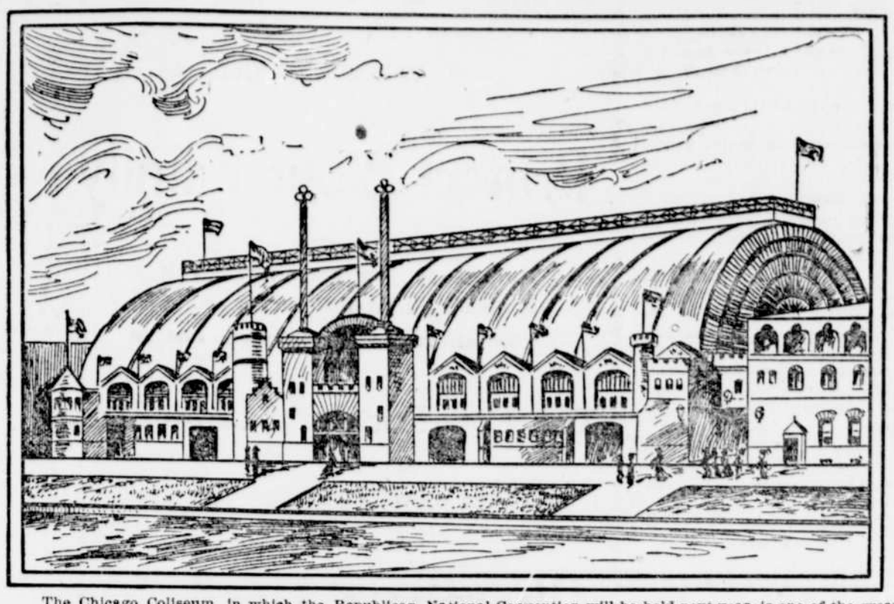
THE GREAT CHICAGO COLISEUM, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD



The Chicago Coliseum, in which the Republican National Convention will be held next year, is one of the greatest auditoriums in this country. It is built on the site formerly occupied by the Libby Prison War Museum, and the ornamental outer wall of the building is the same which surrounded the museum. The seating capacity of the building is about 15,000. A part of the main floor space only will be necessary for the accommodation of the delegates, and the remainder of this and the enormous galleries, extending entirely around the building, can be utilized for visitors. The building is located within a few minutes' walk of the center of the city, one block from Michigan avenue and four blocks from the lake. It cost $500,000 to build, and was completed in 1900, and opened for the National Grand Army encampment of that year.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

You are going to do great things, you say—
But what have you done?
You are going to win in a splendid way,
As others have won;
You have plans that when they are put in force
Will make you sublime;
You have mapped out a glorious upward course—
But why don't you climb?

You're not quite ready to start, you say;
If you hope to win
The time to be starting is now—to-day—
Don't dally, begin!
No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;
You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set—
But try it and see.

You are going to do great things, you say,
You have splendid plans;
Your dreams are of heights that are far away;
They're a hopeful man's—
But the world, when it judges the case for you,
At the end, my son,
Will think not of what you were going to do,
But of what you've done.

—S. E. Kiser.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

THE sun was slipping behind the fringe of trees across the field when Zeb Fulton reached the end of the rows. With an effort he straightened himself. The hoe fell to the ground. He unwound a red handkerchief from about his neck, wiped over his face, and, turning, let his eyes wander over the patch of cotton. Something like a groan escaped him. It looked a hopeless task; excepting for a few dozen rows that he had hoed, cotton could scarcely be seen in the rank weeds.

Zeb Fulton had moved into the Gibtown neighborhood, in the early winter, from the Clear Creek country. There he had owned a small farm; but, his wife falling sick, he had mortgaged it that he might pay doctors' bills. A crop failure forced him to turn over the farm to his creditors. With an invalid wife and four helpless children it had been difficult for him to rent a farm. Land-owners wanted men that had a "good force of hands." The cabin and little hillside patch was the best he could do. Under favoring circumstances it did not promise much; hampered as he was it looked almost hopeless.

He walked slowly toward the cabin. As he climbed the fence between it and the field the children came running to meet him. The tired look vanished from his face as they clung to his trousers and reached up for his hands. The smallest, a toddling baby, he kissed and lifted to his arms. The group entered the cabin. Fulton sat down by the bedside, the baby on his knee.

"How have you been resting, Mollie?" he asked, a shade of anxiety in his voice.

There was a movement in the quilts; a thin hand was stretched out to him. Fulton took it tenderly between his rough palms.

