

CAT'S VICIOUS BATTLE CRY

Tabby Exasperates, as Mark Twain's Frontiersman Explained, by the "Sickenin' Bad Grammar" He Used.

Despite the cat's softness, laziness, fluffiness and purring amiability, her piercing war cry in the night startles and exasperates us beyond all bearing—not by its loudness but by a certain vicious, weird, half-terrifying, half-infuriating note in it that makes us spring to arms with the bootjack, or other substitute for the boomerang, as the warwhoop of our tribal enemies did a century or centuries ago, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in an article on the dread of cats, snakes and mice in Success Magazine.

One of Mark Twain's wise old frontiersmen had caught this note when he explained to the tenderfoot that animal speech had rules of composition and grammar, just like human speech, and that "the reason a cat riles ye, so ain't on account of the noise she makes, but on account of the sickenin' bad grammar she uses." And he was right, for the grammar of scarp-lifting and the whole alphabet of battle, murder and sudden death tingles and screams in the rasping cry. Nothing makes a man quite so furiously angry and ready to throw things as to find himself frightened without reason.

NOT VERY FRIENDLY



Pat—Is Kelly a friend of yours?
Mike—He is not—th' lasht time I liked him he rayfused to shake hands!

LOVE AFFAIR IN KANSAS

What the Ardent Swain Needed Was a Spelling-book, Not a Wife Said Girl's Father.

Kansas newspapers are getting a lot of pleasure out of this incident, which is said to have actually happened in an eastern Kansas county. A farmer received a note from a young man who had been "going with" his daughter. It read: "Dear Sir: Wood like your daueters hand in marriage. She and me are in luv. I think I neede a wife. Yures truly."

The farmer replied by letter, saying: "Friend: You don't need a wife. You need a spelling book. Get one and study it a year. Then write me again."—Kansas City Journal.

WORK FOR TEMPERANCE.

No temperance movement of modern times has grown so rapidly or been so successful as that founded little more than a year ago by the Rev. R. J. Patterson, in the city of Armagh. Familiarly known as the "Catch-my-Pal" crusade, it has spread over Ulster, transforming the life of many of its towns and villages. All over the north of Ireland recreation rooms and reading rooms are springing up to act as counter attractions to the public house. In Scotland it is rapidly gaining ground. It is spreading also in England. The magnitude of the work has necessitated Mr. Patterson's retirement from the pastoral duties in order that he may give his whole time to its development.

NOT A SAVANT.

Percy D. Haughton, Harvard's football coach, told at a dinner in Cambridge a story about ignorance. "Some sailors were being banqueted in Philadelphia at St. George's hall," he said, "and a young blue-jacket, pointing to a superb silver easter, said:

"Waiter, bring up that 'ere chandelier."
"That ain't a chandelier," the waiter answered, laughing. "That's a cruet."

"Well, never mind what it is, said the sailor. 'Bring it up. We ain't all been to college.'"

NO WONDER.

"You say she is suffering from an auto accident?"
"Yes, just as her father was about to buy her an electric he failed, so he couldn't get it. It broke her heart."

A FLIMSY EXCUSE.

"What makes him so keen about barefoot dances?"
"He claims to be an amateur chiropodist."

WHEN ROYALTY PASSED AWAY

Both Period and Style of Mourning Were Strictly Regulated in the Past.

Royal mourning in the past was regulated far more elaborately than nowadays. In pre-revolution days, when the French court was in mourning, the royal apartments were hung with black and every looking glass in the king's residence was covered with crepe. French queens, when widowed, were expected to remain secluded for six weeks in a room draped with black cloth on which were fastened white velvet dots, supposed to represent tears. The same custom prevailed in Scotland. In the pamphlet which George Buchanan wrote against Mary Queen of Scots he dwelt severely on the fact that long before the 40 days following Darnley's death were spent she showed herself at a window and "looked out on the light of day."

