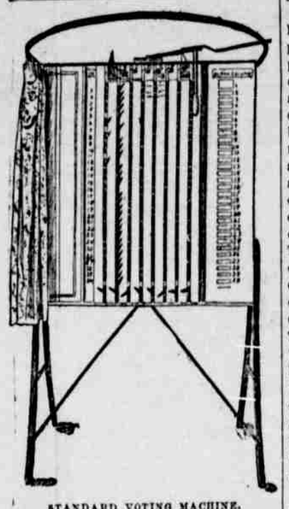
VOTING BY MACHINERY

A QUARTER of a century ago when a citizen desired to vote he was beset with difficulties—at least annoyances—from the time he hove in sight of the army of "heelers" at the polling place until he reached the ballot box handlers. He was crowded out of line, jostled, yelled at, delayed by challenges. Voting was a matter of strength, brute force and endurance. There was no privacy or secrecy of political inclination. The program then in vogue disgusted the respectable voter, and there was no remedy or improvement afforded until the Australian system came into use.

This plan exceeded in purity and accuracy anything that America had been able to devise. Its salient benefits were that the intending voter has a clear 200 feet in which to approach the voting booth unattended, that no man but the judge of election could hand him a ballot, thus preventing tissue ballots and vest-pocket voting; that he retired to make his choice of candidates free from prying eyes, and that he saw his ballot get inside the box.

OLD-TIME VOTING.

But at this point the lesson ended, for after trying the Australian system—beneficial as it has proven—it is certain that progress demands still further improvements, with eight tickets in the field, and each ticket with sixty candidates, all printed on one sheet of paper, many a voter, even of average intelligence, has been bewildered. Outside of this, the question of economics, in money and time, has arisen. The "blanket ballot" has been found cumbersome; to the uneducated voter it has often proved a puzzle. Intricacy has been the fault. To show how common is the confusion, the faulty marking of ballots, it may be stated that in the New York election of 1897 some 122,086 ballots were thrown out as blank or defective. Add to this the fact that in the city of Chicago it costs $75,000 merely to hold an election for two judges, and some of the defects of the Australian system may be understood.



STANDARD VOTING MACHINE.

For these and many other reasons the public mind is dwelling earnestly on the theme of voting by machinery. It is certain that the voting machine would in time be able to defeat the workings of the party machine. Several things are asserted in its favor that appeal strongly to the honest voter. One is the reduced expense of conducting elections, which is brought about by the increased speed in balloting, and the consequent reduction in the number of polling precincts. A great stride has been made in this direction in the way of practical experiment, and, in order to understand the workings of the new system, a typical case would be that of a great city like Chicago. Here there are 1,120 precincts, with an average of 328 registered voters. Five men to the precinct are officials at every election, and each man receives $5 daily. The city sets aside $124,600 for salaries of these judges and clerks. The rental of the precinct headquarters averages $15. The ballots cost over $5,000. When the care, keeping and distributing expenses are added this cost is doubled or trebled. The office expenses of the commissioners are also extremely heavy.

Without too close analysis a saving could be effected by the use of machinery that can be shown at once. It is estimated that on this basis the number of voting precincts could be reduced to 650. The printing of ballots would be done away with. Of course the care of the machines would be an expense, although not nearly so heavy. On an equitable table of reduction, after careful computation, it is calculated that the enormous sum of $57,000 could be saved on every city election. Itemized, this plan shows as follows:

Reduction in number of precincts	470
Reduction in salaries of officers of election	$59,550
Reduction in rentals at $15 a precinct	7,050
Reduction in ballots and handling	10,000
Total	$57,000

This is a showing based wholly on the assumption that the voting machine can handle double the number of voters that can be handled under present methods. The machine, according to reliable experts from cities where it has been tested, can handle 600 voters to the precinct without trouble. It is asserted that the voter can record his vote in one minute. In one city precinct in Detroit it was reported that 150 men voted in exactly 150 minutes.

In its adaptation to villages and to country districts generally the voting machine appears to be even at present within the compass of all as to economy, utility and expense. One machine can be taken for a type of all. To a city like Buffalo it sells for $500. The great feature of the machine is that it insures absolute accuracy in expressing the will of the voter. It is automatic, registers only what the voter wills, cannot be disturbed without being wrecked, and casts up the totals as it goes. As soon as the polls are closed the returns are there, totaled up and ready for transcription to the records for canvass. It provides for the voting of "split tickets" by an ingenious device, varying, of course, in the various types. But it insures one thing—it renders any contest impossible.

