

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AMERICA'S PROGRESSIVE POLICY.

By Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury.



L. M. SHAW.

After the Civil War the nation entered upon an extensive policy of internal improvement, subsidizing so long as necessary transcontinental lines of railway and permanently continuing the subsidizing of rivers and harbors, so after this later war we appear to be entering upon an equally progressive policy of external improvement. Not as the crow flies, but as ships sail, it is nearer from Liverpool to San Francisco via Cape Horn than from New York to the same port via the southern extremity. Start two ships of equal speed from Liverpool, going, one through the Suez Canal and the other by Cape Horn, and two vessels of the same speed from New York, one going westward and the other eastward, and both English vessels will reach their destination before either of ours. Cut the isthmian canal, and it is nearer from New York to Hong Kong via Nicaragua than from Liverpool to the same point via the Suez.

We must have the largest merchant fleet ever kissed by ocean breezes, and these carriers of international commerce must be built of American material in American yards by American labor. They are to be manned by American sailors, fired by American coal or, more probably oil, and they are to float the stars and stripes.

Whether this will be accomplished through government aid or by American patriotism and American capital and American energy I cannot say. Whether this consummation shall be contributed to by statesmen or achieved by financiers is immaterial compared with the importance of the thing itself. American wealth, American energy, plus Hawaii, which is ours, plus the Philippine Islands, which are ours, plus the isthmian canal, which we will surely build, transfers the sovereignty of the Pacific Ocean from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes.

HOW YOUNG MEN MAY RISE.

By Samuel Britch, New York Merchant.



I began my business career as a newsboy. My beginning in life was a humble one. I was only 13 years of age when I left the school I was attending and started out to earn a living. Even at that early age I had a thirst for knowledge and availed myself of every opportunity to improve my mind. I picked up papers in the street and bought second-hand books with the few pennies I could spare and took them home and read them evenings. Young men who are now occupying subordinate positions in stores or workshops have the same material from which to draw inspiration and assistance that I had, the only difference being that now there is more of it.

I only had \$150 when I started in business with my brother, who had a similar amount, but I had what I would to-day call courage, or a something within me that gave me confidence to struggle on toward the goal of success. By keeping a careful watch on my expenses, by living very simply, even after fortune had begun to smile on us the business grew rapidly.

To-day we have over 200 employees in our four establishments. I have an excellent chance to study men, to analyze their motives and watch their efforts to get on in the world. If young men will follow my advice, which is born of experience, and will deny themselves what they call luxuries in their younger days, say between 18 and 28, and save their money, when they are 30 years of age they will have accumulated a few hundred dollars with which to start in business for themselves or to lay the foundation of a substantial bank account. They can engage in the same line of business as their employer, on a

WITH PENCIL AND WITH INK.

A little boy came from his school one day, With his heart in a flurry of glee: "Oh, papa! they've taken our pencils away, And I'm writing with ink," said he. And his breast was filled with manly pride.

For it joyed him much to think, He has laid his pencil and slate aside, And is writing his words with ink.

Ah, innocent child! could you guess the truth, You would ask of the years to stay Amid these slate-pencil doings of youth, For a tear will wash them away, But out in the great world of life and men

The wrongs that we do and think, We cannot so easily blot out again, Because we then wrote them with ink.

The Point of View

MABEL TRAVERS stood at the gate and watched her lover's retreating figure until it disappeared round a bend in the road. There was a discontented expression on her handsome face as she walked slowly back to the house and entered her mother's drawing room.

Mrs. Travers looked up from her work as Mabel, with a little impatient sigh, threw herself into a chair. "Well, dear?" she said brightly.

"Well?" returned Mabel in a tone that implied the contrary. "Is anything the matter?" asked her mother. "You haven't quarrel with Leslie, I suppose," she added, playfully.

"No—yes—at least, really, I'm not quite sure," said the unexpected reply. "Tell me," said Mrs. Travers.

"Mother, it's horrible to marry a poor man!" Mrs. Travers looked at her daughter in pained surprise.

"My darling!" she said, reproachfully. "Oh, I know I'm a wretch to say it, and—perhaps I don't mean it—and yet—"

"Don't be afraid to tell me, dear." "Mother, Leslie and I have been having a business talk. That's what he called it. It was hateful!"

