

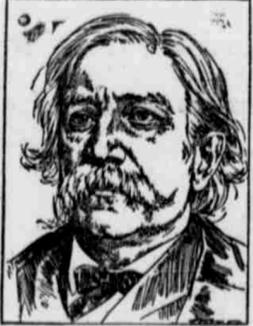
## LATE CHIEF JUSTICE

Melville W. Fuller Possessed Great Administrative Ability.

First to Stop Phonetic Spelling—Bad Land Titles in the District of Columbia Probed by Committee.

Washington.—The late chief justice of the Supreme court, Melville W. Fuller of Illinois, was regarded in Washington as an ideal man for presiding officer of that august bench. He attained his high position in spite of the fact that when President Cleveland appointed him he was only a practicing lawyer of no great national reputation and had never held a judicial office. The skepticism which met his appointment was almost as universal as is now the judgment that Mr. Fuller ranked with his illustrious predecessors as a practical and hard-working man.

Originally holding to legal tenets which grew to be out of touch with



Melville W. Fuller.

modern thought, the late chief justice well illustrated the purpose of the bench by listening to the reasonable arguments of lawyers better than at the outset than he, and before the end of his judicial career was found in the Supreme court record reversing the applied principles of law which he brought with him to Washington. By many astute lawyers this is regarded as one of the most striking examples of the largeness of the judicial mind of the late chief justice.

Combined with these judicial functions great administrative ability is required of the chief justice of the Supreme court. This quality Chief Justice Fuller possessed in great degree. Few, if any, complaints have ever been made during his administration as presiding officer of the court that the wheels of justice of the highest tribunal of the land were turning too slowly or unevenly. Behind the outward manifestation of the courtly gentleman and his mild-mannered voice, which in recent years has been almost inaudible to those seated on the edge of the court room, was a tremendous force of character and a keen sense of justice and a capability for hard and persistent work wholly out of proportion with his years.

Justice Fuller never pretended to voice the opinions of any one but himself and had no liking for the limelight. His position in Washington made it possible for him to fix his social status where he wished. He had no liking whatever for anything smacking of ostentatious display. On and off the bench he was the personification of a sense of humor which he possessed in abundance. He employed quietly and with effect. The subjects of his conversation were full of substance, scholarly and profound and rich in wisdom.

It was Justice Fuller who practically settled the fate of the Roosevelt propaganda for phonetic spelling. At the time when congress was daily receiving messages from the White House spelled in the new form of orthography and when the house of representatives was trying to nerve itself to the pain of the phonetic spelling, Justice Fuller quietly quashed its use in the Supreme court. At that time the government printing office, under orders from President Roosevelt, was printing all documents for the executive departments, including the department of justice, in phonetic spelling. This included briefs which were submitted to the Supreme court. In a land case presented to the court Solicitor General Henry M. Hoyt offered one of these briefs. In declining through it to the chief justice Fuller replied a quotation from an opinion rendered by former Associate Justice Bradley, in which the word "through" was spelled "thru."

"Did I understand you to say that this purports to be a literal quotation from the opinion of Justice Bradley?" inquired the chief justice.

It was not necessary for him to say more. Mr. Hoyt realized from this inquiry that phonetic spelling would not be tolerated by the Supreme court, and that serious blunder had been made in changing the spelling used by a former member of that court. He promptly and quietly informed the court that there would be no repetition of the offense. That ended phonetic spelling in the third co-ordinate branch of the government, and shortly thereafter congress itself limited its use to correspondence between the executive departments.

With other members of the court, Justice Fuller had an abhorrence for those who used money as a vehicle for making money on the stock market. Nothing was ever said on the subject in open court, but every obstacle was put in the way of such persons when opportunity offered. When the Consolidated Gas case from New York was decided it was an open secret that a lawyer who had a telephone connection with a stock broker had made a good round sum of money out of it. When the company later petitioned for a rehearing before the court, the lawyer again was on hand prepared if possible to duplicate his former winning. He waited all day for the expected announcement, but it was not until he gave up his quest

that he found that the decision had been given to the chief clerk of the court by Justice Fuller early in the day, and he in turn had quietly informed the newspaper men.

