

Familiar, but Unseen.

Things we see but don't notice were under discussion at the club luncheon table. This was the opportunity of the member who took pride in his superlative powers of observation. Taking from his note case a crisp one pound note, he laid it on a plate and offered its equivalent to every member at the table who could answer correctly the following simple everyday questions: (1) On looking at the face of a penny with the dated side toward you and the date at the bottom, does the head of the image on the coin face toward your left hand or toward your right? (2) How many ribs are there in the cover of an umbrella? (3) In a pack of cards one of the kings has only one eye visible—that is, his profile only is portrayed— which of the kings is it? (4) Which way do the seeds in the core of an apple point, toward the stem or opposite to it? The one pound note did not change hands.—London Standard.

A Once Legal Fiction.

In the legal calendar the 24th of October is worthy of notice, as on that day, in 1852, two individuals, though personally known to one another and enjoying an extensive reputation among lawyers, ceased to exist in England. These persons were John Doe and Richard Roe, and no two persons were more frequently referred to in legal documents. In every process of ejectment, instead of the real parties to the suit, being named, John Doe, plaintiff, sued Richard Roe, defendant. Their names were also inserted in criminal proceedings. This fiction was introduced into English legal practice in the time of Edward III, in consequence, it was said, of a provision in Magna Charta, which required the production of witnesses before every criminal trial, and henceforth John Doe and Richard Roe were inserted as the names of the alleged witness, a custom which was carried across the Atlantic to this country.—Indianapolis News.

A Well Hated Landlord.

The most hated landlord in Ireland for the last 100 years, a miser known as "the parsimonious peer," was Herbert George de Canning, marquis of Clanricarde. He was unmarried, and with his death the marquise became extinct. His Irish estate extended from Athenry, in Galway, to Woodford, twenty miles southeast, and it was said that anywhere along this route could be obtained a story of tragedy in the land war. Time and again the aid of the forces of the crown in evicting tenants had been refused. He was never seen in a vehicle. He took daily walks to Regent's park. There, on a public seat, not one of the chairs, for which he would have been charged a small fee, would sit this owner of 60,000 acres watching the squirrels. He was a noted collector of china and pictures, of which he was a wise buyer.—Chicago Journal.

According to Degree.

Horse breeding is an occupation which requires much learning, and a certain English farmer has a great reputation for his skill. A neighbor of his who sought some advice on the cheap, asked the horse breeder's son one day: "I say, Tommy, when one of your father's horses is ill what does he do?" "Do you mean just slightly ill or real bad?" was the lad's cautious counter-question. "Oh, seriously ill."

"Well," said the boy, "if a horse is only just a little ill, dad gives it some medicine, but if it is seriously ill he sells it."

Sacrificed Their Hats.

Many years ago the master butchers of Washington market, in New York city, used to kick their hats about the market at the close of business on Saturday night. Under the custom in the market it was considered a slighting of the profession for any butcher not to appear behind his counter with a high hat, and it was thought bad taste if the meat seller at the end of a prosperous week failed to destroy the hat. The apprentice butchers couldn't afford silk headgear and so used to gather up the broken hats and repair them for their own use.

All Pervasive.

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser. "What is that which pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?" No one had an answer ready but Freddy Sharpe. "The smell of onions, miss," he said promptly.—New York Times.

A Ready Sealer.

For traveling carry a candle with you, and when about to make a jump, as the theatrical people say, seal your bottles with it. It takes only a minute to light the candle, turn it upside down and let the tallow drip around the cork of a bottle, and it insures perfect carriage of the fluid content.

Told Him Truly.

"Johnnie, how do you spell nickel?" the proud father asked. "N-I-K-E-L-E," responded Johnnie. "That is not the way the dictionary spells it," said the father. "You didn't ask me that. You asked me how I spelled it!"—Exchange.

Heartless.

"Why didn't Rastus marry dat Coopah gal?" "Oh, she dun flunk at de last minute—wouldn't lend him a dollar foh t' gill de license wif."—Boston Transcript.

A slanderer and a snake of deadly poison each have two tongues.—Tamil Proverb.

WASHING THE DISHES.

Doing This Job Only Once a Day, It Is Said, Saves Time.

"The careful housekeeper will always resent the suggestion that once a day is often enough to wash dishes," writes Dr. H. Barnard in "Table Talk" in the National Food Magazine. "She cannot train herself to allow soiled plates and silverware to stack up from one meal to the next, for she has been taught that such actions are evidence of shiftless, slovenly housekeeping. As a matter of fact, along with many other notions which are fixed in the operation of the home, both time and energy are saved by cutting out two of the three daily dishwashing jobs."

