

## CLUB LIFE ECONOMIES

### POOR MEN IN THE SWELL ORGANIZATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A Democracy Where All, Regardless of Income, Are Equal—Membership in a First Rate Club Regarded as a Profitable Investment.

A good many country visitors are disappointed when they learn the sober truth that New York has no clubs composed exclusively of millionaires. It is harder still to make country folk believe that hundreds of men join the so-called swell clubs in large part from motives of economy.

There are scarcely three clubs in the city that do not include a considerable number of poor men in their membership. The average income of the whole membership of the ten best known clubs in the city is probably nearer \$10,000 a year than \$50,000 a year, and almost every one of these clubs includes some scores of men with incomes well below \$10,000 and a good many with incomes well below \$5,000.

There is a real democracy of New York club life. Youths in their early twenties and just beginning their careers on very moderate salaries frequent truly palatial clubhouses, breakfast in rooms such as few princes ever use and lounge before fireplaces that are to be matched only in the most splendid buildings of Europe.

The poor man's credit at the club is as good as the rich man's, and both are impartially posted when they neglect to pay their bills in good season. There are a good many instances also in which the monthly bills of the poor man are higher than those of his rich fellow member, for the frequenters of clubs are apt to be the poorer rather than the richer members.

Many a man of small means regards his membership in a first rate club in the light of a profitable investment. Such a man, if a confirmed bachelor, has probably lived for twenty years within half a block of the club, paying a few hundreds a year for a small bedroom and finding all his luxuries in the apartments of the clubhouse.

Without being in the least mean he makes of the club a money saving institution for himself. Its comfortable lounging rooms save him annually from \$300 to \$1,000 a year in rent, according to the location in which he has his modest lodgings. After that he saves a fair percentage on everything he eats and drinks at the club.

His simple breakfast costs him perhaps 10 per cent less than it would cost at any restaurant he would be likely to frequent, and the same is true of his dinners. If he takes three-fourths of his meals at the club he saves annually about \$100 in tips.

If he drinks wine at dinner he saves from 10 to 25 per cent upon every bottle. If he permits himself the luxury of a cab he saves a handsome percentage by ordering it through the club and avoids all possibility of a row with the caddy over the amount of the fare. Many a man writes all his letters of a social character and some of a business character at the club, and thus saves from \$15 to \$40 a year in stationery.

He need buy no books, nor need he subscribe to a library, for there is the club library free for his use. He never need buy a periodical or even a newspaper save when he travels, for all that he reads are freely supplied by the club. And the enjoyment of all these things imposes upon him no considerable expenditure for extravagant luxuries. He is sure, especially in the college clubs, to find plenty of men with like modest incomes and simple tastes as himself, and he may sit for hours with cronies over the cafe table without spending money that he cannot afford and without giving offense to the servants of the house committee.

Most club members probably do not keep a debit and credit account with the club, but the man of modest means and moderate habits would find the examination of such an account a matter of great satisfaction. Such a man, paying \$250 as an entrance fee and \$75 a year in dues, is likely to find himself at the end of twenty years a long way ahead of the game. The club in twenty years has cost him rather less than \$2,000 for entrance fees, dues and contributions to the Christmas box, and his savings by reason of the club have been from \$10,000 to \$16,000.—New York Sun.

**A Sister's Love.**  
A Boston clergyman whose work takes him among the poor of that town tells a pretty story of sisterly love existing among the humble and unfortunate. One day a pale and ragged girl of about ten years was seen going along the street carrying on her back her crippled brother, nearly as old as she. A stranger stopped her by saying that she was overexerting herself. "He is too heavy for you to carry," he said. The child of the ghetto looked up at him reproachfully, saying: "He ain't heavy. He is my brother."

**Capsicum.**  
The active principle of capsicum, or red pepper, is a volatile oil known as capsaicin. It is so exceedingly acrid that a quarter of a grain exposed to the air in a room will diffuse itself throughout the apartment and cause it to present to cough and sneeze as rough the pepper had been taken into the mouth or nostrils.

**The Height of Fame.**  
Superlative fame is where a man has not only forced his name into everybody's mouth, but has kept it there until the first class newspapers are spelling it the same way every time they mention it.—Puck.

Don't refuse to tell or show the apprentice what to do, for you once had to learn all that you know.

## FIXING THE SEASONS.

Some Peoples Still Follow the Ancient Egyptian Methods.

The inhabitants of Borneo make use of the same means for fixing the times of their agricultural seasons as were used by the early Britons and in Egypt between 1000 and 2000 B. C., says the Journal of the Asiatic Society. They rely, that is to say, on the time of rising of certain constellations just before the sun, known to astronomers as their heliacal rising. Many ancient temples are found to be oriented to the point of the horizon, which marks the heliacal rising of the Pleiades on a May morning.