The cash register was once scoffed at as a thing of wills and buckfulness, designed to toss the store proprietor in the air and bungle his accounts. It was remarked with scorn and hilarity that one graduate of a commercial college was worth more than 1,000 machines in casting up the receipts in cash. That day, as all others, passed. Comparatively few concerns in these days omit the humble cash register, because of its speed and approved accuracy in assembling totals. The longest-headed arithmeticians the world has ever produced cannot calculate skillfully enough to destroy the equipoise of the delicate machine, which attends to business and merely rings a bell when cleared for action.

At least half a dozen voting machines have been invented, each of which has points in its favor, according to the reports of investigators. A typical one deserves a detailed description. It is about four feet square and ten inches deep, and is supported by legs, the top being a little over six feet from the floor. From the upper corner projects a semicircular bar, on which is hung a curtain, which forms a booth. An operating lever extends from the center of the top of the machine, the outer end of which is attached to the curtain. The voter throws this lever, which closes the curtain about him. Placed on the front of the machine in full view of the public before it is closed by the curtain is an Australian ballot, 22x44 inches. At the head of each ticket over the party emblem is a straight ticket knob, and in front of each name where the marking space should be is an indicator which may be moved over the name to indicate the voter's choice, which connects the counter, but does not register the vote until the lever is moved to open the curtain.

The voter first selects his party ticket, and by pulling the straight knob at the top over the party emblem down to the right, moves all the pointers for that ticket. If he desires to split his ticket he can move the pointer back from over the name that does not suit him, and in the same office line move the pointer over the name he wishes to vote for. After pulling the straight ticket knob, a pointer may be moved back and forth, making a click at intervals to indicate splitting, and at the same time, vote straight. In splitting his vote he can move the pointers silently, with a little care. Having arranged his vote satisfactorily, he is now ready to register it, which he does by throwing the curtain open by means of an operating lever, with which he closed it, thus casting and counting his vote in perfect secrecy. After the votes are closed and the machine locked against voting, the doors in the rear are unlocked, and the vote of each candidate is shown on the counters, ready to be copied over the election returns.

PULLING PARTY TICKET LEVER

The machine is constructed of steel and non-corrosive metal, and where steel is used it is protected from rust by plating with copper and nickel. Every movement is positive, the machine is wholly different in construction from any other, and cannot be manipulated fraudulently. The machine weighs about 500 pounds, and when boxed for storage or shipment occupies a space about four feet square and sixteen inches deep.

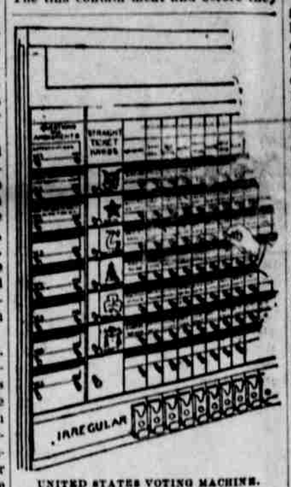
There is another device, known as the "United States voting machine," that has a keyboard on which is placed a printed ballot, or labels, with the name of each candidate, with a separate push button adjacent to each name. The machine has a large push button for each party ticket. The operation of the door through which the voter passes out of the booth registers the vote he has indicated. This device will readily accommodate up to 800 voters. By actual test a voter can enter the booth, vote the straight ticket, and make his exit in from five to ten seconds. When the polls close the door is locked in an open position, which locks the mechanism of the machine, after which the counting compartments are thrown open to inspectors and watchers and the total number of votes received by each candidate taken off and read in public and ample opportunity is given to compare the figures with the dial on the machine. It is mounted on wheels, and is as readily transported as any ordinary truck.

The machine tried at the Irvington, Ind., election, a year ago the present month, has some advantages over both of the machines just described. It is arranged to handle seven different tickets, with eighty names to each ticket, while the face, or keyboard, is 30x44 inches in dimensions. This device both registers and records every vote cast—first on the dial, and then in addition on a perforated proof, or tally sheet. It has also a time lock, which can be set to stop voting at any hour fixed by law for the closing of the polls. Further, it handles fractional votes.

