



For a Leisure Moment

The tyranny of the tip! When the American Congress threw out an Anti-Tipping Bill in 1910, the victors' strongest argument was that a man who refused to give gratuities "might rap the butter-dish for an hour without getting served." There was reason in the remark. One recalls, as illustration, the experiment of a wealthy Austrian family who undertook a "non-tipping" tour in Switzerland, and met with failure after failure. Failure, in fact, preceded them. For "secret signs and mysterious hieroglyphics generally scribbled on their baggage in chalk, and known only to the world of hotel employees, announced the arrival of the 'non-tippers' at every hotel they visited." There they waited for dinner, saw their luggage ill-used, and were treated as intruders. Defeat was acknowledged. "Finally," confessed the experimentalist, "I have commenced to tip liberally, and am comfortable and happy again."

He was a representative in Congress who had pledged himself to vote for two battleships, but a fortnight later announced that he was "agin" any increase at all. It was only natural that his change of base should be questioned and explanations asked for, and he was ready. "Gentlemen," he said, "I owe Squar Brown my election to this body. It was his friendship and his money that put me here. I pledged myself to vote for more battleships when the question came up. 'But you don't keep your pledge,' was protested. 'I didn't. And it was on account of Squar again. When I first pledged him he had property on Goose Creek and wanted the protection of the navy. Please read this letter from him.' The letter read: 'As I have moved my henroost half a mile back from Goose Creek there is no longer any need of a navy. Vote agin it!'"

Wilson—"What a long, thin head Jimson has!" Jilson—"Hasn't he? Looks as if he had pushed it under a chest of drawers for a collar-button."

The success of the Society for Psychical Research in establishing communication with departed spirits having led our special psychrope, Professor Wilberforce Jenkins, into the making of experiments on his own account, he has returned the very interesting results of his labors to this office. After lying in a clairvoyant state for a period of six weeks, he at last managed to get into communication with a number of distinguished personages of the past, and it is with pleasure that we herewith reproduce the psychic messages received by him as follows:—

FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Please announce to my beloved fellow-countrymen on my behalf that I have always found fresh tomatoes less effective in the making of a catchup than those which had reached a period of fermentation, resulting in an intensification of flavor.

FROM NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The rumor that I ever accused Sir Hudson Lowe of appropriating my pink pyjamas for his own use has annoyed me very much, and I wish you would deny that I ever said such a thing. The truth is that I never had any pink pyjamas. If I had it might have been different.

FROM DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A man may be a first-class anthropologist, or even dermatologist, and yet be an unsafe guide in a war against cutworms. I used to kill mine by sending Boswell out into my garden to read his writings aloud to them. They invariably succumbed.

FROM SOCRATES.

Please correct the impression now current that my wife Xanthippe is, or was, a Suffragette. There was no human experience which we shared together in which she was not a perennial anti.

—Harper's Weekly.

Professor, addressing class—"How simple, and yet how sublime, is the beautiful and detailed description which Pliny the younger gives us of the house in which he lived."

Smart Student—"Most likely he wanted to sell it."

There is at Aix-la-Chapelle a Newspaper Museum, where may be seen many curious journalistic freaks. One of the most striking exhibits is a copy of the world's largest newspaper, the *Illuminated Quadruple Constellation*, published in New York in 1859. This paper measures 8½ ft. in height by 6 ft. in width, and comprises eight pages, each of 13 columns. The paper on which it is printed is extremely durable and strong, and each ream weighed over 3 cwt. Forty people were occupied continually for eight weeks in order to bring out the first issue of the monstrosity, which its designers proposed should be issued once in every 100 years.

The question of fat appears to interest women as well as men when they pass 40. Madame Nordica has found a cure for obesity, and is going to put it on the market, advertised by her own light weight in opera. And now one hears of Madame Melba having produced \$3,000 for the newsboys society of Melbourne, by turning herself into a living maypole, around which pretty girls danced. How did Madame Melba turn herself into a living maypole? The advertisers wait for it!

There was a time when more than one day's rest in seven was enjoined for religious reasons. The so-called *Apostolic Constitutions*, of which the probable date is the fourth century, solved the issue between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday by giving effect to both. "Let the slaves work five days; but on the Sabbath Day and the Lord's Day let them have leisure to go to church for instruction in piety." Although the religious basis of this solution has long been out of date, we have in many cases nearly got round to a similar result secularly by the Saturday half-holiday.