## PROBE BAD LANDS TITLES.

A report recently made to congress by a commission appointed to examine land titles in the District of Columbia disclosed that many lots of land occupied by modern business houses and residences in the national capital are still owned by the government, notwithstanding the clear title to the property. For example, the Washington Gaslight company occupies a whole square on Twenty-eighth street, which is claimed by the government. A paving company occupies a large tract of land near Rock creek to which the government lays claim. A triangular piece of land, now occupied by many residences, is according to the report, the property of the government.

This question of land titles in the national capital is not a new one. Two years ago congress created a commission to study it. The commission consisted of the attorney general, the secretary of war, Senator Scott of West Virginia, Representative Bartholdt of Missouri, and one of the district commissioners. The report reveals a horrible land tangle, which the courts will probably never be able to straighten out. The tangle is the outcome of the wild speculation in real estate that took place for a good many years after the capital was laid out.

The story, according to the lawyers who have conducted the investigation, is one of romance and disaster. James Greenleaf of Massachusetts, from whose family the poet Whittier took his middle name, was according to the story, laid before congress, the first and greatest of the three land operators whose names figure most in the early deeds. Greenleaf made the first contract to buy of the commissioners who distributed the parcels of land in possession of the United States. He was joined later by Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, and by John Nicholson. All three before their death were in jail for debts growing out of their ventures in Washington land. What Morris made through his financial transactions during the dark days of the revolution he lost in Washington lands.

Private lands were acquired in Washington in the early days by a very simple process. The territory "not exceeding" ten miles square was ceded to the United States government by Maryland and Virginia and placed under the authority of three commissioners, appointed by the president. They or any two of them were required, under the direction of the

president, to survey and by proper metes and bounds define and limit a district of territory, and the territory so defined was established as a permanent seat of the government of the United States. Power was given the commissioners to purchase or accept land on the eastern side of the Potomac, for the use of the United States, and the commissioners were further required to provide suitable buildings for the accommodation of congress, the president and public officers of the government of the United States. It was to raise money to erect the public buildings that the government planned to sell its land to private parties.

The report to congress relates that President Washington met with the original proprietors in Georgetown, March 29, 1791. As a result of this conference, an agreement was entered into which resulted in certain deeds of trust, under which the proprietors of the land conveyed their holdings in trust to Thomas Beall, son of George Beall, and John MacKall Gantt. In consideration of the sum of five shillings and the various trusts, each of the proprietors conveyed his land to be laid out into streets, squares, parcels and lots as the president might approve for the purpose of the federal city. For the residue, the various parcels were to be fairly divided, one-half to go to the original proprietors of the land and the other half to the United States.

**Healthy Los Angeles.**  
Los Angeles, as all the world knows, is one of the most healthy, as well as one of the most beautiful, places on earth. Apropos of the healthfulness of Los Angeles, Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, recently said:  
"The town has, for its population, an unprecedented number of octogenarians. The other day a hale but very aged couple boarded a Los Angeles river steamer."  
"Going to do a little traveling?" said the purser of the boat.  
"Well, no; not exactly," said the old man. "My wife and I, you see, have had about our share of life. I'm a hundred and eleven and my wife here is a hundred and six, and we're going down to San Francisco to die. You can't die in Los Angeles."

**Old Grand Canal of China.**  
In these days when every eye is marveled at the huge figures sent out from Panama people appear to have forgotten the old grand canal of China, which was dug way back in the dark ages and has never yet been rivaled for length. It is 450 miles long and is used constantly.



PARIS.—Dresses for the Grande Guizaine, dresses for our fittings, for seaside or Casino. Dress for anything and everything is the order of the day!

Madame la Parisienne is at the zenith of her "Pievre de Toilette," and she is up betimes to rush off to her tailor for the smart little costume which can no longer be called a "trout-tail," considering that we can hardly walk in it, and to her couturier for those flower petal gaudy frocks in which she realizes all the charm of her fragile personality!

As to the heads of the great houses, they are now rushing off for a brief holiday before that terrible period of "creation" which they subject themselves to during August and part of September.

It is in the silence and mystery of those closed doors that the new fashions are devised—the Paris fashions to whose tune the world must dance—for centuries have gone to create the artists in dress whom Paris alone can boast of possessing.

