TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

It is always easier to weep over a prodigal than it is to welcome him.

A woman's favorite writer is a husband who is capable of writing checks.

It is because a man doesn't know a woman that he asks her to marry him.

The scarcity of 1804 dollars illustrates how little change a century has wrought.

Most people who think they are deceiving others only succeed in deceiving themselves.

It would be something of a calamity if one of those floating mines should strike the sea serpent.

The man who has found a lost Wagner score in Germany affords another instance of pernicious activity.

Another death from the shutting of a folding bed! Why don't some folk read the newspapers and profit accordingly?

A fond mother may consider her son the flower of the family—and the neighbors may consider him a blooming idiot.

Merely from neighborly curiosity Uncle Sam would like to know what Brazil expects to do with the big navy it is building.

The king of Denmark has a fine collection of birds' eggs worth about $75,000. The king must have climbed hundreds of trees.

The enterprising tobacconist may make a hit by pushing the brand of cigars that President Roosevelt would smoke if he smoked at all.

The preparedness of the Japanese is well illustrated in the special gun they invented to meet the peculiar fighting tactics of the Cossacks.

Under the latest Supreme Court decision railroads kill employes with impunity, so long as they are not executed by direct order of the manager or president.

A Japanese postcard has been published showing a Russian admiral standing on the beach in diver's costume with the inscription, "Going down to review the fleet."

The strenuous slosbing round of Marse Henry of and concerning journals and journalism comes mighty near entitling him to be designated the Mr. Wiggs of the Newspaper Patch.

A church in Pennsylvania is almost disrupted because the women of the congregation proposed serving deviled eggs and angel cake at a sociable. There's something, after all, in a name.

A New York woman who was worth $75,000 died the other day and left her husband only $5 because he hadn't kissed her for nearly seven years. Permitting the heart to grow cold doesn't always pay.

Secretary Hay says that if the press of the world should adopt the high resolve that war should be no more, the clamor of arms would cease. It might; but the newspaper men would have to fight an indignant public demanding suppressed dispatches, and in such a fight gatling guns are not available.

The national hymn of China is so long that it requires about half a day to sing it. No foreigner ever desires to hear it sung the second time. A German, who once listened to it, said, "Too much of that is plenty." By the time the Chinese gets his hymn well sung he finds the foreigner begins thundering at the gates of Peking—if the foreigners left any gates last time.

Each year sees a decrease in the number of agriculturists that reach the United States and a marked increase in the less desirable classes from southern Europe, who settle in the large cities, adding to the troubles of those already there. The officials are powerless to prevent this practice, which is rapidly assuming alarming proportions, but the time is not far distant when steps will have to be taken to regulate the traffic. Whether this will be through the medium of uniform citizenship laws in the various States and a mutual agreement as to supervision of aliens remains to be seen.

Athletes are in danger. So says the American Medical Association. They are threatened with arterios-clerosis—a big word which names a formidable disease. The overstrain of physical exercise—the cinder path, the base ball diamond, the football field—the theaters of strenuous life, cause the disease. The doctors say the ailment is having an alarming growth. And it is incurable. Its symptoms are a stiffening and deterioration of the arteries, causing premature old age and a serious affection of the heart. It is declared that many young college athletes are to-day as decrepit as their grandfathers were at 70 years of age. This is not a new objection to athletics, but a warning which ought to be heeded by college authorities and trainers. Athletics like everything else should be temperate. It is not only a popular feature of college life, but useful in the development of physical manhood. But there is a limit. If the trainer permits his men to go beyond the limit into overstrain the means may defeat the very purpose for which they were instituted.

Sir Jas. Crichton-Browne, the eminent English authority on mental and nervous diseases, has aligned himself with those who have long demanded that the marriage certificate be made accompanied by a medical certificate of physical and mental fitness for the marriage relation. This is no new proposition in this country. It is not without recognition in the statutes of some of the States. In practically all the States insanity is a ground for divorce, though in few of them is it in its milder forms a bar to marriage. Sir James contends that a large part of the mental and moral degeneracy of vast classes in the great cities, particularly London, where he especially observed, is due to marriage of the unfit. Insanity, epilepsy and weak-mindedness he declares to be in most cases inherited. The army of the insane has been created, he contends, by improper marriages, that the law should prevent. There can be no doubt that society owes itself better protective measures. It is the common thing to hear drunkenness, crime and poverty, as well as mental and physical weaknesses, accounted for on the ground of heredity. If there is nothing in this commonly accepted theory it is time mankind were finding it out. If it is true, it is time mankind were doing something decisive to prevent the perpetuation of the worst that is in the species.

