

FEW PERSONS SAW THE JOKE

Wholesale Order for Humming Birds' Tongues Surprised New Yorker and Caused Protests.

Something like two years ago the manager of a New York hotel was surprised by a request from San Antonio, Tex., for him to send down there all the humming birds' tongues he could buy in the market.

"By Gage, that's just the idea," he said, "but I say, old chap, where shall I get them?" I told him they were plentiful in the neighborhood of Tampico and at his request dictated a request to a friend down there to get as many humming birds' tongues as he could and send them on.

CAREER OF A SON OF ERIN

Lesson Taught by Success of An Irishman Who Came to America In 1855.

In the early part of March, 1855, a native of Ireland arrived in New York with \$8 in his pocket. He struck out into the country, asking at every farm for a steady job and paying for a meal and a night's lodging with a few hours' work.

Today any man can get twice the wages and buy the farm, with all its improvements, at half the price; only one-fourth the period of saving and waiting is required of the man who makes the effort today.

Toothless Saws.

Toothless saws have been in use cutting armor plate for a number of years. The theory of the action is abrasion by local fusion, due to the very high speed of the disk, causing so many thousand inches of surface to impinge on the metal undercut that the material acted upon is heated at the point of contact to a temperature approaching, if not equal to, the fusing point.

When Hall Caine Hit Back.

"Hall Caine is the most abused writer in the world," said a New York publisher. "He gets nothing but grills and roasts when he brings out one of those melodramatic novels or plays of his that sell so amazingly well."

"Yes, the critics roast Hall Caine, but he, too, will often roast the critics. One night here in New York, at a dinner attended by all our best critics, the little man, rising to a toast, pushed back the thin Auburn hair from his protuberant brow and said:

"Dear me, what a lot of critics there are here! It requires very little ability to find fault. That is why, I presume, there are so many of you, gentlemen."

The Society Scale.

"Pa," said Freddy, "what is a social scale?" "Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money."

SHOPLIFTER HAS HARD LUCK

She Cannot Wear Clothes of Latest Design or Make Herself at All Conspicuous.

When the confusion caused by the arrest of a shoplifter had died down a bystander said:

"Well, she wasn't my idea of a shoplifter. I had always imagined shoplifters were dressed in up-to-date clothes. She wasn't."

"None of them are," said the store detective. "Ultra-fashionable clothes would ruin their business. What chance would a woman wearing a harem skirt have of getting away with a bolt of lace or a willow plume? There would be so many pairs of eyes fastened on her that she couldn't even buy a paper of pins without being caught in the act."

"It was the same way with hobbie skirts. They got pretty common, still there were enough people who saw something so funny about the hobbie that they had to stop and stare at every one they met to make it risky for a shoplifter to put one on."

"Also the shoplifter cannot afford to dye her hair a pronounced color, to wear extra big hats or high heels. All those things make her a target for the public gaze and limit her proficiency. Every calling has its disadvantages, and shoplifting is no exception. The person who succeeds at that must make sacrifices, and the first of these is to forswear showy clothes when plying her trade."

ALL IN BLACK AND WHITE

Smartness of the Popular Spring Combination as Exemplified by Pretty Young Woman.

There is no doubt about black and white being smart. The combination is rejuvenated each spring, though effects are thought out that give an air of novelty to the color scheme. For instance, a costume that appeared on Madison avenue and Sixth street, New York, the other afternoon illustrated this. The girl was young and sweet and blooming. Her tailored suit was plain, dead black broadcloth as to material and clinging as to cut.

German East African Caves.

A remarkable system of subterranean caves in German East Africa has been discovered and partly explored by Father Ambrosius, a Roman Catholic missionary, and Herr Thurmman, a German official. The caves are situated in the Matumbi mountains and natives never ventured farther than a small grotto, the first one encountered, as they said an evil spirit dwelt within. The two explorers discovered a hole at the end of this grotto which led to a great cavern 3,200 feet in length, filled with deep pools in which strange eel-like fish lived. Stalactites and stalagmites twenty-five feet in length were plentiful here.