"Zeb, I'm so much trouble. How tired you must get worrin' with the children, the cooking, tending the crop, and me such a burden—an'———"

"There, don't talk any more, Mollie. You've had a bad day. You mustn't feel that way. I'll hurry the supper and gallop over and see the doctor."

"No, Zeb, don't; you can't afford it, and it'll be of no use."

"Don't, Molly, don't — that's what hurts. You mustn't give up. The doctor will pull you through all right, yet."

He leaned over and kissed the pale brow.

"There, now, see if you can't get some sleep while me and the children cook a bite."

He took the children into the shed-room and closed the door. A fire kindled and supper placed on the stove, he took down the milk pail and went down to some thatched stalls to milk and feed the cow, the children following at his heels.

Dr. Gaines and the village preacher, Zora Pertil, were engaged in conversation when Fulton reached the doctor's office that night. So it happened that the Rev. Pertil learned of Fulton's sick wife. The next morning he drove out. It was late in the day when he reached the cabin, and Fulton had already gone to the field.

The minister didn't remain long. After speaking a few words to the sick woman and the children, he prayed and took his departure. He saw at a glance that other things than prayers and words of sympathy were needed. He spent the morning visiting neighboring farms. When he returned home, late that evening, tired with the day's work, he felt that it had not been in vain.

At noon, when Fulton was told of the preacher's visit, he said nothing, but a queer expression came on his face. Whether of approval or resentment it was hard to tell.

The next morning he was clearing away the breakfast dishes and trying to quiet a fretful child when he chanced to glance out of the door. He was almost startled. A dozen men were hoeing industriously in the cotton patch. He stood for some minutes regarding them, dazed. He was not a hard man, and, touched by the unexpected show of kindness, a tear came into his eye; rolled down his cheek, splashed on the plate he was drying. In a moment he was ashamed of the weakness and quickly brushed all traces of it from his eye. He hung up the dishpan, washed the baby's face, and entered his wife's room.

"Molly, we'll have company for dinner," he said, as he began to tidy the room. "The neighbors are hoeing in the cotton."

There was a little smothered cry of joy.

"I'm so glad for you, Zeb."

Fulton picked up his hoe and walked toward the men. They saw him approaching. One of them stepped out to meet him.

"We've treated you shabby, Mr. Fulton," he began. "We didn't know just how you were situated till the parson rode roun' yesterday an' tole us."

"I'm shore I 'preciate yore kindness," returned Fulton, as he began to chop into the weeds industriously.

"I 'low you needn't work to-day," continued the man. "We'd rather you'd stay with yer wife. We'll git over the patch 'gin night 'thout yore help."

Fulton threw his hoe to the fence corner and returned to the house. The wives of the men had arrived in his absence. When he entered the cabin it presented the appearance of having undergone a general renovating. There was snowy linen on the bed, and it was wheeled to where his wife, dressed in a clean wrapper, could look through the sunshine across the valley. A faint color had crept into her cheeks and brightness into her eyes. The children, with clean dresses and faces, looked tidier than for many a day. The baby sat on a quilt on the floor playing with a new rag doll.

Some of the women were in the kitchen getting dinner that they had brought, and behind the shed he could hear the sound of scrup-boards as others busily washed the soiled clothes that had accumulated in the house for weeks.

Fulton glanced about him dubiously, not knowing just how to adjust himself to the situation.

"Now, jest sit down by yore wife an' rest to-day," said one of the women, stepping in from the kitchen. We're shore ashamed for bein' so onneighborly. Guess you think we're a hard set 'bout here, an' not without cause. We ain't makin' no excuse, but spring's been so late, an' been so much rain, an' the men folks so behin' with ther crops, we jest ain't had no time to think o' anybody but ourselves. The parson come over yesterday an' tole us we ought to be ashamed, an' we air. You'll not hold it 'gin us, will you, Mr. Fulton?"

"I'm shore I 'preciate yore kindness," said Fulton, awkwardly pushing a chair to the side of the bed.

"Yes, do set down an' rest. You shorely must be petered out with all the work you've had to do."

The door closed and Fulton was left alone with his wife. The baby still cooed over the rag doll. He sat in silence, holding his wife's hand, his eyes rested on the men in the field and the baby on the floor.

The next Sunday morning, Fulton, the baby on his knee, sat on the doorstep looking across the valley to where the housetops and spire of the village church had glistened in the sun. He had been gazing some time through the shimmering air that lay over the fields, when he turned and spoke to his wife.

"Molly, would you mind if I leave you a couple of hours with the children?"