In a recent election in Rochester, N. Y., the voting machines made it possible for the first return to be given to the public within six minutes after the closing of the polls, while the final returns were declared just thirty-one minutes later. The entire result was known three-quarters of an hour after the closing of the polls.

From all of this it will be conceded that voting by machine has many desirable features. The reduction of the cost of holding elections, the speed with which the votes can be taken, and the speed with which returns can be made, all important elements to consider. Once adopted by law, the inanimate faces of these engines formed to tell what the people want will be the medium of stopping foolish contests, which cost the people heavy sums of money.

One lack will yet remain, however. Complete purification of the ballot cannot be effected until some device is perfected which will insure absolute security and legality in the registration of voters themselves, whereby a corrupt man may be prevented from registering under the name of some other man long dead or removed from the city. When such a device is created—and why may not photography and other science abet?—then voting will become an accurate expression of the people's will. The reign of "the boss" will end, for the entire electorate will be "boss!"



UNITED STATES VOTING MACHINES.

HOW BABY TOOK TO WATER.

Clever Device of Grandmother Overcomes Fear in Learning to Bathe.

Baby is a dimpled darling of some 6 months of age. She is a gentle little thing, full of life and as much curiosity as should belong to her sex. But one day when her mother attempted to bathe her in the altogether in a big bowl baby set up a howl. The water was possibly a bit too cold and the tender flesh revolted, so the infant became afraid of water.

Her grandmother, having brought up a flock of boys and girls, is up to many tricks to gain baby's confidence. She decided the little one must be taught to like the feeling of water, so she filled the bowl with carefully warmed water and then placed several large, brightly colored marbles in it. Then she took the baby on her lap and placed her own hand in the bowl and rolled the marbles about. This ruse proved successful to the extent of making baby yearn for the marbles.

The child gingerly placed one dimpled hand in the water, but quickly withdrew it. Then she looked surprised, but as grandma played in the water the child grinned and plunged her fist into the bowl. She soon had the balls rolling about and chuckled with glee. She grew so interested that she stuck both hands and arms in and tried hard to capture the slippery marbles. Then grandma placed her in the water. This seemed to please baby, for she commenced to wiggle her small legs back and forth.

All at once she discovered that water will splash. She screamed in happiness and set arms, legs, feet and hands vigorously to work before grandma had any chance to head her off. The elderly woman was thoroughly wetted before the child quit. She quit when all the water had been splashed over the floor, herself and granma. Then she looked for more. Since then it is a case of fight when they try to take her out of her tub.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Plaything of a King.

The Emperor of Germany has a toy that would gladden the heart of the most exacting boy. It is a miniature frigate, a full-rigged three-masted warship, fifty-five feet in length, drawing but four feet of water, and having a capacity of thirty tons. The ship is an heirloom in the imperial family of Germany, having been presented by William IV., King of England, to the present German emperor's great-grandfather, Frederick William III. It gave the reigning monarch his first taste of life on the wave, and in his boyhood days one of his favorite amusements was to sail on the watery Potsdam, in company with his brother Henry, in this tiny man-of-war. At a distance the ship's dimensions are very deceptive, but a man at the rail or boat moving alongside soon brings out, by contrast, the smallness of the craft. The frigate can be sailed in the same manner as the largest ship, but the crew must be Liliputians in size and scanty in number; a seaman of ordinary build would be totally out of place on the yards of this vessel. He would probably be in grave danger of bringing the spars down to the deck with his own weight. "Royal Louise" is the name of this kingly toy; she was christened after Prussian Queen Louise. The little frigate was built on the Thames River, at Woolwich, England, in 1832, and was towed down the river and across the North Sea by a steamer to Hamburg; from this place a flat barge floated her up the Elbe and into the Havel at Potsdam, where she still remains.—Woman's Home Companion.

How Canned Meats Are Tested.

Among the most incomprehensible proceedings to be observed within the vast area of Woolwich depot are the doings of a small party of officials, one of whom appears to do nothing all day long but sit at a table and tap on the top of tin canisters with a couple of bits of stick something after the manner of a child beating on the upturned end of his drum. The tins are passed before him about as fast as he can tap them and absolutely nothing seems to come of the game. To the unenlightened onlooker it is quite unintelligible. The tins contain meat and before they are passed into store it is, of course, important to examine the condition of what is inclosed, and this, in fact, is the way it is done. The trained ear of the expert examiner can tell whether the meat is in a wholesome or a putrid condition by the sound emitted when rapped with the stick, just as the examiner of railway carriage wheels is supposed to be able to tell whether the wheel he taps with his hammer is cracked or not. The rapidity with which the business is gone through and the seeming inattention of the performer with the sticks and his total indifference to all sorts of noises about him render the procedure a very curious one to watch. The test is said to be practically infallible.—London News.

