

TWO LOVES OF A SAILOR.

Oh, an old man sat and blinked 't the sun... And a song o' the sea sang he...

Oh, the mariner held his ain love pressed To his heart and her sweet lips kissed...

Oh, the lassie ashore forgot her man, But his sweetheart, the sea, proved true...

An Augmented Education

THE friends of Marcia Egremont often wondered which she knew the most about, vocal training or love-making...

Marcia, for the present, judged all lovers, apparently at least, by their vocal qualifications. As a heart-searching love affair is supposed to be "developing" to the human voice...

Something stirred in the back of his throat, and it seemed as though bands, hitherto unrecognized, were loosened...

Marcia's turn came first, and Phillip slipped into the side of the hall to listen. She sang as one translated...

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THE YELLOW MAN'S BURDEN.



The white man's burden has been described in prose and poetry. The yellow man's burden, greater than his white brother's, remains to be pictured by historians and commentators...

China is to-day practically without government for her 400,000,000 of people. China is to-day divided, the Empress working against reforms necessary for the perpetuity of the empire...

press his admiration, she slipped from the waiting-room and out into the side of the hall—to listen to him, as he realized with a thrill...

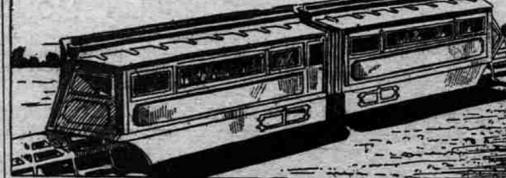
Something stirred in the back of his throat, and it seemed as though bands, hitherto unrecognized, were loosened...

At the Zoological Gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big crocodile fell into the water...

Electric Eel's Victim. At the Zoological Gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual...

Surprising Shrinkage. A writer on old Texas says, in "The Evolution of a State," that in 1837 the winter was cold and wet, and the set-

ELECTRIC TRAIN WHICH WILL RUN 100 MILES AN HOUR.



Railway travel at the rate of 100 miles an hour on a single rail with electricity as the motive promises to be the common method in England in the not remote future...

RECEIVES MUCH MAIL.

TENANTS OF A BUSY OFFICE BUILDING IN CHICAGO.

The Monadnock Block Has a Special Postal Sub-Station of Its Own Which Does the Second Largest Business in the City.

The smallest postal district in the world is under the roof of the Monadnock Building at Jackson, Dearborn and Van Buren streets, in Chicago. The building alone comprises a separate and distinct district in itself.

The Monadnock postal district was established last year, though a money order, stamp, and registered letter station was established there more than two years ago to meet the demands made by that section of the downtown district.

Long training and service in the postal department have made these carriers adept, establishing a system that insures accurate delivery of mail to the persons to whom it is addressed.

COGN POPULAR IN EUROPE.

Illinois' Great Cereal in Growing Demand Across the Front. It was over ten years ago that an attempt was made to popularize American corn in Europe by teaching foreign nations how to cook and prepare it in various ways.

An Abstainer.

Briggs—Well, I have had to give up drinking. Griggs—Why? Briggs—I found it was affecting my heart. Don't depend on your personal appearance earning your salary.

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.

"Your love letters," wrote a Boston man to his New York fiancée, gently but firmly, "are not couched in the exactest English."

An Important One. "Thompson has made a discovery." "Indeed?" "Yes. He says that he has discovered that the more buttons there are on a woman's coat the greater the probability that it really fastens with hooks and eyes."

Possibly. "You say the play was entirely without a villain?" "Yes—that is, if you choose to omit the author."—Indianapolis Press.

How to Get Them to Stop.

The national food crop of Germany and Russia is rye, while that of France is wheat, that of China rice and that of India millet. Corn cannot be said to be our national food crop exactly, for we are heavy raisers and consumers of wheat, too.

KING OF ITALY'S DISCOVERIES.

Why Victor Emmanuel Is Unpopular with His Client Fervants.

There is an element of the unexpected about King Victor Emmanuel which is beginning to render him noisome (a bore) to certain classes of his subjects. I suppose all the world over civil service clerks are more assiduous than any others in their efforts to render their positions secure, but in Italy they reach the acme of perfection in this respect.

His Status. He—Look here, my dear. I cannot afford to entertain on such a scale as you have indulged in of late. She—John, I really believe you are just the kind of a man who would be perfectly happy if you lived within your income.—Life.

Criticism.

First Drake—I think that young drake is very stupid. Second Duck—Oh, yes! He doesn't know enough to stay out when it rains.

Came Back Viewless.

Mrs. Gushington—I suppose, now that you have been abroad, you have your own views of foreign life. Mrs. Newrich—No, we ain't got no views. We didn't take no camera along. It's so awful common.—Philadelphia Record.

Increasing the Chances.

Once it encouraged a boy to be told that he might become President of the United States some day. Now it is necessary to change the promised prize to Presidency of a trust.—New York World.

Related.

"I understand that Fralman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will." "Well, what is there outrageous about that; she's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond Dispatch.

A Long Story.

Ned—If you want to marry an heirless, why, why don't you propose to Miss Elderly? She's rich. Ted—Yes; but I object to her past. Ned—Why, I thought that she was above reproach. Ted—It is; but there's so much of it.—Town and Country.

