

SELECT CULLINGS

Men About Town and Drink.

It is, I think, a common experience of the man about town that his associates in general drink less than they did five or ten years ago. Go into any restaurant in New York where business men congregate at the lunch hour, and you will note that a large number of tables, often the majority, have no beverage but water. As a general rule the waiter will not thrust the wine card before you with the old time insistence, knowing from experience that you probably do not want it. Even at dinner time in these same restaurants many tables show no wineglasses, whereas formerly they were all but general. Moreover, it is distinctly the rule, even at private dinner parties of some formality, to serve a single wine, following the English custom, whereas until recently New Yorkers were notorious for "mixing" their drinks.

Of course I do not mean to imply that wines are not still served in conventional sequence, from cocktail and sherry to port and liquor at formal banquets and by many bon vivants; but I speak of the prevailing custom, and this assuredly has altered very decidedly within the last decade. Clearly, then, the temperance spirit is abroad in metropolitan no less than in rural districts.—Century Magazine.

London's Lock Step Fad.

Do you know the "lock step"? If not, says the Paris Matin, go to London and take a look over the principal arteries of that immense capital. In order to do the "lock step" you jump from one leg to the other with a firm and rhythmic movement, and you let one leg remain in the air an instant, just like a chicken in distress in a pool of water. The famous "lock step" was launched by one of the big theaters of the capital, and since then all the Londoners, amused by it, have tried their best, no matter where they find themselves, to master the secret of its cadence. The success of the new fad has been such that, according to the Matin, "professors of lock step" hire men to go about the streets marking the time of the movement and distributing prospectuses bearing the address of the masters in the art of the "lock step."

The King's Gloved Hand.

It is not generally known that King George's custom of appearing with his right hand gloved and the other bare has its origin in something more than a mere whim of fashion. The wearing of a glove on the right hand by a monarch is a distinct survival of the days when the sovereign's touch was held to be a certain cure for all kinds of diseases, especially scrofula. In the days when at certain dates it was customary for hundreds of sick men and mendicants of all kinds to be laid out in the courtyard of royal palaces awaiting the healing touch of the "anointed of the Lord" monarchs found it necessary to wear a glove in order to escape infection. Thus arose the habit which during modern times has passed into a mere fad of fashion, the significance of which has long been forgotten by the majority of the people.

An Actors' Festival.

John Manningham, a student of the Middle Temple in Shakespeare's time, recorded how the Yuletide revels of the law students in 1601 ended with a play given in the great hall of the Middle Temple. "At our feast we had a play called 'Twelve Night; or, What Ye Will'."

With actor folk Twelfth Night has always been a favorite festival. Lately, the famous comedian, when he died left all his money to provide cake and wine for the yearly celebration of Twelfth Night in the green-room of the Drury Lane theater.

Even now in New York the leading members of the American stage can be seen on the night of Jan. 6, when they come together either as performers or as spectators in the annual all star production of the Twelfth Night club.—Mary Edith Griswold in Designer.

Certain Americans Abroad.

There are Americans who live abroad and speak of their native land in shameful whispers. Another kind is an explainer. He becomes fretful and involved in the attempt to make it clear to some Englishman with a cold and fish-like eye that, as a matter of fact, the lynchings are scattered over a large territory, and Tammany has nothing whatever to do with the United States senate, and the millionaire does not crawl into the presence of his wife and daughter, and Morgan never can be king, and citizens of St. Louis are not in danger of being hooked by moose. After he gets through the Englishman says "Really?" and the painful incident is closed.—George Ade's "Mark Twain as Our Embassy" in Century.

Three Great Danish Clans.

The Danish government recently found it necessary to grant heads of families the privilege of changing their names if they feel so disposed without incurring any legal costs. This is a necessary piece of legislation, for the population of Denmark is divided into three great clans—the Hansens, the Petersens and the Soerensens. In one town of 25,000 inhabitants over four-fifths bore one or the other of these names. Many of these have taken advantage of the new law and assumed more distinctive names.—London Chronicle.

The Japanese Umbrella

A Chinese Episode and Its Horrible Effect

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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A whole year passed after Nelson's return from Asia before he found himself again treading an oriental street and rubbing elbows with slant eyed, blue bloused Chinese. His present position in the custom house made it necessary that he should visit a well known silk importer, whose place of business lay in the heart of San Francisco's reconstructed Chinatown.

Jay Nelson had been glad enough to eliminate all memory of his last year in China. There had been one horrible incident from which he had fled, but whose shadow had lurked in the background of his daily life since his return to America. In broad daylight he had laughed at the fears that pursued his first sleepless, fear haunted nights. After awhile the fear gave place to a sense of security fostered by the practical workaday happenings of his busy life.

