

## CAN'T FIND HAPPINESS

OLD MONEYBAGS IS BOTH A PLU-  
TOCRAT AND PAUPER.

He Has Amassed Great Wealth and  
Lost All That Was Best  
In Him.

Dun and Bradstreet rate him rich. His name works magic at the bank. His check is good for millions. His vaults are stuffed with stocks and bonds. But his dollars have an actual value of five cents each.

He is bloated with riches and writhing in poverty—he's a plutocrat and a pauper at the same time.

Fate has made an ass of him—she has given him all the cash he asked for, but she omitted the formula that gives it value.

He has the lock, but he can't find the key—he doesn't know what to do with his money.

He is a lineal descendant of King Midas—he learned the golden touch, but he can't control its power. In his madness for millions he has transmuted all the realities of life into useless trash.

He placed his springtime in the minting press—he turned all his hopes and all his visions into coin—stamped all the tenderness out of his heart and milled the peace of his soul.

Year by year he went on amassing wealth and just as steadily losing all that was best in him. All that was kindly—all that was joyous—he turned to dust.

Now in his silver age he is yearning for his golden youth.

There is an ache that he doesn't understand—a hungry hole in his breast where godly heritages shriveled and died from disuse.

He can't enjoy himself—he isn't trained for the job.

His rapacity destroyed his capacity to comprehend the big message.

He owns a yacht, but it's a drifting argosy with dead sails—with all his wealth he can't make it carry him into the land of dreams.

He can't see—he can't hear—greed has dulled his eye—made him color-blind—none of the wonders of life has a meaning.

For him the mountain summits are bare—the flowers have died on the slopes and the north winds have locked the brooks and silenced the waterfall.

He is a man without illusions—a moral cripple—a Croesus starving in his treasure vaults.

When you were wrapping yourself in ideals, he was rapping our ideas.

You have only sold your services—he has put every drop of his blood into the market—and the joke of it all is that he had to wait until winter before he found that every dollar is not the same size—that its purchasing power varies with the individual.

He has overpaid. No man gets out of existence more than his legitimate allotment. If he gains in one direction, he loses a compensating something in another way.

The price of the king's crown is heavy with heartache. The meanest subject in his kingdom can marry as he wills, but the mightiest of monarchs must mate at the dictate of the state.

The embezzler defaults with property that he did not earn, but from that moment every hour of every day is haunted with the dread of detection.

The roisterer indulges himself in every whim and wilfulness, but settles the bill when his wasted vitality exposes him to disease against which the continent man has stored sufficient energy to defend himself.

Old John Moneybags has the price of every form of enjoyment, but he can't locate the trails that lead to happiness.

It isn't the size of a man's roll, but the size of a man's soul that counts.—Woman's World.

### Good Luck Allocated.

A howl from the upper story brought the mother to her feet. Rude laughter intermingled with the howling and the dust threatened to become a trio, with the buccolic bread-baker trying to earn bread in his study.

"Mummy, mummy," cried Elsie, meeting her on the stairs, "please come up and spank Dick."

"What has he been doing?" asked her mother.

"We are playing at weddings," sobbed Elsie, "and Dick threw rice all over me."

"But you mustn't cry over that," soothed the fond parent. "Rice brings good luck to the bride, you know."

Little Elsie opened her eyes wide as she held out her sopping pinafore, and asked:

"What, mummy—when it's in pudding?"—Answers.

### Turn About.

At Cumberland, Md., the colored servants as a rule go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of the Episcopalian clergyman not only does this, but of late has arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her for each breakfast missed there would be a reduction in her weekly wages. Dinah passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her:

"Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I gets to work when I get ready," was the reply.

"How does you manage about de breakfast?"

"Oh, I pays de mistress to cook de breakfast."—Housekeeping Magazine.

## NEVER AGAIN FOR THIS MAN

Youth Meant Well, but Recollection of Episode is a Haunting Memory.

The newly established practice in the Equal Rights association of appointing attractive young women to dispose of suffrage literature, badges, sandwiches, etc., has been the cause of some amusing mistakes. One of these was wholly lacking in humor, from the point of view of the unfortunate person who lived through it.

It was this way: An amiable young man, walking down Broadway one morning a short time ago, saw standing on the corner a beautiful young girl. She held in her hand a bunch of violets and carnations. At her feet lay a tray of these flowers, and she glanced shyly and appealingly at the passers-by. The young man had started across the street when he saw her. He hesitated, turned, looked back at her uncertainly, and then squaring his shoulders, strode to her side.

"May I be permitted to buy them all and help the cause along?" he asked gallantly, standing before her, hat in hand, and smiling an irresistible smile.

The girl turned, looked at him for an instant in blank amazement, and then flushed indignantly. The wretched youth suddenly saw a boy dart from a near-by store and rush up to the young lady with a handful of change. She took the change, plinned on her flowers and with a wifering glance at the would-be supporter of the "cause," who remained rooted to the spot, marched away.

When he was able to speak dispassionately of the incident, the youth declared that to the best of his recollection the pavement opened and swallowed him whole.—New York Daily Mail.

