

# WEEK

# THEATRICAL AND DRAMATIC

At Prineville Opera House 5 Nights during Fair Week, commencing Tuesday, Oct. 19. A Splendid Entertainment Company

DIFFERENT PLAY EVERY NIGHT.

VAUDEVILLE BETWEEN ACTS.

PRICES 25c, 50c and 75c

# CO.

## LONDON GAMING DENS

The Way the Police Descend Upon Them in a Raid.

SKILL, CUNNING AND DARING.

Absolute Secrecy is Maintained by the Officials, and the Policemen are Kept in the Dark Until the Last Moment—Getting into the Club.

The police have recently carried out some sensational raids on big gaming clubs, and it may be interesting to learn how these raids are effected. This is how it is done in London: As soon as the detectives' suspicions have been confirmed they apply to the commissioner of police for a warrant to enter the club in the name of the king. Ordinary policemen are not permitted to carry out a raid, but the detectives can call upon them for assistance at the critical moment.

Absolute secrecy is enforced right up to the moment of entry. There is no excitement at the station on that day, and the men on duty have no suspicion of what is in the wind. Plans of the house are drawn and carefully studied by the raiding officers, for the doorkeeper of the club is prepared at the slightest alarm to send a warning to his customers, and every vestige of gambling apparatus will mysteriously disappear and the raid fail. A carefully planned ruse, therefore, has to be evolved which will disarm suspicion.

During the day a body of "reserve" policemen will receive a communication from the station that they will be required to parade at a certain hour, and they meet with no idea of what is expected of them. They are drawn up in line, and after names have been called over they are dismissed from the station one by one, with the injunction to be in the immediate neighborhood of a certain street in a couple of hours and not to get near the spot before the prearranged moment.

The first officer to appear on the scene is the one in charge of the raid. He is always disguised and usually looks like a well-dressed man about town. He passes the club carefully, but it is sufficient for him to learn from a confederate inside that gaming has commenced. A policeman then saunters to the corner of the street and stays there as though he were on "point" duty. Then, not till then, is the information of the precise club to be raided secretly conveyed to the attacking force in his hiding places, while the club, unconscious of its impending fate, pursues its gambling.

The first difficulty to surmount is to get past the doorkeeper. If this is not successfully done the raid will end in failure. Presently the sound of a drunken song is heard in the distance, and two apparently rough-looking men come staggering along. As they near the entrance to the club they begin disputing and soon come to blows. The doorkeeper peeps through the wicket and orders the men away. One of the men rushes at the wicket and challenges the doorkeeper to "come outside like a man" and at the same time shouts out something about the character of the house. The combatants continue fighting, and the officer at the corner comes along and orders them away. The men return, however, to "have it out with the doorkeeper." The noise increases, attracting homeward-bound gentlemen in evening dress, who gather round and urge the men on.

The doorkeeper by this time becomes alarmed, for the rowdy crowd will frighten away his clients. Perhaps just at this moment a member of the club arrives and seeks admission. The door is opened with the utmost caution to admit him. Before he has time to fasten it the two officers hastily secure the member and rush upstairs. The two combatants were disguised policemen and the onlookers detectives. As soon as an entrance into the club has been effected the constable at the corner sounds his whistle, and before the sound has died away the whole neighborhood is alive with police. If the house boasts of a trapdoor on the roof, the flash of lantern will be seen up there, the men having been concealed among the chimney pots since it was dark. The front door is secured, and the police form a guard around the house, so that escape is impossible.

Meantime the scene upstairs is one of the wildest excitement. The gamblers, intent on business, had not noticed the scuffle in the passage, and the first intimation they get of the state of affairs is when the door is thrown open and the officer in charge calls on them to regard themselves as his prisoners. Then they realize their position. The tables are overturned, and card counters and money roll all over the floor as the members endeavor to escape. They make for the street door, but, backed in this direction, hurry to all parts of the house to hide. The crestfallen members of the club are conveyed to the station, each in the custody of two officers. Then the house is searched for the gambling apparatus. Every inch of the place is examined, for gamblers have remarkable contrivances whereby they can hide their apparatus in the event of being raided. Tops of tables are knocked off, flooring taken up and walls searched for secret cupboards. Yards of chalked string are regarded as prizes, and with these and more apparent proofs the case is ready for the magistrate. The evidence is laid before him, and the proprietor and members are charged and the sentence passed of a heavy fine imposed on the prisoners.—London Tit-Bits.

