TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A soft answer often maketh a man sick.

Thomas A. Edison's pipe still seems to be burning.

Women will tell you that they "aim" at truth. Perhaps that is why they do not hit the target.

The first cigar and the first baby are alike—you wonder why other people seem to like them.

If Hetty Green had only been Russell Sage's wife, then both of them would now be satisfied with life.

"Speaking of unhappy lots," remarks the Baltimore American, "what about the graveyard?" Usually the fence.

The Chicago police raided ten get-rich-quick concerns in one week. What a strenuous job, this keeping the fool and his money together.

When revolutionists kill a President in Honduras they call it an accident, probably because of the well-known fact that accidents will happen.

It must have come easy for Adam when he wished to flatter Eve. He could call her the fairest of her sex without bothering his conscience in the least.

There are a few people who struggle all their lives in the hope that some day they may be wealthy enough to exude aphorisms on how to attain success.

The typical American public official never seems to doubt that he is chosen to make a judicious selection of which laws ought to be enforced and which ignored. Every sheriff or police chief is his own legislator nowadays.

Love of gambling in one form or another seems to be in the American blood and the American boy is easily led astray by temptations to "take chances" on the various gambling schemes that have been allowed to become a part of the ordinary merchandise of the shops that he frequents. These things should be put out of the reach of our school children.

Marksmen are born, not made, as Horace might have said. A man who had been in the navy only three weeks was a member of one of the crews manning a six-pound gun on a recent target practice cruise of the Texas. He aimed the gun—the first time he had ever done such a thing—and hit the target at a thousand yards. Then, just to show that it was not luck, he hit the target nine times more in succession.

When street railways begin to run sleeping cars they will have invaded every field occupied by the steam railways. In some parts of the country freight is carried in trolley cars; in New York City express cars are run under a street railway franchise; and last month a Massachusetts street railway owner ordered a combination parlor, sleeping and dining car, which is to be run over the street railway tracks. He expects soon to be able to go to New York and to Boston by trolley.

The startling statement is made in Minneapolis that of the forty-one prisoners in the Hennepin County jail not one is above 23 years of age. The condition that brings about this state of affairs is worth while inquiring into. A Hennepin County judge, commenting upon the situation, says that he believes the increase of crime among young men is due to their being forced out of many sources of employment by girls. The one thing certain is the fact that there are more young men occupying cells in jails and penitentiaries than there were a few years ago, and it behooves those persons who interest themselves in criminology to inquire into the conditions that have brought about this increase in the criminal tendencies of young men.

The cost of extra knots of high speed was elucidated by recent experiments with a new armored British cruiser, Cape of Good Hope, of 14,100 tons. On her eight-hour trial she made a mean speed of 23.05 knots. Her coal expenditure for various speeds was plotted with surprising results. To go from 11.5 knots to 23 knots needed, roughly, 26,000 additional horse power, while the last knot alone absorbed 8,621 horse power. That is to say, to progress from 22 to 23 knots needed as much power as the total required to drive the ship at about 16 knots; or, to put it in still another way, the power needed to drive the Cape of Good Hope at full speed would propel two similar vessels at about 19 knots. The coal consumption at full speed was, roughly, twenty-six tons per hour; at 19 knots, about 11 tons per hour. Again, at full speed the ship would steam 0.85 knot for each ton of coal burned, while at 19 knots the distance would be double for a similar consumption of fuel.

John Green Brady, the governor of Alaska, has never known the name of his father or mother. Years ago when he was a street gamin in New York city, selling newspapers and blacking shoes, he was just "Brady." So the other street arabs called him. One day with a carload of city waifs he was shipped out West. Judge Green, of Indiana, saw the carload of boys and told his wife about the invoice of youngsters. She thought they ought to take one. "Very well," said the judge, "I'll pick out the toughest specimen of the lot." He selected "Brady." Now, in homely phraseology, "You can't never tell what may become of a lousy calf." Mrs. Green got hold of the boy's heart. Her refining influence soon had its effect on the young barbarian. He saw the world would give him a chance. Ambition spoke to him. He clung to the name of Brady and left all his old life behind him. Henceforth he was John Green Brady. To make a long story short, the boy went through the grades and high school at the head of his classes. Partly by his own efforts and aided partly by Judge Green, he went through Yale College. Then he was sent as a missionary to Sitka, Alaska. He became the best loved man in that country and was appointed Governor. Boy, young man, whoever you are: Turn toward the world a brave and smiling face and hold up your chin! And woman: The turning of that street waif "Brady" was a nobler miracle, and as great, as that which turned the water into wine.

