

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

The corset trust is not in good form.

An important question now is, will the advance in the price of wire add to the cost of political campaigns?

Dewey may be a many-sided man, but judging from the pictures printed he hasn't as many sides as he has faces.

In saying man is only a gorilla with a conscience, Dr. Parkhurst ventures perilously close to those people who make monkeys of themselves.

Men who suffer from misrepresentation can't well complain. There may be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught and yet both probably have been lied about.

There is a woman on the Pacific coast who wants a divorce because her husband is a bookworm. Yet there are people who profess to believe that literature's golden age is about to dawn in this country.

A woman who has been suing for divorce has been ordered to pay \$4 a week alimony to her husband pending the decision of the court. Here is a case that needs the attention of the reformers. Things are coming to a fine pass in this country when the court expects a man to live on \$4 a week.

The times are propitious for a change in campaigning. The stump speech has for some years been steadily losing ground. It has lost much of its old-time thrill. It is so much the same thing. The people are outgrowing it. The extravagance of phrase, the sweep of gesture, the venerable anecdote which characterize it and carry it along are not potent as they once were.

Voices made to order are the latest thing in surgery. Actual operations have demonstrated that the larynx, or vocal box, can be successfully removed, and the patient may not only survive the shock, but recover. In order to restore speech to the patient an artificial larynx and vocal cords are provided. The voice artificially produced is incapable of infection, but, although it is a monotone, the patient is perfectly able to carry on a conversation.

While timely warning given by an honest press diminished the number of those who followed the Klondike will o' the wisp, yet there were thousands who braved every danger to get much less than would have been theirs with half the effort had they remained at home. It is the distance which lends enchantment to the view. It is safe to say that for every dollar which has so far been taken out of the Klondike country ten have been put in.

Americans have made two conquests of Cuba. The first was by the army and navy, the second by modern sanitation. When the island of Cuba was turned over to the United States by Spain it was the dirtiest spot in all the world. The cities were plague spots. And the problem was the more difficult because of the indifference of all classes of citizens. Families kept pigs and cows in one apartment of their houses. There was no sewerage. There had been no renovation of filthy premises for years. George R. Waring gave up his life for Havana and General Leonard Wood refused \$50,000 a year to go back to Santiago when the yellow fever broke out there. Thanks to Waring, Havana is a clean city and in Santiago a miracle has been wrought by General Wood. Yellow fever, whose food is dirt, has been conquered. The second conquest of Cuba is no less a matter of pride than the first.

The trouble that a little aquatic plant may make is illustrated by the water hyacinths, which are doing almost incalculable damage in the Gulf States by filling up the streams and paralyzing the lumber industry, as the logs cannot be floated out of the rivers and bayous when they are choked up with these plants; Congress has made an appropriation for getting rid of them, and Major Quinn has charge of the work. The Major has decided in favor of a dredge which throws the hyacinth into a mill, much like a sugar mill, where the hyacinth bulbs are crushed and rendered incapable of propagation. The New Orleans papers, however, favor a chemical agency which has already been used with success. The Times-Democrat says: "There are probably hundreds of miles in this section covered with this plant to a density of forty pounds to the square foot. No mill could do all this crushing, and it would cost thousands of dollars to do the work, and it is almost inconceivable that the dredge will gather in all the hyacinths, and therefore completely eradicate them; and if but a few seeds are left it will start this water pest once more, and we will have to do over again what we are now doing." The chemicals, which were tried in a tallance, dry up the sap and kill the plant, and this without any danger to fish, and the plan is simple and inexpensive.

"Even in palaces life may be lived well," quotes Matthew Arnold. Mr. Chamberlain holds that "people who live in comfortable houses with modern improvements are happier than the inhabitants of snow-huts or dugouts." Not only are they likely to be happier, but also of a higher human type and every way more noble. Most right-minded people would sympathize with the old gentleman who says, "I never see a fine house without wishing that everybody had one—then I should have one!" Of course, groveling, slum-like habit of mind is possible amid costly and elegant surroundings. To the eye that sees all things as they are, there may be a sty behind the front of marble or of brownstone, and a clean bit of heaven in the humblest hovel. And it is often necessary to add that many people are consigned to hovels by the greed and fraud which have made the mansion possible. But, other things being equal, the environment helps or hurts the whole man.

and as a rule, it is the expression of his qualities, the outgrowth of his character and life. At any rate, it is desirable that every human being should be well housed, well fed, well clad; also that every human being should help himself to these things, without snatching or crowding. "Household" is one of the sweetest words in any language. Therefore it is worth while for the young people to put the creation of a good home into the program of their life, to focalize their forces on this point; to get and to save for the realization of this beautiful dream.

