

THE HAZING SEASON HAS OPENED.



Cincinnati Post.

DAYS COME AND GO.

Leaves fall and flowers fade, Days come and go; Now is sweet summer laid Low in her leafy glade. Low like a fragrant maid, Low, low, ah, low.

DOLLY'S HOUSE-HUNTING

THEY'LL have to go house-hunting, now, and that's all there is to it," said Mrs. Flynn, decidedly, as she opened the new lodger's door, and prepared to sweep the room. The new lodger, a worn young woman, had passed away four days ago, and had left a baby girl of four years, but, unhappily, no money with which to care for it. It was this fact that called forth remark quoted above from tall, stern Mrs. Flynn.

granting this unusual freedom, and send that awful postman after her. On and on they went, past great doors where throngs of people were entering and leaving, and past store windows full of toys which, another day, would have delighted her. No one noticed the little runaway, or, if they did, it was only to smile, and remark how bright and earnest the brown eyes were, or how the low white socks had slipped down so as to be almost invisible—for Mrs. Madison dressed her baby as well as she could afford, even neglecting her own dress to do so. Dolly took no interest in the gay throngs of people that she passed. She had an indistinct idea of what she wanted to do, and she kept on. Soon the streets grew less noisy, and broader, there was an occasional tree, and the sidewalks were smoother. Houses took the place of stores, and the child began to realize how tired she was. Her little feet were burning, and seemed very hard to lift, and she sighed, a soft baby sigh. Then her face lit up. "Now we'll look for the nicest, prettiest house, Spot," she said eagerly, "then we'll ring the bell and they'll say 'come in.' That's what mamma did."

NEEDLE AND SPOOL OF THREAD.

The Basis Upon Which Frank Parmelee Built a Fortune. When Frank Parmelee, founder of a Chicago transportation line and a man of much wealth, died in Chicago the other day there was found in the pocket of the coat which he had last worn thread and a needle. He had carried them so throughout his long and successful career and they were buried with him. To them he often attributed his success and he never wearied of telling the story of his "needle and thread capital."

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy. "What's the matter across the way?" asked the tailor of a bystander, as the ambulance backed up to the door of his rival. "A customer fell in a fit over there, and they are taking him to the hospital," was the reply. "That's strange," said the tailor. "I never knew a customer to get a fit in that establishment before."



Trick. Ida-Belle was flattered yesterday. Three young men insisted upon her taking the only seat in the car. May-Sue must have been flattered. Ida-But not long. She found there was tar on it.

Honest. "Now, George, I want you to be honest with me, since I accepted you. Am I the only girl you ever told that you loved her?" "You are the only girl," George vowed, then feeling a twinge of his conscience he supplemented, "you are the only girl—that ever believed me."

Seen Everywhere. Ostend (in museum)—Pa, why do they always have "iron-jawed" men in the museum, but no women? Pa—Because iron-jawed women are no rarity.

Killers. Rodrick—I saw the autumn parade of the fashionable folks. Van Albert—Were they dressed to kill? Rodrick—Yes, a few chauffeurs.

As Others See Us. Askitt—I see Muggins on the street every day. What's he doing? Knott—Looking for work—and congratulating himself on his inability to find it.

Appropriate. "So this is the 'trust' brand of blotter," said the gentleman in the stationery shop. "That's a strange name." "Not at all, sir," replied the clerk. "We call them that because they are such great absorbers."

Rather Indisputing. Eva—Did Jack kiss you last night? Ernestine—No, the chaperon was in the parlor. Eva—But she was playing the piano all evening. Ernestine—Yes, but she persisted in playing, "I've Got My Eyes on You."

Over the Wire. Stubb—It is nice to propose to a telephone girl. You can give her such a cheap ring. Penn—Yes, but she generally returns it.

Why the Clothes Were Delayed. The Lady—Dinah, why didn't you bring the clothes home earlier in the week, as you promised? Dinah—Why, boss yer heart, missus, I've done needed some ob dem to go to dat cakewalk on Tuesday ebenin'.

Love Is Blind. Ruby—And was it a success? Pearl—Yes, even Cupid wore goggles.

Feminine Charity. Mand—Young Simkins is what I would call a prize idiot. Clara—Then the report must be true. Maude—What report? Clara—That he has been making love to you, dear.

