

SEEK SWORD OF SULEIMAN

It is Generally Believed That the Famous Weapon is Now in a London Antique Shop.

The famous sword of Suleiman, which disappeared from the Turkish treasury in the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid, is believed to have been sold to some dealer in antiques in London or Paris.

Tahir was a favorite of Abdul, and the story is that Tahir received the sword from Abdul, although it belonged to the state, as a reward for espionage.

The sword of Suleiman the Magnificent was one of the most valuable relics in the possession of the Turkish government.

CHILDHOOD'S OATH IN COURT

"Cross My Heart and Hope to Die," Causes Meritment in Atlanta Hall of Justice.

That childhood oaths are dearer to her than that prescribed by the code of Georgia, and carry more meaning than any set form used in criminal courts, was shown by Miss McCall.

The prosecuting attorney was endeavoring to confuse her on cross-examination, and was endeavoring to impress upon her the fact that she could not possibly remember a seemingly unimportant incident which happened on December 22, 1911.

"Are you sure about that?" he queried, gazing at her sternly.

"Yes, sir," she answered positively, smiling and showing an attractive line of white teeth.

"But will you swear to it?" he asked. "Remember an oath is a solemn thing."

"Hold up my right hand and cross my heart," she earnestly answered, and then gazed around in mild astonishment at the outburst of merriment which rippled across the court room.

Indian Turned the Joke. The death of Chief Saucy Calf of the Osages at Pawhuska, Okla., and the suspicious circumstances surrounding his sudden departure for the happy hunting ground recalls a story they tell at Pawhuska on the chief.

The greatest honor an Osage can confer on a friend is to trade names with him. "Sassy" Calf being of genial nature, traded names with half the male residents of Pawhuska.

He did most of his trading at the McLaughlin-Farrar store, where he always greeted the senior partner with "How Sassy Calf?" McLaughlin always replied, "Hello, Mac."

One day Sassy Calf appropriated McLaughlin's office chair and cocked his feet on the merchant's desk. McLaughlin entered and said jocularly: "Hello, Mac. I want to get \$5 worth of bacon and charge it to me."

"Nothing" doing, Sassy Calf rejoined the chief without a smile.

Honor of College Students. Abuses of liberty, as well as nearly all other college delinquencies, can be largely prevented by a consistent appeal to the undergraduate's sense of honor, according to Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, writing in The Century on "The American Undergraduate."

"Recently," adds Mr. Cooper, "I asked the president of a North Carolina college what he regarded as the chief characteristic of American students. He replied promptly, 'College honor.'"

At Princeton, at the University of Virginia, at Amherst and at many other institutions the honor system in examinations, arranged and managed by students, represents the deliberate intention of the undergraduates to do the square thing.

These laws, which the students voluntarily impose upon themselves, are enforced more vigorously than the rules of the faculty.

Proposed New Word. But a few score words in the English language begin with the letter "x." The suggestion that a new word, "xeralexia," be admitted to their series ranks is therefore an undertaking of some temerity.

Dr. H. F. Roberts proposes it in Science, to replace the clumsy and rather ill-sounding compound, "drought-resistance." The second half of the new word is from the Greek "alexia," which implies a keeping off or resistance, and is related to the latter part of the Greek derivative, "prophylaxis."

A Warning. "That man has a screw loose." "Well, do you think you can mend matters by making him tight?"

HAD A NUMEROUS PROGENY

From Female Kidnaped in Peking in 1861 All Chinese Lap Dogs in the West Are Descended.

Peking dogs, as they formerly were called—otherwise, Chinese lap dogs—have a curious history. On October 8, 1861, an Anglo-French soldier ransacked the imperial summer palace at Peking and took back to his captain a little dog that was supposed to have belonged to the empress.

Good feeling was thus established all around, and the little dog, bearing the name of Looty, was domiciled at Buckingham palace. He was a very lonely little creature, the other dogs taking exception to his oriental habits and appearance.

Not many years ago a number of ladies got together material for a dog show and called it an "Association of the Dogs From the Palace of Peking."

COOKED EGGS ON FLATIRON With the Gas Stove Frozen Up, New Yorker Proved Himself Equal to the Emergency.

The prolonged cold spell this winter sharpened the wits of many persons who never before had any idea of the uses to which electricity could be put.

But sometimes the emergency arose when it was not possible to buy such things in time. One such case occurred at breakfast time and left the family with nothing on which to cook eggs.

