly. The tenants simply packed their clothes and moved out without a word of explanation to anybody, and as they didn't owe me a cent it wasn't my place to run them down."

"They had been playing on the dining room table, and the game was about half finished. Four hands of cards thrown down when the game was anybody's that knew how to turn a trick worked on the imagination. Why did they stop playing in such a hurry? Why didn't they stay to finish the game, or if they couldn't do that, why didn't they scrape the cards together and take them along? Interesting questions, those, and I'd like to have them answered."

KINDNESS IS HER STRENGTH

Mother of Large Family Whose Love Has Made Her Children Most Admirable.

I know a mother of a large family of children who has never whipped but one of them, and that one only once, declared Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. When her first child was born people said she was too good-natured to bring up children; that she would spoil them, as she would not correct or discipline them; and would do nothing but love them. But this love has proved the great magnet which has held the family together in a marvelous way. None of these children have gone astray. They have all grown up to be manly and womanly, and love has been wonderfully developed in their natures. Their own affection responded to the mother's love and has become their strongest motive. Today all her children look upon "mother" as the grandest figure in the world. She has brought out the best in them, because she saw the best in them. The worst did not need correcting or repressing, for the best neutralized it.

He Staked His Herd.

Many stories of big poker games among the western cattlemen in the early days have been told, but the story of the game with probably the greatest stakes is well printed for the first time. Two well-known cattlemen of southwestern Kansas started to move their herds to the pastures of Wyoming. Each herd contained more than a thousand head of cattle. When they came to the crossing of the Arkansas river near Coolidge they found a flood on. They were unable to cross for two or three days. To while away the time the two men engaged in a poker game. When the flood finally subsided so that the cattle could proceed one of the cattlemen said to his son, who was helping to drive: "Just turn my herd over to our neighbor and we will go back home." He had bet and lost not only all the money he had, but all of the herd of cattle.

Fish Artificially Colored.

One of the strangest possible commercial frauds has recently been exposed by an inspector of the Pennsylvania food bureau. His attention was struck by the rich red color of some smoked fish that was on sale in the "delicatessen" stores of Philadelphia. He bought some and sent it to an analyst, who reported that he could dye wool with the coloring matter extracted from it. The retailers declared their innocence, maintaining that they had purchased the stuff in the belief that it was genuine smoked fish. The object of the wholesalers is clear, in view of the fact that in smoking fish there is a loss of 15 pounds in every 100 pounds, while in dyeing there is no loss at all.

Collars of Milk.

Sounds queer, doesn't it? But somebody over in Europe thought of a way to utilize goat's milk, and these collars are the result. They are said to be quite as useful as the collars of celluloid. In addition, they are less bright in finish, so that they are in this way somewhat of an improvement over the old celluloid collar.

The whey is separated from the curds and the curds are then put through a process which results in this substance resembling celluloid. Waiters, coachmen, tradesmen and other folk on the other side of the Atlantic use them extensively.

Watched.

"No, Herbert," whispered the maid, "you mustn't put your arm around me. We are watched."

Herbert looked around the dimly lighted parlor.

"O, yes," he smiled. "I see there's a rubber plant at the other end of the room."

"Sh! There's another one that you don't see. Johnny's hiding there!"

Ambiguous.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men his firm ever turned out."

TRIUMPH OF WATER FINDING

English Expert Locates Ample Supply, Gauging Depth Below Surface Within Two Feet.

A very remarkable achievement in "water finding" has been carried through at Selly Oak, Birmingham. It was necessary to discover a supply of water on the land belonging to the Patent Enamel works, and Mr. Chesterman was called from Hereford for the purpose. He went over the land with his piece of aluminum wire for about half an hour. Then he suddenly stopped and declared that at the place where he stood water would be found at a depth of 250 feet. A contract was signed by which he engaged to sink an eight-inch artesian tube which should produce not less than 15,000 gallons of water a day, on the condition "No water, no pay." He employed hydraulic boring machinery, and in fourteen days struck water at a depth of 248 feet, and test pumping for 29 hours proved a yield of 30,000 gallons per day. That the expert should have gauged the depth within two feet is considered one of the greatest triumphs in water-finding of modern times.

ANTIDOTE FOR EACH RECIPE

What the Author of a Cook Book Found on the Margins Left for Notes.

The woman was the author of a cook book that has been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a second-hand book store her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said:

"How about the notes in that cook book? Were they interesting?"

"No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything."

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.

This Is Slumber Land.

Here is a story about the soothing quality of Flatbush air, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Newcomers to Flatbush notice first of all that they don't seem able to get sleep enough. At first they have an idea that perhaps it's the malaria, but it is only the heavy sea air which induces slumber. A new resident in Flatbush asked some friends of his in the district if the experience was a common one.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "that is the case with everybody who moves here. A certain woman who lives not far from Eighteenth avenue started to make three beds one morning at nine o'clock. At seven o'clock that night she had not yet made the third. The beds looked so inviting and I was so tired," she explained, "that whenever I came to one I lay down and slept on it."

