

For boys and girls

THE COLLECTORS. I wasn't but a little boy When I collected butterflies; And next I took to postage stamps, And then cigar bands were the prize.

I had a lot of birds' eggs, too, And horseshoes—some were red with rust, My hornets' nests were thrown away— The maid said they collected dust.

But mother whispered not to mind, For she had a collection, too, And showed me just the queerest lot— A baby's cap—a small pink shoe.

A rubber cow, a yellow curl, A ragged book of A B C, A letter, thick with blots, I wrote, When she was once away from me.

I wouldn't give a quarter for The stuff, but mother thinks it's fine, And only laughed when I remarked It wasn't valuable, like mine.

But when it comes to keeping things She gives me pointers, you can bet! I sold or swapped mine long ago, But mother has her rubbish yet! —Eunice Ward, in Harper's Magazine.

STILL MORE REMARKABLE. "It is remarkable that birds are so intelligent, when they're so small, isn't it?" asked one member of the Easy Information Club of her choice friends, as they walked home together from a talk on "Our Home Birds." "Yes, but it" assented the friend, eagerly. "Why, just think even how very clever the little cuckoos in cuckoo-clocks are, and of course they are only little birds."—Youth's Companion.

THE CROCODILE PAGODA. When the father of Chung and Choy returned from the big city where they lived their uncle, he brought each of his little girls a present of a pretty painted porcelain cup and saucer. Chung's was of the blue of the sky after rain, and on the blue was painted a silver crane and a bird with a golden breast. Choy's cup was of a milky pink transparency, upon which light bouquets of flowers appeared to have been thrown; and it was so beautiful a sight, form and color that there seemed nothing in it to be improved upon. Yet was Choy discontented and envied her sister, Chung, the cup of the blue of the sky after rain. Not that she vented her feelings in any unseemly noise or word. That was not Choy's way. But for one long night and one long day after the pretty cups had been brought home, did Choy remain mute and still, refusing to eat her meals or to move from the couch upon which she had thrown herself at sight of her sister's cup. Choy was sulking.

On the evening of the long day, Little Chung, seated on her stool by her mother's side, asked her parent to tell her the story of the picture on the vase which her father had brought from the city for her mother.

It was a charming little piece of china of a deep violet-velvet color, fluted on top with gold like the pipes of an organ, and in the center was a pagoda enamelled thereon in gold and silver. Chung knew that there must be a story about that pagoda, for she had overheard her father tell her mother that it was the famous crocodile pagoda.

"There are no crocodiles in the picture. Why is it called a crocodile pagoda?" asked Chung.

"Listen, my Josmine flower," replied the mother. She raised her voice, for she wished Choy, her Or-chid flower, to also hear the story.

"Once upon a time there was a big Rippling River by a beach whose sands were of gold. The young crocodiles had a merry life of it, and their father and mother were very good and kind to them. But one day the young crocodiles wanted to climb a hill back of the beach of golden sand and the parents, knowing that their children would perish if allowed to have their way, told them 'Nay, nay.'"

"The young crocodiles thereupon scooped a large hole in the sand and laid down therein. For half a moon they lived there, without food or drink, and when their parents tried to them to come out and sport as before in the Rippling River, they paid no attention whatever, so sadly sank their mood.

"One day there came along a number of powerful beings, who, when they saw the golden sands of the Rippling River, exclaimed, 'How gloriously illuminating is this beach! Let us build a pagoda thereon.' They saw the hole which the young crocodiles had made, but they could not see the hole-makers at the bottom thereof. So they set to work and filled the hole, and on top thereof they built a great pagoda. That is the pagoda of the picture on the vase."

"And did the children crocodiles never get out?" asked Chung in a sad little voice.

