

At the annual show of cage birds at the Westminster Aquarium, London, the interesting fact developed that hundreds of canaries, wrens, finches, etc., on exhibition were bred by artisans of the East End.

The Glasgow (Scotland) corporation tramway committee has recently paid a tribute to the advanced state of electrical engineering in this country. It has recommended that the manager and engineer should be sent over to make further inquiries about electric motors.

Professor Flinders Petrie has some large ideas about museums. He wants the Government to buy a tract of 500 acres, somewhere within an hour's ride of London, and gradually build it all over, for a storage place for ethnological materials. No museum in London is large enough to hold the treasures that are being discovered by Englishmen all over the world.

The French are not disposed to allow the fact to be forgotten that one of their race brought the potato into general use. Everywhere they are doing honor to Parmentier's memory. A Parmentier medal was recently offered at a grand exhibition which brought out a collection from one grower of 350 varieties, probably the greatest assemblage of the potato family ever brought together at one time.

One of the believers in the common sense cure is a physician of Lewiston, Me., who has a big dumb bell made in imitation of iron and marked 600 pounds in a corner of his office. To a certain class of sufferers who call on him he gives some medicine to be taken with exercise for a brief period, and says: "When you come back you will be able to lift this," whereupon he picks up the dumb bell easily, but with a serious air.

One of the most curious results of the craze for bicycling is to be observed in the ancient city of Coventry. It is, as is well known, the centre of the bicycle manufacturing industry of England, relates the New York Tribune. There has consequently been a great rush of mechanics thither, to meet the demand of the workshops, and the city is unable to accommodate properly this addition to its population. Every available house is filled with tenants, and yet there are homeless men on the streets—industrious workmen, with money in their pockets, but unable to find vacant lodgings. The health officer reports that more than 3000 houses are so over crowded as to be in an unsanitary condition, while the vaccination law has become practically a dead letter from the physical impossibility of executing it. Hundreds of new houses are going up as rapidly as carpenters and masons can build them, but they are only a small fraction of what is really needed, and in the meantime workmen are camping, out in tents and improvised sheds. And all because of a style of riding which good Lady Godiva never so much as dreamed of.

The Atlanta Constitution says: Only a few short years have passed since the laying of the Atlantic cable was completed. Associated with that stupendous enterprise, which ranks as one of the greatest achievements of modern times, are the names of Cyrus W. Field, who conceived the idea of the cable; Sir John Pender, who furnished the means necessary to complete the undertaking, and Sir James Anderson, who engineered the Great Eastern in the actual work of laying the cable. To enumerate the good results which have accrued from the Atlantic cable during the past fifteen or twenty years is simply beyond the range of human possibility. It is, therefore, highly proper that England and America should join hands in doing honor to this illustrious trio. The recent death of Sir John Pender, which occurred in London some two or three months ago, has had the wholesome effect of arousing interest in the subject of the Atlantic cable. At a meeting of the International Submarine Telegraph Company, held in London a few days ago, it was decided to inaugurate a movement of some kind looking toward the erection of a joint memorial in honor of these celebrated men. The movement has received the in-lorment of the Queen and has created no small amount of enthusiasm in England. It is needless to say that such a proposition should appeal strongly to popular favor on this side of the Atlantic. Cyrus W. Field was a native of this country, and his ashes repose in the soil of New England. It should be the delight of Americans to honor such a man and to cordially unite with England in the movement which her sense of gratitude to these great benefactors has inspired.

### WITH THREE.

If I could know that after all these heavy bonds have ceased to thrill, We, whom in life the Fates divide, Should sweetly slumber side by side— That one green spray would drop its dew Softly alike above us two, All would be well, for I should be At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

How sweet to know this dust of ours, Mingling, would feel the selfsame flowers— The scent of leaves, the song-bird's tone At once across our rest be blown— One breath of sun, one sheet of rain Make green the earth above us twin. Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be At last, dear tender heart, with thee.

But half the earth may intervene Between the place of rest and mine between, And leagues of land and wastes of waves May stretch and toss between our graves; Thy bed with summer light be warm, While snowdrifts heap with wind and storm My pillow, whose one thorn will be, Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere Where homestead souls, divided here And wandering in useless quest, Shall find their longed-for haven of rest; If in that higher, happier birth We meet the joy we missed on earth, All will be well, for I shall be At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

### MRS. VAN KLEVER'S CLUB.

"Nancy," said Mrs. Van Klever to her particular friend, Miss De Korus, "did you ever go to a stuffed club?"