Not so long ago an instructor at an eastern university said to his class, "Always have a good book by you to read when you ought to be doing something else." This, like many other epigrams, is not a rule rigidly to be followed. The idea finds fuller expression in some recent advice from Senator Hoar: "Be diligent in your business, but not diligent to the exclusion of everything else. Read. Take some good author and soak yourself in him. The man who does but one thing well is only a one-armed man or a one-eyed man." It is not right to read when one ought to be doing something else, but it is right to set aside some part of the waking hours, when the mind is fresh enough to grapple with good ideas, and use it in work of a different kind from that which we do for a livelihood. For those whose chief occupation is intellectual, this secondary work should be labor with the hands. But for most people it might well consist in reading good magazines or books. There are so many cheap pocket editions of standard works that the equipment for such reading is neither expensive nor cumbersome. One's principal occupation is supposed to fill the pocketbook. That other pocket book, a copy of an English classic, is a treasury always full. This reading, then, is not merely the lighter sort done for relaxation in the hours of rest. It is work of an important kind. Every man owes it to society not only to earn bread, but to be an intelligent citizen, with ideas on life and knowledge of affairs. To fulfill this duty he reads, and to make the reading effective he must approach it as serious though joyous labor.

Politicians declared twenty years ago that the reform of the civil service on the lines urged by the advocates of the merit system was impossible. Party organizations were necessary, they said, and such organizations could not be maintained without patronage. If the party workers were not to be rewarded by appointment to office there would be no party workers. It was maintained that the merit system was contrary to the genius of American political institutions. Only the inveterate spoilsman, of whom there are few left, holds this view to-day. So great is the change that has come about in the sentiment, not only of the politicians, but of the general public, that little attention was attracted to the announcement by the national Civil Service Commission that it had extended the rules so as to cover into the classified service all appointive positions not expressly excluded by law. The first Civil Service Commission put less than 14,000 places in the classified service to be filled by competitive examination. This number has grown until more than 112,000 were so filled prior to the latest revision of the rules, which has increased the number by some thousands more. A similar reform in the manner of making appointments has been going on in many cities and States, resulting in the transformation of the executive officers from patronage mongers, or employment agents, into efficient administrators. All concerned have profited by the change. Besides freeing the executive officers from the pest of place-hunters, the reform has opened the door of public service to every young man capable of doing his work better than his competitor. He does not have to follow a party leader about and plead for appointment, but after he gets on the eligible list he is likely to be selected to fill the first vacancy. In any list of bloodless revolutions the establishment of the merit system in the United States civil service should be included.

The Rocking of Lake Erie.

The 250-mile trough of Lake Erie lies approximately in the direction of the west to southwest winds which prevail in that part of the country. Thus the lake offers an excellent opportunity for studying the effects of the wind upon a large body of enclosed water, and very interesting these effects sometimes prove. Rhythmic gusts produce a rocking motion, and great blows from the west or southwest, like that, for instance, which accompanied the Galveston hurricane in September 1900, sweep the liquid body of the lake eastward, and sometimes cause a rise of eight feet or more at Buffalo in the course of a few hours. As soon as the maximum force of the gale has passed, the water swings back. Continued rockings are observed on days when the strength of the wind fluctuates.

Wedding Anniversaries.

