

DRUMMING UP LABORERS IN AFRICA.



A NIGERIAN CHIEF'S METHOD OF SUMMONING HARVEST HANDS BY BEATING OF DRUMS.

In the primitive parts of Africa labor is not regularly employed, and when one of the petty chiefs needs workers he collects them in a peculiar manner. In Nigeria, when a chief is ready to begin his harvesting, he acts his tribesmen drumming. They beat huge kettles...

THE DAY BEYOND.

When youth is with us, all things seem But lightly to be a-ward and won: We surge to-morrow in a dream And take our toll for work undone: For life is long, and time a stream That sleeps and sparkles in the sun. What need of any haste? we say: "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

And when to-morrow shall destroy The heaven of our dreams, in vain Our hurrying manhood we employ To build the vanished bliss again; We have no leisure to enjoy: "So few the years that yet remain; So much to do, and ah! we say: "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

But when our hands are worn and weak, And still our labors seem unblest, And time goes past us like a bleak Last twilight wanting to the west, "It is not long—the bliss we seek; Too brief is life for happy rest; And yet what need of grief? we say: "To-morrow's longer than to-day." Waverley Magazine.

Find the Moral

Before Stribling got married Mrs. Sanaper told him she had no idea of interfering with his domestic affairs. "I hope I always have realized that young people must find out for themselves what is best for them, and settle their own differences without the help of any third person," she said. "When you marry Bessie I can't help being your mother-in-law, but I'm not going to be the kind of mother-in-law that you read about in the funny papers."

"I wish that you'd make up your mind to live with us," said Stribling, with perfect sincerity. "I won't," said Mrs. Sanaper. "I think too much of you both. And another thing is that Bessie doesn't come to me with any of her troubles, thinking I'm going to take her part, for I'm not. I think you're a dear, good boy, but I do not think you are an angel, and I know Bessie isn't, so you'll have your troubles."

"I don't think they'll be very serious ones," said Stribling, confidently. "Well, that's all," said Mrs. Sanaper. "Now you know what you've got to expect. I've declared myself, and that's what I wanted to do. Bessie will be down in a few minutes."

Stribling married Bessie about a month after that interview and he was not long in discovering that Mrs. Sanaper was living up to the letter and spirit of her declaration. She came to see the young people, but not half often enough to please Stribling. When she did come her cheerfulness, her warm appreciation of everything done or planned in the little home, her approval of everything they had acquired, made her a household joy. When the first baby arrived her helpfulness was beyond words and Stribling was almost tearful in his gratitude. But even the baby was unable to keep her a day longer than she was absolutely needed.

"No, John," she said, when Stribling entreated her, even reproached her. "I don't live so far off that I can't be here the minute I'm wanted, and I'll be over to see the little precious often enough. But I'll never forget what I went through with my own dear mother when Bessie was a baby. Mother was with us all the time and she wouldn't let me do a single thing that I wanted to do with my own child. No, I'll call you up every day that I don't come, but I've got to go now."

Actually had sided with him in one or two little domestic difficulties helped on his enthusiasm. Mrs. Stribling on one occasion was disposed to regard her husband's staying out late rather too seriously and her mother gently defended the man. "It will probably happen again, my dear," she said, "but the worst thing in the world to do is to make a fuss about it. He's a man and men don't like to feel that they are not allowed a little liberty. Besides, why shouldn't he have a little change once in a while? You give him a cheerful welcome when he does get home and tell him you hope he enjoyed himself, even if the fact's only too apparent. He won't want to stay half as long the next time as he will if he anticipates tears and reproaches."

She apologized for other delinquencies of Stribling's from time to time, as when he wasn't neat about a hat, complained of the dinner or brought guests home unexpectedly in the course of the next fifteen or sixteen years.

So everything went along very happily indeed, upon the whole, until one fatal evening Stribling came home and found his mother-in-law in the sitting room with her embroidery. "Why, hello, mother?" said Stribling, a little surprised. "I thought we had lost you."

"My rheumatism was troubling me so this afternoon that Bessie wouldn't let me go," explained Mrs. Sanaper. "I'm sorry," said Stribling. "I can sympathize with you, too. I've been bothered with neuralgia all day. Where is Bessie?" "She went downtown to do a little shopping," replied Mrs. Sanaper. "I thought surely that you would come home on the same train."

