

HARD PROBLEM FOR WOMEN

Where Shall Minister Be Entertained When He Makes Pastoral Call on Servant?

"About the hardest problem I have had to solve in my brief housekeeping career," said the woman, "is what to do with the pastor when he calls on a servant girl. We have a good girl. She is a regular attendant at a chapel in the neighborhood. Every so often the pastor or his assistant in his rounds of the parish calls on her. "I am a heathen myself in the matter of religious observances, nevertheless I know what is due to gentlemen of the cloth. The best room about the house should be at the disposal of one's spiritual adviser always. Should Lucy, then, receive her guest in the parlor, or should they compromise in the dining room? The kitchen as a place for entertaining the minister is quite out of the question. "So far, the ministers calling at my house have been spared even the indignity of a dining room reception. I have taken to the back regions myself while Lucy held forth in the parlor. I know other women with church-going maids who are equally considerate. Altogether this is a delicate point on which we need some enlightenment from the etiquette experts."

FINE PRE-NORMAN CHURCH

Remarkably Well Preserved Edifice at Worth Was Built Long Before the Conquest.

Many churches in Britain owe their origin to the piety of the Norman invader, but these which antedate this great period of church building are not so numerous. One such pre-Norman edifice is the fine old parish church of Worth, near Three Bridges. A little book, written by Rev. Arthur Bridge, the rector of Worth, tells the history of what is aptly described as one of the most remarkable relics of a bygone age. It seems probable that the church passed with the Manor of Worth under the will of Alfred the Great to his third son, Ethelward. Archaeologists will be lavish of thanks to Mr. Bridge for the interesting and useful little record of his unique church. He tells us that Worth exhibits the earliest example of the purely English cruciform building, and its semi-circular eastern end is of very ancient date. But the whole church, as might be gathered, possess many features which make it of peculiar fascination to the student of the antique. The windows, for instance, have not suffered restoration, and are well known to all students of architecture here and on the continent.—Dundee Advocate.

Three Hundred Proposals

"I received more than 300 proposals of marriage in my mail this morning," remarked a sedate and elderly gentleman to his wife, whom he was entertaining at luncheon down town the other day. The white-haired lady gasped. "Don't be alarmed, my dear," her husband went on. "It was only a thick little pink pamphlet from a town in Michigan. It was sent by a man who calls himself the 'Cupid' of that state. It contained the descriptions of innumerable women who want to marry. I don't know why it was sent to me—probably just an arrow shot in the air. Judging from the catalogue of aspirants for my hand, the marriage market is overstocked with widows just now. The oldest I noticed was 75, and the youngest 17. Delicate way for women to propose, eh?"

A Window Washer's View

A window washer was called upon one day to clean the windows of a business concern on the nineteenth floor of a skyscraper in lower Broadway, New York. The cleanser passed in wonderment as he passed through the lines of typewriter operators as they clicked off their correspondence and went to the window and fastened the two straps dangling from his belt to hooks at the side of the window frame. He cast another surprised glance at the men operating the typewriters, and as he swung outward over the dizzy height, his weight sustained by the slender straps, he muttered: "It's mighty odd how some people do make their living in this world, anyway!"

The World's Languages

According to the authorities on languages, there are approximately 3,424 spoken languages or dialects in the world. They are distributed thus: America, 1,624; Asia, 937; Europe, 587; Africa, 276. The English language contains approximately 600,000 words, about one-half consisting of scientific terminology rarely encountered outside of text books and archaic, obsolescent, or obsolete terms. A careful study of 100,000 words by authorities showed that 30,000 were of Teutonic derivation, 30,000 of Greek or Latin origin, and 30,000 from other foreign sources.

Two Wealthy Cities

Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam emittance as being the wealthiest city in the world per capita. There is an immense investment fund in this city garnered through centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centered here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being assisted in their operations by such houses as Mendelssohns and Blochssohns in Berlin and the Oppenheims in Hanover.

