

WOMEN WHO POSE.

The Secrecy That is Maintained by Artists About Their Models. Every artist keeps in his studio a little book that he guards most sacredly. It contains his list of models. In some art studios of New York the "model book" contains 500 names of men and women who earn their living by posing. The betrayal of a single name by the artist would injure his reputation with the craft and make it difficult for him to employ the better class of models.

The chief reason for this secrecy is the fact that the outside world is prone to look askance at professional models. Most of them, however, are perfectly modest and good women, whose business, though apparently violating the letter of morality, preserves its spirit. In fact, behind the model's professional career is little but the commonplace.

American models are characterized by the same qualities of self respect and independence as American art. The principal fault artists and illustrators find with them is their lack of expression, but for beautiful figures and perfect features they are unexcelled.

The best models in the world are found in France and America, where the most general intelligence prevails in the class from which they chiefly come. In America many of them belong to middle class families who have met reverses.

He Had Followed Directions. A little black boy sat on the soap box which served as a front step to the tumble down shanty. His skin was more than black. Here and there it looked as if it had been varnished. His fingers clung together when he attempted to open his hands, and films of silky sweetness were spun about him as he threw back his head and opened his mouth in epicurean ecstasy. Household Words explains this happy condition:

"Goodness, law!" exclaimed the old mammy, who came suddenly round the corner. "What yo' sittin' dat a-way for when I jes' been tryin' to clean yo' up? Ef yo' ain' went an' molassed yo'self I'm head to foot!"

"Dat ain' lasses, mammy." "Whut's de use o' tryin' ter make yo' look 'spectable, 'd like ter know? I wash yo' an' dress yo', an' den I tells yo' ter go an' use de comb, didn't I?" "Yes'm. An' I look aroun', an' all de comb I could fin' was dis yere honcycomb. But I don use dat, mammy; I sho'ly did."

The Wonders of Color.

A small and simple experiment can be tried by any reader which will go far to convince him or her what a debt we owe to color and what a good thing it is to have sunlight, which enables our eyes to take advantage of the beautiful hues of nature. Make a room quite dark and then burn some carbonate of soda in the flame of a bunsen gas burner. It will burn with an orange yellow light sufficiently strong to illuminate everything in the room, but you will realize with a sudden shock that, bright though the light is, all distinctions of color have vanished. Only light and shade remain. A crimson carnation, a blue violet, a red tablecloth, a yellow blind—all look gray or black or white. The faces of those present look positively repulsive, for all natural color has disappeared.

No other experiment will so well convince those who have witnessed it how great a loss would be that of our sense for color.

Oriental Weddings.

At wedding festivals in Arabia, Persia and Morocco the women guests hold carnival all day, sometimes several days, but the poor little bride is in a room by herself fasting. She is being "decorated." Depilatories and tweezers remove all superfluous hair. She is scrubbed with pumice stone; her toes, fingers and hair are stained with henna, and her face is dabbed with red and bits of gold paper. An oriental maiden has no voice in the selection of her husband. She seldom sees him till she is his wife, and he is not supposed to see her face until she unveils after marriage. Sometimes Cupid gets ahead of parents and guardians, the "wind" blows the veil aside, and the young eyes meet. Then there is some anxious maneuvering that the elders may make the right selection.

Unique Way to Secure One's Pay.

Tattooing is still a favorite personal decoration with some of the natives of Samoa, though not so fashionable there as formerly. Those who practice the art have an effective way of securing their pay. The color extends from the waist to the knees, no other part of the body being marked. In the small of the back the design shades off to a point which is never finished by the tattooer till his bill has been paid. As the incomplete design is public evidence of the wearer's indebtedness the artist seldom has to wait long for his money.

Friends and Relatives.

"So the poor fellow's dead?" "Yes, and he left all his money to charity. His funeral was very largely attended." "Ah, yes, he had lots of friends; I don't suppose he had any enemies at all." "Oh, yes, a few; he had several relatives."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Genuine Kind.

"I'm afraid she isn't cut out for a society woman." "Why not?" "Well, she seems to have no idea of the pleasures of extravagance."—Detroit Free Press.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—Bovee.

A NAVAL ACADEMY DAY.

The Rigid Routine That Rules the Midshipmen's Waking Hours.

