

"FACES IN THE STREET."
They lie, the men who tell us in a bad, decisive tone that we are a stranger, and at the same time, the nearest suburb and the city proper meet in the faces of the faces in the street.
Drifting past, drifting past, to the best of weary feet, to the sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.
And cause I have to sorrow, in a last young and fair,
To see upon these faces stamped the mark of Want and Care;
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet
In shadow, sunken faces that are doing through the street,
Drifting on, drifting on,
To the scrape of restless feet;
I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.
—London Mail.

HER LITTLE BROTHE

MY daughter—my eldest daughter—visited the Massachusetts coast last summer. Up her nose we were not in all respects, but her summer trip had in it a success. This was a distinct disappointment, since the expense had quite a dent in my bank account, and I had hoped that a certain listless girl, with which she had been affected, would disappear.
I had expected that she would catch cold before her return, as it was known to be epidemic all along the coast.
It took, in both arms; and when she returned we hoped that she would be regularly through the stages of the art and language. But there was something wrong. She was playing the game, but did not care for it with the right enthusiasm. I may best to draw her out.
"I understand," I would say, "that golf is very engrossing."
"Yes, very."
"I suppose you can hole out a boy with the best of them?"
"I—er— That is— Now, far, you are not interested!"
"But really I am." I would go on, "I am, indeed. Only, of course, I'm not thoroughly up in the game, I like to learn, immensely. I think I'll join a golf links, and buy a caddy."
"But the caddy is the boy who caddies the clubs," she said wearily.
"He does, eh? Well, then, I'll join clubs, and buy him a putty."
"Now you're only joking," she said.
"It isn't a putty, but a putter. And I'll join a club, and— But what is it?" And then she would walk away and sigh.
Here was a golf-player who would talk about golf! It was most alarming. There was only one encouragement, and he was a young doctor who used to call—well, quite often. And he had met him on the links, so we gathered, and certainly the two talked about golf whenever they met—so far as I knew.
It wasn't long before my daughter came to me for the initiation fee to join a golf club with young Dr. Simmons. I gave her the money with eager joy, and at the first opportunity I thanked the doctor for his kind interest in my daughter.
"You are a shrewd young man," said, "and you ought to rise in your profession. You have seen how anxious we have been to interest Gwendolen in golf, and you have seconded our efforts. I appreciate your disinterestedness and shall not forget it."
He seemed confused, and murmured something about "his own pleasure," but I smiled courteously and cut him short.
My son Bobby was at first scornfully superior to the attractions of the new game. He used to cough in a highly artificial way when Dr. Simmons and Gwendolen were exchanging views about bogies, and putters, and bunkers, and lofters, and would try to engage me in a vigorous discussion as to the charms of jackstones, old maid, muggins, and other trivial games. So far as golf was concerned he seemed an immune.
Therefore we were all much surprised one evening at dinner to hear him interrupt Dr. Simmons, who was delivering an enthusiastic eulogy of the royal game.
"It is adapted," said the young physician, "to every age. It has all the fascinations of billiards, with the added glories of the open air. It is cheap and engrossing. The simplicity of the game—to drive the ball toward its goal and to place it accurately on the green, when it is deftly propelled into the hole—alone makes it simple for the child and a game of skill for the adept. Why, one thinks of nothing else while on the links! And then, the constant exercise!"
"Exercise!" said Bobby. "There isn't any exercise in golf!"
"Excuse me," said the young doctor, "but I thought you didn't know anything about the game!"
"I didn't this morning," said Bobby. "But I know all about it now."
"You do?" inquired Dr. Simmons with a satirical smile. "You must have made very rapid progress."
"Yes, I did," Bobby answered very coolly. "I thought it was time I found out what you two cranks were up to, and so I went over to the links this morning."
Here Gwendolen began to look uneasy.
"Bobby, dear," she said, "you mustn't talk so much at the table."
But Bobby ignored her. "Yes," he went on, "I thought I'd like to know something about the old game, and so I've been talking to your caddy."

