

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Who Was Honest With the Man Who Ran the Show.

One evening a dumpy little woman with solemn eyes, holding by the hand two dumpy little boys, also with solemn eyes, came to the box office of a theater where a western variety troupe were playing. Handing in a quarter, she asked meekly for the best seat she could get for the money. As the ticket man handed out the desired piece of cardboard his eye fell upon the upturned faces of the children.

"These children must have tickets. If you take them in," he said.

A distressed look came into the little woman's eyes, and she answered:

"Oh, no, mister! I never pay for them. I wouldn't bring them along only their father works at nights, and there is no one to leave them with. I never can spare more than a quarter, and I just love to see a show. We don't cheat you any, mister, for they both go sound asleep just as soon as they get into a seat and don't use a single bit of the show."

The argument of the anxious eyes convinced the ticket man, and the two children were allowed to go in.

Toward the end of the second act one of the ushers came out of the auditorium and handed a twenty-five cent piece to the ticket man.

"What's this?" demanded he.

"Don't know," drawled the usher. "A little chunk of a woman just now beckoned to me clear across the house and said one of her kids had awakened up and was looking at the show and that I should bring you out this quarter."—Harper's Weekly.

A Nautical Sharp.



Passenger—Captain, did the ship really make twenty knots every hour last night?

Captain—Yes, miss.

Passenger—And what do you do with so many knots?

Captain (gruffly)—Toss them overboard.

Passenger—Oh, how queer! I thought the sailors had to untie them during the day.

Nothing Romantic About It.

"Tell me about it," demanded Carolyn excitedly. "When the boat was going over did Harold grasp you by the waist and say, 'Have courage, like a hero?'"

"Oh, no. Harry is practical. He remarked merely that 'This tipping business is getting to be an awful nuisance.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Strange Creed.

Towne—You know, the members of his church don't believe in a hell at all.

Browne—For goodness' sake! What comfort can he possibly get out of that sort of belief? Where does he expect his neighbors to spend their eternity?—Philadelphia Press.

Matter of Business.

Stern Parent—If young Huggins proposes to you tonight tell him to see me.

Pretty Daughter—But what if he doesn't propose?

Stern Parent—Then tell him that I want to see him.—Detroit Tribune.

Stamped.

"Why are the sons of most of our great men like newspapers?"

"That's too much for me. I give it up."

"Because they are generally entered as second class male matter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Result.

"His whole life has been given to the study of human nature."

"That's true, and they took him to the insane asylum yesterday."—Yonkers Herald.

Why?

Why need a pretty woman chat when from her sweet chat lips a language well worth looking at in silent utterance slips?

Why need a clever woman speak her wit or wisdom, for each man she meets, dull, mild or brash, feels her superior?

Why need an ugly—No, I fall back to one simple cry. Why, why need women speak at all? There is no reason why!—Puck.

PICTURE POST CARDS.

A French writer claims that the first so-called picture post cards originated during the Franco-German war. At a small place in the department of La Sarthe some 40,000 French soldiers had been concentrated, and some of the privates, who came from the south, wanted to describe to their relatives the magnificent scenery surrounding them. However, not having time for writing long letters, they went to a stationery store and inquired for photographs. These inquiries became so numerous that the proprietor of the store had postal cards printed showing various views of the town and the surroundings. After the war the postal cards were forgotten until they came up again in Germany in the nineties, and today there is scarcely a spot on the globe where one cannot buy an illustrated postal showing the respective locality.

Holyoke's Experiment.

Northampton may be, as Mr. Carnegie is inclined to think, the ideal New England town, but Holyoke may claim to be one of the most progressive. The city two years ago took the gas plant, overhauled the works, laid 8,357 feet of new pipes and added 629 meters. As an indication of the success of this municipal experiment, the profit last year, after deducting all charges for depreciation, repairs and running expenses, was nearly \$10,000. The municipal electric plant showed a still larger profit.—New York Tribune.

A Regular Pooh Bah.

The real Pooh Bah of the Philippines is Lieutenant Charles E. Morton, at present stationed at Luzon, who holds so many offices that he hasn't time to count money. He is first lieutenant, adjutant, assistant quartermaster, assistant commissary, commissary of post, commander of post, depot quartermaster, freight agent, express agent, acting major of Companies A and B of the First infantry, and only recently the war department loaded him with the title and duty of "engineer of the district."

Two Lies Nailed.

