

IS GALLANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street Car Manners in the South.

It cannot be concealed that there is a growing tendency, even in the south, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women do the street car shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction.

It is a fact that men are rapidly falling in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the reason, to a large extent, is that men are meeting women as competitors in all fields of labor, and this fact vastly changes the social relations between the sexes. Women are claiming all sorts of equality with men, moral, political and physical, and are declaring war and more their independence. The effect of the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and training, and that is the reason they talk about street car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes, but in the year 1930, or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such matters.

The greater number of women at work in proportion to the men the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the standards shown, the day might come when there would be no street car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners there will always remain the Christian effect of charity, as in the time to come able-bodied young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women and to others who may be sick or disabled. —New Orleans Picayune.

ALL THE OX UTILIZED.

Every Particle Put to Use—Only Its Dying Breath Lost.

In an article on the "Wonders of the World's Waste," William George Jordan, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, details how science at the present day utilizes the ox. "Not many years ago," he says, "when an ox was slaughtered 40 per cent of the animal was wasted. At the present time nothing is lost but its dying breath." As but one-third of the weight of the animal consists of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste is a serious one. The blood is used in refining sugar and in string paper or manufactured into dorkoons and buttons. The hide goes to the tanner, horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh bones, worth \$80 per ton, are cut into handles for clotheshorses; fore leg bones sold for \$59 per ton for collar buttons, parash handles and jewelry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into kerosene-black. Each foot yields a pint of kerosene oil; the tail goes to the soap; while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattress maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of batteries; the intestines are used for sausage casings or food for the stomach, which formerly cost the packers of Chicago \$80,000 a year to remove and destroy, is now made into paper. These are but a few of the products of abattoirs. All scrap unfit for any other use find welcome in the glue pot, or they do missionary work for farmers by acting as fertilizers.

Pa's Prayers.

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of the poorly paid pastor of a country church, says the *Omaha World Herald*. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his home and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yep, brought his prayers, as they're put in the wagon. Just help me, and we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

His Sphere.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism."

"What are your natural inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"Woman, you're born to be a milliner." —London Fun.

Too Weak to Hold It.

Charles—Uncle, I want you to try this luncheon. It was imported all the way from Germany, each pound carefully wrapped in tin foil.

Uncle Josh—Gosh! Air you sure they didn't have to do it up in a b'ier iron? —Indianapolis Journal.

There is a species of pine tree which grows in California and is known as the giant pine which is the largest of the pine genus, often rising to a height of 300 feet, with a trunk 20 to 30 feet in girth.

SLEIGHBELLS.

As Commonly Used as Ever—Some Changes in Customs.

The sleighbells used in this country are made here, most of them in Connecticut, and many sleighbells of American manufacture are exported to Germany and to Russia. Sleighbells are as commonly used as ever whenever there is snow enough to make good sleighing. They may not be heard so much as formerly here in the city, where the snow is cleared away from many streets and wheels cut up what is left, but up the state and elsewhere the sleighbells jingle in winter just as merrily as ever.

There have been some changes in sleighbell customs. Shaft bells and bells fixed on the middle of the harness have to some extent taken the place of the old time strings of bells on straps, but the strings of bells are still the more commonly used. Probably a third of the bell outfits sold nowadays are of the kind that fasten to shafts or to the ends of the harness and two-thirds have to some extent taken the place of the old time strings of bells on straps, but the strings of bells are still the more commonly used. Probably a third of the bell outfits sold nowadays are of the kind that fasten to shafts or to the ends of the harness and two-thirds have to some extent taken the place of the old time strings of bells on straps, but the strings of bells are still the more commonly used.

The sleighbells of the old, familiar kind, round, with tails inside, are attached to straps, as they have always been, to body straps carrying the harness body, and to neck straps. Sleighbells are made of bell metal, and they were never made with such care with a view to their sound producing qualities, nor were they ever so musical as now. The commoner kinds of sleighbells are produced at a very small cost, and whole strings of bells are sold at prices that seem marvellously low. Shaft bells of the commoner kinds are cheaper yet, and that accounts in some measure for the increased sales of shaft bells.