HISTORY OF OLD FORT LEE

Consisted Merely of Earthworks and Was Abandoned by Order of General Washington.

The Fort Lee of revolutionary days was on top of the Palisades, about two miles up the river from the village of Edgewater, where the Fort Lee ferry has its New Jersey landing. In the strict sense of the word, it was hardly worthy of being called a fort, since it consisted merely of earthworks, of which not a vestige is to be seen today. Tradition says that the fort was laid out by Gen. Israel Putnam, and some of the historians thus account for the fact that the defenses were rather expansive for their purpose. At first it was called Fort Constitution, but was soon re-named Fort Lee. This temporary stronghold was really constructed to cooperate with Fort Washington, on the New York side of the Hudson, in the defense of the river. In the beginning it was believed that the two defenses would be able to turn the British war fleet back and prevent it from getting up the river to West Point. But from the first Washington is known to have questioned its usefulness and it was on his orders that it was finally evacuated. In November, 1776, all that was left of the American army in New Jersey abandoned the fort and set out on its historic retreat to Philadelphia. Tradition says that there was a fort under the cliff of the river front at some point not far from Edgewater earlier in the revolution, but there is no authentic record of its existence and it therefore cannot be credited.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW

His Dissertation on the One Priceless Treasure Which All Men Share Alike.

"Steven, my boy," said Uncle Hiram, "one man may have more talent than another or more courage or more money, but there is one thing that no man on earth can have any more of than you have, and that is time. "Did you ever stop to think of that? Or maybe you haven't come to it yet, that of the most precious thing of all, the same being, I repeat, time, nobody, no matter who he is, can have any more than you have. There can't be any favoritism or special privilege or gouging or monopoly in time. You get what's coming to you anyway, and no man on earth can take it away from you. "And isn't this something to be cheerful over? Why, Steven, it's the grandest thing going to think that of the most valuable thing of all we've got as much as the man that rides by us in a \$10,000 automobile. But, and now I'm getting down to the sermon, Steven, this most precious thing of all is the thing of which we are most wasteful. "We get our full share of it sure, but we waste it ourselves shockingly. "Don't waste time, Steven, please don't. As you feel now you've got a million years ahead of you, more or less, plenty of time, but time is one of those things that once lost can never be recovered. Don't waste a minute of it. When you play, play; sink the shop; forget it utterly; but when you work utilize all your time. Don't dawdle it away."

Hymn Numbers for Phones

The city missionary was growing because he found it difficult to remember the mission telephone number. "I would like to change it to 793," he said. "I could remember that, for 793 is the number of my favorite hymn. Five hundred and sixty-eight, the present number, was the favorite hymn of the superintendent in charge when the telephone was installed. The telephone company is very courteous in its dealings with churches and missions. Whenever possible they allow the pastor to select his own number. As an aid to memory most of them choose the number of a popular hymn. That is the reason most churches and missions have low telephone numbers."

A Judge of Wine

George C. Boldt, the hotel man, was talking in New York about wines. "The average American is now a good judge of wine," said Mr. Boldt. "He is no longer fooled by elaborate and imposing labels. He has learned to appreciate a wine's bouquet, flavor and body. "I heard the other day a mild-looking chap in a restaurant who said: 'I understand they've been having wine riots in France, waiter.' "Yes, sir; I believe so, sir," the waiter answered. "Well," said the mild-looking chap, "the wine you've served me here would be enough to start a riot anywhere."

Literal Obedience

Fig—Talk about green servant girls! My wife told ours to put a little nutmeg in the custard she was making this afternoon. Fig—And she didn't do it? Fig—Oh, yes, she put a little nutmeg in, all right! I came near choking over the blame thing.

It Needed a Diagram

Dealer—Yes, quite good, only I can't quite see what it's all about. Artist—Why, it's clear as mud. The farmyard at sunrise. Dealer—Of course, of course. But, say, would you have any objection to making an affidavit to go with it?

