

# OLD SOUTH AND NEW.

## CONTRASTS OBSERVED BY A NORTHERNER IN ALABAMA.

Four White Cuts a Scurry Figure Among the Alert and Progressive Citizens Who Are Making Birmingham the Manchester of America.

There is a paradox in the social make-up of northern Alabama which is at once puzzling and amusing. There are many paradoxes indeed, but this one is particularly remarkable. In the midst of worn-out cotton fields, red hills and forests of scrub oaks, and in and around them a unique civilization of a very high order, as different from the old north as the old south. Yet all this newness, all this stir of industrial life and refinement have not produced the slightest effect upon the old residents of the hills, and from a city with its inhabitants, electric lights and palatial residences, streets like Broadway and churches and school buildings equal to those of Boston, one may pass in an instant to a district unchanged since 1860 except by natural decay, where lean and lanky men, and leaner and shriveled women, sit in "back" units for blooded cattle, in the midst of dirt, dogs and towheaded children, chew natural leaf tobacco and spit through the cracks. Instead of being impressed, old citizens declare that these people have retrograded because the few among them who had any talent and education have been drawn away to the new cities.

Just in front of the hotel where I am writing is a type of this class. He has a blue bill of scrub stock, clad in a harness composed of rope, leather and old clothes, in shirts made of saplings attached to a cart that would be a show in any northern city, and in that cart is a family, all listless, dull eyed and seemingly half asleep. Up our way we come to the country bumpkin who gazes in open mouthed wonder at the sights of the town and is curious about things long familiar to us, but these people do not stare or wonder or inquire. On this magnificent street and in front of a pre-

limbs, so the custom is to count all industries as Birmingham's which are in the district—meaning in the limits of the peculiar oval valley, which was made by the splitting of an anticlinal axis.

In this district are 25 iron furnaces, five rolling mills, many foundries and minor shops, two cotton gin manufactories and a great variety of minor establishments. "And all this is but a beginning," say all with whom I talk, "for the great problem is solved. Carnegies have shown that our low silicon ore is readily convertible into steel by the Bessemer process, and as fast as possible all the furnaces will be changed so as to produce the kind needed. Carnegies have just bought 25,000 tons, and the Illinois Steel company 10,000 tons of it, but only two furnaces at present can turn out this low silicon ore. When all do so and many more are built—well, the most riotous imagination can scarcely picture the future of Birmingham. There's 500,000,000,000 tons of red hematite ore in that one mountain and plenty more all around, and we can turn it into iron at less cost than anywhere else in the world." And much more of the same sort.

But I wanted to know what the laboring men were getting out of all this, as they told some very hard stories while the great strike and labor war was on. First he noted that there are 2,000 convict miners in this county, and the gentleman in charge allowed me to range the vast prison where those temporarily idle are confined. Of the 400 or so there at least three-fourths are colored, and so I am told it is in the stockade. A good deal of liberty is allowed, and in the courtyard white and black, male and female, enjoy a social equality which would have delighted Theodore Tilton. Incidentally I may add that I interviewed Mrs. Howe, a white woman, whose case is interesting final trial on the charge of murdering her stepson. She complacently called my attention to the fact that she did not "look like a murderer," but I have not seen specimens enough to be an expert.

There are 6,000 free miners in the county and about 2,000 more in the district, and the average of the pay roll for the largest mine is \$1.85 per day.



SCENE ON SECOND AVENUE, BIRMINGHAM.

limous opera house they wear exactly the same stolid air of indifference as at home. They are as totally destitute of that intelligent curiosity which is the germ and motor of progress as so many Joshua Utes. Their first sight of the railway trains does not rouse even a quiver in their faces. Men who work in the great rolling mills tell me that when one of these fellows delivers any backwoods product there he never manifests the slightest interest in the ponderous machinery or cares to look through the place. They haven't even ambition enough to get drunk, and if, as rarely happens, one gets too much whisky, he does not shout or fight, but drops on the first convenient spot and goes to sleep.

