

OUR BUDGET HUMOR

An Old, Old, Old Story—An Inference—
News For Papa—A Factor—Extremes—
The Waving O't—Facts in the Case—
A Kindly Warning, Etc., Etc.
A little boy, a little match,
A little hesitation,
A little smile, a little scratch,
And childish consternation.
A little scream, a little gleam,
And then the sparks and crashes;
The end of some one's happy dream—
A little pile of ashes.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Inference.
Mrs. Witherby—"I had to wait four cable cars before one would stop."
Witherby—"And then was there a blockade?"—Harper's Bazar.

News For Papa.
Miss Innocence—"Papa, how do the weather observers find out what sort of weather we are going to have?"
Papa—"I was not aware they did."
—Baltimore World.

A Factor.
The Father—"How many detectives do you think will be enough to guard the wedding presents?"
Chief—"About how many guests will there be?"—Harper's Bazar.

Extremes.
Teacher—"Edmund, define the words refuse and refusal."
Edmund—"Refusal is what a fellow finds in a summer girl, and refuse is what he finds in the streets of Chicago."—Chicago News.

The Waving O't.
"Every few minutes she would say, 'Oh! go long!'"
"Well?"
"Then, when I would start towards the door, she would say, 'Oh! sit down! You aren't in any hurry.'"—Puck.

Facts in the Case.
Wife—"John, I wish you would have a new clothes wringer; sent up to-day."
Husband (a butcher)—"My dear, that isn't exactly in my line."
Wife—"Then whose line is it in?"
Husband—"In the clothesline probably."—Chicago News.

A Kindly Warning.
"I never can love you, Mr. Simpson."
"I never can love you; I never can."
"Well, please don't dwell on the subject so, Miss Perkins; I am one of those dangerous, excitable beings to whom opposition is encouragement."

Watch Was Safe.
Fond Mother—"John, do look at that child; he has your watch in his mouth and will swallow it!"
John (who is a bachelor brother-in-law and very fond of babies)—"Oh, don't be the least bit alarmed; I have got hold of the chain. It can't go far."—Tit-Bits.

In Colonial Days.
"Whatever happens," said the young man, dutifully, "I shall bear myself as becomes a scion of a worthy stock."
"Do so, my son," said the sturdy old settler. "Act the man always; for, mark ye, there is no telling which of us may one day figure in an historical novel."—Puck.

Perilously Attractive.
Rag Doll—"I'm stuffed with cotton; what are you stuffed with?"
China Doll—"Sawdust, I think; maybe it's bran."
Rag Doll—"Bran? Goodness—if you see a mouse come out of that hole you'd better run like the mischief."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Blunders as Benefits.
"Mister Gubbs, you'd ort 't raise my pay."
"Raise your pay? You make more mistakes than any other clerk in the office."
"Well, but I've heard you say that lots of my mistakes had saved you big money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Warning.
"I shall tender my resignation and make a test case of this matter," exclaimed the politician hotly.
"All right," answered the friend. "But you want to be careful how you go about it. This thing of resigning has been occasionally known to cost an officeholder his place."—Washington Star.

Like Our Little Georgie.
Papa (severely)—"Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?"
Five-Year-Old—"Yes, papa."
Papa—"Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?"
Five-Year-Old—"Papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it."—Tit-Bits.

What Hurt Him.
"I shall sue him for libel," said the man who is making large sums of money out of the credulity of the masses.
"For what?"
"He called me a common swindler. It's pretty hard for a man who has worked as hard as I have to be original to be referred to as 'common.'"—Washington Star.

The New Styles.
"Henry is a brute," said Mrs. Justwed to her mother, to whom she had gone for sympathy.
"Why, what has he done, my poor child?"
"Why, he—he says that my new bonnet—the one that is trimmed with those lovely cherries, and things—boo-hoo—he says—he says it looks like a boiled dinner."—Baltimore American.

TRAITS OF MEXICAN INDIANS.

