

THE WOMAN'S JOY.

I fondly held upon my knee
My new-born baby, frail and wee;

The little eyes that yet I knew
Not whether would be brown or blue;

I sang an old, old melody,
That oft my mother sang to me,

Ah, mothers, if ours be the pain,
Ours, too, the bliss, the sacred gain;

AN UNINTENDED MARRIAGE.

Do you think, father, that hasty
marriages always turn out
badly?

"Well, no, not always. I know a
case where a marriage that was not
intended turned out very well."

"Not intended? How could that have
been?"

"There was a young fellow (he was
just 19 years old, and I'll call him
Bob) made up his mind that his lot
would be bachelorhood. You see, his
father and mother had married young,

"Bob was reading law. One day he
went to court, as was his custom, to
familiarize himself with the methods
of procedure. It was a court of chan-

"Hew old is the claimant?" asked
the judge.

"She will be 18," replied her counsel,
despondently, "at noon to-day."

"Is she married?"

"No, your honor."

"Then," said the judge, deliberately,
"I see no reason why, after the hour
of noon, I should not set aside her
claim and give judgment to John Doe.

"To see a fortune pass away from
this lovely girl was too much for Bob.

"Your honor," he said, rising, "the
claimant is my wife."

"Judge, attorney, spectators, turned
to Bob in wonder.

"Have you proofs of your marriage?"
asked the judge.

"Not at hand."

"Is that man your husband?" asked
the judge of Lucy.

"If ever there was irresistible appeal
in a man's eyes, it was in Bob's when
he turned them on Lucy. He could
not say to her, 'This is merely to gain
time,' so he gave her a look which
meant, 'I beg of you not to deny what
I have stated.' Lucy's eyes remained
riveted to his. What was passing in
her mind no one knew. She had a
decision to make, and all waited breath-

"Yes," she said.

"And you," said the judge, turning
to Bob—"do you acknowledge this woman
to be your wife?"

"Then if you were not married before,
you are married now. I give
judgment in favor of the claimant."

"Then, and then only, Bob saw that
his intent to stave off a decision had
resulted in his marriage to a girl he
had never seen before, and had never
spoken to.

"When the court was adjourned, the
claimant, her mother and Bob went in-

"And turned out happily?"

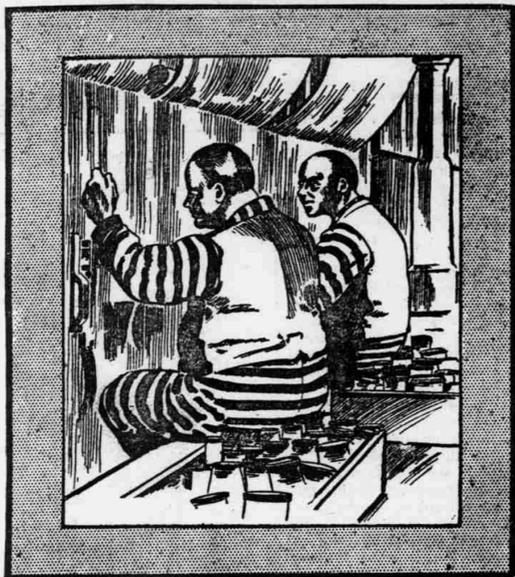
"The couple have been and are de-

"But what right had the judge to
marry them?"

"The secret of that is this: Bob was
perfectly well known to him as a student
of law (for the judge was a professor
in the law school Bob attended) and
had a very good opinion of the young
man. More than that, the judge saw
that a nice little girl was about to
be deprived of a fortune for the want
of a husband. He knew I was lying—

"You, father! You don't mean—"

WRUNG MILLIONS FROM POOR.



AL ADAMS MAKING DOORMATS AT SING SING.

Al Adams, the New York "polley king," who has wrung millions from
the poor, is wearing the stripes of a felon in Sing Sing prison.

Originally Adams was a brakeman. He became runner for a policy
manipulator, and finally gained a monopoly of the business in New York
City. His wealth is estimated at \$2,500,000. A brewery is included among
his possessions. He owns much real estate. His dupes were typical policy
players—the poorest of the city's population.

His methods were cold-blooded almost beyond belief. If the drawings
had been fairly conducted his profits would have been enormous. His practice,
however, was to delay the drawings until nearly all the slips had been
sold. Then it was arranged that the numbers drawn should be those that
required the payment of the smallest amount in prizes.