Today, however, as he passed along Dupont street and turned into a narrower thoroughfare there burst upon him the significant fact that this part of a great city was but a fragment of the old eastern world after all.

He had to pause once or twice and inquire his way, for the house of the importer was set in the heart of the web of streets and alleys. Then when his goal lay but a few yards ahead there sprang into sudden view, bobbing along in the crowd before him, a certain green and gold paper parasol, the meaning of which was all too clear to Jay Nelson. He had a vague realization that this emblem of an old horror might have been evolved from his own morbid fancy.

He pressed forward, eager to stretch forth his hand and prove that the Japanese umbrella was a thing of air, was an optical illusion. But always it danced before him like a will-o'-the-wisp, now showing a glint of gold and green and then melting into a dozen illusive tints.

Where it went there he too must follow until he could prove by actual contact with its surface that it was a creation of his fancy and not the dreaded emblem of the White Brotherhood.

It drew him on down into the very bowels of the earth. The paper umbrella collapsed and was cast aside, while the bearer turned to confront Nelson. Then the latter awoke from his trance-like state and stared first at the strange face that confronted him, then about the small dungeon-like room, empty of furniture and reeking with foul odors and lighted by a single swinging oil lamp. Nelson's gaze came back to the face of the Chinese, and he shivered slightly, for the face was that of a member of the dreaded order—the sign was written on the man's brow.

Instantly Nelson whipped off his coat, holding it before him as a shield and backed to the stairway leading upward.

"Hold a moment," said the Chinese in the Cantonese dialect; "I am not alone."

"Who else?" demanded Nelson sharply in the same tongue.

"The brotherhood—at each stair head they await your coming if you contemplate flight," returned the Chinese imperturbably.

"What do you want with me?"

"Command of the big brother that you be brought before him for trial."

"He came on from Hongkong to seek me?"

The Chinese cackled shrilly. Then he spat contemptuously. "The brotherhood is everywhere, Captain Leeson—wherever there are offenders there also will be found a tribunal of the brotherhood."

"Why do you call me by Captain Leeson's name?" questioned Nelson warily.

"Because you are he."

"Suppose I am not?"

"You are!" asserted the man roughly. "The brotherhood does not make mistakes."

"You blunder this time. I am Nelson."

The other laughed derisively. "I was told you would claim that name, Nelson died that night."

"Ah," cried Nelson suddenly, "you are the big brother! This is the tribunal. You are alone; you thought to fool me; see you later, Tai Laao!" He started to leap up the stairs and then stopped short.

Tai Laao made no move to arrest his flight. He merely folded his long claw tipped fingers into either capacious sleeve and smiled widely.

It was this smile that halted Nelson's departure, the smile and a certain hissing whisper that sang down the stairway and bore warning on its breath.

Again he turned to the Chinese. "Have it over with this court of yours! Be quick, for I have business to attend to—matters of importance."

"Very good, Captain Leeson," commented the man called Tai Laao. "Follow me."

He led the way to a shadowy corner and pushed open a door into another dimly lighted room. At a long table sat seven men, three on either side and one at the end. At the farther end of the table there stood a low armed empty chair. Except for a low

swung lamp above the table the room was devoid of other furnishing.

"Captain Leeson," he announced in a low voice "on trial for betraying secrets of the White Brothers."

"Captain Leeson died, as you all know," said Nelson sternly. "I saw him die, killed by your orders. He died in the street of—"

"Silence!" menaced the leader. "He claims to be Nelson, the one who died that night."

The seven nodded in unison, but did not remove their gaze from Nelson's angry face.

He kept silence now, briefly reviewing the strange events that had snatched him from the busy streets of the city into as dismal a den of murderers as one might hope to find along the water front of any Chinese city.

Before his eyes there flashed a picture of his last year in China. Then he had been in the diplomatic service of his country. Leeson, his friend, an Englishman in the British employ at Hongkong—inspector of health or something of that sort—had interested Nelson in his establishment of a leper colony down in Anam.

It was Leeson's ambition to clean out the lepers hidden in the city, to root them out from their places of concealment and transport them to the colony where preparations had been made for their segregation, where their cases should be studied and modern methods be employed.

It happened that the afflicted ones looked on the idea of banishment with distaste. They cared little to be herded together in a foreign province far from friends and familiar scenes. They cared nothing whatever for the benefits that might accrue to posterity through their segregation.

Leeson's efforts met with little success, and he brought the law to his aid. Thus he gained permission to capture the afflicted ones, and so his colony prospered for awhile. Then there was formed against him the society of the White Brothers, created to protect the lepers scattered throughout the city from Leeson's agents. Each one bore some mark of the disease, and they had some other emblem by which they might be known to each other if the mark of the disease was not plain enough. And this emblem was the green and gold paper umbrella, with its snaky twisting golden dragon coiling in and out of the green painted bamboo shoots.

