

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

The Wright boys, early in life, must have adopted the busy little bee as their motto.

The Latin Quarter of Paris is to be destroyed. We had always thought that the Latin quarter was a franc.

Sentencing a boy culprit to read "David Copperfield" is one of the most delightful punishments ever inflicted.

An actor tells women: "Don't go on the stage if you can do scrubbing." That does account for the scarcity of good scrub women.

European doctors have informed E. H. Harriman that his legs are partly paralyzed. His grip, however, remains as strong as ever.

Dr. Elliot says he left out Shakespeare and the Bible because everybody has read them. Others he included because nobody had read them.

A Society for Beautifying Buffalo has been organized. If it has not adopted a slogan we suggest this: "Boost for a Buffalo Beautiful."

Professor Thomas says the value of girls is slight. And every evening in this broad land of ours millions of girls are assured that they are worth their weight in gold.

It is reported that Harry Thaw's appearance has been much improved since he was sent to the Matteawan Asylum. Why, then, should his friends wish to get him out?

Five tons of babies, it is said, were born in Cleveland during the first half of June. There is material enough in those babies for thirty-three and one-third Tom Johnsons.

A certain club which has been making tests finds that life can be sustained for 4½ cents a day. But why sustain it for that when somebody will be sure to get the rest away from you somehow?

The Czar of Russia has shaken hands with ten machinists. We assume that they were thoroughly searched and compelled to roll up their sleeves before being ushered into the august presence.

A minister of Long Island says that the present fashion in huge hats are not conducive to holiness. Which seems stating the case very mildly when one recalls the profanity for which they are more or less responsible.

Queen Helena of Italy has put herself at the head of a revolt against the monstrous hats which the Parisian milliners are forcing upon a reluctant world this year, and the Italian ladies, following her example, are resorting to the graceful lace mantilla. Herein appears one of the advantages of monarchy—it can set fashions.

The passion for money and the obsession of money-getting have become altogether too conspicuous as American traits. They bring little content to those who are thus afflicted and they awaken resentment in the breasts of millions. In spite of new teachings and practices, knowledge still is power. Supplemented by wealth, knowledge becomes power triumphant. Without wisdom the power of money is lawless and destructive—a curse to its possessor and an evil example to the world.

Many persons look to a vacation to make up the year's arrears in exercise, enjoyment and health, on the theory that a bird in the bush is worth several in the hand. Thus considered, the vacation idea is a menace, for one cannot fall in his duty to his own body for fifty weeks in the year and make up for it in the other two. He must carry a good working balance in the bank of good health and never overdraw it. The strength and spirits stored up in his vacation should be so much ahead, like an endowment life policy come due. So far as the vacation habit is a symptom of American hustle, trying to square itself with nature in a hurry and all at once, it is far from a good thing.

Five thousand persons are served every day in the restaurant which occupies a whole floor in a department store. A woman has charge, applying, as she says, the same methods she uses in her home—methods which, as outlined in a current magazine, suggest that a successful housekeeper conforms to business principles, but humanizes them while she does so. To plan the day's work ahead in the manager's first rule, and the second is to give each direction a single definite point, and make sure that it is understood. In harmony with this idea, the manager refuses to send word from one subordinate to another. Each employe is reached as each is needed; and if there is a criticism to be made, no one hears it but the person whom it concerns. Again, the manager tries to learn and bear in mind each worker's limitations—to remember that a faithful and willing assistant may have the time, but not the strength, to do a certain task, and that if the burden is regularly imposed, enthusiasm falters and work becomes drudgery. Moreover, the head of the department maintains sympathetic relations with her help, shows an interest in their affairs, invites their confidence, and tries to assist them in their troubles. She believes she has her reward. There is, perhaps, no startling novelty in these laws of conduct; but a point that deserves to be emphasized appears in the suggestion that the plans which make the machinery of a home run smoothly work out equally well in the conduct of a business enterprise.

