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How Kaffirs Work.
What "working like a nigger"—that is, a negro in South Africa—really means has been explained by one who has seen this wonder. He says that the phrase is one of the silliest and most inexact ever coined. "A gang of Kaffirs," he said, "were at work. They were loading rails on a truck, and they did it as though they were burying their dead. At the head of the gang walked a sort of chief chanting the most lugubrious dirge ever heard. At a crawling pace he led his men to the rails. Then came a long pause. This was to enable the singing head man to finish the first wall. When the Kaffirs got tired of waiting they beat down and piked up the rail, their movements keeping time with the funeral march. When at last the rail was hoisted on the men's shoulders the singer changed the measure to a chant of triumph. As a matter of fact, two dock laborers could easily have done all the work that was done by these eight negroes."—Indianapolis News.

Helplessness.
The greatest moment in our career is when we awaken to the shining truth that our life, to make or mar, is wholly in our hands; that neither dark destiny nor grim fate nor the stars nor the decrees of the gods nor the machinations of men or devils can cheat us of that greatness of soul and serenity of mind which are the crown of real success.

The most terrible note in the despair of the despairing is the sound of helplessness. To feel that the universe is a huge machine to grind us at last to dust, that the odds of existence are against us and that we are borne down by the tramp of irresistible forces—this is the salt taste of failure.

To Each Age Its Problems.
It is not enough that we leave our institutions as our fathers shaped them. They knew little or nothing of the conditions which we face. Sufficient unto the age is the work thereof. It is not the right of any generation to project its will into the future, but it is the duty of each generation to adjust its institutions to meet its own needs.

Men need not wait until death to realize many of their ideals. They can have things here on earth which their fathers associated with the millennium. They need no longer overwork nor go cold and hungry nor suffer from pestilence or even famine. Machinery has provided the possibilities of a new life. When all of these possibilities are realized—when no one is overworked, cold or hungry, when all are leading joyous, purposeful lives—adjustment will be complete—welfare will be universal.—From "Social Sanity," by Scott Nearing.

The Girl and the Artist.
A young woman sat for a crayon portrait and was not entirely pleased with the result.

"It looks like me, of course," she said reluctantly to the artist, "and yet I think there are some things about it that ought to be changed." She suggested that the eyes should have more of an upward look, that the bracelet should be a little more prominent on her left arm and that her gown be arranged more artistically on the side.

"That would require a great deal of retouching," said the artist, "and I should have to charge you at least \$15 additional."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, somewhat peeved. "I shall have to give it up. Father wouldn't stand my 'retouching' him to that extent."—Lippincott's.

Can We Pull Anything?
Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, said in a lecture once that there is no such thing as pulling. To speak of a horse pulling a cart was, he said, incorrect. The horse did not pull the cart. It pushed against its collar and thereby produced motion in the cart. Similarly the oarsman pushed the water, and the man drawing a handcart had to clasp the handle, and the driving force was caused by the part which clasped the handle and was therefore behind it. Even if the cart was fastened to the man's coat tail he did not pull it. He pushed against his clothes.

Not For Her.
"What did you say to him, dad?"
"I asked him if he could support you in the style to which you had been accustomed."
"And he?"
"He said he could."
"If he tries it I'll divorce him."—Houston Post.

Paid In His Own Coin.
"John, did you read about this Denver millionaire giving his wife a diamond tiara?"
"No."
"It's in all the papers. Why don't you keep posted on current events?"—Pittsburgh Post.

No Sourness.
Assistant Professor Charles T. Copeland had reproved his students for coming late to class. "This is a class in English composition," he remarked, and added with sarcasm, "I'm not conducting an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting of the class one of the girls was twenty minutes late. Professor Copeland waited until she had traversed the room and found her seat. Then he remarked satirically, "How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without the lemon, please." Miss Brown answered gently.—Lippincott's.

She Missed Queen Victoria.
Lola Fuller in her book tells us how she failed to see Queen Victoria, a misfortune due to the exigencies of theatrical contracts.