"No, daughter," replied the mother. "After the pagoda was on top of them they began to feel very hungry and frightened. It was so dark. They cried to their father and mother to bring them food and find them a way to the light; but the parent crocodiles, upon seeing the pagoda arise, swam far away. They knew that they never more should see their children. And from that day till now the young crocodiles have remained in darkness under the pagoda, shut off forever from the light of the sun and the Rippling River."

"Please, honorable mother," spake a weak little voice, "may I have some tea in my pretty pink porcelain cup?"

And she said, in Children's Magazine.

TIBISH-KOBANISIC.

Ten-year-old Louise lives in a village on Lake of the Woods. One busy Saturday her mamma had for helper Maggie, a strong Indian girl, daughter of Kokko-Geech, who is a brother to Chief Nah-Ma-Fuck. Maggie brought with her her shy little sister, nine years old, slender, but as tall as Louise. This little Indian girl's name is Tibish-Kobanisic, but Maggie calls her Tibishko. Louise tried to make Tibishko feel at home. She showed her picture books and toys, and her jointed doll, the dark-eyed beauty whose wig was made of Louise's own brown hair, and who bears the proud name of Queen Louise of Prussia. Very happy the little Indian girl was when Louise let her hold this marvelous doll, and she laughed aloud when Queen Louise was made to move her hands and feet and shut her eyes.

When the Indian girls went home, Louise gave Tibishko a little box filled with tiny shells that had come from Lake Michigan. "Megwich," said Tibishko, for that means thank you.

A few weeks later, Maggie came again to work, but did not bring the little slater. About noon mamma heard a tapping at the kitchen door, and when she opened it, in stepped little Tibishko without a word. She went quickly to Maggie's side, and stood close to the ironing board, while she talked to the big sister in the softest voice you would want to hear. Mamma could not understand a word, for the language was Ojibway.

When Louise came in from school, the little Indian girl shyly put into her hand two beaded purses and a pair of the dearest little moosehide moccasins for the queen doll. They were just like the big ones that are sold in the stores, with beaded vamp and black strap. Tibishko had made the purses and the moccasins for Louise.

Then the little white girl and the little dark girl sat down together and tried the moccasins on the queen, and they were a perfect fit, although Tibishko had had no measure except her memory of the doll's feet.

And, when the Indian girl went home, it was Louise who said "Megwich."—Sue V. Hellwell, in the Advance.

WHAT JEANETTE MISSED.

"No, I didn't take Jeanette with me when I went to England last summer," said Jeanette's aunt, Miss Graham, talking to a friend.

"Such was my intention until after her visit to me in Washington during the winter. I found her think of those unpleasant persons who think it looks contrived to show surprise or pleasure at new things. When I took her to the 'Corcoran Art Gallery she merely said that the collection was finer in the Metropolitan Museum. The library of Congress has too much gilt in the mural decorations, and the capricious as it ought to be, according to her ideas. At the churches she heard in a small inland city church near her village home, which some minister, who had traveled much, said was the finest he had ever listened to, either in Europe or America."

"Before she went home, I said to her, 'frankly, my child, you're in a fair way to become a very disagreeable woman. Don't you know it is only polite when people take the trouble to show you about a new or strange place to try to see only what is attractive.' You will not be accused of provincialism for simple appreciation. I advise you to cultivate the quality of being appreciative. And you should try to interest yourself in general matters when you are with strangers, at least."

"Jeanette cried, and went home feeling hurt and resentful, not dreaming what she had missed when I went to England without her. I'm sorry for her. If she doesn't reform she is bound to become a soured, disappointed woman, and that had habit of criticism and comparison will spoil her enjoyment of any pleasures that come her way. Don't you agree with me?"—Home Herald.

SQUIRRELS IN WINTER.

All the squirrels sleep away the cold winter. The chipmunk lays up a fine store of nuts under the root of the old pine, and he will not come out all winter long. The chances are that he will still have nuts left in the spring, for he is a provident little chap.