Public opinion in Scotland was—and probably still is—in favor of stern reprisals upon the Sabbath-breaker. Dean Ramsay, in his *Reminiscences*, recounts an instructive dialogue between a Mr. M—, of Glasgow, and a Highland acquaintance whom he had met with unexpectedly. "Mr. M— begins: 'Donald, what brought you here? 'Ou, weel, sir, it was a baad place yon; they were baad folk—but they're a God-fearin' set o' folk here!' 'Well, Donald' said Mr. M—, 'I'm glad to hear it.' 'Ou ay, sir, 'deed are they; an' I'll gie ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover child frae Dunfries comin' along the road whustlin' and lookin' as happy as if it was ta muddle o' the week; weel, sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, and they were just comin' oot o' the kirk—od they yokit upon him and a'most killed him!'"

Frank Buckland had a very just idea of how Sunday should be kept. He worked hard for six days and rested easy on the seventh. Thus the entry in his Journal, dated December, 1866:—"I am now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. and a bit in the evening—14 hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to get cool, the mill-wheel ceases to batter the water, the mill-head is pounded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy quiet current, which leads to things above."

A Turkish man-of-war was ordered to Malta. When the captain had got his ship clear of the Bosphorus, it struck him that it would be as well if he knew where Malta was, for he had not the slightest idea. So he inquired of a passing vessel, whose captain offered to point it out on the chart. But the Turkish captain preferred to follow a vessel which he knew was about to sail for that port. Unfortunately, a fog came on, and when it cleared off the vessel in front was no longer the same, though the captain knew it not. For days he followed the ship, and at last reached port, when, addressing the authorities that came on board, he said, "Malta, I presume." "Oh, no," was the reply. "This is Liverpool."

In Georgia they tell of a prisoner who had been convicted a dozen times of stealing, who, when placed at the bar for his latest offence, displayed a singular curiosity. "Your Honor," said he, "I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is sick." "But," said the magistrate, "you were caught with your hands in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defence?" "Exactly so, your Honor; that is what I am curious to know."

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Reg. D. S.
Pat. Office, 1908
Cauldwell

"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

According to French law, the editor of a newspaper wields more power than the proprietor. A wealthy Russian admirer of Louis Blanc founded a paper, *L'Homme Libre*, of which Blanc was appointed editor. The Russian rather fancied himself as a writer, and sent some articles to the paper, which Blanc returned with thanks. This so infuriated the owner that he endeavored to make the courts compel Blanc to insert the articles. The judge held that an editor has a right to decline an article, even when written by his proprietor, and so dismissed the plaintiff's suit with costs. But it was probably within the proprietor's right to retaliate by dismissing the editor.

Mr. Champ Clark tells a story of the extraordinary feeling between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Once, when speaking at St. Paul, he called attention to the reckless street driving in the rival city. "Why," he declared, "I have even heard that ten inhabitants are killed in Minneapolis on the streets every twenty-four hours." "Waal," came the loud voice of an interrupter, "it ain't enough!"

One of the oldest newspapers in the world is *Les Petites Affiches*, which consists mainly of announcements of forced sales of property and other legal notices. This paper has appeared in Paris for 301 years, and for over a century was published seven days a week. Since 1907, however, when a weekly day of rest was made compulsory for all French workmen, *Les Petites Affiches* has ceased to appear on Mondays.

He—"Then it's settled that we are to elope at midnight?" She—"Yes." He—"And are you sure you can get your trunk packed in time?" She—"Oh! yes; papa and mamma have both promised to help me."

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Some rather ungenerous criticisms have been passed upon the correspondents who were sent out to describe the war in the Near East. With one or two exceptions they have failed to describe the operations of the campaign. But it must in fairness be admitted that their failure has been due to the severe restrictions—amounting in the case of the correspondents at the headquarters of the Turkish army to actual detention as prisoners of war. It must be admitted that the great days of the war correspondent would seem to be over. Lord Wolseley was the first commanding officer to raise objections to the presence of journalists with his forces, and in the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" he has some polite, and otherwise, things to say about the dangers of telegraphing to newspapers information which may be of use to the enemy. That is the real reason why so many of the correspondents in the Near East have failed. They were not allowed to witness the operations. The Japanese, in their war with Russia, behaved in exactly the same way as the Allies and the Turks have done in the present campaign, and it is more than likely that, when the next great war comes, correspondents will be forbidden, except at the risk of their lives, to accompany any of the contending armies.

Byron was a striking exception to Sir Francis Galton's theory that notabilities are great eaters. For Byron (like many less clever people) had a morbid dread of growing fat, and was wont to mortify the flesh accordingly. While at Athens, he drank large quantities of vinegar and water, and seldom ate more than a little rice, and at another time he restricted himself to six biscuits a day. Again, in 1816, he lived on a thin slice of bread for breakfast and a vegetable dinner, keeping down hunger in between by chewing tobacco. And he achieved his end, for the last time he weighed he went 10 st. 9 lb.