There is profound sociological meaning in the "rush" reported from the centers of registration for the three Indian reservations recently thrown open to home-seekers. There is also

not a little pathos in the accounts of the "rush." Clearly, there is no occasion for any revival of the "back to the land" gospel in this country. The land hunger of the people is acute, and for every farm or homestead there are at least twenty applicants. There would be more if the distance were not so great and the trouble and expense so "forbidding" to many of the weary urbanites and suburbanites in the East and Middle West. Not all who register may be genuine settlers, but, even allowing for adventure and speculation, the spectacle is full of significance. The story of every land lottery is an eloquent argument for irrigation and reclamation of land that is now necessarily barren. Official statistics show that there are scores of millions of acres in Montana, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona which a sound and liberal reclamation policy will gradually place under cultivation in the course of time. There are, too, vast agricultural possibilities in Alaska. "Free land" has made the United States what it is, and many of our most trying problems would be more than half solved if we could place the aliens, the new arrivals and the unemployed of certain classes on public land to produce food and add to the real wealth of the country. Intensive cultivation and the application of science and method to farming and gardening on a scale never yet attempted here will also increasingly come to our aid in dealing with material and moral questions like conservation, economy, assimilation and distribution of immigrants, prevention of overcrowding in certain industries and professions, preservation of right standards of living.

MASTER OF HIS TRADE.

Sympathy and understanding between an English carter and his horses are delightfully described in a passage from "Memoirs of a Surrey Laborer," and is quoted in "Highways and Byways in Surrey" by Eric Parker.

"I see a carter once," said Betteworth, "got three big elm trees up to a timber carriage with only himself and the horses. He put the runnin' chains on and all hisself."

"And that takes some doing," I said.

"Yes, a man got to understand the way 'tis done. The farmer says to 'n, 'You'll never get them up by yourself."

"I dessey I shall," he says; and so he did too. Three great elm trees upon that one carriage!

"Well, he had a four-hoss team, so that'll tell you what 'twas. They was some hosses, too. Ordinary farm hosses wouldn't ha' done it. But he only jest had to speak, and you'd see they watchin' him."

"When he went for'ard, after he'd got the trees up, to see what sort of a road he'd got for gettin' out, they stood there with their heads stretched out and their ears for'ard."

"Come on," he says, and away they went, tearin' away. Left great ruts in the road where the wheels set in, that'll show ye they got something to pull."

"No, none o' we helped 'n. We was only gone out to see 'n do it. He never wanted no help. He didn't say much; only 'Git back,' or 'Git up,' to the hosses."

"When it come to gettin' the last tree up, on top of t'other two, I never thought he could ha' done it. But he got 'n up. And he was a oldish man, too; sixty, I dessey he was. But he jest spoke to the hosses. Never used no whip."

"Didn't the old farmer go on at his own men, too? 'You fellows, call yerseelves carters!' he says. 'A man like that's worth a dozen o' you.'"

"Well, they couldn't a' done it! Besides, their hosses wouldn't. But this feller, the old farmer says to 'n, 'I never believed you'd ha' done it.'"

"'I thought moe' likely I should,' he says. But he never had much to say."

Love and Money.
I never would marry for money,
I think that such conduct is base,
If my freedom I sold for the jingle of gold.

To a woman I thought either ugly or old,
Or even if wanting in grace,
I should blush to myself, as I ought,
At the thought
I was bought.

I never would marry for money,
I'll marry for nothing but love,
If of love I'm possessed I am bound to be blessed,
But some money's not bad, and it must be confessed

It's something I am not above,
It is little I'm able to show
Of the dough;
That I know.

I never would marry for money,
But still if you gave me a chance
I should not let a pile stand a very great while
In my way if a maiden with money should smile.

I should not stick too much for romance,
People never are ugly or old
If they've gold,
So I'm told.
—Chicago Daily News.

Money Well Spent.
"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money."
"Yes; but she's brought it all back for me."

"Indeed!"
"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next-door neighbor at half price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home!"—Fitzgenda Blaetter.

A Capital Thing.
Blinks—I have no use for artists. I would kill all the tribe if I could.
Jinks—Well, the execution of a good picture by one is a hanging matter, you know.—Baltimore American.

Every man who has a twinge of dyspepsia thinks he knows all about what that Spartan boy went through, with a fox gnawing at his breast.

