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CONDUCTOR KNEW THE SIGNS.

Experience Had Taught Him Why the Crowd Was Out.

"I wonder what it is to-day, corsets Or kimones," mused the conductor. "How do you know it is either?"

asked a passenger. "Because there are so, many stout people coming down town shopping," was the reply. "It may not be either corsets or kimonos that are bringing them, but it is something for fat folk to wear. You can't fool me on that, Five been conductor on this line too long not to know the signs. The stout women are out in shoals to-day, which means that there has been a bargain. sale in extra large garments advertised. The thin people always take things more calmly when their turn comes. Possibly they think they can get fitted any time. But the heavyweights never miss an opportunity, and the conductor who has learned to put two and two together can tell by the heft of the passengers how the

The inquisitive passenger said: That's queer," and opened the morn-Sing paper. He turned to the advertisement of the store that stands on the corner, where so many stout people had left the car. A line in heavy type at the top of the page took his

day's advertisements run."

SPECIAL SALE OF DRESSING SACQUES, EXTRA LARGE SIZES. The conductor grinned. "What did I tell you?" he said.

APE THE CUSTOMS OF EUROPE.

Caste Spirit as It is Manifested in Europe.

There are no classes in American society, it is true, but in Philadelphia they have traditions and prejudices that "draw the line" now and then pretty effectively. For example, the 24 grand-tier boxes in the Hammerstein opera house in that city are not sold by auction but allotted to the white by a committee of five women of ancient Philadelphia ancestry. "We want opera in Philadelphia," said one of the committee, "but we do not want the best seats in the house to go to sweryone who applies just because he has money enough to buy them. We want the seats in the grand tier to goto the representative Philadelphia. families who have a right to them." The "hobo millionaire" does not break Into society in Philadelphia. His grandson may get on the waiting list.

The Unreliable Clock. Mrs. Blank had been paying a char-Rable visit to poor old Victorine Dupreux, whom she found crippled with rheumatism. But if Victorine's limbs were disabled, her always entertaining tongue was not, and the time

passed swiftly. "Mercy!" at last cried the lady, glancing at the clock that ticked wheezily above the French woman's stove. "Here, it is five o'clock and I should have gone home half an hour

"Geeve you'self no distress, madame," reassured Victorine. "Monsieur dose clock, she ees tole lie hon herself for more zan seex year. She ees now to a preciseness one hour fast an' 15 minute slow."

An Extended Interval.

Two clergymen in a southern state were once discussing the process of permon writing, when one of them remarked that the only really hard propositions for him were the introduction and the conclusion.

"You remember," said he, "the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother Morley not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done."

"Yes," responded the other divine, with a faint smile, "but, as I remember, they were awfully far apart."

Establishing the Plural. Tred, who was four years old, vis-

sted his uncle on the farm. When he came home his father asked him what had pleased him the most. "O, I liked the geese. I had such

fun chasing them, and we had a great big goose for dinner one day!" "Well," said his father, "how car] you tell the difference between a

goose and geese?" "Aw, that's easy," said Fred. "One geese is a goose and two gooses is geese."

Ruined the Cream. "You dislike the automobiles that dash past here?" interrogated the windmill agent.

"Wal, I should say so," drawled the old farmer as he shook his fist at a rapidly vanishing machine. "Those siren horns are blood curd-

ling I suppose." "Worse than that, stranger; they are milk curdling. Curdle all the milk to the dairy, begosh."

The Feminine Way. His Wife-John, these shoes don't

at me at all. You'll have to take them back and get another pair. Her Husband-Why, they look comfortable.

His Wife-Yes, that's the trouble. Twe had them on nearly an hour and they don't burt in the least, so of spenrse they are entirely too big.

A Demonstration in Physics. "Do you intend to run for office again if you are defeated this time?" "Perhaps," answered the candidate. "You see, when a man gets really under way running for office he gathers so much momentum that it is difficult

WITH PEOPLE OF LONG LIFE.

Men of 70 Not Regarded as Old-Simple Life and Longevity.

