

## THE STAGE KISS.

What It Really Means Rather Than What It Seems to Be.

Stage kisses! No one but an actor or an actress can fully appreciate what they mean. The picture as presented to the audience is very pretty, but the vision which looms up before the eyes of the poor player is something like this:

A face covered with a coating of cold cream, which has been powdered over with a thick layer of pearl white or blonde powder, as the case may be. On the cheeks are daubs of rouge, which at that close range in no possible manner suggest, as they do to the audience, the rosy cheeks of a country lassie. Over the eyes is rubbed a little dark blue powder to make them poetical. The underlids are heavily penciled, and a mark extends a quarter of an inch from the eye at the end. This makes them larger. Upon each separate lash is a bead of black cosmetic, which has the effect of making them heavy and long. The cherry lips, which to the audience the hero is eager to press to his own, are to his distorted vision at such close range only a gash of carmine painted into a Cupid's bow.

The actress sees before her a picture even less attractive, for ten chances to one the hero, in addition to his grease paint, wears a false mustache and is also "smelly" with tobacco. The glare of the footlights tones down this conglomeration of paint, and at a distance the faces are actually pretty, but upon close inspection they resemble nothing more than a very bad oil painting out of focus.

Taken from this viewpoint, some of the very impassioned kisses featured in plays require no little self sacrifice on the part of the players.—Harriet Quimby in *Leslie's Weekly*.

## A UNIQUE CRITICISM.

The Shout That Made Remington's Indian Open His Mouth.

Frederick Remington's studio was quiet. A stillness that betokens work pervaded the atmosphere, and the artist, working away at his canvas, "The Spirit of War," silently laid on his colors of the scorching sun, and an Indian chief, raised in his stirrups, shouting to his braves, inspiring them with courage for the fight.

Remington had not heard a knock at the studio door or the entrance of an unannounced guest. Nor did he realize that two sharp eyes were scanning his work with that critical examination characteristic of the man who "knows art."

Suddenly there burst from the visitor such a shout as any Indian chief would have been proud of.

Another and another shout echoed through the studio. Remington, starting back, dropped his brushes and palette and turned in the direction of the thundering voice.

"Ah, bah! My boy, open his mouth. Make him shout. Make him look it. Open his mouth. So-so." And the stranger gave vent to two more shouts fit for the plains.

It was Jerome, and this was his method of expression in this special case. Remington, in accordance with his advice, "opened his mouth," and as a result, instead of the slightly parted lips, there is a face so full of enthusiasm, so expressive of a great heartfelt throb giving vent to a cheer, that when one sees the picture he is prompted to the action of Jerome, who made probably the most unique criticism ever given on one of Remington's best pictures.—Scrap Book.

## Impartial Criticism.

A well known salesman entered a west end conservatory the other afternoon on business. A girl was playing a piano in an adjoining room. Suddenly she began Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and the teacher conversing with the salesman paused to listen.

"Can't you stop that noise until I explain this to you?" broke in the man of business, who seemed to be a privileged character.

"That girl will be a great musician some day," replied the unruffled teacher. "She is naturally talented. Just listen."

"I don't agree with you," snapped the salesman. "She plays too fast and too loud. Who is she?"

"Your daughter," returned the teacher.—*St. Louis Republic*.

## A Mind Reader.

One night at a court ball in the Tuilleries Napoleon III. was so attentive to a beautiful young woman as to excite comment among the other women. At last, in response to a direct tribute to her beauty, she said:

"Ah, but your majesty compliments me too much!"

"How remarkable," he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "that you should say just what every other woman here is thinking!"

## Only One Objection.

Some sage said that "life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements." Many people give most cordial assent to this dictum. No objection can justly be made to it except that it is not true.—*London Saturday Review*.

## Had to Do It.

Mrs. Turnbull—it's too bad your husband cut off his flowing beard. Mrs. Crimble—Yes, he had to do it. I gave him a diamond scarfpin for a birthday present.

Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.—*Bacon*.

The idle always have half a mind to do something.

## ARTEMUS WARD'S FUN.

How the Humorist Used to Win Laughs in His Lectures.

However much the audience might laugh, even to a tumult of merriment lasting a minute or two or perhaps longer, Artemus Ward stood with the gravest mien and unmoved face. He could not help laughing while writing or planning a good thing, but no necromancer was ever more self poised when he stood before his audience.