Dr. Barnard goes on to recite the experience of one housekeeper who actually dared study the homely work of dishwashing. One week she washed dishes three times a day; the next week she washed each day's dishes altogether. She used the same number of dishes each day in both weeks. She found that it took her fifty-one minutes a day to wash dishes after each meal and forty-one minutes a day to wash them once a day.

This took account only of time, but there was a considerable additional saving in gas or fuel consumed by heating water once instead of thrice a day, to say nothing of the saving in soap.

SALT IN THE FOOD.

Why Its Flavor at Times Is Too Weak or Too Strong.

The average housewife wonders why she often over or under salts her dishes, when she "knows" that she salted them just right, as she always did and as the recipes called for.

The reason is just this: The seasoning value of different brands of salt varies widely. This is easily proved. Take five slices of ripe tomatoes; apply equal parts of five makes of salt upon the separate pieces. Eat as soon as salted. The difference in flavor, permeation, rapidity and quality of dissolution and seasoning value are readily detected.

A table salt should be fine, the crystals of equal size, quickly soluble and free from ingredients which absorb moisture from the air. Large and small crystals will not dissolve uniformly; consequently the full salting effect is not obtained until the large crystals are dissolved. The quickly soluble salt diffuses itself through the food at once and gives an equality of savor. Sticky salt is an intrusive nuisance.

Failures in salting are largely due to changing from one make of salt to another. Get the best grade, grow accustomed to its use and stick to it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Single File.

When the Indians traveled together they seldom walked or rode two or more abreast, but followed one another in single file. It has been thought by some that this practice resulted from the lack of roads, which compelled them to make their way through woods and around rocks by narrow paths. If this were the real reason for the practice, then we should expect to find that the tribes who lived in open countries traveled in company, as do whites. The true reason for journeying as the Indians did in single file seems to be a feeling of caste. This feeling was at the bottom of other customs of the Indians. It made their women slaves and rendered the men silent and unsocial. This peculiarity is Asiatic. How it has warped and disfigured Hindu life is well known. The women of a Chinese household are seldom seen in the street. The children, when accompanying their father, follow him at a respectful distance, in single file and in the order of their ages.

Poor John!

"Hello! Is this you, mother dear?" "Yes, Sue. What is it? Something awful must have happened for you to call me up at this!" "It's not so awful. But John, dear, hasn't been feeling well, and the doctor gave him pills to take every four hours. I've been sitting up to give them to him, and now it's about time for his medicine, but John has fallen asleep. Should I wake him?" "I wouldn't if I were you. What is he suffering from?" "Insomnia."—Pittsburgh Telegraph-Chronicle.

Smoking in Japan.

In Japan tobacco was smoked ever since tobacco was introduced and invariably used the pipe of metal with the tiny bowl holding only sufficient tobacco to provide half a dozen whiffs which was in universal use until the cigarette entered Japan with other western innovations.

His Excuse.

"Your honor, I frankly admit that I was exceeding the speed limit, but I was afraid of being late at court."

"What was your business at court?" "I had to answer to a charge of exceeding the speed limit."—New York Times.

Friendly Advice.

"We surprised all our friends by getting married!" "Good enough. Now surprise 'em by staying married."—Exchange.

An Ancient Cake.

Patience—Would you like to see the cake I got on my twenty-eighth birthday? Patience—Why, yes! Is it well preserved?—Yonkers Statesman.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!—Young.

QUIET AND NEAR LONDON.

The Lonely Cotswolds Nearly Touch The World's Biggest City.

The Cotswolds are an example of the variety of natural scenery that England succeeds in packing away within her narrow sea barred boundaries. Here, within three hours of the largest city in the world, you can walk in complete loneliness over a grassy road that follows the route laid out by Roman engineers, with a tumbled sky line of real mountains on your right and a sweep of empty fields falling away to the left. You can take tea in an old Roman villa, where the tiled courtyard is still smooth and tight; you can sleep in an inn that has apparently not changed its habits or its bill of fare since the days of Richard the Crusader.

As mountains the Cotswolds cannot pretend to any great eminence or boldness. They have no attractions for the man who wishes to brave steep cliffs or for him who would travel for a week on end through a single pine dark valley. They are well bred little hills compared with the Alps or the Rockies, but they have the true mountain flavor of loneliness and sturdy charm. The occasional farmhouse enhances the peculiar feeling of isolation, for a single human dwelling only serves to set off loneliness.