"But very necessary. Leslie was wise, darling." "Yes—I suppose so. He said that, as we were to be married so soon now, it was only right that I should know exactly what he could offer me. Oh, mother, I had no idea that Leslie was so miserably poor!"

Mrs. Travers eyed her daughter with a troubled look. "He has never made any secret of his income," she said.

"I know; but I didn't realize how little it was till he went into all the wretched details about rent and servants, and housekeeping money, and all the rest of it. Oh, it all seemed so mean and sordid!"

And Mabel fung out her hands with a little gesture of impatience. "I am very sorry to hear you say that, Mabel," said Mrs. Travers gravely. "It—it almost makes me afraid," she went on hesitatingly, "you ought never to have promised to marry Leslie. Perhaps you are not the right kind of wife for him, dear."

"Mother!" Mrs. Travers rose from her chair and laid her hand lightly on the girl's dark head. "Tell me, child," she said, "do you really and truly care for him?"

At this Mabel hid her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears. "I—I do love him," she sobbed, "but—but—oh, I don't know what is the matter with me!"

And the girl spoke truly. She knew that she loved Leslie, yet she was miserably conscious of disappointment and disillusionment. That day she had realized, for the first time, the prosaic meaning of a limited income.

She had been accustomed to think vaguely of poverty as a rather romantic kind of thing that made love all the more delightful. Leslie's statement of hard facts had scattered all her pretty sentimental notions to the winds. Her heart had sunk within her as she listened to her lover's description of their future home—a modest villa in the suburbs, with one maid to assist her in her household duties. She dreaded the prospect of all the petty economies they would be obliged to practice, and for a moment, though she hated herself for it the next, she had felt almost angry with Leslie because he was not a richer man. She loved Leslie, she told herself again and again, and yet—

Something of all this the girl contrived to sob out in her mother's sympathetic ear, and as Mrs. Travers listened, the look of perplexity on her face gradually changed to one of relief.

"I think I understand," she said. "Oh, I'm a horrid, mercenary wretch!" cried Mabel.

"No, I don't think you're that," replied her mother, quietly. "Only—well, want of money is never a pleasant thing. We all love wealth and prosperity, and it's perfectly natural that a woman should want her husband to be rich rather than poor. I don't blame you, dear, for regretting Leslie's poverty; only I thought you cared for him less because of it—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Mabel eagerly. "Mother, you don't think that I meant that!"

"I was afraid at first, when you spoke so bitterly," replied Mrs. Travers gently. "But I know now I was mistaken."

"Mother, I'm beginning to see things more clearly," said the girl, with a sudden brightening of her face. "I hate poverty, but I love Leslie. If Leslie were a pauper I should groan horribly, but I shouldn't give him up!"

Mrs. Travers began to laugh. "Well, it isn't as bad as that, is it?" she returned. "After all, Leslie has quite a respectable income. I admit

smaller scale, and by studying the situation carefully and by keeping constantly on the alert, they will be able to climb the ladder of success.

This is not idle talk; it is experience. The young man who is indifferent to his surroundings remains in a rut. The one who is energetic, not afraid of work and is known as a hustler, commands a good salary or starts in business for himself.

HOW HUSBANDS ARE SPOILED.

By Edith Jocelyn.



An excellent proverb of Russia runs to the effect that in the relations of two persons—and it is more true when one is a man and the other a woman—"one kisses, the other turns the cheek."

A too-adoring wife—or a wife who shows her love too much—is very apt to produce a selfish husband—a man who is "never satisfied."

Thus, out of the very wealth of her love, she proceeds to manufacture a selfish man!

"But mustn't we show people that we love them?" asks the adoring little woman despairingly. Yes, of course you may, my dear, and if you do it wisely you will lift up and improve those to whom you give your heart and devotion.

But all human things are fallible. Therefore you must temper your love with discretion and wise, far-seeing discrimination. Do not "spoil" your husband. Do not allow the love which ought to be the guiding star of his life which should be a stepping stone to higher things, to make him into a selfish, exacting, fault-finding person.

It is common enough. A wife often becomes selfish because of her husband's great love. A man who started marriage with only a normal average share of masculine selfishness is frequently transformed during the first year of matrimony into an impatient, inconsiderate man, who is always demanding, never giving.