War on Ground Squirrels.

Farmers have begun early this year to wage a war of extermination on the ground squirrels. Thousands of them are being killed daily with poisoned grain, but as soon as the grass and wheat become long enough and green they will eat but little grain, and traps must be used. Hundreds of traps are going out of the Palouse country towns every day.

Some farmers employ a man or boy whose sole duty it is to look after the traps of which there are as many as 2,000 on some of the larger farms. These are placed at the holes and the squirrels run into them and are caught and held. It is estimated that the traps, poison and labor to kill squirrels in Whitman county cost thousands of dollars annually, while the amount of grain destroyed by the pests runs into tens of thousands of dollars each year.

Successful Soldier of Fortune.

Gen. "Kald" Bolton, the young English soldier who led 67,000 troops to a victory which placed Mulai Hafid on the throne of Morocco, is visiting this country. He won his commission at the age of twenty-one for gallantry on the field during the Boer war, attributing his success in that particular engagement to "your Yankee rapid-fire guns." He was the youngest captain in the army at twenty-three. In 1908 he went to Morocco and cast his fortune with Mulai Hafid, the pretender to the throne, who was finally successful.

MAZZINI FORGOT HIS BOMB

Infernal Machine Made by Italian Patriot Found Long After in His London Room.

Mazzini at one time was living in the attic of a friend's house, Mr. Shaen, in Bedford row. Years passed; Mazzini went away, died and was enshrined to the hearts of his liberated countrymen. More years passed; Mr. Shaen died; the firm which Mr. Shaen founded grew larger and larger. The clerks invaded room after room of the upper house, until at last they worked in the very attic.

One day one of the partners was dictating a difficult letter to a clerk in such an attic. He stood before the fire and absent-mindedly fingered a dusty spherical object of iron that stood upon the mantelpiece. Getting hold of the phrase he wanted, he threw, still absent-mindedly, this iron object into the fire. He finished dictating the letter and left the room. Immediately afterward there was a terrific explosion. The round object was nothing more nor less than a small bomb.

With such object Mazzini had passed his time while, years before, he had dreamed of the liberation of Italy. He had gone away; the bomb, forgotten upon the mantelpiece, had remained undisturbed, until at last it found its predestined billet in the maiming of several poor clerks.—Hueffer's Recollections.

"SWIPES" SURELY MADE GOOD

Judge Wilkin's Story of the Walf Who Became a Prosperous Brooklyn Citizen.

Robert J. Wilkin, a justice of the court of special sessions, who was the first judge of the children's court in Brooklyn, in a speech the other evening told several interesting stories.

"There was a boy dropped from somewhere into the heart of New York some years ago," said Justice Wilkin. "He drifted down to the South Brooklyn waterfront and earned his living there by selling bran water to the great sweating longshoremen. One of these, becoming interested in the lad, asked him his name.

"Swipes; that's all," said the boy. The longshoreman told Henry A. Moore, superintendent of the docks, who is a son of the late Judge Henry A. Moore, about the boy. Mr. Moore spoke to me about the youngster, and we got him a lodging, and by and by a place in an office. Then for years I lost sight of him.

"A few evenings ago," continued Justice Wilkin, "I was taking dinner with some friends in the Crescent club. A stocky, good looking and prosperous appearing man came up to our table. In reply to his question, I told him I was Judge Wilkin.

"Well, judge," said the man, 'do you see that gentleman over there?' pointing to one of the best known men in the city. 'He is my business partner. I'm going away for a long time in a few days, and before I go I want you to draw up my will.'

How Cities Make Good Citizens.

Our great cities receive annually vast accretions to their population from every country on earth. Most of these aliens come to us ignorant of our language, our customs and our institutions; many of them have been subjected in the lands of their origin to unjust governmental restraint; almost all of them have been used to a more or less oppressive governmental interference in every relation of life. If they are to become useful citizens of the United States, if they are to be absorbed into our nationality and made Americans, government must care for them, for they are unable to care for themselves. The city then must teach them, or at least their children, to read and write and think in English; must make them observe habits of health and cleanliness; must protect them from disease, and care for them when they are ill; must give them parks and playgrounds, baths and gymnasia; must in short, fulfill towards them the parental relationship of State Socialism.—George B. McClellan, in the Atlantic.