The gray squirrel, also, sleeps all through the winter, only waking up now and then to take a nibble at his stores. But the red squirrel does not store up so large a supply as his cousins. He is also a rattle-brained fellow, and he scatters his winter supply about in half a dozen places. Often you will see him out in the winter looking for some one of his half a dozen granaries. Sometimes, he forgets where he has made his pantry, and has to go hungry.

Sometimes the gray squirrel sleeps in a hollow tree, and sometimes he makes himself a fine hammock in the top of a tall tree. This is made by placing sticks crosswise in a crotch of the tree, and then by filling in leaves to make a nest. When the house is done, Mr. Squirrel crawls into the middle of this nest and lets the wind rock him all the winter long.—Clarence Hawkes, in the Circle.

GRAY OR BROWN CAMELS.

The length of a stage varies throughout Persia, depending on the character of the country, and is reckoned in farsaks, the old Greek parasang. The farsak is a most elastic and uncertain measure, and as animals are paid for per farsak, as many as the credulity of the traveler will allow are crowded into each stage.

"How far," I once asked an old Kurdish muleteer, "is a farsak." "As far as one can distinguish a gray from a brown camel," was the discreet answer. They average about four miles, and the stage about six farsaks or twenty-five miles.—Atlantic.

Household Notes

WATER STAINS ON CLOTH BOOKS. If water is spilled accidentally on the covers of a book bound in cloth, the moisture should be absorbed by means of a piece of blotting paper and the book placed in the air to dry. On no account should the volume be placed near the fire.—Boston Post.

PEELING ORANGES. If oranges are left for 5 minutes in boiling water they will peel much easier and the white inner skin will come away as well. This would greatly simplify the preparation of sliced oranges and orange and cream dishes for children's parties.—Boston Post.

TO WASH CHAMOIS LEATHER. When washing chamois leather hang it up to dry while it is still soapy and without rinsing it. The leather will then be perfectly supple and free from any suggestion of stiffness when dry.—Boston Post.

THE KITCHEN FLOOR. The kitchen floor should be planed smooth by the carpenter before the linoleum or oilcloth goes down. Irregularities in its surface wear the floor covering faster than the ordinary walking over it. A perfectly smooth kitchen floor needs no linoleum or the linoleum or oilcloth. The work of the carpenter costs no more than the lining. A mat of pieces of the linoleum or a made mat of linoleum before the sink and the stove will save much wear from the dishwasher and from sparks that are always in danger of flying out of the range when it is being raked down. A good linoleum, though the price is high, is cheaper in the end than oilcloth, and care will add to its economy.—New York Sun.

WASHING WOOLEN. The woman who has a back yard with a frozen grass plot will find that her knitted wool coat or sweater will come out more shapely from the wash if it is dried on a sheet on the ground than if it is hung on the line. The weight of the wet wool is bound to drag the garment out of shape, and in spite of care the clothe-line are sure to leave scallops. Wash the coat or sweater in tepid water in suds made with white soap and borax. Rinse in water of the same temperature, pull into shape—just the shape required—and spread on the sheet on the ground. A woman without a backyard arranges a folding cutting table at a slant before an open window, covers it first with a layer of papers and then with a sheet and spreads her coat on that to dry.—New York Sun.

TO CLEAN SILVER. To clean silver, mix sweet oil and whitening to a creamy mass, rub on the silver with a soft cloth, then wash in hot soap suds and polish with chamois skin or a piece of soft old linen.—New York World.

MAKE OLD LAMP OF USE. Take the oil cup out and get a pan to fit the bowl of the lamp stand; place a flower pot with a fern or a fern in it and this makes a fine jardiniere stand.—New York World.

RECIPES. Kentucky Bread.—One and a half cups Indian meal, 1 cup flour, 1 1/2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup molasses, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cup sweet milk Steam 2 1/2 hours.

Pigment Baked Apples.—Select large greenings, cut in halves across the core, remove seeds and hard portions, fill hollows with sugar and sprinkle a little cinnamon and nutmeg over each. Bake slowly and when cold place a spoonful of currant jelly in centre of each half.

