

THE LIVING MUSE.

Horace calls no more on me. Homer in the dust-heap lies; I have found my Odysseus In the lightness of her glee, In the laughter of her eyes.

Ovid's page is thumbed no more, E'en Catullus has no choice! There is endless, precious lore, Such as I never knew before, In the music of her voice.

Breath of hyssop steeped in wine, Breath of violets and furze, Wild-wood roses, Grecian myrrhs, All these perfumes do combine In that maiden breath of hers.

Nay, I look not at the skies, Nor the sun that hillward slips, For the day lives or it dies, In the laughter of her eyes, In the music of her lips.

Bookman.

MAY.

HE was looking at May's portrait—a lovely little miniature—when the housemaid brought the packet to him. The girl entered timidly, with a furtive glance at her master, for whom her heart was bleeding.

He took the thick envelope, glanced at the clerical writing, and at the back, upon which was stamped in blue letters, "W. Robinson & Co." as the servant he flung it on the table, and as the servant left the room, the sound of harsh laughter broke upon her ears.

He had written a few days before to William Robinson for those patterns that he might choose the materials for his wedding suit. May was so particular about what he wore. He used to be a little careless about his dress once. Then, in his endeavor to gain May's approbation, he had overdone it in the opposite direction.

After that laugh of harshness which had so startled his servant, Laurence Ord went back to the study of May's portrait. A sob of anguish broke in a groan from Ord's pale lips. He had tried to realize that those dancing eyes were closed forever.

The idea of May—May, the merriest little person in the world—lying cold and silent was too much for the young man who last had seen her having a wild game with a kitten on the deck of a friend's yacht.

He had dreaded that little cruise more than he could say. He had all but asked her not to go, but from this he had refrained, deeming it mere selfishness. "You don't mind me going, Laurie, do you?" she asked, when the trip had been first suggested.

He had gone to see her off on board the Orchid, and she had stopped in the middle of one of her airy whirls with the kitten and a piece of scarlet ribbon. "Mind you have the patterns ready by the time I come back!"

The yacht Orchid, which was wrecked last night on the dangerous reef outside Alwyn Bay, is the property of a Mr. Griffiths of London. All on board were saved except the unfortunate lady whose body was washed ashore early this morning. It has been identified as that of Miss May Carden.

His senses had at first been blunted by the shock. Now they were awakened to full consciousness of the immeasurable pain. He laid the miniature down, and began to walk about the room. He moved things here and there. He found the clock—then his nerveless fingers dropped it with a crash. He let it lie where it had fallen.

He began mechanically to settle the things on the table, to fold up the newspapers, and open his neglected letters. He was fighting his pain. The letters were read without his being a whit the wiser as to their contents. The packet of patterns was the only thing that remained.

With another of those pitiful laughs he ripped open the envelope. The laugh changed into an indescribable cry. There were no patterns in the envelope. Instead there were three thick sheets of newspaper, each of which had "Walter Robinson & Son, Solicitors, Alwyn Bay," printed upon it. The writing was a penciled scrawl—a dear, familiar scrawl.

Laurence read it on his knees, sobbing out his thanks to God. Three sentences and the signature will suffice to explain: "I was brought ashore half-drowned. Mr. Robinson, a lawyer, has kindly given us shelter. Mr. Griffiths is addressing this. Your loving May."—San Francisco Argonaut.

FIVE TIMES PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE



William T. Baker

Forty years ago last March W. T. Baker joined the Chicago Board of Trade, and ever since has lived the strenuous life of an active member of that association. He has done other things as well. He succeeded Lyman J. Gage as president of the World's Columbian Exposition after having been one of its directors for a year and also chairman of the committee on foreign exhibits.

HUMAN FINGER PRINTS.

There Are Possible Drawbacks to Their Value in Identification.

The constancy of human finger prints has chiefly been discussed in connection with the identification of criminals. Assuming that the evidence of finger prints is to be admissible in criminal proceedings, it will be not only necessary to prove that in the case of the same man the finger prints remain unaltered, but that no two persons have identical finger prints.

