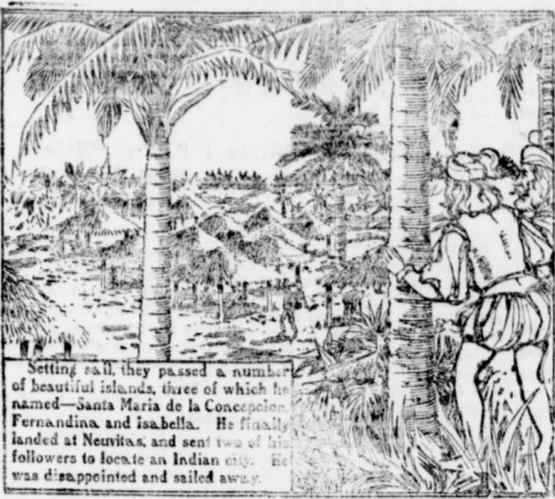


THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



Setting sail, they passed a number of beautiful islands, three of which he named—Santa Maria de la Concepcion, Fernandina, and Isabella. He finally landed at Neivitas, and sent two of his followers to locate an Indian city. He was disappointed and sailed away.

FIND A STONE AX AND A VASE.

The Puffolo's Trip.

A Puffolo made him a boat of a pillow and went out to sail on the bounding billow. His sail was a sheet, Exceedingly neat, And his mast was a withering, wavering willow.

The Puffolo sailed till the ocean grew bubbly, And the sea was becoming quite hilly and bubbly; The waves rolling high, Would make any one cry, and the Puffolo looked very timid and trouby.

Till he saw coming toward him a whale who was drooping, A very magnificent red and green wagon; The whale was quite fat, And wore a straw hat, And in his left fin he was holding a flagon.

"Hello," said the whale, with a jocular chirrup; "To your rescue I'll fly in the shake of a stirrup. On condition, dear sir, That this boon you'll confer: Fetch, fill this small flagon with kerosene slurrup."

The Puffolo turned very pale and then taller, And his boat seemed to grow rather smaller and frailer. He never had heard Of the slurrup preferred, And things looked quite dark for the poor little sailor.

But he said: "Would you just as soon have, my dear whale, Petroleum treacle? I lunch on it daily." The whale said, "Why, yes, I'd like it, I guess." So the Puffolo rode home serenely and easily.

—Carolyn Wells.

YULETIDE IN SERVIA.

The Poor Save For Months to Buy Their Christmas Pig.

In Servia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the wood and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect that he can find. He brings it in, saying, "Good evening and a happy Christmas," to which these present reply, "May God grant both to thee and mayest thou have riches and honor." Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is planted upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The national dish in Servia is poria. The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.

A French Deputy's Poy.

A French deputy receives a salary of 6,000 francs (\$1,800). He also receives free railway transportation and free luncheons at the bar of the Palais Bourbon, where many a lawmakee spends more time than he does in the Salle des Seances. Some are accused of taking all their meals at the free lunch counter. A deputy even gets, at reduced rates, a special brand of cigars which is called "cigare de deputes." With these cigars he treats his influential constituents. In spite of all these privileges, there have been many complaints that unless he has a large personal income, a deputy cannot live decently. Therefore many members of parliament when they are not well-to-do have to make up for the insufficiency of their pay by contributing to newspapers or pleading in the courts.—Century.

Look Higher.

Never cultivate second or third rate folk except for artistic purposes. Meet them, if you must; leave them when you can. You need expect nothing from them that they can conscientiously withhold, for they are after your goods while keeping a strict and jealous watch upon their own. All you can get from them is material, never any spiritual, intellectual, wise, sane or moral or helpful messages.

Just Like a Woman.

"She's running a correspondence school; teaches the secret of success." "Just like a woman to tell secrets."—Detroit Free Press.

A School For Cats.

What do you think of that? The school does not exist in fairyland, but in the midst of the city of Paris. Professor Bonnetty is very fond of cats, and has actually started a school for them.

His pupils are generally stray cats that no one wants; he takes them, keeps them in a large room and feeds them well. He does not immediately begin to teach them, but watches them to form some idea of their character.

He feeds them on bread and milk and liver, and it is surprising to see how the most miserable, starved looking cat under his good treatment turns into a beautiful, sleek pussycat fit for any lady's drawing room. These cats are taught to jump through hoops, over chairs, to climb over very high poles, to walk the tight-rope, etc. All these lessons are taught by kindness. Professor Bonnetty never has to punish his pupils; he depends on their affection, and can do with them what he likes.

The Test of a Lady.

A little girl from a crowded tenement house was delightfully telling a friend in the college settlement about her new teacher.

