

SMILES



A LONG WAY AHEAD.



She—Papa wants me to wait until I am thirty before I get married. He—If you're like most girls, you will never admit you're thirty.

Better Late Than Never.
"I don't believe in early weddings," her mother said. "It's all too soon."
"I'm quite agreed," her daughter answered; "I'm willing to wed at noon."

Warned Him.
Bank Teller—This check is all right, but you must be introduced. Can you bring in your husband?
Woman—Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your block off!

Didn't Claim to Have.
Angry Employer—Do you mean to contradict me? You haven't as much sense as a donkey.
Clerk—No, sir; I don't pretend to set my opinion up against yours.

Amiable Surmise.
Mrs. Gaddy—What is that queer noise like a rattle in the room?
Visiting Cherub (hopefully)—Maybe it's the skeleton ma says you have in your closet.

What One Farmer Wanted.
Farmer—Want a job, eh? Do you understand farming?
Applicant—Thoroughly, sir.
Farmer—You wouldn't do. I want a man who is enthusiastic about it.

A Trifle Peevish.
"That broth of mine must be good," said the querulous patient.
"Why?"
"I notice that six different nurses have had a sip of it."

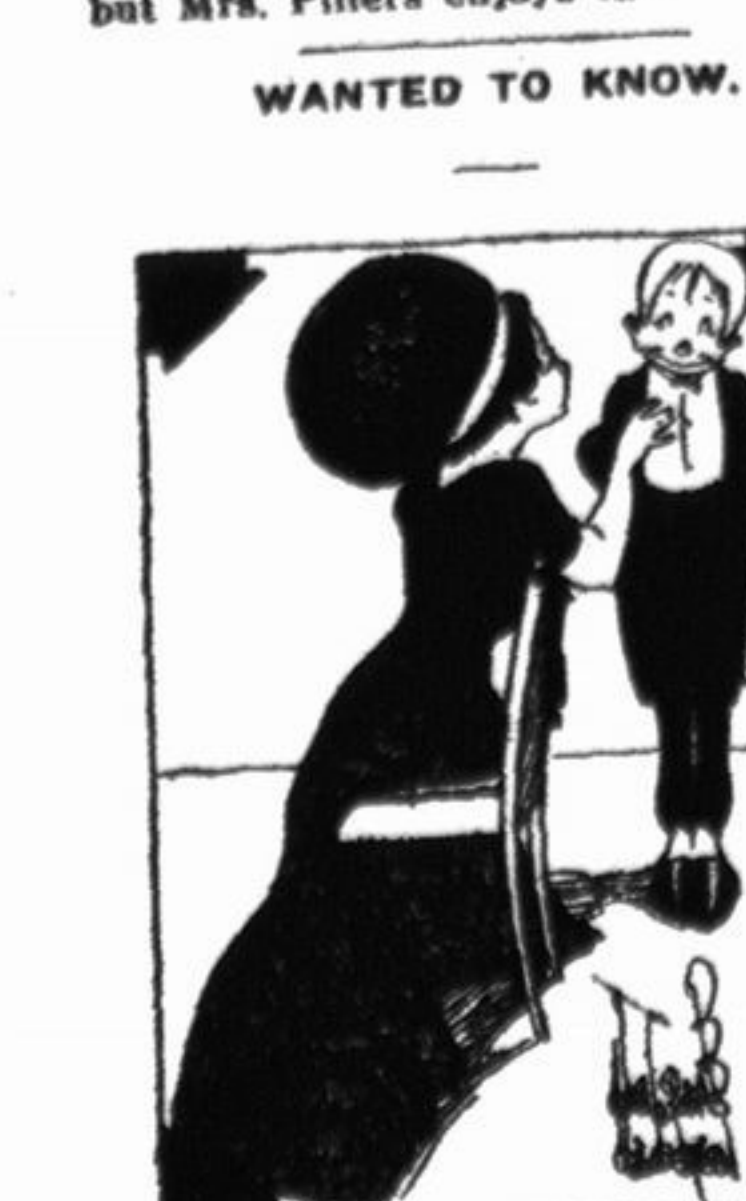
The Remembered Lure.
White—What made Jim Wallstreet rush abroad to fight in the war?
Knight—Somebody told him machine guns in action sounded like a gigantic stock ticker.—Puck.