How the South grows! By leaps and bounds its commerce broadens until it has become a factor everywhere. Since 1880 the population of the South has increased about 60 per cent, the while its manufactured products have increased 251 per cent, which is development extraordinary. Railroad mileage has increased 191 per cent and the production of pig iron 731 per cent. In the coal industry alone the output has jumped since 1880 from $6,000 annually to $62,000,000. It is not necessary to quote figures beyond those already given. The development has been steady in all lines, and has been as marked in matters municipal and civic as it has been in the growing of cotton and corn. Time was when a Southern city was known by its peculiar types of architecture. Now the skyscraper has come to stay. The mule no longer hauls the street car, for electricity has been found as valuable an aid to progress in Georgia as in Massachusetts. Whatever is good enough for the East has been found none too good for the inhabitants of that vast territory that ends with the coast of Florida. Money is plentiful. The South is just learning that she has a gold mine in her sunshine, and the North gladly sends her uncounted millions for her fruits and vegetables. Fortunes are made every year in truck farming, and there are still larger fortunes to be made, for the market for this kind of produce is limitless, and the science of getting more and more out of the land is becoming a matter of common knowledge. The development of the great West made the United States the richest nation on the globe. The development of the South, carried out on the present lines of progression, will put this country beyond dream of competition.

MICROBES AND MONEY.

We Must Have Money, Even with Microbes on It.

The fear of contagion from disease microbes which our ancestors never felt because "ignorance was bliss" to them seems to be putting its ban upon one thing after another, says the Chicago Tribune. One may not indulge longer in clams, oysters, watercress, spinach, lettuce, shaving, kissing, public library books, feather dusters, and numerous everyday necessities without taking antiseptic precautions. Now comes a chemist at Washington who has found a greenback which was the favorite resort of 144 different kinds of the disease microbes. Startled by the announcement some brokers already are moving to protect cashiers and tellers by disinfecting all currency.

One Boston chemist has suggested the placing of cotton waste, saturated with formaldehyde, in the safe or money drawer, and another the pouring of a spoonful of it in a vault each night, which boards of health say will destroy millions of germs. Some bankers are inclined to sniff at the precautions. They rightly affirm that the microbe, though a comparatively new discovery, is as old as time; that paper money is nearly as old as time; that cashiers and tellers have been handling the microbe and the currency without destroying the one or sterilizing the other, and that they were healthy and long-lived, even though they directly exposed themselves by putting their fingers to their lips when counting money, which cashiers and tellers no longer do.

The microbe and money matter, if it should occasion any widespread apprehension of contagion, will make life much harder than it is now. We must have money, even with microbes on it, and cannot stop to inquire who had it last or through how many pockets it has passed, gathering new styles of microbes at every remove. If the microbes would confine themselves to $1,000 bills it would not be so bad, because they do not circulate so freely as fives do, but the microbe is no respector of bills. The microbe might have some difficulty in finding the $1,000 bills, but it can find dollar bills with ease, and they are softer and more homelike than the others.

KAFIRS MAKING A FIRE.

WATCHING FOR A FLAME.

The natives of South Africa still build their fires in the primitive way of revolving a stick between the palms, the friction on the horizontal stick, held on the ground, being so great as to produce a flame.

Not Doing It.

"He left numerous relatives to mourn his death."

"Well, he might as well have taken them with him; they're not carrying out instructions."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One good thing about the projecting hats the women wear—they can't get their faces near enough together to kiss.

We all have lessons enough, but they are not burned in.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Sensitive Temperament Belongs to All Great Men.

FOR comfort it is better to have a thick skin, but for accomplishment that is worth while power lies in the sensitive temperament. The sensitive man suffers a good deal on his way through life. He is jarred by discord and opposition. His craving is for peace; criticism stings him like a whip. Sensitive men, as a rule, endeavor to hide their sufferings from the public gaze. In this endeavor they assume an arrogance or a cynicism that is not genuine. Some of the boldest flouters of critics and opponents are really the most sensitive. Behind their outward show of contempt they suffer the keenest agonies of soul-torture.