The natives of Borneo are using the rising of the same constellation as a guide to the proper time to prepare their ground to grow their food supply. When the dry season is perceived to be approaching two men are sent out into the jungle to observe. There they watch, perhaps a few nights, perhaps a month, until the Pleiades are seen on the horizon just before the increasing sunlight causes the stars to fade. Then they return to the village and announce the fact. The inhabitants now know that work on the forest must be commenced. If by any means they have missed the heliacal rising of the Pleiades and have delayed operations till Orion's belt is seen rising just before the sun, they know that they must work double shift. The ground being cleared, they then wait till the Pleiades are at the zenith at sunrise before they set fire to the rubbish.

The above is the method adopted by the Dyaks. Other neighboring tribes, the Konyaks and Kayans, make use of the length of the shadow cast by a stick at noon to determine their seasons. Situated as they are between the tropics, the shadow is cast on the north or south of the stick, according to the time of year. The length of the shadow also varies as the sun passes from Cancer to Capricorn and back. The shadow is measured by means of a notched stick. The notches represent the length of shadow which experience has shown to correspond with favorable times for their various agricultural operations.

The seasons, on the other hand, fix their seasons by the appearance of a curious marine worm, which they call the palolo. The palolo, or time of the palolo, is the name of one of their seasons, as spring is one of ours. This strange worm lives in the interstices of the coral reefs and at certain seasons makes its appearance in the open sea in immense numbers. It is eagerly gathered and eaten by the natives.

If the swarm appears, say, at 3 o'clock in the morning, it has totally disappeared by 9 o'clock. Both male and female worms break up into innumerable fragments, and the eggs are fertilized in the water. The coming of the palolo is regulated by the moon, and yet, strange to say, in the long run it keeps solar time. If the dates of its appearances were separated by twelve lunar months, then, reckoning by the day of the month, it would be eleven days earlier each year. On the other hand, if it came every thirteen months it would be eighteen days later each year. This is rectified by having in every cycle of three years one interval of thirteen and two of twelve months. Finally by the addition of an extra interval of thirteen months in a cycle of twenty-nine years the error is less than one day in a century.

### Typographical Slips.

Mistakes in punctuation have often led to ridiculous blunders. Some time ago in an article telling of the opening of a new hospital in New York the writer was made to state that "an extensive view is presented from the fourth story of the Hudson river."

The omission of a comma in a paper announcing the death of a famous man made the sentence read, "His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveler returns attended by his friends."

The reputation of Dr. Pond, an eminent theologian, was nearly ruined back in the fifties of the last century by a typographical error. A paper came out with an account telling how the divine had given a series of lectures in Bangor, Me., to the effect that theology was no science and that there was no truth in it whatever. The world rose in arms, and the unfortunate Pond was leaped with abuse as being a gross infidel. In time the paper in which the first account appeared printed a paragraph acknowledging that the excitement was all caused by a typographical mistake, the typesetter having used the word theology instead of phrenology.

### How Animals Bear Pain.

Take horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully, but uncomplainingly. The cat, injured by a stone, bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The pigeon, fatally wounded, flies to some faroff bough and dies in silence. The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck in midair, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.—London Mail.

## THE CIRCUS.

It Is the Father of Contemporary American Drama.

No problem is more fascinating to the student of Elizabethan drama than the attempt to trace its splendid achievement to its earliest sources. The quest leads one back to primitive folk plays, to secular improvisations and medieval renderings of sacred story, and all study of perfected types shows clearly here and there the determinate influence of these first attempts.

It is odd that no one has undertaken a similar investigation of our American drama, a species of art so distinctive from drama proper that we are not only justified in seeking, but are compelled to seek a partially different origin. The material drawn from American life, developed by American talent and appealing to American audiences has peculiar characteristics pointing irresistibly in conception, development and execution to our first artistic achievement, the American circus, and inquiry as to origins takes us back to our own—shall I say medieval?—days, when P. T. Barnum was perfecting the entertainment that was to burst upon the eyes of an astonished world.

Though we can hardly be said to have evolved new species, we have given such marked coloring to existing types of comedy that we may fairly claim the credit of creating new varieties. The local color play, the society play, the melodrama, the comic opera, flourish as strictly national productions upon our soil, differentia being perhaps more firmly established in the case of the first two than of the others. In all, motif, plot, characterization, setting, show unmistakably the influence of the great prototype already suggested.

Circles and circles of unrelated action, swift galloping from one to another lest the audience should have time to think, the ruling out of cause and effect in order that something, no matter what, may happen every minute—do not our plots betray their origin in the planning of a circus day? I venture to affirm that in no other country can legs wriggle so swiftly, can the swinging and leaping of the trapeze performer go so alertly and firmly on. I would pit our contortionists and our hoop jumpers against those of all other lands. With equal firmness I assert that in no other drama does action follow so swiftly, so unconnectedly, as in our own.—Scribner's.

