

The Japanese army is Kalping steadily on its way, as the Irishman would remark.

The man who says we do not know what to do with our money must be a vegetarian.

Jan isn't the only one who, since the arrival of those twins, is making music in the Kubelk home.

It is stated on reliable authority that the horse which broke into a Cincinnati flat had no family.

Other things being equal, the happiest man in hot weather is the one who doesn't know how hot it is.

That was a sad death of Jim Corbett's. He died of indigestion. Jim was a 280-pound New York turtle.

Possibly Mr. Perdicaris is at last convinced of the superior advantages of America as a place of residence.

The Columbian university of Washington has changed its name to George Washington university. Good swap!

One of the Republican orators says that the problem now is what to do with our money. Speak for yourself, brother.

Mark Twain has leased a farm in Pittsfield for the summer, but he is altogether too level-headed to undertake to work it.

A Bellefontaine woman has contracted a serious case of blood-poisoning by washing her face. We hesitate to point the moral.

Hetty Green's scornful declaration that she would rather have a donkey than an automobile is not surprising. Donkeys are cheaper.

Paterson, N. J., has just had a disastrous fire. Paterson goes regularly from spoils to fires and anarchists, with short waits between.

Kisses transmitted by telepathy will never be very popular so long as there are opportunities of getting them delivered on the premises.

Baseball has been introduced in Japan. The Japs being mere imitators, it may be taken for granted that there is trouble ahead for their umpires.

The reason a man marries his sweetheart is because she is not like other girls. The reason he divorces her is because she is.—Illinois State Journal.

A German peasant has a pair of feet that require No. 17 shoes. It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to add that the peasant to whom these feet pertain is a man.

Let us give our forefathers credit for never suspecting that the time would come when the toy pistol would figure in celebrations of Freedom's birthday.

The woman who left a package of paris green in the baby's go-cart has proved her eligibility to membership in the Amalgamated Association of Boat-Rockers.

It is said that a cup of ordinary rock salt added to the bath is soothing to the nerves and will often insure restful sleep—particularly if one has an active imagination.

You can teach a monkey to imitate a man, but a man can imitate a monkey without any teaching. This shows the superiority of the human intellect over brute brain.

The possibility that he might have made even more money if he had freshened up his faculties by taking a vacation is the lurking misgiving that bothers Uncle Russell Sage.

President Schurman emphatically urges this year's Cornell graduates to marry, and doubtless they will, if they meet the right girls and feel that they are able to support them.

Newport society has dropped the monkey dinners and is going in for psychological research. An edited public will now see Mr. Harry Lehr evolve into a psychic phenomenon.

Hayti has apologized for the attack on M. Depres, the French minister, who was stoned as he drove past the palace, and the incident is closed. So was the carriage, fortunately for M. Depres.

The estimate of 14,000,000 as the number of men who have lost their lives in battle during the last hundred years does not take into account the lives lost in the annual battle of the Fourth of July.

That must indeed be a great spectacle that is taking place now in southern Manchuria, and yet it is hardly probable that the southern Manchurians who have the best opportunity to witness it are thoroughly enjoying it.

Here's another jilted swain suing a little young woman for breach of promise. We need this sort of thing more frequently. The current news is getting quite too solemn and tragic. Murder and crime wax monotonous.

TWO DAGGERS WITH HISTORIES.

One for Which Senator Quay Would Have Traded His.

Senator Quay of Pennsylvania was a collector of Indian relics and took great interest also in autographs, coins and stamps. Often, though, he ridiculed, good naturedly, collectors' hobbies.

He was showing a reporter his Indian robes one day. The young man took up a curious antique dagger that lay on a hurl table.

"This dagger must be very old," he said. "Has it a history?"

"It has indeed," said Senator Quay. "It is the dagger that Macbeth thought he saw. A descendant of Macbeth gave it to me in Scotland several years ago."

Senator Quay smiled. "There is only one dagger I would trade this for, and that is a dagger that used to hang on the wall in Alphonse Karr's study," he said.