## Miss Jonah.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"There's lots of things in the good book," said Captain Tottle, "that some people think is nothing, but big yarns nowadays, but some of 'em are true today as they was then. Take the Jonah business. There are plenty of Jonahs today. I had one of 'em on the North Star on a trip from Philadelphia to the Mediterranean, only in this case Jonah was a woman. My supercargo came to me first day out and said to me: 'Cap'n, that's a woman aboard as is goin' to bring us bad luck. Her first name's Johanna.'"

"You don't mean to tell me," says I, "that you're goin' to start a superstition like that on this ship?"

"It's started already," says he. "One of the men heard the woman that's with her call her Johanna, and he told every man in the fo'c'st'le."

"We hadn't been out a day before the young woman had bewitched the first and second mate, and if I hadn't held on to myself mighty tight she'd 'a' got away with me. As for the men, they had a deadly fear of her. It was a beautiful, balmey day we sailed, but by night our sails was flappin' in a fog as thick as pudding. Miss Meddercroft—that was Johanna's other name—she come up on deck half an hour before the midnight watch come on, laughin' and jokin' 's if there was somefunny in the situation. News had come just before we sailed that the Arctic had been struck by a vessel in a fog on her way from Liverpool to New York and that nearly everybody aboard had been lost. I see the watch scowlin' at Johanna and ordered her below. She only giggled. I couldn't force her below, and she stayed as long as she wanted."

"That fog never lifted for three days; then it come on to blow great guns out of the northeast. Just when I was most anxious the ship's doctor come to me, and he said under his breath, 'Cap'n, says he, 'I'm afraid we got a case of poison' aboard.' 'Great guns' says I. 'Whose poisoned?' The woman that's travelin' along with that Miss Meddercroft. 'Don't bother me now while we're drivin' luter this gale,' says I. 'How do you know it's poison?' 'I took the stuff out with a stomach pump,' says he. 'It's arsenic.' 'Well, git away from me while I've got all I can do to sail the ship. Is she goin' to die?' 'She's dead,' says he. 'Git away from here,' I says, and he went below."

"The men found out a woman had died aboard and that she was with Miss Meddercroft, or Miss Jonah, as they had got to callin' her. We tipped the corpse over as soon as possible without ceremony on account of the weather. I give out—and I told one of the men that now it was overboard we'd have better luck, so 's he'd spread it. He did, but it didn't do any good. Miss Jonah come up on deck lookin' kind of wild out of her eyes and turnin' up her face and puttin' out her hand. 'Why, it's snowin',' she said, and, sure enough, lookin' on the deck, we saw a few fine specks. In ten minutes there was the worst snowstorm I ever seen. You couldn't make a man in the fo'c'st'le believe but Miss Jonah had drawn that snowstorm down on us. The temperature went away down, and the wind was howlin' at a gale of fifty to seventy knots an hour. Then why do you suppose happened? The fo'c'st'le give way, and we swung around into the trough of the sea."

"I thought we'd roll over sure, but we didn't. We got her before the wind and cut away the mast. When the wind went down someat we put her back in her course."

"Just as soon as we got the ship righted the men come aft in a body and told me they was goin' to pitch Miss Jonah over. I said we was only two days from the Azores, where we was goin' to touch, and I'd put her off there. They grumbled, but agreed to wait."

"The night before we reached the islands it was black as ink. I was on deck, thinkin' about settin' 'd of our Jonah, but there'd be no more poisonin', fogs, snowstorms or howlin' gales, when I felt a shock. The ship slowed up for a moment, then went on. I leaned over the gunwale and saw a black mass slippin' by. I knowed it was a derelict. I called up all hands and went below to look for a hole. I found one, but not so big, but we could get a sail over it, and in this fashion we kept on into Fayal."

"What was my surprise to find Miss Jonah already packed and ready to go ashore. I was mighty glad of it, as I'd expected a hard time puttin' her off. The doctor took her ashore, and she went, smilin' and wavin' her handkerchief at us."

"The doctor never come back. We waited and waited, and hearin' nothin' of him, I concluded to leave him. We went on to Gibraltar for repairs, with clear skies over us and calm waters under us. Not a bit of bad luck did we have after we got rid of Miss Jonah."


"When I got back to Philadelphia I met the doctor one day on Chestnut street. I was mighty surprised when he told me he had married Miss Jonah. She'd started aboard with a woman she didn't know very well, who turned out to be luvvy and poisoned herself on the voyage. The doctor got the girl's confidence, told her of the feeling against her, persuaded her to go ashore without a scene and married her."