If he discovers that you are awed before the majesty of his criticism, he will be puffed up with an undue sense of his importance. By all means try to have everything in the home life as perfect as possible. But do not let him think that it is all done for his sake—done lest he might complain.

"I never go away from home for a day without Tom, lest he might not be so comfortable. I'm sure he would feel terribly neglected if I went off on a visit enjoying myself, while I left him to the tender mercies of the servant," continued Mrs. Smith. "But there's no satisfying him."

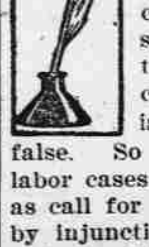
It would be the finest thing in the world for Tom if he were made to feel "neglected" for a bit, while his wife enjoyed herself elsewhere.

If we have an "angel in the house" we are too apt to be unaware of the privilege. Absence makes us miss her. Tom would think a great deal more of his wife if she were not always on the spot when he wanted her.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

By John Mitchell, President United Mine Workers.

Government by injunction is one of the most insidious, harassing and dangerous methods resorted to by the enemies of workingmen to destroy labor organization and to circumvent the constitutional right of trial by jury. The whole system of government by injunction grows from the distrust of the ultra capitalists for democratic institutions. The reasons given for the issuing of injunctions are always misleading and false. So far as these injunctions are issued in labor cases they are never issued excepting in such cases as call for the exercise of the criminal law. Government by injunction is not only hostile to organized labor, but it is hostile to constitutional liberty. If the American people do not check this arbitrary power, it will result in the annihilation of labor unions and then of all other forms of association disliked by capitalists.



It might be larger, but then, there's every prospect of its increasing as time goes on. Do you know, Mabel," Mrs. Travers continued, "you're just a little bit inclined to exaggerate your future husband's straitened circumstances?"

"Perhaps I am," admitted Mabel. "But then—"

"Oh, I know what is in your mind," interrupted her mother. "Poverty is always comparative, and so, because you have been accustomed to a big house with plenty of servants, a little house with only one servant must seem poor and mean to you."

Mabel looked puzzled. "You see," said Mrs. Travers, "when you compare the big house with the little one, you're comparing your father's position with Leslie's, and the one, you know, is nearly thirty years older than the other."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mabel, with starting emphasis. "What a silly child I am!"

And Mrs. Travers smiled in a satisfied way. She knew that her daughter was cultivating the proper frame of mind. And I never thought of that!—I actually expected Leslie to start where my father left off! Why, of course, it's unreasonable. Mother, I remember now what you told me once—things have come to you gradually. You and father began just as Leslie and I are going to begin!"

"Well—no, not quite," returned Mrs. Travers. "But you were almost as poor, weren't you?"

Mrs. Travers laughed gaily. "If you must know, my dear," she said, "your father's salary when I married him was exactly half the income Leslie is making now."

"Mother," said Mabel, "you make me more and more ashamed of myself."

"Oh, but ours was a dangerous experiment. You see, our income was below the minimum of discretion."

"Anyhow, the experiment ended happily."

"As it happened."

Mrs. Travers blushed charmingly. "It was a risk, though, which I shouldn't like you and Leslie to run."

"You think I don't love Leslie as much as you loved father, and no wonder, after the way I've behaved," said Mabel, humbly. "Mother, I wish—I wish Leslie were as poor as father was, so that I might show you—"

The sentence was elliptical, but Mabel's mother understood.—New York News

Dropping a Gentle Hint.

Timid Lover—Your parents seem to have gotten over their dislike for me? "Yes. When we first met they were afraid it might lead to something."—Life.

Nothing pleases a busy man more than to set two chronic bores to boring each other.

It takes a strong-minded woman to convince herself that she is homely.

SINCE WE GOT THE MORTGAGE PAID.



EVE done a lot of scrippin' an' livin' hand-to-mouth. We've dreaded, too, wet weather an' we've worried over drought. For the thing kept drawin' in'trest, whether crops were good or bad, An' raisin' much or little, seemed it swallowed all we had. The women folks were savin' an' there ain't a bit of doubt

But that things they really needed lots of times they done without. So we're breathin' somewhat easy, an' we're feelin' less afraid Of Providence's workin's, since we got the mortgage paid.

