WHAT'S THE USE?

By the Rule of Contraries Goes Affairs in This Life.

Some anonymous writer has distributed the following sentiments on a card:

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip.

When he is little the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, you can't find a place for him and he is no good to the country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it's for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

If you save money, you're a grouch; if you spend it, you're a loafer. If you get it, you're a grafter; if you don't get it, you're a bum—so what's the use.

Chemical Disinfectants.

A German investigator finds that the humic acid of acid soils checks the growth of bacteria. This result was obtained by comparing the effects of fresh peat mold and peat which had been freed of acid by leaching. The soil of moors produced similar results. The bactericidal properties of the metallic salts sodium chloride, calcium chloride, and copper sulphate, and the carbon compounds ether, benzine, carbon tetra-chloride and toluol were also studied. Sodium chloride added to urine in the proportion of 2 per cent. had no effect on the bacteria, but their growth was arrested by 1-6 per cent. of copper sulphate and by a mere trace of calcium chloride, while 1-4 per cent. of calcium chloride produced complete sterilization. Of the carbon compounds tested toluol alone exhibited antiseptic properties, while ether stimulated the growth of bacteria. The effect of metallic salts and peat mold in conjunction was also investigated. The addition of peat mold to a soil containing sodium chloride diminished the growth of bacteria. The germicidal action of calcium chloride is accelerated by the addition of peat mold, because the humic acid combines with the calcium and the chlorine is set free.

Jarred the Judge Some.

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as of the facts." Thought not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not a judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to judge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response. "But I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, jedge," answered the farmer as he shifted his quid, "we considered that point."

A Hot Argument.

Robert Edeson, appearing in "The Noble Spaniard," was bemoaning the decline of the adventurous days when "swords for two and coffee for one" were nightly occurrences.

"The glamour of life is all for stage purposes nowadays," he said. "Real life is like the story of the three divines who met in a hotel for a conference and grew heated in an argument.

"'William III. was a great rascal,' roared the first, as he struck the table with his fist. 'A great rascal, and I spit upon his memory.'

"The second divine, turning very red, shouted:

"'No, it's James II. that was the rascal. I spit upon his memory.'

"At this point the third divine rang the bell and, turning, said gently to the waiter:

"'Spittoons for two, please.'"

He Likes His Straight.

"Intemperance," said Horace Bixey, the oldest Mississippi pilot, "is what kills most of us off. Once we fished out a passenger who had been soaking in the river for half an hour. When the whiskey was brought, the victim's lips moved slightly, and I stooped to get his last words.

"'Roll me on a bar'l fust and get some o' this water out,' he said faintly. 'It'll weaken the licker.'"—Success Magazine.

Three Great Words.

Pride goeth before a fall, according to the proverb, but it often happens that the fall does not take place as expected by the cynical observer. Mrs. Benedict, for example, was very proud of her daughter's attainments at school Mrs. Benedict herself had had little schooling, but attempted to make up for it by retailing Margaret's triumphs to her friends.

One day the minister's wife was calling.

"Yes, ma'am," Mrs. Benedict said, in reply to a question, "Margaret is way up in all her classes, I can tell you. They're been reading Shakespeare's plays latterly, and Maggie's buying that little edition one by one, so she can have it at home. She keeps them up in her room.

"Let me see, she's read 'Hamlet' and—there was two more—oh, yes, one of 'em was 'Romeo' and the other 'Juliet.'

"I enjoy hearing her do them out loud, Mrs. Bradley."

SENATOR ROOT'S STORY.

Good Illustration of the Difficulty of Concealing Evil Practices.

Senator Elihu Root's onion story, told at a recent dinner, is an illustration of the difficulty of concealing evil practices.

"Take the case," said Mr. Root, "of old John Budewin. John was a lawyer's confidential clerk, and he had the pernicious habit of going to a neighboring saloon every morning at 11 o'clock and taking a small glass of whiskey. He was not proud of this habit; hence, after the whiskey, he always took a clove.