"To Benny Jones?" asked Dr. Simmons, frowning at Bobby.
"Yes," said Bobby gleefully, "and he explained the whole game to me."
"Mother," exclaimed Gwendolen, "won't you ring for the coffee? It seems very warm in here."
I was surprised to see that both Gwendolen and Dr. Simmons seemed disinclined to pursue the subject of Bobby's rapid acquirement of golf. For my part, it seemed immensely amusing, and I endeavored to lead him on. He was only too ready.
"Come, Bobby," I said encouragingly, "let us hear Benny Jones' account of

is singular and fit candidates scarce, if he wants celebrity in addition to ability he will be willing to make the salary five hundred dollars a week. In that case he takes into account the public value of the name and makes a feature of it in his advertisements. Not more than ten actors in America, aside from the stars, receive as much as two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and not more than five actresses are paid this amount. In fact, one hundred and fifty dollars a week is exceptional, and one hundred dollars will engage an excellent hero or heroine, a fine comedian, or a delineator of eccentric character. The wages run down to seventy-five dollars for a soubrette, ingenue or old man, to fifty dollars for an old woman, juvenile man or juvenile woman, and so along to utility and chorus men and women at twelve dollars to eighteen dollars a week. Those are the wages of thoroughly competent actors in companies of good grade."

NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

General David B. Henderson, who has taken Tom Reed's place.
The man who has succeeded Thomas B. Reed as Speaker of the House of Representatives is a far different kind of man than the big fellow from Maine. Reed is imperious and satirical. He seems to take great delight in saying things that hurt others. On the other hand, Gen. Henderson, the new Speaker, is probably the finest type of the traditional "Hall fellow, well met" that has ever been seen in public life. Boundless good nature, a fondness for the society of his fellow men of high and low degree, limitless tact, the liveliest sympathies and a fine, healthy manliness are some of the attributes that have won him the affectionate regard of all his colleagues on both sides of the chamber. No one ever thinks of finding fault with him, though things which he has done would bring upon others the severest criticism.
The qualities which have given Henderson his popularity can hardly be

GENIUS FOR MECHANICS.

Man Who Finds Work to Do Which Causes Seeing Men to Marvel.
James L. Judge of 2222 Clinton avenue, a singularly interesting character—that of being totally blind and being at the same time one of the best steam fitters in the city. Mr. Judge has been blind for thirty-six years. His affliction is the result of an explosion at the copper mines of upper Michigan.
He was working as a printer on the Grand Plain Dealer when the war broke out. During the second battle of Brun he distinguished himself for bravery and recently received a flatter communication from Brigadier General J. W. Copping, who was wounded in that battle and left on the field. Mr. Judge remained by the side of the wounded man, under a heavy fire all night, and finally removed him to a place of safety. Later on General Copping was taken to Washington by Mr. Judge.
After having received his discharge, Judge went into the upper Wisconsin copper country, where he secured employment in one of the mines. There the accident occurred which deprived him of his sight. He was once removed to St. Mary's hospital in Milwaukee, where, in the course of events, he became a steam fitter most peculiar way.
One big plate in one of the steamers with which the hospital was equipped was cracked and the employees of the hospital were at a loss how to proceed. Judge insisted he could repair it, so was allowed to try. Through sense of touch he soon learned extent of the break and then he worked on it.
This he did in such a workmanlike manner, the hospital authorities were pleased with him and employed him to set up a complete steam heating plant. In need of which the hospital was. Mr. Judge has done many little jobs of steam fitting, amounting to being that of the home of the blind at Chippewa Falls, Wis.—St. Pioneer Press.

Sale of Our Players.

Franklin, writing of "The Ladies Home Journal" touches interestingly upon the sale of actors, and corrects the exaggerated reports of the enormous sale of players. "Salaries vary with circumstances," he says. "The man may find at twenty-five dollars a player whose moderate talent exacts a part of considerable importance. He may have to pay one hundred and fifty dollars if the role



SPEAKER DAVID B. HENDERSON.

