

What Becomes of Waitresses?



Most of Them Get Married and Quit

Do you know that pretty little waitress who brings you "ham and eggs"? Have you ever spoken to her or paused to wonder in exactly what niche in the city's working class she fits?

She isn't a servant, and she is unorganized, and she hasn't as yet reached the dignity of being a part of the labor problem.

When you see her bustling about on a warm day, hopping from one customer to another, and giving weird exhibitions of the balancing act, you are inclined to feel sorry for her. Your humanitarianism goes on rampage again and you talk corporations and Socialism.

You're really wasting your breath. The pretty little waitress gets along, as a general rule, far better than do the girls in the department stores, the telephone operators and many stenographers. If you think she is inclined to lose caste by waiting on tables, that is her business, and your fault. And if you've got nerve enough to tell her so, you'll obtain the classic retort of "I should worry."

Majority Live at Home.
The great majority of the girls live at home with their families, and so do not have to support themselves. Many have come from the country and are living with relatives. All of them have fair education; usually of the public school sort. And most of them—although there are instances of girls remaining with one firm for 18 years and more—lay the groundwork for domesticity, and finally become good wives and happy mothers.

Some of them are called "half-time" girls; they work five hours a day, and receive \$5 a week, but they also receive two meals a day, which means a good deal. Then there are the eight-hour girls who receive \$8 a week and three meals daily. Disgracefully small wages you say? Wait a minute. The great majority of the girls in the city take in \$10 a week in tips. Figure it for yourself between 75 and 100 customers a day, and tips ranging from 5 cents up.

Good Working Conditions.
Of course, in some of the isolated restaurants, conditions are not nearly as large, but since consolidation of restaurants has been the result of the keen competition, conditions are reaching pretty much the level already stated. Aside from the question of salary, the working conditions are really excellent; even the Government reports about it.

In the restaurants of one big firm there is a large room in which each

of the girls has her separate locker. There are plenty of washstands and a bathroom in which the girls can take a "tub" if they wish. Considering that they really do make considerable money, that conditions are pleasant, and that the rush hours are few and far between, it isn't to be wondered at that the supply of waitresses is as great as it is.

"I have been working here for 11 years," said a head waitress of a big restaurant, "and I've always liked the work and found it paid very well. We do better here than we would in department stores. A young girl here can make a lot of money, and it comes in handy. She has her evenings free, and she can have all the fun she wants then. As a rule most of the girls who leave do so because they are going to get married, and lots of the girls who have left us have married very well."

"Of course, \$8 a week isn't much, especially when you have to support yourself, and there are lots of widows working here who have to support their children. But they make much more on tips. I've taken in \$30 a week in tips very often, and that is a lot of money. I guess, and that is \$10 would be a safe average."

Just then there was a crash of falling and breaking dishes. "That's another thing. Not a girl in any of our restaurants is charged a penny for breakage. They are just told to be careful, and if they show that they aren't, but just keep on breaking dishes, they are discharged. All around that is perfectly fair. They are not charged for their aprons either, and so they have no expenses at all. All they have to spend is money for their clothes, and most of them don't pay rent, because they live at home. They get good, hearty meals here for nothing."

"The chance of promotion have the girls?" she was asked.

"Well," she replied, "they have the

chance of becoming head waitresses. That's about as high as they can go. But most of them are looking forward to getting married, so they don't care so much about being promoted."

The pretty little waitress punched the check and laid it on the table. She had been working there for three years, ever since she was 15. She had not been a bit discontented either.

Fun to Wait on Tables.
"Oh, no," said she, "I couldn't have made so much money anywhere else. And then it's lots of fun waiting on the tables, because you see so many different people and hear so many different things. I hardly ever get very tired. And every body treats us very well. But there is one thing I don't like. What am I going to do? Well, don't tell anyone, will you, but I'm going to leave as soon as my fellow gets a raise. And he's going to get that next month. Sure! Then I'll wait on him. Get tired of it? Say, quitter kidding!"

"They don't have to work very hard," said the manager of a big eating place where girls are employed. "They get good salaries, although we discourage the giving of tips, and they work in clean and pleasant surroundings. Many of the girls have been with us for years, and if they didn't like it they surely would not have remained. As a matter of fact, the restaurants give places for the great number that apply for jobs."

"Most of the girls get married after a while, though, and that is how we lose them. But there are always others ready to step in and I guess there always will be."

