

THE HAZING SEASON HAS OPENED.



Cincinnati Post.

DAYS COME AND GO.

Leaves fall and flowers fade,  
Days come and go.  
Now is come summer laid  
Low in her leafy glade.  
Low like a fragrant maid,  
Low, low, ah, low.

Years fall and eyelids ache,  
Hearts overflow.  
There for our dear love's sake  
Let us our farewells make—  
Let me again awake?  
Ah, no, no, no.

Winds sigh and skies are gray,  
Days pause and go.  
Wild birds are flown away,  
Where are the blooms of May?  
Dead, dead, this many a day,  
Under the snow.

Lips sigh and cheeks are pale,  
Hearts overflow.  
Will not some song or tale,  
Kiss, or a flower trail,  
With our dear love again?  
Ah, no, no, no.

DOLLY'S HOUSE-HUNTING

THEY'LL have to go house-hunting, now, and that's all there is to it," said Mrs. Flynn, decidedly, as she opened the new lodger's door, and prepared to sweep the room.

The new lodger, a worn young woman, had passed away four days ago, and had left a baby girl of four years, but, unhappily, no money with which to care for it. It was this fact that called forth remark quoted above from tall, stern Mrs. Flynn.

Dolly, the lodger's little girl, was kneeling on a broken chair gazing wistfully out of the dusty window. Spot, her dog, and only companion, was curled up on the floor asleep.

"Yes, they'll have to go house-hunting for sure," repeated Mrs. Flynn. "I haven't nothing to keep the dog on, much less the child." Dolly looked up, hearing the words. "Come, run out with your dog while I sweep," said the landlady, speaking to the child, who slipped in the door. "You can't go into the kitchen because Mary's washin' and she'll bite your head off, like as not, and you can't go into the parlor with that there dog. Sit yourself down on the stairs 'till I'm through. Run, now."

Dolly trundled patiently down the narrow winding stairs, and Spot pattered beside her.

"Look out for the torn place in her carpet, Dolly," she murmured to herself, repeating the phrase so often on mother's lips.

As she paused on the second landing, a long mirror caught her eyes through the half-open door, and, entering the room, she went close to the glass.

"You s'pose we look good 'nough to go house-huntin', Spot?" she asked, of the surveying the chubby little figure for a few moments. "You s'pose we do? Mama dressed me up when we came here, Spot, but I can't dress you up 'cause you're only a dog. But we'll go house-huntin' just the same."

The two little friends continued their slow journey down stairs, and to Dolly's great delight the front door was open. Mary stood on the steps with her sleeves rolled up, talking to the postman.

"Praps she won't see us," murmured the little girl, doubtfully.

"Cause I've got to go."

Mary did not say any attention to the child and dog as they slipped past her down to the sidewalk, but as they were about to turn up the street, the postman put out a long arm and caught Dolly.

"Where are you goin', miss?" he asked, laughing, as she struggled to free herself. "You're too little to go up-town alone."

"Dolly Madison, just you take that dog and trot into the house, where you belong," cried the exasperated servant. "If you don't move quick, now," she added threateningly, as the postman set the child on the lower step.

But the mail carrier showed signs of continuing the conversation, and when Dolly pleaded eagerly to be allowed to go into the street, and Mary caught the name of her mistress, she relented, saying carelessly:

"Oh! Mrs. Flynn said you could? Then go along, for goodness' sake!"

Dolly darted eagerly to the sidewalk again, followed by Spot, and together they hurried up the short street into a more respectable, peopled one. As they turned into the crowd, Dolly breathed more freely. She was half afraid that Mary would change her mind about

granting this unusual freedom, and send that awful postman after her.

On and on they went, past great doors where throngs of people were entering and leaving, and past store windows full of toys which, another day, would have delighted her. No one noticed the little runaway, or, if they did, it was only to smile, and remark how bright and expect the brown eyes were, or how the low white socks had slipped down so as to be almost invisible—for Mrs. Madison dressed her baby as well as she could afford, even neglecting her own dress to do so.

Dolly took no interest in the gay throngs of people that she passed. She had an indistinct idea of what she wanted to do, and she kept on.