Sumptuary mourning laws were formerly found necessary in England to restrict the extravagance of the nobility and their imitators in the matter of funeral costume. At the end of the fifteenth century it was laid down that dukes, marquises and archbishops should be allowed 16 yards of cloth for their gowns, "sloppes" (morning cassocks) and mantles, earls 14, viscounts 12, barons 8, knights 6, and all persons of inferior degree only two.

HE STOOD BY HIS RELIGION

Baptist Admitted There Might Be Other Ways to Heaven, but No Gentleman Would Take Them.

Rev. Dr. Haslam, pastor of Gethsemane Baptist church at Eighteenth street and Columbia avenue, was delivering an address the other day at a ministers' meeting.

"I once knew a Baptist, an old man of the hard-shell order. To him the Baptist religion was the only one."

"One day a friend of his, who was a Methodist, stopped him on the street."

"You know there are other ways besides the Baptist way of getting to heaven," he said.

"My Baptist friend drew himself up."

"That's true, there may be," he said, with withering scorn, "but no gentleman would take advantage of them."—Philadelphia Times.

ONE OF HIS LITTLE SLIPS.

Mr. Makinbrakes made another futile effort to light the cigar his host had just handed him.

"These matches," he said absent-mindedly, "seem to be lacking in the—in the—"

"Those are toothpicks," politely explained the host.

"Why, of course," said Mr. Makinbrakes, smiling genially at his blunder; "any blame fool ought to know that. Though to be sure, I didn't mean by that—I had no intention—I wasn't referring, you know—not for worlds would I have you understand—Mr. Grimshaw, did you ever read Rollins' Ancient History?"

ROUGH ON CHICAGO.

Dr. Heinrich C. G. Hirsch, the Viennese conductor, said recently that New York's musical taste was much better cultivated than Chicago's.

"A New York and a Chicago girl," he went on, "met at the seashore. In the twilight, while the sky flamed pink in the sunset and the hotel orchestra played Massenet on the terrace, the New York girl said to the Chicago girl:

"Do you like fugues?"
"The Chicago girl sighed and answered wistfully:

"No, but I adore clams."

WOMEN AS VOLUNTEERS.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobert founded the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy corps, which works in connection with the Red Cross in England. The women who join the corps are all serious and the work is voluntary, and not even the uniform could be said to attract them, as it is very simple and unadorned. The women take training in their work, go into camp and so on, and hold themselves ready in any national emergency to go to work.

AS ANYONE COULD SEE.

"Wh—what's all this!" exclaimed the voter, unrolling the long, narrow poster that had been given him.

"That's the little ballot, sir," said the judge of elections, with the patient, large hearted tolerance that knowledge ever owes to ignorance and inexperience.

NOT FOR HER.

"I should think," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "she might acquire a little more savoir faire."

"Oh," replied her hostess as she tried to scrape a protruding chunk of paint from a Rembrandt, "I guess she don't want any more. I hear she's dietin' now."

THOUGHT THACKERAY A SNOB

Notorious Tuft Hunter Did Not Detect the Irony in Retort Made by the Great Novelist.

Thackeray created quite erroneous impressions of himself by often indulging in irony in the presence of people incapable of understanding it. One curious instance is this: He had been dining at the Garrick and was talking in the smoking room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happened to have left his cigar case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft hunter, good naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say: "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar?" Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness, quietly responded: "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part, and went about declaring that "Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord."—London Globe.

LAWYER BROUGHT TO BOOK

Inquisitive Friend of an Attorney Discovers He Had Been "Defrauding" the People for 15 Years.

A caller at a lawyer's office noticed a small black book with an elastic band around it, and asked what it was.

His friend replied, that it was a New Testament, used for administering oaths, etc., but had got worn out and was held together by the band. He also remarked that the book had been in use for 15 years and had never once been opened during all that time.

The visitor asked to look at the book, removed the band, and, taking one look inside, suddenly collapsed in a helpless state of laughter. He roared and rolled in his chair, and roared again, his friend frantically asking what was the joke. At last, the visitor having recovered somewhat, but with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, with gasps:

"Why, you thundering fraud, this book is no New Testament! You've been swearing folks for 15 years on a 'Ready Reckoner.'"