"Karr, in one of his stories, had poked a good deal of fun at a woman named Colet. Mme. Colet, enraged at being made a butt of, stabbed Karr. He, on his recovery, hung the dagger she had stabbed him with above his desk, with this inscription beneath it: 'Presented to Alphonse Karr—by Mme. Colet—in the back.'"

MINISTER KNOCKED OUT ELDER

Disgraceful Scandal That Has Disrupted Pennsylvania Church.

Rev. Samuel P. Montgomery of Pittsburg is among the best known United Presbyterian preachers in western Pennsylvania. The reverend gentleman has some mining stock which he tried to unload on members of his flock. Elder Edward P. Heath thought this was unclerical in the extreme and he said so to Mr. Montgomery at a church meeting. The latter, a muscular Christian, promptly knocked the elder down. Mr. Heath jumped up and the two clinched for a moment, but the preacher landed once more and the elder "went down and out," as they say at goddess prize fights. Next day Mr. Heath caused the arrest of the pastor, who gave bail. All of which has caused great scandal and commotion among the faithful of the congregation.

When the writer was about to marry, the wife of a well-known judge gave her this advice:

"My dear, a woman needs the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job and the meekness of a dove to get along with the best man that ever lived. I have my third husband, all good men, but all cranky at times. When they are cranky, keep still; when they fret, hold your tongue, and always remember that it takes two to make a quarrel."

In writing to the dear old lady after some years of experience at the headquarters of an army, where I was surrounded by some thirty-thousand men, I took occasion to say:

"The more I see of men the better I like them; and as to quarrelling, you are quite right. I should like to add that your admirable advice might perhaps be supplemented by adding: 'Exercise tact, and spell it large.' Tact will win nine times out of ten where open hostility and aggressiveness fails."

The response was:

"You are right; we are improving with each generation."—National Magazine.

"There is a very popular belief that the small ant cannot stand much cold," said a man who lives uptown, "but the idea is entirely wrong. There may have been a time when the ant could not endure low temperatures, but that time has passed, if it ever existed."

"The fact is that the ant seems to rather like the cold, if I may judge from experience at my own home. They have for some time been in the habit of making the icebox their headquarters. They simply live there. It is the one favorite spot with them. Nor are they the least bit inclined to shun the ice. Up to very recently I had thought that the ant was in the habit of burrowing deep into the ground in order to escape the rigors of the winter. But there is nothing in this old idea. It may be due to the exigencies of the struggle for existence, one of the things necessary in the ceaseless fight for life. But, whatever the cause of it, you can put the ant down as being able to stand more cold than the average human being."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gen. Kuroki Half French. Several French soldiers, survivors of the Chinese expedition of 1856, are responsible for the statement that Gen. Kuroki, who is leading the Japanese forces in Manchuria, is in reality half French. His name, they say, is properly spelled Curique. According to the story of these soldiers, a French officer, Capt. Curique, while serving in China in 1856, married a Japanese girl. A son was born to them, who was given the Japanese name Kuroki, corresponding to the French Curique. This son is Gen. Kuroki. Capt. Curique died last year in France. Until the last he corresponded with his son, who has since become famous.

When I was III. He brought me flowers when I was III. And placed them where I saw them bloom; And all the while they used to fill With perfume delicate my room.

I was a maiden, young and fair, And he had culture, rank and wealth; The flowers, and his kindly care, Helped lure me back to hope and health.

But now that I am well and strong, No more he comes—he passes by; And he'd I would not do him wrong, I wish that he had let me die.

—Thomas J. Porter in Boston Globe.

—Aster-Cosmo Extreme Cold.

BOYS & GIRLS

A Fairy Tale. There was once a fairy, as I've heard tell, Long and long ago. Who lived in the heart of a bright blue-bell.

