

JOHN H. GIBBONS.

Superintendent of Naval Academy Who Entertained Admiral Togo.



Annapolis, Md., Aug. 8.—As Admiral Togo entered the Naval academy grounds the marine guard presented arms and the band played the Japanese national anthem.

The admiral in white duck uniform, accompanied by Lieutenant Paniguchi, his naval aid, saluted, and the party went to the house of Superintendent John H. Gibbons.

Later the Japanese inspected the grounds and buildings of the academy and held a reception at the officers' club.

The admiral returned to Washington and was the dinner guest of Secretary Knox.

He Took the Cue.

He was a man who gave little and got much. Today, for instance, he had got a clothes brush, a basin of water, a towel and a shine, and he had given nothing at all.

Tr-r-r-r! went his bedroom bell. The hotel attendant smiled sourly. This was the fourth time he had been summoned, and he did not hurry.

"I thought you were never coming," exclaimed the visitor when the attendant appeared at last. "Are you nicknamed 'Slowcoach'?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant. "They call me 'Billiard cue.'"

"Billiard cue?" repeated the visitor, frowning. Then an inspiration dawned. "Ah! Because you're such a stick, I suppose?" he asked.

"Wrong again, sir!" returned the attendant. "It's because I work better with a good tip."—London Answers.

A Herculean Katydid.

Experiments conducted by a naturalist attached to one of the government's scientific bureaus at Washington aduced an interesting example of the strength of the katydid. He harnessed a katydid to a kind of sled made by folding a piece of ordinary newspaper, and then loaded the sled with various articles. The insect proved able to draw, in addition to the original paper, twelve paper sheets, each 3 by 4 1/2 inches, a large screw, two steel pens, a stone weighing two ounces and three and a half lead pencils. When the weight became too heavy to draw otherwise, the katydid got its fore feet over the edge of the table for a better hold, and on the addition of another weight it increased the adhering power of its feet by moistening them in its mouth.—New York Tribune.

Where Bluebeard Lived.

Most of our readers have heard of Bluebeard, the enterprising gentleman who made a hobby of marriage and had a way of his own for getting rid of superfluous wives. Probably very few people, however, know that the story has any sort of basis in fact. Yet on the banks of the world famous Bosphorus near Constantinople there is situated a picturesque old medieval fortress known as "Bluebeard's castle" and which is said to have been the abode of a terrible old pasha, whose playful little ways gave rise to the story.—Wide World Magazine.

First Calculating Machine.

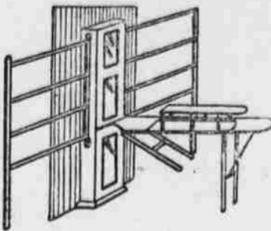
The first calculating machine was invented and constructed by Blaise Pascal, a Frenchman, in 1642, in which year he was but nineteen years of age. It was made by him with the aid of one workman and was presented to the chancellor of France. During the revolution it was found in a junk shop at Bordeaux and at present is the property of M. Bougouin of that city. All of the four simple mathematical operations can be made with it.

Laughter.

Laughter, while it lulls, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul, and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.—Addison.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Ironing Cabinet That Folds Into Small Space.



The Iowa man who designed the ironing cabinet herewith shown arranged an ordinary ironing board with a sleeve ironing board within it and two racks on which to hang the clothing and then so contrived that the whole affair could be folded up. The cabinet, a flat one, stands against the wall. The lower portion is a hinged door, and the board slides into it in a vertical position and is concealed. When in use one end of the board rests on the top of the lower part of the cabinet and a pair of folding legs is straightened out and supports the other end. In the center of the large board is a sleeve ironing board pivoted on metal arms on which it can be raised several inches above the main board and used handily for its special purpose. The racks also are pivoted at the side of the cabinet so that when they are not in use they can be pushed up toward the ceiling and will look like a couple of sticks there.

To Hull Corn With Ashes.