How did this class originate? There is a tradition in the south that they are descendants of those tramps and low grade criminals who were transported from England to early colonial times, but I apprehend that the stock must have been recruited considerably by the drift from other classes. They rarely commit crime of any kind and are radically distinct from the "moonshine" distillers and fighters of whom we have read so much. Clay eaters are still found among them, and I have had a few pointed out to me, but the tendency of that class is to die out. The clay most affected is a peculiar waxy kind without a particle of grit, and some physicians maintain that the habit results from a sort of low grade scrofula which affects the stomach lining. This cheesy clay relieves the irritation, and hence the craving for it. The negroes, among whom the habit is very rare, say it is nothing but shiftlessness. "Day doan" do nothing, sah, an so day wants to be pickin at, an so day ain't got vittels to pick vittels, an so day picks at de clay." Such is the learned diagnosis of our hotel porter, who adds that "day mighty seldom marries 'ceptin' 'mong 'emselves, always consins an sich." "A regular clay eater, a darn low down clay eater," is the country negro's term of extreme contempt.

This includes many negroes, doing the lowest grade work at 80 cents a day, and many others at \$1. So the estimated daily average of miners proper is \$2.40 per day, and a few of the most skilled make \$3. The highest wages in the district are paid to the head roller in a rolling mill—namely, \$15 per day—out of which he has to pay two helpers. Similarly the boss puddlers get the high wages and pay helpers, so the range in the furnaces is all the way from \$1.75 to \$4. Common labor is rarely above \$1 a day, and many hundreds of negroes are working at 80 cents. The negro quarters of the city are by odds the poorest I have ever seen, north or south. I really do not see how life can be maintained on the south half of Second avenue and adjacent streets, my guess is that if the city authorities do not bestir themselves before spring they will have a little pestilence to deal with. A pathetic proof of the narrow lines on which these poor creatures live appeared in the fact that several with whom I talked told me, with a voice of gladness, that lately the price of flour had been put down to 55 cents a sack (25 pounds) and meal to 25 cents.

I need not give the enthusiastic talk or the figures on cost of material by which the boomers prove that iron can be made here much cheaper than anywhere else in the world, and that Birmingham is destined to be the Sheffield, the Sligo, the Bradford and the Manchester of the new world. Investors will investigate, and for others such figures would be wearisome. Whether this city is really to have 125,000 people in 1900 and 250,000 in 1910, as the most moderate assert, is more than I know, and one man's guess is as good as another's.

J. B. PARKER.  
Birmingham.

### Fruites For the World.

There are in all over 6,000 acres of prune orchards of bearing age in Oregon. There are also several thousand acres of 1-year-old prune orchards not included above, but which will add materially to the total output of fruit. A good crop this year will mean, therefore, an output of 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 pounds of cured prunes in Oregon.

### Remarkable Ink.

One of the most remarkable inks known to the chemist is made of a preparation of prussian blue in combination with nitric and hydrochloric acids. The writing done with this ink has the singular property of fading when exposed to the light and recovering its color when taken into the shade or placed in perfect darkness.

# HUMOR

## SHE HAD TROUBLE.

### And Her Husband Explained Why She Was Without a Cook.

She was evidently bent upon producing an impression not only upon the old acquaintance she had just met, but upon all the other people in the car as well.

"Yes, I heard you had come back to Chicago to live," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "but really I've not had time to come to see you. I have no cook—servants are the plague of a housekeeper's life in Chicago."

"Ah, I suppose you keep a good many?"

"Well, you know, we can't get them well trained, and it is one person's work to keep them going."

"Oh, well, I haven't had much trouble, but then I only keep two. How many?"

"Of course, my house is large and I am particular."

"Where are you living now? I want to come to see you."

"On the north side. I only wish I could ask you over to dinner, but it is impossible so long as I am without a cook, and as I am particular about references I may not be suited for a long time."

"How lucky that I met you today. An old cook of mine is hunting a place; she will just suit you, for she is an excellent servant, fond of children, seldom goes out, and—"

"How nice! Have you seen Ellen since you came back?"

"I was going to see her today. I am so anxious to get Christine a place and I thought she might take her, but now that I've met you I shall not need to go. I can give her the best of recommendations, so you?"