The widespread passion among men, during the last and present generation, to accumulate wealth suddenly has not contributed to the elevation of human character or the betterment of our civilization. Since the war between the States there has been a wild rush for riches. The war, like all great wars, developed a luxuriant crop of rascals, every one of whom was deaf to the claims of patriotism and honor, and who for four years groveled among the dead and the dying, and amidst the agonies of a pauper, struggling country for dollars. The result was that millions appeared with the suddenness of the mushroom in the night, and inhaled the whole country and posterity with an abnormal love of money and with a large measure of disregard for the ways in which it might be accumulated. Bold, unprincipled men appeared upon the scene of action, and with marvelous, brilliant audacity, flaunted the evidences of ill-gotten wealth until the desire to be rich at any price was alarmingly general, especially among the young. But the suggestive fact is apparent that the man who is satisfied with moderate and steady gains, who is content to stick to his farm, at his forge or his bench, is far more fortunate than the average man who seeks fortune on the board of trade, in gold mines or among diamond deposits. More wealth has been expended in transportation and supplies by the seekers for wealth in the Klondike than has been taken from its golden repositories; and the snows of the inhospitable region are dotted with the dead, and the region has echoed with the walls of the hopeless.

HOAXING A BRITISH FLEET.

How a Stupid Irishman Hoaxed the English Sailors. An amusing story is told of the hoaxing of a British fleet by "a stupid Irishman" during the recent naval maneuvers. It appears that during an attack on Bore Island by some of the vessels of the "B" fleet the officer at the Hut received instructions from Castletown coast-guard station to gather up all telegrams and secret plans, send a man away with the same to hide in a cave, and on no account to let them fall into the enemy's hands. The remainder of his crew he was then to show fight until the last. In the meantime an attacking force of eighteen men and an officer had been landed, which marched to the Hut and secured its surrender. All search for the secret papers, however, proved useless, and the men at the Hut maintained a profound silence to all interrogations. During the afternoon one of the men of the Castletown coast-guard station had been sent to Bore Island with the pay of the men. Upon arrival there he proceeded at once to the Hut (having previously disguised himself) and found himself surrounded by the invaders, who wanted to know his business. He posed as an old naval pensioner, stating that he was a native, and was trying, with the help of his small pension, to make a living on the island by cutting and selling turf. He had provided himself with a turf-cutting spade in order to give color to his story.

The sailors of the invading party were very sympathetic, and advised him to go to England, where he would be sure of getting work in one of the royal dockyards. After getting the invaders into a good humor he immediately went in search of the man with the secret documents in his possession. With the aid of some of the islanders he found the man he was in search of, took from him all the documents, which he hid in two baskets of turf, and returned to the Hut. This time the sub-lieutenant in charge of the invaders took him in hand and closely questioned him with a view to obtain some reliable information regarding the defenders, but all to no purpose. At last the sub-lieutenant dismissed the man, with the remark that he was the most stupid Irishman that he had ever met. Little did the officer imagine that the supposed stupid Irishman was the very man they wanted, as at the time he had in his possession all the documents the invaders were searching for.

During the night the enemy's flotilla left Berehaven, going west, disconnecting the telephone at the Hut before leaving.—Westminster Gazette.

As to a Proposal.



She—Then you would advise me to decline?
Her Father—Decidedly! If you were in love you wouldn't ask my advice.

Keeping Mice at a Distance.
One of the best mouse preventives is the foliage of the walnut tree. Even after the foliage has been dried it is said to be effectual in scaring away mice.