DIDN'T NEED TO SWEAR OFF

It Was Really a Monkey the Ohio Man Saw in His Hotel Bed.

The story of the monkey that was discovered in the bed of a visitor at the Waldorf a few nights ago struck a responsive chord in the recollection of an Ohio man who once came to New York for a week of rest and recreation. The day he landed he got into a poker game and for seven days he stuck at it, the game being punctuated as many poker games are. On the last day he started in to play at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He quit at 11:30, cleaned out. Going upstairs in his hotel and opening the door, he noticed his valise sitting on the floor and decided he would get a clean handkerchief out of it and sit down and think it over. As he stooped over his glance fell upon the bed. From the spot where his head might have been two beady green eyes in a hairy little face gleamed at him. According to the Ohioan's account he made not a single exclamation. He simply closed the valise, turned out the light and shut the door from the outside. He went downstairs, took two or three turns about the lobby, gave it up, called for a cab and spent the night driving about, first to one place and then to another. Daylight found him still going about, and he did not revisit the hotel until late in the afternoon, when he went up to the room clerk to apologize. While standing there he heard somebody say, "Well, they found that monkey after all." "Good Lord, I am saved," shouted the Ohio man, to the astonishment of the clerk. "Then it was a monkey after all, and there is no need of my swearing off."

WHAT HE HAD IN THE CHEST

All Was Made Clear When the Man Carrying It Got Off the Train.

Man in an elevated car with a small chest about twice as big as the box in which a carpenter carries a selected lot of tools around with him on his shoulder. A row of augur holes bored in the end of his chest and a handle on top by which to carry it. There were only three or four people in the car and this man with the chest sat away down at one end, and with that chest on the floor in front he would about once in so often raise it lid just a little, but you couldn't see in. In due course of time the train arrived at the station where the man was to get off, and then he hooked the lid of that chest down and took it by the handle and walked out in the most matter of fact manner possible, but when he had got about ten feet away from the foot of the steps he set the chest down and unhooked the hooks and threw back the lid and out hopped two small, white, shaggy, odd-looking but intelligent dogs. They wagged their tails with evident pleasure at getting their feet on the ground once more and out in the open air. The man hooked the lid of the chest down again and picked it up by its handle and then with the two dogs trotting beside him, each on a leash held in the other hand, he started on for where he was going.

Promised Not to Repeal His Wife

William Novalous of Ashley, near Whitebarre, Pa., pleaded guilty to spanking his wife because she was extravagant, and Alderman Ricketts of this city, who heard his story, discharged him. He had been arrested by his wife and was not backward about admitting that he had beaten her. "I give her a sum of money each month to run the house," he explained, "and when I found that she had spent considerable of this money for other things I was angry and took my razor strap and spanked her." As he promised not to take such extreme measures next time, and as Mrs. Novalous appeared none the worse for the spanking, Alderman Ricketts discharged him.

Dominoes First Played by Monks

The game of dominoes was the invention of two French monks. In the beginning they found amusement by playing at a primitive form of it with small flat wones they had marked with spots to designate them. When a game was finished the winner was wont to declare his victory by reciting the first line of the vesper service—"Dixit Dominus Domino meo." Before long all of the monks in the monastery found recreation in the game, and presently the vesper line was cut down, for brevity's sake, to the one word "Domino," thus furnishing the name which has clung to the game ever since.

Musical Auto

One of the latest fads of the motorist is the musical automobile. Attached to the side of the car is a sort of pipe organ calliope arrangement. The wind pressure to operate the pipes is supplied with power from the engine. There are ten pipes, giving the "player" a range of an octave with two "half notes" included. The stops are operated from the rear seat of the car, by means of wires running to a miniature keyboard attached to the back of the front seat. The instrument can be used for the double purpose of amusement and as a warning to pedestrians.

NEVER DREW AN INFERENCE

Coachman, However, Thought the Horses Could Draw One If the Traces Held.

