REAL MASTER OF LANGUAGES

Applicant for Place as Tutor Said He Could Speak Philately Like a Native.

Sixty years ago there appeared in the newspapers notice of the dissolution of a scholastic partnership in the neighborhood of London, which was signed by one of the teachers of youth with his mark.

Disclosures of this sort do not often hit one in the face nowadays; but a northern schoolmaster came near to falling a victim to effrontery of a somewhat similar character the other day.

Being in urgent need of a tutor, he opened up negotiations with a "master of languages" whose invaluable services were on offer in the columns of a London newspaper.

Could he speak French? the schoolmaster demanded of this paragon. Oh, yes, fluently. Had he a nodding acquaintance with Italiana? Indeed, he had—was excellently well versed in it, in fact.

These answers pleased the schoolmaster mightily, but he was an enthusiastic stamp collector, and preferred to have, if possible, a tutor with corresponding tastes; so he telegraphed the question:

"Have you uany knowledge of philately?"

And back came the triumphant answer:

"Can speak it like a native, sir!"

The negotiations ended abruptly.

WHEN WOMAN WAS SOLDIER

David Lloyd-George Says That Her Reputation in Battle Stands Very High.

They say you cannot make good soldiers out of women. You have never tried. There was a race at one time, I believe, that had an army of women, and its traditional repute in history stands very high. The women gave up the job; they thought it was better suited to the intellect of men. But after all, men, of course, are better for some tasks; women are better for others equally important. Men make the better soldiers, women make the better nurses. After all, the healing of wounds is a nobler work than inflicting them. What is more, it demands higher quaulities of brain and heart.

War, after all, is not a permanent institution. Heaven forbid that it should be. The duel is vanishing, and I think you will see war receding along the same dark road. And if women by their presence on the register, saved us from the infamy of a single war they would have justified their vote before God and man. And when women get the vote, not merely here, but on the continent, for the movement is not confined to this country, I think you will find that the mothers of these great countries will see that the fields of Europe are not drenched with the blood of their sons.—Lloyd-George's Address at Bath.

AFFINITIES OF EXPEDIENCY.

Love, like the smallpox, is most dangerous when you take it the natural way. Those made matches, which heaven is supposed to have a hand in, when placing an unmarried man's property in the neighborhood of an unmarried woman which destine two people for each other in life, because heir well-judging friends have agreed "They'll do very well; they were made for each other;" these are the mild cases of the malady; this process of friendly vaccination takes out the poison of the disease, substituting a more harmless and less exciting affection. —Charles Lever.

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

"John Henry, there is about a half bushel of dirt and ashes to take out of the cellar. I want it done right away."

"Hang it all, can't you let me alone for a minute, Mariar? That job'll take half a day."

"John Henry, I'm surprised at you. A little job like that! Do you know that there are 35,669,715 cubic yards of dirt still to be excavated at Panama?"

"Aw, gimme the shovel!"

ORATORICAL IDEAL.

"That was a fearful long and tiresome speech of yours," said Senator Sorghum.

"I was trying to bring my auditors to a state of conscientious introspection."

"But you are hardly justified in giving them the third degree."

TALKING LOSES MANY A JOB

Man Who Succeeds Is Not He Who Spends the Working Hours in Conversation.

Conversation has lost many a man his job. The man who spends a part of his working hours in conversation decentralizes his energies, weakens his ability to concentrate and pours sand into the machinery of the institution.

The man who puts "the punch" into his work is not the man who gossips with the man at the neighboring desk, or who hangs around corridors and corner cigar stores indulging in idle conversation.

The man who makes the toilet room of an office building a social resort never gets to the top of the ladder. The toilet room orator may be popular with the drones of the institution, but it is always observed that he has neither influence nor money to lend. He is generally the kind of man who tries to use a "pull" to get a raise.

Failure in life is the result of the abuse of opportunity and malingering. It is the man who keeps busy who keeps healthy, and only the healthy in mind and body rise to the top.

Some men are so busy looking for help that they forget to help themselves.

The only "pull" that counts in getting closer to the goal of success is the "pull' that comes from personal effort on one's own behalf, ability and push.

The man who expends his energies in expatiating on the merits of this or that baseball club robs himself of the energy required to seize opportunities and advance.—The Mediator.

BUTTING IN

Wellington—So he has finally succeeded in butting into society?

Swellington—Yes. He ran his auto into the De Wealths' tally-ho, I believe.

UNPOPULAR TAX.