LET YOUNG GIRL ENJOY YOUTH.

A young girl should avoid the somber clothes of a grandmother. Debutantes—probably from the new delight of wearing grown-up clothes—fancy themselves immensely in black velvet or satin; if it has some passementerie with chenille or jet, their sense of pride knows no bounds. One might as well encourage a lark to croak! Youth, freshness, girlishness—it is the most beautiful thing in the world. Let a young girl enjoy everything—every moment, every second, every gift of life as it comes—and not try to pretend she is wise. If popularity were but as attainable as age, she need only wait for the impact of its sudden approach.

NEEDED AN EXPERT LAWYER.

According to the Chicago Daily News an attorney of that city was called on recently by a woman who said he had been recommended to her as an experienced divorce lawyer. Diffidently admitting the impeachment, he inquired as to the grounds on which she expected to base her suit. "Oh," she said, "I got my divorce several months ago. What I want is a lawyer who will get my alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce."

HANDICAPPED.

Lawyer—Judging from your replies, my friend, you don't seem to have any opinions on any subject.

Possible Juror—No, sir; I haven't had an opinion of my own for years.

Lawyer—Indeed! How many years?

Possible Juror—Let me see—I was married in 1895—that's fifteen years.

MEREDITH DONE INTO ENGLISH.

"There goes George Meredith into the post office. How like he is to Watt's portrait of him! I never can get him to come near me, although I have read all his books."

"Mr. Amarith says he is going to bring out a new edition of them, 'done into English' by himself. It is a good idea, and would help the readers so much. I believe he could make a lot of money by it, but it would be very difficult to do, I suppose."—From "The Green Carnation."

GONE.

"Poor old Sparks! He has left this earth."

"What! When did he die?"

"He may not be dead yet. He went up a little while ago in an aeroplane that was merely tied together with strings."

QUEER FACTS ABOUT DREAMS

More Explanation of Curious Ideas That Sometimes Come to One During Sleep.

In a paper on the mechanism and interpretation of dreams, read recently before the neurological section of the Academy of Science, Morton Prince of Boston stated that dreams are in reality psychoses, or types of delirium, and are characterized by the same general symptoms, if one may speak of symptoms aside from disease. Mr. Prince said he did not believe with Freud that every dream represents the fulfillment of a wish, but rather that it represents the unfulfillment of a fear.

One woman mentioned by him always dreamed that she was surrounded by a myriad of cats, and she would usually awake when they seemed to be attacking her or when she was thrown helplessly among them. Under the hypnotic influence it was found that in early childhood this woman had been greatly frightened by a pet cat, which had scratched and bitten her, and that the memory of this occasion, although seemingly buried deep in the jumble of past experiences, nevertheless had a certain psychological coloring which caused it to be resurrected only during unconscious states.

Such facts, he said, may explain in a measure the curious and apparently utterly illogical single words and statements coming from the lips of those in delirium, but it will always be found that just as in many hallucinatory states of the insane the mind is working at a tremendous rate, much faster than the organs of speech can record the ideas, and hence what comes to our ears from the dreamer is simply a mass of nonsensical words.

MUMMIES FOUND IN MEXICO

Excavations in Catacombs of Guanajuato Reveal Remains of Persons Buried Hundreds of Years Ago.

Mummified remains of persons who existed hundreds of years ago have been dug up in the work of excavating that has been going on in the old catacombs of Guanajuato, Mexico. The people whose bodies were discovered must have lived long before the settlement of the republic, and the finds have occasioned much interest among scientific men. Some of the bodies were decked with beads and ivory trinkets that were in vogue before the coming of the Spaniards, so these people must have lived in that part of the country many centuries ago. The mummies were discovered under an old cemetery while excavations were being made by some prospecting miners.

WISE LITTLE WALLACE.

