Things Heard and Seen

"Many people have an idea that night watchmen are stationed about the great stores and financial institutions in this city to fight burglars should they turn up," remarked one of these guardians of the wealth of the city a few days ago.

"The fact is, there is no idea that any such watchman shall engage a burglar in combat at any time. The care of such institutions is so systematized that there is no occasion for such a procedure, even should a watchman be equal to handling a burglar, which most of them are not. The night watchman is merely a part of an alarm system. His duty is to keep a sharp lookout for suspicious persons, and before one of them gets a chance to do mischief he is expected to turn on an alarm that will call to his relief within a few minutes a squad of police officers, if necessary, to take care of the prowling thieves.

"In order to assure faithful care by the watchman he has to ring up the alarm service every half hour of the night. One ring means that he is there on the lookout. If he sees anything suspicious and wants assistance it is only necessary for him to give the proper signal, and before any damage could be done the officers of the law are there ready to do business. It would never be of any advantage to the burglars to do the watchman harm, because before they could trouble him they would be nabbed and in the clutches of the law. The fact that this system of watching the valuables of the city is so efficiently conducted results in very few burglaries wherever the system is in force. Thieves know the danger of hanging about the city in places where their presence would cause suspicion, and they generally keep away. These fellows 'get wise' very quickly."

* * * * *

"Mother Shipman predicted many wonderful things, most of which have in some way come true, although at the time her prophecies were made they seemed to be the mere ravings of a mad woman," said one of the oldest examiners of the patent office a few days ago. "Now, I am not descended from the revered Mother Shipman, but I propose to make a prediction which will appear merely as the raving of a madman, but which is just as apt to come true as were many of our inventions of the last quarter of a century.

"There are many people who have thought of the possibilities of wireless telegraphy who believe they see in that invention, which is now in its infancy, such a revelation as will startle serious people. Yet it is not impossible that it will be realized during the lifetime of some of our young people. It is simply this: There is as much reason to believe that there will be a wireless system of telephones in the future that will permit a man to carry a small instrument in his coat pocket with which he can communicate with his friends, wherever he is, as there was reason to believe that there would ever be such a system of communication as is now established by wireless telegraphy. With this little instrument in his coat pocket a man may hear his call bell ring, and, taking the instrument from his pocket, he will be able to establish communication with his office or home wherever he happens to be. Just think of the possibility of being able to travel over the world and to have your wife, to say nothing of your mother-in-law, ring you up and tell you the baby has a new tooth and to let you hear the little darling coo through the 'phone to assure you it is prospering all right. I tell you great times are ahead of us," concluded the man who for a third of a century has been thinking of nothing during business hours except inventions of every variety.

* * * * *

An official of the government printing office was talking of the personnel of the women employed in the big printery the other evening. He said the civil service rules went into effect at the office just ten years ago. The result has been to give the office a much better class of women workers than those that were appointed prior to that time.

"The ladies in the folding rooms, the bindery and the press room now," said the official, "are largely of the educated class. Some of them are former school teachers, stenographers and the like, and I will add they are a credit to the government service."

The statement was added that it frequently happens that these workers in the printing office are transferred to important clerical positions in the other departments by reason of the high percentage they make in competitive examinations.

* * * * *

It may not have been original with him, but on the strength of it his reputation as a humorist has risen at least ten points. He is a physician in one of the local hospitals.

This young medico was running down the steps between wards the other day when he met one of his colleagues proceeding upward more leisurely.

"What's the matter?" cried No. 2. "Any good cases?"

"Sure," replied the doctor who was on the eve of making a pun. "One of the worst cases upstairs you ever saw. Got a woman in the ward who is so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down her back."

"Wh—wh—what," said No. 2, thinking of chestnuts and other things. "Couldn't do anything for her, could you?"

"Why, of course," replied No. 1; "we treated her for bacteria."

* * * * *

"President Castro is a man of destiny all right," said a long-time resident of Venezuela to a Star reporter the other day. "The worst of it is that Castro has the belief so firmly implanted in him that it will take a hard jolt from some first-class power to knock it out of him. Whether this government is going to let France administer the jolt is uncertain, but she probably will if France is willing to undertake the job. Castro has been shown a star that is supposed to control his horoscope. Possibly he picked out the star himself, but he firmly declares that so long as that star remains in the ascendant his fortune will not flag. He has told this so often that he believes it himself and a good many of his followers have come to believe it, too. It is this blind belief in his destiny that encourages him to ride rough shod over anything or anybody that stands in his way. Such a fatalist is a dangerous man to have at the head of affairs, especially in such an inflammable country as Venezuela. Some day an able naval power is going to come along and knock that horoscope idea into bits with a thirteen-inch shell. But until it does Castro is not likely to abate any of his iron-fisted claims as a man of destiny. His believing that what he says is so comes near making it so for himself and his adherents. A sincere fanatic is a hard man to deal with."

* * * * *

"It never occurred to me until this season that the national capital ought to be entitled to an enviable reputation for the crabs served here," remarked a Washingtonian who spent a month on the north Jersey coast.

