

# Glimpses of Life in a Great City.

## I Wish I Were Wise.

I wish I were wise enough to know  
How the little grass blades grow  
How the pretty garden pinks  
Get their notches and their kinks,  
How the morning glories run  
Up to meet the early sun;  
How the sweet peas in their bed  
Find the purple, white and red;  
How the blossom treasures up  
Drops of honey in its cup;  
How the honey bee can tell  
When to seek the blossom cell;  
Why the jay's swift wing is blue  
As the sky it soars into.  
I wonder if the grown folks know  
How and why these things are so.

## Perils of Shopping.

"I've just lost a thousand dollars," said the girl with the pensive face, casually.

"Well, it's hard to keep track of such a small sum in one's purse," was the rejoinder the sarcastic young woman in the Morris chair made.

The pensive girl's nose wrinkled in disdain. "It was this way," she explained. "I was coming home with one of the latest novels my friend on the north side had lent me. The book I carried was brand new and I was going through a department store and happened to stop and look at some books in the book department. It was then I thought of it. They are always on the lookout for shop-lifters, you know, and it suddenly occurred to me that it was quite likely I would feel the heavy hand of a house detective on my shoulder, and I walked out of the store. In fact, I didn't quite see how a detective who was doing his duty could avoid nabbing me. There I was loitering around the books and intending to walk away with a brand-new, unwrapped novel under my arm. What grounds would the detective have for believing I hadn't stolen it? I decided to remonstrate gently but firmly with him. He would scoff. Thereupon I would consent to be led away. I would demand being taken to the manager. I would state my case to him in a quiet, ladylike, haughty manner which would cow him, so different would it be from the usual hysterical threats of the real shop-lifters. He would be convinced and apologize and hope it was all right. Then I would smile frostily and make no move toward going. 'Oh, no,' I would say, 'it is not all right. You know perfectly well what a box you and your bright detective have got yourselves into. I have a good damage case against this store and I intend to put it in the hands of my lawyer. Either that and the annoying publicity for you or you sit down and sign a check for a thousand dollars and hand it to me.' Of course he would be glad to get out of it for a paltry thousand and then I would depart, planning a summer trip to Europe."

The fascinated audience was listening breathlessly. The pensive girl drew a long, long sigh. "But the horrid house detective let me walk out right under his nose and I flashed the book in his very face. I could have hit him I was so mad."

"It was a shame!" sympathized the listening chorus.

"I did shoplift once," the young woman with the reputation for painful honesty broke the silence. Everybody said, "What!" and sat up. She shuddered. "It was this way. It gives me cold creeps yet when I think what might have happened to me. I was buying some cheap stick-



pins at the jewelry counter in a department store and had laid down on the card-filled trays on the counter a package I carried which was fastened with two crosswise rubber bands. When my pins and change came I picked up my package and sauntered out. I walked a block and was waiting on the corner for my street car when my hand chanced to rub the under side of the parcel. I felt something strange. I looked. There, slipped under the rubber bands were two cards, each holding a set of cuff links and shirtwaist buttons. They were expensive ones, too. When I got my breath I started and just ran back to

that jewelry counter and almost threw the cards at the clerk, as I explained how I had accidentally walked off with them. I had chills all the way home.

If a floorwalker or detective had noticed them as I was leaving the first time he'd have put me in the police station sure as fate. There would have been absolutely no way of proving I hadn't intentionally taken them. At the best, the firm would have let me go with a solemn warning never to do it again. And I know I'd have been a thief from that day in spite of myself, just to carry out their set idea of me. Sort of hypnotic effect, you know."

"H'm!" commented the sarcastic girl. "The moral we draw from these harrowing experiences, young women, in regard to shopping, is—don't. Besides, think of all the things you can buy with the money you save!"—Chicago News.

## Dressing a Girl.

Dress for a girl of 12 or 14, the material a soft white silk with a little sprigged design, while for trimming palest green velvet ribbon is threaded in and out of bands of lace insertion, both on the bodice and skirt, the little square cut yoke of transparent lace being finished off at each corner with a rosette of velvet caught in with a diamond buckle.

## OUR SWEAT SYSTEM.

Miles of Glands Contained in the Human Body.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface as the skin of the back. The pores in the ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external of the body. They run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin, and there they kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating twenty-eight miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority, says a writer in *Ainslee's*. They are the figures of men who have given their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large for you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400,000 sweat glands on the human body, each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven miles or twelve miles. Take your pick. Our motto is: "We aim to please. If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority." I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly, according as the person works in an icehouse or rides a bicycle up-hill. From the average person in a year's time there oozes through the pores of the skin 1,500 pounds of water.

## Tunnel Under Royal Palace.

Within a few weeks the tunnel under the royal palace of the quirinal at Rome will be completed. It will place the older part of the eternal city in direct and level communication with that new quarter of Rome erected since 1870 beyond the quirinal. It is to be brilliantly lighted by electricity and will be carefully watched by the police, who are in dread lest it might serve some anarchist plot to blow up the palace above.