"She's just a perfect lady; that's what she is," said the child. "Huh! How do you know she's a perfect lady?" questioned her friend. "You've known her only two days." "It's easy enough telling," was the indignant answer. "I know she's a perfect lady because she makes me feel polite all the time."—Youth's Companion.

Heroic Remedy.



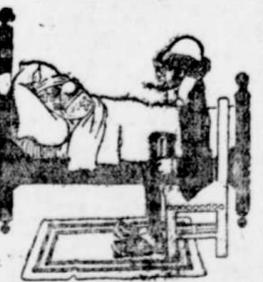
Mr. Mulduckle—Bedad, I don't care if the doctor did say I shud hav a mustard plaster! I'll not take another bit of it!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Greatest Danger.



"I presume you politicians have to be on the alert all the time?" "Yes, ma'am; we do. A roundeman or an inspector is liable to happen along any minute."—Black Jack Joe's.

Didn't Watch.



Visitor—Put your name in the right, and no harm can reach you. Pugilist—But was just as trouble. I put me faith in me sight, but his left was too much for me.—Chicago News.

WHITE HOUSE CHAMBERLAIN

Major Symons, the President's New Military Aid. Major Thomas W. Symons, U. S. A., who has been appointed to succeed Colonel Bingham as master of ceremonies at the White House, thus becomes one of the most picturesque officers of the entire military establishment. In



MAJOR THOMAS W. SYMONS.

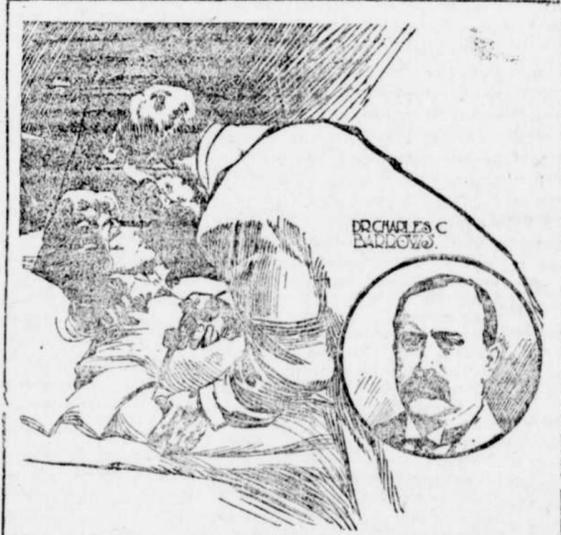
any other country he would be known as lord chamberlain or by some similar impressive title.

Major Symons is "officially in charge of public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia," but this description gives a small idea of the actual functions of the post. Unusual social prestige attaches to the position. As the military aid to the president he will enjoy unusual terms of intimacy with Mr. Roosevelt and stand near him on all state occasions.

The social duties of the position, however, form but a small part of his responsibilities. He must arrange for the elaborate state functions, carry them through and pay all the bills. There are, besides, many important engineering duties. To Major Symons will be intrusted also the sums which congress annually appropriates for the repair and maintenance of the White House.

Among other things, he will pay all bills presented for silver, china, linen, carpets and furniture supplied by the government. The executive mansion is maintained partly out of the public treasury and partly out of the private purse of the president.

Major Symons will assume the responsibilities of his difficult position on May 1 next.



DR. BARROWS TREATING A PATIENT WITH FORMALIN FOR BLOOD POISONING. Dr. C. C. Barrows is the New York physician who recently started the medical fraternity by injecting a solution of formalin into the veins of a patient who was dying of blood poisoning. The patient, who had a temperature of 108, promptly recovered.

HERBERT SPENCER.

He Was a Great Phrase Maker and Had Some Odd Ways. Herbert Spencer was no linguist. Because of eye strain which affected his health he did not even know German. His pamphlet on education was, however, translated into fifteen languages, including Japanese. Spencer was a great phrase maker. It was he who popularized the word "evolution" and explained one of the phases of the Darwinian doctrine as "the survival of the fittest." He also introduced Comte's coined word "sociology."

He was a bachelor and long lived in boarding houses. Finally he set up an establishment of his own, where he could have about him people of his own choosing. A favorite relaxation in his later years was to sit in the open doorway of his house and listen to a piano played in a distant apartment. He had the player trained. A thump of his stick was the signal for her to stop, another thump for the music to proceed where it broke off.

Spencer was fond of playing billiards. Once at Brighton he invited a smart youth to a game. The philosopher had four strokes and scored two while the youth ran out. Mr. Spencer put away his cue with deliberation and said to his opponent: "A moderate degree of expertness in a game of skill is agreeable and even creditable. Such dexterity as you show is evidence of a mispent youth. Good afternoon."