"But one morning it happened that there were no cloves on the bar, and John, after having considered the matter, ate a small raw onion from the free-lunch tray. That would destroy the telltale whiskey odor, no doubt, as well as the clove had always done, and so thinking he returned to his desk.

"It was a double desk. At it he and his employer sat face to face. John, on his return, was soon aware that his employer noticed something. The man's nostrils quivered, he sniffed, and finally with a grimace of disgust he broke out:

"'Look here, John, I've stood whiskey and clove for nineteen years, but I draw the line at whiskey and onions.'"

Wall-Street Arithmetic.

If John Smith has bought a thousand shares of stock on margin, and goes home at night and tells his wife he made a thousand dollars, and then the next day the stock goes down; and if on the third day he goes home and tells his wife he made a thousand dollars; and on the fourth day the stock goes down, and on the fifth day he goes home and tells his wife he made a thousand dollars, how does he stand?

Answer.—It all depends on whether his wife is accustomed to the ways of gamblers in telling their winnings and concealing their losses. If she is, he is just even, because, whatever he won, he went out and spent on one big, uproarious tim. If she is not, he is probably about two thousand dollars out, because, acting on his tip, she went out shopping and spent that much on near-Turkish rugs, Chippendales, foulards, bathing-suits, and porch furniture.

The Janitor's Question.

Holiday week is the period of the year when the field men of the various bureaus go to Washington to get acquainted with their families and interview the bureau chiefs. One of the reclamation experts has spent the year on the new Salt River project in the hottest part of Arizona. He was indulging in some of the big talk of the West in the presence of the Irish janitor of the building.

"Why," said he, "down in the Salt River region you'll find the hottest spot in the world. Last summer we had 117 degrees in the shade for two weeks."

Everybody drew a deep breath except the janitor.

"Well, Mr. Davis," he exclaimed, "yez didn't have to stay in the shade all the time, did ye?"

A PUZZLER.

Stout Party—I want two seats, please.

Facetious Clerk—Certainly, madam. And what about the little boy?

A Modest Doctor.

While on his vacation, a city doctor attended the Sunday morning service at a little country church. When the congregation was dismissed several of the members shook hands with him, and one, wishing to learn if he were a Methodist, inquired, "Are you a professor, brother?"

"Oh, no indeed," answered the physician modestly; "just an ordinary doctor."

Her Hint.

"How lovely you look in those roseblossoms, Miss Maud!" said the devoted young man. "Is the rose your favorite flower?"

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of roses," replied Miss Maud; "but, do you know, I should like to see how I would look in orange blossoms."

Hint taken.

AUTOS FOR THE VERY YOUNG.

Even Baby Carriages Fitted with Motor Car Trimmings Nowadays.

"It seems to me," said the man who likes automobiles, "that the next generation ought to be automobile mad. The toys that children have all are such as would accustom them right from the start to machines. Every one knows the miniature automobiles that children have, which run with treadles they kick with their feet, but the other day I saw one that goes even further back toward babyhood.

"I saw a child being wheeled about in a sort of go-cart baby carriage, a child that couldn't have been over 2 years old. Extending back from the front of the carriage was a sort of steering post with a wheel attached, to which the child—it was a girl too—clung in the most natural way.

"The wheel had nothing to do with the management of the carriage. It seems to me that getting children used to the automobile habit so early might to develop car fiends later on."

A GOOD DEFINITION.

This Little Girl Knew All About Skellingtons.

Wilton Lackaye, starring in "The Battle," has a strong penchant for girls—small ones especially, because, as he explains, they afford him "a bushel of amusement a week."

"My newest game," he said, "will make a great authoress some day—I rather fancy, in fact, she'll write a dictionary. Recently I heard her gravely discussing 'skellingtons' with another child.

"'Skellingtons,' I scoffed, 'what do you know about skelotons?'

"'A skellington,' she exclaimed patiently, 'is a man with his insides out and his outsides off.'"