Under Their Critical Scrutiny the Calious Man Who Had Many Escapes by Field and Flood Experienced a Trying Time.
He was a man of experience. He had visited nearly every known country and had thrilling adventures in some of them. He had hunted big game, and had been through at least one South American revolution. Consequently he was looked upon as an interesting story teller, and, being a convivial party, there was a natural desire on the part of his associates to draw him out.
"Tell us about the most thrilling, awe-inspiring experience you ever had," one of them urged.
"Oh, you can't expect him to single out one as the most nerve-trying of all," put in another. "He has had too many for that. Just tell us about any one of them, old man."
The man of experience thought a few minutes.
"There is one that stands out pre-eminent as the most trying ordeal of my life," he said at last. "No other experience that I ever went through begins to equal it. Nothing else ever made me half so nervous."
"Tell us about it," they all cried.
"It was the day I took dinner at Vassar College," he began.
"Oh, come off," they broke in. "Don't try to jolly us."
"I'm not," replied the man of experience. "I'm telling you the solemn truth. I was a friend of the family of a girl at Vassar, and, being armed with the proper credentials, I called upon her there and was invited to remain to dinner. I was the only man in the dining room. When I entered the girls were already seated and they took me in from head to foot. I could feel them doing it. At a rough guess I should say there were 500 pairs of eyes riveted upon me, and I knew that 500 girls were passing judgment upon me, and everything connected with me—my dress, my bearing, my features, my manners, everything. One pair of feminine eyes can make a man feel uncomfortable, two pairs can make him think that life isn't worth living, and three pairs can give him the cold shivers. A girl knows it and she glories in it. When she has man at a disadvantage there is nothing that gives her greater pleasure than to make the most of it and watch him suffer. Those girls had me at their mercy. They overwhelmed me with cold, critical, analytical glances that were more deadly than Mauser bullets. By the time I reached the guests' table, where I sat in solemn grandeur with the girl at whose invitation I was there, I would have gladly exchanged places with a man leading a forlorn hope on the field of battle. Before the dinner was half over I would have considered being lost in a tropical jungle pleasing by comparison. Oh, those girls, those girls! They left the dining room before I did, and in doing so, they passed my friend, but I could feel them going by—and slaking me up, and I was satisfied that I didn't pass muster. It seemed as if each one was saying to herself: 'Oh, he's not so many! He lacks ease, and his isn't on straight!'"
"And that," he added, "was my most terrible experience. There was a thrill or a chill to every minute of it. I would repeat any other ordeal of my life in preference to it. If you have never dined with 500 girls fully conscious of their power and mischievous inclination you cannot appreciate what it is."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PELICANS IN THE BIG MUDDY.

Great Colony of the Birds on an Island in the Missouri River.
Pelican bend, in the Missouri River, near St. Charles, Mo., is the scene of a great annual gathering of pelicans. There is a big flat bar in the river there which has endured far beyond the usual span of a bar's existence in the treacherous, shifting current of the Missouri. This bar is the semiannual stopping place of vast flocks of pelicans that migrate from south to north in the spring and from north to south in the fall.
Persons who have observed their habits claim that they invariably arrive at Pelican bend on Sept. 4 and remain until cold weather sends them south.
The pelican is an attractive bird. He is both handsome and the nose. But he is commendable regular in his habits. The parent catches fish and after eating their deposit he deposits them in their pouches under their bills and carries them to their young. These pouches will hold from three to eight pounds of fish. They are elastic, and when distended to their utmost nearly touch the ground. When empty the pouch lies close up under the big bill and is merely a mass of wrinkles. It is this pouch that gives the pelican his characteristic and disagreeable odor caused by particles of decaying fish.
The pelican's legs are short and strong, and its feet have large webs. It is not a fast swimmer nor a rapid flyer, but it is practically tireless in both air and water. On land it is awkward and unwieldy. Its feathers are pure white, except for a tuft of brown plumage that is seen on the top of the head for about six weeks in the early autumn. This tuft disappears in August and leaves a plainly bald pate that is not pleasant to view. At first the skin is red, then pink, then a straw color. By Nov. 1 the skin on the head hardens into a horny crest, which grows as the winter progresses until by the time the bird arrives at its breeding place in the northwest it is so prominent that it is called the "centerboard" because of its resemblance to the centerboard of a sailboat. When properly cured, the pelican skins and plumage are largely used in women's garments and hats.—St. Louis Republic.

Wooling in Brazil.

On Sunday evenings the young man is welcome into the parlor, where a row of chairs extends along the four walls. The whole family seats itself, and amidst a general conversation the poor fellow is supposed to do the wooling. If he wishes to escort his fiancée to a theater, the family and daughter will walk ahead, while he follows by his lonely self. In short, the couple are never permitted to be alone, and the natural consequence is a clandestine wooling.
How He Offended Her.
"Yes," said the bachelor, reflectively, "I offended her in some way, but I don't really know how. You see, her baby was fretful, and she explained that he had been cutting his teeth; whereupon I asked her why she let him play with a knife."

500 PAIRS OF EYES.

BEING FEMININE EYES, THEY WERE TERRIBLE.

