

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Dentists might be properly classed as root doctors.

Nearly every time a fool makes a kick some wise man gets the benefit of it.

If beauty is only skin deep that may explain why so many pretty girls are shallow.

Where there's a will there's a way—but in the majority of cases it is not the way you will.

An American telegraph has been installed between Rome and Naples. Where was Marconi?

It makes all the difference in the world whether you call it "mob law" or "popular self-government."

Mr. Corey has taken up his work as head of the steel trust. How long will it be before he has to take to a sanitarium?

There are many dirty roads to be crossed in life, but with a little patience you will always be able to find a clean crossing.

A farmer on Long Island has a hen with a record of 295 eggs. Of course he calls her "Macduff" to encourage her to "lay on." This remarkable fowl is valued at \$300.

One of our countrymen, returning after years of residence abroad, thus expresses the impression of "rush" in our living: "Europeans do the thing they are doing; Americans do the thing they are doing—and also the next thing."

Statistics show that the average amount of public schooling per capita in this country is 998 days. That is, there would be 998 days for each inhabitant if it were distributed around. Fifty years ago the average was 420 days and at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was but eighty-two days. The nation gives the school-children of today twelve times as much schooling as the youngsters received 100 years ago.

Garden nomenclature may be made a fascinating study for the summer months. Not only do botanical names "mean something," as a dictionary search for their derivatives will show, but the common English names are full of story. A visitor to a tropical garden recently asked why the "monkey-puzzle" was so named. "See these spines which cover the trunk of the tree thickly," explained a native, "sweeping the path." "The puzzle is how the monkey ever gets down."

Now that the farmers of the Northwest have begun to raise macaroni wheat the popularity of macaroni among Americans ought to increase. The Italians have long understood its value as a cheap and nourishing food, but its use in the United States has been confined chiefly to the large towns. With a hundred and fifty thousand acres of macaroni wheat in South Dakota alone last year, and macaroni mills in Minnesota and North Dakota, the food ought soon to be as common as potatoes on the country tables.

Statistics of immigration alone do not fully show the growth of the Canadian Northwest. One must include such figures as those which a Toronto Globe correspondent sends from Rosthern and Hague, two little towns in the Saskatchewan country, nearly six hundred miles from Winnipeg. Four years ago three car-loads of grain were shipped from these stations. Last year they shipped more than a million bushels, and this year, judging from the acreage under cultivation, the shipment will be one-fourth larger than that. The more workers, the more wheat. What wonder the Old World peoples flock to the continent that offers them food and a home!

Provided one can keep afloat a few minutes, and provided, furthermore, that somebody gives an alarm, to fall overboard in mid-ocean does not necessarily mean that one must drown. While a German liner was going at express speed the other day a crazed coal-passer jumped from the midship rail. Some one saw him, an alarm was raised instantly, the great vessel swung on her keel and a boat's crew got away, and in eight minutes from the time the poor fellow jumped he was in the life-boat. There need be no experimenting to test the efficiency of the arrangements for rescue; but since accidents do happen, it is comforting to know that such system and discipline are the rule of the Atlantic ferry.

One-third of the white voters of Breathitt county, Ky., are unable to read or write. That county has always had a deficit in its account with the State. Out of fifty-one felony cases on the docket at a single term of court there was not one conviction. There have been no convictions since the present governor went into office, but he has granted pardons in twenty-eight cases. That Breathitt county is "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky is not "abroad" there. It is hard to civilize people without schoolhouses. The courts hitherto have encouraged lawlessness by failing to punish. There are signs, however, that Breathitt county is beginning to realize that it has been disgracing itself and the State. What it needs to do is to hang a few of its murderers and build some schoolhouses. If it has courage enough to do this Breathitt county may redeem itself, and this may encourage some other Kentucky counties to do likewise. There are twelve counties in that State without a newspaper and without schoolhouses enough "to say so." You cannot gather figs from thistles.

