

WHY MEN HAVE TO LABOR

Nigerian Legend as to Reason the Sterner Sex Is Compelled to Work for Women.

A Nigerian legend of the origin of man's subjection to woman was related to the Royal Geographical Society of London by Mr. P. A. Talbot, who has spent some time in southern Nigeria.

At the beginning of things, the legend runs, the world was peopled by women only. One day the earth god, Awbassi Nal, happened by accident to kill a woman. On hearing this the rest gathered together and prayed that, if he meant to slay them, he would bring destruction on all together rather than kill them one by one.

Awbassi was sorry for the grief he had caused and offered as compensation to give them anything they should choose out of all his possessions. They begged him to mention what he had to give and said that they would all cry "Yes" when he named the thing they wished to have.

Awbassi mentioned one by one all his fruits, fowls and beasts, but at each they shouted "No." At length the 11st was nearly ended—only one thing remained to offer.

"Will you, then, take man?" asked Awbassi at last. "Yes," they roared in a great shout, and, catching hold of one another, danced for joy at the thought of the gift Awbassi was sending.

Thus men became the servants of women and have to work for them to this day.

A Graceful Introduction.

It was Mr. Swan's first experience as chairman of the entertainment committee, with the task of introducing the lecturer of the evening, and he was, to use his own words, "a trifle flustered."

The buzz of conversation which had filled the hall ceased as Mr. Swan squawked on to the platform, and the groups of villagers dissolved and sank decorously on the benches.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the evening for our lecture on 'How to Know the Bushes,'" said Mr. Swan, waving his hand over his shoulder toward the visitor.

"It's now quarter before eight, and I just asked the gentleman who is to address you, whether we'd better let the folks enjoy themselves a few minutes longer, or whether he'd begin right off, and he thought he would. I therefore now present to you Professor Greenore."—Youth's Companion.

Files Dislike Honeysuckle.

For a person with perfume to sell the young woman asked an amazing question:

"Are you going anywhere this summer where there will be lots of flies?" Some passerby at whom she squinted a spray of perfume had definite knowledge on the fly question, others had not. To all the young woman imparted a bit of information.

"This perfume will shoo away the most pestiferous fly," she said. "It is a delightful perfume, too. It is made of the essence of honeysuckles. There are a number of perfumes that do not agree with flies, but they have a particular aversion for honeysuckle. A honeysuckle shaded porch is never invaded by flies and a person with a few drops of honeysuckle on his clothes can sleep undisturbed with swarms of flies buzzing all around him."

Her "Fooliest" Friend.

When Mrs. Lysander John Appleton is in trouble she sends for her fooliest friend. And after she has told of her troubles and sighted holes in her straight-front corset, and soaked three or four handkerchiefs, the fooliest friend makes a number of fool suggestions, not one of which is practical or of any use, after which Mrs. Appleton, having sighed and wept to the limit, cheers up. "You are so helpful," she says to the fooliest friend, and then looks around in her cupboard to give the fooliest friend something to eat.—Athol Globe.

A Difficult Feat.

The office boy was giving valuable hints to the newcomer, and ended with, "An' don't you have nothin' to do wid Maloney?"

"Wot'd be matter wid him?" was the natural query.

"He's a coward, dat's wot," was the emphatic reply. "He sneaked up on me yesterday and kicked me in the stomach when me back was turned."

How He Did It.

"How have you managed to live so long without getting a wrinkle in your face?"

"Well, I don't think I—"

"Oh, that's it, eh? I suppose one has to be born with the ability to keep from thinking."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Admiration.

"You are admiring my library?" said the collector.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "A big library always commands my admiration and interest. It is an evidence of the patience and skill of the American book agent."

Worse Yet.

"Don't it make you feel bad to see a person go hungry?"

"It makes me feel worse to see them come hungry, when I'm not prepared for them."

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Cleveland Was Calm in Defeat

Pretended to Be Cheered by the Assurances of His Cabinet Members, But Knew That He Had Been Beaten.

"Whenever I think of the way in which Cleveland heard the news of his defeat in 1888 by General Harrison, I always have to smile," said to me, one day, the late Daniel Lamont, who was private secretary to President Cleveland during his first term, and, later on, his secretary of war.

