

PUTTING IT RATHER BLUNTLY

Marital Philosophy Coarsely Expressed, Yet Conveyed a Subtle Sense of Meaning.

"Harry" she said, and there were what a novelist would call tears in her voice as she spoke. "I don't believe you love me any longer."

"No my dear, I did not," he admitted. "Then," she said, reproachingly, "my slightest wish was law; then you never sat around like a dummy smoking a cigar and reading a paper when I was in the room; then you seemed anxious to please me, and were ever on the watch to do some little favor for me."

"It is true," he admitted. "You were never lazy then," she went on. "You were full of life and spirits; you were energetic."

"But does he continue jumping after he has got it?" "Of course."

"Well," he said, as he turned to his paper again, "you're my apple; and I don't see any reason why I should keep on jumping any more than the boy."

"Printers' errors are usually annoying, but a printer's error saved the life of my best friend." The speaker was Cosmo Hamilton, the English writer, who is in New York.

"Horace Hamfat is an actor. Rich today, he was poor and a failure up to the age of forty. His life up to that age was passed in the provinces on two or three quid a week. A quid, by the way, is \$5. Well, one Saturday in Manchester, Horace Hamfat's show went up, the manager fed and Horace for three days lived on bread and dripping. Then a letter came to him from a London admirer, enclosing \$50."

"I should like to call attention to the wisdom of the simple life. First, let us have pure, wholesome, and nutritious foods, not deteriorated in any way, and free from any manipulation in the way of added injurious substances of any description; and, secondly a diet of simple food, avoiding complex dishes and multiplicity of courses, but securing a sufficient variety to minister to the legitimate wants of the palate. The frying-pan too often takes the place of the spit, and while some fried dishes may be tolerated, it is not a method of cooking that may be generally recommended. If this simplicity were combined with proper attention to the quantity of diet, frequency of eating, and proper mastication, each individual would be kept in a condition best suited to enable him to perform the special functions in life to which he devotes himself. Too great hurry in eating not only makes digestion more difficult, but also robs the meal of its social opportunities of conversation. The mastication of the food should receive special attention, especially all starchy substances."—Woman's Home Companion.

Peninsular War Centenary. Mr. Arthur Keyser, the British consul for Seville, in his annual report, says: During the Napoleonic wars Cadix was the only town in Spain which successfully resisted the French invaders, and when at last a parliament was constituted in 1812 it assembled in this town, where it was proclaimed constitutional, thus ending the period of absolute rule. In commemoration of this event and in fulfillment of a promise then made by the government, which owed its existence to the patriotism of Cadix inhabitants and to the assistance rendered to Spain by the British and Portuguese armies under Wellington, congress has decided to devote the sum of 1,500,000 pesetas (\$280,000) to erecting a monument in honor of the allies and to defraying the cost of centenary celebration of an international nature. Half the above amount will cover the cost of the monument, and the remainder will be applied to festivities to which representatives of the United Kingdom, Portugal and South American Republics will be invited.

Queer Luncheon. An elderly, roly-poly sort of man has been seen to consume a lunch every day for a week that takes the prize for oddity. The waitress brings to him a plate of French ice cream and a bowl of hot milk, the bowl being covered with a saucer. Between small spoonfuls of the ice cream he ladles out a little of the milk into the ice cream and then a little of the milk into another bowl, testing its temperature this while with slips. By the time the milk has become sufficiently cooled to suit his ideas of the proper temperature at which to drink it the ice cream has been consumed. He never orders anything else for his noonday meal.—New York Press.

Relic of Cider Barrel Campaign. A relic of the "cider barrel" campaign of William Henry Harrison, in 1840, is owned by S. M. Unger, 2215 North Pennsylvania street. A campaign medal, worn for many years by Henry M. Ward, a veteran of the Civil war, has been presented to Mr. Unger who will give it to one of his sons whose grandfather, on Mrs. Unger's side of the family, was James T. Harrison of Virginia, related to W. H. Harrison and Benjamin Harrison. The medal shows a profile of W. H. Harrison on one side and the legend "Major General W. H. Harrison; born February 9, 1773." The other side shows an old log cabin, at the side of which stands a cider barrel. On that side of the medal are the words: "The People's Choice in the Year 1840."—Indianapolis News.