"The seashore is always associated in my mind with sea food, including crabs, clams, oysters and the like. It is almost impossible, however, to procure a crab at any of the resorts in the Long Branch and Asbury Park section. Those that are obtainable in the cafes are mighty poor specimens and the prices charged are almost prohibitive. As late as the 12th of September I was unable to get an oyster. In fact, the only edible shell fish that was at all plentiful in the region where I spent my vacation was the clam."

* * * * *

"If the fad just inaugurated in Washington by a popular young man who is a member of several societies grows to much greater proportions," said a 7th street merchant yesterday, "some of our hatters may be forced out of business. The fad I refer to is going about town without head covering of any kind save the capillary covering nature gave us. Quite a number of young men have become addicted lately to the hatless habit. Today I counted six fellows who were scudding about without a hat or cap. One of these was o na bicycle, and his rather long hair was flying in the breeze as he propelled himself along the avenue and attracted much attention.

"Laws a' mussey," exclaimed an old colored woman, "thar' goes a white man dats done los' his hat by scinchin' erlong so fas'."

One of the devotees of the hatless fad was asked if he had any particular reason for going about bareheaded.

"Yes," he replied, "I have several reasons and they are good ones in my estimation. But one of them will no doubt suffice you. The main reason I go about-town in my bare head is because it is healthful for the hair. My growth was getting very thin. In fact, my hair was dropping out in tufts when I met a friend from the far west who had lived a long time among the red men. He noticed my predicament and asked me what I was doing to stop the falling out. I informed him that I had tried several remedies, but without success.

"'Do as the Indians do,' he suggested. 'They do not wear hats or caps, and who ever heard of a redskin having falling hair or scalp diseases. I thought the matter over and am following the Indian plan with good results."

This same young man said if he can locate enough hatless faddists in Washington he may decide to form a society of the great uncovered.

* * * * *

"I had an unusual experience one day last week," remarked an avenue car conductor to a Star reporter yesterday. "A lady fell off my car near 18th street and when I went to her assistance she volunteered the statement that it was entirely her own fault and that I wouldn't have been to blame if she had broken her neck. The fact was that she got off before the car had come to a stop and was pretty badly shaken up besides ruining her dress. The surprising part to me was that she didn't hold me responsible for her fall and threaten to sue the company for damages, which is the usual course in such cases."

British Expansion in Asia.

Aga Kahn, in Nineteenth Century.

The conquest and acquisition by England of territories beyond India proper is far more dangerous to us than the absorption of those lands by Russia would be. In the first place, we should have to fight the invader far away from our natural base, which is in itself a great drawback, as has been demonstrated by history, both modern and ancient. Second, the population of the conquered countries would be at heart hostile to us, for, though their governments might be bad, they were in a sense national governments, and they would make common cause with the invader, however foolish and shortsighted such a course might appear, just to get revenge on those who had upset their national institutions. These annexations would even furnish a further cause of moral disturbance in India, and in time of trouble they would supply the dangerous elements of Indian society with material to work upon. To my mind the right policy is to insist that the territories constituting the neutral zone should remain inviolate and free from aggression by any power, and that they should be independent in fact and in name. The policy that I advocate is precisely the same as that pursued by the United States toward the South American republics. If we consistently follow this policy, if the conservative party will dissociate itself from the extreme "forward school," that wants to turn Afghanistan into a "native state" and southern Persia into a "Malay state;" if the liberal party will sever its policy from the ultra-altruists who invite Russia to the doors of India, then the would-be invader of India would, in the first place, have to subjugate portions of the neutral zone before advancing upon India, and their populations would naturally fight for their own freedom, and to that extent would be our allies and fight our battles. Then our assistance would be received with gratitude and without any suspicion of our good faith.

Lineage.

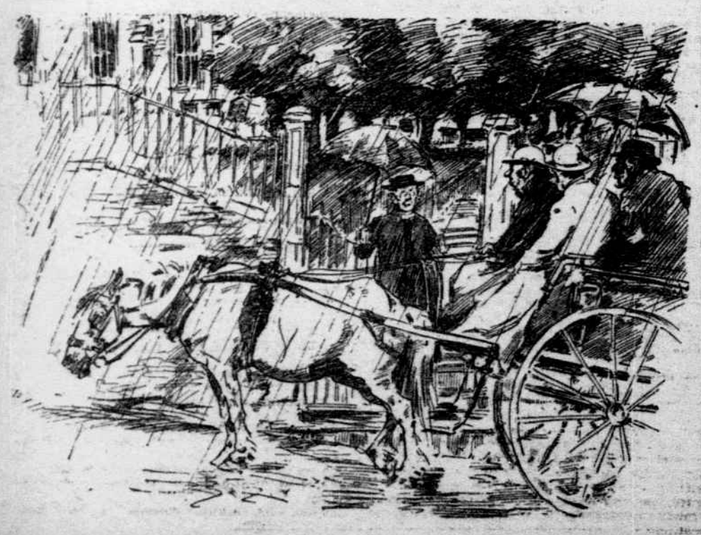
From the New York Sun.