Soon the streets grew less noisy, and broader, there was an occasional tree, and the sidewalks were smoother. Houses took the place of stores, and the child began to realize how tired she was. Her little feet were burning, and seemed very hard to lift, and she sighed, a soft baby sigh. Then her face lit up.

"Now we'll look for the nicest, prettiest house, Spot," she said eagerly, "then we'll ring the bell and they'll say 'come in.' That's what mamma did."

In a well-furnished library, a gentleman was lying on a sofa, one foot, which was tightly bandaged, on a pillow. The doctor, who had just removed his hand from the bandage, rose to go.

"It's too bad, old man," he said. "It's a bad sprain, and will take some time to cure. It was the first time you'd been out since Ethel's death, wasn't it?"

The patient nodded and cleared his throat at the mention of his 6-year-old girl, who had died two weeks before. Her mother was dead, also, and he was alone. His kind, genial nature had changed since the death of his child.

The doctor took his leave, and Mr. Abbott was left to himself. He picked up a book, tried to read, threw it down, and picked up a magazine. But that soon followed the book, and he rang the bell impatiently.

"Get me a cigar, will you, Thomas?" he said to an old servant.

Thomas did as he was told, casting a pitying look at his young master.

"It's too bad, sir," he said.

"It's beastly slow," grumbled Mr. Abbott, with a little kick at his wounded foot. "Thomas, if any one calls, show him in."

Half an hour later the doorbell rang, and as Thomas went along the hall, Mr. Abbott pulled the afghan more smoothly over his foot, saying half aloud:

"Thank heaven, I need not spend the afternoon alone."

He looked expectantly towards the door as Thomas pushed it open, saying, "A young lady to see you, sir," and to his surprise, a child, hatless, and with faltering steps entered the room.

"Thomas, what do you mean by this?" he asked sharply. "If you call this a joke it is a very poor one."

He was hurt, and a sharp pang went through his heart. Those brown eyes brought his Ethel back to him. What right had another child with brown eyes and what—

Thomas, a very red Thomas, was about to explain, when the child spoke: "I came house-huntin'," she said simply, but "And a little soft rose in her throat—"if you're cross, I'll go away."

Mr. Abbott looked at her in some surprise.

"Who are you, child?" he asked.

But instead of answering, the tired little creature suddenly covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Come here," said the invalid, kindly, and he put out his hand and caught her dress. "Who are you, and why did you come house-huntin'? Won't you tell me all about it?"

Thomas quietly withdrew and closed the door, but as he moved to and fro in the next room, he could hear the murmuring of the little girl's voice, and then his master's, once more kind and tender, as he comforted the tired child.

Presently the door into the library was opened by the door into the library to be met with the words:

"Hush! She's all tired out, poor child. Can you lay her on the lounge without waking her, Thomas? She is an orphan, poor little mite."

Thomas lifted the sleeping child from the floor and laid her on the lounge.

"She has a look like Ethel," murmured Mr. Abbott, softly.

The house which Dolly, when a little girl of four years, selected as "the nicest, prettiest house," has been her home ever since.—Waverley.

NEEDLE AND SPOOL OF THREAD.

The Basis Upon Which Frank Parmelee Built a Fortune.

When Frank Parmelee, founder of a Chicago transportation line and a man of much wealth, died in Chicago the other day there was found in the pocket of the coat which he had last worn thread and a needle. He had carried them so throughout a long and successful career and they were buried with him. To them he often attributed his success and he never wavered of telling the story of his "needle and thread capital."

Seventy-six years ago, when Parmelee was 12 years old and living with his parents at Hyon, N. Y., he decided to leave home. The family was poor and the boy considered himself old enough to make his own livelihood. His parents granted their consent reluctantly, and the son arranged for a "job" in a stage coach office at Erie, Pa. He was not concerned as to the manner in which he was to reach that point because his future employers were willing to transport him most of the way and he could walk if he had to. The day of his departure his mother bade him good-bye in this fashion: "Franklin, I wish your father was able to give you a little money to start on, but you know he hasn't got it. Now then, Franklin, your mother, who thinks a good deal more of you than you ever imagined, is going to give you a bit of advice and something else with it, and she wants you to treasure both of them.

