How to Become a Good Conversationalist & Adventure.

T answer to the question, "Is it possible, by study, to become a good general conversationalist?" I would answer—Yes. Of course, conversationalists, like artists, poets, orators and mats, differ in ability. There are men and women who can

talk only fairly well, and others yet who can talk amazingly well.

I do not mean that any one can become a Goethe, a Coleridge, a Crabb Robinson, a Carlyle, or a De Quincey in the divine of expression, but I firmly believe that any person of good sense can acquire ability to converse in a way that shall be respectable.

But it is well, on the start, to bear in mind the good old saying that "You not get blood out of a turnip."

In order to converse one must have something to converse about. The that is all talk is not conversation. It is mere twaddle, as insipid as it tenselses.

The grand prerequisite, then, to the good conversationalist is knowledge. It is can talk about things one must know about them. But, the knowledge as present, the expression of it is easy.

Having your facts clearly outlined in the mind, you ought to find no leuity in setting them forth provided you keep cool and attend strictly to business in hand.

Of course, conversation implies a party of two, or more, and means a ager or shorter series of questions and answers; hence the parties to the aversation must of necessity be attentive to each other's remarks.

Institution means irrelevant talk—and irrelevant talk is not conversation. the person who would become a "good general conversationalist," no sort of swiedge can come amiss—the more knowledge, and the more varied knowledge, the better

If you know nothing about art, how can you converse with the painter the musician? If you know nothing about agriculture, how can you talk the farmer? If you know nothing of politics, how can you talk with the siltician? If you are ignorant of constitutions, governments and laws, how in you converse with the statesman?

The question is sometimes raised, "Which is better, to know one thing thoroughly or many things only in part?" The answer is: Strive to know as much

Seguily or many things only in part! The answer is; Strive to know as much as you can about all things—or, at any rate, about several things.

A little learning" may be "a dangerous thing," but it is a danger that every young man and woman should not be afraid of.

There are so many lines of human thought these days it is impossible to believ them all to the end, but along them all you can go at least a part of the way, learning something which shall be of use to you, not only as a conversationalist, but as a contestant for the prizes of life.—New York American.

Yamato Damashi.

What It is and Where It Finds Its Highest Development in Japan. By Oscar King Davis.

HIS ancestor-worship of the Japanese is no superstition; it is the great essential fact of their lives. "Western people easily make fun of it," says one of their writers, "but therein lies the philosophy of our patriotism." It was of this feeling that Lafcadio

ophy of our patriotism." It was of this feeling that Lafcadio Hearn wrote: "It is probably the most profound and powerful of the emotions of the race—that which especially directs national life and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to the Loyalty is based upon it. The soldier who, to make a path for his commades through the battle, deliberately flings away his life " " obeys the will and hears the approval of invisible witnesses."

This is Yamato Damashii (the soul of Japan). It found its highest development in the lives of the military knights, the samural of feudal days, whose sode of precepts formed the Bushido, so cleverly expounded by Dr. Nitrobe. Since the beginning of the present war there have been many explanations of the remarkable Japanese successes. But more than ever before it has been the the present was the professional that the wonderful, long-sustained attack on the superbly defended fortress of Port arthur.

There is a widespread notion that the Japanese soldiers are fatalists, because when they join the colors in war-times they call themselves keashital (determined to die). But only in a restricted sense can they be called fatalists. They count their lives as forfeit, it is true, but only in the sense that each man is quite willing to die, and expects, when his crisis comes, to give his life, if necessary, for the success of his task. He hopes to come back, but easy as a victor. Better far that his bonds bleach in a foreign land than that he industry return to his home deceated or with his work unaccomplished. This is the real meaning of keeshind. It is not, stary would be allowed the control of the latter being born into the former success may be individual," and "the latter being born into the former as part and parcel thereof, he must live and die for it, or for the legitimate incumbent of its authority."—The Century. ad notion that the Japanese soldiers are fatalists, be

The Mariner and the Sea.

