

HOW IT IMPRESSED GOLDBERG.

LECTURES ON PERSONAL HYGIENE THAT WERE ALMOST TOO SUCCESSFUL.

Any one who comes in contact with the most ignorant of the immigrant class in this city soon realizes that the education that is derived from books is only a very small part of what they need. Teach them to read and write English, and they are little changed, except to become rather more self-important; but teach them to wash, and they are different beings.

One day she had an inspiration. She made a little speech to her class on elocution. She said that to speak good English a clear pronunciation was indispensable, and a clear pronunciation necessitated a good deal of care of the teeth and so on. Then she wound up by saying that she would like to have the whole class come up to her house to listen to lectures on elocution.

This done, she secured a lively young elocutionist and explained her purpose. "I don't care," she said, "whether you teach elocution or not. At least three out of the six lectures I want you to give must deal entirely with personal cleanliness. Drag it in by the hair of its head, but get it in somehow."

The elocutionist liked the idea. The audience of thirty or forty foreigners was most attentive. This was to them a new gate to success. It appeared that to speak good English and get on in life one must have a clear enunciation, which required good teeth, which required daily brushing and general good health, which in turn required washing and exercise and open windows.

Now, the most attentive listener was, to the teacher's great content, the dirtiest member of the class. Not that he, poor fellow, was much to blame, or that teacher or elocutionist felt that they would have been much better had they his past life behind them. Still, Goldberg was facing his opportunity now, and, so far as washing of body or teeth went, he hadn't seized it.

The class returned to its lessons on grammar much improved. Hands were cleaner, teeth brighter; so the teacher felt repaid. But Goldberg did not come back—patient, industrious, cheerful Goldberg—and she wondered what had happened. Some two or three weeks later he appeared, still patient, but with an air of subdued triumph and somehow oddly changed. The teacher welcomed him, and asked why he had not appeared before.

"I was busy," he explained. "Too busy to learn English?" she queried. "Was trying to be able to speak good English," he explained, and suddenly showed by an expansive smile what was the change that the teacher had noted. His teeth were simply aggressive in their brilliancy.

"Why, how fine your teeth look!" exclaimed the teacher. "Dentist, he fix 'em," explained Goldberg, complacently. "Dat was why I stayed away."

"He took a fortnight to polish them!" cried the teacher. "Pulled 'em all out," said Goldberg. "All but four in the back!"

A WELCOME DISCOVERY.

From The Baltimore News.

The "bacteria of fatigue" is the latest discovery of science—found by Professor Gautier, of the French Institute—and certainly the most objectionable. Other bacteria have been doing us infinite damage, poisoning us through the water and the air and a multitude of other avenues. But here is the bacteria of fatigue, which intends no further harm to us than to remind us that we must take a rest. People who have been hitherto reviled and sworn at as lazy and worthless will smile. They know now what has been the matter with them. They have been treated most unjustly, for, in fact, they would have been just as active and industrious as others if they had not been victims of the "bacteria of fatigue."

THE DIVINE SHIRKERS.

There is something very attractive in the "Brotherhood of Divine Shirkers," otherwise known as the "Order of the Stellar Serenity," of which we get our first glimpse in the current number of "Life and Beauty." "Do what nobody else can do for you. Omit to do all the rest." That is a dictum of Thoreau which stands at the head of the Shirkers' prospectus. And the object of the Shirkers seems simple enough. It is just to neglect performing all conventional duties, and to reduce to actual practice the teaching of Thoreau on the inherent wickedness of superfluous work.



PUTTING THE OTHER FOOT IN IT. MOTHER—ETHEL IS THE VERY IMAGE OF WHAT I WAS AT HER AGE. HE—REALLY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE! MOTHER (coldly)—MAY I ASK WHY? HE (seeing his error, and striving to rectify it)—OH—ER—I WAS FORGETTING WHAT A LONG TIME AGO THAT MUST HAVE BEEN!—(Punch.)



JOHN BULL—THERE, I KNEW MY PROCLAMATION 'D FETCH 'EM!—Chicago News.

novel doctrines, to say nothing of the horn Shirkers. Here are some lights from the Stellar Serenity: "Begin each day with a resolution to gain at least an hour each day by shirking some duty. As you grow stronger in will power this work will become easier." The Editor of "Life and Beauty" surely overrates the difficulty. "Leave all but absolutely business letters unanswered for a month, and then honestly ask yourself has anything been lost thereby." To the writer of these comments such stellar serenity appeals with the appeal of the impossible.

