Ulysses Returned

By HAROLD CARTER

"Children's Day" was the idea of the superintendent of the new hospital. Old methods had been abandoned and new ones ruled. Doctor Oakley believed that in admitting the little folks of the town to the hospital grounds once a month, in charge of the matron, he would cheer up his convalescents, inspire the young people with a sense of pity, and bring contributions to the hospital.

Eli Baynes seemed a terribly old person to Dorothy and Ned, though, as a matter of fact, he was only forty. But he had returned from the West crippled with rheumatism, contracted by working in the silver mines, and after three months at the hospital he was only just beginning to regain his health.

He sat in his wheeled chair, and his eyes widened with pleasure as he saw his little friends approaching.

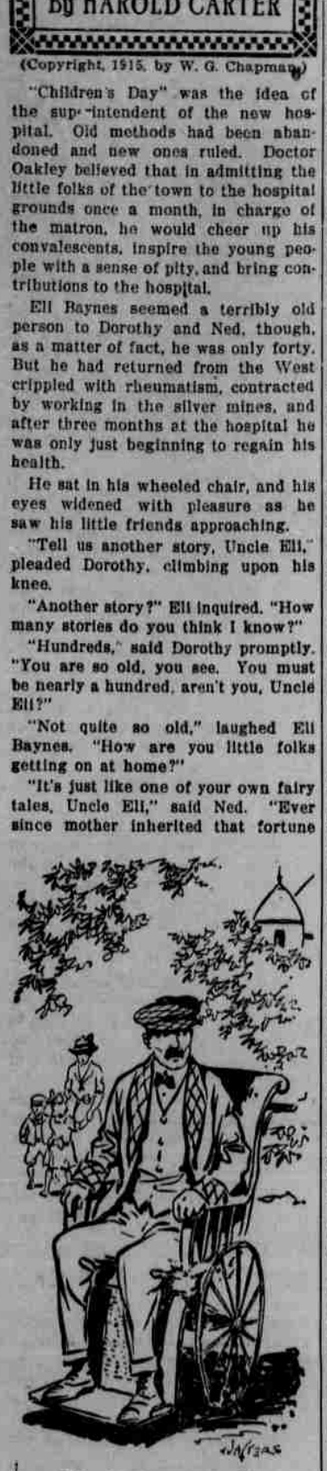
"Tell us another story, Uncle Eli," pleaded Dorothy, climbing upon his knee.

"Another story?" Eli inquired. "How many stories do you think I know?"

"Hundreds," said Dorothy promptly. "You are so old, you see. You must be nearly a hundred, aren't you, Uncle Eli?"

"Not quite so old," laughed Eli Baynes. "How are you little folks getting on at home?"

"It's just like one of your own fairy tales, Uncle Eli," said Ned. "Ever since mother inherited that fortune



Felt a Mad Impulse to Flee.

we've been hitting it up, as Mrs. Smith, next door, says. We've had the painters in and the plumbers, and the plasterers, and the—the chairs have been up—up—"

"Upholstered," said Uncle Eli.

"And I only wish my papa could come home and see us now," said Dorothy.

"You don't remember your papa?" questioned the sick man.

"No, Uncle Eli. But mother does. And when you get well she's going to invite you to come and see us, and perhaps get you a job as our gardener."

"That will be fine," laughed Eli. "Well, what story shall I tell you today?"

"You promised to tell us about Ulisha," said Ned.

"Not Ulisha—Ulysses, my boy. Well, sit down and I'll see how much of it I can remember. Ulysses was one of the Greeks, you know. He was a very strong man, and he had a beautiful wife named Penelope, whom he left to go to the wars. He was away ten years, because that war lasted ten years."

"His wife must have missed him," said Dorothy.

"Why, I'm not sure whether she did or not," said Eli, "because, you see, although the story doesn't admit it, I'm afraid Ulysses was something of a waster. As far as I can make out, he never did very much honest work. He lived in a rather doubtful sort of way. He was a pirate."

"When I grow up I'm going to be a pirate," said Ned. "No, I won't though. I'm going to chase pirates."

"Much better, Ned. Well, then, this Ulysses went off to the wars and left Penelope behind him. When the wars were over he came back, and that's where his real troubles began. According to his story he got caught in a bad wind, and his ship drifted around for ten years more before he got home. But that's only his tale, and lots of married men tell much the same sort of yarn to their wives, only they can't lay it on as thick nowadays. Anyway, even Ulysses admitted that there were some ladies concerned in his troubles, and he laid them particularly to a Miss Circe. But that won't interest you.