Wedding anniversaries: First year, cotton wedding; second year, paper wedding; third year, leather wedding; fifth year, wooden wedding; seventh year, woolen wedding; tenth year, tin wedding; twelfth year, the wedding of silk and fine linen; twenty-first year, china wedding; the silver wedding comes at the end of the twenty-fifth year; the pearl wedding is the thirtieth anniversary; the ruby wedding is the fortieth, and the golden wedding the fiftieth; the diamond wedding is the sixtieth.

Negro Children Born White.

In a contribution to the Revue Encyclopedique, a German physician who had spent several years at Klein-Popo, in the African Togoland, says that the stages of color through which negro babies pass in the equatorial regions are as follows: At birth they are the same color as European infants. After two or three months the skin turns a lilac color. Ten days later it is a light chestnut shade; and it is only at the end of three or four months that the skin becomes completely black.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Working Without System.

A MAN who does forcible work must dismiss a subject from his mind when he is done with it. This increases the grasp and power of the mind and keeps it clear for concentration upon the thing under consideration. Nothing can be accomplished with half a mind; you must concentrate or focus all your powers upon the thing you are doing. This you can never do when things by the score are half settled in your mind, continually obtruding themselves for consideration, and hindering the thought of present problems.

When you have anything in hand, settle it. Do not look at it, lay it down, then look at something else and lay that down also, but settle things as you go along. It is a thousand times better to make an occasional mistake than never to settle anything, but be always balancing, weighing and considering many things at a time.

It is vigorous thought which counts. A subject which is handled, so to speak, with the tips of the mental fingers, never amounts to anything. You must seize and grasp with all your might the thing you are attempting, and do it with vigor and enthusiasm, if you wish to bear the stamp of superiority when completed. Another defect in your work, which arises from the faults mentioned, is failure to complete things. Your work bears the impress of incompleteness, and seems always to lack something.

If you could overcome these defects, you might be successful, for you really possess great ability, but lack definiteness. Evidently your mind has not been trained to exactitude. There has been carelessness in your education somewhere. It may be partly the fault of your teachers or your parents in not calling your attention in early life to those deficiencies. If this had been done the task of correction would have been easier than it is now, but the faults may still be overcome if proper diligence be used.—Success.

Leprosy.

ONE medical surprise follows another. What seemed more unlikely than that mosquitoes are the cause of malaria and yellow fever? And yet such is the fact now universally accepted. And who would have thought that the foremost cause of leprosy, the most dreaded of diseases, is the eating of unwholesome fish? And yet, when this cause is once suspected a multitude of proofs seem to support it, and an investigation made in India brings back the report that such is probably the fact. It seems that where leprosy prevails, as in Palestine, Norway, Nova Scotia and Hawaii, fish is a large item of food. This does not mean that fish, fresh or well cured, is unhealthy, nor that leprosy is not, in a way, contagious; but merely that fish badly cured is a disposing cause of the disease. To be sure the theory has not yet become a matter of settled medical science, but it is one of those suggestions which have possible validity and which will be the occasion of very careful investigation, with the good hope that another dreaded disease will be first understood and then conquered and exterminated. That is what we have in large measure done with typhus fever and yellow fever, and expect to do with malaria and consumption. —New York Independent.

As to Climate and Character.

CLIMATE has an undoubted influence on the character. Persons take from atmospheric conditions and surroundings many of their mental attributes; they seem to absorb into their being something akin to the climate and environment. Those born and reared in a rugged, wild and bleak country are generally rugged, hardy and stern themselves, while those brought up in a rich, warm and genial climate and surroundings are themselves usually of a generous, easy-going nature. The London Evening Standard, of a recent date, discusses the subject and says: "In lands of the sun, where the earth offers the necessities and luxuries of life almost without labor, man is sapped of energy, and leads a lotos existence. No effort is demanded of him, and the capacity to do dwindles within him. He lolls sensuously in the lap of nature, a materialist and without ambition.

A temperate, bracing climate is the most healthy, both for body and mind. The strong air imparts force of character as well as power of limb. No one is superior to atmospheric conditions; it affects all, though sometimes unconsciously. Investigations in schools show that pupils are able to do their best work when the weather is cold, calm and clear. In large factories, it is stated that an unpleasant day will reduce the output by 10 per cent. Again, continued hot weather invariably brings forth a crop of crimes of passion, while the summer is also the season most prolific of suicide. Rain seems to exert a deterrent effect on crime, and fewer deeds of violence are committed on cloudy days than on bright ones.