Its Kind.
"That was a very affectionate sort of sail we took this afternoon."
"How affectionate?"
"All the way the boat was hugging the shore."

Corporate Confidence.
"Don't you feel frightened in this tunnel?"
"Why no. The company got us in this hole, and, as I look at it, they are bound to see us through."

The Beneficiary.
"Does Doctor Pillers enjoy a large practice?"
"No. He has to work so hard he doesn't have time to enjoy anything, but Mrs. Pillers enjoys it."

WANTED TO KNOW.



She—Papa says if I will remain single, I can have everything my heart desires.
He—But what if your heart desires a husband? Can you have that, too?

More or Less Important.
"Can I get off today, boss?"
"What for?"
"A weddin'."
"Do you have to go?"
"I'd like to, sir—I'm the bridegroom."—Cornell Widow.

Clever Deduction.
"Does Wombat own or rent his house?"
"Rents it."
"How do you know?"
"I know, all right. He scratches matches on the paint."

HAD A REASON.

We have just heard about a Lakewood lady who advertised for a girl to do general housework and got a jewel of a personal reply. The young woman who answered the ad was strong, capable, intelligent, neat and possessed of training for the position. "You'll do!" cried the lady of the house, happily. "Now let's see your references."
"Ay ent got no references, mum," confessed Hilda. "Ay ban tore 'em up."
"What? Tore them up? Why, you must have been mad!"
"Ay was, ven ay saw 'em. Dot's vy ay ban tore 'em up!"

The Final Precaution.
"You treated the accusations with silent contempt, of course?"
"I did."
"And then with haughty indifference?"
"Yes."
"Then you laughed them to scorn?"
"Certainly."
"And finally repelled them with just indignation?"
"Exactly."
"Then, you'd better see a good criminal lawyer next."

Modified.
"I'm a glutton for work?" boasted the man.
But his wife overheard him and asked him to split some wood.
"Er—I mean an epicure!" the man hastened to correct himself.—Puck.

Dangerous Proceeding.
"Where is that fellow Gunn you had around here?"
"I fired him."
"I should think you would have been afraid he would kick."

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SAVE LIVES AT SEA BRAZIL SNAKE FARM

Lighthouse Keepers Worthy of the Highest Praise.

These Reptiles Are Domiciled in Concrete Houses.

Arduous Duty, Demanding Extreme Self-Sacrifice, Cheerfully Performed—Examples of Bravery That Are Without Equal.

Although the pay is small and the life often lonely, the lighthouse service attracts as a rule an excellent class of faithful men, willing to take large risks in doing their duty and also in helping those in distress. There are many cases of faithful service and bravery.

There are a number of woman lighthouse keepers. One of these, the keeper of Angel Island light in San Francisco bay, reported that after the machinery of the fog signal was disabled on July 2, 1906, she "had struck the bell by hand for 20 hours and 35 minutes until the fog lifted," and that on July 4, when the machinery was further disabled, she stood all night on the platform outside and "struck the bell with a nail hammer with all my might. The fog was dense."

A widely known woman lighthouse keeper was Ida Lewis, who died about three years ago. She lived at Lime Rock lighthouse, on a ledge in Newport harbor, for 57 years, her father having been appointed keeper when she was twelve years old. She was keeper of the light for 32 years. There are reports of her having rescued 13 persons from drowning. On one occasion it is said, she saved three men who were swamped in attempting to pick up a sheep, and then she rescued the sheep also.

Because of the difficult life, keepers at isolated stations are granted shore liberty and leave 72 days a year, and crews of light vessels 90 days a year. The first lighthouse on this continent was built by Massachusetts, in 1715-1716, on an island in the entrance to Boston harbor.

The first class light and fog signal stations are located at the more prominent and dangerous points along the seaboard, and on a well-lighted coast such stations should be sufficiently close that a coasting vessel may always be in sight of a light. The smaller lights are placed to mark harbors, inside channels and dangers. Along the navigable rivers numerous post lights are maintained to indicate the channels.