And the roads are a perpetual delight. The King's highway winds through these hills—a public road that would cost the landed proprietor who owns the ground on either side of it half his fortune in legal expenses to close up.—Exchange.

NEW YORK'S DOWNTOWN.

Where Those "Tired Business Men" Earn Their Daily Bread.

There is a region of mystery into which the metropolitan husband and father vanishes between 7.30 and 8.45 a. m. six days in the week and from which he emerges in the late afternoon. He is welcomed, after the manner of all returning warriors, with a tender solicitude.

Downtown is the trackless jungle into which father plunges to stalk the family's living. After 10,000 years of civilization it is still the same. Anxious eyes follow him from the wigwam till he turns the corner to the railroad station, and fond eyes greet him as he staggers out of the elevator door in his apartment house home with his prey, so to speak, on his shoulder.

Wives will never be reconciled to downtown. It swallows up the man of the house when he would much rather stay at home and play with the children—so he pretends—and it sends him home at night too tired to be agreeable—as he asserts. Thus the little game goes on.

The primitive hunter, I imagine, made believe that he hated to leave the family and go off into the dark forest, and on his return he threw himself before the fire too tired to speak. Actually, I believe, the primitive hunter as soon as he was out of sight of home broke into a cheerful whistle.—Simeon Strunsky in Harper's Magazine.

Primogeniture. The law of primogeniture sends back its roots to the most ancient times. Away back in the patriarchal ages, the firstborn son had a superiority over all his brethren and in the absence of his father was in every important sense the head of the house. Upon the death of the father he became by the unwritten law, which could not be questioned, the priest and lord of the family, and naturally to him fell the property as well as the honors of the household. Primogeniture wherever it is found today is the lingering remnant of the ancient custom.

Dufferin's Warning Dream. There are many stories on record of the warning dream. The late Lord Dufferin when in Paris dreamed that he was in a house being conveyed to a cemetery. A few days later as he was about to enter a hotel elevator he was startled to observe that the attendant was the living reproduction of the driver of the hearse in his dream. He stepped back, and the lift went up without him. Before it had reached the top of the building some breakage took place in the mechanism, and the lift crashed down to the bottom, every one in it being killed.

Too Much Music. Street singing is an especially Neapolitan institution, and when for the first time one hears beneath his windows the more often than not off key versions of the snappy, lilting, inexpressibly infectious Neapolitan songs he is enchanted and throws pennies freely. After a week or so of it as a steady diet, day and night, he inclines much more toward heavy crockery.—National Geographic Magazine.

His Idea. "Would you say that marriage is a failure?" "Not exactly; it's more like a business venture." "In what way?" "Well, you can't blame the business for the failures that get into it."—Detroit Free Press.

Saving Money. Mrs. Muggins—Don't you ever try to save any money? Mr. Muggins—Sure. I save \$4 today. Borrowed struck me for \$5, and I only let him have \$1.—Philadelphia Record.

It Was Possible. Edith—You haven't seen my engagement ring, have you? Marie—I don't know. Who is the man?—Boston Transcript.



A Rattling Serial Story Full of Humor and Surprises

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OLD KASSAN VILLAGE.

Curious Alaskan Landmark in the Tongass National Forest.

No other locality is quite like "Old Kassan National Monument," a unique tract of land held by the United States government. It consists of thirty-eight acres within the Tongass national forest, Alaska, and the tract embraces the well known abandoned Haida Indian village of Old Kassan, situated on Prince of Wales island, in southeastern Alaska, about thirty miles west of the city of Ketchikan.

The village was abandoned by the Indians about ten years ago. Among the relics which remain there are about fifty Indian totem poles, five or six of which are classed as exceedingly good specimens. In the deserted village there are also eight large square buildings which were originally constructed according to the peculiar plan of the Haida Indians and which, it is stated by those best qualified to know, represent the best specimens of Haida architecture that now exist. The largest of these buildings is approximately 40 by 60 feet in size and is made entirely of round and carved timbers.

There also remain a number of Indian graves, with the typical small grave houses erected by the Alaskan Indians. "Kassan" is said to be the Indian word which means "a pretty town," and all reports agree that the village was well named. The fact that the village was occupied by the Indians for many years explains the local name. "Old" Kassan, by which it is widely known. Since the village was abandoned by the Indians the buildings have been rapidly falling into a state of dilapidation and decay.—Exchange.

AMERICA VESPUCCI.

She Asked Congress For Citizenship and "a Corner of Land."