The question has often been asked, and as often answered, How does the bell get inside of the sleighbell? The question is here again answered. Of course the bell itself is first cast. It is then placed inside the bell of sand that is to form the core of the mold in which the sleighbell is to be cast. The mold is of the form of a size of the outside of the sleighbell. The core almost fills the interior of the mold, but not quite. There is left all around, between it and the mold, a little space. Into this space the molten metal is poured, and when it hardens it is a hollow globe of metal, with the mold outside and the core inside. When the sleighbell is taken apart the mold, the sand of which the core is composed, having been dried out by the heat of the molten metal, can easily be shaken out of the bell through its narrow mouth, but the ball which has been placed in the sand before the bell was cast is bigger than the mouth of the bell that now surrounds it, and so it has to stay in. —New York Sun.

Sheridan's Battle.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant" in *The Century*, says of Sheridan at Appomattox: No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undimmed admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "march danger makes great hearts more resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Napoleon with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battlefield. Generous of life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnificence of his presence, his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable courage pushed to victory with all the confidence of Caesar's Tenth Legion. Whenever blows fell thickest there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pass till the folds of his banner waved above the stragglers he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding knight through a foe of hell, leaping opposing ranks with a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds are honored the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

Take Care of Yourself.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it. Wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overeat it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will have in this world. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that govern it, the pains and penalty that will surely follow a violation of every law of life and health. —Medical Reporter.

Asked Too Much.

Yes, we had to let that surgeon go. She was recommended as being thoroughly up to date, but she seemed to us to be more than that. The first thing she did was to demand pneumatic tires for the baby carriage, and we promptly got them. However, we felt that it was time to draw the line when she insisted that we must hire a man to keep them pumped up. —Chicago Post.

Pity and Praise.

Money is a convenient measure for almost every sort of endeavor, and to want more money wherewith to discharge our obligations and to help the needy and promote good works, as well as to increase our personal comfort, comes very near being a pious desire. Thrift and honesty come near in the eyes of contemporary thinkers, to add to these. We have certainly made a great gain in thrift, and there is no reason to think that, as a people, we have regressed. This we do, not necessarily because we are less religious than our forefathers, but perhaps because we are somewhat more reasonable than they. It does not seem certain that this increased sense of our own responsibility is a development that is to be regretted.

However, if any of our friends who are solicitous for our welfare have been disappointed in some of the effects or lack of effect of austerity upon us, let us hope that they will be disappointed again, and more agreeably, in the spiritual results of any property that may be vouchsafed to us. —Scribner's.

Wasted Indignation.

The man with the florid face and the bald head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to get him, at the risk of being scolded by the soup he carried, and inquired: "How about that dinner I ordered?" "It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The man tried to read his newspaper once again, but as time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as feverishly as ever. He found his waiter again, and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three minutes of this sort he gave up and called to another waiter who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest, "I want to know something."

"Yes," responded the waiter.

"What I want to know is this: Am I ever going to get my dinner, and if I do, do you think it will be good?"

The languid young man looked at him and replied: "Excuse me, I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter, not a prophet." —Detroit Free Press.

Origin of the Ancient Egyptians.

We know less of the language used by the Egyptians than of many other details of their existence—only enough to be assured that it was of an exceedingly primitive type. It was constructed upon a fundamentally different system from the Aryan tongues as the Basque, described in our last paper. It seems to have been, like the Basque, allied to the great family of languages which includes the Lapps, Finns and Hungarians in modern Europe and the aborigines of Asia and America. These unfortunate similarities led to the theory of a common origin of the people, as wild, many of them, as those invented for the Basques. It never occurred to any one to differentiate race, language and culture one from another, distinct as each of the three may be in our eyes today. If a philologist found similar words in the structure of the Lapps, he immediately thought of the connection that the Egyptians were Lapps and Lapland primitive seat of the civilization. Thus Taylor in his early work asserts an Asiatic origin akin to the Finns. Then Pauli and Decker for a time independently traced them to the same Turanian source. —Popular Science Monthly.

Encouraging.

"Come in, sir," said the ardent young college graduate who had just established a literary paper in a flourishing town, according to the *Chicago Tribune*. "You are my first caller, and I dare say I am right in surmising that you have come to extend a helping hand to this enterprise, so far, at least, as to enroll your name in the list of subscribers. It is no light task, I assure you, to publish a paper of this character, even in larger cities than this, and I look upon it as a duty every good citizen owes to himself to take advantage of every opportunity to improve his mind and elevate his literary taste—to say nothing of the larger duty he owes to society."

First Caller—I don't mind subscribing for the darning paper if you'll take your pay in sergim molasses.

How Screwdrivers Are Made.

