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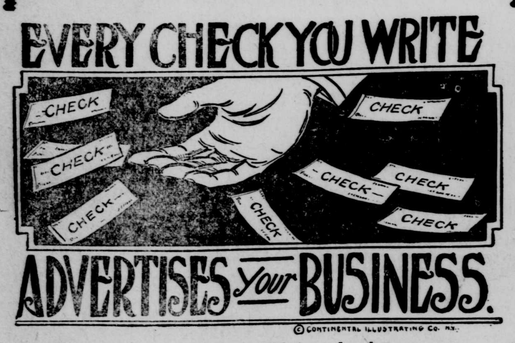

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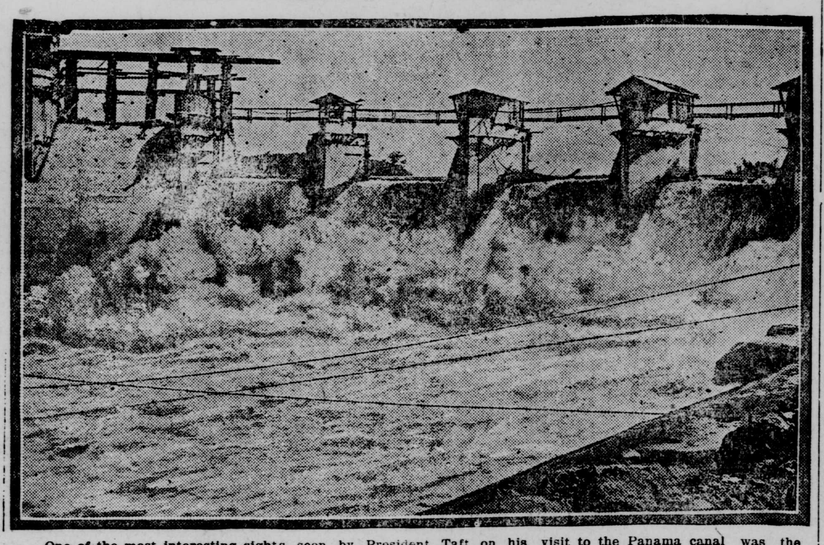
GATUN SPILLWAY OF THE PANAMA CANAL



One of the most interesting sights seen by President Taft on his visit to the Panama canal was the great Gatun spillway, which takes care of the flood waters and which will be a veritable Niagara during the rainy season.

MAY RAIN WATER CURATIVE

People of Tennessee Mountains Believe That It Heals Wounds and Sores.

The peoople of the Tennessee mountains have a superstition about "May water." They believe that rain water that falls in the month of May has great curative powers. If bottled and kept for medicine it will heal wounds and sores all through the summer and winter until spring comes again, when more May water can be obtained. This superstition doubtless has no basis in fact aside from the probability that rain water falling in the winter and early spring could be bottled in a purer state than water gathered in the summer, when the air is full of dust and pollen.

Another of the mountaineer remedies is water drunk from a new shoe. This is said to be a cure for sore-mouthed babies. Sometimes the parent has to traipse nigh across the mountain to find anybody who happens to be indulging in the luxury of a new pair of shoes. But once a new shoe is found the baby's sore mouth is quickly cured. There is probably a scientific basis for this theory.

NO DOUBT

Mrs. Black—Say, parson, don't it 'pear mighty strange dat de cullard folks should hev been made black?

The Parson—'Deed it do. It do. It must hab been dat de Lawd created de cullard people 'way back in de dark ages.

DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND.

The theatrical agent was interviewing Hamlet Brown, the tragedian. His object was to secure his services for a new play which was about to be produced. The actor, however, did not seem to take much interest in the project.

"What's it about, anyhow?" he asked.

"Well," replied the other, "the play is a historical one. The scene of it is laid in England; period, Henry V. During the whole course of the piece the king is absent in France. Now—"

"Say no more," interrupted the actor, with a lordly wave of the hand; "I take the part of the king. But, of course," he added, "I shall expect my expenses paid to France." —Weekly Telegraph.

OUTWHALING THE WHALE.

Husband—I don't believe that fable about the whale swallowing Jonah.

Wife—Why not? That's nothing to what you expect me to swallow sometimes.—Lippincott's.

CHILD THAT WILL NOT OBEY

How the Disturber of the School Is Treated by the Montessori System.

"We have sometimes," says Maria Montessori, according to the Christian Herald, "had to do with children who disturbed the others and were deaf to our admonitions. First, we would have them specially observe by the doctor; but often they were found to be quite normal. We would then place a little table in the corner of the room and seat the child at it with his face to the others, giving him whatever he wanted to play with. This isolation would almost always succeed in calming the child; the sight of his companions would be a most efficacious object lesson in behavior. Moreover, the isolated child would be the object of special care, as though he were ill. I, myself, on entering, would first go straight to him, caressing him like an infant, and would then turn to the others and interest myself in their work as though they had been men. I do not know what happened in their souls, but certain it is that the 'conversion' of the isolated children was always definite and deep. They took pride in knowing how to work and to behave with dignity, and for the most part they preserved a tender affection for the teacher and for me."

