

WHY HE QUIT.

"You Jim!" called the man with the hoe to the young fellow with the shambling gait, who was making for the street exit, putting on his coat as he went.

The young man stopped hesitatingly and turned about.

"What you doin' with your coat on? Where you goin'?"

"I've quit the job," replied the young man.

"Come here and tell me why you quit," said the man with the hoe.

"What's the trouble with you? You ain't been on three days."

"Mac's been raggin' me again," said the young man. "He's picked on me right from the first an' I told him jest now I wouldn't stand for it. I'm through and that's all there is about it."

"Rats!" said the man with the hoe. "You don't want to quit every time the boss gives you a lick with the rough side of his tongue. If you do that you'll work just about one day out o' the week an' put in the rest huntin' another job. Here, I'll go talk to Mac. Come along o' me and we'll fix it up."

The young man shook his head. "No," he said, "I told him I wouldn't stand for it, an' I won't. I don't take everything. I don't have to. I know when a feller don't treat me right."

"See here," said the man with the hoe. "Mac's bark's worse than his bite. He don't mean one-half o' what he says. There ain't a man on the job he ain't got after some time. What do you think bosses are for, anyway, if they can't talk a little? They've gotter do it to earn their pay. You're too sensitive. Any little thing puts you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the young man. "He told me I wasn't worth my salt an' that I moved around like I was goin' to sleep. He said I was so slow that I made a small look like it was exceedin' the speed limit."

"What of it?" said the man with the hoe. "You don't think he's fool enough to pay you wages if he don't think you earn 'em, do you? If you do you're fooled. Mac ain't that kind of a man. He wants you to move a little quicker, that's all. The more work he can get out of us the better he'll satisfy his

boss. That's all there is to it. Humor him, my son, humor him. Step around lively; it won't do you no harm. I tell you you've got to get your hide toughened up. Jest laugh an' let it go at that—only don't let Mac see you laughin'. You'll get along all right as soon as you realize that the bosses ain't got time to be polite."

"He called me a knock-kneed loafer," said the young man, with a highly injured air.

"Your knees do kind o' interfere a little," said the man with the hoe. "I don't say he ought to have mentioned it, 'cause it ain't your fault. You can't help the way you look or the way your knees bend in, and I don't blame you for feelin' a little sore. But you don't want to quit on that account."

"That's not all he said to me by a good deal," muttered the young man, starting toward the door again.

"No use o' your bein' too thin-skinned. You'll prob'ly have a darned sight worse things said than that said about you before you're as old as I am. You've got to get used to it. Here, don't go. Come on and we'll see Mac about it."

"He cursed me, too," said the young man.

"What does that amount to?" said the man with the hoe. "Cussin' don't break no bones. Don't take no notice of it. Jest go on as if he was readin' out loud an' pay no 'tention to him. I'd let him cuss a blue streak if he wanted to. He don't hurt nobody but himself. But it don't mean anythin'.

A few little pet names, that's all. You wait till he boots you off the place afore you get mad. He'd do it quick enough if he didn't like you. Then you'd have some cause to get sore about."

"He done it," said the young man. "By golly! That's what he done."

"Kicked you?"

"Sure, the big slob!"

The man with the hoe rubbed his bristly chin with his lime-crusted hand. "If that's the case," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't know but what you done right to quit. You don't want to be too sensitive, but it looks to me as if you've gotter draw the line somewhere."—Chicago Daily News.

SHE WAS MAD.

"I've bought my last bill of goods there," declared the caller, with emphasis on the possessive pronoun. "I've told Mr. Wenham that he might as well close my account. He's been wanting me to do it for a long time, although I can't see what difference it makes whether you pay cash or have things charged. You have to pay for them anyway and they don't let the cash customers have things any cheaper and I don't think they are as polite to you if you haven't an account. But I must say I think it's downright mean and dishonest the way they do business."

"I thought they had a rather good reputation," said the hostess.

"I don't care what kind of reputation they've got," said the caller. "I know they served me a mean trick and I'll never buy another cent's worth there again, unless it's something that I've absolutely got to have. You know that mercerized French poplin I was telling you about?"

"I don't think you told me."

"Perhaps I didn't, come to think of it. You noticed Emmie's dress, didn't you—the heliotrope?"

"Yes, indeed. I thought it was a sweet little dress."

"Well, it is. I think so myself. How much do you think I paid a yard for that poplin?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's very pretty and it looked as if it would wear."

"Would you think 38 cents too much to pay?"