NORWEGIAN HOTEL FIRE ESCAPES.

Nor do the hotels themselves console you. Built of wood, their chief merit lies in the fire escape, which is to be found in the chief room upon every landing. At Visnes I spent a happy night answering the questions of nervous travellers who came from hour to hour to see if the fire escape in my room was working properly. Angry assurances were powerless to convince timid if ancient ladies. Did I really think the rope would work? Was there any danger? Had I tried the contrivance myself? Excellent souls! As if the printed notice were not enough!

THE FACTS ABOUT "THE AMERICAN CUP."

The following composition, the author of which for obvious reasons must remain anonymous, is a genuine literary effort from one of the suburban board schools: "THE RATE FOR THE AMERICAN CUP. A Gentleman could sail his yacht very fast and he said he would give a solid gold cup if anyone could row their boat faster than his, so there was a race between the Americans and the English the Americans had always won but Sir Thomas Lipton who has a shop in Angel Lane and another at Forest Gate is going to try and win the cup with his yacht, it is called the Shamrock and is painted

green if Sir Thomas Lipton wins I shall ask mother to buy her grocery of him all except jam." Some of the above may be news to Sir Thomas, but the probability of an increased trade will no doubt be welcome intelligence.

THE PERSEVERING HACKMAN.

From The Woman's Home Companion. "I like perseverance in a man, even in a hackman," said Mr. Peterson. "And there is one particular job doing business in Washington who possesses that quality in the superlative degree." "When I visited the national capital I had my mind fully made up to have nothing to do with the hackmen, so when I stepped off the train and a crowd of these gentry began shouting at me I simply shook my head and passed on. One of them, however, was not to be thus easily disposed of. Dancing around in front of me, so as to block my progress, he vociferated: "Hack, mister? Take you to the Washington Monument or the Capitol? Only half a dollar!" "Again I shook my head. "Smithsonian Institution or Treasury Building? Take you to both of 'em for 75 cents!" "Still I shook my head. "Arlington and Fort Meyer? Drive you over and back for \$2!" "As before, I responded with a shake of the head. "Navy yard or Soldiers' Home? Either place for \$1!" "Want to go to the White House and see the President? Drive you right there for 50 cents!" "More head shaking. "Patent Office or State Department? Same price as the White House!" "Another shake. "Mind you, all this time I hadn't opened my mouth or uttered a word, and from the puzzled look on the hackman's face I thought I had him about discouraged, but as I shoved past him, thinking to make my escape, his countenance suddenly brightened, and I heard him mutter: "By George, I've hit it now! I'll try him just once more." And then, running around in front of me again, he snatched out on his fingers, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which I chance to be familiar, "Deaf and Dumb Asylum? Take you right to the door for a quarter!"

FAME ABROAD.

From The Boston Transcript. It was one of the treasured honors of Bishop Whipple's long episcopate that he had preached the opening sermon in Westminster Abbey at the Pan-Anglican Council in 1888. He often referred to this, not in a vainglorious spirit, but rather as being surprised that he should have this honor when there were so many abler men in the Episcopal

Church. An incident which pleased him much, however, happened after he had preached at the English Church in Rome. Standing near the chapel entrance, he heard two ladies in conversation: "Who was the bishop who preached to-day?" asked one of the ladies. "Why, that was the Bishop of Mimosa; he comes from South Africa, you know," was the unexpected answer.

PHILANTHROPY DOES NOT PAY.

From The Chicago Tribune.

A wagon heavily loaded with paving stones was moving slowly along the street tracks. The motorman of a streetcar immediately in the rear was shouting and ringing the gong.

After a time the driver turned his head with a surprised look. "Get out of there!" yelled the motorman. "I'm getting," he answered, the driver, leisurely turning his horses to the right. The horses succeeded in pulling the wagon partially off the track, but the front wheels sank down into a hole in the worn out cedar block pavement and refused to move any further.

In vain the driver used strong language and the horses tugged. They could almost do it, but not quite. A large, beefy policeman standing near looked on impassively. There was no emergency calling for his interference, and he didn't interfere.