Bacon's House. Lovers of Bacon will be grieved to learn that his house at Gorbamby is falling to rack and ruin. It has been more or less of a ruin for years past, but on revisiting it the other day after a lapse of some years I found one of the Roman statues gone and of the other one only the trunk remained. One of the Roman conditions had gone. Unless something is done promptly the whole building will fall to pieces. It is to be hoped that Lord Verulam will take steps to preserve the house of his illustrious ancestor.—Correspondence London Daily Graphic.

FIND RELIEF IN CONFESSION

"Making a Clean Breast of It" Has Saved Many a Man and Woman From Insanity.

The relief of making "a clean breast of it" Who of us is there who has not experienced it? If we have done something which we consider shameful or degrading or horrible we find that we are suffering until we can tell it all to some one else, comments a magazine writer. The murderer, to take an extreme instance, is harrowed and crazed by his crime (in many cases) until he has confessed all, whereupon he finds a measure of relief and is more ready to meet his doom. It is with the mind, as with the body; if you take a poison into your body you suffer until the poison is drained off; if you suffer until it is extirpated, or to put it differently; a physical wound refuses to heal until the poison is cleaned out, and the longer you wait the worse the poison becomes. It is possibly, it threatens your life. It is just so with the wounds of the mind, and in extreme cases, where there is no relief, the "poison" becomes so bad that it endangers the reason, leads to insanity.

Some of the insane are merely suffering from some terrible experience, some shock, some emotional impact, which they never shared with others; which they locked up in their breasts; which grew steadily worse until it transformed their whole nature. Why is it that so often a man living alone in some shack out on the prairie, or some woman alone in a farmhouse, becomes insane? It is simply because there is no outlet for the emotions, for the shocks and worries, the fears and terrors, "no one to tell it to."

A curious fact is that we are troubled not so much by the things we "remember" as by the things we have "forgotten," the things stowed carefully away in the unconscious part of the mind. We go through some shameful experience which we feel is too distasteful, too degrading, to tell any one else, we try to forget it; we succeed, in time. But there it is, underneath, like hidden poison, working on us whenever it gets a chance, trying always to break through, to come into the light.

"But insanity, after all, is not always the outcome; bad nerves, neurasthenia, unrest, unhappiness, are the more common finalities. We see all about us people who are leading maimed and crippled lives, quarrelsome, bitter, dejected, nervously in a flutter. The trouble with many of them is that they have never had complete expression for their painful experiences; they are chock-full of the mental poison of the past.

Simple Food. "I should like to call attention to the wisdom of the simple life. First, let us have pure, wholesome, and nutritious foods, not deteriorated in any way, and free from any manipulation in the way of added injurious substances of any description; and, secondly a diet of simple food, avoiding complex dishes and multiplicity of courses, but securing a sufficient variety to minister to the legitimate wants of the palate. The frying-pan too often takes the place of the spit, and while some fried dishes may be tolerated, it is not a method of cooking that may be generally recommended. If this simplicity were combined with proper attention to the quantity of diet, frequency of eating, and proper mastication, each individual would be kept in a condition best suited to enable him to perform the special functions in life to which he devotes himself. Too great hurry in eating not only makes digestion more difficult, but also robs the meal of its social opportunities of conversation. The mastication of the food should receive special attention, especially all starchy substances."—Woman's Home Companion.

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TRAMP MET HIS MATCH

KNIGHT OF THE ROAD HAD NO MONOPOLY OF HUMOR.

Forced in the End to Be Content With Sniffing the Savory Stew He Had Hoped to Sample. He Went His Way.