For New York harbor and immediate approaches alone 368 aids to navigation are required, including 46 shore lights, two light vessels and 35 lighted buoys; there are 122 buoys of all classes and 37 fog signals, including sounding buoys.

Among the lighthouses of the country may be found examples of great engineering skill and of dignified and simple design. Some of the tall lighthouse structures are of beautiful architecture, suited to the purpose, and set off by picturesque location on headland or rock overlooking the sea. The tower must be built to give the light a suitable height above the water.

Inside the wall is a water-filled trench, also lined with concrete, while cement walks connect the snake houses. At night the snakes are herded into these double-shaped structures and the doors are closed. In the morning an attendant wakes up the reptiles by prodding them with a stick through a hole in the door, after which the doors are removed and the snakes come out for their morning bath in the trench.

Suffrage Gardens.
Women are offering gold for votes—golden flowers for votes for women. Suffragists plan to make the country bloom with yellow, the suffrage color, just as a reminder that this is the greatest suffrage campaign year in the history of the movement.

The "suffrage garden" idea originated with a Pennsylvania woman who had no money to give to the cause, and gave instead a golden idea. The Woman Suffrage association of Pennsylvania has arranged to have packages of seeds containing six different kinds of flower seeds to be distributed among suffragists the country over. Flowers that will bloom successively from spring until fall have been selected by the Pennsylvania women for the floral suffrage maps they hope to see blooming next summer in the garden or the window box of every loyal suffragist.

Spook in Pennsylvania Town.
Several months ago a man was killed at the railroad station at Radnor, Pa. Since his death a number of people living in that section declare they have seen his ghost, which sits out of dark corners, stares at them with sorrowful eyes and then passes on, moaning as it goes. A woman reported that the ghost disappeared at her door, and as she stood paralyzed with fear it suddenly vanished. So many tales of the spook's pranks were told that the police undertook an investigation to ascertain the real nature of the spooky demonstrations, but at last accounts they had learned nothing.

New Nature Story.
Hiram Johnson, a farmer living near Waterville, N. Y., tells a beautiful tale of how he utilizes the digging propensities of three woodchucks which he captured. He says he has trained them to dig straight postholes any depth and size required. He explains that he ties a cord to one of the animal's hind legs, indicates where the hole is to be dug, and when it is sufficiently deep he pulls the cord. The woodchuck then scrambles up for his reward of dried alfalfa.

Pushing the Business.
Mr. Speedup—This is the fifth time you've been fined for speeding through Sistersville. Why don't you keep away from there?
His Wife—The dear old justice of the peace out there gives trading stamps.—Puck.

Calculation.
"She said she would be content with love in a cottage," said the young man with a calculating mind.
"That's a fine sentiment."
"Perhaps. But I can't help wondering whether a cottage is the best her father intends to do for us."

One Mitigation.
She—When women vote, I suppose the electioneering ones will, like the English beauty, be offering kisses for votes.
He—Then I hope they'll be repeat-ers.

Australia's Federal Capital

AUSTRALIA is building for itself a wonderful capital city in a region hitherto uninhabited, and the designer of this future city and supervisor of its erection is an American. Jessie Ackermann, F. R. G. S., thus tells of the great project and her visit to the chosen site, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

When the colonies of Australia federated and the country established a commonwealth government, they naturally bethought themselves as to what they should do with it. From the day of federation, for almost ten years, the matter of the locality of the capital was a vexed question, which hinged entirely upon sectional jealousy and ambition. The bitter fight waxed fierce between the states of Victoria and New South Wales as to whether Sydney or Melbourne should have the honor and advantage.

In order to bring harmony out of chaos, it was determined to found a city in some new place where Australian building ideas and characteristics could be molded and fashioned into a monument of local coloring. The country in general aspect, fairly pulsated with possibilities of originality. The great soul of Australia breathes an atmosphere all its own. Still there is nothing whatever purely Australian in type or character which the people have produced—neither in art, literature, architecture or poetry. Of course, the country is young, but, even so, there are no evidences of originality, with the exception of the idea of building a great city in waste places.