"Yes, I haven't seen Ellen for a long time. She lives plainly, I might say poorly, and, of course, we don't go out together at all."

"Indeed, now, about the cook; shall I send her to you, or—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself; I—"

"It is no trouble at all. What is your number?"

"Dear me, I don't believe I have a card with me. I intended to stop at the engraver's today, but the fall things in the shops were so lovely I forgot all about it."

"Too bad. However, I can write down your address; you will find her a treasure, I assure you."

"Yes, yes; no doubt. But really, I am getting along very well, and I hate to train."

"But you won't need to train Christine. I did that myself, and I'd take her now only I have a treasure already."

"Yes. Do tell me if you ever see the Upwells now?"

"Yes, indeed. They have just gone to boarding. Christine had been living with them for a year, and Laura was perfectly delighted with her. You had better engage her at once. Why, isn't that your husband coming in? So glad to see you, Mr. Van Tompkins. I am perfectly delighted to see Dora looking so well. Why, she hasn't changed a bit in five years."

"Indeed she hasn't. I think it is wonderful too. Six years married, and the way that woman has worked! Why, she never had a hired girl in the house except once, when the twins had scarlet fever. Why, Dora, I haven't seen you blush so at a compliment since you were a girl!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Her Error.

"I see that you have been buying a bicycle," he casually remarked, as they sat side by side on the sofa.

"Yes."

"Cash or installment?"

"Two dollars a week," she admitted.

And thus it was she unknowingly caused him to postpone his proposal for nearly a year.—Indianapolis Journal.

### Pleased Her.

"If there is anything I like," said he to his wife, "it is a woman who knows enough to be a good listener. Whereat the servant girl at the keyhole could not repress a smile of satisfaction."—Albany Argus.

### Highly Contagious.

Cholly (reading paper)—Gwacius! The Prince of Wales has a cold.

Chappie—My goodness! Send out for some cough medicine, deah boy, for both of us.—Truth.

### A Saving Thought.

Kate (spitefully)—The men are all alike.

Laura (demurely)—But some have more money than others.—Boston Transcript.

### Universal.

She—I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals. I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself.

He—Oh, everybody thinks that!—Pick Me Up.

## He Was In Doubt.

Among the witnesses who appeared before the civil court the other day in an action of tort was a melancholy young man with a noticeable arrangement of features. When he took his place on the witness stand the examining counsel began with the stereotyped, "Are you a married man or a single man?"

The witness shifted about uneasily from foot to foot and then answered sadly, "I don't know."

It was the lawyer's turn now to look uneasy. He glanced at the witness, then at the court and finally, running an eye the length of the young man, as if about to give a guess on his weight, asked in a kind of an amused way:

"You're the first young man of your age that I ever met who couldn't respond either affirmatively or negatively on that important question."

"I can't," said the witness, turning his head as if the subject was to him a disagreeable one. The lawyer asked him why, and, finding that he must answer, he replied:

"Well, I was married a couple of months ago to a woman who had had a previous marriage annulled at the time the ceremony was performed. I have now reason to believe that she was insane when she married me. If she wasn't," and his features relaxed into a melancholy smile, "I think I must have been insane to have married her. I am going to let the court decide it later on."—Boston Globe.

### "Making Good the Ante."

—Life.

### No Proof of His Powers.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, papa."

"I believe you told me once that young Litewait claimed to be a hypnotist."

"Oh, he is one, papa. I know he is."

"He's proved it to your satisfaction, has he?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Was he trying to demonstrate it when I saw him kissing you in the conservatory?"

The beautiful girl blushed.

"Yes, papa," she said.

"You considered that satisfactory proof, did you?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you're sure it was hypnotism?"

"Perfectly certain, papa."

"You wouldn't try to deceive your poor old father in a matter of that sort, would you?"

"No, indeed, papa."

The old man shook his head doubtfully.

"I think it would have looked more like a genuine case of hypnotism if he had kissed your mother or me," he said.

"However, we'll not discuss that. I have made up my mind, though, that all hypnotists must keep away from here."

"Why, papa?"