You might shed your blood for some fellows, but they would never understand the sacrifice.—Schoolmaster.

GERMAN WORK PEOPLE.

Their Amusements Are Few and Mostly Confined to Sunday.

Amusements play a comparatively small part in the lives of German work people, and such as they have are mostly confined to Sunday. Games have not taken hold of them; they go to no football or cricket matches, although there are matches, and other classes in Germany show a growing taste for games and sports. I went to see a football match between D. A. Schort and a neighboring manufacturing town. A similar match anywhere in manufacturing England would have attracted from 10,000 to 20,000 sons of toil, who would have shouted themselves hoarse from beginning to end. At the German match not one put in an appearance. When I left the field toward the close of the game the spectators, who had slowly increased during the afternoon, numbered exactly sixty-five. They were not workmen, and they showed no excitement whatever. They played the association game, not very well. The national game in Germany is kugel, a kind of skittles, and it is played at public houses, but not by workmen or seldom by them. They play cards sometimes, but not a great deal. In short, games may be ruled out as an item in industrial life. Theaters and music halls count for more, but for nothing like so much as in England and in America. They are less numerous in proportion to population and are only visited by the working classes to a limited extent on Saturday and Sunday.—Detroit News and Tribune.

Thistles.

In the fourteenth century thistles were used as food for cattle, and they were considered as a crop. In the old priory of Ludliffarne there is a note in the archives of 1344-45 of thick leather gloves required for the harvesters of the thistle crop. It is curious that, though the thistle is the emblem of Scotland, the Scot never seems able to say which kind of thistle is the true national emblem. It is said that a thistle which resembles Carduus marianus was figured on the old coinage of the day of James V., who was first to put thistles on the Scotch money. The horn spoons sold in Edinburgh sometimes have little silver thistles on the end of the handles.

What Did She Mean?

Kitty—Do you think Nellie Breese is real nice?

Bessie—I don't know. Why? Kitty—I told her Fred Simmons gave me a very flattering compliment, and she said any compliment that Fred could give me must be flattering.—Boss.

WHY PIGS HAVE CURLY TAILS

There was once a pig, a nice, fat pig, and she had three little pig children who were so quarrelsome that the mother had great trouble with them in trying to keep them quiet while she took her long naps. Sometimes they squealed so loudly that they could be heard for half a mile, and then the mother pig, who could no longer pretend to sleep, arose, thrust her snout among them, shoved them that way and this, and when they were quiet told them that she would not let them have anything at all to eat if they did not behave. There was sure to be peace for awhile in the sty then.

Having settled that, she returned with a self satisfied air to her slumbers, for she felt the world was indebted to her for having put an end to a nuisance.

One day the pig family had had a very fine dinner. So Mother Pig decided she would have to sleep the rest of the day. But it was not very long before the youngsters awoke and started out to hunt something more to eat. Pinky saw a corn-cob and ran for it, but Snatchy and Tally saw it, too, and they all became so excited in trying to get it for himself that they fell over their mother, trod on her sides with their sharp little hoofs and lay there kicking her and squealing just as loudly as they could.

The mother arose in a fury and drove them out of the sty. "Go!" she exclaimed. "Search for

your own food. You can no longer snore!"

The three trotted out. One went to the barnyard and found some scraps of sweet corn, another to a nearby field, and the third, Pinky, turned to the forest.

On the way he found some acorns and ate them. He went a great way farther and found some corn which Mrs. Pig had taken from the farmer's stable and left there. "What shall I do?" cried Pinky. "What shall I do?"

So he ate and he ate until he could not eat any more, and then he went home to his mother.

Mother Pig looked them all over. Snatchy and Tally were complaining and seemed hungry. Pinky, on the contrary, was happy and looked as if his sides were puffed.

"Ah, ha!" thought Mother Pig. "Pinky had plenty to eat. I wonder if it was any better than what I had. I'll see." But she was too lazy to find out herself, as she called Tally and Snatchy to her.

"Tomorrow," she said, "I want you to follow Pinky. He certainly fed well today, and you might as well tomorrow, if he does, and then you can tell me all about it."

The next day the two little pigs did as their mother told them, but they had a hard time finding Pinky, for he ran as fast as his little legs would carry him. He knew exactly where to crawl through the fences, while his pursuers did not, and as a result Tally caught his head between the rails and Snatchy ran up and down in great excitement until Pinky would escape. At length they found the hole and followed their brother in hot pursuit.

When they saw Pinky eat the corn, their eyes stuck out.

"Oh, my!" cried Snatchy. "Let's go and take some too."