Stribling frowned as a sharp pain shot through his temples. "It's a darned one of a time for her to stay," he said, irritably. "I'm coming to see you now and then," continued Mrs. Sanaper, "but I'm not going to make any six months' visits."

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Results of the Recent Excavations by Dr. Evans in Crete. May I beg a little space to inform those interested in Cretan exploration of a series of discoveries lately made at Knossos? says a writer in the London Times. The news from Dr. Evans is exceedingly good. He has been working all the season in the large house which lies to the west of the palace, but unfortunately is deeply buried under the ruins of a hill. With great labor Dr. Evans has now reached the further limit of this building, and on his way has found much. A magnificent staircase vase in the shape of a bull's head, with inlay of cut shell about the nostrils and with crystal eyeballs, the iris being painted on the back of the crystal, reveals to us a new technique.

In another quarter, on the north, a great hoard of bronze implements and utensils, including a large tripod cauldron in perfect preservation, will much increase our knowledge of the finer domestic apparatus of Minoan civilization. As Dr. Evans speaks of having unearthed a great number of early vases with these tools there should be no difficulty in dating the latter and thereby getting standard forms.

On the south of the palace a range of buildings has been found at a lower level, largely buried under debris of the palace itself. The latter included a mass of ivory fragments, the remains of carved caskets and of fresco paintings. Inside the south building itself, under a staircase, a small hoard of silver vessels has come to light—some bowls and a jug. These will be welcomed as first fruits of that work in precious metals which so greatly influenced the ceramic artists of the middle Minoan periods, but has generally disappeared. We hear, too, of fine vases of various kinds, one with papyrus plant ornament in relief and others in the best "palace style." Work is also proceeding actively on the restoration of the royal apartments on the east of the palace, and every effort is being made to get into the great dome tomb found last year and to find other tombs.

Ample Qualified. Farmer Honk—Bear ye are sent to send your son to college. Honk—Farmer Borackick—Don't see any reason why I shouldn't—let's see, I can yell so's you can hear him ten miles—Pack.

Loners at the Pool Table. The best pool players in any town are generally the young fellows who never hang onto one job very long at a time—Kansas City Journal.

Apple and Insomnia. A medical writer declares that the apple is such a common fruit that very few persons become familiar with its medicinal properties. The best thing just before going to bed, he says, is to eat an apple. "Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit," he continues, "are likely to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of a ripe and juicy apple before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all; the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases."

President Roosevelt's Good Time. When President Roosevelt was leaving Washington this summer for his Oyster Bay vacation, some friends expressed their sympathy for him on the great burden of his arduous tasks and tremendous responsibilities. "Oh, do not waste any sympathy on me," he said, "I have enjoyed every minute of my stay in Washington. I have had a perfectly corking time."

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A MODERN DAUD.

Maud Muller carried the plates away, And swept the cloth with a silver tray. The Judge looked up from his seventh course, And paused in the praise of his saddle horse, To feast his eyes on the blush and charm Of her girlish face and her snowy arm. He turned to his host, and he archly said: "Who is your pretty serving maid?" And his host, polite as a host should be, "That is my daughter, Judge," said he. "Since I went broke in the bucket shop, she brews my tea and fries my chop. She turns the buckwheat cake for me, And my steak and chicken fricassee. "Serving the erstwhile plunks I paid butler, chef and serving maid." After cigars and chat were o'er, The Judge he lingered at the door, and for a last dessert essayed kiss the hand of the serving maid, whispering low: "Of the whole repast The sweetest course was the very last!" Year went by, and the poor old Jay no entertained the Judge that day; out of the Sheriff's hands for good—he neighbors never understood just where he gathered the gold that Him up again, and out of debt. Forsoath, he knew—for the price he paid Was the loss of his little serving maid. The plunks rolled in from his bucket shop, But the hand that had browned his morning chop Now turned the leg of lamb to brown, Poured on the tea and set her down To feasts of pastry, meat and fudge, And fine dishes—with the jolly Judge— Just as the plans had all been laid By the father of the little maid. When he told Maud Muller she should play The serving maid to the Judge that day— —Mevius Coll in Puck