There was a pure food law passed by Congress last year. This law forbade all persons to sell any dairy or food

products "which shall be falsely labeled or branded as to the State or territory in which they are made, produced, or grown." No particular department of the government was charged with the enforcement of this law. Secretary Wilson, however, thinks that it may be better suited to its purpose, and is making arrangements to rescue it from disuse and to put it into operation. Already manufacturers have begun to submit their labels to the department of agriculture for inspection. Of course if the article is described by the label as for consumption within the State in which it was manufactured it does not become an article of interstate commerce, and it does not fall within the scope of the federal law. Let it once pass any State boundary, however, and the department of agriculture will have the power to insist upon a truthful label. Label literature will have to be classed in the future with the literature of fact rather than with the literature of fancy, with history rather than with fiction. The word label will perhaps cease to be an exact antithesis for the word libel. Let all consumers give thanks.

Connection with a prosperous Sunday school in ample time for Christmas is the only thing which yields returns in any way comparable to the perquisites of the presidential office. The wealth of presents showered upon General Grant during his famous trip round the world has not yet been forgotten. In their intrinsic value they doubtless surpass the gifts received by any other person who has held the office, but in mere quantity the gifts which President Roosevelt has received are said to be already in the lead. Americans are always a generous and hospitable people. They like to entertain and they like to give, and particularly they like to give to their President. The largest turkey raised in the smallest State goes to the White House every Thanksgiving, and other turkeys from other States keep it company. Games, sippers and curios are constantly pouring in. But it is only when the President is on his travels that the gift dispensing mania has free play. It would need a long article to catalogue, as it took a large baggage-car to carry, the trophies of the latest Presidential trip. Not only did the States vie with one another in the value of their tokens, but they also strove to make them significant and typical. In the copper mining regions the President received beautiful articles made of copper; in the gold and silver mining States things made of the precious metals; and usually the gifts were happily conceived. Not always, however. Too often, just as the train is about to start, an old hunter dashes up, breathless, leading a depressed and bored-looking bear, which he presents to the President. Too often a delegation beams round the "largest pumpkin, ever raised in this State." The spirit of all this is admirable, and of course it is the spirit which counts; but one cannot help wondering if the custom may not make necessary another addition to the White House.

KILLED TO SAVE HER SOUL.
Strange Case of Frederick C. Fischer, the California Wife-Murderer.

Frederick C. Fischer, barber, preacher, political organizer, grand larceny thief, burglar, highwayman, bigamist, wife murderer—who was hanged at San Quentin prison for chloroforming, choking and burning his wife to death, at Riverside, Cal.—has been labeled "The Human Mystery."

The puzzling psychological features in his case consist of his undoubted sincerity as a church member and religious worker while he was also a thief, both in the East and West—for he has preached in every prison he has ever been in—and of his desertion of the wives he did not love and killing of the only one he cared for.

His story, verified in part, was that he told his wife he was a bigamist and

feared arrest, asking her to go away and remain in seclusion while he gave himself up and served his time, then he would rejoin her and they could live happily without a recurrence of the fear that was then overshadowing him. She refused, and, it was stated, told him she would commit suicide if he was arrested.

Fischer said he had figured from the Bible that not only is the soul of every suicide lost, but eternal damnation awaits those who cause others to kill themselves, hence, to save both their souls, he killed her and asked for and received forgiveness for himself. Experts found he was entirely sane—even exceedingly bright, and that he was mainly a man of humane tendencies—the kind of thief who returns plunder when he finds he has stolen from the poor.

Fischer was 31 years old. In the investigation of his case it was found that his parents, while also church people, encouraged him to steal as a child, and that his grandfather was a thief.

Incomes in England.
Of the 41,000,000 people in England more than half of them live on an income of less than \$12 a week, and the earnings of 7,000,000 of this number do not exceed \$6 a week for the family.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.



WHITEHALL REID.

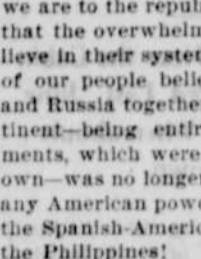
The things that made the Monroe doctrine have disappeared. Under such circumstances it may be easy after awhile for us to look over the Monroe doctrine again in the light of the present situation of the American continent and of our present necessities. We will certainly not abandon it; but we may find, if nobody is opposing us, that perhaps its extension quite so far beyond the original purpose of Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams as the fervor of our patriots has carried it may prove to be attended with wholly unnecessary inconvenience to ourselves.