Adams has been a miser, with two exceptions. He has showered gold
upon his family and has been extremely generous in his payments for police
protection. His one great ambition has been to have his children received
in good society; to see them on even terms with refined, educated people.

His son was sent through one of the big colleges and his daughters to
fashionable schools for young ladies. They studied music in Europe and
are highly accomplished. Adams hoped they would be able to make three
friends that would open the gates of society to them later on. He was
disappointed. He installed his family in a splendidly furnished house. The
guests he hoped for did not come. The house burned and he removed to a
fine hotel, under the belief that there the character of his business might
not interfere with the social aspirations of his children. Again he was
disappointed.

Adams, broken in health and weighted with sorrow, is wearing out his
life in a cell. He has but one desire. It is that he may be spared to live
the end of his term; that at least it may not be said he died in prison. He
is now making doormats.—Boyce's Weekly.

"That I am Bob? Yes, I am. You
should forgive your father for the lie,
my boy, because you are Lucy's old-
est son, but by it I not only provided
for your being, but gained you a fortune
at the same time."

"Father, I forgive you. There are
times when a lie is invaluable."—Indianapolis Sun.

HAD ENOUGH OF ARTILLERY.

Rustic Gentleman Creates Amusement
at a Band Performance.
An amusing incident occurred at a
concert by Thomas Preston Brooke
and his famous band during a recent
tour of the New England States.

Among the early arrivals at the
opera house were an elderly gentleman
and his wife from the country and
they were shown to seats well toward
the front of the house.

When the curtain arose, revealing
the fifty musicians attractively group-
ed on the stage, their natty uniforms
and resplendent instruments complet-
ing a picture of dazzling effect, the old
gentleman from the rural district was
all enthusiasm. "Gee whilliken, Man-
da, be they all goin' to play at onct?"
he ejaculated, to the amusement of ev-
eryone seated near him.

A storm of applause greeted the re-
nowned bandmaster when he appeared
on the stage, which seemed to mystify
our old friend. "That's a fine-look-
in' feller, but he ain't played nuthin'
yet," said he. "What's all this hulla-
baloo about, anyway? Is he goin' to
play a tune on that huskin' peg?" Just
at this moment Brooke's baton was
raised, there was an instant of eager
expectancy and then the band struck
up a stirring march. When the music
had ceased the old gentleman was in
ecstasies. He applauded and stamped
his feet vigorously, then jumped up
out of his chair, waving his hands in
the air and whistling like a gallery
go. When his wife pulled him back
into his seat he shouted: "By cricky,
Manda, I never heard such music as
that before. Seth Tibbits and his old
fiddle don't amount to shucks!"

And so it continued throughout the
concert, Uncle Reuben growing more
enthusiastic with each number.

Near the end of the program was
the anvil chorus from "Il Trovatore,"
rendered with spectacular appurtenan-
ces. During this selection six red-
shirted blacksmiths occupied the front
of the stage and played the anvil ac-
companiment to the music, while a sen-
sational effect was produced by the

"Died a Natural Death.
Jolyely—I submitted some humorous
sketches here several days ago. They
haven't appeared. Did you kill them?"
Editor—I passed upon them, but I
don't think that killed them.

Jolyely—No. I think they just died
naturally of old age.—Philadelphia
Press.

Wrong Girl.
A student kissed a girl twice after
taking her home from an evening en-
tertainment. She reported him and he
was deprived of a \$75 scholarship.
Bet that girl goes to entertainments
alone hereafter.—Buffalo Express.

Method in Her Madness.
The feminine coterie was holding a
garrulous powwow in the drawing
room, when suddenly a mouse loomed
up amid the scenery. It was all of the
fair ones in a go-as-you-please race to
the lawn with the exception of one
maid of more or less uncertain years.

"Why didn't you run, too?" asked the
strong man who rushed gallantly to
the rescue.

"I—I was in h-hopes," sobbed she
of the unrecorded birthday anniversar-
ies, "that I might be scared out of
a-several years g-growth if I re-remained."

Whereupon the strong man took on a
sympathetic look and said never a
word.

Disfigured and Out of the Hunt.
Banby—But why have you thrown
Charlie overboard?
Maude—I couldn't marry a man with
a broken nose, you know.

Banby—Ah! I wonder how he got
his nose broken, poor fellow?
Maude—Oh, I struck him playing
tennis!—Pick Me Up.