"What's that, a dining club?"

"Nancy, you are improving."

"Really?"

"Yes. You are like a good translation. You're so literal that you're almost original."

"I don't understand you."

"I know you don't. That's one reason I like to be with you. One gets so tired of the people who think they always exactly understand your inmost soul. No one does that."

"Really?"

"Oh, Nancy; why do you always say 'Really?' People will think you are English. An English girl, Nancy. Think of that and try to reform."

"But what shall I say?"

"Say anything. Just any old thing. Say what Maud does."

"Maud?"

"Our Irish princess."

"Why, Katherine?"

"Well, it would be a change at least."

"What does she say?"

"She comes in and asks me what we shall have for dinner, and when I assume a world weary air and tell her humming birds' wings and rose leaves she says:

"Oh, get out, now, Miss Van!"

"Katherine, you wouldn't have me say that?"

"Yes, I would. Anything but one continual round of reallys. I suppose you do it because you're so realistic."

"Do you think so?"

"You are in one of your teasing moods to-day," remarked Miss De Korus, with some stiffness.

"Am I, dear? There, I beg your pardon. It's the after effects of that stuffed club."

"What was it, anyway?"

"Oh, it was great fun at least, for those who were inside. Part of the stuffing, so to speak."

women—you know the set, Mrs. Federated Jones and Mrs. Organized Smith and Mrs. Amalgamated Brown, and all those women—should have seemed as surprised to see me as they did.

"Why, Mrs. Van Klever! You here, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"They patronized me as if I were a child. I thought Mrs. Amalgamated Brown would take me under my arms, lift me into a chair and offer me a picture book to play with."

"Not really?" exclaimed Miss De Korus.

Mrs. Van Klever made a gesture of despair.

"You're a hopeless case, Nancy. Never mind. If you don't say something besides 'Really' when I finish my story I'll declare our friendship adjourned sine die. Now, listen! I didn't care about being patronized, so I sat down in one of the middle seats and let them alone. I don't know who all the women that came were. They seemed to know Mrs. Van and her crowd, at least by sight, and I found out from what I overheard that most of them were club fiends. I suppose that was the reason I didn't know any of them. The first thing I knew Mrs. Federated Jones was on the platform asking some one to nominate a temporary chairman. She hadn't the words out of her mouth when Mrs. Smith piped up Mrs. Brown's name, and Mrs. Van seconded it, and the women in front said 'aye,' and Mrs. Brown got up in the chair before you could wink.

"Humph," said a woman back of me, "they've got things fixed all right. Trust Mrs. Amalgamated for that."

"Wonder who they'll put in for president? the woman with her lips puffed."

"That Mrs. Van, I'll bet anything," said the first one. "You see, they won't have Mrs. Brown, 'cause they've made her temporary chairman, and the other two want to be secretary and treasurer. You can see that."

"I began to be interested. I listened to the reading of the constitution and all that sort of thing, and when they asked those who would like to join to come up and sign their names I went, and put mine down with the rest. Mrs. Organized Smith had charge of the book, and when it came my turn to sign she pretended to be immensely astonished."

"What," she exclaimed, "not Mrs. Van Klever! Well, what next?"

"Mrs. Van Klever paused and smiled. 'I flatter myself, Nancy,' she remarked, 'that I astonished her even more by what I did come next. When we had all taken our seats again they counted the names and announced that there were thirty-nine signers to the constitution, and that they would proceed to the election of officers, twenty votes being necessary to a choice. Mrs. Brown said that if there was no objection the election would be by a—well, by your saying yes or no. I don't know what they call it. At any rate, that was where they struck the first rock. A woman back of me objected. She wanted the vote to be by ballot. That's where you write a name—oh, you know what it is, do you? Well, first they said they would elect a president, so some one got up and nominated Mrs. Van Klever, and it was seconded."

"I told you so," said the woman back of me.

"Someone else got up and nominated that frumpy Mrs. Caucus and that was seconded, too. In the meantime the head women had been tearing paper into slips, which they sent around through the audience, with bits of pencils, which you passed to your neighbor. I was waiting for a pencil to get to me, when I heard the woman back of me saying:

"How do you spell her name, anyway?"

"I don't know," said the woman beside her.

"Someone touched me on the shoulder."

"How do you spell that Mrs. Van's name?" the woman whispered.

"Mrs. Van's," I said.

"Yes."

"K-l-e-v-e-r," I whispered.

"Oh, I thought it was Klubber!"