China, or at any rate China and Russia combined, hold a position in Asia far more commanding than that of the United States in the three Americas. In both cases the governments are as absolutely committed to the despotic as we are to the republican idea, and there is no obvious proof that the overwhelming majority of their people do not believe in their system as much as the corresponding majority of our people believe in ours. Suppose China, or China and Russia together, had taken ground that the Asiatic continent—being entirely occupied by the existing governments, which were mostly in form and principle like their own—was no longer a field for colonization or conquest by any American power, and on that ground at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war had warned us off Manila and the Philippines!

If no foreign interference arises suddenly to affect the national judgment, it is at least among the possibilities that we may find two changes taking place in the national view of the ideas grouped under the popular term of the Monroe doctrine. We may see a considerable increase in the stringency of their application where our interest, clearly calls for them within the natural sphere of our influence. We may see them slowly moderated as to remote countries which under changed modern conditions are no longer exclusively within that sphere.

Toward the rest of the American continent, beyond the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, it may some day prove more convenient for us to assume less responsibility. A railroad through the three Americas will draw us more closely together. The currents of trade will change. The legitimate sphere of our influence will thus widen throughout those nations with the years; and it might be increased rather than diminished by a moderation of our extreme claim to interfere now with any exercise of their own sovereignty as to territory, government or otherwise, to which their calm judgment of their own best interests may bring them.

IMPORTANCE OF PRESERVING THE FORESTS.
By Theodore Roosevelt.

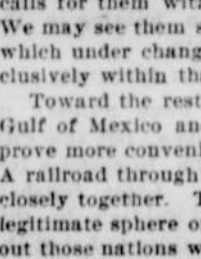


There is no body of men who have it in their power to-day to do a greater service to the country than those engaged in the scientific study of and practical application of approved methods of forestry for the preservation of the woods of the United States.

The forest problem is in many ways the most vital internal problem in the United States. The more closely this statement is examined the more evident its truth becomes. In the arid region of the West agriculture depends first of all upon the available water supply. In such a region forest protection alone can maintain the stream flow necessary for irrigation and can prevent the great and destructive floods so ruinous to communities farther down the same streams that head in the arid regions.

The relation between the forests and the whole mineral industry is an extremely intimate one; for, as every man who has had experience in the West knows, mines cannot be developed without timber—usually not without timber

EXPLORING A NEW RIVER.
Another White Space on Congo Map Being Filled in with Detail.

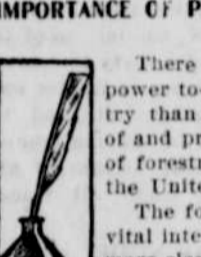


More than twenty years ago Savorgnan de Brazza carried a little steam launch overland between the headwaters of the large Ogovore river and the upper part of a river on the other side of the divide, a few miles away. The natives called this stream the Allina, and De Brazza believed it was a tributary to the Congo and that he might steam down the Allina to the upper Congo far above Stanley pool. His experiment was a great success. He descended the Allina about 400 miles and finally entered the Congo river where the great river is several miles in width. Then he floated down that river to Stanley pool, says the New York Sun.

Meanwhile, Stanley had been laboriously ascending the Congo, dragging his supplies around 235 miles of rapids; and when he reached Stanley pool he was much surprised to find the French flag floating on its northern bank. De Brazza had arrived before him and was founding the station of Brazzaville. Ever since that day a large white space has existed on the map between the Allina and the Congo. Explorers were too busy elsewhere to trace the rivers in the region. At last the Panama river, supposed to be the largest tributary of the Allina, has been partly explored and a portion of the blank space on the map has been filled.

Captain Scheerlinck, agent of the Commercial and Agricultural Society of the Allina, has ascended his Panama tributary for a distance of about eighty miles. The upper part of the river has also been explored, but no one has visited the middle portion. The river is about 200 miles in length, and Captain Scheerlinck found that for a part of the way it flows through a wooded region in which are numerous herds of elephants and buffaloes. The country is not densely populated, but there are a number of large settlements on its banks, where white trading stations have been established.