### Ways of Scotch Justice.

One often hears comments passed upon the administration of the law by local magistrates, but while it may sometimes leave a little to be desired it is not so glaringly crude as it often was in earlier times.

It is on record that the Montrose ballie, after hearing the evidence in a breach of the peace case, fined both the accused and all the witnesses "half a croon."

The witnesses naturally resented this decision, but the ballie, with his mind made up, refused to budge from the position he had taken up and defended it with the remark: "It disna matter; he had nae business there. Half a croon apiece."

The same ballie was trying another case in which a difficulty arose regarding the nonappearance of a witness. The court was informed that the witness was defunct. The magistrate, who was a self-made and highly successful business man and who had gained elevation to the bench solely on account of his command of "siller," had never heard that particular form applied to death, and thinking it was a legal phrase, called out in commanding tones, "Bring forward the defunct," which brought down the house.—Dundee Advertiser.

### Vamp Horns.

"This is a vamp horn," said the antiquary. "The price is \$40."

The horn, very old and weather beaten, was over six feet long—long and straight, like a coaching horn.

"What was it used for?" the reporter asked.

"It was used to call the people to church on Sunday mornings," said the antiquary. "In the olden times church bells weren't as common as they are today. They were so expensive that only the richest churches could afford them. The poorer churches used vamp horns instead."

"Every Sunday morning the sexton of the average poor church 200 years ago stood on the church porch with a six foot vamp horn at his lips summoning the people to worship with hoarse blares."

### A Worm That Chews Iron.

Some years ago the engineers employed on the railway at Hagan, in Germany, were puzzled by accidents which always occurred at the same place. The government sent a commission to the spot. It was not, however, until six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded as if by acid to the extent of over a hundred yards. The rail was taken up and broken, when it was found to be literally honeycombed by a thin, threadlike gray worm. The worm was about two centimeters in length and about the size of a small knitting needle. On the head are two little sacs, or glands, filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes when the insect is lying undisturbed. This liquid when squirted upon iron renders that metal soft and spongy and of the color of rust, when it is easily and greedily eaten by the little insect.—London Engineering.

## THE REAL VALUE.

How All Literature Is Contained in a Few Great Books.

Young people must every now and then hear it said or see it written that all the real value in literature can be put upon a small shelf—that is to say, the really important part of all that is written is contained in a very few good books, all the rest being either unimportant or different ways of saying the same things that have been said before. The statement, of course, is not true if it be taken literally. There are certainly many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of books that contain original thoughts or experiences that are truly valuable; but, generally speaking, the best part of all that has been written is to be found in a few volumes. To understand how this is possible we must remember that nearly all rules are the same as other and simpler rules. In arithmetic, for example, the whole science consists of only four simple ways of treating numbers. We can add, subtract, multiply and divide, and that is all we can do to numbers. The rest of the book is only the working out of these four rules; thus all of the arithmetic could easily be put into a little page that one could carry in the vest pocket.

All behavior, all right living, is also set forth in a few simple laws. These illustrations will show what is meant by saying that all literature is contained in a few great books. The Bible and the works of a few famous poets and essayists contain all human wisdom, and these are within the reach of every purse.—St. Nicholas.

## THE WARLIKE MOROS.

They Prize Their Weapons and Would Rather Fight Than Eat.

An inordinate military conceit is a dominant quality of the Moro. To him there is but one measure of defeat—to wit, annihilation. If beaten, he expects nothing less; if he meets less, he has saved the day, perhaps won a victory. They are all of one profession—arms. As children their first toys are wooden arms, their first instruction the play of the sword and the spear. Whatever else as men they may be—priest, farmer, robber, pirate, merchant, lawyer—they are always, first, soldiers.

For a young man to lose his creese means to lose his right to marry, and it is the desire of all to die creese in hand. In fear of loss they sleep on these precious arms or with them tied to the body. For the same reason their cannon are kept lashed to timbers in their houses.

Firearms, indeed, are their main danger with civilized people. If they see the opportunity thereby to secure such arms, Moros can never resist the temptation to rob and murder. To get them they will risk all, lose all and never whimper. To them without the best arms death were preferable.—Major R. L. Ballard in Metropolitan.

## The Iron of Old England.

Efforts were continually being made in England to keep down the number of iron. In the reign of Edward I. there were only three in the whole of London. Even in 1772 no more than forty were legally permitted in the metropolis, now spreading out its boundaries on every side. York had but eight, Norwich, Exeter and Cambridge four, Bristol six and Oxford three. These regulations must have been set at naught in a very wholesale manner, for half a century later there were 400 "houses of iron" in that part of London known as the City and not over twenty-four clustered in Covent Garden. In medieval Oxford it was ruled that no "vicineral" was eligible for the office of mayor, and this term included an innkeeper.