On the Trained Skill of the Seaman Depends the

Triumph of Victory. By R. F. Zogbaum.

skill, and ability to handle and move his ship by means of a cruelty of the time. His family, too, force of nature he cannot control, and though human ingenuity has given him a machine combining in its property. mechanism the forces of the air, the fire and the lightning, enabling it to come and go by day or night wherever there is water enough under the keel to float it, the sea ever remains the same, at the domination over its mighty power will always be the problem of him

who goes down to it. The same stoutness of heart, the same quickness of brain, the same skill in reading current and tide, the same resourceful readiness under all conditions of wind and wave, fog, storm, or battle, that have seemspleuously marked the achievements of the American naval seaman of the past must today meet tests of seamanship as rigid in their requirements

past must today meet tests of seamanship as rigid in their requirements ever before.

Quick, ready and resourceful as was the nimble topman and the tarry-ided, curve-fingered hauler of sheet and bowline, another "handy man," ally adrest, expert and efficient, but with complicated duties requiring edutes and training, such as his forefathers never dreamed of, succeeds their the person of the blue-jacker—seaman and artificer—of the times in which live. While on almost any of the big ships may still be found some sturdy pivous of the old navy—some level-headed, onken-hearted master at arms; the hard-fisted, sea-worn chief quartermaster; some campy, handy gunner's corporator's mate, for, anomalous as it may seem, the carpenter and his tes still have their hands full of work even on the newest of steel ships—syouth of the great mass of the crews is apparent even to the casual visities while some of the disadvantages of youth may be evident in our may man-of-war-s-man, take him by and large, he is an excellent product of a conditions of naval life of the present day,—Century Magasine.

Japa In Terms.

at of an investigation ed by County Attorney

stake? The allen who buys land and remains upon it may some day become a citizen, but the leasing of foreign power clearly indicates that the leases desires every loyed by our citizens without shoul-dering the full responsibilities of American citizenship. Later on I may be able to answer the question I have just asked and the press will be welcome to a full report of my investigations on the Jap farm question."— Calveston Tribune.

Widows in Korea never remarry, no actter how young they may be. Even hough they had been married only a south, they may not take a second

The Liberty Bell pays the penalty of greatmens by being harled about over the country for the edification of

Chicago automobiles who allow oil to drop from their ears on the asphalt

Pluck and .

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

YOUNG thief escaped from a Virginia jail the other day in a manner sometimes described by romancers, but seldom re curueu in History.

He had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and was waiting for the officers to take him to prison. mother came to say goodby to him, and the jailer left them alone for a few minutes.

Any man would hate to watch mother's farewell to her son under such circumstances, so in their few moments of privacy mother and son changed clothes.

When the time was up the jailer led out a grief-stricken figure in skirt and bonnet, leaving a lad weeping on the prison bed.

By and by he returned to say words of comfort to the boy, to bid him to "brace up." To his astonishment be found a laughing woman. Two hundred years ago, almost-in

1716—the Countess of Nithelale rescued her husband from the Tower of London in much the same manner. The Earl of Nithsdale was to be executed for treason. His wife had begged in vain for his life, and then had made up her mind to rescue him. With two women she went to the

Tower to see him, carrying an extra skirt, hood and cloak. Then she sent one of her friends away, then the other; one of them returned and went away again.

Finally, when she thought the guards would be confused as to the number of women who had gone in and out she packed off her husband, dressed in the clothes she had brought.

She herself stayed in his room for half an hour, talking in her own voice and replying in his, and at last, telling his servant and the guards that the Earl was praying, and did not want to be disturbed, she went away herself. The Earl escaped to the Low Coun-

tries, where in time the Countess joined him. In 1815 the French Count de Lavalette was sentenced to death for having aided Napoleon on his return to France earlier in the year. His wife

took his place in the cell and let him escape. In the same way Maggie Jordan helped Sharkey, a convicted murderer, to escape from the Tombs thirty years

ago. He was never recaptured

Another historical story has been re peated recently. Adolph Beck, an Englishman, served two terms of imprisonment for obtain-

ing money under false pretences swore that he was innocent, but as they all do that," no one believed him.

Not so long ago he was again arrested on a statter street the ed also on a like charge. Then the police began to investigate matters, and Thomas confessed that he had committed the two crimes for which Beck was punished.

So the British Government gave Beck a "free pardon," to restore him to citisenship, and offered him \$10,-000 to say nothing about the matter. He refused. He has not kept quiet and he hopes to get more money as compensation.

In 1762 Jean Calas, a French merriumph of Victory.

