

Topics of the Times

Idaho has discovered that Haywood trials come high.

The high cost of living might be reduced by cutting out some of the high life.

A firm of kid leather makers has failed. Too young to carry on the business, likely.

Shooting people by mistake makes it awfully unpleasant and inconvenient for the people who are shot.

Changing the design on the United States gold piece is not due to any lack of popularity of the present coin, which are much sought for.

Argentina has 245,000,000 acres of uncultivated land, but the transportation facilities are poor and no gas and water pipes have as yet been laid.

Indigestion is said to be unknown in Norway. That being the case, there must be big rocks in Norway that do not bear advertisements of anybody's pills.

Japan claims a population of 48,304,000. Suspicious people will at once conclude that Japan's directory estimators have been limiting western methods.

A farmer in New York has unearthed the fossil remains of an enormous but unknown quadruped. Probably it was one of the domestic animals belonging to the Cardiff Giant.

The trouble with the new coats after the St. Gaudens design was that they couldn't be piled up on the other. With men like Mr. Rockefeller such a fault would be considered quite serious.

An Italian poet recently won \$10,000 in a lottery. He announces that he will quit writing poetry, but does not explain whether this is to be taken as a proof of his gratitude or whether it is to be attributed to laziness.

The German crown princess' chef, who is coming to this country to learn the ways of American cooking, may pick up several useful pointers while here by going to some of our first class German restaurants and seeing how nicely the Americans run them.

Annie Besant says she is the present owner of the soul of Mrs. Blavatsky. One of the disagreeable features of theosophy is that an individual cannot pick out the soul he or she would like to have, but must accept any kind of a soul that comes along and demands admission.

A bank open day and night was established in the city of New York some months ago. Recently the same amazing metropolis has created a night court. Besides symbolizing the eternal vigilance of justice (seriously considered as blind), the limiting court has had practical effect in lifting certain kinds of crime.

Certain natives of British India having applied for naturalization in California, it became necessary for the attorney general to decide whether they are "white" in the meaning of the law. After consideration, he has concluded that they are not white enough to be eligible for citizenship. This, of course, does not apply to the color of their skin, but to the racial stock from which they are sprung, and is based on the general purpose of the law to give rights of citizenship to all save free white persons and those of African birth or descent.

Esperanto, the new composite language, the inventors of which hope to make it the tongue of international intercourse, is creating more of a stir among students than was produced by Volapuk, its predecessor. After the recent congress of its friends in Cambridge, England, many of the delegates went to London and attended a service in St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand, conducted entirely in Esperanto. This is interesting, not only as showing the extent to which the language is being used, but also from the fact that it adds to the number of "nations, and kindreds and peoples, and tongues" by which God is worshiped.

The privately endowed homes for the aged constitute a form of benevolence most praiseworthy. Those blessed with abundant means cannot make better use of their surplus than to direct it into this channel. It is nothing less than torture for a man or woman accustomed to refined surroundings to be obliged to go to a public almshouse; but in these privately endowed homes their declining years are passed in comfort and usually in contentment. There cannot be too many such homes. It is almost always possible for an aged person of good life and character to secure the fee required for admission. There is generally some relative or group of friends to furnish it, if the applicant has nothing left from his or her former prosperity. The inmates are not regarded as paupers and need feel no humiliation. The companionship is usually congenial, and the housing and food equal to that of well-to-do families. The kaleidoscopic changes of fortune leave many stranded who would once flout blithely. A contributor to a fund for a home for the aged who is now in the prime of life may perchance be providing for his own less prosperous future.