Mrs. Oldblood—"Do you go back to William the Conqueror?"

Mrs. Newblood—"No; but our boy is a quarterback."

A QUESTION OF VESTED INTEREST.

From Punch.



Vicar—"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

Spokesman—"Please, sir, we be a deputation from farmers down Froglands parish to ask you to pray for fine weather for t' arvest."

Vicar—"Why don't you ask your own vicar?"

Spokesman—"Well, sir, we reckon 'e be'unt much good for this 'ere. 'E do be that fond of fishin'."

GREAT BIT OF LUCK

"I was riding uptown in a 6th avenue surface car in New York one day last week," said a post office inspector, "when a mighty bad-looking accident occurred.

"At 42d street a well-dressed, middle-aged man undertook to swing himself on board the open car while it was starting just after making the stop at that corner.

"He had got one foot on the running board, when the foot that still rested on the wet pavement slipped. He slipped and fell forward on his hands. His left leg shot beneath the wheels of the moving car.

"The conductor, who was collecting fares from the running board, frantically rang the bell to stop the car. Then men in the car, including myself, shouted hoarsely, and the women on the car screamed as if bedlam had broken loose. One of the women sank back in a dead faint, and she had to be carried into a drug store after the incident was all over.

"The conductor's signal to the motorman was too late. The car wasn't brought to a stop till there was a horrible grinding, jolting, crunching sound. The wheels had passed over the middle-aged man's left leg. It was sickening.

"A hundred pedestrians rushed from the crowded sidewalk to do what they could to assist the prostrate man.

"When they got to him he was lying downward, with his face resting on his hands. His hat had fallen some distance away, and his head looked gray and venerable.

"But the prostrate man was laughing just fit to kill!

"He was absolutely shrieking with merriment. He was giving vent to explosions of pure enjoyment. He positively shouted and bawled in the overplus of his tremendous mirth.

"He laughed so hard that it seemed as if his sides must be just aching him.

"People away up 6th avenue heard his happy, boisterous ha! has! and came rushing along to see what was producing all of the fun.

"'The pain of having his leg cut off has put the poor old gentleman off his head,' was the sympathetic remark of a lot of us who stood around watching him and listening to his almost violent outbreaks of mirth. 'His agony has made him delirious, poor old chap,' became the universal verdict as the middle-aged man's roars of laughter grew even louder.

"But there was something in the quality of his laughter that puzzled me, for all that. It sounded to me like mighty healthy, human, rollicking laughter—laughter that was actually proceeding from the mirthful midriff of the run-over man. To my ears it didn't have even a little bit of the gruesome sound of the kind of laughter that proceeds from those in a state of delirium.

"There, there, old chap, easy now—we'll get you out of that fix all right,' said some of the willing helpers, as they started to see what they could do toward disentangling the middle-aged man from the wheels of the car.

"'Thanks, boys,' he replied, to their amazement, in a tone of perfect understanding. 'But, say,' he went on, 'it's so blamed funny!' and he went into another paroxysm of laughter.

"The helpers looked at one another with mystified countenances.

"'Why, that man's not hysterical, nor bug-house, either,' said one of them. 'Say, old friend,' he continued, addressing the still prostrate man, 'what's all this that's so infernally funny, hey? You might as well let us all in on it, hey?'

"The man who was lying face downward on the wet pavement, with his leg still under the car wheel, restrained his mirth with great difficulty long enough to gasp:

"'Why, dang it all, boys, can't you see that the leg that's been run over is a woo-woo-wooden leg!' and then he howled joyously once again.

"The willing helpers looked as if they'd gone up against a sad sort of a sell, but the prostrate man's laughter was perfectly infectious, and they joined in it.

"Then they managed to pull him from beneath the car, when they saw that, sure enough, the crushed leg was of the seasoned ash variety.

"They put the good-humored middle-aged man into a cab and sent him along to the home address he gave. He waved his hand merrily at them out of the cab window before starting for home.

"'Well, boys,' he called out, 'I mayn't have beat the devil around the stump this time, but I'll be hanged if I haven't beat him with it!'

"Whereupon the big bunch broke into a spontaneous cheer for the old boy's gameness, and the car went ahead about its business."

Gold Standard in Mexico.

From the New York Sun.

When it was proposed that Mexico should revise her financial system and adopt the gold standard some of her interests, notably those engaged in mining, protested loudly that such a course meant the ruin of the country. Commenting on the new system, Modern Mexico admits that there have been in some cases inconvenience and loss. It declares that neither loss nor inconvenience has been serious, and cites the fact that no important mining concern has been forced out of business, and that "the activity of both native and foreign capital in the acquisition and opening up of new mining properties is unabated." This journal goes on to say:

"On the other hand, importers, bankers and the bulk of commercial interests find nothing but grounds for satisfaction in the reformed currency conditions, as they afford a fixed basis of calculation for all transactions. An incidental feature of the currency reform, most welcome to importers, is the abolition of the sliding scale for the assessment of import duties, which was created by decree of November 25, 1902, and which was designed to protect the government from the oscillations of exchange in effecting its gold payments abroad for the service of the foreign debt and other purposes."