"I'd a thought the suicide was the Jonah only the luck didn't leave us when we hoisted her over." HELEN SOPHIE GASHE.

### POULTRY NOTES.

BY C. M. BARNITZ, RIVERSIDE, CA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED



(Copyright, 1909, by C. M. Barnitz. These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.)

### AMERICAN OSTRICH FARMING.

Hats off to the American girl and the American ostrich. As there are no girls equal to Uncle Sam's fair daughters, so there are no ostrich plumes so handsome, broad and graceful as those grown by the 3,000 big birds on Uncle Sam's ranches in California, Arizona, Arkansas and Florida. But American women wear \$2,500,000 worth of imported plumes annually. And this makes their hats an eyecore to the ostrich ranchers, and their slogan has become, "No foreign feathers on American girls' hats."

Now watch the fun and also those hats, for these feather fellows are making the ostrich feathers fly to grow all the feathers to trim all our pretty girls' headgear. But how's it done? Well, listen. When four years ago Mrs. Ostrich gives Mister the wink, and he at once scoops a hole in the sand, and there she lays fifteen three-pound eggs, equal to 540 hens' eggs. The male sits at night, as his black plumage makes him invisible and his superior strength is needed for defense. Now, savage toward man and beast, his roar is so unlike that lion hunters are even deceived. His mate sits by day, as her drab dress resembles the sand and reflects the heat. Often the male is seen at the nest shading the eggs with his beautiful white and black-plumed wings lest they be overheated.

About the forty-second day the parent cracks the egg with her breast bone and lifts the chicks to light. Their wondering eyes fascinate you and you at once love the velvety birds. A foot high at birth, they gain the same every month for six months and often reach eight feet in height and weigh 350 pounds.

Picking begins at six months and continues every eight months thereafter.

Old birds are driven into a tight box stall, with door front and back, and a



THE AMERICAN OSTRICH.

black stocking is drawn down over the head.

As ostriches kick in front, pluckers stand at side and rear and only clip from tail and wings.

While and black male plumes, ninety to pound, are worth \$150. Chick and female feathers not so valuable, the average price for all being \$20.

Chicks, now mostly hatched in incubators, are fed moist bran, cracked wheat, fine alfalfa and grit.

Older birds thrive best on alfalfa, but occasionally swallow gold watches, nursing bottles, lighted pipes, cigars and tin cups without compunction of conscience.

Ostriches are never Ostriched, though they live a century and can trot thirty miles an hour when threecore and ten.

Do they pay? Well, calculate. A fat ostrich weighs 400 pounds, and flesh is prime. It often lays 100 eggs a season for incubation or an omelet for 1,500 people and grows one and a half pounds of feathers, average price \$20. An acre of Arizona alfalfa land worth \$50 supports four ostriches that should at least raise twenty-five a season. Chicks six months are worth \$100; yearlings, \$150; two years, \$200; three years, \$350; four years, \$1,000. Figure for yourself.

### DON'TS.

Don't spend your money on patent poultry medicines. Tell your troubles to a reputable poultryman. His advice will save your money and only costs you a stamp.

Don't fail to keep a breeding chart. You can thus breed your birds in line and raise pedigreed perfects.

Don't forget to study your own wants before disposing of breeders. Keep extras for accidents.

Don't skimp on feed because there are so many mouths to feed. Cull down the stock and have more feed.

Don't have slaked lime around in such quantities that the movement of a chicken's wing will raise a cloud. Breathe it yourself and see how you like it.

FLORENCE NORTON.

## A Blunder.

(Original.)

When I left home for Miss Harmon's school for girls my father lived in Illinois. When I was graduated he had removed to Bankton, N. Y. He gave me the street and number, but he was a lawyer, and lawyers were in those days proverbial for their wretched handwriting, so I found it difficult to make out the address. As near as I could come to deciphering the name of the street it was Lafayette. This was not correct. It was Sabelle street. Leaving the station on my arrival, I took a cab and told the driver to take me to 50 Lafayette street. When I saw the house I was surprised that the father could afford to live in it. I had left a two-story frame cottage in the west to come to a four-story stone front house in the east.

I paid the coachman and, going up the stoop, rang the bell. A maid came to the door whom I had never seen, and I told her to tell mother that I had come from school. She asked me whom she should say had come. I told her "her daughter, of course," and, going into the drawing room, looked about me at the handsome furniture, still wondering how father had been able to purchase it. The maid went upstairs to make the announcement.