About the Only One in That Country of Pure Blood.
It is a wonderful blend of races that is to make the Mexican population of the future; one sees Maya men of education with wives of the old blonde Gothic-Spanish type. Tarascans married with Spaniards, and all degrees of Aztec admixture, while in Oaxaca one notes the Zapotecan strain. There is great hope for the Indian peoples of Mexico; they are, for the most part, clean of blood, with a nervous force which makes them, on being educated, go far. Many eminent men here are of mixed blood, and it is worthy of note that the Indian blood gives gravity, mental poise and great will power. The Indian is loyal, a good friend, a tremendous enemy, and sometimes none too enamored of the ideas of the white race. Down deep in his heart is something aboriginal, intense and sound. I have heard educated Indians, talking in all confidence, express the hope that an Indian Mexico may some day take the place of the Spanish Mexico.

We have lost something in the United States by holding the Indian at arms' length socially. Indian blood is good blood, and renovates the white race. You get good brains in the Indian, because they are not vitiated, and are not too far removed from that strong old life that nature prefers, and in which she eliminates weaklings. Had the German philosopher Nietzsche visited Mexico he would have found some types of his "over-man," his naturally superior being among the Indians. Nature is a rough nurse, but she makes men and women who delight in living, and who live long. Our urban civilization and daintiness and comforts destroy real manhood and womanhood, and so do flourish dentists, doctors, faddists and milk-and-water reformers.

Nothing but the sun and air, the free life of nature, produces the best in physique and in character. The Indians grow up sans coddling, and their strength of body is equalled by their vigor of mentality. It is a great thing not to be nervous, to breathe deep, to have plenty of quick-moving blood.

One is amazed at the power of application of Indians of culture; they get fatigued only after intense work. They have stamina. It is a goodly sight to see coming down into warm country valleys from the Sierras, the Indian wayman, straight, clear-eyed, uncoerced. A maiden with fine and eloquent eyes, walking as the Greek goddesses did; their every motion graceful, and, if gowned in civilized manner, fit to adorn a drawing room. Some of the tribes have many handsome women; you look at them, and all accepted civilized standards fall away. You do not think of what we call their poverty; they are simply gowned, and their manner suggests no notion of subservency; they bring to one thoughts of the antique world when life was lived broadly, fashions endured and the age of fuss had not begun. Contrast the erect and serene Indian maidens on the country roads of Mexico with the parlor darlings of civilization, under the care of specialists, teeth yellow with gold, with a hundred arts of the toilet, and nerves easily tired and jangled. One gives over thinking of wealth when one sees the riches of simple health these young women possess.

Their eyes are wonderfully clear, and their type of beauty is Greek. In that there is no overfatness, no waddling and never emaciation. A physician would delight in such young women, fit models for a sculptor. Only the primitive nations, much in the open air, the sun modeling their perfect forms, retain their sanity. In our big cities of white men the people are spoiled, we get into grooves of employment, are twisted intellectually and physically, lose nerve poise and repose, and are packed full of prejudices which we mistake for culture.

I have sat with Indians in the market places of little towns and enjoyed their placidity of thought, their direct seeing of things and their inability even to envy us. We must resemble in their minds strange, demoniacally possessed creatures. They simply cannot comprehend our restlessness and our inability to be still an hour at a time. Sometimes an Indian will tell you that the day will come when the land will be their once more, and then note the light, as of some interior sun, that blazes in his eyes.—Boston Herald.

John Chinaman's Easy Raiment.
Those who understand the subject have to admit that when it comes to the question of rational dress the Chinaman has very much the best of it. Who is there of us, arrived at a certain rotundity of figure, who can comfortably pick up a nickel from the sidewalk without risking the integrity of many vital points of his raiment? American clothes are not made for the performance of much stooping or domestic gymnastics, but the Chinaman, in his loose, easy fitting clothes, is as free to stoop, jump, run or turn hand springs as a small boy in bathing. In a Chinese suit of clothes you can lie down and sleep with the same amount of comfort that you can stand up and walk.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Great Advance in Animal Surgery.
The animal world has to-day a surgical science quite its own, says a London newspaper. There are dogs with artificial teeth, pigeons and cows with wooden legs, dogs with glass eyes, and other animals with false hair, false tails and false limbs of all kinds. There is, indeed, hardly a limit to the possibilities of animal surgery.