The exhibition of Brussels and the coming exhibition of Buenos Ayres set many of the grandes maisons into a fever of anxiety.

Paquin's exhibition in Brussels is a marvel whose artistic beauty is due

to the fertile brain of the genius who presides over the great house that bears her name.

I have spoken to Mme. Paquin, whose unseen presence is felt through every fiber of the firm's gigantic operations. To her is due the adorable mise-en-scene that gives such relief to the exhibition where familiar life-like scenes have the haunting charm of reality.

The lingerie of this house is far famed, for it surpasses in beauty and artistic merit all that can be imagined—the empire nightgowns are so embellished with lace and embroidery that not one inch of the linen ground-work can be seen.

Mme. Paquin is really an artist in every sense of the word. She has a wonderful eye for scenic effects, as well as being gifted with a sense of detail which renders her creations quite perfect.

The "Lever de Madame" at the Brussels exhibition shows how lingerie can be glorified. The dainty nightgowns and saut du lit are most fascinating and much encrusted with lace.

It is marvelous how natural wax women can be made to look, and the life size dolls are almost as natural as creatures of flesh and blood.

The wonderful "scenario" at the Brussels exhibition, with its background of golden yellow and its pink shades, is all Mme. Paquin's own design.

I saw some dainty new trifles at Paquin's in the guise of cache corsets made entirely of lace and Soutiens gorges so dainty and light that they are a luxury for summer wear, as they take the place of corsets.

Nightgowns are ideally pretty with this empire bodices frothed with tiny valenciennes lace, while the saut du lit and the peignoirs mark the transitions and transformations of the

with white will accompany white waists for the morning. Of these the girls can simply not get enough. One of the triggiest fixings for a shirtwaist is the Forlan trimmed silk ascot or bow. The Forlan is put on in any sort of a novel way—a slanting piece at the knot and another in one end, or the knot is all Forlan and the ends are tipped with the same silk. There is no end to the schemes to which the style lends itself, but the combination of plain and figured silk is excellent.

**Children's Rompers.**  
A new idea in children's rompers is a circular cut designed more especially for small girls' play, because the fullness created by the circular suggests a skirt.

It is made from pink and white or blue and white checked gingham. The sleeves are elbow length, taken into hand cuffs, and the garment is prettily trimmed with narrow folds of white piping. Rompers may now be bought for babies of one or two years of age. The material is checked gingham, made with a square-cut neck and short puff sleeves.

**Feminine Trifles of Dress.**  
The clerical collars—the ones buttoning at the back—with shaped turn-overs embroidered in white with a touch of color are among the popular trifles. Colored collars embroidered

petted children of luxury, for one must be rich to indulge in such costly cobwebs of lace and linen!

We are reminded of England's mourning by many of the gowns seen at Paquin's, where the pretty "mannequins" parade the lofty flower laden rooms in the Rue de la Prie.

One exquisite model I noted was of gray—the faintest silver gray silk velvet with a silver embroidered skirt of filmy black tulle, over which was a curiously eastern looking second skirt which only reached either side of the skirt so that the dress moved like a Nautch girl's skirt with every gesture and pose of the wearer, forming a poetry of motion not easy to describe! The bodice veiled and unveiled in turn was a poem of glittering silk veiled in a veil of black tulle. Delightful, too, was a little frocklet of black, the skirt showing a veiled hem of white silk, what the upper part of the bodice lighted into the grayness of black and white.

For the country there were fascinating frocks of white pique with narrow skirts to which a detached front and back panel gave wonderful grace. The coatlet had most incongruous loose revers of black satin, faced half way with cherry color or Chinese blue velvet, and blouse of supple silk muslin in the most distinctive hues looked as if they could be folded into a nutshell. What renders an ordinary sized trunk will be made to contain his season!

We have grown weary of the broderie anglaise sunshades. They were hard and ungraceful at best; far more charming are the tiny marquis sunshades, absolutely useless in themselves, but decorative in the extreme, as they give scope for such pretty poses and attitudes!

There is very little to tell of in hats. We have taken a frantic fancy for sweet peas, which climb over our straw shades in superb and expensive profusion, for the best of us are growing caddish, and we look to what costs money more than to things beautiful in themselves.