Nelson remembered the first time he had seen them—that night of Leeson's carefully planned expedition into a suspected quarter. It was at night, and red lanterns had lighted the street down its crooked length. Suddenly there had burst upon them and the three agents who accompanied Leeson a hideous babel of cracked voices; a horrible spectacle of ghastly faces; a leprous mob that leered and jeered at them; that drove them point by point toward the end of the street of lepers; a yelling crowd that received the bullets from their revolvers and died noisily; a filthy crew that tried to touch them, that longed to render them as loathsome as itself.

Leeson had been killed, and Nelson tried to forget the sight as the rest of them got away. The next day he led a party back to the street, but it was deserted. Even poor Leeson's body had disappeared. After this outbreak the matter went under the supervision of a large medical corps, and the colony at Anam was augmented by several hundred cases. Nelson resigned from the service and went home, sickened of the whole dubious web of oriental life, thankful that he had escaped contact—that he was clean.

Now they had found him out they would take their revenge for his betrayal of their outbreak. It pleased them to call him by Leeson's name. As Leeson he would probably die in this hole in the ground under San Francisco.

Nelson determined to force some immediate action from the men who had sprung up in this faraway city to call him to account for his setting the hounds of law upon their trail. All his hideous dreams of the past year seemed to have been realized in the strange events of this day that would undoubtedly be his last on earth.

It had been a strange day, and even now, face to face with death—for the presence of these White Brothers meant nothing less—he seemed to be moving in a dream more frightful than anything his sleeping mind had conceived.

"Fire ahead," he said recklessly; "I'm not afraid of you. Come on, every devil's imp of you!" He flashed out the revolver he always carried just as they arose in a body and came at him, a ghastly company with stretching, clawing fingers and fiendish eyes.

Then Jay Nelson awoke. He sat up in bed, his brow dripping sweat and his heart pounding with excitement, for once more he had dreamed of the Japanese umbrella and the horrible band whose emblem it was. This was the worst dream of all, and he murmured devout thanks that it had been a dream.

Sitting there with the morning sunshine streaming into the room and a fresh breeze from the bay ruffling his hair, Nelson saw the early newspaper slid under his door. Eager to be in touch with the commonplace of everyday life, he fetched it and read the headlines. After awhile, in a corner of the sheet, he read that the Hongkong authorities were satisfied that they had rid that city of its lepers. The White Brotherhood had been broken up, and most of its members were in Anam colony. The leader, Tai Laao, was dead. Captain Leeson's death had been avenged.

Jay Nelson went forth that morning a care free man to interview the silk importer in Chinatown. At last he was emancipated from fear. He would dream no more.



Milady's Mirror

Some people show a strange indifference and lack of care for the nose, which has been correctly termed the drawing room of the lungs, for in this drawing room many visitors are ushered, some sweet and fresh and clean and others soiled and bedraggled, leaving their dusty footprints clogged with germs behind them.

It would be an untidy housekeeper indeed who neglected her drawing room. Let the rest of her house be ever so immaculate, if dirt is allowed to accumulate there the whole house will feel its ill effects.

But how many people ever think of spraying the nose? It is astonishing when one considers what harm such carelessness works that any person should fail to do this.

Specialists will tell you that it is absolutely essential to good health that the nose should be kept clean. Yet few noses are really clean.

The use of a pocket handkerchief is about all the care the average person ever gives the nose. They then consider that they have done their duty by it. Yet they could not sleep if they had forgotten to brush their teeth.

Many people do not realize the absolute necessity for cleanliness in the nose, but once they comprehend it it is an easy matter to purchase an atomizer, get a prescription from a doctor and see that the nose is daily washed out. If one does not care to go to a physician for a regular prescription one can get a small glass nose douche shaped like a duck and use warm water with a solution of salt in it.

To Avoid Winter Colds.

Air baths are the latest prescription for the seeker after health. These are positively recommended as a magic preventive for avoiding winter colds. At first they may seem too difficult of accomplishment, but if one will only try one will see how astonishing the results are.

And the beauty of this magic air bath is that it is simplicity itself. There is no cumbersome apparatus, no tiresome visits of the masseuse, no pounding and punching of an inflexible body. One merely has to lie still and allow gentle breezes to blow upon the body.

One need only expose the skin, so the enthusiasts say, to the air for fifteen or twenty minutes, a half hour or an hour night and morning to annihilate the horrid cold germs which are everywhere ready to seize upon any one who gets a chill and so lays herself open to attack.

