

SHOPPING IN MEXICO

Women Get Plenty of Excitement In Making a Purchase.

BARGAINING AS A FINE ART.

The Descent From the Asking Price to the Last Price and From That to the Final Selling Price Works Out Something Like a Farce Comedy.

When a woman goes shopping in the City of Mexico, especially if she speaks Spanish, she gets far more excitement for her money in the course of an afternoon than she could hope to compass in a year's time in America.

In the Spanish and French dry goods houses, where the trade is almost exclusively feminine, the goods are marked with the "asking price," which is a mere mathematical figure of speech, and the first question that the experienced shopper always asks of the salesman is, "What is your last price?"

This "ultimo precio" is generally about 25 per cent less than the selling price with which the goods are tagged. It forms, however, a certain basis from which to start the bargaining, which thereafter is carried on with all the skill and fury that characterize such transactions everywhere throughout Latin America. The woman customer may wish to purchase a few yards of silk, for example. The marked price is, say, \$2 a yard, and the "last price" is given as \$1.50. The woman will look at the piece she desires with the same unconcerned scorn with which she regards everything else that is shown her. She will disparage it from every point of view and finally ask for something that is not likely to be in stock. At last she will sigh and look about in despair.

"Caramba, but I'm weary with this vain task of endeavoring to find something that I wish in this second class establishment! The prices are far higher than anywhere else, but I try to patronize this place because the proprietors are friends of my husband. Now, that rose silk is not the shade I wish, but I might be able to use it some time. If I could buy it at a reasonable price."

The salesman, who has been listening with an assumed air of sympathy, responds with all the flowery eloquence that he can command and with a constant play of rapid gestures, his lighted cigarette in one hand describing a little arc of fire somewhat dimmer than the diamonds he wears on his fingers.

"Senorita, we place at your feet this establishment and all that it contains. It is your house, and you may do with it as you will. But the very last price at which I can offer you this silk is \$1.25 a yard. I do this with a fear of losing my position, but with the hope that the proprietors will pardon my audacity when they learn that your husband is one of their personal friends."

"I thank you, senor," responds the shopper. "I appreciate your consideration, but I could not possibly accept the silk as a gift. Nevertheless I would be willing under the circumstances, so that you might make a reasonable profit, to give you 50 cents a yard for two yards."

At this the salesman drops on the floor the stub of the cigarette he has been smoking. This leaves both hands free, and if he is a master of the selling art as known in that country tears come to his eyes and he wrings his hands apparently in the depths of despair and chagrin. The Mexicans nearly love acting and dissimulation of all sorts, and this byplay of the clerk is but a part of the price of the goods. After frenzied ejaculations he puts the price down to \$1 a yard, saying that that figure is the "last of the last prices." The lady has been gazing about indifferently and gathers up her pocketbook and other impedimenta as she rises to depart. As an afterthought and with condescension that amounts almost to pity she remarks:

"Sixty cents—no more. It is my last word. Adios, senor."

"One little moment, senorita. Do not depart in anger. Rather than let you go thus you may have the silk at 50 cents a yard, and I will make up the difference from my own pocket."

The lady hesitates, turns back as if indifferent, yet undecided. Then she again starts toward the door, speaking the phrase of pious farewell which is the Spanish equivalent of a final goodbye.

"May you go with God, senor."

She almost has reached the portal when the salesman catches up with her. He has had time to light another cigarette to fortify himself for the final struggle, and, waving this in one hand, he begs her, almost on bended knees, to return and take the silk at 50 cents a yard. She looks languidly upon him. She has concluded that 50 cents would be about the right price and probably the best she can do. Yet she returns undaunted and in the softest of voices breathes the Spanish words which are the equivalent in that tongue for 70 cents. After ten minutes more of firmness on the shopper's part and every aspect of poignant grief by the salesman two yards of silk finally change hands at 75 cents.

The same furious bargaining is the rule in the grocery stores and in the sidewalk markets.—New York Press.

His Taste.
"Why does Julia feel that she must have a long coat at once?"
"Her husband has bought her a dress."—Harper's Bazar.

Simple diet is best for many diseases.—Pliny.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

No Authority For Saying It Was an Apple That Eve Ate.

"What a vast amount of trouble the human race might have avoided if Eve hadn't eaten that apple," remarked the grouchy individual when something especially displeased him.

"How do you know it was an apple?" asked the accurate man.

"Why, the Bible says so, doesn't it?"

"No. It has come to be a popular belief that the fruit which was eaten by our first parents in the garden 'eastward in Eden' was an apple, but there is no authority for this.