I wish I'd kept a record of the things that mortgage ate. In principal an' in'trest from beginnin' down to date!—A hundred dozen chickens, likely fowls with yellow legs, A thousand pounds of butter, an' twelve hundred dozen eggs, Some four or five good wheat crops and at least one crop of corn, An' oats an' rye—'t swallowed in its lifetime sure's you're born, Besides the work an' worry, ere its appetite was stayed! So we're feelin' more contented since we got the mortgage paid.

We've reached the point, I reckon, where we've got a right to rest. An' loaf aroun', an' visit, war our go-to-meetin' best—Neglectin' nothin' urgent, understands, about the place, But simply slowin' down by bits an' restin' in the race! In time I'll get the windmill I've been wantin', I suppose; The girls can have their organ, an' we'll all wear better clothes, For we've always pulled together, while we've saved an' scrippin' an' prayed, An' it seems there's more to work for since we got the mortgage paid.

STORY OF OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE.

For centuries the eagle has been the emblem of liberty, the inspiration of poets and the terror of his feathered friends. The king of birds has furnished the story writer with countless incidents, from aerial battles to child stealing. One of Victor Hugo's greatest poems begins: "L'aigle—c'est le génie—Oiseau de la tempête, qui dompte le plus haut cerche le plus haut fait." The poet parallels the struggles of genius with the battle of the eagle for existence, till both spread their wings in the plenitude of power.

These are the fanciful ways of looking at the bird of freedom, and it was doubtless similar ideas that induced



OLD ABE.

the boys of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry to adopt Old Abe, the celebrated war eagle, as their mascot in the civil war. Abe's public career began in 1861. He had the true spirit of the poets sung of. Perched on his stick, Abe fearlessly watched the horrors of twenty-seven severe battles and as many skirmishes. When his company was mustered out the eagle entered civil life with the grace he had shown in war. He was exhibited through the country at soldiers' reunions, attended the sanitary fair at Chicago, occupied a prominent place at the Philadelphia centennial, and was the means of raising funds for many a good cause.

Abe gave the alarm of fire at the Capitol, which broke out near his cage, and when he was rescued it was found the smoke had injured his lungs. He died March 26, 1881, and his body, handsomely mounted, is an object of great curiosity in the War Museum at Madison, Wis.

A REMARKABLE OLD WOMAN.

Bereft of Three Senses, Her Life Is Still Full of Sunshine.

A most remarkable woman is Miss Lucy Reed, of Danby, Vt., who, although deaf, dumb and blind, leads a useful and cheerful existence. Danby is a quiet little village in the heart of the Green Mountains. There for seventy-six years Miss Reed has lived. During sixty-five years she has been in her present plight. At the age of 10 she suffered from scarlet fever, which left her deaf. Loss of speech soon followed, and a year later the added misfortune of loss of sight was visited upon her. But the little body did not despair. She rapidly learned to do all sorts of useful things about the house. She darned the stockings, mended the clothing and even made new garments. She evinced a passion for making patchwork quilts, in which she became very expert.

The old woman cuts out the blocks after various patterns which she devises herself, selects the colors by the sense of taste or smell, and rarely errs in the selection of the proper shade.

UNCLE SAM GOVERNS HIS CLOCKS BY OBSERVING ONE OF THE FIXED STARS.



THE United States government does not make use of the sun in reckoning time, but instead one of the "fixed stars" as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer with a big telescope looks at certain of these stars and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the 75th meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits or sends out the signal that keeps standard time. This clock is set and regulated by the star-time and then every day at 3 minutes and 15 seconds before 12 a switch is turned on and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the telegraph offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at 10 seconds before 12 as a notice that the next tick will be the noon signal, and so to give the operators time to connect their clocks. There are time balls in a great many cities—usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the State, War and Navy Department Building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop the instant the signal comes over the wires. In the government offices at Washington and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the 12 o'clock signal is flashed over the wires the hands of each one of these clocks spring to 12, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the 75th meridian the telegraph instruments give a single tick, the time-balls drop, the clocks begin to strike and everybody in the district knows it is 12 o'clock.

HIGH ART IN BANK NOTES.

Designers' Chief Concern Is to Baffle the Ingenious Counterfeiter.