There are probably 1,500,000,000 men and women on the earth. Can we suppose that no two of these have identical finger prints? Nor indeed is this all. We may be comparing the finger prints of a living man with those of one who has been dead for years past, and the doctrine of heredity might lead us to expect to find similar finger prints in the case of parents and children and of different children of the same parents.

Moreover, professional criminals would probably soon find some mode of altering their finger prints. No doubt if the person who committed a crime—a murder, for example—has left the imprint of his fingers on anything it may prove an important clue, but the same thing may be said of the imprint of his boots or shoes. But a clew is one thing and a proof is another thing.

Let us point out another difficulty. In a country where there are a large number of criminals whose finger prints are collected, the number of these will soon be very large. How long would it take to examine this collection in order to find out whether any of them corresponded accurately with the finger prints of the man who is now accused? The task would, I think, be a hopeless one.

That finger prints may be important in the detection of crime whenever the criminal has left the print of his fingers behind him I do not dispute, but without much stronger evidence than we now possess that no two persons have indistinguishable finger prints such evidence ought never to be permitted to outweigh what appeared to be a tolerably satisfactory alibi.

The Plethoric Picnic Pie.

That the joyous picnic season does not bring peace and happiness to all alike is clearly shown by a composition written on the subject by a girl in a New York high school.

"May parties will soon be ripe, and the June walk season will follow hard upon. The difference between a May party and a June walk is a simple matter of chronology. Each has its queen of brief authority and its chap-

eron of absolute sway. Each has also its hamper, which is as readily an enemy to the Manhattan populace as the frying-pan to the Kansas farm hand. I took an inventory of one of these hampers last year, and as I was a member of the physiology class at the time, it startled me out of a session's growth.

"When the hamper was opened the chaperon drew forth one bag of sandwiches and one pie; one bottle of pickles, one pie; one sponge cake, one pie; one roast chicken, one pie; one bottle of lemon juice, one pie; one bag of assorted cookies, one pie; one dozen doughnuts, one pie; one package of biscuits and one pie. This was all, except that there were a few extra pies at the bottom, for the purpose, I suppose, of forestalling famine.

"The chaperon wondered after lunch why the girls and boys didn't enter into their play with as much zest as they did when they first arrived at the park. I didn't. I was studying natural history at the time, and only a few days before a Ined explanation had been given why the box constrictor takes a month's nap after dining on far more digestible food than anything I saw in Central Park that day."

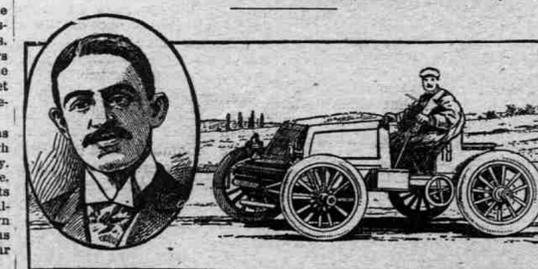
Concert on Wife's Grave. Out of respect for the memory of his wife, Jesse Mitchell played twenty-seven pieces of music over her grave in Pittston Cemetery. She died a year ago. The strange concert was witnessed by a large crowd, among them a number of boys who jeered at Mitchell. Others guarded the bereaved man as he sat upon the newly made mound and played the Scottish bagpipe for an hour.—Pittston correspondent Philadelphia North American.

Science Versus the Rat Pest. One of the professors at the Pasteur Institute in Paris has discovered a microbe that breeds a pestilence among rats. Specimens of it have been tested on farms and in warehouses with success. In one-half the cases the whole colony of rats was destroyed; in other cases, the number was greatly reduced. Thus science will take the place of nature and the occupation of the cats will be gone.

A True Story. She (reading lazily)—Why is it that this newspaper calls its column "Through the Microscope?" He (lighting a fresh cigar)—Because of the (puff) prodigious enlargement requisite (puff, puff)—to see the point to most of the stuff that appears under it.—Indianapolis Press.

City and Country. New York now leads all the other States in the predominance of its city over its country population. Of every 100 inhabitants of the Empire State, 75 live in cities and towns. The percentage of the population living in cities and towns for the whole country is only 47.