"It is called simply the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. 'And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise she took of the fruit thereof and did eat and gave also to her husband which was with her, and he did eat.' What is there here about an apple?"

"A great many popular quotations are attributed to the Bible when in fact they had other sources.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is not from the Scriptures, but from 'A Sentimental Journey to Italy,' by Sterne.

"In the midst of life we are in death," which is found in the burial service, can be traced to Luther.

"From St. Paul's utterance, 'The love of money is the root of all evil,' we have twisted the saying, 'Money is the root of evil.' 'Cleanliness is next to godliness' was uttered by John Wesley in a sermon on dress. 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast' is a popular rendering of the proverb, 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' 'The tongue is an unruly member' appears in the epistle of James as 'The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.'—Philadelphia North American.

A BEAVER DAM.

The Feeling It Inspired In a University Professor.

I have yet to meet the man who can walk for the first time through a beaver works, as the range of a colony of beavers is called, and not feel something of the sentiment of human association.

It is a sensation very similar to what we feel when we come out unexpectedly into a woodland clearing after a long day spent in the unbroken solitudes.

Once stood with a learned professor of Columbia college on the bank of a stream in eastern Canada and looked down on a freshly made beaver dam—one of the best in point of construction that I had ever seen. It was, indeed, a really stupendous affair for a beaver to have made. Built of alder poles and brush, weighted with mud and small stones, it was fifty feet long, six feet high and raised the level of the water by about six inches.

Seen from the upstream side, it presented the appearance of a more or less evenly disposed array of short sticks protruding from a long mound of mud just level with the surface of the restrained water. From below the brushwork supporting the dam proper was plainly visible and the ingenuity of its placing at once apparent.

There was of course none of that pile driving or basket weaving which at one time played so large a part in the picturesque descriptions by fanciful writers, but despite its roughness it was a really remarkable piece of animal engineering. My companion inspected it for several minutes in impressed silence.

"I should be afraid to kill a thing that knew so much," he said thoughtfully.—Bailey's Magazine.

A Dog Story.

We brought from Scotland a collie about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining room. This rule was enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time." He seized the bone and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.—London Spectator.

Illustrating a Definition.

In proving a match to the browbeating lawyer the woman witness is probably in the majority. At a recent case in court a woman witness was giving very damaging evidence against the prisoner, and the attorney for the defense, nettled at her manner, decided to embarrass her if he could.

"In giving your testimony, madam, I observe that you are constantly using the word 'irony.' May I ask if you comprehend its true meaning?"
"Well, I think I do. I will illustrate. If I were to call you a gentleman I should unquestionably be indulging in most decided irony."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Considerate Husband.

New Husband—Did you make those biscuits, my dear? His Wife—Yes, darling. Her Husband—Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart. His Wife—Why, not, love? Her Husband—Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If wisdom was to cease throughout the world no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

FOOLED THE CITY.

One of the Hoaxes Perpetrated by Theodore Hook.

In the early part of the nineteenth century great preparations were made in England to receive a Spanish ambassador who was expected to arrive at Southampton. A mischievous idea came into the head of Theodore Hook (born 1788, died 1841), novelist and journalist and above all contriver of that diversion known as the hoax. The English fleet was lying off Southampton. Hook, then a young man, knew many of the younger officers. He formed his scheme, and one morning a launch set out from the fleet and drew up at the quay.

In this launch was he who purported to be the Spanish ambassador in almost royal robes, arrived two days before the expected time. The mayor of Southampton, who was to receive the Spanish envoy, was greatly flustered. It was all so sudden. He did the best he could. Several companies of soldiers, some on foot, some mounted, were called out. The bells were rung. The ambassador, accompanied by a number of young officers of the fleet, was escorted with much pomp to the mayor's palace. There was a banquet and speechmaking, one of the young officers acting as interpreter for the ambassador.

After it was over and the Spanish envoy was supposed to be on his way to London the true ambassador arrived. There was but a sorry reception for him. The other ambassador, who was Theodore Hook, having perpetrated the greatest hoax ever known on a mayor and a city, had exhausted the hospitality of the town. The scandal was so great, the mayor and the people of Southampton had been so outrageously cold, that to make any stir about the affair would only cause them to be laughed at all the more. With the exception of the dismissal of some of the naval officers who had taken part in it little was done, and the affair was allowed to blow over.—Indianapolis News.

MASTERING A LION.

Exciting Experience of a Famous Animal Trainer.

"Show a lion that you are his master and he will be submissive; once permit him to get the notion that you fear him and his antipathy will increase," said Frank C. Bostock, the famous animal trainer.