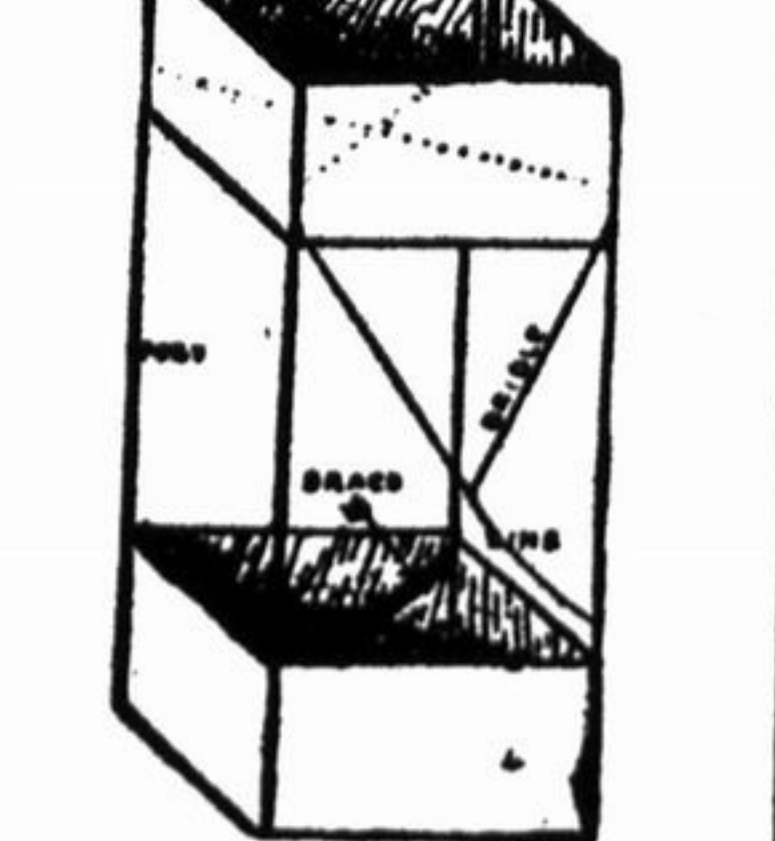
Long and long ago. They say she only crept out at night Long and long ago. And curled her hair by the fire's light, I wonder if that is so.

She wore her a veil of purple mist, Long and long ago. That melted away when the Sun King kissed.

That fairy of long ago. If you steal out at early dawn, They say, but who can tell? That the self-same fairy may not be gone To the heart of the bright blue-bell.

You may find her weaving the purple mist, As she did in the long ago. Weaving and waiting there to be kissed, If you find her, please let me know.

How to Make a Box Kite. Boys and girls, and even grown-ups, have learned that there is fun at kite flying from early spring until late fall. One thing that has helped them



to learn this is the flying qualities of the box kite. Everybody who cares for outdoor fun should know how this is made. Here are directions that anyone can easily follow:

The four corner posts should be about two and one-half feet long and as light and slender as you can whittle them. Four inches from each end of each piece is cut a little notch for the braces to rest in. The four braces are whittled down the same size as the posts, and are about twenty inches long. Each end of each brace is notched to fit over the post. The notch in the end of a brace and the notch in a post come together. Now take two strips of thin, strong paper five feet long and nine inches wide. Fold over each edge as if for a half-inch hem to guard against tearing. Now, while someone holds up the four posts, set the braces in place and the light cords around the whole frame right at the ends.

There! The frame is up. Now draw the paper snug about it, just inside the cords, and paste the ends together. When the paste is dry take off the cords, and the kite should be three feet long and tied tightly at each end to two posts eight inches from their ends. In the middle of the bridle tie the kite line.

After you learn how to make a kite of this size you will enjoy making a much larger one. These kites fly well even in a light wind.

A Lesson in Astronomy. Here is a trick which will surprise the whole family. The next time you eat a boiled egg moisten the rim—not merely the edge, but all the raised part—of your plate and place the empty egg shell on the wet surface.

The shell should be broken off evenly all around, so as to form a little cup. Now, if you hold the plate up and tip it slightly, the egg will not merely slide, but spin, along the rim and by continually altering the inclination angle of the plate you can make the shell spin all the way around it. I do not mean that it will spin rapidly, like

Spinning an Egg Shell. a top, but that as it goes around the plate it also revolves, slowly, about its own axis in the same direction.