Let us look for a moment at the division of time in a week in the academy. The morning gun awakens the young midshipman at 6 o'clock. He has thirty-five minutes to dress and appear for roll call. When this is over he and his comrades march at once to breakfast. It is then about twenty minutes before 7 o'clock. After breakfast a short prayer is offered by the chaplain. The meal is over by 7:30, and then there is the sick call. Twenty minutes later the midshipmen must be in their rooms ready to go to their first recitation. At 7:55 they form and march to their classes in squads. At 8 o'clock they are called to order in their classrooms.

The actual work of the day has begun early, and there has been no lagging or loafing. At the Naval academy the midshipmen are trained to walk with a quick step and at a lively gait. The men in the class squads—from six to twelve each—march two abreast and in close formation. It does not take them long to go from one building to another. For each midshipman there are three recitation periods of two hours each. Half of each period is devoted to study, half to actual recitation in class. The first period is from 8 to 10 o'clock in the morning, the second period from 10:15 to 12:15 o'clock and the third period from 2 o'clock to 4 in the afternoon. Between 12:15 and 2 o'clock the midshipmen eat their dinner and have a few minutes afterward for rest. At 4 o'clock all the class work is over, but not the work of the day, for then comes the call to drill.

Drill lasts an hour and a half, and it is work, too, for the naval officer must know thoroughly the infantry and artillery practice of the soldier as well as his own particular branch of the profession of being ready to fight. When his task is over at 5:30 the midshipman has an hour and a half of recreation. This is the playtime of the day. The boys are then on the athletic field engaged in football or baseball practice, depending on the time of the year; sailing in catboats on the harbor or indulging in other amusements that they may choose. But during that hour they are still under the rules governing general conduct.

When 6:55 comes the men are called to supper, and at 7:30 the midshipmen must be in their rooms again and at their books. The study period is two hours long. There is a half hour's relaxation before bedtime, during which the young men may visit each other's rooms, but at 10 o'clock all lights must be out.

For five days in the week this is the unvarying routine, with the exception of two hours' liberty Wednesday afternoon for the first class. On Saturday and Sunday there is a change. Varying with the length of time which they have spent in the academy, liberty is granted to all midshipmen on these two days of the week. The members of all four classes are permitted to leave the grounds after the roll call to dinner, but they must return before the formation for supper. After the supper call the members of the first and second classes have permission to go again beyond the academic limits, but they are required to be back by 9:30. They may or may not eat their supper at the academy mess, as they desire, but they must always report for roll call. In this way the authorities of the institution keep a finger on them.—Leslie's Weekly.

An Impromptu Explanation.

The learned Porson was staying at one time with a well known canon of Ely named Jeremiah King. One day at dinner, when they had got into discussion upon questions of etymology, Porson gave a derivation which King considered to be so far fetched as to be quite ridiculous. "You might as well say," said King, "that my name is connected with cucumber." Possibly there was a cucumber on the table. "And so it is," said Porson. "How so?" asked King. "Why, thus: Jeremiah King, by contraction Jerry King; Jerry King, by contraction and metathesis Gherkin, and gherkin, we know, is a cucumber pickled."

When Robespierre Was "Strung."

Under the terror Robespierre used to play a peaceful game of chess at the Cafe Regence, and the story is told of a youth who once challenged him and beat him twice. Robespierre, after his defeat, asked how much he owed, no stakes having been previously fixed. The supposed youth, who in reality was a girl in man's clothes, presented an order for the release of her lover from prison, and Robespierre signed it. Napoleon Bonaparte during his consulship was seen at the famous cafe, but he showed himself no tactician at chess.—London Telegraph.

Just In Hard Luck.

Irate Guest (to waiter)—Look here! Didn't I order a Swiss cheese sandwich?

Polite Waiter—Yes, sir, and there it is.

Irate Guest—There are two slices of bread, but can you find any cheese on them?

Polite Waiter—I'm sorry, sir. The cheese is there all right, only you happened to hit on one of the holes.—New York Times.

She Would Have Had Him.

Gladys—Oh, yes, I refused him. I want a man who has known sorrow and acquired wisdom.

Edith—But, my dear, he would have very soon filled that bill if you had accepted him.—Puck.

Hope says to us at every moment.

"Go on! Go on!" and leads us thus to the grave.—De Maintenon.

The day after a man quits work he is in the way.—Atchison Globe.

THE ATHLETE'S HEART.

In the Rawling Man It is Strong and Well Developed.