## Huldah's Graham Bread.

The Bests are very fond of graham bread. Mrs. Best is a New Englander.

and naturally knows good baking. She knew or thought she knew what it tasted like, also; but since the advent of a new, green girl her opinion has changed, says writer in *Chicago News Record*. When Huldah, the new girl, came Mrs. Best labored industriously teaching her the family ways, and on Friday, the regular baking day, set her to making a graham batch. All went well until the doorbell rang and callers were announced. Mrs. Best went in to receive them and left Huldah to finish mixing the bread according to minute instructions.

After the guests' departure Mrs. Best returned anxiously to the kitchen, but Huldah had the mixing all done and set away to rise. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Best went to see how the loaves looked before they went into the oven. Huldah removed the cloth and revealed four oblong pieces of sponge that resembled half-worked putty. Mrs. Best frowned in a dubious fashion and remarked that they looked queer. Huldah looked innocent and replied that she "haf done yust wot missus tael her." Mrs. Best told her to set them nearer the heat in case



they should take a notion to rise further, but at the end of another hour they still had a discouraged look, and Huldah put them into the oven.

With the cheerful perversity of things inanimate they came out looking beautifully crisp and light and Mrs. Best began to think herself deceived. The bread was served and heartily partaken of, though every one agreed it had an odd taste, and occasionally a gritty section would startle them into a firmer suspicion that something was really amiss. Nevertheless Huldah stoutly declared she had followed the recipe to the letter.

As the bread grew older the gritty substances became more pronounced and Mrs. Best began investigating in earnest.

"Huldah, what did you put into that bread?" she asked.

"Ay poot sugar, butter, salt, yeast and flour."

"Is that all?"

"Wael, ay poot in two kines flour."

"What kinds?"

"Graham an' whaite flour."

"Why did you do that?"

"Ay not haf nuff graham, so poot in leetle whaite."

"Show me the flour you put in."

Huldah brought out the flour in a yellow paper sack. Mrs. Best gave a gasp and hurried Huldah out to the garbage box with her apron full of bread. The flour Huldah had used was writing, a substance used for polishing silver.

## Ruins Made to Order.

There is hardly anything in the way of altering the face of the earth that the landscape gardener cannot carry out successfully, and any one who cares for a section of the Alps in his back garden has only to order it. The much-admired ruins at Virginia Water, which many people think are genuine, were all carefully placed in position by a firm of landscape gardeners, and there is in Shropshire a model of the world-renowned falls of Gelsbach, water and all, which owes its presence to the same art, while in Hertfordshire is a Norman castle in a most orthodox state of ruin, but built by a Sussex firm. Cliffs can be and have been made, and a lake with a few islands or a babbling stream are quite easy tasks.

## AMERICAN ORATORS.

### SOME SILVER-TONGUED MEN OF OUR NATION.

John P. Irish Rises Through Teaching and Journalism—Three Bishops, One a Catholic and Two Methodists, in the List—Two English Orators.

Bourke Cockran, W. C. P. Breckinridge, John P. Irish, Senator Dolliver, of Iowa; Bishops Fowler and Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Archbishop Ireland, of the Roman Catholic church, are notably good speakers. Mr. Cockran was born in Ireland about fifty-three years ago; his parents intended him for the church, but at seventeen he decided he was not suited for it. When he came to this country he had barely enough money to pay his first week's board. He taught school, and studied law during free hours; was admitted to the bar in 1876; became prominent as a lawyer and a speaker; married Miss Rhoda Mack, daughter of a millionaire physician; is heavily built with dark brown eyes, deep-set and curly brown hair. William Cabell Preston Breckinridge was born near Baltimore in August, 1837; was educated at Center College, Danville, Ky.; inherited his gift of oratory from his father and practiced debating constantly in college; studied law in Louisville and was admitted to the bar; was made a captain in the Confederate war and rose to the command of a cavalry brigade; since the war a lawyer and politician;

in congress known as the "Silver-tongued Orator of the Blue Grass." Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver of Iowa is a prominent Republican; he is forty-three years old, a native of Virginia, and a graduate of the University of West Virginia; he was admitted to the bar in 1878, and settled in Fort Dodge, Ia. Bishop Charles H. Fowler was born in Burford, Canada, August 11, 1837; while a lad his parents moved to Illinois, where he grew up; in 1859 he was graduated with the highest honors of his class from Genesee college, now the Syracuse University; was successively pastor of four large churches in Chicago; four years president of the Northwestern University; in 1880 elected general missionary secretary; edited the *New York Christian Advocate*; made bishop in 1884. Cyrus D. Foss was born at Kingston, N. Y., January 17, 1834; was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1854 as valedictorian of his class; in 1875 made president of Wesleyan University; made bishop in 1880. John Ireland was born in Buncchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, September 11, 1838; as a boy was brought by his parents to this country and studied at the cathedral school at St. Paul, Minn.; later finished a course in a French seminary in half the usual time; was made coadjutor bishop in 1875, and archbishop in 1888; president of the Minneapolis Historical society. John P. Irish was born in Iowa City, Ia., January 1, 1843; successively a teacher, journalist and justice of the Supreme court; he is married and lives in Oakland, Cal. John Morley and the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, of England, are well known foreign orators.—Indianapolis News.