Attorney General Bonaparte advocates the death penalty for all criminals who have been four times convicted of a major crime. He believes that society's greatest duty in the case of crime is to protect itself, and that when any man has four times been proved guilty of serious criminal acts society can safely assume that the man is incorrigible, and as such a standing disgrace to the community. The death

penalty is suggested, not to avenge the offense, but to safeguard the law-abiding citizen. Mr. Bonaparte is hardly apt to gain supporters for the most important feature of his policy by advocating in this way the death penalty. The extension of the death penalty is opposed by too large a proportion of the people on humanitarian grounds for the suggestion to meet with favor. But the particular penalty is in reality a mere incident to the essential point underlying Mr. Bonaparte's remarks. That essential point is the segregation of professional criminals. Every student of criminal statistics knows that there are two great types of crime, which should be separated in study. One is the crime of passion and violence, growing out of exceptional circumstances in the lives of poorly disciplined individuals. The other is the professional crime, which is adopted by certain men as their means of gaining a livelihood. When a man has entered upon a professional career of crime it is rare indeed that he will reform. Release him from the penitentiary and he goes back to his "business," hoping for better luck in the future. It is highly irrational for society to treat these two types of crime alike. What is needed is intelligent tests of men who commit crime for gain, the preservation of complete records of each case, and a special inquest upon them when they have been two or three times convicted, with a view to determining whether it is not wiser to imprison them for life or otherwise make certain that they will not continue as pests to their fellow men. It is, of course, of the greatest importance that every convict who has no trade be taught one, and that opportunities to work at the trade be provided for every convict on his release. It is only when he has repeatedly proved himself unwilling to profit by such measures, with what success is told by a writer in the New York Sun, who gives the explanation in the words of the mother of the unfortunates Jean Baptiste.

NAMING THE BABY.

Jean Baptiste is a common name among the French-Canadian folk. One family, which had American aspirations, did its best to avert this universal cognomen; with what success is told by a writer in the New York Sun, who gives the explanation in the words of the mother of the unfortunates Jean Baptiste.

"Fader Lajenneuse, 'e say, 'Wat for dat chile ain't christen' yet? An' I say, 'We ain't got no name yet, we ain't'."

"An' Fader Lajenneuse say, 'You call dat chile Jean Baptiste.' An' I say, 'No, sir, nevalre. Dat chile goin' have nice, good Yankee name, an' dat chile goin' be nice, good Yankee man wen she's beeg, ye, sir'."

"An' 'n' not educate, ma, but ma oldest boy, Emile, she most school teacher, an' ees fader say, 'Emile, you fin' us nice Yankee name and I bring you red touque from Montreal'."

"Emile, 'e tink and tink, an' ever, day her fader say, 'Wal, Emile, w'at name we goin' call dat leel babe?' An' Emile she say, 'You wait'."

"Along kinsey one day Emile come home from de work, trows hose cap 'n' de hair an' say, 'Urrah! Ah got de nicest Yankee name you hain't nevalre 'eard'."

"Fader say, 'Good! I go tell Fader Lajenneuse, an' we get dot babe christen'."

"An' we all go to de church to see dat babe christen'. An' Fader Lajenneuse 'e take de young one in ees harm an' 'e say, 'W'at name?'"

"An' ma man she say, 'Syraucus.' An' Fader Lajenneuse 'e so mgd 'e moe' deop de chile."

"W'at kin' name dat for chile? 'e yell, 'W'at for you don't tack on Cherubus, too?'"

"An' so we name her Jean Baptiste, jus' de name, and Emile 'e don't get no nice red touque from Montreal'."

How to Care for Feet.

No other part of the body, except the waist, says the New York Mail, suffers so much abuse and distortion as the feet. They are susceptible to all sorts of deformities and the subject of all sorts of neglect.

Many people do not bathe them sufficiently often, do not change their stockings with sufficient frequency and do not care for them in other ways as they should.

The soldier who cares for his feet is the one who holds out on the march, and many foreign armies have doctors who see that the men care for their feet. The dead skin which hardens and produces callous spots needs to be removed twice a day if the feet perspire freely.

To rub the feet with alcohol refreshes them wonderfully, and nothing is as good for them as a vigorous alcohol rub after they have been wet or chilled.

A rub with cocoa butter is a fine thing for the feet at all times. Get a cake of this and give them a five-minute rub at least once a week after the daily bath, and you will save yourself many a groan.

We should wear rubbers whenever we need them and take them off as soon as we can. The feet must be kept warm and dry.

