

THE PERFECT MAN

"I am getting frightfully cynical!" Elberta said dolefully, arranging the cushions on the box couch...

"You are cruel," she said in muffled tones from the depth of the red pillow where she buried her face.

"You let him do anything he wishes," she complained one day, when she came home and found the old man working in the garden.

"What, another cup of tea at supper-time? No, indeed, Uncle John, it would keep you awake," she said, when he sent back his cup, and she insisted upon his eating a bowl of gruel...

"John—you are at intervals—positively foolish," she said severely, trying to select from the box in her lap a chocolate that contained a nut.

"Like me?" he suggested amiably. "I didn't say I was rude or impertinent enough to call you names—I merely said I was cynical," she reassured.

"Ob—call me a plain, everyday man, if you like," he conceded graciously—"If it makes you feel one day bit better, to work on your cynicism on me, Lady Fair."

"He wouldn't, I'm sure, labor under the impression that he could make puns," she sniffed disdainfully.

"Indeed? Would you enumerate them?" The tone struck Mr. Terhune as being slightly icy, but how ever foolish—he evidently was not asking in bravery.

"That reminds me, I met Miss Deed on the street this afternoon, and I never in my life saw so perfect a profile. She is the exact type that could make a suitable mate for your perfect man. And I think she has a daintiest little nose I ever saw."

"And she always makes herself so tiresome charming—she doesn't seem to be moody—one could not imagine her ever being—er—rude. She is an ideal feminine character, a pretty womanly woman—she would be her husband just the proper object of adoration to stimulate a to success—she wouldn't expect a perfect man to waste time in addressing a mere woman—a frail, irascible, whimsical woman. The perfect man, my dear, would probably—least, possibly—be the centre of attraction himself. I can imagine his wife would occupy the subordinate position of second fiddle."

Elberta sat quietly stroking her nose with her finger, evidently deep-absorbed in thought.

"John—do you think my nose is very large?" she asked timidly, all at humbly.

"Oh, I have seen a few larger," laughed Mr. Terhune airily.

"It is hard to have one's sensitive nose so negligently handled—and a girl looked at him in grieved surprise. "I had no idea you were so disagreeably critical—of course!

"Never thought I was a beauty—but I can't help the size of my nose." "Of course you can't," consolingly—"nobody can blame you for it," he declared placidly.

"Wouldn't it be awful to live in the same house with a man so perfect himself that he never noticed your eyes or hair—who perhaps has so perfect a nose that he would make disagreeable comparison of your own—er—features?" he suggested wickedly.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Terhune, with a fine show of scorn; "she is always so exactly the same that she would soon grow monotonous," and he deftly lifted the bowed head to his shoulder.

"You dear," said the plain, everyday man, enthusiastically, "there's not in the whole world, a more charming feature."—Troy Allison, in Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Never mind the 'But—'" Two girls had paused for a moment at a street corner and were talking of a friend.

"Lizzie is kind and generous," said one, "and so energetic, too, if only she were a little more careful—"

"But she isn't," interposed the other cheerily. "So we must take her as we find her and piece out the shortcomings, whatever they are, with our long goings. I suppose none of us quite fill the measure of what other people consider desirable, and probably Lizzie says of me, 'Elie-nor is warm-hearted and well-meaning, and so careful, if only she was a little more'—something that I am not! I used to worry a good deal because I could not make my friends over into what I thought they ought to be, but I am learning to take them as they are and fill up their deficiencies with all love's might."

A laugh rippled through the words and still showed in her eyes as she turned down the street. But the hearer felt somehow her words were true, and the world was brighter and sweeter for the presence of a girl like this.

"Drawing Strings for Corsets." To vary the monotony a bit there are women's clubs whose object is not that of social entertaining, music or bridge. Neither are they educational or charitable of turn, and no philanthropic questions are ever discussed or prayed for.

"What is Kaolin?" The name kaolin is said to be derived from a hill near King-tih-Chin, in China called Kaoling, where the clay was first found in considerable quantity.

"Sulphate of Ammonia." The consumption of sulphate of ammonia is estimated at 40,000 metric tons per annum, of which about 5,000 tons are produced in Spain.