### Mathematics in Ancient Egypt.

Among recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt is that of a roll of papyrus in an excellent state of preservation and dating from the year 1700 B. C. The roll has a long title, part of which reads, "Instructions to enable one to know the Dark Things," and the gist of it suggests that the Egyptians were good at mathematics. Without doubt the Egyptians of that time possessed a knowledge of the elements of arithmetic. Numerous examples demonstrate that their principal operations with integrals and fractions were by means of addition and multiplication; but subtraction and division were not known in their present form. However, by a longer and more involved process they arrived at results pretty accurately. In the papyrus are found equations, for example: "Ten measures of barley are divided between ten persons in such a way that each succeeding person receives an eighth less than the person immediately preceding him. What proportion does each one get?" Another problem is: "There are seven men, each one of which has seven cats; each cat has eaten seven rats; each rat has eaten seven grains of barley; each grain of barley must have produced seven measures of grain. How much grain has been lost?" The papyrus contains also the calculation as to the area of a circle, the quadrature of a circle, and the cubic measurement of the pyramids.—Harper's Weekly.

### Peculiar Affliction.

A case of "giant's disease," or acromegaly, is reported from Low Moor, Bradford, Yorkshire, England. The patient, Mr. Harry Faulkner, of Moresley-court, Low Moor, a man of thirty, states that he was a normal boy up to the age of fourteen, when his toes and jaw began to grow very large. He continued his employment on the railway at Bradford, but at twenty-one had to cease work, as his frame had grown so much and he had become weak. He was then seven feet tall and weighed over seventeen stone. The utmost caution had to be taken in walking, as his limbs came out of joint easily. He is still growing, and his left hip has become so large as to prevent him from standing upright. He is able to sit up for only a few hours each day, and is provided with a special chair of large proportions. He says that he is never free from pain, and has lost the sight of one eye. Mr. Faulkner's parents are both about medium height, as are his brother and sister.

### American Raisin Industry.

The largest importation of raisins on record was that of 1884, when a total of 54,000,000 pounds entered the country, as against but 2,500,000 pounds in the fiscal year 1911. The marked falling off in importations of raisins is the result of the rapid increase in domestic production, which first attained commercial importance in the early seventies. The American raisin industry had its beginning in the great San Joaquin valley of California, which is still the chief producing area in the United States. In 1873 the California crop was but 120,000 pounds, while in 1910 it had grown to 112,000,000 pounds. While these figures suggest a growing consumption of raisins, the per capita consumption of raisins in the United States in 1910 was but one and one-half pounds, compared with five pounds in the United Kingdom.

### All Served.

Lady—Could't you possibly have saved your friend who was captured by the cannibals?

African Traveler—Unfortunately not. When I arrived he was already smashed off the menu.

## ISLANDS OF THE CLOVE

MOST OF THE WORLD'S CROP COMES FROM ZANZIBAR.

Yield Varies Greatly, but Another and Steady Product of the Sultanate is Copra, Finding Ready Market in France.

The Sultanate of Zanzibar, just off the coast of central Africa, comprises four islands—Zanzibar, Pemba, Mafia and Lamu. This sultanate produces perhaps nine-tenths of the cloves of the world. The climate and soil of the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba seem peculiarly adapted to the growing of this important article. Many of the trees are 90 years old, although most of the clove plantations on Zanzibar island date from 1872, when a terrific cyclone swept over it, doing fearful damage to the trees.

Clove trees begin to bud about January or February, and the picking is done any time after July, continuing for about four months, as the trees ripen irregularly. When the cloves have been picked they are exposed on mats to the sun for six or seven days, and are then sent to the custom house where the government extracts an export duty of 25 per cent.

The crop is a very uncertain one, a heavy yield one year, and comparatively nothing the next. The bulk of the cloves are bought by American, German and Indian firms, and are sent to Bombay, Hamburg, London and New York. Most of the cloves are used in distilling oil of cloves, which in turn is employed in the manufacture of drugs, perfumes, confectioneries, etc.

Another great product of Zanzibar is copra, which is the dried interior of the coconut. The coconut trees grow throughout the sultanate without cultivation; land is sold by the number of coconut trees on it. A tree will yield from 100 to 120 nuts a year; the crop is gathered about every four months. The nuts are split open and dried in the sun for several days, when the product is ready for shipment. France consumes most of the copra, which is used in the manufacture of soap, oil cakes, etc.

Approached from the ocean the city of Zanzibar presents a beautiful picture; the snow-white Arab houses are set against a background of soft tropical green; lying close to the shore are the hundreds of native dhows with their quaint sails, while farther out, in the deep waters, are the foreign ships. A prominent building on the waterfront is the palace of the sultan, which suggests a hotel at one of the Atlantic watering places, with its wide verandas and square lantern. Back of the palace are the remains of the old fort erected by the Portuguese, and here and there are to be seen the flags of the consulates of the various powers, conspicuous among them being the stars and stripes.