Gigantic poppies with drooping heads, two of which are sufficiently ample to trim a hat, are the latest development of the blooms of the Garden of Sleep.

Fruit is showing on some of the hats—impossible fruit, of course, apples the size of plums, and cherries of the same "quality," and all the gamut of weeping plumes, and distracted gretties that represent the power of gold!

The latest summer dresses of floral silk or soft pongee have quaint narrow skirts tied in at one side and trimmed with a deep band of glace insertion. The bodice forms a high draped corselet, and the yoke and sleeves cut in kimono are entirely of lace. This is a simple and girlish make of dress. The chiffon and lace wraps are most poetical.

A dainty and serviceable frock is the one stitched for our readers to-day. It is of blue green taffeta shot with black, the sides very lightly embroidered in black silk soutache with a suspicion of dull gold. It has a very deep sailor collar fashioned from wide black satin ribbon, with narrow inside collar of cream. The soft silk jabot is of ochre lace. The sash and sash ends are of black satin ribbon with tasseled ends. The sleeves have deep revers ornamented with gold bunched. The hat is of black varnished straw lined with blue-green straw and trimmed with shaded blue feathers.

**Spider on the Face Veil.**  
Latest Freakish Novelty for Woman's Adornment Which Has Been Offered by Paris.  
The spider beauty spot veil is the latest novelty offered to women. Of course it originated in Paris. It is a copy of a spider in black chenille and is posed outside the veil. It is almost an inch and a half in diameter. The veil is worked in imitation of a spider's web.  
The veils which have been popular this season so far have been disgusting enough with their leaves, insects, birds, acropalms and scarlike conventional patterns as part of the mesh, but they all sink into insignificance beside the web veil with its spider adornment.

## GIRLS PENNED IN CAR

TWO TOTS PRISONERS, HUNGRY AND THIRSTY 72 HOURS.

Ride From Buffalo to Hoboken Where Searching Railroad Officials Find Them Unconscious—Victims of Boys' Prank.

New York.—Two small girls who were penned in a pitch dark refrigerator car by boys whose sense of humor was abnormal were found lying in the car when it reached Hoboken from Buffalo.

They were not able to walk. It was some time before they could speak. They had been seventy-two hours without food or drink or sufficient air. That they were alive at all was a thing to wonder at.

Mary Mori is 10 and Nelise De Foko is 8. Both girls live at 21 Indiana street, Buffalo. The two girls used every day to run around the Lackawanna freight yards in Buffalo.

Boys of their age and older hung around the freight yard. One morning a couple of these boys shouted out to the girls: "Hey! There's bananas in that car. Want some bananas? Back in that car you'll find some. G'wan in."

It was an empty refrigerator car to which the boys pointed. The two girls clambered into it and began poking over the floor. They heard the heavy door bang and found themselves in blackness. They rushed for the door and pounded on it. They could hear the boys outside laughing in derision.

The boys made no attempt to open the car door and the girls got frightened. They screamed a little and kicked with their bare feet. Pretty soon they heard the voices of the boys and knew them to be trying to open the door. The door never budged. A little longer the two girls kicked and beat upon the door. Then Mary Mori heard Nelise fall upon the floor of the car and begin to sob.

They heard an engine puffing louder every second. Bang, Mary was bumped to the floor. There was an interval of several minutes. Then the engine chugged, the car gave a jerk and in the darkness they knew themselves to be moving. They were moving rapidly now. Mary coaxed Nelise up into a corner. They sat there and sobbed as the train sped.

After a long time they felt hollow and hungry. Mary and Nelise explored the floor of the car. They found nothing at all. The two girls found they were to be without food or water. Besides, it was so hot and stifling they found it a labor to breathe, and moving about was exhausting. They lay perfectly still, therefore, and in time the first faintness of hunger left them.

But it was intolerably hot, and their thirst grew. It was night now. The beam of light was gone. Yet neither girl slept. The roar of the train was loud and steady. Great tears rolled down their cheeks.

During the first night Mary made a useful discovery: the only relief they hit upon the whole journey. She imparted it at once to Nelise. You take your thumb and catch the tears on it. Then you sip the tears. They are salt and inadequate, but they cool the mouth. In experimenting with this discovery they passed the rest of the night.