"Why, no, Zeb; but where are you going to-day?"

"I thought I would go over and hear the parson."

Again the sun was sinking behind the fringe of woods along the ridge. The trees made long black shadows across the cotton patch, now white as a field of snow, with its millions of bursting bolls.

Fulton and his wife stood by the fence viewing the promising prospect. The baby played about its mother's knee, and the children gazed out over the fields toward the golden sunset.

Fulton put his arm about his wife and drew her closer to him. As he kissed the upturned brow the sun gilded for a moment their bared heads.

"Molly, when the crop's sold," he was saying, "we'll buy back the little Clear Creek farm."

The baby clapped its hands and laughed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEARLY $200,000,000 WILL BE REQUIRED TO COMPLETE THE PANAMA CANAL

It is estimated that it will cost the United States $184,233,358 to acquire and complete the Panama canal, besides the amount to be paid to the government in control of the isthmus for the concession.

Already there has been an immense amount of money and energy expended on the canal. It is safe to say that a sum more than sufficient to dig a waterway from ocean to ocean at sea level has been collected from investors at different times in its history.

When De Lesseps organized the first company in 1880 for the construction of the canal, it started work with a paid-up capital of $60,000,000. For eight years the company toiled, employing at times as many as 15,000 men. Then came a necessity for changing the plans and the company failed, after having collected in round figures from the sale of stock and bonds $260,000,000. Of this it was shown that the expenditure actually made on the isthmus amounted to $15,400,000, and that the cost of excavation and embankment proper was $88,800,000. The ultimate cost was then estimated as $174,600,000. For several years an effort was made to capitalize a new company to complete the work, and at last, in 1894, the present Panama canal company was organized with a paid-up capital of $13,000,000. Since that time work has advanced at the rate of about 1,000,000 cubic yards of excavation each year.

The total amount of excavation up to the present time has been about 81,000,000 cubic yards. Unfortunately only about 40,000,000 cubic yards of this is available for the waterway proposed in 1899-1900 by the canal commission, of which Rear Admiral Walker was president. The Walker commission's recommendations included this available excavation in the $40,000,000 to be paid the canal company for its work, maps, records, drawings and the property of the Panama Railroad Company. The commission estimated that the total amount of excavation which would be required for the canal to be built from its plans, exclusive of that for the Bohio dam and Giganti spillway, would be 94,863,703 cubic yards. The work remaining to be done, therefore, represents the difference between the amount of available excavation which it will acquire by purchase from the Panama Canal Company, or nearly three-fifths of the entire work. It is estimated that the cost of this work will be $144,233,358, in addition to the sum to be paid to the present owner of the property. By the time it is completed more than $450,000,000 will have been obtained in one way or another for use in building the canal, while nearly $312,000,000 will have actually been spent in connection with its construction and administration.

It was the intention of the Panama Canal Company to make the canal 29.5 feet deep. The increased dimensions of steamers now being built has made it necessary to plan for a much deeper canal, and the Walker commission's plans are for a waterway thirty-six feet deep.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JEALOUSLY IS NO PROOF OF LOVE.

By Helen Oldfield.

If jealousy be proof of love, that love is love of self. It rushes eagerly to sacrifice the supposed object of its deep and absorbing affection upon the altar of its own vanity and selfishness, and never hesitates to drag the so-called sovereign of its heart captive at the chariot wheels of its caprice. A great love must of necessity be unselfish, too full of the beloved to think of self, prizing all its talents and possessions, great or small, only as something to offer with itself. Love is slave as well as king, and serves faithfully, joyfully, taking pride in its humility, and ready always to sacrifice itself with alacrity for the use and behoof of the beloved. There may be some men, and more women, who, upon making the bitter discovery that the heart which they coveted for their own had been given to another, have not only put their own claims unselfishly aside but have also done what they could to make the person so dearly loved happy with that other. Can any one deny that such affection, counting its own happiness as naght in comparison with that of its object, is far more pure and devoted than the self-seeking passion which claims everything as its own, and begrudges even the crumbs which fall from its table—the mad desire which has been sung by poets, and which nowadays occasionally figures in the police courts as preferring to slaughter the object of its fierce devotion rather than relinquish it to another? No; a thousand times no! Unselfishness is the strongest proof which love can give in evidence of its own truth and sincerity.

