

Social Forms and Entertainments



The Postage Stamp Code.

Ever since I have had this department, I, these many years, I have been besieged by youthful readers for the "stamp language." As these little ones have devised these significations according as to how they are placed on the envelope. I cannot imagine remembering all the various positions, but I am glad to print them as they are, for all those who have asked for them, and hope a long felt want has been supplied.

A stamp placed at the top right-hand corner means—Business, or I wish your friendship.

Same corner, upside down—Write to me.

Same corner, crosswise—I send a kiss.

Same corner, horizontally—Do you love me?

At the bottom right-hand corner—You are very cruel.

Same corner, upside down—Can you not trust me?

Same corner, horizontally—You are changed.

In the middle, at right side—Write soon.

Same place, upside down—I am sorry.

Same place, horizontally—I am married.

At the top left-hand corner—Good-by, sweetheart.

Same corner, upside down—I love you.

Same corner, crosswise—My heart is another's.

Same corner, horizontally—I have you.

At the bottom left-hand corner—I seek your acquaintance.

Same corner, upside down—I wish you joy.

Same corner, horizontally—Will you meet me?

In the middle, at left side—Accept my love.

Same place, upside down—I am engaged.

Same place, horizontally—I long to see you.

In the middle at the top—Yes.

Same place, upside down—On conditions.

Same place, horizontally—Are you jealous?

In the middle at the bottom—No.

Same place, upside down—You are too loving.

Same place, horizontally—My parents object.

Of course all these messages are carried by a single stamp—either a

two-cent one fixed on a letter or a penny one on a postcard.

Two penny stamps on a letter carry quite different set of meanings, as the following list will show:

Two stamps at the top right-hand corner mean—Meet tonight, same place.

Same corner, upside down—Your father suspects.

Same corner, crosswise—Danger.

At the bottom right-hand corner—Going away.

Same corner, upside down—See you on Sunday.

Same corner, crosswise—Can I call?

At the top left-hand corner—Why are you silent?

Same corner, upside down—Do you love another?

Same corner, crosswise—Hope you are well.

At the bottom left-hand corner—Don't forsake me.

Quotations for Farewell Dinner.

Here are some appropriate quotations for use at a dinner given in honor of a guest who is about to depart upon a long journey:

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Alas! breaks slender ties, but rivets strong ones.

I count myself in nothing else so happy

As in a soul remembering my good friends.

Wherever I roam, whatever realm to see,

My heart untraveled, fondly turns to thee.

Farewell, a word that must be and hath been:

A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell.

What shall I do with all the days and hours

That must be counted ere I see thy face?

The place cards may be painted with a bunch of forget-me-nots, or tie a spray of artificial ones on a bit of "true blue" ribbon.

A Good Thing to Know.

To increase the lasting capacity of candles keep them in the box for 24 hours before using. They will burn much slower, and to the up-to-date hostess who uses candles constantly this is quite an item. It is quite customary to light the dining room at most entirely with candles placed around the room or the plate rail, mantel and sideboard. These are not shaded, and it is a very pretty idea to have individual candles at each plate. These are usually shaded.

Motto for a Sun Dial.

Could you have anything more beautiful than these lines by Henry Van Dyke? It is called "The Sun Dial at Wells College":

"The shadow of my finger cast

Divides the future from the past;

Before it, sleeps the unborn hour;

In darkness, and beyond thy power;

Behind its unreturning line,

The vanished hour, no longer thine;

One hour alone is in thy hands—

The now on which the shadow stands.

MADAME MERRI.

COIFFURE THAT HAS WON ADMIRATION



Striking coiffure worn by a Spanish beauty at the Theater du Chatelet, Paris. Pan-shape gourd, feathers in a deep shade of blue arranged as a headress.

POSTOFFICE AS DETECTIVE

Detectives, lawyers, clerks and others often experience great difficulty in obtaining an undoubted specimen of a certain person's signature. In one case recourse had to be had to a marriage register; in another, the only signature procurable was on the fly-leaf of a book which the suspect had presented to a relative; and only two or three years ago a testimonial to a sea captain was brought into court, because among the signatures to it was one for which the police had long hunted in vain.

One of the most common expedients resorted to for overcoming this difficulty is employing the postoffice—that is, sending a registered letter to the person whose signature is wanted. And this is frequently successful. Thinking that the postal packet contains money or valuables, the addressee unsuspectingly signs the receipt, only to discover that inside the envelope there is nothing but a "fake" letter.

This trap once caught an anonymous letter writer—a woman—who, on being interrogated shortly before, had declared that she could not write, and whose friends believed her to be illiterate. It was, in fact, mainly instrumental in getting her six months' imprisonment.

The receipt of a registered letter, it should be carefully noted, is not given up to anybody, but can be obtained only in certain cases to further the ends of justice.