Hardly Complimentary.

At a wedding breakfast a nervous and embarrassed bridegroom was called upon to respond to the usual toast.

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose, with some dim idea of impressing the fact that he had not expected to have to make any sort of a speech.

Laying his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and looking affectionately down upon her, he commenced:

"Er—er—this thing has been forced upon me unexpectedly."

Up To Date.

"Did 'Ben Hur' come to Swamptown," asked the drummer, noting the posters in the hotel lobby.

"Yes, and we laughed it right off the boards," replied the proprietor. "We ain't such rubes as we look. In the big act they had some horses dragging automobiles around, realistic enough so far as that went, but I'll bet there warn't a one of those machines was younger than the season of 1905."

A Discrepancy.

Assistant Editor—There's a liar somewhere among the contributors to our funny column.

Editor—What makes you think so?

Assistant Editor—The number of stories related of an Irishman who just came over is three times the number that have emigrated from Ireland into this country in the last twenty years.

Suburban Amenities.

Little Girl—Papa would like to borrow your lawn mower.

Subbubs—Tell your father I'm sorry, but I've made a rule never to let it go off my premises. But if he'd like to use it on our own lawn, it's at his disposal at any time."

NATURALLY.

She—There's Mrs. Toozle, she seems quite reconciled to the death of her first husband.

He—Yes, but I'm afraid that her second never will be.

WHERE MEN ARE WOOED.

Maids of Ecaussines Are the Suitors at Annual Festival.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, when men and maids used to carry on their courtships in a manner far different from that which obtains to-day, a bashful suitor entered the town of Ecaussines in Belgium. At a loss for words, he planted in the darkness of the night of April 30 a white birch tree before the doorway of the house of his beloved one, in order that it might plead the purity of the cause to which his fluttering heart, draining him of equanimity, prevented him from doing verbal justice. The next morning when the damsel arose and found the tree, she knew, by love's unerring instinct, who had placed it there and sent to the bashful youth an invitation to call. The lad sought out the lass, was welcomed, entertained and encouraged. A "happily ever after" ending followed. Since that day the plan adopted by the timorous lover has become a custom in Ecaussines, and suitors both bold and bashful have since employed it.

In the last four years, however, there has evolved from this charming custom a grand fete, in which all of the eligible men from towns for miles around Ecaussines have gathered at the quaint Belgian village and taken unto themselves wives from the wards of the municipality. The conveniences of this occasion are beyond computation for those of the young men with courage enough to propose marriage, but the hesitating have often come away wifeless and sad, victims of their own embarrassment. To better the lot of these would-be Benedicts and give them a chance with their more fortunate brethren, a new rule in the matrimonial game was agreed on this year, and when April 30 came, the blushing maidens of Ecaussines were invited to come to the nearby town of Rouquieres and there, instead of being pursued, were requested to follow out the "Superman" idea of becoming the pursuers and making proposals of marriage to those men who struck their fancies.

Willingly the diffident male permitted himself to be wooed and won; and now the young men are clamoring for the permanent establishment of this scheme which puts them beyond the danger of hearing the dreaded "no" from the lips of a woman.

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Humble Beginning in Gloucester One Hundred Years Ago.

One Sunday morning, a hundred years ago, a workingman, carefully dressed in his best suit, came out of his house on the main street of the old English town of Gloucester and strolled leisurely down the hill. The "New Inn" was fronted then, as it is to-day, by a square garden overhung by the carved galleries of the tavern. There was a moss-clad well in the center, and about it were beds of sweet-smelling pinks and columbines.

But the calm of that Sunday morning was destroyed by a crowd of street boys who fought over the flower beds, making the day hideous with their noise and coarse talk.

The printer—for printing was his work on weekdays—stopped in the midst of the crowd and looked steadily at the boys. Presently he said to himself: "At this rate those boys will soon go utterly to the bad. That must not be! There are good possibilities in them. Here boys," he called aloud, "come with me!"

