

Man's Efforts to Fly.
From the ancient days of Simon the magician, who broke his adventurous back in the Roman Forum, down to the era of the aeroplanes and the marvellous man's attempts to fly have shown a quality of cold, hard nerve that stamps him as infinitely superior to the brutes, his slow progress being studded with grease spots marking the places where somebody dropped.

Mirage Seen in Scotland.
One morning recently there was a curious mirage seen at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, Scotland. It had all the appearance of an island studded with trees and spires, many of which seemed upside down. As viewed from Dunbar it had a lovely aspect, as it was encircled by a rainbow of abnormal proportions.—London Mail.

Substitute for Cornstarch.
Cornstarch, so much used in America for food, is not in demand in China, as the natives use for similar purposes the water in which they have boiled their rice—congee water. This liquid, when cold sets into a thick, viscous and transparent jelly, which is colored, sweetened and eaten as Americans eat blanc mange.

Roumanian Kissing Fair.
There is a sort of kissing fair held yearly in one of the provincial towns of Roumania. Upon that day, at any rate, there is free trade in kisses. This festival is held upon the feast of St. Theodore, and it is said that all the girls in the town not only allow themselves to be kissed on that day, but offer themselves for that purpose.

Young Men Extravagant.
The London Express is printing letters on the subject of the reason why marriages are not as frequent as they used to be, and it seems to be the general opinion of the correspondents that the principal reason is because the young men of the day have such extravagant habits.

Adjustable Ailments.
Compassionate Lady—Poor man. Last week you were only blind, now you are both blind and lame. How did it happen? Beggar—Well, you see, ma'am, times is hard and competition close and I found I couldn't make a livin' just bein' blind.

When Some People Use It.
A little boy was asked by his teacher to define the fluid known to chemists as H₂O. Almost without hesitation, the bright little chap answered: "Water is a colorless liquid which becomes dark when you wash your hands in it."—Lippincott's.

Automobiles in the Bible.
The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against the other in the broad way, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightning.—Bible, the Vision of Nahum, the Elkoshite.

Pet Chameleons.
Chameleons are interesting pets. They may be cared for in any simple form of cage kept in a warm place with plenty of sunlight. Chameleons greedily eat meal-worms, which may be purchased at most bird stores.

Monotony.
The monotony of sunshine is like any other monotony; it tends to lull the mind into a condition of fixed routine, in which activity is still possible, yet repeats itself as the days do.—Hamerton.

Courtesy.
"Don't keep me out in this night air," wailed the fair hold-up victim, "I'll catch my death of cold." Whereupon the gentlemanly robber covered her with his gun.

Go Up in a Balloon.
If it costs \$30 a month to board an automobile, \$25 a month to board a horse and five cents to board a street car, what's the answer?—Milwaukee Journal.

Need for Well-Developed Minds.
There never was a time when there was greater need for well-developed minds than to-day, and never were the rewards for competency so great and so alluring.

Something of a "Shot" Here.
Man was the first gossip, says a Chicago woman. And see how quickly the poor male creature was outdistanced, despite that handicap!—Cleveland Leader.

Results.
"The true name of what are often called tears of repentance," says Mr. Taikaway, "is 'tears of consequence.'"

The Fine Part of It.
The man who can adapt himself to circumstances soon finds that the circumstances cease to be disagreeable.

Courage.
The reason a woman knows her husband is brave is he isn't afraid to swear over the telephone when it's against the rules.—New York Press.

Without Saying Anything.
They always talk who never think.—Pope.

Or, They Should.
Shakespeare: Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes with sighing.

THE BREMEN.
"Hoch der Bremen!" is the cry. From the people ringing. To the German visitor. Friendly message bringing. Hail the stranger to this port. Burden of our duty. As all join in its refrain: "Welcome to our city!"

In the nations that have sent Brain and brawn to ours. Putting strong blood in our veins. Building up our powers. Few before the Fatherland. Make a better showing. Few deserve in better mood. Thanks of our owing.

So we greet this friendship's mark. With a friend's returning. Ever for a closer bond. 'Twixt our people yearning. If o'er seas we had no signs. More would be the pity. So we cry, with three times three: "Welcome to our city!"