Wishing to assure herself that her four-year-old boy, Wallace, would be able to identify himself should he get lost, his mother tested him with the following results:

Mother—What is your name, little one?

Wallace—Yandy.

Mother—What is your mother's name?

Wallace—Mamma.

Mother—What is your father's name?

Wallace—Papa.

Mother—Where do you live?

Wallace—In his house.

Whereupon it was thought best to attach a tag to him containing information of a more illuminating character.

THEY DESIRE ENVY.

"The ostentation of the idle rich of Europe," said H. K. Adair, the San Francisco detective, on his return from a trip of criminal investigation on the continent, "makes me think of a little Tommy Traddles."

"Tommy's mother gave him an apple one morning, and afterwards, at lunch, she said:

"Why, there's your apple in your pocket still! Why haven't you eaten it?"

"I didn't see more of the fellers about," Tommy answered. "Apples taste best when there's another kid to watch you eat 'em."

NOTHING NEW.

"Can anyone in the class tell me," asked the professor, "the origin of this word 'muckraker,' so much used nowadays?"

"Why, professor," spoke up the young man with the wicked eye, "it's at least as old as Sir Walter Scott. Doesn't he make the hero of one of his novels say, 'My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Muckraker?'"

SLIGHT REVENGE.

"Here's a story in a newspaper about a man who was run down by an automobile while picking up a horseshoe for good luck."

"That was bad luck."

"The horseshoe partly redeemed itself, however."

"Indeed?"

"A nail in it punctured the automobilist's tire."

COX'S TRIBUTE TO CLAYTON

Wisdom of the Politician Shown in Scheme to Lessen Number of Opponents.

George B. Cox, the old-time Republican master of Cincinnati, going over the other night some of the great men in the Republican party that he had met, said he couldn't help thinking that Powell Clayton was in some respects one of the wisest Republicans it had been his fortune to encounter.

"You know," said Mr. Cox, "that we had a furious time in this city in the Blaine campaign of 1884. A subcommittee of the Republican national committee came down here to help straighten out the riotous disturbances. Nearly 800 United States marshals were appointed. Some were negroes and all were armed with rifles. These negroes were hard to shoot. Some of them wanted to shoot everybody and anybody on sight. One of these ugly negroes said to Clayton one morning: 'If anybody tampers with me I'll blow the top of his head off.'"

"Clayton looked him calmly over and said quietly: 'No, my friend, you don't want to do that. If anybody troubles you you want to shoot him in the leg, for that would take three of the opposition off the field, the chap who is shot and the two chaps who will have to lug him off.'"—New York Sun.

MEAN TRICK ON YOUNG PAIR

Letter Bearing the Inscription "The Honeymooners" Sent to Washington Hotel For Bridal Couple.

How would you like to receive a letter in a strange hotel with the words "the honeymooners" written across the face of the envelope in bold red letters! Well, that is what a couple now en route to Washington will have to contend with. When they step up to the hotel clerk and ask for mail he will hand out a letter bearing that inscription. "We get many queer and startling missives in the day's mail," said the clerk, "but this is about the spiciest I have seen in a long time. I wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed will behave when the letter is handed to them? The handwriting is that of a lady, and she has played a mean trick on her friends."—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Star.

HIGH PRAISE



First Mosquito—I'm going to the Swamphouse hotel; fine house!

Second Mosquito—Yes, indeed; I spent last summer there. Never had better meals in my life.

ENGLISH JOCKEY'S FORTUNE.

To make the fortune of a quarter of a million as a jockey is a feat which places the late Tom Loates at the pinnacle of his profession so far as mere worldly wealth is concerned. Of course, the fees in these days are much greater than when Fred Archer, who left \$330,000, and Fordham, who was worth under \$100,000, were in the prime of their racing careers. But then it is not everyone who has a Leopold de Rothschild to advise in the matter of investments, and it is said that Tom Loates was thus particularly favored.

DUE A JOLT.

"So you are going to get married, eh?"