"Don't leave the table," said the landlady, as her new boarder rose from his scanty breakfast. "I must, madam; it's hard wood, and my teeth are not what they used to be."—Tit-Bits.

All the world's a stage, but only a few of its actors receive curtain calls.

GOOD-BY TO LIFE.

66 **A**ND to-morrow you leave me and go back to that horrid London!

"Only for three months, dearest. Then I shall come back to Rocksea and damn you."

Jessie Poole laid her pretty head contentedly on the rough tweed shoulder of the Norfolk jacket.

Will Preston was a clever young artist. Looking around for a suitable place at which to stay the summer, he had stumbled across the little creeper-clad cottage where Jessie Poole lived and nursed her bed-ridden father, and had induced them to let him make their home his abode during his stay. A thorough woman was Jessie, and as such she appealed to the artist's temperament. Beautiful she could hardly be called, but her clear gray eyes and the curve of her small, firm mouth went straight to Will Preston's heart, and before he was aware of it the inevitable had happened.

Presently the shapely head was raised from the collar of the Norfolk jacket, and a low voice inquired: "What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Will?"

"Oh, I'm going to row out to that picturesque old wreck and take a few sketches of it."

"But you are not going alone, Will, are you? You know it's off a very dangerous part of the coast, and there are a lot of cross currents and sunken rocks."

"Oh, that's all right, little one. Your old admirer, Jim Barclay, is 'bossing the show.' He knows every inch of the coast, and I've every confidence in him; so you need have no qualms, dear, that I shall not be back safe after dark."

As he mentioned the name of his guide Jessie looked up suddenly and seemed about to speak, but was silent.

"So, my dear, dearest," he went on, bending down and fondly kissing the sweet lips upturned to his. I must be off. It's a good two miles row."

The wreck toward which the little boat was rapidly cutting its way was all that remained of the schooner Bonnie Belle. A year ago she had been driven by a storm on to a sunken rock. At high tide merely a few feet of her sole remaining stump of a mast was visible, but at low water she was only partially submerged.

As Will Preston lay back in the stern of the boat fingering the tiller ropes he could not but admire the stalwart figure in front of him. Jim Barclay was a young fisherman, living down in the village about a mile from Jessie Poole's lonely cottage. Over six feet in height, and proportionately broad, his muscles stood out like bands of steel as he pulled untrilingly at the oars.

Soon they reached the wreck, and, as it was now low tide, the boat was pulled alongside, and they clambered up to the slippery deck. The schooner was but a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the lanky blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion.

"A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?" There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-bye to life."

"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!" Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When his senses slowly came back to him he found himself propped up with his arms against the mast, his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handskerchief bound tightly round, forming a most efficient gag. Before him stood Jim Barclay, his arms folded and his black eyes flashing triumphantly.

Will heard the splash of his body in the water, and waited, horror-struck, for any further sound, but nothing met his ears save the wash of the waves. He struggled to free himself, so that he might try and save his would-be murderer, but though he strained until the cords cut into his wrists it was useless.

The fisherman had done his work only too well, and had himself kept back the help that night, perhaps, have saved him.

And as the utter impossibility of freeing himself and the increasing peril of his own situation became apparent to Will, pity for his dead rival gave place to horror at the death so slowly but relentlessly approaching. He tried to wriggle up by clasping the mast with his legs; he found it impossible, and blank despair began to creep over him.

The tide had already turned and was creeping through the broken bulwarks, and soon the first wave came gently washing along the deck, nearly reaching his feet. Again he strained and tugged at his bonds in vain. He turned his eyes longingly toward the boat, which had been moored to the side of the schooner, and then indeed he gave up hope, for it was gone.

The rope had been too loosely tied, and there was the boat, already fifty yards away, drifting with the incoming tide.

The sun was dipping toward the cliffs overhanging his sweetheart's cottage, and he knew that he had but an hour or two longer to live unless help came, and that he felt was almost impossible.

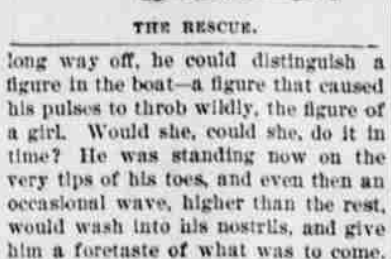
Soon the water reached his knees, then in little ripples circled round his waist.