All bin Hamoud, the present sultan of Zanzibar, is a young man. He succeeded his father in 1902, when but 17 years old, and until his majority the sultanate was under a regent. The sultan was educated in England, and speaks English fluently, as well as French, Arabic and Swahili. He is a great traveler, and spends much of his time in Europe; he has a town palace, and several country places, to some one of which he usually retires during the hot season. The sultanate is a British protectorate under the foreign office.

### Principle and Interest.

A Moral Principle met a Material interest on a bridge wide enough for but one.

"Down, you base thing!" thundered the Moral Principle, "and let me pass over you!"

The Material Interest merely looked in the other's eyes without saying anything.

"Ah," said the Moral Principle, hesitatingly, "let us draw lots to see which one of us shall retire till the other has crossed."

The Material Interest maintained an unbroken silence and an unwavering stare.

"In order to avoid a conflict," the Moral Principle resumed, somewhat uneasily, "I shall myself lie down and let you walk over me."

Then the Material Interest found his tongue. "I don't think you are very good walking," he said. "I am a little particular about what I have underfoot. Suppose you get off into the water."

It occurred that way—Ambrose Bierce.

### Something Different.

A man could get so tired of turkey that he would welcome a dinner of corned beef, and it would be just the same with any food.

Here were two fruit vendors, met by chance, with their pushcarts hauled up close together alongside the curb, one selling nothing but grapes and the other nothing but apples, and here was the apple vendor appreciatively eating a bunch of grapes and the grape vendor with equal enjoyment eating an apple.

Each had on his cart an abundant supply of fine food, but it was always the same, and like everybody else, they craved something different.—New York Sun.

### Could't Live It Down.

"Bigby seems to wear a look of settled gloom."

"Yes, poor fellow, he can't help it. When he was a boy his mother made him wear Fauntleroy curls."

## SHYNESS A FORM OF FEAR

Really Due to Excessive Self-Consciousness, and Afflicted One is True Subject of Pity.

Although shyness, like egotism, may be said to arise from exaggerated self-consciousness, the presence of this elusive and illogical failing in an otherwise normal individual is by no means easy to explain.

Shyness is, psychologically, much more nearly related to fear than to shame, says the Lancelot. That it does not necessarily proceed from even a sense of moral, mental or physical deficiency, still less from the actual existence of these, is well known, and it is this fact that makes the curious predilection of the malady for certain individuals one of its most aggravating features.

Speaking broadly, we may say that shyness consists essentially in a state of morbid self-consciousness of one's personal characteristics, whether physical or mental, in relation to the opinions of others. There is a certain amount of evidence to show that shyness is hereditary, but however this may be, it is largely a matter of temperament in individuals and finds a fruitful ally in a too active imagination. It is as protean as influenza in the forms in which it betrays its presence, and may exhibit itself in a thousand little gaucheries, which in extreme cases may render the life of its unhappy possessor a burden to him.

"Sins may be forgiven," said Nathaniel Hawthorne—himself a victim of shyness—"but shyness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth." Not infrequently the malady takes the form of excessive rudeness, with the result, it may be, that the most gentle and kind of characters is shunned at all costs as a boor.

This dread affliction is no respecter of persons. Charles Matthews, Garrick and Byron were instances of men who suffered from shyness in their relations to the social life of their time, and there is a well-known author-dramatist of today who, it is understood, suffers tortures from the disease. Sir Isaac Newton was morbidly shy, and had an objection to the publication of his discoveries lest it

might offend the ears of the great.

It is a pity that the world is so full of such people.

They are the people who make life so difficult for themselves and others.

They are the people who are the cause of so much suffering.

They are the people who are the cause of so much unhappiness.

They are the people who are the cause of so much sorrow.

They are the people who are the cause of so much pain.

They are the people who are the cause of so much misery.

They are the people who are the cause of so much despair.

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They are the people who are the cause of so much coldness.

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## ENOUGH OF BUCKSKIN

WHY MILK WILL TURN SOUR

Reason is That Fluid Contains Small Microbes That Makes Acid From the Sugar.

Perhaps you have often wondered why it is that if you let milk stand for a short time, especially in warm weather, it will turn sour and become unfit to use in your tea or coffee, but if it is boiled and then sealed up in some sort of airtight can or jar it will keep for any length of time in any weather.

Many persons believe that a thunderstorm will turn milk sour, and if you ask them what the thunder, which is nothing but noise, can do to the milk you will find that they have no idea, but they just know it is so. So there!

The reason that milk turns sour is that it contains a small microbe that makes an acid from the sugar in the milk. When the milk is boiled these microbes are killed and the acid is never developed. Warm air, and even electricity in the air, is very favorable to the rapid growth of these microbes, which are really a sort of plant, and all plants flourish in warmth.

The acid which is made by these microbes in the milk is called lactic acid, and if the milk is good and clean it is none the worse for turning sour, although it is not just the thing to put in tea. For some persons sour milk is a much more wholesome drink than sweet milk and is recommended by some doctors for the cure of certain diseases. There is a famous Chinese statesman who believes he will live to be one hundred and fifty because he drinks so much sour milk every day.

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