Man's Love and Woman's.
A man's love can be beckoned, but not commanded; a woman's love can be commanded, but not beckoned.—New York Press.



The heaviest man in America, if not in the world, is Lee Trickey, of Glenwood, Wis., who tips the beam at 500 pounds.

In Algeria, a river of ink is formed by the conjunction of two streams, one of which is impregnated with iron and the other, which drains a peat bog, with gallic acid. The mixture of the iron and acid results in ink.

It is the custom on the birth of a Japanese baby to plant a tree. This is carefully tended until the party is about to be married, when it is cut down and made into an article of furniture for the new home.

Northwich, the centre of the salt industry in Great Britain, is one of the queerest towns in the world. The whole underlying country is simply one mass of salt. The mining of the salt constitutes the staple industry of the district, and from Northwich alone 1,200,000 tons of salt are shipped annually.

In Brazil has now been found the most curious frog in the entire world. It is known as "Hyla faber," and the difference between it and other batrachians lies in the fact that the females of this species regularly build nests in which they lay their eggs, their object being to preserve their little ones from the enemies that constantly threaten them.

There is a curious combination tree in West Stockbridge, Mass. It is primarily a maple which measures a foot from the ground, twelve feet three inches in circumference. Fifteen feet from the ground there are one or two birch limbs growing, and higher up are currant and raspberry bushes which bear fruit each year. The tree is very old, and bids fair to stand for many years longer.

On a sand island in Dublin Bay a new kind of mouse has been found. It resembles the ordinary mouse in all except its color, which is that of the sand, and the naturalists attribute that peculiarity to an interposition of nature for its protection from the owls and hawks on the island. It is supposed that they are the descendants of castaway mice, and that the protective coloration is a gradually acquired result of their surroundings.

The Country Editor.
It has been frequently stated that the editor of a country newspaper works harder for less pay than any man of similar ability in his community. There is no doubt some truth in this, but it is far from being a fair statement of the case.

A similar statement might be made to apply to the country doctor or lawyer, and with quite as much truth. There are poor editors, poor lawyers, poor farmers, poor merchants and so on along the line, but as a rule we do not have to look far to discover the whys and wherefores.

Just a man's ability to get a few hundred dollars together for printing machinery does not make him an editor, any more than the purchase of a few bottles of pills and boxes of powders makes a man a doctor. There must be something more than mere name.

No doubt the country editor does work hard, and in very many instances he works in the dark. If he gets out a poor newspaper he must expect to be ill paid, and generally it is the editor of a poor newspaper that does the hardest work.

Fortunately there are very many editors of country newspapers who do not come under this head, and in every instance it will be found that they are live, hustling men who run their papers on business principles, and are not satisfied with putting "any old thing" in type just so long as it will fill the required space.

Backed up by brains there are harder roads to travel than publishing a country newspaper, but without at least a normal supply of "gray matter" it is tortuous and full of snares and pitfalls.—Fourth Estate.

Tommy's Labor Saving Device.
Tommy was much interested in hearing for the first time in his language lesson the other day about a pair of little dots that the teacher said meant "ditto." How his soul—a curious mixture of laziness and thrift—thrilled at learning that if he were to write "a cat," or "five boys," or "810" on one line and wanted to repeat the same words or figures on the next line all he had to do, instead of writing the words in full, was to put the ditto marks, and everybody would know it was "a cat," or "five boys" or "810" (as the case might be) that was meant. Some time after this Tommy, while away on a visit had occasion to write home. He simplified the hated task by turning his latest knowledge to account.

The letter looked like a literary polka-dot.
"Dear father, it began:
"I hope you are well."
" " mother is "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandma " "
" wish you were here."
" " mother was "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandma " "
" " you would send me some money."
"Your affectionate son, TOM."
—New York Sun.

MINES OF CRUDE WAX.