Another resourceful man used a flatiron to thaw out a frozen radiator, while yet another, in order to make his radiator more efficient and stir up the stagnant air in a room, placed an electric fan on the floor and directed a blast of air against the radiator.

Her Reward. The cook for a well-known Seattle family left, and no other could be obtained, so the lady of the house did the cooking herself, with such satisfactory results that, after a month, her husband gave her a beautiful set of sables as a token of his appreciation of the good dinners he had enjoyed.

Of course the neighbors soon heard of this, and when the cook left in another equally well-known family the lady of that house said to her husband:

"Well, the cook has gone and I'm not going to bother to get another. I'm going to do the cooking myself, deary. You heard what Mr. Scand-so gave his wife, when she did the cooking?"

And, putting her arms round his neck, she cooed: "What shall I get for my cooking?"

"Woman," said her husband, pushing her away, "you will get a long, black veil!"—Saturday Evening Post.

In the Profane. A negro, very fat and well along in years, sauntered into the lobby of a Broadway theater the other day and asked for the manager.

"What can I do for you, mammy?" asked the manager.

"I want a ticket into the gallery, boss," she replied calmly.

"But why should I give you a ticket?"

"Cos I'm a retired actress."

"You? What did you do?" inquired the other in amusement.

"I played in 'Antony and Cleopatra.' I was fan-bearer for Miss Fanny Davenport."

One Good Deed to Her Record. Tsi An, the late empress of China, has not always been regarded as a model of the gentler virtues, and yet there is a story to the effect that each year on her birthday she was in the habit of buying from her own private purse 10,000 captive birds and setting them free, praying to the gods as she opened each cage that they might not be caught again.

At the Flower Ball. The Snapdragon looked indignantly across the room.

MUST HAVE SHOCKED MUMMY

French Custom House Officer Did Not Know He Was Dealing With Defunct Monarch.

M. Maspero, the famous French Egyptologist, tells in some reminiscences of an amusing experience which befell him on one occasion when bringing an Egyptian mummy to Europe.

"The first of these functionaries whom he encountered, however, insisted upon doing his duty. He opened the box which contained the mummy and exclaimed:

"Hellow, what have we here?" "A Pharaoh—a genuine Pharaoh of the sixth dynasty," said the scientist.

"A—Pharaoh?" said the puzzled officer. "I don't seem to remember what the duty on Pharaohs is."

"This importation," said the officer, finally, "does not seem to be provided for under the statutes. We shall have to follow our usual rule in such cases, and class it with the highest-taxed article of the kind that it seems to belong to. I shall classify your Pharaoh as a dried fish."

ARRANGING THE ICE CHEST

New York Grocers Now Send an Expert to Show Young Housewives How It Should Be Done.

"Even grocers are taking a hand in the education of young housewives," said the pretty woman. "I did my first marketing last week. The grocer knew I was green. When I had finished buying he said:

"Now, do you know how to arrange things in your icebox to the best advantage?"

"I said I was afraid I didn't. He called a young man from the rear of the store.

"James," he said, "when you deliver this basket of things will you show the lady the most economical arrangement of her refrigerator?"

"Fifteen minutes later white-aproned James was turning my ice chest upside down. He made a place for everything, and said it ought to be kept there. The meats, for example, should always come between the milk and butter and the fruit and salads. When he finished my refrigerator held twice as much as I had been able to get into it. Another wondrous phase of the situation was that James refused a tip.

"We make a point," he said, "of showing customers the proper arrangement of an ice chest."—New York Press.

Gaelic Alphabet.

Men familiar with the Gaelic tongue tell us that the alphabet of that ancient language is the most curious of all alphabets. In that nearly every letter is represented by a tree. The alphabet of today comprises eighteen letters; ancient Gaelic had seventeen.

Now, as of old, all the letters with the exception of g, t and u, which stand for ivy, furze and heather, are called after trees.

The Gaelic a b c now runs: Ailm, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fern, gath, huanh, loch, luis, muint, nain, of, neth, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is equivalent to saying: Elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitehorn, yew, rowan or quince, vine, ash, spindle-tree, pine, elder, willow, furze, heath. In the ancient Gaelic nina-bet the letter h (the huath, or white-horn) does not exist. The alphabet is called the beith-luis-nuin, because b, l, u, and not a, b, c, are its first three letters.

