

# COMET IS SOUTH AFRICAN EMBLEM

First Appearance on National Flags of the World.

## DEFEATS OSTRICH FOR HONOR

**Symbol of New U. S. A. Has Four Pointed Head and Tail of Orange, Green, Blue and Scarlet Bands—Successful Designer Dies on Day He Heard of Victory.**

For the first time in the history of the world a comet has been given a place on a national flag. The Union of South Africa, the new four colony state established by Britain, has chosen for the flag of the state a banner with a plain blue field.

The British ensign is in the upper left hand corner, and emblazoned across the field is a device in the likeness of a comet, with a four pointed head, symbolic of the four colonies, and tail of orange, green, blue and scarlet bands.

The strange flag design was chosen by competition. The successful competitor died on the day his design was selected.

The flag board was headed by Admiral Egerton. The anchor, the chain, the diamond and the plow were among the devices submitted; also the elephant, the ostrich and the springbok. One of the commissioners favored an anchor, but it was pointed out that an anchor on an English flag is the symbol of a dockyard.

The initials of the Union of South Africa, U. S. A., are causing the postal officials of America and Great Britain lots of trouble, and many letters intended for places in the United States of America are being sent to towns of the same name in the South African Union; also letters for South Africa are going astray in America.

The authorities in Johannesburg and in London are jumping with both feet on the cost of writing "U. S. A." on the African subcontinent mail.

### The Filial Chinaman.

Many examples of Chinese filial piety strike the occidental reader as ridiculous. There is the famous story of Lao Laitu, which Mr. R. F. Johnston repeats in his "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." Lao's parents lived to such extreme old age that he was himself a toothless old man while they were both still alive. "Conceiving it his duty to divert their attention from their weight of years and approaching end, he dressed himself up in the clothes of a child and played about in his parents' presence with the object of making them think they were still a young married couple contemplating the happy prospects of their infant son."

A similar case is that of Wang Pao, whose mother had an unconquerable dread of thunder and lightning. When she died she was buried in a mountain forest, and thereafter, when a violent thunderstorm occurred, Wang Pao, heedless of the wind and rain, would hurry to her grave and throw himself to his knees. "I am here to protect you, dear mother," he would say. "Do not be afraid."

### Making a Gunstock.

A party of men were out hunting, and an old woodsman who was with them broke his gunstock in some way or other. It was just about nightfall when the accident occurred, and inasmuch as he was very anxious to do some shooting early the next morning he decided to fix up his shooting iron. Finding a walnut fence rail, he set to work. His only tools were an ax and a big pocket knife. All night long he labored vigorously at his task, and by morning the gunstock was finished and back in place and worked like a charm.

"How did you do it?" asked one of the number, greatly surprised.  
"Very easy," was this old hunter's reply. "No trouble at all. Just get a piece of wood about the size and kind that you want and then whittle away until you have all the wood cut off that you don't want you have a gunstock."—Kansas City Journal.

### The Measure.

The ancient judge sat before the scales of worth.

"Bring forth the royal treasure!" he cried, and the hurrying slaves poured into the huge pan sacks of golden metal, caskets of sparkling gems until it seemed as if all of the wealth of earth were there. Yet the balance never stirred.

"Let the learning of the ages be added," came the order, and tons upon tons of the wisdom of sages, philosophers, scientists and poets was heaped upon the pile. And still the great arm of the scales remained high in air.

"Add now the men of power and high position," said the judge, "and the scale will fall." But all in vain.

"But what is on the other side that outweighs all these?" asked one.

"It is character," said the judge.

**Why They Got the Freedom of the City**  
Extracts from old records, showing how people had earned the honor in former days, were read at Canterbury by Alderman Mason when the mayor and ex-mayor were granted the freedom of the city. One citizen received the freedom for "undertaking to serve as cook at every mayor's Michaelmas feast," another "because he cured Nicholas Johnson's leg" and a third "because he married a widow with a large family."—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Interference Wireless Operators Cannot Overcome.