TRUTHFUL TOMMY

Tommy is the pride of his mother's heart and the bane of everybody else's existence. When his mother invited Miss Perkins to luncheon on the latter devoutly hoped that Tommy would be away at school or consigned to some relative for the day. But the first object that greeted her eyes as she entered the small apartment was Tommy sitting on the piano stool, one leg curled under him and the other swinging back and forth, while both chubby hands were employed in bringing forth discordant sounds from the instrument. "Here, Tommy, take Miss Charlotte's purse and a glove for her," called his mother, her voice raised high in competition with Tommy's musical efforts. "Oh, I'll lay them here on the couch," said the visitor, who remembered well that the last time Tommy had performed the gentlemanly task for her a small penknife, a memorandum book, two foreign coins and a stamp book mysteriously disappeared from her purse.

Tommy seemed disappointed as he let himself from the piano stool. "Have you got a kiss for me, Tommy?" asked Miss Perkins, smiling at him gratefully. "I don't kiss girls," he said, shortly. Then, seizing a whistle which hung round his neck on a string, he blew a series of long, piercing shrieks. "Tommy, talk to Miss Charlotte while I go see about luncheon," said his mother. "Now, he mamma's own boy and tell her all about what you saw when Uncle Jack took you to the circus." Then she left the room. "Won't you sit on my lap, dear?" asked the visitor. "Get off my elephant," Tommy said, shaking the arm of her chair. "You are sitting on his tail!" Miss Perkins arose hastily. Then she noticed several appendages tied to it by strings—two pieces of card board, a long strip of tape and a razor strap.

"Dear me! I hope I haven't hurt your elephant," she said. "No," returned Tommy, "you're too skinny, he can't feel you." He proceeded to turn the chair forward until the front of it rested on the floor. Then he climbed upon the rung. "Are you going to stay here to eat?" he asked. Then, without waiting for an answer, he brought the whistle into service again. Here Tommy's mother returned. "Come to luncheon now," she said. "Come, Tommy, and remember that little boys should be seen and not heard." "Top!" answered the pride of his mother's heart, turning a somersault. During the luncheon Tommy applied himself with diligence to the contents of his plate. "Won't you have an olive, dear?" asked Miss Perkins, passing the dainty out-glass dish. Tommy took the dish, looked at it

curiously, then put it down. He glanced quickly toward his mother, then at the visitor, who smiled reassuringly. Next he elevated his eyebrows with a peculiarly knowing expression, looked toward the ceiling as if to draw Miss Perkins' attention to something and then gave a deliberate wink. Miss Perkins looked at the ceiling, but saw nothing. "Think your chocolate, sweetheart," said his mother. Tommy took up the tiny, gold-bowled spoon, gazed at it as if fascinated, then plunged it into his chocolate. He took a sip, looked at the spoon, then looked at the visitor, who smiled again. After that he went through the same performance of trying to draw her attention to something above.

"Tell me, Tommy," said Miss Perkins, when his mother had left them alone for a few moments in the parlor after the luncheon, "what did you see on the dining-room ceiling?" Tommy climbed up on his elephant and clutched his whistle. "I didn't see nothing," he said, twisting his limbs into seemingly impossible positions. "Didn't you catch on?" "I'm afraid I didn't, Tommy." Tommy untied the knots in his legs and arms and went over to Miss Perkins' chair. He glanced furtively out in the other room. "Well, did you like the dish with the olives in it?" he asked. "Why, yes, Tommy, didn't you?" "And did you like the little spoons with the gold on 'em?" "They were very pretty. I suppose they were presents to mamma?" Tommy looked at the visitor quizzically for a moment, then stuck out his under lip. "They ain't ours," he said. "They belong to the lady up stairs. Say, what's an old maid?" "Mamma said you were one," Hartford Courier.

CLASS IN MANNERS

Instruction for the Shy and Awkward in Old Time Southern Schools. The father of Alexander H. Stephens, the vice-president of the Confederate States, was an "old field" teacher, and one of his schoolroom exercises, which the pupils called "learning manners," evidently made a deep impression on little Alexander, writes Louis Penfield in his biography of the statesman. The plan was no less admirable than quaint. It is related that about once a month on a Friday afternoon, after the spelling classes had gotten through their tasks, the boys and girls were directed to take seats in rows facing each other. Then the boy at the head of his row would rise and walk toward the center of the room and the girl at the head of her row would do likewise.