All of the foregoing may sound optimistic, but there is no use looking at the reverse side of the shield too intently, especially since there is a reverse side to everything. And though in many of the restaurants the girls may work many hours more for smaller

Fox Farming Road to Riches

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This kind of farming, however, is attended with a good many difficulties, chief among which is the shyness of the animals. They have to be kept in pens far away from any human habitation, preferably amid dense woods, and no man other than their keeper can be permitted to go near them. Even he, though he feeds them daily, must take every precaution to avoid frightening them, and it is desirable that he shall not adopt any change of costume that would strike them as novel and therefore alarming.

It is because of their extreme shyness that foxes are never known to produce young in zoological gardens. The mother fox, even under such conditions of captivity as are here described, will, if disturbed in any way, imperil the lives of her offspring by carrying them about in her mouth, or kicking them up from one place and putting them down in another until they succumb to exposure and too much handling. It will be understood, therefore, that it is necessary to exclude the pens in unfrequented woods, maintaining a continual watch to prevent the approach of possible intruders, man or wild beast. The kennels used for housing the animals on Prince Edward Island are little houses big enough to accommodate four pairs of the foxes in as many separate compartments—each of the latter consisting of two rooms. One of the two rooms is for a nest, and is lined with dry and perfectly clean seaweed. But into the open air is obtained through a sort of crooked spout of wood, which serves to imitate a burrow.

The house stands in the middle of an enclosure 40 feet square, surrounded by a fence 10 feet high, of two-inch wire net. But outside of this pen, and enclosing an area two or more acres, is a second fence of the same kind, extending to a depth of three feet in the ground, to prevent the animals from burrowing under, and turning inward at right angles at the top, in order that they may not be able to climb over. When the weather is propitious they are liberated into this outer area, which serves them as a playground. This information is furnished by two experts in animal husbandry, J. Walter Jones, of Washington, D. C., and E. I. Raynor, the latter being a son of the man on whose farm, on Prince Edward Island, the first silver foxes were caught and made captive for breeding purposes. Mr. Raynor, whose address is Alberton, P. E. I., Canada, is himself one of the pioneer breeders. He states that he builds his fox kennels eight by ten feet in floor dimension, with a pitch roof, double-boarded and tarpapered. A passageway runs through to admit the keeper to the four compartments, one of which is at each corner.

To feed the foxes costs very little—not more than 3 or 4 cents a day per fox. But there is no use looking at milk and eggs serve excellently for the purpose. The nursing mother gets plenty of eggs, milk and porridge. On some of the fox ranches there are a good many rabbits inside of the outer pen, which give the animals exercise and amusement in the chase, while affording an additional article of diet.

Twenty-four years ago, in 1889, a

farmer named Lamb, while hunting for stray cattle in the woods on Prince Edward Island, came across two silver fox pups, male and female, in a hollow log. He carried them home with him and swapped them with a neighbor for a cow and a few dollars to boot. This has since become a famous industry which has had so remarkable and profitable a development.

For a long time, however, not much success was had in efforts to rear the animals in captivity. They obstinately refused to breed. But eventually the know-how was acquired through experience, and the present method, whereby they are kept in strict seclusion and under conditions approaching as close as possible to those of nature, was adopted. The secret was carefully kept, and until recently was known only to a very few persons on the island. Meanwhile, no foxes were sold, except a few of inferior quality, which were sent to very distant points in Canada.

Raynor is authority for the statement that there are now 50 fox ranches on Prince Edward Island, which are stocked with 200 fine dark silver foxes, 500 silver grays and 400 very light silvers and crosses. The total estimated value of their skins (if they were all killed tomorrow) is \$550,000. As breeding stock, however, they are worth over \$3,000,000.

The "dark silvers" are the very valuable ones. These are absolutely black except for a silver light showing on the black at the base and tip, the silver being near the outer end. The fur of such animals is a marvel of richness and beauty.

And yet, strange though it may seem, the animal is exactly the same as the common red fox, whose pelt is worth not more than \$5. Once in a long while a specimen of black and silver is called a "dark silver" fox, if such a fox is bred through a series of generations with ordinary red foxes, all of the offspring will be black. This has been proved by many experiments, and thus it appears that a farmer of small means, who could afford to buy a silver fox pup, and with the adoption of proper methods, acquire a stock of the precious animals in the course of a few years.