At length the beam of light appeared, red and pleasurable. All that day the two lay on the floor of the car, jostled each minute and turning from side to side. Then night came on. It is possible the girls slept fitfully, though they could not recollect having done so. The second morning found them a little weaker. They no longer snore to each other in one syllable words. Nelise tried to repeat a prayer. She repeated "Ave Maria" to herself several times.

Then came sight and as the beam of light faded, Mary's consciousness faded, too, and Nelise, who could cry no more, lapsed into unconsciousness.

But when the two girls didn't come home the first night their parents had gone anxiously to the police. Some were found who had seen the children in the freight yard. F. H. C. Schoette, chief special agent of the Lackawanna, thereupon telegraphed Chief Healy of the Lackawanna special police in Hoboken to peer instantly into every empty that reached Hoboken. For two days not an empty car reached Hoboken without being examined in a hurry.

On the third when a string of twenty-five empty cars came rolling in Yardmaster Dutton, who happened to be moving about the yard, pounced on refrigerator car No. 6988 and pried open the door. He jumped inside. There in the corner he found the two barefooted girls black with dirt. Nelise was unconscious.

It took the doctor two hours to bring both girls to.

**Unworthy of Mention.**  
She—And you have no relatives?  
He—None to speak of. Not one of them owns an automobile.

**Dog Bites Off Boy's Tongue.**  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Feeding his pet dog in a novel way, allowing the animal to take bits of food from his mouth, Francis Zorzo, six years old, of 438 Wharton street, lost the tip of his tongue. The dog clipped off a bite in taking the food. The boy was taken to Mt. Sinai hospital, but is not seriously hurt.

**Pussy's Rival.**  
Figs—It's singular how those old writers live on and on. I can understand it in Plutarch's case.  
Fog—Why Plutarch, especially?  
Figs—His lives outnumber those of a cat.

**Defined.**  
Lawyer—Were the letters in the case surreptitious?  
Witness—No, sir; they were typewritten.

**Too Bad About Johnny.**  
"Johnny's dental bill," sighed Mrs. Lapelling, "is something frightful. He has more gregarious teeth in his head than any boy I ever saw."

## RAPID MARKET FOR POULTRY

Quicker Bird Can Be Brought to Marketable Size, Greater Profit and Fewer Losses.

I always push my young stock along as rapidly as possible until marketed, or until brought to maturity, says a writer in the Baltimore American. This it pays to do, even when I must buy feed and at a high price. The quicker a bird can be brought to marketable size or to the productive stage the greater the profit, to say nothing of quicker returns and shortened risk. Rapid growth is always cheapest and quick returns most satisfactory. There are always fewer losses in a flock kept growing vigorously than in one allowed to drag, and a shorter period in which chicks are a possible prey to hawks, rats and other enemies.

My young stock is never stinted. After it is removed from the brooder I continue to feed regularly and as generously as I can. Feed for a considerable time consists largely of coarsely ground grains or fresh, sweet milk. For this I like corn and wheat principally at first. Later I add other grains, often omitting the wheat or feeding it whole by itself. Rye, although chicks will not eat it whole, is excellent cracked with other grains. Barley, also, is in small quantities, is good. As chicks become larger whole grains are gradually substituted for cracked. Rye, if fed whole, is cooked. In this shape chicks are greedy for it, and it furnishes excellent food. All summer I like to feed a little soft food now and then, either ground feed, shorts or bran, wet with milk or warm water. Grit I keep constantly before my flock, also pure water.

**GREAT VALUE OF DAIRY SIRE**  
Important That Calf Should Have Good Parentage on Both Sides—Pure Breed Are Costly.

(By R. B. Roe.)  
Raising the heifer calves of good, high-producing cows, is a great fundamental requisite for the best and easiest improvement of a dairy herd.

But those calves will take their qualities from both parents, and it is equally important that each calf should have good parentage on the male side. But an inspection of many dairy herds will show that comparatively little attention is paid to the quality of the sire.

I have too often seen herds in which the heifer calves were raised for future cows, but in which the bulls used were miserable little scrubs, and weaklings, obtained by simply saving a grade calf from the herd.

And of many other sires, fairly good as individuals, nothing is known of the actual milk production of their female ancestors.