"Yes, the longing for a little home where I can put my feet against the wall, brace my chair back and smoke my pipe in comfort got to be too much for me."

"What a beautiful dream!"

"Isn't it?"

"So beautiful that it will be a shame for you to get married and spoil it."

HIS LECTURE CAME LATER.

They were talking about hats.

"And where did you buy your hat?" asked Mrs. Slimly.

"Well," replied Miss Plumpleigh, "I gave \$10 for my shape."

"Gee!" broke in Slimly who had just entered, "it was certainly worth it."

OPTIMISTIC.

"That fellow has an enormously wide mouth."

"So he has, but there's a bright side to everything. Just think how easy it is for him to push his food into his face without spilling any."

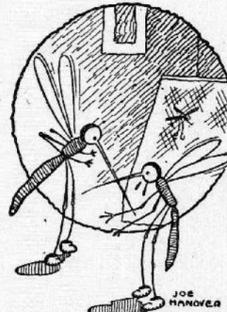
ARE SNAKES FOND OF MUSIC?

Scientists Have Been Trying to Learn Whether They Really Appreciate the Sounds of Harmony.

Science has recently been studying the question as to whether or not snakes have really any appreciation of music. This applies particularly to the cobra, which responds to the piping of a gourd instrument played by the East Indian fakir with a rhythmic movement suggesting a dance. The conclusion seems to be that it answers to the musical notes much in the same way as a dog does—that is to say, through a species of nervous sympathy. When the whistles blow at noon in the Bronx zoo the wolves set up a great howling in concert. Whether or not they enjoy this sort of music is disputed—though probably they do, for some dogs undoubtedly take pleasure in harmonious strains and will run a block to sit up in front of a hand organ and "sing," while other dogs unquestionably suffer from certain kinds of music and express their pain in lugubrious howls.

As for the East Indian fakir, for some unknown reason he always carries about with him a curious rag doll in a cylindrical box, talking to it as if it were alive in the intervals of snake charming and the performance of juggling tricks.

CERTAINLY WAS MEAN



Baby Mosquito—Oh! ma! Brother's just too mean for anything!

Mother Mosquito—What's the matter?

Baby Mosquito—Why, he's found a hole in the mosquito netting over that baby, and he won't tell me where it is.

LOG FIRES IN WARWICK CASTLE.

As to Warwick itself, where I arrived yesterday morning (1834) one enters by the fortress gate. Its aspect is most severe, its courtyard the most somber, its hall the most enormous, its furniture the most gothic, and its style the most perfect that you can possibly imagine. Everything suggests the feudal system. A large and rapid river bathes the foot of the great dark old battlemented towers. The monotonous noise of the water is interrupted by the crackling of the great trees which burn in the gigantic fireplaces. In the hall huge logs are piled upon the dogs which stand on slabs of polished marble, and each log requires two men to put it on the fire. —From the Memoirs of the Duchesse of Dino.

HARD TO CONVINCE.

The canvasser was trying to convince the villager of the political honesty of his own particular candidate. All in vain. Nothing would persuade the voter that each and every member of parliament did not make pots of money.

"Come," he said, "I am not going to believe that. Don't you see in the paper often enough cries of 'Divide!' 'Divide!' Now, do you think they'd cry 'Divide!' if they'd got nothing to divide? No, no; they just take the taxes and divide them among themselves, that's what they do."—London Chronicle.

ITS MOST PROLIFIC SOURCE.

"Pop, why do doctors stick those measures in your mouth to tell you if you've got fever?"

"Because, my son, the mouth is the place where the hot air comes from."

MILLINERY IN COLLEGE.

Mrs. Jessie W. Tobey is a grand veteran of Columbia university, and after she left school decided that she would like to know how to make her own hats. She found that she could not learn except by apprenticing herself to a milliner, and this she did. Since that she was worked to have such courses in the university and is now at the head of the millinery department of the household arts school of Columbia university, recently established.

QUITE REASONABLE.