"No, indeed!"

"There! That's just what I told Mr. Wenham and he laughed at me. But I guess I know something about goods. That poplin cost me just 28 cents a yard as I said to myself, 'That's a bargain!'"

"I should think so."

"Wouldn't you now, really?"

"Indeed I should. Didn't it wash?"

"Yes, it washes nicely. The girl told me that it would, but I didn't take any chances. I made her cut me off a piece and took it home and washed it, and it came out beautifully. Yes, Emmie has worn that dress six or seven times. You wouldn't think it to look at it, would you?"

"I thought it was quite new. Have they any more of it?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly they're more of it. I bought enough for me a dress and for Emmie a dress, but there's more of it."

"But what was there wrong with it?"

"There was nothing wrong with it, as far as that goes. But I bought all that stuff and thought I'd made a clear

saving of 10 cents a yard on it, and everybody I showed it to thought it was such a wonderful bargain, and for that matter they're selling a poorer grade right now at Sudhamer's for 39 cents—no better, anyway. And what do you think? Guess!"

"Oh, I couldn't," said the hostess.

"I knew you couldn't. Well, I looked in the paper the other day and saw that Gooplin's were offering mercerized silk poplin for 25 cents, and I went right downtown and found it was the very same I'd paid 28 for. I declare I am so mad I never want to buy another thing there."—Chicago Daily News.

Now a Big Hall for Boston.

Efforts to have the conventions of the Democratic and Republican parties take place in Boston have been handicapped by the difficulty of finding a hall large enough to seat 15,000-odd persons, says the Boston Herald. This lack need no longer militate against Boston. By the summer of 1908 there will be an auditorium available which will hold comfortably 15,000 people.

The plans for the first world's shoe and leather fair, now being energetically pushed, include the erection of an enormous fair building on the Charles River embankment, Cambridge. It is claimed that by utilizing the floor space of the structure seating room will be provided for 15,000.

The fair building will be a pretentious structure with five domes, one to represent each of the world's continents. It will measure 500 by 200 feet and will be two stories in height, except under the monitor roof and main dome, a space fifty feet wide, 500 feet long and eighty feet high. Under this main dome will be a circle theater, seating 3,000 people. It is estimated that by removing partitions and utilizing the space occupied by showcases and other temporary obstructions, the seating capacity can be increased almost indefinitely.

Spell of Beauty.

From whatever standpoint women may be regarded, it is impossible to ignore the supremacy of beauty, which, both in life and fiction, exercises a power more potent than any other human influence.—Outlook.

The Source of Misunderstanding.

"We should be careful what we say," remarked the wise person.

"Of course," answered Miss Cayenne, "although it isn't so much what we say that gets us into difficulty as what somebody says we said."—Washington Star.

TELEPHONES ON CARS.

Useful in Train Dispatching—Connections Quickly Made.

There are three methods followed in the application of the telephone to electric railway dispatching: (1) Fixed telephone substations in booths placed at suitable points along the line. (2) Jack boxes at poles to which portable telephones carried in the cars may be hung and connected for temporary use. (3) Portable telephone sets hung upon the front of the car, the vestibule platform of which serves as a booth, and attachment made by flexible wires to jacks at numerous poles along the line.

On some railway lines, says Technical Literature, the method of connecting a telephone on the car with the line is not by means of a jack at the side of one of the poles, but by a long slender rod carrying the wires, which may be hooked upon the main lines any place.

The telephones used on electric railroad systems must give transmission which is clear and loud, and must be of types not liable to be placed out of service by the jar of continuous transportation on a car.

Application of the telephone to train dispatching on electric railways has resulted in a marked economy of both plant and operation and that the ability of the superintendent to be informed as to the position of the various cars and to communicate with their operators gives a greater service efficiency to the road.

The telephone is of great service in severe snowstorms by reason of the facility which it affords for information to be given the train dispatcher as to the condition of the road. In cases of mishap the telephone affords means for quick clearance of the track by the facilities of obtaining wrecking cars or repair hands. In cases of accident not only can medical help be summoned for the injured but means can be taken to procure information relative to details of the occurrence which may be of great importance in ascertaining the liability of the company.

A GOOD LAWN.

The Best Way to Prepare the Ground and Sow the Seed.