First in consideration in making a bank note is to prevent others from making a counterfeit of it. Therefore, all the notes of a certain denomination or value must be exact duplicates of one another. If they were engraved by hand this would not be the case. Hand engraving is more easily counterfeited than the work done by the process actually used.

"Every note," said an official of one of the leading bank note companies, "is printed from a steel plate, in the preparation of which many persons take part. If you will look at a \$5 greenback you will see a picture in the center, a small portrait, called the vignette, on the left and in each of the upper corners a network of fine lines with a dark ground, one containing the letter V and the other the figure 5.

"To make a vignette it is first necessary to make a large drawing on paper with great care, and a daguerotype is then given to the engraver, who uses a steel point to make on it all the outlines of the picture. The plate is inked and a print is taken from it.

"While the ink is still damp the print is laid face down on a steel plate, which has been softened by heating it red hot and letting it cool slowly. It is then put in a press and an exact copy of the outline is thus made on the steel plate. This the engraver finishes with his graver, a little tool with a three-cornered point, which cuts a clean line without leaving a rough edge.

"Now, this plate is used for making other plates—it is never used to print from. It must be made very hard, and this is done by heating it and cooling it quickly. A little roller of softened steel is then rolled over it by a powerful machine until its surface has been forced into all the lines cut into the plate. The outlines of the vignette are thus transferred to the roller in raised lines, and after the roller is hardened it is used to roll over plates of softened steel and thus make in them sunken lines exactly like those in the plate originally engraved.

"The center picture is engraved and transferred to a roller, like the vignette, but the network in the upper corners and also on the back of the note is made by the lathe. This machine costs \$5,000—a price that puts it beyond the reach of counterfeiters. Its work is so perfect that it cannot be imitated by hand. The lathe engraves the network on softened steel and the figure in the middle of it is then engraved by hand. It is now hardened and transferred to a roller like the others.

"The plates from which the notes are to be printed are of softened steel and large enough to print four notes at once. Four engravings of the note must, therefore, be made on it, and this is done by rolling the hardened steel rollers containing the raised pictures over it in their appropriate places until the pictures are pressed into its surface.

"The fine lettering around the borders of the note is transferred in the same way, but the other lettering is put on by hand. This process saves a great deal of time and it secures absolute uniformity in the four engravings on the plate.

"The back parts of the note are printed first and when the ink is dry the green back is printed, to be followed by the red stamps and numbers. It is then signed and issued. For greater security one part of the note is engraved and printed at one place and another part at another place, when it is sent to Washington to be finished and signed.

"But, needless to say, after all this care and all these safeguards many skillfully executed counterfeiters have been made and issued, some of them so good as to deceive expert judges of money."—New York Herald.

FORMER NEW YORK GIRL.

Now One of the Most Successful Entertainers in London Society.

One of the most popular American women in London society is the young Countess Donoughmore, formerly of New York. She is the daughter of Michael Grace, brother of William R. Grace, former Mayor of the new world metropolis. Miss Grace was one of the belles of New York and was noted for her beauty, wit and charms. She is not unimpaired, even amid the gay scenes of foreign society, of her old home, and frequently visits New York. Her husband is very wealthy, having many millions in successful speculation in South America. When in London they entertain lavishly and the countess is regarded as one of the most successful hostesses in the English capital.

DONOUGHMORE.

Skating a Very Old Art. To what race belongs the credit of having first invented skating is still a problem over which men of science are disputing. There is much doubt among historians upon the subject, for traces have been found among prehistoric remains all over Northern Europe indicating that the art was practiced by primitive peoples. The Eskimos of the farthest North are also found to be in possession of runners carved from whalebone. Skating is mentioned by a Danish historian about 1134, and Fitzstephen in his "History of London" says that in the twelfth century young men fastened leg bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs in order to slide along the ice. This statement is confirmed by the pair of bone skates of that period now in the British Museum. It is likely, however, that these early Londoners borrowed the idea from Holland, probably via Lincolnshire, where skates have been used on the frozen fens from very remote times.

Not a Definite Reply. Deacon Johnson—What you doin' now, Abe?

Abe—Hardcase—Cleanin' out a bank. Deacon Johnson—President, cashier, bookkeeper or janitor?—Leslie's Weekly.



Sarcastic: Guest—Walter, bring me a beefsteak. A real large one, as my eyesight is very poor.—Ex.