Not True to Her Sex. Mrs. Homer—This wife of our new neighbor is awfully selfish. Homer—So? Mrs. Homer—Yes. She insists on keeping everything she knows to herself.

Too Choice. "Look here!" exclaimed the irate householder. "Don't you know gas comes out of the furnace you sold me?" "Well, what do you expect to come out of a cheap furnace?" demanded the stove dealer. "Electric lights?"

The Old Problem. "How do you like housekeeping?" "Well," answered the recently married man, "it's only a partial success. The people who come to visit us are well enough pleased to stay a long time, but we can't get the servant girls to agree with them."—Washington Star.

Keyed Up to It.

"Gee whal! Ethel!" exclaimed the young lady's beau. "This toothache is simply frightful." "Oh, George, it's too bad," said the dear girl. "Of course, you won't speak to papa to-night."

Perfectly Satisfied. "Every man I've told that I had rheumatism has offered me a cure. Except Jenson." "What did Jenson say?" "I told him I had it and he said he was glad to hear it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Provoking. "Why are you putting Ethel?" "Jack said I was beautiful. I told him he must have been shortsighted." "What did he say?" "Why, the horrid thing said perhaps he was."

Rapid Arrival. "There is a young man in th' parlor to see you, miss," announced Nora. "Dear me!" exclaimed the young lady. "How did he get there?" "Through the window, miss. He came in an automobile and it blew up."

He Didn't Like to Carve. This paper says that a Kansas chicken was hatched not long ago with its wings on upside down. "Another contemptible device for annoying the amateur carver."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Old Barn. It was at the Kentucky husking bee, I suppose it's considered lucky to get the red ear," ventured the tourist. "Not away, pard," warned the lanky youth. "If you go kissing the wrong girl it's mighty unucky."

Evolution. When the Synthes first bought their automobile they called it a machine. After they had moved in better society they called it a touring car. "What do they call it now?" "A motor carriage."

Limit. Silas—And is old Hiram Kale so very stingy? Cyrus—Stingy? Why, if he set a hen on a door-knob he'd expect her to hatch a barn door.

The Inference. Farmer (who has given first aid to a wrecked motor cyclist)—Now, I don't think he's a married man because he says this is the worst thing that ever happened to him.

High Society. They paused at the door of high society. "Why all this demonstration?" one asked. "Is it a wedding?" "Too much celebration for that," responded the wise man. "It must be a divorce."

Similar but Different. "Say, pa," queried the editor's small son, "what is the difference between an amateur poet and a professional?" "The difference, my son," replied the old man, "is that one writes for glory and the other writes for cash."

Then they have nothing in common," said the youthful information seeker. "Yes, they have one thing in common," replied his father, "and that is their disappointment. Neither gets what he is after."

As Compared. He (on excursion boat)—This vessel is like a bad pastry cook. She—What's the answer? He—It makes heavy rolls.

His Status. Geneva—Yes, I married my idol, but he turned out to be only common clay. Eloise—I could have told you long before you married him that he was a brick.

Like Father Like Son. Little Fred—Say, dad, Mr. Marks said I was a chip off the old block. His Father—How did he come to say that, my son? Little Fred—I asked him to lend me a quarter.

Only Single Men Know. First Man—No, sir; I don't pretend to know anything about women. Second Man—Indeed! How long have you been married?

Cost of Rare Elements. Boron in powder made by the Molsan process in Germany is worth \$142.80 per kilogram (22 pounds); germanium, fused by electrolysis, sells at \$59.50 per gram; lanthanum in scales, \$30.91 per gram; tellurium, \$106.10 and \$107.10 a kilogram; uranium, \$190.49 per kilogram and \$190.49 per pound. Most of the rare metals are used in the laboratory for experimental purposes, but a few, like iridium, quoted at \$9.52 and \$10.71 per ten grams in Germany; osmium, \$17.14 per ten grams; magnesium, commercial (94 and 97 per cent), \$2.75 per pound in New York; niobium, commercial, \$4.05 and \$5.95 per kilogram in Germany, and tungsten powder, 88 cents per pound in New York, find employment as an individual metal or as alloys for special manufactures. There is an increasing market, however, for the nitrate, especially cerium, \$10 per pound, and thorium, \$4.50 per pound, which are utilized in the manufacture of incandescent gaslight mantles. Radium and polonium, recent discoveries, have a purely speculative value.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

GOOD

Short Stories

A Scotch gamekeeper, a great light in one of the kirks, was asked the difference between the Free and the United Free churches. "Give me the actual difference in a simple form," the inquirer requested, after a long lecture from the gamekeeper. "Well, sir," said John, "if you want it plainly, it is this: we'll all be saved and they'll all be damned."