As they approached the boy would bow and the girl drop a courtesy, the established routine salutation of those days, and they would pass on. At other times they were taught to stop and exchange verbal salutations and the usual formulas of polite inquiry. These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary parlor, the entrance, introduction and reception of visitors with practice in "common-place chat."

Then came the ceremony of introductions. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and upon meeting after the salutations of the two ages in question would begin making known to each other the friends accompanying them, the boy saying, "Allow me, Miss Mary to present to you my friend, Mr. Smith," Mr. Smith, Miss Jones." After Miss Mary had spoken to Mr. Smith she would in turn introduce her friend.

NEW SPORT AT TUXEDO.

Carp, With Which the Lake is Stocked, Spearred by Torchlight. A new form of sport for this part of the country has been introduced at Tuxedo this spring with much success. It is the spearing of carp by torchlight.

Carp were introduced a dozen or more years ago from Germany and many lakes and rivers have been stocked with them. They are more or less a nuisance, have multiplied exceedingly and have destroyed many smaller edible fish. In Germany and France, says Town and Country, the carp are considered excellent, eating, but even there they are served with sauces which disguise their flat, rank flavor. They have made their appearance in this city as articles of food in the smaller restaurants, principally in those on the east side. The carp at Tuxedo are said to be very large and quite game.

In the bayous of Louisiana a favorite sport is to spear the scud, a species of trout which abound there and which cannot be taken by fly or bait. These bayous are sluggish, narrow streams running through cypress swamps and half submerged forests. The fishermen paddle about in pirogues or dugout canoes. Some manage with extreme dexterity to hold pine torches in one hand and flash the flame on the water. The fish rise to the light and they are speared by others of the party. The Acadian—as the native in the adopted land of Evangeline is called—serves these fish baked in claret and covered with spices and flavored with a little onion and the small green pepper with a tomato sauce.

MINERS AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Number of Cases Among Coal Miners Below the Average. A mining journal published at Scranton has been calling attention to the curious fact that in coal mining communities there is a marked deficiency in the mortality from tuberculosis as compared with that of other localities. This is a phenomenon that has also been observed in Great

Britain and attention has been drawn to it by D. H. Thwaites. According to Mr. Thwaites the effects noted may be due to the physiological effects of carbon monoxide for he finds that men engaged about blast furnaces and gas producers are peculiarly free from tuberculosis trouble. It is suggested in Mines and Minerals that the presence of carbon dust in the lungs may be a cause of production of CO, and that this will serve to explain the immunity of miners from the disease. The tubercle bacillus is a creature of extreme tenacity of life. It is encased in a wax integument and is proof against even nitric acid, but gases are so penetrating in their powers of diffusion that it can well be considered that carbonic oxide might reach the tissues of a creature in a subtle manner, for the gas cannot be perceived.

CONCRETE JACKETS ON LEVEES.

New Method of River Protection Promised to Be Successful. A new use for concrete is in the protection of levees on the lower Mississippi. The usual way of protecting these levees from damage by wave wash is by a wooden revetment, consisting of planks placed vertically at the base or toe of the riverward slope of the levee. They are fastened firmly between two rails near their top and to one near their bottom. This makes a sort of tight board fence from six to nine feet high. It is braced by stringers which are anchored in the crown of the levee.

As a substitute, writes a United States engineer in the Manufacturers' Record, it was decided to try a concrete jacket extending from near the top of the levee to the toe of the slope and thence vertically two feet into the toe of the slope was taking place which would undermine the revetment, and also to prevent burrowing animals from making holes through the base of the levee. The concrete consisted of one part of cement to five parts of sand and eight parts of gravel and was placed four inches thick. A reinforcement of wire fabric was used for the purpose of holding the concrete together in the event that the earthen embankment would shrink away from the revetment and also to serve as a barrier to drift logs and timber that would be likely to wear down the concrete surface in places by pounding against it. After this spring a high water had been against the concrete jacket for forty days no weakness or defect was noticed.

GOLF DRIVE OF 395 YARDS.