Faber: The art of saying appropri-
ate words in a kindly way is one that
never goes out of fashion, and is with-
in the reach of the humblest.

There are quite a large number of people who think that no one but a
professional can really know anything about photography, and there is a
very general tendency to look upon every amateur photographer, no matter
how expert, as distinctly the inferior of the professional, even of the
fourth and fifth rate professional, whereas, the facts of the case are, that
many amateurs may be found who in skill and attainments are fully the
equal, if not the superior, of the best professionals, while the fourth and
fifth rate gentlemen are easily outclassed by any number of amateurs
scattered through the land. There are professionals who have but the merest
smattering of knowledge of their craft. They stick to just one branch of
their art, work by rule of thumb, and when called upon to travel outside
of their chosen rut are just as much at sea as any beginner among amateurs.

A WOMAN WHO RULED.

Prince Bismarck's wife was note-
worthy for her executive ability and
for her independence. The Princess
attached little value to articles of lux-
ury, unless they were connected in
her memory with some distinct trait
of human kindness. In writing of her
in "Personal Reminiscences of Prince
Bismarck," Mr. Whitman says that in
her unceasing care for her family and
her guests the Princess showed to
what extent a wife, a mother, a mis-
tress of a household can sacrifice her
own convenience in identifying herself
with the wants and wishes of others.

No general in command could sur-
vey a battlefield more completely than
Princess Bismarck controlled a dinner-
table. She was in supreme command
and overlooked everything. There
was at times something not far from
heroic in this, seeing that she was
often hardly able to keep awake.
There she would sit, not touching a
 morsel.

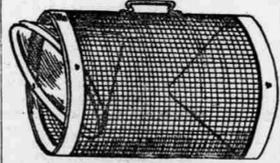
Yet in spite of her suffering from
asthma, at times scarcely able to draw
a breath, her eye was everywhere,
controlling, ministering, seeing that
everybody was attended to and satis-
fied.

If the conversation at table turned
on a fresh delicacy of the season, or
a new dish, or the predilection ex-
pressed by a guest, the chances were
that one or the other would make its
appearance the next day. While at
table she would whisper a few words
to one of her servants to give a mes-
sage to the cook to add some item to
the very dinner in progress.

Nor was it only from a desire to
humor the taste of her husband that
Princess Bismarck showed such vigil-
ance in controlling the wheels of the
domestic machinery. All her house-
hold, domestic servants included, were
the objects of her constant solicitude.

NEW MODEL FISH TRAP

As the old saying, "Every man to his
taste," still holds good, and some fish-
ermen will swear by genuine live bait
only, a New England inventor proposes
to provide it for them as easily as pos-
sible; hence, the ingenious little fish
trap shown in the accompanying pic-
ture. Its principle is similar to that of
the large fish nets used on the sea-
shore, where the fish find their way
through openings at the apex of a
V-shaped net into a large holding net.
In this case the tubular receiving net
has glass cones at either end, with
small openings at the apex, through
which the fish find their way into the



CATCHES LIVE BAIT FOR FISHERMEN.

interior. It may be wise to place a
small quantity of bait inside the trap,
which the fish will quickly spy through
the transparent cones, working their
way toward it until they find the open-
ings and pass in. It will be seen that
one of the cones is tilted on its piv-
ot pins, this feature affording a handy
means of access to the interior, or
enabling the cone to be reversed to
drop the contents of the trap into it
for selection and assorting. If the trap
is supplied with the necessary bait and
immersed for a short time along the
shore of a stream or lake, it will be
found to contain the live minnows
sought for, according to the inventor.

John E. Hill, of Center Harbor,
N. H., is the patentee.

Fair Profit for Carmen.
A conductor of a Sixth avenue car,
during a lull in the ringing of fares,
stood passing coins from one hand to
the other, turning up the dates of each
coin as he did so. "There are more
ways of making money than by
'knocking down' fares," he remarked,
noting the inquiring look on a passen-
ger's face. "Any greenhorn can pocket
a dozen nickels in collecting 120
fares in a car built for forty-eight
passengers, but a man has got to know
something to spot a coin that has a
premium value.