In Norfolk, England, there are in every village individuals of more than 80 years of age and not infrequently one or two over 90, and those of 70 and upward are regarded as not even old. Many farm laborers of 70 are quite hale and hearty, working from early morning up to five and six o'clock in the evening, and some are so vigorous as to

earn a full man's wages. And the women in the country, writes a correspondent, are more tenacious of life perhaps than are the men. In one village personally known to me, containing about 300 people, within the past six months have died three women of more than 90 years of age, the oldest of these being no less than 96. In another Norfolk village with inhabitants to the number of 400 there live a man of 95, a woman of 90, a woman of 89, a woman of 87, and several of both sexes over 80. In yet another village there is a blacksmith aged 96 and the widow of a country medical practitioner whose years mount up to 92.

This longevity of the Norfolk peasant, comments the Lancet, has a very interesting pathological side to it. The chief enemy of the farm laborer of the eastern counties from the standpoint of health is rheumatism. Not many reach even middle age without having been the victims of rheumatism, and a large number are crippled in their old age by this disease. But in spite of this the average of longevity seems to be very high, although as well as rheumatism he has to contend with the lack of adequate housing accommodation and want of proper sanitary arrangements. That to eat sparingly of plain wholesome food, to be much in the open air and to work sufficiently to occupy the mind and to exercise the body will enable a man to defy more or less the evils of environment would seem to be shown by the toughness of the Norfolk laborer.

AT SUMMIT OF GREAT VOLCANO.

Crater of Mount Etna Well Worth Visit of Traveler.

We were taught to spell it Aetna, but the "a" has been dropped by geographers. The Arabians who discovered it gave it the name of "Gibello," signifying a mountain. The natives stuck a "monte" before it, hence "Monte Gibello," a mount-mountain. An abbreviation is "Mongibello." A pyramidal rock forms the summit of the great volcano, of which the crater is over nine miles in circumference and 750 feet deep. Many strangers visit the mountain, but few ever reach its frozen top, so much do the difficulties and dangers increase after passing the first region-of snow. Not many years ago an English tourist who reached the crater was rash enough to descend it by means of ropes attached to his waist. He was drawn up suffocated, after having given the signal to his guides. These were unable to restore him to life.

Separating Listeners.

"One thing must be stated clearly in the contract," said the woman who was having a party telephone line put in her apartment, "the other party must be some one who does not live in this house. I am willing to share the line with a stranger, but not with neighbors who know me well enough to take an interest in my affairs."

"You may be perfectly easy in your mind on that point, madam," said the agent. "We never put two subscribers in the same house on the same line. The company learned long ago that such a plan does not work well. You are not the only person who objects. In fact, everybody objects, and the company never makes such an arrangement of lines. We expect to put you on a wire with a subscriber in the next block."

Want Open-Air Schools.

The clubwomen of New Jersey are interesting themselves in the open-air school for children that is being advocated by Dr. Alexander McAllister, a physician of Camden, N. J., as a means for curing and preventing tuberculosis. Dr. McAllister declares that it would be entirely feasible to have the studies of children conducted out of doors-in the yards of the schools. for instance, from the latter part of May to the close of the school term. and from the beginning of the school term well into October. The clubwomen have expressed their determination to see that the idea has a fair trial. The first experiment, it is said, will be made in Camden under the direction of Dr. McAllister.

Insults for Lord Milner. Lord Milner is said to possess such an even temper that it is almost impossible to ruffle it, and thereby hangs a tale. Many years ago he worked, under Mr. W. T. Stead on a London newspaper, and one day young Milner addressed a meeting in the East end of London, when an insulting remark made by one of the audience roused him. Urged on by his natural indignation, he made an exceptionally brililant speech. On hearing of the incident later, Mr. Stead remarked: 'Well, Milner, I wish to goodness I knew how to insuit you every day before you start work."

A Distinction. "Do you think a man should go into politics as a profession?"

"No." answered Senator Sorghum; "not as a profession. But he should be a good hand at a trade."

REAL WIT AT GOLFERS' DINNER.