"The night of the election," continued Mr. Lamont, "the governor—he always called Mr. Cleveland 'governor'—two or three members of the cabinet, one or two close friends from private life and myself gathered in the White House to receive the returns. Our telegraph instruments were in connection with the important news centers, and we were in close communication with the Democratic national committee.

"We had been in the president's room about half an hour, I should say, when there came a dispatch from New York city stating that one of the city's reliable newspapers had issued an extra claiming the election of General Harrison.

"That's absurd," exclaimed some one. "It's too early to know even how New York city has gone. And everybody seemed satisfied.

"But less than an hour later we received a confidential message from some one on the Democratic national committee, saying that it looked as though Harrison had carried New York state by a strong plurality. The governor looked at me rather queerly, we exchanged glances, and I am sure that he knew at that moment that he had been defeated.

"But you should have seen Vilas, our secretary of the interior from Wisconsin. He wasn't a bit disconcerted by the news from New York.

"Don't let that dispatch discourage you Mr. President," he counseled. "Wait until we hear from Wisconsin. I am sure that my state will give you

a majority, and that a good many states west of the Mississippi will follow suit."

"Well," said the governor, in a perfectly easy and almost unconcerned manner, "we will wait until we hear from Wisconsin."

"By and by a message came from Chicago stating that the Republicans had won Wisconsin. Then up spoke Don M. Dickinson, our postmaster general from Michigan:

"Mr. President," he said, "let's don't give up yet. Our prospects are as good as ever. You know, we have private advices that you'll surely carry Indiana."

"Well," said the governor, in the same easy manner, "let's wait and hear from Indiana."

"Soon the national committee informed us that General Harrison had also carried his own state. The governor got up, apparently having heard

enough. But Mr. Dickinson expostulated.

"Just wait, Mr. President," he urged, "until you have heard from Michigan. You are sure to have a large plurality in Michigan—there isn't any doubt about it. And as Michigan goes, so will go many other western states."

"For a moment or two the governor, half smiling and half serious, looked at Dickinson. Then he waved his hand comprehensively. 'Oh, pshaw,' he said, 'I'm going to bed.' And with that he stalked out of the room.

"Dickinson, clearly puzzled, looked at me for an explanation.

"Mr. Secretary," I said, "the governor knew we were licked when we got that confidential dispatch from New York. He only waited to hear from other states because you and Mr. Vilas wanted him to."

"And you never saw a more crestfallen man in your life than Mr. Dickinson was at that moment," concluded Mr. Lamont, with a reminiscent smile. (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.)

Thackeray Character in Flesh

Original of Captain Costigan, Bleary-eyed and Drunken, Was Singing Ballads in a Music Hall in London.

"Whenever I think of Thackeray, two incidents invariably come to my mind," said Parke Godwin, the veteran author, journalist, editor and son-in-law of William Bryant, a year or so before his death in 1904.

"When Thackeray was in this country on his second visit in 1854 and '55 he made his headquarters while in New York city in the office of the old Putnam's Magazine, which was discontinued in 1857. Here Thackeray would come almost every day, draw sketches with his pen upon any editorial, manuscript or newspaper that he found handy, and tell us about the studies that he had made for the novel that he was to write as a sequel of 'Henry Esmond,' and which was after-

wards published serially in this country under the title of 'The Virginians.'

"Frequently Thackeray would bound into the office, exclaiming: 'I have just seen 'Becky Sharpe' walking up your Broadway.' And I remember one day that when he was in the office a young man, who wore a peculiar kind of cap on his head, came in. Thackeray eyed him closely through his big spectacles; then, when the young man had departed, he rushed over to me. 'That's my 'Pendennis' to an eyelash!' he cried.

"That is one incident made up of a series of little happenings; the other occurred in London, whither I spent a summer a short time before the Civil war broke out.

"One evening, in company with a friend, I went to a music hall. I must say that I thought that the entertainment was somewhat dull. A great deal of whisky and water were drunk by the audience, and there was infinite pipe smoking; I don't think I saw a cigar smoked in that place. There was a good deal of noise, but it was good-natured; and the hour was a little before midnight.