The weary tramp sauntered idly along the highway. It had been a beautifully lazy day, just suited to the uses of a dolt for a minute past his head, and his distaste for effort increased as he passed along. His only inconvenience was that some thing within told him that he was hungry. It was probably his stomach, since it had not been overburdened with food for several days—not because there was not plenty of it to be had, but because he had sturdily adhered to his anti-laboring principles. Work he considered disgraceful, and he was not going to fasten a blot of any kind on his escutcheon by accepting any kind of a job if he could help it. It was a favorite theory of his that the world owed him a living, and he maintained that an honest work would voluntarily come and pay its debt and not force him to dun it like a common garden day laborer with either an ax, a spade, or hoe. It was pretty near dinner time as he drew near to the farmhouse, and, pausing before the kitchen window, he leaned gracefully against the sill and complimented the lady of the house, who stood within, upon the delicate aroma of a veal stew that stood simmering upon the kitchen stove.

"Pretty good stew you have there," said he, sniffing its fragrance with all the air of a connoisseur. "Reminds me of the kind my mother used to make."

"Ya-as," returned the lady of the house, who had a nice sense of humor. "It's a stew good for them as ain't willin' to work for it."

"All the same," said he, "I'm a man of taste, and I wouldn't mind havin' a taste of that."

"Ye can have it," said the lady of the house pleasantly, "when ye earn it. Can you saw that wood?"

The tramp shivered, but answered promptly. "You'll excuse me, madam," said he, with an uneasy glance at the woodpile, "but I must correct your English. I bin a student of English all my life. What you should have is, 'Can you see that wood,' not saw."

"Thank ye, perfessor," said the lady, amiably. "It's so long since I went to skule that my grammar air a leetle weak, and I accept the correction. Can you see that wood?"

"I sure can," replied the weary tramp. "My eyesight is as sharp as my appetite."

"Wa-al, eat all ye want of it," said the lady genially. "There's a pile of it, and more where it come from."

"But I can't eat wood," retorted the tramp. "No, perfessor," replied the lady, "but I thought maybe ye had an axe with ye, so's ye could help yourself to a chop as ye went by."

Whereupon the hungry hobo resumed his way, cursing the day that humor was invented.—Judge.

Draw the Line at David. Sir Frederick Wedmore, a well-known art critic, has published a most interesting volume of memories, in which he tells good things about interesting people whom he has met.

One of the best stories is that of Queen Victoria and her statement that she "would not meet David." She evidently championed Bathsheba. The story runs thus: "In some such terms as the following, Lady Southampton felt herself inspired to address the queen one day: 'Do not you think ma'am, one of the satisfactions of the future state will be, not only our reunion with those whom we have loved on earth, but our opportunities of seeing face to face so many of the noble figures of the past—of other lands and times? Bible times, for instance. Abraham will be there, ma'am; Isaac, too, and Jacob. Think of what they will be like! And the sweet singer of Israel. He, too, Yes, ma'am, King David we shall see.' And, after a moment's silence, with perfect dignity and decision, the great queen made answer, 'I will not meet Queen David!'"—Public Opinion.

Give Credit to Suspenders. "Notice what a difference the firm grip of cool weather makes in the carriage of most men?" a prominent physician asked the other day. "See how their shoulders are thrown back, their chins thrust forward and the general elasticity of their step?" "Yes, I've noticed it," his companion replied. "Cold weather certainly braces a man up." "You are right there," the doctor replied, "but there is something that plays a more important part than the mere fact that the air is cold. What? Suspenders? Yes, sir! Soon as the weather gets cool a man wears a vest. That means that he lays his belt aside and resorts to suspenders. No man can walk erect and with that air of alertness without them. The reason is simple. The natural way to walk is with the chest thrown out and the allowance drawn in. When a man wears a belt he cannot do that because his trousers will sink down and he will be very uncomfortable generally. When his trousers are suspended from his shoulders he can walk naturally."

She Knows Better. "Maad"—"Jack keeps to be an easy-going fellow." "Ebel"—"Easy-going! You never had him call on you evenin'g; one can never get him to go."

BLOND ESKIMOS LONG KNOWN

Old Revenue Cutter Captain Says Stories of Burning Mountain Were Laughed At.