SUSPICIOUS.



Mrs. Simling—I hope you came out of that horse trade with a clear conscience?
SI Simling—Yes; but it kind o' worries me. My conscience is so unusually clear that I can't help feelin' I must 'a' got the wust o' the trade."

A Long One, Too.
If women ever got the votes. Which now they hope to gain. Some day the White House may be swept. By a presidential train.

Liked the Treatment.
A slater who was engaged upon the roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street who rushed to the aid of the poor man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and to revive him began to pour a little down his throat.

"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking on, "or you'll choke him."
The "unconscious" slater opened his eyes and said quietly: "Pour away, mon, pour away; ye're doin' fine."

Didn't Want Her.
"What a charming woman!"
"Yes."
"Do you know her?"
"Yes."
"Will you introduce me?"
"Sure."
"If she is as sweet as she appears I shall endeavor to make her my wife."
"I cannot permit you to do that."
"Want her for yourself?"
"No."
"Then why?"
"She's my wife."

Nautical Learning.
Little Mermaid—I have read of the origin of the papa shad, but can't find how the mamma shad was created.
Mamma Mermaid—She was fashioned from a rib of the papa shad.
Little Mermaid—Gee whiz! I'll bet he never missed it.

Tight-Rolled.
"I got onto a car yesterday that was crowded by women in tube gowns."
"Must have looked funny."
"It did; it looked like a package of cigarettes."

There Are Many Reasons.
Jimmis—Why are you moving, this spring?
Bimms—We couldn't afford new clothes, and my wife refuses to wear her last year's things in the same neighborhood.

Quite the Thing.
He—I must say, dear, that the women's styles this year are linguistically appropriate.
She—What on earth do you mean?
He—Why aren't the dominant fashions empire gowns?

Went Broke There.
"She will be finished abroad, I hear."
"That's where I was finished."
"Abroad?"
"Yes; at Monte Carlo."

Awful.
"She came to a sad end."
"I had not heard about it."
"Yes, the hero of the novel she was reading committed suicide in the last chapter."

And That's All.
"Some of the brightest people in the country read my poems."
"Yes, editors are very bright people generally."

They Do in a Way.
"Do Englishmen appreciate a joke?"
"Well, the average Englishman seems to have a fine opinion of himself."

Headquarters.
"An insubordinate professor was arrested the other day in an eastern city."
"From the University of Chicago."

PEWS HEREAFTER TO BE FREE

Wealthy Pittsburg Congregation Believes It Has Been Disobeying the Word of God.

Declaring that they had been disobeying the word of God by charging rent for pews in their \$75,000 house of worship, members of the East Liberty Presbyterian church, the richest congregation in Pittsburg, voted unanimously to abolish this practice and to throw the pews open to the public without reservation. The Scripture bearing on the matter was quoted from Corinthians, XVI, 2, as follows:

"Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."
The Rev. Dr. Frank W. Sneed is pastor of the church, which numbers among its members more than two-score millionaires. It is estimated that the pew rent alone amounts to \$50,000 a year.

Several short addresses were made by members at the meeting. One well-known capitalist insisted that the verse from Corinthians forbade even the taking of collections, and it is probable this phase of the matter will be taken up later.—Pittsburg, Pa. Dispatch, to Philadelphia North American.

CHIMES GAVE HER THE BLUES

Plaintive Melody Reminded New York Girl Too Much of Gray and Dreary London.

It was Sunday morning in New York. The chimes on the Fourteenth street church were playing something sweet but very plaintive and the woman in her flat on Fifteenth street was walking up and down, listening to them with a frown.

"I know I ought to love those chimes," she explained to a girl who was paying her a morning call, "but they make me nearly die of the blues, they remind me so of London. I think they play the same chimes everywhere. These are exactly the same they used to wake me with in Russell Square in that back drawing room I paid a small fortune for and that was so dingy and funereal, with the beautiful old sad gray church across the black green plots of London grass between. London is so sad with its fogs and its sun that is hardly ever real sun and its chimney pots in dark drab rows all over the city. You seem never to get away from those chimney pots and the gray green grass and the chimes. Sometimes of a Sunday morning I half make up my mind to leave here on account of those chimes."