R. F. Zogbaum.

chant, was the victim of a similar error. He was accused of mider, found guilty and executed with the was ruined by the confiscation of his

After his death the real murdere was found. Voltaire, the great French writer, led a successful popular demand that his memory should be cleared.

The story of Jean Calas' tragic fate has been used as the basis for a play, "Le Courier de Lyon," which is known in this country as "The Lyons Mail." -New York Journal.

COWBOY'S FIGHT WITH A STEER The great event at Cheyenne this season was the remarkable feat of Will Pickett, a negro halling from Taylor, Texas, who gave his exhibition while 20,000 people watched with wonder and admiration a mere man, unarmed and without a device or appliance of any kind, attack a flery, wild-eyed and powerful steer and throw it by his teeth. With the aid of a helper, Pickett chased the steer until he was in front of the grand stand. Then be jumped from the siddie and landed on the back of the animal, grasped its borns, and brought it to a stop within a dosen feet. arkable display of strength he a remarkable display of strength he twisted the steer's head until its nose pointed straight into the air, the aut mal bellowing with pain and its tongue protrading in its effort to seeure air. Again and again the negro was jerked from his feet and tossed into the air, but his grip on the horns never once loosened, and the steer failed in its efforts to gore him. Cow-hors with their lariets runned to Pickhoys with their lariate rushed to Pick out's assistance, but the action of the ott's assistance, but the action of the combat was too rapid for them. Be-fore help could be given, Pickett, who had forced the stear's nose into the mud and ghut off its wind, slipped, and was tensed aside like a piece of and was tossed aside like a piece of paper. There was a scattering of cowboys as he jumped to his feet and ran for his horse. Taking the ar die without touching the stirrup, he ran the steer to a point opposite the judger stand, again jumped to its back and three it. Twice was the negro lifted from his feet, but he held on with the tenacity of a builder, Suddenly Pickett dropped the steer's lead and grasped the upper lig of the animal

with his teeth, threw his arms wide apart, to show that he was not using his hands, and sank slowly upon his back. The steer lost its footing and rolled upon its back, completely covering the negro's body with its own. The crowd was speechless with horror, many believing that the negro had been crushed; but a second later the steer rolled to its other side, and Pickett arose uninjured, bowing and smiling.-Harper's Weekly.

EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE PLUCK. It was a matter of less than half au hour before the Japanese held the main ridge to the left, or west, of the village of Suitean-za, and the great flanking movement over the hills was ready to begin, from the point gained, about 9 o'clock, writes William Din-

per's Weekly. It was broiling hot at this bour, and the motionless air and the glaring sun promised to make the land a veritable furnace before nightfall. The dirty khaki uniforms of the stockily built soldiers were wringing with water, but they marched forward briskly and with no display of exhaustion, though they had been up all night and

had already worked three hours in a swelter of heat.

The fourteen hours' march made by that regiment of the Guards in the flanking movement, would have killed off half the men of any European or American force long before the Japanese had finished it, and were still keen to fight, and, notwithstanding this, the official report says that the left wing division did not do so well as was expected. Only salamanders

could have survived the heat and toil. It was a marvelous performance, and one which, at first blush, seems impossible, for it necessitated traveling beneath the crests of the mountains, in order to be screened from the enemy. They moved ahead on mountain slopes whose angle was often sixty degrees. They tolled through thick underbrush and around the bases of rocky pinnacies 500 to 800 feet above the valleys. One would have believed the feat impossible for loaded men, let alone heavily laden pack horses. The left wing regiment marched six miles in this fashion and throatened Ye-shi-rel (Yanktaz'ling) in the rear of the main position, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

terapetuser:

In parallel fifty-seven degrees, in the dog watch, 4 to 6 p. m., when the chief officer came on deck to relieve the second officer, he swiftly cast his eye to-

A YANKEE CAPTAIN'S NERVE.