The system has not been in operation long enough yet to make it possible to say just how far it will prove a success so far as the people of the country are concerned. The present indications are that the industrial and commercial interests will soon adjust themselves to the new conditions, and that in the end the people will be the greatest gainers.

Coffee Clubs in California.

From the New York Times.

Some time ago the California town of San Diego started a coffee club to afford a place of entertainment and recreation where no intoxicating liquors or cigars or tobacco in any form should be sold, and the success of the enterprise has been in every way satisfactory and gratifying. A private company started the institution, and it was provided that no profits should be divided, whatever accrued being continuously capitalized with the view to establishing other houses of like kind. A second one has been opened in the same city, and there are similar places in Los Angeles, Santa Clara, Petaluma and Bakersfield. They are all successful, financially and socially. In Los Angeles the two club rooms are visited by from 1,000 to 1,500 persons daily. It costs about $2,000 to launch a club, but once going it pays its own way and prospers, becoming in time the parent of others. It is estimated that the saloon business has been cut down one-half in the towns named.

It is possible that California has found out an expedient for the promotion of temperance more efficient than the one which Maine thought she had discovered a generation or so ago, but which in late years does not seem to work with its pristine smoothness. At any rate the initial success of the Pacific coast experiments is gratifying and promising, giving sign that it may not be unworthy of trial elsewhere.

Tips in Department Stores.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The tipping evil is growing in New York despite the discussion aroused by the new law aimed at purchasing agents. The latest class to demand tips are clerks in department stores. According to an experienced shopper, the woman who does not recognize and satisfy the itching palm of the girl who waits on her will obtain poor service in some stores. Akin to this is the store "graft" on which many of the clerks figure as a regular addition to their income. This is the change left over from purchases at odd prices, such as $1.48, $1.67, etc. Usually it only amounts to two or three cents, but very many persons give the seller $1.50 or $1.75, and go away without waiting for the change. This often amounts to a considerable sum in the course of a day. Sometimes it even amounts to "white money," as silver is called, and adds materially to the day's takings.

THE FEMININE WOMAN

"I notice," observed the square-jawed, pug-nosed man, who didn't look as if he'd know the difference between the Higher and Nobler and a load of steam coal—"I notice that the back advertising ends of some of this month's magazines publish a testimonial as to the merits of a certain brand of unscented toilet soap written by one of the short-haired ladies who has been doing her little bit during the past half century or so toward obtaining the franchise for women.

"The picture of the woman who likes the unscented soap is run with the ad, and her testimonial is surely a heap fulsome and gushy for a purely voluntary contribution.

"In the course of her remarks in the testimonial she says this: 'I abhor a perfumed woman.'

"I'm going to take, with your kind permission, a short-arm biff at that remark of hers about the perfumed woman.

"I'm a regular bug over a well-perfumed woman.

"To me a perfumed woman is the real thing in femininity.

"The daintily perfumed woman who, when she swishes past you, has something about her that makes you vaguely recall the old honeysuckle-covered porch that you knew a quarter of a century ago—she's the one for mine. She carries with her the suggestion of asphodelian meadows and starlit dells, the cool aroma of cornfields at dusk.

"She swirls by you and leaves in your heart a little chiming back to the wild roses that you picked on your way to the old crick where you went in swimmin'.

"When the daintily perfumed woman frou-frous in or out of your office you sort o' flim back to those old mornings of your kidhood when the just-awakened dawn smelt so sweet after you'd turned out early to chop the kindling wood for the kitchen fire.

"She's feminine, the well-perfumed woman; that's all.

"I want 'em feminine all the way through for mine.

"Like 'em to wear unsanitary clothes and things. I never gave two looks at a woman wearing these so-called commonsense clothes and shoes and such gear, and I never met any other man that did. I want 'em to wear just as high heels as ever they blame please to wear, and the tighter and straighter-front their corsets, why, the better it suits me. The stayless woman looks like a combination of an Ellis Island immigrant and a fat lady out of a Rubens picture to me, and the woman with flat-heeled shoes of the so-called common-sense kind looks to me as if she ought to be a policeman, or carrying the hod, or something like that.

"Me for the womanny woman!

"Gimme a lyre, or a harp, or a fugelhorn, or a kazoo, or any old thing, that I may sing the glories and the praises of the purely feminine woman!

"She was here in the world's early dawn, and she's going to be right here alongside of us, I hope, when we're having $1.89 round-trip excursions to Mars!

"I never could see the woman who wears men's hob-nailed shoes, and suspenders, and such like, and who flags scented soaps and perfumes and things of that kind because she considers 'em too womanish.

"All of the adorableness of women consists in their femininity.