I waited quite a long while for her return. When she came down she told me that no one was at home except my mother, who had recently had a cataract removed from one of her eyes and was obliged to remain in a dark room. I was surprised, for I had not been informed of there being anything the matter with her eye, and as the maid said I was to go up to her I ran upstairs and through a room that had been darkened so that one entering my mother's room should not let in any light. The chamber occupied by my mother was so dark that I could scarcely see my hand before my face. I didn't know which way to turn till she called me, and even then I went in the wrong direction till she had done so several times. Then I found her sitting in an easy chair and put my arms around her neck.

"Why, child," she said, "why did you write us that you would come tomorrow? Your brother would have met you at the station."

I was startled. My mother's voice had changed. Could it be that her trouble with her eye had broken her faculties?

"There's some mistake about that, mother dear," I replied. "I wrote that I was coming on Thursday. Thursday and Friday by a bad writer may be made to look alike. Perhaps there's where the error lies."

I was about to speak of her trouble when I heard the door of the ante-room open and shut. Then the door of the room I was in opened, some one hurried in, and a man's voice said: "Where are you, sis?"

"I'm here."

"Ellen told me you'd come, and come a day ahead of time."

My brother Tom, ten years my senior, never called me anything but "sis" and "sassy," but there was something wrong with his voice. I had no time to wonder what had caused the change when I felt myself clasped in two strong arms and his pressed against mine.

"What's become of your beard?" I asked.

"Beard! I never had one. We've been counting on your coming. Mother is shut up for the present, but she'll come out all right. The doctor says she may have the light in one week more. Awful glad to see you—I mean to feel you, ha, ha! Can't see anything in here. Have to rely on the touch." And he gave me another good hug and several kisses. "But come out into the light. I want to see how you've improved. You won't mind, will you, mother?"

"Not if you don't keep her too long." Putting his arm around my waist, he led me out through the ante-room, and, opening the outer door, we stood on the threshold between the room and the hall.

I say we stood there, and so we did. We didn't get any farther, at least not just then. Never were two people more astonished, bewildered. We were entire strangers to each other.

"Great Scott!" was his exclamation. "Heavens!" was mine.

He dropped his arm as if it had been shot, and I quickly drew away.

"How in the name of—"

"I must have got into the wrong"—

"At this point he regained his equilibrium. 'If you're not my sister, you're certainly worthy to be any one's sister. At any rate, I'm happy to make your acquaintance, even by mistake, though I assure you I don't usually on so slight an acquaintance.'"

He paused, and my face flushed crimson.

"Come," he said reassuringly, "tell me how it happened."

I told him my story, and he replied that his own sister, who had been away from home on a long visit, was expected the next day. He insisted that I needed a luncheon and ordered one, and while I was eating it he telephoned for a carriage. When it came he got in with me and began a hunt for me for my home. My father's name was not in the directory, but I told my new found friend that he was an attorney, and, driving to the office of one of the profession, we learned the address. Ten minutes later I was with my own family.

The family into which I had blundered became my intimate friends. The daughter called on me, and the son has been so attentive to me as to write me.

FLORENCE NORTON.

## Selections

FASCINATED BY THE STARS.

Astronomers Never Weary of Studying the Heavens.

Few problems which the astronomer has undertaken to solve possess such a fascination as ascertaining the extent of stellar space. Newcomb estimates the number of stars visible in the most powerful telescopes as more than a hundred millions. They are most abundant near the Milky way and least numerous at the points most remote from that amazing girdle, at what are called the "galactic poles." It is now known that the enormous differences in the brightness of the stars do not furnish a key to their distances from the earth. Big ones a few many thousand times more brilliant than the sun—and little ones are mixed in fairly definite proportions. At least those of the six largest magnitudes are thus distributed. Further investigation is needed to determine whether the rule holds good for the stars which are apparently smaller.

Professor J. C. Kapteyn, a leading English astronomer, lectured a week or two ago in London on the progress made with the study of the distance of the stars. A limit beyond which it will eventually be possible to go, he believes, has not been reached, but he thinks that their arrangement has been approximately determined for an imaginary sphere having a radius of 2,000 "light years." For various reasons it is considered undesirable to employ "miles" in indicating celestial distances. A more convenient term is a phrase representing the length of the journey taken by a ray of light in a year. This is about 65,000 times 93,000,000 miles, or upward of 6,000,000,000,000 miles. The nearest of the fixed stars is three and a half light years away from the sun. If the boundaries of the universe were 2,000 light years distant they would be almost inconceivably remote, but these figures are not accepted by experts as final. Professor Newcomb has expressed the opinion that "nearly all the stars" are within the limit of 3,300 light years. Professor Kapteyn, basing a calculation on the rate at which the fainter stars seem to diminish in number with distance, deems it possible that the universe may have a radius of 30,000 light years! To express this distance in miles one needs to write "18" and add sixteen ciphers.—New York Tribune.