"On a very hot day, recently, two 'culted gemmen' were chatting outside my window," said Alex. S. Thweat, of the Southern Railway. "One was a bright mulatto, the other blacker than stove-polish. 'How yo' feel, Abe?' asked the mulatto. 'Kind o' warm, Jake,' answered the darker chap; 'how's yo' self?' 'Right peart, thank yo,' said the mulatto to his ebony-bued friend; 'but say, Abe, yo' shore do hold yo' color fast rate dis hot weather?'"

It is not often that the stage aspirant manages to reach the office of Wells Hawks, who is the right-hand man of that Napoleon of theatrical managers, Charles Frohman. Of course, it was a woman who did the trick, the other day. She apparently created a fair impression, for the generally busy Mr. Hawks asked her: "Are you married or unmarried?" as he prepared to book her application. "Unmarried four times!" was the reply that started the placid manager.

Justice David J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, said that the best way to reach the young men is to send the young women after them; that ever since the days of Mother Eve they had been a potent factor in catching the elusive man, and that they are as strong now as they ever were. He told the story of the religious man who took his Bible in one hand and his little son by the other, and went for a walk and instruction. They came upon a bevy of young girls playing in the forest, and the boy asked what they were. "Geese, my son, geese," replied the father. "Oh, catch me one, father; catch me one!" cried the boy.

Admiral Dewey's favorite story is of an American army officer who, when in Cuba, was extremely dissatisfied with the cooking. He insisted that the Cubans put sugar into everything they cooked. At last he announced that he would eat nothing but boiled eggs. "They can't sugar them," he declared. So he ordered them next morning. But, before he appeared at the table, another officer had filled the salt cruet with sugar. When the "kicker" appeared, his eggs were brought to him. He opened them with a gloomy complacency, and sprinkled over them plenty of the doctored salt. At the first mouthful he turned purple. "Sugared! Sugared!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the table.

A young man who was trying for the sheepskin in Missouri, and who had made a poor showing, was asked by Senator Vest, one of his examiners, if he would like to be questioned further. "I regret to say," remarked Mr. Vest, "that you have failed to come up to the mark in the branches of law upon which we have examined you. But," he added, in a most kindly spirit, "we will question you further, if you so desire." "Well, sir," responded the applicant, "I would suggest, if you please, that I be questioned on the statutes." At this Mr. Vest smiled, sadly. "My dear young man," added he, "I do not doubt that you're up on the statutes; but I do doubt that you will succeed in the law. Suppose you should have the utmost familiarity with the statutes, what's to prevent the legislature from repealing all you know?"

There is another suggestion which would enable our solar system to continue its operations without altogether suffering an instantaneous conflagration or being consumed by slow combustion, and this is that the sun and the various bodies which revolve around it constitute an electric dynamo and an incandescent lamp on such a scale as could be designed and created by combined omniscience and omnipotence, to go on its beneficent course forever. Such a notion meets only the contempt of science, which insists upon the existence of actual fire in the sun, that must sooner or later burn itself out to complete extinction. Until, however, astronomers like Prof. Langley shall make a flying machine without ballast attachment that will enable human beings to fly, their vagaries concerning the playing-out of the sun may well be neglected by all except full-fledged scientists.—New Orleans Picayune.

MANNERS OF CHILDREN. Neglected Youngsters Are a Menace to the Community. Every child should be taught at home to treat with respect its teachers and elders. If each mother would send forth her children thus fortified, the public school teachers would have a less irksome task, for good manners are certainly infectious. Every bad-mannered or neglected child in the community is a menace to every other child in the community, a disgrace to parent or guardian and a stumbling block to the public school teacher.