"It's because every once in a while she gets her household work done early so she can 'go upstairs and have a good cry;' it's because she macerates us into pulp with her 'because;' it's because she admits our premises and denies our conclusions; it's because she'll begin to pucker her lips for baby talk when she sees an infant a block away; it's because she loves roses, and lacey things, and $2-a-pound candy; it's because she gives us the reproachful eye only when we ought to be sewed up in a blanket and clubbed to the verge of the other world; it's because she'll dig and delve and scrape and scrap for her husband and her little ones until icy stalactites hang from the roof of Tartarus; it's because she dabs at her eyes with a little wad of a handkerchief until her nose is red when she sees human suffering—it's just because she's feminine, pal, and a hull, big heap better from every point of view than we are just because she is feminine, that she has had us on the dead lope, and plum loco over her, ever since the days of the shepherd King of Egypt!

"If they want to perfume themselves, let 'em. I, for one, like 'em perfumed. Let 'em do any of the old feminine things that they want to do. They're pretty nigh always right, taking 'em en masse, and they don't make half as many mistakes as we men do.

"Give me a lute, that I may chant of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual loveliness of the perfumed, who is the typically feminine woman! Here's hopin' that she'll be with us till the end of the world, and afterward! That's me!"

Poor Whisky Disguised.

From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.

The makers of patent medicines which are merely whisky in a thin disguise are to be compelled to pay taxes to the United States government as rectifiers and liquor dealers. It is said that there are at least a dozen of these "medicines" advertised which contain twenty-five per cent or more of whisky. As many as 300,000 bottles of one of these concoctions have been sold in Massachusetts alone in a recent year. The demand for intoxicants in prohibition communities is largely supplied by these so-called medicines, and when the manufacturers are compelled to take out a government license as rectifiers and dealers in alcohol they will no longer be able to conceal the true character of the stuff they deal in. Thus one of the most successful of the various subterfuges which are common in the business and social life of the United States may be brought to an end.

Fame for a Discoverer.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

In spite of all that has been done in the way of yellow fever research, it seems certain that medical science is no nearer a cure of that disease than it was before the adoption of the mosquito theory. A preventive is proposed—the extermination of the stegomyia—but no specific. Somewhere in the laboratory of nature there is probably such a specific. Fame and fortune await the man who shall discover it just as they await the discoveries of cures for cancer, tuberculosis and Bright's disease. In the meantime it is discouraging to reflect that the deadliest foes of mankind are yet proof against medical skill.

A Case in Point.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "many of you have heard how President Roosevelt went out west and killed bears and wildcats for amusement, and I want to hear your opinion about it. Do any of you think it right to take the life of even a wild animal without just cause? What do you say, Jimmy Taylor?"

"Was them bears and wildcats goin' to do anything to the President?" asked Jimmy.

"I don't understand that they were."

"Was they jest looking at him?"

"So I have read."

"Not even growling?"

"No."

"Well, now, teacher, there is a big bumble bee on your shoulder and crawling up to your neck. He hain't growling nor nothing, and nobody can say that he means to hurt you, but what are you going to do in the case?"

"A bumble bee! Get him off! Hit him

"A Bumble Bee! Hit Him With a Hymn Book!"

with a hymn book! Give him a swat and be sure to kill him! Gracious me, but what an escape! As I was saying, children, we will drop President Roosevelt and his bears and wildcats and talk about Moses in the bullrushes." JOE KERR.

A LONESOME SUNDAY

"Nope, I wouldn't go so far as to say that Washington is a lonesome town to live in," observed a western man who recently came back to Washington to live after an absence of several years, "but it certainly did seem to me like one vast oasisless desert last Sunday for a fact.

"Last Sunday was my first Sunday in Washington since I got back here. I've been out in my little town in the west for a number of years, and only got back here a couple of days before last Sunday.

"When I lived here before I only knew one family intimately. I knew a lot of folks, of course, in a stiff, distant sort of way, and was acquainted with the people in the house where I had my room just well enough to exchange nods with them when I met them on the stairs going out or coming in.

"But there was only one family that I knew well enough to go and visit with.

"The man was a chap I used to play marbles and shinny with back in the little western town where we were raised together. He came to Washington years before I did, married, began to raise a family, and when I got here the family was nicely settled in a flat over in Georgetown.

"His wife was a mighty nice little Washington woman, and the kids were interesting and lively. Used to enjoy going over to see 'em when I was here before above all things. My visits over to Georgetown at that time were right frequent. They'd let me sit around the flat for a few hours every Sunday, and make me stay to dinner more often than not, and I sure used to enjoy those visits a heap. Enjoyed the dinners, too, after 'rassling' around for what I could get at my boarding house.

"After dinner the man and I'd light cigars that I'd contribute as my share of the entertainment, and we'd sit down in his den and talk about the way he used to lick me, or I licked him, when we were playing hookey from school back in the little western town, and cross-question each other about what became of all the boys that belonged to our particular gang. While we thus talked his wife'd come in and sit down and listen to us with her hands in her lap, and tell us that we weren't much better than huge, irresponsible kids yet—for we'd guffaw and holler so that it's a wonder the folks in the other flats didn't rap on the walls or complain to the janitor. I always hated to get up and come away, I used to enjoy my visits over in that little Georgetown flat so much.