## Thackeray and Dickens.

This is the way George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend: Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and place a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

## Bowling.

Bowling is one of our games that originated in the middle ages. The exact date of its introduction is obscure, but it has been clearly traced to the thirteenth century. The first bowling greens were made in England, in bad weather these could not be used to advantage, and this led to the construction of covered bowling alleys.

## Hard Luck.

Caller—I have here several bills which are long overdue. Hardup (desperately)—I am sorry to say that our cashier is out today. Caller—Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference. I'll call and pay them at some future date. Good day, sir.

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## HOW WEASELS HUNT.

The Graceful Pose of the Animals When on the Trail.

The lithe grace of the weasel may be observed whenever it is on the trail. At an even speed, with nose to the ground, its reddish brown back seems literally to glide along through the rank herbage by the bank.

It may be the scent of a rat, and the trail may take it in and out of the bank a good many times before it comes up with its victim. It may even have to swim a stream before its persistence is rewarded. It is wonderful how small a hole that long, arched body can glide into and emerge from without the slightest difficulty.

When it has caught and killed its prey its movements are equally graceful as it carries the spoil home to its hole. Crossing a Kentish field I saw a weasel coming along under the hedge-row red toothed from the chase. There was the same sinuous motion of the back, but the little beast's head was held as high as possible and from its mouth hung the limp carcass of a young rat, freshly killed. The weasel held it by the neck and so high, for all the shortness of its legs, that only the end of the rat's tail dragged through the grass.

A family of weasels will often hunt in company, and this is naturally a most interesting sight to witness. The ability of the weasel to enter exceedingly small holes is owing entirely to the structure of its body—its flat head, long neck and short limbs and tail. In a cornrick it can pursue mice with ease along their burrows.—London Mail.

## GAME DOGS AND GAME.

A Remarkable Instance of the Influence of Heredity.

The setter ate the mutton chop greedily, but he would have none of the partridge bones.

"A good game dog," said his master, "can't eat game. Its taste is repugnant to him. This is a remarkable instance of the influence of heredity."

"Game dogs have been trained for many generations not to eat the game—the birds and rabbits and what not—which they bring back to their masters in their mouths. They have been trained to consider that the eating of such game would be a disgrace and an unpardonable sin, the same as bank clerks have been trained to consider that the pocketing of a few dollars from the willows they annually handle would be a disgrace and a sin."

"And the result in the game dog's case has been that this moral abhorrence of game, suggested to them by their masters, has been transmitted in its passage down from one generation to another, into an actual physical abhorrence. In the matter of game, thanks to heredity, game dogs now are never tempted. They can't sin."

"It would be a good thing for policy holders if, in the same way, man's moral disinclination to steal had been changed by heredity to an actual physical aversion of other people's money."

## Ancient Tricks.

The arts of juggling were, as has been proved by learned writers, of high antiquity. The Hircini, who lived near Rome, jumped through burning coals; women in early times were accustomed to walk over burning coals in Cappadocia, and the exhibition of balls and cups is often mentioned in the works of the ancients. It was as far back as the third century that one Firmus, or Firmus, who endeavored to make himself emperor in Egypt, suffered a smith to forge iron on an anvil placed on his breast, and rope dancers with balancing poles are mentioned by Petronius and others, while the various feats of horsemanship exhibited in our circuses passed, in the thirteenth century, from Egypt to the Byzantine court and thence over all Europe.

## A Proud Man.

"Did you see that proud man going out just now?" asked the cashier. "Proud as Lucifer. Know what he did? Found that I had made a mistake in his favor and handed me back the change. Now, I wonder why it is that people are so proud when they have discovered that they are honest. I could take in a lot of extra coin if I availed myself of the mistakes that are made here every hour of the day, but I don't on general principles, because I am naturally honest. It's nothing to be proud of."—New York Sun.

## Where Taxes Are Unknown.

Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation sold \$5,750,000 worth of trees and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free and so are the schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

## Worth Knowing.

"Sensible looking girl across the aisle."  
"Yes. Like to know her?"  
"No, thank you. Handsome hat she's wearing."  
"Yes. She made it herself."  
"Eh! Introduce me, please."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Odd.

Hicks—What do you think of that university making Dumley a doctor of laws? Wicks—Oh, well, the universities do very crazy things sometimes. Hicks—Yes, and yet they are always supposed to be in possession of their faculties.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Unfeeling.

Mother (angrily)—The brute! He has dared to scold you? Newly Married Daughter (sobbing)—Not so bad as all that, mamma. I scolded him from the house five minutes ago, and the unfeeling brute hasn't come back yet!

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