"Above all things I want you to take a great deal of pride in yourself and just make up your mind that you are going to be successful. And you must always keep neat and clean and keep your clothes in good repair and don't let the buttons come off or else you won't respect yourself. Now then, I'm going to give you a reward, and the mother held out her hand and the young Parmelee reached for the "reward." It was a spool of black thread with a needle stuck through it crosswise.

The boy kissed his mother and put the thread and needle in his carpet bag. Then he started out for Erie.

He afterward went to work on the lakes, saved money, started a street car line in Chicago and later engaged in the express business.

Japs in American Army.

It may not be generally known that the United States army of the future will include a contingent of Japanese soldiers, but this is a fact. They will come from the armies which are fighting in the far east, but will be enrolled from our Japanese citizens in the Sandwich Islands. It is needless to say that a very large portion of the population of the islands, and especially of Honolulu, is composed of this nation. They are found among the bankers, merchants and professional men and are included among the wealthiest residents of the city.

One of the principal schools of Honolulu is attended exclusively by Japanese children and here has been organized a command of cadets which is rolled in as members as they are old enough. It is drilled by a former Japanese army officer and although organized but a few years ago this battalion has already attained a high standard of efficiency. It is frequently seen on parade in Honolulu and attracts much attention.

It Was the Black Hand.

"Charley had a dreadful time last night," said young Mrs. Torkins. "He says he was a victim of the 'Black Hand.'"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the caller.

"Yes. He came home without a cent. I don't quite understand the particulars as he explained them. But they pulled a deadly weapon on him that is known as a club flask."—Washington Star.

His Position.

Mifflin—What position does young Slobov play on the village football team—quarter-back, half-back, or full-back?

Bifflin—The only time I ever saw him in a game he was the draw-back.

More Appropriate.

La Mont—Harker is always bragging. He says in Boston even the bath-houses are built of brownstone.

La Moynie—Brownstone? Seems to me they should be built of soapstone.

GOOD Short Stories

A Scotch gamekeeper, a great light in one of the kirks, was asked the difference between the Free and the United Free churches. "Give me the actual difference in a simple form," the inquirer requested, after a long lecture from the gamekeeper. "Well, sir," said John, "if you want it plainly, it is this: we'll all be saved and they'll all be damned."

"On a very hot day, recently, two 'colored gentlemen' were chatting outside my window," said Alex. S. Thwait, of the Southern Railway. "One was a bright mulatto, the other blacker than stove-polish. 'How do you feel, Abe?' asked the mulatto. 'Kind o' warm, Jake,' answered the darker chap; 'how's yours?' 'Right peart, thank you,' said the mulatto to his ebony-faced friend; 'but say, Abe, yo' shore do hold yo' color fast rate dis hot weather?'"

It is not often that the stage aspirant manages to reach the office of Wells Hawks, who is the right-hand man of that Napoleon of theatrical managers, Charles Frohman. Of course, it was a woman who did the trick, the other day. She apparently created a fair impression for the generally busy Mr. Hawks asked her: "Are you married or unmarried?" "I am prepared to book her application," "Unmarried four times!" was the reply that started the placid manager.

Justice David J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, said that the best way to reach the young men; that ever since the days of Mother Eve there had been a potent force that catches the elusive man, and that they are as strong now as they ever were. He told the story of the religious man who took his Bible in one hand and his little son by the other, and went for a walk and instruction. They came upon a bevy of young girls playing in the forest, and the boy asked what they were. "Geeze, my son, geeze," replied the father. "Oh, catch me one, father; catch me one!" cried the boy.

Admiral Dewey's favorite story is of an American army officer who, when in Cuba, was extremely dissatisfied with the cooking. He insisted that the Cubans put sugar into everything they cooked. At last he announced that he would eat nothing but boiled eggs. "They can't sugar them," he declared. So he ordered them next morning. But, before he appeared at the table, another officer had stirred the salt crust with sugar. When the "kicker" appeared, his eggs were brought to him. He opened them and over them plenty of the doctor's salt. At the first mouthful he exclaimed: "Sugared! Sugared!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the table.