A famous physician is reported as saying that his income would dwindle to a half if women kept their feet warm. And it may be added that a woman's chance of being a comfortable soul and a jolly person to have around would be improved by three halves if she would wear the right kind of shoes, care for them and her feet properly, and try to have everybody else do the same.

What He Would Do.

Grandpa—Tommy, Tommy, you aren't behaving well. Do you know what I should do if I were a little boy like you? Tommy—Yes, grandpa, you'd do the same as I do, 'cause if you didn't you wouldn't be a little boy like me.

Society has become disagreeable lately, the women talk so much about the society of hired girls.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE MAN WITH THE HUNCH.

H. I. Just had a hunch. That is the way the successful man often explains a particularly wise and remunerative move on his part to the friends who want to know how he did it. "Lucky dog," the less successful men remark as they walk away. Was he lucky? Or did he simply use a little of the ordinary amount of brains with which he was endowed. Where did he get the hunch? His inspiration came from a habitual, intelligent use of brains. The "lucky dog" simply put two and two together and believed that they made four. He combined logic with common sense and won.

The man without the hunch is what he is for two reasons. Either he is too indolent to put two and two together, or else after he had put them together, he was afraid that he had made a mistake and that they made something else besides four. A logical mind, ever on the alert to benefit the owner, almost without his conscious volition, is a product of careful training.

If you are complaining that you never had any lucky hunches, set yourself now to grasp the full meaning of every minute incident that arises in connection with each day's work. Do this every day. Do not let each day be complete in itself. Relate each day with its complex activities to each other day. Soon you will discover that some incident of to-day has a direct bearing upon some incident of some other day. You may be the only person who has made this discovery. If you are energetic, you will use it to your own advantage. And there you are. Your lucky "hunch" has come. Try it. Don't be envying other lucky dogs. Make yourself an object for envy.—Chicago Examiner.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

Efforts are being made to create in Washington a great national university. Such an institution would find already made in the Congressional Library, the Museum, the Smithsonian Institution and the various scientific departments of the government, an enormous material equipment better than the oldest and richest universities can afford. These departments would also provide, to supplement the regular teaching force of the university, a rich corps of special lecturers and assistants.

Whatever may come of this plan, it is a significant expression of feeling long cherished in this country that the national capital ought to be the chief center of intellectual activities.

The older cities of natural growth and commercial

supremacy, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and newer cities, Chicago and San Francisco, have necessarily, each as metropolis of a section, remained the brain centers of the country. Washington has never filled out and disguised its artificial framework. A seat of power and beauty, it has not become a city of homes.

As national unity develops, the capital city must become more and more the heart of the country, Berlin and St. Petersburg, hardly less artificial in the manner in which they were decreed as national capitals, indicate the possibilities of the city of Washington. It is becoming a favorite place for wealthy people to live in winter. Each year an increasing number of the interesting things drawn to the city by special interests finds permanent lodgment there.

The geographical position, the natural facilities for traffic, without which no city can have healthy life, the unlimited resources of the government to build up a model municipality, all conspire to make Washington in every sense one of the great cities of the world.—Youth's Companion.

NATIONAL FOREST POLICY.

Now and then from the West come protests and complaints against the policy under which the national forests are managed. Some of these are made in good faith, and should be met with a clear statement of just what the national forest policy is and how it is being carried out, others are the result of knowledge that the theft of timber, lands and minerals, and monopoly of the range, will no longer be permitted. Much of the honest opposition to the creation of national forests comes from a wrong idea of their purpose and use. They are the first outcome of a general policy that is slowly taking shape in the public mind—the conviction that our natural resources, forests, waterways and land, are put here to be used in a definite way, and that this use must be open to all alike. National forests are created to insure to the home-builder and to home industries a perpetual supply of timber, to preserve the forest cover on watersheds, and so to insure a steady and constant stream flow, and to make certain the fair and lawful use of forest and range. They are open to all persons with the sole restriction that their permanent resources shall be used in such a way that they will not become exhausted, but will remain for the use of others in the future development of the nation. The wise use of all their resources—timber, water, lands, minerals and range—is encouraged in every way. The chief aim is to make them large factors in the upbuilding of the West and in the permanent wealth of the entire country.—The Outlook.