Standing Armies.

The most unilitary nation of the world is the most backward—China. The nations that most neglect their military forces today are those that suffer most from militarism, tyranny and revolutions—the Latin-Americans.

The nation that has most astonished the world by its enormous progress along all lines has been the one that has in recent years turned most of all to military life—Japan.

The European nations that today are making far the greatest strides in industries and the world's progress and commerce is the one that keeps the greatest standing army of the world—Germany.

The nation that through distrust refused to keep a standing army has been wiped out—Poland.—Army and Navy Life.

Madrid's Trying Climate.

Queen Victoria's complaint against the terrible summer heat and equally trying winter cold of Madrid, the Spanish capital, precipitates the question of the advisability of moving the government to Barcelona. Madrid is situated unfavorably from almost any standpoint. The surrounding plateau is treeless, exposing the city to the scorching south winds in summer and the frigid breezes that descend from the snow-covered Sierra Guadarrama in winter. In contrast with this uncomfortable situation Barcelona's equable climate, due in large part to her position on the Mediterranean, appeals strongly to the Spanish love of ease. Barcelona has long been the commercial center of Spain.

"British Unfairness."

One American who got back from the Olympic games recently was with Hayes, the Marathon winner, in a party of Americans the evening following the race. On the subject of "British unfairness" he tells a story Hayes told that night.

"I was just entering the stadium," said Hayes, "and I slowed to a walk, thinking it was all over and I had lost. A policeman stepped up alongside of me, and, touching his hat, said: 'You'd better hurry on, sir. The other chap's fallen down.'"—New York Sun.

To Soar Like an Eagle.

Professor Marcel Deprez in a paper before the Academy of Sciences in Paris announced that he has solved the problem of the stationary hovering in the air of a body perfectly free and heavier than air, thus imitating the power of eagles, vultures and other birds able to remain in the air, ascend and descend without beating their wings.—Popular Mechanics.

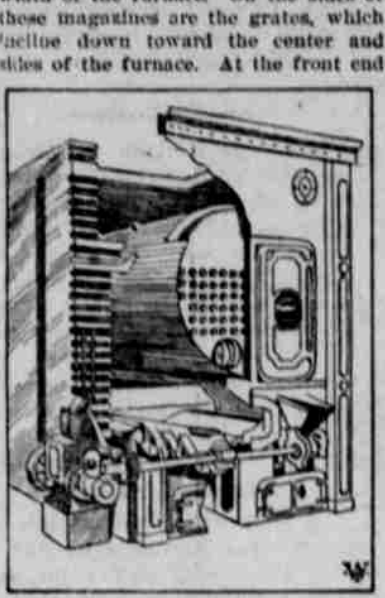
Noisless Dishes.

Up on the Alps a new hotel is advertised as the ideal resort for those who want a complete rest cure. All the plates, dishes, cups and saucers are made of paper mache, so that guests will be spared the clatter of a restaurant, and as the material is so light guests will suffer the least possible fatigue in lifting the cups to their lips.

## THE LUCKETT STOKER.

Operates Automatically and Makes Smokeless Fire.

The Lockett stoker shown in the accompanying cut is very simple in construction, and its operation can be readily understood by any one. In the furnace there are two magazines so placed that each one will take care of half the width of the furnace. On the sides of these magazines are the grates, which incline down toward the center and sides of the furnace. At the front end



AUTOMATIC STOKER.

of each magazine is a hopper to which the coal is fed either by the fireman or by chutes leading from the bottom of coal bins overhead. After the coal is placed in the hoppers it is conveyed into the furnace by what are termed conveyors, the number depending on the depth of furnace. These conveyors oscillate about a shaft and work alternately—that is, while one is moving up the other is moving down.

The conveyors are set so that each succeeding one will take a certain proportion of the coal conveyed to it, leaving the remainder to be pushed to the fire surface. This proportion is constant, no matter how fast or how slow the coal is fed. The portion of the coal in the course of being pushed to the fire surface is gradually heated and ignited and thereby formed into coke. The process, being continuous, heaps up the formed coke above the magazine, which, partly through gravity and partly through the action of the conveyors, falls to the inclining grates on the sides and is gradually worked to the center and sides of the furnace. The continuous oscillating motion of the conveyors gives a breathing motion to the fire bed, keeping it open and free for the circulation of air and doing away with the slice bar.