A young man who was trying for the sheepskin in Missouri, and who had made a poor showing, was asked by Senator Vest, one of his examiners, if he would like to be questioned further. "I regret to say," remarked Mr. Vest, "that you have failed to come up to the mark in the branches of law upon which we have examined you. But," he added, in a most kindly spirit, "we will question you further, if you so desire." "Well, sir," responded the applicant, "I would suggest, if you please, that I be questioned on the statutes." At this Mr. Vest smiled, sadly. "My dear young man," added he, "I do not doubt that you're up on the statutes; but I do doubt that you will succeed in the law. Suppose you should have the utmost familiarity with the statutes, what's to prevent the legislature from repealing all you know?"

NAVAL CADET VEGETARIAN.

Neglected Youngsters Are a Menace to the Community.

Every child should be taught at home to treat with respect its teachers and elders.

If each mother would send forth her children thus fortified, the public school teachers would have a less irksome task, for good manners are certainly infectious. Every bad-mannered or neglected child in the community is a menace to every other child in the community, a disgrace to parent or guardian and a stumbling block to the public school teacher.

Each nation has its own peculiar customs for its children, and the small folk must abide by the teachings of the elders. I think the young Americans can hold their own with the young people of any nation, remembering, of course, that one country may have a prettier way of displaying the same courtesy than another. The Japanese children, for instance, on entering the dining-room for their morning meal, make a pretty, low bow, almost touching the floor, to their parents, and say a soft, sweet "Good-morning" while the American child will rush to its parents' arms with a hug and a kiss.

At one of the best boarding schools in New York, where all the teachers were gentlemen, the pupils were taught to say "Yes, mother," or "No, father," or "What is it, father?" or "Yes, Mr. Smith," etc. "Yes" and "No" only would not be tolerated. If talking to a person of great distinction, a pupil must give the full name, as "Yes, Professor Smith, what is it?" or "Professor Smith, I don't hear you." An abrupt "What?" was considered coarse, and the culprit was punished.

You can neither teach nor expect a very small child to repeat the names of the people with whom it comes in contact daily, but it can be taught to say "Yes, mother or father," and to speak with a low, gentle voice. It is not so much the words "what" and "yes" and "no," as the way in which they are said. The tone is ruder than the word very often, and sometimes a look without any word offends or pleases.

After the honeymoon marriage begins to resolve itself into a guessing contest.

Most town folks admire their country relatives for visiting purposes only,

eat too much meat, anyway. They do not need all the meat they bolt. A certain amount of albumoids are required, but they do not necessarily have to come from meats.

"Most vegetarians eat butter and drink milk, and get what they need in that way. I understand that Adair is not at all 'cranky,' and feel certain that if he does not get enough vegetables to keep him in good physical trim we shall not have much trouble in inducing him to modify his ideas. We will not make an exception in his case."

He is a finely built, handsome young fellow. His cheeks are red, his eyes bright, and compared with some of the other middle in the gymnasium he seems a giant. His shoulders are broad, his hands large and firm, and the pulse of the whole body indicates that he is in perfect health.

He discarded meat about four years ago, and believes that his strength and general condition are better without it. He disclaims any pet theories on the subject, although he says he has found beans and peas the most strengthening. Since arriving at the academy, he has used a little butter on his bread, and drinks plenty of milk. "But," he adds, "I shall not starve for the sake of carrying out my theories as to diet. I am not so unreasonably as that."

THEORIES ABOUT THE SUN.

No Immediate Danger that It Will Burn Inhabitants.