Old Friend Missed.

Among those who visited the Astor library, before its doors were closed for the last time to the public, was an elderly, neatly clad man, who had been a regular patron of the place for years. He said to a man who saw him lingering in the vestibule: "Going uptown is a good move, no doubt, for the library, and the new quarters are of course much superior to those, but some of us feel bad about it. We were at home here. We were even accustomed to the drafts and knew where to sit to avoid them. We're too old to get used to the new place, and it costs five cents to get there. Too bad!"—New York Press.

Killed by an Insult.

M. Borini, an elderly cabinetmaker, living in the Baux-Vives quarter of Geneva, died last night under extraordinary circumstances. He was visited by a customer with whom he had quarreled, and the dispute continued yesterday, when the customer in his anger said: "Monsieur, you are a thief." The cabinetmaker, who had a very good reputation in Geneva, staggered under the insult and fell to the ground. He was carried to his bedroom, where he died a few hours later.—Geneva Correspondent London Express.

NAVAL BATTLE WITH HORSES

Paez, First President of Venezuela, Actually Attacked and Captured a Fleet With Cavalry.

Paez, who was the first president of the republic of Venezuela, was perhaps the only man who ever fought a naval battle on horseback. It is a matter of history that he, to whom more than any other man aside from Simon Bolivar, Venezuela owes her independence, actually attacked and captured with his cavalry a fleet of ships.

Bolivar was endeavoring to cross the Apure river in the struggle for independence, but was prevented from doing so by some eight Spanish gunboats, which moved up and down the stream as he did. Bolivar was in despair for awhile. To Paez, who was second in command, he appealed for counsel, saying that he could never cross the river so long as the Spanish gunboats were there. "If only we could capture them," the revolutionary leader observed, "the rest would be easy."

Paez decided that he would have those ships or die, and he accordingly called on his regiment of cowboys to follow him. Paez himself had been a cowboy on the plains of the Orinoco, and was the idol of his men. So, when he spurred his horse into the stream, calling on his men to follow, of the 3,000 cowboys and their mounts, which are taught to swim as well as to gallop, there was not a single man to hold out in this unique assault upon the gunboats. It being night, the Spanish fleet was taken quite unaware. The cowboys wriggled from their saddles to the decks of the vessels, letting their mounts swim back to shore. Having thus cut off their own retreat, it was a question of win or die. They fought well, and every gunboat was captured.

MISSION THEIR ONLY HOME

Many Hopeless Derelicts in City Claim It as Their Residence, and Get Help.

"Got any home?" said the judge to a man who had been brought in on the charge of vagrancy.

"Sure I have."

"Where is it?"

The man named a street and number.

"Your honor," volunteered a clerk, "that ain't a house; it's a mission."

"Well, call them up, anyway," said the judge, "and see if they know anything about him."

They did not know anything, but the missionary said he would come right down and see what could be done.

His Heliographic.

A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters. When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read: "G. T. M. wants house." The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager." "All right," said the colonel. "If he can use Heliographics, so can I." So he wired back: "G. T. M. can G. T. H." Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer. "Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind." "But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?" "It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel; "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

Rogers' Old Balloon.

Gus Rogers' balloon which he used in his flight from the Common to Boston light nearly twenty years ago, when he lost his life, was destroyed during a fire in Malden, Mass. While this balloon was circling the light-house with Rogers, Delos Goldsmith, a newspaper man, and one other passenger, a storm came up suddenly and the balloon descended rapidly. The accident was seen by the crew of a vessel and they called to the aeronaut's assistance, but all but Goldsmith were drowned before the vessel could reach them.

His Wife (3 a. m.).