Fig Pudding.—One pound of figs, chopped, 1 pound bread crumbs, 1 1/2 pound finely chopped suet, 1 1/2 pound sugar, juice and rind of a lemon; rind to be grated, 2 eggs to be broken in without beating. Mix together and boil in a greased basin nearly 3 hours. Serve with good white sauce. Jam can also be used in place of figs.

Banana Pudding.—Lay in a pudding dish slices of sponge cake, pour over boiled custard with sliced bananas. Cover with soft frosting, made of whites of the eggs left from custard.

Rye Pancakes.—One-half pint of sweet milk, 3 heaping tablespoons of sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/2 teaspoon of soda, flour to make about as stiff as doughnuts; drop from spoon into boiling fat and fry a deep brown.

Sour Milk Cake.—Two cups of sour milk, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter or part lard, 4 1/2 cups flour, 2 cups raisins, 1 teaspoon of soda put into sour milk, 1 teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice, 1 1/2 teaspoon salt. This will make 2 loaves.

Entire Wheat Bread.—Mix in morning; put in mixing dish 1 pint of lukewarm water, 1 1/2 cup of molasses, salt, probably a tablespoon (I never measure it), 2 yeast cakes dissolved in 1 1/2 cup of warm water, then add entire wheat flour until dough can be kneaded without sticking to hands or dish. This bread takes longer to rise and to bake than white bread.

Living by Their Wits. There are men in London who earn a decent living by inventing stories and jokes and selling them to humorists artists (who can sometimes draw, but seldom have humor). This writer remembers a strenuous young man who made the weekly round of the Illustrated papers, after spending nights of elaborate funniment. The results were on small slips of paper. To one office after another he went, and in the course of a day he had generally sold out his stock to one comic draughtsman or another. But his top prices were seven-and-sixpence, and the "best second" went at three shillings.—London Chronicle.

ONLY ON THE PAPER.

A Few Interesting Facts About the New Prevalent Disease. The prevalence of the grip recalls a statement made by Turgenev in his correspondence with Mme. Viardot, which was unpublished recently, says the Boston Herald. Turgenev was at Paris in 1847 when he wrote: "Of the 800,000 inhabitants of this city 800,000 have the grip. The only one that is free from it is Louis Philippe, for he has all sorts of good luck."

Whether you suffer in consequence of the rude and reckless coughing of another; whether the industrious bug went down your throat in street car or theater, these are interesting questions; but the origin of the term itself is no less interesting. Many are under the impression that grip, or "the la grippe"—for this blunder is sometimes made, especially by the ultragee—was a new-fangled name for an old disease, as for years appendicitis was vaguely called "inflammation of the bowels."

It was in 1770 that Jekyll, writing to a friend, described an epidemic cold that spread itself from London to Barcelona. "In passing through this kingdom—France—it has obtained the name of grippe—a term significant enough from the nature of its attack on the throat." It was in 1803 that the poet Campbell mentioned the fact that it was then the fashion to call the influenza "la grippe." In England the epidemic of 1803-4 was generally known by the imported name—and this name, as some say, was first applied in France by Sauvages of Montpellier in 1722.

It is easy to see why the epidemic is named the grip; but why "influenza"? The Italian word has the various sense of the English "influence," but it has also the idea of the visitation or outbreak of any epidemic which prostrates many at the same time and place. This idea was the result of a belief in astral or occult influence. The "influenza" of stars was recognized in English literature as far back as the time of Chaucer. We find the idea of beneficent stars in the familiar line in Job: "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" An epidemic was the work of malignant stars or powers of darkness. Therefore it was influenza. In 1743 "influenza" was applied specifically to the epidemic, also called "la grippe," which raged in Italy and then spread over the continent.