When a young woman marries an old man, it is an indication she thinks she would look well in black.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Behold the town of Bethlehem
One midnight long ago.
When not a footstep in the street
Was moving to and fro.
A lantern in a stable door
Sent out a feeble bar,
And slowly o'er the humble thatch
Arose the Christmas star.

It silvered every scattered straw,
And touched the olive-boughs
With brightness like the aurora
That crowns an angel's brow;
It lit the manger-bed where slept
The Prince of Peace, new born,
And poured upon His infant head
The glory of the morn.

Three thousand years or more have passed,
To darkness whence they came,
Unnumbered worlds have dropped from space
In winding sheets of flame,
And countless moons have waxed and waned,
And countless suns have set,
But over all the ancient earth
That star is shining yet.

It shimmers on the tropic sea,
And gilds the arctic shore;
It beams, a lamp to dying eyes;
The grave is dark no more.
Undimmed by either storm or cloud
Its splendor never dies,
But night and day it lights the way
That leads to Paradise.
—Metropolitan.

Watson was in a hurry to get home in order to make his fourth annual appearance in the popular and mirth-provoking character of Santa Claus. The regular passenger train passing through Ballyboggin, where he had been detained on business, would land him at the union station in Chicago at precisely 7:30, which would mean 8 o'clock by the time he could possibly get home.

He pondered his difficulty to the sympathetic landlord of the hotel and the landlord said: "There's a freight leave Hardwick at 11:30 and you ought to be able to make connection with the Egmont express slip into Chicago if it makes anywhere near time. That will be three hours earlier than the regular passenger, but you'll have to get a lively rig to get over to Hardwick and that'll cost you \$3."

Five minutes later he and his valise were packed into a buggy and a start made. The roads were particularly bad, however, and about half way to Hardwick the driver announced his cheerful conviction that they would miss the freight. Watson thereupon urged him to apply whalebone to the team with the promise of an extra dollar if he made the freight. When they arrived at Hardwick they found that the freight was still there.

Watson paid the driver, climbed into the caboose and disposed himself as comfortably as possible on the long, slippery, cushioned bench that ran the length of the car. Then he looked at his watch and found that it was five minutes past the time for the freight to start. After a while he got up and looked out of the car door.

There was nobody in sight. He stood there wondering whether it would be safe to go in search of some one, for the freight was a little distance out in the yards. After what he thought was half an hour's consideration he got down and started toward the engine. He had got about ten steps when the clanging of a bell sent him back on the run. Just as he climbed aboard the cars began to jolt and bang from the head of the train down, and the freight began slowly to back. Then it came to a standstill.

Watson was thoroughly exasperated. In the course of three or four more backward and forward movements he settled into a sort of desperate resignation and it was in a tone expressive of this frame of mind that he addressed the brakeman when that worthy at last came into the car and climbed up to the cupola.

"Would you mind telling me what we are waiting for now?" asked Watson.

"Waiting for the passenger to go past," replied the brakeman.

"Not the 2:10 from Ballyboggin?"

"Sure. That's her. I guess we will start now."

It was past midnight when Watson reached his home. Mad? You ought to have seen him.—Chicago News.

Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's.
The custom of celebrating New Year's Day in our own country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the governor's home in New Amsterdam. The Dutch method of kissing the women for a "happy new year" was observed and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly beklaxed country in all Christendom and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the observance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus and who made no note of their first New Year's Day in the new world save to record, "We went to work betimes."—New York Evening Post.

A New Year's Wish.
God keep thee, dear, through all the years.
Through all the joys, the sorrows, tears
Of life—its commonplaces, too,
God keep thee sweet, and brave, and true.

Amid the doubts and fears that rise
In every life—the mysteries,
Things that are hard to understand,
The movings of a mystic hand,
God keep thy reason sound and sure,
Thy mind alert, thy heart still pure,
God keep thee always—this I pray
For thee, upon this New Year's Day.
—B. McMillan.

Christmas the Year Through.
Christmas candles burn out, decorations must be thrown aside, exchange of gifts comes to an end. But these things play only a secondary part in Christmas. The love which is its es-

A REAL RELIEF PARTY.

