

A WORD TO THE TRAVELER

Foreign Communities Are Apt to Judge Nation by Conduct of Its Citizens Abroad.

When you travel be sure to put into your grip alongside of the other necessities your very best manners...

When you are in your own town where you are well known, a little roughness or a bit of petulance...

But when you are on your travels, those with whom you come in contact will not only be judged...

America is not the greatest nation on earth, but I believe she can be. I believe that with help from the art-loving Italians...

And it lies with you travelers to help the good cause along.

HOMES OF WILD CREATURES

Polar Bear's House in the Snow—Molly Cottontail's Simple Abode—The Wolf's Den.

When the long arctic night approaches the polar bear retires to some sheltered spot...

Sometimes the bear waits until after a heavy fall of snow and then digs a white cavern of the requisite form and size...

The common little cottontail, or so-called rabbit, does not live in a burrow, as does the English rabbit...

One of the most gruesome among animal homes is the wolf's den. This is simply a hole dug in the side of a bank or a small natural cave...

It Made Him Penitent. There is a certain Philadelphia bachelor who is fond of children...

An Extenuating Condition. When John Corbett, the Chicago contractor and well-known Democratic politician...

The First Wire Nail. Although the wire nail is a small thing, it would be a big thing to do without...

NO CHIMNEY IN THIS HOUSE

Heating, Lighting, and All Other Necessary Things of the Kind Done by Electricity.

According to the Technical World Magazine a citizen of Schenectady, N. Y., without waiting for the importunities of designing salesmen...

Other houses at Schenectady and elsewhere have been heated successfully by electricity...

In fact, tireless inventors have made electricity in the household as handy as the proverbial pocket in a shirt...

HONORS MEMORY OF FRIEND

Annual Tribute Proves How Strong Was the Attachment Between Two Opposite Characters.

No finer tribute to the friendship that existed between two men was ever paid than the silent tribute which Captain Henry C. Hathaway...

For 30 years this sea captain has been coming up from New Bedford each Memorial day to lay a wreath on the grave of his friend in Holywood cemetery...

It was Captain Hathaway who aided John Boyle O'Reilly to escape from the British penal colony at Bunbury, Australia, in 1849.

There is something romantic and very much out of the ordinary in this friendship of these two men who met as total strangers...

The Track of the Storm. The following essay on "A thunderstorm" by a twelve-year-old author was given to the Manchester (England) Guardian for publication:

"The usual sign of a thunderstorm is the rapidly darkening sky. After a few seconds has elapsed a peal of thunder makes the very earth quiver...

Two speculators, according to the Financial Times, were discussing the rubber boom, and the question naturally arose as to how long the upward movement was likely to be maintained.

"You know," he observed to his friend, "something will come along and spoil this boom. If it isn't home politics or an outbreak of war, it will be disease among the rubber trees...

"Here, boys, look here," warned Mr. Corbett, "you've got to be more careful with that dynamite. You're handling it like a bucket of mortar. Why, don't you know the last time there was a dynamite explosion here ten men were killed?"

Nothing Doing. A traffic policeman stood on the edge of a large crowd, trying to keep a passage clear on the sidewalk. A pedestrian stopped, and after crossing his neck fruitlessly, asked:

"What's the trouble, boss?" "A man dropped dead." "Oh, is that all? I thought it was a fight."

LET HAPPINESS SLIP AWAY

Too Many People Forget That in This World There Must Be Thorns Among the Roses.

Everything nowadays is done too hastily, and many a man or woman has relinquished the right to happiness through silly impulse...

We have all at different periods in our lives had days and weeks and months that seemed all gray and blue to us, for sorrow and trouble blinde us for the time...

Men and women are too slow to forgive each other, too liberal enough, not "dig" enough to overlook the shortcomings and remember only the good...

MADE "BATTERY DAN" LOVED

Example of Humor Mixed With Knowledge of Human Nature of Noted New York Magistrate.

"Battery Dan," fisherman, baseball fan and politician of the old school, died recently in New York. As a magistrate, his plain, outspoken manner of administration...

While many of his actions had a humorous aspect, it was never denied that he mixed much knowledge of human nature with his decisions.

"What is the trouble?" asked Battery Dan, peering over his glasses. "Your honor," said the policeman, "I arrested this boy at Canal and Lafayette streets for interfering with the police commissioner's automobile."

"Horrible!" said the magistrate. "Young man, do you realize the seriousness of your offense?"

"Well," continued Battery Dan, "serious as it is, I am going to discharge you. But I warn you that if ever you are brought into court on a similar charge I shall deal with you severely."