Some of the best screwdrivers are made from without cut spindles. In days gone by these without spindles were thrown on to an old iron heap and left to rust until they were sold for old iron. Then somebody thought of grinding one end into a wedge and flattening the other. Result, a screwdriver of the best quality and a large percentage of extra profit for the cotton spinner. —Exchange.

A Complex Calendar.

The Chinese have a singularly complicated calendar. Their cycles have 60 years, each year, month and day having its own name, and by combining these the day, month and year are designated.

The New Stage.

"Puncher has struck a good thing."

"What is it?"

"He is engaged to revamp Shakespeare's plays so that 'vandalic stars will act in them.' —Brooklyn Life.

The man who invented the cone shaped glass lemon squeezer made \$30,000 out of it and was lately offered \$100,000 for four other inventions of the same simple and practical kind.

Paul Verlaine.

Verlaine is the master of lyric expression, using every delicate means in his art to express every delicate emotion, and to create by harmonious sounds the nervous strains of the modern, impressionist poet. That is why the "young ones" considered him their leader and why he was called the first symbolist. The melancholy, egotistic words, the strange, grumble pictures, across in the soul of the reader the impression which the poet wishes to give him. "I pleure dans un coin, comme il pleure sur la ville," says the poet, and the use of assonance and alliteration "pleure," "pleure," "pleure" and the strange, grumble pictures across in the soul of the reader the impression which the poet wishes to give him. "I pleure dans un coin, comme il pleure sur la ville," says the poet, and the use of assonance and alliteration "pleure," "pleure," "pleure" and the strange, grumble pictures across in the soul of the reader the impression which the poet wishes to give him.

When Leconte de Lisle died, one of the artists who, after the manner of "Pierrot Barbier," was worthy to take up the national lyre. The vote went all for Verlaine. The public of the boulevard was astonished at such an artistic plebiscite. The new poet laureate was no little known. Nevertheless many lovers of poetry looked at him with a certain amount of indifference. But how many lovers of poetry are there?

Paul Verlaine died Jan. 9, 1896, and was buried two days later in Clichy cemetery. All the artistic and literary youth of Paris followed his coffin. Several eminent literati spoke at his grave, but no one ever spoke in honor of a fallen poet, nor did he humiliate himself by seeking the applause of the multitude. His lyre was not for sale. —M. S. C. de Solesmes in Forum.

Used in the House of Commons.

Denial, I noted, at during a debate in dumb abstraction, never cheering and never interjecting a denial. There he sat, the man who recreated his party, a great achievement. I have no doubt he loses friends by his apparent indifference and the method in which he walks to his place without looking at anybody, but I cannot, from my own experience, that it arises from nervousness. I perceive that he cannot tell what o'clock it is without using his glass, and somebody told me lately that he saw him pulling a police van, mistaking it for an ambulance. Some of his behavior, nor did he humiliate himself by seeking the applause of the multitude. His lyre was not for sale. —M. S. C. de Solesmes in Forum.

The Continuous Performance.

One man, evidently a play actor, and another man, who evidently wasn't, were coming down in an elevated railroad car on Sixth avenue.

"How are you getting on?" asked the man who wasn't.

"Oh, only so so at this season of the year. Instead of going on the vaudeville stage I started out in tragedy, but it's played out. Such hamlets as Booth, Barrett, Forrest, McCullough and men of that ilk have ruined that line of business, and there's nothing left now."

"Why don't you try the continuous performance racket? I see that some first class people are in it now."

"Oh, it won't last. It's a new idea, and it's being run into the ground."

"I think you're wrong about its being a new idea," said the man who wasn't. "I remember having seen a little boy and my grandfather had told me that the same show was drawing big crowds when he was a youngster."

"What was it?" asked the man who was doing nothing.

"Niagara falls." —New York Commercial.

A cook at a cheap boarding house played a little game on a grumbling boarder by serving him with a piece of side leather instead of beefsteak.

"You've changed your butcher, Mrs. Flasher," said the boarder, looking up at the landlady, after saving two or three minutes at the leather.

"Same butcher as usual," replied the boarding mistress with a paralyzing smile. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the boarder, trying to make an impression on the cook with his knife and fork. "Only this piece of meat is the tenderest I have had in this house for some weeks." —Strand Magazine.

Chippendale.

Chippendale not only made chairs, but almost everything in the furniture line, except the one article with which his name is most frequently associated today. We refer to sideboards. It is doubtful if he ever made a sideboard. In his book there is no reference to sideboards, though there are several large tables which he calls "sideboard tables." Though the word sideboard was used long before his day, it is probable that the early English sideboards were merely tables.