Test for Fine Muslin.
A Madras physician was buying muslin for a turban in a department store.
"None of this is fine enough," he said. "In the turban I have on there are 40 yards. But 40 yards of this would give me a head like a Saratoga trunk."
"Indian muslin is very, very fine. It must be fine enough to disappear if it is to pass our A1 test. Yes, fine enough to disappear."
He smiled.
"It's true," he said. "The test is this: The muslin is spread on grass over night. In the morning, when everything is dew drenched, if the muslin isn't practically identical with the dew gossamer covering the lawn—in other words, if it isn't invisible—it is discarded and must be sold as 'seconds.'"

Gossip of the Planets.
It would be nice to have a few words with Mars and Venus or both of them and get them permanently on our circuit. It might be worth much to learn their political systems, what they know about big navies for keeping the peace, how they deal with prison grafters, what rights their women have and what kind of hats they are wearing this season or expect to wear next fall, the standing in their respective baseball leagues, their method of handling trusts, whether the Salome dance goes there, whether they have germs under control and if they pay any attention to the phases of the moon in conducting their affairs. There is a lot more to gossip about, but the rest will keep until the conversation opens.

Special Pew for Reporters.
Rev. Joseph Chartrand, pastor of St. Peter and Paul's cathedral, has a hatred of publicity, particularly with regard to his sermons, which are always masterpieces of oratory and usually well supplied with humor, one of his characteristics.
Not long ago he was showing a newspaper reporter through the cathedral when the two approached a pew, which, unlike the rest, had no cards in it indicating rental. The pew was almost directly under the pulpit.
"That's the pew for reporters," said the priest. "I have it convenient, where I can throw a book at them when they pull out their pencils."—Indianapolis Star.

Advice to Teachers.
"H. W. Holmes, speaking to teachers in Boston the other day, said that a woman who wants to be a teacher must have sympathy with children, not that kind of sympathy which leads her to pick up the first baby she sees and hug it, but a psychological insight into a child's mind. She must have dramatic power to inspire children and she must love to teach and not merely enter the profession for the sake of the money there is in it."

A Noble Rule of Life.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard, to think quietly, act bravely, talk gently; await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, and unconscious grow up through the common—that is my symphony.—W. H. Channing.

Carlyle's Expressive Phrase.
The phrase "unspeakable Turk" came into use in England during the Bulgarian insurrection of 1876. It originated with Thomas Carlyle and made its appearance in a published letter of his, in which occurred the following sentence: "The unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question and the country left to honest European guidance."

Putting Expression into It.
The teacher of elocution was nearly discouraged, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. He urged his pupils, in some excitement, to put more expression into their recitations. "Too flat!" he exclaimed. "Too colorless! You can do better than that. Try again. Now! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

Hedged About with Loving Care.
Mote—"I heard that old Goldie was going to marry again." Beam—"Nothing in it. His children are too smart for that. They never let him go behind the scenes. They keep him well so that he can't fall in love with a nurse. And for fear that he might marry the cook they make him live at a hotel."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Great Mind Stirred by Trifle.
Kant, the great metaphysician, was so in the habit of gazing at a nearby clock tower from his study window that when the trees grew up to obscure his view he could not command his thoughts until the trees were trimmed so that he could continue his intimacy with the old tower.

Appeal to Patriotism.
O, my brothers, love your country! Our country is our home, the house that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us, and whom we love. In laboring for our own country on the right principle, we labor for humanity.—Mazzini.

Pointing a Distinction.
"A high financier should be something of an economist, should he not?"
"I don't think so," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The object of an economist is to see what he can get along with; that of a high financier is to see what he can get away with."

An Unheeding Creature.
"Why do you yell at your mule in that manner?" said the kindly person.
"Have you no sympathy for dumb animals?" "Boss," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "when dat animal takes a notion he's wuss dan dumb. He's deaf and dumb."

Just the Color.
Jokesmith—That's a sarcastic editor on that comic paper. I submitted some jokes written on gray paper.
Poet—Did he make any comment?
Jokesmith—Yes, he said they were so old they were turning gray.