John, John, there is gas escaping downstairs! John (sleepily)—Great! Won't the gas company be sore when they find it got away from them!—Pack.

MAN'S LIFE FULL OF WOE

His Shirt is Soaked in Glue and Concrete and Buttons Always Come Off.

The onward march of civilization has its obstacles. Shirts being made for man and not man for shirts, every time a man gets a new shirt or one comes back from the laundry the moral uplift needs the application of the safety brake and the emergency clutch to keep us from dropping into the cellar again.

Shirts are made of various kinds of materials. After the sewing is finished they are left for a few hours in a strong mixture of glue and concrete. This fastens the back to the boom and sticks the sleeves together. Futton holes are then made in the neckband and the band is then steeped in cement so that the button holes cannot be opened. The boom is then adorned with buttons. These buttons are sewed on with one weak thread, so that when you try to button the shirt, after having pried it apart with a paper knife and strong language, the buttons will fly away merrily.

Shirts that are laundered are always sent back with the lower button buttoned in, and all the button holes glued tight.

Dress shirts are made with veneered booms, with little round holes where the studs are only supposed to be placed. These booms are absolutely inflexible and the studs cannot be inserted without the aid of a sledge hammer, which is damaging to the disposition.

The man who will invent a buttonless shirt, which cannot be starched in the neckband, will earn a monument which will be illuminated at night.

GROSS CRUELTY TO BOOKS

Librarian Protests Against the Way Some People Handle Volumes in Street Cars.

"The way some people handle books in street cars knocks that old Sunday school precept, 'Let not your angry passions rise' into smithereens so far as I am concerned," said the librarian. "I get especially wrathful when the abused books happen to belong to a public library. Most of them do belong there."

"Persons carrying a great pile of books are the worst offenders. A bunch of books carried under the arm get pretty unmanageable. They slip and slide around as if they had been greased."

"One way to prevent that is to slip the top cover of the bottom book into the lower cover of the book just above it, and so on through the pile. The books cannot slip then, but heaven help the covers. They will get torn loose in no time."

"Every once in a while a subscriber who wants to save himself the trouble of chasing books in the street locks a bundle of them together that way before leaving the library, but usually somebody who knows the effects stops him. In street cars he is free to do as he chooses unless some librarian catches him at it. Maybe they have no right to interfere then, but most of them do."

Prima Facie Proof.

After the report had been current for a week that John's wife, whom John had met and married and was still secluding in Chicago, was ugly as sin, a friend who had John's interests at heart ran down the author of the rumor with the intention of making her retreat.

"How do you know she is ugly?" he asked. "Have you ever seen her?"

"No," said the experienced gossip. "I never have, neither have I seen her picture nor anybody who has either seen her or her picture, but I know she is ugly because I had it straight from a person who lives in Chicago that when she ordered a dozen pictures taken just awhile before the wedding the photographer made her pay in advance, and a photographer never does that unless the subject is so ugly that she will be discouraged when she sees the pictures and refuse to accept them on the ground that he hasn't done good work. If you don't believe me, ask a photographer."

But John's champion let the matter drop.

Did Not Linger.

State Senator Bowerman of Oregon, defended a participant in a shooting scrape recently and a material point in the case hinged upon the testimony of an aged Tennessean. "Where were you when this shot was fired?" queried counsel for the defense. "I was about ten feet behind the fellow what got shot." "And were you there when the marshal arrived?" "No, sah; I wa'n't nowhere nigh the place." "You must have traveled pretty fast," suggested Mr. Bowerman. The witness projected his goatee over the rail of the witness stand and in a confidential tone of voice said: "Well, Jay, I'll tell ya; I made jest three tracks between Knox's livery barn and the cotehouse."

Limitations.

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "what is a 'political con game'?" "Why, it's—it's a frame-up, you know."

"Yes, but what is a frame-up?" "A—er—piece of bunk, of course; can't you?"

"What is a piece of bunk?" "Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins. "What's the use of trying to tell a woman anything about politics!"