"La grippe" has been taken into the English language and anglicized as "grip." The first use of the latter word, noted by the New English Dictionary, was in a Boston newspaper of 1801, for Lowell, in 1804, mentioning the disease, preferred the French spelling. Yet "grip"—"rapine, violence or a violent catching, forcible taking of other men's things"—was the spelling of the French word in the seventeenth century (see Handicod Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, London, 1673).

It is a pleasant thing to know all this and a sufferer may thus croak at greater length and possibly more entertainingly to a sympathetic visitor, but the discomfort of the disease itself is not thereby mitigated. As Camille Flammarion's Encyclopedie puts it, "the debut of the disease is brusque," and the disease strikes closer than a brother and is loath to farewell the victim.

Great Herd of Caribou. The greatest herd of caribou ever reported in the Yukon is now reported moving southward across the head of Sixty Mile River, 100 miles west of Dawson, says the Tacoma Ledger.

The herd has been crossing there for nearly thirty days. It is estimated that 200,000 caribou have crossed already. The end of the mammoth procession is not in sight. There may be half a million or even a larger number in the great moving herd.

Government explorers in the Hudson Bay barren lands, including Joseph R. Tyrrell, geologist, reported one or two million caribou seen there during a space of ten days only a few years ago. The present herd is coming from the head of the Tanana Valley and passing into the great unexplored region lying between White and Copper rivers.

Miners from Klondike, Forty Mile and other camps are rushing to Sixty Mile to see the mammoth herd pass and enjoy the shooting.

Two years ago a smaller herd passed through the Tanana district. Standing in their cabins many miners then killed an entire year's supply of fresh meat.

Only One. "At the unveiling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster Abbey," said a New York editor, "a number of good stories were told about the great poet. H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the New Review. Of course this periodical failed, yet undoubtedly it was the best-edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself, and so on. One day as Mr. Wells and Henley stood in the office of the magazine, discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects, a funeral went by with slow pace.

"Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion and said with a worried frown: "Can that be our subscriber?"

Good Training. "I wonder how expert oarsmen keep in trim during the winter?" "I know one who keeps in trim by sleeping with his little boy."

"By sleeping with his little boy?" "Yes, his little boy kicks the covers off and at intervals of half a minute all night every night the oarsman reaches to the foot of the bed for them and pulls them up to his chin."—Houston Post.

Between Friends. Nan—Did you notice how dreadfully that piano needed tuning? Fan—Why, no, dear; I thought it harmonized perfectly with your voice.—Chicago Tribune.

What man has done women can do. Man can drive wild horses, govern a nation, scale mountain peaks and win a war, but when he tries to rule a woman he knows that he will meet defeat.

Science and Invention

Prof. Carl Barus of Brown University offers the suggestion that the desired maximum of power, combined with minimum weight in an engine designed to drive a flying machine, might possibly be found by employing, instead of steam or gas, an explosive energy, utilized by a modification of the rocket principle. The problem, as he points out, would be to reduce and control the rapid expenditure of energy. This, he thinks, might be accomplished by the old storage of chemical substances which combine with violent expansive force at normal temperatures, but are inert under the influence of intense cold.

In the opinion of Prof. V. B. Lewis, when the existing supplies of fuel become limited, men must rely upon alcohol produced from vegetation of some sort, which may be produced in any required quantity. Prof. Lewis thinks that the alcohol will be manufactured either from potato starch or sawdust, but a writer in Nature suggests that, when the question becomes urgent, some highly specialized plant will have been brought into existence for the sole purpose of absorbing the maximum amount of carbon dioxide from the air, and he thinks that the wonderful improvements which hybridization has already effected save this idea from being regarded as too fanciful.