"Well, just about twenty years after Ulysses started for the wars he came home. You can guess he needed a shave and brush-up a good deal, and nobody recognized him except his old dog. And what do you suppose was worrying him, Dorothy?"

"I guess he wondered what there was for dinner," said the little girl.

Eli nodded. "No doubt," he answered. "But that didn't prey upon his mind so much as the knowledge that he hadn't acted quite as a married man should. He was scared lest his wife had thought him dead and got married again."

"Mrs. Smith's husband left her, and she didn't get married again," said Dorothy. "She wanted to, though."

"So back Ulysses came in the guise of a beggar and nobody knew him, and there was a whole gang of men after Penelope. But Penelope was true to Ulysses, and she kept putting them off, and—"

"There's mamma!" shouted the little girl. "I told you I was going to bring her to see you, Uncle Eli."

She sprang to her feet, and, with the little boy, raced across the green toward a sweet-looking lady who was strolling quietly in their direction under the shade of the hospital trees.

Eli Baynes sat rigid in his chair. Then he looked wildly about him. He had begged the superintendent to get him a propelling chair, so that he could move from place to place, but as yet his desire had not been complied with. Now he felt a mad impulse to flee.

He sat up and gingerly put one foot to the ground. He must escape at all hazard. To his surprise he found that a certain measure of flexibility had returned to his limbs; perhaps it was the will at work on the body. He put out his other leg, and for the first time in months Eli Baynes stood erect, without support, and straightened his twisted limbs and muscles.

Absorbed in this effort, he had not seen how quickly the three were approaching him again. As he was about to attempt the walk to the hospital he found himself confronted by the mother of the two children.

One glance into his face, a little gasp of fear, and Lucy Baynes was weeping on her husband's neck, her arms about him.

"Eli," she sobbed. "Oh, my dear, why didn't you come home to me after all these years?"

"You told me never to come back until I had made a man of myself, Lucy," said Eli doggedly. "I tried—I tried my hardest for ten years. I made a little fortune in the mines. I sent you everything I had."

"You, Eli? That legacy was really your money?"

He nodded. "And I did mean to ask you if you would take me back again. But I couldn't bear the thought of coming back to you a cripple. So I went to the hospital here. And I thought that if—if you had met somebody whom you cared for more, I had no right to stand in your way. I tried to find out, Lucy."

"There couldn't be," she sobbed.

"I didn't know they were my children at first. Then I came to look for Children's day, when I could see them. And when I got well I meant to go quietly away, if you cared for somebody else—"

"Oh, my dear, I have loved you always," she answered.

It was a happy party that gathered at the new house that night, and Ned and Dorothy, still open-eyed in wonder, had hardly realized that "Uncle Eli" was to be their father.

"Tell us some more about Ulysses, Uncle Eli," persisted Ned, climbing upon his knee.

"Why," said Eli in embarrassment, "it ended happily—very happily. Only I guess there was a lot more in Ulysses' life than ever got into his story."

GREAT VARIETY OF BIRD PETS

Lover of Feathered Creatures May Pay for Them Almost Any Price That His Fancy Dictates.

A recent international bird show has provided some astonishing facts and figures regarding the value of song birds, remarks London Tit-Bits. There are nearly 100 classes of canaries. That they can be Norwich or Lancashire, border or Yorkshire variegated, lizard, unflighted, clear, crossbred, crested, self or foul conveys very little to the average mind, but leaves one marveling at the variety of chirping little creatures whose feathers are every conceivable shade of yellow. One marvels also at the variety of birds that could be kept as pets. Finches, linnets, redpoles, tomtits, robins, wrens, stonechats, babblers, redstarts and long tailed, short-tailed and crested varieties of all of them in every size from the minute humming bird to the plump scarlet cockatoo, all vie for the popularity which up to the present has been the monopoly of the canary. And these little birds are all quite cheap. A few shillings will buy most of them, but, on the other hand, $2,500 would be asked for a gorgeous crimson bird of paradise, or $5,000 for the canary-bullfinch White Rose, the most expensive song bird in the world.

Serbian Military Pensions.