There is a faint shadow of apology in the case of the mother—the natural pang of "to bear, to rear, to lose," the giving way to another. And there is far too much truth in the old adage, "Your son is your son till he gets him a wife." It cannot be denied that wives are far more likely to be touchy, not to say jealous, of their husbands' mothers, than mothers are with regard to their sons' wives. Mother love is, or ought to be, the most unselfish sentiment upon earth, and it is to be hoped and believed comparatively few mothers would condemn their sons to lonely lives in order that they may keep them all to themselves until the inevitable day comes when they must leave them. But for the sister's jealousy there is no possible excuse. What right has any sensible woman to expect her brother to keep single for her sake? Yet time and again all sorts of family differences and quarrels arise purely from bitter opposition to a brother's choice of a wife. Nor—singular fact—is it by any means the case that the women who keenly resent their brother's thoughts of marriage are willing to give up matrimony on his account. On the contrary, they are ready and willing to say "Yes" to the first fairly good offer; nay, sometimes are already engaged or even married, in which latter condition of affairs they are selfish for their children as well as themselves.

THE GROWTH OF HUMANITARIANISM.

By John G. Shortall, President of Illinois Humane Society.

The conflict that has been going on for so many centuries between the forces of kindness and cruelty, of barbarism and civilization, still continues. The last 100 years has seen the greatest progress in the practical development of humane sentiment. Animals ceased to be merely the property of their owners but became through the development and application of the divine emotions of mercy and justice clothed with certain inherent rights. The most notable public recognition of the evidence of this humane sentiment occurred when Lord Erskine stood up in his place in the House of Peers in 1811 and in gentle and appealing tone pleaded the cause of justice to the lower animals. Side by side with Lord Erskine stood that great apostle of kindness, Richard Martin, who then represented the County Galway in both the Irish and British parliaments, whose boast was that between his entrance gate and his hall door lay thirty good Irish miles. Upon this vast estate the first humane society took form, for cruelty was punished by 'Humanity Martin," he being himself judge, counsel and jury, and the offender was either committed to jail on the spot or received adequate punishment at the hands of "Humanity Martin" himself.

The late Henry Bergh, of New York, in 1866, thirty-two years later, founded the New York society; in 1868 the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania societies were organized, and in the following year the Illinois Humane Society was chartered by the State and organized. Now there are few of our sister States in which protection is not given to helpless animals and children by legislative enactment and the organization of humane societies thereunder.

These societies have always encouraged that mode of education of children known as bands of mercy, and in this interest nearly every public school in Chicago has been visited and such bands of mercy formed. The continuance and efficacy of such bands necessarily depend upon the interest of the teachers in and their devotion to the humane cause. Chicago has two ambulances with horses and a most competent man in charge for the relief and transportation of suffering animals.

At an early day the society began the erection of street fountains, of which there are now over sixty in convenient places throughout the city of Chicago, ministering to the wants of man and beast, and for two or three years the society undertook the administration of the city dog pound. There exists the utmost cordiality between this society and all its correspondents. The grand sum of all this humane work that is proceeding everywhere to-day throughout the civilized world it would be impossible to estimate.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CAPITAL AND LABOR SHOULD BE FRIENDLY.

By Senator Marcus A. Hanna.

M. A. HANNA.

If there are men who from force of circumstances and their environments do not feel competent to decide questions of interest for themselves, for that class organization is a good thing, and it is a good thing to have leaders. Dignify labor by conservative action and by choosing as representatives men who fully appreciate and fully understand both sides of the question, men who do not feel it to be their duty to go into a fight for the sake of a "scrap."

My proposition is, first, that the interests of capital and labor are mutual; second, that because of the greater experience and, if you please, greater intelligence of the employers as a whole, it makes their responsibility greater, and they should go more than halfway.

CURE FOR THE TRUST EVIL.

By Governor Cummins of Iowa.

GOV. CUMMINS.

It is my firm belief that if all corporations are so organized that the aggregate par value of their bonds and stocks is limited to the actual value of the capital contributed to the corporation the trust question will not long vex the people of the United States. The corporation or association that is brought into existence for the express purpose of suppressing competition by the purchase or consolidation of independent plants covering the whole field and that proposes to destroy the force of potential competition by the same method is a vicious and unlawful combination, and all the powers of government should be employed for its annihilation.

NEXT TO ALICE ROOSEVELT.

Miss Enid Shaw Takes a High Place in Washington Society.

Over 1,000 invitations were sent out for the brilliant function in Washington, when Miss Enid Shaw, daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, was introduced into society. The President and his family, together with the official world of the capital, were present to welcome the Iowa girl into the charmed circle of Washington's upper tendom.

MISS ENID SHAW.