"It's surprising how many more or
less rare coins pass current without
falling into hands of someone who
knows their value. This was suggest-
ed to me one day, and I took to study-
ing the catalogues of dealers in rare
coins and memorizing the dates of the
pieces stamped on them. Since then
I have picked out of the money I have
taken in fares several hundred coins
with a premium value ranging from a
few cents to \$5, and have redeemed
them with my own money and sold
them to dealers in coins."—New York
Times.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOUSEWIVES IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

By Della Austin.

Many American women declare that the trials
of housekeeping are becoming so manifold that
after a few years of arduous labor they are seized
with nervous prostration. To one traveling
abroad it is interesting to compare the responsi-
bilities of the foreign housewife and her Ameri-
can sisters. While in Dresden I met a woman
who gave me much information concerning this
question as it appears in Germany. One day she
showed me through her home, artistic in its sim-
plicity. The house was full of sunshine and fragrant odors given off
by potted plants. The place bespoke ease rather than beau-
ty. There were plenty of comfortable chairs to be found;
attractive prints and etchings were everywhere on the
walls, and the library was well stocked with books. After
she had shown me through I remarked that she must have
many servants to keep so large a place in order. She
answered, "I suppose my home would appear a great deal
more attractive than it does if I kept more servants. You
see, I only have a cook, chambermaid, and a woman to
help with the washing and ironing two days out of the
week. Your women have so many more interests than
we. We have no clubs and classes that demand our time.
Besides making up the bedrooms, I keep the sitting room
and my husband's library in order and do the week's mend-

ing. My afternoons are given to reading and an occasional
call or 'Kaffee Kirsach.' Besides, most of the men in Ger-
many come home at noon, so we have dinner at 12 and a
cold supper in the evening. Our husbands lay much stress
on their food. Though a woman does not always do her
own cooking, it is taken for granted that she will superin-
tend her kitchen. We do all our own marketing and rarely
order anything over the telephone. The German woman is
not expected to attain social position for her husband nor
sustain it. Her function is to please him, look after her
home, and bring up the children."

The French woman is probably the best housekeeper in
the world. She is devoted to her home and to her family.
Her household is exceptionally clean and attractive, though
she manages to do it with few servants. If she does not
assist in the kitchen, she superintends it; she sees that the
table cloths and napkins are snow white and that the table
is set with taste. She is equally particular about her own
appearance and that of her children.

The English are exceedingly simple and unaffected in their
homes. They desire comfort more than luxury. Still, in
the family the husband is considered the head of the house-
hold. He limits the weekly expense and no improvement
is made in the household without his being consulted first.
If expenses are to be cut it is his wife who is expected
to get along with one servant less. An English woman
will live on a leg of mutton served hot on Sunday and
warmed up in different styles during the week so that her
husband can frequent his club, enjoy oysters and partridge.
Notwithstanding that the English are hearty eaters, they
live simply. The household is managed with great econ-
omy, dinner in the evening being the only elaborate meal
of the day.

CONSTANCY MAY BE CARRIED TO EXCESS.

By Helen Oldfield.

Constancy in love is a virtue much lauded of
romancers. Yet it may be carried to excess—when
the love is not reciprocated constancy is
foolish, and when the beloved is bound to
another, instead of a virtue it becomes a vice.
Even when neither pride nor duty forbids one
to worship at the old shrine, when death
has broken the tie, the laws of the land
sanction a second love, and the
hearts of men incline thereto. We all know second
marriages which are indubitably happy. It is a merciful
providence for humanity that wounds of the heart, for
the most part, heal even more readily than those of the
body. There are few people comparatively who marry their
first loves, nor is this fact always a misfortune. George
Elliot, naturally, disbelieved in first love. "Why," she asks,
"should a man's first love be his best? Does the artist
or the musician produce his masterpieces at the beginning

A BRAINY WOMAN.

Western Beauty Who Is the Head of a
Big Electrical Enterprise.

A beauty with brains is one defini-
tion of the word anomaly. A synonym
for it is Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, of Los
Angeles, Cal. Mrs.

Tutt has more
beauty than most
women and more
brains than most
men. At present
she is engaged in a
\$3,000,000 enter-
prise in Arizona,
the erection of two
electric power
plants which will
supply power ex-
clusively for min-
ing purposes. The
project is a big one. It means that
the mining industry of Arizona will
be revolutionized by the introduction
of a power which will cost but one-
third as much as the power now in
use.