Matrimonial.
People who are married act as if it was against the law for either of them ever to admit that the other was right about anything.—New York Press.

Necessity for Plainness.
"He's very plain in his speech. He calls a spade a spade." "Well, he would hardly get one in a hardware store if he called it a planola, would he?"

The Genuine Gentleman.
After all, it isn't clothes or deportment, or money, or doing as you'd be done by that makes a gentleman. You've got to be all right and then forget it.—Irving Bachelier.

Only Possible Failure.
There is no failure, there can be no failure for those who really try. The only failure possible in life is the failure to try, and persistently try for the best.—Joaquin Miller.

Harmless.
Even if you think that what is to be will be, there is no harm in trying to make it what it ought to be.—Puck.

Sure of It.
And nine out of ten women are confident that if they had been born men they would be making better salaries than their husbands are.

Anxiety.
Some men seem to be as anxious to separate you from your time as others are to separate you from your money.—Chicago News.

Make Life Brighter.
If we cannot strew life's path with flowers, we can, at least, strew it with smiles.—Dickens.

The Unruly Member.
A man whose tongue is unbridled works badly in any kind of harness.

The Only Real Test.
By the work one knows the workman.—La Fontaine.

A ROYAL CONNOISSEUR.

James B. Laughlin, a wealthy collector of Pittsburg, recently discovered a hoax in his gallery and compelled a dealer to refund the \$8,500 that has been paid for a \$30 work of art.

Mr. Laughlin, as this episode shows, is a connoisseur of no mean ability. At a recent dinner he pointed out brilliantly the limitations and the shallowness of "court painters." Then he laughed and said:

"A movement was on foot for the alliance of King Charles of Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia. An emissary of the Russian court came to the young king, laid certain proposals before him and submitted a portrait in oils of the royal lady.

"King Charles, after a close scrutiny, said: 'This portrait flatters overmuch. The eyes are too large and brilliant, the hair too abundant, the complexion too flower-like and the neck and arms too beautiful altogether.'

"But, your majesty," said the astonished Russian, "you do not know the grand duchess."
"No," said the king, "but I know court painters."

Diverse Tactics.
Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.
"Here comes papa," said Maurice; "I'm going to make believe I am asleep."
"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

The Best Subject.
"The late Marion Crawford," said a New York editor, "was a good if not a brilliant speaker. He imputed his success to a little Sorrento girl."
"In Sorrento once he rose to address a children's school."
"Children," he began, "what shall I talk about?"
"And this little girl piped from a rear bench very wisely:
"What do you know?"

SLAM!

Mrs. Gruff—Walter, that steak that you gave Mrs. Gruff is not good and you know it! Why did you serve it?
Walter—Why, I thought that if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular.

Optimistic.
The Turkish revolution cost Full scores of lives.
The sultan hasn't counted, but Thinks he has all his wives.

Proved.
"How do you know he loves his wife?"
"Well, for one thing, he gives her all he makes."
"Pshaw! She has him bluffed."
"And he tells her everywhere he's been."
"Same reason. She has him bluffed, I tell you."
"And he calls her pet names when he hasn't done anything wrong."
"Well, if that's true, I guess you are right."

Conscientious.
"Be sure and keep inside the libel laws," said the city editor to the cub reporter.
The cub's first obituary notice read as follows:
"The alleged corpse of Mr. John Smith, asserted by friends to have lived at 113 West Jones street, was said to have been buried at Greenhill cemetery yesterday."

A Feminine Idea.
She—What is the line they talk of crossing in ocean travel?
He—It is popularly supposed to be the equator.
She—Oh, I thought the line might be where they hung the wash of the sea.

Oh.
"How did you act when he proposed?"
"I sank gracefully on one knee."
"How ridiculous! What in the world did you sink on your knee for?"
"On his knee, not mine."

Hard.
"I wonder why the waiters in this lunch room speak of dry toast as 'brown stone?'"
"Wait until you try to eat some of it and you will find out."

Of Course.
"Light goes faster than sound."
"Then it must travel to beat thunder."

As a Rule.
"Pa, what is the high sign?"
"The price mark on a woman's hat."

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