ward the horizon in the direction of the wind, then at the struggling canvas, and particularly at the main topgallant sail, which threatened every minute to blow away. As nautical etiquette forbids an officer in charge to alter canvas when the captain is on dack without his command or consent. the chief-afficer, after his hurried surwar, wild ; "Captaless Mather, main toggallant sail is laboring very hard." "It is drawing well-let it hard." stand, Mr. Bartlett," was the reply. At 6 o'clock, when the second officer in turn relieved the first, he also gave a rapid glance about, and said: "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is airusgling very hard." "It holds a good full; let it stand," Mr. McFarland," was the reply. Even the old sea dogs among the crew begged the petty officers to send them up to take in sail, while it was held safe to do so. As the helmsman turned his wheel, every turn of a spoke would make the ship jump in the water like a frightened bird. Men were stationed at every belaying pin, holding halyards and clew lines, by a single turn "under and over" ready to let go and ciew up at a signal. We were making a record passage, and sall was to be carried to the last minute, the utmost the ship could bear, while every exigence of storm was anticipated. Later in the evening the captain could not help asking if the crew still thought that he had married the owner's daughter. Captain Mather illustrated then, as always, a quality of mind usually exhibited by those who succeed in most any direction-an extreme daring and extreme caution running parallel.—At-

TWO LIVES FOR A FRIEND.

lantic Monthly.

"Greater love bath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." These words of the Christ were exemplified when Herry Weigh, of Newport, and George Plets, of Harrisburg, unhesitatingly faced almost resource, unnestratingly raced almost certain death to save the life of George Smith, a Companion. Their sacrifice was successful, but Weigh and Pleta sustained injuries which will result in

ers and were erecting a block signal station on the Pennsylvania Reilroad. twenty miles west of Newton Hamil-ton, Fa. Smith was crossing the trucks and stopped between a signal bell grank and the rail just at the moment that a block operator around a curve was setting a signal for a fast passenger train that was due. Before limits could withdraw his foot the matth could windraw me foot ing mank was turned and he was caught. Realising that the train was bearing down upon him, he shouted for help, and Weigh and Piets rushed to his recand Weigh and Plots rushed to his resceie, entrying with them a pair of crow-hers. The grain swept around the curve at the moment livy reached his side had finish gave himself up for lost, but his commute did not for a groment loss their courage. Thrusting their crowbars under the crank they lifted it from its factanings and Smith fell back out of hayn's way. It was too late, however, for the rescuers to now themselves. The engine hurled them high in the six and their injuries are so serious that they cannot re-



MEAT ROLL.

Two cups of cold chopped meat, one egg, two cups of rolled crackers, meat broth to make enough dough soft enough to mold with the hands (more than two cups). Bake in a deep pan.

MILK SOUP.

Use one quart of new milk, one saltspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one tenspoonful of granulated sugar; scald all together for an hour in a pitcher set in a kettle widdle, special correspondent for Harof water; then add the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Good for delicate persons and children.

BAKED SCALLOPS.

Trim the scallops well, after taking from the shells, thoroughly dry them and fill each with the scallops, but in rather small pieces. Over each sprinkle salt, if needed, few drops of lemon juice, some chopped parsley, and, lastly, some fine bread crumbs, moistened with meited butter. The scallops should bake for about twenty minutes and be served on the shells,

INDIAN PUDDING.

This pudding varies from the usual ecipe by the addition of rice. Heat four caps of milk to the scalding point, stir in one-half cup of corn meal made smooth in one cup of cold milk. When this has boiled two minutes add one-half cup of uncooked rice, one-half cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of molasses, a level tablespoon of butter and a teaspoon of ginger or one-third of a grated nutmeg. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven three hours. Stir a few times from the under side.

SPICE CAKE.

Beat the yolks of two eggs, then add one-half cup of soft or light brown sugar and beat again. Add the juice of half a lemon and part of the yellow riud grated. Cream half a cup of butter, add one-half cup more of sugar and mix with the beaten egg and sugar. Add one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk and two cups of flour sifted with a pinch of salt, a level tea spoon of sods, a level teaspoon of cinnamon, three-quarters level teaspoon cloves and a saltspoon of grated nutmeg. Beat well, then add one cup of seeded raisins rolled in flour and a saltspoon of chopped citron. Bake in a slow oven.

ABOUT BATH ROOMS.

It is amazing how the average architect avoids planning for more than one bathroom in the moderate sized house, mays the Northwest Horticul-turist. He might be a herald of TUPIST. health and comfort to many a family. He could so easily suggest omitting the "parlor' and putting in three or four bath rooms instead. And every family who could be persuaded to this would sooner or later rise up and

call him blessed. Of vital things in the house few are so vital as sufficient bath rooms. . But one or two bathrooms are thought sufficient for all but the rich, while many very ordinary homes have two parlors and a living room or library. Surely, extra bath rooms might take the place of the former by substituting a very small reception room.