A young clergyman who had delivered a discourse in the place of an aged brother minister requested the opinion of the latter respecting it. "Oh," said he, "plainly, many of the words you used were beyond the comprehension of your hearers. Thus, for instance, the word 'inference'—perhaps not half of my parishioners understand its meaning." "Inference, inference!" exclaimed the other. "Why, everyone must understand that." "I think you will find it not so. There's my clerk, now. He prides himself upon his learning, and, in truth, is very intelligent. We will try him. Zachariah, come hither. Zachariah, my brother here wishes you to draw an inference; can you do it?" "Why, I am pretty strong, but John, the coachman, is stronger than I. I'll ask him." Zachariah went out for a few moments to look after the coachman, and returned. "John says he never tried to draw an inference, sir; but he reckons his horses can draw anything that the traces will hold!"

PHILANDER AND THE ROSE

Little Joke That Clever Woman Played on a Male Filrt at Coronado Beach.

All that you have to do to bring fire to a certain stock and bond broker down among the marts of Mammon is to wear a red rose. The stock and bond broker has a reputation of being quite a philanderer—a "devil among the wimmen," as it were. And on a recent visit to Coronado he was looking about with a view to conquest—looking about so obviously that a clever woman who was a guest at the hotel determined upon a little plan. She dropped him a note, intimating that she would like to make his acquaintance. He answered the note with celerity. He wasted no time. He asked her if she would have dinner with him in San Diego that evening. "And, that I may know you accept," he concluded, "will you wear a red rose in the dining room at lunch time tomorrow?" At the appointed lunch time every woman in the big dining room wore a red rose. The stock and bond broker left Coronado on the first train. Oh, you red rose!—San Francisco Chronicle.

Great Chance for This Judge's Wife

A New York court has established a ruling that no woman's dress carries a money value after it has been worn ten times. The decision was made in a fire insurance suit whereby the plaintiff sought to recover the full value of clothing destroyed. In admitting that the clothing had been worn more than ten times the plaintiff lost her case, for the court gave her but a trifling sum. When? What an opportunity for that judge's wife! She might hang a tally sheet by her wardrobe door with the record of every wearing of every garment. "Ten times and out" might become her slogan. If she chose, she could have a new dress or two or three new dresses every ten days—according to the number of times she wishes to change her clothes in a day's time. Perhaps at the end of a month the judge might come to the conclusion that after all a dress has some money value after it has been worn ten times.

House of Commons Ghost

An interesting house of commons ghost is the "radiant boy." This child ghost has been many times seen and heard. Its complexion is of the colorless purity of Chinese white, a halo of silver sparkles about its head during its peregrinations and its eyes gleam in their sockets like bright electric lamps. It is evidently in agony, for the palms of its hands are stiff and turned downward, and as it paces from room to room it gives utterance to moans of anguish and never lifts its gaze from the floor. So far as can be ascertained this particular ghost has no prespectral history and why it should have chosen the house for its haunt is a mystery.—London Mail.

Such Boorishness!

Another American lady, returning to her beloved country, forgets to declare her gold cigarette case, her gold porte-monnaie and a few cloth-of-gold frocks, and is required to "explain" what ought to have been evident to any customs inspector worth his salt. Can ladies be expected to charge their minds with a lot of such trifles? How can a lady remember how much paraphernalia of lovely womanhood—costly, as a matter of course—she has acquired? Must a lady take stock of all her personal belongings to oblige a few politicians in New York?—New York Evening Sun.

Didn't Do Much Good

Father—Have you done any thinking about how you are to meet your debts? Son—No, dad; but I've done a deuce of a lot of wondering!—Puck.

Feminine Reasoning

Stella—Her gown is just like yours. Bella—I don't care if here is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.

THIS HAPPENED IN MISSOURI

Editor Mixed a Wedding Announcement and the Advertisement of an Auction Sale.