"No, Klever."

"Why, Katherine, how dared you?"

"I dare do anything that becomes a Van, and I guess I've just as much right to the name as she has! Just wait! I heard a great whispering all along the line behind me."

"That isn't right! It's spelled K-l-e-v."

"After a while someone came around and collected the ballots and took them up to the platform. I looked as innocent as the babe they seemed to consider me, but I kept a sharp eye on Mrs. Federated Jones and Mrs. Organized Smith. They were the tellers. Oh, my dear! If you could only have seen them!" and Mrs. Van Klever threw back her head and laughed. "Mrs. Smith picked up a slip and looked at it. She puckered up her forehead and squinted a little closer. Then she unhooked her glasses and took another look at it. Gradually a smile stole into the corners of her mouth and she passed the slip over to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones took a long look at it through her spectacles and then they put their handkerchiefs to their mouths and I could see their shoulders shaking."

"Never mind! I said to myself, 'They'll find it a larger joke than they think!'"

"And, oh, Nancy! they did. I wish I could have taken a dozen or two photographs of their faces as they counted those ballots. It was funny at first. Then it was queer. Then it was very strange. Then it was incredible. They went over and over and over the thirty-nine slips of paper, and then they whispered together for a while. Finally, Mrs. Smith went up to the chairman on the platform and said something in her ear."

"What!" said Mrs. Amalgamated Brown right out loud, and she went down to the table and took a look at the ballots. Then she went over and whispered to Mrs. Van Klubber, who was sitting at a little distance trying to look unconscious, and succeeding about as well as a man who knows that he will be called on for the next 'extemporaneous' speech at a banquet, and is afraid he hasn't learned it thoroughly. It was a very unparliamentary proceeding all around, anyway. I read up about it last night, and I think I could have them all impeached if it were worth while."

"Really?"

"Nancy," in a warning tone from Mrs. Van Klever, "you remember what I said about adjourning our friendship."

"I'll try, dear, but I was so interested."

"So was I. People began whispering and wondering what was the matter. The woman back of me snickered."

"I'll bet that Mrs. Caucus is elected," she said. "Well, I don't like her, but I wouldn't mind seeing the machine defeated."

"The machine?" inquired Miss De Korus.

"Yes."

"What's that?"

"Why, that's—well, in this case it was Mrs. Van. That'll do for the present. I haven't looked up its general application yet. I know it was Mrs. Van because she really was beaten."

"You don't say so!"

"Bravo, Nancy! You'll work up to Maud's eloquence before I'm through. Yes, she was."

"And that frumpy Mrs. Caucus elected?"

"Why, no. Mrs. Caucus wasn't really in it. She had only five votes. But let me tell you. After a lot of whispering and excitement Mrs. Brown went back to the chair and banged the table with a little wooden hammer and asked the meeting to come to order. There was a dead silence."

"The tellers have counted the votes and will announce the result," said Mrs. Brown in a sort of stammered, bewildered way.

"Then Mrs. Smith got up."

"The result of the vote for president is as follows (you know how she always pipes up): Mrs. Van Klever, 20 votes; Mrs. Van Klubber, 14, and Mrs. Caucus, 5."

"Well, there was a funny murmur through the room and Mrs. Brown hit the table till she was red in the face."

"This meeting will please come to order," she said. And then, when they had quieted down she went on: "Mrs. Katherine Van Klever has been duly elected president of the club. Of course, if Mrs. Van Klever wishes to withdraw, not having been consulted, as I believe, in advance—why—er—how is that Mrs. Van Klever? she has located me and was leaning over the table in my direction."

"There was nothing to be done but face the music, because, I tell you, Nancy, I wasn't going to be railroaded—that's what Jack said—out of office by that crowd. So I got up and as I did I turned around and gave a sort of a confidential and appealing wink to the woman back of me, the ones who had elected me without knowing it."

"What could you—what did you say?" demanded Miss De Korus.

"Well, in the first place, I said 'Ahem!' All public speakers do that. Didn't you ever notice that? Yes, I said: 'Ahem! Mrs. Chairman—I've caught on to that much—'while this honor is, as you know—emphasis on the 'know'—entirely unexpected and undeserved—I gave the woman back of me another look over my shoulder—where was I? Oh, yes!—undeserved, I would not be guilty of such a lack of appreciation as to decline it."

"Somehow, the audience began to see that it was a joke, and they liked it. You know those women who are always at the head of things get to be so overbearing that people get tired of it, and the audience was simply tickled to death to have the leaders beaten at their own game. The women clapped and said 'Bravo!' and 'Hear! hear!'"

