

END OF THE STRAW HAT SEASON.



JAPAN'S GREATEST GENERAL.

Oyama Was Trained to War from His Childhood Days. Field Marshal Oyama, commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces which confronted Kuropatkin around Mukden, was born in 1841, a scion of a noble of the Kagoshima clan.

connecting medium, and this peculiarity is intensified as the Marquis turns his body as well as his head when he wishes to look at an object behind or at his side. The physical peculiarities, however, are nothing. It is the face of Oyama which first repels, then fascinates. It was the same with Hobbes, the same with Talleyrand. The play of the brain was needed to wipe out the ghostliness and gloom. His skin seemed to be drawn by the fires of suffering. Smallpox had left it one mass of bery pits. I thought of the Comellville country and the square miles of coke ovens—invented. Other scars intermingled—steel and frost, perhaps—and from the scoured countenance shone the restless black eyes, piercing but crooked.



FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA.

natural that life was nothing as compared with the glory of his daimio or leader. Little Oyama was of sturdy stuff and could stand the training which killed many who are devoted to it.

At the age of 10 he had killed a bear unaided, and the same year took part in his first battle with the retainers of a rival daimio. Young Oyama at this time was passionately devoted to his cousin, the great Saigo, the head of the Satsuma clan. After the period of the Civil War in the '60's, when the new regime was firmly established, the young Oyama was sent to France as military attaché to study the organization of modern armies, and had the opportunity of observing modern warfare during the Franco-German conflict of 1870. He remained abroad three years, and on his return home was appointed a general in the Imperial army.

At the outbreak of the Satsuma rebellion, headed by his cousin Saigo, and in which his own brother took a leading part, Oyama found himself in a painful dilemma; his loyalty to the central government and to the person of the Emperor triumphed, however, and he took the field against his clansmen, and as commander of the "Flying brigade," fought bravely and successfully until Saigo's fall.

During the ensuing ten years of reconstruction and the military strengthening of the country Oyama was the right hand man of Marquis Yamagata. During the war with China he was commander-in-chief of the second Manchurian army. In 1898 he was made a marshal and the following year became chief of the general staff. He is the only one of the older generals who is active in the present war, the health of Yamagata not permitting him to take an active part in the great struggle with Russia.

A vivid pen picture of the commander-in-chief of the armies of Japan in Manchuria is given by an American correspondent who was presented to him. He says:

"The first impression was that of repulsion. Oyama is short, squat and long-armed. His huge head seems to rest upon heavy shoulders, without a

burial of humor or intensity. The facility is western, as opposed to the stereotyped nothing which are continually upon the lips of the Japanese. Certain noblemen say that Oyama is the most brilliant conversationalist in Japan. He speaks English well, but French much better. Back of the gentle voice and the reaction of fascination which comes after a few moments in the presence of this great soldier of the Orient there is something sinister, mysterious. You feel the iron force of the man, a force inexorable, Napoleonic. If Japanese are about you, are aught in creature of their passionate adoration and his superior power."

Preferred Arrest.
A thief broke into a large mansion early in the morning and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he hid behind a screen.

From 7 to 8 o'clock the eldest daughter had a lesson on the piano. From 8 to 9 o'clock the second daughter took a singing lesson. From 9 to 10 o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson. From 10 to 11 o'clock the other son took a lesson on the flute. At 11 o'clock all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for the piano, violin, flute and voice.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at half past 11 and, falling at his feet, cried, "For mercy's sake have me arrested, but stop!"

Archbishop of Westminster.
The Archbishop of Westminster has become a total abstainer. Like Cardinal Manning, he has recognized the havoc made among his flock by drunkenness, and as he must preach total abstinence to those who need it, he has decided to practice it as well.

Spurs Before the Christian Era.
The earliest spur known consisted of a sharp prod mounted on a base to fasten about the heel. Antiquarians place its date at from 300 to 100 B. C.

Every time a woman sees the hideous underwear on the line which the men have to wear, she must be grateful that she is a woman.

