Downers Grove, Ill. ARBIVAL OF MAILS

5:08 p. m. root office hours are from 7:00 a. m. 100 m. m. Last mail in the evening

at 7:00 p. m., and leaves here 8:44 going cast. Elbert C. Stanley, P. M.

DOWNERS GROVE.

(9-22-08) OFFICIAL TIME CARD Adv. 19 Effective Sept. 27, 1908. Subject to change without notice.

8:57 a. m.

12:00 p. m.

Leave Chicago.	Arrive Downers Grove.	Leave Downers Grove.	Arrive Chicago.
6:40 am 7:45 8:20 8:40 10:15 11:00 am 12:20 pm 7:1:50 8:15 4:40 8:15 5:15 5:30 8:30 8:30 11:30 pm 12:15 am 13:15 am	7:80 am 8:40 9:01 9:35 11:10 11:42 am 12:01 pm 1:10 2:20 2:23 3:12 4:05 4:55 5:30 5:51 6:16 6:16 6:25 6:25 6:29 6:48 7:10 7:80 8:20 9:08 10:35 11:24 11:27 pm 12:19 am 1:14 am	5:50 au 6:08 6:18 6:50 7:03 7:20 7:40 7:45 7:56 8:27 9:08 10:13 11:17 au 12:40 pu 1:34 2:00 2:58 3:36 3:53 4:50 5:38 5:40 6:50 7:46 8:13 9:05 10:49 pm	6:40 am 6:50 7:13 7:40 7:43 8:13 8:25 8:37 8:45 9:17 10:00 11:05 am 12:15 pm 1:30 2:20 2:53 3:30 3:50 4:20 4:45 6:15 6:30 7:40 8:30 9:65 9:65 9:55 11:40 pm

"Baturday only. TExcept Baturday.

11:45 am 11:40 pm 1:14 am

Mr. Haer of the coal trust casually one as the people can pay the rates be

mp in a few words, is:

we blood to be sucked, suck it."

MAZZET MACHINE PROPERTY OF The double vell has made its appearnee in fastionable society, and men the complaining that they cannot recmise their women friends. It is someng of an odd coincidence that just as women of semi-civilized Turkey re rejoicing in flinging off their conmaling vells as disadvantages the higheivilised women of the West are

CONTRACTOR OF THE PERSON NAMED IN

anda, Mr. Baer's philosophy, sum-

The old-fashloped covered wooden bridge across the Connecticut river at Bartford has been replaced by a beautiful granite structure described as the largest stone bridge in the world. Both in Carlabrucke across the Moldan at Fragus and the Waterloo bridge over Thames at London are longer, but har do not approach the eighty-two-feet width of the Hartford structure. Whatstar may be said of the advantage of no or steel bridges, they do not pronos the restful impression of strength nd permanence which is one of the ment attractions of a stone bridge.

It would seem that there has been andly any stronger argument adduced mayor of postal savings banks than sees figures, showing how much money is sent abroad by allen laborers on this ntiment: Last year over \$17,000,000 to Austria-Hungary, and nearly 0.600,600 to Russia, in postal orders. that money was all earned here, and, at course, the men who earned it had a takt to do what they chose with it; but at does seem a shame that the American people, who paid this money in wages, should be deprived of the medit that would accrue from its being deposited in American banks. Untoolstedly the question will come up sefore this session of Congress, and much has been popular education and ment on the subject that it seems than likely that the necessary ation will be enacted.

The bighest court of the State of York has decided that no adverenteers may employ one's porfor surposes of booming breakfords, patent medicines, tooth or for any other wares except full and free consent. The ruling on from the loftlest fount of that a person's face is his own, nationly may feloniously, malicious wise employ your countensendenme or plain, your figure. e alles, with intent to boost some