Tacoma, Wash.—Captain Francis Tuttle of the revenue service, retired, says that for thirty years or more stories of Stefansson's blond Eskimo tribe have been told by old-time whalers who were sometimes driven into Bankland by ice floes. Whalers were laughed at when they described Eskimos with red hair seen in the far north.

In the early nineties Captain Tuttle, commanding the cutter Bear, met the whaler Hallene, commanded by Captain Bert Williams, now residing at Irondeau. Williams told Tuttle of a strange tribe in Bankland which came out to the whaler. Some of them went aboard. Williams could not understand their language and learned little about them. From his winter quarters Williams could see a burning mountain of coal. The natives led him to a place where he obtained enough coal to supply his vessel that winter. By signs they made Williams understand that the great mountain had been burning for 200 years. Captain Tuttle believes Williams is the man of whom one tribe told Stefansson.

During his thirty years of service on the Alaskan coast Captain Tuttle heard of blond tribes from other whalers, but the stories were generally given little credence.

GIRL ON TRIAL WINS SUITOR

Pays Fine of Girl Convicted of Theft. Proposes Marriage and is Accepted.

New York.—Eva Roux, the demure French-Canadian girl who spent four strenuous days in the superior court at Bridgeport defending herself against a charge of theft preferred by Mrs. C. E. Page of New York and Sound Beach, is to become a bride within a week or so.

Her trial resulted in a fine being imposed. A man who is said to be the owner of two Connecticut theaters and who listened to all of the evidence, paid her fine and then proposed marriage. His name is not divulged. He is forty-five and a bachelor.

Miss Eva was all smiles when seen in the office of Mrs. T. Carnello, who had befriended her at the time of the trial.

"Oum," she replied to the question whether she was to be married. Then in broken English she expressed pleasure, saying she had written home to get her parents' consent, and if they agreed the marriage would take place at once. The man who is to marry her has already taken steps to reopen the case in the superior court and have Miss Eva's reputation cleared.

ASKS DIVORCE, HAS A GUARD

St. Louis Woman Who Sues Husband Protected by Police—Escorted To and From Home.

St. Louis, Mo.—Every morning for a week a policeman called at 1423 Semple avenue, and after ringing the doorbell, met Mrs. Della Monica Black and escorted her to the nearest street car line. There he put her aboard a car, tipped his cap and went his way. Every evening a policeman met Mrs. Black as she got off the car, returning from her work in a downtown millinery house, and saw her safely to her door.

Mrs. Black's reason for asking the police escort was revealed when she filed a divorce suit against Charles E. Black, proprietor of a drug store at Arlington and Ridge avenues.

Mrs. Black told a reporter that she believed it necessary to protect herself on her way to and from her home. Black has refused to make any statement about the case, except to say he has hired a lawyer.

AGED COUPLE IN BOX CAR

Former Missionaries Share Privations and Hardships—Are Found in South Dakota.

Jamestown, N. D.—Sharing privations and hardships with her husband, Mrs. K. W. Shapp was found in a box car in the Northern Pacific yards here. She and her husband were traveling from South Dakota to Idaho, and had intended going the entire distance in the car in which they had loaded their few belongings. Cold weather, however, made the trip hard, and they were suffering greatly because of their scant protection from the elements. Both are more than sixty years old. They were formerly missionaries.

WATER TO CHRISTEN SHIP

New York W. C. T. U. Urges Libation From Niagara for Battleship New York.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—The New York state convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union forwarded a resolution to the secretary of the navy, asking that the new battleship New York be christened with water taken from Niagara falls. If the request is granted the union will furnish the water and the receptacle.

Boy of 15 Supports Family.

Irwin, Pa.—Joseph Nellis, a fifteen-year-old boy employed in a mine here, is supporting two younger sisters and a brother in a shanty which he has rented. The boy's father recently died. Joseph has a hard time, but he refuses all offers of aid.

PRIEST'S GHOST STORY

BEGAN WITH THRILLS, BUT ENDED VERY TAMELY.

