

WHY MEN HAVE TO LABOR

Nigerian Legend as to Reason the Sturner 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 Nai, 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 list 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 squatted 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 Greenlore"—Youth's Companion.

Flies 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 squirted 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 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 "Foolest" Friend.

When Mrs. Lysander John Appleton 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.—Atchison 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's de matter wid him?" was the natural query.

"He's a coward, dat's wot," was the emphatic reply. "He sneaked up on me yesterdat 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 to be to born with the ability to think."—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 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

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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, phshaw,' he said, 'I'm going to bed.' And with that he stalked out of the western states."

"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 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.)

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 half 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 bare-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 undivided 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."

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Turned the Hose on 'Em.

A serious conflict between soldiers and civilians took place recently at Scarpins, in Portugal. Lately the troops, quartered in the town, have been causing disturbances, and the other day the inhabitants, armed with various weapons, mustered in force and attacked a group of them. The news quickly reached the barracks, and a horse of soldiers came to their comrades' rescue. A pitched battle ensued, and at last the townsmen, forced the soldiers to take refuge in their barracks. So exasperated were the civilians that they lighted torches and threatened to set fire to the building. The soldiers were training guns upon them when the officers ordered the fire hoses to play on the besieging crowd. After being thus deluged for an hour the townsmen were forced to retreat drenched to the skin. The officers' stratagem is greatly commended, and there is no doubt it saved many lives. As it was, fourteen persons were injured, two of whom died in hospital.

Cabbage Talk.

The would-be contributor to the agricultural college paper entered the sanctum.

"How'd you find my dissertation on cabbage?" he cheerfully inquired.

"On the pork!" snapped the editor.

"But I could boil it down," suggested the near-journalist.

"I fear our readers couldn't digest it then," sardonically cracked the cruel editor.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

May or May Not Be True.

The pompous woman with the four pounds of puffs attached to her back hair walked up the floorwalker in Higbee's store yesterday and asked him as follows:

"Will you kindly direct me to the counter where I can see some of those 'negligent' waists?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No, I will not let it go," declared

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 percent 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—some of whom 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 to 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

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 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 5 to 7 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 cigars 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 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

gravity, not steam or electricity,

was the coming power. It was to run

up 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 ice 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