But the sensitive is the creative temperament. A man that does not feel cannot perform. He is not creative, nor original. The sensitive man shuns polemics, the give and take of contest, but once in a fight he stays. All the great men have been sensitive. The sensitive man takes things seriously. The sensitive temperament is the temperament of the thoroughbred whose pride keeps him from ever giving up. It is the sensitive men that battle for an ideal, for a principal.

Sensitiveness is a symptom of brains. The dull wit is protected by a thick skin. But the thinker is sensitive because he thinks. He is self-analytical. He meditates on criticism and measures himself by it. To the world he may appear to be as hard as steel and as cold as ice, but he feels deeply as very man of brains does. Intensity of feeling is a necessary element of genius and intensity of feeling is possible only to the sensitive temperament.

Genuine sensitiveness must not be mistaken for a spurious sensitiveness which is very common and which is nothing but vanity and conceit. One finds people proclaiming themselves "sensitive" because their vanity is easily offended. These people are quick to imagine slights where none were intended. They expect from the world a deference to which they are not entitled and they fret when this deference is denied. The true sensitive does not cry out his hurts. He suffers in silence as every great soul does. His feeling is not a shallow vanity, but a deep movement of the soul.—San Francisco Bulletin.

History of Japan's Commerce.

JAPAN has a history antedating that of any of the nations of Europe now existing. Its pages have been shut to us on account of our ignorance of the Japanese language and literature, but these obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge are gradually being removed and many interesting and important facts are coming to light.

The subjugation of Korea in 200 A. D., is proof that Japan had made considerable advancement in maritime power at an early date. The use of packhorses and oxen, the spanning of rivers by bridges, and the establishment of stations at the distance of a day's journey apart, as far back as 313 A. D., show that domestic trade and commerce and interior means of communication at that time had reached a fair state of development. Peddlers were known as early as 457 A. D., while a systematized market was organized and a law of measurement and prices was enacted in 701; and in 760 the ratio of monetary metals was established at the rate of one to ten for gold and silver, and one to a hundred for silver and copper.

By 1540 more than 2,000 Chinese merchant vessels, it is said, went yearly to Japan, mostly to buy silk. Prior to this, and about 1280, the Japan Islands were made known to European nations by an Italian who had lived many years in China. The first navigation line from Europe to Japan was established in 1541 by three Portuguese merchants. The Spanish secured a few trade privileges in 1549, and in 1601 the Dutch came and began to do a large business under the name of the East India Company.

But before or shortly after these events Japan had established herself as a sea power through her own efforts in the Pacific Ocean. The communication with the Philippine Islands, with Annan, with Siam and with India began before 1500, and there were then more than 100 Japanese emigrants living at Manila, and thousands living in Siam. For a short while the Philippine Islands were under the control of Japan. In 1600 William Adams, an English shipwrecked mariner, landed in Japan, and was naturalized. Captain John Smith, sent by James II., arrived in 1613. In September, 1611, a world atlas was first introduced into the country and stimulated the study of geography and the desire for trade and discovery. So with the assistance of William Adams two schooners were built. In them the Japanese crossed the Pacific and opened trade relations with Mexico, only eighty years after Columbus discovered America. So active was the commercial spirit that during this epoch over 1,000,000 Japanese emigrants had settled in the islands and mainland of Southern Asia.

But in 1636 the Japanese Government became afraid of foreign religious influence and alarmed on account of the enormous export of gold; so it issued a law shutting up ports, confiscating all ships large enough to go to sea, and prohibiting shipbuilding. China and Holland alone were allowed to continue trade relations, but their operations were confined to one port. As a result of this law, the growing power of Japan was crippled, and for over 200 years she led practically a hermit existence.—Kansas City Journal.

State Aid to Good Roads.

