

## 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."

## "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' literature."

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—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 a few 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 a thing in the last place one hunts for it?

Bright Boy—I s'pose it's 'cause after people find it they leave off looking.—Scraps.

## 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."

Harry 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 begrudged 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 budding; Sunshine drenches everything; All the world is flooded With its heat. The lightest tasks Cause unending woe. Then the country lad 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 area 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, where it remained without change until 1881, after which scores of eminent scientific men had rabbits or hares named in their honor.

H. W. Nelson, author of the bulletin, who has devoted years to the work, says no instance is known where any species imported to this country from Europe or Asia has escaped from restraint and gone wild. The little brown "bunnies" imported from England for purposes of dissection and the trying out of new poisons and antitoxins, are still kept in wired inclosures near every medical school and experimental laboratory in America, and though analogous forms are found burrowing among the hillocks of scrub oak from Salem, Mass., to the southern boundary of Connecticut, none have escaped from human control in sufficient numbers to form self-perpetuating colonies.

Less than ten years ago, when the style in Belgian hares fell away and the former craze dwindled to scattering hutchies, it was predicted by farmers that a plague of Belgian hares would overrun New England worse than the rabbit invasion of Australia, but the fears were groundless and America has yet to find a Belgian hare running wild.

According to the Nelson definition, the distinction between rabbits and hares lies in the fact that hares make their homes in forms above ground and bring forth their young with the eyes open and fully clad in hair, while rabbits abide in burrows under the ground, and the young when born have their eyes closed and the bodies entirely devoid of hair or fur.

## Advice for the Waiter.

Jack Barrymore dropped into a Broadway restaurant the other day and fate assigned to him a waiter who, to quote the actor, was "solid ivory from the chin up."

Falling to get anything he ordered, he at last lost patience.

"Waiter," he said, "you are the ultimate thing in punk dispensers of gastronomic provender. Why don't you chuck this job and try piccolo playing at the opera?"

"I no can play-a da peccalo," said the waiter.

"That's all right," replied Barrymore. "Why waste all your incompetence in one place?"—Success Magazine.

The bachelor who is afraid of falling in love should take out an accident policy.

## GOOD SHORT STORIES

A member of the Nebraska legislature was making a speech on some momentous question and in concluding said: "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'" One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered: "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah." "Noah nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."

It was while Charlemagne Tower was ambassador to Russia that a New York City newspaper "spread itself" upon a fete held at St. Petersburg. A green copy-reader produced this result: "As pleasing to the eye as was all this decoration there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevski, of Charlemagne Tower, brilliantly illuminated, looming grand and imposing against the winter sky."

A teacher in one of the lower grade schools was instructing a class in the departments of the national government recently and came finally to the customs department. "When an ocean liner reaches Philadelphia," said the teacher, "a man all dressed up in uniform meets the passengers and takes all they have and inspects it. Now, can any one in the class tell me what that man is called?" A ready hand in the last row flew up. "Well, Tommy?" "Please, ma'am, he's called a plate."

William had just returned from college, resplendent in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became. "Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a d— fool!" Later, the old major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school!" "Yes," replied William with a smile, "so father was just telling me."

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering place in Salford by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor. That exalted personage roared with laughter, and said something to his interpreter. "Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick, an' will you please do it again?"

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless curacao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave; remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

## Spring Song.

We hate to spring this on you, And, though it's really something new, We'll bet a dollar twenty-two You'll hate it worse before we're through. Unless you die!

The grass is green, the sky is pink, The mud is thicker than our ink— That's quite original, we think— And all the snow is on the blink. We wonder why.

Perhaps you think we mean to write More stuff like this just out of spite, Until the reader takes to flight; If so, you are mistaken quite— Decidedly.

It is not that our muse is shy, Or that we fear to make you cry, Or that the price of meat is high— Our fountain pen is running dry— And so are we. —Columbia Jester.

## An Acute Sense of Taste.

William and Lawrence were in the habit of saving a part of their dessert from the evening dinner for consumption the next morning, and in accordance with this custom two small cakes had been placed in the cracker jar for them. William, being the first up on the following morning and being hungry, went to the jar. He found only one cake, and a large piece had been bitten out of that. Full of wrath, he went upstairs and roused his brother.

"Say," he demanded, "I want to know who took that big bite out of my cake!" "I did," sleepily answered Lawrence. "What'd you do that for?"

"Well, when I tasted it I found it was your cake, and so I eat the other one."—Youth's Companion.

His Objection. "What have you against that man? He has done some very good things." "Yes; but I was one of them."—Buffalo Express.

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Euchred. While occupying the pastorate of a Western church in his early career Dr. George H. Fenton had a deacon whose character had always been above reproach until a certain prayer meeting which followed a sermon during which the elder had soundly slumbered.

"Will Brother Jones kindly lead?" was asked by the pastor at the beginning of the prayer service. Waking with a start at the mention of his name, the deacon almost broke up the service by replying: "I led last time. It's your turn. What are trumps?"—Philadelphia Record.

## FIVE YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Restored to Health by Curing the Kidneys.

Mrs. A. P. Hester, 614 Fourth Ave., Evansville, Ind., says: "For five years I was laid up with kidney trouble for weeks at a time. My limbs were swollen and I suffered almost unbearable pain. The kidneys were so sore, passed too frequently and scalded. I shook like a person with palsy. My case completely puzzled the doctors. Finally I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, soon felt better and ere long was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cent a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Montreal and Quebec.

A veritable edition de luxe among railroad pamphlets has been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System to proclaim among tourists the glories of the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The brochure is beautifully printed and generally arranged in the artistic style of earlier days, when the ornamentation of a volume was regarded as an important incident to its presentation of reading matter. It gives an interesting description of the two most interesting cities in Canada, with many illustrations from photographs. Sent free to any address. Apply to W. S. Cookson, 317 Merchants Loan & Trust Building, Chicago.

## Why an Alias?

One afternoon, when the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Arthur Sullivan, having finished a duet, were sitting down to a homely "dish of tea" provided by Mrs. Sullivan, the composer's mother, it suddenly occurred to her to start the subject of family names and titles, which puzzled the good lady considerably.

"Sir," she said, "your family name is Guelph."

"My dear mother," began Arthur.

"But it is, isn't it?" she persisted.

"Certainly," replied the duke, much amused. "What's the matter with it, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"Oh, nothing," returned the excellent old lady musingly. "Only I can't understand why you don't call yourself by your proper name."

Arthur wanted to explain to her, but the duke would not allow him to. "There's nothing to be ashamed of in the name of Guelph, Mrs. Sullivan," he said gravely.

"That's exactly what I say," persisted Arthur's mother; "nothing whatever as far as I know, and that being so, why you should not call yourself by I can't understand."—F. C. Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences."

## A Trustful Woman.

"A man walked out of his home in this town and was gone for two years." "What excuse did he make when he got back?"

"Said he'd been sitting up with a sick friend."

"Haw! haw! That's rich." "Yes; and what's more, he actually convinced his wife that his friend was a chronic invalid."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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