Now this, you know, is just what the earth does in traveling around the sun, so here you have an easy and pretty lesson in astronomy at the breakfast table.

It is not exactly nice to muss with one's food, but in this case it may be allowable to make a dab of egg yolk in the center of the plate, with rays streaming out all around, to represent the sun.

Two "Stunts." See if you can do the following two stunts, boys.

Take a dollar, stand it upright on the table, take a pin in each hand, and, catching the dollar firmly between the two pin points, lift it up in the air and keep it balanced there for half a minute at a time.

Take an ordinary cork and place a needle in it, point up.

Take a piece of common paper about two and three-quarters inches long and slightly over a third of an inch wide. Fold the paper lengthwise and crosswise, so as to find the exact center of it. Now unfold the paper, smooth it out well, slightly bend two diagonal corners upward, then rest the center of the paper on the needle point. If you place it properly it will balance perfectly. Next, stretch your open hands about the paper, quite close but not touching it. Immediately the paper will begin to revolve, the heat from your hands causing it to turn.

Questions Answered. Having asked someone to write on a sheet of paper a question that might appropriately be answered by "Yes," "No," "Perhaps," "Probably," "Of course," or something of that sort, you fold the sheet and put it into an envelope, which you seal with wax. It is a good idea to have several such letters written by different persons. Then the letters are opened, and in each, under the question, is found the answer, "Yes," "No," etc. It makes a rather neat trick, you see, and this is how you do it. You furnish the sheets of paper, on each side of which you have already written one of the answers, not with pencil or ink, but with a strong solution of common salt, which leaves no visible mark.

Always write the answer at about the same place on the sheet, and see that the question is written a little higher up. Now you must fold the paper and put it into the envelope in such a way that your invisible answer comes exactly under the point of the flap of the envelope, that is, under the seal. Seal the envelope very thoroughly, letting the wax on the envelope catch fire and burn a little, for it is the action of the heat on the invisible answer that makes it visible.

Idea for Girls. The close link which binds girls together during the brief years of their school life is often snapped altogether as they gradually drift apart in after life. An endeavor might be made to keep the girls in touch with one another, and in this way friendship formed in girlhood might remain unbroken, and give pleasure to them in later years. A pleasing idea was hit upon in a school in Germany, a letter being sent to one girl, who in her turn was to send it to someone else, and so on—a kind of "snowball" system. Each girl receiving this letter was to write a letter about her life since she left her particular school.

An Amusing Picnic Game. New and novel is the picnic game. To begin with, only one should be let into the secret, as, if all knew, it would be no fun. Suppose the hostess is the one familiar with the game. She then commences by announcing

that she proposes to give a picnic, and that it depends upon what her guests bring whether they will be allowed to come or not. Each must furnish two articles of food.

She then asks the person nearest her "What will you bring to the picnic?" If the name of neither of the articles the player mentions commences with the initial letter of his or her Christian or surname, the hostess says the player cannot go and immediately puts the question to the next person, and then all the way round, asking each, "What will you bring to the picnic?"

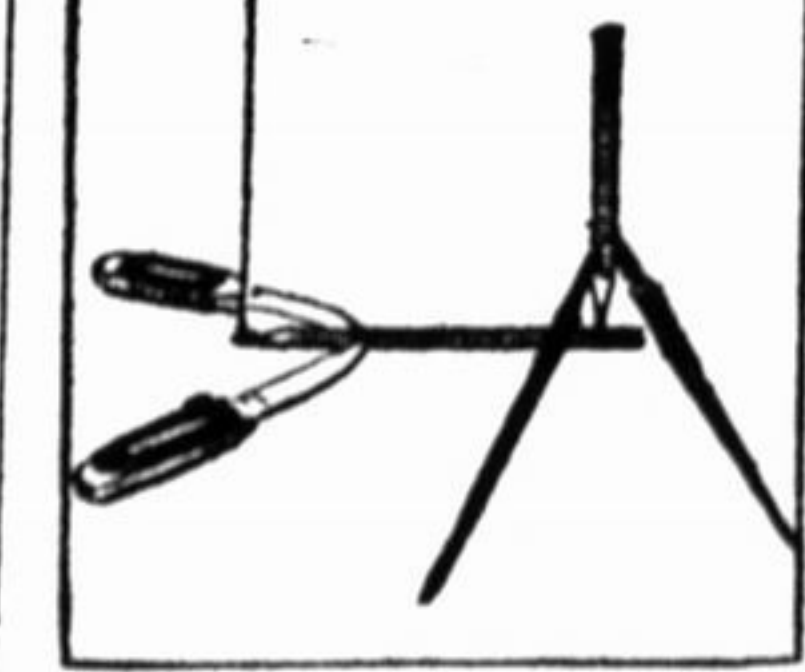
For example, suppose one girl's name is Mary Smith, and that her donation is candy and bread. Then she cannot go, for neither of her names commences with C or B; but, if she took sandwiches and macaroni she would be doubly welcome, for M and S are both her initials. Should she take sugar and crackers she could go, for one of her names commences with S.