ART IN TAPESTRY WEAVING.

Norwegian Novel and Interesting Color Schemes in Textiles.

One of the oldest weavings known in Europe is the Norwegian tapestry, or, as it is called in Norway, "picture weaving." The word "picture" in primitive times was used in place of the word "painting," and the art of weaving dates back to the eighth century, long before the art of painting was known in Norway. The weaving of Norwegian history and scenes into "picture tapestry" seems most to have flourished at the time of the invasion of Normandy by the Norsemen and at the time of the Crusades.

Tapestry belonging to these periods is exhibited in the museums of Norway and is different from other textiles not only by reason of the mythological subjects chosen for representation but by the manner of weaving, the design, however elaborate, being made absolutely reversible, alike on both sides in color as well as in outline.

Like most handicrafts, this weaving was almost forgotten until recently, when the museums and a talented Norwegian woman, Mme. Frida Koehler-Hansen, caused a revival of the beautiful art. Mme. Koehler-Hansen's works have become world known, having been sold to European museums, to the board of education, South Kensington, and to the royal houses of Europe.

At the universal exposition in Paris in 1900 a series of these textiles was awarded the grand prix and the same honor was accorded exhibits at the world's fair at St. Louis as well as in London, Hamburg and Turin. The Jury at the exposition in Paris gave the following concise description and appreciation of Norwegian textile art:

"Norway's production of tapestries has been a revelation to the whole world. . . . A nation here appears which possesses in full measure an original talent of undeniable value."

In the Norwegian tapestries the wool nearly always shows a mixture of different tints in one and the same color. A few strong colors are chosen and the wools dyed in these colors are mixed together before they are spun into yarn. It is precisely the theory of decomposition of tone so modern in its application to painting. Every inch of the yarn is woven especially for the place where it is to stand in the fabric, as every tint is especially mixed for the painter's brush.

Playthings of Ancient Children.

The most primitive toy is the doll. It dates back to prehistoric times and is found in every part of the world. This one would naturally expect to find. A child, seeing its mother nursing another younger child, would imitate the example with an improvised doll.

Toy weapons, again, are older than history. Many of the other toys at present in use date from the earliest times of which we have any record. In the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, along with painted dolls having movable limbs, have been found marbles, leather covered balls, elastic balls and marionettes moved by strings. Ancient Greek tombs furnish clay dolls, toy horses and wooden carts and ships.

In the Louvre there are some Greek Roman dolls of terra cotta with movable joints fastened by wires. Greek babies had rattles. Greek boys played with whipping tops. So did the boys in ancient Rome.

A Perfect Fellow.

Jones—Who is the really perfect man, I should like to know? Brown—The man your wife was going to marry if she hadn't married you.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"PUNCH YOUR JAW," SAID YANK TO GRAND DUKE.



While speeding toward Paris Grand Duke Michael Michaeloff was put to the trouble of coughing as a speeder car whizzed past, leaving a cloud of dust. Indignant, the Russian ordered his chauffeur to "catch that impudent dog," and the driver did his best, overtaking the offending car in a suburb, where the owner had stopped. When his car came up with the man whose dust he took the grand duke alighted, his whiskers standing on end, so infuriated was he, and approaching the car, in which the stranger had taken his seat, he shouted: "I demand an apology from you, sir! I am a grand duke, and want an explanation of your want of respect." He added some insulting epithets as emphases.

Calmly looking over the spotted offspring of royalty the stranger replied: "Well, I am an American, and if you don't stop your gab I'll punch your jaw." The terse reply cooled the ardor of the man at whose world millions tremble in blighted Russia. The unconcern of the Yankee tourist was such a shock that the grand duke turned hastily and went back to his car.

QUEER STORIES

The "lead" of a very cheap pencil is often nothing but coke.

