

A Pretty Good Sentence.  
One of the greatest names of a student's life  
is that he is obliged to write compositions,  
says The New Haven Morning News. It is  
something looked upon as extra work, and is  
usually left until the last minute. Then the  
student hurriedly collects the necessary data,  
and in writing is very apt to introduce sen-  
tences from the encyclopedias.

Unfortunately it happens that one of the  
professors of English at Yale has written  
numerous articles for the encyclopedias. A  
few days ago this professor was reading over  
a composition with its author when he said  
across a particularly fluently constructed sentence,

"That's a pretty good sentence," remarked  
the professor.

"Yes, I prided myself on that," replied the  
student.

"So did I when I wrote it," added the pro-  
fessor, to the great discomfiture of the pupil.

A Failure.



—Life.

Reaction.  
Though young Jones was well and hearty he would never attend a party.

He said that social pleasure made him weary

weak and sore;

Not a whit cared he for dancing, or a maiden at

entertaining;

What to others proved a treasure simply was to him a bore.

He found little consolation in the art of conversa-

tion.

And all nature's wondrous beauty from his eyes less eyes was but:

Music painting could not please him, and high art

would only baffle him,

So it from some sense of duty, he became an in-

valuable.

But I found one great attraction that would con-

him into action:

His desire he was not sickly, weak, nor

strength upon his frame;

When with every indication that he'd reach his

destination.

He would walk a mile so quickly, just to join

poker games.

—Drake's Magazine

A Kindergarten Series.

"Now, children," after reading the old

story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, "write me all you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you."

THE RESULT.

Slate I. (Teddy, 5 years old)—George Washington is my father; he did tell a lie no he never did it with his hatchet.

Slate II. (Etel, 5)—George Washington was

the father of us; he was sick; he did not tell it with his hatchet and then he did it with his hatchet.

Slate III. (George, 9)—George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchet and he said father I did it; I did it the boy didn't do it; he tried to put it on some other fellow No he did not tell it with his hatchet and then he did it with his hatchet.

Slate IV. (George, 9)—George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchet and he said father I did it; I did it the boy didn't do it; he tried to put it on some other fellow No he did not tell it with his hatchet and then he did it with his hatchet.

A Fatal Mistake.

Bluffers—What's wrong today, Bluffers? You look blue.

Bluffers—I'll never forgive myself, I kicked a caller out of my house last night.

Hush! We kicked out many a one. You're, fellow, I suppose?

No, past middles age.

Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming around sparkling young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week.

"Yes, but I've found out this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."—Philadelphia Record.

Lived in a Boarding House.

Doctor—After you say have a feeling of distress—

Patient—Yes.

Doctor—What sort of a feeling?

Patient—As if I hadn't enough to eat.

Burlington Free Press.

Just the Same.

Dissatisfaction.

Father (who has rushed to the spot)—What's the matter?

Father (oh, dad, z-z-z) get me out of this!

Father (slowly)—Wall, if you ain't the sunniest boy to please I ever see. Last sun-

day I couldn't keep you out of this creek, and now you're cryin' because you're in—lafe

Miss Beacon of Boston—You western girls are dreadfully slangy. Do you know, I heard a Chicago girl say the other day that she would "get there with both feet."

Miss Beacon—Yes; we are somewhat

of that sort of thing. Is it true that

western girls are—ah—a deficiency of beauty as they are said to be?

Miss Beacon—We may not be handsome;

but in the matter of culture we arrive at our

destination with both of our pedal extre-

mities—America.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

An elephant in the funeral procession to a recent Hindu cremation wore a silver collar worth \$5,000.

Actress of Bloomsbury, Pa., owns nine dogs,

seven cats, a monkey, eight canary birds

and two white mice. It is unnecessary to say he is poor.

A girl in Manchester, England, telephoned to her father's office asking if her dog was ill.

Curley was there, and his mistress

told the man to hold him up to the telephone.

She whistled and spoke and told him to come home. Curley picked up his ears, and as soon as he was placed on the floor

wanted for home.

NAPOLEON WITH A PIGTAIL,  
sing You Explain Some Mysteries &  
Modern Banking.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.  
1 Western Editor with a Great Way  
Things to Live For.

The flight of Sing You, the late esteemed

author of See Son & Co., Chinese bankers in

Chicago, with \$15,000 belonging to depositors,

excited all Chinatown. The news that Sing

You had appeared in the boisterous colony in

the following letter yesterday by a brother

Celestine in Mott street, this city,

Montreal, FARRIBAUX TWO TLE.

To Wm Lang, Mont street, New York.

Whooppee! Me, all same Melican man,

gettos on train, come Canada, cap no creature,

keep each, gotta drink, sing song, laise

after same boozies, all same En-

gland, same Mandelton, all same Plaza

Troka-Bar synapses, plough it, no come

me same Hony lyes, heap foolos.

You tell me you no nobee makes money

I tell you. You cannes place in bankee,

the same president, passbooks, keepes

ash, pay interest. Heap fine bankos, hep fine

ace, hep big sign. Plenty hep Chinaman

it's same.

Ho! As Kin, he come, he say: "Mistal

ักษ President, me catches some mon-

eys cash, maybe die, hundred dollar

You keep him for me!"

You say him: "Ahee light, me keepes

duh." You take money. You give he

out.

Wing Cho, he come, he say: "Mistal

ักษ President, me catches lily money."

You say him: "How you gettu?"

He say: "Me catches butts in guttee, make

heap fine cigarettes."

You say him: "How much money you

gotte?"

You say him: "Me plenty keepes him in

ace, hep interest, you go catches some

more."

All heem, they come, pette wad,

attice wad, pette spoufus in safes. You

atclie binney more fifty thousand dollal,

unless you hep, lily lilly."

Chinaman, he come, he say: "Mayle you give me wad;

an back China." You say him: "Ahee

light, me wante to kill you."

You say him: "How fat?"

He say: "Wad belly fat—more steen

united."

You say him: "Me plenty keepes him in

ace, hep interest, you go catches some

more."

It's Paid.

Montgomery.

You come back heap quickies. Pay money.

7 Paid.

You leave him. You smile. You go

catches offis, you teleph:

MONTGOMERY. Folioy footos.

To Depositors Chinaman bank,

Mont street, New York.

Later.

I Collect 50. Wic Lene.

You go back hotelles, you smile. You

atche fine dinne, last beefes, macarons,

lettice, tofus, lastice padins. You eatce

cup, you smile, you gettes drunk all time,

leve same Melican man, whoop heap fun'

fun'—New York World. SING YOU.

An Honest Woman.

"I see you are advertising fine creamery

at thirty cents," said an old woman

who entered a Michigan Avenue grocery yes-

terday. "Is it butter or is it oleomargarine?"

"It's butter, madame, and the very best,"

said the grocer.

"Sure it ain't oleomargarine?"

"Perfectly so. I'll warrant it."

The woman turned to go, when the grocer

said: "Won't you try a few pounds?"

"No, I don't want none. I want some oleo-

marginine."

"I have that, too," said the dealer, "put up

boxes and labeled."

"How much is that a pound?"

"Eighteen cents."

"That won't do. I want to pay just as

much for it as butter is worth."

"You can do that if you want to; I ain't

tryin' a word, am I?" said the man. "But I