Another half-hour passed, and the cliffs were lost to view, while the lights began to twinkle in the village and along the little wooden pier. Higher and higher rose the water until it reached his shoulders, and he began to feel chill and numb. Presently the heat-beat of a steamer's paddles came wadded over the shimmering sea, and with a wild thrill of hope he turned his head.

Yes, there she was, gliding along swiftly and smoothly, her portholes and saloons brightly lit and the strains of the band coming to him cheerily as she chugged her homeward course; the passengers joining in song in happy content after the pleasures of the day. Oh, if he could only get rid of that suffocating gag his cries might be heard. But no sound came from his aching throat, and the pleasure steamer glided on her way.

And now the water reached his chin, and he knew his life could be numbered by minutes only. He fixed his weary eyes upon one light that glimmered starkly on the side of the cliff, away from the others. He knew it came from the little room where his love would be waiting and wondering what kept him.

As he looked the light seemed to go out for an instant; then it appeared again; again disappeared, and once more flashed into sight. What did it mean? Suddenly it struck him that it was something on the surface of the water which kept coming between his eyes and the light. Could it be a boat? He strained his ears, and fancied he could hear the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. Yes, yes, it was a boat—coming straight toward him, too. And at last a straggling moonbeam came slanting across the sea, and doubt gave place to certainty, for, although still a



long way off, he could distinguish a figure in the boat—a figure that caused his pulses to throb wildly, the figure of a girl. Would she, could she, do it in time? He was standing now on the very tips of his toes, and even then an occasional wave, higher than the rest, would wash into his nostrils, and give him a foretaste of what was to come. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and higher rose the water. Could he hold out? The strain was awful.

"Whatever can have come to those two?" queried Jessie, as the shadows lengthened, and still no Will appeared. Throwing a shawl around her, she stroiled out into the evening, and looking away over the sea. She could not make out the mast of the wreck in the falling light, but something bobbing about at the foot of the cliff arrested her attention.

"It looks like a boat!" she gasped, with sudden foreboding. And in an instant she was speeding down the path. A moment more and she had reached the shore, and there, not twenty yards away, she recognized Jim Barclay's boat—empty; and something of the truth flashed upon her.

"Merciful heaven!" she moaned. "The boat has got adrift and left them on the wreck!" There was no time to run to the village for help. What had to be done must be done quickly. With a fervent prayer the brave girl dashed into his pocket to hang it upon the improvised hook, but Preston, though his hands were tied, had the use of his feet, and as his tormentor came within reach he lunged out with all his force.

Taken unawares, the man sprang backward to avoid the blow, and, forgetting of the hatchway behind him, lost his balance and fell down. In falling he turned half around and, with a sickening thud, his temple came in contact with the further side of the opening as he fell.

With redoubled energy and panting breath she tugged desperately at the oars, heedless of the blisters on her little hands.

It was indeed a race for life or death, and it seemed that, after all, her effort had been in vain, for as the boat bumped against the mast the head of her lover dropped forward and sank out of sight. With a piercing cry she flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hand lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jess was plunged into despair again as she found his hand tied and she realized that her little fingers were powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife. Then her eyes caught sight of Barclay's knife sticking in the mast above his victim's head. With a cry of delight she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At the risk of capsizing the boat she dragged the precious burden slowly and painfully on board; and at last he lay, unconscious still, but breathing, with his head pillowed on her lap.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Breaking and entering a dwelling house for the purpose of serving a writ of replevin, after admittance has been demanded and refused, is held in *Kelley vs. Schuyler* (R. L., 44 L. R. A. 435, to constitute the offense a trespasser.

After a judicial separation, although the marriage is not dissolved, it is held, in *people ex rel. commissioners of public charities vs. Cullen* (N. Y., 44 L. R. A. 429), that the marriage relation is so far terminated or suspended that the husband cannot be guilty of the statutory offense of abandonment or desertion.