Serbian soldiers enjoy a pension, granted only to invalid cases. These pensions are for past wars, not the present. The ordinary veteran who does not suffer some injury which would render him invalid does not receive a pension, military service in Serbia being compulsory. Invalid pensions in Serbia are paid by the year; that is, each applicant who is granted a pension receives a certain sum each year. In case the soldier receives injuries which would only render him partially invalid he receives only part of the yearly amount, most likely one-half; but in case of the soldier being totally invalid he gets the full amount.

Different From the Rest.

"I've got to do something to attract attention," said the eminent theatrical star.

"That's right," replied the press agent. "You've got to seem different and surprise the public some way. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll send out a story to the effect that you are not considering a fabulous offer to appear in the movies."

Developed Powers Late.

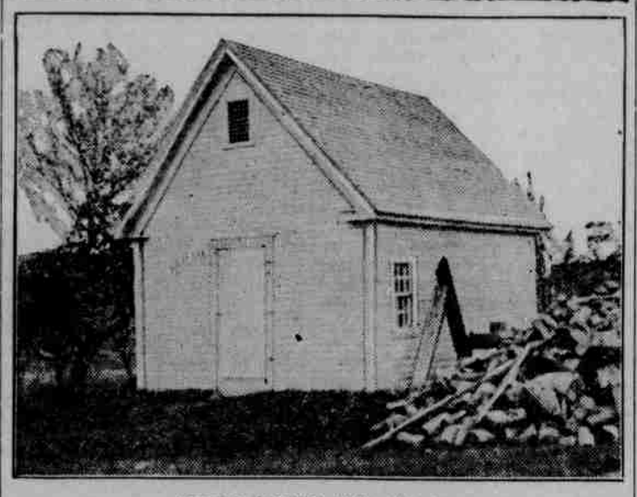
William de Morgan is the most notable example of a writer who postponed the creation of literary masterpieces until in advanced life. He had never published anything until his "Joseph Vance" surprised the reading world when he was sixty-five, and he has followed it with half a dozen other long and most interesting novels.

Both Strong.

"Jaggs said the story I told him the other day made him hold his breath."

"Gee whiz, but if he succeeded in holding his breath, it must have been a tussle!"

DIFFERENT TYPES OF DAIRY ICEHOUSES



Farmer's Icehouse With Milk Room.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The dairy division of the United States department of agriculture has been investigating the different types of icehouses in use by dairymen, and has studied the advantages of each type. Only a small number of the icehouses examined by the department's specialists were built of new lumber.

In many instances ice was stored in the cellar under the house or barn, or in the corner of some building, such as a woodshed, corncrib, or barn, or under the driveway leading to the barn, and occasionally it was simply stacked outdoors with no roof for protection. Where the ice was stored in cellars, open sheds or in stacks, the loss from melting was comparatively large, depending on the ventilation, drainage and care in packing. Where the cost of harvesting ice is a small item, dairymen often say that it is less expensive to store in such places than to go to the expense of building an up-to-date icehouse. Where ice is stacked outdoors and covered with some form of insulation, it is necessary to put up from 30 to 50 per cent more than the amount previously allowed, so as to provide for the heavy shrinkage.

The ice should be stored as near the milkhouse as possible, in order to save labor in removing it to the milk tank. A great many dairymen find it an advantage to have the milk room in one end of the icehouse. In this way the cost of a separate tankhouse is eliminated. The small amount of time and labor required to transfer the ice to the cooling tank generally acts as an added incentive for the free use of ice. It is highly important that the milk room, whether combined with the icehouse or standing alone, be located so that objectionable odors will be avoided.

In comparing the different methods of storing ice, it was found that where the cost of ice was comparatively high it was advisable to spend enough money in building and insulating the icehouse to protect the ice from melting as much as possible, but in cases where the cost of the ice was small it appeared that the owners were often justified in building a cheaper storage with a relatively high loss of ice from meltage. The dairyman therefore should consider both the cost of construction and the cost of the ice in selecting the type most suitable for his requirements.