GOOD Short Stories

Miller Reese Hutchinson, the inventor, was talking one day about goat. "Goat," he said, "is very painful." "Is it different from rheumatism?" some one asked. "It is, indeed." "What is the difference?" "Well," said Mr. Hutchinson, "suppose you should take a vice, put your finger in it, and turn the screw tighter and tighter, till you could bear the pain no longer. That would be rheumatism. Then suppose you should give the screw one full turn more. That would be goat."

The late Clement Scott was much interested in American Indians, and told one of a robust Indian who asked a farmer to give him work, but was refused on the ground that the Indians were no good—that they always got tired. This particular Indian said that he didn't belong to that class, and had never been tired. So he was put to work hoeing corn. An hour afterward the farmer went around to see how he was getting on, and found him asleep under a tree. "Here, wake up here," he cried; "you told me you never got tired." "Ugh," said the other, yawning, "this injun don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired, just the same as he would."

During a recent Baptist convention held in Charleston, the Rev. Dr. Greene of Washington strolled down to the Battery one morning to take a look across the harbor at Fort Sumter. An old negro was sitting on the sea wall fishing. Dr. Greene watched the line fisherman, and finally saw him pull up an odd-looking fish, a cross between a toad and a catfish. "What kind of a fish is that, old man?" inquired Dr. Greene. "Dey calls it de Baptist fish," replied the fisherman, as he tossed it away in deep disgust. "Why do they call it the Baptist fish?" asked the minister. "Because dey spill out water after dey comes outen de water," answered the fisherman.

C. D. Gibson, the illustrator, recently received from a soap company a circular inviting him to participate in a drawing contest for \$25, the drawing winning the prize to be used by the soap company as an advertisement. Gibson was notified at first, then the numerous aspect of the situation struck him, and he wrote the soap manufacturer as follows: "You are heartily invited to participate in a soap contest that I have inaugurated for a prize of \$150. Each competitor must submit 100 pounds of his best soap, put up in ornamental one-pound boxes, and all the soap that is not adopted worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is necessary that the soap be forwarded prepaid."

At a dinner party Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, was describing the absent-mindedness of a certain mathematician. "This man," he said, "is so absent-minded that once he walked along for a quarter of a mile in the gutter instead of on the sidewalk. He would have kept on in the gutter indefinitely, had not the polished back of a brougham, that was drawn up before a shop, brought him to a halt. The mathematician stopped within a foot of the brougham. He looked at the black, smooth, lustrous surface before him, and it suggested to his mind a blackboard. Accordingly he drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and began to work out an abstract problem. On and on he worked, covering the carriage with figures, until finally it started off. Still working, the mathematician followed it; he held on to the body with his left hand, and not until the pace became too quick for him did he realize that something was wrong. Then he sighed, looked about him in a dazed way, pocketed his chalk and started homeward."

WILD DOGS OF CALIFORNIA.

They Attack Sheep and Calves of Farmers and Cause Pains.

Over in the hills of Marin County the stock raisers, dairymen and farmers are suffering from the inroads of savage pests such as are perhaps found nowhere else in the State, says the San Francisco Chronicle. For years the tenants of the valley and foothill ranches have raised domestic animals and fowls in abundance and with a rare sense of security, because coyotes, so troublesome in certain other sections of California, were practically unknown. But the new pest which has been doing most serious and increasing damage for six months is far more than the skulking coyote, who is a natural coward. Hiding in recesses of the woods by day, almost as wild as in their original state, and coming forth at night for inroads upon the circumjacent farms, is a band of fierce dogs. First the turkey and chicken roosts suffered, then the sheep fold, and now cattle and especially calves, are not safe from the pack.

Nearly a year ago some man moved away from the Lucas valley vicinity and failed to take his two dogs along with him. The dogs remained in the neighborhood and no one seemed to care to adopt them. The forsaken canines fed as best they could about the various ranches and dairies. But unfortunately for them, each place had already its full quota of dogs and upon their repeated visits to any farm that farmer was on the watch for them and sent them scurrying with a shower of stones. Once one was caught in a trap and whipped soundly with a strap before it was allowed to skulk away, howling.