A Missouri editor who was brimful of hard cider got a wedding account and a sale mixed, and served to his readers this dope: William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, was disposed at auction to Lucy Anderson on my farm, one mile east of here in the presence of 70 guests, including the following, to-wit: Two mules, 12 head of cattle. The Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial, the least weighing 1,250 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was tastefully decorated with a seawash calf, a spade, a sulky rake, one feed grinder, one set double harness, almost new, and just before the ceremony was pronounced, Mendelssohn's wedding march was played by one milch cow, five years; one Jersey cow, to be fresh next April, carrying a bunch of flowers in her hand and looking charming in a gown made of light spring wagon, two boxes of apples, two racks of hay, one grindstone, mousseline deori trimmed with about 180 bushels of spuds. The groom is well known and popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of 12 Berkshire hogs, while the bride is an accomplished and talented school teacher of a splendid drove of Poland-China—pedigree if desired. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of knives and forks, one spring harrow, one wheelbarrow, one go-cart, other articles too numerous to mention. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip, term of 12 months time, extended to responsible parties, otherwise spot cash luncheon will be served at the table. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to housekeeping in a cosy home at the corner of Main and Doctor R. L. Granby, auctioneer.—National Monthly.

MUSIC LESSONS OFTEN LOST

Writer Thinks Children Should Have Easier Tasks and Shorter Hours of Practice.

The musical education of the child, we must remember, is, in nine cases out of ten, a plus quantity—something in addition to an already complete course of study laid out by that exacting and often heartless person known as the educator. It invades the play hour, makes it by no means small exactions upon the already tired brain, and often proves more destructive of the central gray matter and more wearing to the nerves than all the rest of the child's curriculum put together. Think of the poor tortured little spine and the dangling legs on the high piano stool for an hour at a stretch! What a nervous strain and worryment, to drop a note here and there, as grandma packs a stitch, and be obliged to go back again and again to struggle with the passage until time, fingering, reading and all the technique of execution are pronounced satisfactory! With less exacting music and shorter hours of practice, I have no doubt that quite as much progress would be made by most children in the long run. Nothing is gained by exhausting nervous energy and wearing out both brain and body. Unless a child has extraordinary aptitude and an insatiable love for music, "too much of a good thing" will simply disgust him or her with the entire study.

Motor Maps

In countries like France, where roads are good and cross roads numerous, travelers by automobile have frequent occasion to consult road maps, because they go so fast and change direction so often that topographical information is, for them, a continual necessity. To meet this there has been invented an automatic chart that unfolds in step with the advance of the carriage, so that the chauffeur has always before him a map of the route he is to pursue. When the road is about to turn sharply an electric bell gives warning 300 meters in advance. Another attachment to the chart registers the distance traversed. The whole apparatus is moved by gearing connected with the wheels of the automobile.

Many Changes

"Yes, sir," said the oldest inhabitant, "I've lived right here in Squashville ninety-three years. Born here, yes, sir. Been a lot of changes in my time, I tell ye. Why, I can remember when it was country where Hobson's grocery stands now, and back of the harness shop where it's all built up now I've picked cherries many and many a time. See the Methodist meeting house up yonder? I can remember when there was a big maple tree right in the middle of the spot where the building stands. Yes, there's been a lot of changes—yes-sir-ree. Squashville wa'n't but a little bit of a town when I was a boy."

Able is Ambitious

In one of the Philadelphia settlements the chief worker was telling the urchins of the right of every American youngster to aspire to the presidency of the United States. Little Able Eickstein didn't take kindly to the suggestion. "Why, Able, you are not a bit ambitious," said the worker. "Oh, yes, teacher, but not to be president," the lad replied. "I'd just like to be secretary of the navy so that I could ride in the boats whenever I wanted to."

The Last Word

"What's the first word in the dictionary?" asked the student. "The article 'a' of course," replied Mr. Growcher. "And what's the last word?" "Ask my wife. She's an expert on the subject."—Washington Star.