Question of Seeing.

Lady Gregory was discussing, in an interview in New York, her Irish Players and their Irish plays.

"Some people," it is evident," she said, "don't like our plays. Others again, think that the plays of John M. Synge and W. B. Yeats are works of art—beautiful works of art. It is a matter of eyesight."

"It is like the two gentlemen on the American liner who fell into conversation. One complained about the monotony of his home, at Kibee, in County Clare. But the other, knowing the wondrous beauty of Kibee, with the wild Atlantic surge beating on its rugged coast with sublime grandeur, said:

"It may be monotonous—but what a view you have!"

"View?" said the Kibee resident. "No view whatever. Why, man, there's nothing at all between us and America."

Parliamentary.

"This is all so sudden, Mr. Sampson," she said, with maidenly reserve, "and so unexpected, that although I confess I am not entirely indifferent to you, I hardly know what to say in reply to—"

"If you are in favor of the proposition," suggested Mr. Sampson, who, like Dick Swiveller, is a perpetual grand master, "you will please signify your assent by saying 'Aye.'"

"Aye," came softly. "Contrary?" "No!" "I pondered the old man, opening the door. "The next have it by a large majority," said Mr. Sampson, reaching hastily for his hat.

FACING A SERIOUS PROBLEM

English Housewives Seem to Be Called Upon to Choose Between Cook and Parlormaid.

Now, the crux of the situation is this: Which of the maids is to go? Must the neat-handed parlor maid take her departure? If so, the lady of the house knows that the early cup of tea will not be ready to start her day, or if she must have she will have to do as her sister from the colonies usually does—make it herself.

English gentlemen who have settled in Canada are often compelled to get up of a morning to cook the breakfast for heating the home. Think of the gentlemen of the upper middle classes at home getting up of a morning to kindle the kitchen fire! It is not to be thought of; the suggestion is an impossible one.

Then a glance round the drawing room, with its polished floor, its rug, its ornaments, its coal fire, for preference, makes the middle-aged house mistress go quietly out, close the door of the room, and meditate in solitude. It seems to her that cook must go. However there rise before her the ghosts of the dishes she used to make quite well. It is so long since she touched any kitchen utensils! Would her old skill return to her in her extremity? Alas! she could not reckon upon any such happy coincidence; she, perforce, must continue to rack her brain and pay her cook. Even suppose she did manage to supplement her own cooking by outside aid, what would happen on their social evenings?—London Standard.

ADDED PLEASURE TO VISIT

New Yorker's Trip to Atlantic City Remunerative Both as to His Health and Pocket.

A retired merchant who was well known in the jobbing branch in New York fifteen years ago recently spent some time at Atlantic City, where he took his wife for rest and change of scene, and where he had an unusually pleasant experience.

"We met there," so he tells the story, "a man whom I had known in a business way many years ago. We and our wives walked and roller skated together, and they seemed to enjoy our company as much as we did theirs. On the day before we came away Mr. Blank called me into the billiard room, handed me an envelope addressed to me at my New York home and said: 'I intended to bring you this when our visit here was over and before we went back to our home out west.' The envelope contained a check for a balance which the man owed when his business collapsed in 1894, with interest to date. 'So glad I met you,' he added, 'for I saved the carfare to your house.'"

"The New York man added that the debt had passed out of his mind, together with many others which had gone to 'profit and loss' in his old books."

His Righteous Kick.

"Say!" exclaimed the undersized chap, bustling into the room, "isn't this the kickery? I want to air my grouch. I contend that the little man doesn't get a fair shake. People impose on him just because he can't help himself. Take my case. I'm five feet four, and slim accordingly. I go into a car that's nearly empty, pick out a good seat, open my newspaper, and begin to read. In comes a big, beefy cuss, with a lateral spread of two and one-half feet. Does he pick out a nice empty seat for himself? He does not. He waddles down the aisle till he sees me. 'There's my meat!' he says: 'he ain't big enough to crowd me.' And he plants himself down by me, jams me over against the end of the seat, crushes my arms against my sides, blame him, and—"

"You're all right, my friend," interrupted the man at the desk, "and you've got a real grievance, but you're lacking the wrong department, the Friend of the People is in room 320."—Chicago Tribune.

Shelves and Straight Fronts.