"Well, when I got back here, feeling lonesome like a man's liable to feel after he's been away from a town for some time, I decided to drop in at that Georgetown flat on the next Sunday—which was last Sunday. I'd been feeling as blue as the deuce, and I honestly did feel good over the prospect of going over there and meeting my old friends.

"I reached there along about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and it all looked so natural around that neighborhood that I guess I shortened my stride in my eagerness to push the electric button of that flat.

"I remembered just the button to push, and I gave it three short pushes, like I'd always done—three pushes being the regular, understood signal that I was the applicant for admittance down in the vestibule.

"I waited for the little clicks in reply that I'd been accustomed to, signifying that the vestibule door had been unbolted, or unbarred, or unlocked—however it's done I never could make out—from the flat above.

"But the little clicks didn't come.

"That seemed queer. They'd always been home at 2 o'clock on Sundays, and it didn't seem possible that their church services could last as long as that.

"So I gave three more pushes at the button and waited again for the replying clicks. But again the clicks failed to come.

"Then I felt something must be wrong. I didn't have my glasses on, but I put them on then so's I could look to see if my friend's card was there behind the bit of glass above the letter box. I saw at once that his card wasn't there. There was no card there at all—just the wood beneath the glass showing.

"Then I knew that the only family that I was on visiting terms with in Washington had gone away.

"Funny, but blamed if the sunlight didn't suddenly seem strained and thin to me. I felt like a chap that'd been marooned, or something. Stood there, kind o' dazed like, when the janitor walked up the basement steps. I asked him where the only family I knew in Washington had gone.

"'Oh, they went wes' somewheahs, boss—yo' all kin search me, suh—Ah don't know wheah—'bout six months ago,' the janitor told me.

"So I had to go back to my boarding house room, feeling pretty badly crushed, you'd better believe. I wouldn't call Washington lonesome, but I sure felt then as if I ought to've married, myself, a long time ago, so's I could have a family of my own to be chummy with. And I don't know but what I'll just think that over yet."

Relics of Sir John Franklin.

From the London Chronicle.

Under a tiny glass cover there now reposes in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall some pitiful relics of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated arctic expedition of 1845 in the Erebus and Terror. Who that has read that story of magnificent adventure has not thrilled with its heroism and its failure? When in 1848 national anxiety for Franklin's safety was aroused many expeditions were sent in the hope of relieving him. In one of these expeditions, which set out in 1850, a young naval officer, Capt. Ommanney, took part. He died. Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney and his widow have now presented to the United Service Institution the small collection of Franklin relics which her husband found in arctic regions. They are not much to look at, and they could all be covered by an ordinary-sized pocket handkerchief. But what a tale of bravery, of human endurance and of the terror of a lonely death they tell! There is a little clay pipe, which a sybaritic smoker would scorn to look at. But who knows what comfort it brought to one of these arctic voyagers—perhaps to Sir John Franklin himself—in those long and oppressive northern nights?

There is also a tiny glass bottle, empty now, but which may have contained some specific against disease or depression of spirits. There is no label on it, and no clue to its contents, but it probably held some tonic to revive the ebbing strength of Franklin's explorers.

Another of the relics consists of two pieces of the skin of a polar bear—one with a claw attached to it—the remains of some creature that fell to one of Franklin's guns. There is also a small china plate, with the figure of a curious hybrid bird painted on its upper surface. It was probably used as an ash tray—at any rate, there is no other conceivable use for it.

All these interesting objects were discovered by Capt. Ommanney while he was searching for Sir John Franklin in the Assistance, and they were the first clues obtained of the situation of Franklin's first winter quarters.

The Spirit of Envy.

From the Chicago Journal.

"Why did you steal those rubber boots?" asked the judge.

"Because they were better than mine," replied the boy.

It was envy that induced this boy to steal. He was well enough satisfied with his own boots until he saw the other boy with a better pair. He yielded to the spirit of envy at the sacrifice of his honesty. And so have many others. They have given up the priceless possession of a clean conscience for the satisfaction of a covetous desire. But envy need not lead to crime, to leave its blighting effect upon the soul of the man or woman that yields to it. The joy of living may be killed without overstepping the legal rights of others. The man with envy in his heart cannot be happy. He may hide his envy, but he cannot get out of life the joy that is rightfully his. Happiness is not for him. Happiness implies peace of mind. There can be no peace of mind where envy is. Keep the heart free from envy. It dwarfs the soul and makes life a mockery.

Don't Talk of Your Health.

From the Boston Traveler.

If you are not well don't talk about it. To do so only exaggerates your consciousness of physical discomfort. Also it casts a shadow of gloom over other people. They grow hesitant about asking you how you feel; it gives them cold chills to be continually told that you are "not very well" or "not so well" or "about the same." Do you know that a good deal of this is imagination? If you braced up and told people cheerily that you felt tip-top nine chances in ten you would feel tip-top pretty soon. You'd forget the ailing habit.

WATER WAGON DRIVERS

Sometimes Drop Their Whips and Fall.

IN DOWN-TOWNC AFE

PROPRIETOR HAD FULL KNOWLEDGE OF THEM.

Have a Nervous, Pallid, Undecided Way About Them When Getting Ready.