"And what did you do?" asked Miss De Korus rapturously.

"Oh, I bowed to the right and the left as if I were a presidential candidate—United States president, I mean—and said 'Ahem!' again. Mrs. Brown banged the table some more. She thought I was going to get out of it some way."

"And how did you?"

"How did I? I didn't. I'm in it, and I mean to stay in it as long as I want to. I'll show them how to run a club as they've never seen one run before."

"But you don't know anything about parliamentary practice."

"What if I don't? They don't know much themselves. And I'm their president, anyway! They can't get around that. Why, Jack said last night that I don't even have to recognize them if I don't want to, and they won't dare say a word."

"What does Jack think about it?"

"Oh, he says I'm great, simply great! He laughed until Maud came in from the kitchen to see whether he was crazy. I tell you, Nancy, I'm going to create an epoch. If you want to see it, come to the meeting of the Parle Pracks next Tuesday. Mrs. Van Klubber alone will be worth the price of admission."



Fair science frowns upon the plebeian opinion that kleptomania is a polite name for a crime. Yet fair science frowns not with both sides of her face. Medical men, as is their habit, disagree as to the moral responsibility of the kleptomaniac and even jurists do not rest in sweet accord upon the subject. So eminent authorities as Judge Noah Davis and Judge Cox have handed down the opinion that "every one is responsible who knows the nature and consequences of his acts." Other judges, expressing the advanced ideas of their constituents, have tenderly recommended alleged kleptomaniacs to the care of their friends, convinced that medical treatment would cure them.

It is not so very long since the world began to consider insanity an extenuation of crime or a disease amenable to treatment. More recently still those only have been considered insane who raged, raved and were entirely without self-control or saving grace. Now there are physicians learned in mental diseases who claim that four-fifths of the human race are insane upon some point—are liable to give expression to morbid impulses.

Just here the work of the moralist—jurist if you will—comes in. As practically all men are or may become capably destructive forces in the shape of men to whom these come is not always capable of suppressing them if he will.

That strange, unmeasured, unguessed power, the human will—how far is that, or is it not, responsible. Are not terrible destructive forces in the shape of morbid impulses repressed until they die out of individuals and of races because the moral balance is maintained by that same human will?

And is it not the duty of the law to insist that the moral balance must be maintained and the giving rein to morbid impulses punished? The man who steals when under the influence of liquor is in a mentally irresponsible condition, yet the law takes no account of that or holds that he should have taken care not to become mentally and morally irresponsible.

English society and English courts have not the privilege of pretending to be greatly surprised at the alleged peculiarities of an American cousin—in law. So long ago as the early seventies the London Times, in commenting upon the case of a gentleman who had been arrested charged with stealing some handkerchiefs from a shop, that any one in society could name off-hand a dozen names of high degree who were a terror to the tradespeople on account of their thieving propensities. Furthermore the Quarterly Review, in 1856, in an article upon the London police, said: "The extent of pilfering carried on, even by ladies of high rank and position, is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this sort so well known among the shopkeeping community that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them, and afterward send a bill with the prices of the goods pilfered to their houses." Presumably the same policy might have been carried out in the instance that is attracting such widespread attention just now if the shopkeepers had but known it, or had as much faith in foreigners as in their own beloved, if eccentric, aristocracy.

Tales of the exploits of kleptomaniacs in the abstract would do very well for humorous reading, but for the always apparent undercurrent of sadness and suffering. One lady, varying the expression of morbid impulses, arrived at complete insanity by yielding to a fancy for throwing things into the fire. She confessed to her physician that the impulse was merely playful in the beginning. She had thrown an old pair of slippers into the grate, and had been amused at the contortions caused by the scorching of the leather. Next day she threw an old hat into the fire and enjoyed seeing it burn. In another day she was surprised by a strong desire to throw something else into the fire, and as the object nearest at hand happened to be a handsome prayer book, madame covered her eyes rather than see it burn. The habit seemed thus to be established. The victim of it said the desire came in the shape of a violent paroxysm which caused her flesh to creep and quiver until she had yielded to the morbid impulse to throw something of value into the fire.

A homely instance of the existence of kleptomania is that of an elderly physician. This good man, who is a highly respected member of the community in which he lives, and faithful unto death in his profession, cannot bear to leave a patient's house without some trifling souvenir of his visit. Thimbles, spoons of thread, spoons and scissors are carried away in the doctor's pockets. The situation is so thoroughly understood that the doctor's pockets are regularly inspected by his better half, and the articles are quietly returned to their owners.