"At last, the manager, from his platform, announced that Mr. So-and-So—I did not catch the name—would sing some ballads. Mr. So-and-So appeared, and it at once seemed to me that his songs would have been better sung had his appearance taken place earlier in the evening. He was bleary-eyed, and watery-eyed, as well, for tears, which were not due to any sorrow, trickled down his cheeks. His voice was rather thick, and he had a rich brogue.

"But despite the fact that he was carrying a heavy 'load,' which was added to after the first song, when some one in the audience passed him up a stiff drink of whisky, which he swallowed at a gulp, the man got universal applause—he seemed to be a tremendous favorite. I was wondering about this a little, in an idle sort of way, when, suddenly, the question popped into my brain, 'Where have I seen the man before?'

"I tried to place him, found myself at sea, and turned to my friend. 'Who is that man? I certainly have seen him before,' I said.

"My friend asked if I had ever been in the music hall before. 'No,' I said, 'but I certainly have seen that man somewhere. Why,' I added, 'I have seen him in the very posture that he is now in. Where could it have been?'

"I know," answered my companion, laughing. 'You have never seen him in real life before. But you have seen his likeness in a novel of which you are very fond. That man is the original of "Captain Costigan," in Thackeray's "Pendennis."

"Instantly I realized that my friend was right. That drunken, swaying man on that music hall stage, at that midnight hour, was 'Captain Costigan' over again, even to the arrangement of his frayed and ragged beard." (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.)

Teach Poor to Cook.

Helen Smith of Rochester has been engaged by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor to go among the poor of Syracuse and teach them the art of cooking nourishing foods at cheap cost.

She did much of this work in the Rochester Italian housekeeping center, and proved so successful she has been engaged for a much more extensive task. It seems that the New York association has learned that excellent results are obtained by sending trained women among the poor to teach them economy in cooking and other details of housekeeping. This instruction not only enables them to save money and to have more healthful foods, but it educates them and gives them enlightenment on many things essential to health.

Winifred Gibbs of New York is another woman engaged in this work. In these days of high prices these trained women enable the poor to cut their meat bills in half and teach them to save money for the proverbial rainy day.

NAB MANY CRANKS

GUARDS AT WHITE HOUSE ARE ALWAYS ALERT.

Prices of Tobacco Will Be Increased Because of New Internal Revenue Tax Which Falls on the Consumer.

Washington.—Not far from ten per cent of the 3,000 souls confined in St. Elizabeth's, the government hospital for insane at Anacostia, D. C. were committed to that institution because of an insane desire to see the president. All sorts and conditions of men, women and children—for some have been the merest boys—make their way to the White House, some of them to warn the president of impending danger to himself or the country, some to reveal to him the will of heaven, some to implore his aid or protection, many to offer him ground-floor business chances which ought to make him many times a millionaire.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service, has two of his most trusted men stationed at the White House day and night to guard the president, and wherever the chief executive goes



John E. Wilkie.

these keen eyed detectives are always on the lookout. Their work is to prevent annoyance to the president as well as to guard him from danger. Several Washington policemen are also on duty at the White House and it is hard for a person who has a message to unfold to the president to reach even the outer offices of the executive's headquarters.

If Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, is not richer than Rockefeller and the Rothschilds rolled into one, it is entirely his own fault, or, perhaps, that of the guards who stood between him and the fortune about to be offered him by an inventor from Colorado, who dropped in one day for the sole purpose of letting the president in on the ground floor of a corporation which he was forming for the purpose of exploiting a patent to utilize gravity.

Gravity, not steam or electricity, was the coming power. It was to run the world—railways, mills, foundries, all the great industries were to be revolutionized by it. Of course, he wanted the president to help him in such trifling matters as the forming of his corporation and the securing of his patents. Particularly he was to compel the commissioner of patents to issue to him the necessary patents on his invention.

Yet another, a New Yorker, had a novel scheme to frustrate the trust, in which he wanted the president's help. He wanted the president to make congress appropriate enough money to cut the ice from around the pole, and to bring it to the United States on war vessels, for distribution in the various cities where the ice trust was operating. This, he thought, would lower the price of ice during the summer, when prohibitive prices were charged.