Miss Shaw is a young woman of attractive appearance and bears a strong resemblance to her distinguished father. She has dark-blue eyes and wavy brown hair, with an exquisite pink and white complexion. Last year she graduated, after a five years' course, from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, from which her father many years before graduated. It is a co-educational institution. She then traveled in Europe, perfecting her French and German, both of which languages she speaks fluently.

Miss Shaw is now the ranking young woman in Washington society under Miss Alice Roosevelt, and will come in for a large share of social attention.

A Visible Argument.

Some uneducated people are victims of the fallacy that because there are graduates of colleges who are unworthy of the institution that has tried to do so much for them, therefore colleges are bad. The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt relates in his spirited autobiography an incident in which he corrected one man's prejudice.

While I was acting as agent for Lafayette College I applied to a wealthy merchant for a donation, and also urged him to take a scholarship and have his sons educated. I found him so strongly confirmed in the opinion that a college education is but the road to worthlessness that I desisted from arguing with him.

After dinner I proposed a walk. We made a thorough visit to the wharves, grog-shops and hotels of the place.

After supper I remarked, "What a pity that so many of the worthless, idle nuisances we have seen in our walk to-day have spent their time and their father's money in colleges!"

"Colleges!" said he. "Why, there is not a college boy among them? They are ignorant; their parents do not go to church nor read the Bible. Colleges, indeed!"

I had him. "You see, then," I said, "that young men may be ruined without a college education. I admit that educated boys may be ruined, not in consequence of education, but rather in spite of it. Statistics show that a smaller proportion of college students become worthless than of any other class of young men in the country."

FAMILY TRAVELS 1,500 MILES TO CHICAGO IN BIG WAGON

THE COVERED WAGON. MR. PRATT AND FAMILY.

Walter J. Pratt, a former Wyoming rancher, reached Chicago the other day with his family after a 1,500 trip from Rock Springs, Wyo., in a covered wagon. It took Pratt just seven weeks to make the journey. He was a cattle rancher and after selling his ranch he decided to move East, and to make the trip in true Western style. A covered wagon was secured and he immediately proceeded to make it ready for the journey. A spring bed was fitted to the rear of the wagon, and a stove, table and all the necessary articles they had use for were placed in the vehicle.

Two of Pratt's best horses were hitched to the wagon and then the trip commenced. The travelers stopped only to feed and rest the horses. In the evening the horses were unhitched and allowed to roam the prairies. Stops were made at all cities to get supplies. Pratt is the possessor of a valuable farm near Higgins Lake, Michigan, and after a short stay in Chicago started for that locality with team, wagon and family.

NO WATER MAY BE NEEDED.

Agricultural Department Considers the Problem of Dry Farming.

It is probable that in the near future it will be possible to raise good crops without either natural or artificial irrigation. As is apparent to everyone, even the most liberal system of irrigation will not exhaust the available arid and semi-arid regions of the west, as even when irrigation has been applied to its utmost limits there will remain some millions of acres of fertile land that adjoins these reclaimed wastes. The lands lie principally between the one hundredth and the one hundredth and twentieth meridians and comprise areas over which there is a deficient rainfall, with no available neighboring sources of supply which might be brought to them even by canals.

But the department of agriculture has other resources to fall back upon. If the customary crops require water why not develop new crops that can be grown dry? This, in substance, is the problem the bureau of plant industry has set for itself. Dry land farming or "dry farming" is the name of this unique scheme. Just now the world is being searched for industrial plants that can sustain life and mature crops with a minimum of water and an elaborate life study of all such plants is under way.

Oldest Family in the World.

Of the 400 barons in the British House of Lords about a dozen of them date back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family in Scotland, 1093. The Campbells, of Argyle, began is 1190. Talleyrand dates from 1199, and Bismarck from 1270. The Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, 1066; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book in Mecca by a chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants. In China there are many old families, also among the Jews. But in point of pedegrees the Mikado of Japan has a unique record. His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present Mikado is the 122d in the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar 666 years before Christ.

The Pope's Sleeping Car.

Although the pope never travels he owns a sleeping car, which was constructed in 1868, when the line from Rome to Naples was opened. It will be exhibited at the Milan exhibition in 1905 to inaugurate the Simplon tunnel. There are three compartments—a throneroom, a car for the guard of honor and a bedroom. The throneroom is richly furnished and has a cupola engraved with the papal arms and the twelve apostles. The carriage is so arranged that the pope when seated on his throne is plainly visible and can give his benediction to the crowds at the stations. The sleeping car is divided into three parts—bed, bath and dressing rooms—which are hung with yellow and white, the papal colors. The bed is of ebony and ivory.