A decided sensation was created at Washington during the Van Buren administration by the appearance there of a handsome and well dressed Italian woman, who called herself America Vespucci and claimed descent from the navigator who gave his name to the continent. Ex-President Adams and Daniel Webster became her especial friends, and she soon was a welcome guest in the best society. In a few weeks after her arrival she presented a petition to congress asking, first, to be admitted to the rights of citizenship and, secondly, to be given "a corner of land" out of the public domain of the country which bore the name of her ancestor. An adverse report, which soon was made, is one of the curiosities of congressional literature. It enlarged the petitioner as "a young, dignified and graceful lady, with a mind of the highest intellectual culture and a heart beating with all our own enthusiasm in the cause of American and

human liberty." The reasons why the prayer of the petitioner could not be granted were given, but she was commended to the generosity of the American people.

"The name of America, our country's name, should be honored, respected and cherished in the interesting exile from whose ancestor we derive the great and glorious title."

Later it was discovered that the woman was an impostor—"Perley's Reminiscences."

Genius and Hair. Charles Kassan has carefully reviewed the biographies of most of the eminent men of the world and has tabulated the results of his work, so far as the color of the hair is concerned. Dark brown to black is the prevailing hue on the heads of great men. A list of fifty names has been compiled in which the color of the hair is given by biographers, and 90 per cent are dark brown or black. The structure of the hair—whether straight or curly—is given on twenty-six of Mr. Kassan's list of geniuses, and of these all but four possess curly or wavy hair. It is extremely notable that of the remaining four, Napoleon and President Jackson were the two remarkable for "wiry hair," and that James Russell Lowell and Grieg were those having lank, straight hair.

Why He Got "Licked." "I understand you were punished in school yesterday, Thomas," said Mr. Bacon to his twelve-year-old boy. "Yes, sir," promptly replied the truthful Thomas. "It was for telling the truth, sir."

"Your teacher said it was for some reflection on her age."

Only Way to Know Dogs. The only true and thorough straight way to know the dog is to own one. A common residence under the same roof-tree, be it animals or humans, is the sure test of personality. To own the dog is to comprehend him in his faults and virtues, to protect his weaknesses, be anxious at his vagrancies, to catch the contagion of his love and to agonize if it be so that he die.—Our Dumb Animals.

Not Becoming. "You used to say that girl was an angel."

"Yes. And I'm sorry I said it. She got interested in flying, and, after seeing her in her aviation costume, I must say she doesn't look the part."—Washington Star.

BEN BUTLER'S BLUFF.

It Was Well Worked and Completely Fooled General Bingham.

General John A. Bingham was a member of the military tribunal that tried Mrs. Suratt and the Lincoln assassination conspirators.

After the trial in the subsequent debates in the house General B. F. Butler frequently charged that the commission had arrived at an unjust verdict and had convicted an innocent woman. In a memorable debate he boldly proclaimed that if the contents of a diary which had been found on the dead body of J. Wilkes Booth were ever made public it would disclose the fact that it contained the proof of Mrs. Suratt's innocence, which proof had been infamously suppressed by the commission.

When General Bingham made a movement as though he would repel such an accusation Butler dramatically drew a memorandum book from his breast pocket and held it aloft, but did not utter a word. Bingham naturally supposed that Butler had a copy of a diary such as he had spoken of. As a matter of fact the book contained nothing but blank leaves. General Butler was just bluffing.

The diary was in possession of Secretary Stanton, but President Johnson finally demanded it. It was an interesting book, but it threw no light upon the great conspiracy.

Squeaky Soles In Tune.

Manufacturers of shoes who make a specialty of the squeaky variety should pay more attention to pairing them in harmonious duets. The squeak, squeak of the hired girl's high heeled bronzed number tens would drive a saint to cuss words. But we must not heap our displeasure upon the poor girl. She is not the author. She is only the reproducer. She merely acts the part that the wax cylinder performs for the phonograph. There is just as great a necessity for a musical director in an up to date shoe factory as there is in grand opera, and no workman should be permitted to build a pair of squeaky shoes unless he can pass a severe test in harmony.—Cartoons Magazine.

Horses In Trousers.

When the horses in Nice, France, are hitched to tar spreading carts they wear trousers to protect their legs from the hot tar. A further protection for them consists of a curtain suspended between the cart and the horse. The trousers are what lend distinction to the horse, however. The knees are a bit baggy, but the horse doesn't seem to care.—Popular Science Monthly.

Lloyd (Scrubby) McCright of Indiana, Pa., star fullback, was elected captain of the W. & J. football team for 1917.