"'On and Off the Water Wagon'—that'll be the name of the book that I'm going to write some day when I get out of this business," observed the proprietor of a very well-known down-town cafe. 'Or I might call it 'Souseology, Periodical and Perennial,' to give it a sort of scientific tone. I'd devote most of the narrative to what the young doctors in charge of the alcoholic wards call the 'dipsomaniacs'—we've got it whittled down to 'dips.' I mean the periodicals.

"I'm acquainted with a whole slew of the periodicals, who, because this place is sort of accessible and known around as a stamping ground for all hands, have the habit of breaking out in here when they're 'tuned up for their toots,' as I've got into the habit of calling it. And, from long acquaintance with and knowledge of them, I've got a pretty fair mental line as to when they are scheduled to fall off the aqua vehicle.

"When it comes to that, though, an experienced man-behind-the-bar doesn't really have to be personally acquainted with a dipso or periodical to know that he belongs to the periodical Injun-making-war-medicine crowd. I never had any trouble spotting one of 'em after half a minute's sizing up.

"There's generally something nervous, pallid, undecided about the most of the periodicals when they're about to embark upon a whopper of a tear, and haven't yet taken the first gargle, that's quite unmistakable to the man of experience.

"Only yesterday afternoon there was one of 'em in here.

"He was stout, middle-aged, well-dressed, a looker—a man of character and standing, anybody could see.

"He came in in a slow, thoughtful kind of way, and then he strolled over to one of the front windows and gazed blankly out upon the street, gnawing nervously on his mustache and appearing to be in a profound quandary.

"I didn't have any trouble in perceiving that there hadn't been a trickling warmer beneath that man's waistband for a long time. I could sort of make out, too, that he was the sort of man who, when he did go up against it, got hurt, and hurt bad. I sell rum. But I don't mind saying that I'd rather not see people like this start to do their pouring.

Edged Back and Forth.

"Several times did this solid-looking man edge in the direction of the bar. Then he'd edge back sort o' slowly to his place in front of the window and resume his gazing out, with that thoughtful expression on his face.

"'That man's making his little old rassle with himself and cogitating on the inevitable gray aftermath,' said I to myself as I watched him.

"The old hankering finally won out, however—it's about a 5 to 1 shot, according to my experience, that the hankering generally does win out with the periodicals when they allow themselves to think about it.

"The final time the man started to edge toward the bar he got all the way there. He looked up at me—I was on serving duty myself at the time—and said, with a sort of pale, pleasant smile:

"'I think I'll try a gin cocktail.'

"'I'm not a slammer-in or anything like that, but I felt confident that the gin cocktail, and the whole lot of gin cocktails afterward, wouldn't be the thing for that man. So, taking a chance that he might get sore and het up, so to speak, I leaned over to him.

"'Judge,' I said to him, 'd'ye think you'd better? Hope you'll overlook my rubbering, but you seemed to be reflecting a lot upon it, and so I s'pose you finally figured it out that one would probably mean a good many, eh? No offense, sir, I hope.'

"The solid-looking man flushed a bit at first. Then he smiled and I knew that my words had sort of stuck.

"'I'm bound to say that your guess is correct,' he said. 'Whether or not to take the first one is a thing that's been perplexing me all the afternoon. And you're also right in supposing that, with me, one means a great many—although I surely hope that my exterior doesn't placard that fact, as it seems to have done so far as you, at any rate, are concerned. I haven't had a drink in more than a year. I was wondering, as you observed, whether I'd better eat or take a drink. If I drink, I won't want to eat—perhaps for some time. If I eat, I won't want that drink.'

"'Judge,' I said to him then, 'at S——'s,' and I named a restaurant down the street, 'they've got some bluefish today that 'ud make a seagull's teeth leak.'

Looked Contented All Over.

"'Is that so?' he inquired, brightening up. 'Well, I believe I'll run down there and get some of that bluefish. Thanks,' and out he went, and, stepping to the door, I saw him go into the restaurant. About half or three-quarters of an hour later I saw him come out of there, munching a toothpick and looking contented all over. D'ye know that it sort o' pleases me to know I steered that solid-looking man away from a whirl that might, perhaps, have wound up with the purple cobras?—for he was the periodical all over, both in looks and manner.

"However, it's a mighty rare thing that I gong in that way, for I'm here to purvey goods and not to keep patients out of the see-'em wards where the green-and-yellow bugs walk with legs downward on the ceilings. It's all business to me, ordinarily, and it's a pipe that the periodicals won't get together and plant hyacinths on my sod when I'm put away.

"But not all of the dipsos are so hesitating. One of the non-hesitant ones came romping in here a few weeks ago. I've known him for years. He's a business man in quite a tidy sort of way. He mixes the war-brew about twice a year, as a general thing, and he invariably winds up in a nice little cutely-papered room by himself, with a muscular male nurse hovering around his hammock.

Came Loping In.

"When he came loping through the swing doors, breathless and panting, that afternoon I knew in a minute that he was due again, and I knew, similarly, that there wasn't going to be a bit of use saying anything to him, either.