Under Their Critical Scrutiny the Calious Man Who Had Many Escapes by Field and Flood Experienced a Trying Time.
He was a man of experience. He had visited nearly every known country and had thrilling adventures in some of them. He had hunted big game, and had been through at least one South American revolution. Consequently he was looked upon as an interesting story teller, and, being a convivial party, there was a natural desire on the part of his associates to draw him out.
"Tell us about the most thrilling, awe-inspiring experience you ever had," one of them urged.
"Oh, you can't expect him to single out one as the most nerve-trying of all," put in another. "He has had too many for that. Just tell us about any one of them, old man."
The man of experience thought a few minutes.
"There is one that stands out pre-eminent as the most trying ordeal of my life," he said at last. "No other experience that I ever went through begins to equal it. Nothing else ever made me half so nervous."
"Tell us about it," they all cried.
"It was the day I took dinner at Vassar College," he began.
"Oh, come off," they broke in. "Don't try to jolly us."
"I'm not," replied the man of experience. "I'm telling you the solemn truth. I was a friend of the family of a girl at Vassar, and, being armed with the proper credentials, I called upon her there and was invited to remain to dinner. I was the only man in the dining room. When I entered the girls were already seated and they took me in from head to foot. I could feel them doing it. At a rough guess I should say there were 500 pairs of eyes riveted upon me, and I knew that 500 girls were passing judgment upon me, and everything connected with me—my dress, my bearing, my features, my manners, everything. One pair of feminine eyes can make a man feel uncomfortable, two pairs can make him think that life isn't worth living, and three pairs can give him the cold shivers. A girl knows it and she glories in it. When she has man at a disadvantage there is nothing that gives her greater pleasure than to make the most of it and watch him suffer. Those girls had me at their mercy. They overwhelmed me with cold, critical, analytical glances that were more deadly than Mauser bullets. By the time I reached the guests' table, where I sat in solemn grandeur with the girl at whose invitation I was there, I would have gladly exchanged places with a man leading a forlorn hope on the field of battle. Before the dinner was half over I would have considered being lost in a tropical jungle pleasing by comparison. Oh, those girls, those girls! They left the dining room before I did, and in doing so, they passed my friend, but I could feel them going by—and slaking me up, and I was satisfied that I didn't pass muster. It seemed as if each one was saying to herself: 'Oh, he's not so many! He lacks ease, and his isn't on straight!'"
"And that," he added, "was my most terrible experience. There was a thrill or a chill to every minute of it. I would repeat any other ordeal of my life in preference to it. If you have never dined with 500 girls fully conscious of their power and mischievous inclination you cannot appreciate what it is."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

John I. Blair, in his earlier days, owned a Western railroad along the route of which he established a series of lunch rooms, at which employees of the road were to be charged 50 cents and all passengers 75 cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places, and, concluding his meal, laid down a half dollar. "Hold on!" cried the cashier, "you don't belong to this road." "I know that," replied Mr. Blair, "the road belongs to me."
The skipper of a sailing vessel had as passenger an estimable but not very courageous minister and two careless young men given to mischief. A severe storm came up, and although the young men were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object. "See here, sir," said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, "do you want me to think you're more afraid of going to heaven than those young men are of going to hell?"
During the Congress of Vienna each of the several monarchs present was the guest of some nobleman. On one occasion Baron Rothschild was invited. He modestly went to take his place, not among the more exalted guests. When they discovered Rothschild, however, they all arose and saluted him, except the King of Prussia. Some one asked the king why he did not salute the great European banker. "Did I not?" he replied; "well, I suppose it was because I was the only one who did not owe him anything."

The Senate has always been controlled by lawyers, and Blair was at a disadvantage because he did not belong to the profession. The law-lords were disposed to disparage and flout him, but he was dispassionate to the verge of irreverence. "Does the Senator from Maine think I am an idiot?" roared Thurman, in reply to an interrogatory Blair put to him one day in the Pacific Railroad debate. "Well," bellowed Blair, "that depends entirely on the answer you make to my question!"
Probably the earliest college examination on record is that recorded in the "Life of Dean Liddell." Christ Church was the resort of many gentlemen commoners who passed on their family, not their scholastic attainments. Still, they had to be examined, and one of them who had been set to attend a course of lectures on the atmosphere, came before Osbourne Gordon for an inquiry into his very human understanding. "Well, Mr. —," said Gordon, "what is the atmosphere composed of?" After much hesitation the man replied, "Zinc." "Thank you," said Gordon, "that will do. Good-morning."