He led them, yelling and pushing, down the street into his own quiet house, planning as he went how to keep them there.

"I am going," he said presently, "to start a school for you. Now and here, it shall be a free school; I will be the teacher."

The boys received the news with shouts. They were too ragged and grimy to go to church on Sundays. No other decent place was open to them.

The next Sunday his house was crowded with the same class of children.

The idea of a free school on Sunday appealed to every Christian as a most hopeful plan for the rescue of children from wickedness. It spread through the town, through the shire, through England. It was adopted in France and Germany; it made its way to Australia and to the United States. Now, in every country in the world and in every sect there are these schools, in which every Sunday morning the Bible story is told, without money and without price.

In the staid old city of Gloucester they still show you the New Inn and the garden where the boys played, and the old brown house with its peaked roof, in which Robert Raikes that long-ago morning taught the first Sunday school.

"Tandem Polygamy."

"Tandem Polygamy," the term used by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in referring to some of our prominent society women, is apt enough to find a place in the language; but a scientific man, with an eye to accuracy, would prefer to call it "progressive polyandry," although "progressive polyandry" would drive the average man to the dictionary, if it did not drive him to drink.

Polyandry is still practised by tribes in Thibet, parts of India and the Pacific islands. It is a style of marriage which may be useful in communities where there is a surplus of men; in other words, in this form of marriage each woman has several husbands.

What becomes of the mothers-in-law under this arrangement is not clear, but many primitive tribes retain the mother-in-law taboo, which absolutely forbids, under many and dire penalties, the wife or husband to speak to or even to look at the mother-in-law.

This old-time practise is still followed rigidly by the Navajo Indians, in Arizona, who are polygamists. Some arrangement of the kind seems to be regarded as necessary by primitive peoples.

Some Bride.

The bride is no doubt the most popular young lady that this city possessed and ever will have the honor of possessing. She is a very amiable young lady possessing many traits of sterling quality and characteristics which made her a very charming bride. Her friends are numbered by the many, not only here but all over Southern Illinois, who laud this young lady in the very highest manner possible. Words cannot speak too highly for this estimable, happy bride. Their romance started when the happy bride was employed as teacher in the public school in the city of Boston and soon friendship ripened to love and through ardent attention he won for himself the most charming bride Du Quoin has offered in many a year which no doubt the happy groom justly deserves.—Du Quoin (Ill.) Call.

No Window Panes Recently.

Americans living in Beirut can remember when there was not a window pane in the city. Twenty-five years ago there were no carriages, women making their social calls on the backs of donkeys. The city now has 600 licensed victorias, besides the private vehicles, with automobiles and electric street cars. There are complete postal and telegraphic services, newspapers, colleges and fine palaces. In the Far East Japan leads the way, but the Levant is following the lure of civilization.

Wild Animals He Didn't Know.

"Mamma," said 3-year-old James, "I want an apple."

"Help yourself, my child."

"They's all gone."

"Oh, no, there are plenty down in the cellar. Can not you run down and get one for you and one for mamma, there's a dear."

"I's afraid."

"I guess not; you're such a big boy."

James thrust his hands under his belt and after one look at his mother smilingly trotted off. Coming back quickly with one apple and looking pale, he ran to his mamma and leaning on her lap, looking very serious, he said: "Mamma!"

"What is it, my child?"

"I run'd b'fore I got yours 'cause I saw a big 'tater with a string tied to it run out a barrel and up the wall."—The Deliverator.

WHY HE USED DISINFECTANTS.

It Was Not to Make an Eyesore Look Respectable.

Dr. Charles Page at a dinner in Boston adverted to his recent attack on the over-numerous operations for appendicitis.

"Too many of these operations are the result of fad," said Dr. Page. "They are as useless and a million times more harmful than the operation that a new resident of Gloucester performed the other day.

