

IF ALL MY SHIPS COME HOME.

If all the ships I have at sea, should come a-sailing home to me, should come a-sailing home to me, should come a-sailing home to me, should come a-sailing home to me.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GAMES FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.



It is not only the kaleidoscoped small boy who has games of his own. Girls, too, have had and occupations, though all of them are not monopolized by doll babies.

There is more to be discovered with the ants, the bees, the birds, the flowers, than in the companionship of a wise dog, than in all the sawdust and china-eyed babies in the world.

However, there are certain games sacred to our grandmothers and still kept up in a measure by little girls, being revived from year to year. Some of them are silly. Most of them date from the time when boys and girls did not study from the same books, and when it was reasoned out that even games must be feminine.

Now we know better. The same sports that develop the little male animal are good for little girls, too. Girls now play baseball and even football.

First and dearest of all the girls' games comes tag. The children range in a row and somebody counts. Eeny, meeny, miney, mo. Catch a nigger by the toe. If he hollers let him go. Eeny, meeny, miney, mo.

The last "mo" is "it," and the game begins with a nimble scattering and a shrill squeak. The lines are silly and ungrammatical, and the kindergarten do not approve of them because they are such meaningless jabber, but the old doddler has been used for so many years that very likely its meaning, if it ever had any, has all been rubbed off out.

"The lieutenant went off with a dirty-looking beggar," said the guard. "One of his charities, I guess. Said he'd be back before long." Private Chadwick knew otherwise. He was torn one way by jealousy toward his erstwhile friend, another by anger at the girl who had played him false.

His comrades attributed it to sorrow for his lost friend, for, after a fruitless search, it was said that Lieut. Butterworth had been trapped into an ambush.

ROLLING IN WEALTH.

OSAGE INDIANS ARE THE RICHEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

Every Man, Woman and Child Among Them Has an Annual Income of \$304.25, and They Raise All Their Foodstuffs in Addition to This.

At the office of commissioner of Indian affairs a few days ago contracts were let to gentlemen for the renting of the pasture lands of the Osage Indians, in Oklahoma. These Indians have 800,000 acres of pasture lands, of which 600,000 acres were rented. This will add to the annual income of the tribe about \$120,000.

"Several years ago the lands of the Osages in Kansas were sold, the sale realizing \$5,000,000. This money was placed in the treasury of the United States, and from it the Osage Indians derive an annual income of \$400,000. In addition to this they own 1,570,195 acres of land, which is fairly worth \$5 an acre, making the value of their land holdings \$7,850,775.

The realty holdings of the tribe have a per capita valuation of \$3,807, or, for a family of ten, \$38,070. There is no other race of people in the world, it is declared, that can make such a showing.

The Osage Indians have not failed to profit by this wealth. The sons and daughters of families are sent east to colleges and boarding schools to be educated. Many of them receive professional training. There are a few families, of course, which still live with almost the simplicity that marked the lives of their savage ancestors, but the desire for education and culture is rapidly spreading, and when the Osages become citizens a few years hence they will be fully equipped for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

The homes of some of the most progressive Osages compare favorably with the dwellings of white people of equal wealth. Their houses are richly furnished with carpets and modern furniture, and in many homes there are pianos upon which the boarding-school training of the daughters has taught to perform. Horses and carriages are used infrequently, and though the automobile has not yet made its appearance, it is not an impossibility of the future.

The enviable condition of the Osages has led to a considerable influx of white settlers on the reservations, many white men seeking alliances with the daughters of Osage families. The tribal government, however, has found a way, if not to stop, at least to profit by this white emigration. From every white person on the reservation a monthly poll tax of \$1 is collected. The imposition of this tax has driven from the reservation many suitors for the hands of Osage maidens and has given those who remain an ardor and eagerness for matrimony which might not follow were long courtships not thus rendered expensive luxuries.

UNDERSTOOD SIGN LANGUAGE. Amusement of a Young Lawyer Over Gossip of Two Girl Mates. "When I learned the deaf-mute sign language, a few years ago," said a young lawyer yesterday, "it was for a definite purpose, and since then, incidentally, it has furnished a good deal of amusement to me. There are not many deaf-mutes in this city, and when, in coming down on an elevated train this morning, I discovered that the cross seat opposite me was occupied by two young women who were conversing in sign language, my interest was at once excited. They were neat looking girls, and as I settled in my seat I discovered that they were having an animated conversation on a certain young man whose merits and demerits they were frankly discussing, never dreaming that any one else in the car could understand them. Suddenly one of them noticed that I was looking intently at them, and with her fingers she said to the other girl: 'Don't look up just now; but in the seat across from you is a young man on whom you have made an impression. He isn't bad looking.' 'I glanced idly out of the window to give the girl a chance to inspect me, and with difficulty I suppressed a smile. She looked me over critically, and then with her fingers she said: 'You saw him first. He is yours. I don't like him myself.' 'It was you at whom he was looking,' came the reply. 'No; he was looking at you. I don't like his mustache. Just look at him now, concealed thing! He is curling it.' 'I think his mustache is very nice,' said the first girl. 'Don't look in his direction so frequently or he will suspect us.' 'He looks too slow to suspect anything. Besides, I can see him, by looking in the mirror, and he doesn't know it. I am going to size him up again now,' and as she turned toward the mirror so did I, and I caught her glance square in the eyes. The young woman flushed a bit and then pretended to be looking out of the window. The girl who admitted that I was not bad looking at nudged her friend and with her nimble fingers said: 'His clothes fit him well, don't they? Wouldn't he be angry if he knew that we were talking about him. I think that he is nice.' 'It was with difficulty that I could prevent myself from acknowledging