The editor has been accused of keeping liquor in his cellar. This is a malicious and unspeakable falsehood. The liquor is kept in the pantry, between the dining room and the kitchen. Why not tell the truth? It is also alleged that the editor of the Gazette has the gout, caused by high living. Yesterday for dinner he had home picked sourdough, mustard, dandelion, horseradish and beet top greens, boiled bacon and potatoes, corn bread and onions. Would you call that high living?—Emporia Gazette.

Concerning Shoe Eyes.

This country uses more than 3,000,000,000 lace eyes and hooks in a year. Every man, woman and child will wear out on an average two pairs of shoes in twelve months. The majority of people have two feet, and there are twenty eyes and hooks on each shoe. Use your arithmetic and see what the total is. It foots out to 2,000,000 more than 3,000,000,000.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Good, Strong Excuse.

Two American women who recently returned from Santo Domingo had an audience one forenoon with President Morales, who apologized for his appearance. "The fact is, ladies," said he, "I was so busy yesterday and this morning that I have not had time to be shaved. They tried to assassinate me, you know, so I hope you will overlook my appearance."

A Successful Villain.

An actor who takes the part of the villain at one of the suburban theaters in Paris in the final act has to murder a young woman. As he was returning home the other night he was surrounded by four youths who had witnessed the play from the gallery, and after asking what he meant by killing the poor woman they attacked him with knives. He is now in the hospital.

Historic Lightning Flash.

For the first time in history, it is said, one of the pyramids has been struck by lightning. The pyramid struck is that of Khephren, and the fact is another illustration of the gradual change that is being brought about in the climate of Egypt by the great dam at Assuan and the irrigation works made possible since British occupation of the Nile valley.

Alcoholism of the Back Bay Class.

The entire Back Bay class of the city was absent, as it invariably is, from any meeting of any kind in Faneuil hall, as if it had nothing in common with people who go to the hall, with causes presented there or with heroes and statesmen honored there.—Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

A Japanese Statesman.

Baron Kentaro Kaneko, Japanese nobleman and statesman, who has been touring this country for about a year with the purpose of studying economic conditions, is one of the most influential men in the island empire and a life member of the house of lords of Japan. While in Washington recently the baron expressed the opinion that in the next five or ten years American trade with the far east, particularly with Japan, will expand with enormous rapidity.

"The reason is plain," said the baron. "We have to depend on America for raw materials, and you have to depend on Japan for raw materials. Our cotton factories depend entirely upon American raw cotton. We must depend on you for tobacco leaf. We look to you for breadstuffs, for iron and



BARON KENTARO KANEKO.

steel, cast, bar and sheet iron and machinery. These things we cannot make in our country.

"On the other hand, we send you raw silk. You cannot raise it. We give you about \$50,000,000 worth of tea each year. In other things which never compete we provide your country, and the balance of trade is carried out by this means."

Baron Kaneko's education has been thoroughly American. He attended the public schools of Boston, later entering Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1878. After his graduation he read law with Oliver Wendell Holmes, now justice of the United States supreme court. The baron is fifty-three years old and is of medium height and slight physique. He has twice been a member of the mikado's cabinet.

Mrs. Roosevelt.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman of devout nature and conventionally religious habits. In Washington she is a regular attendant at St. John's Episcopal church, a fact which has caused its share of tongue wagging, for the president, as strangely loyal to his traditions as Mrs. Roosevelt to hers, attends Grace church. This division of family worship has troubled certain minds until sermons have actually been delivered upon it. That the frank, open steadfastness of each to an early creed is really a convincing tribute to the other's gentleness and generosity and an evidence of a true unity of feeling escapes these critics.—Harper's Bazar.

An American Diplomat.

Herbert Wolcott Bowen, former United States minister to Venezuela, who was recalled by Secretary Taft in connection with the charges affecting Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, has been connected with Uncle Sam's diplomatic service for fifteen years.

Mr. Bowen was born in Brooklyn and is in his fiftieth year. His father was Henry C. Bowen, founder of the Independent and a lineal descendant of John Eliot, who played a prominent part in the history of New England in colonial days. Mr. Bowen's diplomatic



HERBERT W. BOWEN.

career began in 1880, when he was appointed consul to Barcelona, Spain, by President Harrison. His creditable record in this post won the commendation of President Cleveland, who promoted him to the office of consul general at Barcelona. When the Spanish war broke out he was stationed at Barcelona, and while serving there the consulate was surrounded by a mob, who threw stones and threatened the life of the consul general.