SEVERAL of the Eastern States are taking a practical part in road building. New Jersey, the first to make a State appropriation, passed a law in 1891 by which the State pays one-third of the cost of improving the roads. The counties furnish the other two-thirds, with the privilege of charging a part of this proportion to the towns in which the roads are built. At first the farmers were opposed to the measure, but now cooperate with it gladly. A State Commissioner of Highways furnishes the plans. Nearly 1,000 miles of roads in New Jersey have been macadamized since the law went into effect. In Massachusetts the State meets the entire cost, but requires the counties to pay back one-fourth. The State appropriations of $300,000 a year have reached a total of $5,000,000, and, as a result, Massachusetts has constructed hundreds of miles of fine roads. Connecticut operates on much the same system, and its $1,500,000 in appropriations has produced 500 miles of excellent roads. On a smaller scale Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Delaware assist in the building of good roads.

By the New York plan the State pays one-half the cost of building roads, the counties 35 per cent, and the townships 15 per cent. Appropriations have reached a total of over $2,000,000, last year's installment being $800,000. Pennsylvania, at the last session of the Legislature, appropriated a lump sum of $6,500,000 for good roads, the State to pay two-thirds and the counties and townships one-sixth each. But there seems to be a loophole in the law in the matter of determining routes, and the rivalry, or jealousy, of neighborhoods has prevented much headway thus far. The principle of State aid to improved roads has been firmly established, on the ground that the whole people are interested in the best highways and that all citizens should bear a fair proportion of their cost. Already the roads built on this basis in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are an impressive lesson on the value of the good roads movement.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Morals of Americans.

R. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL thinks that the moral standard of the American people is degenerating. Dr. Hall is president of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. In the course of an address before the Religious Educational Association in Chicago he spoke of the "relatively good state of the common morality of the American people," but a deeper examination of the social side of our American life reveals, he thinks, a situation that causes anything but satisfaction. Our activity has astonished the world, "but morally we are rapidly going astern—so rapidly that one is dumfounded at the contrast after a visit to some of the countries of Europe." Religion, he finds, has very little part in our civilization today; our home life might be better, and our people are generally apathetic about their spiritual interests. To much the same intent but more specific are the conclusions of Dr. Coyle, of Denver as disclosed by him May 19 at the opening of the Presbyterian general assembly at Buffalo. He noted the drift of the people away from lofty ideals and from organized Christianity. It means something, he thought, when conservative observers called our time "the age of graft."—Harper's Weekly.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

The dangers of ballooning, writes Santos-Dumont in "My Air Ships," are confined usually to the landing. But the sea of air presents many kinds of dangers, and sometimes the balloonist encounters more than one on the same voyage. In Nice, in 1900, he went up from the Place Masseena in a good-sized balloon, alone, intending to drift a few hours amid the enchanting scenery of the mountains and the sea. His experiences were enough to make most people content with solid earth.

The weather was fine, but the barometer soon fell, which indicated a storm. For a time the wind took me in the direction of Cimiez; but as it threatened to carry me out to sea, I threw out ballast, abandoned the current, and mounted to the height of about a mile. Soon I noticed that I had ceased descending. As I had determined to land soon, I pulled on the valve rope and let out more gas, and here the terrible experience began.

I could not go down! I glanced at the barometer and found that I was going up. Yet I ought to be descending, and I felt, by the wind and everything, that I must be descending. I discovered only too soon what was wrong. In spite of my continuous apparent descent, I was, nevertheless, being lifted by an enormous column of air rushing upward.

The barometer showed that I had reached a still greater altitude, and I could now take account of the fact by the way in which the land was disappearing under me. The upward-rushing column of air continued to take me to a height of almost two miles. After what seemed a long time the barometer showed that I had begun to descend.

When I began to see land, I threw out ballast, not to strike the earth too quickly. Now I could perceive the trees and shrubbery. Up in the storm itself I had felt nothing.

Now, too, as I continued falling lower I could see how swiftly I was being carried laterally. By the time I perceived the coming danger I was in it. Carried along at a terrific rate, knocking against the tops of trees and continually threatened with a painful death, I threw out my anchor. It caught in trees and shrubs and broke away. I was dragged through the small trees and yielding shrubbery, my face a mass of cuts and bruises, my clothes torn from my back, fearing the worst and able to do nothing to save myself.