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Don't you feel a thrill of exultation every time you see those symbolic letters U. S.?" asked the patriotic citizen, who had just returned from Europe. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "And I like 'em best in the shape of a monogram. They look almost exactly like a dollar mark."—Washington Star.

Pie that melts in your mouth is astonishingly obdurate after it gets into your stomach.—Detroit Journal.

With a Reckless Persian Flavour. "My guess concerning 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters' ought to attract great attention." "What is it?" "I believe Omar Khayyam wrote them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Umbrella as a Sign of Dignity. In Siam a magnate's dignity and power are reckoned according to the number of umbrellas he possesses. One of these magnates is proud to bear his titles with "Lord of Thirty-seven Umbrellas." Among certain African tribes, the grandeur of the individual increases with the size, and not with the number of umbrellas he possesses. An African chief, determining to surpass all his rivals in this respect, made up his mind to procure the largest umbrella in the world, and got the article made to order in London. Its ribs were 40 feet long, and other parts in proportion. When it was finished its effect was sublime, the machine resembling a green gingham circus tent. In China the four highest ranks of Mandarin are entitled to a red silk umbrella with three furlongs—the smaller nobility being allowed two. Gentleman-commoners of the two highest ranks have a red State umbrella surmounted by a gourd-shaped knob of black-tin. The two next degrees have the knob of wood only, though painted red. Then comes the fifth rank, with umbrellas of blue cloth, with red-painted wooden knobs at the top, and red-painted furlongs. The governor general of two great red silk umbrellas. In Turkey no one is supposed to use an umbrella except the Sultan, while in Morocco only members of the Royal family claim this peculiar honor as their own.

New Waterproof Clothing. A study of much importance at this moment is that recently taken up by Dr. A. Berthier, who has applied himself to the discovery of a material for the clothing of soldiers that will repel water and yet admit air for ventilation. Dr. Berthier found the clew to such a material in the dress of Arabs, who used wool which still contains the animal grease. Experiments were made with lanoline, a product of the purification of this animal grease, deprived of soap and acid fat and made neutral. The results were favorable, and the impermeable effect was secured by a mixture of ten to twenty grams of lanoline to 1,000 grams of spirits of petroleum as a solvent. This spread itself rapidly in the tissue and evaporated quickly. The material can be dipped in the mixture for a few moments and then wrung out, or the solution can be applied to the surface with a sponge. The last is the most economical, but the first gives the best results. A solution of alum and acetate of lead has also been tried with some success. The material thus treated is healthy, the tissue is not clogged, the weight is not increased and the color and texture are unimpaired.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bad Trade in the Klondike. "You simply go it blind in staking out a claim," said a returned Klondiker, "and brains don't count for anything. I was with a crowd up there about a year ago. We all heard that there was gold in a certain section not far from our camp, and accordingly there was a prompt exodus. It was a case of first come, first served, and soon we all had our claims staked out. Two fellows who were chums had tried to get claims side by side, but another man got between them. They proposed an exchange with him. 'It's all luck,' they said, 'and we want to work our claims together. Now you take either one of ours; it won't make any difference to you, and will help us out.' 'The other man said it was all a gamble anyway, so he chose the right hand claim in exchange for his own. That was a year ago. The two men who are working their claims together haven't made a thing, while the other has already taken out \$1,000,000 out of his. Queer, isn't it? But that's the Klondike."—New York Mail and Express.

Wrote Sermons in His Sleep. Narrating "Some Remarkable Cases of Double Personality," Dr. R. Osmond Mason cites, in the Ladies Home Journal, the case of a "young ecclesiastic in the seminary with the Archbishop of Bordeaux, France, who was in the habit of getting up at night in a condition of somnambulism, going to his study and composing and writing his sermons in the dark. When he had finished one page he read it over and carefully and properly corrected it. A broad piece of cardboard interposed between his eyes and his writing made no difference to him. He wrote, read and corrected just the same as if there had been no obstruction. Having completed his work to his satisfaction he returned to bed, and in the morning he had not the slightest idea of what he had done in the night, and had no knowledge of it until he saw the manuscript in his own handwriting.