The passport system dates back to the time of the Crusades.

One-seventh of Great Britain's foreign commerce passes through the Suez canal.

An average of 800 persons are killed in the United States each year by lightning. This means one in every 100,000.

John Bull figures out that his country has been successful in 82 per cent of the battles in which it has engaged.

The Bishop of Victoria, at Hong-kong, who is appealing for help, has a license in Southern China nearly as large as half of Europe.

Members of the church defense committee of England are pledged to make church and school the foremost consideration in voting at elections.

Many French vineyards are likely to be turned into rose gardens. The perfume factories pay \$900 per kilogramme for pure essence of roses, and the demand is greater than the supply.

The production of oleomargarine in the year ended June 30 rose to 98,088,850 pounds, an increase of 15,842,191 pounds over 1904. The government derived an income of \$887,941 from its tax on the article.

The head maid of the Queen Dowager of Italy makes a thousand pounds

ODD FINDS IN STREET CARS.

Thousands of Articles Left Behind by Absent-Minded Persons.

One of the favorite places of the absent-minded citizen for leaving property is on a trolley car or on one of the cars of an elevated train, says the Brooklyn Eagle. It is so easy and so natural, when riding from place to place, for a passenger to lay a package down by his or her side and then, when arriving at his or her destination, to get off, calmly ignoring the existence of the aforesaid article. Is there a man or woman in Brooklyn who has not had such an experience or many recurrences of the same experience? It is doubtful, and it shows that to be careless or absent-minded is one of the branches of the old saw: "To err is human."

Gloves are a staple article for the conductors to turn in at the different stations of the various lines of the company, but it is usually a single glove, and not in pairs, that they come. The more common articles that are found during the course of a year are jewelry of almost every description, from the cheap and trifling article to diamonds. There are watches, rings, pins and brooches, watch chains and fobs, match safes, bunches of keys, pencils and fountain pens, memorandum books of all kinds, novels, Bibles, deers, bills, contracts, ball cutters and tools of every description.

Of the more odd things that have been left on the company's cars I can think of nothing stranger than a small headstone for a grave. One of these was left on a Flatbush avenue car about two years ago and it was never reclaimed. Its size is the only thing that would account for its being left on a car. It bore no inscription—least it had no name chiseled on it—but that it was intended for the grave of a little child was evident, for the words "Our Darling" and "Rest in Peace" were chiseled upon it. It was a pathetic little thing to find, to say the least.

One of the "cute" findings recently was a satchel containing a pair of pet kittens. They were no common felines, either, but as pretty as one would care to see, with dainty ribbons tied around their necks. They were kept the usual length of time, and then, as no owner appeared to claim them, they were given away.

Another one of the odd finds was a complete "dope set," including an opium pipe and its accessories. Not long ago an employe of a head pencil company reported the loss of a small gold brick—real gold, and not any "phoney" article. It was valued, he said, at \$235. The costly little article was never turned in at the company's office and was probably picked up by another passenger. We do not believe there is much dishonesty among the company's employes. Articles picked up by them are almost always turned in, and as a rule the conductor is more than ordinarily honest.

As an illustration of how absent-minded some people are, I may cite the case of a young man who boarded a Fulton Ferry car, carrying a dress-suit case. He placed the case between his knees, so as not to forget it, and when he left the car he noticed the case, but forgetting that it was his own, he called the conductor's attention to the fact that some one had left the case on the car. The conductor turned in the case at the company's office and made his regular report. Less than an hour afterward the young man, who had discovered his stupid blunder, reached the company's office in a dreadful state of mind, narrated the circumstances, and, after describing the contents of the case, had his property restored to him.

How to Avoid Red Noses and Hands. Red hands and red noses are often caused by an unwise diet and by the use of impure soaps. Tight clothing is another cause. Wear your belts and collars very loose. Keep your hands out of hot water as much as possible. Eat lean meats, fruits and vegetables and avoid all pastries, salads, greasy foods and strong coffee.

Immediate Concerns.