The principle of feeding the coal continuously into the furnace below and the lifting effect of the conveyors does away with the opening of the furnace doors for firing and sliding of fire. This saves the boiler and furnace from the objectionable rush of cold air and therefore eliminates smoke and destructive gases and maintains a uniform condition in the furnace and boiler.—Engineering Magazine.

HOW LAKES BREATHE.

Failure to Absorb Oxygen Means Death to Fish.

Lack of respiration by inland lakes explains to Professor E. A. Birge many of the failures in stocking with trout and other fish. The lake absorbs air for animal and plant life and exhales nitrogen, carbonic acid and sometimes other gases, but it takes its only full inspiration in autumn, with a less complete one in spring, does not breathe at all in winter and during summer has but very shallow respiration.

When cooled to uniform temperature near freezing the wind turns it over and over, saturating it with 1 per cent by volume of oxygen, twice what the water can hold at summer heat. This store may suffice, life being most inactive in winter, but there is sometimes a shortage of oxygen ere the ice is gone. Another turning is given by winds in spring. It is imperfect, however, for the fast warming surface soon stops circulation of water below, and the oxygen supply is lessened during the warm period of activity and greatest need. Thus it is that the bottom—except in some very deep lakes, where the stock of dissolved oxygen is large—accumulates carbonic acid and products of decay to such an extent as to limit the fish life that can be supported.

An Electric Rat Killer.

An electric rat killer is the latest means designed for slaughtering rodents. Recently it was tried in Triest, France, and it is claimed that it produced good results.

The "killer" is made so that it can be lowered into drains and other infested places. It consists of a shallow tray, with a bottom lined with closely spaced metal points alternately connected to the positive and negative terminals of a high tension electric circuit. The animals are promptly electrocuted as they step on the points in attempting to reach the bait. The apparatus destroys only rats and similar vermin, and it is affirmed that there is no risk to cats and other domestic animals.

Where Ozone Comes From.

The formation of ozone in the air has been traced by Henriet and Bonyssey to ultra violet solar rays at great altitudes. It increases when the carbon dioxide falls below the normal amount and is therefore supposed to be brought from the upper air—where carbon dioxide is lacking—by wind and rain. Some ozone, however, is formed even in lower strata by solar radiation in clear weather. The maximum ozone is present when the wind is west and southwest and the minimum with an east wind.

## Humor

A WASTED JOKE.

He Meant to Worry His Wife, but He Didn't After All.

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pay out well."

"Elucidate."

"You see, she has a habit of hoisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last, she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't, she snags at me until morning."

"A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little way and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said:

"'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window. It's like a bake oven in the room. Get up and see.'"

"So I got up, went to the window and threw the ash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then flung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke:

"'Poor old Jim!' she quietly said. 'He's tumbled out of the window in his ragged old nightgirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him this morning!' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"'Stood there shivering for a minute or two and then sneaked into bed.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Flap Trim.

"I see Mr. Hinkins is back from New York," drawled the old postmaster at Bacon Ridge. "How does he feel?"

"In fine trim," responded the village loafer.

"In fine trim, eh?"

"Yes. While he was in that town he had his nails trimmed, his hair trimmed, his whiskers trimmed, and before he could get away he had his pockets trimmed. He says New York is a blamed trim town."—Detroit Tribune.

Airy Perillage.

Mrs. Cuppote—How could a woman ever bring herself to marry an aeronaut? He's so flighty.

Mrs. Wappner—Yes, and too often he lacks ballast.

Mrs. Marmalade—Then, too, he looks down on ordinary people.

Mrs. Chillon-Kearney—And again he moves in the higher circles, and you don't.—Chicago Tribune.

To the Limit.

Women had decided to wear even larger hats.

"Not impracticable at all," they explained. "The center doors of the new cars are twice as wide as in the old ones."

Men wondered, but were helpless.—Philadelphia Ledger.

About the Size of It.

"Anyway," said her husband's wife, "you can't accuse me of prolonging arguments."

"That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband. "You merely set your foot down on it, and that covers the entire ground."—Chicago News.

Accurate Enough.

"I want a perfectly accurate thermometer," said the suburbanite.

"Here's one that will just suit," said the dealer. "It guarantees that it will go higher in summer and lower in winter than any other in the neighborhood."—Pittsburg Post.

Golf More Important.

"Will you come round again tomorrow?"