Some farmers store their ice in roughly constructed bins. One of this sort was seen, made by placing large posts of irregular sizes three feet in the ground and about four feet apart, and upon these were nailed a miscellaneous lot of boards; no roof was provided. The shrinkage was reported from 30 to 50 per cent. Ice might be stored in this manner for some purposes, but this method is not recommended for a dairy farm. Furthermore a bin of this sort is very unsightly and is an indication of slack methods in farming. Where ice is cheap and building material high, it might be permissible as a temporary arrangement; but it is not so economical a method as may appear at first sight, for the cost of the ice lost in the shrinkage would generally amount to more than the interest on the cost of constructing a serviceable icehouse.

An instance was observed in which a corner of a woodshed, about twelve feet square and ten feet high, had been converted into an ice shed. This corner of the woodshed had been roughly boarded up and about 14 inches of sawdust placed around the ice on all sides, top, and bottom. The cost of the building was very little, and the shrinkage was reported at about 20 per cent. The owner stated that softwood sawdust is a much better insulation than hardwood sawdust.

The icehouse in the illustration measures 15 by 20 feet on the outside and 8 feet high. At the front or south end a room 15 by 6 feet is partitioned off and used for a milk room. The remaining space, 15 by 14 feet by 8 feet high, after allowing for 6 inches of wall, 12 inches of sawdust on the sides, 12 inches on the bottom, and 18 inches on the top, will provide space for about 17 tons of ice. This house is built on high, sloping ground, where the soil is porous, consequently the drainage is satisfactory. The foundation is made of concrete (mixture 1 to 6), 1½ feet wide at the bottom and sloping gradually until the top measures 8 inches. The sills which rest on the foundation are 6 by 6 inches, upon which are erected 2 by 6 inch studding with 24-inch centers. On the top of the studding rests a 2 by 6 inch plate, and the studs are sheathed inside and outside with rough boarding. The outside is then covered with weatherboarding. The roof has a two-thirds pitch and is constructed of 2 by 4 inch rafters, 24-inch centers, boarded and covered with shingles. In each gable is located a slat ventilator, 2½ by 1½ feet, which with the high pitch of the roof allows for an abundance of free circulation of air over the ice. The milk room is provided with two glass windows 3½ by 2 feet, one in each end. The milk room is provided only with a movable ice-water tank, 3½ by 4 by 3 feet, in which are placed the cream cans. A rope and pulley which are fastened to the ceiling are used in transferring the ice from the icehouse up and over the wall and lowering it into the tank. The material and labor for constructing this combination milk- and icehouse amounted to $125. The shrinkage on the 100 cakes in storage was estimated at about 15 to 20 per cent. The ice in this house cost 2 cents a cake, exclusive of hauling and storing.

GOOD FEED FOR YOUNG FOAL

Colt Should Be Taught to Nibble at Grain With Dam—Weaning Made Rather Easy Task.

Are you giving that young foal the proper care? To become a strong, sound horse, when matured the foal must be well nourished and given every advantage possible.

The foal should be taught to eat grain very early. By placing the feed box from which the dam eats her grain now, the foal, at about two months of age, will begin nibbling with the mother, and will soon acquire a taste for the grain.

A pen built in one corner of the field made high enough to keep the mare out and allow the colt to pass under will make it possible to feed the foal grain with very little difficulty. Allow the mare in the inclosure with the foal for a few times, and it will soon learn to go in itself. Keep a liberal supply of grain, preferably oats and bran, and perhaps some cracked corn, in the feed box. To induce the dam to loiter about with the colt, have the pen near a shade tree or the salt box.

By weaning time the foal will have become thoroughly accustomed to eating grain and will wean very easily, besides being in better condition as a result of this additional feed.

SERIOUS DISEASE OF CALVES

Diphtheria Is Very Contagious and Contracted Principally by Young Animals—Some of Symptoms.

Calf diphtheria is a serious disease appearing among calves three to five days old. Infected calves refuse to drink or suck, have some discharge of saliva from the mouth and there are inflamed patches inside the mouth which gradually develop into ulcers. There is fever, and an offensive odor from the mouth. The disease is very contagious and is contracted principally by young calves and pigs up to six or eight months old, although occasionally adult cattle and hogs have it.

Dr. M. H. Reynolds of the Minnesota station advises treating the sores by first cleaning with a 2 per cent solution of creolin in warm water and then treating twice a day with a solution of permanganate of potash, two ounces to a gallon of water, this treatment to be kept up for about a week. The potash solution should be made fresh each time. Thoroughly clean up the calf pen and yards and spray with disinfectant.

Handy Door Fastener.