Man Tells How He Touched Rocke-" feller and Got Away with It.

There are only two real rapid-fire hits as after-dinner speakers in town nowadays, guaranteed to make good in any company. One of them is Simeon Ford, who says he has retired, and the other is Patrick Francis Murphy, who is bald and grows old. They met at the golfers' dinner the other night and spilled epigrams so rapidly that the reporters had to quit writing to hold their sides, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. Murphy, in the saddest manner possible, declared that the one distressing thing about drink was that it produced the temperance orator. The barbarians, he said, insisted on regarding golf as a retreat for fallen men. He held that golf was the pursuit of pale pills by purple people. "There are born golfers and born duffers, and the tragedy of it is we never know which we are. It is, like marriage, a game of chance, not skill."

And then Ford got up and complained because he had to follow Murphy, who is a polished orator from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head. "Personally, I wish he had ? duller finish on his head." And after talking on awhile in the same tone in which he might announce his own; death, he told a golf story. "It was once my privilege and pleasure," said? he, "to soak John D. Rockefeller in the off hind leg, in the golden calf, with a golf ball. It was at a distance of 50 yards. He was excessively annoyed but when I told him I didn't think I could drive that far he was mollified. I am probably the only man who ever touched John D. and got away with it."

NOT THE BARGAIN HE THOUGHT. Discovery That Seriously Interfered

with Millionaire's Joy.

"You think our American millionaires buy a good many fake pictures?" M. Rochefort laughed. "It's pitiful! It's shameful! But what can they expect? It's their own fault for buying pictures as they buy lumber or steel rails-according to specifications. I'll never forget the last pictures I was asked to look at by a rich American. He was proud of them! So convinced that they were masterpieces! There were 40 in all, and they had cost him 800,000 francs. It was a bargain all right if they had been genuine, for there were great names in the lot; several old masters, a Diaz, a Theodore Rousseau, a Daubigny, and several Corots—tht usual millionaire assort-

ment. "'Well,' he said, as I studied them, "Some of them are well done, I admitted.

"'Ah!' he

" But they're not genuine." "'What! You mean you've found a counterfelt?

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, but—they are all counterfeits." -- Cleveland Moffett, in Success Magazine.

Observing the Amenities.

It is beautiful to see the graces and amenities preserved in spite of difficulties. The prisoners in the county jail in Milwaukee have "presented resolutions to Ben Johnson, the retiring jailer," thanking him for his treatment of them "during his regime." The maker of the "address of presentation" is under indictment for murder, "a boy who beat a grocery collector to death in a wagon during a storm," but a tender heart and sympathetic disposition. "We wish to thank you for the little acts that made us forget for an instant that we were in jail," the regretful guests say to the parting host. Little courtesies like these light up the dungeon cell and foretell, perhaps, the roseate day when even the penitentiary shall be co-operative.

Ready Repairer for Automobiles. There are various roadside expedients possible when a nut has been lost and no duplicate at hand. Usually as good a plan as any is to wind the

threads of the bolt tightly with soft iron wire, such as stovepipe wire, of which a coil should always be carried in the tool locker.

The winding should start at the end of the boit and follow the threads up to the part it is desired to retain. The wire is then wound back in a second layer over the first and the ends twisted together. If there is a hole in the bolt for a cotter pin one should be inserted and the ends of the wire twisted around it, so that the improvised nut cannot screw itself off from the boit.—Scientific American.

A Colorado Woman.

That women should display enter prise in Colorado is not to be wondered at, since they have been for man years fully qualified voters there. A good specimen of the advanced woman in the Centennial state is Mrs. Nellie Upham, who is the vicepresident of a mining company, and who personally supervises the running of fifty gold and silver mines, bossing three hundred workmen. Mrs. Upham had studied mining and minerals for a long time, and some five years ago she drifted into her present business. It is stated that she manages affairs with great ability.-Leshe's Weekly.

King Leopold's Art Tressures. King Leopold of Belgium, it is said, intends to bequeath all his art treesures to the nation, to be divided among the various museums. It is for this reason, rumor has it, that a Freuch art expert has for some time past been busy making a catalogue of the collections and valuing them.