Just as I had given myself up for lost the guide rope wound itself round a tree and held. I was precipitated from the basket and fell unconscious. When I came to I had to walk several miles until I found some peasants. They helped me back to Nice, where I went to bed and had the doctors sew me up.

DIVORCE LAWS OF CANADA.

They Are Far More Stringent Than Those Existing in the United States.

It will not be advisable for mismated couples in this country who may desire a legal separation to go to Canada to obtain it. Recently published statistics show that during one generation of thirty-four years—those preceding the year 1901—the divorces granted in Canada numbered only sixty-nine. In the United States during the same period the number of divorces was almost 700,000. The population of the United States has averaged twelve times that of the Dominion, while its divorces were 10,000 times as many.

If divorces in the United States during the time mentioned had been the same per capita as in the Dominion there would have been less than 2,000 in this country—reduced, in other words, by 658,000.

Were these figures reversed—if Canadians had outnumbered our divorce decrees by 10,000 times, relatively—would we not be looking upon our "lady of the snows" with something of the regard bestowed upon the biblical scarlet woman? Yet no especial opprobrium, nationally speaking, has been attached to our national laxity.

Here a trivial excuse, spider-webby in its validity, may serve as a pretext for seperation. But in Canada it is a much more serious affair. Only one cause, the Scriptural, may be taken as ground for legal separation, and then the matter is not left to the indifferent, insignificant weighing of a local justice of the peace, or even to the courts; it is made the concern of Parliament, both houses of which must pass the bill which is entered by counsel in behalf of his client.

In addition, a published notice of intention to apply for divorce, giving name of applicant and accused with ground of accusation, must be inserted for six months in two newspapers published in the applicant's residential town as well as in the Canada Gazette, the official government organ.

As a further bar the cost of securing a divorce is so high that few people of the lower classes can afford it. The fee varies according to the eminence of the counsel retained, but the average cost including traveling expenses—for both applicant and accused must appear at Ottawa, the seat of government, when the bill is heard—government fee, solicitor and counsel fees and so on, is not less than $500, and oftener reaches $1,000 or more.

A DICTIONARY PUZZLE.

After Twenty Years' Use of One, a Man Makes a Discovery.

"I have," said a man who has more or less frequent occasion to look up the exact meaning of words, "a dictionary that I have been using for about twenty years. With constant use for so long a time a considerable number of the leaves have broken loose from their binding, which is no more than might be expected; but I find myself to-day for the first time realizing that with one narrow exception, those broken leaves all lie between the letters O to T inclusive; the exception being some loose leaves found within the compass of the letter F.

"In other words, so far as I can tell by the loose leaves in the book, and I have no reason to doubt their evidence, the words that I have had occasion to look up in the past twenty years have, in a great majority of cases, begun with one or another of these letters: F, O, P, Q, R, S or T. Isn't that curious? It may be that to some persons more familiar with words than I it will appear simple enough, but to me it is curious and interesting.

"This dictionary, lying open in its holder on a tripod book support, I have commonly used as a sort of desk or table upon which to lay, at my elbow, papers and memorandums, and in opening the book to put it to this use I have commonly opened it at the middle or somewhere further along in the volume, and this might account for the loose leaves, in some measure; but I am convinced that it accounts for them, if at all, in slight measure only, for when I come to think this matter over a little I find that I very rarely have occasion to look up a word in the first half of the book, excepting, as shown by the loose leaves there, in the letter F, and I realize also that I have as rarely occasion to look up words beginning with any of the letters following the letter T; as a matter of fact, almost all the words I have to look up begin with some one of the six letters running from O to T inclusive.

"As I said before, this is to me curious and interesting, though it may be simple enough to persons more familiar than I with words and their uses.—New York Sun.

Just plain, ordinary stubbornness often masquerades as strength of character.

PRESIDENTS AS SPORTSMEN.

Roosevelt Not the Only One to Indulge In Hunting.

Persons interested in the big game hunting trips and the daily athletic exercises of President Roosevelt need only to examine the records of former presidents to learn that he is by no means the first executive to spend his vacations and leisure hours in the pursuance of sports, says the Philadelphia Ledger. No more ardnous fisherman and duck shooter could be imagined than President Cleveland. At his home near Buzzard's Bay he spent every moment of his leisure time in his favorite pastime with the rod and reel. It was a common thing to see Mr. Cleveland out to catch the proper tide even before dawn, and his skill is said to have been equal to that of any of the old shellbacks in the neighborhood when it came to playing a bass.