The scheme is Mrs. Tutt's own.
While on a visit to Arizona she dis-
covered two unused water rights which
could be had at a fair price and a
promise to organize a company and
proceed with the storage of the water
and the development of electrical cur-
rent. Mrs. Tutt contracted for the
water rights, took out her engineering
party, followed the transit every step
of the way back to the mountains,
where few men and no women had
ever gone before, to the head of Fos-
sile creek, and returned with all plans
formulated for the prosecution of the
work.

Last, and by no means simplest,
was the financing of the enterprise.
The fact that she was willing to risk
her own money in the scheme helped
Mrs. Tutt in interesting additional
capital, and two companies were
formed, one to erect a 6,000-horse-power
plant, the other 1,500. Of both com-
panies Mrs. Tutt is vice president and
general manager, and all that the rest
of the stockholders know about the
work is what she reports to them from
time to time. She has entire charge
of the construction work, with head-
quarters at Prescott, Ariz., and the
directorates is so divided that whenever
Mrs. Tutt happens to be, whether in
Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a
quorum and a meeting can be held.

DIAMONDS FROM THE SKIES.
Theory That Precious Stones Came to
Earth as Meteorites.

Diamonds from the skies, conveyed
to earth in meteoric showers, is a the-
ory first broached by Meydenbauer.
The diamond, he says, can be of cos-
mic origin only, having fallen as a
meteorite at a late period of the earth's
formation. The localities where di-
amonds are found contain the residues
of not very compact meteoric masses
which may have fallen in historic ages

and penetrated more or less deeply ac-
cording to the more or less resistant
character of the surface where they
fell.

The most striking confirmation of
the theory comes from Arizona. Here
on a broad plain over an area about
five miles in diameter were scattered
1,000 to 2,000 masses of metallic iron,
the fragments weighing from half a
ton to a fraction of an ounce. There is
little doubt these masses formed part
of a meteoric shower, although no re-
cord exists as to when the fall took
place. Curiously enough, near the cen-
ter where most of the meteorites have
been found is a crater with ragged
edges, three-quarters of a mile in di-
ameter and about 600 feet deep, bear-
ing exactly the appearance which
would be produced had a mighty mass
of iron or falling star struck the
ground, scattering in all directions, and
buried itself under the surface. Dr.
Foote in cutting a section of this me-
teorite, found the tools were injured
by something vastly harder than me-
tallic iron. He examined the speci-
men chemically and soon after an-
nounced to the scientific world that
the Arizona meteorite contained black
and transparent diamonds. This discovery
was verified by Profs. Friedel and
Noissan, who found that it contained
three varieties of carbon, diamond,
graphite and amorphous carbon.

Glacial Age Nears Its End.
European engineers have been con-
gratulating themselves that, although
the coal mines may fall, they have in
the Alpine glaciers inexhaustible
sources of energy. The melting of the
glacier ice gives rise to mountain tor-
rents whose fall is being utilized more
and more, especially since the elec-
tric transmission of power has more

of his career?" Thackeray tells us that "every man ought
to be in love a few times and have a sharp attack of the
fever." It is often a blessing when one is torn ruthlessly
from one's first love. The mad devotion of a college boy
for a woman in the thirties is as unlike to the steady
flame of his manhood as the flare of a straw heap is to the
warmth of an anthracite fire, while the infatuation of a
girl of 17 is rarely felt for the sort of man whom a woman
of 25 would choose for her husband.

The true philosophy of life is contentment. "In what-
soever state ye are, therewith to be content." This is the
victory which overcomes the world. He who cries for
the moon, and turns his back upon the electric light blazing
overhead, is a fool; while the man who has only a rush-
light has still cause to rejoice that he sits not in darkness.
When one cannot have what one wants, it is the part of
wisdom to accept what one can get and make the best of it.
Often times that best will be for better than at first seemed
possible. Most tastes in life are acquired, and the blackest
bread, eaten with a hearty appetite, has a sweeter relish
than the whitest loaf of princes if the "cake bread" be
watered with tears. Heartache is bitter, but memory
readily loses the old in the presence of the new. Fever is
followed by chill, and then one recovers. The latest love is
always the one which is loved.

SHALL SOCIETY SHARE IN TRUST BENEFITS.

By Frederick M. Taylor, Professor of Political Economy.