HAD PLANNED TRIP TO EUROPE.

Got Caught in Folding Bed and Stranger Took His Wealth.

For more than a year Henry Davidson has been planning a trip to Europe, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star says. In order to aid the travel fund by saving he has occupied a cheap room on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. The principal object in the room was a large folding bed. The other night the bed seemed uneasy, so Davidson tried to re-arrange it. To do so he stood on it, near the head. and it shut up on him like a trap. Only his head protruded and he screamed murder in the three languages he knows. A tapping came at the door.

"Come in!" shricked Davidson.

"Come, help me!" The door opened slightly and an unpleasant face peered in. Seeing that Davidson was fast, the owner of the face followed it in. "Can't ye get

out?" he queried, sympathetically, Davidson replied, with some excess of heat, that he wouldn't have yelled if he had been able to release himself without assistance.

"Hurt bad?" asked the stranger. Davidson said: "No; just bruised." "Well," said the visitor, "you will be hurt bad if I hear a yip out of you." And he deliberately went through Davidson's belongings, while the owner, in a folding bed and mental agony, watched the procedure. The visited rifled Davidson's trunk took his little bits of lewelry and the money he had saved for that European trip. Now and then a groan burst from Davidson, always to be stifled by a threatening motion on the part of the thief, "Good-by," said that person affably as he left, "I'll close the door after me. You needn't get

When, an hour later, Davidson was finally released by his landlady, his first act was to send for the kitchen hatchet and destroy the bed.

up.

THRIVES ON DIET OF ORANGES.

California's Golden Fruit Agrees with the Ostrich.

It is questionable if any animal on earth could duplicate the swallowing feat, that is to be seen daily (or as often as a tourist comes along) at the Cawston ostrich farm in South Pasadena. Cal. The ostriches on this farm are veritable giants of their race, having responded generously to the genial climate, good food and scientific care.

Oranges are one of their great dainties, especially the big "navel" varieties, measuring upward of 3% inches in diameter. One old patriarch named Emperor William will catch the oranges one after another, full ten feet above the ground, until an even dozen may be seen at the same time slowly bumping down his long expanse of neck, to be finally lost in the ruffle

of feathers where neck and body join! William has been known to gulp 35 or 40 oranges in succession, says the Wide World Magazine, and the fact that he is in robust health at 23 years of age seems to indicate that California oranges agree with him.

The College Man in Business.

I have no doubt that a man with training in imagination derived from a college education can advance rapidly, but I would rather have a man in business who can do percentage than one who can do differential calculus. The grasp of detail is what the university man does not get. The man in business requires the routine character of mind that the highly educated college man has not the patience for. What seem to be big things do not exist in business, for business is simply a combination of details. The best man in business is the man with the greatest imagination. The strongest asset a business man can have is the power of seeing what might happen. He must also have the moral courage to go broke if necessary, and not resort to crooked work to keep afloat.-C. B. Riley, President of Chicago Title and Trust Company, in Leslie's Weekly.

"Vast Tract Unexplored.

David George Hogarth, the geographer and explorer, said in western Asia there are vast areas on which no European foot is known to have trod, nor even any European eye to have looked. The greatest unseen area lies, in Arabia. Almost all the southern half of Arabia is occupied, according to native report, by a vast wilderness called generally Ruba-ei-Khali, "Dwell-; ing of the Void." No European has ever entered this immense tract, which embraces some 600,000 square miles. It would take a bold man to venture out for the passage of either 850 miles west to east or 650 north to south in the isothermal zone of the world's greatest heat.

The Avesta.

In its present form the Avesta is only a fragment of the original Zoroastrian scriptures. It is generally understood that those ancient scriptures consisted of 20 odd books of a million verses. The destruction of the two original copies, the one at Persepolis, the other at Samarkand, is attributed to Alexander the Great. The Avesta, being only imperfect remnants of these originals, is in compass equal to about one-tenth of our Bible.