Now are the steamer passengers who fail to visit the wireless office aboard to watch the operation of the instruments and to question the operator. Needless to say, the technical understanding of the well meaning visitors is a variable quantity. The operator must listen to wondering exclamations, original suggestions for the improvement of the service, discourses on the relations between wireless telegraphy and spiritualism and other doubtful topics with uniform courtesy. At times, however, the strain is too great. It was a lady passenger with an eye for details who came to the wireless room and looked wonderingly in.

"Oh, here's the wireless! May I come in? Isn't it wonderful to think of sending those—those waves—you call them waves, don't you? How fascinating to work at this! Are those jars filled with water?"

"Those are condenser jars, madam, quite empty."

"Really? I don't believe I could ever understand it. That coil of wire looks like a birdcage."

"That is the inductance helix."

"What are those things over your ears?"

"The receiving telephones."

"Then you have telephone connection too. One can hardly keep up with the times these days. What does that coil do?"

"That is the receiving tuner and interference preventer."

"Wonderful! Does it keep out all interference?"

"Not all," replied the operator wryly. "Some kinds of interference can't be tuned out; we just have to stand it."—Youth's Companion.

### EIGHT CENTS A DAY.

**Workers' Pay in England When Board Was a Shilling a Week.**

There was a time when a workman in England received 8 cents a day as an ordinary wage, when skilled artisans commanded 12 cents a day and when women worked in the field at such tasks as reaping straw, hoeing, planting beans and washing sheep for 2 cents a day, and a wise student of the subject has expressed the opinion that the British workman of that day was better off than he has ever been since then.

That sounds paradoxical. But the explanation is this: The workman who sold his services for 8 cents a day could buy good beef or mutton for 12 cents a pound. Wheat cost him on the average only 18 cents a bushel. He could get board for 12 to 16 cents a week. The pay he would receive for fifteen weeks' services would suffice to purchase a supply of suitable food-stuffs, according to the standard of his time (consisting of wheat, malt and oatmeal), to maintain his family for an entire year.

Under these circumstances 8 cents a day—increased to 12 cents in harvest time—was a fair wage, and "times were good" for the average workman.—McClure's Magazine.

### Opera in Dumb Show.

The late Clara Novello in her reminiscences tells how Maillolans once appeared in "Semiramis" without uttering a note. She had taken cold and was prevented from singing at the last moment, though crowds of early converts already filled the house. "On the manager telling her, it appears, that, besides loss of money, these disappointed people would be dangerous she said, 'I can't speak above my breath; I should have to do it in dumb show!' But at once caught at this outburst as if seriously ill and so her boss begged her to try this, and she, fired by the novelty, did so. The grateful public raved in praise of this surprising tour de force, and the sensation it made filled the papers."

### Bathing Machines.

Somebody has inquired why "bathing machines," the comfortable privacy of which for ocean bathing has never attracted bathers in this country, are called machines, remarking that there is nothing of a machine about them except the horse which draws them to the beach. The answer has been found in the new Oxford Dictionary. It appears that a "machine" was originally a "structure of any kind, material or immaterial," and has nothing to do with machinery, a later word. Ships were called machines, and it would have been proper to speak of a pulpit as a machine.—Argonaut.

### NO JOKES CAUSE INDIGESTION

**Indianapolis' Auctioneer Mayor to Try Goats' Milk Cure.**

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis is preparing to drink two quarts of goats' milk daily as a cure for indigestion and is satisfied that if a cure results he will be able to stay in his office longer and therefore transact the business of the city more expeditiously.

He has gathered statistics showing that goats' milk if taken in sufficient quantities will cure the disease, and he is going to try it.

The mayor says that as an auctioneer he was never troubled with anything, but the majority gives few opportunities for cracking jokes, and he attributes his indisposition to the fact that there are not as many laughs in the mayor business as there were in crying sales.