How the Young Elbow the Old.

"The part of wisdom is not to drop one's tasks too early, not to be in haste to retire from posts of influence and duty," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Insensibly the young, with a certain unconscious arrogance, elbow the old out of the way, and monopolize the places in every profession and branch of business. Yet the young are not dowered with experience, nor have they the riper judgment of maturity. But they do have what age has often lost—enthusiasm, self-confidence and pluck. Old people are sometimes out of touch with the present age. They have ceased to be receptive; they have grown mentally inhospitable and inert. Is there, however, the slightest reason why a woman should rust out through mere indolence before she has done the full measure of service required by her Master for the time in which she lives? As a teacher as an artist, as a housemistress and mother, in whatever field you are, my friend, do not withdraw from active duty too soon. There is need at the front for the woman of warm heart and trained capacity for affairs, and her age is of little consequence if she is equal to her work. There never was a time when the judgment of mature age was more needed than it is to-day."

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SYSTEM.

A Plea for Tea.

"Nature is, after all, to be depended upon pretty thoroughly," said a Chicago physician who has made a study of the effects of tea on the system. "For example, it is the exceptional person who craves tea at breakfast, a time of the day at which it is least needed and is frequently most injurious. Tea with dinner, too, is not to be recommended, because even if perfectly made there is sure to be a little tannic acid in its composition, and the stomach, in attempting the digestion of a heavy meal, is much better without this principle.

"After 5 o'clock, however, the hour that fashion and custom agree in providing tea, is an hour that is also proper and favorable to the system. The supply of energy with which the day was begun is about exhausted, and a cup of well-made tea is often a refreshment and tonic that is both acceptable and desirable."—Chicago Chronicle.

From "Pequenos Ninos."

The etymology of the word "pickaninny" is discussed by a writer in the American Anthropologist, who says that its possible derivation was pointed out by Sir Hans Sloane in 1707 in his "History of Jamaica." "Piganinnes," said Sir Hans, "is a corruption of pequenos ninos, applied to the black or slave babies of Jamaica."

WHERE 'LITTLE MINISTER' LIVED.

Barrie's Home Is in Thrums, the Scene of Several of His Stories.

Mary B. Mullett, writing of "The Real Thrums of Barrie" in the Ladies' Home Journal, tells of seeing the famous novelist at the railway station in Kirriemuir (Thrums) "to which the family party walked together. Mrs. Barrie first, a slight figure in brown and scarlet, more English in dress than in face, holding her head rather proudly and walking confidently—she was on the stage before her marriage. With her was Miss Barrie, a quietly dressed, rather colorless woman, not one to draw attention from the three men who followed her. The tallest of these three, the one in ministerial 'black,' a high hat on his snowy head, was Dr. Ogilvy, brother to Barrie's mother. The other white-haired man—doubled over, as are so many in this land of looms, and wearing great hobnailed shoes, for he likes to take care of the pretty garden at the top of the brae—was Barrie's father. Between them was a slight figure of boyish slenderness. Though small, he was not dapper, and we breathed a sigh of relief. As he turned we looked at his face with eagerness.

"It is a thin, dark face, almost haggard; delicate, sensitive, wistful somehow, but stronger than we had expected it to be. The dominating sadness of his face makes almost a real shadow over it. He smiled once or twice, but his face did not once really light up. But sad and thin as it was, it is a face that one would not soon forget—yes, and that one would be glad to remember."

The Rôle in Child-Wife.

A Hindu child-wife divides her year into two intervals, one of which she spends with her parents, this being a sort of vacation time, and the other she spends at the house of her husband's parents, this being the time of daily downright drudgery. Village girls in Bengal blacken their teeth with mishi, a coloring powder. The lips are black also, and this is supposed to make them exceedingly charming.