All the Material for Really Excellent Experience With Spirits Seemed to Be There Until the Touch of Materialism Developed.

Doctor Walsh, lecturer and nerve specialist, tells the following story in one of his series of talks on ghosts, dreams, premonitions. After this tale it will be unnecessary to say that the doctor has never seen a ghost himself. An old clergyman dwelling alone with his housekeeper and her sister in a rather lonely part of a little country town was awakened late one night by a loud ring at his front doorbell. In a moment the priest was out of bed and preparing to go on what he expected was a sick call summons.

Again very shortly came another ring at the bell. Surprised that the housekeeper, who slept on the ground floor, had not answered the door he went out into the hall and down the stairs. There standing at the open door was the housekeeper and her sister looking out into empty space. The two astonished women turned to him. "There is no one there, father!" they exclaimed.

"When I rang first I went to the door and found no one," went on the priest, "then when it rang again we were both near the door and opened it immediately and there was nothing around."

As they were speaking the bell rang again and the women in alarm clung to each other. Boldly the priest opened the door—still no one in sight.

It was a clear starlight night and the house stood in an empty space. Very cautiously he explored every portion of the grounds, piazza and house, but not even a footprint could he find. As he was entering the door after his search the bell rang again, and as he was in full view of the bell he was forced to admit that no visible human agency rang it. He had great difficulty calming the frightened women and returned to his room in a puzzled frame of mind. Just before getting into bed he glanced at his watch and saw that it was 2 o'clock.

The next day he learned with great sorrow and also with some uneasiness that the vicar of the neighboring town, who was a lifelong friend of his and of whose illness he had not heard, had died at 2 o'clock the night before.

After that no mysterious doorbell ringings were heard until the night of the day of the vicar's funeral. Wreathed out with grief and the funeral, the old priest had retired early and was sleeping soundly when he was awakened by knocks at his door and the voice of his frightened housekeeper. "Father! Father!" she was crying. "Didn't you hear the doorbell ring? We've gone to the door and there's no one there! The house must be haunted. Tomorrow the first thing in the morning we will leave."

Cutting still the woman's crying came another ring at the bell. Quickly the priest was up and down stairs, looking at his watch on the way down. It was 2 o'clock. As he opened the door clear and shrill the bell clanged out again. "So the bell rings itself, does it?" he mused after a good look around. "Well, then, the trouble must be in the bell." Late as it was he went to work prying the bell from the door and found—the ghost! A family of mice had built a snug little nest for themselves there and their entrances and exits had been the cause of the bell's ringing. The late hours they kept was no doubt due to their natural timidity.

Good Word for Corsets.

It is not often that a doctor has much to say in favor of the corset, but two Berlin medical men, Professor Felix Hirschfeld and Adolf Loewy, have just come forward in championship of that sorely abused garment. True, their advocacy is of limited and qualified character, but so far as goes it is quite wholehearted, for they have satisfied themselves that for a certain type of physique that is especially prone to consumption the use of corsets may act as a preventive of that disease. The structure in question is described as "paralytic thorax," the specific characteristics of which appear to be length and flatness of the chest. The two investigators carried out exhaustive experiments on the respirations of persons of this class, simultaneously following the movements of the diaphragm by means of Roentgen rays. The result they arrived at was that whereas the corset diminished the depth it increased the frequency of their patient's breathing, so that the total amount of air taken into the lungs within a given time remained the same.

Freedom to Say What One Likes.

The only way to be agreeable and sweet is to avoid being disagreeable. The first act in the play of self-improvement problem is to be as civil to home folk as you would be to strangers. Let loose sweet thoughts and music and choke off the unkind ones. The second act is the same. And so is the third and fourth. If one is determined to look for fights they surely will find more than they are looking for, because a lot of them will be looking for them. To take life calmly is the only way. People are seldom insulted as deeply as they fancy, and even if they are silent it is so much more effective than scolding.

The freedom to say just what is thought to home folks has broken up more homes than drink or infidelity.