Abner, Jr.—Say, paw, our best brindle cow is down on th' village lot a-eatin' ov all th' tin cans she kin find.

Abner, Sr.—Wa-al, what on ut?
Abner, Jr.—Nawthin', only I thought mebbe she'd be givin' us condensed milk soon.—Judge.

OLD MALTA IS INTERESTING

Historical Objects and Other Traces of the Stormy Existence of Island in the Mediterranean.

Changing hands so often through the ages as Malta has done, it is not surprising that the place presents many traces of its stormy existence. The chief are those associated with the rule of the Knights of St. John, while the most magnificent is the cathedral of St. John of Jerusalem, with the banners of the knights floating in a dim religious light. Historical objects of another kind are to be found in the church of San Publio, where, in a vault beneath the building are preserved the embalmed bodies of a number of monks, which the curious may inspect but not touch. A second exhibit of this character is to be seen in the Chapel of Bones in St. John's cathedral, where there is a grotto decorated with thousands of heads and crossbones. Elsewhere the first touch of the approaching east is seen in the quaintness of the dresses, in the "hood of shame," worn by the women as a reminder of the French occupation, in the dimmity of the ponies and the polished roofs and flowing sunblinds of the carriages, in the cheapness of the restaurants and the dead-white complexion of all the buildings. At the moment of arrival perhaps the most striking feature is the train which carries the casual visitor to the old capital of the island. It is both primitive and ramshackle, and is composed of the discarded stock of many systems. It moves so slowly that passengers get into and leave the carriages anywhere en route without stopping the train. In the tunnels the first-class passengers are supplied with candles for their own illumination, while those of the third class are left to sit in darkness.

TO PREVENT SEASICKNESS

Henry Sidgwick Stood on the Deck and Recited English Poetry All Across the Channel.

An unusual preventive against seasickness is mentioned in the life of Henry Sidgwick. "Sir George Trevelyan once crossed the channel with him in bad weather, and during the whole passage Sidgwick stood on deck reciting English poetry with emphasis and gesticulations slowly to himself. He had explained before starting that this singular practice had been recommended to him as a preventive against seasickness. When they reached France he told Trevelyan that he had nearly got to the end of his English poetry, and if the voyage had been longer would have had to begin on other languages. Trevelyan carefully tested the speed of recitation by a watch, and estimated that about 2,000 lines had been recited between Dover and Calais."—London Chronicle.

DINNER MISHAP.

Dreadful was the embarrassment of a debutante who was pushed so vigorously against the table at her first dinner that she spilled claret from every glass at the table.

The hostess took it well, though she could doubtless have murdered the girl's dinner partner, but she heaved a sigh for her best tablecloth—for claret makes a bad stain. The man redeemed his fault by quietly rubbing the spot in front of his place with salt until it almost entirely disappeared. His partner's attention attracted, she, too, started a salt rub. Soon all the guests at the table were laughingly doing the same, until by the end of the dinner scarcely a trace could be found of the spilled wine.

WHY WOMEN WANT SUFFRAGE.

Cardinal Vanuttelli says that a woman's place is at home and her greatest ambition should be to have one of her own. The wife, he says, can do better in her own home than on the platform. So she could with the right sort of husband and the husband is often only what conditions make him, so the women by their votes would change conditions, which would change the husbands, and then the women would enjoy their homes.

PADEREWSKI'S INSURANCE.

The attack of neuritis which prevented Paderewski playing at the Queen's Hall, in London, recently, recalls the fact that each of his fingers, thumbs, eyes and toes is separately insured. Some time ago a slight splitting of one of his finger nails prevented him from playing and an insurance company paid him \$5,000. The famous pianist is very careful about allowing persons to touch his hands. He will not allow admirers to shake him by the hands and he never accepts bouquets for fear he may prick his fingers with the encircling wire.

NATURAL EFFECT.

"If your life depended on your painting a sunset in five minutes, what would you do?"
"I'd break a raw egg on the canvas and let it dry."