The Government Bureau of Animal Industry believes that fox farming on such a plan might be made very successful in the northern regions of the United States—for example, in Maine and North Dakota. The foxes need a cold climate to produce satisfactory fur. It is at present engaged in preliminary experiments with this idea in view. There is no question of the fact that the silver fox is the most valuable fur in the world today, and the practicability of rearing it on an extensive scale has already been proved by the breeders of Prince Edward Island. One obtained the black variety always breeds "true to color." The pups are born in March to early May. One mother fox reared 18 in three years, and \$5000 was refused for her.

Where Living Is Cheap.

Westminster Gazette, London.
"The cheapest place in the world is Antioch, in Syria," says a returned traveler. "Being on the Mediterranean, the climate is just right in the colder months. I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me was one pound (\$4.87) a week, though I leased a fine house and kept three servants. For the house I paid 20 shillings a month, while the servants were satisfied with two shillings a week. Mutton cost three-halfpence a pound. Eggs were a penny a dozen, and chickens and turkeys were a penny each. The finest of fresh fruit and vegetables (in February, too) were so cheap that they were sold in the market at a loss. You got all you wanted for so much per week. All I required for my household cost me only one shilling weekly. An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on \$175 a year."

London and Its Lumber.

London Chronicle.
London is the most conservative city in Europe, if not in the world. It loves its lumber. You may still see those notices attached to lamp posts which announce "Standing for Four Hackney Carriages," or whatever the number may be, though for ten years (in one case, to my own knowledge, for 25) no vehicles of any kind have stood there. Perhaps it is as well that these relics should remain; they are a tiny part of our social history. They will probably remain when we are flying to the moon, and when the great cities that time people won't know what "hackney carriage" meant, and there will be discussions in the "Notes and Queries" of the period. For each generation hands down to the next certain nuts to crack.

Doublesome Cucumbers.

Judge.
A vaudeville contortionist was "limbering up" in his dressing-room, when a lady, who happened to open the door by mistake, stepped across the threshold and stood spellbound watching the performer, who was apparently tied in a knot on top of his trunk. Noticing the look of consternation on the face of the unintentional intruder and resolving to have some fun at his expense, the contortionist assumed a look of deepest agony and groaned weakly: "By grave, that's the last time I'll ever eat cucumbers for supper!"

PROBING SLEEP MYSTERY

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are sitting on his chest. A scientist investigated and found that he was in the first stages of consumption. A case of cancer of the stomach was discovered in a woman who dreamed that she had swallowed a mouse which was trying to gnaw its way out.

Opposed to insomnia is narcolepsy. Cases are comparatively common where people fall asleep as if overcome by a drug several times during the day, though they have slept eight or nine hours the night before and have not undergone any especial fatigue. Such cases are called paroxysmal narcolepsy. In Berlin recently scientists reported the case of a woman who slept 40 and 48 nights in a stretch and then woke up. A short while previous a London doctor reported the case of a man who slept 17 days. Both recovered, except for extreme weakness, for all food taken during the narcolepsy was administered by injection. Both cases are being watched for a recurrence. Almost nothing is known of the pathology of narcolepsy. A contemporary of Galen, wrote in the second century in discussing over sleeping, "Much sleep clouds the brain, and disintegrates and stupifies the faculties," and little more is known to-day. The disease is not often fatal, but it occurs frequently with diabetes and extreme obesity, which are fatal. Whether narcolepsy has anything to do with the causes or acceleration of development of these diseases or whether it is merely one of the results, investigators are trying to determine.

A typical case of narcolepsy came under the observation of Dr. A. Blodgett. The subject was 60 years old and since the age of 22 had been subject to sudden irresistible inclinations to sleep at any time and in any place. Sometimes the sleep resembled natural slumber and the patient would awake and be unaware of having been asleep. At other times the sleep was very sound and on awakening the patient would know she had been asleep. For 40 years the attacks had gone on, becoming more frequent in later years. A curious fact was that the inordinate amount of sleep during the day, sometimes as many as 15 hours, made no apparent harm to the patient, who was normal, the general health and

brain of the patient were affected very little. Dr. Boris Sidis conducted a series of experiments on sleep with very young babies and published the result of his experiments in a book called "An Experimental Study of Sleep." He tells of putting a boy 12 days old to sleep by simply holding his eyes shut with one hand and his body quiet with the other for half a minute. A girl two days older he put to sleep in the same manner, but, womanlike, she objected and cried for one minute and three-quarters before succumbing to the physical sleeping "potion."