CHRISTMAS DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



Snowed In, but Willing to Be Festive—Bringing Provisions to the Passengers of a Snowbound Train.

sence, the overflowing good-will, the outspoken kindness, the unselfishness and cheeriness, need not be limited to one day in the year. There is no reason why we should not have them every day. Why should love not rule through the circle of the year? A year full of Christ is a year which carries into every day the best of Christmas.

NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST.

In Japan It Is a Religious Rite and a Serious Matter.

To a devout Japanese breakfast on New Year's day is a religious rite rather than a vulgar satisfaction of the appetite. No ordinary dishes are consumed at this meal. The tea must be made with water drawn from the well when the first ray of sun strikes it, a poultice of materials specified by law forms the staple dish, while at the finish a measure of special sake from a red lacquer cup must be drained by whosoever desires happiness during the coming year.

In the room is placed an "elegant stand," or red lacquer tray, covered with evergreen leaves and bearing a rice dumpling, a lobster, oranges, persimmons, chestnuts, dried sardines and herring roe. All these dishes have a special significance. The names of some are homonymous with words of happy omen; the others have an allegorical meaning. The lobster's curved back and long claws typify life prolonged till the frame is bent and the beard is long; the sardines, which always swim in pairs, express conjugal bliss; the herring is symbolical of a fruitful progeny.

These dishes are not intended for consumption, although in most cases the appetite is fairly keen. The orthodox Japanese not only sees the old year out; he rises at 4 to welcome the new comer and performs many ceremonies before he breaks his fast.—London Chronicle.

His Roar.
McGorry (carrying)—Thim makers av almanacs how got us be the t'roats, bedad!
Mrs. McGorry—How d'yes make that out?
McGorry—Make it out? Here, now. We how covid weather New Year's, phwin we don't made it; an' do they give us even a brith av frost on the Fourt' av July, phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid the heat? Not so's yez cud notice it, bedad!—Judge.

Imitation Snowballs.
A Christmas tree decoration that is easily and inexpensively made at home is snowballs. A coil of fine picture wire, a box of diamond powder and a bundle of cotton batting (not sheet wadding) are the materials needed. The wire is cut in various short lengths, a wad of the cotton thrust upon it, patted into shape to look like

a ball, and the powder dusted over it from a perforated toilet powder box. The other end of the wire is bent over to form a fastening, and the ball is ready for the tree. It is effective to have the balls vary in size from that of a small apple to a large orange.

How to Make Plum Pudding Sauce.
A sauce without brandy is made as follows: One tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of boiling water, one egg, one-half cup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg and sugar in a bowl and mix them well. Pour over them the boiling water and stir over the fire until thick. Add any flavoring.

Helping Santa.
Posted on That.
"Now, children," said the good man who was talking to the Sunday school, "you know, of course, where all the pretty things you find in your stockings on Christmas morning really come from, do you not?"
"Yes, sir," they replied with one voice. "Germany."

Not a Bad Idea.
Johnny—Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice Christmas present.
Tommy—All right.
"What shall it be?"
"I guess we had better get her a padded slipper."—Texas Siftings.

In the Dark.
"Well, have you bought your wife's Christmas present yet?"
"I dunno. She has all our Christmas stuff locked up in one of the closets, where I can't get it."

Happy Children.
Blessed are the children who can still hang up their stockings and believe implicitly that a really, truly Santa Claus will fill them.—Brooklyn Life.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



QUEER STORIES

The life of an Inch gun is about two hundred rounds.

The annual production of wool in Australia amounts to about \$125,000,000.

Among the products of this year's cod fishing in Norway are 47,000 barrels of cod liver oil.

Trans-Atlantic communication will be greatly facilitated by a submarine line from Manhattan beach to Newfoundland.

The exterior walls of the new Pennsylvania terminal station in New York city are nearly half a mile long and contain 490,000 cubic feet of granite.

Greece is a large consumer of edible oil. Her population of about 2,500,000 use annually 20,000 to 25,000 tons of oil, or eight to ten kilos per capita.

The French League of Pioneers in Aerial Navigation is being formed in France, with the primary object of giving assistance to inventors and experimenters in aeronautics.