Whatever there may be said to the contrary, the fact is undeniable that climate influences to a remarkable degree character and conduct.—Medical Record.

Improved Country Life.

SOME of the most active and brainy business and professional men in the cities came direct from the farms, without capital save healthy minds and stomachs and strong ambition. Being eager and able, they have worked their way to the top. And yet the fact must not be lost sight of that all country boys who go to the city do not succeed. Some of the poorest of the poor in the city are from the country. In the slums will be found those who abandoned farm life under the impression that a mere move in the city would mean good living if not wealth and ease. Such persons would not succeed anywhere. They have not the capacity for success.

Life in the country, on the farm, however, is not so isolated and cheerless as in former days. Good roads, the daily newspaper, the bicycle, the rural free delivery of mail, the improved country school, the telephone, the neighborhood church, have each contributed to lightening and brightening life in the country. The farmer and his family are now enabled to keep in touch with the outside world, and as a matter of fact are generally better informed with respect to current events of the world than the average city family occupying relatively a similar position as respects income and social status. Those who live in the country read and remember. Those who live in the city oftener than otherwise read and forget, because there are so many things to demand their attention. And the improvement of country conditions is steadily progressing. They are much better now than they were ten years ago, and they will be better ten years hence than they are now. This ought to have the effect of decreasing the drift from the country to the city, and it no doubt will do so. Meanwhile, we say let the country boys of brains and capacity come to the city. There is room and a demand for them. No city ever had too many country boys of the right sort. They are the mainstay of the country. May the rewards of their merit never be less!—Savannah News.

As to Inherited Wealth.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT is thus quoted in a London weekly paper: "Inherited wealth is a big handicap to happiness. It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality. If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his business he has constant use for it. But the man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction and the greatest, that of building the foundation of a fortune, is denied him. He must labor, if he does labor, simply to add to what may be an over-sufficiency."

Why should inherited wealth be "a big handicap to happiness?" Why must the possessor of it labor "simply to add to what may be an over-sufficiency?" Why should a man who gets millions from his father be unable to make himself the architect of his own happiness? Great wealth implies great care. It also implies an opportunity to do good that is denied to people of more restricted means. The opportunity to do good implies the certainty of a return in the truest and most lasting kind of happiness, the happiness that is born of doing unto others even as you would that they should do unto you. Instead of being "certain death to ambition" inherited wealth ought to give to ambition the very highest and noblest stimulation. It ought to encourage men who can think at all, to think less of themselves and more of others, to invest their money not with the desire of simply adding to what may be an over-sufficiency, but to add to the sum of human happiness and contentment by lessening the sum of human misery and ignorance. The rich man who spends his money, acquired either through inheritance or thrift, entirely upon himself and upon his immediate family, deserves to feel that the hypertrophy of his bank account is "a big handicap to happiness." If he wants to feel differently he may do so through a very simple and obvious choice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pete Might Have Proved an Alibi.

"Ah doan' b'lieve in convictin' any man on suhcumstanshal evidence," said the deacon to a New York Tribman.

"Dat's right," said Uncle Ned. "Ah knowed of a case mahself when Ah was a young man, many yeahs ago, where an innercent man was sent to jail fo' stealin' chickings what was tuk by anudder pusson. His name was Pete Jackson; he was a married man an' had a fambly, an' de fambly had a appetite fo' chickings, an' a farmer in de neighborhood had de chickings. Wal, de farmer missed chickings ebery wunst in awhile, an' he kep' his eye peeled, but he cudn't find out jes' who tuk 'em, only he 'spected Pete, case he was de neares' niggah. But one night when de farmer kem out of his house wif a shotgun he seen a man jes' gwine away from de chicking coop, an' he chased him. But de man was spry an' de farmer didn't cotch him, an' he los' sight of him somewheres in de dark, an' when he kem to de turn in de road he didn't know which way to go. But putty soon he seen a man runnin' an' he follered him along de twistin's an' turnin's of de road till de man kem to Pete Jackson's house. De farmer kotched him right at de door—de man was Pete Jackson—an' he yanked him along an' had him jugged. But Pete hadn't no chickings wif him when he was cotched, an' de farmer t'ought, mebbe, he was skeered away from de coop befo' he got any.