The current theories concerning the sun and the planets are that the sun was once vastly hotter than it is now, and that for a long period it has been slowly but steadily cooling. This doctrine is built on the notion that the sun is a mass of fire in progress of intense and fierce combustion, and that, like any other fire, unless its fuel is replenished, it must burn out and become extinguished. Some astronomers teach that the sun is supplied with fuel by vast quantities of comets and meteors that are shoveled into it by some process of nature, but other astronomers like Sir Robert Hall reject the possibility of any such systematic supply of fuel, and they believe that the sun as it burns out shrinks in size at the rate of 220 feet of its diameter in a year. As the mass of the sun is something like 880,000 miles in diameter, it is calculated still to last for a good long time, but there is something extremely melancholy and saddening in the idea that our grand luminary will one day burn out with a spasmodic gleam and a whiff of ill-smelling smoke like the snuff of a candle.

It is with great satisfaction that we are allowed to believe in the possibility that the sun is made of radium, and that it can continue to give off heat and light for an inconceivable lapse of ages without being in the least diminished either in size or capacity to warm and illuminate us. The idea that it is not losing 220 feet of its diameter yearly is particularly consoling.

There is another suggestion which would enable our solar system to continue its operations without either suffering an instantaneous conflagration or being consumed by slow combustion, and this is that the sun and the various bodies which revolve around it constitute an electric dynamo and an incandescent lamp on such a scale as could be designed and created by combined omniscience and omnipotence, to go on its beneficent course forever. Such a notion meets only the contempt of science, which insists upon the existence of actual fire in the sun, that must sooner or later burn itself out to complete extinguishment. Until, however, astronomers like Prof. Langley shall make a flying machine without balloon attachment that will enable human beings to fly, their vagaries concerning the playing-out of the sun may well be neglected by all except full-fledged scientists.—New Orleans Picayune.

MANNERS OF CHILDREN.

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Why Women Fail as Wives

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER  
(From the Twentieth Century Home)



THE first reason why women fail as wives is because marriage has never yet been esteemed one of the learned professions, which only a highly qualified individual is fitted to practice. On the contrary, it is held to be a kind of jockeying trade that any girl can pick up at a minute's notice, and carry on successfully without the slightest previous knowledge or training. No girl would be considered enough to think that she could practice medicine or law or dentistry without devoting years to its study. She wouldn't even dream of hiring out as a stenographer without first learning how to make polka-books, but she blithely and cocksurely tackles the most difficult and complicated job existing, that of being a wife, on the fallacious assumption that a knowledge of how to manage a man, and make him happy and comfortable, comes to a woman by inspiration, and not through preparation. When the average girl marries she does not even know how to make a man physically comfortable. \* \* \* Nobody can be sentimental on an empty stomach, and bad cooking will kill the tenderest affection in time. Love is choked to death on tough steak as well as slain by unfaithfulness, and many a young husband's illusions about his bride have been drowned in watery soup. \* \* \*

All of this seems very material and sordid to a woman, but it is very important, nevertheless. When a man marries, he marries for a home. Out in the world to-day he has all that he can endure, and when night comes it finds him with wrecked nerves, and a spent body that longs for some quiet place where he can be at peace and rest. It is to the woman's part of the marriage partnership to supply this, and unless she does she has defaulted on her contract, and she deserves to be treated as an impostor who has got goods on false pretenses. If every girl who married were a good free-hand cook, fewer wives would have to go into liquidation in love.

Lack of companionship is another reason why so many women fail as wives. There is not one woman in a thousand who knows how to chum with her husband, and enter into the things he wants to do. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine seem to think that matrimony is a reformatory, and that it is their sacred duty to keep their husbands from enjoying themselves. The average wife never has such a self-righteous feeling that she is doing her full duty by her husband as when she is interfering with his pleasure, or trying to change his habits.