WINNER OF THE AUTOMOBILE RACE BETWEEN PARIS AND BERLIN.



Henri Fournier, the winner of the automobile race from Paris to Berlin, has long been known on the continent as the king of the automobilists. He first used a petroleum tricycle for his road work. With a machine of 1 1/2-horse power he made an average of more than forty miles an hour at a time when automobiles were the merest novelties. Thus it will be seen that he was no new hand in the big race which has just been won at Berlin. Fournier is a veritable spectacle on his machine. He lies along with bulging eyes cast groundward, hair streaming in the wind, and his motor puffing like mad under him. He is so accustomed to these hazardous trips that he is perfectly cool while traveling over a country road at express train speed.

Science and Invention

Another mountain observatory is projected. It is to stand at an elevation of 6,000 feet near Semmering, in the Austrian Alps. The neighboring valleys are frequently filled with clouds, while the chosen peak towers clear in the starlight.

It has been supposed that the Hertzian waves, upon which the wireless telegraph depends for its operation, went through the ground as well as in the air, for mountains offer no obstacle to them. But M. La Grange reports to the Paris Academy of Sciences that the Hertzian waves simply follow along the ground, being directed by its surface, and that tests show that they do not penetrate the earth to a distance of eighteen inches. The conclusion from this is that there is little hope of securing underground wireless telegraphy.

T. J. J. See of the Naval Observatory has announced the results of new measurements of Saturn and its rings, which differ somewhat from older determinations. He makes the exterior diameter of the rings about 173,226 miles, the equatorial diameter of Saturn 74,900 miles, and the polar diameter 67,305 miles, the difference between the two diameters being 7,595 miles, almost equal to the entire diameter of the earth. Mr. See's measures make the diameter of Titan, the largest of Saturn's moons, 2,002 miles. It had previously been estimated as high as 3,500 miles.

R. H. Yapp, an English naturalist who has recently explored the mountain ranges of the Malay peninsula, reports the hitherto little known fact that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints—are stored with large quantities of naturally filtered water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency. Mr. Yapp also discovered two species of ferns, growing on trees, whose thick, fleshy stems are filled with galleries tunneled by ants, the ferns thus forming living nests for the ants.

A light electric railway for passengers and goods traffic in Russian Poland, connecting the towns of Lodz, Zgierz and Zablanice, is now open. The building of this railway has been granted by the Russian government on the condition that after twenty-eight years the whole line and plant is to be handed over to the government without any compensation, and that after twenty years it has the option of purchase. Furthermore, the company has agreed to pay a certain portion of the profits to the government. This line is interesting, as it is the first electric railway established in Russia.

In the constellation Gemini is a well-known variable star, Zeta, of less than the third magnitude when brightest, which, according to an estimate recently set forth in the Observatory by Miss Agnes M. Clerke, may be ranked among the giants of starry space. The comparative insignificance of Zeta Geminorum among the visible stars appears to be due to its enormous distance. If removed equally far away, our sun would be only one-thirty-seventh as bright as Zeta Geminorum when at its maximum brightness, and Miss Clerke computes the gravitational power of the star at 225 times that of the sun.

A French writer, Henri Coupin, says that the fact that, notwithstanding their simplicity, the songs of the birds cannot be imitated with musical instruments arises from the impossibility of reproducing their peculiar timbre. The notes of birds, while corresponding with our musical scale, also include vibrations occupying the intervals between our notes. The duration of birds' songs is usually very short, two or three seconds for thrushes and chaffinches, four or five seconds for black-caps, but from two to five minutes for the lark. Monsieur Coupin remarks that while one in every ten species of European birds is tuneless, the proportion diminishes to only one in a thousand among the gorgeously clad birds of the tropics.

TWO CASSOWARIES IN A FIGHT.

They Use Their Feet to Kick After Style of Ostriches.

Although the cassowary in captivity has the reputation of being extremely tractable and docile, he is terrible when aroused.