Economical Robble: "Do you say your prayers every night, Robble?" "No; some nights I don't want anything."—Ex.

Yeast—"It's hard to keep a good man down." Crimsonbeak—"That's why they put such heavy monuments over some of them, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

Softleigh—Are you quite sure Miss Banks is not in? The Maid—Of course I am. She gave me one of your photographs in order to make me doubly sure.—Chicago Daily News.

"Bryan still seems to think he's very much like Thomas Jefferson." "And so he is." "Nonsense!" "Fact. The only difference is that Jefferson is buried."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Upjohn—"What beautiful floors! How do you keep them so nicely polished?" Mrs. Gaswell (giving her the icy glare)—"I don't. I leave that to the housemaid."—Chicago Tribune.

Lawyer—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" Witness—"No, sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Mrs. Watts-Trumps—Oh, yes, we had a delightful time. We played cards the whole evening. Mr. Watts-Trumps—Nonsense, Lucy; we only played between the anecdotes.—Tit-Bits.

Lady Caller (to old family servant)—Well, Bridget, did Master Arthur shoot any tigers in India? Bridget—Of course he did. Shure we have the horns of the craychurs hung in the hall!—Punch.

Progressing.—She—"How's the motor car getting on, Sir Charles?" He—"Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see, I only had it three months, and when it isn't in the hospital, I am."—Punch.

"If you kiss me again, sir, I shall call my mother!" "What's the use of that?" said Chollie Preshe; "you know I'd prefer to kiss you, and, besides, your father might object to my kissing the old lady."—Baltimore Herald.

A Vision of Bliss.—Rastus—"Ah dreamed of heaven last night." Zeke—"Am dat so? An' what did it look like?" Rastus—"A monst'us big chicken roose in de middle ob a watermill patch!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Subbubs—We've got a new girl at our house. Backlotz—Hah! It's easy enough to get a new girl, but can you keep her? Subbubs—The doctor thinks so. He declares she weighs nine pounds at least.—Philadelphia Press.

Blessed sleep: "Supposing you woke up some day and found yourself a millionaire—what'd you do?" "Go right to sleep again, so that the knocking of the tax assessors on the door wouldn't annoy me!"—Baltimore Herald.

Satisfied Quite.—Nervous Old Lady—"I hope your horse is quiet, cabman. What's she laying back her ears like that for—look!" Cabby (complacently)—"Oh, that's only her feminine curiosity, mum. She likes to hear where she's a-goin' to!"—Tit-Bits.

Why John Was Absent.—The following brief but explicit telegram was sent from a near-by State to Georgia recently: "Reason John didn't git home fer Christmas wuz—he stopped in a hotel fer the first time in his life, an' blowed out the gas."—Atlanta Constitution.

Tallent—What's this? "Lost, a house dog; a liberal reward will be paid for his return." Why, man, there's your dog out in the yard this moment. Gifford—Yes; somebody'll come along and steal him as soon as that advertisement gets about.—Boston Transcript.

Scribbler—"Confound it, Marial didn't tell you to let the baby touch anything on my desk?" His Wife—"Well, you know I can't watch her all the time. Has she done any mischief?" Scribbler—"I should say she has! She's written a historical novel."—Judge.

Public spirit rewarded: "I see Shenon is assessed twice as much on his personal property as he was last year." "Yes; the assessor found out he was the only man living in the block that paid anything for having the street sprinkled last summer, and we socked it to him."—Chicago Tribune.

"I see it's become so windy on the corner where the Flatiron Building has been erected in New York that sometimes people are blown off their feet." "How humiliating it must be for a New Yorker to be carried off his feet by anything that doesn't come from Europe."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Can't I sell you an encyclopedia?" asked the affable agent of the short-haired woman who meets him at the door. "I believe not," she answers, slowly closing the door; "I believe not. I am president of our culture club, and I have heard all there is in all the encyclopedias several times over."—Judge.

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano playing." Mrs. Homer—"I'm glad to hear you say so—if you are really sincere." Mrs. Nextdoor—"Why, what do you mean?" Mrs. Homer—"Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving, or whether we were merely getting used to it."—Chicago Daily News.

Lives Saved by Dogs. According to the monks of the hospice of St. Bernard, their famous dogs save on