Writing letters, especially to her husband, is thought to be fearful immodesty in a Hindu girl; and she has no chance of improving her mind by intelligent conversation with any one. She must write to her husband, though she has to do it by stealth in the night. The moon is her lamp, a stick out of the domestic broom her pen, the juice of the pulu berry her ink, and probably the dried leaf of the banana her paper. A Hindu girl must always keep the inner apartment of the house. She is only let out when she goes to draw water for the household either from the pond or the well or the river. Hence the waterside is a great feminine resort, a sort of women's club, where there is much gossiping and plenty of stolen leisure.—Christian Register.

Great Schemes in Hand.

I'm going to write great poems some day,
Exactly when I will not say,
Just now some things are in the way;
I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint;
My plans, as yet are a little faint,
But my notions are really new and quaint,
As you'll see a week from Wednesday

A drama great I have in mind,
As soon as I a plot can find,
Striking, original, refined,
Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock concern,
Enormous dividends I'll earn,
Till coupon bonds I have "to burn,"
About a year from Friday.

Oh, no—I'll just invent a toy,
Some simple gimcrack to give joy
To each enraptured girl or boy—
I'll work on that next Saturday

I can't decide which scheme to choose,
Each idea seems too good to lose;
Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze—
To-morrow's only Monday.
—Woman's Home Companion.

"A Friend in Need."

Summer night,
Smiling moon,
Fair sweet girl
Young man soon.

Story old,
Love's young dream,
Stole a kiss,
Hearts supreme.

Ireful dad,
Scene does pierce,
Holds in check
Watchdog fierce.

"Sick 'em, Tige—"
"Lad, begone."
"Tige ,good dog,"
Something wrong.

Smart young man
Dog has fed.
Tige bites not,
Dad misled.

Pleading pair
Anger quells.
Dad relents,
Wedding bells.
—Chicago Demograt.

Multum in Parvo Prayer.

Georgie's mother insisted upon his repeating the prayer of childhood. He started sleepily, requiring prompting at the beginning of every line. Drowsiness had nearly won the mastery by the time that he had obediently got as far as "my soul to take." "God bless—" prompted his mother. Georgie has a long list of relatives. There was a flutter of his sleep-laden lids as he lumped them all together: "God bless the whole shooting match!" And he was asleep.

Cable Traction in Submarine Boat.

To enable tourists to cross the English channel without the inconveniences of seasickness a Frenchman has designed a submarine boat, to be propelled by cable traction. It will accommodate about 250 passengers and will make the journey in about an hour, and should any accident happen to the motive power the boat may be detached and will at once rise to the surface and may continue the journey in the ordinary manner.

He Won't Get Her a Bicycle.

Mr. Wimpley—My constant aim in this life is to do something to make the world better.

Mrs. Wimpley—Well, you'll do it; I feel sure of that.

Mr. Wimpley—Ah, Maria, I am glad that you have for once in your life indicated that you have faith in my ability to accomplish something.

Mrs. Wimpley—Yes, you'll die some day. Then the world will be better.—Chicago News.

It is a pity that the woman whose labors begin at dawn, and last all day, and sometimes all night in caring for a sick child, has no resource by striking for an eight-hour law.

Live eagles are as hard to catch as those on our silver dollars.

MIHALY MUNKACSY.

Famous Hungarian Was One of the Great Painters of the Age.

Mihaly Munkacsy, who died May 1 in a private insane asylum at Bonn, Germany, where he had been confined for more than three years, was one of the world's greatest painters. Some of his best productions, chief among them Christ Before Pilate, are owned in this country.

The famous painter's real name was Michael Lieb and he was born in the town of Munkacs, Hungary, fifty-four years ago. Early in life he became apprenticed as a carpenter's boy. He showed a taste for poetry and in leisure moments learned to draw. His talent developed wonderfully and he managed to get a studio in Dusseldorf. In 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Willstack, of Philadelphia, traveling in Germany, stopped at Dusseldorf and Mr. Willstack was so pleased with Lieb's work that he told him to make a painting which the American sent to the Paris Salon in 1870, where it created a sensation and made the young painter famous. It earned him a medal, a wealthy patron and a start on the road which brought Michael Lieb to the rich and celebrated Count Mihaly de Munkacsy, chevalier of the Legion of Honor and Knight of the Austrian Order of the Iron Cross.

MIHALY MUNKACSY.