In illustration of the lengths to which owners of wild beasts will go in order to retain control of them Bostock told the following story:

"Some years ago, when we were at the Hippodrome, in Paris, I decided as a special attraction to go into the arena with Wallace, a huge African lion that all our trainers had despaired of. The house was crowded. We placed the lion in a cage sixteen feet square, and this was put inside a twenty foot ring. Two assistants were stationed in the outer ring in case of accident. I had scarcely got inside when the beast leaped at me. It bit right through my left hand and with one blow ripped the flesh off my back. 'Clear out!' I shouted to the two men in the outer ring. 'I am going to open the doors and let him into the big arena.'

"I was as furious as the lion. My pride as a trainer was wounded deeper than my back. I flung open the doors, and the lion sprang out. The blood was pouring from my wounds, but in the excitement of the moment I felt no pain—only a mad desire to be master. I picked up a 'property' chair, and when the beast came again I struck it full across the muzzle; then, seizing my whip, I actually became the aggressor.

"The audience was in something like a panic, and loud cries of 'Enough, enough!' were raised. But I hadn't finished. In ten minutes I had subjugated Wallace to such an extent that he covered like a dog. I got out of the cage and just faltered away. From that day no one attempted to teach Wallace."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Good Dinner.

The successful housekeeper was planning a dinner for a few of her husband's friends.

"I must have apple pie and cheese for dessert," she remarked without a flicker of indecision.
"But I should think you would want something more dainty this time of year," suggested the woman who always worried herself sick over a company dinner. "An ice or a frozen pudding."

"Oh, but apple pie is my husband's favorite dish! When he has company I always serve what he likes best; then he thinks his guests have had such a good dinner, and everybody is happy. At least my husband and I are happy, and if the guests aren't no one is the wiser."—New York Press.

Bible Eating.

I am told by a lady resident that in the Hampshire parish in which I am writing there is living at the present time a good woman who once ate a New Testament, day by day and leaf by leaf, between two slices of bread and butter, as a remedy for fits. This was treating the Bible as a fetch with a vengeance.—London Notes and Queries.

He Left.

"I may have remained a trifle late, but her remarks were too pointed."
"What did she say, Percy?"
"Told me their lease was about to expire."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Danger.

Worldly Aunt—See here, Edith, that young man to whom you've engaged yourself—is his future assured? Niece—Oh, yes, sure! He was baptised as a child.—Judge's Library.

CANINE JUSTICE.

Eskimo Dogs Seem to Have Laws of Their Own.

In his voyage of polar exploration Commander Fiola observed among his dogs a sort of government quite independent of that of their keepers. They were of the Eskimo variety and were trained to work in teams. In their general conduct, however, they acted as a community, and their rules had reference to the common good. There was no penalty less than that of death.

During the period of darkness we lost eight dogs. Three of them, splendid large animals, were killed by their companions. The other five either wandered off on the young ice and were blown away or were killed by the pack at a distance from camp. Every dog was known by name.

It is a curious fact that when one dog has antagonized the others the only way to save him from destruction later on is to chain him. Then the other dogs let him alone. Unfortunately for us, the dogs that seemed to incur the enmity of their fellows were the large, strong animals, the bullies and fighters.

There seemed to be a degree of justice in their judgments. From close observation I found that the dogs generally forgave a bite on the head or body, but that an attack on the legs seemed to be considered foul play and must be paid for by the life of the offending canine. The whole pack united in his execution.—Youth's Companion.

VIRTUE IN SMOKING.

One Man Who Now Has an Argument Handy For His Wife.

The wife of a Topeka man objects strenuously because her husband is a confirmed smoker. He is never happy without a cigar or a pipe. The other morning she gave him a ten dollar bill and told him to buy several things for her. He pushed the bill into his coat pocket and rushed out of the house to catch a car.

He found that he had to wait a few minutes at the corner, for the cars were off schedule that morning, and then he proceeded to light a cigar. But he found no matches—all of his pockets were bare of them. Suddenly he happened to think that he also missed the ten dollar bill. A hurried search disclosed that it was gone.

He turned right about and retraced his steps. Just as he got in front of his home he happened to look into the street, and there was that "ten" tumbling around in the wind. His wife saw him go and pick it up, and she demanded an explanation. He promptly told her how looking for a match had caused him to discover that he had lost the bill.

"Now tell me there isn't any virtue in smoking!" he snorted as he puffed out his chest.—Kansas City Journal.

Where Women Do All the Work.