"Greatness." There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men; and it puts us in general, more above them than birth, dignity, or even merit itself.—La Rochefoucauld.

"Another Hero." A suicide left a letter stating that his wife had talked him to death. Here was a hero who did not believe in divorce.—New York Herald.

"Doughnuts are Different." In the genuine old-fashioned doughnut the grandmothers used to make there was no hole. It was as solid as a baseball.

"What Will He Do?" A hobo has fallen heir to \$50,000. Which form of "vapid idleness" will he choose—that of his own class or of the "glided youth?"

MAGDALENA BAY SHARKS

More Numerous There Than in Any Other Part of the World.

BATHING IS DANGEROUS

Difficulty of Taking Soundings According to the Old Tar—Experience of an Officer Who Indulged in a Swim in the Protected Bathing Pen—Steam Whistle Tackle.

Havana is wont to boast proudly that her Nez de Tiburones—the big pool in the rocks under Morro Castle where they used to drop the bodies of the executed prisoners through a chute—is the sharkiest spot in the world, and there are numerous other points in the tropics which lay claim to the same distinction; but Magdalena Bay is the only true and original fount of sharkdom.

The morning plunge overboard regularly enjoyed by the officers and men in many of the tropical ports is quite out of the question in the bay. There is, to be sure, no record of any one in the bay having been attacked by a shark in these waters, a fact not so remarkable when it is also learned that there is no record of anyone having exposed himself.

The bathing pen is a 30 by 30 railed in space on the shore of the bay that was built with the ostensible purpose not of keeping sharks in but of keeping them out. An unusually high spring tide, however, flooded the top rail to a depth of a couple of feet or more, and during the period of submergence the big shark in some manner nosed his way in and was left captive when the water subsided.

The commander in question sprang from the rocks and disappeared under the cool water in a long, deep, comfortable looking dive. An instant later the pen was a vortex of white foam, in the midst of which whirled the white shoulders of the commander, and through which cut with lightning slashes the black dorsal and tail fins of the big shark.

The announcement has to date gone without answer, because apparently, the Englishman is sufficiently conversant with the history of inquisition tortures to prefer to allow the demonstration of old English racks to be made entirely by legend. The rack was an implement of torture in the days of star chamber inquiries. From the term it self comes the modern phrase, "star chamber session," referred to a closely secretive meeting.

"When I was last in India," said a traveler, "they were taking the census. The returns were most remarkable.

"In the Alahabad census thirty-five citizens described themselves as 'men who rob by threats of violence.' There were 226 'flatterers for gain.' There were twenty-five 'hereditary thieves.' There were twenty-nine 'howlers at funerals.' There were 145 'car cleaners.' There were seventy-six makers of crowns for idols.

"When I was in Rome recently," says a New Yorker, "I saw an accessory of dress that I never saw anywhere else. It was a walking stick, an ebony stick, simply and beautifully fashioned and with a plain gun metal band near the handle.

"It was intended to go with mourning wear. There was a dull finish to the ebony that made the stick a fitting accompaniment to other trappings of woe, but the cane itself could be carried without any suggestion of being in mourning.

"In fact I never have seen anybody carry his mourning to the extent of a cane, and I imagine that most men would not care for it for that purpose.

"Why? Is one always chilled to the marrow? Is an explorer always intrepid? Is a swoop always a fell swoop? Is a statesman always eminent? Is a bargain always extra special? Is drapery always clinging? Is a ruffian always burly? Is sweetness always cloying? Is one always within an inch of death? Why not two inches?

"And why, why, why, is a conclusion always foregone.—Chicago Journal.

THE CAPTAIN'S EMANCIPATION.

Old Sea Dog's Quaint Way of Getting Freedom Again.

Old Captain Thurston, a retired sailing-master, made his home with two nieces. Sarah, the older one, devoted herself to her Uncle John, and it was a source of sorrow to her that he did not seem to care as much for her as he did for her gay and careless sister. Sarah felt that Lois did not watch her uncle as faithfully as she should, when on rare occasions she left them together.

"Yes, I know you are, Sarah, and I thought while you were away I'd let him manage his own affairs for once. I think it's better for him occasionally to risk eating something that disagrees with him, or to catch cold now and then, than to be under continual supervision. It wears on him, I am sure."