**Mexico Finds Liquid Asphalt.**  
Pure liquid asphalt seeps from the earth in a number of places in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas.

**A Narrow Escape.**  
"What! You a widow, dear cousin?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, that's a lucky escape for me. Do you know, I nearly married you once?"—Bon Vivant.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Glosses and beautifies the hair.  
Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.  
Cost scalp 10¢, hair 25¢, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

# LANDS

# ORISTS

tured paragraph making fun of his opponent, which would be copied into a thousand newspapers. This copying of Nye's articles made Sanders madder than ever.

"The fact of it is," said Sanders, "this Nye is a fool. His stuff is all twaddle. Now look at my editorials," he said as he pointed proudly to a double leaded article on "Southern Outrages" and "Coming Wars in Europe." "They are solid; they are dignified. You can see they are written by a scholar. Now look at Nye's paper. See what trash. And still they all copy him. It makes me sick." Look at Gills," he said, pointing to a paragraph he had pencil:

"What becomes of our bodies?" asks a soft eyed scientist, and we answer in a simple manner. "We are in a red flannel undershirt as the maple turns to crimson at the cassatas to gold. Ask us something difficult, ethereal being."

"That's enough," said L. "That settles Nye. We can all see that he will never amount to anything."

A look of inexplicable gratitude setted all over Sanders' face as I said this.

### Nye Introduces Perkins.

That night Mr. Nye introduced me to the opera house audience. He did it so sweet and amiable a manner that I was completely won over and regretted that I had agreed with Sanders. I shall never forget the modest and trembling manner in which Mr. Nye faced the audience and commenced his introduction:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I am glad that it has devolved upon me to introduce to an audience at a theater an interesting lecture on living by one of the most distinguished—(here was a long pause, for Mr. Nye's infection indicated that he had finished, and the audience roared with delight, so that it was some time before the sentence was concluded)—lectures from the east.

"We have our ordinary country hars in Laramee, but Mr. Perkins comes from the metropolis. Our everyday hars have a fine record. We are proud of them. But the unmounted hars of the prairie cannot be expected to cope with the gifted and more polished prevaricators from the cultured east. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you Elmer Perkins."

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said in reply, "I feel justly flattered by your Laramee humorist's tribute to my veracity, but truly I am not as great a har as Mr. Nye"—and then I seemed to falter; the audience saw my dilemma and applauded, but finally I finished the sentence by saying—"I am not as big a har as Mr. Nye would have you think."

A day or two after this I picked up the Boomerang and read this paragraph:

"When Mr. Perkins was passing through Laramee he said he was traveling for his wife's pleasure."

"Then your wife is with you?" suggested a Boomerang reporter.

"Oh, no," said Elmer, "she is in New York."

### Rented In Sunday School.

In selling of the concluding recital of a Sunday school play at Ferdinand Ore, Mr. Daniels wrote:

"After lecturing for the Y. M. C. A. there I was asked to say something to the Sabbath school scholars on Sunday evening. Now my wife is taught up to college or church audiences, I could not think of anything to talk about, so I helped at the children and said:

"New children, about what shall I talk tonight?"

"About three minutes," said a big girl, and the wily answerer dovalized the church with laughter, but the ice was broken."

Another story told of himself was this:

"About the funniest incident in my lecture experiences happened at Portsmouth, N. H. I have told the story in print and made Max O'Reilly the hero of it, while it really happened to myself.

His celebrity followed the publication of his second book, "The History of the Franco-Prussian War." His career as a lecturer, a vocation then considered in the class of the fine arts, began about this time. His success in this field added to his prestige.

This first humorous book was published in 1875 under the title of "Wit, Humor and Pathos." The critics of this little volume as classic. "Wit and Humor of the Age" was brought out in 1889, and seven years later he published "Kings of the Platform and Pulpit." "Thirty Years of Wit" was his next work, and his last book came in 1895, at the time of the free silver discussion. He called it "Elmer Perkins on Money, Gold, Silver and Civilization."