That man was regarded as decidedly in the category of "harmless" cranks. It would not have occurred to any one that the president would have been in any serious danger if his visitor had succeeded in forcing his way into his official presence. But after being taken to St. Elizabeth's he developed the most violent form of mania, and died within 36 hours, exhausted by his paroxysms.

Indeed, the question of dealing with these people is always a difficult one. For no man on earth can tell just when a crank is harmless. Just when an unbalanced mind will forsake the grotesque for the homicidal is a thing that even the expert alienist would hate to have to decide in advance. What seems at one moment a humorous situation, to be dealt with in a spirit of gentle cajolery, may in a moment become serious even to the verge of tragedy. The flimsiest excuse will, in nine cases out of ten, suffice to turn these would-be guests of the president from their purpose, but there are cases which in the twinkling of an eye develop from insane obstinacy into insane fury.

Take, for instance, the case of a Swede, regarded by the authorities as about the most dangerous that ever came under their notice. He came to Washington in the spring of 1904, journeying most of the way from his home in Minneapolis in a freight car. He made his way to the White House and demanded an audience with the president, that he might lay before him certain facts of an alleged persecution.

He was led through the basement of the White House to the guard room at

the east end, to wait, presumably, for the president. A cab was called from a nearby stand, and the man persuaded to enter it. The driver had his orders to drive to the first precinct police station about half a mile away. Just as the cab started the Swede drew a heavy revolver and fired point blank at the officer who had him in charge. Fortunately his aim was as bad as his intention. The wound he inflicted was, of itself, slight. But subsequent developments led the doctors to believe that it was coated with poison, and that had this particular crank gained access to the president, Mr. Roosevelt might have shared the fate of his predecessor.

An elderly woman once called at the White House to ask the president to drain the sea off Old Point Comfort for her. She told those who questioned her that she was of a prominent Virginia family and had lost large sums of money through ill-advised land speculation. She was, however, entitled to a share in an estate amounting to \$600,000, but conspirators were keeping the money from her. She had learned through a medium that it was buried in the sea off Old Point. And as the president owned the sea, would he kindly remove it while she secured her fortune?

Of course the overwrought suffragist has not been lacking in the White House collection of cranks. It includes several choice specimens of her. Two of them, one from New England and one from Pennsylvania, have made demands that the chief executive surrender his job to them. Both of these were accompanied by young sons, and expected when they had got things running properly that their children and their children's children would succeed them in the position.

The Pennsylvanian had her cabinet all selected, and was particularly virulent in her objection to Admiral Dewey. She was going to remove him first thing for she felt sure that with a woman in his place there would be no need of any Hague conference to keep the United States at least from war.

PRICES OF TOBACCO GOING UP.

The new internal revenue tax on smoking and chewing tobacco went into effect at midnight, June 30, the tax being increased from six to eight cents per pound. Cigars, with the exception of the small cigars weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, are not subject to the increased tax. The tax on the small cigars is increased from 54 to 75 cents per thousand.

The tax on cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand in packages containing 5, 8, 10, 15, 20, 50 and 100 little cigarettes will be increased from 54 cents to 75 cents per 1,000. The tax on large cigarettes weighing not more than 3 pounds per 1,000, will be increased from 54 cents and \$1.08 to one rate of \$1.25 per 1,000. Cigarettes weighing more than 3 pounds per 1,000 must pay a tax of \$3.60 instead of \$3.

At the same time the statutory sizes of the packages of smoking tobacco are changed. A quarter of an ounce becomes the unit of weight for these packages and each package must contain a multiple of this unit.

These changes, say dealers here, are going to affect the smokers through-



Internal Revenue Commissioner

out the country. The smokers are going to pay more for their tobacco and so are the chewers.

The prices of cigarettes are going up, in many they have already gone up in anticipation of the coming increase in the tax. The American Tobacco company and a number of the independents have already raised their prices. The American company took these steps more than a month ago. Packages of cigarettes which formerly sold for two for a quarter will now sell for 15 cents straight, it is said. The increase in the price of cigarettes a thousand ranges from 10 to 25 cents.