The greatest fun of the whole was the manipulation of the panorama itself. Things would go wrong every now and then, and the audience would fairly scream with laughter, supposing it was a mistake, while as a matter of fact Artemus was always at the bottom of it all.

For instance, the prairie fire would go down at the wrong time and then break out again when the scene it was to illustrate had wholly passed, or the sick looking moon would refuse to stay down in the midst, while the lecturer was apparently almost overcome with vexation and despair. Then the wrong music would be played, and the house would break out into roars of laughter, as when he touched upon one really pathetic recital and the piano ground out "Poor Mary Ann."

In the midst of a really instructive talk on the Mormon question or a truly impressive description of the mountain scenery around Salt lake he would stop as if a sudden feeling of distress had come over him which must be explained, and, pointing to an absurd animal in the foreground of a picture, he would tell the audience how he had always tried to keep with faith in but mistakes must sometimes occur.

"I have always spoken of this animal as a buffalo and have always supposed he was a buffalo, but this morning my artist came to me and said, 'Mr. Ward, I can conceal it from you no longer; that is a horse!'" The effect was simply indescribable.

When quiet came again, he would seemingly become wholly lost to everything around him as he described some absorbing and thrilling incident, turning it into ridicule the next minute by the innocent and apparently merely incidental remark, "I did not see this myself, but I had it from a man just as reliable as I am."—*Enoch Knight in Scribner's Magazine*.

## QUAINT QUEBEC.

The Old World Charm That Crowns This Picturesque City.

Dear, delightful old Quebec, with her gray walls and shining tin roofs; her precipitous, headlong streets and sleepy squares and esplanades; her narrow alleys and peaceful convents; her harmless antique cannon on the parapets and her sweet-toned bells in the spires; her towering chateau on the heights and her long, low, queer smelling warehouses in the lower town; her spick and span calèches and her dingy trolley cars; her sprinkling of soldiers and sailors with Scotch accent and Irish brogue and cockney twang on a background of petite bourgeoisie speaking the quaintest of French dialects; her memories of an adventurous glittering past and her pious contentment with the tranquil grayness of the present; her glorious daylight outlook over the vale of the St. Charles, the level above of Montmorency, the green Ile d'Orléans dividing the shining reaches of the broad St. Lawrence, and the blue Laurentian mountains rolling far to the eastward, and at night the dark bulk of the citadel outlined against the starry blue, and far below the huddled houses, the silent wharfs, the lights of the great warships swinging with the tide, the intermittent ferryboats plying to and fro, the twinkling lamps of Levis rising along the dim southern shore and reflected on the lapsing, curling seaward sliding waves of the great river! What city of the new world keeps so much of the charm of the old?—*Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's Magazine*.

## STAMPING ENVELOPES.

Queer Ways Some Folks Have of Doing This Simple Act.

"The only way to stop people from plastering a stamp at any old place upon the envelope except the right one is to do as is done in England. There a letter which does not have the stamp in the right position is cast aside and handled only when all other mail is sorted and exchanged." This idea was advanced by a postal clerk quoted by the *Philadelphia Record*. "We often lose considerable time because of these letters," continued the clerk, "for often we have to stop and turn over an envelope to find the stamp. We do not mind so much the love sick youth or maiden who places the stamp on the center of the envelope, because the stamp so placed can be seen at a glance, but it is chiefly with the foreigners that we have the trouble. These people invariably put on a stamp at any but the right place, and you would be surprised to know how they do it. Why, I have seen letters upon which the stamps have been placed on the back of the envelope at the point where the society girl will put her monogram in sealing wax. Others when they have to pay, say, 5 cents postage will buy five one-cent stamps and put one on each corner of the envelope, with the remaining one acting as a seal upon the back."

## An Exciting Escape.

Prince Kropotkin, the Russian revolutionist, once made an exciting escape from a fortress prison in St. Petersburg. After two years in the prison he had been removed to the jail hospital, where plans were matured by his friends for his flight. He was allowed to walk for an hour each afternoon, guarded by armed sentries, in the grounds. A line of spies outside maintained a system of signals to notify the prince when the adjoining streets should be clear. When all was well a friend in a kiosk opposite the gates played upon a violin. After one or two false starts the violinist burst into a mad melody, and the prisoner, flinging off an outer garment, leaped for it. Sentries tried to stab him with their bayonets; others hesitated to shoot, believing that they could catch him. A carriage with a racing horse in the shafts was waiting. Into it he sprang, and they left at a gallop. His beard was cut off, his clothes changed, and he spent the first hours even in sport.—*Forest and Stream*.