"But when de farmer zamined de coop he made sure dey was chickings missin' from de day befo'; an' in de mawnin' he went to Pete's house an' dere was Missus Jackson gittin' a chicking ready fo' dinner. De farmer cudn't understan' how she got dat chicking so quick from Pete, case Pete didn't have time to go into de house when he was cotched, but dem was de fac's in de case, an' Pete was sent up. He done tried to 'stablish a alleyby, but dey wudn't listen to him. So Pete did time fo' stealin' dem chickings what he nebbah stole."

"Am yo' shuah he wa'n't guilty?" asked the deacon.

"Shuah. Ah was wif him dat night, an' he didn't steal no chickings at all. He was in a graveyard gittin' de lef' hind foot of a rabbit, an' he done got it. When we was comin' home we heerd de noice of de farmer chasin' de man what stole de chickings an' we got skeered an' run, an' got sep'rated in de dark. Den de farmer mus' hab lost sight of de man he was chasin', an' den he sees Pete an' chases an' cotches him."

"But why didn't yo' go up an' relate de real state of de fac's?"

"Wal, Ah didn't s'pose dey'd b'lieve me, an' Ah was skeered dat if Ah said Ah was wif Pete dat night Ah might be wif him fo' de nex' six mont's."

"An' how do yo' account fo' de chicking what Pete's wife was cookin' de nex' mawnin'?"

"Wal, dat chicking an' anudder one Pete stole from an entirely diff'rint coop de night befo' he got in trouble, so his wife had chickings to cook fo' two days hand runnin'."

"But doan' de hull affair t'row some doubt on de prewailin' opinion dat de lef' hind foot of a rabbit am lucky?"

"Ah doan' know as it does. De jedge only gave Pete two mont's, an' ebery body t'ought he'd get six."

A VERY IMPOLITE DOG.

He Reminded Late Guests that It Was Time for Departure.

A man in New York State, writes a correspondent, is the owner of a small but pure-blooded Skye terrier, named Rex, whose intelligence is remarkable. Some of Rex's bright performances certainly are the result of reasoning power, which used to be regarded as the gift of the human family only.

Rex sleeps at the foot of his master's bed, upon a soft rug of his own. He is a dog of good habits, better behaved than many children, in fact; but, like a child, he insists upon his rights; his own spot before the fire, his own corner of the sofa, his own bed and, what is most interesting, his own bedtime.

Often in the evening when visitors remain beyond ten o'clock, Rex enters the parlor, walks anxiously about, and lies down in the very midst of the circle with a wearied air that cannot be mistaken. If the visitors still remain, he will rise and yawn, then mildly whine, and with rapidly wagging tail seek his master's side, and look expectantly up into his face, as if to say, "Why don't they go, so that we may retire?"

If all these tactics fail, he will drop his ears and tail and walk to the door, sometimes giving a sharp, cross bark, his whole manner indicating deep disapproval of such late hours.

Twice in his life he has done more than to hint at his wishes on occasions of this kind.

One wet evening a stranger, who was calling upon Rex's mistress, left his rubbers near the hall door. With the privilege of an old friend, his call was extended beyond the hour for Rex's retirement. As usual, the dog displayed his sleepiness and evident opinion that the gentleman was outstaying his welcome, but no notice was taken of him until, with an air of desperation, he marched into the parlor with one of the caller's rubbers, laid it at his feet, and then quickly returned for the other, which he placed beside it. Then, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, he backed off and stood looking at the stranger as if to say, "There! Do you understand that hint?"