It is very amusing when all but one or two have found out, and they some times have to be asked over and over again until they finally discover why they are not wanted.

With Pens and Pencils. A great many ingenious balancing tricks have been invented, but this is one of the best because it is two balancing tricks in one. It is done with every-day articles and no preparation, and its appearance, when complete, is surprising.

All you need is a string, two jack-knives, two long lead pencils and two pens and holders.

Stick the knives obliquely and firm-



ly into opposite sides of one pencil near its point and stick the pens in the same way into the other pencil. Make a loop in one end of the string and fasten the other end to a nail in the top of the door frame.

Insert the point of the first pencil into the loop and balance the other pencil on its point on a flat piece which you have made near the other end of the first pencil.

When the balance is perfect you may carefully set the whole affair turning about the string, and it will continue to revolve for a long time.



Don't think for a minute that Mr. Squirrel will make his home in any old box with a big enough hole in it that you may happen to nail up in a tree. No, sirree! One day I saw a big fox squirrel digging up acorns in my yard, and I thought I would get him to stay by putting a little house with a hole in the end of it in a crotch of one of the oak trees. So I fixed up the house and put some straw in it and nailed it on a flat branch and waited to see what would happen. Of course Mr. Squirrel had watched me, from another big oak, in a vacant lot, where in one of the forks he had gathered about half a bushel of leaves and small branches and made them into a nest shaped like a football. This was the home he had spent the winter in, and it was nice and warm with soft grass on the inside.

For weeks and weeks I tried to coax the squirrel into the new home. I put nuts in the doorway. Mr. Squirrel stuck his head in just long enough to get the nuts and then would run away chattering. But one day I saw a long box nailed to the side of a tree, up high, and with a hole in the front, but way at the top. On the roof lay one of the most contented squirrels you could wish to see. He was very much at home and filling up with sunshine. Then I tried the new house plan, and now Mr. Squirrel lives in my back yard in just such a home.

Get four boards about one inch thick, nine inches wide and three feet long. One board should be six inches longer than the others to leave ends sticking out at top and bottom by which you can fasten the house to the tree trunk. Now nail the boards together to make a square tube but first cutting off the front board to leave an opening four inches wide at the bottom. Then nail a bottom on the box and a roof on the top. Next, in the top of the front make a hole three inches across.

All that is left to do is to make a drawer to fit tightly into the opening made by the short front board of the bottom. The only use of this drawer is to make it easy for you to clean out the house, or to see the baby squirrels that are sure to come after your bushy-tailed tenant has brought his family and settled down to house-keeping. If you wish to make a rain-shedding roof simply saw the tops of your boards in a V shape before nailing the box together. When your squirrel-house is done fasten it against a tree trunk up close to the lower branches and pick out a tree that is high enough for your tenant to be safe from dogs and cats and bad boys.

The next thing to do is to scatter some nice oily nuts about on the grass under the tree, and the first squirrel that comes along will be likely to say: "Well, this looks like a nice fat and a good landlord. I guess I'll take the place!"

HAD HIS EXCUSE PAT.