But an equally large and beefy passenger, with broad shoulders, thick neck and a hand like a smoked ham, became impatient. "All they need," he said, climbing out of the car and addressing the driver, "is a little help. Get down off that wagon and take hold of this front wheel."

"I guess not," replied the driver, mournfully. "I ain't paid for pullin' this wagon." "You're not paid for stopping a whole carload of passengers, either. Get down off that wagon or I'll pull you down, you ugly brute."

"Get down!" yelled a dozen passengers. The man slowly climbed down. "That takes a hundred and sixty pounds of hog off the load," commented the aggressive passenger, stooping down and grasping a spoke of the wheel nearest him. "Now hold the lines in one hand, speak to your horses, and pull up on that other wheel. Ready! Now!"

The horses tugged, the big man heaved with all his might, and the wagon moved off the track. There was a cheer from the passengers, the conductor gave the bell two quick rings, the motorman turned on the power and the car dashed ahead, leaving the large, beefy man standing in the roadway, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief and gazing with open mouthed bewilderment at the vanishing car.

"Well, by dang!" was all he said. "Sometimes it doesn't pay to be a benefactor to on a fellow man."

POETICAL? ONOMATOPOETICAL.

From The Louisville Times.

Boys, don't read poetry to the girls. There isn't one in ten who appreciates it. They will rave over "The rose is red, the violet blue," etc., but when you deal them out some huge chunks of real good verse, with the brand blown in and the trade-mark, "Apollo being led to the cooler" by the Muses," they stick their fans before their faces, sigh and wake up when you finish. Many a promising young man has ruined his life by reading poetry to the wrong girl. Her father overhears him, perhaps, and thinks: "Darn it, that sort of stuff ain't going to keep the wolf from the door." But he is mistaken. I have heard lots of poems that I would guarantee to keep him away eternally.

One of our poets who has not taken out a regular license from the Sinking Fund read some soulful songs on the ocean to a dear girl he was edging up to. They were all about the wild waves, gray skies and so on.

"Did you ever, Miss Daisy," he asked, "think what those vast heaving billows, melting on the shore and then receding, sing as they come and go, what the sound of their ebb and flow means?" "No, I never have," she replied calmly, "but when my brother and I were on the coast of Maine last summer we used to listen to the waves breaking, and he said they sounded to him—"

"Poetical?" interrupted the poet. "Yes, I suppose so," she said. "They went 'Shosh, b'osh, shosh, b'gosh,' from morning until night."

WHY THE MINISTER DIDN'T GO.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"Our minister did not go on his vacation this summer, as he expected," said Brown, with an amused smile. "He fully intended to, and had made his arrangements to that effect. But circumstances over which he had no control were such that he decided at the last minute to remain at home. "My wife and several other enthusiastic women members of the church hit upon the happy idea of raising a fund sufficient to defray the good man's expenses, as he has a large family and finds it difficult to make both ends meet. With this in view they held several 'affairs,' and at last were the proud possessors of something over \$50. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event and give the members of the church a chance to send the Rev. Mr. Blank away with the good wishes of the whole congregation."

"It occurred to my wife that a little music would add to the happy occasion, and she saw that some musicians were engaged. Another member of the committee thought that a light lunch would be a happy idea, and took it upon herself to see that it was ordered. Another one conceived the plan of having the church decorated for the auspicious occasion, and hired a man to do the work. "Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered, to their horror, that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised, but had left them a matter of two or three dollars in debt, so the presentation had to be omitted."

"I asked my wife who she expected was going to make this amount good, and she snapped: "The Rev. Mr. Blank, of course! It was all done in his interest!"

LOVE'S GRAMMAR.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Millicent," said Archie, with trembling voice and wabbling chin. "Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said, demurely. "Because I can see 'no' in your eyes." "In both of them?" "Yes." "Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist instantly!" But he didn't.

THE CHASTENED ENGLISHMAN.

From The Amsterdam Handelsblad.

I observed in my travels this summer in Switzerland, in the Tyrol and elsewhere, that the Tourist Englishman is now less arrogant and more subdued. Formerly he always gave us foreigners an idea of "I—want—to—take—charge—of—this—place." Now he murmurs "Thank you" at table, saying "Mercy," which means pity.

APPROPRIATE.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I see that a Connecticut pastor has been sharply criticised for dealing in stocks on margins." "Does he offer any excuse?" "Yes. He says other ministers do the same thing." "Of course. That's a stock excuse."

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