With children a little older, the doctor found this simple method unavailing at times, and he added patting and rocking as a last resort. In the course of his experiments he found that pressing lightly on the child's stomach and holding it still in a dark room threw it into a hypnotic state instead of sleep.

Many people have wooed slumber by counting sheep jumping over a wall. This is effective not so much on account of the monotony as because it takes the mind from everything else, allows the muscles to relax, after which the brain composed itself. A period of braininess ensues, in which the subject is ready for sleep to come. Other people have tried to make the sheep jump, but the sheep balked. Then so much mental effort was wasted on the scheme that muscles tightened and sleep was further away than ever. Between being awake and asleep is a middle state, called a twilight state, in which the mind takes on much the same attitude as it does under intoxication. Unpleasant thoughts are banished, grief and worry are dulled, and the mind basks in idylls of imagination or pleasant reminiscence. All these thoughts are brought up with very little brain exertion, they become faint and less distinct, gaps in the vision occur and finally the mind is quiescent and sleep comes.

If counting sheep does not produce this twilight state these other thoughts will. Some scientists assert that sleep is only a matter of will power, the sheer force of the unpleasant and the energy-taking thoughts and letting the mind wander in any field it will without trying to change the channel, much in the same manner as the stream in the desert. It is an interesting story or follow a dream.

THE FUGITIVE—A Short Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

bling. At the sight of a white tunic, black face, and white helmet, his eyes fairly bulged.

At the back door of the Rose of Devon he was greeted by two others of the Nevels. "All entered the half-light interior and took seats at a beer-table. The air was heavy with the smoke of rank tobacco. At a neighboring table sat a group of men. One of them was thumping the board with a hairy fist and talking boastfully in a husky, insolent voice. The smoky lamp hung above him. He turned his head and beheld the bearded face of Jake McMann.

Nicholas leaned back in his chair. For a little while the room seemed to spin around, and his vision of the men's faces blurred far away. When he recovered himself sufficiently to join again in the conversation, he found the boatswain's sharp eyes fixed upon him.

"Be you feelin' queer, Pat?" asked that worthy. Nicholas read something in the boatswain's look which suggested a corner of critical observation. He had helped him before, came again to his aid.

"Yes, I feel queer," he replied. "What be I a-doin' here?" "Come back aboard," urged his friend. Nicholas leaned close to the boatswain. He wanted to make sure that his eyes were not tricking him.

"Who be that big chap?" he whispered, pointing a cautious thumb at McMann. "Jake McMann, o' the top's schooner 'Bik,' replied the boatswain. "She sails for home tomorrow."

On the way back to the Nellie G. Nicholas worked his brain for all it was worth. Upon arriving safely aboard he staggered and fell to the deck. It was well done. The skipper happened to be near, in pajamas and slippers, smoking a cigar. He and the boatswain carried the lad aft to the main hatch.

"Is he drunk?" asked the skipper, with a frown. "No, sir," replied the boatswain, "he ain't drunk. I've been thinkin' all along that the poor boy's head wasn't quite ship-shape; an' right his brains has begun to work. I reckon he's all right now." Presently Nicholas opened his eyes and widened them with a fine air of wonder.

"I've feel, Tobin?" inquired the skipper. "My name be Nick Dever," replied the seaman. "You're Pat Tobin, that's who you are my lad, and you're a scoundrel. '60 days out o' St. John's, aboard the Nellie G., an' don't let me catch you intoxicated again, dy'e hear?" The boatswain expostulated with the

captain, assuring him that the young man had taken nothing to drink save a mug of beer.

"I be Nicholas Dever o' Trader's Bay," murmured the man on the hatch. "I has had a queer dream, but about sailin' an' sailin' an' winchin' out a cargo o' drums in Pernambuco."

The skipper looked at the boatswain. "All the Devers o' Trader's Bay be foxy, sure," said the boatswain. "Me sister married a Dever." "Remarkable!" exclaimed the skipper. "I've read something like it in books. There was one chap—a Devonshire man like myself—who forgot his name for a matter o' 10 years, and he didn't remember it till he met him over the head with a belayin'-pin. I'll tell Mr. Murphy to put it down in the log!"

The story of Nicholas Dever's lapse of memory and sudden recovery of it is still told aboard Newfoundland vessels and in the harbors of Conception Bay. Jake McMann, who heard it, and has made no comments, but he suspects something of the truth. However, it would never do for that man of muscle, the terror of the subject, to forecast to admit that Nick Dever once knocked him over the edge of a rock into six inches of water.