A good lawn may be made either by laying sod or growing seed. If turf is used, the lawn is sometimes ready for use in less time than when seed is used, but practically the difference is very slight. Fewer lawns are made from turf every year. The turf or soil is nearly always obtained from a nearby field. It abounds in coarse grasses and pernicious weeds. The former may be got rid of after considerable trouble, but the latter rarely ever. Sod laid lawns are nearly always uneven, seamy and varied in color and texture. Their cost, too, is much in excess of seeding the lawn down.

A lawn produced from a mixture of good, new, reclaimed seeds of the finer grasses and clovers is superior in quality and texture to the best sod obtainable. To obtain the best results from sowing, the ground should be carefully dug over—not too deep, six or eight inches will be enough—and nicely leveled off; then sow on broadcast a good fertilizer, 600 pounds to the acre, or about ten pounds to every 15 by 15 square feet. Rake this in and roll it or flatten it with the back of a spade; then sow seventy pounds of some good lawn seed to the acre, or one pound to every 15 by 15 feet. Sow half this quantity walking one way and half walking at right angles to it, so as to get even distribution. Do not sow in windy weather, and be sure to rake the seed in, and after sowing roll it well or beat it flat with the spade.

Those seeds that are deeply buried will not germinate, and those that are exposed will be scorched by the sun, blown or washed away or taken by the birds. Whenever necessary to sow in summer it is better to mix with rye or oats to protect the tender shoots from the hot sun.—Suburban Life.

Found Its Way Home.

The story of a pet seal, captured when a pup by a lighthouse-keeper on the coast of England, is given in "Reminiscences of a Sportsman." The young seal was fed, and allowed to have the range of the lighthouse, and the members of the household became greatly attached to it.

It would make its way daily down to the water, and pass many hours swimming about. It secured more or less food in that way, but always returned to its place in the kitchen at night.

Blindness finally came to the seal with old age, but it continued its journeys to the sea, and returned home as regularly as before.

As old age increased, it caused annoyance by its peculiar cry for food and its lessened ability to get about. At last the family decided they must part with it, and not wishing to kill it, they arranged with a fisherman to carry it well off—some twenty miles—and drop it into the sea. They expected that it would come to a natural death in that element. But on the second day it appeared again at its accustomed place.

Another effort was made to get rid of it by arranging with a sailing vessel to take it several hundred miles out to sea and then drop it in. This was done, and some time passed away without any sign of the seal. But seven days after its departure the kitchen maid, who slept near the door of the kitchen, fancied during the night she had heard the plaintive cry of the seal; and the next morning its emaciated body was found on the threshold.

All isn't singing that is gurgled.

JOLLY JOKER.

She (looking away off)—How clear the horizon is! He—Yes; I just swept it with my eye.—Boston Transcript.

"Promise me that you'll never marry again when I'm dead." "Of that, my soul, you may be perfectly sure."—Kurger.

"Say, Dick, what is the new fad they call phonetic spelling?" "It's the kind, Jim, they used to fog you and I at school for using."—Baltimore American.

"What did old Gruff say when you told him you would like him to find you an opening in his office?" "He showed me the door."—Baltimore American.

Patient—When you're ill, doctor, do you treat yourself? "No—I call in one of my colleagues." "Then can't I call in one of them—the one that cured you?"—Kurger.

Tommy—Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama? Pa—The Isthmus of Panama, Tommy, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America and the United States Treasury.—Ram's Horn.

Mrs. Highbridge—Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnham—Much more. I find my husband does not eat half so much as when we had a cook.—Scraps.

Timkins—I hate that fellow Plantain. He is always talking shop. Simpkins—Plantain, the undertaker? Timkins—Yes. Every time I meet him he asks after my health.—Detroit Tribune.

"John's done right well up in the city, after all." "Do tell." "Yes; I've jes' heard that he's recovered from one appendicitis, two arterioles, one heart failure an' three business ones."—Atlanta Constitution.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one of my manuscripts." "Two cents on ounce," answered the post-office clerk. "That's first-class matter." "Oh, thank you!"—Judge.

Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer—But, here, I have just paid you 12 cents for doing it up. Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.—Harper's Weekly.

"Things are not as they used to be," said the man of melancholy reminiscences. "No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax regretfully. "The times was when great wealth would get a man out of trouble. Now it gets him into it."—Washington Star.

"This is a queer world," sighed Mr. Splurgit. "While I was wondering where I was going to get the money to pay the rent this month, I happened in the kitchen and heard the washerwoman say she'd just paid down \$1,000 on a new house."—Detroit Free Press.

Doctor—What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed. Patient—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed. (With dignity)—Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then.—Ex.