RISKED ALL FOR THE NEGRO.
Jonathan Walker, Known as "The Man with the Branded Hand."



The twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Jonathan Walker, "the man with the branded hand," made famous in song and story, was commemorated in Evergreen Cemetery, Muskegon, Mich., where a monument stands to his memory. Walker, who was commemorated in verse by John Greenleaf Whittier, risked his all for the black slave and went to his grave with the letters "S. S."—slave stealer—branded on his right hand, a grim reminder of the sentence of a judge.

He was born at Harwich, Mass., in 1790, and became a sailor at an early age. He remained on the ocean through his young manhood, and soon took a great interest in the slavery question. He believed that it was wrong to keep men subject, and had the courage of his convictions. He took an active part in several plans for helping the black

men, and in 1835 formed a compact with Benjamin Lundy for the establishment of an escaped slave colony in Mexico.

The men owned a small vessel, and with it they assisted the slaves to get away to the place of refuge. They followed this practice for some years, and Walker had many harrowing adventures during the time. He was finally captured in July, 1844, and tried before a court at Key West. He was convicted of slave stealing, and the judge sentenced him to pay a fine of \$4,200, suffer seven years in prison, stand in the pillory for one hour and

in the diplomatic service. Now through his influence he was stripped of honor after honor, and felt 'himself under the King's displeasure. He still remained, however, the colonel of the Sixth Regiment, and thus retained his standing and influence in military circles. The plot being hatched by the King and Queen for making Col. Lunjevich heir to the throne gave him the opportunity of organizing and directing the conspiracy, which not only gratified his feeling for revenge but changed the Servian dynasty. Col. Maschin is the minister of public works in the new government.

NEW IN SPOONS.
Several Kinds for Special Purposes Displayed in the Shops.



WALKER AND HIS MONUMENT.

Despite the many styles of individual spoons now in use, inventors are continually on the alert to supply some particular need or convenience.

A novel housewife's assistant is the measuring spoon, like the ordinary teaspoon in size, but marked in the bottom of the bowl with lines and figures to guide her in proportioning ingredients for cooking mixtures. The warning labels, one-half, one-quarter, one-eighth spoonful, are affixed just as on a measuring glass. The spoon is of sterling use in the making of gravies, of puddings, cakes, salads or any dishes of a nature requiring exactness in the seasoning.

The measuring spoon is to be had in grades to suit all purposes. This is the case, too, with the newly devised baby's spoon, which is a very practical improvement on the original.

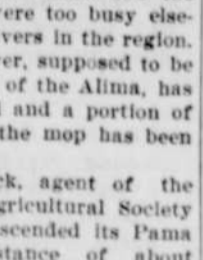
The bowl of the baby's spoon is shaped as usual, but the handle is curved backward and welded to the end of the bowl, forming a loop like the loop in the handle of a ring. The looped handle is just big enough for five small fingers to grasp, and a little fellow making first attempts to feed himself can get along much better with a spoon of this sort than one of ordinary pattern.

Then there is a new model moustache spoon, a special ice-cream spoon and an egg spoon for lifting poached or fried eggs from the dish. They fill a manifold need, showing the possibilities for additions to the spoon family, notwithstanding the enormous variety of styles and shapes already in use.

The Caddis and the Brook.
Then, what a wonderful collection of interesting things the brook contains! One of the queerest is that little bulging net of the caddis fly among the pebbles. The caddis is truly an insect fisherman, and its net catches a large variety of microscopic animals. Every one likes to watch them. Later our caddis leaves the brook, and we know it as a four-winged moth-like insect crawling up some grass or sedge or flying over the water.—St. Nicholas.

Those who work for the wages of sin try to postpone the day of reckoning.

THIRST FOR REVENGE.
Actuated Col. Maschin, the Leader of the Servian Revolution.



COL. MASCHIN.

It was thirst for revenge that actuated Col. Maschin, the leader of the revolution in Servia, in which King Alexander and his consort, Draga, perished. Col. Maschin was the Queen's brother-in-law, his brother, a Bohemian engineer, who died mysteriously in Belgrade, having been Draga's first husband.