Among other unpleasant taxes there used to be a tax upon the English hearth. In 1662 it was ordered that "hearth money," 98 cents, should be collected for each householder for the privilege of warming his feet. This, too, on each hearth fire or stove in his house. It was not a popular tax. It was hard to evade. The tax collector was given power to count the chimneys from the inside of the house, and chimneys, unlike windows, cannot be blocked up and concealed until the assessor has taken their number. The tax was collected with vigor until William III. repealed it, "in order to erect a lasting monument of their majesties' goodness in every hearth in the kingdom."

NAMING THE BOY.

Old Jum, gardener and general factotum, was accompanied one day by a bright looking lad eight or ten years old.

"Is this your boy?" I asked.

"Yessuh, he mine, de last one I gat suh—Junior, you wuffless nigger, mek you manners ter de white folks!"

"Junior," I commented. "So he is named after you?"

"Nawsuh," the old man replied, rather indignantly; "he ain' name fur me! My name Jumbo, whar my mammy git out'n de Bible. Dis hyar chile name Junior cuz he wuz bawn in June."—Lippincott's.

CONSIDERATION.

Flubb—Norah, mail this post card and while you are out get me three good cigars.

Mrs. Flubb—But you have lots of cigars here.

Flubb—My dear, do you think it's right for me to make the girl go down three flights of stairs merely to mail a postcard? We must be considerate of others.

IN DANGER FROM LIGHTNING

Observatories on Lofty Mountains Often Struck If They Are Built in the Snow.

One of the greatest dangers to mountain observatories is from lightning. This was illustrated last year, when the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc was struck; one man was injured so badly that he has since died.

The reasons for this danger are evident. The ground is frozen and snow is a bad conductor of electricity. This particular building is of wood, buried in the snow. The roof was covered with copper plates, but the copper is not to be blamed as the building was struck by lightning in 1909 while building and before the copper was put on.

Another Mont Blanc observatory, built in the snow, was struck a few years ago, with the resut that nails were forged together. This was in spite of a lightning rod supplied with a wire cable to a rock 300 yards away.

In spite of additional lightning rods, the shocks continued. On one occasion a visiting guide reported that for two hours and a half he watched ribbons of fire passing horizontally across one of the rooms.

Not far from these is another observatory that in 13 years has never been touched by lightning. Instead of being built in the snow, it rests directly on the rock. Its copper roof and even the stovepipe are connected with the lightning rods, from which conductors lead down into the rocks and are fastened to them.

RADIUM IS COMMON CURE

Its Application, Chiefly by Drinking and Inhalation, an Established Usage in Germany.

Application of radium, chiefly by drinking and inhalations, has now become quite an established usage in most of the German cure stations. Dr. Frumesan, who has visited most of them, has likewise become firmly convinced of the efficaciousness of the radium cure through inhalations, and has gone to considerable expense to set up an installation in Paris. The most effective way of applying the cure is by means of inhalations of radium emanations. For this purpose a comfortable room has been especially prepared. The doors and windows have been thoroughly padded and made almost hermetically tight. Accommodation is provided for eight or ten patients, who may take the cure simultaneously. The radium emanation is provided by a "vollinhalatorium," a device which is already popular and widely used in Germany. The "vollinhalatorium" is a sort of upright tube, standing a yard or more high, at the bottom of which the radium is placed. Special currents of air are forced up through the tube and convey the emanations of radium through the room with the air, which is itself constantly renewed with a speccial supply of oxygen.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

"Think of it, my dear," remarked Mrs. Emily Streat, looking up from the morning paper she had cabbaged at the breakfast table, "just think of it! This paper says that there are three thousand millions of dollars in circulation in this country!"

"Is that so," responded Mr. Streat, as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances. "Well, well! Judging from the difficulty I always experience in getting you to give me ten cents more than carfare every morning, I thought there couldn't be more than $3.50 in the whole world."

Conversation languished a good bit after that.

MELBA AS A WHISTLER.

Mme. Melba is to have her portrait hung in the national gallery of her native Melbourne. And another native of Melbourne remembers that Mme. Melba, when a pupil at the Ladies' Presbyterian college, was already famous among her fellow pupils—as a whistler. She could stick two fingers into one corner of her mouth and whistle as long and as loudly as the most accomplished larrikin. We may be thankful that her early ambitions were shunted.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

Aunt Prue—Wretched boy! What have you been doing? And in the church, too!

Choir Boy—Teaching Billy Thwaites he's not going to sing "Peace and Good Will" instead of me for nothing!—London Opinion.