"No," said Tally. "Let us wait until Pinky goes to sleep, then we will eat, and he will never know it and won't eat it as fast as he can." And so they hid. But by and by when Pinky awoke, he saw that much of his corn had disappeared.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed. "I know by the marks that it was Tally and Snatchy. Tomorrow they will come with my fat mother and eat it all up. I guess I'll get up early."

There was another who had spied the corn—the crow. "Caw, caw, caw," he cried as he watched the pig eat, so when Pinky went home the crow and a feast.

The next day Pinky arose at 5 and hurried through the forest. The gloves had come in the night and carried all but a little of the corn away, but there was enough for Pinky, and he ate and ate. He had finished it all but three grains when the crow on the grass saw his mother, the pig, coming. "Ah," thought the crow, "I'll have those three grains."

"Oh, Mrs. Pig," said he, "the early bird got the worm—the early bird got the worm, and it wasn't me. It was your son."

Pinky, trembling with fear at the sounds, ran into the bushes. Also, the mother pig did not pursue him, but came to gather the three grains of corn.

"Caw!" shrieked the crow. "Mr. Wolf passed here last night and snuffed. He smelled pig and saw where you had eaten. Cried he, 'Tomorrow I will come here, and I shall be sure of a fine fat pig for supper.' And, Mrs. Pig, I can see him. He's coming. Now, run!"

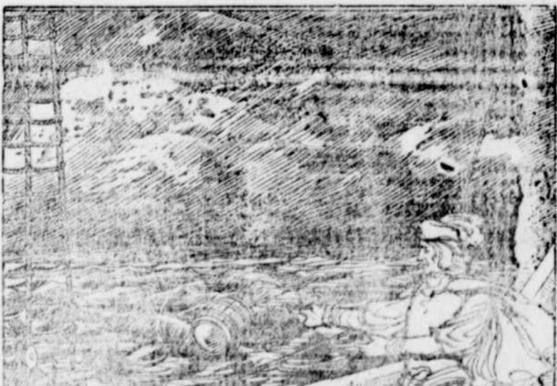
Mrs. Pig could not run. She was too fat, nor could Pinky after his feast, so they waddled through the bushes as fast as they could. Pinky heard his mother coming and thought it was the wolf. A thrill of fear ran from his head down his back.

Now, before that time the tails of the pigs were straight, but such a terrific tremor of fear ran down Pinky's back, down to the end of his tail, that his tail gave a little curl, then another, so that by the time he reached the sty it was curled tight. And he never could uncurl it again. However, the pigs all admired it and accepted the style of warring, curly tails, so today it is hard to find a pig with any pretensions toward fashion with a straight one.

Up at Night.

Parker—Does your baby keep you up nights? Lane—I should say so. Why, I haven't been home before midnight for a month.—Life.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



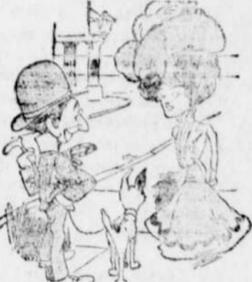
Encountering a severe gale and fearing that his boat would founder, Columbus wrote on parchment an account of his discoveries and put it in a bag which he threw overboard. The Pinna again deserted him.

No Time For It.



Professor—What is your answer on the later question, my good man? Tramp—I'll answer when I see it comin'.—New York Evening Journal.

Very Likely.



Cholly—That dog knows just as much as I do. Adeline—I dare say.

Just the Boy For the Place.



Butcher (to applicant for situation)—Let me hear you go through the weights table, boy. Boy—Fourteen ounces make one pound, and— Butcher—That'll do. I'll engage you.

The Great Pacific Basin.

The greatest by far among great geographic features is the Pacific basin. If all the continents and islands forming the face of the earth were joined in one great continent, its extent would scarcely equal that of the great ocean, and if the mass of all the lands of the globe above sea level were poured into the Pacific barely more than a splash of the basin would be filled, states the Geographical Magazine. Three-fourths of our world surface is water. A full third of this vast expanse, or a quarter of the surface of the planet, is that of the great ocean, while its abysses are of such depth that a full half of the water of the earth is gathered into its basin. In every view the Pacific is vast, so vast as to tax if not to outpass our powers of contemplation.

Sentimental Jane.

"Jane is so sentimental. When her dog died, she wrote a couplet about it." "Dogged, I suppose?" "I suppose so. Any way, she wrote it on a piece of bark and had it framed in dogwood."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Season For It.

Moll—A girl seldom marries her ideal, does she? Belle—No, some other fellow generally comes along with a lot of money.—Philadelphia Record.