A system which embodies such a capital of human effort could not be unimportant. The attention of the ultra-modern educational world is largely centered upon it, and no student of childhood can afford to overlook it.

KOREA DIDN'T WANT STAMPS

Attempt to Introduce Them In 1844 Was Cause of Violent Anti-Foreign Uprising.

Even the insignificant postage stamp has been the cause of no end of trouble, to say nothing of bloodshed, and it is of record that the first attempt to introduce it into the hermit kingdom of Korea in 1844 was attended with a violent anti-foreign uprising, attended with shooting and incendiarism. While a banquet given by the postmaster general in honor of the opening of the newly erected general postoffice in Seoul was being held an anti-progressive riot broke out among the populace and an attempt was made to assassinate the king's agent. The disorder continued for several days, the postoffice being burned to the ground, the postmaster shot, and the stock in stamps in readiness for the inauguration of a national postal service scattered through the streets. Peace was at length restored, but nearly ten years elapsed before a further effort was made to establish a postoffice in Korea.

HIS PREFERENCE.

"Talking about styles in feminine beauty, do you like these ox-eyed Junos?"

"I must say, I prefer the peroxide peaches."

SYMPATHY.

"I am sometimes afraid I will lose my mind."

"Don't dwell on your own troubles; think of the poor fellow who finds it."

WE CARE LEAST FOR SELVES

More Attention Is Given to Proper Running of the Watch Than the Heart.

When you find that your watch is losing a minute a day you hasten to have it regulated. If your horse goes lame or your dog sick you seek a remedy at once.

If your friend has a fault you see it and want it corrected.

But, somehow or other, you treat yourself very differently.

The one thing precious above all others to you, that you are especially charged to keep in repair—yourself—you treat with greater indifference than you do your dog.

You do habitually a thousand things that you know injure your health, and that you would not permit your dog to do, and you do not care.

If you find your pulse is losing a beat or two a minute, the fact does not worry you half as much as does the loss of a second or two by your watch.

Once a week, at least, you compare your watch with a chronometer to know that it is right. But you never compare your pulse with anything. Why? Because you don't care as much about your heart as you do about your watch. The watch cost you maybe $50; the heart cost you nothing. And thus you value them. —Pensacola Journal.

MIDNIGHT FUNERAL AT SEA

Passenger on Atlantic Liner Has an Unusual Experience During a Howling Gale.

A weird sea experience was that of Herbert N. Wilson of Chicago, a passenger on the Finland of the Red Star line. The Finland left Antwerp November 30, encountered a storm just outside the English channel, and then ran into storm after storm all the way across.

At midnight, December 3, in a howling gale with mountainous seas, the Finland's engines stopped. Wilson, who had been unable to sleep, put on a heavy coat and went on deck. He saw a group of seamen going aft, carrying something, and followed.

The object was borne to the stern and placed on deck. Several officers of the ship were waiting, among them the purser, Isidor Dubois. Wilson soon found that he was witnessing a midnight funtral in midocean.

Little time was wasted in ceremany. The purser read a prayer, the seamen picked up the long, black object from the deck and slid it over the rail. In a few minutes the vessel was throbbing again from the pulsation of the engines, and away astern the body of Frank De Vos, ship's cook, who had died a few hours before, was sinking into the depths.—New York Evening World.

THEN HE SUBSIDED.

"Madam, I refuse ever again to stand on a windy street corner for an indefinite period of time while you and another woman unwind yards and yards of conversation."

"Don't get huffy, Henry. I wasn't so busy talking that I couldn't watch you out of the corner of one eye and I saw you try to flirt with at least seven over-dressed females while I was describing my new hat to Mrs. Brinkley."

FOR RESCUE FROM THE BORE

Society for That Purpose Flourished Exceedingly in Paris Under the Second Empire.

Under the second empire bores were so rampant that a sort of society or club was formed to fight them under the name of the "Rachat des Captifs." It was a mutual aid society, every member of which was bound to come to the rescue of any other in the clutches of a buttonholing bore.

The signal of distress was given by unobtrusively scratching the side of one's nose, and a colleague on seeing this was expected to intervene and deliver his friend from captivity.

The society was so useful and so popular, even humanitarian, it may be said, that it flourished exceedingly for many years and grew rich in members and subscriptions.

Among its members was the veteran journalist, Ernest Blum, who, however, was rather clumsy at his work. He used to relate the following story:

"One day in passing the Gymnase saw two men talking. I knew one of them and took off my hat to him, whereupon he at once scratched his nose.

"I of course thought he was a member of the club in distress whom I ought to deliver, so approached, and not knowing exactly what to say, cried out:

"'My dear X, I am delighted to meet you! I have an important piece of news to tell you. Allow me?' turning to the other man. 'Certainly,' replied this gentleman.

"I took my comrade aside, saying: 'You know I have nothing at all to tell you! I had only wanted to rescue you—that is all.' 'Rescue me from what?'