While at Harrow, Dean Vaughan was returning home late one evening, when he caught sight of a boy who ought to have been fast asleep in bed. As soon as the boy saw the drenched figure he ran for dear life, with Dr. Vaughan in hot pursuit. He succeeded in catching the boy by one of his coat-tails, when there was a sudden wrench, and the youngster was off again, leaving a coat-tail in the dean's hands. The master made sure that he would now find out the culprit next morning, and did not pursue further. But next day, to his blank astonishment, every boy of the sixth form had only one tail to his coat.
An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of an artist, and asked for money to obtain a meal. He explained that he had just been discharged from the county hospital, and was too weak to work. He was given a quarter and departed. One of four young ladies, art students, who were present, said: "Mr. Madder, can't we hire that old man and sketch him?" Madder ran out and caught him, and said: "If you can't work, and want to make a dollar, come back to my rooms. The young ladies want to paint you." The Irishman hesitated, so Madder remarked: "It won't take long, and it's an easy way to make a dollar." "O! know that," was the reply, "but O! was a wonder! how th' devil O! g'it th' paint off afterward."

Best Wedding Cake a Year Old.

The best London wedding cakebakers advertise that all their cakes are a year old; none in London sells a wedding cake under two months. A cake baked in July will be ripe for a November wedding.
Trick in Making Matches.
By the simple trick of cutting the wood across the grain, or of cutting it with the grain at such an angle that it will split almost lengthwise when friction is applied, it is asserted that the match trust is adding to its profits by enormous yearly sums.

ODD STORY.

A Turtle that Would Not Stay Away from a Certain Garden.

One of the interesting sights of Honolulu, Hawaii, but one few persons have an opportunity to view, is a great turtle living on the premises of a family there. This creature seems to have more intelligence than is usually allotted to one of its species.
One day a huge turtle, measuring

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.
As they bent solicitously over him, the man who had been kicked by a horse opened his eyes. "Have you any last wish?" they asked him.
"Yes," he murmured. "Have an automobile horse at the funeral."
Revenge, it seemed, was strong even to death.—New York Press.

Her Specialty.
The Prompter—So your wife has gone into vaudeville?
The Comedian—Yes.
The Prompter—What line of work?
The Comedian—Oh, curtain lectures, I suppose.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Too Numerous.
Young Wife (poutingly)—You haven't given me anything since we've been married.
Young Husband (facetiously)—Why, I'm always giving you kisses, darling.
Young Wife—Oh, those don't count.
Young Husband—No, they're countless.

Origin.
"It is a woman's lot to suffer in silence! I wonder what is the origin of that sentiment?"
"Perhaps it's a corruption of the truth that a silent woman suffers a lot!"—Detroit Journal.

What Shall the Poor Girl Do?

"Oh, Minna, I'm in despair! Arthur promises if I marry him he'll give up his life of dissipation, and I'm threatened if I don't marry him he'll begin a life of dissipation. Now what shall I do?"—Lustige Blaetter.

Matrimonial Repartee.
"You are your own worst enemy," she said.
"Why do you keep reminding me of the fact that I deliberately asked you to marry me?" he returned.—Chicago Evening Post.

Tried the Experiment.
"My! hasn't that woman a sour looking face?"
"Yes. She must have heard that lemon juice was good for the complexion."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No Skin Game.
"What do you think," said the Arctic fox, "about this boundary brush?"
"Oh," answered the marten, "it's just as well to be fur-bearing."—New York Press.

Safe.
"Disgraceful! I should think society would turn him down."
"No danger of that. He's one of the 'high lights.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Financial Estrangement.
"What cold glances Wiggins gives you, Billy."
"Yes; he owes me \$5 and I owe him \$4. He's mad because I don't pay him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not to Be Trifled With.

"Yes; he owes me \$5 and I owe him \$4. He's mad because I don't pay him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Why He Took His Departure.
Cholly—I never shall marry a strong-minded woman, never.
Minerva—No, of course, you won't. The woman you marry will be weak-minded, I am sure.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Reward in Sight.
"What makes you so devoted to golf, Mr. Poddington?"
"Well, you see, somebody always gives a dinner after the game."—Indianapolis Journal.

"And Thrift Is Blessing."
The Pedestrian—You keep a horse! Why, I had no idea you were so thrifty.
"Oh, yes. I deposit regularly in the savings bank all the money I borrow from my friends."—Life.