"He made the bar in two jumps.

"'Gimme!' he said, hoarsely, to the head barkeeper.

"'Sure,' said the head barkeeper, 'but give you what?'

"'Dang it, anything, so it's quick!' spun out the let's-hurry-up-and-get-a-bun dipso. 'Say, jiggle me up an absinthe frappe in a hurry, will you?'

"He had his mind all made up, you see, before starting for here—where he always drops off the wagon—and so he hot-footed for here as soon as he left his office, so's he wouldn't have a chance to think it over and cool out. The rum hanker was burning such holes in him that he couldn't have stopped to take a think about it if he'd wanted to. A few nights later I saw him with his shoes poked out of a hansom window, and the next day I heard that he was in the ward where the dipso boys nearly all finally land.

"But the hesitators among the periodicals predominate—they're usually all up a kite as to the proposition before they take the first swig, even when they get within eight feet of the place where the goods for which they hanker are reposing.

An Undecided One.

"The most undecided one that I'd seen for a long time drifted in here one afternoon early in the summer. He was a big, good-natured-looking chap of thirty-five or so. I could see that the rum 'hank' was strong upon him, although he hadn't yet yielded to it.

"'Say, let's have the bones,' he said to me, and I passed him the dice box.

"He shook poker dice with himself for four or five passes and lost every one of the passes, which caused him to look displeased. He was keenly anxious for the dice to tell him that he could call for his'n in the way of wet goods, but the dice were coming out of the box on the side of his wife and family.

"Then, chucking the dice away in disgust, 'Got a pack of cards?' he asked me, and I passed him over a deck of cards.

"He cut them about forty times, in accordance with a little system of his own devising, the cutting to decide as to whether he should take that No. 1 hooter, as I could plainly see.

"But the pasteboards, too, were on the side of home and fireside, and the big man fell to scowling over their perverseness.

"The man stuffed the cards back into their holder and tossed them back to me.

Just Once More.

"'Just once more,' he muttered, and then he asked me for some kind of a book. I passed him out a dog's-eared novel that I found kicking around. He began to open the book for the first letters, again with a system that he'd arranged in his mind for the purpose of finding out whether the book was going to call for his taking that initial hooter. I could perceive by his increasing glower that the book, too, was all on the side of his continued sobriety and wholly ag'in him on the question as to whether he ought to drop off the water cart. He picked up the book and slammed it down on the floor.

"'Oh, pickles,' he growled, 'gimme a rye highball!'

"Whenever I see a man nudge in here by himself, with his eyes a bit vacant, and watch him spin a coin on the bar before ordering, I know that he's making the coin do the arbitrating as to whether he'll order a soft one or a ball with action. It's mighty rare, though, that these boys abide by the decision of the disk.

"When they first come in they usually have it all framed up that they'll make just one spin for it and no more, and, if the spin goes against them, why, the soft stuff for them, and no 'suds.' But I've noticed that, usually, when the spin does go against them they then proceed to make it the best two out of three, and, still losing, the best three out of five, and so on, till they get the piece of silver to go the way they want it to umpire.

"Not long ago one of this sort was resolute enough—for all of half a minute—to stick to the decision of the one spin of the coin. But when the coin came down the wrong way for him he looked like a man whose horse had been disqualified after winning by about four blocks.

Seltzer and Lemon.

"'Oh, a seltzer and lemon, or vichy and milk, or something,' he said, disconsolately to the barkeeper.

"The barkeeper was getting the soft drink ready when the periodical—I knew him well, and he'd been on the water wagon for six months or so—had another idea. He spun the coin again, and then again, to make it the best two out of three, and he won. Then his face looked like that of a man who's just found a $10 note tucked away in an old topcoat.

"'Well, I guess you can make that a little Scawtch and soda, barkeep,' he said—and after about fourteen more of 'em he was telling me how sadly the folks at home misunderstood his cheery nature. About five days later he was hunting for rocs' eggs on top of the Andes, as he imagined, and he was duly hiked to the place where the scorpions are eight feet high and carry a cop's baton in each claw.

"Great folks, the periodicals, and nearly all of 'em bright ones, too. But I never see one of them about to lose his balance as he wabbles on the water wagon that I don't feel sure enough sorry for him. The element of comedy in their game is far more than overbalanced by the tragedy of it. I'm always rooting for the fellows on the water cart. I've been perched up there for nearly twenty years now myself, and I know blamed well that there wouldn't be any fun in it for me or for anybody connected with me if I were to fall off. In a sense, however, the periodicals have only themselves to blame. If they didn't take the first one they'd be all right. And, despite all of these modern highfalutin' theories about dipsomania being a disease and all that sort of thing, you'll never be able to convince me that the man who can stop drinking for a year, or six months, or three months, or even a month, and feel cozy and happy over it, can't stop for good and all. Let him flag the first swig as he'd run away from the bubonic plague and he'll be all right."

Accuracy, Terseness, Accuracy.

Prof. W. Ripper, in Technics.

There are many qualities necessary to success in modern business life; but there is none of more importance to a man holding a position of responsibility than