Nicholas continues to sail the high seas. He is a boatswain now. He shouts, chafes, and hauls on the end of ropes with one hand. He tells many yarns, but on the subject of his brief mental derangement he is strangely uncommunicative. His shipmates feel that, quite naturally, it is a delicate subject.

Gatun Lake.

Philadelphia Record.
When Gatun Lake is filled it will contain 183,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. The present height of water in the lake is 45 feet above sea level and this is nearly 40 below the top of the spillway of the great dam. It will be a generous estimate to say that the lake is now about one-third full, and that the Chagres River will have to discharge 120,000,000,000 more cubic feet of water into the big basin before the contemplated level is attained. The rainy season at the isthmus has just about set in, and, thus far, the rainfall has been about the average. But the present foot-second flow of the Chagres into the number of cubic feet required to fill the lake, the conclusion is reached that it will take about 18 months to get the water to the top of the spillway. Of course, no ship can pass through until the water is of navigable depth above the sills of the upper locks.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

THE HIGH CASTE BOSTONIAN.
Let no one doubt that noble blood may run in the veins of the humblest of us! She was a wiry, little 9-year-old of the South End and he was her tall, lachrymose nephew of 5, with long curls that tumbled weakly over his shoulders. At last one day some one could endure it no longer and boldly asked the question.

"Why," she demanded, "does not Oscar have his hair cut? It might make him more manly!" And then, even before Augusta spoke, the questioner quailed under the glance that was cast at her. It was in a frigid voice, truly worthy of blue-blooded Boston, that Augusta tossed out her answer:

"The Jacoburgs," she said, in the manner of one who condescends wearily, "do not cut the hair until the seventh year!"—Boston Journal.

open window after it, thrust forth his head and cried in heartbroken accents: "Good heavens, I forgot my poor violins!"—London Chronicle.

MR. BRYAN'S DOUBLES.
A story that is told by the Secretary of State about one of his doubles relates to a certain head waiter of a Chicago hotel. Bryan had been stopping at the hotel and soon after he left a delegation of college boys from a nearby institution came to visit him. The head waiter, who happened to be coming off duty, was corralled in the lobby by the boys and amid enthusiastic cheers was compelled to make a speech. He gave the college boys much kindly advice, told them to persevere, and said that some day they might rise to his position.

The next day the college students were looking for the speaker who had uttered this headline over an account of the speech: Students Get Advice From Head Waiter.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AN IMITATIVE DAUGHTER.
French fashions were being discussed at a tea in Denver. The new idea of American fashions for American women was being praised. Rev. Alpheus C. Korr then said:

"The poet Lander, you know, had a violent temper. He raged especially when his meals were wrong. 'His luncheon went wrong one day in Florence, and Lander threw his chair out of the dining-room window into the garden.' 'But the man's body had no sooner vanished than Lander rushed to the

he went about with his pants held up by one suspender.' 'I regarded the beautiful young woman through my glass. Her dress was audacious. I said dryly: 'She must take after her father, then. Her gown, I see, is held up by one strap.'—Kansas City Star.

TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.
The two girls—and these were not any particular two girls, but any two girls met on the street, kissed, made faces, and started to chatter. And the first girl said:

"I want to congratulate you, dear. And the second replied: 'Thank you. But what for?' 'I hear you are going to marry Dick Henrooster.' 'Who ever told you such a ridiculous thing as that?' 'Why, your best friend, Daisy Sturtevant.' 'Listen, dear, I don't doubt your honesty, but I can't believe that Daisy ever said any such thing. She knows everything about me, and we have never had a quarrel, and she isn't a cat. Be fair—I'll leave it to you. Did she ever tell you that I was going to marry Dick?' 'She did.' 'Would you mind repeating her very words?' 'She told me distinctly, 'Grace Pansel-bed is engaged to Dick Henrooster.' 'Aha! That's how these stories get started. I see. I am engaged to him, and Daisy told the truth. But what right have you to gather from that fact that I am going to marry the little fool? Gossip, that's what it is—just mean gossip! Can't a girl get engaged to a fellow without having a bunch of busybodies running about telling that she is going to marry him?' 'We girls have a rough row to hoe.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did the doctor tell you what you had?" "No. He took what I had without telling me."—Life.