Trying to Deceive Her.

"No," said the landlady, "we cannot accommodate you. We only take in single gentlemen." "Goodness," replied Mr. Marryat, "what makes you think I'm twins?"—Philadelphia Record.

Of Two Evils the Lesser.

Papa—Didn't I tell you, Willie, if I caught you playing with Tommy Jink again I would whip you? Willie—Yes, sir. Papa—Then why were you playing with him? Willie—Well, I got lonesome with I thought a lickin' would hurt, so I just went over and played with him, that's why.

Easy for Her.

Mrs. Muggins—Mrs. B Jones is very regular in her attendance at the mother's meetings. She never misses one. Mrs. Buggins—Why should she? She hasn't any children to keep her home.—Philadelphia Record.

A Call Down for Mr. M.

Mr. Meek—I should certainly have some say as to whom my daughter weds. Mrs. Meek—Not at all. Let her alone, and she'll marry some old fool just like her mother did.—Baltimore World.

A Literary Oracle.

"Your friend says he has no trouble whatever in understanding every paragraph of that voluminous state document." "Yes. I don't know whether to regard him with great respect or great suspicion."—Washington Star.

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Tom—Does your father know that I play golf? Alice—You don't suppose I've told him your failings, do you?—Judge.

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"Those folks in the next flat are awfully pretentious." "Are they?" "Yes. She sends her visiting card over—two middle names on it—when she wants to borrow butter."—Puck.

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Worth More.

"A penny for your thoughts, Reggie." "Worth more, weally; make it a frank." "A franc? Nonsense! Why?" "Was thinking in French, ye know, of you, don't ye know."—Harlem Life.

Brook'ya Lovers' Ways.

She—So this is the end of our engagement? He—It may be for you, but it will take me a year yet to pay the bills.—Brooklyn Life.

Self Pi y.

"I see Jack Ketcham has been married to Miss Goldrox." "Yes, and I was very sorry to see it." "Sorry? For her sake or his?" "For mine. I wanted her."—Philadelphia Press.

In Chicago.

Doctor—Oh! I'll pull you through! Patient—That's right, doctor! I want to be included in the next census.—Puck.

A Clear Interpretation.

Pastor—I am pained to see, dear brother, that you will sleep in church on Sunday. Parishioner—Of course. Why not? Isn't Sunday a day of rest?

The New Baby.

Happy Father—We've got a new baby up at our house. Friend—So? What do you call him? H. P.—We don't call him; he does all the calling himself.

Suburban Floral Festival.

"Yesterday was sweet-pea day out at our house." "In bloom already?" "No, my wife stood over me while I weeded them."

A Blow to Expectation.

Mrs. Dobbs—You told me Mrs. Hobbs was highly intellectual. Mr. Dobbs—Didn't you find her so? Mrs. Dobbs—When I called we talked a solid half hour about clothes.

Where Was He At?

She—There are some people I like and some I don't like. He—What about me? She—Oh, present company is always excepted.

Information from Headquarters.

Clevertun—Look here, have you been making love to Miss Summit? Dashaway—Yes, sir, I have. "Well, do you know that I have been making love to that girl?" "So she said."

Colors Run Mad.

"Have you seen Jack Liffington's new golf suit?" "No; it is gay, I imagine." "Gay? He looks like a demented Easter egg."—Life.

In Earnest.

He (delightfully)—Have you really and truly never been engaged before? She—Never—that is, not in the winter.—New York Weekly.

Gardening Exposure.

Mr. Citily—I should think you would raise mushrooms; they are very expensive. Mr. Isolote (of Lonlyville, mournful)—Everything is expensive by the time I have raised it!—Puck.

A Crushing De-Fect.

First Bookkeeper—Tobson has been chuckling to himself over his work all day. He must see something very amusing in the figures he's working with. Second Bookkeeper—Get so? Well, let's watch out and that away the minute closing-up time comes. His 3-year-old boy has been saying something cute again.

Twins.

"Quite an interesting thing happened at Nuppo's house last night." "There were two interesting things." "I only heard of one; the arrival of a son and heir. What was the other?" "The arrival of another son and heir."—Philadelphia Press.

The Dog's Immune.

Snobbinus—I should think you'd be afraid of having that big dog around you all the time. If I had him I should be afraid all the time he would go mad. Snobbinus—But he doesn't have to live with you, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Irregular.

He—When I tell you that I have enough to support you in the style in which you have been accustomed to live, you must take my simple word for it. She—But, George, is that strictly business?

Dromedaries Smoke Tobacco.

Dromedaries are said to be particularly fond of tobacco smoke, and can be made to do almost anything while under its influence. Travelers, it is asserted, rely more on their tobacco smoke for their control over these huge beasts than anything else. When traveling on long journeys the dromedaries are in many cases required to travel night and day without rest, and they are kept up to their task by smoking cigars. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigarholder. This is inserted in the mouth of the animal, the cigar being lit and pressed into the hole. The dromedary closes its nostrils until the cigar is burned away. The indulgence appears to refresh it, and the keeper has no difficulty in persuading the animal to plod on without further rest.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Age of Marriage.

The average age at which men marry is 27.7 years, while the average age at which women marry is 25 1/2 years.