A specialist in mental diseases has a fund of queer stories of kleptomania. One thorough-going woman, who came for treatment for the trouble, contrived

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CARE OF SILVER BACKED BRUSHES.  
To clean silver backed hairbrushes flour is recommended, it being obvious that dipping the bristles in ammonia water is not practicable. When the silver backs need polishing, the bristles should be protected with a strip of paper.

TO CLEAN LEATHER.  
Leather chair-seats and table-tops may be rubbed up at regular intervals with some of the excellent preparations sold for the purpose. Those made in different colors to match different materials are varnishers rather than actual cleaners, and not so satisfactory in the end. Rook ammonia dissolved in water, or benzine, is the best—the latter never fails, but is rather expensive. Sprinkle Fuller's earth over the seats, rubbing it in gently, leave on over night, then in the morning rub or brush off with a soft brush, leaving no particles of powder, then apply the diluted ammonia evenly with a soft flannel just moistened with the liquid, refolding the flannel, as soon as it is soiled with the grease drawn out. After all the grease has been extracted, apply sparingly with an old silk rag a simple mixture of pure linseed oil and vinegar, polishing with another silk rag.

USING UP COLD TURKEY.  
Devilled Turkey—The legs and back of cold turkey, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper, a little cayenne, one lemon, mustard, butter. Score the meat along and across about one inch deep, then rub into the gashes the salt, pepper, cayenne and juice of one lemon, and cover with made mustard; brush over with butter melted, and broil over a clear fire about ten minutes, till nice and brown, but do not let them burn. Send to table on a hot dish with a little butter.

Turkey Rissoles—Remains of cold turkey; to one-half pound cold turkey, one ounce lean ham, ounce tongue, two ounces finely-grated breadcrumbs, one ounce butter, one boiled onion, finely chopped, one egg. Mince the turkey, tongue and ham finely, then add the butter, breadcrumbs, onion, finely minced, and seasoning; mix with the yolk of one egg; mix well, roll into balls, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a nice brown.

Hashed Turkey—Remains of cold turkey, forcemeat balls, pepper, salt, flour and butter, shallot, parsley, two cloves. Cut the meat off the turkey in nice slices, put the skin, bones and trimmings in a saucepan, with one and one-half pints of water, a shallot, a spoonful of chopped parsley and cloves; simmer gently for one hour, then strain, and thicken with flour and butter. Flour the slices, put them in a stewpan with the gravy, and simmer gently for ten minutes, but do not let it boil; warm the forcemeat balls and sippets of toast round.

Mincéd Turkey—When there is not much meat left on the turkey, it is better to mince it. For this cut all the meat off the bones, free it from skin and gristle, and pass it through a mincing machine; put it into a saucepan, with gravy made as directed for hashed turkey or one-half pint white sauce, season rather sparingly, and simmer fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Turn on to a hot dish, and garnish with poached eggs. Turkey may be also cut in slices, dipped in egg and breadcrumbs or in batter, and fried a nice brown. Sprinkle seasoning over, and serve garnished with diamonds of toast, cut lemon and forcemeat balls.

Potted Turkey—One-half pound cold turkey, two ounces tongue, one-half pound butter, seasoning. Cut the turkey in pieces, removing all skin and gristle, and pass through a mincing machine with the tongue, then pound in a mortar with the butter to a smooth paste, add seasoning to taste, pour into pots, cover with clarified butter.

Turkey Soup—Remains of cold turkey, two quarts weak stock, one-half head celery, one onion, one carrot, salt. Put the bones and trimmings in a saucepan with the stock, vegetables and seasoning; bring this slowly to the boil, then simmer gently for two and one-half hours, skimming occasionally; strain the soup, remove the fat, and thicken with a little arrowroot.

Curried Turkey—Put into a saucepan one heaping tablespoonful of butter; mix together one even tablespoonful of curry powder and one heaping tablespoonful of flour, and stir carefully into the melted butter to prevent lumping. Have ready one cup and a half of hot milk or cream and add, stirring until smooth and thick; then put into this sauce pieces of cold turkey, and cook only until the turkey is heated through. Tomato sauce may be used if liked; it must be strained, and the curry may be made with half milk and half sauce. Salt should be added to taste.