With mankind against them the two dogs began hiding in the thickets by day and emerging only at night when there would be fewer attacks upon them as they skulked for food. Gradually the dogs grew wilder and were less often seen. But the residents knew that they were still in the neighborhood, for evidence of their nocturnal visits was often found next morning. The meat, hung in the open air higher than a dog would be supposed to go after it, would disappear. The pans of milk left on the porches would be lapped dry. Then the meat was hung in a stout, vented box and the milk was kept in the cellar.

Locating the Offending Spot.
Barnes Torner (as Hamlet)—There is something rotten in the state of Denmark. Voice (from the gallery)—You're it, old man.—Smart Set.

Many a political boom explodes before it is loaded.

The chickens which roosted low would disappear in the night with a farewell squawk. Then the henhouse was patrolled up and the chickens were carefully shut in at night.

With the farm house and barn yard offering refuge no longer, the wild dogs, which had now increased in numbers by additions and propagation, went after larger game. First the lamb fold suffered. Sheep herders on the range would be awakened at night by a bleating in the pen and would arrive only in time to catch a glimpse of a scurrying form in the dark bearing off a lamb. Sometimes the herders' dogs would attack and fight the intruders, but they were no match for dogs which were hungry and had become all but wolves, and they were bitten and torn. After one or two encounters the bleeding dogs became as much in fear of the wild dogs as were the sheep.

Then the flocks of full-grown sheep which spent the night in the open barn to suffer. Next it was the calves which were killed and partially devoured. One afternoon a ranchman sat in his saddle on the ridge top too far away to see the intruder, and watched half a dozen of the fierce wild dogs spring from cover and attack a cow in a pasture. With horns and feet the cow beat off several of them, but the struggle was unequal, and finally, with two savage brutes clinging to her throat, the cow sunk down and was soon dead.

Several of the dogs had been slain in different localities, but the dogs, which have become as wild and as savage as were their ancestors, are really increasing. Other stray dogs take up with them readily and grow wild in an amazingly short time.

INVENTIONS "PUT TO SLEEP."

Much Brain Power Gone to Waste Through Later Invention.
It is not surprising that the world is often led to wonder as to what becomes of all the remarkable inventions for saving time and labor which, after being announced as complete, or nearly complete, are heard of no more. It has often been asserted that one cause for this failure to appear is that inventions which seem likely to prove dangerous rivals to devices now actually in use are bought up by the persons or corporations owning these devices and "put to sleep." Anyway, some that promise great usefulness disappear in a most unaccountable way. What, for instance, has become of Professor Pupin's remarkable successful device for promoting and cheapening long-distance telephony? Where also is the "perpetual light" proposed by Mr. Magrady of Chicago? This may have been an unsuspected radium, but at any rate we have heard no more of it. The electric light which was to equal the brilliance of sunshine, too, has gone the way of other promised revolutions. Even Mr. Edison has not kept his word yet in regard to that marvelously cheap electric storage battery of which so much was hoped. Then the telescope, which promised the long-expected "seeing by telephone," where is that all this time? What, too, has become of the marvelous noiseless, smokeless electric gun, said to have been invented by the son of a Portland grocer, an apprentice at Whitehead's torpedo works in England, who was reported to have been offered \$375,000 by the English government for his invention. What has become of the fuel economizer which was to give 50 per cent more speed at half the cost in coal? What has happened to Devoe's pen, which was to be made of a certain metal, and by means of which a liner was to cross the Atlantic in three days, and to give us engines no bigger than a typewriter which would have fifteen-horse power strength? What has become of the "radiator," the machine which makes butter in a diximitory or a graveyard somewhere for sleeping or dead productions of inventive genius, and it must be getting pretty full.—Leah's Weekly.

In Other Cities, Too.
"Speaking of high rents in Columbus," said a well-known business man, "reminds me that a great many landlords are trying to make their tenants pay for the property in ten years."

The landlord purchases a lot and then a building and loan association puts up a building for him. We will suppose the building costs \$2,000. On this the landlord must pay back \$20 per month.