A prominent member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania Medical school has made a study of the heart action of athletes. He has examined a large number of men in athletics, especially rowing men, and he has come to the conclusion that no man in perfect health who has been properly trained is injured by rowing, but that, on the contrary, his heart is so strengthened that, with a moderate amount of exercise after he has finished his rowing career, there is no reason, so far as the heart and lungs are concerned, that he should not live to a very old age.

"The heart," said he, "is both a very delicate and a very strong organ—that is, if it is well developed it will stand an enormous amount of strain without any permanent injury, but if it is not well developed it is very easily weakened. Violent exercise, like rowing, places a great deal of strain on the heart because when the body is being exerted it requires so much more pressure to force the blood through the body. Like any other muscle that is worked, the heart under the added labor becomes larger, and most athletes have extra large hearts, just as they also have larger muscles throughout the body.

"If the strain is put upon the heart suddenly it dilates—it becomes larger, but not more muscular—and that is the danger in athletics. If a man exercises gradually then his heart also increases in size gradually because the muscles become larger, and this is a perfectly normal condition. It simply means that the athlete has a stronger heart than the average and can cope with the extra strain that is put upon it. A man needs a larger heart to row a race, and if gradual exercise has so provided him with one then he can safely undergo the most severe tests.

"It is the same way with the lungs, and they must be developed gradually until they can undertake the extra work. A man with his heart and lungs well developed is in no danger, no matter how hard the race. He may completely keel over at the end of the race, but it will likely be from sheer exhaustion, and his heart is so strong that the effect is not at all injurious. He will be as good as ever in a few moments."—Philadelphia Record.

APHORISMS.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.—Shenstone.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.—Morer.

Opposition inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.—Schiller.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—Hazlitt.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands.—Franklin.

Experience takes dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.—Caryle.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hairs.—Feuille.

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

A Brilliant Retort.

After dinner speaking is an art, and, like many other arts, its excellence has much to do with the mood of the artist. Some of the best of our after dinner speakers sometimes fail, but it is not often that failure results in the enrichment of the world's store of epigram, as it did in the case of Lord Erskine many years ago.

When Lord Erskine was made a member of that highly honorable body, the Fishmongers' Company of London, he made an after dinner speech on the occasion of his first appearance among them as a member. Upon his return he said to a friend:

"I spoke ill today and stammered and hesitated in the opening."

"You certainly floundered," was the reply, "but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."

The Prattle of a Bright Child.

At times it cannot be denied the questions of children become irksome, but who would wish a child to ask no questions? Julius Sturm tells in one of his pretty fairy tales how a grandfather, driven into impatience by the constant questionings of his grandchild, exclaimed, "I wish your tongue were out of joint!" But when unexpectedly his wish was fulfilled and the child became dumb how he joyfully exchanged one of the two years which an angel had prophesied he was yet to live for the privilege of hearing the little one's prattle again!

Speechmaking.

"What do you think of my speech?" said the aspiring young orator.

"Not bad," said the cold man of experience.

"I devoted a great deal of thought to it."

"Yes, that's a mistake young men are apt to make. You put thoughts into your speeches instead of telling the audience stories."

Even at That.

Gus—The idea of his saying I had more than that brains! Quite ridiculous!

Jack—That so?

Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent.

Jack—Well?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Comes High.

Knicker—Experience is the best teacher.

Bocker—Well, aren't we always raising her salary?—Harper's Bazar.

SMART SET FRIENDSHIPS.

They Usually Have a Purpose, Social, Political or Financial.

There are friends in what is labeled "the smart set" whose motto in life would appear to be, "Banish dull care." These are the people who give those cheerful dinners where nobody cares a rap for precedence. Everybody takes his affinity to dinner. The host starts off with the prettiest girl, and the hostess is taken down by some headless boy. It is Liberty hall, with nicknames for all present, abundance of "chaff" and stories something more than risky. They are all great friends, of course, and call each other "dear things" and know exactly how much is meant by that, while they smile sweetly and say "Cat!" in connection with most of them behind their backs. Few of these so called friendships in society are made without a purpose, either political, social or financial. The peeress wants a "tip" from the millionaire, either a Stock Exchange tip or one affecting coin or copper or whatever his special line may be. Our "nice" friends are nice in so far as they are useful to us. At the same time, in justice to society, it ought to be pointed out that no one is taken in by these interested friendships. The people who only make friends calculating how much they will benefit thereby are seen through by everybody and disliked so openly that only their toddlers fail to let them see it.—London Outlook.