The Tip that Failed.
"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" asked the waiter, who expected a tip.
"Very likely," replied the feeder. "You kept me waiting so long that I've forgotten who I am."—Philadelphia North American.

The Reason for It.
He had come into the office to secure a game license. Before making application he did considerable blowing about what luck he had always had and how much greater it was to be this season. Briefly, he made the clerk tired. He was asked the usual questions when he applied for the license.
"What's your name?"
"How old are you?"
"What's your mother's maiden name?"
"What's your father's name?"
"Where do you live?"
"Say, look here," said the hunter bold, "what's all this nonsense for, anyway? What difference does it make where I live and all that?"
"Just to assist the coroner in disposing of the remains when you are returned," replied the clerk without looking up.
And three or four in the room, with great unkindness, laughed harshly.—Detroit Free Press.

Antiquity of Windmills.
Windmills, though only now becoming popular for pumping water, were known in Europe so far back as 1100.

THE LOGIC OF IT.

Old Lady—Why do you have such a dirty, grimy face?

Considerate.
"What a lovely waste basket the editor has."
"Yes, he's so kind hearted he means the poet's lines shall fall in pleasant places."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

This Preposterous Age.
"Why did the beautiful Miss Punk have two wedding ceremonies?"
"The biograph man was late, so they had to go through the service again."—Chicago Record.

With the Heel Toward the Door.
Rev. Fiddle, D. D.—May I leave a few tracts?
Farmer—Certainly! Here, Towser!

Comparing Notes.
Mrs. Jones—My husband is the light of my life.
Mrs. Smith—So is mine. One of the kind that smokes and goes out nights.

An Important Distinction.
"I lost my purse this afternoon."
"Gracious, Julia, were you going shopping or coming back?"—Chicago Record.

How He Avoided It.
Hoax—I never can bear to see a woman stand in the street car.
Joan—Same here. I always buy a paper.

Modern Improvements.
Irate Tenant—It's colder than all get out in our apartments this morning. Why isn't the heat turned on?
Janitor—It's turned on in the rooms I occupy and just as soon as they get warm I'll turn it on in the rest of the building.

Feminine Economy.
Husband—What's this? Another \$25 milliner's bill? I thought we had decided to be more economical.
Wife—Well, didn't I spend two days looking for your new winter suit, and didn't I finally get one for \$6.08 that they wanted \$7 for?

In Her Line.
Wife—I found a place to-day where I can get a \$12 wrap for \$7.98.
Husband—Very well. To-morrow go out and find a place where I can get the \$7.98.

Amusement.
Countrywoman (at the dress parade)—My! my! What a wonderful thing discipline is; a whole regiment assembled, and each man holds his tongue!—Meggendorfer's Humoristische Blaetter.

Wanted It from the Start.
Little Willie—Say, pa, was the earth created before man?
Pa—Yes, my son.
Little Willie—Why was it?
Pa—It was probably known that it would be the first thing he'd want when he arrived.

Why He Took His Departure.
Cholly—I never shall marry a strong-minded woman, never.
Minerva—No, of course, you won't. The woman you marry will be weak-minded, I am sure.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Reward in Sight.
"What makes you so devoted to golf, Mr. Poddington?"
"Well, you see, somebody always gives a dinner after the game."—Indianapolis Journal.

"And Thrift Is Blessing."
The Pedestrian—You keep a horse! Why, I had no idea you were so thrifty.
"Oh, yes. I deposit regularly in the savings bank all the money I borrow from my friends."—Life.

The Tip that Failed.
"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" asked the waiter, who expected a tip.
"Very likely," replied the feeder. "You kept me waiting so long that I've forgotten who I am."—Philadelphia North American.

The Reason for It.
He had come into the office to secure a game license. Before making application he did considerable blowing about what luck he had always had and how much greater it was to be this season. Briefly, he made the clerk tired. He was asked the usual questions when he applied for the license.
"What's your name?"
"How old are you?"
"What's your mother's maiden name?"
"What's your father's name?"
"Where do you live?"
"Say, look here," said the hunter bold, "what's all this nonsense for, anyway? What difference does it make where I live and all that?"
"Just to assist the coroner in disposing of the remains when you are returned," replied the clerk without looking up.
And three or four in the room, with great unkindness, laughed harshly.—Detroit Free Press.

Antiquity of Windmills.
Windmills, though only now becoming popular for pumping water, were known in Europe so far back as 1100.