the world is suffering from "too much ducation," and that not a few coleges and professional schools might well be closed and agricultural and industrial schools substituted for them. The United States is still the land of opportunity, and while the average man in any profession advises young people to choose some other calling. and while it is notorious that many lawyers, physicians and engineers earn oss than a skilled mechanic, we are in no immediate danger of an intellectual proletariat. Yet even with us the question of the relation of ability and education to income is a very interesting one. An anonymous writer for the Atlantic gives the results of a little investigation that he undertook some From East: years ago to determine the chances of pecuniary success, in professional life, of men of exceptional gifts and attainments. He took the 10 per cent who twenty years ago stood highest at graduation of a large class of a leading university. He divided them into groups and obtained accurate information concerning their average incomes since. The first group consisted of professors-heads and first assistantsand though all the members of this group are well known to-day and have done good work as teachers and authors the average salary is but \$2,700 and the average amount earned outside (by writing) is but \$200. The second group, consisting of lawyers and doctors mainly, shows an average annual income per member of \$6,000. No one reported less than \$3,500. The third group is miscellaneous, and consists of clergymen, men who were obliged to abandon their first callings and make fresh starts, and men whose careers have suffered interruption. The average salary in this group is \$5,300. These incomes, beside those derived from business, are declared to be rather small. So they are, and for many of the married men in these groups they spell "the simple life" and much self-denial. But it has long been a commonplace that few men acquire riches in the professions, and that the rewards of ability in the liberal callings generally assume other than financial forms. 

## A POET AFLOAT.

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Joseph Fletcher, a fisherman of Lowestoft, England, was one of the close friesds of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the Persian poet, Omar. But the pair were not so ill assorted as might seem, for although the sailor was no poet, the poet was a pretty good sallor, as an adventure incorporated by James Blyth in his recent book, "Edward Fitzgerald and 'Posh," clearly shows. "Posh," It may be added, was Fitzgerald's name for Fletcher.

"The gov'uor"-it is the old long macunces that there is no reason why shoreman speaking of the poet to Mr. the price of coal should be reduced as Blyth-"niways went to sea in a silk hat, a size or two overlarge and worn at an unusual angle, and he generally wore a cross-over or a lady's boa round his neck. But he was no coddle for all that.

"One day the Scandal, the gov'nor's yacht, was lying at the wharf ready to get under way, and a fresh o' wind was a-blowing. The gov'nor was a-reading of a letter as had just been brought down by the post.

"'Posh,' he says, 'here's a letter with some money I never expected to get, he says. 'That's a good job.' Just then the boom come over, wallop, and caught him fair on the side of his head, and knocked him over into the harbor.

"He was a-wearing of his topper, as usual, and all of a sudden up he came again, just as Jack and me was reach ing over after him. His topper came up easy like, as though 'twas a life nor. And, as true as I sit here, h was still a-holding that letter out for front of him in both hands!

"Weil, I couldn't help it. I burst ou a-laughing, and so did Jack and all and then we reached down, copped hold of him, and holsted him aboard all right and tight, but as wet as a soused herring.

"He come up a-laughing, pleased as Punch, and gave orders to cast off and get up head-sail at once. And would you believe me, he wouldn't go below to shift afore we got right out to Cor-

Street Crowds in Carness.

Caracus, Venezuela, that most strongly empresses a foreigner is the rapidity with which a crowd gathers in the streets. This is best exemplified when some of the many wandering musicians. in whom Caracas abounds, prepare to give an imprompts open air concert. Their first notes no sooner eche through the neighborhood than there gathers to listen a vast throng that almost blocks up the thoroughfare. The cobblers and all the other tenants of the entries, having no doors to open or stairs to descend, are on the spot almost instanter. They eagerly drink in the music, but at the same time hear a wary eye upon the hats of the musiciana, and no sooner do they obmere the slightest indication that one is about to be taken off for the puring it around among the crowd than they disappear even more quickly than

## A Town Without Taxon.

Orson, in Sweden, has no taxes. Durof this place have sold over one mil-Hon pounds' worth of trees, and hy means of judicious replanting have prowided for a similar income every thirty a the me of having an or forty years. In consequence of this Any old must would source of commercial wealth there are polghbor, as no taxes, and local railways and tele-The New York course are | phones are free, as are education and many other things.—Tit-Bits.

> Payadoxical. Military Officer-Have you any posttive results from your visits to the

SOME VAD COORES Oh, the patter of the rain On the roof and window-pane You have never read a poem just like

Is so sweet a slumber song That to miss it would be wrong, So you have to lie awake all night and

Which reminds me that in town All the noisy noises drown Every sound so fully that it doesn't mat-

While the country is so still Sounds all sound so clear and shrill That it's hard for one to sleep amid the

-Nixon Waterman, in Smart Set.

## HIS EXTRA WORK

"Hendrick's certainly industrious," said Mr. Pickle, night city editor of the Daily Whiff. "He's always writing Sunday stuff."

"Can't burn the candle at both ends," observed Tom Click, who was on the cable desk. "He'll blow up like they all do. He's young and eager, of course, but if he keeps this gait up it'll be tell the gang a fond good-by for him." They gazed at Hendrick, who was beating out a story on his typewriter.