Preaches Annual Sermon.

What is known locally as "The Vegetable Sermon" was given recently by the bishop of Steppay, England, in Shoreditch church. The origin of the sermon goes back almost two centuries. Thomas Fairchild, a Hoxton gardener, who died in 1729, bequeathed a sum of money for the purpose of paying a preacher to deliver a lecture in the church "in the afternoon of Tuesday in every Whitmas week." The lecture must be one of the two following subjects: "The Wonderful Works of God in Creation" or "The Certainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, as Evidenced by Changes in the Animal and Vegetable Parts of the Creation." The lecture was first preached in 1730 and has been delivered annually ever since.

Advocate Silence.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge full formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are henceforth to rule.

All the considerable men I have known forebore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own perplexities, do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for one day; on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have these mute workmen within thee swept away when intrusive noises were shut out.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Good Use for Old Wire Rope.

Old wire rope is used in certain French mines for reinforcing old timbers, especially the cap pieces of sets. The old rope is stretched longitudinally around the timber, the ends being held fast between the roof and the top of the cap piece so they cannot slip. When a timber starts to bend under the weight of the roof part of the tendon is taken up by the wire cable, enabling a miner to put in additional supports before a fall occurs. The ends of the cap pieces are tapered and grooved deep enough to receive the rope and prevent any part of it projecting beyond the bearing ends of the timber pieces.

Convenient.

"You say that man kept the accounts of his big business in his head?"

"Yes."

"Yet he seems forgetful."

"Sometimes. When he goes on the witness stand he loses his head."

YOUR OWN LIFE A QUARRY

Out of It You Are to Mould and Chisel a Character, Said the Poet Goethe.

It was Goethe who said: "Life is a quarry." He does not mean the life outside of yourself. He means your own life, that separate part of God's universe over which he has set you as supreme master, king to rule the dominion. Goethe says that this life, your own life, his life, everybody's life, is a quarry. A quarry is a place where stone is gotten. The value of a quarry is always in the quality of its stone. Now life, if it be a quarry, is simply a place containing a something that is valued, unformed but with skill may be wrought into what is valuable. The stone from the quarry is chiselled into form. A greater value comes from the chiselling of this stone. Michael Angelo's "Moses" is witness of what a great artist may do with a chisel upon a block of marble. Really, then, if your own life is a quarry, you yourself must be the artist, and out of the material of the quarry you are going to make what is beautiful and worthy to the world. Let me complete the entire quotation: "Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character."—John T. McFarland.

IS NOT FIT TO LIVE WITH

The Genius Always is an Impossible Creature Who Makes Family and Friends Wretched.

One of the strangest signs of the times is our universal admiration for geniuses; yet a genius, no matter how you view him, is always an impossible creature. He isn't fit to live with. If he is so unfortunate as to marry, he makes life miserable for his family. If he doesn't marry, he is a care to all his friends. And the probability is that no one will appreciate him in his own age. Yet when we hear that, such and such a one is a genius, we experience an instant feeling of envy. Most of us would like to be a genius. If we could have, along with it, our own steady traits. We wouldn't give up our regular income, but if we could be a genius with it, we should like it very well. Lombroso declares that geniuses are abnormal—degenerate types. Scientists term them in biological words "sports"—that is, they are exceptions to a rule. They are supposed to see things straight, whereas everybody else is abnormal. Bernard Shaw says that is what is the matter with him.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

American Globe Trotters.

There are many American globe trotters who pride themselves on being globe trotters. A trip to Europe is insignificant to them; they have been around the world so many times they speak of it as something not unusual. But they do take pride in knowing the art of traveling, of getting along without so many petty annoyances that almost give inexperienced travelers nervous prostration. They are sweet tempered and merry and never seem to be ruffled by any unexpected circumstance. One of those experienced girls who asked why she got along so easily, remarked: "Well, I soon learned a few essential things and I never have any trouble. It is a mistake to travel in one's own hair. It always gets crumpled and straggling in the seat air, and so I always wear a few pin curls in the day and keep my own hair fresh for the evening. Furthermore, I always make it a point to tip the stewardess when I start on a voyage."

Saved By Its Tick.

The last thing the woman did was to put four rings in the clock on the mantel.

"So thieves won't get them," she said. "I should think that would be simply inviting thieves to run away with them," said her friend. "That is a handsome clock, and thieves like clocks."

"They do," said the woman, "but they will never steal this clock. It ticks too loud. No wise thief will run away with a clock that goes like a thrashing machine. It isn't their alarm about his person that he is afraid of, for he can stop the clock, but the occupants of the flat are likely to return before he gets safely away, and if a loud-ticking clock in gone they will miss it the minute they step inside the door, and maybe given him a hot chase for his plunder."

Sent By the Sea.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the center of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.

More Pressing.

"Did you ever consider that old problem of where all the pins go?"

"No, I am going to take up the solution of that problem as soon as I have learned where all the dollars go."—Houston Post.