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WHO IS THE BEST LOVER.

Reasons Why Some People in England Think the Englishman Is.
For long it has been supposed that Englishmen do not make good lovers. It is said they are too plain, straightforward and downright. They lack, it has been suggested, the finesse and skill of foreign men in wooing, the London Mirror says.

But the statement of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the famous American novelist, that if she married again she would marry an Englishman for choice, since he is far the most interesting type, raises the question anew.

Inquiries go to show that, in the opinion of some people at any rate, not only is the Englishman a better lover than the American man, but better even than the Frenchman, the Spaniard or the Austrian.

Mrs. Atherton added that as her profession made her habits and home unstable, she did not intend to marry anybody.

But she was sure that men of other than English nationality, and American men especially, lacked the subtlety of the well-bred Englishman, his fitness and his charm of conversation and manner.

Another English author, who asked that her identity might not be disclosed, as she did not wish to quarrel with American friends, spoke even more definitely.

"When do you ever hear of English girls marrying Americans?" she asked. "There is a good reason for this."

"However wealthy their parents, the majority of the boys in rich American homes grow up to be drawing-room hooligans, while their sisters are developing all the refinement and more than the style and intelligence of European women of corresponding social position."

"These young money grubbers of the States enter a ladies' drawing room looking like furniture removers. They have no graces, no conversation. They are on a lower social plane than their own sisters."

"And for this reason, perhaps, they have no power to compel the respect of women. All true women feel the need of a master, or, as an American would say, a 'boss.'

"I believe that every really good woman wants to look upon a man as literally her lord and master. But, of course, she wants to feel that the man is her superior in all that matters. American women do not find that sort of man among their own countrymen."

Mrs. Elizabeth York Miller, who is herself an American, and has only lived in England for two years, admitted that the American husband is not so companionable as the English husband.

But Americans were very unselfish. They were more generous with their money than Englishmen and allowed their wives more freedom.

"As a lover I think the American is sincere, if blunt," she continued. "He says to a girl, 'Now, look here, I love you. You are the nicest girl I've ever met. Let's get hitched right now.' From a sentimental point of view this is not idyllic, but it is straightforward."

The Englishman is attractive to the American girl because he is so different from the men she has known. She can't be 'pally' with him, and it takes some time to understand him."

"SHERLOCK HOLMES" BANNED.

Curious Action of Swiss Authorities in Regard to Book.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is the latest author to come under the ban of the book censors. It is reported, says the London Standard, that, "owing to a murder committed recently by two Swiss farm hands, who nearly exterminated the whole farm household, it has been decided by the Swiss railway authorities, as a beginning, that no literature of a tragic sort, especially of that kind dealing with detective stories, shall be on public sale. Among others, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's 'Sherlock Holmes' books are on the Swiss index, and cannot henceforth be bought at Swiss railway stations." It appears that the farm lads declared that they were led to commit their crime through having read fascinating stories of how murders were committed.

If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's books are going to incite the Swiss people to murder, then the Swiss will not be without another ready excuse for their actions, even though they are unable to read 'Sherlock Holmes'." This was the comment made upon the action of the Swiss railways by Sir Robert Anderson, once head of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard, and himself author of the book, 'Criminals' and Crime.' Sir Robert added:

"There is not the slightest doubt that a certain sort of literature has a thoroughly evil effect upon growing lads. We have dealt with this in London in many ways. The books I am speaking of are, of course, those of the 'penny dreadful' type. At one time I issued orders that the police should call my attention specially to cases in which literature of this kind was found upon youthful offenders. Our work in this direction was the outcome of our attention being drawn to the subject by certain public bodies and public men, though it is impossible to estimate the good effects of our efforts toward stopping the circulation of the 'penny dreadful' litera-

ture. But works of the type of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's, which always point out how the cleverest criminals are brought to justice, would, of course, not be included in the same category."

TRUMPING A PARTNER'S ACE.

Normal Function on the Part of the Lady in Neighborhood Whist.

I wouldn't waste an evening on a game of nice, talkative neighborhood whist unless some beautiful woman, clad in cheerfulness as a garment, trumped her partner's ace and then, noting his blank gaze, remarked:

"Oh, what have I done? I didn't mean to do that. That was a mistake."

A Kansas City woman engaged in a game of whist and her partner was her husband's friend, says a writer in the Minneapolis Journal. He threw an ace and she trumped it and he cursed. And her husband sat right there and heard it and didn't resent it! The lady promptly sued for a divorce and it was granted her.