"My observation convinces me that you are too good a subject to make it possible for any of them to demonstrate any real hypnotic power to my satisfaction. As for young Litewait, you may say to him that I feel certain that I can hypnotize him so perfectly that he would never know what hit him."—Chicago Post.

### She Felt Discouraged.

"You seem downcast," said Mrs. Hannimune's husband.

"I do feel terribly discouraged. The servant is going to leave."

"That's too bad. That makes the fifth in three months."

"Yes, I feel like giving up. No sooner do I learn to cook to suit one than another comes, and I have to start all over again."—Washington Star.

### An Eye to Business.

He—What did the doctor say was the matter with you?

She—Said I was run down.

"What did he recommend?"

"Bicycle riding."

"I see; that will make business for him, because you'll run other people down."—Yonkers Statesman.

### An Exception.

"So you have taken to cycling at last, have you?"

"How did you find that out?"

"I saw you on your wheel yesterday."

"By Jove! I'm glad to hear that. All the rest of my friends happened to see me when I was off."—Richmond Dispatch.

### A Modern Deliah.

As he leaned lovingly against her she playfully snipped off a few locks of his hair.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, when he realized what she had done, "you have ruined the best half back in the business."—Brooklyn Life.

### Long Process.

"And must we say farewell?" she faltered.

"Yes," he answered.

She shuddered.

She hated to sit up another two hours, but he was firm in his purpose.—Detroit Tribune.

### Defined.

Aunt Jessie—Now, Percy, can you tell me what "lazy" means?

Percy—Lazy means when you want your little sister to get it for you.—Truth.

## COLOR SCHEME FOR SMALL HOUSE.

### Let Old Blue Predominate in Parlor, Library and Dining Room.

How few people when furnishing a small house or flat remember that old blue is one of the happiest colors to choose for a foundation, writes Frances Ann Hoadley in The Ladies' Home Journal. In a house where, as a rule, all the rooms open into one another, especial care must be taken to preserve harmony. It is better then to select one color which shall run through all the rooms. Old blue is the color par excellence in such a case, combined with tan, gray or white for the rugs, while the same scheme prevails in the heavy draperies.

A lovely little house in mind has a parlor and library in one. The large rug, covering the greater part of the room, is old blue and gray. In front of the fireplace is a long, light gray fur one. A broad, low lounge is covered with dark gray. It is always better to cover a lounge in a solid color, as it takes more kindly to the pillows of endless hues. The large dining room rug is old blue and tan, with smaller rugs of tawny brown. The bedroom has an old blue and white large rug and white for smaller ones. Let old blue predominate everywhere in the floor furnishings and draperies, but not to the exclusion of all other colors elsewhere, for where one color only is used the effect as a whole is flat. Let there be odd bright color touches in the way of pillows, lamp shades, odd bits of china and brie-a-brac, but with always an eye to what is the proper color for each room. When all furnished be careful to see whether all of the rooms blend into a beautiful harmony.

In a bedroom white enameled or birdseye maple is exquisite where two or three pieces of fresh old mahogany are added. Each heightens the other's beauty in a most charming manner. A room furnished entirely in mahogany gives a heavy, dismal effect, but in a parlor and library combined, say in a flat or small house, place a large, quaintly carved old desk and one of those highly polished, round card tables, and see what an air they give to the modern and equally beautiful furniture. In the dining room a square mahogany table with a surface like glass, and even a small buffet or china cabinet, will be quite enough of the antique to set off everything else in the room. Have expensive drawn linen doilies, candles in rose colored shades and a profusion of, say, pink carnations and you have a lovely lunch table. In a house the hall should be a leading feature—enticing, not cold, bare and cheerless, repelling one from further acquaintance with the house and its mistress. A hall is like an introduction.

### HERE'S A NUT TO CRACK.

A Puzzle That May Give a Leisure Mind Something to Think Of.

I have found the following interesting problem in an old notebook, writes Sir Walter Besant. I have no recollection at all of its origin. Perhaps everybody knows it. Perhaps everybody does not. Those who do not will find it, I think, unless they bring algebra to bear upon it, rather a tough nut to crack.