Col. Maschin and Draga, never very friendly, had an open quarrel, and after Draga became Queen he began to feel her displeasure. He had been a man of much prominence in the state and had been

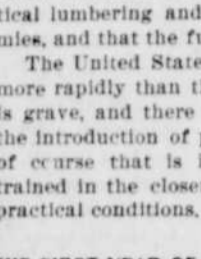
close at hand. The very existence of lumbering, of course—and lumbering is the fourth great industry of the United States—depends upon the success of our work as a nation in putting practical forestry into effective operation.

As it is with mining and lumbering, so it is in only a less degree with transportation, manufactures, commerce in general. The relation of all of these industries to forestry is of the most intimate and dependent kind. It is a matter for congratulation that so many of these great industries are now waking up to this fact; the railroads especially, managed as they are by men who are compelled to look ahead, who are obliged by the nature of their profession to possess a keen insight into the future, have awakened to a clearer realization of the vast importance of the economic use both of timber and of forests.

The forest resources of our country are already seriously depleted. They can be renewed and maintained only by the co-operation of the forester with the practical man of business in his types, but, above all, with the lumberman. And the most striking and encouraging fact in the forest situation is that lumbermen are realizing that practical lumbering and practical forestry are allies, not enemies, and that the future of each depends upon the other.

The United States is exhausting its forest supplies far more rapidly than they are being produced. The situation is grave, and there is only one remedy. That remedy is the introduction of practical forestry on a large scale, and of course that is impossible without trained men, men trained in the closet and also by actual field work under practical conditions.

THE FIRST YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.
By Helen Oldfield.



It seems strange that the first month of married life should be termed the honeymoon. So far from being wholly sweet, it is often fraught with bitter experience; lovers, however devoted, must adjust themselves to each other as husband and wife, and the process is not always pleasant. It is the general opinion of those who know that the first year of wedded life practically answers the question, "Is marriage a failure?" and the honeymoon begins the test. Any happily married couple of a dozen years' standing will doubtless acknowledge that the first weeks of their wedded life were those which were most uncomfortable. The man realizes that he is bound for good and all, while the bride, cut adrift from her old life, is nervous and shy, with the sensations of a cat in a strange garret. A plentiful stock of good humor is an excellent part of the equipment for a wedding journey. Annoyances vanish at a laugh, and if one can make merry over a mishap it ceases to be such. Men like to be amused, and a woman with a strong sense of humor has an immense advantage over one who is less gifted. As a rule men abhor tears; they either distress them beyond measure, or they make them angry, and neither phase of feeling is pleasant for themselves or others. When the matrimonial barometer sets for rain most men bolt, if possible.

The honeymoon must inevitably disclose many hitherto unsuspected phases of character. The lover who has seemed free handed to a degree may change into the husband who haggles over hotel bills and begrudges his wife a fire in her room upon a damp, chilly day. The girl who has been as demure as a rosebud may be careless and untidy when asked to depend entirely upon herself. The man who has not appeared to care what he eats may be the one who hates the waiter and scowls at his wife when the dinner is not to his taste.

The true secret of happiness in marriage, as in most relations of life, is unselfishness. To be effectual this must be mutual, but even when it is all on one side, it enables its possessor to keep peace, which is much, and, besides, it is a comfort when one has not one's self to blame. The love which seeketh her own only can scarcely be considered genuine affection, and the golden text for a young married pair is "in honor preferring one another."

Science AND INVENTION

A unique institution is the Pathological Museum at Berlin. This was established by Professor Virchow, and contains 23,000 preparations of a pathological kind, with elaborate arrangements for preserving, mounting and studying the specimens.

Electrical reactions have been found by Dr. A. D. Waller, of the University of London, to serve as a test of life in both animal and vegetable tissues. In this way he has just shown that bits of human skin for grafting preserve their vitality at least two days, often ten days, and probably sometimes much longer. As confirming this conclusion, it is mentioned that carefully preserved skin has been used after six months, sixteen transplantations out of twenty-two proving successful.