"There are a great many things in this library that if I had my way would be changed," remarked an aggrieved-looking woman to a librarian the other day. "For instance, look at these lower shelves! They're an outrage!" she said stormily, making a sweeping gesture toward the shelves in question. "Do you wear straight fronts?" she asked with an angry glare, and then without waiting for a reply, announced decisively: "Well, I do; and though I've been wanting that volume down there for the last half hour, do you think I'd dare get it? No, I consider it positively dangerous to take a book off those lower shelves."

Epistolary Caution.

Before the customer paid his bill the hotel stenographer tore several pages out of her notebook and handed them to him.

"Only the notes of his letters," she said to the next customer. "About once in six months somebody comes along who keeps such a watchful eye on his correspondence that he won't even let a stenographer keep his notes. Of course it is nothing to us, and we always give them up when asked. I don't know what the cautious folk do with them. Destroy them maybe. Anyhow, there is no record of foolish utterances left in the stenographer's books."

NEW OCCUPATION FOR "COP"

Guardian of the Peace Also Called Upon to Act as Dispeller of Nightmares.

Occasionally householders require services of policemen that seem extraordinary, even to men who have grown old on the force. Said a boy to a patrolman:

"Are you the new night policeman on this beat?" "The policeman said he was. "Then there's a man around at our house would like to see things up with you," said the boy. "Can you come?"

Mentally rehearsing the crushing rebuke that he should deliver if requested to condone counterfeiting or kindred illegal practices, the patrolman accompanied his guide to the first-floor flat, where a very innocuous-looking young man sat reading a newspaper. Having satisfied himself that the officer would be on duty that night, the young man said:

"I shall sleep in this room, and if you should happen past here about 2 o'clock and hear me yelling my lungs out, don't get scared and think somebody is murdering me, but just reach in through the window and shake me good and hard. I shall be in the throes of nightmare, that's all, and as these folks are all strangers to me, maybe they wouldn't like to come in and wake me up. The night patrolman in the street I just moved away from used to perform that little job for me, and I shall be much obliged if you will do the same."

The policeman seemed disinclined to assume the role of dispenser of nightmares, but he finally accepted the unique commission.

WERE NOT TO BE CONVINCED

Violin Maker's Work So Good the Critics Would Not Accept It as His Own.

While it is no easy matter for a violin maker to rival the famous Stradivarius instruments, an American maker once did this, and did it in so effectual a manner that experts pronounced his violin a genuine Stradivarius. The successful man was George Gemunder, who died some ten years ago. His remarkable ability as a maker of violins was known to many a distinguished player, such as Ole Bull, Remenyi and Wilhelm, but he achieved—so runs the story—his greatest success at the last Paris exposition. To that exhibition he sent an imitation Stradivarius, and, to test its merits, had it placed on exhibition as the genuine article.

A committee of experts carefully examined the instrument and pronounced it a Stradivarius. So far Gemunder's triumph was complete, but now came a difficulty. When he claimed that it was not an old violin but a new one made by himself, the committee would not believe him. They declared that he had never made the instrument and pronounced him an impostor. He had done his work too well.

Pig or Coon Terrier.

William Haynes tells an amusing story of the Scottish terrier's appearance in Gullin. He says:

"I always smile when I think of an experience a Scot and I had when I was at the university. The dramatic club was presenting one of Pizarro's farces, and I was lucky enough to be playing the part of a young scapegrace. In one of the acts, I used to take a Scot on the stage, and when not before the footlights she mounted guard in my dressing room—incidentally, she made things very uncomfortable for one of the ladies of the company who came, in my absence, to borrow a filling of tobacco for his pipe.

"One time I came back to my room to find it in an uproar. Two stars had been plunged deep in discussion as to whether Betty was a dog, or a tame bear cub, a debate that was quite seriously complicated by a third stoutly maintaining that she was a coon. They had long since passed the retort courteous stage and were almost at blows, and I doubt that I could have convinced them, had she not spoken for herself—her bark being conclusive proof of her doghood."

No Place for a Washington.

Dr. R. J. Campbell, the English Christian-Socialist, was condemning, at a luncheon in Philadelphia, a certain type of modern business man.

"This type of man," he said, "is precisely opposite to George Washington as Washington got on by telling the truth. This man gets on by lying."

"I reminds me of a story. "A very successful business man took his son into his employ, and the youth after a few days' work, entered his father's office and said consolatorily:

"Dad, I'm afraid I shan't make good here. You see, I'm not used to lying."