Discovered Bill Nye?

In "Elmer Perkins—Thirty Years of Wit," published in 1895, the humorist repeated some of the humor of historical renown and contributed not a little himself as gleaned from his experiences. Particularly was he reminiscent of Bill Nye, as follows:

I shall never forget my first lecture in Laramee, Wyo. It was in 1875. It was then that Bill Nye was discovered. I discovered him. He was running his little paper called the Boomerang and was having a terrible fight with an editor across the way. The other editor, George Sanders, was madly jealous of Nye. He would write ponderous editorials abusing Nye; then Nye would answer with a quaint, good na-

### The First Anthracite Coal.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were taken into Philadelphia in 1803 the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they beat it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but wagons were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

### Canine Rudders.

"The dog," said the scientific gentleman, "sometimes steers himself with his tail."

"Uses it to guide his wandering host?" asked the irresponsible humorist.

### The Ruling Passion.

He—I hear that your husband has taken to smoking again. I thought you insisted that he should give it up?"

"She—Yes, so I did, but I found such a pretty smoking jacket at a bargain sale!"

...portion of South Dakota. ... rapid progress in civilization. This is borne out by the statements of Major S. A. Allen, the reservation agent, who says that, while fully 75 per cent of the reservation Indians are full bloods, 65 per cent of them have become agriculturists and have proved themselves thrifty and fairly successful as farmers.

There are about 2,000 redskins on the reservation, which is eighty miles long and forty miles wide. Of this amount the Indians have been allotted about 400,000 acres, while the remainder is now in the hands of the whites.

From this land the Indians this year raised approximately 100,000 bushels of wheat, 78,000 bushels of oats, 40,000 bushels of corn and 4,000 bushels of flax. Their fair, held during three days of October, will compare favorably with any white man's county fair in South Dakota. Included in the exhibits were ninety exhibits of small grain, forty of corn and a large number of vegetables. In addition fine showings were made of cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, chickens and other products of the farm.

There are thirteen churches on the reservation, the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Catholic denominations predominating. During the last two years 125 good farmhouses have been built. The Indians are in the main virtuous, self respecting and show a remarkable affinity for civilization, the only drawback to their advancement, according to Major Allen, being their fondness for liquor, which is sometimes supplied them by bootleggers despite the most strenuous efforts of the government to keep the liquor dispensers out of reach of the Indians.

### Fires and insurance.

The agent of a well known insurance company stood on the fringe of the crowd watching the frenzied retreating from the scene of a small blaze in an uptown flathouse.

"I'll do business tomorrow morning," said he grimly, "and most of it will be with women who have forgotten their insurance has run out. There's nothing like a blaze on the block to set thoughts in the direction of insurance. Last week a woman was waiting for me when I opened my office. Her husband had given her money to take out insurance weeks before, and she had spent it for a new hat. The night before a fire had broken out on the second flat above the flat. The woman had suffered torture until the fate of the house was settled. She paid the premium in small change, which I believe she took from a child's bank, rather than confess her neglect to her husband."—New York World.

### The Poor.

We all love the poor. It would be entirely unnecessary, if not positively caddish, to say that we hate the poor. But there are two kinds of poor—the individual poor and the collective poor. It is not the individual poor that we love; it is the collective poor. It is not the poor that we do not know and have neither done nor heard bad news to look at. We are afraid if we see them we shall cease to love them. We never say, "God bless the paupers, or the poor person, or the unfortunate." Rather than we find our sympathies for not understanding the poor as we do for the collective poor.

It is with great fervor, however, that we can say, "God bless the poor" because the poor do not interfere with our comfort to the slightest degree.—E. H. Fielding.

### Fielding at Lisbon.

Lisbon contains the grave of Henry Fielding. It was on Oct. 4, 1754, that Fielding died in the Portuguese capital, and it was in