Click sighed. "I remember the biggest week's bill I ever made as a reporter," said he, reflectively. "Time of the St. Louis cyclone. I wrote---

Here Mr. Pickle's phone rang and he answered it, with glad baste, because he'd heard about that record bill. Click, having little to do at the moment, strolled about the city room. He halt ed at Hendrick's desk and greeted the young man amiably.

"Evenin', Joe," said be. "What you making?"

"Sunday story," replied Hendrick

Click remained beside him. Hendrick stopped work and hid the sheet upon his machine by carelessly laying one arm over it. He smiled coldly.

"Romance?" pursued Click, and he wondered why Hendrick flushed at the word. "Why don't you shoot out some more of that Bowery junk? It's good and you can't turn out too many of 'em. How you feeting?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Hendrick. He sighed as if irritated.

"I tell you, better not try to do too much," Click warned. "I was just as gay as you are when I was a young fet



small copy boy sought the speaker's at-"As you'll find out," ended Click, and

scuttled to his desk. Obviously relieved, Hendrick returned to his work. Sheet after sheet joined the nest pile beside the typewriter. In the middle of one, at which he stared with worried eyes, a boy announced

that his services were required by the "Man killed two, took gas himself and made a bloomer of it, now at the hospital. Wife caught him with affinity on the street. Here's the names. We can't stand over three-quarters to night. Only a ten-page paper," said Mr. Pickle. "Smith can take it on the

me what you can for the first." Hendrick rushed back to his copy, folded it into a big envelope and slid that into his cost pocket.

phone if it looks like a late job. Gim-

"Why does he lug a Sunday story ground on this murder thing?" ponfered Click, who saw the action, "That boy's head is just so full of space-grabbing in the magazine section that he mn't think of anything else,"

Hendrick, having garnered a story good enough for the first page, returnad in time to pound out a third of a column for the first edition. Then he rewrote the late and lengthened it to the full column, to which Mr. Pickle, being pleased with his young man't gleanings, graciously extended the mace allowance.

It was I a. m. when Hendrick finlahed his night's assignment. Click, going home with all the morning papers under his arm, was shocked to see Hendrick take out an envelope, rapidly scan the typewritten pages it had held then begin upon the "Sunday stuff." The tofler looked up and met

"You better go home," said the cable editor sternly. "Gwan, get out o' here and guit that ding-donging forever! Want any eyes or brains left for your

Hendrick smiled coldly. "My eyes are all right," he retorted.

"Good night!" "Pickle," said Click, kicking his way floor within a two foot radius of his ed in burning her hands. colleague, "you talk to that kid. He's bent it home."

Mr. Pickle also felt a very friendly | ready punished you." interest in Hendrick. He crossed the

WHAT THEY SEE AT THE PIRST GLANCE.



Did you ever notice the difference between the way a man and a wom size up a pretty woman? The man wastes no time on mere detail. He takes the girl has gone past nim he knows every lineament in her face, the color in the figure at a giance and then his eyes become riveted on the face. Before of her eyes, the shade of her hair, the droop of her mouth, the arch of her brows, and the pure profile. But as for her clothes: "Oh, yes, of course, she wore clothes. Yes, they were beautiful. Such a lovely shade of gray, or was it brown?-no, it was green, a green that was blue and brown, with all the colors of the iris blended in the pattern." As a matter of fact, the gown was a tweed check of no particular color. "Her muff was so soft. It was a sealskin-no, black wolf-or was it lynx?" As a matter of fact, the muff was blue wolf. "And her hat! Oh, such a dream of a hat! Black, of course, and covered all over with those fluffy plumes." In reality it was a smoke gray, with those long, straight quills.

But the woman! She couldn't tell you whether the girl's eyes were brown or black. But she did notice a slight trace of rouge on the cheeks and indications of penciling on the eyebrows, but then she could tell you how many quills ornamented the hat, and she can probably tell you just at what bargain sale it was bought. She will tell you to a penny what cont, dress, furs, fluffy ruff and dainty bottines cost, and the chances are that if she met the same woman in a different dress to-morrow she wouldn't recognize her. Such is woman! And such is man! Take your pick.—Chicago American.