Mincéd Poultry—Take cold roasted turkey or chicken, and mince the meat very finely without any of the skin or bone, but put the skin, bone and all the odd pieces into a stewpan with a small onion, a blade of mace, and some sweet herbs; add a pint of water. Let this stew for nearly an hour, then strain, and add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Boil two eggs very hard and chop them very fine. Mix with the mince meat, and season according to taste; add the gravy, a teaspoonful very finely minced lemon peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let the whole just come to a boil. Serve with toasted bread.

The wires of the French railways are so arranged that they can be used for either telegraphing or telephoning.

to carry away after her first "treatment" a bulky medical work, a few instruments and the doctor's driving gloves. All these articles, with quantities of other stolen goods, were afterward found in a closet of the lady's house. The closet was a dark one, and the fact developed that everything this particular maniac appropriated was cast into the closet and never even looked at afterward.

Persons of high moral standards and bright intellects have not infrequently enriched medical lore by giving careful accounts of their kleptomanic experiences. One lad, who was recovering from an attack of fever, saw a man pass his window wearing a big watch chain. The boy had plenty of money to gratify his whims, but he became possessed of a desire to possess that particular chain. His dreams and waking hours became an agony. As soon as he was able he watched in the streets for that chain. He saw it, and eventually saw the man lay it, with a watch attached, upon a jeweler's counter. The boy dashed in, seized his prize and escaped. With a guilty conscience the thief sent the watch back to the jeweler, but still found no pleasure in the possession of the chain. At last he returned the chain, and suffered no more from a morbid impulse which he could always have resisted if his will power had not been weakened by illness.

Instances are valueless, save as they establish the status of the mental or moral disease. But the consideration of that question, involving as it does a wider subject than that of kleptomania, might well be entered upon by all the people who have time enough to stop to think what the morbid and dangerous impulses are, and to what extent they can be controlled in the interest of public morals and the general good.

### The Electric-Storage Battery.

The electric storage battery, in whose development lies the hope of emancipation from electric light wires, trolley wires and other unsightly obstructions, has reached a point of perfection, as shown by an exhibit in Philadelphia, which makes it a commercial possibility, and promises a large extension of the usefulness of electricity in everyday life. With a further development in the direction of cheapness, it may be possible to reproduce, in towns unprovided with cheap means of motive power, the conditions existing in Great Falls, Mont. In that town electric power produced economically at a water privilege does all the mechanical work. It propels, lights and heats the street cars, runs the elevators, the printing presses, the cranes, and all kinds of machinery, and is used for pumping, for excavating, and for rock-crushing. It is even applied in the building trades, it not being unusual to see on the streets a mortar mixer attached to an electric wire leading down from a pole. The restaurants cook by electricity; the butcher employs it to chop his sausages, and the grocer to grind his coffee. The housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flat-irons by electricity; they bake their cakes in wooden electric cake ovens, that can be set away on the shelf like pasteboard boxes. They have electric broilers, boilers and teakettles. One almost holds his breath as he wonders to what use next this wonderful power will be put.

### "Accident" Swindlers.

The extension of electric traction has brought upon the scene a particularly dangerous and offensive swarm of rascals who prey upon the street railroad companies by bogus claims for personal injuries received in real or imaginary accidents. They are fostered by a tribe of disreputable attorneys, who make a practice of communicating with all persons whom they can identify as concerned in any street railway mishap, and often without instructions issue process against the companies. Some of these legal sharks have a regular staff of detectives, who prowl about the depots and termini of the lines on the lookout for cases. False witnesses are liberally procured, and juries are usually biased in the matter of damages, the greater portion of which is swallowed up in the attorneys' "costs." The evil has become so great that the street railway press is suggesting the formation of a mutual protection society of some kind. It is proposed to keep a register of the names of claimants, and interchange information as to persons who, it is more than suspected, make a trade of the business and travel from city to city for the purpose.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Hard to Please.

A man was taking his usual dose of pork and beans in a restaurant at Olympia and found two silver dimes in the beans. Calling the waiter, he howled out in an impatient manner:

"Here, what kind of a lay-out is this? I have found twenty cents in my beans!"

"Well, you are hard to please," replied the waiter. "Yesterday you growled about not having any change in your diet!"—Seattle Times.

### Nature.

"Unnatural father," sobbed the heroine.

Indeed, he was to such an extent unnatural that the stage manager let him go at the end of the week.

### Wheel News.

"It is queer how you inexperienced riders always take such long rides."

"No, it isn't a bit queer; we are afraid to stop and get off for fear we can't get on again!"—Detroit Free Press.