"You'd make a pretty good clerk," said the employer, sarcastically, "if you only had a little more common sense." "Indeed!" replied the clerk. "But did it ever occur to you that if I had a little more common sense I wouldn't be a clerk at all?"—London Tit-Bits.

Housekeeper—I hear your brother, who died in California, left you \$1,000, Dinah. That will be a great help to you. Washlady—Deedy it will, miss! Ah! he's been needin' a planner an' a photographer an' an oil paintin' ob mahself in a gilt frame fo' yeabs, an' now, bless de good Lord, Ah kin hab 'em!—Puck.

Lawyer—(examining witness)—Do you know the man who formerly owned this gun? Witness—Yes, sir, Lawyer—Is he in the courtroom? Witness—No, sir, Lawyer—Where is he? Witness—I don't know. Lawyer—When and where did you see him last? Witness—Six months ago—at his funeral.—Chicago News.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?" "Not very," replied the still belligerent wife, indifferently. "Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world." "Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust. "Thin chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money." "An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be that tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."—Success Magazine.

Where They Come In.

"I see that the world's population is estimated at 1,480,000,000 persons. Is our town considered in that calculation?" asked a Tuckaboo boy of his father.

"Oh, yes, my son," replied the father; "Tuckaboo's population is represented in some of those ciphers!"—Yonkers Statesman.

When a man has had luck, his friends think they have done their duty when they say: "It's too bad!"

OF CORN HUSKS AND CARPET.

Two Grinding Wheels Used for Polishing the Teeth of the Combs.

There are many kinds of grinding wheels, but, perhaps, as curious as any is the cornhusk wheel, which is used for grinding combs.

The teeth of some sorts of combs, after they have been cut, still need to be rounded on the edges and smoothed and finished all around, which could not be done on a solid, flat-faced wheel, says the New York Sun. For this there is required a wheel of some material that will work around the edges of the teeth and also in between them. The corn-husk wheel serves this purpose well.

For the making of such a wheel dried corn husks are used. They are laid together and tied in little bundles of a dozen or so, the butts all at one end and the points at the other.

The corn-husk grinding wheel is 20 inches in diameter, made up of such little bundles of corn husks placed with their butts against and secured to the spindle on which the wheel is to turn, the husks radiating from it all around. When a sufficient number of bundles of husks to form the wheel have thus been placed against the spindle, the wheel is compressed, to make it not solid but compact and give it the width of face required.

The wheel built up in this way of corn husks is mounted and run by power. The workman, using water and powdered pumice stone in the grinding, stands, with a tray of combs to be ground on a table at hand, and one after another holds the combs against the wheel. The life of a corn-husk grinding wheel is only four or five days.

Another interesting wheel to be seen in the shop where they finish combs is a polishing wheel of carpet covered with muslin. This wheel has a smooth and, when in use, flat rim, which, however, will yield anywhere under pressure, and so when a comb is held against it, this wheel adapts itself readily to all the comb's rounded or molded surfaces, and thus can be made to polish it perfectly everywhere.

AN ACCOMMODATING HOUSE.

A "rooming house" in an Arizona town is often a one-story building spreading over the ground like a New England cow barn. There is usually a hall through the center and rooms opening off on each side. One of the most surprising specimens of this kind of elongated architecture is described by a Brooklyn man who recently returned from the West.

"When I went out," he explains, "I took up a homestead just out of town, and while I was completing my arrangements I stayed in the new city, at a rooming house appropriately named 'The Bowling Alley.' The entrance led directly into the long hall, into which thirty-four rooms opened—seventeen on each side. At the far end was the dining-room, at a point where the tappings are set up in a regular bowling alley.

"In those days I was not much interested in anything which did not pertain directly to my ranch. I was looking for a house—one about ten by fifteen feet. I wanted to buy something already built in town, put it on a truck and move it out to my place. Such houses were to be seen daily moving through the streets of Douglas, and I concluded that a second-hand house would meet my wants.

"I asked the landlord of 'The Bowling Alley' if he knew where I could buy a little house about the size of the room I had occupied in his establishment.

"Size of your room? he answered. 'Well, how would that suit you? It's yours for one hundred dollars.'

"What! Why, my room is in the middle of the house. How am I going to take it?"

"Put up your money and I'll put up the house."

"I put up the money. In a little while the landlord, with two men and a team of horses, pulled the dining-room off the end of the hotel and pried open the right side of the outfit. That gave them the chance to extract my room as handily as a man might take a book out of the middle of a set on a library shelf.