The fact that a foreign insurance company had authorized service of process to be made on the Secretary of State is held, in *Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company vs. Spratley* (Tenn., 44 L. R. A. 442), insufficient to prevent valid service from being made on an agent of the company, who has come into the State on business relating to the settlement of the loss.

The dissent from a sealed verdict by one juror when the jury is polled, after sealing a verdict and separating, made on the ground that he did not agree to the verdict except because he thought he was obliged to, is held, in *Kramer vs. Kister* (Pa.), 44 L. R. A. 432, to make a discharge of the jury necessary, and prevent the rendition of any subsequent verdict in the case on that trial.

A deposit in a savings bank in trust for the owner of the money and another person as joint owner, subject to the order of either, and the balance at the death of either to belong to the survivor is held, in *Milfordland vs. Whalen* (Md.), 44 L. R. A. 205, to constitute a valid declaration of trust in favor of the survivor as to the balance of the fund remaining on the death of either, although the settlor retains possession of the bank book.

AGGREGATE MAN AS A WALKER.

He Takes a Stroll of 70,000 Miles Every Second.

If the average old man of comparatively sedentary habits were told that during his life he had walked as many miles as would compass the earth at the equator six times he would probably be very much surprised. And yet such a pedestrian effort only represents an average walk of six miles a day for a period of sixty-eight years.

Similarly, the man who is content with the daily average walk of four miles will consider himself an athlete on learning that every year he walks a distance equal to a trip from London to Athens.

When one considers the aggregate walking records of the world the figures are even more surprising. Assuming that each individual averages a four-mile walk a day (and this cannot be considered an extravagant estimate when one remembers that Thomas Phelps, of Kingham, has walked 440,000 miles on postal duty alone), the startling conclusion is arrived at that the world covers a journey of 69,444 miles every time the clock ticks, night and day.

This means that the world's walking record for a second of time is equal to two trips round the equator and more than thirteen jaunts between London and Naples. Every minute the aggregate man walks a distance equal to eight return trips to the moon, supplemented by over fifteen walks round the earth's waist.

In an hour he could walk as far as the sun and back again, take a trip to the moon (from the earth) 140 times, while still leaving himself a stroll of 190,000 miles to finish the cigar he lit at the commencement of his journey of sixty minutes. But considering the rate of his progress it is probable that even a slow smoker might require a second cigar before finishing the waik.

In a single year the aggregate man walks a distance of 2,190,000,000 miles, which, after all, inconceivably great as it is, would take him less than one-eleventh part of the way to the nearest fixed star.

It is well for the aggregate man's exchequer that he walks these distances instead of covering them by rail. At the rate of a penny a mile the world's annual walk would cost \$9,125,000,000, or ten times as much as is current throughout the entire world. To purchase a ticket for this distance it would be necessary to mortgage the entire United Kingdom to three-fourths of its full value.—London Mail.

Journeys Around the World.

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, 60 days; a second, at a medium temperature, 324 hours; a cannon ball, 2 1/2 hours; light, a little over 1-10 of a second and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under 1-10 of a second.

Sad News Indeed.

Kind Old Man—My lad, what are you crying about?
Weeping Boy—To-morrow's my birthday, and my uncle was going to give me a watch, but the doctors say he can't live till morning.
If all our wishes were gratified life would soon become monotonous.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

The philosopher—The empty barrel gives the loudest sound.
The politician—There's where you are wrong. During a political campaign a bar filled with boodle talks the loudest.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
"Will you have some pate de foie gras, uncle?" asked the hostess of her rural relative, who was dining with her.
"Will I have a pate for grass?" echoed the old man in astonishment. "Say, do you think I'm Nebuchadnezzar or a horse?"

Never Too Late to Mend.
Naggs—Dear me, Jaggs, I'm sorry to see you in this condition. I understand you had quit drinking.
Jaggs—Yesh (lie), sho I've, of chap. Jush (lie) lef' off drinkin' 'bout (lie) minute ago, shee?

On to His Curves.
Reckless youth—Father, dear, would it be asking too much for you to advance me a small loan—say about \$50?
The governor—Not at all, my son. You might ask me for double the amount with equal likelihood of getting it. You can't afford to be modest in these little requests a bit more than I can afford to grant them.—Ohio State Journal.