It is not to complain of the husband that I write, but to express astonishment at the lack of self-control of the husband's friend when that really most jubilant of events took place, namely, the trumping of the ace by somebody's wife. Taking conditions as they were, ought not the trumping of his ace to have brought the husband's friend to light and cheerful laughter, not sarcastic, but just good natured and bubbling like? The event made no great difference in the world's history, or would have made none, had it been properly received. And it may be laid down as a rule of the game never to "rear up" and holler "Fire!" when the lady who trumps aces performs her normal functions in neighborhood whist.

How They Bathe in Japan.

The bath in Japanese inns, Miss Vera Collum says in the *Wide World Magazine*, was often something of a difficulty. Once we were invited to bathe in the kitchen, where the steaming bathtub stood amid a little group of men who gathered in the room in the evening to gossip and smoke!

Very often the bath shed had no door, and when it had it was not infrequently a glass one. Much as the country folk in Japan stare at foreigners, they do not, however, take advantage of these defenseless bathrooms, so that the anticipation was always worse than the event. Very often at the busier inns two persons have to bathe together.

I have often been invited to share the bathroom with a Japanese lady guest. To avoid this awkward necessity Z—, and I usually went to the bathroom together, and it was on these occasions that our little dog proved himself so useful. It is impossible to take anything but a cotton ukata to a Japanese bathroom, as there is scarcely ever a dressing room attached to the bathrooms of country inns, and the room itself is wet everywhere and contains neither peg nor shelf—in fact, all Japanese guests divest themselves of their garments outside the door!

So we generally tied our money bag round the dog's neck. He was a most ferocious little watchdog and never allowed anyone to enter our room in our absence without a noisy protest. Had we left him loose he would not have permitted anyone to enter without getting bitten.

Fire Prevention Among Pines.

Pines protect themselves against forest fires in a remarkable manner. For four or five years the stems of the infant trees attain a height of only as many inches above the soil.

During this time their bark is extraordinarily thick, and that alone gives some protection. But, in addition, the long needles spring up above the stem and then bend on all sides in a green cascade which falls to the ground in a circle about the seedling. This green barrier can with difficulty be made to burn, while the shade that it casts prevents inflammable grass from growing near the protected stem.

The officers of the forestry service at Washington are of opinion that it is owing to this peculiar system of self protection which the pine seedlings have developed that the growth of evergreen oaks in Florida has been restricted in regions where fires have raged, while pine forests have taken their place.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Simple Enough.

Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds things in the last place one hunts for it?

Bright Boy—I suppose it's 'cause after people find it they leave off looking.—*Scrapes.*

Every-Day Latin.

"The first class in Latin will please come to order," announced the teacher.

"Tommy, will you please construe the word 'restaurant'?"

"Res: things; taurus: a bull," responded Tommy; "bully things."—*Success Magazine.*

A Dire Failure.

Mrs. Gay—Maud says she dresses entirely to please her husband.

Mrs. Fay—Then she doesn't succeed. Her dressmaker's bills make him swear horribly.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Sightseeing.

On a visit to his grandmother, Harry examined her handsome furniture with interest and then asked: "Grandma, where is the miserable table that papa says you always keep?"—*Success Magazine.*

The man who succeeds doesn't waste his wind by converting it into hot air.

Some men's idea of happiness is to discover a wet smile in a dry town.



Three Little Pussies.

There were three pussies, all downy gray,

Sleeping so soundly, one April day.

"Dear little pussies, why don't you run

Over the green grass? That would be

fun."

But the gray pussies said not a word,

No pussy stretched a paw, no pussy

purred;

Still their heads rested on their brown

pillows.

They were not pussy cats—but pussy

willows.

Wise Men of Gotham.

A "wise man of Gotham" is a fool, but the phrase arose through the real wisdom of the people that lived in the English town of Gotham. The story goes that King John of England once visited the town with the intention of seeing a castle that he thought of taking for himself. But the Gothamites did not care for the nearness of royalty and the expense they would be put to if the king should have a house there, and so they cooked up a scheme to drive him away. When the king arrived with his company of followers and rode through the town, he saw all the inhabitants of Gotham going about the most foolish of tasks, each person with a silly smile on his face. The king was disgusted with them. He would not live among crazy people, and so he rode on through the town and did not stop for the castle. Then the wise men of Gotham, still smiling but not in a silly fashion, told one another that there were more fools that passed through Gotham than remain in it.