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become indignant because people tell it

en, she imagines she is dressed artisti-

die a broom when she makes sweeping

A duty to be done is a stern remin

He who reads will run against many

clever sayings, but he who runs wff

A parasol, though invented to keep

And it sometimes happens that a mar

Honesty is a boomerang and its pol-

ley never looks better to us than when

Dress is said to be woman's strong

The recollection of a good act may

About the first thing a woman does

after moving into a flat is to look in

The young man who presents a gir

with a pound box of bonbons is her

ideal-until another roung man come

have more respect for the pedestrian

To Father Time.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in the

Give us a "reliow" sans headlines to scan

A habe reddy-hearless, a microbeless kim

A fistic fight fakeless, a straight-frontless

A giggleless schoolgirl, and better than

A summer-clad college man wearing a hat

know, Father Time, that I'm asking to

But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch

Swing back to an age peroxideless fo

An old-fashioned breakfast without Sheed

A season when farmers went whineless

burg moving-pictureless ah, what

gumless-girl town and a trollegies

I'm asking too much, but I pray, Dadd

For days when a song had both substance

What He Watches.

"The clock."-Birmingham Age-Has

An mon ere "rata" made their rendesses

ded Hay.

and rhyme!

"Is he a keen observer?"

"Only of one thing."

"And what is that?"

The Bohemian.

A rustleless skirt, and a hustleless man,

man, in turn, looks down on him.

Give us an autoless day and a night.

left any family skeletons.

along with a two-pound box.

est weapon. Does that mean there is

a dagger hidden in every sheath gown

give us a swollen head, but the knowl

it comes back again to our own feet.

the sun off, generally manages to in-

is not fully appreciated by his wife un-

til she collects his life insurance.

der, but a duty well done is a pleasant

assertions

never read them.

Some people act ridiculous and ther

No matter how loud a woman dress

No, a woman doesn't necessarily han-

"I-am-writing-a Sunday story!" he said distinctly. "Don't you wish me in the office?" "Don't be absurd,' said Mr. Pickle.

"I hate to see you kill yourself, that's all. Nearly done?" "I hope to be, soon," said Hendrick. significantly; whereat they retreated.

Every member of the staff comment ed on Hendrick's love of work. Between news stories be turned out innumer "I believe he's doing a book," said Charile Cubb, the juvenile individual

who did such chores for The Whiff as the older men declined to waste time upon, "be's so absorbed." "He's been looking gloomier every

night since he started on it," remarked Mr. McLemon, who covered Tendertoin posice. "Ain't a bit like himself." They speculated, but after one or

two attempts The Whiff staff ceased to ask questions, because Hendrick displayed a too savage temper when inquiries were made. Click publicly mourned over him.

"Hendrick must have six full pages | duce some son to come nearer. in the magazine," he said to Snipper the Sunday editor, on a Saturday afternoon. You shouldn't let him work as be does. Bad."

"Why, I can't get him to write ever little human interest story-and offered to run his name over it." said the Sunday editor. "They're all lazy And he's the laziest."

"Hendrick hasn't anything in tomorrow?" "Nary a line," said Snipper.

"Mighty queer," ruminated Click. "Is edge of a mean one is as a shoe that e trying to bust the magazines?" In the city room Hendrick was writ-

ing, as usual, but he appeared dejected "Now what you doing?" asked Click 'Sunday story?" Hendrick nodded sadly.

"Won't the end come out right?" "Nothing's right," said Hendrick woefully. "It's all wrong."

Click heard the swish of a sill rown. That was an infrequent sound in the city room. He looked. A pretty girl, in an olive green gown and droopy sort of hat with a plume, of which Click approved, followed a pug nosed copy boy toward Hendrick's deak. She carried a sheath of hig envelope with the New York Whiff

printed in one corner. "Oh, Joey," she cried, rushing past and I just happened to go into the old place and there I found all the letters What must you thought?"

"Is-is it all right?" Hendrick scorn ed to wait for Click to absent himself. "In It?" "Of course, you silly," said the pret-

ty girl. She blushed redly. "I just couldn't wait, and so walked in here," she added. Click speaked away.-New York Tel-

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A Text for a Sermon. A member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania has had frequent occasion to reprove his eightyear-old daughter for playing with

Recently the youngster in the exerthrough the clutter of proofs upon the cise of her favorite diversion succeed-

Immediately she was summoned to daffy, my boy. Been writing since he judgment. "Clara," said the father, got in at 6, except for the time he was sternly, "I should punish you for your out on that shooting yarn. Make him disobedience. There is, however, no need to in this case, for God has al-

> We imagine an awkward girl always the matches an awfully long time first." de woese about it them an awk:

Household Notes

New York of the Control of the

MAMMY'S DUST CAP.