To prevent doors from swinging back and forth, staple a ring into the door cleat far enough from the end of the cleat so that it does not interfere with the closing of the door. Push the door back and fasten with a strap, with a snap in it, to the building. Have the strap eight or ten inches long and slack enough so that the door can be fastened. This will be found a convenient device for all doors or windows that are on hinges and are to be left open.

Neglected Fruit Trees.

Neglected fruit trees are not worth the ground they occupy; besides they are an eyesore to everyone, and when infested with worms and insects they are a constant menace to the neighborhood. There ought to be laws prohibiting any man from allowing trees of this kind to remain on his farm.

Quick Money-Maker.

The first investment in raising pork is small and the pig is a quick money-maker on the farm. He multiplies rapidly, and if you only furnish him good pasture, grazing crops, pure water and a little concentrated food he will rapidly gain weight at a small cost.

Proper Place for Tools.

Gather up the tools and small implements that usually are scattered all over the place at this season of the year, or you'll be the loser when the first snow falls and covers them up till they cannot be found again during the whole winter.

Right Kind to Keep.

Don't make choice of droopy-tailed male birds; choose for keeping the alert-eyed, gamey, spirited members of the flock that are up to size, weight, color and shape for the breed.

TAB ON THE 'PHONE

Meter Tells Exactly How Long One Has Talked.

Sweet Conversation of Lovers, and Neighborhood Gossip, Alike Will Be Measured by Contrivance Claimed to Be Perfected.

Hereafter you will have no show with the telephone operator when disputing as to whether you talked over your allotted time, and must pay extra, for they have geared a meter to the 'phone so that the time is clearly indicated. The costly whimsicalities of the taxicab meter at once come to mind, suggesting that a new sore trial is to be added to the operation of the telephone. All service in this time of efficiency and exactitude tends to be metered. The gas and electric meters we know; the water meter some oppose frantically, but vainly; the meter in the taxicab drives us mad as it ticks off the miles, and now we are even to talk by meter!

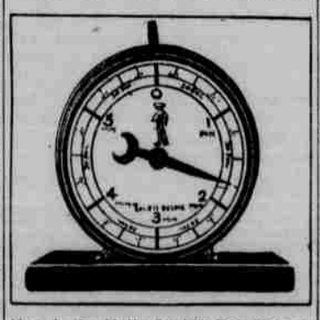
Increased efficiency has come to be pretty much the secret of increased subscribers' lists, increased revenue and increased cordiality in the business of telephony generally. Nowhere along the line, however, has the cordiality been more often or more sorely strained than through inefficient, inadequate or careless timing of toll calls.

Particularly is this true, declares Telephony, in smaller offices, where the elaborate and necessarily expensive apparatus for timing calls has been too costly for installation, and dependence has been placed upon ordinary clocks, which are, of course, as unsatisfactory to the company itself as to the telephone-toll user. The 'phone-meter, it is claimed, has completely solved this small office-timing problem, and in larger offices it is already proving of great value in timing the handling of calls on the observation desks.

As shown in the accompanying illustration, the 'phone-meter registers up to six minutes in one revolution of the dial, and it continues until stopped. When a connection is made the operator starts the meter to record by moving to the right the lever at the top. Moving it in the reverse direction stops the indicator instantly, showing the exact time which has elapsed in minutes and seconds. The dial is graduated to seconds, and the device, it is said, is marvelously accurate.

The 'phone-meter is placed upon the keyboard within convenient reach of the operator. If while the conversation is in progress an interruption occurs the meter may be stopped and then started again when service is resumed. The operator is thus not obliged to make any calculations as to the time consumed. The 'phone-meter may also be used by subscribers to check the time of toll calls.

This is all very well for the powerful corporation anxious to prevent the slightest loss of earning, but it is said that sentiment is not even remotely considered, says one sweet young thing who has phonomania. "Imagine," she suggests with sorrow and contempt, "hitching a stopclock to a real sweet-and-tender love conversation! Why, they are simply clocking the whole of romance out of the world! This measure by clocks and



Here Is the Hello Cupid's Tab Keeper, Which Cannot Be Hoodwinked.

meters will simply reduce the human race to unimaginative cogs in a big machine—a perfect mechanism, I will admit, but still a machine."

Battle-Ax Once More.