Mr. Edison recently stated that there was no doubt that in ten years flying machines would be used to carry the mails. They would go at a speed of one hundred miles an hour, and would carry passengers.

An irrigation project to cost \$25,000,000 is on the cards in Argentina, the principal railways to do work and be paid by the government in 5 per cent irrigation bonds, with the water rentals to take care of the bonds.

Miss Harriet May Mills, representing the National American Woman Suffrage Association, is said to have delivered the most noteworthy address heard at the conference of the League of American Municipalities recently held in Montreal.

Miss Ellen Day is said to be the oldest organist in London. She is 81, and has been before the public ever since she was 8, when she created so great a sensation by her skill on the piano that she was called to play for Queen Victoria. Miss Day knew Mendelssohn, Liszt and Chopin and gave music lessons to the children of Balf.

A Mexican newspaper tells of the proposed railway plans to run Pullman cars from Seattle to Panama. It is to be part of the Southern Pacific railway system, which is now being pushed on to Guadalajara, and a concession has been secured for a line from Acapulco to Salina Cruz, the Pacific port terminal of the Tehuantepec "railway."

CONSERVING TIMBER SUPPLY.

One Acre of Forest Land Needed for Each Citizen.

According to a bulletin issued by the Forest Service, there is at present an unfortunate lack of authoritative, scientific information in regard to reproduction, either natural or artificial, of American forests, to their growth, and to the best time and methods of cutting them, the New York Post says.

The recent endowment of the Morris K. Jessup chair of silviculture, at the Yale Forest School, should render possible the collection of much data on these subjects and its widespread dissemination. The bulletin says:

"The United States has been so richly endowed with natural resources that the thought of conserving our woods has come late. We have been unavailingly ignorant and therefore excusably heedless. By a careful conspectus made within the last two years of all the wooded area of the country, it has been learned that our total stand of timber is now between 1,500,000,000,000 and 2,000,000,000,000 feet. In a score of years consumption has been doubling on population, and lumber prices have shot up."

"In President Madison's day the States east of the Mississippi comprised over 1,000,000 square miles, or 700,000,000 acres. To-day there are not over 300,000 square miles, or 210,000,000 acres of merchantable forest left in this section. At present about 21 per cent of our lands is devoted to agriculture, a half century hence it will probably be 50 per cent."

"We had 113,000,000 acres in farms in Lincoln's day, we have 415,000,000 to-day. For each citizen there is required one full acre of forest land, if, in the coming years, the United States is to be self-sustaining as regards its lumber supply. At present each citizen has seven and three-fourths acres to draw from, but in truth he is actually drawing from an accumulated surplus of sixteen acres per inhabitant. At this rate we face a timber famine in a comparatively few years."

"Our national forests form only about one-fifth of our wooded lands, four-fifths being private forests. It is essential, therefore, to have the general principles of forestry understood and practiced. This endowment will help materially toward actual conservation of our wooded areas and reforesting of those already laid waste."

IN RURAL BAVARIA.

Where Every Man Is Taught the Essentials of Up-to-Date Farming.

"In order to promote agricultural interest the kingdom of Bavaria has established agricultural schools in almost every town," says a prominent resident of Munich, Germany, who is visiting in this country.

These schools are in charge of teachers who in addition to an academic education must be versed in botany, geology, chemistry, physics, zoology and natural history. At a time when nothing is doing in the fields, from November to March, these schools are open, and the peasants for a nominal fee can attend courses on cultivation and fertilization of the soil, the proper rotation of crops on the same land, the best sources for good seeds, irrigation and the raising of stock. They are made acquainted with improvements and new inventions in agricultural implements, the adoption of which can be recommended. They

A Look Ahead.
O, listen to the little bird,
That singeth in the sun;
It knoweth it can fly away,
As soon as summer's done.
From furnaces and slushy walks,
And stay away till spring.
So listen to the lucky bird—
No wonder it doth sing.
—Kansas City Times.

Prepared for the Offerings.
A Kansas City druggist tells that a wealthy man came into his store Sunday morning and, throwing a dime on the showcase, said: "Give me two nickels for that, please?" "Going to try a slot machine?" asked the druggist, pleasantly. "No," replied the wealthy man, "I'm going to church."