Yass-Canberra Valley Chosen.
The question of a national capital somewhere at sometime having been settled, the struggle of "where" became positively bitter. As New South Wales was the oldest colony, a sense of fitness led the government to agree that the Mother State was justly entitled to the city, provided the state donated the territory on which it was to stand, specifying that sovereign rights should be vested in the federal government.

At last a majority vote selected the valley of Yass-Canberra district, as the spot where the unborn city should be built. By a strange irony which often weaves itself about the individual, one of the members who most bitterly denounced the situation of the site by exclaiming, "The wastes are so bleak, the spot so barren and dry, that a crow never flies across the place without carrying a water bottle," became head of the department under which the city will be built.

The report of the commission appointed to visit various sites, says this of Yass-Canberra: "It forms a perfect amphitheater in which the city would be surrounded by glorious hills." It was decided the world should have a chance to compete in a plan to lay out the city. Descriptions of the area were worked out to the most minute detail. They were drawn by the surveyor general to the commonwealth and sent to the British consuls of the world, with the result that hundreds of plans from many countries poured into the department before the statute limit expired. These were studied and sorted out by a committee, which reduced the real competing number to about half a dozen. There were three prizes offered. The first was carried off by an enterprising young architect from Chicago, Walter Burley Griffin, who is under three years' engagement to the Australian government to put his plans into execution.

In order to see something of this greatly discussed place, I decided to pay a visit to the territory and look over the very beginning of things for myself. The site is still rather cut off from the most speedy communications by rail; but when the railway connects the place with other lines, it will form the trunk between Sydney and Melbourne, shortening the present distance by some eighty miles.

An entire night on trains, or waiting for them at stations, brought me, long before daylight, to the nearest point by rail, when two government officials took charge of me and I was conveyed to the site, where I was to camp in government tents until I could see something of the reservation. Set in the foothills. Eight miles over good roads led to the foothills that form a setting for the new city. The valley is backed by the more distant range of mountains, which change their garb of color between daylight and darkness, so frequently as to throw almost a spell of witchery over the landscape. From this area of 900 square miles, 13 square miles have been surveyed as the actual site of the city. The spot will certainly become of intense interest to those who watch the daily building of a new and modern city, springing from the very mountains of this oldest of old lands.

In five days we drove 190 miles over the reservation. Viewed from every point, beauty increased and possibilities enlarged with each hour of driving. The secretary of the department chanced to be on the spot, also the surveyor-in-chief of the commonwealth. Maps, books, designs, literature, explanations and details were all on such a large scale as to almost bewilder the mind of a mere woman. An immense gorge in the mountains will form a water supply of such vast extent and capacity that the water question of the city, should the population reach unheard-of numbers, is settled at the very outset. This is the great advantage of the whole situation—the certainty of a water supply will strike a note of security. The district will be governed something after the methods of the District of Columbia. The people who dwell within the boundaries will, practically, be disfranchised. No land will be sold and the government will manufacture all material to be used in building the city at various places under the supervision of that body. Two hundred miles of splendidly built roads are now completed, and work will progress probably slowly for lack of funds, but the completion of the city is an assured fact. The present generation of builders will not



Snake in concrete house.

Wall high enough to keep the snakes from crawling out surrounds the farm, but it is low enough to allow visitors a chance to see over.

It is by this means that this educational work is carried on. Familiarity breeds contempt there as elsewhere. If you see a snake that you have believed to be a dangerous enemy playing with its master each day you gradually alter your opinion of it. At any rate that is what has happened and is happening there.