Nor was President Cleveland the first to dignify the ground which is popularly called the "presidential hunting preserve." President Harrison went duck shooting along the shores of these waterways and hunted every foot of them clear to the sea. All sorts of wild duck abound in this district, among them canvasbacks, and besides these quail, pheasant, snipe and wild turkey are to be found. President Harrison was a fairly good shot with a gun, but his first venture proved slightly disappointing, for he mistook a black pig belonging to a negro for a raccoon. He offered at once to settle for the pig, but the patriotic owner declared on the ground that he had been highly honored by a president of the United States shooting his pig, and that the proud distinction would be handed down from one generation to another in his family. President Harrison never took much to horseback riding nor to field sports, but with shooting he fell more and more in love as he became older. He even shot back from a "sneak-box," an achievement of which any duck hunter may well be proud.

Before George Washington became Gen. Washington he hunted all over this same ground. After he became a general he had little time for hunting and shooting, but he was passionately fond of horseback riding and was considered an excellent horseman even during the days when lumbering stage coaches were responsible for much riding in the saddle and when horsemen were plentiful.

Curious to say, fond as President Cleveland and Harrison were of the water front, neither of them ever found pleasure in swimming. President John Quincy Adams was by all odds the swimmer president of the White House. Next to Benjamin Franklin he was the best swimmer of any public man in Washington. President Adams also was a remarkable walker and frequently combined his two hobbies. Often he arose before dawn, walked as far as Georgetown, where he had a secluded nook, and stripping plunged into the Potomac. Then, after a long, refreshing swim, he would dress and walk back to his home, where he arrived by break of day, ready for whatever came.

President Arthur was always especially fond of camping and hunting and fishing, and on one occasion was 100 miles from where he might have been reached by telegraph wire. Bass and trout were Mr. Arthur's favorites. He is said to have been remarkably expert at casting the fly, and once, when on a visit south, the Fishing club of Louisville presented him with an exquisite rod, suitably engraved, and of this the president ever felt especially proud.

President Garfield was also given to the pursuit of sports. He did not care for fishing, however. Hunting was his pet diversion. But aside from this he took a lively interest in all sorts of field sports, especially in the national game, baseball. At no time was there a more enthusiastic baseball "crank" in Washington than was the president. He was elected an honorary member of the old National baseball club, and he frequently attended the games played by his team, and followed its victories with a jealous eye in the morning newspapers. Billiards was another favorite diversion with President Garfield. During his administration a new billiard table was placed in the basement of the White House, and here he played almost regularly every afternoon. President Garfield also was fond of horseback riding. Taking him all in all, he was probably the most all-round sporting president, for no matter what the sport he felt at least a mild interest in it.

He Wasn't "Dear."

"Madam! Won't you take this seat?" inquired a little wrinkled man of a large woman who had just entered a crowded street car on Indiana avenue. He arose from his seat and tipped his hat in a humble sort of fashion.

The woman seated herself.

"Come here, dear, and sit on my lap," she wheezed in a thin voice.

"Why, ah—ah—I—I—" The little man was embarrassed. His face reddened and he bowed and stammered.

The woman leaned over and repeated what she had said. The little man turned and retreated to the platform. As he turned about a dog about as big as a medium sized rat rushed up to the amazon and leaped into her lap.

"There, that's a dear," she said, but the man never knew.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Original Descent.

Mrs. Mushroom—That's a very pretty dinner service you've got, Mrs. Lineage.

Mrs. Lineage—Yes, those are some specimens of our family heirlooms. They have been in our family for generations. You see, each piece bears our family crest.

Mrs. Mushroom—That's just splendid! But wait till you see the family china I've ordered. I'm going to have a different family crest on each plate.

Loud and Discordant.

"Gracious! Look at the glaring pink, green and blue band he's got around his straw hat."

"Yes, that's English, very English, you know."

"Huh! It's more like a German band."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some doctors claim to be able to cure anybody who is sick.