"But the father laughed easily. "Oh," he said, "if you tell the truth in a place like this, everybody'll believe you're lying, anyway."

Telephones and Ear Troubles.

The ear troubles of telephone users are attributed by Dr. Foster of Charleston to the sharp crackling and other intermittent distracting noises, and not to any electrical or electromagnetic action. The elimination of these sounds is a problem for the telephone engineer. Herr Bahr of Charlottenburg has attempted a solution, and claims improvement by substituting for the iron diaphragm one of mica attached to an iron disc.

FUSSY MAN MAKES PROTEST

Almost Universal Trick of City Salesmen Makes No Sort of Appeal to Him.

"Of course it is generally understood that we can always run the other fellow's business better than he can," said the fussy Philadelphian, "which is all the more reason for surprise that our advice is so seldom regarded. I could tell the haberdasher, for instance, what sort of salesmen he should have behind his counters."

"I have never yet met one of these fellows who could resist the temptation to tell me what I should wear. And that isn't the worst of it. They tell me I should wear certain things because they do, not realizing that that is the very reason why I should not wear them."

"I rather pride myself upon the nicety of my attire, and to have one of these young whippersnappers say, 'Here is the collar for you; I wear those myself,' as though that would influence me favorably, certainly does not get on my nerves. And they all do it. It seems to be considered by their employers as an asset in their favor."

"If I wanted to look like a \$15 a week counterjumper I might consider their taste and follow their advice. But I don't."

DOGS BECOME A NUISANCE

Staten Island Made a Dumping Ground by Its Big Neighbor, New York City.

Staten Island, N. Y., is notorious as a refuge for stray dogs. The borough across the bay is overrun with homeless curs of all sizes, ages and descriptions, and the policemen are kept busy shooting them up to appease the fears of the nervous inhabitants.

"Most of them come across on the boats," explained a cop stationed at the ferry house at St. George. "No, they aren't stowaways, neither do they work their passage over. They are brought over by people who don't want them, who have grown tired of their pets, or want to get rid of them for some reason, and instead of taking them to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals they bring them over here and turn them loose, knowing they will never find their way back."

"Once here they have to forage for their food, and become wild and dangerous. Often they form in packs the wolves, and then they realize the strength of numbers, and are absolutely fearless. I dare say there are more dogs on Staten Island than in all the rest of the boroughs put together."

Trying It On the Girl.

"Oh, it's the grand job I've got now," said a buxom Irish girl to her companion in the subway. "My principal duty is to sit in the parlor twirling my thumbs and listening to my lady play the piano. It seems her man likes music, but she gets so fussed every time she plays in front of people that she is after having a crying spell every time. So one day she says to me: 'Mary, I wish you to leave your work and come in and listen to me practice. I want to get used to playing in front of folks.' I dried my hands and slicked back my hair and went to the parlor and there I sat one hour listening to my lady play the piano and if the work is behind she never says a word. Next week she says she is going to ask in the janitor so as to make more of a crowd and I have a secret hope that she's going to ask my gentleman friend to join us some evening when the boss is out and he is calling on me. It's the finest job I've had in my seven years' experience in America."

Sell Enough.

Vincent Astor, at a luncheon in New York, praised the neatness of the American man's dress.

"In the past, I have been told," he said, "the American was careless—a little careless as to shaving, polishing his boots, and brushing his clothes. But he is now as neat as his English brother, who is acknowledged to be the neatest man on earth."

"Apropos of the unbrushed clothes of the past, there was an actor of the old school type who appeared one morning on the Rialto with a red rose in his dingy coat."

"Where do you suppose I got this?" he asked another actor, lifting his lapel proudly.

"Oh, dear knows!" the other answered, determined to escape a mash tale. "Dear knows—unless it grew there."

New Breakfast Food

Representative Mann of Chicago recently stopped to inspect some street construction work in the Windy City. His attention seemed to be particularly drawn to a large iron cylinder that was being constantly turned over a fire for the purpose of heating gravel.

"What do you make of that, Mann?" asked a friend who chanced along just then.

"I think they must be rolled pebbles," answered Mr. Mann. "Some new kind of breakfast food adapted for those Italian immigrants."

An Easier Job.

"An easy job will suit me, senator," answered Mr. Mann. "How about winding the clocks every week?"

"I might make that do. But what's the matter with my tearing the leaves off the calendar every month?"