Some bacteria, large fungi and rotten wood are known to glow in the dark, but shrubs and flowering plants are not usually credited with the property of phosphorescence. Dr. H. Beckurtz, however, has lately discovered an old record of phosphorescence, in an Indian grass known to the Brahmins as "dhotishmati." The account is of much interest to botanists, but while the plant has not been identified with certainty, it is concluded that the observer was led into error by phosphorescent bacteria on the grass.

If a flower-pot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed, and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth. Recently Francis Darwin, in England, has succeeded in accelerating the tendency of a plant to curve upward when placed horizontally by subjecting it to the vibrations of a tuning-fork. He thinks the shock of the vibrations affects the movements of the starch grains.

When Mr. Marconi started his great power-station at Poldhu, in England, for the purpose of transmitting wireless messages across the Atlantic, many feared that the electric waves from this station would interfere with those of shorter range, used in communicating between ships and between shore and ship. Recently Professor Fleming has experimented with the Poldhu apparatus, and reports that his experiments appear to him to afford "a complete demonstration of the truth of Mr. Marconi's statement that the waves sent out from his power-stations do not and will not interfere with the reception of messages from his apparatus as placed on board ship."

The railway across the Andes, between Chile and the Argentine Republic, which was projected twenty years ago, is at last to be completed, the Chilean congress having recently passed a bill for the purpose. The loftiest part of the pass, which lies not far south of the great Andean giant, Aconcagua, and which has an elevation of 13,000 feet, is to be penetrated by a tunnel, which will serve both to avoid snowdrifts and to decrease the maximum elevation of the road. The terminals of the railway on each side of the pass are now within one day's travel by mule caravan from one another. This will be the first rail line to cross the South American continent.

THIS NEWSY A HERO.
Only a Child, Yet Cared for a Deserted Baby Five Days.

Few stories of the streets of Greater New York are more pathetic than that of a little shaver of a newsboy who "toiled in" a 4-months-old baby girl at a Brooklyn police station the other day. The newsboy had been lugging the deserted infant about and caring for it for five days before he felt impelled to pass up the burden that had been thrust upon his little shoulders.

On a raw and rainy afternoon the boy was selling his papers at his accustomed corner of Atlantic avenue, in Brooklyn, when a young man and woman, the latter carrying an infant, approached him.

"Hold this baby for a few minutes, son," said the man, taking the baby from the arms of the woman, who was weeping, "and I'll give you a quarter."

"Sure 'ting," said the newsboy, who really wasn't much more than a baby himself, although, as he afterwards put it, he'd been "hustlin' 'em 'grub" for several years.

The man deposited the infant in the newsboy's arms, and then the couple hurried around the corner, the woman still weeping. They didn't come back. The newsboy, holding the baby on one arm and his papers on the other, waited for them for hours. Then, as he subsequently explained, "I got wise that dey had done me, 'but I wasn't goin' 't shake de kid."

He got rid of all of his papers before the young one began to howl. The howling alarmed him a good deal, but he concluded that it was due to hunger. So he went into a bake shop and bought the baby a couple of sweet buns. He was a good deal puzzled when he found that the 4-months-old baby wouldn't eat such delicacies as sugared buns, and he scratched his little shock head a good deal over that situation. Then he suddenly remembered that warm milk was the thing for infants of the size of the one he was packing around. Out of his earnings he bought a baby's milk bottle and filled it with warm milk that he got at a little restaurant. The bottle and the milk made a hit with the baby girl, and she quieted down.

The newsboy was in the habit of sleeping in hallways, car sheds and unused cars, power houses, and old place that afforded warmth and concealment, but he felt that, with his new responsibility, "campin' out," as he expressed it, was out of the question.

"A feller couldn't carry de banner

wit' such a little kid as dat," he added.

So he chartered a bunk for himself and the baby in an eight-story Brooklyn lodging house. He tucked the young one under the quilts, warmed up more milk for it on the following morning and carried for it generally, and then set out to sell papers, with the baby on one arm and his papers on the other.

Thus he nurtured the waif for five days. Then he "went broke." His little reserve fund of pennies had been spent in "blowin' de little gesser"—his own words again. He didn't mind the constant gawping of his newsboy companions, but he found that the caring for the baby seriously interfered with his paper-selling business. So he reluctantly carried the baby to a police station.