"'Why, from the bore!' 'What more?' 'The man you were talking to, naturally!' 'But he is my father!'"

Poor Blum had chanced upon somebody who was not a member of the society and who had merely scratched his nose absently or because he wanted to—which may happen to any man.—Les Annales.

WEDDING GOWNS OF BEAUTY

Brides of the Winter and Their Attendants Have Been Most Charmingly Attired.

Winter brides have been, if possible, excelling those of the earlier season in the beauty of their wedding gowns and the daintiness of the processions. A recent bride chose for her bridesmaids tudor gowns in brocade that could have stood alone, Elizabethan collars and small gold caps which proved most daintily becoming. Another bride wore her heavy lace veil Madonna fashion, with the filmiest of tulle falling over the face. As she walked up the aisle the diamonds and crystals with which her gown was embroidered caught the light and shimmered most poetically. Quantities of lovely old lace draped her silver brocade train.

Here again the bridesmaids had selected a decorative period for their Pompadour pannier gowns of old rose and china blue. With these they wore large black hats and carried bouquets of pink roses. Shepherdess dresses were worn by another set of bridesmands, who carried crooks on which bunches of flowers were tied with colored satin ribbons. The shepherdess hats were among the prettiest that have been seen for many months. Let us hope they may lead the fashion away from the extraordinary headgear that has been adopted of late, crushed and untidy looking in many cases.

ITS CLASS.

"The new play is called 'As Wax in His Hands.'"

"Then it must be a serious performance."

SUBURBAN AMENITIES.

He—The hens are cackling at a great rate next door.

She—Yes, the club members are meeting there.

CANDID.

"Tell me why they call good roles in plays 'fat' parts?"

"Because they are supposed to lead to the pork barrel."

THEIR CLASS.

"What are the kind they call fugitive poets?"

"I suppose they are the ones whose style is chased."

FEAR RAPPING OF CRICKETS

Superstition That It Foretells Death Is Universally Prevalent in England.

In England, whether the cricket brings us good luck or bad, he is certainly not regarded as a fighting animal, as he is in China. The Chinese put the domestic cricket into strict training and set him to fight single-round contests, on which they can bet with a will. The absence of any disagreement as to the proper interpretation of the leg-before rule gives the Chinese cricket match a great superiority over the English variety.

The cricket superstition is not confined to England. Sir William Jardine noted its existence in Scotland last century. More widespread, however, is the death-watch superstition. I confess that the ticking of a death watch at night gives me an uncanny feeling. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," was probably the first to give a true account of this death watch: ". . . the noise is made by a little sheath-winged gray insect, found often in wainscot benches and woodwork in the summer. We have taken many thereof and kept them in thin boxes, wherein I have heard and seen them work and knock with a little proboscis or trunk against the side of the box, like a picus martius, or woodpecker, against a tree." But explanations, however, clear, do not dispel superstitions, and the "sheaf-wing insect" still ticks terror into the hearts of watchers about a sick bed.—London Chronicle.

PATRIARCH HAD READY WIT

Possibly Stretched Truth a Little, but Was Not Going to Be Beaten by "Youngsters."

"The old man was a glutton for work," Deacon Thomas told the new minister. They were speaking of Moses Rogers, who had lately died after an active life of ninety-one years. "'Folks used to work in my young days,' Moses would always tell ye.

"He was a leetle mite cocky in former years, and one day he challenged John and Jim Boardman, thirty years younger'n him, to pitch up a load of hay 's fast 's he could load it.

"'All right,, they says.

"The hay wag'n was driven round to the medder, an' they begun. Moses held his own awful well for some time, and if the boys stopped to breathe a minute, he'd call out:

"'More hay! More hay!'

"But after a while he had to struggle round to keep on top of the heap, all disordered and half-trod down as it was, and it started to roll, and then to slide, and fin'lly a lot of it tumbled off, and Moses with it.

"'Hello!' sung out the boys. 'What you doin' down here?'

"'I come down after more hay,' says the old man, beginning to pitch, cool's you please."—Youth's Companion.

HIS FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

"I see that 180 men control the financial affairs of this country.

"They don't have anything to do with controlling mine."

"Yes, they do. The fact was brought out in the money trust investigation in Washington."

"That's all right. The money trust investigators haven't interviewed my wife."

PRELIMINARIES.

"What is going on?" asked the terrified stranger in Central America.

"Revolution," replied the man in the uniform.

"Who is leader of the rebels?"

"Don't know yet. That's what this fight is about."—Washington Star.

FAME.

"I would rather be Thomas Burns dead than Pierpont Morgan living."

"Would you? Who was Thomas Burns?"

"Great heavens! Haven't you ever heard of Tommy Burns? He was a Scotchman who wrote 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead.'"

THAT RED SOX VICTORY.

"Papa, I don't believe I will be a Christian when I grow up."

"You'll not? What do you mean?"

"I think I'll be a Bostonian."

COMFORT.

"It is so hard for Miss Flirty to make up her mind."

"Perhaps she concentrates in that endeavor on her face."

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