## The Amateur Detective.

Said the man in the restaurant to the other across the table:

"I'll bet you're a druggist."

"No; you're wrong."

"A chemist, then?"

"Wrong again."

"A photographer?"

"This time you're right. How did you guess it?"

"It was simple enough," was the answer. "I guessed it from the way you held the vinegar cruet in making your salad. You placed your little finger at the bottom of the bottle. No one but a man accustomed to measuring out graduated and exact quantities does that."—*New York Press*.

## Postage Stamps.

It is often desired to separate postage stamps that are stuck together without destroying the gum. This can be done by dipping the stamps in water for a few seconds only, shaking off the excess of water and heating with a match as much as possible without burning. The heat expands the water between the stamps and separates them, so that they can be easily pulled apart and are ready for use.

## Uncountable.

Tourist (to boy fishing)—How many fish have you caught? Boy—Oh, I couldn't count 'em! Tourist—Why, you haven't caught any, you little vagabond! Boy—That's why I can't count 'em!

## A Similarity.

Star Boarder—There's something wrong with the coffee. Boarding Mistress—Yes, it's like you—slow about settling.

## HINDOO HEAVENS.

Four Degrees of Bliss to Which the De-parted Spirits Pass.

The Hindus believe in four special abodes of the righteous after death. The first is called *Sara-loka*, "God's world;" the second, *Sameetsa*, "Near to God;" the third, *Sarobam*, "God's image," and the fourth, *Sayutcheyam*, which signifies "to be absorbed in him."

To *Sara-loka*, the first degree of bliss, go the souls of all those who have ever made a pilgrimage to a holy place or who have paid for the temple lights for one month. In *Sara-loka* there is great happiness and no work or sickness. The inmate is allowed to read the five sacred books, drink ambrosia and hear the hours sing.

To *Sameetsa* go the spirits of all *Keerikar*, or workers in the Brahman cause; also those who forego the comforts of life, such as sleeping in a reclining position, eating sufficiently, etc. Their happiness consists chiefly of continually praising God.

To *Sarobam*, the third heaven, go the souls of such as never spoil God's model by shaving or paring the nails. These are the Brahman Yogis. They wander about the earth, always going from left to right. They eat nothing but nectar and food and live in a constant state of abstraction on divine subjects.

The fourth heaven, *Sayutcheyam*, is the coming abode of the "nyane," or philosophers. These *nyane* pay no attention to heat or cold, never bathe and often go for weeks without food. If they are sick, no one knows it but themselves. They are the stoics of the world of today and believe that in *Sayutcheyam* they will eventually be absorbed in the deity.

## TRAINING ANIMALS.

Obeying the Word Regardless of the Tone and Manner.

It is true that animals can be taught to obey a tone alone—that is, a mere sound having no place among the lists of words. So may a human being. Therefore that proves nothing. It is likewise true that you may say a thing in a tone that contradicts the word, and the animal may or may not respond to the tone only, but the same effort will produce the same effect on any sensitive child, woman or man. Again, horses and dogs are the most sensitive of all brutes, the most easily offended, encouraged, discouraged. Therefore, need one be surprised if he finds it takes a long lesson to teach a horse or dog to obey the word regardless of the tone and manner? That either can be so taught, however, thousands of people know from their own experience.

I can say to my little Gipsy, "Come here and let me whip you," in the quietest, softest, most smiling style, and she comes cringing, trembling and ashamed, showing unmistakably that she considers the word "whip" humiliating and hateful; yet hopes I do not intend to inflict any punishment. Then I can frown my worst and shout out as savagely as I please, "No; you're a good dog!" and she frisks about joyfully, although she dislikes harsh tones even in sport.—*Forest and Stream*.

## Cleaning Brass.

Here is the government recipe for cleaning brass. It is used in all the United States arsenals and is said to be the best in the world. This is the recipe: One part of common nitric acid to half a part of sulphuric acid. Keep the mixture in a stone jar, having ready a pailful of fresh water and a boxful of sawdust. Articles to be cleaned must first be dipped in the acid mixture, then into the water and dried with sawdust. This process of cleaning will change the brass immediately to a brilliant color. If the metal is greasy—as candlesticks would be—dip first in a strong solution of potash and soda, in warm weather. This cuts the grease and permits the acid to work. This method of cleaning brass is entirely harmless and is very satisfactory.—*General Morris Schaff in Atlantic*.