"Baby, sarge," he said to the desk agent on duty, "take dis hard-luck kid off me han's, 'cause I'm all in. I ain't no 'nottin' doin' wit' me sthene I got de kid. It yells so much dat I can't sell me papes. But, say, sarge, youse won't give de kid none de water of it, will youse, hey?" he added, with great solicitude, and then he told his story of how he had come into possession of the milk of a girl.

The baby is now in a foundling asylum, and the stout-souled and tender-hearted newsboy is back on his Atlantic avenue corner selling his "papes." He is selling more of them, fourfold, than he ever sold before, and hundreds of persons who know the story of how he took care of the deserted baby for five days are telling him to "keep the change" these days.

NO WHET TO THE APPETITE.
Customs at West Virginia Hotel Not Conducive to Gormandizing.

There are districts in the West Virginia mountains where the people live in very primitive fashion. They live as did their fathers and do as they please, and, says one who has visited them, "don't care a darn, and when they carry goods use them with simple distinctions." The chief of the customs clan has been seen in that locality and tells of some interesting experiences: "I stepped into a lunch room at one of the mountain stations to get a cup of coffee.

"By the way, I believe that they've revived the war custom of making coffee out of sweet potatoes and burnt rye. You know the rye used to do that when they couldn't get the real thing. Anyway the lunch counter of fee had a yam flavor. To the right of me was an empty seat. The man who sat there just before had tried pie and did very well. At least there remained only crumbs and a knife covered with cherry juice. The man to the left of me was tackling a ham sandwich and he called for a knife to spread on some mustard. The waiter was a raw-boned mountaineer. He slouched forward and picked up the cherry-stained knife. First I thought he was going to swallow it, but he was really only licking off the stains, after which he wiped the knife on his apron—and delivered it to the ham sandwich chap. The latter looked at me and dropped the mustard lid.

"A stranger came in at this moment and called for a dozen oysters on the shell. A moment later I heard the small boy in a far corner yell to a long-gone mountaineer yell to a far corner, 'What set of shells? What set of shells?' grumbled the boy. Then air shells that I use for eisters! I love 'em at a purp down the hill the mawning,' sniffed the boy. The mountaineer vaulted over the counter, but the boy escaped. The former explained: 'I hain't a-got none of them air shells to put the eisters on. Catch that kid!'"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Discovered the Secret.
He is a young man with a base at who would not let anything surprise him for the world. As a matter of fact, he has traveled enough to surprise the States to be impervious to surprise. The other night was the exception, for when the young man boarded the train which was to take him to New York he found himself on a compartment sleeper.

The young man knows about bronchitis and how to eat aspirin, vinegar, and what is the proper thing to say when you tread on a woman's gown, but he didn't know about compartment sleepers, for he had never been in one before.

He was very much attracted by the prospect, however, and he looked over the ground ready to retire.

"This beats an upper berth all hollow," he muttered to himself.

Then, the porter passing near, he called to that functionary. "Come here," said he, "and tell me how to turn this on," pointing to a handle in the wall near the wash stand. "I have entirely forgotten how to screw the thing, and I'll be sure to want it in the morning."

The porter came on near smiling as a porter ever does. "Yesir," said he, "yessir, yo' turn hit on dis way. Hit's not a water spicket, yo' know; hit's a place to heat curling irons."

And after this the sophisticated young man went straight to bed, but he tells the joke on himself with much glee.—Baltimore News.

Kipling Cornered.
Mr. Rudyard Kipling's fondness for asking questions has led him occasionally into tight places. He once straggled into a bookseller's shop and commended to a turn over some volumes concerning as he did so.

"Is this good?" he asked, taking up George Moore's "Callithates."

"I don't know; I have not read it," replied the shopkeeper.

Kipling frowned. "And you don't read your own books?"

"To which the other answered tartly: "If I were a druggist, would you expect me to take my own drugs?"

Shipping California Oranges.
A commercial agent of the Japanese government is in California to make an experiment of shipping California oranges to Japan.

Natural headaches are not in the least of the acquired kind.

Some men take what is in sight and bustle for more.