"He rents the house for \$25 per month, we get give him \$5 per year for taxes and repairs. In ten years his tenant has paid the debt, interest and all."

"The tenant could have done this for himself, just as easily as he did for his landlord, and then after he had finished paying he would have the property, instead of it belonging to some one else."

Travelers of the Golden Plover.
Some of our shore birds appear to make traveling their chief occupation, says the Saturday Evening Post. The American golden plover arrives in the first week of June in the bleak, wind-swept "barren grounds" of Alaska, above the Arctic Circle and far beyond the tree line, and while the lakes are still icebound, hurriedly fashions a shabby little nest in the moss. By August it is in Labrador, where it snuffs itself with such quantities of "crowsberries" that its flesh is actually stained by the dark purple juice. From Nova Scotia it strikes out to sea, and takes a direct course for the West Indies, 1,000 miles away, finally reaching southern Brazil and the prairies of Argentina. Sixteen thousand miles does it traverse in order to spend ten weeks on the Arctic coast!

The choice of route and distance covered by a single flight are governed chiefly by food supply.

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She Knew Best.
"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have pie twice."

"Well, she ought not to have done so," Bobby said to his mother. "I think once is quite enough for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain."

Bobby was silent, but only for a moment.

"Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."—Natural Deduction.

Such an Expression.
Traveler (snapping tropical river, suddenly confronted by hippopotamus)—Just keep like that one moment, please! (Bapturously) Such a delightful expression!—Punch.

Then He Got Busy.
Him—Last night as you stood in the moonlight I would like to kiss you. Her—Well, as the poet says, "the thought of yesterday is the action of today," so it's up to you.

Natural Deduction.
She—What reason have you for believing Miss Elderleigh to be a man-hater? He—She told me she was thinking seriously of opening a cooking school.—Chicago Daily News.

Excusable.
Mrs. Stubb—Why in the world did Mrs. Newrick allow her little boy to talk so loud at the table?
Mrs. Stubb—She encouraged him.
Mrs. Stubb (astonished)—Encouraged him?
Mrs. Stubb—Yes, she wanted to drown the sound made by her husband eating soup.

Limit.
Sally—Martha Bennett is the latest woman in this here county.
Cynthia—What makes you say that, Sally?
Sally—I know it. Why, she left the window open so the rain would come in the kitchen and wash the dishes.

Matter of Sex.
"Most men," she remarked, "would rather be president than be right."
"Yes," he rejoined, "and most women would rather be wrong than be silent."

He Wanted to Know.
He—Why does a woman always shed tears when she is happy?
She—She doesn't.
He—Well, why doesn't she?

As Compared.
"A woman," remarked the bachelor boarder, "always reminds me of an egg."
"The answer?"
"You can never tell her age by her looks," replied the b. b.—Chicago News.

Point of View.
Mrs. Weeks—There can be no domestic happiness unless there are mutual concessions.
Mrs. Strong—Nonsense! Me and my husband get along all right, and I make him make all the concessions.

How It Happened.
Sharpe—The major says he lost a limb during the last war.
Wheaton—Yes, he was up a tree and the enemy shot away the limb he was sitting on.



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FARMERS TO DROP THE BEET.

Colorado Sugar Manufacturers Will Buy Land and Raise Own Supply. There is a wise whisper in northern Colorado of an approaching revolutionary change in the methods of the great beet sugar industry.

It is now said that the northern Colorado farmer is neither an enthusiast in the culture of the sugar beet itself nor a firm believer in the justice of prices, weights and measures meted out to him at sugar factory doors.

On the other hand, it is reported that the sugar factory managers are not in love with the present system of contract sugar beet cultivation. The farmers and the factory have developed a mutual antagonism, the farmer saying that he can get better returns from his land in other crops, while the factory owners claim that they have already reached, if not actually overstepped, the margin of profits in the present prices paid and methods pursued.