"So you have dismissed your fortune teller?"

"Yes," answered the Czar.

"Have you ceased to worry about the future?"

"I'm so busy dolging the present that I don't have time to think about the future."—Washington Star.

A Star on a Great State. It is told of the Right Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., LL. D., who had been attending an important conference at Lambeth palace, London, that during a very formal function he and his wife were loudly announced as "the bishop of Misery and Mrs. Tuttle."—Harper's Weekly.

Head and Feet.

"Miss Giddy," remarked Mr. Waltz, "is a splendid dancer; so light on her feet."

"Think so?" said Mr. Grouch.

"Oh, yes; light in the extreme."

"Huh! unfortunately she's just as light in the other extreme."—Philadelphia Press.

The Way to Keep Posted.

"You must read a great many books to keep so well acquainted with current publications."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't take time to read books. It would interfere with the constant study of the advertisements that is necessary to keep really informed."—Washington Star.

Right in His Line.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching stily dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Better Off.

"I suppose you never had anything to worry you before you were married?"

"Oh, yes; I was always worried for fear I would get married."—Houston Post.

Marriage Isn't Always a Failure.

There is usually a fighting chance.

Old Favorites

Lochnivar.

Oh, young Lochnivar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best,
And save his good broadsword his weapons
had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war—
There never was a knight like the young
Lochnivar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped
not for stone,
He swam the Eke river where ford there
was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant
came late!
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochnivar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
"Mong bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers
and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye
in war?"
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochnivar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit
you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like
its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love
of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup
of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lov-
ly by far
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochnivar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight
took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw
down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked
up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in
her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young
Lochnivar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,
That never a hall such a gallant did
grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father
did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered,—"Twere
better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with
young Lochnivar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in
her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the
charger stood near;
So light to the troop the fair lady he
swung!
So light to the saddle before her he
sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;
They'll have feet steeds that follow,"
quoth young Lochnivar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of
the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwick, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing, on Can-
noble Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see.

So dashing in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye'er heard of gallant like young
Lochnivar?
—Sir Walter Scott.

Lady and Conductor.

"Give me a transfer, conductor,"
said a mild-looking woman on a Mad-
ison avenue car.

"Why didn't you ask for it before?"
growled the conductor.

"I forgot to."

"And now you want me to forget the
rules of the company and give you
one?"

"Ain't he fresh?" commented a young
girl who was wearing one of those
wide-brimmed hats which begin on the
apex of the pompadour and end some-
where near the small of the back.
"They're all fresh and nobody says
anything to them. But I heard a lady
the other day giving a conductor rats.
She called him everything she could
think of, and she kept it up for half
an hour. I was glad to hear her, for
ladies don't often tell a conductor just
what he is. Some of them don't have
the language. But this lady had it all
right. Pa's a longshoreman, but I never
heard him do better."—Chicago Inter-
Ocean.

Race Suicide's Few.

Prof. L. C. Marshall, of the Ohio
Western University, who attributes
race suicide to excessive immigration,
said on this subject recently:

"But in the summer time the effect of
immigration is largely offset by the vaca-
tion's effect. Nothing encourages
marriage of the good, honest, fruitful
sort like a summer vacation at the sea-
shore or on the mountainside. The
other day I met a former student of
mine, a prosperous young business man.
He looked brown and fit.

"Hello," I said. "You are the picture
of health!"

"Yes," said he. "I am just back from
my vacation. I gained 115 pounds."

"Nonsense," I cried. "I don't believe
it."

"Don't you?" said he. "Well, here it
comes now, any way. Wait a minute,
and I'll introduce you."

Just Talk.

"Yes," said Dr. Youngman. "I've got
my degree of M. D. now, but I'm no
wealthier. All I've got is my title."

"Well," replied Jankley. "All young
doctors get their titles by degrees, but
they must have patients before they be-
come wealthy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The average town is never as unat-
tractive as when providing entertainment
for a teacher.

Better make excuses than throw the
blame on someone else.