PROGRESS OF FRENCH WOMEN

If Moliere Lived Now He Would Not Ridicule Their Education and Activities.

Thirty years ago there were three colleges for women in France and one preparatory school, now there are seventy-five colleges and forty-nine preparatory schools. What does the change mean? Moliere, over two centuries ago, in "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," attacked the pose, self-consciousness and loss of proportion which the women of his time sometimes showed in attempting to be learned. Moliere laughed, however, not at education, but at lack of common sense. If he lived now he would not try to set back the clock, and ask women to devote to the needle the same attention that she gave before machinery was invented. He would not ask her to live as she lived before there were public schools for her children; creameries to make her butter and cheese; big manufacturers to take her place in preserving food; immense combinations to spin cotton, make cloth, do the dyeing, make up the clothing. He would welcome the vacuum cleaner, the gas stove and the dumb waiter, and his laughter would be not for those who use modern labor saving devices, but for the futile swiftness of the past. The outside education and activities of women are an unquestionable and irresistible fact as the printing press, the steam engine and the cotton gin.—Collier's Weekly.

FINE BLADES OF DAMASCUS

Swords Made in the Oriental City Were Most Wonderfully Tempered and Adorned.

Fancy frills and ornamentation were not thought of in the hurried forging of weapons called into need by the breaking out of the Civil War. The plain the usual cavalry sabre was, for instance, is well shown by comparison with the lavishly ornamented sword turned out by the oriental sword makers. The Turkish sword is a beautiful piece of work, the blade ascended" with inlaid veins of gold, giving of astonishing elasticity a quarter inch of surface of the scabbard, handle and hilt is covered with engraved designs. From the city of Damascus, which has brated for more than a thousand years for the skill of its swordmakers, Crusaders took to Europe the art "damascening"—a tissue of dark lines on a light ground, or the reverse—the inlaying of gold on the steel. In the genuine Damascus blade of the best period the figure, that is, the intricate twists made in the steel while hot under the hammer of the swordsmith, is not, as some think, a master of surface. It extends through the blade, and hence is not removed by a thousand polishings. These beautiful figures on the genuine blades are almost identical with the best so-called Damascus gun barrels of today.

Volapuk

A few years ago Volapuk was the order of the day, and we are only reminded of its erstwhile fame by reading an account in a Paris contemporary of the death of its founder. He was an ecclesiastic named Schleyer, and his method was to constitute a universal language by borrowing freely from the Roman and German tongues. The proposal received a great deal of attention from serious writers, and it goes without saying that it came in for a lot of ridicule. The effort might have succeeded had it not been for Esperanto. The old priest watched the rise and decline of his proposal, and he lived to see its fall. The thought that must suggest itself to all who give the matter consideration is: Why should there be a new language? Why not teach boys to write Latin as a universal language? An effort in this direction is being made in Germany.

Peruvian Petroleum

Efforts are being made to develop more extensively the petroleum resources of Peru. The known deposits of oil occur in a very narrow strip of land between the foothills of the Andes and the shore of the Pacific, and much of this is flooded at high tide. Piles of railroad iron driven in the pure ocean sand, which varies in depth from five to fifty feet, are used as foundations for the derricks. The shallowest of the driven wells is 1,750 feet in depth. There is very little gas, and the oil is very heavy, so that it can be put into buckets with shovels, and it is carried direct to the furnaces to serve as fuel.—Scientific American.

The Danger-Line

"Once," said Brother Dickey, "dar was a man who prayed that he might get out of de wilderness, an' his prar wuz answered, an' time he got out, a ortemobile run over him, an' then 'bout de time he ris up an' brushed de dust from off him a trisip felled on him, an' w'en he come ter bisee? ag'in a policeman told him ter move on; an' so he lifted up all de voice what he had left an' prayed for a hurricane ter blow him back ter whar he come from."—Atlanta Constitution.