Among the many old-time weapons that have been seen in the present war is the battle-ax. A British outpost, trapped by the enemy as they were chopping wood for camp fires, not many days since, whipped round in their shirt sleeves and did deadly work with their axes. So usefully did this mode of fighting serve them that they steadily drove the foe before them.

It was too short a range for the German rifles to be of any use, while for the English soldiers the grasp on the German rifle barrel and the swinging blow of the ax in the other hand did all that was required, and few got away to tell the tale.

Another Mystery of the Sea.

Another mystery of the sea occurred recently off the English coast. Three miles from Jersey, the fishing smack Elia 707 of Granville has been found derelict. She had a catch on board in good condition; her sails were set, though badly torn, but there was no sign of the crew. Some years ago a similar case occurred. The Marie Celeste, a large sailing ship, was found somewhere in the Mediterranean in like circumstances. Those who went aboard saw everything undisturbed, a meal half-eaten and barely cold, clocks going, and not a soul on board; and nothing has been heard of her crew from that day to this.

Trade Statistics.

An export total of approximately $75,000,000 is the indicated record of American manufacturers of cotton goods in the fiscal year 1915, while imports of cotton manufacturers will probably fall below $50,000,000, making the balance of trade on the export side about $25,000,000, as against an import balance in every earlier year in the country's history, save 1905, when the excess of exports in this group was about $1,000,000.

FOOD WORTH MUCH STUDY

No Other Problem Can More Worthily Engage the Attention of the Mother on the Farm.

What could be a woman's problem on the farm that was not a woman's eternal problem everywhere and anywhere? Home economics or the selection, use and preparation of food, clothing, shelter and household management, and how can this problem, or any other problem, for that matter, be solved except through study or education? And yet so little has been thought of the home problems that more money is spent year by year for teaching the men how to fatten a steer or pig than to teach a mother how to care for her babe or feed her superior animals—the men of the family, writes M. E. Barrett of the Texas experiment station: Visit any farm you please and you will be shown the fine pigs and calves, goats or sheep, but never a word of the baby or its nursery. I've even seen kindergartens for colts to train them in their stunts, but never a home garten for the children.

I believe you will all agree with me that food is the first problem. To load your table down with vegetables and meats is not treating your child as your husband treats his pig baby. He is carefully balancing the rations for the pig for growth, and that of the horse for energy, and that of the cow for milk. Neither is he working all day long on the three meals a day for his animal family. Now here is where education comes in again, to cut down the work of those three meals in quantity and make it count in quality, to take less time and more thought. Try a fireless cooker. Get a bulletin on balanced rations and menus from the university. Then, in the cool of the afternoon, prepare your vegetables and meats for next day; at breakfast bring them to a boil and put in the hot rock and close up the dinner. This will save you from one to two hours on dinner which can be spent in further study on the subject of food values.

PICKLED APPLES FOR WINTER

Delicacy That Will Be Appreciated in Cold Weather When Most Fruits Are Scarce.

Peel, core and quarter some sharp apples, throwing them into a brine made by boiling six ounces of salt for one minute in a quart of water, flavor being improved by a few slices of mild onion, and color by fresh vine or fig leaves. Leave then closely covered for 24 hours, then, having drained and carefully wiped the fruit and put it into an unglazed stoneware jar, pour over it a pickle composed of vinegar brought nearly to the boil, with some allspice, black pepper and either horse-radish or whole ginger, or both, in the proportion of one ounce each to the quart, the addition of half a dozen cloves, a couple of bay leaves, a blade of mace and two or three shallots or a little garlic if liked.

Stand, covered first, with vine or fig leaves, then with a plate, for 24 hours in a corner by the fire, drain off the liquor, reheat it, pour again over the fruit, screened with fresh leaves, and tie down.

Meat Souffles.

Meat of excellent flavor is needed for meat souffles. Chicken and ham are favorites. They should be chopped fine and then pounded smooth. Unless smooth and fine they will not mix with the egg thoroughly. White sauce, stirred into yolks, meat added, and nice seasonings, then the whites folded in is the order of procedure. An even tablespoonful of meat is about all one egg will hold up unless an expert handles the material.

Creamed Fish With Potato.

Mash and season potatoes and line bottom and sides of dish about one and one-half inches thick. Make a white sauce, add boiled salt fish broken in pieces and put the whole in the potato nest. Cover top with the potato and put pieces of butter on top. Make two slits with knife and bake until potato is nicely browned. In place of fish cold meat mixed with gravy may be used.