But the cigarette smokers are not the only consumers who will be affected by any manner of means. The wholesale price of plug and smoking tobacco will be increased two cents a pound; also the consumers of smoking tobacco will be compelled to pay the same price for packages of tobacco weighing one and a half ounces as they have paid in the past for packages of tobacco weighing one and two-thirds ounces.

The burden of the increased tax will fall, it is said almost entirely upon the consumer.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue Cabell said it was impossible for him to say how much the increased tax on tobacco would affect the consumer, if at all. It all depended, he said, upon the action taken by the manufacturers. He was inclined to believe that actual increase to the consumer in the price of his tobacco would be very small.

ANCIENT HERO SLOW

Not Up to Money-Making and Free Advertising Tricks.

Didn't Go on Vaudeville Stage, But His Fame Was More Enduring Than the Present-Day Idol's.

Kansas City, Mo.—In these utilitarian days the hero business pays heavy dividends—all of which is fine for the heroes but bad for that form of religion known as hero worship. Everybody who has discovered the north pole has come back and by means of lectures and books reaped a heavy harvest of pieces of eight; Jack Binns, the wireless operator who saved the passengers of the steamer Republic, had no sooner got his feet on the firm earth than he signed up with a theatrical manager and went on the stage.

For this reason the heroes we are manufacturing these days are not durable. They last a few days and their glory fades. Our literature and art would be pretty hard up for hero material if the ancient forerunners in the hero business had acted this way. Imagine reading anything like this in the morning Bugle of Rome after Harlotrys had pulled his famous stunt of holding the Main street bridge over



Horatius Has Developed a Marked Dramatic Talent.

the Tiber while his companions cut the piles beneath it.

"The Homeric Amusement company announced that it had secured the service of Horatius Coccus, the infantry captain who will be remembered by the people as having held the bridge across the Tiber a few weeks ago. Mr. Coccus will be the headliner on an all-star vaudeville bill that will begin at the Circus Maximus on the 15th of this month, with a special matinee for slaves and freedmen. Local Theatrans declare that Horatius has developed a marked dramatic talent and that he is especially good on the comedy stuff, with which his initial sketch is replete. The skill he called 'The Vire on the Pontus' and includes some laughable situations. In one of these Horatius fights Spurius Lartius, who represents the enemy, with a newly-invented slap stick. Lartius is knocked to the stage, landing with a loud 'Boomp!' furnished by the bass drum. The two then lock arms and sing the popular new song 'When the Spoony Moon Is Shining O'er the Tiber.' Mr. Horatius has secured a leave of absence from the army for the rest of the season."

Or this little press dispatch from Madrid in the early days:

"Madrid, May 1, 1493.—Christopher Columbus of 3483 Granada avenue delivered his first lecture last night at the Spanish Bull Fighting association's arena, in South Madrid. Their Royal Highnesses Ferdinand and Isabella were not able to attend, as planned, on account of one of the young princes having eaten too many green dates the day before and requiring the attendance of the royal M. D.'s all night. Otherwise the event was a distinct success. Only standing room could be secured after 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Columbus was a little hoarse, but his delivery was earnest and, with the aid of his maps, it was evident that he convinced even those anvil artists who have been averring that he did not discover any new continent at all, but has been in Genoa all this time working in his father's wool warehouse."

"Geneva, Sept. 6, a good-long-time ago.—The performance of William Tell of bow, arrow and apple, made a decided hit last night, with an audience that crowded the Grand opera house to its capacity. Mr. Tell's was a 'silent' act, and came between the Imperial Swiss bell ringers and the Gordon brothers, acrobats. Mr. Tell was assisted by his ten-year-old son, Jimmy Tell, on whose head the apple was placed at the order of the Rt. Hon. Gov. Gessler. The young man displayed a nerve worthy of his cool-headed sire. Not only did Mr. Tell shoot repeated apples from the boy's scalp across the 30-foot stage, but he shot 'em with his eyes shut, lying on his back and pulling his bow with his feet, and from other novel positions. After this the boy threw apples into the air and Mr. Tell spiked them with unerring arrows, without missing one. The young man then retaliated by shooting apples from his father's head and doing about everything that the old man's act was guilty of."