Eating for the Love of It. Pawlow has given episcopalianism in eating strong scientific support and many of Horace Fletcher's ideas find orthodox justification. The first rule of dietetic conduct, according to Fletcher, is to eat only when one is hungry and to eat only the things from which one anticipates enjoyment.

Then They Understood. It was in the "quick lunch" restaurant. The little man when he entered appeared to be in deep meditation. Every few seconds he would gaze vacantly across the table and murmur:

The Dancing Mania. The "dancing mania" of the middle ages came on the heels of the great plague known as the "Black Death." It was some sort of nervous disease, and is now supposed to have been what is known as "St. Vitus' dance."

George's Favorite. Women writers who take a masculine pen name seem particularly attracted by the name of George, perhaps because it carries a suggestion of solidity and strength that is satisfying to a woman who means to write something very different from the conventional feminine novel.

Demand for Veneer. The growing scarcity of finished woods has led to an annual production of over 1,100,000 square feet of veneer.

ONE MORE THAN HE NEEDED

Sleepy Passenger Left Train in a Hurry With Part of Another Man's Wearing Apparel.

Attorney Clifford Wise had occasion to go to a point in Indiana the other day on one of the fast trains that make only one or two stops between here and Chicago.

He was due in Elkhart—or whatever Indiana town it was—early in the morning. The porter called him about half an hour before the train pulled in there, according to instructions Wise had given him the night before.

There was a wild rush. Wise's business was too important to permit of him going on to the next stop and returning by another train. The porter said he might hold the train an extra minute, but not any longer.

What do you think? There were three shoes there! He counted 'em, one, two, three!

Some unknown passenger rode on to Chicago with only one shoe in which to step off into that great, grimy, sordid city—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REVOLT AGAINST BIG HAT

General Protest Seems Likely to Be Away With the Enormous Feminine Headgear.

The day of the large hat and the overelaborate coiffure seems to be over. In England the sudden donning of mourning has altered all the fashions to a remarkable extent.

In Rome a petition has been laid before parliament urging that prohibitive duties be placed upon the large headgear fashionable there, also that women be taxed heavily for the switches of hair which they coil and plait around their heads.

In France special sermons have been preached against the big hats in several parishes. One preacher suggested that women should come to church without hats at all so that men could contemplate the altar in peace, while others have urged the women of their congregations to observe what is fitting in church and dress their heads modestly and quietly.

Naturally with all this opposition the big hat is becoming unpopular among women of various nations, and with its disappearance among the English women, who first wore it, its vanishing elsewhere becomes a matter of course.

Secret of Contentment. The great secret of contentment is to get out of each moment all the satisfaction it holds. It is a great mistake to waste one moment in restlessly looking for what the next may bring. I have seen people traveling who never enjoyed, hardly saw, the things they had come to see, because they were always planning what they were going to do next.

German Betrothal Custom. When a maiden is betrothed in Germany she is called bride by her sweetheart, who addresses her thus until it becomes time to call her wife. Immediately upon betrothal the lovers exchange rings, which, if the course of true love run smooth, are to be worn forever afterward until death parts them.

Developing Their Jaws. Dr. Robbins, an English writer, calls attention to the development of the jaws of English boys who were taken out of the streets of London and sent into the British navy. He says: "Undoubtedly the important notable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analyzing this, one finds that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw."

GETTING RID OF THAT CORN

Simple Applications of Moisture Frequently Will Banish This Most Annoying Excrescence.

A corn is not a callosity, although often so called, for the two things are produced in different ways. A callosity is due to pressure intermittently applied; a corn is due to more or less constant pressure combined with friction. A callosity is superficial; a corn is well described in its Latin name, clavus, a nail. It is like a nail driven into the tender tissues of the lower layers of the skin and the parts beneath.

Paring a corn, the usual treatment, may give a little relief for a time by relieving the pressure, but soon the horny growth is pushed above the surface again and the condition is as bad as ever, or worse.

The only lasting benefit is from the removal of the entire growth and this is best effected by the application of moisture. Every night the sufferer should go to bed with a thin poultice or a wad of absorbent cotton saturated with glycerin and water on the corn, the surface before the application being thickly dusted with bicarbonate of soda.

Of course after the corn has disappeared better fitting shoes must be worn so that none of the prominent parts of the foot are pressed upon and rubbed by the leather at the same time. If the badly fitting shoe is put on again the corns will quite certainly come back.—Youth's Companion.

PITY THE POOR LIBRARIANS

This Is Just a Sample of Some of the Troubles They Are Called Upon to Bear.

She tripped into the public library and vigorously poked up the index cards. She floated up to the information clerk, and, peering off her spectacles, murmured:

"Won't you please get a book called 'Here and There' for me? I can't find it anywhere."