This is chiefly due to the frightful conventionalism womenkind "Whatever is must be," now and forever more, is the ideal of the average home maker, and the architect must live down to the level of his client if he live at all.



Never put fruit stained table linen into hot sospands, because it will art the stains.

Fine table linen should be changed frequently, so that it will not require hard rubbing, as that wears it out more quickly than anything else.

Pumpkins and squashes will generally keep better in a garret when the temperature is above freezing than in the ceilar, where it is very apt to be too damp.

Always keep cheese well covered in a cheese dish or it will become dry and tasteless. If the cheese is wrapped in a cloth saturated with vinegar it will keep beautifully moist and retain its flavor longer.

If you wish to avoid streaks when washing nicely painted floors, begin at the bottom and wash all the way to the top of the door. While the paint is all wet begin at the top, wash downward and wipe dry at you go. Streaks are caused by soapy or dirty water running down over the dry paint.

Willow and ratten furniture may be renewed in appearance by washing with a stiff brush in warm water and white soap; then, when the article is still wet, put it in a box which can be closed tightly and place a small quantity of burning sulphur around the bottom of the box. Allow it to remain me-half or three-quarters of an hour.

Why not keep up writing deak supplies just as conscientiously as those for the pantry? Few households would get along a week without sugar, sait or somp, yet how many letters are unanswered for the lack of a good pen, a stamp, or an envelope. It is pen, a stamp, or an envelope. not the expense, but lack of thought that keeps an insufficient or meagre supply of the necessary articles on band.



THE PEN. Men of finance all remind us That the poet is a fool; That the poet is a looi;
That the pen, as source of income,
Is a mighty useless tool,

EARMARKS. 3.

"How do you know that they are not married?

"Isn't he carrying all the packages?" -Detroit Free Press.

QUALITY.

"Why shouldn't they be in society?" "Well, I don't know. They-"
"Certainly their money is as good as inybody's, and their manners as bad."

TRUTH LIES.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." "Which proves that truth is as bad as the rest of us, when she thinks there is no chance of being caught."-Hous-

HAS TO.

"They say she spends twice as much money as any other woman for complexion powder. "Of course she does. She is twofaced."-Judge.

EXPLAINED.

"Say, pa?" "Well, what?"

"Why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?" "I suppose it is because he has a taste for music."-Town Topics.

ONTO THE HORSE.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son."

"Who was Centaur?"

"Centaur, my son, was a man who never got stuck on a horse trade; he was onto the horse."-Yonkers Statesman.

ONE'S WIFE.

Wife-"I hope you talked plainly to

Husband-"I did indeed. I told him e was a fool, a perfect fool." Wife (approvingly)-"Dear John! How exactly like you!" - London

JUST THE SAME.

"Always see that your campaign predictions," counselled the old politician, "But," said the young spellbinder, wouldn't that result in making no campaign predictions at all?"
"Un-huh."—Chicago Tribune.

A BIVALVULAR PLEASANTRY.



Katherine-"Do you think raw oy: ters are healthy?" Kidder-"I never knew one to complain."-New York Press.

THE RUB

Mrs. New - "Do you believe everything the fortune teller told you?" Mrs. Blue-"No; she said Jack and I rould never quarrel again, and I know my new winter suit is going to co at least \$50 more than I've ever paid before."--Detroit Free Press.

IN THE BARBER SHOP. Giffe-"The lady barber is rather

forward, isn't she? Spinks-"Guess not. I never see het talking to any customer that she don't

Giffie-"Still, she scrapes a good many acquaintances." — Philadelphia Bulletin.

REASON FOR IT.

"Skorcher must be getting weak-minded," said the first automobilist. "I haven't noticed it," replied the

"Why, he told me he stopped his gute once yesterday because there was a pedestrian in his read."

"But I believe the pedestrian had a gun."—Philadelphia Press.

THEIR WAT.

"I suppose all your neighbors were out to see you the first time you want whissing through the street in your

"Mo, they were all busy getting their work done ahead of time so they could be out watching the next evening when I had to have the blamed thing towed home behind an express wagon."-Chicago Record-Herald.