Facts About Ozocerite, a Mineral Found in Galicia—Its Uses.
United States Consul F. W. Hossfeld, at Trieste, Austria, sends to the State Department, Washington, a long report on ozocerite, or mineral wax, a resinous substance resembling beeswax, which is found in Russia, Rumania, Egypt, Galicia, Canada, and Mexico, as well as in Austria-Hungary, but which is found in quantities sufficient to pay for mining only in the district of Boryslav, Galicia, and to a limited extent on the west coast of the Caspian Sea. Concerning the mining of ozocerite, Consul Hossfeld says: Mining operations are commenced by sinking a shaft and connecting it by galleries with the beds, or "nests," containing the wax. Sometimes it happens, when a nest is being opened, that the enormous pressure of gases shut up in the same causes the soft mass of wax to be forced out with great vehemence. Such occurrences greatly imperil the lives of the miners, who are compelled to flee to some higher part of the shaft for safety. In some cases the pressure is so powerful that even the deepest shafts are filled with wax up to the surface. Previous to 1884 the average yearly deaths from such accidents were nine per 1000. In recent years, however, measures have been taken by the Government to protect the miners' lives.

An official investigation made in 1898 showed that during the previous year the ozocerite beds of Galicia covered an area of 956,885 square metres, and that there were forty-two different mining concerns, employing 5413 operatives. The output in that year was 77,586 quintals, equal to 17,067,920 pounds.

Mineral wax is never found in a pure state, and such of the crude material as is intended for export is usually freed from foreign matter near the mines. It is for this purpose put into tanks, which are heated either by a direct fire or by steam.

The greater part of the ozocerite consumed in Austria, the Consul says, is manufactured into ceresin. Some is also used in the manufacture of shoemakers' wax and paraffin. Ceresin and beeswax are used in the manufacture of wax candles. Ceresin is also used for phonographic cylinders, and in galvanoplastic printing and other arts. In 1890 the exports of ozocerite from Austria reached 11,970,800 pounds, valued at \$872,494. The shipments to this country, however, are insignificant.

A Paper Chief's Asset.
A newspaper is primarily a business enterprise, says the Fresno (Cal.) Republican. Its function is to gather and print news, and also sell it to whomsoever will buy. Yet a newspaper is universally regarded as having a responsibility in the community that belongs to no other business. When other business men are non-committal on public questions, for fear it will hurt their business to take sides, the newspaper—whose business is more responsive to the fluctuations of popularity than any other enterprise—must nevertheless take the first and largest responsibility of utterance upon itself. If other businesses do not keep their goods clean, they lose custom, but do not particularly harm anybody but themselves. If the newspaper does not keep its news clean, it gains business, but corrupts the community, and is held responsible therefore. Whether the public takes its newspapers seriously or lightly, it always regards them as more than a business, as a forum whose opportunity for publicity may be used for good or evil.

So it comes that the chief capital of a newspaper is not presses or type, but character. It is an established institution, with traditions and politics and public standing, which survive many changes of workers, and give to the newspaper a character which is more than the character of those who make and manage it, and yet is not independent of that character.

And so it comes, also, that the best asset any community can have is the habit of demanding that its newspapers deal honestly by it, and of getting that demand satisfied.

Walter Helped the Orchestra.
One of the waiters at the Knickerbocker concert the other night unwittingly helped out the orchestra quite appropriately. They were playing a Liszt rhapsody and the fireworks were at their best when he got an order. He walked over to get his tray, which was leaning against a post, and accidentally kicked it hard. The tray fell over with a bang, but, as it happened, the noise of the kick and the noise of the fall were in exact accord with the orchestra, and came in just the place where the score might have called for cymbals.

Herr Bernstein, the veteran kettle drummer man, looked up in surprise, for he knew the notes were not in the score, but he had to smile when he saw what had happened.—New York Mail and Express.

The First Year of Baby's Life.
The newly-born child has, during the first month of its life, the senses of taste and smell, while sight and hearing begin to develop.

During the second month the child becomes sensitive to sound, and observation is born.

When the sixth month is reached feeling has developed, and grief and pleasurable emotions are exhibited.