A notable peculiarity of this is that if any particular object attracts his attention he will perform a sort of war dance over it. This happened at the zoo when one of the cassowaries, which are confined in cages near the main entrance, lighted upon a piece of gaudy ribbon blown inside the bars from the hat or dress of some woman visitor, says the London Express.

He was one of the smallest of the collection, but he was of martial disposition. After having carefully examined the ribbon he started his war dance and kept it up with great vigor for some minutes. Just while he was at the height of his enjoyment a larger cassowary came up and interfered with him.

He stood this for some time, but when the larger bird attempted to oust him from the spot in order that he in turn might prance about the ribbon he resented the intrusion in no uncertain style.

Kicking out vigorously on all sides, craning his neck, snapping his beak, elongating his body and hitting imaginary blows with the horny mass which cassowaries carry on the top of their heads and which is called a helmet, he seemed to bid defiance to all comers.

The larger cassowary, thinking apparently that he could treat the demonstrations of the light weight with contempt, commenced bustling the latter. The two were ill-matched as regards height, one of them being above five feet high and the other a foot or more shorter, but the battle which ensued showed that weight and height will not always tell.

Forward kicks were the main feature of the fight. The cassowary, it is believed, is the only bird, except perhaps the ostrich, which uses this method of

attack and defense, and the way a cassowary can kick would warm the heart of a French boxer. He can kick straight out like a man, or he can do the high kick like a music hall star.

At first the blows were delivered chiefly on the breast and didn't hurt much, but eventually the small bird knocked the other one out with a masterly stroke delivered by the long sharp claw of the inner toe on the wattles of his antagonist.

No fatal injury was done, but the shock must have been terrific, for the big bird uttered a peculiar cry and retired in confusion to its corner, while the victorious one resumed its war dance. It also had been severely punished.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOLLS.

Slight Injuries, High Living and Close Shaving Make Men Catch Them.

Contrary to the common belief, bolls are not indicative of blood disease. They are really indications of local poisoning by pus-bearing germs, and the boll is an abscess. Every pus prick, every scratch, every abrasion, every cut with a razor or pocketknife, every splinter that enters the skin may cause a boll. Nor need the wound be a serious one; it may be so minute as to be invisible to the unaided eye. Nor is the result always produced, for if it should be, every slight wound, every thorn prick, every scratch of a cat, every bite of a dog, every abrasion of the skin, would be followed by disastrous, if not fatal, consequences. The reason for this immunity is that there is a certain inherent power of the body to resist these noxious agents and it is only when the powers of the body are weakened by disease that the morbid agents can thrive in the body and accomplish their evil work.

In this sense, then, bolls are diseases due to diseases of the blood, but it is not a disease in itself. High living also favors bolls. Dr. Reid, speaking of pus, and incidentally of bolls, says: "Job was probably run down by a long period of debauchery. We read that the devil had him in town some time before his bolls broke out. If, now, he could have had the counsel of three good physicians, instead of as many treacherous theologians, he would have had his system toned up; his broken potsherd, with which he scraped himself with 'wail', thus spreading sympathy, and infection would have been taken from him, and he would have been taught a few lessons in sanitary science instead of theology."

The reason why a boll is always in the worst place is because that is the most exposed place. The back of the neck, where the collar rubs the microbes into the skin; the wrist, where the cuffs irritate and make the entrance of germs more easy; the top of the foot, where the shoe pinches; the razor-swept chin—are all favorite "worst places."—American Druggist and Pharmaceutical Record.

Wonders of Peat.

The London Leisure Hour says that Herr Zschornner of Vienna has been experimenting with peat for twelve years, and has shown conclusively that it has many astonishing qualities. In Ireland, in particular, this intelligence should be welcomed.

A building has been exhibited in which everything, from the carpets on the floor to the curtains in the windows and the paper on the walls, was made from peat. The fibers of the remains of the reeds and grasses of which peat is composed have, of course, their original physical and chemical characters changed, but the fibrous structure remains unharmed, and the fibers themselves are very durable, elastic and non-conductors of heat.

Fabrics woven from them are found to have the toughness of linen with the warmth of wool. There is no textile fabric that cannot be woven from these fibers. Blankets and other coverings used for horses and cattle have been found to excel in warmth and cleanliness.