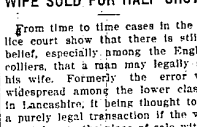
HOW ONE MAY GROW TALL

A man's organs and those of his bones which are not subjected to pressure grow continuously until he is forty years old; that is to say, the heart should become stronger, the capacity of the lungs increase, and the brain should develop steadily until the fourth decade of life. Also one should wear a larger hat as the age of forty than at thirty. A man ceases to grow tall, however, at the beginning of the third decade, because after that time the downward pressure exerted by the weight of the body while in the erect position compresses the vertebrae or small bones in the spine, the discs of cartilage between them, the pelvis and the thigh bones, and this pressure overcomes the natural elasticity of the discs and the growth of these bones. However, a well-known scientist contends that were man a quadruped, and therefore freed from the downward pressure produced by his weight upon his spinal column, he would continue to grow in height for ten years longer than he does at present, since it has been found that bones not subjected to compression increase up to the fourth decade.

WIFE SOLD FOR HALF CROWN

From time to time cases in the police court show that there is still a belief, especially among the English rollers, that a man may legally sell his wife. Formerly the error was widespread among the lower classes in Lancashire, it being thought to be a purely legal transaction if the wife was taken to the place of sale with a halter round her neck, and the buyer was given a written receipt by the husband for the money paid. Quite late in the nineteenth century a man pleaded in a Lancashire county court that he was not liable for his wife's debts, as he had sold her to another man for half a crown long before the debts in question were contracted.

PATHWAY THROUGH A TREE

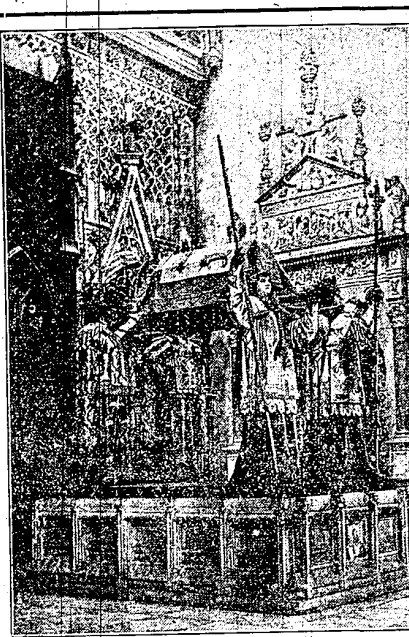


In the Pacific northwest of the United States the conifers grow to giant size. Whole forests are being lumbered from five to eight feet in diameter, trunks bare of limbs for 100 to 125 feet in height. The illustration shows a huge arbor vitae (Thuja plicata) on a roadside near Snohomish, Wash., which is 39 feet nine inches in circumference. Through the tree a pathway has been cut and beneath its arch thousands of pedestrians and bicyclists have passed.

HEN MOTHERS ELEVEN PIGS

James Lafferty, a farmer near Newark, N. J., has a hen that is mothering eleven little pigs. Several weeks ago the hen began laying eggs in the pig-pen. The mother pig ate the eggs regularly until her litter arrived. Then she ceased and gave her attention to the new family. The hen continued to make the pig her roosting place. Finally the little porkers made such friends with her that the fowl gave up her plans to hatch a brood and adopted the little pigs. She allowed the juvenile porkers to eat the eggs that she had in her nest. Now, whenever she clucks the little pigs scamper to her. The mother pig doesn't appear to mind it.

Tomb of Columbus in Seville



The visitor to the beautiful Cathedral of Seville, or Sevilla as the Spaniards more affectionately call it, will come unexpectedly upon a magnificent tomb—unexpectedly, that is, if he has not followed the newspapers very closely with regard to the whereabouts of the ashes of Christopher Columbus. Columbus died at Valladolid in Spain on May 20, 1506, and was buried in a monastery in Seville. In 1538 his remains were removed to Santa Domingo in Hispaniola. In 1795 they were transferred to the cathedral at Havana. At the end of the recent Spanish-American war the monument, with its accompanying sarcophagus, as seen in our illustration, was removed to Seville, where the monument consists of a marble base on which are four allegorical figures in colored bronze, respectively representing the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, Leon and Navarre.

COON ADOPTS GUINEA CHICKS

"Smoko," a pet coon belonging to Franklin Sauter of Monticello, Pa., has adopted a brood of young guinea hens that were hatched in the oven of Mrs. Sauter's stove recently. Local naturalists and woodmen assert that this is the only instance on record where a coon is known to have overcome its natural instincts to kill all feathered creatures. Several months ago Sauter captured a young coon that had been pulled down and injured by the dogs. It soon became domesticated and became a great pet around the house. Sauter is also a breeder of guinea fowl, which are prone to leave their nests and sit in the field and woodlands. Missing one several weeks ago, Sauter traced her to the fields and secured ten of her eggs, which, as it proved, were within a day's time of incubation. Not having an incubator, Sauter put the eggs in the oven of his stove, and when they were hatched he placed the chicks in a box behind the stove. He was greatly surprised in the morning to find the coon in the box "mothering" them.

KOREAN FUNERAL CUSTOM



Upon the death of a rich Korean a peculiarly constructed hay bundle is lighted and burned for a year in the vicinity of the home of the deceased.