James Braid Made It in 1905, But the Ground Was Frozen. In an autobiographical sketch at the end of his new book on golf James Braid tells of his longest drive. "So far as I can recollect," he writes, "it was in 1905, when playing a round at Walton Heath with Mr. Riddell. The course was frosted and the wind was at our backs when we were playing the fifteenth hole, and I hit my tee shot a distance of 395 yards, carefully calculated afterward."

"Of course you can drive a ball wonderful distances when the turf is frozen, and such a feat as this is no test of one's general capacity, but on the other hand, it was so cold that I could scarcely grip my club, and I feel sure that if I could have held it properly I should that day have driven very much further. "At the eighteenth hole in the same round I drove to the bunker guarding the green, which was another drive of nearly the same length. As to what distances I have driven under normal conditions I really do not know. "Once when I was playing a match against Harry Vardon at Hythe I made a carry which was generally remarked upon at the time as being something very much out of the ordinary, but I do not remember what was the exact length of it."—New York Sun.

CONCRETE BATHHOUSES.

Boston May Build Them—Hoodlums Carry Off Wooden Structures. Boston hoodlums have compelled the authorities there to consider the plan of building the public seashore bathhouses of concrete.

According to the Cement Age it was found that it would be a waste of money to put the ordinary wooden houses in condition before the season brought the full quota of guards to the grounds to protect them. Dower Beach and Wood Island Park suffered severely during the winter. All the woodwork that the hoodlum element possibly could get loose was torn away, doors were battered in and practically every inch of lead pipe left on the premises was stolen. Most of the plumbing was taken down by the bath department at the end of the last season to save it from a similar fate. The continual destruction of city property has reached the point that concrete construction has been recommended for future buildings. The new houses would have heavy iron grating set up in front of the doors and windows to protect them during the months when the buildings are not used. It is figured that concrete would not cost much more than wood, and it might save the annual expense of thousands of dollars for merray replacing what is being destroyed maliciously in the cold season.

Not Cowards, the Persians. Every traveler, from Morier onwards, has descanted on the physical cowardice of the Persians. But there are mysteries about the valor of Asiaatics which no European historian has yet set himself to solve. It was currently said in the early eighties among Englishmen that the Egyptians are cowards; yet under Mehemet Ali they defeated Turkish armies and Wahabi fanatics, and would certainly have overthrown the Turkish empire if Europe had not intervened. There are similar passages in Persian history.—London Nation.



There are two opposite tendencies in medical practice of the present day. One regards mental disturbances as dependent upon abnormal physical states; the other looks upon the mind as the regulator of, or at least exerting a very marked influence upon, the health of the body. Both these views are undoubtedly right in part, and both are wrong in their exclusiveness, in refusing to admit that the mind and the body exert a reciprocal influence upon each other. Mens sana in corpore sano, a sound mind in a sound body, was the ancient definition of perfect health. It was the recognition of the fact that both mind and body have to do with health, and that neither can be disordered without acting reflexly upon the other.

Putting aside the discussion of the influence of the mind upon the body, which no one who has given thought to the subject, however materialistic his conceptions he may be, can doubt, it may be interesting and profitable as well to note an instance of the opposite influence; of the effect upon the mental vision of a slight bodily defect. Every one knows from sad experience that uncomfortable condition most appropriately called "the blues." It is a state of temporary pessimism, during which the unhappy victim can see no silver lining to the clouds that beset his soul. The mental faculties are not impaired, reason and judgment remain, and one will even admit, when argued with, that things are not as black as they seem, yet he cannot dissipate the fog that surrounds him and shuts out from his mental view all the blessings of his lot.

It seems as if nothing is more purely mental than an attack of the blues, yet in fact nothing is more purely physical. It has no foundation of real grief, neither is it due to any apparent disease of the body. In fact, as has been argued very plausibly by a California physician, it is frequently due to abdominal congestions. This may seem absurd, but its explanation is rational.

The mind, in its prison of the body, is dependent upon the healthy function of the brain cells, and this function depends upon a supply of good, pure blood. Stagnation anywhere in the system prevents this supply, and nowhere is stagnation more apt to occur than in the abdominal organs. Any one suffering from the blues can prove this by nervously himself to a course of abdominal exercise, bending over to touch the toes, twisting from side to side, and contracting the walls of the abdomen fifty to one hundred times, at the same time expanding the chest and taking long breaths. Follow these exercises by a good brisk walk, and then search yourself for the blues.

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