Take one pint of good, clean wood ashes, put them in a cheesecloth bag and put in an iron or granite kettle that holds six or eight quarts of water. Then put in two or three quarts of shelled corn, cover with water and boil until the hulls slip off the corn easily. You will have to try the corn after boiling twenty minutes to half an hour, by taking out a spoonful and rubbing it with your fingers. If the hulls or outside skin of the corn slips off easily, it has been cooked enough in the lye. Now strain the water off the corn and pour the corn into a large dishpan or tub and cover with cold water. Take up the corn and rub between the hands until it is free from hulls. You will need to put it through several waters. When the corn is free from hulls put it on to cook in clear, cold water, which should be changed several times while cooking to free it from the taste of lye. Cook until tender. When it is almost done salt to taste and cook half an hour longer.

Squabs on Toast.

These birds are a favorite dish for luncheon. They may be broiled, in which case they should be split and cleaned and the wings and feet bent and skewered into place over the breast, or they may be drawn and seasoned with salt and butter inside and baked in a hot oven, first pinning a slice of fat salt pork over the breasts to baste them with. Cook about twenty minutes and then arrange them on squares of hominy which have been browned delicately in hot butter. Garnish with fried potatoes and serve plain lettuce dressed with French dressing at the same time on separate plates. If they are to be broiled wrap them in buttered paper, each one by itself, and by turning the edges over securely the juices and fat may be kept inside and will baste the bird as it is turned. The paper will not ignite unless it breaks and some of the fat escapes.

Gluten Bread For Diet.

Mix together a pint each of sweet milk and lukewarm water, stir into it half a cake of compressed yeast broken fine and a dessertspoonful of melted butter. Lastly add enough gluten flour for a soft batter and set to rise. When it has doubled the original bulk beat in an egg and, when this is well mixed with the sponge, enough gluten flour to enable you to knead it into loaves. It must not be stiff. Mold into small loaves and set for the final rising. This is the recipe recommended by a well known dietitian.

Old Virginia Corn Bread.

Make about a quart of mush and while it is hot pour in half a gallon of cold water. Stir in meal enough to make rather a stiff dough and set where it will keep warm until it rises. Before baking put in half teaspoonful of soda and some salt. For breakfast bake on griddle in cakes. Have griddle hot and well greased. If you wish to bake in pone let it raise awhile in pan until light.

Dressing For Fruit Salad.

Put into a double boiler one-half cupful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of orange juice, a cupful of water, a cupful of sugar and three eggs, beaten very light. Cook until the mixture begins to thicken slightly, then take from the fire and set aside to cool.

Sour Milk Biscuit.

Into two cupfuls of sour milk stir two teaspoonfuls of melted shortening and a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Stir in enough flour to make a soft dough, roll out quickly, cut into rounds and bake in a quick oven.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Hoppy and Floppy.

Next door there lives a little boy With checks just like a poppy. I do not know his truly name. And so I call him Hoppy. When mother calls him from his play He hops up in a minute; If she has work for him to do He's eager to begin it.

If there's an errand to be run He hurries off to do it. If there's a hard thing to be done He hops his way right through it. There also lives a little girl In this same house with Hoppy. And her name, too, I do not know, But I have dubbed her Floppy.

Does mother call, straightway she flops Down on a chair or sofa Or creeps into a hiding place. Just like a little gopher. At sight of work she flops right down Wherever she is standing. "All tired out!" and only moves At mother's stern commanding.

Now, which of these two children Would you youngsters like to copy? If you live in my neighborhood I hope it won't be Floppy. —Sunday School Times.

The Kingfisher.

The kingfisher is the greatest digger of our birds. Deep into a sand or clay bank he digs until he has built a tunnel six feet or more long. He then hollows out a little underground room at the end, in which his mate lays her eggs. The kingfisher is much larger than a robin—a handsome bird, with a bluish gray back, a crested head and a white breast with a gray band across it. He is usually seen sitting on a tree or stump on the edge of the stream or lake where he gets his food. A ripple on the surface of the water shows a minnow swimming below, and down he dives, spearing it with his long, sharp bill. Then he flies back to his perch, shakes off the water and eats his catch. The Indians think the kingfisher stocks their lakes with fish. They say that when a kingfisher finds a lake without fish he catches one in another lake and drops it into the lake which has none.