Paper of several qualities has been made, and the uses to which peat fiber has already been applied indicate possibilities that may render the peat-bogs of Ireland a valuable addition to the resources of that country.

A Novelty in Hospitals.

Floating over a three-story building in the heart of the Sixth avenue shopping district in New York is a Red Cross flag. Strangers would suppose that sick or wounded soldiers were being cared for there, but the sign over the door reads "Dolls' Hospital." And none but sawdust-stuffed patients are admitted. A corps of expert surgeons and nurses is on hand to administer to sufferers who may have suffered from accidents in the nursery. Many a faxen-haired doll is sent from homes of the wealthy, to be repaired at this unique hospital, where modern surgery makes possible some miraculous cures. The attendants wear white aprons and caps, and the superintendent is called "Doctor." To the children who call with their pets he is of much more importance than the family physician, for this doll surgeon cannot only amputate limbs, but replace them as well.

Libraries for Lighthouse Keepers.

Traveling libraries are furnished for lighthouse keepers. Neat cases, holding from thirty-five to forty books, are changed at every visit of the steam tender that brings other supplies. These visits occur at intervals of about three months, and the tender always carries a dozen or more bookcases. The lighthouse keepers, as a rule, are not illiterate men, although a high grade of education is not required to perform their duties, but they are great readers and call chiefly for fiction, biography and books of travel. It is not generally known that they are now appointed under civil service rules after competitive examination.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Atholman guards again going to sleep in church by getting his eyes on some woman who is chewing gum. He claims that it is impossible to watch a woman who is chewing gum, and go to sleep.

It is easy for a young man to figure that his wages will support two, but does he expect a proportionate advance every time there is an increase?

A man who knows the people, is very careful about trying to fool them.

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.

"You cannot fall to note," said the French war expert, proudly, "that we are taking the lead in developing the balloon and the automobile. Think of the races that have been held recently." "That is a wise precaution," returned the Yankee, "for those who anticipate that they may want to get away in a hurry, but it lacks interest for those who look at the matter from another point of view."—Chicago Post.

The Bald-Headed Tyrant. Brown—Well, did your baby enjoy the picnic? Jones—I guess so; he had five of his own family waiting on him all day—besides all the outsiders he could drag in.

Much the Same. "My wife is a woman of strong will power," said Goldthorpe. "My wife is a woman of great won't power," added Bickers.

Life-Saving Exertion. "Don't you pay any attention to summer athletics?" "Oh, yes; I often run a few blocks after the ice-man when he has gone by without leaving us any ice."

A Condition.

"You say you want to get off this afternoon to go to a funeral?" "Yes, sir; if it doesn't rain."

The Proper Time.

"Amy," said Mabel, "when do you intend to wear that stunning bathing suit of yours?" "When the men arrive," replied Amy.

Propagators.

"Mosquitoes are accused of propagating disease," said Spyles. "Well, I know that they propagate profanely," said Spokes.

True Resignation.

The Splinter (an invalid)—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven? The Parson—Yes, I believe so. The Splinter (resignedly)—Oh, then I'll tell the doctor he needn't call again.—Chicago News.

A Paradoxical Taleman.

Judge—Have you formed any opinion on this case? Wouldbeigh Juror—No, sir; I haven't mentioned it to my wife.—The Smart Set.

Trouble Not Far Off.

First Back-Yard Farmer—Have you spaded up your garden yet? Second Back-Yard Farmer—No, but my next-door neighbor has let out all his hens.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

His Status.

"Whooper seems to have nearly finished fitting himself for active membership in a trained animal show."

Comparison.

"Oh, he was an Elk, and then he became a White Rat, and last night he joined the Buffaloes, and they made a monkey of him."—Puck.

Water at a Discount.

"Is it not beautiful to see the moon shine across the water?" inquired the romantic young woman. "Well, miss," answered Col. Stillwell, "moonshine is very acceptable in an emergency. But I don't know as I especially care about the water."—Washington Star.

Appearances Against Him.