"There doesn't seem to be such a book here," she said. "Who was the author?"

"I don't know," responded the girl. "But I'm going to the country for the summer, and Electra told me to read it—said it was all about nature. No such book, you say? Well, now, maybe it was 'Up and Down' Electra said. Look for that, please."

"It's awfully funny," exclaimed the girl. "Perhaps it's named 'In and Out.' Won't you please look for that?"

"I declare! It's awfully funny," ejaculated the girl. "Oh, I know now what it must have been! Look for 'Back and Forth,' please."

"This is what you want, I think," she said, handing the girl a volume. It was John Burroughs' "Far and Near!"

Church People Seed a Building. Probably the most remarkable action in which any model played a part was one that arose in a South of England town. A factory was erected near a church, and it was alleged that the vibration caused by the machinery in the former interfered with the midweek services in the latter; during prayers, it was said, the church shook and rattled ominously. I had to prepare models of church and factory; the factory is still being worked, as I assume that the action failed.—Andrew Scouter in Strand Magazine.

Not for Publication. "Who was that at the door just now, Dick?" asked the young wife. "A bill collector, dear," was the husband's reply. "And what did you say to that Dick?" continued the wife. "Remember, Richard, there are no dice present!" broke in the mother-in-law.

WANTED IT TO SHOW TO WIFE

Bibulous Individual Evidently Was Accustomed to Dispel of His Better Half.

As John O. Sprout, manager of one of the departments at the May company stood wondering if he ought to buy lingerie or furs to meet the weather conditions, he saw walking down the aisle a tall, lean man, who was all fired up like a factory running day and night shifts, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The man had turned on both drafts and the sparks were flying from the smoke-stack.

"Shay, fellah," began the stranger, addressing Sprout, "ha' you seen anything o' my wife?" "I don't know," replied Sprout, stepping to one side to avoid the toxic influences of the man's breath. "I don't happen to be acquainted with your wife. Take a look around here and perhaps you can pick her out." He waved his hand in the direction of a crowd of women.

"I wanna receipt—a receipt to show my wife. I promised I'd meet 'er here and she'd never believe I 'uz here 'less I show 'er receipt. See? C'n you gimme receipt?"

Sprout, always considerate of a fellow-human in distress, scribbled something on a piece of paper and gave it to the stranger, who left with heart unburdened.

SUCCESS NOT DUE TO TACT

Altogether Different Reason Why Henry Horn Had Been Chosen to Break Bad News.

In the second week of his pastorate the new minister appointed Henry Horn to make a soothing address to a band of the parish's incurable workmen. The pastor had never met Henry Horn, because Henry seemed a hard man to corner for a personal interview, but a study of church records had convinced him that Henry possessed infinite tact and was just the man for the delicate mission. The day after he wrote apprising Henry of the new duty laid upon him Henry's wife appeared, pale with apprehension.

"It's out of the question," she said. "Henry can't talk to anybody."

"But he's just the man who can do it," said the pastor. "I chose him for his tact."

"Tact?" said she. "Yes, tact. The church papers show that last year eight men in the parish who were engaged in hazardous occupations suffered a fatal accident, and in each case Henry Horn was appointed to inform the family of their loss. If he had not been a tactful man he would not have been chosen."

"Oh," said she. "It wasn't on account of his tact, it was his stuttering. It took Henry so long to tell it that the folks found out there was something the matter before he got to the point and were saved the shock of hearing it sudden!"

Oh, Base Ingratitude! The tramp passed before Mr. Jefferson's gate, and bearing a steady sound from the direction of the wood shed, stepped lightly through the gate and rapped on the chopping block.

"Ah," he said, "this is an inviting sight, and you have a nice little place here."

"Yes, dat's what I's got, an' so I'd like to see you, Mr. Jefferson, without a break in the cadence of the song of the hatcher."

"A nice little place," said the tramp. "I'm glad to see it, for I was one of those who fought, bled and almost died to set your race free."

"In dat so, and the chopper permitted himself a sidelong glance at his caller, as he picked up a stick. 'You mustn't be so powerful young in dem days.'"

"I was a little drummer boy," said the tramp, "and in gratitude for my valiant part I should like you to lend me a quarter."

"To glad you done your duty," said Mr. Jefferson, calmly, "but I don't want to cumulate no more bitter memories on wuh times, so I reckon I'll 'ee' detain my quahker for m' own use—and de chips is mighty liable to fly when I hit de stick, so maybe you'd like to step out'n my yard before I get to work on it, colonel."—Youth's Companion.