JOLLY JOKER

"I can always tell when you are going to tell a lie," said Cregg to Legg. "How?" asked Legg. "I see you open your mouth," said Cregg.—Town Topics.

Old Gentleman (to small boy, who is nursing a skinned knee)—Did you fall down, little chap? Small Boy—Yer didn't think I fell up and bashed agin a cloud, did yer?

Barnes Tormer—I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act. Sue Brette—Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out.

"And do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?" "Well," she replied, "if they don't, it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—Chicago Record.

Mother—Willie, what's Tommy crying for? Willie—Only because he doesn't want to learn anything. I just took his sweets and showed him how to eat them, and he screamed.

"Thomas, spell weather," said the teacher. Thomas—Wheethhhwear. Teacher—You may sit down, Thomas. You've given us the worst spell of weather we've had this year.

She—But if you say you can't bear the girl, why ever did you propose? He—Well, her people have always been good to me and it's the only way I could return their hospitality.—Puck.

Miss Cutting—That dog of yours seems to be remarkably intelligent. Sotleigh Yawe, indeed! I—aw—could not begin to tell you all he knows. Miss Cutting—No, of course not.—New Yorker.

Buzzer—I regret to learn that your son Reginald failed in his graduating examination at Harvard. Buzzer—Reggy could stand that if only his crew had not been beaten in the boat race.—Ohio State Journal.

Gentleman (to man on horseback)—Why, my man, how do you expect to get that horse along with a spur on one side only? Horseman—Well, sir, if I gets that 'ere side to go, ain't the other bound to keep up?

"What a polite little boy you are," exclaimed Miss Anne Teek, "and do you always take off your hat like that when you speak to ladies?" "No'm," replied the polite little boy, "only old ladies."—Philadelphia Press.

"I think I'll take this bracelet," said a lady whose husband had suddenly amassed a fortune. "Are you sure it's made of refined gold?" "Oh, yes," answered the jeweler. "Because I do detest anything that isn't refined!" said the lady.

The Uncle—Well, here's the money you've been bothering me for. Now, remember the old saying that "A fool and his money are easily parted." The Nephew—I don't know about that. I've had to coax you for more than a week for this.

"I wonder why the groomsman at a wedding is called the best man?" queried the leap year girl. "I suppose," replied the old bachelor, "it is because he has shown his superior intellect in not posing as the victim in the tragedy."—Chicago News.

She was city bred, and had the usual fear of cows. "Why," she asked, when the danger was past, "did you take me across this lot?" The small country lad chuckled. "I thought it would be fun," he said, "to see you try to climb a tree." Then after another chuckle: "And it was."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth, "the family are most interesting. John dances divinely, Tom sings like an angel, David is a famous footballer, Susanne paints with great taste." "And Henry?" "Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."

"John," said the bargain-hunting half of the matrimonial trust as they sat at the breakfast table, "I wish you would let me have $25 this morning." "My dear," replied the meek and lowly husband, "I wish you would break yourself of the habit you have of dreaming that I married an heiress."—Tit-Bits.

Employer—You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone wire? Truthful Clerk (with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant dismissal)—Yees, sir; but please, sir—— Employer—Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to our calls if you do.

The small boy was having his face bathed by a sister, who perhaps showed rather more enthusiasm in the matter than was altogether necessary, for the victim wriggled in her grasp. "Let me go," he said gaspingly, when he had shaken off the folds of the bit of Turkish toweling used for a face cloth. "I can't see why you wash my face, any way; I never use it."

Horse-Raising States.

Erroneous impressions are in circulation as regards the leading horse-raising States. One is impressed that Kentucky is entitled to the lead from the frequency that the horses of the bluegrass State are eulogized. Yet there are fifteen States that surpass Kentucky in the number of their horses, while the average value in twenty-three States rates higher than the horses of the bluegrass State. The horses of New Jersey average $99.28 a head, and of New Mexico $17.52, the extremes of average prices in the different States and Territories.

Poor Gussie.

"I noticed Gussie Woodby reading a book the other day——"

"Yes, it was the Autocrat at the Breakfast Table.'"

"I didn't suppose he was interested in anything outside of the society column."

"Well, you see it was all a mistake, which he didn't discover for some time. He thought it was the 'Aristocrat at the Breakfast Table.'"—Philadelphia Press.