"I know he is grateful for my care, Lois, and I wouldn't wonder a bit if he'd down sick after to-day's indiscretions," sighed Sarah; and in her fear that he might be, she kept a sharper eye than usual upon the captain that evening.

"What, another cup of tea at supper-time? No, indeed, Uncle John, it would keep you awake," she said, when he sent back his cup, and she insisted upon his eating a bowl of gruel, although it was well known that he detested what he termed the "sticky mess."

"Don't sit in that straight chair, uncle," she objected, as they gathered round the fire in the evening. "We bought that deep rocker purposely for you. I dislike to see you read by lamplight, for your eyes are not strong and you must favor them."

Captain Thurston obediently changed his chair and removed his glasses with a sigh. Just then a messenger at the outer door called the sisters from the room. Lois, the first to return, held up a warning finger for silence when Sarah came. The captain was sitting in the straight chair with an open magazine on his knee, slowly wiping his spectacles in a meditative manner.

"Hang it," he was saying, "I don't like to be bossed fore and aft! I'm thankful to steer my own course for a minute."

Lois smiled at Sarah, but Sarah was too much overcome to respond, and with scarlet face she left the room. Lois stepped forward behind the captain, and putting her arms round his neck, said, as he started guiltily:

"Don't move, you dear rebel. You sit just where you are and do just what you wish. I don't believe you're going to be bossed any more."

This is the strangest want ad. The following strange announcement appeared in the New York Times the other day:

WANTED.—MAN FOR DEMONSTRATION purposes on old English rack, star chamber pattern. Would have to be slightly stretched to show how rack works. Man should be short, to start with.

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"When I was in Rome recently," says a New Yorker, "I saw an accessory of dress that I never saw anywhere else. It was a walking stick, an ebony stick, simply and beautifully fashioned and with a plain gun metal band near the handle.

"It was intended to go with mourning wear. There was a dull finish to the ebony that made the stick a fitting accompaniment to other trappings of woe, but the cane itself could be carried without any suggestion of being in mourning.

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"An Old English Rack." star chamber session," referred to a closely secretive meeting. The rack was an implement something in the shape of a bed. The victim's feet were securely strapped to one end, and his arms attached to a revolving roll at the head. Slowly the crank was then operated, stretching the victim bit by bit, until the desired confession or admission was wrung from the bed of torture.

"Trades of an India Town." "When I was last in India," said a traveler, "they were taking the census. The returns were most remarkable.

A LITTLE STUDY IN TIPS.

Young Men Going Courting the Barber's Best Customer.

"More from young men before they are married than after," said the communicative barber, talking about tips, "and most from young men who are going courting. This doesn't mean, you understand, that single young men are more generous with tips than married men are, but simply that they come in oftener when single, and so leave more money.

"A young unmarried man who is going courting, goes to see his best girl two or three times a week, or very likely oftener, and of course he must always go spick and span and clean shaven. Now very probably this young man shaves himself and does this commonly after he gets home at the end of the day before he goes out in the evening.

"But now suppose he should be detained at the store or the office so that he wouldn't have time to shave at home before going out for it wouldn't do for him to be late where he is going. He knows how the work is running and whether he is going to be detained at that or not, and if he finds that he is going to be, why then he snabs out in the course of the day when things let up a little, time enough to run into the barber's and get shaved before he goes home. Or for that matter it may be that he is going out with his girl that evening and so wouldn't have tried to shave after he got home even if he got there at his regular time.

"So the young man who commonly would have shaved himself may, when he is going courting, run in to the barber's to get shaved two or three times a week, and of course he leaves a tip every time, but after he's married he doesn't come in so often. Not that he takes any less care of himself then, is less careful about his appearance, but then he is going to his home, where it is permitted to him to shave at such hour as may be most convenient to him.

"Of course, whether single or married a man can't cut his own hair, and so the man married, still comes in regularly to get his hair cut, but not nearly so often as before to get shaved, and so it is from the young unmarried man, and this when he is going courting, that we get the most tips."

The Airship of 1709. In the days of dirigible balloons, airships and aeroplanes, the following account of an airship taken from an Evening Post for Dec. 22, 1709, is of interest:

"Father Bartholomew Laurent says that he has found out an invention by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way, either by land or sea, so that one may go 200 miles in twenty-four hours."