LINGERS ALWAYS IN MEMORY

Fortunate is the Man That Can Recall the Love Showered on Him by Grandmother.

The Women's Home Companion contains an impressive article on grandmothers, in which the author gives the following description of her own grandmother:

"A bride at fifteen; a widow with four little children at thirty; flung from wealth to poverty by the Civil war; confronted with the necessity to earn her own and her children's living in a day when women had indeed cause to cry out for better opportunities, and through it all strong, patient, serene, the unconquerable soul."

"What could be braver, what could be richer, than her life? "What could there be in all human experience to surpass that young love of hers?—the love that one hears, with aching throat and blurred eyes, in the single voice of some throbbing violin when the lights are low and every coarser instrument is hushed? Ah, that is the pure romance, starchy, exquisite—fleeting, if you will—but oh, how sweet!"

"And then—motherhood. The woman of today, with a large and lovely charity, would mother the whole world. But she—she mothered her own. And will any woman say that to mother one's own is the lesser joy, the inferior vocation?"

"Then death—the death of her husband. And I think there can be no sharper test of courage, no deeper call for heroism, than the requirement to smile into one's children's faces, to make life a happy thing for them, when their father lies dead. That is a task to shake the heart of the staunchest; yet she did it."

"Soon afterward, the war and financial disaster; the old, old story of the southern wife and widow; the home desecrated for her by the presence of boarders; the skillful needle put to such unwonted service; all the pitiful shifts of unequipped, sensitively bred poverty. These things she did too—and smiled."

"And then she lost her first-born, her only son. And she smiled still, for the children who were left."

"As her remaining children grew up around her, the stress lightened. There was marriage, there was birth happening about her again—renewals of life."

"What would childhood be, indeed, without grandmothers? Of course we love our mothers and fathers best; we always assert that stoutly, but—well, there's something about a grandmother!"

Wishing for Longer Days.

Most women at home would be surprised to learn that there are quicker ways of doing ordinary things than they are used to. But efficiency experts who work wonders in cutting out waste motions in factories, so that hard-headed business men are willing to pay them big money for their services, throw up their hands in horror when they observe how women at home let the precious time slip through their fingers, and wonder where the day has gone.

Among the improvements they suggest is that women use the clock more, agreeing with themselves to get certain things done by certain times, and having certain hours free for culture, devotion and recreation. The necessity of keeping to a schedule means the invention of many short cuts, and puts something of that delightful same spirit into the most commonplace tasks.

Now don't talk it over with some negative-minded person who muddles your good intentions with wailing objections, but just go ahead and do it. If it works, then tell your neighbor. Perhaps she would like to have some spare time too.—Dellnestor.

Effect of Paint on Corrosion of Iron.

According to the rather surprising results obtained by two German chemists, M. Liebreich and L. Spitzer, who were experimenting with paint as a preventive of the corrosion of iron, it seems that one coat of good paint or varnish is much superior to two or more coats. In their experiments a second coat proved absolutely detrimental. The experiments consisted in painting well polished steel bars with one or more coats and suspending the bars over boiling water for four days. Half of the coating was then removed and the bare metal well covered with vaseline to prevent oxidation. In each case where only one coat of paint had been applied the bars remained as brilliant and rust free as before the test, but in the case of two or more coats, corrosion had taken place. The investigators will not commit themselves as to the explanation of this, but it may be that a coating of several layers provides a less fertile cover, more liable to crack, thus allowing oxidizing agents to penetrate to the metal surface.

Caught Seagull on Salmon Red.

I have sometimes read accounts of birds taking the fly of a fisherman, but I do not remember having heard before of any one catching a seagull when salmon fishing.

This happened here at Dunkeld today, and the lady who was fishing not only hooked the seagull but after playing it for a quarter of an hour landed it.

The lady was harling for salmon in the Tay just below Dunkeld bridge, spinning with a minnow from a boat, when the seagull swooped under the water and flew off with the minnow. The gull made very good play, and it was only owing to skillful handling that it was eventually "netted." It was of course taken off the hook and flew away none the worse.—The Field.