Buy a 5-cent colored handkerchief tie a knot in each corner, to make cap shade, to fit the head When placed on the head turn each corner in underneath and you will have a dust Leader. cap easy made and easily washed, just like mammy used to wear.-Bostor

A SIMPLE JOSS STICK HOLDER If one becomes tired of holding the useful joss sticks and desires a cheap holder, obtain a cake of laundry soap, insert the ends of the sticks into same and a convenient holder is easiy made. This can be placed in different places about plazza or railings. -Boston Post.

TO CLEAN SILVER.

If silver be immersed over night in sour milk and afterwards thoroughly washed in clear cold water it will readily polish with the chamols skin, thus saving the wear of the silver by scouring and the time and strength of the cleaner. Were the silver washed in suds at first it would be blackened.-Boston Post.

A WIRE CUPBOARD. A very useful thing in the summer -and winter as well—is a wire cupboard. Have the doors covered with

wire netting to keep pies, jellies, etc.,

from mice, flies, etc. evaporated are so tasteless, it is a Puck. great improvement in making pies, say perhaps two pies, to take one cup sugar, white or brown, 1-3 cur vinegar, boil to a syrup and add, with spice as desired.-Boston Post.

BUYING BEEF.

The meat question has been a heavy one. Now that cold weather is approaching you may find this suggestion of value if you have large families: Buy a rump of beef. Any retail grocer will sell you one pretty near cost. If you do not understand cutting meat have the grocer cut off several pounds of steak and 1 or roasts. What is left will not be difficult for you to manage. All the odds and ends use in stews. Thus you will get the best of beef at less than half price.--Boston Post.

TO REMOVE MOTHS FROM FURNI TURE.

Moths can be exterminated or driven from upholstered work by sprinkling it with benzine. The benzine is put in a small watering pot such as used for sprinkling house plants. It does not spot the most delicate silk and the unpleasant odor passes off in an hour or two in the air. Care must be used not to carry on this work near a fire or flame, as the vapor of benzine is very inflammable. It is said that a little spirits of turpentine added to the water with which floors are washed will present the ravage; of moths.-Boston Post.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MAR-

BLE Mix together 1-2 pound soda, 1-2 pound of soft soap and I pound whit ing. Boll them until they become as thick as paste and let it cool. Before It is quite cold spread it over the sur face of the marble and leave it at least a whole day. Use soft water to wash it off and rub it well with soft cloth. For black marble nothing is better than spirits of turpentine Another paste snawers the same pur- gon .-- London Gentlewoman. pose: Take 2 parts of sods, 1 of pumice stone and 1 of finely-powdered and mix them into a paste with water Rub this well all over the marble and the stains will be removed. Then wash with soap and water-Boston

RECIPES

Maple Parfait.-Into 1-2 cup maple syrup stir 2 well-braten eggs heat slowly until it thickens as much as it will; when cold add 1 cun of cream whipped stiff, and put into a pound baking nowder can; pack in ice and salt 3 hours.

all the closets to see if the last tenants Corn Oysters.-Take 1 cup of canned corn, and 2 tablespoons of cream. well-beaten egg. 1-4 teaspoon of salt, 1-8 teaspoon of white pepper, 1-? emp of flour; mix well, drop by small spoonfuls into equal parts of hot lard and butter, and fry slowly until nicey browned on both sides.

if he stopped to think how the airshir Beef Loat.-One and pounds of hamburger steak, 4 crackers rolled fine, 1 egg. 1 teaspoonfu? salt, 1 tenspoonful pepper, 1-4 cup boiling water, 1-2 cup of milk, 2 teaspoons sage. Cook 1 1-2 hours.

Brula Cream.-This recipe will appreciated by those who make their own ices and creams for summer use: Make a custard with 2 eggs and f. pint and a half of milk. Put pound of real dark brown sugar in a very hot skillet, and stir until it is a rich brown. Mix the melted sugar with the warm custard, cool and mix with a pint of rich cream. Freeze the same as ice cream.

Grandma's Potato Cake,-Take medium-sized potatoes, cold boiled, left over from dinner; peel, then take 1 pint pastry flour to which is added 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Sift together on bread board, now rub potatoes through flour, as you would lard for ple crust. When well blended place in cooking dish, and add sweet milk brains?" "D'ye think," asked the Irishenough to roll out, like biscuit on board, cut thin. Have frying pan ready with hot lard or bacon fat, as for fritters. Cook slow, until brown.