Irate Father—Ah! how is it I catch you kissing my daughter, sir? Answer me, sir; how is it? Young Man—Fine, sir, fine!—Philadelphia Ledger.

No man is always right—and if he is a married man it's ten to one that he's never right.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Fond Parent—I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work. Dropped Junior—Yes, they encored my sophomore year.—Princeton Tiger.

Caller—Your sister is a long time making her appearance, Johnny. Johnny—Yes, she's got to make it, of course, 'fore she comes down.—Chicago Tribune.

"His wife has been the making of him." "Why, he doesn't seem to be much." "That's it. She has made him perfectly miserable."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?—Detroit Free Press.

The Mother—Bobbie, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong? Bobbie—Yes'm; but I don't believe everything I hear.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it hanged if the girl didn't marry me."—Chicago Post.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?" "Have the meals ficker together," replied the greedy young man.

Farmer Ragweed—Has Bill learned anything tew college? Mrs. Ragweed—No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork.—Chicago News.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I'm sure of it. Patient—So you are very familiar with the disease? Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

Miss Muddle—I wish I knew of a really good way to preserve my complexion. Miss Snappe—If you keep the box in a cool place it will be all right, won't it?—Philadelphia Press.

Jonathan—I say, Britisher, can you spell horse? Englishman — Orse? Why, certainly. It honly takes a haitch and a ho and a har and a hess and a he to spell 'orse.—Kansas City Journal.

"Within the last decade," remarked the progressive citizen, "woman has gained considerable standing in the business world." "Yes," rejoined the female breadwinner, "especially in the street cars."

Teacher—You notice that boy who stands at the foot of the class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school. Committeeman—He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove!

Mrs. Knox—So you met Mrs. Tomlyn to-day. What did she say? Mr. Knox—Nothing. Mrs. Knox—You surprise me—she usually talks an awful lot! Mr. Knox—Oh, she did that today, of course!

Missus—We're going to give a dance on Friday, Jane, and I want you to do all you can to help us. Jane—Well, mum, I'm afraid I ain't much good at that sort of thing. I only know a barrel organ jig and a cake walk.

Mrs. Ascum—Did you see Mrs. Locutte at the ball? Mr. Ascum—Yes, Mrs. Ascum—She was dressed entirely in white, the paper said. Is that so? Mr. Ascum—Well—er—no, she didn't appear to be dressed entirely.—Philadelphia Press.

"Seen Ezry's new horse?" asked one citizen of another. "I have," was the reply. "Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner, impatiently. "Well, he looks," said the other man, slowly, "as if Ezry had taken him for an old debt."—Christian Register.

"Who's the slowest man you ever knew?" "A chap in New York. He fell out of a third-story flat window and did not reach the ground for an hour." "How was that?" "He caught in a tree at the second story and went in to visit some friends."—Detroit Free Press.

"I don't believe in paying fancy prices for custom-made clothes," said Kloseman. "Now here's a suit I bought ready-made for seven dollars. If I were to tell you I paid twenty dollars for it, wouldn't you believe it?" "I might if you told me over the telephone."—Philadelphia Press.

Blobbs—What a touchy little chap Hotspur is—he's always ready to take offense. Sharpe—I've known him when he wouldn't. Blobbs—When was that? Sharpe—When we were following the Atherstone hounds. He'd always rather go half a mile round—sooner than take a fence.

"One week from to-day, Uncle John, I will be a married man. Yes, in seven short days I will be initiated into the mysteries of matrimony." "No mysteries about it, my boy. It is just the plain, simple rule of three." "Rule of three? Eh—what three?" "Wife, mother-in-law, and hired girl."—Kansas City Journal.

"Are you sure you really and truly love me, John?" asked the fair bunch of home-grown sweetness. "Sure, I'm sure," replied the he end of the transaction. "But Tom loves me, too," persisted the fair party. "He said he'd gladly lay down his life for me." "Oh, all right," answered John. "If you want a dead man you're his and he's it."—Chicago News.

Fine Tax Dodger.

German imperial authorities have secured a fine of $12,500 from the heirs of a German manufacturer on the ground of his having understated his income and so paid too low a tax during several years of his lifetime.

Not Quite as Bad as Reported

Madge—They say your mother takes in washing?

Marge—No such thing; she hasn't come to that yet. She only goes out washing.—Boston Transcript.

We can all find reasons why other people shouldn't make mistakes.