The Secret. "What is the secret of leading a successful double life?" "Keeping the two lives parallel. Once they converge, the devil is to

Rditte eschoaster & Baille

MODERN SOCIETY: 19 IT IDEAL! Indictment Drawn Up Against It By

, the Late Henry George. Let the duke . wander for &

while through the streets tenanted by working people, and note the stnuted forms, the pinched features . . . And if he go to that good charity (but, alas, how futile is charity without justice!) where little children are kept while their mothers are at work, and children are fed who would otherwise go hungry, he may see infants whose limbs are shrunken from want of nourishment. Perhaps they may tell him, as they told me, of that little girl, barefooted, ragged, and hungry, who, when they gave her bread, raised her eyes and clasped her hands, and thanked our Father in Heaven for His bounty to her. They who told me that never dreamed I think, of its terrible meaning. But I ask the duke, . . . did that little child, thankful for that poor dole, get what our Father provided for her? Is He so niggard? If not, what is it, who is it, that stands between such children and 'our Father's bounty? If it be an institution, is it not our duty to God and to our neighbor to rest not till we destroy it? If it be a man, were it not better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea. -Henry George !

CHINESE FIRST GREW ORANGES.

From That Country They Were Introduced Into Europe.

At a time when finy orange trees are to be seen as table decorations and oranges innumerable are for sale, it is not inappropriate to trace the introduction of the fruit into Europe. According to a Paris contemporary, after its introduction into Europe from China a Carthaginian conceived the idea of grafting the yellow mandarine orange upon the grenadier. with the result that we have the blood orange. Jean de Castro introduced the orange from the West Indies to Portugal, and the first attempt to cultivate it was made by the Constable de Bourbon, but after his revolt Francis I continued the experiments. At the time Louis XIV visited Toulon the Chevalier Paul, in compliment to the king, placed some preserved oranges on trees in the orangery. Ladies in the retinue, it is added, were under the impression that these oranges grew sugared.

Growing Up Together. "The size of the pages varies with the age and size of the New York hotels," the woman remarked. " That is, so it seems to me. The Knickerbocker, which, while it is fairly tall, also fairly young, has pages 10 years of age, who look to be 8tiny kinds in uniform and buttons. whose baby faces must rake in the coin by way of tips, all right enough. I came near giving one of them a quarter myself, he was so cute and little. The Hotel Astor has boys a size or so larger, being an older hotel, and perhaps a trifle more massive. The Waldorf-Astoria, older and larger still, has boys even larger to match, while the St. Regis has full-grown men. However, in the downtown hotels, which are not particularly high, but can boast of an age considerably in advance of the young Knickerbockers that have grown so fine and tail, old men are pages."

Koumiss.

The national drink of the Tartars is koumiss, the fame and manufacture of which has spread to every land. Many are the stories told of its wonderful powers. The Tartars declare that very little if any of other sustenance is necessary, and they can perform the most laborious tasks upon a diet of koumiss alone. They claim for it all the virtues and none of the evils of other beverages. Any Tartar can ride 132 miles in seventeen hours in all weathers on a quart of koumiss. Here's a tip for the army and navy victims of Roosevelt's military tests. Take along koumiss.

Put New Blood Into Your Business. The up-to-date professional adviser or husiness doctor, when called to examine a shrinking, declining business, often finds the patient barely alive: the circulation being so sluggish that he can hardly find the pulse. in a desperate case like this he says to the proprietor: "You must put new blood into this business. There is no life in it. There is no energy, no push, no enterprise here. When a patient gets as low as this one, there are only two things to do, let him die, or infuse new blood into his veins and try to resuscitate him."-Success Magazine.

The New England Spirit. In every crisis that has come to this country the "New England spirit" has risen to the top. It may have been dormant for a time, but whenever the necessity arose it manifested itself. In the great internecine struggle it predominated; in more recent times it has asserted itself. The pilgrim blood and the pilgrim spirit have overcome all difficulties. Without them the west would be a wilderness. The pioneers of the western states were actuated by the spirit that settled New England.—Denver Republi-

Not the Right One. "The tall girl over there is a queer one; she is sui generis." "She ain't no such thing; she's Suey Jones."