Each nation has its own peculiar customs for its children, and the small folk must abide by the teaching of the elders. I think the young Americans can hold their own with the young people of any nation, remembering, of course, that one country may have a prettier way of displaying the same courtesy than another. The Japanese children, for instance, on entering the dining-room for their morning meal, make a pretty, low bow, to almost touching the floor, to their parents, and say a soft, sweet "Good-morning" while the American child will rush to its parents' arms with a hug and a kiss.

At one of the best boarding schools in New York, where all the teachers were gentlemen, the pupils were taught to say "Yes, mother," or "No, father," or "What is it, father?" or "Yes, Mr. Smith," etc. "Yes" and "No" only would not be tolerated. If talking to a person of great distinction, a pupil must give the full name, as "Yes, Professor Smith, what is it?" or "Professor Smith, I did not hear you." An abrupt "What?" was considered coarse, and the culprit was punished.

You can neither teach nor expect a very small child to repeat the names of the people with whom it comes in contact daily, but it can be taught to say "Yes, mother or father," and to speak with a low, gentle voice. It is not so much the words "what" and "yes" and "no," as the way in which they are said. The tone is ruder than the word very often, and sometimes a look without any word offends or pleases.

After the honeymoon marriage begins to resolve itself into a guessing contest. Most town folks admire their country relatives for visiting purposes only.

eat too much meat, anyway. They do not need all the meat they bolt. A certain amount of albumins are required, but they do not necessarily have to come from meats.

"Most vegetarians eat butter and drink milk, and get what they need in that way. I understand that Adair is not at all 'cranky,' and feel certain that if he does not get enough vegetables to keep him in good physical trim we shall not have much trouble in inducing him to modify his ideas. We will not make an exception in his case."

He is a finely built, handsome young fellow. His cheeks are red, his eyes bright, and compared with some of the other middle-ages in the gymnasium he seems a giant. His shoulders are broad, his hands large and firm, and the poise of the whole body indicates that he is in perfect health.

He discarded meat about four years ago, and believes that his strength and general condition are better without it. His disciples any say theories on the subject, although he says he has found beans and peas the most strengthening. Since arriving at the academy he has used a little butter on his bread, and drinks plenty of milk. "But," he adds, "I shall not starve for the sake of carrying out my theories as to diet. I am not so unreasonable as that."

THEORIES ABOUT THE SUN. No Immediate Danger that It Will Burn Itself Out.

The current theories concerning the sun and the planets are that the sun was once vastly hotter than it is now, and that for a long period it has been slowly but steadily cooling. This doctrine is built on the notion that the sun is a mass of fire in progress of intense and fierce combustion, and that, like any other fire, unless its fuel is replenished, it must burn out and become extinguished. Some astronomers teach that the sun is supplied with fuel by vast quantities of comets and meteors that are shoveled into it by some process of nature, but other astronomers like Sir Robert Ball reject the possibility of any such systematic supply of fuel, and they believe that the sun as it burns out shrinks in size at the rate of 220 feet of its diameter in a year. As the mass of the sun is something like 800,000 miles to diameter, it is calculated still to last for a good long time, but there is something extremely melancholy and saddening in the idea that our grand luminary will one day burn out with a spasmodic gleam and a whiff of ill-smelling smoke like the snuff of a candle.

It is with great satisfaction that we are allowed to believe in the possibility that the sun is made of radium, and that it can continue to give off heat and light for an inconceivable lapse of ages without being in the least diminished either in size or capacity to warm and illuminate us. The idea that it is not losing 220 feet of its diameter yearly is particularly consoling.

There is another suggestion which would enable our solar system to continue its operations without altogether suffering an instantaneous conflagration or being consumed by slow combustion, and this is that the sun and the various bodies which revolve around it constitute an electric dynamo and an incandescent lamp on such a scale as could be designed and created by combined omniscience and omnipotence, to go on its beneficent course forever. Such a notion meets only the contempt of science, which insists upon the existence of actual fire in the sun, that must sooner or later burn itself out to complete extinction. Until, however, astronomers like Prof. Langley shall make a flying machine without ballast attachment that will enable human beings to fly, their vagaries concerning the playing-out of the sun may well be neglected by all except full-fledged scientists.—New Orleans Picayune.

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