Hence the danger of drafts and wet feet. Our usual habits give the skin no opportunity of hardening itself.

If one would indulge in the beneficial air bath one must spend twenty minutes before retiring without one's clothing. Then in the morning bath and do up the hair before covering the skin with the day's clothing. These measures alone constitute an effective air bath and will lessen the sensibility of the skin and liability to cold in a few days' time.

A more elaborate way for taking the air bath is recommended by a noted physician. Select the sunniest room in the house. If the window is overlooked by neighboring houses place a low screen before it. Then undress, wrap yourself in a sheet and blanket and lie on the floor in the sunshine.

The Beauty Waltz.

You have heard of the old English custom of walking with pennies carried on the head? Try that in the privacy of your own room. Remove corsets and shoes, then, putting a coin on a smooth head and humming a gay waltz, glide to its measures. Practice this till you know how smoothly you must be gliding by the cessation of the necessity to stoop and pick up your penny. The gain in health that follows the steady practice of these "stunts" will equal the gain in grace.

An excellent thing it is in a loose, freely flowing lightweight garment to waltz with the arms raised, hands held over the head, with the finger tips lightly touching. If you have friends desirous of making the best of themselves ask them to meet with you once a week. Banish all persons not in the secret. Remove restricting garments, including shoes. Let one of the number play for three minutes, while the rest do the dancing above described. When a second member takes the piano the dance for a change may be done with hands locked behind the back. When a third turns musician clasp the hands, but stretch the arms forward in a curve and dance, alternately letting the head droop forward in this curve and then, after a moment in which it is held erect, fall back. Another exercise can be made by clasping the hands at the back of the head and waltzing round the room in that pose. Do the last dance with the upstretched arms and finger tips lightly touching.

Your Comb.

Combs should not be washed with water. This is apt to split the teeth. A stiff nailbrush is a good thing to keep for cleaning them. After using the brush take a damp cloth and wipe between each tooth with this.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

What He Wanted.

"Darling."

"Well, Henry?"

"Are you going to be very busy to-night?"

"You know I am. This is the night our neighborhood literary circle meets."

"Well, how about tomorrow afternoon?"

"Tomorrow afternoon our bridge club meets."

"Dear, dear! Then how about Tuesday evening?"

"Tuesday evening I'm going to read a paper before the Suffragette society."

"I'm sorry. Will you be engaged on Wednesday evening?"

"I shall. Our church missionary society holds its annual meeting then. I'm its president, you know."

"How unfortunate—er—not that you are president. It's unfortunate that you will be engaged. Do you expect to be at home Thursday evening?"

"I do not, Henry. The Woman's Uplift society meets on Thursdays, and on Friday I have promised to serve tea at Mrs. Swellkid's musicale. But what is it you want, Henry?"

"Oh, nothing! I merely thought if you were going to be at home some night soon I'd get you to sew a button on my trousers, but perhaps I can find a tailor to do it whose time isn't quite so taken up as yours."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Preserve House Plants.

Save all water in which meat has been washed to water house plants. It is an excellent fertilizer. A dying palm and several ferns were wonderfully revived by pouring about a teaspoonful of castor oil on the soil around the roots.

Passion For Music.

Mrs. Bacon—Did you say your husband has a passion for music? Mrs. Ebert—Yes. Every time I sing he dies into one.—Yonkers Statesman

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not.

"God doesn't love me any more," sobbed Mary to her mother one day. "Why, dear, God loves everybody; what do you mean?"

"Oh, no, He doesn't love me, I'm sure, for I tried Him with a daisy."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Form of Love-Making Barred.

Love-making on postal cards is in violation of the postal regulations of Russia.

Black and White and Scotch.

Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent minister near Boston, had in her employ a recently engaged colored cook as black as the proverbial ace of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said to her:

"Matilda, I wish that you would have oatmeal quite often for breakfast. My husband is very fond of it. He is Scotch, and you know that the Scotch eat a great deal of oatmeal."

"Oh, he's Scotch, is he?" said Matilda. "Well, now, do you know, I was thinkin' all along dat he was a des like us."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Calaveras Skull.

In a recent bulletin from the University of California is given a summary of the evidence prepared by Professor J. D. Whitney to show that the famous Calaveras skull, found in a miner's shaft in Bald Hill near Yaville, probably came from a cave used by the Indians for burial purposes.

The Ancient Cat.

Experts have held that the so-called "cat" of the ancient Romans and Greeks ("ailurus," the wavy-tailed one) was not a cat at all, but a kind of weasel. The mummified Egyptian animal, however, was a genuine cat, even if certain peculiarities about its teeth make it difficult to regard it as a near relative of the modern domestic puss.

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