"This chap moved into a dilapidated cottage near the beach and set to work at once to whitewash it inside and out. While he was swinging the wet brush on the exterior a passerby said approvingly:

"'I'm glad to see you making this old place so neat and smart. It's been an eyesore to the neighborhood for years.'

"'It ain't nothing to me about eyesores,' was the reply. 'The reason why I'm whitewashin' is because the last couple wot lived here had twins twice. I understand lime's a good disinfectant. Yo see, we've got ten children already.'"

ALAS! THEY DO.

Bight—The waves of the ocean remind me of the summer vacationist.

Knight—How so?

Bight—They roll in strong and go out broke.

Caesar's Robe.

When the weeping relict of Caesar was packing up to move out of the palace she came upon the toga worn by the deceased statesman on the day of the assassination.

"I don't know whether to darn this thing or to throw it away," she said.

"I'd keep it as a curiosity, Calpurnia," said her mother. "Some collector might pay you a good round sum for that garment."

"How absurd," retorted Calpurnia. "What kind of a collector would want a thing like that?"

"Oh, you never can tell," said the old lady. "Some rent-collector may come along some time, and it is just full of 'em."

Not on the Arm.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man sat next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. The fair companion suddenly exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his best jokes passed unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm.

"I am in misery," she said.

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes. I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I can almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms; no signs there.

"Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked surprisedly.

"In Boston," she said, the smile chasing away the look of pain.

Injudicious Remark.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner, impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Slopson retorted, rather crossly.

"'Ours?' Oh, George!" she cried and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.

Inquisitive.

The girl was pretty. Leaning her dimpled elbows on the table, she said to the critic:

"And what is your lecture to be about, professor?"

"I shall lecture on Keats," he replied.

"Oh, professor," she gushed, "what are keats?"

Reckless.

As George folded the fair young creature to his heart a dull, crackling sound smote his ear.

"Ah! It's a good-by to those cigars in my vest pocket," he said grimly; "but hang the expense at a moment like this."

All Ready for Puss.

Mr. Youngbird (on the train)—Did you leave anything for the cat, dearest?

Mrs. Youngbird—Oh, how can you ask? You know I wouldn't forget him. I left a whole can of salmon, with a can-opener right beside it.

His Doubtful Status.

"Engaged to that beautiful girl, and yet not happy?"

"Well, she's gone in by turns for rowing, tennis, horses, golf, and dogs.

"Say on."

"Sometimes I wonder if I am a sweetheart, or merely a passing fad!"

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

He—You don't know how nervous I was when I proposed to you!

She—And you don't know how nervous I was until you did so!

Strictly After Nature.

A public building was in course of erection in one of the western towns of Scotland, in front of which a bust of The Bruce was being carved. A well-known bailie halted opposite the sculptor one day and called out:

"I say, sculptor, d'ye no think ye hae that beard inclining a wee thing to the left?"

"Man, bailie," said the sculptor, "d'ye no see the win's blawin' up the street the noo?"—Tid-Bits.

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HOW TO DODGE AUTOMOBILES.

Public School Pupils Get Another Addition to Their Studies.

"How to Keep from Being Run Over in the Streets of New York" is the latest addition to the course of study in the public schools in the city. The subject was put in the curriculum by Egerton L. Winthrop, president of the Board of Education, at the suggestion of the National Highways Protective Society. In a letter, a copy of which was sent to every school principal in New York, Winthrop said:

"I desire you to bring to the attention of pupils in your school the importance of their exercising great care when on the street, so as to avoid the danger of being run down by automobiles and other vehicles. It is a common practice for children to attach themselves to moving vehicles, wagons and carts, and then jump off suddenly, thereby incurring serious risks. They also frequently dart out from behind piles of brick, lumber, etc., on the streets and highways, and not infrequently try to see how close they can escape being run over by a motor vehicle. Many drivers of automobiles run their machines in a reckless manner, and the danger to persons in the streets, especially to children is great. I think a few words from you to your pupils cannot fail to have a good effect in reducing the number of accidents."