Munkacsy is said to have received more than $1,000,000 for his work. His Christ Before Pilate was purchased by John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, who still owns it, for $100,000. Other prominent paintings of his in this country are The Last Day of a Man Condemned to Death and Milton Dictating Paradise Lost. His mind gave way as he was putting the finishing touches on his last great work in the Christ series, Ecce Homo. In 1896, the millennial year of Hungary, Munkacsy left Paris, where he had lived for many years, and returned to his native land. In the autumn of that year he was stricken with a spinal paralysis and had done no work since. He soon afterward became demented and was sent to the asylum at Bonn.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

The doctrine that an agent to purchase property cannot buy for his own benefit is applied, in Kimball vs Ranney (Mich.), 46 L. R. A. 403, to a purchase on foreclosure by an agent who had been employed to effect a sale of the mortgaged property.

Breach by a water company of a contract to supply a city with water sufficient to protect its inhabitants against loss is held, in Gorrell vs. Greensboro Water Supply Company (N. C.), 46 L. R .A. 513, to entitle a citizen whose property is burned in consequence thereof to sue as a party in interest.

One system of street railways over some of which both freight and passengers are carried and cars from lines running to other towns are run is held, in Oren ex rel. Barbour vs. Pingree (Mich.), 46 L. R. A 407, to constitute a work of internal improvement within the meaning of the Michigan constitution, which forbids the State to be interested in such works.

If a creditor takes an assignment of a life insurance policy to secure his debt he is held in Morris vs. Georgia Loan, S. and B. Company (Ga.), 46 L. R. A. 506, to be entitled to retain out of the proceeds of the policy an amount sufficient to pay the debt with all advances made to keep the policy in force, and is required to pay any balance to the persons named in the policy as beneficiaries or payees.

Removal of a judge from office for purely economic reasons not personal to him or relating to his administration of the office is held, in McCulley vs. State (Tenn.), 46 L. R. A. 567, to be not authorized by a constitutional provision for the removal of a judge by concurrent vote of both houses of the General Assembly, after notice to the judge, accompanied with a copy of the causes alleged for his removal.

Naming the Prince of Wales.

About six hundred years ago there was a king of England—Edward I.—who subdued the people of Wales. After conquering the Welsh he was anxious to get their good-will, and so, when it happened that his first baby prince was born in Carnarvon, in Wales, he had a bright idea. He announced that his boy was a native of Wales—one who could speak Welsh just as well as any other tongue (this was true, as the baby was but a few weeks old), and he should therefore be the people's own prince, Edward, Prince of Wales.

Twenty-three years after this baby became King of England, and about fifty years later his grandson had assigned to him, as the third Prince of Wales, the crest and motto which has been borne by all the English kings' sons who have since that day had the title. The crest is three ostrich feathers, and the motto is the sentence, "Ich dien"—"I serve." It was given to the Black Prince, a boy of great promise, who fought bravely at the battle of Crecy.—Forward.

Very Strong.

Stubbs—The woolen mill down the street was destroyed by fire this morning.

Penn—You don't say! Why, Smythe and I were standing in the same block, and never even heard an engine.

Stubbs—Wonder you hadn't caught a whiff of the burning wool.

Penn—That was impossible. Smythe was smoking a cigar he bought on the train.—Chicago News.

Fastest Cruiser.

The fastest cruiser in the world, the Hai Tien, has recently been completed for China. It has a speed of 23.6 knots per hour. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in about four and a half days.

When a man dies his widow's friends begin to say that the bank he dealt with cheated her out of some of his money.

It seems funny that it is wrong for the heroine in a book to marry a man for his money, and right for a girl to do it outside.

Why do they say "boys will be boys?" They know well enough boys will be men."

One swallow may not make a summer, but one bull frog makes a spring and one banana skin a fall.

Never ask a crust of a crusty man. Ask him for meat, for he'll give you a cold shoulder with pleasure.

He—What if I should catch myself proposing to you? She—I should consider you a pretty good catch.

Mrs. Hix—I'm glad to hear that your husband is working again. Mrs. Dix—But he isn't working; he has a political job.

Couldn't Stick Willie: Teacher—Willie, what's the masculine of "laundress?" Willie Wiseguy—Chinaman!—Brooklyn Life.

The following epitaph may be seen in an Ulster churchyard: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses. He—Yes, and they probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them.

Evidently Holding Hands.—"Is that young man in the parlor with Maude still?" asked her father, suddenly looking up from his paper. "Very still," replied her mother.

Photographer—How shall I finish your photographs, madam? Madam—Well, retouch half of them to look ten years younger than I am. I want those to send out of town.—Chicago Record.