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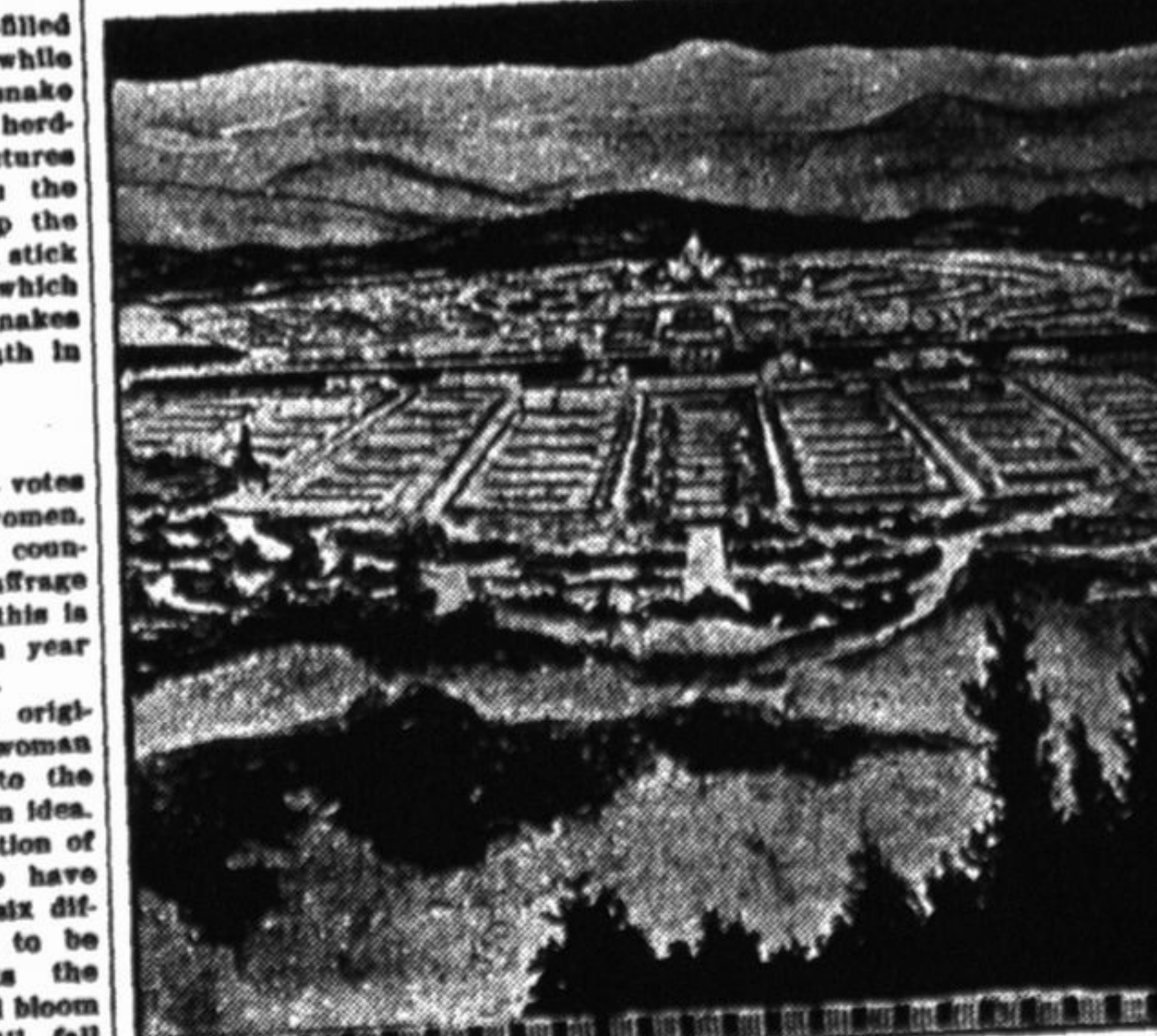
One of the Cape Hatteras Lights.

ter, and hence tall lighthouses are required on low-lying coasts. A light must be 200 feet above the sea level to be seen from the deck of a vessel 20 nautical miles distant. Beyond that distance the curvature of the earth would prevent a light at this elevation being seen.

Hitting a Brother Barrister.
In the Stokes trial A. B. Boardman, Stokes' attorney, said.
"My client is tired of lawyers. They have cheated him enough, and now he prefers to put the matter before a jury."
"I hope," said Joseph H. Choate, the opposing attorney, with that everyday smile and suave tone so well known, "that my brother has done nothing to forfeit his client's confidence," and even the grave justices had to smile, while Boardman bit his lip.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CITY

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Restored.
"Woman," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "ever has been man's competitor, sharing his exile, opposing his aims, and bucking on his arm." And now ever has been woman's competitor, sharing her happiness, opposing her when she would have him, and holding her up the back.