The Flashing Touch.

The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son, a boy of twelve.

He knows little about drawing, says the artist, but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

He surveyed it for a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said:

"The people are all right, but where's the dog?"

"Any dog," he said in a tone of pity for my dullness. "Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?"

When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in.—Youth's Companion.

A Business Epitaph.

Amusing epitaphs are not difficult to find if one is seeking them. The Berkshire Republican cites a most singular one which may be found on a monument in eastern Tennessee:

Sacred to the memory of John Smith, for twenty years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Jones, now J. J. Jones & Co.

The names are not really Smith and Jones, but they will answer for the purposes of the story. "I met Jones later," says the narrator, "and he gave me a frank explanation of the inscription.

"Smith was a bachelor without relatives," he said, "but he knew a tremendous lot of country people, and if any of them happened to see his grave they might think that the old house had closed up and gone out of business. So I thought it no more than right to let them know that the firm was still alive."

No Doubt About It. A kind hearted lady saw a small boy seated on one of the benches in Fairmount park the other day smoking a cigar which she afterward told a friend seemed almost as big as himself. The lady is an enthusiastic anti-tobacco worker and never loses an opportunity to impress, especially upon youthful minds, the evils of using tobacco in any form.

Seating herself by the side of the lad, she said kindly, "Oh, my boy, wouldn't your father be dreadfully pained if he saw you smoking that cigar?"

"Rather think he would," responded the twentieth century young man without removing the weed from his mouth. "This is one of his best cigars."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Giving an Opinion.

Taddles—I used to think a good deal of Straddles, but—

Waddles—You don't say so? What has he done?

"The other day I asked him to call round and give me his opinion of an article of mine on 'The Impending Crisis.' Well, he came all right; but he brought a little thing of his own for me to hear, and confound him, he wasted all the evening with his egotistical trash."

In Many Places.

Mrs. McCall—I see you've got a new girl. Has she had much experience as a cook?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Apparently not much, but many, and I propose to give her notice to hunt up another experience when her week's up.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite Familiar.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I am sure of it.

Patient—So you're very familiar with the disease?

Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

His Deceptive Appearance.

"They say he got rich writing the words of popular songs."

"Yet to look at him you'd think he had at least ordinary intelligence."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Some people who jump at conclusions lose sight of the hurdles.

—Philadelphia Record.

The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—Ellot.

RUSSIA'S ARGUS EYE.

The Keen Watch That is Exercised Over All Postal Matter.

In the Russian post office a watchful eye is kept on all newspapers and magazines, and any matter officially considered objectionable is ruthlessly "blacked out." A similar surveillance is extended to private correspondence. The task thus undertaken is a gigantic one, but the Russian official system has proved itself equal to the undertaking.

In every post office of importance there are officials constituting the "black cabinet," whose duty it is to examine the letters received. According to the system followed in the Moscow post office, all the letters are handed over to the "black cabinet." Then one official sorts out all those which are addressed to suspected families, another all those addressed in arranged handwriting, while a third arranges the remainder in little heaps and then draws at random several letters from each heap. All the letters selected in these various ways are then opened and examined.

The Judgment of Years.

A significant bit of wisdom, to be pondered over by the very young, whose griefs and disappointments seem so tragic, was that uttered by Mrs. Dolly Madison when she was over eighty years old and near her death.

Her life had been fortunate and beautiful not only because circumstances had proved kind to her, but from the brightness and buoyancy of her temperament.

She harbored no bitterness over past experiences, but life had taught her the unimportance of most trials which loom so gigantic in approaching.

Not long before her death one of her nieces went to her for sympathy in some slight trouble.

"My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window, "I who have lived so long repeat to you that there is nothing in this world below really worth caring for."

Buttons.

The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and the buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needlework, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1689. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together, with the cloth between. Buttons are now made of almost everything, from seaweed and cattle hoofs to mother of pearl and vegetable ivory. Excellent buttons are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, become as hard as ivory.—Boston Transcript.

His Businesslike Way.

Young Mr. Bizz (briskly, to fair proprietor of the photograph gallery)—I've dropped in, Miss Frame, without much preparation, in the style I usually do when I make up my mind I want anything. Can you take me just as I am?

Miss Frame—Certainly, Mr. Bizz. What style do you wish—cabinet or carte?