Different Points of View. "She sought a thief in the house and chased him four blocks," said the admiring friend. "Isn't it strange," replied the sarcastic rival, "how some girls are always after the men?"—Chicago Post.

THEIR WEAK POINT.

"So you don't think the automobile will succeed the horse for farm work?" asked the visitor.

"Nope," answered Uncle Sillas, "financially they would be a failure. When they'd get old an' wore out how could you turn 'em loose in a field by the railroad so's they'd get kilt? An' even if you could, I doubt if the company 'ud be held responsible."—Indianapolis Sun.

Too Late. After hearing evidence in an assault case between man and wife, in which the wife had had a deal of provocation, the magistrate, turning to the husband, remarked: "My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case." "But she has cut a piece of my ear off, sir." "Well," said the magistrate, "I will bind her over to keep the peace." "You can't," shouted the husband; "she's thrown it away."—London Tit-Bits.

The Situation. "Yes; Roberts is going home because the war is over." "And Kitchener?" "Oh, he's going to stay because it isn't." Realized His Own Madness. "Now you are tired of me and abuse me," sobbed the young wife whose husband refused to hire another maid to take care of her pet dog. "Yet," she continued, "not two years ago you were just crazy to marry me." "Yes," answered the complacent man, "my friends told me so at the time, but I didn't realize it until after we were married."—Kansas City Star.

Arithmetical Packing. "Jimmy, Sammy says you had more caramels than the rest of the children." "Well, ma, I seen they wouldn't go 'round again, an' so I jes' had to eat 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Her. "If you want to marry her, don't be so abjectly devoted. You simply cheapen yourself in her eyes." "Then she'll take me. Mary never could resist a bargain."—The King.

Art Cookery. "What lovely brown biscuits she makes!" "Yes; in colorature cooking she is quite unexcelled."—Puck.

Feminine Sincerity. Ted—He stutters so badly it took him over half an hour to propose to her. Ned—What did she say to him? Ted—Oh, this is so sudden.—Judge.

Why He Broke Loose. Mrs. Von Blumber—I thought you said that Mrs. Peterby had such thorough control over her husband that she made him go to church every Sunday. He wasn't there last Sunday. Von Blumber—No. He found it was affecting his golf.—Life.

Off and On. "He gets on a spree occasionally, doesn't he?" "Oh, yes, off and on." "More often on than off, I suppose."—Philadelphia Press.

Wise Words. "I want you to take me to St. John's Wood, Cabbie." "All right, sir, but would you mind getting in the other side so as the old 'orse don't see yer?"—Phil May's Annual.

A Success. "And they tell me a colony bath been planted in Delaware. Hast heard how it is prospering?" "Marvelously! The first peach crop hath been a glorious failure!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Philanthropist. She (thoughtfully)—I happen to know that you have already proposed to two other girls this year. He—Yes, dear, but I assure you it was only out of compassion.—Detroit Free Press.

An Adjunct to Tears. "Perhaps you can direct me," she said with pious condescension to the floor-walker. "I've a crying need for—"

The Sense of Ownership. "There goes my train," said the commuter with exasperation. "If it's your train," said a sarcastic bystander, "why didn't you have it wait for you?"—Sommerville Journal.

Diagrams. She—I see in New York every theater program is required by law to bear a plan of the house on which the exits are plainly marked. He—Oh, is that what those things are intended for? I always thought those diagrams were dress patterns.

Handed Porter Rousseau Manuscript. Very queer tales sometimes attach to the journeyings of manuscripts, and the following is not without interest. An elegantly dressed individual recently dropped in at one of the Paris boulevard clubs, and handing a parcel to the hall porter requested him to mind the same for a little while. The official very naturally thought the parcel was the property of a member, and at once deposited it in his cupboard, where it lay till a day or two back, when it was, with the sanction of the President of the club, opened. It was then found to contain a manuscript of Jean Jacques Rousseau and a copy of "Le Roman de la Rose." These were duly examined by an expert, who reported that the manuscript was perfectly genuine and worth at least 10,000 francs, while the novel formed part of a very rare edition of which only a few copies are extant. As the elegantly dressed gentleman did not reappear to claim the parcel, its contents were handed over to the police authorities. New brooms sweep clean—and old ones, too, if properly manipulated.

MANCHURIA, THE CHINESE TERRITORY COVETED BY RUSSIA.



By the Chinese Manchuria is called the country of the Manchows, or Manchus, an epithet meaning "Pure," chosen by the founder of the dynasty which now rules over Manchuria and China as an appropriate designation for his family. Manchuria as it has existed for upward of two centuries—that is to say, family, Manchuria as it has existed for upward of two centuries—that is to say, family, Manchuria as it has existed for upward of two centuries—that is to say, family.