A few years later he was appointed minister resident and consul general to Persia. During his service at Teheran he became a great friend of the shah. Mr. Bowen was transferred to Venezuela to succeed Francis B. Loomis in June, 1901.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

"Strongheart" is the first of Robert Ellis' great successes that was not the dramatization of a popular novel.

"Arizona" is rapidly getting into the class of veteran dramas which have successfully withstood the test of time.

Eleanor Robson was originally Kyrie Bellew's leading lady in "A Gentleman of France." Now the two are the principal luminaries in the all star revival of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Miss Clara Pitt, who plays the part of the maid in the bath in "It Happened in Nordland," was a society belle before she went on the stage. She is a native of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Thomas L. Drew, better known as Tommy Drew by many hundreds of Bostonians, has signed with Madison Corey to play Montague Fish in Ade's "Peggy from Paris" company next season.

Henry V. Donnelly, who plays the part of Cyrus Giffain in "Florodora," is well known in the stage world. He is best remembered as the chief mirth provoker in the old farce comedy the "Rainmakers."

Jessie Millward was born in Liverpool, England, and educated in London. She was only sixteen when she made her professional debut at the Lyceum theater, London, with Sir Henry Irving in "Much Ado About Nothing."

BRITISH BRIEFS.

In London for using a sick monkey with which to beg money an organ grinder has been fined \$40.

A number of houses in the Italian colony of Holborn, London, are to be closed, being unfit for human habitation.

All the members of the city of London police force are learning in squads of sixty in the police gymnasiums the art of jiu jitsu.

The recent birth rate for St. George's-in-the-East, London, the headquarters of the alien invasion, is at the rate of 90.8 in 1,000. This is the highest birth rate ever recorded in England.

A London court has decided that an employer is not justified in dismissing an employee for using insulting language when the language is used "after business hours and off the premises."

An authority says that there are 165 good sized English towns which are absolutely being ruined by the migration of their populations to the great cities. Trade declines, property decreases in value, and while English cities are being overcrowded the smaller towns are being left desolate.

SHORT STORIES.

Chile's government derives more than one-half of its income from salt peter.

There are 180,132 Indians, besides the 3,318 in New York and the 77,018 of the "civilized tribes."

Lifboats were launched in service on 204 occasions on our coast last year and saved 519 lives. The fleet of lifboats numbers 285.

It has been figured out that the annual boat race between Yale and Harvard at New London costs each of the colleges \$1,000 a minute during the time the race is in progress.

"Metapsychics" is the latest word. It is the invention of Professor Charles Reichert, president of the Society For Psychical Research of England. It means the science in embryo, hitherto known as "occult," "psychical" or "spiritistic."

The passenger rates across the isthmus of Panama have been \$4 gold for first class and \$6 silver currency for second class passage. By the new tariff a first class passage is \$2.40 gold, while the second class is \$2.85 silver. These rates do not cover the charge for baggage, that remaining as heretofore, 3 cents gold per pound.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

Speaking of yellow perils, how about the lemon pie of commerce?—Atlantic Journal.

If you only had as much money as Mr. Rockefeller what a lot of good you would do!—Somerville Journal.

Now is the time for bulletins announcing the total ruin of the Delaware peach crop.—New York Tribune.

Having been obliged to have his valet arrested, the czar is now confronted with the servant problem along with his other difficulties.—Washington Post.

George Bernard Shaw declares that "children are the great destroyers of home life." Such an assertion creates a strong suspicion that his birth was a broad mistake.—Montgomery Advertiser.

That famous Cambon dinner in New York seems destined to be classed with the great feasts of all times. And its cost might make even a Lucullus sit up and look interested.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PITH AND POINT.

Gossip has wonderful acoustic properties.

Did you ever know any one to buy a wedding present cheerfully?

Most any girl can tell her own fortune many years hence by looking at her mother.

When other people take it easy they appear to have a lot better time than they are actually having.

People who have consideration are like those who get big salaries—you hear about lots of them, but know mighty few.

In trying to decide what is easiest in this world we have come to the conclusion that it is telling some other fellow not to worry.—Atchison Globe.

Jim, the News

JIM stood on the street corner deliberating. The cold wind tore round the corner and threatened to snatch the cap from his head. Jim did not mind the wind. He had had an unusual streak of good luck that afternoon and sold off all his papers early and now stood jingling several coins in his pocket—coins which meant for him a good hot supper and a night's lodging.