Mr. Bizz—What style? Great Caesar! Did you think I'd come with these clothes on to have my photograph taken? I'm asking you to marry me, Miss Frame.

His Tide of Fortune.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

"Yes," replied the man who had married an heiress, "I remember the tide that led to my fortune well."

"What tide was that?"

"It was eventide, and we were sitting in the garden."—San Francisco Wasp.

Conspicuous.

"You have been conspicuous in the halls of legislation, have you not?" said the young woman who asks all sorts of questions.

"Yes, miss," answered Senator Sorghum blandly; "I think I have participated in some of the richest haunts that legislation ever made."—Washington Star.

Jesting at Sears.

Upgarndon—I was sorry to hear that Skimmerhorn had had the smallpox. Did it disfigure him much?

Atom—Disfigure him? No; it improved him. It changed his expression.—Chicago Tribune.

Plain Living.

"Professor, I know a man who says he can tell by the impression on his mind when his wife wants him to come home to dinner. Is it telepathy?"

"Not at all, miss. I should call that mendacity."—Exchange.

An Ingeance.

Miss Boston—Ah, yes; your verses are charming. And have you never written a novel?

Miss New York—No; for if I did my mother would never let me read it.—Life.

Some people who jump at conclusions lose sight of the hurdles.

—Philadelphia Record.

The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—Ellot.

A Quaint Old Will.

"My hobby is the collection of strange wills," said a retired sea captain. "I have gathered together copies of over fifty odd testaments, and fine reading some of them are. One, over 300 years old, bequeaths—what do you think?—Why, it bequeaths its maker's soul to God. This is the way it reads:—

"In Dei nomine, Amen; the year of our Lord 1541, the XXXth day of May, I, Robert Potgraw, hale of mynd and mem'ry, make my testament and last will, yn forme and manner following: First, I bequeath my soule to Almighty God, and my body to be buryd yn the churchyard of North Cadbery. I bequeath to my sonne Richard a cowe, a calf, the second best grass panne, II platters, II dysshys of pewter, and an akar of wheat, an akar of drage, and an akar of meadow. To my daughter Alys, a cowe. To my sonne Thomas, my old ox. The residew of my goods, not bequeathed, I give to Mayde, my Wyffe."—Philadelphia Record.

Coralis of Our Own Coast.

It is a common notion that corals grow only in tropical and subtropical waters and that no coral reefs are to be found along our own familiar coasts. As a matter of fact, coral formations stretch all along the Atlantic coast of the United States, although the reefs do not rise so high that they project from the water. Some of the most beautiful of the living coral in the New York aquarium was dredged up from the Atlantic ocean almost within sight of the city of New York, and there are many coral patches still closer to the shores. Generally the northern coral is snow white, although sometimes it has a delicate brown tint. Pink coral is found occasionally, but it is rare.

A Bargain.

Fred—Kitty didn't marry that millionaire duffer after all, did she?

Jack—No; he backed out, and she sned him for breach of promise.

Fred—What damages?

Jack—Twenty-five thousand, and she got it.

A Startling Request.

Percy is a little boy who makes plans to shirk his bath sometimes. The other evening he came in from play tired and hot and sticky.

"Do I get a bath tonight, ma?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his mother.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "the Lord knows I need it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Revised Topic of Discussion.

"It looks as if we were in for another Napoleon revival."

"What makes you think so?"

"I understand the Lime and Plaster club has revived the old debating question, 'Resolved, Dat Bonaparte an' a greater man than Napoleon.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Asunder.

Tom—Have Maud and Ethel quarreled? I don't see them together lately.

Dolly—No, they haven't quarreled; but Maud's new gown is lavender and Ethel's new gown is blue.—Somerville Journal.

Definition of a Baby.

"What is a baby?" is asked, and then the following complicated definition is given: The prince of wails, a dweller in Lapland, the morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler, only possession that never creates envy, a key that opens the hearts of all classes, the rich and the poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unpeppable cheek that enters the house without a stich to his back and is received with open arms by all.

Mensuring Hides.

The ancient tanner paid an expert high wages to guess at the contents of his hides when sold by measure. Today an unskilled workman hands the irregular shaped pieces to a little machine that looks something like a table with a double top which, quicker than the mind of the expert can guess it, reckons with exactness the square contents in both the metric and standard systems.

For a woman to love some men is like eating a flower into a pulchery.

—Hawthorne.