Magie Milk.

It is not generally known to boys and girls that, though limewater is very clear and transparent as common spring water, if one chances to breathe or blow on it the liquid becomes as white as milk. The best way to try this experiment is to put some powdered quicklime into a bottle of cold water. Shake thoroughly at intervals for a day. Allow the bottle to remain undisturbed for a day, when the clear limewater may be poured off from the sediment which will have gathered. Fill a wineglass or tumbler with the limewater and blow through the liquid with a piece of clean straw or a glass tube. In a few seconds the water will be turned into milk. This is a very amusing experiment, and its result is, of course, unerring.

Geographical Names.

"Smoky mountain," Mount Popocatepetl; "Gate of Tears," Strait of Babel-Mendeb; "Great river," Rio Grande; "Boat Destroyer," Amazon; "Foaming river," Ebro; "Vale of Paradise," Valparaiso; "Black mountain," Montenegro; "Long lake," Kennebec; "Tortoise islands," Galapagos; "Snow clad range," Sierra Nevada; "Mother of Waters," Chesapeake; "Father of Waters," Mississippi; "Lake of Abundance," Memphremagog; "River of Joy," Guadina; "Wind Blown Cloud," Wabash; "Mountain of Light," Lichtenfels; "Rich lake," Balka; "Fruitful mountain," Cerro Gordo; "Land of Dawn," Asia; "Swift Water," Talapoosa; "Prospect mountain," Montevideo; "Cat's Throat," Cattetag.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Half a Ton of Honey.

Long ago, 150 years in fact, a wayside tavern was built in Massachusetts. By and by some wild bees, looking for a place to settle down in, swarmed into the garret. There they lived and stored honey, and there other bees set up housekeeping until there were fifty families. The people downstairs did not bother them, and so the bees lived happily and put aside honey for the rainy day that never came until a short time ago. Then the hotel was sold and torn down, and the wreckers found there was honey enough in the garret to feed a whole Sunday school. There was 1,000 pounds of it.

Letter to the King.

Flogging in the schools of Denmark was stopped because of the following letter, which King Christian found in his mail one morning:

"Dear King—We are four boys at Flakkebjerg school, and the master whips us every day with a piece of steel rope he found in the arbor. If he doesn't stop there will be a fire."

The king visited the school, dismissed the teacher and had the boys treated to cakes and chocolates at his expense. Then he warned all teachers to avoid corporal punishment, saying that they must not make ruffians of the boys by ruffianly treatment.

Animal Thieves.

There was found in the Tyrol, part of the Austrian empire, a swallow's nest lined with several banknotes, each worth \$2. At about the same time a butcher in Dorabirn found the nest that a mouse had made out of ten banknotes, worth \$4 each. These notes, unlike those used by the swallows, had been chewed to pieces, but the butcher was able to redeem them at the bank.

Heaven.

Our word heaven comes from the verb "heave" and means that which is heaved or raised up.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Piffle.

There's a word that means a lot, That will often get your goat. It's a cynic's hottest shot, That he hammers down your throat. It's a nasty little word, But for withering it's a bird—Piffle.

When you've spouted all your soul In an effort to appear Wise and heavy, on the whole, And some chap begins to sneer Isn't it an awful shame That one word will gum your game? Piffle.

Oh, the irony, the cut! Oh, the way it makes you feel! Any star becomes a mutt At the finish of his spiel When some fellow speaks to say In a sharp, conclusive way Piffle.

When you've read this little verse You'll perhaps be wondering why It was writ, though quick and terse And with sickness in your eye You will mutter, "What a dolt!" Then will come that awful jolt—Piffle. —Baltimore Evening Sun.

Cause For Economy.

"A new hat, my dear?" said Mr. Needall. "I must say you don't seem to be following my suggestions of economy."

"It's the first new hat I've had this six months!" answered his wife, sniffing.