ART OF CONVERSATION LOST

Once Brilliant Speech Was Plentiful, But It Is Forgotten in Modern Life.

With all our learning in our race in the great battle of life, have we not lost, just for lack of time—but oh, the pity of it—the art of conversation? Does anyone really converse now? To talk shop, to use slang, to be always and ever on the endless rush—are not these the modern fashion? How graceful was the measured speech of our grandparents. In those days, too, as in ours, were to be found the genial, the bright, the clever. How did wit shine, and repartee polish itself against repartee.

The bishop of Cork was a celebrated teetotaler. Shortly after he was made bishop he was invited to dine with the bishop of Ossory.

"My lord," said the bishop of Ossory, "even though you are John Cork you must not stop the bottle." "I see, my lord," replied the new bishop, "that you want to draw me out."

This may be a chestnut, but it belongs to a time when brilliant speech was a matter of every day. Let us, with all our tremendous advantages, not quite forget the little courtesies and the gay wit of the old times.

Find time, therefore, happy modern girl, for charm. So bright and captivating are her fairy wings that she is worth pursuing.

THEY KNOW HE SELLS PEPPER

Undesirable Acquaintances and Train Porters Do Not Annoy Peddler of That Spice.

"After a man has learned to control his own organs of sneezing, selling pepper for a living has its advantages," said the blond young man. "For one thing, it keeps undesirable acquaintances at a distance. Whenever I feel a desire to commune with my own soul all I have to do to secure the necessary privacy is to mention my occupation and people flee from me as if I had the plague."

"And I have got it, in one sense. It is impossible to handle ground pepper all day long without carrying home an ounce or two on my clothes, and a vigorous whack on my coat sleeve sends enough pepper flying to set a dozen people sneezing. For that reason a pepper salesman is immune from many of the annoyances that unprotected persons have to endure. No man who knows my occupation greets me with that familiar slap on the back that makes the most amiable man alive feel like fighting, and there isn't a porter on a train running into New York who peeters me with whisk-brush attentions. They all know that I sell pepper."

Petticoat Lane.

The trade in old clothes in London is almost entirely in the hands of Jews, whose great market is Petticoat Lane in Houndsditch. The crooked, narrow streets are crowded with pedestrians buying and selling bundles of clothing, with great rows of ticketed garments hanging along the store fronts above the congested crowds. Some articles are sold just as they are, others are mended and patched. The skirts of a coat are easily made into children's clothes. France takes all the old black cloth of the lane too far gone for children's clothes, making it into caps, while Russia and Poland take the parts still more worn and threadbare. Black velvet waistcoats are converted into skull caps for German and Polish Jews. The bulk of England's old clothes goes to Holland and Ireland, but the vast majority of the scarlet coats worn by officers in the British army find their way to the annual fair at Leipzig, Germany. Smart liveries, robes of office and similar showy garments are greatly coveted by the natives on the west coast of Africa and most of them are sent thither to be exchanged for ivory and other things of value.

Two Points of View.

Nice discrimination would be required to decide which is the pessimist and which the optimist in the appended Civil war reminiscence.

During one of the battles of Murfreesboro a group of wounded men was huddled about a field hospital waiting surgical attention when a big brawny trooper, with a bullet in his left leg and another in his right arm, bobbed up, holding his wounded arm in his left hand.

"Doc," he drawled, "the Johnnies came pretty near hitting me."

Another fellow, blowing blood copiously from his nose, the point of which had been shot off, promptly interposed:

"Doctor, the rascals—sputter—'came near'—another blow and splatter—'missing me.'—Youth's Companion.

Birds of a Feather.

The man who was trying to become an expert connoisseur was discouraging on his canoe.

"What do you think I've named it?" he asked.

"They know not. 'The New England Conscience.' 'Why?'"

"Because it's almost always upset."

The Unreal and the Real.

"Most of our ills are purely imaginary."

"Yes," replied the materialist. "But when you eat mushrooms and develop tooth-ach symptoms there is usually something more than imagination to be reckoned with."