His second exploit was even more remarkable. On this occasion a half-dozen people had been playing whist with his master and mistress. When the game was over, between ten and eleven o'clock, they still stood or sat about the room, engaged in conversation.

Rex was tired, and thoroughly out of humor. No one seemed to give a thought to him, and nothing that he could do attracted any attention. There were too many visitors to urge them all to depart by producing their overshoes, even if they wore them, but a brilliant idea came to him. He dashed up-stairs to the sleeping-rooms, seized his master's nightgown, which lay ready for use upon the bed, and dragging it behind him, spread it at his master's feet in the parlor below, in full view of the assembled guests.

This stratagem was a brilliant success, for, amid shouts of laughter and the consternation of the master, the callers said good night.

Curling Story.

An ostentatious curler said to the members of his rink:

"Don't you bother about cutting sandwiches. We'll take the bounce out of the other fellows. I have arranged with a farmer to send down a pot of Irish stew."

The dish, to the envy of the onlookers, arrived before the game was finished, and to keep it warm top coats were put over it. When the gun sounded "cease play" the party made their way to enjoy the special luxury, but on lifting the coats there was a hole in the ice the size of the pot, which had melted its way through the ice to the bottom of the loch.

The Largest of Creameries.

The people of Lincoln, Neb., boast of having the largest creamery in the world, not only in capacity for butter-making, but in the size of the plant and the floor space of the building.

Between the ages of 10 and 18, a boy's favorite threat with his mother is that he will leave home.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Postal Clerk—You'll have to put another stamp on that letter.

Miss Pert—Why?

Postal Clerk—Because it's overweight.

Miss Pert—But, gracious! Another stamp would make it still heavier.—Magazine of Humor.

Extra Careful with His Auto.

Johnson is very careful how he handles his new auto, isn't he?"

"Careful? Why, he's positively foolish that way. He's got so he won't run over a large man because of the jolt to the machinery."—Kansas City Journal.

A Matter of Weight.

She—Have you derived much benefit from cycling, Mr. Pounds?"

He—Oh yes. Why, I'm much thinner than I was!"—Punch.

A Writer of Nonsense.

"My dear friend, allow me to introduce to you Monsieur X., a man who writes more nonsense than anyone living."

"I see, he's a journalist!"

"No, he's a legislative stenographer."—Paris Figaro.

The Real Article.

"Well, Rudolph, you now have the opportunity of gazing on the great man-killer."

"But, old chap, I don't see any Bengal tigers around her."

"Who said anything about tigers? That little man on the corner is a chauffeur."

An Easter Chirp.

First Chick—Oh, you needn't put on so many airs. Your mother was not a lady.

Second Chick—Huh! My mother was a high-priced incubator, while yours was only a common old hen.

What Started the Scrap.

Larry—Oi'd hov yez to know thot me grandfather niver showed his heels on th' batthlefield.

Denny—Bedad, thin, Oi suppose he retrated backwards.

A Spell of Letters.

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end, spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell an I,
Pray, what is the speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell cide,
There's nothing much left for the speller to do
But to go and commit Siouxeyesighed.

Paying Election Bets.

He—Election time always helps my father's business.

She—Gracious! What is his line?

He—He's in the hat business.

In the Good Old Times.

Caller—Your grandpa must be a very old man, isn't he, Rudolph?

Little Rudolph—I should say so. Why, he remembers when parents used to take their little boys out in the woodshed to lick them.

Positively Brutal.

Husband—I wish I knew where I could find a buried treasure.

Wife—Never mind, dear, I'm your treasure.

Husband—Yes, but you are not buried.

Explained.

Mrs. Hauskeep—You said the job would cost $13. Here you've sent a bill for $14.

Painter—Yes'm. You see, I got to thinkin' over it afterward, and I thought you'd be superstitious about it.—Philadelphia Press.

Quick Reply.

"Please send me ten 'bucks,'" telegraphed the slangy college boy. The old man frowned and wired back:

"I don't own an Indian reservation. Apply to the Carlisle school."

Very Similar.