The airship which was to accomplish this astonishing feat had at the top "sails wherewith the air is to be divided, which turn as they are directed." There was a rudder to direct the vessel's course, and the body was "formed at both ends scallop-wise. In the cavity of each is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind."

Two lodestones, some large amber beads, and various other items, all had some mysterious part to play in this attempt to traverse the air.

This is perhaps the most extraordinary of all flying machines on record.—London answers.

Facing the Enemy. Two veterans of the civil war were in the habit of "jolly" each other in regard to a lack of valor on the field of battle.

"Why," said the one, at the very first engagement, when the order was given to retreat, you were so scared that you threw down your arms and ran for dear life."

"Nonsense," replied the other. "That was the time I got the three flesh wounds in the chest. If I'd been running away as you claim, I would have been shot in the back."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't" returned his friend. "The reason you got shot in the chest was because you took to the river and were trying to get away in a rowboat."

Mourning Cane. "When I was in Rome recently," says a New Yorker, "I saw an accessory of dress that I never saw anywhere else. It was a walking stick, an ebony stick, simply and beautifully fashioned and with a plain gun metal band near the handle.

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FOR THE TRINKETS.

PRETTY BOX ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.

Linen with Wadded Silk or Satcen, Receptacle Has Proper Place on the Dressing Table in the Boudoir.

Any light wooden or very firm card-board box may be used for the foundation; it should be carefully lined with wadded silk or satcen, the edges of which may be drawn on to the outside and fixed by mullage, then cover the sides with silk, or if preferred, art linen might be used.



EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

The embroidery design for the top is shown, the little spray being repeated at each corner. Cut the silk for covering the top to fit it, allowing half an inch to turn over to the inside; work the design shown with ribbon and sequins, the stalks being in cording stitch with embroidery silk. When the work is finished, iron it on the wrong side over a thick ironing blanket. Put a thin layer of wadding over the lid, then stretch



TRINKET BOX ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.

the embroidered silk over it, fixing the edges on inside of lid with mullage, a pretty silk or tinsel galloon or gimp finishes the edge. To line the lid, cut stiff paper on thin card a trifle smaller than lid, cover with a thin layer of wadding, then with silk or linen, fix this lining inside the lid by mullage.

When Entertaining.

In giving a series of luncheons or dinners there is always a temptation to have the same dishes and to pick out those which the cook can prepare particularly well. I think this is the universal experience of the givers of small dinners. Now it happened to me to be invited several times to the same courses, and I was reminded of the children's verse, "Same old soup, same old fish; same old sauce in the same old dish." In order to avoid this with my own guests, I have a little book in which I write down the names of the persons entertained, with the dates and the menus in full. Whenever anyone is to be invited, I look this over carefully to see that I am not continually repeating myself for the benefit of the same persons. It serves another purpose as well, for a comparison of the lists of dishes which have been possible of accomplishment in my household is useful in suggesting new arrangements of the same old things.

No More Rice at Weddings.

Paper slippers and rose petals are taking the place of rice at fashionable weddings in Europe. The silver slippers—to replace the old shoes—are about half an inch long, and are made of silver paper cut in the shape of dainty slippers. The rose petals—to replace the rice—are the real thing—thousands of petals stripped by hand from pink roses. The slippers and rose petals are heaped in great bowls in the hall. When the bride and bride-groom emerge, instead of being cannonaded with coarse rice and old shoes, a pink and silver cloud of rose petals and little shining slippers envelops them.

To Save Stoopng.

A pair of diminutive sawhorses on which to elevate a trunk when packing, is of the greatest help in relieving the strain on one's back, and makes a very acceptable part of the guest-room's appointments.

To Sprinkle Clothes.

By turning the garden hose to a fine spray, and using it to dampen clothes while they are yet on the line, saves once handling them, as they can be taken down and rolled or folded up, ready for the iron.

To Repair a Torn Page.

Quite the neatest way to repair a torn page in a book is to paste over the leaf a piece of waxed paper found in candy boxes. The print shows through perfectly and the page is nearly as strong as new.