"Trimnings" is the term under which alcoholic drinks are disguised in the bills English ladies run up at the London department stores, according to Salvation Army investigators.

More than 10,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of explosives in England. Last year 40 persons in the business were killed and 167 injured by accidents.

Mental Maladies.

Within the memory of living men there were physicians who held the theory that mental disorders were in the majority of cases nothing more or less than viciousness, ugliness, or to use their favorite expression, "pure devilishness." The logical sequence of this theory was that the intensity was something to be eradicated by chastisement given in allopathic doses. More than one sufferer has been mercilessly whipped and many another has been chained and starved with the view to exorcise the evil spirit that was popularly supposed to be the cause of all the trouble. The starvation part of all the treatment might have given favorable results, as extreme reduction of the physical system often removes the clients from the mental, but cruelty or brutality is the worst possible remedy for affections of this nature, simply against nature and increasing them without the faintest hope of benefit. Disturbances of the psychic half of the human economy are even more numerous and important than those affecting the physical and material.

One of the misfortune of patients who suffer from mental disorders is the lack of appreciation of the grave nature of their disease. Even eminent medical men, especially those who are themselves in the enjoyment of robust health, find it difficult to appreciate the more delicate phases of nervous distress. Merely a nervous attack means a great deal more to the average person is capable of understanding. The horrors that cluster around even the milder forms of insanity are such that the normal shadow of mental disturbance demands the most thorough and intelligent treatment. Misinging of the mind is a phase of the physician's work that is too little understood and receives much less attention than its importance warrants. —New York Leader.

Toning Solutions.

The formulas for toning solutions are almost without number, but the toning process which gives the best results for aristo papers—the papers most commonly used—is the one in which the toning and fixing are done separately. A favorite bath is made as follows: Make a stock solution of 15 grains of chloride gold and sodium (price, 40 cents) and 7 1/2 ounces water and a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda. A saturated solution is a liquid which contains a little more of the substance than it can dissolve and is shown by a deposit at the bottom of the bottle or vessel in which it is placed. Mark the bottle containing the gold solution, and the bottle containing the bicarbonate of soda solution. To make the toning bath take one-half ounce of the gold solution and add 2 1/2 ounces of water. Dip a piece of bible linen paper into the solution, and if it does not turn the paper red add a little more of the gold. Then put in enough of the bicarbonate of soda solution to turn the litmus paper black to blue. To make the toning bath take one-half ounce of the gold solution and add 2 1/2 ounces of water. Dip a piece of bible linen paper into the solution, and if it does not turn the paper red add a little more of the gold. Then put in enough of the bicarbonate of soda solution to turn the litmus paper black to blue. To make the toning bath take one-half ounce of the gold solution and add 2 1/2 ounces of water. Dip a piece of bible linen paper into the solution, and if it does not turn the paper red add a little more of the gold. Then put in enough of the bicarbonate of soda solution to turn the litmus paper black to blue.

Coming Fiction Heroes Will Be Patriots.

"Patriotism of the right sort will be the master passion of the coming hero," writes Dreich of "Heroes in Fiction" in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "It furnishes an endless source for the highest kind of courage combined with that mastery of men that is leadership. And yet how seldom does it creep into current fiction, except in the spurious garb of rhetorical bluster or the melodramatic excess of physical heroism in battle! There have been many attempts in American stories to depict the perversion of patriotism that shows itself in raving politics and corruption, but the plain citizen, doing his duty simply and at a sacrifice, is hardly alluded to. And yet the country is filled with him, and has been shown in every extreme test of its temper on a moral issue. As Lincoln often said, you can always count on the plain people. Perhaps if more ideals of citizenship were depicted in popular fiction there would be more of the real thing in actual life."

Friends No Longer.

He was an estimable young man in every way, and she was more than estimable—in his opinion—, with the idea of wheeling his way into her heart, he saved and hoarded his shells and purchased a fine tandem, according to the *Philadelphia Record*. But "the best last plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

Two Influences.

Young Man—That was an excellent paper your daughter read on the "Influence of Science as Applied to Practical Government."

Wearied Father—Yes, Julia is the pride of her class and one that she has mastered the "Influence of Science as Applied to Practical Government" I hope that she will be able to find out something concerning the "Influence of the Broom as Applied to the Kitchen Floor." —London Fun.

The Mystic Number Five.