The utterance of President Roosevelt regard-
ing the trusts emphasizes the question whether or
not their permanence is fully assured. In recent
newspaper comment much stress has been placed
on the throwing of people out of employment.
This is claimed one of their greatest advantages,
for throwing people out of employment by mak-
ing their services unnecessary is merely insuring
that the sum total of our wants shall be satisfied
at smaller cost. Another evil generally charged to the
trust is the maintenance of outrageously high prices, but
we would probably be able in most cases to take refuge
in the use of substitutes. The gas monopoly, the electric
monopoly, find competitors in each other, as well as in
the new inventions like acetylene gas, or old friends like
kerosene. Again, if any one trust push its advantage too
far, it will inevitably stimulate competition of allied trusts.
If it demands such a high price that there is profit to be
made at this price, then competition inevitably springs up.
The existence of the trust depends on its not exacting from
the public the highest price which could be paid.

It must be admitted that the trust leads to a vast sav-
ing in human effort. The great consolidation saves in the
utilization of materials. The great factory has so much
waste that it pays to establish by-industries. Again, it
carries out in the most complete way the principle of geographi-
cal specialization. The school furniture trust, for exam-
ple, will not call upon the Boston factory to furnish a
school building in Omaha, but will give the order to the
particular plant that is nearest to the point. Another ad-
vantage promised is a greater freedom from industrial
storms, panics and depressions. Unrestricted competition
is wasteful and often dangerous to quiet, orderly progress.
In a crisis there is no unity of action. It is "each man for
himself." Gigantic combinations naturally enough move on
more steadily. Competition is shut out. It is, therefore,
pretty certain that the industrial cyclone would be much
less likely. Thorough-going socialists welcome the process
of consolidation among warring industries. One after
another, they say, these industries will be organized into
trusts and these trusts in turn will consolidate, until all
industrial activity is united in one universal monopoly,
whereupon the state will take possession and the socialist
goal will have been attained. Just what form of regu-
lation the trust will take it is hard to predict. It is prob-
able that, first, a fairly sharp distinction will be made
between those industrial institutions which may be left to
the ordinary forces of competition and those which need
regulation. A few thoroughly consolidated industrial in-
terests will probably be brought under the direct control of
the public. The remainder will then be left in the hands
of private individuals, but will be subjected to sharp regu-
lation, with such degree of publicity in accounting as shall
insure the safeguarding of the rights and interests of the
public.

JOYS OF A VACATION SPENT
UNDER CANVAS IN THE WOODS

MORE and more popular is camp life becoming each year, says
Country Life in America. With those who go into the deep woods
in quest of big game and fish the camp life is, after all, the real attrac-
tion, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these
trips, there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers,
wood-girt lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune
available for quite as charming a two weeks' outing beneath canvas. In
making up a camping party, choose you such congenial spirits as shall be
forworn to philosophical optimism. And let there be a wag among them,
who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of
discomfort. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet
of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and drift wood for a fire,
and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the
fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying
the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life!
Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have
become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine and
shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if
you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your
very nature. Long days, lazy days but happy days, are the days in camp.
Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through the
memory many a time during the after months.

Has a Wonderful Timepiece.
One of the most wonderful watches
in the world is that owned and made
by Major Dopping-Hepenstal of the
Royal Engineers. It is a comparatively
small watch, not much bigger than
an ordinary lever, but it performs a
variety of services in addition to tell-
ing the time. It rings an alarm bell
in the morning to wake its owner,
then it proceeds to light a spirit lamp
and boil a kettle of water, and finally
pours the boiling water into a small
teapot. The Prince of Wales witnessed
the wonderful performances of this
watch and partook of a cup of tea
which it made for his royal highness.

Know Her Intimately.
Dolly—What would you do, Cholly, if
you were rich?
Cholly—Well, Dolly, if I were rich
enough to be perfectly reckless I think
I would propose to you.—Somerville
Journal.

Gossip isn't real bad but the tell-
ing of it makes an hour seem like two
minutes.



There are quite a large number of people who think that no one but a
professional can really know anything about photography, and there is a
very general tendency to look upon every amateur photographer, no matter
how expert, as distinctly the inferior of the professional, even of the
fourth and fifth rate professional, whereas, the facts of the case are, that
many amateurs may be found who in skill and attainments are fully the
equal, if not the superior, of the best professionals, while the fourth and
fifth rate gentlemen are easily outclassed by any number of amateurs
scattered through the land. There are professionals who have but the merest
smattering of knowledge of their craft. They stick to just one branch of
their art, work by rule of thumb, and when called upon to travel outside
of their chosen rut are just as much at sea as any beginner among amateurs.