So often reporters hear men say: "I know nothing but hard work." Every man thinks he is working to death.

The dishonest man is apt to find the people a rather suspicious lot.

are taught the rudiments of book-keeping and other commercial knowledge essential for the up-to-date farmer.

"In the spring after these farmers have returned to their work in the fields it becomes the duty of the teachers who instructed them during the winter to travel from county to county and to act as advisers to the farmers. Much good results from the travels of these teachers. By practical suggestion to the farmers they induce them to make valuable improvements in the cultivation of their farms."

"The wandering teacher helps to form co-operative clubs for the joint interests of a number of farmers in one district. From time to time the teacher has to lecture in these clubs on any subject which might prove of interest to the members. These visits and lectures to the different districts are entirely free to the people, since the state assumes all expenses. There is probably no other country in the world in which so much is done by the state for its rural inhabitants as is the case in Bavaria. Other German states have these agricultural schools, but their teachers are not sent in such a practical way direct to the places where they can do the most good, as is done in Bavaria. The results of this commendable care have been very gratifying."

MONEY FROM LITERATURE.

Many Authors Have Failed to Amass Wealth—Publisher's Big Fortunes.

The case of Stephen Phillips, the poet and playwright, who is in very straitened circumstances, has opened the question as to whether English writers can on the whole be called successful financially, a New York Sun's London letter says. Mr. Phillips has had many plays produced in England and America, yet he is now in actual poverty, which he attributes to the failure of his last two plays, "The Lost Heli" and "Faust," both of which were presented in London.

The very recent death of John Davidson because he was tired of struggling to make a living from his poetry; the death of Francis Thompson, also without means; the case of Matthew Arnold, who, after all his years of successful work, left but \$5,000, and that of Charles Godfrey Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," whose estate was valued at about \$2,000, are instances cited, which are balanced by the case of Lord Tennyson, who left nearly \$300,000; of Swinburne, who left over \$100,000, and of Robert Browning, who left \$60,000.

As to authors of successful books, many have amassed considerable fortunes. Henry Seton Merriman, Edna Lyall, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Isabella Lucy Bishop and George Meredith all left estates of value; but Florence Marryat, Mary Kingsley and even Lewis Carroll left such small sums as \$7,395, \$17,955 and \$19,000.

Publishers in many cases left very large fortunes, the chief among them being G. Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., \$3,800,800; Thomas Nelson, of T. Nelson & Cassell, Peter & Galpin, \$2,696,805; Alexander Macmillan, of Macmillan & Co., \$736,305; George Lock, of Ward, Lock & Co., \$595,950.

TORTURE FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE.

How Woman Inflicted Agony on Herself to Improve Her Looks.

You must suffer to be beautiful, according to a French saying. There seems to be some truth in the statement, if a lady's maid is to be believed, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. She has revealed the secrets of her mistress's boudoir, or, rather, torture chamber. The woman herself if now beautiful, but one wonders that she is still alive. For months she lay flat on her back on the floor, motionless, with her arms close to her sides, during several hours every day. This was, it appears, to improve her figure. During the rest of the day, for the same period of time, she sat on a high stool and rocking the upper part of her body backward and forward and from side to side unceasingly.

By this process she is said to have acquired a statuesque throat and a sylph's waist. The woman's nose, having a soaring nature, was corrected and made Grecian by the constant application day and night for months of a spring bandage. One nostril was originally larger than the other, so she wore a small sponge in it for a year. Her cheeks have been filled out and rounded by injections of paraffin. Her ears for months were compressed against the sides of her head by springs, while heavy weights were attached to the lobes to promote the required elongated shape, which has been successfully achieved.

Having suffered this complicated martyrdom for a year, the woman, as already stated, is now beautiful.

Why He Does Not Work.
"But," said the good old lady, "why don't you go to work?"
"Why, ma'am," began the disreputable old loafer, "yer see, I got a wife an' five children to support—"

"Pat how can you support them if you don't go to work?"
"As I was a-sayin', lady, I got a wife an' five children to support me."—Philadelphia Press.

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