The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedie, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is 200. They do not speak French, except the cure and the schoolmaster, but Celtic, and they are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. Fishing is the principal industry. The profits are shared out each year among the inhabitants. The men live on soup and fish and smoke pipes with lobster claws for stems. The women do all the hard work—get in the harvest, look out for wreckage and gather seaweed, from which they extract soda. The town has no streets. The houses are of mud. The islanders have a yearly feast in the early part of October. The island possesses a good water supply. The governing body is composed of the ten ancients of the place under the direction of the cure.

The Villain's Teeth.

The two sets of false teeth looked just alike, but one set cost \$10 more than the other. "There is a lot of extra work on those expensive teeth," said the dentist. "They are made for an actor who always plays the part of heavy villain in melodrama, and he has to have teeth that he can hiss with. I experimented on three different sets of teeth before I got the combination. Somehow the nice, even teeth that I usually turn out wouldn't permit the sibilant 'ss-sses' that he deals in to escape with sufficient venom. You wouldn't believe how much tinkering it takes to lick teeth into shape for the 'deaths' and 'od's bloods' to sound just right. Of all the people I ever made teeth for the heavy stage villain is hardest to fit."—New York Press.

What is a Gentleman?

I'll have to give you the real definition of a real gentleman: "A man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs."—New York Sun.

He Was Wise.

"It seems queer that she ever took a fancy to him. He isn't at all the kind of man one would expect her to admire."

"I know, but he always had a way of noticing it when she happened to have on a new hat or a gown that had just come from the dressmaker's."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tommy's Question.

Tommy—Papa, when a thing is bought it goes to the buyer, doesn't it? Tommy's Papa—Yes, my son. Tommy—Then how is it that when you buy coal it goes to the cellar?

Town Booming Helps

V.—Where Is Your Talent?

Remember the case of the man who took his talent, wrapped it in a napkin and buried it?

Not only did his master punish him for his folly, but his conduct has become a byword.

The world has progressed since his time. Modern conditions have developed a kind of man who is even more useless than the one who buried his talent. HE IS THE MAN



WHO SENDS HIS MONEY OUT OF TOWN TO BUY FROM MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

The man who buried his talent at least had the talent to show for it. If we all spent our money out of town in a short time we would have nothing to show for it except BANKRUPTCY NOTICES.

The man who patronizes home industries benefits the people he deals with and benefits himself. His conduct is like that of the good and faithful servant who so used the talents intrusted to him that they greatly increased. He is a good and faithful citizen who is worthy of the success he is sure to win.

The next time you see an attractive advertisement of a mail order house go to your local merchant and try to buy the article of him. IF HE HASTEN IT ASK HIM WHY. If he has it ask him why he never told you about it in your local paper.

That will be a boost for us. But we'll stand for it. And we'll boost back; remember that.

Do your share of the boosting and you'll get your share of the prosperity.

LET US BOOST!

Origin of Pajamas.

Jajamas are being interpreted simply "leg garments." They were eagerly adopted by Europeans in India from the Mohammedans, probably by the Portuguese in the first place. Earlier Anglo-Indian generations knew them as "long drawers" or "mosquito drawers" and still earlier generations as "mogul breeches," under which name they are referred to by Beaumont and Fletcher. European improvers were at one time in the habit of adding feet to these leg garments, but a certain London tradesman was not at a loss to find an outlandish reason for this addition. "I believe, sir, it is on account of the white ants," he replied to an inquiring customer.—London Graphic.

A Boomerang.

Edith—Oh, Percy, your present was so beautiful! And you unintentionally left the price tag on—8 guineas.

Percy—Oh, how careless of me!

Edith—And I see you bought it at Sellum's. And I know you wouldn't mind taking it back and exchanging it for one of those lovely eight guinea brooches they have there, would you, dear?

Percy—Oh, not at all! With pleasure!

Percy (an hour later in his room)—That is what comes of buying a sixteen shilling ring and sticking an eight guinea tag on 't. Now I've got to buy the brooch of lose the girl.—London Globe.

Old Time Buttercote.

Put three pounds of light brown sugar in an enameled kettle with three-fourths of a pound of butter. Place over a moderate fire to melt; let it boil until thick, stirring all the while to prevent scorching. Take the kettle from the fire and pour the boiling hot liquid into buttered tins or upon a large flat meat platter. When stiff enough mark off into big squares, and when cold break these apart and wrap each square in wax paper. Butter-scotch carefully made will keep for months. It improves with age.

Eating With the Knife.