Here it is. Once there were three niggers—their wickedness is a negligible quantity; it does not enter into the problem—who robbed an orchard, carried away the apples in a sack, laid them up in a barn for the night and went to bed. One of them woke up before dawn, and, being distrustful of his friends, thought he would make sure of his share at once. He therefore went to the barn, divided the apples into three equal heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—and carried off his share. Another nigger then woke up with the same uneasiness and the same resolution. He, too, divided the apples into three heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share, and carried it off. And then the third nigger woke up with the same emotions. He, too, divided the remaining apples into three portions—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share and departed.

In the morning every one preserved silence over his doings of the night; they divided the apples which were left into three heaps—one was over, which they threw away—and so took each his share. How many apples were there in the sack? There are many possible answers—a whole series of numbers—but let us have the lowest number of apples possible. Senior wranglers must be good enough not to answer this question. Moralists, if they please, may narrate the subsequent history of these three niggers, apart from the problem of their apples.

### The Glowworm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct) are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from Ida bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glowworms which inhabit them.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Case of Correction.

Customer (in dry goods store)—Will this stuff wash?

Clerk (from Boston)—No, madam.

Customer—Well, I don't want it.

Clerk—But it can be washed, madam.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Difference.

She—I understand you don't like music? Does my playing annoy you?

He—Not at all. Your playing is all right. It is the music I have no ear for.—Pick Me Up.

## On the Tramp in Spain.

This day was a hard one. I said good-bye to Bahian and took another look at gloomy, big leaved old Parracuellos. I tramped along green gullies and bare hillsides. I discovered and ransacked two or three nameless pueblos. I scaled and elbowed my way round mountain ledges which would have struck terror into the narrows (sic) of any Swiss guide. I crossed ten skeleton bridges swung high in air over the Jalon and found my way through the semidarkness of seven long tunnels.

I begged and bought and stole bread and wine and cucumbers and fruit at lonely houses and from market going girls. I survived the fury of a terrific thunderstorm and found safety and rest within the great church at Calatayud. I looked up at its pure white plaster ceiling and dome, with its throng of saints and flowers, till, tired of my toil, I fell asleep in the main aisle and was only disturbed by a very masculine and un-Christian kick from an old verger. I called on the alcalde, who gave me permission to occupy the lower floor of the hospital, where I deposited my bundle, and then marched round the old city. It is one of the dirtiest, yet most interesting of old world towns.—"A Vagabond in Spain"—Lauffmann.

### An Achievement.

Judge Thatcher of Mississippi was an obstinate bachelor and rather prided himself upon having resisted the charms of lovely woman when on all sides his friends had fallen victims to the insidious arrows of fate.

He was a solemn looking man, but with plenty of dry humor in his nature. He had a pleasant home, over which his relatives sometimes presided.

Upon one occasion a lady called on some charitable errand, and the servants being out for the moment the judge answered the bell.

The caller, who was a stranger, asked for the "madam."

In a grave and deliberate voice the judge replied, "There is no madam."

The stranger instantly detected a sorrow and spoke with sympathy in low and voice: "Alas, I see! Pardon me—a bereavement."

This was too much for the bachelor pride of the judge, who felt that he could not be worsted of his years of victorious solitude, so with triumphant remembrance he shouted with joy and animation: "No, madam, not a bereavement, an achievement, thank heaven—an achievement!"

### Beginning of the Leather Trade.

A census was taken in 1790, a second one in 1800, but no statistics were collected. A first account of the industries was in the census of 1810. The population was 7,239,703. The manufactures of leather, shoes, harness and trunks were valued at \$17,985,477. The number of tanneries was 4,316. Of these New York had 867, Pennsylvania 715 and Massachusetts 299. Their yearly production included 2,608,240 pounds of sole leather and 44,053 dozens of calf, sheep and goat skins. One-third of the hides used came from South America. They cost 5½ cents a pound. The other raw materials were principally sheep and deer skins. Nearly all the country folk wore breeches or aprons of buckskins, felled or tanned in oil. The largest tannery at that time was in Northampton, Mass. It was capable of tanning 5,000 hides a year.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

### Vitality of Seeds Tested.

Professor Lazenby of the Ohio experiment station, in making tests for ascertaining the purity and vitality of seeds, notes the remarkable power of regeneration which is exhibited by various species. Different samples of wheat germinated no less than ten times after intervals of a week or more, during which time the seeds were kept perfectly dry. Corn will germinate nearly as often. Clover and the grass seeds germinate but once, as a rule. This helps to explain why a good stand of grass or clover is difficult to obtain in unfavorable seasons, while failure with wheat or grain from alternate wet and dry conditions seldom occurs, provided the seed is good. It may also be one reason why certain garden seeds will endure much greater neglect than others.—Garden and Forest.

