

ON A ROMAN COIN,

Here is an old denarius from Rome—Some Caesar's head half buried in green rust—That in this polished case hath found a home.



Amateur Photography

The amateur photographer who wishes to make a name and reputation that will be worth something to him must make a specialty of some one line and stick to it.

If you are troubled with your negatives frilling, give up using your alum bath which at best is rather troublesome, and try rubbing a little vaseline on the outer edges of the plate, and your troubles will cease.

Do not use old hypo. New is cheap enough and when a fixing bath is used too long, it becomes highly charged with a deposit of nitrate of silver, and is very apt to stain the film.

properly. Tell me frankly, what's wrong with me, do you think? "Frankly then, you are too self-restrained. You won't let yourself be carried away with your part."

"I'm annoyed with you, all the same. You might have saved me a week's misery. I've been so afraid of letting the part run away with me that I simply wouldn't let myself go. I didn't want to be inartistic."

"I'm glad you liked it," remarked More. "Liked it?" cried Tom. "My dear boy, it was superb."

"Awfully good of you to say so," said More, with elaborate politeness. "Not at all, I assure you, I mean every word," retorted Tom, calmly.

"By the way, More," added Tom, turning suddenly upon his friend, "the girl's name is Sibyl, isn't it?"

"H'm. You got a bit mixed at times, that's all. So did Madge. Well, so long, I dare say that scene wants all the rehearsing you can give it!"

"Which shoulder?" "The left—the one nearest to you. That's always a safe rule. Now, then, shall we try that again?"

"All right." And Madge went through the ceremony of embracing her companion in a business-like fashion.

"Beautiful," replied More, gravely. "But, forgive my saying so, couldn't you manage to put a little more feeling into those words? To know that you have made me very proud and very happy?"

"Oh, dear, it's so hard!" sighed the girl. "I feel I don't say those words



HISTORIC BATES HOUSE, OF INDIANAPOLIS, A MEMORY. The historic old Bates House, Indianapolis, will be removed to make way for a modern hotel.

A, B, C AND OTHERS.

A LOOK INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR ALPHABET.

Our Letters Are Mainly the Same as Those Used by the Romans—Earlier Derived from Greek and Phenician—Short Study of Interesting Subject.

Our letters are mainly the same as those used by the Romans, and their alphabet was one of several derived from the Greek, which was formed from the Phenician. And back of that is a good deal of guesswork.

"B" was also the second letter in the Phenician, as in the Greek. The name of the character was "beth," meaning house. It has less variety of use than any other, being more frequently silent, as in "dumb," or "debt."

"C" in the Phenician and Greek had the value of a hard "g," as in "go," and was similar to the enunciation of "k" as "g" is now. For a long time the Latins made "c" do service for both "k" and "g."

"D" is an unchanging and aristocratic conservative. Its form was always pretty nearly the same as at present. Its name in Phenician was "da," which most scholars say signified a window.

"E" is a sign of Italian origin, having been fabricated by the Romans by adding a tall or drop to the "c"—a transition very easily detected. It never occurs at the beginning of words of Anglo-Saxon origin.

"F" in the Phenician meant peg or hook, and its value was that of the English "w." This "w" sound gradually went out of use in Greek, and the sign with it. In the adaptation of the alphabet to Latin use the sign was resurrected, and first received the value we give it.

"G" is a sign of Italian origin, having been fabricated by the Romans by adding a tall or drop to the "c"—a transition very easily detected. It never occurs at the beginning of words of Anglo-Saxon origin.

"H" came from the Phenician, and has had a curious history, in which the cockney inability to manage it may be traced. "H" meant 200 in medieval Roman.

"I" may be traced to the Egyptian. The Phenicians represented it rather as a consonant, but it was converted to vowel value by the Greeks, and the Romans gave it both consonant and vowel duty.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

First Shirtwaist Girl—So you are going rowing with Mr. Floorwalker? His trick is to threaten to rock the boat unless you give him a kiss.

Room for Doubt. Experienced Servant—Gentleman wants to see you, sir. Mr. Richman—Who is he?

Chance to Begin. Old Gent—My boy, I'm seventy-five years of age, and I have never smoked a cigar in my life.

A Hot Retort. Deacon Scrouge—No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation.

May Sometimes Do. Sillicus—Figures never lie. Cynicus—Nonsense! Did you ever see a girl in a tailor-made gown and then size her up in a bathing suit?

A Constant Reminder. Dunlap—I see you call your naphtha launch after your wife.

Legends. "What was it Pandora did?" "She opened a box and let flies out in the house before Epimetheus got the fly screens in."

Too Bad. "Do you know, Miss Frisbie," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep?"

Education. "These Indians who have been educated at college seem quite like the others, do they not?"

Blasted Hopes. Tommy Tuff—Sam, Mam, the boys all say that if I handle the stick in the base-ball game this afternoon we'll beat the Hilltops 14 to 1.

Speech. "But speech is what differentiates man from the beast!" "Yes, showing how much less sense he has, in the long run!"

It Did. Grogan—I made up my mind I wouldn't stand it any longer; so I just put my foot down.

Within Bounds. Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it?

Against Vivisection. Mr. Woodwed—Your papa is such a joker.

No Doubt About It. Citizen—Do you believe the constitution follows the flag, my man?

Fortune. "And you will not smile upon me?" faltered the Man.

WHERE MONEY IS LOST.

Soiled Linen at the Laundry Often Contains Large Sums. "It is astonishing how careless people are about sending clothes to a laundry without first searching them for money and jewelry."

Not long ago a man sent some shirts to our laundry from the bosom of one of which he forgot to remove a diamond stud worth \$150.

A Whistling Spider. H. A. Peters, one of the owners of the Lashaway dairy farm, on the Spencer road, while on his way to Spencer, Mass., captured an immense spider of unknown species.

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Seeking for Pearls. The history of pearl seeking has about it so much of the glamour of romance and possible gain that the difficulties and risks of the quest are nearly forgotten.

Why an employment bureau is called an intelligence office is an unsolved mystery.

KNOW HIS PA.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if your father had ten one-dollar bills and your mother asked for half of them, how many would he have left?"

His Pleasure Marred. Friend (calling)—Did you have a good time the week you spent at the seashore, Willie?

Dead Silence. "Nothing from my poor husband?" said the widow to the medium.

To Be Consistent. Von Blumer—The doctor thinks I ought to go on a fishing trip.

Medical Assistance. Specialist—Your nerves are affected; you need exercise; walk to business every day.

How About It? "It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he?"

Some Things Are Thought Over. "You're a likely looking girl," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, who was questioning a greenhorn girl.

The Past. She—You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you?

A Testimonial. "Dear Doctor: I began using your hair medicine three months ago and you assured me that my hair would not trouble me much longer."

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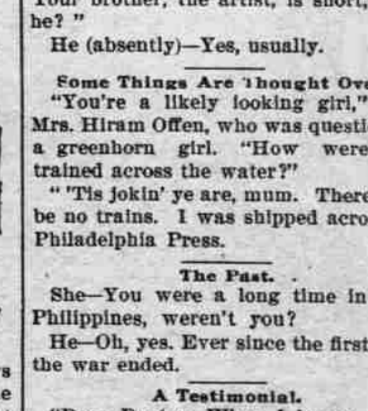
Old Gent—My boy, I'm seventy-five years of age, and I have never smoked a cigar in my life.



"Say, why don't you wear yer hair in a psyche knot? Yer too old fer plats."



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