Then there are the children. Whatever degree of companionship did exist between husband and wife during the honeymoon generally gets it quietus from the first baby. \* \* \* After the baby's arrival, the husband simply exists henceforth to supply baby's wants. The young mother doesn't dress, because baby pulls at her ribbons and laces. She doesn't spend the evenings with her husband, because baby has to be rocked to sleep. The only topic of interest to her is sterilized baby-food, and she is relieved, and not sorry, when her husband takes to going out of evenings to amuse himself, very poor wife she has become. \* \* \* Women do some queer figuring sometimes, but they never make quite so big an error in their calculations as when they decide that a baby is worth more than a husband. \* \* \*

Women fail as wives because they lack appreciation. Wives complain instead of giving thanks. They grumble because they haven't got automobiles, in place of being grateful that they have somebody to furnish their carfare. They weep because they can't go to Europe, when they ought to be heartening with joy because they have a home to stay in. Now, a man doesn't want his wife to get out a brass band and a torchlight procession to celebrate his virtues in supporting his family, but he does like to feel that his toil and his efforts are appreciated, and that his sacrifices are not made in vain. After a man has worked like a slave from morning until night, year after year, for his board and clothes—and that's about all the average man gets—it must be pretty hard lines to feel that all the thanks he receives are whines and reproaches because he doesn't make more.

Finally, lastly and mostly, women fail as wives because they are too lazy to keep the love they have won, and to make the man happy who is devoting his life to making them comfortable. To be a good wife is not an easy task. It is one of the most strenuous undertakings on earth. It requires labor and care and skill and tact and unselfishness, but that is the kind of service a woman agrees to give when she gets married. If she doesn't like the price, she can stay single.



The dignified citizen had just finished telling his story to the grand jury, and, duly impressed by his importance as a cog in the machinery of the law, had started for the door. He was halted by a call from one of the grand jurors.

"Mr. Binks! Just a moment!"

Mr. Binks stopped, slowly retraced his steps and again took the witness chair.

"Mr. Binks," said the inquiring juror, "didn't you say you live on the north side?"

"I did, sir," said Mr. Binks, with the importance which some north side people always assume. He looked at his inquisitor, but the black beard tinged with gray of the grand juror and the twinkling eyes behind the glasses told him nothing.

"Mr. Binks," went on the juror, "didn't your father at one time keep a drug store on the north side?"

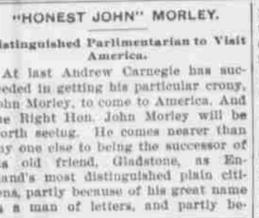
"He did," replied Mr. Binks, wondering what that had to do with his testimony.

"Now, Mr. Binks," pursued the grand juror, "didn't you at one time steal a number of wine bottles from your father?"

"Certainly not, sir!" shouted Mr. Binks, standing up indignantly, while the other twenty-two jurors stared at the bearded member.

"Yes, you did, Tom," exclaimed that mysterious person, raising his hand in the row of jurors, and advancing to Mr. Binks with extended hand, "because I helped you and I took 'em around to the front and sold 'em again to the old man. Don't you know me, you old fraud?"

Then they had a reunion and the grand jury took a recess.—Chicago Daily News.



"HONEST JOHN" MORLEY.  
Distinguished Parliamentarian to Visit America.

At last Andrew Carnegie has succeeded in getting his particular crony, John Morley, to come to America. And the Right Hon. John Morley will be worth seeing. He comes nearer than any one else to being the successor of his old friend, Gladstone, as England's most distinguished plain citizen, partly because of his great name as a man of letters, and partly because of his political sagacity.

Before entering Parliament Morley was a writer, having made his literary beginning on the Saturday Review in London.

Has Game, but No Snakes.

The American who happens into Newfoundland will find innumerable causes for interest and surprise. The interior of the island is a wilderness primitive and practically unexplored. A quaint, slow, uncertain railway traverses the heart of the island, but for 600 miles of travel over mountains, through dense forests and by the margins of salt water bays and estuaries, not a town is to be seen. Herds of caribou, as tame as barnyard cattle, stand staring at the passing train. From the bosom of lake and river trout and salmon are forever leaping. Brant, geese, wild ducks, grouse and many wild birds that migrate hither in the summer can be found all over the island. Here they mate and breed, and their gurgles and clicks make the woods and waters vocal all summer long. Newfoundland, like Ireland, is innocent of snakes or reptiles.

Where the Preacher Works.

Church—The average man likes to sit idly and see some other man do all the work.

Gotham—Why is it, then, that more men don't go to church?—Yonkers Statesman.

The modern golden calf looks suspiciously like a high-priced russet shoe.