### An Oddity in Toes and Digits.

There is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which you will never become acquainted if you depend on your textbooks for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of one toed creation; the camel of the two toed; the rhinoceros of the three toed and the hippopotamus of four toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders belong to the great five toed tribe.—St. Louis Republic.

### Scotch Sarcasm.

The Scotch keeper has but little consideration for the feelings of the amateur sportsman. A novice from the south was out on a moor in the west highlands, and having unsuccessfully fired twice at a covey of birds that rose less than 20 yards ahead, he exclaimed excitedly: "It's strange that none of them fell. I'm positive some of them must have been struck." "I dinna doot," returned the keeper, with a sarcastic grin, "that they were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy."—Realm.

### A Case of Correction.

Customer (in dry goods store)—Will this stuff wash?

Clerk (from Boston)—No, madam.

Customer—Well, I don't want it.

Clerk—But it can be washed, madam.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Difference.

She—I understand you don't like music? Does my playing annoy you?

He—Not at all. Your playing is all right. It is the music I have no ear for.—Pick Me Up.



—Life.

### No Proof of His Powers.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, papa."

"I believe you told me once that young Litewait claimed to be a hypnotist."

"Oh, he is one, papa. I know he is."

"He's proved it to your satisfaction, has he?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Was he trying to demonstrate it when I saw him kissing you in the conservatory?"

The beautiful girl blushed.

"Yes, papa," she said.

"You considered that satisfactory proof, did you?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you're sure it was hypnotism?"

"Perfectly certain, papa."

"You wouldn't try to deceive your poor old father in a matter of that sort, would you?"

"No, indeed, papa."

The old man shook his head doubtfully.

"I think it would have looked more like a genuine case of hypnotism if he had kissed your mother or me," he said.

"However, we'll not discuss that. I have made up my mind, though, that all hypnotists must keep away from here."

"Why, papa?"

"My observation convinces me that you are too good a subject to make it possible for any of them to demonstrate any real hypnotic power to my satisfaction. As for young Litewait, you may say to him that I feel certain that I can hypnotize him so perfectly that he would never know what hit him."—Chicago Post.

### She Felt Discouraged.

"You seem downcast," said Mrs. Hannimune's husband.

"I do feel terribly discouraged. The servant is going to leave."

"That's too bad. That makes the fifth in three months."

"Yes, I feel like giving up. No sooner do I learn to cook to suit one than another comes, and I have to start all over again."—Washington Star.

### An Eye to Business.

He—What did the doctor say was the matter with you?

She—Said I was run down.

"What did he recommend?"

"Bicycle riding."

"I see; that will make business for him, because you'll run other people down."—Yonkers Statesman.

### An Exception.

"So you have taken to cycling at last, have you?"

"How did you find that out?"

"I saw you on your wheel yesterday."

"By Jove! I'm glad to hear that. All the rest of my friends happened to see me when I was off."—Richmond Dispatch.

### A Modern Deliah.

As he leaned lovingly against her she playfully snipped off a few locks of his hair.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, when he realized what she had done, "you have ruined the best half back in the business."—Brooklyn Life.

### Long Process.

"And must we say farewell?" she faltered.

"Yes," he answered.

She shuddered.

She hated to sit up another two hours, but he was firm in his purpose.—Detroit Tribune.

### Defined.

Aunt Jessie—Now, Percy, can you tell me what "lazy" means?

Percy—Lazy means when you want your little sister to get it for you.—Truth.



She—I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals. I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself.

He—Oh, everybody thinks that!—Pick Me Up.