At the Dinner Table: "Georgie, don't stare at Mr. Crumley that way; it isn't polite." "I was just waitin' to see him pick up his glass of water, ma; I heard pa tell you that he drinks like a fish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A lady residing in North Columbus, meeting a girl the other day who had lately been in her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere," rejoined the girl, "I'm married."

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel; can you think of something?" "Why not use a dentist's notice—'Teeth inserted here?'" suggested Lessup.—Tit-Bits.

"See here," howled the manager, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?" "W'y," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."

Teacher (infant natural history class)—You will remember that, will you, Tommy—that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter? Tommy (with an air of retrospection)—Yes'm, an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer.

Mother—I notice, Ostend, that you did not eat any pie at dinner. Ostend—I asked for a piece, ma. Mother—But I did not hear you. You should have asked a second time. Ostend—But, ma, you told me never to ask for pie the second time.

Following Instructions: "Young Sammie Spender is carrying out his governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?" "How's that?" "Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds."—Life.

Mrs. Jackson—Speakin' ob your husban', Mrs. Wimple, did he evah confess to you dat he done propose to me before he married you? Mrs. Wimple—'Deed he didn't tell me! He was so ashamed ob some ob de fings he did dat I neyah insisted upon a confession.

"How about the loan of one hundred marks that you were to have returned to me six weeks ago?" "I wanted to return it then, sir, but you had just met with a bereavement. How could I break in on your deep grief with so cheerful an announcement?"

Mamma—What is Willie crying about? Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's. Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go? Bridget—They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet.—Exchange.

Stage Manager—By Jove, there's a nice thing happening on the stage! Proprietor—Eh? What's up? Stage Manager—The hero and villain are doing their duel act, and the latter won't die until you signal him that he'll get his arrears of salary at the end of the piece.—Tit-Bits.

"Your American soldiers," said the disgusted Filipino envoy, "are dead to the rules of civilized warfare." "What have they done now?" inquired the dignified president of the commission. "Perhaps you won't believe it," said the envoy, with great bitterness, "but they actually ambushed one of our ambushes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby; "ma gives me sixpence a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face." "Sixpence is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it.'

A Yorkshire vicar recently received the following note from one of his parishioners: "This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jemima Arabella Brearley are coming to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please to be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour. Forewarned is forearmed."

Cedar Forests Are Diminishing.

The cedar forests remaining in the northeastern part of the continent are in Aroostook County, Maine, the northern counties of New Brunswick, and the counties of Temiscouata, Rimouski, Bonaventure and Gaspe, in Quebec. Here cedar grows large and there are more trees to the acre than farther south. It is found on the high land as well as in the swamps. In Nova Scotia cedar does not grow. In Southern New Brunswick there is not enough left to supply ties for the local railroads.

Chinese Widows Seldom Marry.

In China it is the rule of good society that widows do not remarry. They are not forbidden to do so, but they are thought more highly of if they don't. In order to encourage them the government, when they have passed the age of 50 and have not remarried, confers on them a tablet containing a eulogy of their virtues, which they can stick up over their front door if they like.

The surprise at an amateur concert is the number of good places for stopping which are disregarded by the performers, who keep right on.

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" San Francisco	7:45 p. m.	8:15 a. m.
" Ogden	5:45 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
" Denver	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
" Kansas City	7:25 a. m.	7:25 a. m.
" Chicago	7:15 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
" Los Angeles	1:30 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
" El Paso	6:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
" Fort Worth	6:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
" City of Mexico	9:55 a. m.	9:55 a. m.
" Houston	4:00 a. m.	4:00 a. m.
" New Orleans	6:25 p. m.	6:25 p. m.
" Washington	6:42 a. m.	6:42 a. m.
" New York	12:43 p. m.	12:43 p. m.

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Spokane Flyer 6:00 p m	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8 a. m.
8 p m	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS. All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco—Sails every 5 days	4 p. m.
Daily Ex Sunday 8 p m Saturday 10 p m	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way-Landings.	4 p. m. Ex.Sund'y
7 a. m. Tues. Thur and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, and Way-Landings	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed, and Fri.
6 a. m. Tues. Thur and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis and Way-Landings	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv Riparia 8:35 a. m. Daily	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston.	Lv. Lewiston, daily 9 a. m.
6 a. m. Ex. sund'y	Willamette River.	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sund'y

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