Cocoanut Pie.-One cup of cocoanut soaked in 1 cup of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of flour; mix in with sugar. Cream butter and sugar together; next add yolks of eggs, the coccentrated milk; bake a nice brown and when done make a meringue with white of eggs beaten stiff, I tablespoonful of sugar and 1 of lemon hake Heht brown.



"How did he lose his money?" "Hisfather-in-law failed."-Illustrated Bits. "Have you got an independent for tune?" "No. I'm married."-Cleveland

Mrs. Knicker-Where do you keep your auto? Mrs. Newrich-In a mirage, of course,-New York Sun.

Jimmie-My ma's gone downtown to pay some bills. Tommie—Pooh! The man comes to the house to collect ours! He-She is such a charmingly innocent girl, isn't she? She-Oh, yes; she

Tutler. Knicker-You know that speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts. Broker-Well, penmanship does it even better.-New York Sun.

has taken years to acquire it .- The

She (at the piano)-I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not? He-Yes, I am: but pray don't stopplaying on my account.

"John, you rawned twice while we were calling on that lady." "Well, dear, you did not expect me to keep my mouth closed all the time, did you?"

Magistrate—If I remember rightly, this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner-No, your honor; but I hope you don't judge by appearances." "I've just figured out how the Venus

de Milo came to lose her arms?" "How?" "She broke them off trying to-Now, when apples, either canned or button her shirt waist up the back."-Weary Walker-I see 500 more men

has been t'rown out of work. Tired Traveler-Gee! Dere's gettin' to be too much competition in our business: "The seventeen mothers in the vil-

lage mothers' club agreed to decide by ballot which had the handsomest baby." "Well, who won it?" "Each kid got "Are marriages made in beaven?" "As to that I can't say, but I do know this much-" "WI t is that, Peleg?"

"There'e lots of courting done in church."-Washington Herald. "This watch will last you for a lifetime," remarked the jeweler. sense!" retorted the customer. "Can't I see for myself now that its hours are

numbered?"-London Spare Moments. Man (to boy at roadside) -- What time is it? Boy-Purty near 12 o'clock. Man-Thought it was more than 12. Boy-Nope. Never gets more than 12 in this country. Begins at 1 again .--

Bystander-Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries? Doctor (of Irish extraction)-Two of them are undoubtedly fatal; but as for the rest of them, time alone can tell.-Bostor Transcript.

"You have a new frousemaid, I see Mrs. Youngwife," "Yes, I got her about a week ago." "How do you like her?" "Very much indeed. She lets me de almost as I like about the house."-London Tit-Bits.

"What diagnosis did the doctor make of your wife's illness?" "Said she is suffering from overwork," "In the so?" "Yen; he looked at her tongue and reached that decision immediate ly."-Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Newwed-You never call me per names now unless you want something Before marriage it was different. Mrs Newwed-Oh, no. Before marriage called you pet names because I wanted "Jimmie, your face is dirty again this

morning!" exclaimed "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?" "Huh," grunted Jimmie, "I'd be tor perlite to say anything?"-Circle.

Mother (in a very low voice) .- Tom my, your grandfather is very iii. Can't you say something nice to cheer him ut a bit? Tommy (in an earnest voice)-Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldlers at your funeral?"-London Tit

"I'm sure," said the arevelor, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success," "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."-Catholi-Standard and Times.

"I'm afraid I'm catching cold," safe Kloseman, trying to get some medica advice free. "Every once in a while I feel an itching in my nose, and thes I sneeze. What would you do in a camlike that, doctor?" "Well," replied Dr Sharpe, "I gress I'd sneeze, too."

The mother of a conscientions little miss, wishing to rid her of she had to pass, told her to so right by and pretend she didn't "But, mamma," protested maid, "wouldn't that be deceiving the

"How did those two ever come to marry each other?" "Well, she was the only woman he ever knew whe would listen to his anecdotes over five minutes at a time, and he was the only man she ever knew that could look at her that long without getting neuraigia."-Puck.

A physiologist came upon a hardworking Irishman toiling, bareheaded in the street. "Don't you know," said the physiologist, "that to work in the sun without a hat is had for your man, "that Of'd be on this job if Oh nad enny brains?"

Welcome. While sin confest We deem unsightly, All love the guest Who lies politely. -Birmingham Age-Herald.

Caller-Is the lady of the house in? Waitress (who has been given notice). -She's in, but she's no lady !- Life.

Have you ever noticed when you want to write a letter an the ink is half water?