Small Boy Remembered His Father's Explanation.

Jackson is a small boy of some 8 or 9 years of age, whose father is very anxious to make a scholar of him. Jackson's tastes do not seem to run in the same channel, and, consequently, when the monthly report is sent home, his average is usually in the 70s, with conduct marked very poor. Finding that counter-irritation did not produce the desired result, his father made game of him in every conceivable manner, telling him that he would never amount to anything if he did not do better work. His remarks on these occasions became so offensive to the child who was rather sensitive and did not relish the idea of being ridiculed in the presence of his brother and sister, that he said to his father the last time he brought home a report:

"Father, why do you talk to me like this and make so much fun of me?"

His father replied: "Jackson, if I did not know you were capable of doing better work, or if I thought you were dumb, I would never say a cross word to you about your marks."

Last week Jackson handed in a report with the usual low average, and before pater familias could start in on the usual language, spoke up very quickly and said:

"Father, I'm dumb!"—Boston Post.

BLEEDING STOPPED BY MUSIC

Surgeons Only Guess at Cause of Queer Phenomenon.

Perhaps the strangest use to which music can be put is to stop the flow of blood from a wound. An army doctor noticed that when a wounded soldier was taken to within an easy hearing distance of music hemorrhage was greatly reduced or stopped. Neither he nor others, who confirmed his observations, could understand how this phenomenon was brought about, but it is now believed that the vibration of the air produced by the music causes the patient to become faint, in which case the action of the heart is so considerably lessened that the overflow of blood is reduced.

Germany's Highest Judiciary.

The highest judicial authority of the German empire is vested in the Reichsgericht, a federal supreme court established pursuant to the law of April 11, 1877, as one of the institutions resulting from the creation of the new empire. This important court is not located at the national capital, but in the city of Leipzig, Saxony, where it is housed in a magnificent building of its own, completed about the year 1895. Besides the requisite number of courtrooms, judges' chambers, consultation rooms, libraries, offices of states' attorneys, marshal, clerks and attendants, the edifice also contains living rooms, a dining room and a banquet hall, as is so frequently the case in modern European public buildings.

Quietness.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother, Whose homelike feet have pressed our path of pain, Whose hands have borne the burden of thy sorrow, That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all thy gifts and infinite consolings, I ask but this, in every troubled hour, To hear thy voice through all the tumult straining, And rest serenely through its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me if my soul be dwell- ing In the still air of faith's untrodden day; Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside thee, My hand in thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning, When from all shadows I shall find release; Serene to wait the rapture of its dawn- ing, Who can make trouble when thou send- est peace?" —Emily Huntington Miller.

Giving Medicine to Cat.

A certain woman, whose beloved cat was ill, was much disturbed in mind because she could not induce it to take any sort of medicine. Persuasion and coercion had both failed, when a newly arrived servant, hearing of the trouble, came to the rescue. By her advice the medicine was mixed in lard and then smeared on the cat's body. Of course the cat was annoyed at being made in such a mess, and at once set to work to clean itself up. After that it had the same disagreeable task set it repeatedly, but it rapidly improved in health, and soon, to its owner's delight, was well as ever again.

Tahlequah an Interesting Town.

Tahlequah, which used to be noted on the maps of all old geographies as the capital of the Indian territory, is a town now of about 2,500 people, and the majority of its population are Cherokee Indians. The Cherokees are of all shades of complexions. Some coal black negroes boast of being Cherokee Indians, but the prevailing color is a dusky brown, a little darker than that of a Japanese, or a yellow somewhat lighter than a mulatto. As a whole the Cherokees, from all appearances, have far more white than Indian blood.

Right in His Line.

Anecdotes about the late Dr. Smiles and his "Self-Help" continue to be quoted. In the report of a prison chaplain it was once mentioned that no book was more popular among the inmates of the gaol than "Self-Help." On one occasion the chaplain brought a basket of books to the cell door of a new prisoner for choice to be made amongst them. Glancing over the titles, the man picked out "Self-Help," with the remark, "I'll have this; it's what I'm here for."