WIFE WOULD SPEND THE MONEY Little Story That Well Exemplifies

New Hampshire Thrift. The passengers in an accommoda-

tion train which was winding its way through New Hampshire were interested and amused by an elderly couple who sat in the middle of the car.

They talked as if there were no one else in the car; therefore, having heard most of their private plans, no one was surprised to have the old man take the assembled company fully into his confidence. At one station he rose, and addressed the passengers in general.

Can anybody change a \$5 bill for two twos and a one, or five ones?" he inquired.

"I can," said a brisk woman, and the transfer was quickly made.

"Now, could anybody change this \$1. bill for four quarters or tens and fives?" asked the old man. "I can give you two fifties," said a

man from the rear seat, "unless somebody else can do better." It appeared that nobody could, or at least, nobody offered to; so as the frain started, the old man lurched

down the car to the possessor of the two 50-cent pieces. "Thank ye," he said, as he took the money. "I'm obliged, though I'd liked, the quarters best. You see, Marthy has set her mind to stop off at Nashuy whilst I go up to my brother's with the eggs and truck. And though she don't plan nor mean to be a spendthrifty woman, when she's let loose amongst a lot of stores, she'll run through 50 cents in an hour easy, and Lkind of have to put a curb on her."

LOOK ALWAYS TO THE FUTURE.

Sir Frederick Bridge's Advice to Musicians is Worth Heeding.

-Youth's Companion.

In his address at the annual conference of the incorporated Society of Musicians of Great Britain Sir Frederick Bridge advised musicians to be cheerful. "Let us think," he said. "that English music has a tremen dous future." Sir Frederick narrated some experiences of his own early career, when he had to play, teach and walk 41/2 miles between Rochester and Gravesend to fill the position of organist for \$105 a year. "It was not much of a start for the organist of Westminster Abbey. But I am an organist of the Abbey despite this poor heginning, and I put my progress down to the fact that I took a broad view of things," he added. Sir Frederick instanced the rise of Sir Edward Elgar. Sir Edward, he said, was brought up as an ordinary teacher of rapusid in the Midlands, "and I know he played second violin in an or-chestra i once conducted. I am sorry ample is 2 good lesson and a very good fact in musical history of which he ought to be proud."

Freaks of Electricity.

Electricity is a freakish manifestation of energy, not a bit accustomed to our curb and rein. A queer incident just reported at Rockport, Mass., shows this. A big iron freight steamer, loading granite at a pier, has been found to be completely electrified. The charging current apparently came via the water pipe which was mixed up with a grounded lighting wire. The vessel is a sort of floating Leyden jar, and no one knows just how to restore the equilibrium. Meantime the electricity is playing all sorts of freaks with her machinery and instruments. Watches are frequently magnetized, but for a big vessel to be thus affected is a disagreeable, if interesting novelty.

Woman, Lovely Woman,

Short Description of a Striish Woman-Her waist begins just below her neck. Her hips have been planed off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back, and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire, covered with lace. She wears on her head a blonde havstack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed. in her gown like an Indian papoose, and on the end of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stiltlike heels with the expertness of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of fine white powder.

Chinese Woman's Jewels.

This is a woman.—Harper's Weekly.

"Chinese ladies are very fond of jewels," says Sir Alexander Hosie, the British attache at Pekin. "I was a passenger on a train between Pekin and Tientsin, and a young Chinese couple joined the train.

"The woman's thumb and the four fingers of each hand were simply covered with gold rings encrusted with stones of every description from diamond to turquoise. She seemed oppressed by her adornment and held her hands straight down, being so encased in rings as to be unable to bend her fingers."

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Is it true than an employe of the street-cleaning department was seen intoxicated on the street?" "No; the rumor started from the

him fall off the waterwagon." Not in the Natural Order. "It would be rather an odd solu-

fact that some people said they saw

tion of that case, wouldn't it?" "What solution of what case?" "If the Thaw case should turn out a frost."

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