That volcanic eruptions are not confined to the land areas of the globe is a fact that has long been known, but it is only recently that definite information has begun to be collected concerning the localities where such disturbances manifest themselves in the midst of the oceans. During the past summer a submarine eruption, lasting for a considerable time, occurred near the Tonga Islands. The approximate position of the center of disturbance was determined by the efforts of the government of the Tonga Islands, and it is thought that this demonstrates the existence of a great submarine bank running southwest from the island of Tongatabu. Such occurrences are of great interest to navigators, since they may create obstructions to navigation whose existence would be unsuspected if the eruptions giving rise to them passed unnoticed.

In accounting for the rumbling or rolling of thunder, which has heretofore been explained by the echo theory, it is now stated that a flash of lightning is made up of innumerable smaller flashes, which go to make up the whole. The rolling thunder is due to the primary sounds of successive discharges or flashes. When we see a relatively prolonged lightning flash, we witness, in reality, a number of discontinuous discharges following down the same path, and the sounds of these successive explosions come to us like the rattle of a rapid fire gun, only less rhythmically. This discontinuity is quite different from oscillation. It is very doubtful whether long lightning flashes are ever oscillatory. As has been pointed out by several inquirers into the subject, it is probable that long lightning flashes have too much resistance in the long wire of heated air to permit of oscillation. Very short induced flashes are, for the same reason, bound to be oscillatory unless extra resistance becomes included somehow in the discharge path.

CLOTHES SUPPORTER

Adapted to Support a Large Number of Garments of Other Articles. When selecting a house, the most important requisite in the eyes of the housewife is the number of clothes closets. In her estimation there must be plenty of them, and she prefers those of large capacity. In the majority of cases, she must be satisfied with very small closets, which afford but little space for the reception of clothes.

By discarding the hooks usually fastened to the top and sides of the closet, and employing the clothes supporter shown in the illustration, all the available space in the closet could be utilized. It is especially adapted to receive a large number of garments or other articles when in extended position, and to fold them into a compact form without creasing or soiling them when contracted. In addition, every garment is immediately accessible, thus eliminating the nuisance of removing the garments on the forward hooks in order to reach those on the hooks further back. It will be obvious that when the lazy tons are drawn into an extended position, a large number of garments can be easily hung upon the folded crossbar and can afterwards be folded into compact condition by pushing the supporter to the folded position.

As Liberty to Screen. It was on a ferryboat plying between Sydney and Manly, one of that city's beautiful suburbs. Every seat was occupied. Each occupant felt the influence and prepared for an enjoyable trip when a lank girl of fifteen appeared, dragging by the hand a screaming child. There she stood, glowering. A mild lady suggested the child might be in pain. An old bachelor muttered that people who had charge of children should keep them at home. Low voiced but distinct imprecations were now uttered. She took not the slightest heed of the muttering or the bawling, which was now at the highest pitch, till the suggestion was offered that medicine would do it good. Then she arose in her wrath, as it were, and giving the child a vigorous shake, said: "Ethel, cry as loud as you like. I've paid your fare."—London Tit-Bits.

Man can drive wild horses, govern a nation, scale mountain peaks and win a war, but when he tries to rule a woman he knows that he will meet defeat.

We know of no other man who has been engaged at a high price to entertain her guests, "what was that lovely selection you played just now?" "That, madame," he answered, glancing at his watch, "was an improvisation." "Ah, you remember now. I knew it was not a favorite, but I couldn't think of the name of it to save me."—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between fame and celebrity? Tommy—Pop—Notoriety lasts longer, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

"Did you ever see any one so homely?" "No; why, he's so homely that automobile goggles are actually becoming to him."—St. Louis Times.

"How we have changed since the old days!" "What do you mean?" "Why, today it isn't half so blessed to give as it is to be a receiver."—Life.

"Mamma, have I got to take a bath to-night?" "I'm afraid you have, my dear." "But I haven't done anything all the week to deserve it."—Life.

Mr. Jawback—That boy gets his brains from me. Mrs. Jawback—Somebody got 'em from you, if you ever had any—that's a cinch.—Cleveland Leader.