The Parson (leaning over the fence, shocked)—Makin' garden on Sunday, brother! I is pained beyon' measuah, Brother Johnson! Rastus Johnson (dustered)—Deed I ain't makin' garden, pabson. I ze only diggin' bait to go fishin'.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Noncommittal.

"Senator," asked the interviewer, "do I understand you to say there is very little money made in politics?" "Well—er—you might say," replied the Senator, "there is a great deal of money made out of politics."—Philadelphia Press.

The Brutality of Man.

A correspondence full of eloquence and a speaking moral has been brought to light by a trade journal in St. Paul. The lady received the first letter, and it read thus: "Dear Madam: I take pleasure in shipping to your address a rug valued at \$50, for which I shall be glad to receive your check. If you do not desire the rug please return it. Very sincerely, and so forth!"

"The idea!" exclaimed the indignant woman, and thereupon she sat down and indited the following reply: "Dear Sir: I have ordered no rug from your establishment, and I see no reason why I should go to the expense of returning that which I do not want, and which was sent to me unsolicited." To this complaint she received the following gently sarcastic rejoinder: "Dear Madam: I will send for the unsolicited rug, and I trust you will do me the favor to send for the unsolicited charity tickets which now lie with about twenty-eight others on my desk. Very sincerely, and so forth." "The discourteous boor!" shrieked the lady.

A Fallacy. "There is a great deal to be said on both sides of every question," said the broad-minded man.

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meekton, "it is very plain that you have never engaged in an argument with Henrietta."—Washington Star.

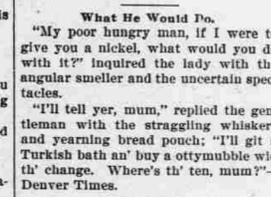
Appropriate. "I wonder why they put 'He Rests in Peace' over Jones' grave. I understand that he led a very bad life." "True—but you don't know Mrs. Jones."—Life.



He Sympathized. The Summer Girl (to her companion) "What do you suppose it is, dearest, that makes the sea murmur so?" Tasty Old Gentleman (who has encountered a mooning couple in every secluded nook along the shore)—Lord, Miss, you'd murmur if you had to hear all the sentimental rot the sea hears!—Detroit Free Press.

Looked Like Her. "Sir," said the gentleman, angrily, as he burst into the photograph gallery, "you have insulted my wife and I demand satisfaction!" "Believe me, sir," said the photographer, soothingly, "an innocent of any intended offense. What have I done?" "You will have to fight, sir," went on the man; "you took a picture for my wife and it looks like her!"—Boston Post.

What He Would Do. "My poor hungry man, if I were to give you a nickel, would you do with it?" inquired the lady with the angular snueller and the uncertain spectacles. "I'll tell yer, mum," replied the gentleman with the straggling whiskers and yearning bread pouch; "I'll git a Turkish bath an' buy a ootymtable wid th' change. Where's th' ten, mum?"—Denver Times.



Recruiting. "Whooper seems to have nearly finished fitting himself for active membership in a trained animal show."



Riding Master—Why don't you mount? I gave the order two minutes ago. The Rider—Hang it, man, I've been on half a dozen times since then.—The King.

The Pang of It.

"Why dear, what's the matter with you? Bad news from your husband?" "Oh, worse than that. He writes me that he is longing for me and kisses my picture every day." "That's no reason for crying." "Yes, but I find I put mother's photograph in his trunk in mistake for mine."—Brooklyn Life.

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Turned Down. "I have written my autobiography," said the ex-politician who had seen better days. "I suppose you would be willing to advance a few dollars on it, eh?" "Not on your life," replied the soulless publisher.—Chicago News.

The Same To-Lay.

"In old times, when a man committed a mistake he was put in the stocks." "It's sometimes that way now," sighed the fellow who had been dabbling on a falling market. "To be caught in the stocks means you've done something you shouldn't have done."—Philadelphia Times.

A Whole Lot Short.

"Say, pop!" said Willie, "is 'gent' a gent is far short of a gentleman." "Yes, my boy," replied the old man, "a gent is far short of a gentleman."—Philadelphia Record.