The northern Colorado farmer has already practically refused to raise sugar beets, while the northern Colorado sugar beet factories are preparing to meet the conditions which confront them by the outright purchase of sufficient lands to supply each factory with beets. By this combination of factory and farm, the factory people claim that they can reduce their present beet growing expenses at least one-half, and can produce a much higher saccharine beet average than can be grown under the farmer contract system.

The land purchases can be made at from \$50 to \$100 an acre, with the cheaper and more distant lands preferred. These outlying and therefore cheaper lands are to be reached by electric line. A significant pointer in this general direction is the recent statement of a well-posted and observant northern Colorado business man: "Every beet sugar factory in northern Colorado will be compelled to close down within three years if they do not buy and farm their own sugar beet land."

The next move of the manufacturer, it is said, will be a gigantic beet sugar manufacturing trust, which will speedily add to the six northern Colorado factories all the other sugar manufacturing plants of the State, and eventually form a combination of western American beet sugar factories.—Detroit Post.

LOCALITIES AFFECT FOOD.

Each Part of the Country Has Its Own Peculiar Dishes.
"Hot doughnuts and maple sugar," said the trout fisherman to the waitress.

She brought the doughnuts on a dish of brown earthenware. The sugar, melted, was in a red clay saucer. The man, began to eat. He dipped a piece of doughnut in the melted sugar, swallowed the sweet, warm morsel and with wonderful rapidity prepared and swallowed another piece of doughnut. In a short time he had cleaned up eight doughnuts and a half-pound of maple sugar.—New Hampshire maple sugar, taken from trees whose shade had sheltered him that day.

"In New Hampshire," he said afterward, as he sipped a cup of black coffee and smoked an Egyptian cigarette, "you must never fail to eat hot doughnuts and maple sugar, for this is the dish of the State. Hot unsweetened doughnuts, dipped in melted maple sugar—nothing in the world is more delicious."

"Wherever I go," he continued, "I eat the dish of the district. Thus, in Vermont I eat green apple pie. In Boston I eat baked beans. In Maryland I eat Maryland biscuit and fried chicken. In Philadelphia I eat scrapple and fried oysters. In New York I eat onion soup. On the New Jersey coast I eat fish. In Virginia I eat corn. In Rhode Island I eat soft shell clams."

In an absent minded manner he took a fragment of doughnut from the earthenware dish and dipped it in the sugar that still smoked a little in its red saucer.

"In Baltimore," he said, "I eat crabs; in Missouri, Mississippi, catfish; in Washington, terrapin; in London, crumpets; in Paris, escargots; in Berlin, sausages."

He swallowed the last of his doughnuts and maple sugar.

"But this New Hampshire dish," he said, "is the best of them all."—New York Telegram.

Society of Heroes.
In addressing the class of cadets which recently was graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, General James R. Callahan, of Indianapolis, a member of the Board of Visitors, tried to impress upon the graduates that they were not heroes.

"Not a bit of it," thundered the stern parent; "you'd buy her an automobile and have me mortgaging my mansion to keep it in repair."

A Graft.
"Hello! Slouchy. In any regular business now?"
"Yep. I'm gettin' knocked over by automobiles and collectin' damages. Best graft I ever had."

Request for Posterity.
"I shall leave it all to posterity," said the rhyme-smith.
Knowing that he was no exception to the rule that poets are born but not made, I could not see how posterity would be benefited by his bequest.

"I mean," he explained, "that posterity will do me justice."
"You evidently are a wag," said I, as a red ray of understanding broke in upon me. "You intend to get out before posterity comes in and be gone safely before it has any chance to retaliate on you—in view of all things, a most commendable decision."

Why She Wept.
Cleopatra dissolved the pearl. "Did you ever see a costlier banquet?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Anthony, scornfully. "I once tipped the waiter." Seeing her plans gone for naught, the lily of the Nile went bitterly to Judge.

One of the most pitiful sights in the world is an intelligent, energetic, progressive woman married to a worthless man who doesn't know much.

Reliability.
"Do you think the methods of the trusts are strictly honorable?"
"Of course I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "I don't know of anybody that is more liberal or surer pay than a trust."—Washington Star.

Did you ever read a love letter that didn't sound foolish?