The lank individual drew his bony rag up before the dilapidated shanty.

"What caused the trouble, stranger?" he inquired.

"Any fool could see a cyclone had been along," growled the native with the brown pipe.

"Excuse me, stranger. I thought perhaps your wife had been housecleaning."

The Clever Cabby.

It was a busy thoroughfare in Edinburgh, and as the old lady was exhausted with the stir and bustle she hailed a passing cab. The driver was at her side in a moment. Opening the door, he stood back to allow the lady to enter.

She made one or two weak efforts, but was unable to mount the step, and at last, looking imploringly at the driver, she said:

"Help me in, my good man, for I am very old."

The driver gently assisted his fare into the cab, and then he gallantly said:

"Well, mem, nae matter what age you are, you dinna look it."

His fare was increased by a shilling when the old lady reached her destination. And he deserved it.—Answers.

Careful Tommy.

"Tommy!" cried Tommy's mother from the window, "didn't I tell you not to sit down on the damp ground?"

"Yes, mamma," returned Tommy, "I ain't doing it. I wiped this grass with a towel before I sat down."—Pittsburg Press.

Doing His Best.

"In order to be successful these days," remarked the west side philosopher, "a young man should apply himself constantly."

"That's me," rejoined the youth with the short-order salary. "I've been calling on an heiress every evening for three months."

Misunderstood.

"Sir, you look like an optimist. You have a happy countenance. Lend me a dollar."

"My friend, do you know why I look happy? It's because I haven't any wealth to bother me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Practice.

Mr. Gunner—I tell you this automobile is hard to control. I should have tried to manage something unruly before I called myself a chauffeur.

Mrs. Gunner (sweetly)—Why didn't you try the cook?

To Its Detriment.

"One thing can be said about our opera houses," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "too much attention seems to have been given to the acoustic properties of the boxes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Brain Work.

Doctor—You will have to stop mental work for a year.

"But, doctor, my income would cease. I write short stories for the magazines."

"Oh, well, you can keep right on at that."

Night Owls.

"Isn't it ridiculous to call servant girls 'domestics?'"

"Because they're mostly imported, eh?"

"No. I had in mind the fact that they never stay at home at night."—Philadelphia Press.

Advertising Trick.

"Yes," said the circus owner, "put in the program: 'Don't fail to see the wonderful hippopotamus.'"

"But suppose the hippopotamus doesn't arrive?" spoke up the advertising agent.

"Well, I guess you had better say 'hippo.' Then if the hippopotamus does not materialize we can say it refers to the hippodrome."

An All-Around Joke.

Helen—When you and Jack were sitting out on the porch last night what did your aunt say?

Ernie—She said it was cool and asked if I had anything around me. I told her yes; some heavy black cloth.

Helen—Ah, a shawl?

Ernie—No, Jack's coat sleeve.

Cause for Alarm.

"Say, doctor," exclaimed an excited man as he dashed into the pill dispenser's private office, "I want you to make an examination as to my sanity."

"What reason have you for believing yourself a candidate for the padded cell?" asked the M. D.

"Well, I happened to run across a package of letters this morning that I wrote to my wife during our courtship," was the significant reply.

To Complete His Education.

"Where's your boy going after he leaves the model school?"

"To some school that ain't model, I guess, to learn reading, writing and figures."—Judge.

Language.

Language is the subtlest instrument ever played on by man. Its variations are illimitable—that is, they are limited only by the powers of the human mind and soul, in all possible situations. The power of words or speech exceeds that of music, because language is more than music and even includes music. Language, in the hands of a master, is pregnant with every meaning.

A nation's language is at once an expression and a mold of its character, reflecting from century to century the development of its civilization and its advance in intellectual and moral culture, in learning and refinement. The flexible Greek tongue was the product and the instrument of the subtle Greek intellect. The distinctive qualities of the classic speech of the Roman declare the dignity and the virile energy which were inseparable from the old Roman.

The man who invests his coin in a get-rich-quick scheme seldom has to bother about making his will.

A crank is a man with a large hobby and a small conscience.