Sapphede—it costs me \$25,000 a year to live. Miss Caustique—How foolishly some people spend their money!—Philadelphia Record.

A heavy bunch of clouds passed over Hogswallow yesterday bound for a Sunday-school picnic in progress near Rye Straw.—Paducah Hogswallow Kentuckian.

Quips and Flings

Penley—I've written a new novel. Come up to my apartment and I'll show you the proofs. Friend—Proofs? Why, old chap, I don't doubt your word in the least.—Boston Transcript.

"What is the charge?" asked the sergeant. "Carrying concealed weapons," replied Officer McMayne Hogan. "We found this cage of mice hidden under his coat."—New York Post.

Here is another definition of an egoist. "Let's have it." "An egoist is a man who never disappoints himself, no matter how often he disappoints others."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Ah! I'm glad to get this sonnet!" exclaimed the editor. "Has it any merit?" asked his assistant. "Not at all, but a stamp was just what I needed. The poet sends two."—Exchange.

"Yes," said the fugitive. "I understand. You have five kinds of law that apply to my case." "True," they told him. "And we have ten ways of evading them." "Good," said the fugitive. "Give me about seven of them at the usual market price."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did the doctor tell you what you had?" "No. He took what I had without telling me."—Life.

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over Hogswallow yesterday bound for a Sunday-school picnic in progress near Rye Straw.—Paducah Hogswallow Kentuckian.

Miss Laura Gaston Young, the belle of Seanty Creek, dropped in on the correspondent last Saturday and left us a wordy, archaic, a permissioned poem and enough red peppers and "sweet taters" to season and "trim" the varmint. Call again. Wingless Seraph—Squeedunk Bugle.

Johnson—Look here, you've been in there half an hour and never said a word. Butcher—Mad as a telephone booth—I am speaking with my wife, sir.—The London Sphere.

Fay—The Widow Dashaway's husband didn't leave her much when he died, did he? Ray—No; but he left her pretty often when he was alive.—The Club Fellow.

Miss Gush—And were you ever out after big game, Colonel? Colonel High—Yes, indeed. I have been "out" after every big game I was ever in.—Town Topics.

"Rastus, what's an alibi?" "Dat's provin' dat yoh was in a prayer meetin' whar yoh wasn't in order to show yoh wasn't at de crap game whar yoh was."—Life.

Colored Person (in department store)—Ah want to look at a pair ob silk stockings fo' a lady. Saleswoman (nonchalantly)—What size and color? Colored Person—Lordy, gal! Is you blind?—Life.

"These magazines are so helpful." "What's the latest?" "Here in the home hints they tell you how to make a lovely suffragette bomb out of an old tomato can!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.
Speakers at the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington, D. C., advanced the theory that the increased gold supply makes the cost of living high.

In olden days I used to think It would be bliss divine If I could find a "lead," or sink A shaft upon a mine: How wrong would be the feat; 'Twould bring the world a heap of woe By boosting things to eat.

I used to envy Whiskered Mike Who wandered far from home, And made at last a lucky strike Upon the sands of Nome; But now I know that Mike was wrong In prospecting for ore. As food that once sold for a song He'd made to soar and soar.

I don't know how it's figured out, But wise men say to me That this gold makes prices stout— 'Tis plain as A B C: A bas those Argonaut chaps, then, And Jason of the Fleece.

Who started all these woes of men In days of ancient Greece! —Denver Republican.

A HINT.
When her pat throws down the night's paper, And comes in to wind the old clock; When her ma covers up the canary And begins all the doors to lock; When her brother comes in from the poolroom

And throws down his shoes on the floor— Then it's time to make tracks for your rat kid, And vanish posthaste through the door.

You've held her small hand all the evening While you builded your castles in Spain. Remember tomorrow is coming. If you're good you may see her again. You may think this stunt's put on to scare you, But you'll find the sole purpose of all this Is to keep you from wasting the gas. —Milwaukee News.

OF THE SPIRIT.
It is not the sunshine bright Upon the burning sand; It is not the tempest's might On the unrelenting strand; But it is an action tender, As if a grace it would render Removes the veil from our mortal sight, And then we find that we stand In the glory of heaven's splendor.

It is not the music heard Outriggering loud and clear, It is not the spoken word That we are so glad to hear; But it is that tone of feeling Into our own hearts thing, From hearts that by our grief are stirred To the trembling of a tear. Their tenderness revealing, —Isaac Bassett Choate.