Cauliflower Salad.

Trim and boil one firm head of fresh cauliflower in fresh water until tender, but do not allow it to boil soft. Remove from the fire and drain. When cold slice thinly then allow to marinate one hour in highly seasoned French dressing. When ready to serve drain and lay on fresh lettuce leaves, sprinkle with finely chopped walnut meats and red pepper. Place a heaping tablespoonful of mayonnaise on top of each portion.

Jelly Roll.

Four eggs, well beaten, one cupful sugar, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda and a very little salt. Beat well. Spread thin in a large pan to bake. Takes perhaps 15 minutes. As soon as baked trim off the two long edges with a sharp knife, spread the cake with any kind of jelly and roll in a napkin while warm.

Grape Cordial.

One quart grape juice, one and one-half pounds of white sugar (loaf is best), an even tablespoonful of cinnamon and simmer half an hour. Seal while hot. Will keep years. This is an excellent tonic for the stomach. Dose, a tablespoonful several times a day, or when tired take a teaspoonful.

Avoid Vegetable Burning.

If you will place a pie plate upside down in the kettle you will avoid all burning of the potatoes or other vegetable, if you should happen to forget them and the water boil dry. Your vegetables will be on top of the pie plate and not scorched in the least.

Green-Corn Fritters.

Cut from the ears a pint of corn, beat together a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one egg, whipped light, salt to taste and enough flour to make a thin batter. Into this stir the grater corn. Beat hard and bake on a soapstone griddle.

CAP and BELLS

ONE LITTLE DETAIL MISSING

When Asked for Name of Secretary of War Bill Morgan Wants to Know Which War Is Meant.

In a rural district of Kansas two laborers working on the country highway discussed various people and settled affairs of nations as they wielded pick and shovel. Finally one of them referred to the secretary of war, and the other asked:

"Hiram, who is the secretary of War?"

"I don't remember his name," said Hi, "but here comes old Bill Morgan. We'll ask him."

So, as old Morgan drove up one of the laborers called out: "Hey, Bill, kin you tell us who the secretary of war is?"

"Well," said Bill, "I oughter know, but I can't seem to remember." And he drove on, thinking deeply.

Soon the two men saw Bill coming back, and when he came within hailing distance, he called out: "Say, you fellers, what war did you mean?"

Cautious Publicity.

"Isn't that rather frivolous reading you are engaged in?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "These jokes are pretty serious so far as I am concerned. The humorous anecdotes that go around with a public man's name worked into 'em may have a great deal of influence in giving the public an idea of his personality. Hereafter I am going to hand out my own anecdotes."

Domestic Criticism.

After arduous toil the poet had perfected a sonnet.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This will surely make me famous!"

A few minutes later he read it to his wife and waited for comment.

"It's a pretty piece," she said. "I like to see the lines all about the same length, instead of raggedy, as they are in some of your longer poems, dear."

Can't See It That Way.

"Fatherly pride is a great thing. There's Dubson's boy. Just because the youngster is making good marks at school Dubson is as proud as if he were doing it himself."

"Ah, yes. Poor Dubson! He was always at the foot of the class when he was in school, yet if you tell him the boy takes after his mother he is grievously offended."

A Has Been.

"Look at that poor old drink-sodden wretch."

"Evidently he's down and out."

"Yet there was a time when he amounted to something in the world."

"You don't say so!"

"Why, I've seen him pitch the first ball in the opening game of a major league baseball season."

GRECIAN ART.

He—The Greeks were once leaders of thought.

She—Yes, they seem to run to extremes. Instead of polishing people's minds a great many Greeks are now engaging in polishing people's shoes.

An Explanation.

"Why do they call 'em lawyers' briefs pa? Are they so short?"

"No, my son; but by the time they get through with them the lawyers' clients are."

Hanging Out There.

"Pop, will you tell me something."

"Sure, my son."

"Is the best place to see the wash of the sea when you cross the line?"

Paradoxical Humor.

"What is the matter with the fellow who is quarreling with the hotel clerk?"

"Evidently he is sour about his suite."

The Result.

"George's speech last night was his maiden effort."

"That so? I thought it sounded very much like a miss."

The Object.

"I am going into the laundry business."

"Why?"

"Because I want to clean up a pile."