"The hotel was built on a sectional plan, so that in case business was bad in town, the building might be hauled in pieces across the desert by mule power and set up again where there was a demand.

"I like to have my house so as I can see a bunk off when I want to," said the host.

At Regular Rates.

Miss Matilda Owens hung on the arm of the editor of the Laneville Bugle, to whom she had been engaged for three years, and endeavored to turn his gaze toward the sky.

"Just notice the moon, William!" she said, in a melting voice.

"At the usual rates, Matilda, I shall be happy to do so," he replied.

Long Ago and Now.

Miss Gaddle—Enemies, are you? Why, I thought she loved you not long ago?

Miss Bright—So she did, and she loves me not now.—Philadelphia Press.

Different.

"What's the best cure for love?" "Matrimony."

"I don't wish to kill it, but cure it."—Houston Post.

Never Judge a woman's brilliancy by the lightness of her hair.

HARRY A. GARFIELD.

Another Son of the President Has Fitted Himself for Large Things.

Williams College in Massachusetts has selected Prof. Harry Augustus Garfield of Princeton as its president to succeed Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins. Prof. Garfield is the eldest son of James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, and was born Oct. 11, 1863, at Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. He was graduated from Williams in 1885, studied law at the Columbia Law School and then went abroad and spent a year at Oxford and the Inns of Court in London.

On June 14, 1888, he married Miss Belle Hartford Mason of Mentor, Ohio, and the same year began law practice in Cleveland. He rapidly became prominent in the commercial and railroad business of Cleveland as a director of the Cleveland Trust Company, vice president and director of the Garfield Savings and Banking Company, and in 1898 president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. He was an organizer and afterward president of the Municipal Association of that city, a member of the National Municipal League



PROF. HARRY A. GARFIELD.

Executive Committee, a vice president of the National Civil Service Reform League, a director of the American Social Science Association, chairman of the social committee of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce on the reorganization of the United States consular service and a trustee or director of several other Cleveland business and civic associations. Since December, 1903, he has been professor of politics in Princeton university. He is an intimate friend of ex-President Cleveland and is popular at Princeton.

Prof. Garfield's wide experience with men and affairs and the practical character of his career make him, in the opinion of the trustees of Williams, an ideal choice for executive of that college. Of late years trustees of colleges and universities have been inclined to select for executive men who are comparatively young and who are practical business men as well as scholars. Prof. Garfield is regarded as an excellent example of the modern college president.

HINDOO HEAVENS.

Four Degrees of Bliss to Which the Departed Spirits Pass.

The Hindus believe in four special abodes of the righteous after death. The first is called Sara-logs, "God's world," the second, Sameeba, "Near to God," the third, Sarobam, "God's image," and the fourth, Sayutebayan, which signifies "to be absorbed in him."

To Sara-logs, the first degree of bliss, go the souls of all of those who have ever made a pilgrimage to a holy place or who have paid for the temple lights for one month. In Sara-logs there is great happiness and no work or sickness. The inmate is allowed to read the five sacred books, drink ambrosia and hear the hours sing.

To Sameeba go the spirits of all Keerikar, or workers in the Brahman cause; also those who forego the comforts of life, such as sleeping in a recumbent position, eating sufficiently, etc. Their happiness consists chiefly of continually praising God.

To Sarobam, the third heaven, go the souls of such as never spoil God's model by shaving or paring the nails. These are the Brahman Yogis. They wander about the earth, always going from left to right. They eat nothing but nauseous food and live in a constant state of abstraction on divine subjects.

The fourth heaven, Sayutebayan, is the coming abode of the "nyane," or philosophers. These nyane pay no attention to heat or cold, never bathe and often go for weeks without food. If they are sick, no one knows it but themselves. They are the stoics of the world of to-day and believe that in Sayutebayan they will eventually be absorbed in the deity.

Could Thin Them Out.

The Hon. H. L. Daves in his young manhood was an indifferent speaker. Participating in a law case soon after his admission to the bar before a North Adams justice of the peace, Daves was opposed by an older attorney whose eloquence attracted a crowd that packed the courtroom. The justice was freely perspiring, and, drawing off his coat in the midst of the lawyer's eloquent address, he said:

"Mr. Attorney, suppose you sit down and let Daves begin to speak. I want to thin out this crowd."—Boston Globe.

Wanted to Keep Them.

"You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?"

"Because I like his attentions."—Town and Country.