Five is the great sacred Chinese number. There are five virtues, five colors (yellow, white, green, red and black), five household gods, five planets (Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury), five ranks of nobility, five tastes, five cardinal points (the middle, east, west, south and north respectively) and five tones.

On the marble steps of a peasant's house on the island of Saimais have been found two lines of the epitaph composed by the poet Similes for the Corinthian soldier who fell in the sea fight, carved in Corinthian characters. It is hoped that the burial place of the Corinthians may soon be found.

Poor Soul! Poor Devil!

Our enemies when we are old—and who is without them—no longer annoy us. Indeed, they have ceased revealing. To them we are as dead men, "out of mind." To whom the proverb de mortis applique. And our friends are twice our friends. No one who is not "laid by" can understand the depths of human sympathy. Even our acquaintances become our friends, and the least soft hearted of visitors murmurs to himself, "Poor soul! or perhaps (with equal commiseration), 'Poor devil!'" What is most curious is the interest, if we have in any way become known to the public at large, complete strangers take in our physical and mental condition.

If prescriptions could cure us, we should be in rude health indeed. The materials are sometimes a little difficult to procure. I have seen a letter from New Zealand recommending an old gentleman suffering from rheumatic gout to bathe in whales. It is said that island whales, it seems, are occasionally thrown up on the seashore, when rheumatic patients hasten to lie in them during the progress of their evaporation for purposes of commerce. The extreme rarity of whales upon the New Zealand coast seems to have been unknown to the writer. Some correspondents give most excellent sanitary advice, but so late for its practical application. An aged poet who had lost the use of his limbs was exalted by an admirer to dig "even if it were but in his back garden" for an hour or two every morning before breakfast. All that was wanted, he was assured, for complete recovery was "prudent perspiration followed by a healthy glow." —James Payn in Ninteenth Century.

His Own Recommendation.

When J. W. Sherwood, now general superintendent of the *Clover Leaf*, was appointed to discharge a brickman for violation of the rules. The man hung about the office asking for a letter of recommendation. To get rid of him Mr. Sherwood told W. A. Sullivan, who was his chief clerk, to write the letter. This Mr. Sullivan did. The man went out and returned in half an hour.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Sherwood.

"That letter you gave me is all right, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. That ought to get you a job anywhere."

"Well, I wish you would read this letter of recommendation I've got, Mr. Sherwood, and give me a job."

Sherwood took the letter on which his own name was hardly dry, read it carefully and remarked:

"I am well acquainted with Sherwood, and any one he recommends must be all right. You report to the trainmaster and tell him to put you to work." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Editor's Work.

A New Jersey suburbanite tells this one:

There is an editor in our little town who just for the present wishes he were his own publisher. Desiring to compliment the schoolteachers of the place and extend the circulation of his newspaper among them, he wrote an elaborate article, which he headed, "Pension a Lot of Our Schoolteachers." He then continued in an eloquent strain to do praise that they are about a dozen of the best known teachers in our schools who because of their long service in the harness, should be pensioned immediately. Of course the intelligent compositor got in his work, and as the editor slowly reads his proof he was horrified to find his paper declaring that there were a lot of old schoolteachers in that town who ought to be "pensioned" immediately. The editor informs me, with tears in his eyes, that this is one of those unpleasant episodes which occur to an editor now and then. —Hartford.

The Winding Up of an Englishman.

It was a shrewd observation of one of the keenest critics of the Anglo-Saxon mind that ever lived, Cardinal Newman, that it takes an immense time to wind up an Englishman to the level of a dogma—that is to say, to get him to understand what a dogma is, what it involves, what it necessarily asserts and what it unavertedly denies. Often when, after great toil, with palettes and hosts, encouragements in front and goals behind, the Englishman's bullet of the ground, something goes wrong somewhere, and down he falls to the very bottom of the pit, and the work of winding him up has to be begun all over again. —The Law of Employers, by Augustine Birrell.

Lemons.

In selecting lemons avoid those that seem light in weight and that have thick rinds that resist pressure. A juicy lemon is heavy and thin skinned and gives under the fingers when pressed. Lemons may be kept fresh a long time by wrapping them separately in tissue paper and keeping them in a cool place.

Wordsworth's Search.

So long as there are writers of books there will be many who will never resort to the painstaking labor of Wordsworth, as indicated in the journal of Dorothy Wordsworth. "William has come back tired. He has spent all the day in thinking of an adjective for the 'nook.'"