There are as I view it two principal reasons for this. One is that under the custom of selling the calves for veal it does not make much difference about their breeding. But as this custom must be changed by successful dairymen and the best heifer calves raised for cows, it becomes necessary to provide good sires.

But another great reason is that the pure-bred sire costs more money. Underlying both these is the fundamental reason that many dairymen do not yet realize the wonderful improvement that can be wrought by a good head of the herd.

**Good Fly Remedy.**  
The following is recommended as a good home-made fly remedy: Resin, 1 1/2 pounds; laundry soap, two cakes; fish oil, half pint; enough water to make three gallons. Dissolve the resin in a solution of soap and water by heating, add the fish oil and the rest of the water. Apply with a brush. If to be used as a spray, add a half pint of kerosene. This mixture will cost seven or eight cents per gallon and may be used on cows or calves. One-half pint of this mixture is considered enough for one application for a cow; a calf, of course, would require considerably less. Two or three applications a week will be sufficient until the outer ends of the hair become coated with resin. After that, retouch those parts where resin has rubbed off.

**Spray Your Trees.**  
Spray your trees, fruit or no fruit. It will take grit, grace and greenbacks to spray a fruit tree without the fruits to sight. It's the next crop or fruits that should interest you now. Be hopeful, be faithful, be timely. If you wish to be a successful orchardist, the apple crop will be a short one in 1919 and not so evenly distributed as in 1909. Look for optimistic reports from the fellows who have axes to grind.

**Bull Thistles.**  
Bull thistles, common in pastures, cannot always be killed by mowing. Mowing tends to prevent maturity of seed. Cutting off the thistles just below the surface of the ground, two or three times a year, will effectually eradicate them.

**Feather Eating.**  
Lice sometimes cause feather eating. The hen in attempting to eat herself of the annoyance caused by the irritating presence of the lice, picks at the base of the feathers, occasionally pulls one out, and finding it succulent, continues till she becomes a confirmed feather eater.

**What She Wanted.**  
"My wife," sighed the weak-mouthed, give-up-all-hope-looking man, "was not satisfied with having the minister omit the 'obey' clause when we were married."  
"What more did she want?" queried the individual with the in-curve nose.  
"She wanted the clause inserted in my response," murmured the other speaker, in a tone that proved his wife had not been disappointed.

**Natural Deduction.**  
Jack—Miss DePlayne evidently has a fine sense of humor.  
Tom—Why do you think so?  
Jack—I caught her in the act of smiling at herself in a mirror this morning.

**Dark and Threatening.**  
Two negro teams, which were made up of negro players, exhibited a great contest of the national game under a large crowd on the open lots at Twelfth and Porter streets, says the Philadelphia Times. The score stood 2 to 2 in the eighth inning. Two men were on bases, two players out, when the pitcher of one of the teams walked the ball to midcenter. He sprinted around the bases as if in pursuit of a dozen chickens. The center fielder of the opposing team shot the ball with terrific speed toward the fourth station, and as the runner was about to cross the plate the catcher touched him with the horsehide. The negro umpire shouted at the top of his voice: "De runner an safe," and as the word "safe" died away the many spectators began to crowd around the umpire. "What's dat?" shouted one. "You done be bilin'," yelled another, and a few other remarks followed. The man argued for a while, and when the entire mob was crowded around him the umpire's voice rang out in loud tones: "Game called on account of darkness!"

**A Real Easy Boss.**  
"Well, whatya y' think?" exclaimed the new stenographer, looking dazed.  
"What's the matter?"  
"Well, you see, I was out to a dance last night and stayed late. Of course I am horribly tired this morning, and I almost went to sleep over the dictation. I was terribly afraid the boss would notice it, and so he did. When he asked me what was the matter I was so scared that I told him the truth, and then I just knew I would be fired, but whatya y' think? He said, 'Well, just write half a dozen of the most important letters and then go home and take a nap.' I thought he was joking or that it was a new way of firing me, but he said he was in earnest; that he had been young once and that he thought I'd do better work the next day if I had a chance to rest up. You bet I will. But I never heard of a boss like him."