Part of the Business.
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Fanatical.
J. Brutus Coldcutt—And what are you do you draw now, Reginald?
Reginald—Five hundred per—
J. B. C.—Per what—year or month?
Reginald—Per-haps.—Tit-Bits.

A Dubious Compliment.
Young authoress (reading aloud)—But perhaps I weary you?
Enthusiastic friend—Oh, no; I long to hear the end of your story.—Tit-Bits.

No Cause for Alarm.
"Great heaven! What's the cause of all that yelling around the corner? Come! Let's hurry; there may be a murder!"
"Stay! Don't get excited. We're used to that. We hear it every day. There's a painless dentist's office around here."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rather Cruel.
The carpet knight—Yes, Miss Vitriol, I have smelled powder.
Miss Vitriol—Indeed! Infant or foe!

Rapid in Every Respect.
Pearl—My brother is up in Canada shooting the rapids.
Ruby—Indeed! Why that's just what my brother is doing.
Pearl—Is he in Canada, too?
Ruby—No; he's in the Philippines shooting the Filipinos on the run.

Invisible White.
"Didn't I tell you not to shoot until you could see the whites of the enemies' eyes?" thundered the irate officer. "Yes, sir," spoke up the Irish volunteer, "but, faith, th' lincny had blanned each th'others' eyes so in a fit foleht over rathens that we cudn't see any white at all."

Always Ready.
Guest—You fellows are always out the sea. Do you ever take a dip?
Walter—Very seldom, sir; but we never fail to take a tip.

Sweeping.
Ida—Did you notice how that haughty thing swept out the room with head elevated?
May—Yes, indeed, and don't you know it reminded me of mamma down home. She always sweeps out the rooms with head elevated.

The Indignity of Labor.
Perkins—I paid a very interesting visit to the asylum for the insane yesterday and was surprised to learn that it is self-supporting. Although the inmates are crazy, they work, nevertheless.
Dollittle—Humph! Anybody who works is crazy.—Ohio State Journal.

Composition on Breathing.
A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in the following composition, handed in the following: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our liver, our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through breathers. They should wait until they breathe. They should wait with get outdoors. Girls kill the breath, cosets that squeezes the diagram, cosets can't holler or run like boys be cosets their diagram is squeezed, too cause their diagram is squeezed, too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."

The Great Difference.
An average pedestrian covers about thirty inches in each step. The average wheelman at one revolution of his pedals (the equivalent of a step) covers about seventeen feet, and as the movement is so easy and devoid of fatigue he usually raises his foot twice as often in the same time, thus covering thirty-four feet while the pedestrian goes two and a half feet.

Wanted to Be in Harmony!
Brisket—What can I send you up to Mrs. S.—Send me a leg of mutton and be sure it is from a black sheep.
Erisket—A black sheep?
Mrs. S.—Yes; we are in mourning, you know.—Tit-Bits.

Fracking It Gently.
"Then you mean to tell me I have told a lie?"
"Well, no; I don't wish to be quite as rude as that, but I will say this, you make a very good weather prophet."
Tit-Bits.

Food for the Mind, Aten.
Page boy—I want two pounds of sausages, and cook snys will you be kind as to wrap them up in a newspaper containing a good love story.
Tit-Bits.

Not Hard to Answer.
"Will you love me when I'm old?" she asked.
"Certainly," he replied promptly. "You will love me when I am bald."—Philadelphia North America.

Diplomacy.
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"And why did Caesar cross the Rubicon?"
"Cause he wanted to get on the other side."

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Dollittle—Humph! Anybody who works is crazy.—Ohio State Journal.

Composition on Breathing.
A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in the following composition, handed in the following: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our liver, our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through breathers. They should wait until they breathe. They should wait with get outdoors. Girls kill the breath, cosets that squeezes the diagram, cosets can't holler or run like boys be cosets their diagram is squeezed, too cause their diagram is squeezed, too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."

The Great Difference.
An average pedestrian covers about thirty inches in each step. The average wheelman at one revolution of his pedals (the equivalent of a step) covers about seventeen feet, and as the movement is so easy and devoid of fatigue he usually raises his foot twice as often in the same