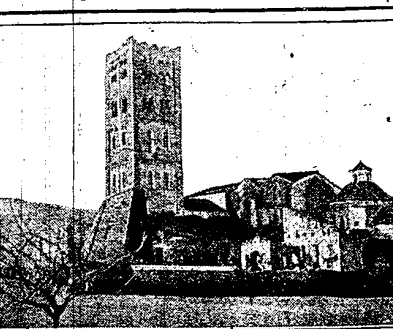
LASSOOED BY FLYING TRAIN

John Dunning, a railway mail clerk, of Corona, was whipped out of the door of a mail car by a wire lasso, and dragged along the ties till the wire broke. As the train was standing at the Floral Park switch to let the freight pass he stood at the side door. From a car in the freight train a long wire was trailing. As it passed the mail car the free end snapped into the open door and wound about Dunning's left leg.

SLEEPS SEVENTY-SEVEN DAYS

When Leon Jean, a ropemaker of Cherbourg, France, woke up the other day he was amazed to find himself in a hospital instead of at home. He had been asleep 77 days, although he thought he had been in bed only a few hours. His present health seems good.

Abbey of St. Michel de Cuxa



The old Abbey of St. Michel de Cuxa has been bought by an American, sculptor, Mr. George Barnard, and it was recently reported that he intended to take the most interesting parts of the ruins to the United States. Efforts to prevent it have been made by the local authorities and the French government. The matter was taken up in parliament by a deputy for the department of the Pyrenees Orientales, who urged that, as the ruins were to be classed as a historical monument, they should not be disturbed.

WILD AUTO CHASE IN NEW YORK CITY

Police and Motorists Pursue Speeder Three Hours.

KNOCKED DOWN WOMEN

Bullets Flew After a Car That Had Run Down Several People and Then Ran Away—Collared Wheel Finally Ditched the Machine.

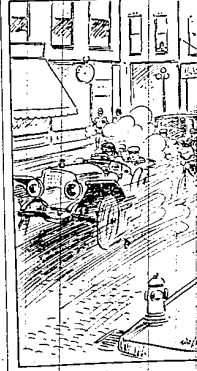
New York—Roaring through the streets of the upper west side with an occasional burst of Vanderbilt cup speed, a low built racing car was out to earth early the other day after a continuous chase of three hours, in which a motorcycle policeman led a fleet of private cars.

The pursued machine, driven by its owner, William Gohlhaus, a motor car dealer, had knocked down three women who were crossing Fifth avenue at One Hundred and Thirtieth street. The accident was seen by three men in another car and they started the pursuit in which Motorcycle Policeman Ochsenhirt joined almost immediately. The pursued car ran the gauntlet of fire from Ochsenhirt's revolver.

One policeman after another, attracted by the noise of the pursued, stepped out from street corners and blazed away, hoping to strike a fire or cripple the machinery of the flying car.

Gohlhaus slid far down in his seat and his two companions crouched in the tonneau. The chase was the most dramatic ever known in this city. Up into the open spaces near Van Cortland Park and back into the swarming streets of the upper west side, the big six-cylinder car whirled, cut out upon and its exhaust roaring and spitting flame like a cup racer. Ochsenhirt hung to the trail, about two short blocks behind. His cycle was good for 55 miles an hour, and he said he did it going at the top notch.

Steering with one hand, the policeman loaded and reloaded his revolver and emptied it, but with no effect. A little girl sitting at a basement window received a painful flesh wound from one wild bullet and several stu-



Face Began to Tell.

dows were broken and heads barely missed by the shots. The whole upper section of the city was on the street to watch the sport.

Car after car got in line, each with a policeman hanging on the running board blowing his whistle to get the right of way, or taking long distance shots at the flying quarry.

But the pace began to tell and the number of pursuers slowly dwindled toward midnight until finally there were only Ochsenhirt on his still faithful motorcycle and the three men who had started the pursuit.

After 150 miles of city streets had been covered Ochsenhirt found himself the only pursuer. Slowly he drew in on his quarry and finally ran up town, the pursued machine's front wheel collapsed and the car dropped into a ditch. One of its occupants fled, but the other two, Gohlhaus and his chauffeur, were arrested.

The three women Gohlhaus's car had knocked down were taken to a hospital.

FIGHTS SNAKE; SAVES MASTER

Dog Seizes and Kills a Rattler as Reptile is About to Strike.

Clearfield, Pa.—Tippy, a little mongrel dog, saved the life of his master, Frank G. Harris, one time county treasurer, the other day while the latter was on a fishing trip to Moose Creek, near here, by attacking a big rattlesnake that was about to strike Harris in the face.

Mr. Harris, desiring to reach the other side of the stream, started to crawl over on a slippery log. Just as he reached the far end of the log a big rattler raised his head directly in front of his face and drew back to strike.

"Tippy," who had swam the creek, darted at the snake and obtained a bold just back of the head. His teeth made short work of the rattler.