Use of the fork is comparatively modern. The original fork was two pronged, and its adoption was held to betoken an unusual degree of elegance and refinement. "The taste for cleanliness has preserved the use of steel forks with two prongs," writes Lady Newdigate. (She spoke to the closing years of the eighteenth century.) "With regard to little bits of meat, which cannot so well be taken hold of with the two pronged forks, recourse is had to the knife, which is broad and round at the extremity." Poas at that time were eaten with a knife.

Not Vindictive.

"There are germs lying in wait for you, no matter where you turn," said the scientist.

"I know it," replied the matter of fact person. "I dislike germs as much as anybody can, but I'm not going to quit eating, drinking and breathing just to spite 'em."—Washington Star.

The Widow's View of It.

Briggs (a wily one)—No, I shall never marry. I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me. The Widow (disappointed of her prey)—What a lasting impression she seems to have made!—Illustrated Bits.

Pleasant Rehearsal.

Fair Amateur—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words? Hero—Yes; all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again.

No man is really beaten until he himself admits it.

ANTIQUITY OF DICE.

Origin of These Devices Buried in the Remote Past.

Scholars have delved in vain for the origin of dice, which, in various shapes, have been used in forms of worship and religious ceremonies since the dawn of history. Their earlier use was for the forecasting of events and obtaining of divine guidance. Their adaptation to a game of chance was comparatively quite recent.

There is a surprising number of varieties of dice, but they may be divided into two general classes. The most familiar form is the cube. With two exceptions—the Korean and Etruscan—cubic dice have the spots so arranged that the six and one, five and two and three and four are opposite, making the sum of the opposite sides invariably seven. In all ages the number seven has been regarded with particular awe and as having much mystical import.

The dice just described are not only proper to modern Europe and America, but to classical Greece and Rome, ancient Syria, Persia, India, China, Japan and Siam. The other form is the long, square prism, sometimes found amid prehistoric ruins in Europe and existing today in India.

A most interesting form is the top or spinning dice, with four or six sides, which was twirled with the thumb and second finger, of which a specimen was discovered in the remains of Naucratis, a Greek colony of 600 B. C. Two specimens of dice have been discovered at Babylon.—Harper's Weekly.

AN ARCTIC RESCUE.

The Feeling When the Relief Ship Came Into View.

Very often during the months of daylight we stood on the cliff straining our eyes to see the longed for relief ship. As the summer of 1905 slipped on we almost despaired, but one day in July, when hope had almost abandoned us, we saw one of the boys jumping up and down and supposed that at last his brain had given way under the strain. In fact, many of us were almost crazy with the monotony and anxiety that were upon us day after day. We watched a moment and wondered which of us would be the next to go off his balance.

When we went to him and saw what he saw, the long looked for relief ship, I don't know whether we all jumped for joy or what we did, for we have no memory of our actions in that hour. Quickly each man gathered his little kit, ready to rush to the boats and leave forever that island where death had stared us in the face for sixteen months and where we had almost given up all hope of ever again looking upon the faces of our loved ones.

In our frantic haste to be gone many of us left behind relics and records which we prized and later regretted the loss of. At the end of sixteen months the relief ship Terra Nova had arrived, and we steamed to Norway, where our party divided, some going to London and others to Germany.—Captain Edwin Coffin's Account of the Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

Has Seven Sons.

A mother who had only one child, a son, lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea and never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called a famous artist who was a friend of the family. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward. When the painting arrived it represented a glade in a wood. Playing about were five little children of various ages, but all the same boy as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen-year-old lad leading his baby self of one year by the hand. The mother looked at the picture and burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons!" she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied.

Stealing Sea Water.

"They arrested me in Italy for stealing a bucket of water out of the sea." The reporter laughed. He thought that the tourist on the pier was joking, but the tourist resumed:

"It's a fact. You can't draw water out of the Italian seas without a permit. The idea is to prevent your dodging the salt tax. Salt, you know, is very heavily taxed in Italy. It's a government monopoly. You buy it only in the government tobacco shops—a nickel a package, vest pocket size. And the government won't let you monkey with sea water lest you extract the salt from it."

Not Vindictive.

"There are germs lying in wait for you, no matter where you turn," said the scientist.

"I know it," replied the matter of fact person. "I dislike germs as much as anybody can, but I'm not going to quit eating, drinking and breathing just to spite 'em."—Washington Star.

The Widow's View of It.

Briggs (a wily one)—No, I shall never marry. I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me. The Widow (disappointed of her prey)—What a lasting impression she seems to have made!—Illustrated Bits.

Pleasant Rehearsal.

Fair Amateur—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words? Hero—Yes; all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again.

No man is really beaten until he himself admits it.