In the eighth month displeasure may be manifested, and in the ninth the power of imitation. When ten months are reached a child shows memory, and at eleven, intelligible words are uttered, while at twelve months the habit of obedience and other qualities show signs of greater mental activity, which at birth practically does not exist.—American Queen.



Penalty For Neglected Highways.
THE Postoffice Department is trying to use the rural free delivery experiment as an argument in favor of good roads, and where the experiment has failed to improve the bad roads along the routes the service will have to be abandoned.

The department has gone over the records to see how many routes were interrupted by the condition of the roads last spring, and has sent out notices that unless the roads are improved to prevent similar interruption this spring these routes will have to be abandoned. The records show that a great many routes were interrupted from one to seven days last spring.

There were forty of these routes in Iowa, twelve in Illinois, ten in Wisconsin and a less number in other Western and Southern States. The record against Iowa is not so bad as it seems because that State has a great many more rural free delivery routes than any other State, and, like Illinois, the State suffers at times from bad roads which cannot be improved.

The department admits that it will have to give some consideration to the difficulty in building roads in Iowa and Illinois, where the depth of the soil makes it almost impossible to construct roads that will be passable at all seasons of the year. It is admitted that there are routes in Illinois and Iowa where everything possible has been done to make good roads for the greater part of the year, but during the spring freshets these may be impassable for a few days.

The order is meant to apply to those routes where the people are indifferent to the condition of the roads and have allowed them to become impassable through neglect. The inspectors will report on the routes that are interrupted this spring, and where the interruption is due to neglect of the roads they will be abandoned. Where the interruption is due to conditions which cannot be overcome the department will make allowances and continue the service.

But the department regards rural free delivery as an argument and an inducement to build good roads, and wherever the people are indifferent to the advantages of the service the department holds that the experiment is a failure. The demand for rural free delivery is greater than the department can meet with the appropriation by Congress, and it will favor those communities which show most appreciation by building roads over which the Government can send mails with the least possible interruption.

Prepared For Summer.
In the late spring after the ground has settled, the roads should be prepared for summer travel by being shaped up with the "road machine" or "road grader." When this work is done, the ground is comparatively dry, and consequently the heavier road scraper is required and can be handled on the roads. It is somewhat unfortunate that this tool is ordinarily called a road grader, since the name has possibly led to a misconception as to an important use of the machine. As an instrument of road construction, this machine is used to give a crown to the road; but as an instrument of maintenance, it should be used only to smooth the surface and restore the original crown. Apparently some operators assume that the machine is not to be used except to increase the crown of the road. Employed in this way the crown is made too great, and a big ridge of loose earth is left in the middle of the road which only slowly consolidates and which is likely to be washed into the side ditches to make trouble there. Since the introduction of the road machine there has developed a strong tendency to increase the crown of the road unduly. Doubtless the object is to secure better drainage of the road bed, but piling up the earth is an inadequate substitute for the drainage. Side slopes steeper than just enough to turn the water into the side ditches are a detriment. Other things being equal, the best road to travel on or to haul a load over is a perfectly flat one.

Good Roads a Necessity.
With many expressions of appreciation for the warm hospitality extended by the business men of Philadelphia, the convention of the Southern Industrial Association adjourned to meet next year in Memphis, Tenn. Before adjourning the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The territory of many of the Southern States is entirely or largely remote from water navigation, and

Whereas, The more prosperous countries of Europe have realized from the earliest periods the vital importance of good roads, and that much of their prosperity depends upon a system of fine roads, and

Whereas, We of the South realize the great disadvantage under which we are marketing our valuable products; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Southern Industrial Association in convention assembled, do hereby earnestly urge upon the attention of all good citizens of the South the importance of the improvement of the roads, and do hereby memorialize the Legislatures of the various Southern States to take up this important matter and to enact such laws as will tend toward the betterment of the roads of their respective States.

TRAINING YOUNG BIRDS.

How the Old Birds Instruct Their Offspring.