He turned and sauntered along, crossing street after street, till he had wandered into a section of the city where he very rarely came, a most prosperous section, judging from the fine broad avenue.

Jim was cold by this time and thought that he would retrace his steps when his attention was attracted by the sound of music. It came from a church close by, the door of which stood invitingly open. It looked nice and warm inside. There was no one in sight, and Jim softly stepped in and sat down at the back of the church, which was in semidarkness.

The only lights were away down at the other end, where were gathered a group of boys about Jim's age and a man seated at an organ. Soon the man began to play and the boys to sing. Now, one would hardly have guessed on seeing Jim that he was a musician himself, but he had a great reputation among his friends, who were sure that not one of the famous

ing the music that he was learning.

In their choir were a little like the rough the day before. But the boy with the was to have sung the soloist, in despair, he substituted in his place boys who were not but was the best could find on such a

So Jim did not let it when he was preparing to sing into each boy's capacity way by this time he last himself did, and boy could not sing. The organist looked frightened him to begin. He ed. The organist. The next instant a strength and church.

After a single stand steadily on. He whence or whom proceeded, but through to the faltering, glowing joy and love and out his soul.

When the last away and he re-



THE ORGANIST BEGAN TO PLAY.

singers of the day had a voice that could compare in sweetness with Jim's.

Jim was interested at once when he heard music in the church. Oh, the beautiful music! He had never heard anything like it in his life. It made him almost unhappy at one moment, and he would rise to go, only it held him so that he could not.

But the boys! His astonishment rose as he heard and watched them. The man was evidently trying to teach them something, but some were careless and would not listen, and others were stupid and could not learn. Finally the boys became so restless that the man rose and, closing the organ, told them all to come the next afternoon, and immediately there was a wild scramble for the door.

That night Jim would neither play nor whistle for his friends, to their great surprise, but the grand, uplifting strains which he had heard that afternoon still lingered in his ears.

The next afternoon as soon as his papers were sold Jim started again for the church and the next and the next as well. Every afternoon found him a quiet, unnoticed listener at the back of the great church.

The master went over and over the strains slowly, carefully and patiently, while the boys blundered and hesitated. Jim had learned the whole thing by the second afternoon and could have sung every note of it.

Jim was completely out of patience with one boy. He had a beautiful part to sing alone, evidently the climax of the whole piece, and he had a voice like a skylark, so pure and clear. But it was such a task to teach him anything!

What he apparently learned one day was forgotten the next, and Jim sighed and muttered to himself in disgust at the bungling work which he made of it.

They were getting ready for an Easter celebration, as Jim learned from the conversation, and he made up his mind that he would be there on that day himself. He had attended so many of the rehearsals by this time that he felt quite at home in the church, but it seemed a very different place to him in the light of the bright spring morning when Jim walked up to the door on Easter day.

The many carriages, the throngs of gayly dressed people, so abashed him that he hardly dared go in, but he finally found an opportunity to do so unobserved and slipped quietly into his accustomed seat. The church quickly filled, even to the corner where Jim sat.

After awhile there was a sound of distant singing, and soon the boys came walking in procession and sing-

done he would have been able, but kindly hands him till the service surprise and wonder the people could find

Of course that was a great change in Jim's life. It had brought him a public appearance, and cause his bursting heart to tell his wealth of his Companion.

Buff says "Buff" ad

This is a game in which

allowed to smile or laugh

ele; one goes out of

turns with a stick of

and a very grave and

is supposed to have

a visit to Buff. The

him, "Where do you

"From Buff." The

reply is:

Buff said "Buff" ad

And gave me this

Telling me neither

laugh.

Buff says "Buff" ad

And I say "Buff" ad

And he neither

In spite of all your

But carries his face

grace

And passes his

place.

If he can repeat

laughing he delivers

some one else, and

if he laughs or even

forfeit before giving

the

It seems that the

the bishop of Bath

surrounded by a

which is crossed by

in which a number of

At the left side of

stands the portico

bell is fastened. W

hungry they swim

and sound an alarm

brought to them. I

which is the same

ness of the bishop

the swans (usually

ill tempered than

shall not be wrong

both are praise-wor

Only

She was seen

So I have been

But, pray, do not

shock.

She was writing

If the truth is

And she spilled all

new frock.