## Nicknames.

"It's funny how a nickname, given to one during one's boyhood, will stick to one throughout a lifetime," said a man recently. "The variety of nicknames is also amusing. If I were asked to explain the conditions, I should say that it was because the 'rest of the kids' didn't like the real names and just substituted others to suit themselves. For instance, a boy comes to school with a lengthy name that a fond mother has given him with no doubt in the world that he will bear it all his life. Usually her fond hopes are shattered and the little 'dear' will come home from school the proud possessor of such a 'hang-on' as Tip, Rip, Bull or Buck. And it sticks too."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

## A Powerful Salve.

A man in Nebraska invented a powerful double acting salve which shows powers never before exhibited by salves of any kind. The inventor accidentally cut off the tail of a tame wolf, and, immediately applying some of the salve to the stump, a new tail grew out. Then, picking up the old tail, he applied some of the salve to the raw end of that, and a wolf grew out, but he was a wild wolf and had to be shot.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## The Emerald Isle.

Ireland is called the Emerald Isle because of the richness of its verdure, the term being first used by Dr. William Drennan, the author of "Glendaloch" and other poems, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

"Treatise of Fysshynge With an Angle" was the first book on angling printed in English. It appeared in 1440.

## WITCHES AND PLANTS.

Many Legends and Traditions That Link Them Together.

In all countries in which the witchcraft delusion now exists or in which it prevailed in former times we find folkloric stories connecting those mysterious bogies with the plants of those particular regions. Even the great Shakespeare causes his witches to discourse learnedly on the diabolical properties of "hemlock digg'd in dark" and of "sips of yew silvered in the moon's eclipse." They are supposed to have had their favorite flowers as well as plants, and in England at the present time foxglove is spoken of as "witch bells" and harebells as "witcher thimbles." The common ragwort is well known as the "witches' horse," the tradition being that they mounted rank growths of that species of weed and "rode the skies," just as the dame with the pointed hat rides the broom in the familiar picture. In Germany and throughout northern Europe it is the belief that witches float from place to place on beds of hay, composed largely of witches' blossoms and "devil spurs," this last being a species of dwarfed slough grass. St. John's wort, which is now so popular for shoulder and buttonhole bouquets on St. John's eve, was formerly worn for the express purpose of averting the crafts and subtleties of the witches, bogies, ghosts, and spirits which the European peasantry believed walked abroad on "that night of witching mysteries."—*London Spectator*.

## SHAVING NAPOLEON.

It Was a Difficult Job For Constant, the Emperor's Barber.

Constant, Napoleon's barber, tells of the many difficulties he experienced in shaving the emperor. Napoleon would take his place in the chair, conversing and gesticulating. Suddenly he would call for a paper or turn rapidly to look behind him.

The utmost caution was necessary on the part of his barber to keep from cutting him, yet in spite of all these restless movements not once while Constant was shaving the emperor did he do so.

Sometimes when in the chair he would sit stiff and motionless as a stone, and Constant tells that he could not get him to move his head either way in order to facilitate the operation of shaving.

Napoleon had a singular whim of having only one side of his face shaved and shaved at a time. When he shaved himself, which was seldom, he invariably cut himself badly. This was due to his restless impatience, and, though he was scrupulously neat in his person, he would, after hewing a slice from his cheek, give up the operation in disgust and go about with part of his face unshaved until he had found his faithful barber.

## The Two West Points.

The sensations of the new cadet when, after the climb from the boat landing, he finally reaches the plain—those first sensations linger a long while. There are two West Points—the actual West Point and the over-arching spiritual one, of which the cadet only becomes conscious about the time he graduates. The determinate West Point that is to be his master for four years and the shaper of his destiny meets him at the top of the slope with ominous silence. He hears no voice, he sees no portentous figure, but there is communicated in some way through some medium the presence of an invisible authority, cold, inexorable and relentless. Time never wears away this first feeling. It comes back to every graduate on returning to West Point, let his years and his honors be what they may. And perhaps it is just as well that it be so; that there is one place left in our country where vanity of asserted ancestry and the too frequent arrogance of speculative and fortuitous commercial leadership find a chill.—*General Morris Schaff in Atlantic*.

## Endurance of Migrating Birds.