**Complaints at Postoffice Window.**  
The patient clerks at the complaint window in the postoffice have some queer experiences, says the Kansas City Star. Uncle Sam in his benevolent way has given them one weapon of defense, the complaint blank. The wisk clerk is polite and asks that the blank containing the grievance and other data for the postal inspectors be filled out. The writing of the complaint usually cools off the anger of the complainant. Not so was the experience of one of the clerks in the Federal building the other day.  
"I've been waiting for a package of medicine I know was mailed to me a week ago," said a woman who appeared at the window.  
"Too bad," said the suave clerk. "Please fill out this blank and tell in full the nature of your complaint."  
"Well, if you must know it's billiousness," was the woman's reply.

**Wouldn't Do.**  
Visitor—And you always did your darning robberies single-handed? Why didn't you have a pal?  
Prisoner—Well, sir, I was afraid he might turn out to be dishonest—Cleveland Leader.

**Both Busy.**  
"We were sweethearts once. I have always intended to marry that girl."  
"And why haven't you?"  
"Well, so far, we have never happened to be unmarried simultaneously."

## EARLY USE OF INK

FINE HAIR BRUSH FIRST METHOD OF APPLICATION.

Still in Use by Chinamen—The Day of the Quill—Steps That Marked Gradual Development of Steel Pen.

If you would like to witness the very oldest method of writing with fluid, you may do so by calling at the laundry. Nine-tenths of all the Chinese laundrymen in this country still mark up their accounts and keep all their books with a fine hair brush. While this is the oldest method of applying ink, the first writing was really done in stone with some sharp instrument. When we consider this primitive way of putting out thoughts and the general happenings of the day into written form, it is not surprising that so much of the history left us by our historic ancestors is incomplete. The rapidity with which we use our writing facilities of this day will mean much to future generations who may seek to know of us.

The longest step from antiquity to the modern was taken when the quality of the quill was improved. The quills were afterward hardened in a solution made for the purpose and hung up to dry until they were sufficiently brittle to admit of the silt being made for the pen. Sometimes a pocket-knife was used, and again a small penknife was used for this purpose.

About 85 years ago steel pens began to take the place of the quills. They had been invented a number of years before, but one improvement after another was found necessary before they could be brought into general use. At first the holder and pens were made all in one piece, but this, of course, made it necessary to throw away the holder every time the pen wore out. A pen without the holder that we today pay a penny for, cost as high as 50 cents in those days. And yet there is much more care and attention to the small details in the pen we use today than there was in the 50-cent ones of the early days of the industry.—American Boy.

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"Well, whatya y' think?" exclaimed the new stenographer, looking dazed.  
"What's the matter?"  
"Well, you see, I was out to a dance last night and stayed late. Of course I am horribly tired this morning, and I almost went to sleep over the dictation. I was terribly afraid the boss would notice it, and so he did. When he asked me what was the matter I was so scared that I told him the truth, and then I just knew I would be fired, but whatya y' think? He said, 'Well, just write half a dozen of the most important letters and then go home and take a nap.' I thought he was joking or that it was a new way of firing me, but he said he was in earnest; that he had been young once and that he thought I'd do better work the next day if I had a chance to rest up. You bet I will. But I never heard of a boss like him."

**Complaints at Postoffice Window.**  
The patient clerks at the complaint window in the postoffice have some queer experiences, says the Kansas City Star. Uncle Sam in his benevolent way has given them one weapon of defense, the complaint blank. The wisk clerk is polite and asks that the blank containing the grievance and other data for the postal inspectors be filled out. The writing of the complaint usually cools off the anger of the complainant. Not so was the experience of one of the clerks in the Federal building the other day.  
"I've been waiting for a package of medicine I know was mailed to me a week ago," said a woman who appeared at the window.  
"Too bad," said the suave clerk. "Please fill out this blank and tell in full the nature of your complaint."  
"Well, if you must know it's billiousness," was the woman's reply.

**Wouldn't Do.**  
Visitor—And you always did your darning robberies single-handed? Why didn't you have a pal?  
Prisoner—Well, sir, I was afraid he might turn out to be dishonest—Cleveland Leader.

**Both Busy.**  
"We were sweethearts once. I have always intended to marry that girl."  
"And why haven't you?"  
"Well, so far, we have never happened to be unmarried simultaneously."