## DEPEW HADN'T A NICKEL

## AND UNABLE TO PAY HIS FARE WAS PUT OFF A STREET CAR.

When Chauncey Mitchell Depew finds a man who is unable to pay his street car fare he does not look upon him as a pauper, for he "knows how it is himself." It is recorded, on no less authority than the senator himself, that he recently found himself on a street car in New York without as much as a nickel with which to satisfy the demands of the conductor. In the midst of other business he had remembered that there was to be an important meeting in another city of a board of directors, of which he was a member, and there was barely time to catch a train. He ran for a street car, swung onto it with coat tails flying, and was anxiously studying his watch when the conductor tapped him on the arm. The senator thrust his thumb and forefinger into one waistcoat pocket and then into another. He plunged his hands into his trousers pockets. A blank look came into his face. He explored fob, pistol, inside overcoat pockets, then in a dazed way explained to the conductor that he must have rushed away without his pocket-book. "You'll have to get off the car, then," growled the conductor, grasping the bell rope.

"But I've got to catch my train on an important errand," exclaimed the senator.

"Oh, come off! I've met your kind before," and the man of fares jerked the bell rope.

"But, my good man," whispered the former president of the *New York Central*, "I'm Chauncey Depew."

"I wouldn't give a — if you were Chauncey Olcott! You can't give me no game of talk."

"But here, sir, if you don't think I'll pay you five cents take these as security," and Mr. Depew removed his eye-glasses and gold chain from his vest and extended them.

"Do you take this for a traveling pawn shop? Pay or get off."

The senator gazed helplessly around the car, hoping to find someone to whom he could appeal. A tired looking laundress and an errand boy were the only other passengers. The senator left the car and missed the meeting.

"If that man had loaned me five cents on my glasses," said Mr. Depew, in telling the story afterward, "I would have seen that he stepped into something better than running a street car."

## The Soldiers Got Their Revenge

"When I was down in Cuba," said an Oklahoma delegate in Washington, "I heard of a post commandant who, like all other post commandants, was not popular. He had two fads. First, he believed in whitewash and plenty of it, asserting it to be the most effective preventive of tropical diseases ever discovered. His second fad was an apparently unreciprocated attachment to a pet flamingo, who resented being kept in captivity, and who showed his resentment by nipping at every soldier who passed his way. On the part of

the soldier there was nothing to do but swear under his breath and wait for revenge.

"On a certain Monday morning an order was issued from headquarters that all articles pertaining to the camp which were not sheltered from the weather should be whitewashed. No one who knows the American soldier needs further information. When I saw the flamingo he was as white as the driven snow. The chances are that the bird will survive the operation, but he will hardly outlive the post commandant's wrath."

## MOST COSTLY DRUGS.

Some Sell for More Than Their Weight in Gold.

"The price of many drugs used in medicines is astonishing to those who are not acquainted with the subject," remarked a druggist, according to the *Boston Herald*. "There are several that are worth their weight in gold (about \$20 an ounce), while \$2, \$3 and \$5 an ounce are quite common prices in the pharmacy. I filled a prescription the other day that cost \$25. But there is one drug that I can recall which is worth much more than its weight in gold. That is pseudo physostigmine. I don't think that it has a popular name; it is too rich for that. In the pharmacists' list it is quoted at \$1 a grain, or \$437.50 an ounce. The seed from which the drug is made grows in India and Brazil, as well as in parts of South Africa. This seed, tradition says, was once used by native African chiefs as an ordeal. The ordeal generally resulted in the death of the man upon whom it was tried, and so was considered as a great truth-finder. The prepared drug is sometimes used now

in prescriptions for the treatment of heart disease. Another drug which takes the palm for costliness is, curiously enough, the one which is perhaps the most widely known by name of them all to the general public, namely, musk. Its retail price at the present moment is about \$50 an ounce, \$600 a pound apothecary, or two and a half times the value of pure gold, 24 carats fine. It is obtained from the musk deer, a very rare animal, and is contained in a follicle, of which there is only one in each animal, so that an ounce of the drug represents approximately one of these precious animals. As it is largely used for scent, the demand constantly exceeds the supply, and the price has been steadily advancing. There is no reason why it should not go to \$250 or \$500 an ounce during the next few years, as the musk deer is gradually vanishing from the face of the earth."

Some men are as easily entertained as the one who had a habit of taking off his wife's wedding ring whenever he wanted a little excitement.—*New York Judge*.