Another Expedition to the Pole.



FOUND AT LAST.

Keeping His Promise.

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon in spring. Harry was playing in the yard with his new express wagon

when mamma called him.

"I want you to take this parcel to Aunt Kate," she said.

"I'll put it in my wagon and take it," answered Harry, and started off.

On his way down the road he passed the house where Jamie Lane lived. And there was Jamie sitting on the front steps with his gray kitten in his arms. He was a very small, thin boy, and lame.

"Oh, Harry," he called out, "have you a new wagon?"

"Yes. Isn't it a beauty?" said Harry, coming up to Jamie's gate.

"I wish you would stay and play with me," and Jamie looked wistfully at the new wagon.

"Why yes; I will. I have to take this parcel to Aunt Kate; then I'll hurry back."

Harry soon reached his aunt's house. He gave her the note, and was going away when she said: "Your uncle is getting the carriage ready to drive me to town. Don't you want to go with us?"

"Oh, I guess I do," exclaimed Harry, eagerly.

"Well, then run home and tell your mother, because we won't be back until late."

"I'll go as quickly as I can, so you won't have to wait for me," and Harry was off like a flash.

He was quite excited, for going to town with Uncle and Aunt meant ice cream, and cake, and lots of nice things.

He was so busy thinking of them that he would have gone past Jamie on the steps, if the little fellow had not called out, "Oh, I'm so glad you are back."

Jamie suddenly stood still. He had forgotten all about Jamie. But, of course, he couldn't play with him now!

Jamie had gently put down his kitten and was hobbling out to the gate.

"My, that's a splendid wagon," he said.

"Say—I—" began Harry, but the words he wanted to say wouldn't come. As he looked at Jamie's poor little thin face, he felt suddenly ashamed. How could he have been so mean as to forget his promise to play with him.

He swallowed hard. It wasn't easy to give up that trip to town.

"Say, Jamie, I've got to go back and tell Aunt Kate something I ought to

have told her when I was there. I'll not be long, and I'll leave my wagon here till I come back."

"Of course," said Aunt Kate, "you must keep your promise to play with him. I would take him with us, too, but he is not strong enough to stand such a long drive."

Harry tried not to mind very much when, a half hour later, he saw his uncle and aunt drive down the road. His aunt waved her hand to them.

But he did not think of them very long, for he got so interested in making his little friend have a good time. And when it was time for him to go home, he was very happy when Jamie's mamma said: "My! you must be a good play-fellow. I haven't seen Jamie look so bright for a long time."

"I'm coming to play with him often. You see, I can easily wheel him about in this wagon."

When mamma asked him where he had been all afternoon, he told her that he had been playing with Jamie, but he did not say anything about Aunt Kate having invited him to drive to town.—Western Christian Advocate.

A Little More Patience.

There was once a miser who begrimed his poor horse the grain it ate. To economize he stopped feeding it. Of course the poor beast could not stand this treatment very long and died. The man's wife reproached him bitterly, saying, "I told you so." The miser only said: "It is all its own fault. If it had a little patience it would not have happened. It was just getting used to it when it gave up and died."

Barefoot.

Every field is full of spring;

Maple trees are budded;

Sunshine drenches everything;

All the world is flooded

With its heat. The lightest tasks

Cause unending woe.

Then the country laddle asks:

"Ma, why can't I go

Barefoot?"

MAINE RABBIT A HARE.

Lepus americanus the Species Found in Different Parts of State.

Last August, when the Federal biological survey issued bulletin No. 29, giving an exact and scientific description of ninety-seven distinct species of hares and rabbits inhabiting North America between the Panama canal and the north pole, residents of Washington County, Maine, who send more rabbits to the Boston market than all the rest of New England combined, opened their eyes widely and kept them open because in all Maine, from Allagash plantation in northern Aroostook to Kittery at the southwest, and to Eastport at the southeast, old hunters and men of science unite in declaring there is but one species known to run wild—the great northern hare or *lepus americanus* of naturalists, the first species on the continent to receive official recognition from science, it having been described and named as long ago as 1777.

Indeed, asserts the Bangor (Maine) Commercial, the discovery and naming of new species went on very slowly.

In 1840 there were twelve known species within the areas named, which number was increased to thirteen by Bachman in 1851, though Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution put it back to twelve again in 1857, when it remained without change until 1881, after which scores of eminent scientific men had rabbits or hares named in their honor.

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