Peggy—Was that policeman ever a little baby, mother? Mother—Why, yes, dear. Peggy (thoughtfully)—"Why, don't believe I've ever seen a baby policeman."

Farmer Bentover—I've just heard that the widder Diggs has married her hired man. Farmer Horneback—Then he'll have to climb down from the fence and go to work.—Puck.

Mrs. Newlocks—Really, I'm sorry we didn't accumulate more souvenirs of our European trip. Mr. Newlocks—Oh, we can get all we want in New York.—Town and Country.

Mrs. Hoon (looking up from her newspaper)—Here is an item about a convict who writes poetry in prison. Mr. Hoon—It is! Is that what he is in for?—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I notice that you nearly always smoke when you are writing," said the caller. "Do you draw your inspiration from your pipe?" "No," replied the horse reporter, "I draw smokes."

Mistress—Jane, I saw the silliest kiss you this morning. Is the fellow I will take the milk in. Jane—"Wouldn't be so use, mmm. He's pointed not to kiss anybody but me."

Boarding Mistress—I want a week's board in advance, so as to be sure of it. New Boarder—That's all right. Here's your money; now I want a week's food in advance for the same reason.

—Young girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older they want to marry a man who is rich.—You're wrong. They don't grow old; they merely grow wiser.—St. Joseph Free-Press.

"Everything lovely done at the house?" "Yes; we are having the quiet life these days." "How do you work it?" "Well, you see, we have a phonograph, and it alternates with my wife after supper."—Nashville Banner.

Jack—I hear you are engaged to that homely Miss Grotz. Tom—Yes; she has half a million in her own right. Jack—But money doesn't always lead to happiness, old man. Tom—True, but it ought to help some in the search.—Chicago News.

Business Man (busy with correspondence)—In that telegram of yesterday he said, "letter following." I don't see the letter here. Telegrapher—Why, don't you remember?—we received it the day before we got the telegram.—Puck.

Brown—I think I hear your father's step on the stairs, so perhaps I had better bid you good-night. Miss Hites (yawning)—Oh, it can't be father; he's a late sleeper. Perhaps it's the third girl coming down to prepare breakfast.—Chicago Daily News.

"Well, well," growled the first man at the banquet, "why did they call on that man for a speech? He doesn't know how to talk." "No," replied the other, "but he doesn't know what he's talking about anyway, so there's no harm done."—Philadelphia Press.

Reporter—Senator, I have heard that you got your start in life by selling newspapers. Senator Lottman—Not quite correct, my boy. The fact is—that I got my start by buying one or two newspapers.—Chicago Tribune.

"Johnny, why don't you be a good boy like your brother Willy?" the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son. "Willy here may be President some day, while you will have to dig in the sewer." "But, mother," wailed Willy, "can't I dig in the sewer sometimes too?"—Harper's Weekly.

"Professor," said Mrs. Garswell to the distinguished musician who had been engaged at a high price to entertain her guests, "what was that lovely selection you played just now?" "That, madame," he answered, glancing at his watch, "was an improvisation." "Ah, you remember now. I knew it was not a favorite, but I couldn't think of the name of it to save me."—Chicago Tribune.

Setting Him Right. He—Toll me, confidentially, how much did the bonnet cost you? She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the truth in respect my millinery bills. He popped.

We all make mistakes. The difference is that some of us are so handsomely paid for doing as well as find or trounced.—Chicago Tribune.

Laws. Horace, don't you know that I'm propositioning you?

Local Color. That New Englander who made his home with negroes in order to get local color was given a cost of tar by a party of night riders the other night.

"He got what he was looking for then, didn't he?"—Houston Post.

The Only Difficulty. Ted—You're wasting your time, old man. You're courting the wrong girl. George—No, she's the right girl, all right. I'm afraid the trouble is that I'm the wrong man.—Illustrated News.

People who try to exchange nothing for something are about as successful as those who try to get something for nothing.

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