"One day at Nice some one came and asked me to dance before Queen Victoria. She had just arrived at the Riviera to pass the winter months, as she was accustomed to do every year. It may well be believed that I was flattered by such a request. I assented, naturally, and set myself to work making all my preparations for this important event.

"There was a knock at the door. A maid brought a telegram. It was signed by my manager and was couched in the following words: 'Take train this evening, to sail day after tomorrow; destination, New York.'

"I replied with a message pleading for a delay for the purpose of dancing before Queen Victoria. I received simply the following laconic telegram: 'Impossible. Leave at once. Time is money.'

"That's why I did not dance before Queen Victoria."

Rebuked.
The Germans—as all extensively traveled persons know—are great sticklers for titles. One must not only say Herr Cancellarius Bolz, Herr Dr. Baron Meier, Herr Professor Schmidt; one must also say Frau Cancellarius Bolz, Frau Dr. Baronin Meier, Frau Professor Schmidt. Also there are fine distinctions in titles. If one title is higher than another by so much as a hair's breadth, the wayfaring man must not call the rightful owner of the higher title by the lower title. Never!

A certain public schoolteacher who already enjoyed the title of master was promoted to head master. Next day young Fritz, quite unaware as yet of the honor that had come to his instructor overnight, greeted him with his usual cheery "Good morning, master."
"Perhaps," said the new head master with dignity—"perhaps you'd rather just call me Adolf."—New York Post.

Opposed to Knighthood.
Coke of Norfolk, who eventually went to the lords as Earl of Leicester, was furious when threatened with knighthood. After an attack on the prince regent's life in 1817 Coke was chosen to present him with an address from the Norfolk Whigs. They congratulated him heartily on his escape, but concluded by beseeching him to "dismiss, from his presence and council those advisers who by their conduct had proved themselves alike enemies to the throne and people." On learning the terms of the proposed address the regent, who knew that Coke valued his position as commoner above everything, declared, "If Coke enters my presence I shall knight him." When this threat was reported to Coke he replied, "If he dare try to knight me I swear I'll break his sword."—London Chronicle.

Eased Her Mind.
Mrs. Simpson-Jones wanted to become a suffragette, but her husband objected.

"But," she pleaded, "if you only knew what a lot one learns at their meetings—all about referendums and recalls and"—
"I've said no, and that ends it!" snapped Mr. Simpson-Jones. "If you women want to find things out why don't you follow the advice of St. Paul and ask your husbands? You women are such fools."

"This was too much for Mrs. Simpson-Jones' long humbled spirit.
"That's just the trouble," she returned. "Women have been asking their husbands' for the last 2,000 years, and they're still fools."—New York Tribune.

Won In Loss.
She wanted to do some shopping and, as is the custom of wives, felt the need for more money. She went to her husband and asked for the loan of a sovereign.

"But you'll never pay me back," protested the husband. "I've lent you money before."

"I'll bet you 2 shillings I pay you in a month," said the wife.

"Right," said the husband, leaping at this sporting offer.
The month passed. One morning the wife came sorrowfully to her husband.

"Dear, I've lost that bet. Here's your 2 shillings."—Manchester Guardian.

Posted on Blang.
A Chicago boy who is in the eighth grade at school was speaking at the breakfast table the other morning about the stupidity of another boy. "Gee," he said, "his bean's solid ivory! I can hand him bull by the yard and he never gets hep that he's been conned at all."

A Game of Chance.
"There is nothing more uncertain than a horse race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud.
And the melancholy friend responded:
"You never worked in a meteorological office, did you?"—Exchange.

Fame or Fortune.
"If you could have your choice," she asked, "which would you take—fame or fortune?"
"Fortune," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "Fame gets a man nothing on automobile row."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Last Resource.
Binks—Would you marry for money?
Blinks—Not until I've exhausted every reasonable means of getting it.—Youkers Statement.

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