All who have watched birds carefully have seen them teach the young to find food, to bathe, to follow, to sing, to fear danger, and other things. Birds brought up from the nest by people never learn some of these lessons. For example, birds so reared are not afraid of the human race. I could give many authenticated instances of this. Then they do not know their native tongue or understand the calls of their own mother, and do not sing their father's song. A chevron or towhee bunting reared in a house sang the song of an ortolan confined in the next cage, and refused to learn the song of his family when placed next a singing chevron. A captive young robin learned the song of a mocking bird, and a young bluejay did the same.

Not only has the fact of the training of the young been brought to light, but it has been proved that birds are creatures of habits and live regular lives. In Alaska last summer, on the Hartman expedition, Dr. Fisher was interested to observe that although the sun did not set till 11 o'clock at night, the birds paid no attention to the vagaries of that luminary, but went to bed according to custom at 8 o'clock, in broad daylight, of course. If they were disturbed in their slumbers, they appeared half awake and bewildered, as they do in the dark.

One may sometimes see a case of discipline, like a droll one seen among the domestic inmates of a yard in Michigan last summer. With the regular poultry was placed a small party of ducks and a little pond for their use. The head of this family was a personage of dignity, who loved quiet, and the usual emotional announcement of a fresh egg was exceedingly offensive to his sensitive ear. When an indiscreet hen became too gushing he flew at her, caught her by the neck, dragged her—protesting at the top of her lungs—into the pond and ducked her well.

One of the delights of late June is to make the acquaintance of nestlings at home, when the mother is absent, speaking to them quietly, moving slowly, and if touching them at all, only with the gentlest touch of a finger. The young usually show no fear, and will often answer one's quiet talk. I have held conversation in this way with humming birds in the nest, stroking them with my finger, and have talked with, or to, clear-eyed mourning dove babies, fluffy little bluejays, and others. Soon after they leave the nest they are taught not to permit such familiarities.

It is most interesting to see the processes of training that are obvious to us, such as to fly compactly in a flock. The wing exercise, for example, of sandpipers, who fly as one bird, as dwellers on the seashore know, showing one moment all silvery breasts flashing in the sun, and the next instant gray backs that blend with the ocean color and make them almost invisible. This wing practice may be seen over the solitary marshes or low lands of which they are fond, and one realizes that perfection of flight is a matter of much practice, and not of instinct. Strange stories are told of young trained by birds of another species to adopt the habits of the foster mother, as a bird of vegetarian proclivities reared by a captive bird of prey being taught to eat meat, sorely against his inclination and against all the traditions of his race.—Chicago Tribune.

Value of Chess as a Game.
The mental breakdown of three of the world's greatest chess players suggests queries as to the value of chess as a game, and especially as to the evil of exhibitions and match games. There is something highly abnormal in the powers demanded in chess of sanity and life. The military, medieval and royal types of life upon which the imitation battle is founded, are, moreover, no longer desired in modern civilization. Evolution has gone beyond all that, and the commercial, scientific and democratic ideas of civilization are so different that the mental exercises that mimic and stimulate the old and outworn phases of human activity are precisely those that do not conduce to progress and success. Peasants are no longer pawns, castles are in ruins, and if a king is checkmated, why, there are thousands of better men fitted to rule under the title of president, governor, etc. Physiologic or biologic problem solving is not helped by the peculiar mnemonics and ingenuities of the chess-nut solver.—American Medicine.

Heard in an Open Car.
People talk in open cars with a wonderful appearance of security. Nobody seems to think anybody can hear in the seat in front, or the seat behind, especially in the evening, and if electric light were not so good a conductor of private conversation as daylight. Two women were running down a mutual acquaintance volubly in an open car the other night, when one of them summed up the case in these final words:

"He is a selfish, cynical pig."
A cynical pig would have been eagerly advertised by Barium, if he had had such an animal in the greatest show that used to be on earth.—New York Mail and Express.

The World's Longest Mile.
The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world. A traveler in Sweden when told that he is only about a mile from a desired point would better hire a horse, for the distance he will have to walk if he chose in his ignorance to adopt that mode of travel is exactly 11,700 yards.