"Nonsense! What's wrong with your old one?"

"It's out of date," she bridled. "And, after all, while I've been pinching and saving, what have you been doing, I'd like to know? You've been going to your clubs and music halls and smoking your expensive cigars!"

"Of course, my darling," he interrupted in a pained voice. "What else do you suppose I asked you to economize for?"—London Answers.

The Little Boy.

The little boy sat under a shade tree with his back against its trunk and tenderly rubbed his inflamed eye.

"When I'm rich," said the little boy, "I'll buy something nice for mother."

He was a fairly good little boy and he didn't forget the conventionalities.

"But first," said the little boy, "I'll build a big jail a mile high and I'll hire a thousand policemen and I'll put a cell full of rats, and then I'll put that red headed little gink of a Bobby Moses in it fer blackin' my eye!"

For in the normal mind of youth revenge is sweeter than love.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ramesian Cramps.

The learned editorial archaeologist of the Ohio State Journal says that caneburners were eaten by the Egyptians in 1500 B. C. and probably aren't digested yet.

Come to think of it, ptomaine does suggest Ptolemy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worrirent.

"The king of England seems to have a worried look," said the man who was looking at the pictures.

"I don't see what he has to worry about," replied Mrs. Flinghit's husband. "His wife doesn't play bridge."—Washington Star.

They Agree.

"What is the secret of domestic happiness?"

"Making mutual concessions."

"Mutual? Bah! My husband and I get along fine, and I make him make all the concessions."—Toledo Blade.

The Jaded One.

Mr. X—Oh, I've been doing quite a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate!

Mrs. Y—What! Everybody out? Mr. X—No, everybody in!—London Opinion.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Patience—And you say in the car you came uptown on there were a lot of women hanging on to the straps?

Patrice—Yes, and a lot of men hanging on to the seats.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Tranquil Life.

The Sage—After forty years of married life I've made up my mind it doesn't matter how often a man and his wife disagree, as long as he don't let her know it.—Harper's Magazine.

Schedule Time.

Hungry Traveler (at railway dining station)—How soon will the train start, conductor?

Conductor—I'll start on time today. I ain't got much appetite.—Soho.

Worldwide.

Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him.

Mrs. Wedd—Why mention Turkey especially?—Boston Transcript.

The Real Thing.

Mrs. Gnaggs—I'll never forget the night you proposed to me. You acted like a perfect fool.

Mr. Gnaggs—That wasn't acting.—Philadelphia Record.

Saved.

He—So Billy has told you that he saved me from a watery grave? She—H'm! He told me he'd saved you from a much worse place than that!—M. A. P.

Self Evident.

"Before we married you called me an angel."

"And I still do so. Are you not continually harping?"—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Grown Cautious. Chatty Lodger (to landlord)—You seem to have seen a good deal. What are you? Landlord—Well, sir, I were a lion tamer, and I'd be there now if I hadn't a-married; but, you see, my wife were a knife thrower in the same show, and she got to practicing her turn on me. Well, thinks I, life ain't too long to run no risks, so I took on a safe job and become a steeplejack.—London Punch.

A Word to Be Avoided. Wife—Well, did you find out what it was I said that offended Mrs. Young-bridge? Hub—Yes, her husband told me. It seems that you remarked, "I see you're installed in your new home," and as they're furnished on the installment plan she thought you were trying to be funny at their expense.—Boston Transcript.

Quite a Help. "Is your boy Josh much of a help to you?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "He is making a collection of insects. Of course he don't catch as many as he could if he wouldn't stop to label 'em, but, then, you know, every little helps."—Washington Star.

Anecdotes. "What is an anecdote, pa?" "An anecdote, my son, is a short and funny tale which at once reminds the other fellow of a tale which is neither short nor funny."—Puck.

Good Old Days. Sing me a song of the good old days. The days when men could mix, Could laugh and joke and go their ways And not talk politics. —Denver Post.

Sing me a song of the good old days. The days when dames could chat And not devote each word and phrase To gown and wrap and hat. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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